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# Collins Bay Yacht Club

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Fleet Captain Power	Bob Wright	389-3060
Cruise Captain	Ron Mackenzie	389-5184
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Newsletter	Desiree Kruger	389-3716
Members at large	Carmen Knapp	389-2125
	Peter Fraser	384-3051
	Louise Williamson	389-2117



FINANCIAL REPORT  
as of  
February 1, 1984

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Balance from 1983	\$ 551.12	551.12
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RECEIPTS

Memberships 105 (1983 - 118)	1050.00	
Burgees 40	564.00	
Shirts 58	681.00	
Social Events:		
April Social	325.00	
Races 64	291.00	
Amherst Is. Barbecue	105.00	
Simcoe Is. "	178.50	
Pigeon Is. "	194.00	
Launching & Haul-out Coffee Shop	107.57	
Awards Banquet 89	890.00	
Boat Show Trip 46	690.00	
Advertising 5	125.00	
Hamburgers sold to B. Adams	71.60	5272.67
		<u>5823.79</u>

EXPENDITURES

Stationary Supplies, Stamps, stapler, Membership cards.	248.94
April Social, Food, Tickets	130.20
Family Day Food, Charcoal	94.93
Overpaid Membership	10.00
Marker Buoy Materials	47.96
Burgees	894.52
Newsletter - Printing	685.13
Shirts	599.74
Materials for Clubhouse	24.58
Trophies & Ribbons for Junior Races	53.08
Predicted Log Barbecue	166.41
Stop Watch	53.49

P.I. Race Barbecue	173.05	
Launching & Haul-out Coffee Shop	75.15	
Awards Banquet - Catering & wine	926.67	
Rent of Hall	50.00	
Trophies	300.00	
Tip for Driver (Boat Show)	25.00	
3 Engraved items (D. Gostlin)	46.81	
Bank Charges	<u>11.55</u>	<u>4617.21</u>
		\$ 1206.58

Ann Unsworth  
Treasurer.

## From The Commodore



The first rafting of the season will take place on February 25 at the RCYA Club. Everyone is invited to raft at 1930 hours - the cocktail pennant will be up. The captains' meeting will begin at 2000 hours when we chart the season's activities for the old salts and novices alike. Be there to help chart our course for the season - from piping on new hands, to provisioning, chasing the prize, the rendezvous, and the rum and rations. The past season will be reviewed photographically - victors and culprits alike will walk the plank. There will still be time for the sailor's hornpipe, grog and rations. The destination of our armada is fun on the bounding main.

*See you there,  
Judy*

FEBRUARY SOCIAL EVENING

Saturday, February 25

R.C.A.F.A. Club

(Norman Rogers Airport)

7:30 p.m.

General Meeting at 8:00

Slides, movies, music and lunch

\$5 per person

To reserve your tickets please call:

Louise Williamson 389-2117

Desiree Kruger 389-3716

(Ottawa) Claudia Stevenson 825-4410



## THE BEST DARN SAIL OF THE YEAR !

During the early spring of 1983 a few members of C.B.Y.C. 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", "Spell-bound", "Moondancer", "Qué Sera", "Cold 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 C.B.Y.C. 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 up-wind into the bay and let the Danforth out. The Danforth did not hold and as the boat dragged along the shoreline I brought up the 75 lb. Fisherman with heavy chain and 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 Is.

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 again 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 white-out 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 "Cold 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 Murrey 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 Pres'quile 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 am. 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 undercanvassed 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 block 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. "Moondancer" 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 leeward.

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 out-board 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 Price 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 Cushner 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.

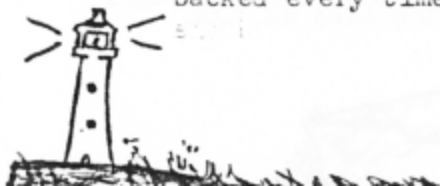
About 6 p.m. while steering 030° toward shore I sighted a sailboat ahead. It was Bill Worthy's "Roundel" with a deep reef in the main that at first looked like a storm tri sail. Bill was on the forward deck changing from jib to storm jib. "Roundel" and "Trinco III" had returned to check on stragglers.

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 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 had 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 bouys 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 up 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."

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 just roar by into the night. Now the compass was showing 000° on one tack and 90° 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 lightbeams 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 card board about  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch in diameter had clogged a valve. During the night I decided that I needed food for strength, so everytime I went below I would return with two cans of coke. I figured that the sugar was for energy and the caffiene 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 wish 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 light-house 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 Presquille 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 Prinzer'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 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.



**ROBERT (BOB) DENDY**

Account Executive

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