

Collins Bay Yacht Club



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ROBERT (BOB) DENDY

Registered Representative

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44 Princess Street, P.O. Box 180
Kingston, Ontario K7L 4V8
Bus.: (613) 544-7944, Res.: 389-4504

These businesses have purchased advertising in our newsletter for the 1983 season and deserve our patronage. Several others have been approached but there are a few spaces left if any member wishes to purchase advertising. Please call Dick Kennedy or a member of the committee.

November 1982 - No. 7

COLLINS BAY YACHT CLUB

Executive

Commodore	Bob Wright	389-3060
Vice-Commodore	Louise Williamson	389-2117
Secretary-Treasurer	Judy Adams	389-1812
Fleet Captain - Sail	Gord Unsworth	389-9260
- Power	Dennis Williamson	389-2117
Cruise Captain	Bill Adams	389-1812
	Bill Steenbakkers	389-4455
	Paul Kruger	389-3716



Committees

From the Commodore:



My boat is out of the water now and so probably is yours. Haul out is a time of mixed feelings; it is a sure sign that summer is over and there is no more boating, (unless you have some southern exploring to do). But then it is a relief to get the boat settled for the winter and turn your attention to other things, like skiing, and Christmas, and other less relevant things. Not this year: we still have the End of Season Awards Banquet, and there is a move afoot to instigate some winter activities for sailors. This year's awards banquet is going to be bigger than any other, with awards for the three series and event races and the special awards. (I can't wait to see who gets the LEAD LIFE RING) I'll be there and I sure hope you will too.

P.S. I'm still looking for nominations. You could give me your nominations (in writing) at the banquet.

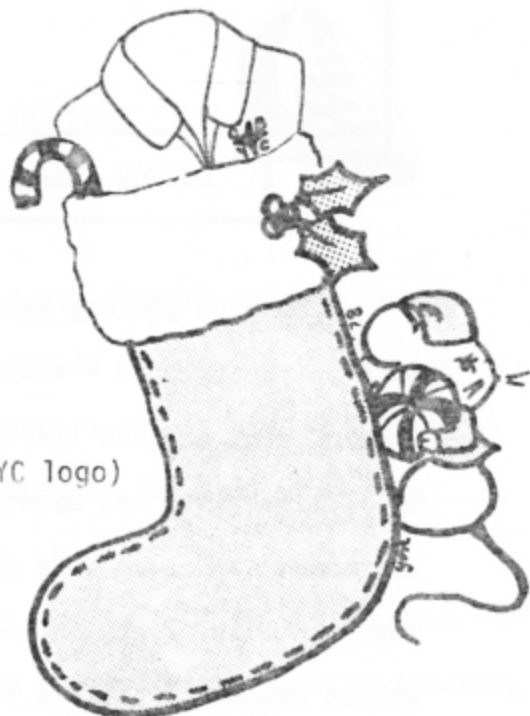
Yours truly,
Bob Wright

*A Perfect Stocking
Stuffer.*

CLUB SHIRTS

GOLF SHIRTS (white with royal blue CBYC logo)

XL	
L	
M	\$16.00
S	
XS	



SWEATSHIRTS (royal blue with white CBYC logo)

Adults	XL		Children	L	
	L			M	\$14.00
	M	\$16.00		S	
	S				

T-SHIRTS (white with royal blue trim & CBYC logo)

Adults	XL		Children	L	
	L			M	\$ 5.00
	M	\$6.00		S	
	S				

LADIES' SCOOP NECK T (navy blue with white CBYC logo)

L	
M	\$6.00
S	

Order from Judy Adams (389-1812) by November 22 for Christmas.



PIGEON ISLAND RACE 1982 -----FROM THE SIDELINES

Some of you may have read the story published by The Heritage with no photographs - about the Pigeon Island Race Day activities. Some of you, who saw the Commodore's cruiser moving rapidly about the Start line, with me, myself, taking pictures, would have naturally concluded that some fine photography was going on. Well, sailors, you were quite right. The scenery was beyond compare, and the action dramatic. All of you were a fine sight to see and photograph. The sight of so many white sails crowding through the collar of Collin's Bay was photographed thoroughly, with careful attention to angle of camera, boat, and heel.

The pictures did not turn out. That is, they did not turn out well enough for newspaper printing. The operation was a success, but the patient passed out somewhere between the action and the developers chemical bath.

The negatives were salvaged, and a friend of the Skipper of shark #101 is, as far as I know, still trying to get prints we can print.

The colour pictures turned out much better, and we have, I believe, a print of every boat that passed the finish line, as well

as some shots of the barbeque and banquet enjoyed by all after the race.

After my wild ride with Commodore Bob Wright and his first mate on "P-Nut Float", and after I heard some of the adventure stories around the course, I knew we had another winner, and the winner was our Collins Bay Yacht Club. We are not a large, FOSM, or expensive Club. We have, however, the people who have what it takes to put together an event as successful as this race.

Our Executive and the race committee, the people behind the scenes who made it all work so well, did the job with hard work and commitment. To them is owed a vote of thanks and appreciation for a great day of fun and excitement, of adventure and fellowship. May their good efforts be a tradition that is carried by our club for many years to come.

Robert (Bob) Dendy





CAPTAIN BILL WORTHY: ALIAS CAPTAIN BLIGH OF C.B.Y.C.

You can hear him hollering from Lemoine's Point to the Brothers but that is where the similarity ends. Captain Bligh was short, fat and ugly, Captain Bill is tall, slim and Captain Bligh was an egotistical dictator on the high seas. Captain Bill is a teacher. It took me a long time to realize, being chained to the helm, of course, that Captain Bill was hollering with us, not at us. Then on the other hand, it is hard to steer the boat when you are in the galley mixing the Captain's favorite cocktail.

"Watch your heading!" the voice will come through the forward hatch.

Now, I ask all of you seasoned sailors, how can you watch your heading when you are bobbing in and out of the kitchen sink?

How about this incident--- Just the other day I asked permission to go forward because I have never been forward while under sail. After crawling on my hands and knees, I stood up by the mast just in time to hear the captain holler, "Ready to come about!"

Well, I know that Captain Bill can't bring the Houndel around by himself, so I had to dive back and through the companion-way in order to man the jib sheets...

I will let you draw your own conclusions. Is he really Captain Bligh, or is he "WORTHY" of the high esteem that we all hold for him?

Keep on hollering Captain Bill because if you throw enough mud at the wall some of it is bound to stick.

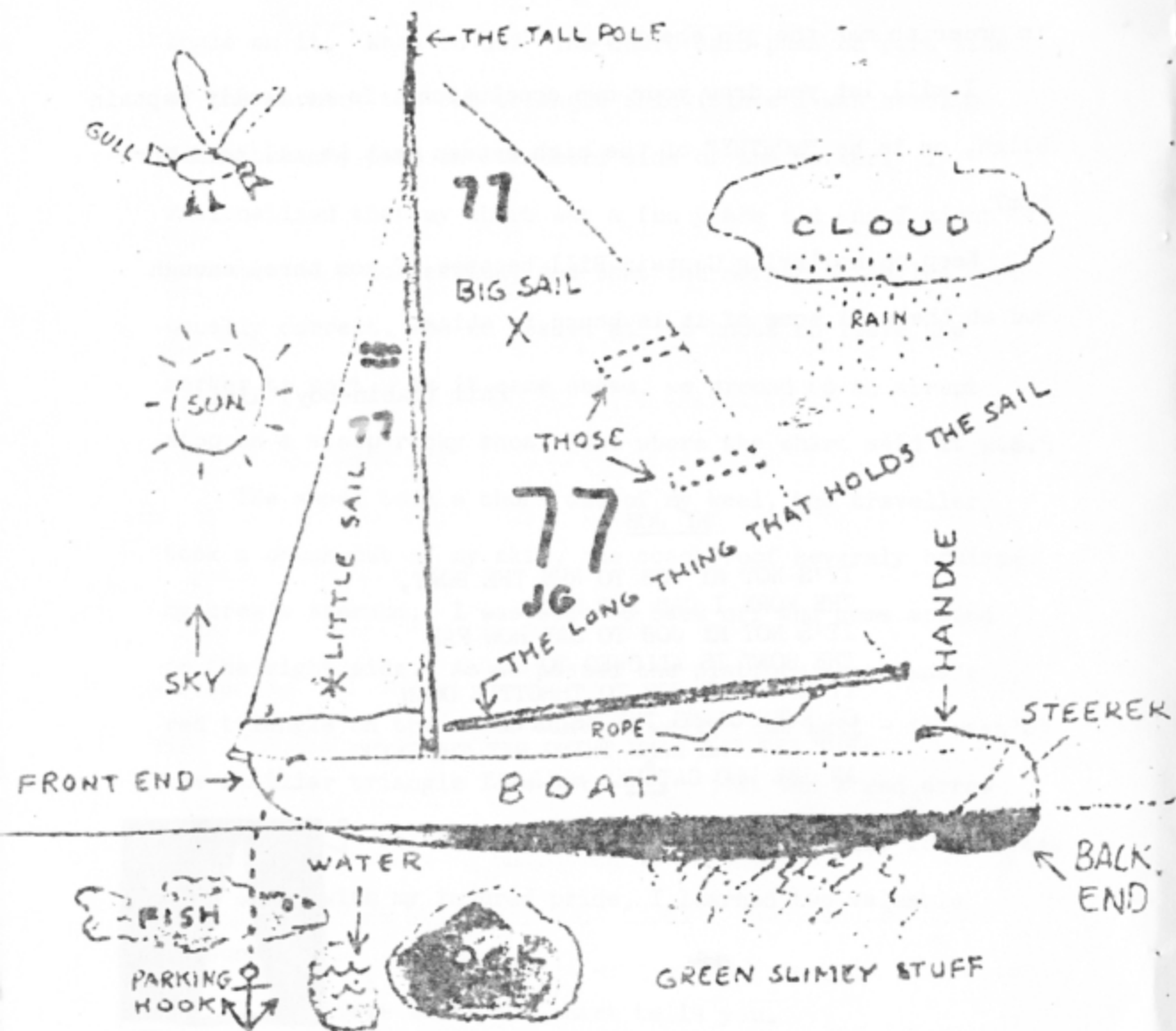
Phil (cabin-boy) Rini

P.S.

MY JOB

IT'S NOT MY JOB TO RUN THE BOAT,
THE HORN I CAN NOT BLOW...
IT'S NOT MY JOB TO SAY HOW FAR
THE BOAT IS ALLOWED TO GO...
IT'S NOT MY JOB TO THROTTLE DOWN
OR EVEN CLANG THE BELL...
BUT LET THE DAMN THING HIT THE DOCK
AN SEE WHO CATCHES HELL!!!









KNOW YOUR LOCAL MARKS

This summer we took our mast down, fired up our faithful Honda and headed for the Trent-Severn Waterway, Georgian Bay and Parry Sound in the 30,000 Islands. It's a gorgeous trip with some spectacular scenery, placid coves, and friendly boaters. The route is well marked with the standard buoyage system and, provided you keep a running fix on your charts, it presents no problems. Even if you didn't know the channel markings, it only takes a short exposure before you realize that red is on the right upstream, and on the left downstream.

Anyhow, we were on our way back from Parry Sound to Port Severn when, due to a momentary lapse of attention, I found myself on the wrong side of an island near Honey Harbor. Looking at the chart I found that I had the choice of retracing my path to the main channel or taking a narrow side channel to the main track. The chart showed a marker and shoal in the side channel with passage on the port side. I opted for the short cut.



As we got closer I could see a float-platform marker where the chart said it should be, but there was a red triangle on it. What to do? The chart said pass on port side of the marker; the red triangle said (since I was heading "downstream") pass on starboard side of the marker. I rationalized that my chart was a few years old and I might have missed a correction, and that the marker triangles were usually correct. So we headed at 5-6 knots to leave the marker to port. As it came abeam, we ground to an abrupt stop on a steep rocky shoal just where the chart said it was.

The shoal took a chunk out of my keel, the traveller took a chunk out of my skin, the coach roof severely bruised my crew's sternum. I was able to back off and come around on the right side. As we passed the platform there was a red triangle on the other side as well. But wait - it wasn't the familiar triangle like so:  ; it was a red arrow like so:  which was pointing to the clear side for passage.

Along with my injured pride, I learned two valuable lessons:

1. Believe what your chart tells you.

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Along with my injured pride, I learned two valuable lessons:

1. Believe what your chart tells you.

2. If you are out of the main channel, look very carefully at markers. They may not be quite what they seem or they may not be telling you what you think they are.

Bruce Fairbairn

TORONTO BOAT SHOW BUS TRIP



The C.B.Y.C. is chartering a 47 seat bus to go to the Toronto Boat Show on Saturday, January 8th, 1983. The Bus will depart from K-Mart Shopping Plaza, at 8.00 and be back by 2300. The Bus will cost \$15.00 per person. Make your reservation before Thursday, December 30th, 1982. Call Paul Kruger for more information at 389-3716.

RACING SCENE

C.B.Y.C. - RACE RESULTS - 1982

Spring Series	1	Rick Kennedy	-	8 $\frac{3}{4}$ pts.
	2	John George	-	9 $\frac{1}{2}$ pts.
	3	Mary Fraser	-	9 $\frac{3}{4}$ pts.
Summer Series	1	Mary Fraser	-	17 pts.
	2	Jerome Guindon	-	19 pts.
	3	Bill Worthy	-	27 pts.
Fall Series	1	Mary Fraser	-	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ pts.
	2	Jerome Guindon	-	13 $\frac{3}{4}$ pts.
	3	Ron Mackenzie/John George	-	21 pts.
Amherst Island	1	Paul Kruger		
	2	Gord Unsworth		
	3	Mary Fraser		
Simcoe Island	1	Jerome Guindon		
	2	Mary Fraser		
	3	Judy Adams		
Pigeon Island	1	Ib. Lauritsen		
	2	Fred Moller		
	3	Frank Artibello		
Small Boat Class	1st.	Bernie Steglich		
1st Collins Bay Yacht Club Boat		- Mary Fraser		

THE AMHERST ISLAND RACE

(A View from the Rear)



The 1982 Amherst Island Race is now history and the names of the winners are engraved in the annals of C.B.Y.C. But like most races, there were only a few winners out of a good number of enthusiastic competitors. So I thought I'd tell what it's like back in the herd.

At the skipper's meeting we got the gen, which boiled down to "Go outside everything, including the bell-buoy east of Amherst, in a counter clockwise direction." The forecast was for fair weather with light to moderate southerly winds. So off we went to the starting line at its usual place off the stone pier.

The start was fairly good with over half the fleet over the line less than a minute after the gun. As most of us edged our way toward mid-channel, the wind slowly dropped to just above the drifting stage. It hardly bothered the trimaran "Desiree" who rapidly pulled away from the pack. Near mid-channel winds were still light so the Tanzers "Snail" and "Reflections" popped their chutes and began to pull ahead. The Contessa "Najade" soon followed suit and the fleet began to spread out.

After half an hour, the wind began to pick up and soon a slight breeze had us making fair speed on a close reach. With only a working jib as foresail, we were by now near the rear, but hopeful that our high handicap would compensate. As time wore on, the breeze slowly strengthened to near 10 knots and by the time we were opposite the ferry dock, some of the leaders were turning south into the gap.

By the time we were nearing the gap, we looked behind and there was "Roundel" overtaking us. We asked what took them so long and their pilot responded by telling us to get out of the way or he'd cut us in two. We didn't, and he didn't! As they came abreast, we pointed out that the only reason they were passing us was due to the several acres of sail they were flying. The pilot came back with the unanswerable reply that he was carrying Bill Adams as an extra handicap.

Soon after, we turned into the Upper Gap and began a series of tacks to clear the headlands. Here, unless I watched myself, I found I was doing all the things that had become second nature on a planing dinghy but which didn't work very well on a keel boat, resulting in pinching and falling further behind. Also

the wind was veering and I was being headed on the offshore tacks while those skippers who took long offshore tacks were now enjoying the sleigh ride.

We worked our way along the south shore of the island, the wind gradually shifting until we were on a broad reach. The sky behind us was darkening as clouds built up. By now most of the fleet, having pulled far ahead of us, had rounded the bell-buoy and were heading for home. As the wind strength increased, our speed also increased until we were rolling along at 6 - 7 knots. But I'll swear that infernal buoy seemed to recede at 5 - 6 knots. Anyhow we kept on and drew near the buoy eventually where the faithful committee boat was waiting. The wind and sky were indicating that severe weather was imminent so we dropped our jib. No sooner had we done so than a vicious squall struck, and as we rounded the mark the committee boat gave the wash-out sign.

So we roared along to home port in pelting rain and 30 knots winds, getting soaked but enjoying ourselves hugely. By the time we arrived in the bay, wind and rain had abated so we were able to douse and furl sail and tie up without incident. However, we

were so wet and cold that we headed for home and hot showers and did not get back to the club house, so we still don't know who won. But we'll probably try again next year.

Bruce (Tail-end) Fairbairn



EXCERPTS "MURPHY'S LAW" (Arthur Bloch)

FOR C.B.Y.C. MEMBERS

LAYING UP & FITTING OUT

Watson's Law:

The reliability of machinery is inversely proportional to the number and significance of any persons watching it.

Law of the Perversity of Nature:

You cannot successfully determine before hand which side of the Bread to Butter.

Klipstein's Corollary:

The most delicate component will be the one to drop.

Schmidt's Law:

If you mess with a thing long enough, it'll break.

Your newsletter committee is already collecting contributions for the next issue. Any member of the committee would be happy to receive articles, illustrations, cartoons, poems, etc. from all members. Perhaps we could feature some regular sections such as a Junior Page with contributions from some of our youngest members and a Crew Complaint (or Compliment) Page!

Desiree Kruger

Bob Dendy

Judy Adams

