



Collins Mixer

Collins Bay Yacht Club Newsletter



SAVE THE DATE

SEPTEMBER 8
CBYC Dock Crawl

SEPTEMBER 9
Pigeon Island Race

SEPTEMBER 9
Pigeon Island Race

SEPTEMBER 16
KYC Carruthers Series

SEPTEMBER 30
*Frostbite Chase Race/
Chilifest Contest*

OCTOBER 15
Fall Coffee House

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Commodore's Corner

Well folks, it's Waupoos weekend and for many of us CBYC members, the end of this weekend heralds the beginning of the end of the sailing season (long sad sigh). As Hélène and I traveled around the lake, we have noticed that the mornings and evenings are getting cooler and that the geese have started to gather for their journey south. We are just finishing a month long "round the lake" cruise which has taken us as far as Niagara, around to Toronto and to several other ports on the west side of the lake between Hogtown and Kingston. We were fortunate to have met so many people and made a slew of new friends, both from our own marina and from virtually all of the clubs we visited on our journey. We made out like bandits with respect to saving money thanks to the reciprocal arrangements we have with other clubs, easily paying for the cost of our club membership and in fact, probably twice over!

This has been, to say the least, an unusual boating year in our part of the world. The high-water levels

crippled many of the boating facilities around the lake and down through the seaway. This had an impact on boating traffic, reducing the number of boaters coming west from the east and increasing the number of boaters coming east towards Kingston from the west. I understand that CBM saw an increase in boating traffic from the Toronto area as many of the marinas and yacht clubs at that end of the lake were in one way or another compromised and weren't offering their regular services. In many cases, clubs were unable to honor reciprocal agreements due to their inability to accommodate visitors. On several occasions though the season, the Rideau canal system had to close down locks due to high-water levels, impacting our visitors from Quebec who do the "loop" from Montreal via the Ottawa River and seaway, in some cases, trapping boaters between locks for several days at a



774 Baker Crescent, Kingston, ON

time. As H el ene and I visited yacht clubs around the lake, I was struck by the number of boats whose owners never bothered putting them in the water this year given the problems caused by the high-water levels.

We, at Collins Bay however have been extremely fortunate. I think that we can all agree that our marina managed very well, thanks to a well-implemented and well maintained infrastructure and of course, the hard work that the Buzzi's and their crew put in. Compared to the situation experienced by other facilities across our waterways, we got off relatively unscathed. The extent of our troubles, for the most part, revolved around having to invest in and wear rubber boots when working on our boats early in the season as the high waters ebbed and flowed across the parking lot.

I would like to highlight the fact that from a club perspective, I think that we had a great summer. We had a very well-attended Sail Past weekend, a great 150th celebration and BBQ, several successful cruises, the annual racers' Chateaubriand BBQ along with several other social rendezvous and a host of new members joining our club. If I haven't done so yet, I would like to extend a warm welcome on

behalf of the current membership and myself to all of this year's new members. And, once again, thank you to all the members who pitched in to organize and help with this season's club events.

Although enrollments were still a little low this year, the sailing school had another successful year, culminating with a very well attended sailing school BBQ and awards evening, hosted by our superb sailing instructors. Kudos go out to our Sailing School Director, Richard Dickson and school administrators Keith Davies and Bill Amirault. Richard has broken new ground with respect to getting the message out about our program and will be advancing some new ideas to improve the administration and support of the school and to grow the school's programs in future years. More on this in due course.

Finally folks, although some of you will be getting your boats ready for bed through the month of September, for others, the season's not over yet. There are still a number of events taking place in September including

the Pigeon Island Race taking place on September 9th, the KYC Carruthers Series (part of Kingston Keelboat Championship - course racing) on the 16th and 17th and finally the Frostbite Chase Race (part of Kingston Keelboat Championship) followed by the very popular CBYC annual *Chilifest* contest which will take place in our clubhouse on the 30th.

H el ene and I are hoping to finish the season this year by taking Cattitude up the Rideau canal system as far as Ottawa and then back to CBM for haul-out in October some time. We've also heard that a number of boaters have a tradition of doing Thanksgiving dinner on Cedar Island just below Fort Henry in early October. Maybe we'll keep the boat in long enough this year to experience this for ourselves.

Have a great month of September!

Peter Feltham, Commodore



H el ene working on the *Mixer* during our travels

From the Helm

It is hard to believe we are into the last legs of the summer. Winter storage confirmations have been sent out. To organize the yard for winter storage and to offer spaces to those on the wait list, we need to receive your confirmation for a space by **August 31**. If you know now that you won't require winter storage, kindly let us know immediately. Click [here](#) to book your haul out date or call the office. We'll be happy to answer any questions that you may have.



Haul out and winter storage provides us with an opportunity to assess what remains on the boat and what needs to be removed. Should you have any non-perishable foods or unused toiletry items you no longer need or want, the marina will be collecting these items and donating them to the food bank. You can drop them off at the marina

office or give them to any of the staff who will bring them to the office for you.



A friendly reminder that starting mid-September the crew will be busy with haul outs. Pump out and fuel services will continue to be offered during this period.

| Haul Out Days 2017 | | | | | | | |
|--------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| | Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat |
| Sept | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| Oct | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | |
| | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | |

However, to avoid a long wait time at the fuel dock, we ask that you please consult the above calendar (haul out dates are highlighted in yellow). As you can well understand, the staff won't be able to leave a boat suspended in mid-air to provide this service. Also, we ask that you please park your vehicle either near the office, or on the lawn along Coverdale Drive,

avoiding parking where the crane will need access. If you need help to bring items to or from your boat or vehicle any crew member will gladly assist you. We appreciate your understanding and cooperation in making haul out days as seamless as possible.

We have recently sent out an email with an update regarding the Kingston's airport expansion consultations as well as a survey questionnaire. The information we are hoping to gather from this survey is to help us prepare for several important upcoming court appearances in our continued fight to protect our marina. Please take a moment to complete the survey. Comments and/or complaints regarding the expansion can be sent directly to the City of Kingston by email at kingstonairport@wsp.com OR by mail to WSP Canada Inc., 920 Princess St., Suite 101, Kingston, ON K7L 1H1 **by September 18, 2017**. We appreciate your support.

Lori and Gerry Buzzi
Collins Bay Marina
 Owners and Operators

Ashbridge's Bay YC Great Lakes J Fest: *Jeannie* Takes 3rd in J35 Fleet



Ashbridge's Bay Yacht Club (ABYC) scheduled their 2017 Great Lakes J Fest for July 22-23, the weekend after the Lake Ontario 300, and since *Jeannie* would be in the Toronto area for the LO300 I registered her for the Fest. I was initially worried that few of the regular Thursday evening crew would not want to make the trek up to Toronto, but the organizers assured visiting boats that there were many ABYC members ready to jump aboard and fill out crews. In the end I was very happy to have six of my Kingston crew jump at the chance to experience regatta racing and added just two seasoned J35 crew from ABYC.

I was a bit apprehensive as we headed out to the course Saturday morning as regatta sailing was a new experience for many of the crew. Our Thursday evening races have not given us many opportunities to practice raising a foresail and dousing a spinnaker while rounding the leeward mark fighting for position with other boats. How would we fare in such a situation?

There was a long wait before we had the answer since Saturday (July 22) gave us overcast skies and very light winds until 1500 hours when we finally started racing. Our first one-design start was fine

and we stayed with the fleet on all legs of the race, finishing last, but not out of touch. So, now we knew we were competitive and it was time for push forward. With the regatta BBQ time approaching and winds falling the race committee opted for just one more race for the day and in the end shortened that at the second windward rounding. This time, with crisper tacks, spinnaker sets, and gybes we moved up to 3rd.

With J27, J80, J35, and J105 one-design fleets and a mixed PHRF fleet of J33, J109 and J120 boats the regatta had an entry of 42 crews. ABYC did a great job of organizing the event and put on a fun Saturday evening of food, music and camaraderie.

Saturday night brought a change in weather and Sunday gave us much cooled temperatures, rain, and heavy winds. Most of *Jeannie's* crew had rarely seen her #3 foresail in action nor experienced handling a spinnaker in 20 knot winds. But, we managed to hold it all together and it

seemed whenever we had a problem the gremlins were common across the fleet. Two more 3rd place finishes put us in podium position. We just needed to hold that place for one more race. With a tiring crew and the winds building it was going to be a struggle. Looking at the exhausted foredeck crew as we headed up the second windward leg I thought that maybe a white sail run to the finish would be a safer option. As I was contemplating that move the two lead boats rounded the mark and gave us the answer by heading down wind without their spinnakers. There was no protest from the crew as I announced that with our then solid 3rd place position we would follow the pattern.

Thank you to Kingston sailors Nuala, Charlotte, Emmanuel, Randy, Brock, and Pasha and to our ABYC crew mates Amanda and Charlie for great team work, a fun regatta, and 3rd place in the J35 fleet.

Geoff Roulet (*Jeannie*)

altered. Why? The winds, on the first day of the cruise, were forecasted to be 30+ knots from the West. Who wants to beat their way windward to Prinyers Cove and arrive too tired to enjoy the planned shore festivities? Not this group! As well, Prinyers Cove Marina has a limited number of mooring balls so it was anticipated that cruisers unable to secure one would have been on constant watch from shore wondering if their anchor was holding.

Therefore, the altered program was to hold Saturday's planned dinner of pork chops and corn in CBYC's clubhouse rather than at Prinyers Cove Marina and to sail to Prinyers Cove on the Sunday for the potluck dinner ashore, foregoing Hay Bay.

The cruisers woke up at the marina on Saturday morning to a bang-on weather forecast of 25-30 knots from the West. Of course, this time the forecast was accurate! As a result the altered cruise program was implemented and 35 cruisers

group with their musical talent. At the end of the evening, quite a few cruisers tacked their way back to their respective berths, so it was deemed that an excellent time was had.



Sunday morning dawned to a lot less wind than the previous day and six boats departed Collins Bay Marina for Prinyers Cove. Once there, we were graciously welcomed by the marina's new owner and operator, Jim Blaney. (Jim and his wife Shelley were formerly members of the Whitby YC.

August Civic Holiday Cruise

After much consideration, it was decided, on the day before the *August Civic Holiday Cruise*, that the cruise's program would be somewhat

had dinner in the clubhouse. After dinner, Lionel Redford (*Knot Happening*) and Ed Nash (*Bay Breeze*) entertained the



It was another fine evening with excellent appetizers provided by the crew of Oxygene.



ingenious method of blocking the wind to allow the pots of water for the corn to come to a boil, and Lionel and Ed for entertaining us.

Hans Mertin (*Moondance*)



Monday came, and again Mother Nature decided that she didn't want to cooperate with the cruisers. She provided light winds out of the East. Therefore most of the cruisers made their way back to Collins Bay Marina with the use of their iron genny.



Although the cruise was shortened, all in all it was an excellent cruise.

Many thanks goes out to all those who made it happen: Marilyn Sykes (*Day Dreams*) for having coordinated the cruise and for having done a COSTCO run for the food, Dave White (*Grandpaw*) who arranged the tables and chairs in the clubhouse for Saturday's dinner, Lee Baker (*Knot Again!*) for having picked up the sweet local corn, the corn shuckers, the BBQers, Gerry Buzzi for his



Around-the-County Cruise (July 23-30, 2017)

We were delighted to have another long-distance cruise scheduled for 2017, after a hiatus of 3 or was it 4 years? The *Around-the-County Cruise* has always been a fabulous experience for all participants, with lots of good sailing, great Happy Hours and all round fun times. This year's cruise was organized by Phil Morris (*Wavelength*).



Here are John and Janet Morrison (*Luff'n Life*) to tell you about the start of our week-long adventure.

So we, Janet and John, started the *Around-the-County Cruise* (ACC) a bit early, on Friday, July 21, from our home club CFBKYC. The wind was gusting to 25 knots out of the WSW. Folks (mainly power boaters) were concerned for our safety. Regardless, we slipped off the lines and crashed through the "square waves". Our family pet, Buffer, had a lot to say about the state of

the sea! Under a double-reefed main and a barely visible jib we made it to the Brother Islands. We, and Buffer who was constantly whining, had had enough and so we sailed with the iron jib to Stella Bay. A quiet night was had there induced by several sacred fluids and doggie calming treats.

The next day, we sailed to CBYC to enjoy the reciprocal hospitality of Lori and Gerry in anticipation of the Skipper's Meeting to be led by our seafaring Cruise Leader Phil Morris (*Wavelength*). As it happens we were assigned a slip facing that of our Cruise Leader who along with dock staff assisted in our tie up.

We then went to Phil, who along with Peter Feltham, was standing on the dock with all of *Wavelength's* innards piled around them. So John very diplomatically asked Phil if he was in the process of designing a new storage scheme? I

didn't have my hearing aids on so his reply was rather muffled but it sounded impolite! Evidently *Wavelength's* builders must have held up the domestic water pump (which Phil and Peter were in the process of changing) and built the CS 30 around it ... not the time to be asking searching scientific questions! After that I asked Phil at what time the Skippers Meeting would be held in the morning. His reply was "Find your way to Denis and Norma's. That's your briefing!"

Well, we 'found' our way to D & N's and one of the highlights was a trip Dennis and John took in the venerable *Firebird* to the MacKinnon Bros Brewery. John bought a jug of Red Fox beer which he shared with all interested cruisers. The beer is indeed red and the colour comes from beet juice added to the brewing process, a very interesting libation. Delicious!

Thanks John and Janet for your contribution to the story and to the adventure.

All the other cruise participants arrived at Dennis and Norma Reed's beautiful home (near Lyon's Island on the Adolphus Reach) to share in our first Happy Hour and potluck dinner of the trip. Robert and Marilyn (*Day Dreams*), Lionel and Pat (*Knot Happening*), Ed and Carol (*Bay Breeze*), Bob and Jean and their friends from the Bahamas Paul and Ann (*Moon Shadow*) were well along in enjoying the Red Fox beer and other libations when Phil and Alistair arrived somewhat late but looking very satisfied that *Wavelength* was put back together and fully operational.

The evening ended a bit early because we were all concerned about the storm warnings of high wind gusts. We were barely snuggled onboard and battened down before the tempest struck. I told Robert that I felt like *Day Dreams* was an olive in a giant martini ... being shaken and stirred at the same time. It was a very long and noisy night that continued until mid-morning.

Although Norma had invited us to shore for early morning coffee etc. everyone preferred to stay in the comfort of their own boats, which amazingly had all stayed securely anchored overnight.

By about 11:30, the skies were

still grey, but at least the winds had dropped and the rain had stopped, so we all pulled anchor and motored to Picton, where we were able to take advantage of Prince Edward Yacht Club's reciprocal arrangements. We love staying here for a couple of nights each summer. The folks at PEYC are very friendly and hospitable and even George, the Commodore's dog, goes out his way to make us feel welcome. Happy Hour was on the club's deck and dinner was at the *Angry Chicken* with lots of fun and camaraderie.

Our next stop was to be Sandy Bay, an anchorage at the Belleville end of Big Bay, but the weather forecast was calling for wind from the east. So John and Robert petitioned Phil that we should perhaps stay an extra day at PEYC and do a longer trek to Trenton the next day. Marilyn and Janet were delighted to have an opportunity to shop in Picton; it never hurts to keep everyone happy. And speaking of happy, there was another Happy Hour on the club's deck followed by a shared DIY dinner on the docks.

Of course, the next day ... what little wind there was, was right on the nose, all the way down Long Reach, around the corner in the Narrows, a little motor sailing with gib out on Big Bay and then the long motor to Trent Port. For those who have not yet visited Trent Port, it is a testimonial to how our

governments are concerned and looking after boaters! The marina is new, palatial and solid. And, sorry Lori, the washrooms are to die for (but alas, no flowers, so I guess they still don't qualify as the best marina washrooms on the lake!)

That night Happy Hour was on the tables at the marina office followed by a fun dinner at a restaurant recommended by Pat and Lionel (*Knot Happening*).

If you haven't noticed, there is a theme here for the Around-the-County Cruise: some sailing time, followed by Happy Hour, followed by food and more drinking time together. I think this is why boating is so much fun.

Thursday was scheduled as an easy day, to position ourselves at the west end of the Murray Canal in anticipation of a dawn start for the sail to Waupoos. *Day Dreams* and *Bay Breeze* arrived at the huge concrete piers first and quickly helped the others to their own pier. We thought that we were all safely tied up when a new boat to our cruise, *Oxygene*, arrived and took the front pier. In true sailor style, all the guys from our cruise went to help them tie up. After introductions were made, we learned that Tom and Lyn are on F dock at CBM, but not members of CBYC. Now this is an easy problem to solve – they joined our Happy Hour, where Ed



noon. The waves became sloppy and the wind direction changed and we were no longer having fun. This was hard work. So, one-by-one we noticed each of the boats taking down sails and using their iron jib to motor around Long Point into Waupoos Bay. Once there, sails were immediately raised again for a triumphant beat into Waupoos Marina.

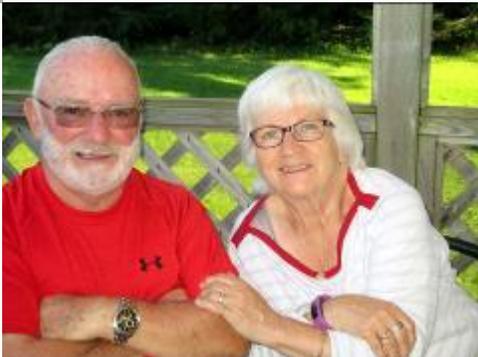
We were delighted that Gary and Carole (Sabrina IV) had arranged to meet us there. I'll let Carole continue the story.

musical entertainment was fantastic! A young woman, by the name of Nicole Coward, entertained us throughout the evening. We bought one of her CDs to play onboard. Another great entertainer also serenaded us back on Sabrina IV. Thanks Ed and Carol!

entertained us with some great guitar music and songs, and before you can say "Isn't cruising great", they joined the cruise AND the club!

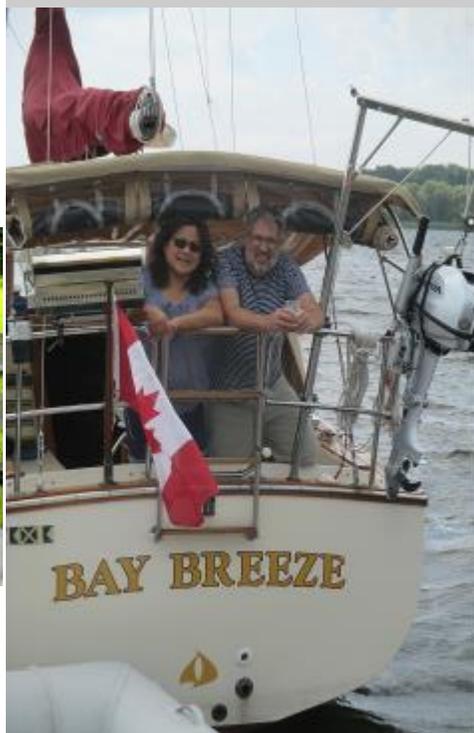
Pat and Lionel had already decided that *Knot Happening* would not likely be happy out on the open lake with the anticipated winds so they decided to do their own retreat from *Around-the-County* and headed back to CBM on their own.

Friday morning's sunrise was fabulous. All six boats slipped their lines at 6:00 a.m. and headed out for the 60 nautical mile sail to Waupoos. It was a FABULOUS sail for the first five hours. The winds were fresh and constant and we were having a delightful time. But then, something happened at about



Gary and I joined the cruise at Waupoos on Friday, July 28. We had a great sail from Prinyers Cove. When we got to Waupoos Marina, we were able to help out Charles, the new owner, by finding out which docks had been assigned to which boat.

We had a nice "Happy Hour" get-together that Friday evening. The next day we accompanied at least 18 of our members to dine at the "Waupoos Pub". The



Thanks Carole and Gary for your memories. Now, let's hear from Ann and Paul Gooding.

Ann and I were so delighted to be invited again to join Bob and Jean on "Moonshadow" for the CBYC Summer Cruise. For us, the group of just six boats was ideal - we already knew the crews of three boats (Bob and Jean,

Lionel and Pat, and Robert and Marilyn), so it was easy to get to know those from the other three boats (Ed and Carol, John and Janet, and Phil and Alistair). All of the CBYC members were so welcoming and friendly and graciously included us in everything that was going on.

The barbeque, hosted by Dennis and Norma at their home the first evening, added to the opportunity to get to know everyone. Visiting Picton is always a delight, and having a second day there due to inclement weather was hardly a hardship! Our stay at the new Trent Port marina in Trenton was great - probably the most up-market marina we have ever visited. Very impressive!

Due to the Lake's high water levels, staying along the wall at the end of the Murray Canal, instead of Brighton, was an interesting experience, and this worked out well - ready for a long sail (most of the way!) to Waupoos the next day.

Gathering together every evening for drinks and snacks and going out to dinner as a group some

nights gave excellent and enjoyable social opportunities. And the stay in Waupoos, with a final dinner at the Waupous Pub, where we were joined by yet more members of the Collins Bay Yacht Club, made a great evening.

Special thanks are due to Phil, our cruise coordinator, for making all the plans and shepherding everyone along, and to Marilyn, for all her social organization - not of course, for us, forgetting our warmest thanks to Bob and Jean for inviting us to join you.

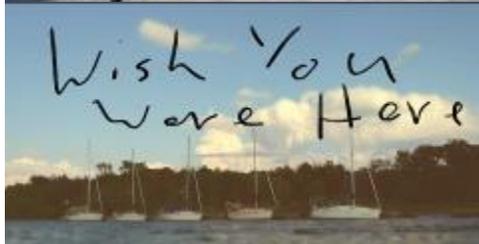


Great George! The most memorable meal on the trip - Fish and Chips from George's in Trenton! Paul and Ann noticed the fish and chip place on our way to the restaurant in Trenton. As all of us were complaining about the wait for food, Paul slyly suggested that we could go over to George's and get some fish and chips.

We all laughed, but obviously that thought persisted. Pulling up to the fuel dock the following morning also put us next to George's. While Bob and Jean fueled and pumped, Ann and Paul walked to George's and ordered for the four of us. The fish and chips were cooked to order and ready at the same time as the boat. We ate that meal hot on our way out of the harbor - delicious! Thanks Paul and Ann! We look forward to your joining our long distance cruise next year.

All in all a great cruise. Thanks Phil for organizing it.

Scribes: Marilyn Sykes and Robert van Dyk (*Day Dreams*) with the help of John and Janet Morrison (*Luff'n Life*), Carol and Gary Logan (*Sabrina IV*) and Paul and Ann Gooding



Click [here](#) for more photos of this adventure

2017 Lake Ontario 300: Around the Lake Alone

First, before I relate my LO300 experience, let me congratulate Larry Jensen, *Rock & Roll*, on taking first place in the PHRF-Flying Sails-Double Handed division of this year's race. I can't tell you much more about Larry's race as he passed me around 2300 on Saturday, July 15, about 12 hours and 75 NM into the race. But he had four hands for the boat while I only had two.

Having completed the LO300 as a crew member (2009) and skipper (2016) I was ready to move on to a new experience. Not knowing anyone who wanted to spend 3 plus days alone with me on Lake Ontario I passed on the double-handed option and planned for an entry in the Solo division. The Great Lakes Singlehanded Society (GLSS) which manages the solo racing for the LO300 has a set of extra regulations that help increase safety for both skippers and boats: past successful completion of the LO300 as skipper of a fully-crewed boat, certification of physical and medical preparation, additional safety equipment on the boat, and a documented qualifying sail of over 24h and 100NM. So, race preparation takes considerable time and I began my campaign in August 2016; adding safety features to *Jeannie* and

completing the 24h/100NM sail. This allowed me to spend the winter off-season alternating between excited anticipation and questioning my sanity.

I wanted to arrive at Port Credit YC, the starting line for the race, fully refreshed and ready for 300 plus NM of non-stop sailing. To hopefully accomplish this I took 5 days (July 10-14) working my way port to port to PCYC. All went fine and I set off with confidence when the solo fleet (8 veterans & 4 rookies) took the first start at 1030 on Saturday. After a short upwind leg in 2kt winds the fleet rounded the first mark and turned east for the long sail to Oswego. Soon we were blessed with SW 12-15kt winds that gave us a spinnaker run along the layline to mark 2, the Ford Shoal buoy just outside the harbour at Oswego. My plan was to sail conservatively; furling my asymmetric spinnaker once the winds climbed above 15kt or when it was dark. But, with all going well plans were thrown out and I continued on through Saturday night on the spinnaker with 18kt winds on the starboard stern quarter.



Saturday sunset with some of the fleet still behind me

Early Sunday brought some 25kt gusts indicating it definitely was time to furl the spinnaker. First lesson learned – Don't second guess your plans. While furling the sail in the dark and high winds I managed to get a wrap around the forestay. A trip forward in the dark did not produce a solution so it was mainsail alone until the Sunday morning sunrise might cast more light on the problem. With the early morning light I managed to get the spinnaker off the forestay and raise the Genoa, but the fouled spinnaker wrap was beyond repair without a couple of onshore hours work. So, now I was sailing white sail as I worked my way in very light winds around the Ford Shoal mark and headed north to Main Duck Island.

The region south of Main Duck is notorious for being a hole on light wind days and Sunday, day 2 of the race, followed that rule.

The afternoon and early evening were spent with about a dozen other yachts swatting *Stomoxys Calcitrans* (biting house flies) and going nowhere. Fortunately as night fell clouds and light rain came in and the winds built to a relative gale of 4-5kt from the north. As a group we made our way across the north side of Yorkshire and Main Duck islands, gybed, and slowly made our way through the Main Duck-Psyche Shoal gap with a west-bound freighter on our tail.

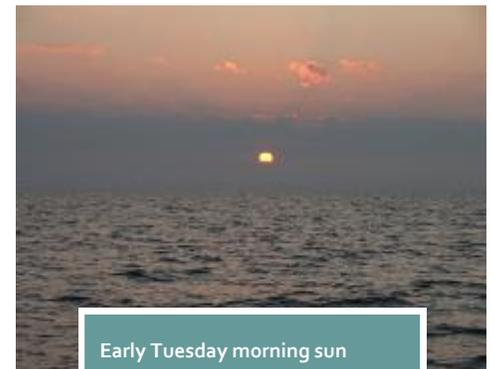
Sunday night brought some great weather experiences as three fronts passed through. I have never before been so acutely aware of the pressure, temperature, and wind changes as a front passes, probably because this time my senses were heightened as I waited for the anticipated major wind shift and gales that fortunately never came. The fleet was also presented with a great display of fork lightning that fortunately remained over the south shore. But, we did have rain; torrents of cold rain that brought lesson number 2 - I needed better storage arrangements below deck. As I became increasingly cold and wet I repeatedly went below to add layers of clothing. Each trip down the companion way took much longer than it should have as I searched through multiple dry bags to find appropriate gear. *Jeannie* now

has 8 plastic storage bins attached to the sides of the quarter berths where I can in future pack my gear in an organized fashion.

Sunday night also brought lesson 3 - Sailboats are quiet and can sneak up on you in the dark and rain. In preparation for the race I had installed AIS on *Jeannie*. Now I could see the freighters on my chart plotter. But, pleasure boats are not required to transmit an AIS signal. Three times during the night, while watching all the lights on Prince Edward County pass by I suddenly realized that some of those lights were in fact very close and carried by a fellow LO300 competitor ghosting up on a course intersecting mine.

Monday gave the fleet dryer and somewhat warmer weather and a northwest wind for a spinnaker run to the Niagara mark. Unfortunately I had no spinnaker, or at least one I was prepared to use in the 15kt winds. Along with the furling asymmetric *Jeannie* was carrying a full spinnaker, but I did not hoist that until near Youngstown when the winds had dropped; first to around 6kt and then to a frustrating 0. With Monday evening passing the winds built slightly and I, along with the tail end of the fleet, worked my way towards the Niagara Bar mark,

where I met lesson 4 - Do not try to scrape by a mark, give it lots of room. With the shifting winds and Niagara River current I took three passes at the mark; each time running along what looked like the layline and each time being carried below the mark. Finally just after midnight I made it around and was on the last leg across the lake to the finish at PCYC.



Early Tuesday morning sun emerging through the fog

With a west wind of 8kt on the port beam I had good speed and should be finished by 0800. But, that was not to be as by 0500 there was thick fog and no wind. Fortunately I was across the shipping lane to the Welland Canal and did not need to worry too much about moving out of the way of a freighter. For a frustrating 6h *Jeannie* inched her way towards Humber Bay where we found a stiffening breeze to take us to the finish line at Tuesday, 1204, after 3 days 1 hour and 34 minutes of continuous sailing. I was not the last boat to finish, but close. Still I did complete the Lake Ontario Solo Challenge and was surprised

to be informed by the GLSS that I was just the 26th person to do so. I plan to take the challenge again in the future and hopefully improve my performance.



Toronto and the finish beginning to show through the haze

the race, with the best five cards counting.

My able mate Margaret and I were the “committee boat” on our boat *Poppy* and we delivered cards to the competitors using our dinghy *Poppy Seed*.



I encourage other CBYC members to consider joining me and am willing to assist anyone in their preparations.

Geoff Roulet (*Jeannie*)



Our annual Chateaubriand BBQ was well attended with about 50 hungry members,

including Peter Feltham, our dedicated Commodore, and

Inaugural Poker Run & Chateaubriand BBQ Were GOOD Bets!

The weather gods smiled on us and we had an ace of a day for our inaugural Poker Run followed by a tasty Chateaubriand BBQ.

Ten boats entered the poker run, including one power boat. The winner had the best poker hand, not necessarily the fastest boat. A wild card was chosen at the competitors’ meeting and six cards were handed out during

The \$100 received in entry fees were distributed to the winners as follows:

1st place (\$60) with 5 fours went to *Didjabringabeeralong*
2nd place (\$30) with a flush went to *Investors Group*
3rd place (\$10) with a straight - went to *Whistler*



Hélène Hubert, our dedicated Mixer Editor, who rented a land yacht to drive from Cobourg where they were moored to be in attendance.

A special thank you to our supporters who donated food, refreshments, prizes and time as follows:

Collins Bay Marina (cake)
 Gananoque Brewery (Naughty Otter)
 Kingston Sail Loft (sail bags)
 Marine Outfitters (gift certificate)
 Prime Time Custom and Liz Taylor (gift bag)
 CBYC (gift baskets beautifully prepared by our Social Chair Leigh Marsalekova)
 Adam Marsalek (chef extraordinaire)

Hopefully we can raise the stakes next year and get more boats out there chasing the ace.

John Giles, Race Chair



Click [here](#) for more photos

| | |
|---|--|
| STR8eyes | |
| <small>Discount on glasses, sunglasses (regular & prescription), contacts, etc.</small> | |
| 10% OFF | <small>STR8eyes is owned by a parent of one of our advanced sailors at CBYC Sailing School</small> |
|  STR8eyes <small>1046 Gardeners Road, Kingston (613) 386-1747</small> | |
| Offering Collins Bay Manna community a 10% discount Look for us on Facebook, on Twitter @str8eyes, and at www.str8eyes.ca | |

URGENT

CLUB TREASURER POSITION

After four years of devoted service to the club, our current treasurer, Ghislain Trudel (Pharr Aweigh), is stepping down to pursue other goals. The club is seeking to fill this important position. Interested?

Responsibilities

- Ensure appropriate bank signing authorities are established
- Make expenditure payments
- Consolidate monthly/yearly financial statements
- Ensure financial reports are available for action and review, as required
- Prepare, in collaboration with executive committee, a 5-year Capital Plan
- Submit accounting records for independent review or audit, as required

Upcoming Challenge

- Modernize the club's current practices and accounting (software) system (*e.g. having a common accounting system for both the club and the sailing school*)

For more information regarding this opportunity, please contact our Past Commodore, Claudia Stevenson, at pastcommodore@collinsbayyachtclub.ca.



Boating Courses
Canadian Power and
Sail

Blast from the Past

The Best Darn Sail of the Year!

As in last month's issue, our Club Historian, Robert van Dyk (*Day Dreams*), has found another gem in the Mixer's archives, as written by Ron Mackenzie (*Carole M*), that Robert would like to share with you for your reading enjoyment.

During the early spring of 1983 a few members of CBYC decided it was time to try something new, a one week club cruise instead of our usual two or three day weekend cruises. This was our third season of cruising and we were gaining more experience each time and were now looking for new challenges. It was decided to circumnavigate Prince Edward County in a counterclockwise direction and there was an excellent turn out with eight boats participating. The boats were "Roundel", "Trinco III", "Aslan", "Spellbound", "Moondancer", "Que Sera", "Gold Dust" and my boat "Carol M".

The cruise started after dark on Friday, August 5th, with a night sail from Collins Bay to Prinyer's Cove. This turned out to be a drifter and most boats arrived at Prinyer's at 2 or 3 on Saturday morning. During Saturday afternoon all boats rafted together for a swim and happy hour or two. We were

joined by other members of CBYC and for a while there were nineteen or more boats joined in one big raft. Sunday we had light winds from Prinyer's to the Deseronto Marina. Monday was different, very strong winds out of the west as the boats proceeded by power under the Quinte Skyway and up the Telegraph Narrows with the wind right on the nose.

By the time we reached Telegraph Island and the Big Bay area my motor was revving up each time the stern lifted. The next thing I knew, the bow was pushed off course and I lost steerageway so I was forced to turn back.

Just east of Telegraph Island I noticed a Tahiti Ketch anchored so I swung upwind into the bay and let the Danforth cut. The Danforth did not hold and as the boat dragged along the shoreline I brought up the 75 lb. Fisherman with heavy chain rode from the forepeak. With the Fisherman down, the boat held fast just outside a pair of channel markers of the Telegraph Narrows.

After 2 or 3 hours at anchor I decided to try again, this time with the storm Jib and a reef in the main. The Danforth came in easily and then I had to sail up on the Fisherman by taking in slack then snubbing the line on the samson post until the boat came about and I could take in more slack on the other tack.

Finally I got the anchor on board and folded the stock down. Before I could secure the anchor on deck I had to get aft to the tiller. This time I got past Telegraph Island and well out into Big Bay with a series of short tacks. By now the boat was in quite large waves and was heeled well over when I heard a splash and the noise of chain clanking over the toe rail. I luffed the storm jib and went forward to haul in the anchor. It took three trips from tiller to bow and back gain trying to haul in line then having to sail off a lee shore. Finally the anchor was aboard and I decided to return to Deseronto.

By now I was quite exhausted and it was becoming late in the afternoon and the sky was darkening. As the boat raced downwind between the channel markers I could see lightning astern and off the port quarter. The boat raced under the Quinte Skyway and when I looked back at the bridge I saw a whiteout and then the bridge disappeared. That's when I put the tiller over and let fly the storm jib. On the cabin top I let go the jib and main halyards and while furling the main sail the squall hit, there was a shrieking wind with pounding, driving rain and hail stones that nearly knocked the boat down.

I powered into the Deseronto marina and moored with the help of Doug and Madeline Gostlin, who were forced back earlier that day. We were later

hit by another squall but this time I was on the Gostlin's Hullmaster 31 "Gold Dust" tied up alongside while five of us went below to continue our afternoon tot time or Happy Hour.

On Tuesday, we sailed both boats to Belleville in light to moderate winds and tied up at the Four Seasons Hotel and Marina. The other six boats had arrived in Belleville on Monday afternoon in the midst of one of the squalls. On Wednesday morning all eight boats left Belleville and sailed in very poor winds to the vicinity of Baker's Island at Trenton where all sails were dropped and we proceeded under power in line astern to the Murray Canal where we had to close ranks to hurry past each open bridge. Each time a bridge opened our eight boats plus three or four others would convoy in a westerly direction passing half a dozen or so boats travelling in an easterly direction.

We finally arrived at Presquile Point late on Wednesday afternoon and anchored separately. The weather looked unsettled so I used the big Fisherman anchor to be on the safe side. That evening we collected on Bill Worthy's Grampian 26 "Roundel" for a snack and Pina Colada drinks. Tomorrow's sail would be unique because it would be a forty-five mile sail in open lake near a well-respected rocky lee shore. We used charts and went over courses and distances and decided to leave at 7 a.m. for an estimated ten hour sail. We also discussed the possibility of running into heavy weather and running off-shore

or heaving-to.

I was up before six a.m. on Thursday. The sky was very colourful with beautiful red and orange hues. But it was quickly being covered by low gray clouds scudding along in a stiff east wind.

I rowed across to "Roundel" to check the MAFOR weather. It did not sound good. The morning forecast was for east winds at 15 knots, cloudy, rain 50%, temperature a cool 61 Fahrenheit. The afternoon called north east at 25 knots, cloudy and 50% rain.

As I rowed back to "Carol M" against small waves which tossed a little spray into the boat I was wondering about conditions while tacking into a 25 knot easterly wind in the open lake. and then there was the "red sky in the morning" to also consider. I almost decided to remain at anchor that day. It's one thing to reach in 25 knot winds on the open lake but to plow close hauled into that kind of weather is another thing.

After some cereal for breakfast I took a look at the other boats making ready to sail. At that moment I decided to go, so I double reefed the mainsail and hanked on the storm jib, hauled up the anchor and stored it below in the bow where it belonged and sailed out of the anchorage to Lake Ontario.

I was trying to conserve gasoline; one tank was empty and the other had about two gallons which would take me about ten miles in good

conditions. Six boats left and two remained at anchor. Once in open water it became apparent that the boat was under canvassed so I went forward and changed from the storm jib to the working jib. Now I was keeping up with the others. The waves were just cresting and the wind must have been a good 15 knots. It was just beginning to rain. At first it was a cold misty drizzle but it soon blocked the Prince Edward shoreline from view on the port side. We were close reaching and really making good time. After an hour or two we could begin to see Nicholson Island and Scotch Bonnet Island dead ahead. Once past these islands we went close hauled into the wind steering 120. The weather closed in more and the waves would be about 4 or 5 feet high. We were plowing into the weather and throwing occasional spray over the weather bow. The spray on the lee bow would be thrown up into the jib and then pour off the sail. We continued this way until about 11:30 a.m. steering by compass.

"Roundel" and "Trinco III" had taken an early lead and stayed about a mile ahead. My boat "Carol M" stayed with the other three boats "Aslan", "Spellbound" and "Moondancer". All boats used shortened sail. "Aslan" a 32' Bayfield cutter sailed with forestay sail, reefed main and no jib. "Spellbound" had a reefed main and roller furling Jib which was getting smaller every time I looked astern. "Moondance" a 26' Nonsuch cat boat had a double reef in the main and was plowing along very easily.

About 11:30 a.m. we came about and steered on course 030. Later I saw a red freighter, westbound off my starboard bow. This would give a line of position when I crossed her wake. When the freighter was dead ahead about half a mile away I could also see Point Petre Lighthouse in the mist dead ahead. I tied the tiller to a cleat and while self-steering went below to plot the fix on the chart. It was getting close to noon so I decided to have lunch up on deck, which consisted of some corned beef and a small can of beans. When I next looked at Point Petre, it was not dead ahead but off to starboard. The boat was still steering 030 so therefore the wave action was causing a lot of drifting to lee ward.

The dinghy which tows about thirty feet astern was becoming very lively. It would tow up and over a wave crest then the bow would drop down throwing the stern up and any rain or spray accumulation would be thrown out of the boat and the wind would drift the spray away. The bronze row locks which were held in the sockets by brass chains would be tossed outboard then inboard again. The oars looked as if they would bounce out of the dinghy so I pulled the dinghy along the lee side and removed the oars. When the dinghy painter was cast off to let it tow astern again the painter caught on the stern light and tore the light from the deck.

After three tacks out into the lake of 2 or 3 miles each time I finally worked east of Point Petre. That left 14 or 15 nautical miles to travel into the

weather to get to Long Point and the False Ducks Islands.

It continued to rain all day and the wind and wave action continued to increase. My boat was falling back. By mid-afternoon thunder and lightning storms would follow along the south shore of Prince Edward County. Whenever I saw darker clouds, accompanied with lightning approaching, I would simply continue to sail on course 120 which caused the boat to track in a south easterly direction out of the path of the storms.

The boat had been taking water since early morning so I rigged the Gusher 10 bilge pump to pump from the starboard bilge. Each time the boat was on port tack I would leave the tiller and pump for about ten minutes then get back to steering over each wave.

By about 5 p.m. I could see the other boats advancing along the shoreline, probably under power and sail. On looking around I was alarmed to see the wave crests being driven into spume and spray by the wind. This indicated that the wind velocity was now over forty knots. I estimated that the waves were between eight and ten feet high and over two boat lengths between crests, maybe seventy feet apart. At times the boat would bury its bow into a wave crest while going too close to the wind and solid water and white spray would come over the windward side, some of which would end up in the dinghy 30 feet astern. The dinghy would hump over a wave, toss its bilge water into the air and the wind would

drive the water away. Towing the dinghy was really slowing down the speed but it was comforting to know it was still there.

About 6 p.m. while steering 030 toward shore I sighted a sailboat ahead. It was Bill Worthy's "Roundel" with a deep reef in the main that at first looked like a storm tri sail. Bill was on the forward deck changing from jib to storm jib. "Roundel" and "Trinco III" had returned to check on stragglers.

It was now becoming apparent that I would have to spend the night offshore and it was becoming too late to turn and run back to Presquile. There was little time left before dark, maybe 2 or 3 hours and still 5 or 6 miles to Long Point. It was frustrating tacking out into the lake and being able to see the Long Point entrance and Timber and Swetman Islands in relief against the dark sky only to come about and return to approximately the same place 5 or 6 miles short of Long Point. Now the boat was occasionally being thrown over onto her beam ends. It was time to make ready for night sailing. The mainsail and halyard had stretched so much that the boom was almost hitting the cabin top each time the boat came about. Before dark the working jib would have to be changed to the storm jib and the main sail should be topped up. The first job was to luff the jib then walk forward along the weather side then release the jib halyard on the mast. The Jib was loose to fall down but in this weather the wind kept the jib in position on the forestay for the full length of the luff. I

then crawled across the forward deck and sat on the bow sprit with one foot hooked under the bob stay. The jib would have to be pulled down and as each piston hank was released from the forestay I would have to hang on to the loose sail to prevent it from filling and blowing overboard. The first thing I did was release the tack corner close to the end of the bow sprit. When the jib would not come down I looked aft and saw that the jib halyard and both jib sheets had flailed around and had tied into a knot about half a foot in diameter. The only thing to do was to return to the foot of the mast and untie the knot. I let the jib go, forgetting that the tack corner was loose and started to crawl aft. The jib partly fell into the water on the lee side then the whole sail blasted up the forestay to the top of the mast. What a revolting development! The jib just flapped and snapped about and didn't fill with wind so I decided to ignore it and crawled aft to sit on the cabin hatch, and pick apart the tangle of sheets and halyard while the boat sailed on mainsail only. After that I went forward with the jib sheets and hauled down the sail, crawled aft and packed the jib through the cabin hatch way, went forward and secured the storm jib to the forestay after topping up the main halyard I raised the storm jib. The boat probably sailed faster in these conditions under reduced sail and it was certainly less strain on hull, rigging, sails and skipper.

By now it was almost dark and "Roundel" could barely be seen a few miles ahead. During the day five or six ships passed in a westbound direction. Now as

darkness settled a Canadian "Hall Corporation" ship was passing and it brought back memories when I worked on a "Hall" boat one summer. Here I was, wet, cold and hungry and I wished to be on board that ship in dry clothes, with a warm bunk but most of all I wanted to go aft to the galley for a roast beef sandwich. The ship steamed into the night and I returned to reality.

After dark the Point Petre light could be seen until I was finally offshore from Long Point, when it disappeared over the horizon. I had to use the chart in the cockpit and with a flash light checked the characteristics of the buoys and the False Ducks lighthouse while the chart was soaked by rain and spray. Three times I think I saw "Roundel's" lights, sometimes I would see a white stern light bobbing and down, and other times I would see a red light and a white light. The green light did not show as well as the red and white lights. "Roundel" was tacking close to shore so I decided to stay out of the way and tacked well offshore. Since early afternoon the jib had to be backed every time the boat came about. This meant that the jib sheet was held until the bow swung through the wind and there was no chance of getting "in stays" or "irons."

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Sometime after dark the wind backed to the northeast and began to howl louder than in the afternoon. It was probably blowing at 50 knots and the waves had to be close to twelve feet high. Occasionally while in a trough I would look up to see a wave cresting in the dark that appeared to be 2 or 3 feet higher than the others. It would gust roar by into the night. Now the compass was showing 000 on one tack and 090 on the other. I took no bearings that night. There was no time to do everything so pilotage was visual, by sighting navigation aids. Main Duck light, ten miles to windward was very bright, flashing every six seconds.

During the night about twelve to fifteen ships passed west bound and two or three were eastbound. One time I had worked north to the quick flashing red light just south of Swetman Is., before coming about and was steering 090 (due east) when I saw a ship approaching. I forgot that my boat was drifting south as fast as it was easting and the ship

passed north of my position. I was convinced that the ship was heading for the rocks, and I was becoming confused and quite tired. Another ship passed so close that I could smell diesel fumes as it approached just upwind from my position and as it passed I tried to look into the wheelhouse windows. Another ship altered course around Main Duck light and I could see both mast lights and the red port light. The next time I looked at the ship I saw port and starboard lights heading my way. Before I could decide which way to go, the ship returned to its previous course. I decided that the wheelsman had let the ship wander off course for a while.

By about 1 a.m. or 2 a.m. on Friday morning, I had gained a lot of confidence in the boat but I started to worry about the mast and rigging which was under a terrific strain. Then I began to worry if all the cotter pins were in place in the turnbuckles. I tried checking the turnbuckles with the flashlights from the cockpit but the light beams were not strong enough. All I saw was a lot of water and foam in the loom of the lights. After a few minutes I decided on a plan to go forward in the cabin and climb through the hatch on the cabin top forward of the mast. So that is exactly what I did. It was quite an experience climbing through the hatchway then crawling over the cabin top to the shrouds to check the threads in the turnbuckles while the boat self-steered into 12 foot waves in the dark. The turnbuckles were all right, but they have been known to twist loose in past years.

About 2 a.m. or 3 a.m. the Gusher 10 would not work. Something had jammed. I later found out that a piece of cardboard about 1/2 an inch in diameter had clogged a valve. During the night I decided that I needed food for strength, so every time I went below I would return with two cans of coke. I figured that the sugar was for energy and the caffeine would keep me awake. I drank a lot of coke that night. After three o'clock I really wanted to see sunlight any minute. By now, I was tacking over to the eastbound shipping lane in the vicinity of Main Duck Island. By six a.m. it was still dark but, as I was miles away from the False Ducks, I decided to close reach back. Daylight came and I could not see the False Ducks.

Later while standing up and the boat was on a wave crest, there ahead was Swetman Island and I was heading for the western end of the island. I brought the boat close hauled and headed toward the navigation markers, steering 000. After coming about on a heading of 090 I decided to use the remaining fuel to get to windward of Swetman Is. When I opened the after hatch I saw that the gas tanks had been bounced around and one was upside down. Soon the boat was under power and sail and making good headway but still drifting off course.

The sky turned a beautiful pale blue with fluffy white clouds flying along. It was quite a contrast from the gray day before. I turned off the motor and came about heading 000 to sail north past Swetman Island. When it appeared that

the boat couldn't pinch past the Swetman Island lighthouse. I was forced one more time to come about and steer easterly into those twelve foot waves.

It was an absolutely beautiful sail and I wished that the camera was on board. Finally I brought the boat about for the last time and slowly worked around Swetman Island. It was a relief to ease out the main and jib and begin reaching between Timber and Swetman while heading for the old white wooden lighthouse at Long Point, only two miles away and all downwind. This was the first time that the boat was in a relatively upright position in over 24 hours and I was surprised on looking into the cabin to see bilge water as high as both bunks in the main cabin. After a rough calculation I estimated about three tons of extra ballast in the form of water sloshing around. I considered heaving-to in the lee of Timber Island and bailing with a two gallon pail, but refuge was so close. Upon checking the gas tanks I found that one was upside down and wedged solidly on top of the other tank.

My next decision was to sail in to Long Point harbour under storm jib and double reefed main. At first everything went well. I sailed past the cottages on the north shore, then past the old lighthouse on the south shore. It was only another hundred feet to the harbour, but the boat was pointing upwind to the north shore. The sails were too close to the wind and I was trying to ease out the main and steer a straight course to the harbour. Each

time the boat pointed up I had to struggle, standing up with both hands on the tiller to try and bring a four ton boat which now weighed seven tons back on course. The third time it pointed upwind the boat finally struck bottom. The wind spilled from the sails as the boat turned around into the wind and the hull was driven closer to shore by two foot waves. I was completely helpless as the keel bumped closer to shore and the hull took on a list to port.

The old boat finally came to rest on the north shore pointing easterly with the mast and rigging tangled in some shore line beech trees. I jumped overboard into two or three feet of water and waded ashore near some cottages. Someone ran over and said that the fishermen were being called. Within a few minutes four or five commercial fishermen appeared headed by Mister Bill Amon, the harbour master. He asked where I came from and I told him I was with the four boats at the dock in the harbour. We had left Presquile yesterday morning, at 7 a.m. He then asked where my crew was and I had to convince him that I was alone. He assured me that the boat could be floated but he needed the help of the other boaters.

I walked over to the dock. It was now 7.45 a.m. and the dock was deserted. I went to Bill and Judy Adams boat "Trinco III" and tapped on the cabin top. The curtain opened and Judy looked up. Bill and Judy came out of the cabin asking, "Where did you come from? Where's your boat? We

thought you headed for Main Duck". When they found out what happened they called the others.

Back at "Carol M" the fishermen had brought a long tow line which was secured to the samson post. Mr. Amon, in his fishing boat, took the line across to the south shore where a truck took a strain on the line. The fishermen then gave me a gasoline driven pump and with the help of Don McLean from "Spellbound" we had the bilge dry very quickly.

Bruce and Alda Fairbairn of "Moondancer" sent over a thermos flask of hot coffee. As Don and I sat in the cabin drinking coffee, the fishermen started to heave on the line with three trucks and a tractor. The bow swung away from shore and the mast and rigging caught in some tree branches and snapped the spar just below the spreaders. Luckily nothing came through the cabin top. The boat was floating but taking water so it was towed into the harbour and beached on some hard mud.

When I asked Mr. Amon, how much he and the fishermen wanted for saving the boat he said "Just bring a case of beer for the boys." Later, on "Trinco III", as I helped Bill Adams splice the main brace with coffee and vodka, I learned how Mr. Amon and the fishermen guided the four boats in with flashlights, the night before just after dark.

On Thursday night the other five boats were nearing Long Point. "Roundel" and "Trinco III" turned back to check on stragglers. I was farthest back

and "Roundel" returned to my position and was also forced to remain offshore all night.

The storm jib that I saw hoisted on "Roundel" was really a light sail for a small boat and it had plastic hanks. During the night one hank broke and the others broke away from the forestay in "zipper" fashion. "Roundel" was towing a dinghy which was lost. It probably accumulated rain and spray and finally snapped its tow line. An outboard motor which was carried on "Roundel's" transom broke one of its mounts and the motor had to be put below. "Roundel" finally tacked around the east end of Swetman and Timber Islands, about 3 a.m. and with no dinghy, no motor, deep roller reefed main, loose luffed jib and a crew member down below with a migraine headache, "Roundel" finally headed north to Prinyer's Cove and safety.

Before dark "Trinco III", "Aslan" and "Spellbound" were proceeding under power and sail, "Moondancer" was sailing single handed as its' crew member was below suffering from "Mal de Mer".

"Spellbound" arrived at the harbour first and with the help of Mr. Amon and some fishermen the other boats were guided in. Fishermen stood on the rocks at the point with flashlights and Mr. Amon was on "Spellbound" talking to the others in by radio.

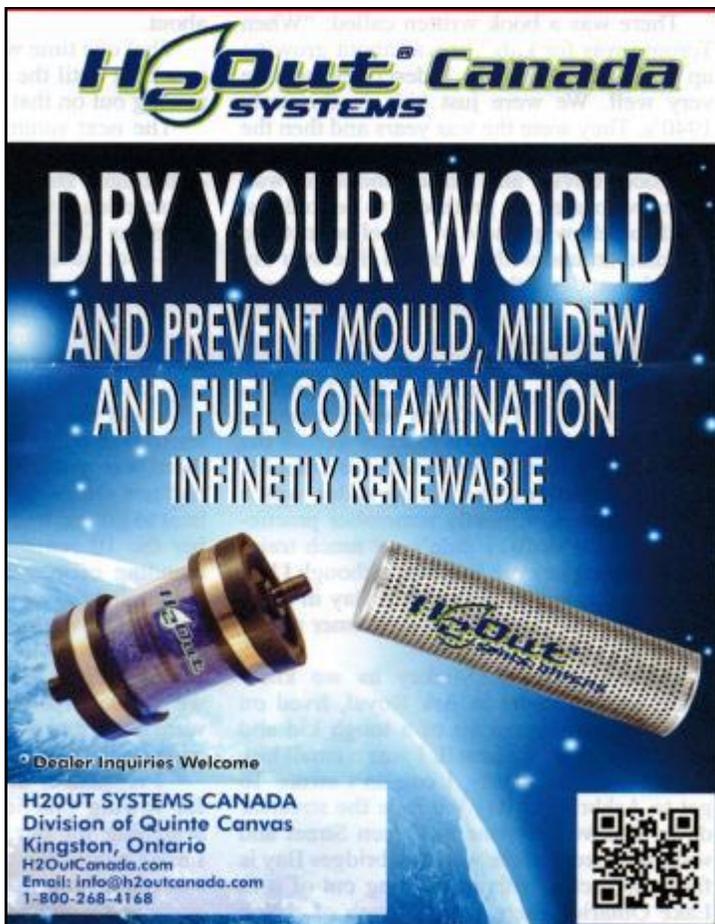
"Moondancer" came in next, then "Trinco III" and "Aslan" arrived.

I spent the next two days

bailing water and packing caulking cotton into an open seam in a garboard strake. The other boats left for Collins Bay on Saturday about noon and I left under power on Sunday and managed to keep the bilge water below the floor boards. The boat was finally hauled out for the season on Monday morning.

I am sure we all gained a lot of experience and maybe in the summer of 1984, we could round up a few boats to try this trip again, providing conditions are more favourable.

Ron Mackenzie (Carol M)



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Art Among the Ruins

In June, I had the pleasure of being an exhibitor at the [Art Among the Ruins](#) art show in



Newburgh. Hosted by David Anderson and Viola Kalinowski (*Royal Suite*, Slip B06) and their



daughter, Stacey Anderson, the event has typically been held on the same day as our club's *Sail Past*, limiting attendance from CBYCers. We have been missing out on a superb event, now in its 13th year, boasting over 2,500 attendees.

David and Stacey are talented artists with remarkable organizational skills. They anticipate the needs of both artists and attendees. Viola is

an avid gardener who has capitalized on the natural beauty of their home property – [the ruins of a former paper mill beside the Napanee River](#).



The event attracts first class artists ([60 this year](#)) from a broad variety of media.



Attendees are treated to a relaxing day of sensory pleasure at the exhibit booths while listening to [The Kitchen Gypsies](#) who perform annually

All of this success only occurs as a result of the devotion of a strong cadre of volunteers who return year after year. They help artists set up / tear down, they assist attendees with parking, mobility issues, traffic flow and a myriad of minor issues.

Coordinated by Viola, the close of the day was a pot-luck supper for the artists, allowing us to relax after a busy day, get to know one another and plan for next year's show. I hope all of you will be able to attend in 2018.

Jean White (Moon Shadow)



Jean is 3rd from left

Entre Amis I's Lake Ontario Cruise



We bid farewell to Collins Bay Marina after Canada Day and offered our slip for reciprocals as we would be away most of July. Our plan was to sail across the lake to the state of NY and to make our way from one yacht club to the next down the lake, then back cross to Canada for a week-long shore leave. We had heard back from a few clubs that they were looking forward to visitors.

The first day we beat our way to Main Duck Island. The docks were full so we dropped the hook just in time to have dinner and to hunker down for a pretty good storm. We got rained on and blown around. Although we wrapped around

the anchor a few times, all was good in the morning.

The following day the sailing gods were kind to us and we enjoyed a beautiful reach allowing a direct course all the way to Oswego.

We walked into the yacht club and we were immediately welcomed

by club members and invited to join them for cocktails. The first drink was on the club ... gotta like that policy! One of the members kindly offered up his slip for our stay since his boat was on the hard for repairs.



We observed that Oswego was dealing with the high water situation with work arounds and jury-rigged solutions in good old traditional sailor fashion. We spent the next day

touring Oswego. We visited Fort Ontario, checked out the locks on the Oswego River and had

great burgers for lunch downtown on the 4th of July. God bless America! We bid farewell to our new friends and shoved off for Little Sodus. The winds were light, but from the East, so we took the opportunity to fly the

spinnaker. We maintained about 5 knots with the wind at our backs and the spinnaker proudly flying the traditional Ottawa red and black. It was a beautiful thing! We even had a power boat circle us to take photos.

We stopped decided to stay at the Fairhaven Point Marina since we hadn't heard from the Fairhaven Yacht Club. After supper, we took our dinghy to the FYC and just made it in when the motor conked out. Upon arrival, we were greeted the Commodore (Louis) and his wife. We learned that the club had several available slips and we were invited to stay. Lesson learned for next time. Louis graciously offered us a ride back to the marina, as it would be about a 2-mile hike back to the marina, in the dark. This kind gesture was very much appreciated.

In the morning, we noticed a dog in the harbor foolishly chasing ducks, to no avail. It appeared to have no way to climb out and was getting tired. So Ed and Dan to the rescue! We coaxed the dog over to us. By this time, he was yelping and tired. Ed grabbed him by the collar as he got closer and the dog showed his appreciation by biting Ed's hand and scooting away. Nothing a little first aid couldn't fix. We then made our way to FYC to retrieve our dinghy.

We had light winds all day until we took the sails down of course. The winds came up significantly and we were quite relieved to be headed into port. The Sodus Yacht Club staff met us at the slip and helped with the lines as the wind was right on the nose. Like the other clubs, Sodus was making do with the high water levels. The clubhouse was dry and the docks were made accessible with temporary planking and such.



We made our way to Rochester Yacht Club in the morning. After a long day sail we were met by RYC staff Cameron. Who went above and beyond. Meeting us at the harbor entrance and coaching us to the docks. Rochester is a beautiful club with a pool and tennis courts. We decided to stay for a couple of nights. We had a very nice dinner at the club and listened to a musician on the patio until sundown. The next day we walked to the grocery store for provisions. Then spent the afternoon by the pool sipping cocktails and meeting members of the club. RYC members and staff were very friendly and

welcoming. It was a great stay.

Now refreshed, we made our way to Oak Orchard. We had good wind but it was another day of beating up against the prevailing winds and long sail. We finally rolled into the marina, made some supper and went to bed. Ahhh..... The fishing must be spectacular in the harbor as we discovered a pretty good size bass laying in our dinghy. After breakfast, no we didn't eat the

bass, we rowed our dinghy across the bay to get some beer and other provisions.

We decided to make our way to Tuscarora Yacht Club at Wilson. It looked very nice and was only 5 nautical

miles away. The winds were light, so we motored most of the way. We were met by the TYC stewards and offered slip directly in front of the impressive looking clubhouse. This was way too nice, so we decided to stay on. We were made us feel right at home. They sat with us at meals, gave us rides to town, and included us in their social activities. We ended up



being weathered in for a few extra days. We couldn't have picked a better place to layover.



the high water and to use the complimentary passes to the Admiral's club for swimming, hot tub and coffee.

Early next morning, we left for Cobourg and had an excellent sail for most of the day, arriving early enough to tie up on the

way along the Murray Canal for a leisurely motor (no chance of getting lost here). After radioing ahead to the Carrying Place bridge, which they opened on request, we entered the Bay of Quinte and on to the Trent Port

The weather finally cleared and we made our way to Whitby Yacht Club. It was wonderful sail heading due north and a strong prevailing wind. A beam reach all the way across the lake in great time and no tacks. We got into the harbor early afternoon, just in time for cocktails. Again, we were made very welcome. We met a group of CS owners who were gathered at Whitby for a rendezvous. Great timing! The trip so far has been way above expectations. Now time to refresh before the second leg.



Marina (dubbed by us the Trenton Hilton). We met up with other CBYC members, who were enroute on the Around the County Cruise.

The facilities there more than lived up to the reports from other Collins Bay members, with state-of-the-art docks and luxurious showers. Trent Port marina is also right downtown so we were able to top up our supplies and even catch a movie there.

After a week of shore leave in our respective homes, Dan and I headed out on the lake again to close the loop back to Collins Bay. Our first stop was in The Port of Newcastle, a harbour that we could never have considered in a normal year, due to our 6' draft and their 5' depth. It would have been a long sail directly to Cobourg so we were grateful to dock there thanks to

reciprocal wall there (which eventually filled up). As with several facilities on the lake, the docks were open but the power is off to the entire marina for the year due to the high water.

The next sail was a long one to Presquille Bay, but once more we were blessed by excellent winds and made our way there in good time. The bridge keeper at Brighton Bridge let us through and we tied up on the wall there for what was to be possibly our most peaceful and serene stay of the whole trip. The grounds of the swing bridge are well tended by the keeper, who obviously takes great pride in his little patch of Prince Edward County.

In the morning, we made our

The goal for the next day was Deseronto, for which we had conflicting reports that there is (or is not) a Yacht Club at this time. Surprisingly, we were able to sail good long sections of the bay and after a close encounter with a large motor cruiser, who waked us at 15 knots in Telegraph Narrows and then almost collided with another sailboat, we arrived at Deseronto. If there is still a club



Ontario. The hospitality we were shown by our American cousins on the South shore in particular and on the Canadian side as well, far exceeded what we

there, they hide it really well, so we decided to take a hard turn to starboard and head down Long Reach. Good move. After a brief wrestle with our spinnaker, we had one of the most pleasurable downwind sails, wing-on-wing, that either one of us could remember. This fair Northerly took us all the way into Picton harbour in record time.

could have expected. After arriving back at our familiar dock, we hoisted a celebratory beverage and reflected on the trip and immediately started planning the next adventure.

Dan Delorey & Ed Sedlak
(Entre Amis I)

We decided to stay in Prince Edward County Yacht Club for two nights to round out the trip and to enjoy the town. The power is out there but they have several interesting trestles set up to allow access to the docks, so all was well.

Finally, after a breakfast of gruel and toast, we motored out of Picton Bay and made our way into Adolphus Reach, where we were suddenly (once more, thank you Neptune) granted a perfect wind from the beam that took us the rest of the way back to Collins Bay.

We were both more than happy with our almost circumnavigation of Lake



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Brushstrokes and Friends

Christina MacLachlan (*Commotion*) is a professional artist and owner of [MaLachlan Artworks](#).

She offered, on August 11 and 18, a *Brushstrokes and Friends* evening in our clubhouse where she taught eager students how to make their own acrylic paintings. Based on the smiling faces, it appears to have been a lot of fun!



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Executive Team 2017

Gerry and Lori

As promised in July's issue, here is the last, but certainly not the least, of the executive team introductions — Collins Bay Marina's owners and operators, Gerry and Lori Buzzi.

Before Collins Bay Marina, Gerry and Lori owned and ran a motel in Thunder Bay for many years, while raising their young family. Once the fun of this experience had fizzled out and for health reasons, they sold the motel and decided to take a year off.

After five years of living their "year off" they got an itch to get involved in something that would again fulfill their lives. The answer was Collins Bay Marina. So they uprooted their family - Brittany, Caitlyn, Desiree, and Elmo (they have traditionally given their family pet a Sesame Street character's name) - and moved to Kingston.

They have done a lot to improve our experience at the marina. For example, they built the gazebo by the house, offer morning coffee, muffins + on the porch to give us an opportunity to get to know one another, etc.

Unlike other yacht clubs, CBYC is effectively a "guest" at this marina, which means having a collaborative relationship with Gerry and Lori. As members of the yacht club, we need to be mindful to represent them well at all times — when visitors come to

the marina from elsewhere and when we travel to other places.

One of the benefits of being a member of the CBYC are the reciprocals with we have with other yacht clubs. As mentioned, CBYC doesn't have its own facility but Gerry and Lori have accepted to respect reciprocals with other yacht clubs on our club's behalf. This means that there is a loss of revenue when visitors come to Collins Bay Marina. But that's the kind of folks Gerry and Lori are — accommodating, kind and generous. The club can always count on Lori's help with cruise/activity sign ups in the office. It can also count of Gerry to task the staff with mowing the lawn and arranging the picnic tables for our activities taking place on the lawn.

As active members of the club with seats on the executive, Gerry and Lori attend the monthly meetings and participate in the decision-making surrounding club issues and activities.

Although they had no "marina" experience, coming to the marina has been better than they could have anticipated. They truly love what they do and are very thankful to have met so many amazing people. This is their sixth successful season in operation.



Gerry possesses a great number of specialized and practical skills which are very handy around the marina. However, many of us would agree that it is his ability to stay cool, calm and collected when under fire that is perhaps his greatest asset. Nothing seems to faze him and he is always able to deliver a solution to a problem, often seeming to relish the challenge. He is always accommodating, pleasant and friendly, often going above and beyond to help a boater with a problem.

On top of being an incredibly busy mom, Lori runs an incredibly tight ship, capably managing the daily operations of the marina from the helm (aka the office). Organized, efficient and like Gerry, always helpful and accommodating, doing her job with a great sense of humor and an incredible laugh!

The 2017 Executive Committee

| Board Position | Name | Boat | Contact |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|---|--|
| Commodore | Peter Feltham | Cattitude | commodore@collinsbayyachtclub.ca |
| Vice Commodore | Phil Morris | Wavelength | vicecommodore@collinsbayyachtclub.ca |
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| Secretary | Dan Delorey | Entre Amis I | secretary@collinsbayyachtclub.ca |
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| Fleet Captain | Angus Ferguson | Pandion | fleet@collinsbayyachtclub.ca |
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| Race Chair | John Giles | Poppy | race@collinsbayyachtclub.ca |
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| Newsletter Editor | Hélène Hubert | Cattitude | mixer@collinsbayyachtclub.ca |
| Webmaster | Geoff Roulet | Jeannie | cbyc@collinsbayyachtclub.ca |
| Collins Bay Marina | Lori & Gerry Buzzi | Perfect Waste of Time | helm@collinsbaymarina.com |
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| Club Historian | Robert van Dyk | Day Dreams | history@collinsbayyachtclub.ca |