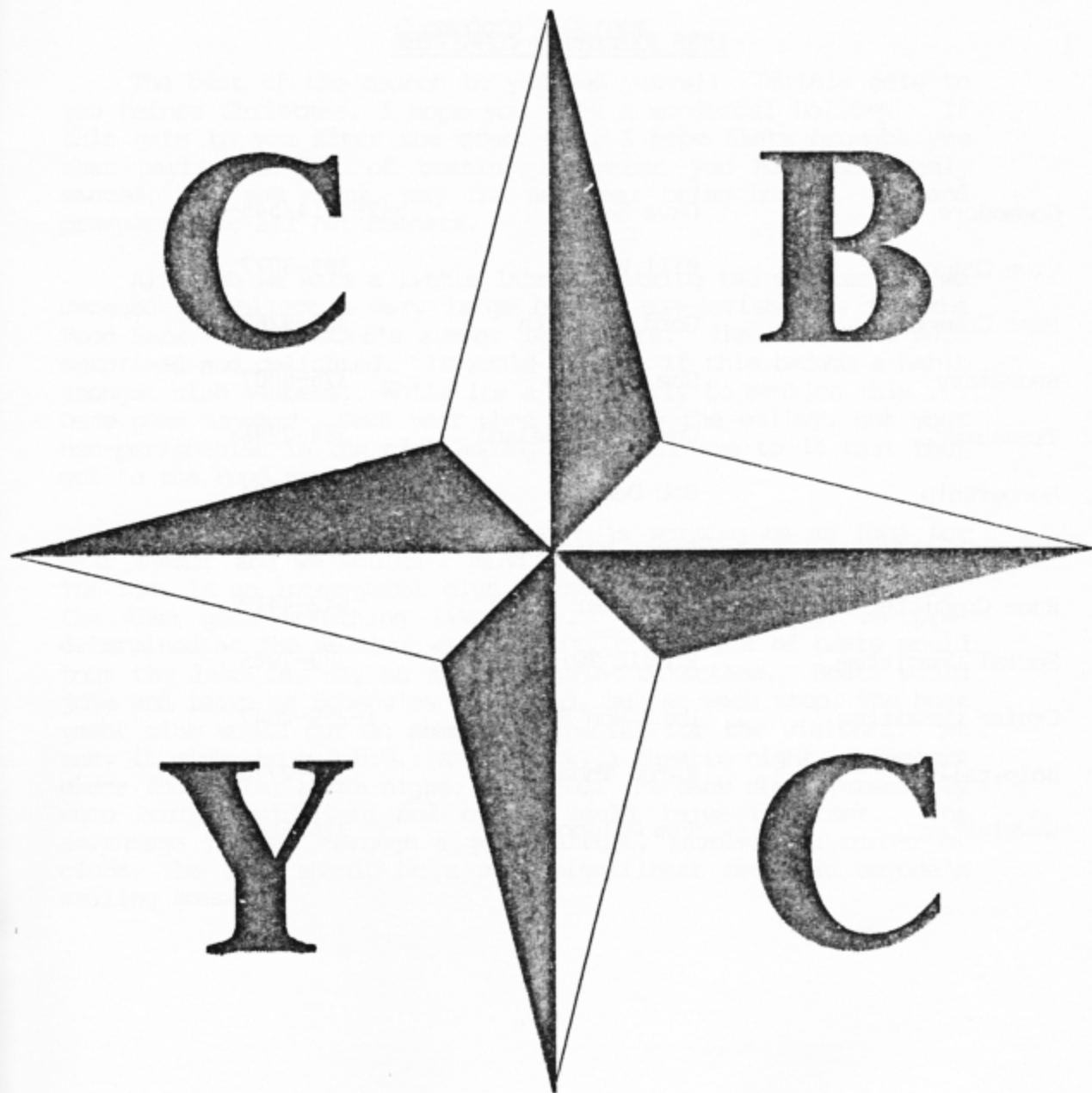


COLLINS MIXER



Collins Bay Yacht Club



1988 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Commodore	Dave Sewell	542-9014/545-4539
Vice Commodore	Bill Worthy	389-3077
Past Commodore	Gord Unsworth	389-9260
Secretary	Sue Muldoon	376-6807
Treasurer	Chester Copeland	384-2286
Membership	Bob Dendy	389-4504
Fleet Captain Sail	Peter Horrocks	352-3608
Race Committee	Al Walker	542-4412
Social Committee	Bonnie Twigg	389-7945
Cruise Committee	Hans Von Rosen	1-259-2847
Hospitality	Karen Thompson	384-2776
Newsletter	Tim Muldoon	376-6807

Commodore's Corner

The best of the season to you and yours!! If this gets to you before Christmas, I hope you have a wonderful holiday. If this gets to you after the great day, I hope Santa brought you that particular bit of boating equipment you have so keenly wanted. In any event, may the new year bring health, joy and prosperity to all our members.

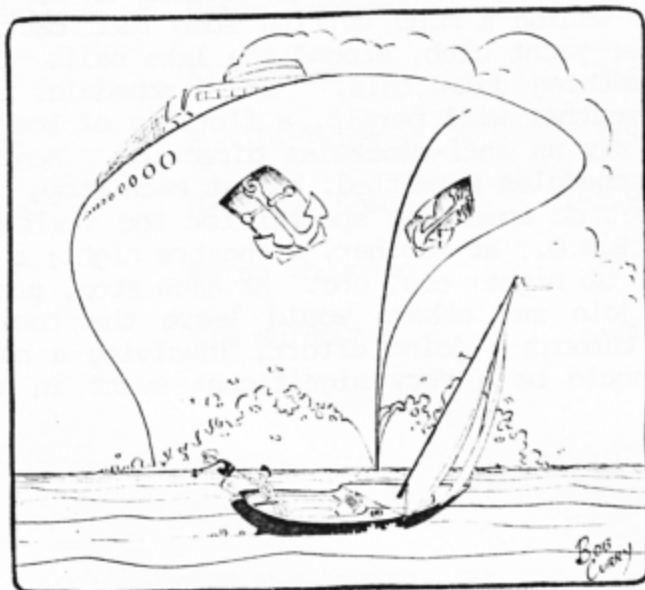
Although we were a little late in getting the notices up, we managed to collect a very large box of non-perishables for the Food Bank, from member's summer left overs. The Food Bank were surprised and delighted. It would be nice if this became a habit amongst club members. While its a mite early to mention this ... here goes anyway! Next year when emptying the galley, put your non-perishables in the club house, and we'll see to it that they get to the Food Bank.

Chester Copeland, your treasurer is working on an idea for next summer and we wouldn't mind getting some feed back on it. The idea is an inter-yacht club, around the lake sail. Briefly, the idea goes something like this. On a schedule, as pre-determined as the weather will permit, a flotilla of boats would tour the lake in, say an anti-clockwise direction. Boats would join and leave as schedules permitted, but at each stop, the host yacht club would put on something special for the visitors. At one, it might be a B.B.Q.; at another, a theatre night; a concert under the stars; a pub night; etc, etc. At each stop, presumably some boats would join and others would leave the tour. The advantage is that through a joint effort, involving a number of clubs, the tour should be a very significant event in anyone's sailing summer.

Let's say that CBYC and nine other clubs joined in. Then the pay off for anyone who participates is that by putting out once, heavily, when it is your turn to host you have the potential of being hosted nine other times, if you stayed with the tour the entire trip. Not bad for you retired folks if you're up for it. Anyone interested in helping to organize please get in touch with Chester.

Happy New Year and good sailing.

Dave Sewell
Commodore



RELAX LAD...WE GOT THE RIGHT O'WAY

Letter of thanks to CBYC Members from
Partners in Mission Food Bank, Religious
Hospitaliers of St. Joseph

Dear Mr. Sewell:

On behalf of everyone involved with the Partners in Mission Food Bank I would like to thank you for your valuable support. Over the past years the Food Bank has been able to help so many people during times of crisis and the demand for this service continues to grow. It is our hope and prayer that this is only temporary and that someday food banks will not be necessary.

At this time I would like to thank you for your recent donation of 1 box of groceries to the Partners in Mission Food Bank.

Without your contributions of food, financial support and the many hours spent by volunteers, both at the Food Bank and organizing events, we could not possibly help the less fortunate of Kingston and the area.

May God bless you for your thoughtfulness, love and concern.

Sister Evelyn Leonard
Co-ordinator of Planning
Partners in Mission Food Bank

Sharing Membership--Sharing Fellowship

This 1988 season closes, for the membership tally, at just about the same number of members that we had last year -- and a couple of new membership applications received in the last thirty days, for the 1989 season. The remarkable thing about these two new applications is that they both come to us from American friends, who have visited our club, and wonderfully, like us well enough to want to join the fellowship of Collins Bay Yacht Club.

As you know, our membership is somewhat scattered throughout Eastern Ontario, and Western Quebec, and we have had, for a number of years, some well-liked American members, who have been a joy to have with us.

This makes us a truly International Membership, and demonstrates that good fellowship and good seamanship can work together. The strength of our Club depends on the goodwill and shared enthusiasm demonstrated by every member. It depends, as well, on the careful planning and structure of program by willing, unpaid, volunteers. It also depends on those hard workers being willing to accept that people also need to enjoy their personal time with their boat without interference. Members may participate, or opt out, as they wish.

Club success, in the end, is measured by how well the Club is able to meet the needs of it's memberships. I know why I belong to the Collins Bay Yacht Club. It is not because I have been able to meet and talk to everyone else in the Club. I belong to this Club because it does give me a chance to share a fellowship and interest in boating, yachting, and seamanship with other people of goodwill, and because I think I have made some friends along the way.

We have shared the task of membership and pleasure of fellowship, all of us. May we continue to share all that is good.

Bob Dendy

Weather Watch

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the forum ... Actually, a very strange thing happened to me on my way up the North Channel opposite the cement plant.

It was a Monday morning. I was playing hooky from work, and taking guests from New Zealand for a sail around Amherst Island. It was a perfect day. Cloudless blue sky, light winds, 10-12 kts out of the North West, with the odd gust over 12 to maybe 15.

Mother, father, daughter were on a cross-country tour of Canada, and had stopped in Kingston to visit mutual friends and take in C.O.R.K. Back home father and daughter are quite the racing duo, daughter having to saw back and forth on the helm to keep the nose from plowing under when dad and crew fly the chute in 30 kt plus winds, in their 38' N.Z. something or other.

When it happened we were on the island side of the channel opposite the cement plant. I would judge the distance to be 205-3 miles. Facing forward, I happened to look over my right shoulder to see a huge cloud of grey/black smoke rise up over the plant. Seconds later, the slam of the explosion rolled over us.

My first reaction was that there had been an accident at the plant. How many had been killed? We would be reading about it in tonights paper. Out came the binocs. nothing seemed amiss. All the buildings looked in tack. None were missing a roof, or wall. No wailing siren from the plant, police or ambulance! Couldn't have been an accident.

Time to tack, anyway. We're being shoved into the bay by a wind that's veering a bit west.

During the short tack that took us half way back toward the plant, the gritty smell in the air told us that the almost totally dissipated black cloud was passing over head. We turned back west again, sooner than we otherwise would have, to get out from underneath the stench.

The wind had slackened a little, and our speed was down, I was waiting for it to pick up again, so that we would get moving. Daughter was stretched out on the south side of the boat, in the lee of the wind, having a glorious time sunning herself and half asleep. Mum was below, staying out of what wind there was. Suddenly, I noticed that the wind had completely dropped. We were in a dead calm. Yet the funny thing was, the surface of the water belied the fact that the wind was down. The surface had the same appearance, and wave height as when the wind had been blowing at 10-12, moments ago.

I looked toward the wind to see if a gust was coming. I could tell from the darkened water surface in the distance that wind was on its way, "Good," I said to myself, "This sloppy calm isn't going to last long."

I watched the gust approach. From the dark blue rippled surface, I could tell that the gust was strong. Suddenly it hit us. It damn near knocked us over. It buried the port hand ama (float) deeper than I have ever experienced. With the heeling and getting wet, daughter came-to in a hurry. With the speed of a ferret she was inboard out of the water. The first utterances of an invective as to what the hell we were up to was beginning to part from her lips. I was losing my footing and was falling inboard. Dad, for his part, was struggling to overcome what felt like several "Gs" of gravity in a mad scramble to loosen lines and free the genny. He didn't have time.

Just as suddenly, it was over, and we were sailing along as though nothing whatsoever had happened at all. Utter disbelief! What in the name of all that's holy happened???

It wasn't until the next day while rehashing the experience for the tenth time that a possible explanation occurred to me. What may have happened is this. While the shock wave from the blast in the quarry situated next to the cement plant travelled in a circle around the epicentre, it is the part that travelled north against the wind which is significant. With wind piling up against the shock wave the wave's energy was spent or overcome. The wind then accelerated to fill the partial void created behind

the wave, with the whole phenomena moving in the direction of the prevailing wind. Hence for us, the sudden unusual calm followed by the equally sudden and devastating blast of wind.

If my theory is correct, what is to be learned from all of this. Don't play hooky from work? Don't sail past cement plants? or cement plants which are starting off the weeks production with a monumental whump? - or - maybe, better still, if you ever hear, or otherwise witness a very loud, shore based explosion, keep a weather eye peeled for signs that you are in the path of the effects of the shock wave.

By the way, as you can tell from this account, the time lapse between explosion and its apparent effects is considerable. while I have no idea, with any certainty, I would guess somewhere between 5 and 10 minutes. Maybe longer.

Keep a sharp lookout. Good sailing.

D. Sewell



Training

As a tiny bit of trivia some of you may remember that in 1987 Carman Knapp and I qualified for the CYA Basic Cruising Certificate. This year Carmen went on and completed his Intermediate Certificate in Cruising, the standards again being those as set by C.Y.A. In both instances, the instructor/examiner was Phil Whittingstall, a CYA Certified Instructor of Treasure Island Sailing (542-1084).

One of our CBYC members, Doug Wagner, is also a CYA instructor in the sailing school.

Phil has developed, a First Mates Course which should be of interest to our membership.

Duration: 1 evening and 2 days, comprising 2½ hours of seminar time and 12 hours total boat time.

Cost: \$48.00 for 3 participants.

This course assumes that First Mates are familiar with sailing, but may not have done much in the way of skippering.

I can vouch for the fact that Phil is a truly excellent sailor and an equally good instructor. While I do not know Doug as well, based on his experience and training, you undoubtedly will receive excellent instruction from him as well.

Now is your chance, ladies! Emancipation is at hand! This is your opportunity to get out from under the thumb of the S.(L.)O.B. After the training, if he falls overboard, you will be in a good position to make a calm and rationale decision as whether or not to implement the man overboard drill. Think of the delicious power of it!!

For further details contact Phil or Doug.

Fourth Annual Fish 'n' Chips

The Saturday after Labor Day, Pyewacket sailed out of Collins Bay for the long and arduous trip to Confederation Basin. After many harrowing adventures in our two hour trip, we arrived about mid-day to find Tinco III, Roundel, Tirel, and Code's Cat waiting for us. They had left nothing to chance and set out the previous day.

During our pre-prandial libations we were joined by land travelers Jamie and Chris, and Ann and Gord (with friends) of Najade. Making our way in groups to the Pilot House we enjoyed their justly celebrated fish 'n' chips with draft and welcomed the arrival and Joyce and Bob Dendy (with friends) of Harmony II.

Returning to the docks for post-prandial delights, a lot of people came aboard Pyewacket and a lot more were in and on Trinco III, including late arrivals Desiree and Paul Kruger. I think the party broke up before midnight.

After a lazy sunny Sunday morning our intrepid cruisers made their way back to Collins Bay in light easterlies. Some stopped at the Brothers to inspect the new Mad Dad just acquired by the Morrisons. I think we should do it again next year.

Bruce Fairbain

Waupoos and Long Point

On the Saturday of Civic Holiday weekend, Tiree, Lady Griff, Creme de Menthe II and Pyewacket sailed out of Collins Bay into brisk S.W. winds. We were headed for Waupoos Island where we hoped to meet Almitra who had preceded us to Prinyer. Sailing was great until we reached the upper gap where the winds increased to over 20 knots. By the time we arrived at Waupoos we were double-reefed and still moving smartly. The dock on Waupoos was full of Loyalist Cove boats so we anchored and were joined shortly by Creme de Menthe and Tiree. (Lady Griff, we found out later, had turned back and spent the night in Kerr Bay). Eileen, And Frank and Lloyd with his crew (he brought two because they were small) of his son Kris and friend Sean (a celery monster) joined us for snacks and an introduction to Tropikiwi cooler.

With decreasing wind and three anchors out we stayed rafted overnight. Next morning the wind was light from the east and it took several minutes to untangle our anchor nodes macrame. We motored to Long Point because Prince Edward Bay was dead calm. Almitra on her way to join us from Prinyer Cove on the other hand was enjoying a 10 knot breeze. We found dock space at Long Point by rafting, but Almitra could not make it through the 5 foot deep entrance channel and reluctantly headed for Waupoos.

We got word that Lady Griff was on her way so we all went for a swim. Then while waiting for Jamie and Chris, who should show up, to our pleasure, but Aslan and the Four Froese's. We got everyone docked and during the inevitable snacks spotted some bitterns and a black-crested night heron. Alison had us in stitches with her phonetic rendition of the calls of these birds from her bird book (a bittern decided to stomp around Lady Griff's deck in the middle of the night and when Chris shooed it off, it gave an indignant "quawk" just like the book said.)

The next morning we got the boats peeled off from the dock one by one and sent them on their way. Aslan went on to Waupoos and the rest of us ran and reached back to Collins Bay, two outside Amherst Island and two in the channel. A great sleigh ride in fair winds to end a great cruise.

Bruce Fairbain

RECEIPTS & DISBURSEMENTS - 13 DECEMBER 1988

Receipts	Budget	% Rec	Act Ytd	% Budget
Opening Balance	481.33	5.60	477.37	99.18
Membership Fees	3920.00	45.63	3950.00	100.77
(80 @ 50.00)				
Membership Fees (1989)	0.00	0.00	50.00	0.00
Race Fees	240.00	2.79	115.00	47.92
Banquet Ticket Sales	1200.00	13.97	864.00	72.00
BBQ Food Sales	450.00	5.24	8.41	1.87
(3 x \$150.00)				
Sale of Clothing	2000.00	23.28	406.36	20.32
Advertising Rev	300.00	3.49	105.00	35.00
Payroll Compensation	0.00	0.00	1410.14	0.00
 Total Receipts	 8591.33	 100.00	 7386.28	 85.97
 Disbursements	 Budget	 % Dis	 Act Ytd	 % Budget
Banquet Costs	1500.00	17.46	1052.00	70.13
Cost of Clothing	2000.00	23.28	785.73	39.29
Printing	700.00	8.15	987.29	141.04
CYA Membership	900.00	10.48	730.00	81.11
(80 @ 10.00)				
Insurance	450.00	5.24	425.00	94.44
Mailing	350.00	4.07	221.61	63.32
Post Office Box	50.00	0.58	56.40	112.80
Trophies	350.00	4.07	497.92	142.26
LD Telephone	50.00	0.58	0.00	0.00
24 Hour Race	150.00	1.75	0.00	0.00
PHRF Expenses	100.00	1.16	60.00	60.00
Programme Prizes	150.00	1.75	43.89	29.26
Wine & Cheese Party	250.00	2.91	209.93	83.97
Accommodation Rental	200.00	2.33	110.00	55.00
Payroll	0.00	0.00	1385.48	0.00
Repairs to Clubhouse	0.00	0.00	152.03	0.00
Bank Service Charges	0.00	0.00	67.95	0.00
Closing Balance	1391.33	16.19	0.00	0.00
 Total Disbursements	 8591.33	 100.00	 6785.23	 78.98
BANK BALANCE			601.05	



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KNOW YOUR KNOTS

PRELIMINARIES



BIGHT



OVERHAND

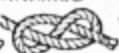


FIGURE-OF-EIGHT



SIMPLE CLINCH

KNOTS USED TO JOIN TWO ENDS



SAILOR'S SQUARE OR REEF KNOT



REEF POINT-SLIPPERY REEF OR DOWN KNOT



GRANNY OR LUBBER'S KNOT



THIEF KNOT



SHEET BEND OR WEAVERS KNOT



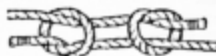
DOUBLE SHEET BEND



CARRICK BEND



DOUBLE CARRICK BEND



FISHERMAN'S KNOT



REEVING LINE BEND



HEAVING LINE BEND



ROPE YARN OR MARLINE KNOT

KNOTS USED TO FORM ONE OR MORE LOOPS



BOWLINE



RUNNING BOWLINE



BOWLINE ON A BIGHT



FRENCH BOWLINE



SPANISH BOWLINE



FISHERMAN'S EYE



CRAPPER'S EYE



OVERHAND KNOT



MIDSHIPMAN'S HITCH



JUG SLING OR HACKAMORE

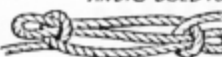


TOMFOOL'S KNOT

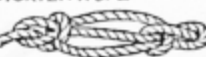


JUDY MAST HEAD

KNOTS USED TO SHORTEN ROPE



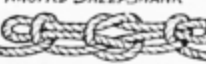
SHEEPSHANK



KNOTTED SHEEPSHANK



TUMBLED SHEEPSHANK



SHEEPSHANK WITH REEF