

Brant Power and Sail quadron 2014—2015 Bridge

Next Squadron meeting: January 6, 2015 at the Brantford Navy Club

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If there are any errors or omissions to the *e*-mail addresses printed, let the editor know at: 519-759-4475 or email to cpslubberline@rogers.com

Brant Power Squadron Web Site:

Niagara District Web Site:

www.cps-ecp.ca/brant www.cpsniagara.ca **CPS National Headquarters Web Site:** www.cpsboat.ca

FROM THE HELM...... Squadron Commander Larry Lev-

INCE my last message from the Helm, I and my wife Pam attended the CPS-ECP Conference and Annual General Meeting (AGM) in Old Quebec City. Lembit Tamm, Donna and Darryl Lankin, Krystyna and Norman Mills also attended the conference. This was an excellent representation on behalf of Brant Squadron. A number of awards were recognized at the Saturday AGM. Norman Mills was recognized as a Life Member. Congratulations.

The New Not For Profit Act is now in force. There is only one class of membership now which requires a member to be nineteen (19) years of age. If under 19 they are classed as an Associate and not a member with voting rights. They can, however, serve on the Squadron or District Bridges in positions other than an executive officer. All courses are now available in e-book format OR hard copy. Would like to have both?... this option is also available for an additional cost. You can check for courses running in Brant or the area @ www.boatingcourses.ca/provinces/ontario. You do not have to be a member to take courses! I encourage all boaters to get involved and get your family, friends, children and grandchildren involved. Many children and young adults have taken the courses to develop their skills for the future and expand their knowledge. A great way to get them started in boating and safety on the water. Even kayakers and canoeists should know the basics and know boating essentials, safety/equipment requirements, how to obtain weather information, use VHF radios and navigation. You might want to take navigation or weather as a special interest course?!

I highly recommend, as a Brant Power and Sail Squadron member, you might want to consider marking on your calendar next year's CPS-ESP Annual Conference and AGM to be held in Niagara Falls October 20-24, 2015. This is a great opportunity to meet squadron members from across our country and to take in the sights of the Niagara Region at the same time. From the sheer thunder of Niagara Falls to the region's renowned wine country, from its rich history to its beautiful parks, hiking and biking trails, Niagara overflows with things to explore and to delight in. New discoveries that await you around every corner - and you're sure to love the shopping!! If you can't enjoy the whole conference, enjoy a sunny October day driving in the car to join us in Niagara Falls. Day of registrations.... are available!!! Just register and come for one (or more) day's activities. You do not have to attend the whole conference. The Niagara 2015 Conference is now on the web www.cps-ecp.ca and you might want to check it out as it gets updated. Just click on "Details" Niagara Falls 2015.

As quoted in the June 2014 Boating Industry Magazine From the first step in boating education on through the many courses and learning opportunities available through the Canadian Power and Sail Squadrons (CPS), increasing knowledge levels encourage greater boating participation and increased use.

CPS-ECP has prided itself on guiding boaters home safely for 75 years now and continues to do so from Coast to Coast to Coast..... you too can be that light that shines from the lighthouse by bringing boaters home safely.

Keep a light on for Santa!

On behalf of your Bridge, Pam and I, we wish you a safe happy Holiday Season and smooth sailing throughout the New Year.

From the Class-

The last part of 2014 was disappointing from a Training perspective. Though we offered Boating Essentials and other courses at two different registration nights for the fall season, there was not enough interest to warrant running the offered courses.

So we will offer these courses again for this winter. Registration will be Monday January 5 and again on the 12th, from 7:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m., at St John's College on Paris Road. That is for all courses. In addition, we will run a three evening PCOC (Boating Basics) Course near the end of February or in early March. Randy Johnson AP Squadron Training Of-



At the Brantford Police Service Community

Room at 344 Elgin Street, Brantford, we will run a Maritime Radio Course. That will be on March 28, 2015. Watch for our mobile signs at the end of January and early February at the city gateways advertising that course.



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The Brant Squadron Nominating

Committee will be meeting soon to discuss possible nominees to serve on the squadron Bridge for the following year. The first meeting is usually mid to late January and is chaired by the immediate past Commander. Other members of this committee are the currant serving Commander and the past Commander once removed. This is my last year on that committee and so there is little reason to remain on the Bridge.

I will not be standing again as the Lubberline editor. The position will be open. We issue five editions of the newsletter each calendar year. The Squadron change of watch will happen in April. So I will produce the coming March issue and I will assist you (if you volunteer) to produce the June issue. This is your chance to wield the power of the pen. It is an awesome responsibility, one where you get a chance to fit your feet into your mouth with regularity. It's a fun position, give it a try.

Darryl L

APPS FOR BOATERS

Canadian Power and Sail Squadrons have launched a new Facebook Group called Apps for Boaters. It is a place to share reviews and your thoughts on boating apps. What apps you like, don't like and what's new. A one-stop shop for boating related app information created by Canadian Power and Sail Squadrons. View and Join the group here: <u>https://www.facebook.com/groups/863298740381513/</u> or do a search for "Apps for Boaters Facebook". Once on the Facebook page, click on Join the Group.



For a very extensive list of Apps

Port Dover Squadron Member, Alan McKeown, in his capacity as District Education Officer together with the Past District Commander from Rideau District have done a lot of research into Apps for Boaters. They presented a power point slide show to the recent National Conference in Quebec City. At the end of the presentation is an extensive list of apps that you may want to investigate. Sign in to the CPS web site; go to Members Web (in the left hand column). Go to Educational Department (left hand column again). Click on "Meetings", scroll down past the blue table to the white table. Under "Presentations" click on "Apps for Boaters discussion paper".



From the Historian: Norm Mills

Being appointed "History Officer" involved having numerous boxes of various shapes and sizes delivered to our home for safekeeping.

To make the best use of the space I am prepared to allocate to the squadron' records, I bought five good sized plastic storage boxes and piled them at the side of my garage.

My plan is to go through the boxes, one at a time, and try to determine what is truly historic and what is not.

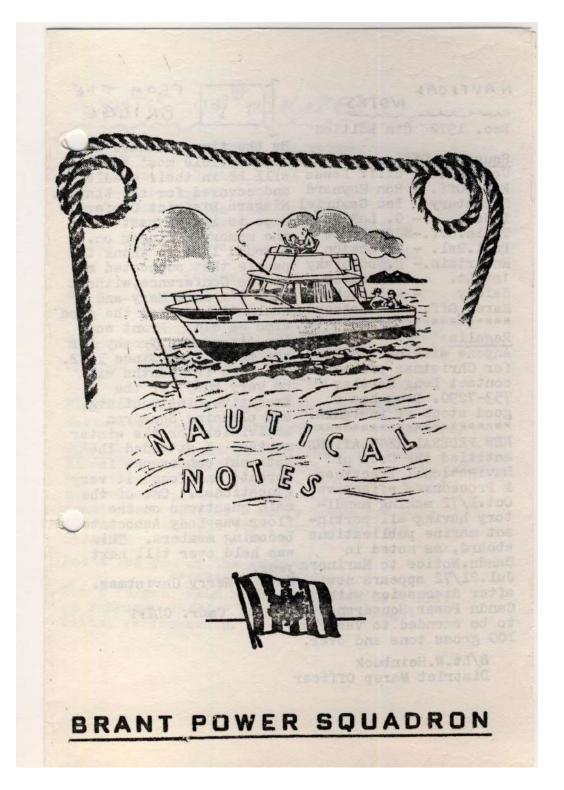
Today, I opened a box. It contained an assortment of binders and documents. Lying on top of them were a some of old Brant Squadron newsletters from 1972 and 1973.. They were called 'Nautical Notes" (see the representation opposite) and were issued by Brant Power Squadron, not Power and Sail Squadrons. They consisted of one 81/2" x 1" page folded in half to give four pages. Artwork and article headings were hand drawn.

The December 1972 (6th issue) invited members to join the squadron on a visit to see Los Angeles play the Toronto Maple Leafs at the gardens and visit a boat show. Including train fare to Toronto and admission to the Gardens, the price was \$10.50 a person. The same issue solicited members for donations for Brant Sailorettes bake sale at the Farmers Market.

The Nautical Notes issued in February 1973 advertised a Film Night to be held at Tranguility Hall. Three movies, coffee and donuts were offered for the princely sum of \$1 for adults; children free. I noted something else in the old newsletter. There were 42 new boating students ... and ten students taking AP.







The Wrecks of Finis Nook

by Linda Leitch

The voice of the man crackling through the static on the VHF weather channel was not encouraging. A large low-pressure system was moving in for a few days bringing five metre swells and 60 knot southeast winds to Queen Charlotte Sound. It was already tickling Egg Island with gusts of 30 knots. The barometer was dropping fast and we needed to find a place to hide and wait out the less than desirable weather. My partner Dann and I in our 27 foot Catalina No Point, are rafted in Margaret Bay with Dann's brother and his wife, in their 36 Islander Freeport, Griffin. We'd been exploring Smith Inlet on British Columbia's central coast together for four days. The westerly facing bay would not be the best location when the wind shifted and swells increased so we decided to try Finis Nook to wait out the storm. The charts indicated it would be protected from every possible angle and it looked like it had an interesting shoreline to explore. We got a tiny taste of the weather out in the open as we left the security of Margaret Bay. The chop was rising as we rounded Mills Point heading toward the passage at the east end of Denison Island. After a few days at anchor we were admittedly taken by surprise by the sudden bit of turbulence. The waves bucked us around and the sunshine and warm breeze were now mixed with cold, wet, salt spray. As always when the conditions suddenly change everything that's not properly stowed away becomes glaringly obvious and I scrambled to grab the clothes we had drying along the rails and secure loose objects.

We didn't have to beat across the waves for very long before we turned the corner and regained shelter in Boswell Inlet. Again the atmosphere changed. The wind was now on our stern and moving with the tide. The water was uniform with vibrating ripples skimming along the surface. The sunshine beat off the rugged logged mountainside, and the clothes were again hung along the rail to dry.

We fished. Sailing with only the genoa we drifted along at just under two knots. We watched Griffin doing much the same under a furled foresail, towing a line in the water and their little tender Agate behind them. Both boats took the time to enjoy the private solitude of being underway. Dann and I moved about in graceful silence doing relaxing routine chores, the whole time keeping an eye on the line we trailed behind us for the smallest twitch. Conveniently, after the lunch dishes were washed and put away we started to approach the opening to Finis Nook. The sail came down and we reeled in the fishing lines.

The day maintained its shimmering beauty and the water glistened like fractured gold as Griffin took the lead and scouted us into the private sheltered little nook. The entrance was narrow and attentive eyes watched the depth sounder as we crept between the tree branches reaching across from both sides. The wind died upon entering and we did a quick survey of our new surroundings. In the last bend of the bay the almost bare rocks had moss-covered stunted trees sprouting from their centers. A narrow tidal path weaved its way around the little islets and the western exposure promised a beautiful sunset. We were going at "putt putt speeds" under our trusty outboard. Dann threw it in neutral and gave me permission to drop the anchor. It fell 30 feet onto a flat, muddy bottom and we swung around to a soft stop.

We all decided to make good use of the sun while it still graced us with its shining smile because a southeasterly on the north coast almost always spells rain. Jonn and Jennie threw us a towline to connect our dinghies. Their larger inflatable had a motor the same size as the one on our sailboat so we explored the nook the easy way, coasting along effortlessly behind them. Though small, Finis Nook proved to be a very interesting place.

We passed by a sharply edged steel shipwreck barely noticeable beneath the thick layers of kelp and barnacle, a seal with a pup following close behind gently slid beneath the surface and disappeared into the wreck. The angles of her bow were beautiful and foreign and she became larger and more defined as we peered into the depth and we were able to distinguish between the wall of starfish, the rocks and the ship.

We wound our way around the last bend and up the child's maze of narrow tidal paths lined white sand. I am hard to keep out of the water and if it were just a little warmer, perhaps earlier in the summer, this would be a swimmer's paradise.

At the very head of the bay was a second shipwreck. This one appeared to be a turn of the last century wooden tugboat, converted at some point to a houseboat. One side of the plank hull was still intact while the other had fallen into the mud, revealing the interior and an old engine. At deck level a large cabin must have made for a comfortable home once upon a time. As it was, the vessel sits half melted to the shore and half sunken beneath the water.

Dann entertained us by climbing aboard the shaky old relic, and through the broken windows showed us the treasures of plates and cups, fishing lures and solidly rusted tools that he found inside. From his higher vantage on the cabin roof, while pretending to be captain of the ill-fated vessel, he pointed out a big rotten barge, barely distinguishable, tucked into the shore's edge. It must have been a wonderful floating garden for the former residents of this isolated place. Of course he climbed all over this too.

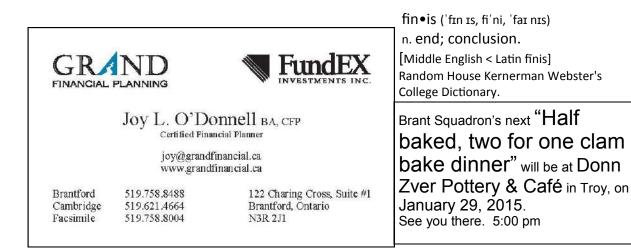
When the excited explorations died down we sat around on the warm rocks absorbing the last of the day's radiance while our little tenders bobbed in the rising tide. In this moment it was hard to believe that a storm was blasting the shore with vengeance anywhere on the planet, let alone so close to us.

By the next morning the weather was fulfilling every prediction. We were more than thoroughly sheltered from the wind but the rain came down in torrents. We tied the two boats alongside each other and spent most of the day between both cabins making bread, reading, doing crafts, playing games and just generally enjoying ourselves. In the afternoon we briefly braved the rain, fully suited in raingear, and went for a paddle around the bay. This time we found a third shipwreck with a shiny stainless steel propeller tempting us just below the surface.

Back in the steamy warmth of the boat cabin, our imaginations began to concoct reasons for so many shipwrecks to be in such a gentle place. After a lively discussion we concluded that there was no way for us to solve the mystery that day. The voices of the others faded into the background as my mind lingered on the sunken boats.

We know we were not the first people that floated into Finis Nook looking for much needed shelter from Queen Charlotte Sound, but we were definitely among the lucky ones to not be doing it under duress. A line Jonn had said during our conversation stayed in my head and replayed itself. It was from a perspective I had missed and seemed to me profound. "Whatever happened to these boats, you can be certain that with their sinking these people's lives forever changed in Finis Nook."

With the rain making percussive sounds on the cabin roof we were reminded of our home on Haida Gwaii, and the topic soon changed to planning our impending voyage home.





By: Norman Mills

In

September, Krystyna and I visited Fleetwood, England, to help celebrate my sister's 85th birthday. Fleetwood, Lancashire, sits on the Irish Sea and was at one time a major deep sea fishing port. The fishing industry has declined significantly and now Fleetwood is more of a seaside resort. It is quiet in contrast to nearby Blackpool.

I was chatting with my sister's next door neighbour, Peter, and found out that he is active in an organization called the National Coastwatch Institution (NCI).

Like Canadian Power and Sail Squadrons, NCI is an entirely voluntary organization. Its members

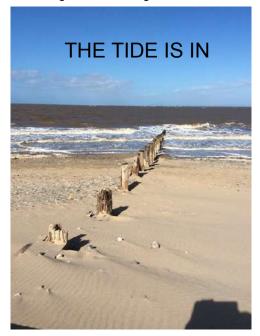
keep a visual watch along UK shores. For several four hour shifts a week, Peter mans the Rossall Point NCI station that overlooks the Irish Sea shore near Fleetwood.

Forty-nine NCI stations are manned by over 2000 volunteers who keep watch for distress flares, overturned boats or bathers, divers, yachtsmen or fishermen in trouble. In addition to their visual watchkeeping, the volunteers monitor radar and VHF marine radio channels. Funding is through donations to a charitable organization that relies heavily on local support.

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The shore in front of the Rossall Point lookout station has an added hazard for the volunteers to be aware of. The tide goes out for almost a mile and it is not unusual for people to be cut off by the incoming tide. The long shallow beach can also cause rough conditions. One day, Krys and I were



Whether or not they have prior experience, volunteers must complete specific training and spend time paired with a qualified watchkeeper before keeping watch alone. On duty watch-keepers are expected to wear a simple uniform at their own expense. In the event of

an emergency, the Coastwatch volunteers contact a central Coastguard station where it is determined what action is to be taken. Before a lifeboat from the Royal National Lifeboat Institute (RNLI) can be deployed, it must be authorized by HM Coastguard. The RLNI is another all-volunteer organization funded through a public charity.

THE TIDE IS OUT

quite concerned as we watched a windsurfer as he battled steep waves along the Fleetwood beach. We were not very far from the NCI lookout station, so were pretty sure

that they were monitoring the situation.

In 2013 almost 300 incidents were reported by the NCI and acted upon through HM Coastguard.

Editor's note: The black and white photos above and to the right, does not tell the whole story. In the photo on the right, that is sand as far as the camera (or eye) can see, <u>not ocean</u>. There are only tiny puddles of water here and there.



WRECK ISLAND (Georgian Bay Folklor)

Of the many doomed voyages documented on the Great Lakes the sinking of the Waubuno is one of the most studied by historians. The element of foreboding and mystery adds to its popularity. Nevertheless, this tragic event is factual. November 22, 1879, the last sailing date for the Waubuno, a journey that began in Collingwood, on Georgian Bay. The Waubuno was a relatively new sidewheel steamer. She was built in 1865. No one has been able to determine the reason for her name Waubuno. It is an Algonquin word or name

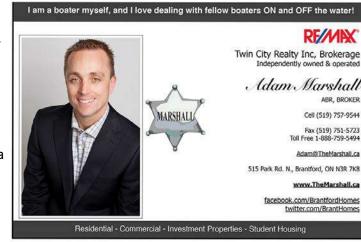


given to those who practiced sorcery. The Algonquin Nation had only a few Waubunos; men who were feared. They were able to cast horrible spells on their enemies from which there was no escape. This analogy makes the name Waubuno even more disturbing.

November 20th there began a series of strange and interconnecting events. Mrs. W. D. Doupe, a passenger, was in her cabin, aboard the Waubuno, when she had a disturbing vision. She slated that she foresaw the wreck of the Waubuno sinking with her husband, herself and fellow passengers drowning in the icy waters of Georgian Bay. The specter of this vision, understandably, caused Mrs. Doupe some consternation and she refused to carry on the voyage. Her husband, a doctor, had recently completed his medical education. The newlywed couple were on their way, north, to the remote village of McKeller, Ontario. Dr. Doupe's calmer head prevailed, and his wife was sent to rest in her cabin. However, before retiring, Mrs. Doupe caused some great anxiety amongst the other passengers, each of whom she described their imminent demise.

November 21st the Waubuno's captain, George Burkett, despite the unsettling episode of the previous day, told the passengers that the Waubuno would sail, the following day, for Parry Sound. Consequently, many of the would-be passengers went ashore to stay with friends or in the hotel in Collingwood, certainly not anticipating the events that would befall them the following day. November 22, unexpectedly at 3.30 am, Captain Burkett sent the ship's purser, John Rowland, into town to rouse as many passengers as he could find. The captain wished to make headway to keep ahead of deteriorating weather. Some made it some missed the departure. There were ten passengers and 14 crew members aboard when the Waubuno departed the dock at 4:00 am leaving behind a group of disgruntled and angry citizens on the dock as they watched their ship sail into the darkness.

People along the shores of Georgian Bay found thousands of apples the Waubuno carried. They found a lifeboat. They even found, improbable as it seems, every lifejacket that the ship carried. Eventually, they found the hull, mostly submerged, off the north-east comer of what is now Wreck Island. They never found Dr. and Mrs. Doupe's bodies. In fact, as it is documented, not a single soul aboard the Waubuno, not a single body has ever been seen since. Mrs. Doupe's premonition, came true, the details will remain shrouded in the waters of Georgian Bay folklore.



WRECK ISLAND (Reprinted from the February 1998 Kitchener Waterloo Squadron Newsletter)

Today, on a calm day, you can still see what remains of the hull at Wreck Island, in waters 15 ft (4.5 metres) deep at 45°07′15″N 080°09′58″W Waubuno's anchor sits at Waubuno Park in Parry Sound at the foot of Prospect Street, beside it a historical plaque. Coordinates: 45 20.738 N, 080 02.652 W. This writer can attest to the ferocity of a Wreck Island wind storm in the month of August (Don and Pete, remember those four days on Wreck). I can only imagine what confronted captain Burkett, on this dark and stormy November day, as he sought the passage in at Copperhead to Sans Souci. Only, to be caught on the outer rock shoals as the huge waves battered the Waubuno's hull to its ultimate destruction.

In tribute to Mrs. Doupe's prophecy and this strange yet to be completed mysterious voyage, Georgian Bay now has a Waubuno Channel and a Wreck Island.

We all have an internal B.S. meter

Have you ever noticed how whenever some kind of written epistle, usually arriving by e-mail, but not necessarily so, starts out immediately asserting or strongly inferring that the following drivel is guaranteed to be factual, usually is not? I just hate that. Just today I received a racist rant propertied to be written a dying black American war hero who's name was Gary "Boomer' Adams. He went on to infer that using the 'N" word and some other racist terminology was just fine with him and his whole family. He grew up with that He said other pretty terrible racist things about current events.

All of that just didn't seem right to me, so I did a search on the name, Gary 'Boomer' Adams, and I found him. He was in fact a white American war hero who could not possibly have said the ghastly things which the e-mail gave him credit for. He just didn't qualify. I copied a photo of he and another veteran laying a reef at a remembrance day ceremony and emailed it back to the sender (forwarder) of the offending e-mail. As both subjects of the photo were obviously Caucasian and looked healthy, I asked the sender to point out which one was the dying old black man.

That's not the whole of the story, but it's enough to show that my '*BS*' detector is usually on and although I can't (or don't) always prove the material in question s just '*BS*', that tingling in my spine is usually right.

Parts of the preceding story about Mrs. W. D. Doupe's eerie premonition of the sinking of the Waubuno sets my spine a'tingle just a little. The eerie prophecy seems to me to be just additional spice added by the author to an other wise lackluster story. The origin of the vessel's name "Waubuno" is likely just a little more salt to breath life into an almost dead story.

If you, like me question these supposed 'facts', maybe you would be willing to do some research and let me know what you find out. I know that the passenger list will be available somewhere on the Internet, so we could determine if Mrs. W. D. Doupe was even on the Waubuno. If we could find someone who was a speaker of the Algonquin language, we might determine the possibility that the Vessel's name may or may not have played a part in her destruction.

In any case, the good Dr. Doupe's wife may have just been duping us all.



Give A Little....Help A Lot

Canadian Power and Sail Squadrons is again pleased to support and participate in the 2015 Boating Calendar program in support of The Children's Wish Foundation. You can order your copies today and help the Foundation in their mission of never denying an eligible child their wish. These calendars make wonderful gifts for the coming Holiday Season. Proceeds from this project go to provide children with lifethreatening illnesses the opportunity to realize their most



heartfelt wish. The cost of these calendars is \$15.95 each plus taxes, shipping and handling anywhere is North America. Orders are being shipped now.

So order yours today through the CPS website, no need to log in or anything, just click on the "**2015 Inspired Boating Calendar**" in the "**News and Events**" section at the upper right side of the page and have your credit card ready.

Clicking on the "**Shop**" tab in the upper banner or "**Ship's Store**" at the right will permit you to purchase clothing and other CPS articles for each of your boating friends for Christmas.

While on the CPS site, why not visit the Niagara Falls 2015 National Conference page? Our very own Niagara District is hosting the event. You'll be able to register online and even see photos from the recent 2014 AGM held in Quebec City (that's free).





Come on out and join us every Monday night at St. John's College.

Join your fellow boaters in a classroom situation. Our instructors are experienced boaters with a lot of information to offer each night of class. For further information on the courses we offer, go to

www.boatingcourses.ca

We are offering **all** the CPS courses and seminars.

Registration at St. John's College Monday, January 5, 2015 and Monday January 12, 2015 from 7 to 8 p.m.

Boxing the compass is the action of naming all thirty-two points of the $\underline{compass}$ in $\underline{clockwise}$ Compass points

#	Compass point	Abbr.	Traditional wind point	Lowest Middle Highest
1	North	Ν	Tramontana	0.00° 5.62°
2	North by east	NbE	<u>Qto Tramontana</u> verso Greco	5.63° 11.25° 16.87°
3	North-northeast	NNE	Greco-Tramontana	16.88° 22.50° 28.12°
4	Northeast by north	<u>NEbN</u>	Qto Greco verso Tramontana	28.13° 33.75° 39.37°
5	Northeast	NE	Greco	39.38° 45.00° 50.62°
6	Northeast by east	NEbE	Qto Greco verso Levante	50.63° 56.25° 61.87°
7	East-northeast	ENE	Greco-Levante	61.88° 67.50° 73.12°
8	East by north	EbN	Qto Levante verso Greco	73.13° 78.75° 84.37°
9	East	E	Levante	84.38° 90.00° 95.62°
10	East by south	EbS	Qto Levante verso Scirocco	95.63° 101.25° 106.87°
11	East-southeast	ESE	Levante-Scirocco	106.88° 112.50° 118.12°
12	Southeast by east	SEbE	<u>Qto Scirocco</u> verso <u>Levante</u>	118.13° 123.75° 129.37°
13	Southeast	SE	Scirocco	129.38° 135.00° 140.62°
14	Southeast by south	SEbS	Qto Scirocco verso Ostro	140.63° 146.25° 151.87°
15	South-southeast	SSE	Ostro-Scirocco	151.88° 157.50° 163.12°
16	South by east	SbE	Qto Ostro verso Scirocco	163.13° 168.75° 174.37°
17	South	S	<u>Ostro</u>	174.38° 180.00° 185.62°
18	South by west	<u>SbW</u>	Qto Ostro verso Libeccio	185.63° 191.25° 196.87°
19	South-southwest	SSW	Ostro-Libeccio	196.88° 202.50° 208.12°
20	Southwest by south	SWbS	Qto Libeccio verso Ostro	208.13° 213.75° 219.37°
21	Southwest	SW	Libeccio	219.38° 225.00° 230.62°
22	Southwest by west	<u>SWbW</u>	<u>Qto Libeccio</u> verso <u>Ponente</u>	230.63° 236.25° 241.87°
23	West-southwest	WSW	Ponente-Libeccio	241.88° 247.50° 253.12°
24	West by south	WbS	<u>Qto Ponente</u> verso <u>Libeccio</u>	253.13° 258.75° 264.37°
25	West	W	Ponente	264.38° 270.00° 275.62°
26	West by north	<u>WbN</u>	<u>Qto Ponente</u> verso Maestro	275.63° 281.25° 286.87°
27	West-northwest	WNW	Maestro-Ponente	286.88° 292.50° 298.12°
	Northwest by west	<u>NWbW</u>	Qto Maestro verso Ponente	298.13° 303.75° 309.37°
29	Northwest	NW	Maestro	309.38° 315.00° 320.62°
	-	<u>NWbN</u>	Qto Maestro verso Tramontana	
	North-northwest	NNW	Maestro-Tramontana	331.88° 337.50° 343.12°
	North by west	<u>NbW</u>	Qto Tramontana verso Maestro	
1	North	Ν	<u>Tramontana</u>	354.38°