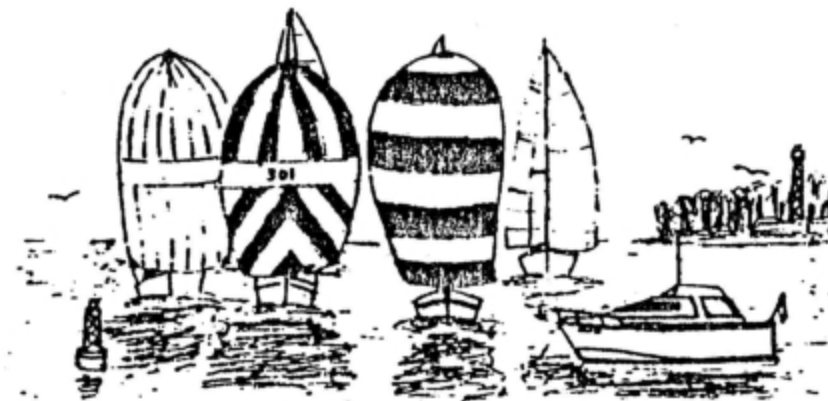


June 1989

# COLLINS

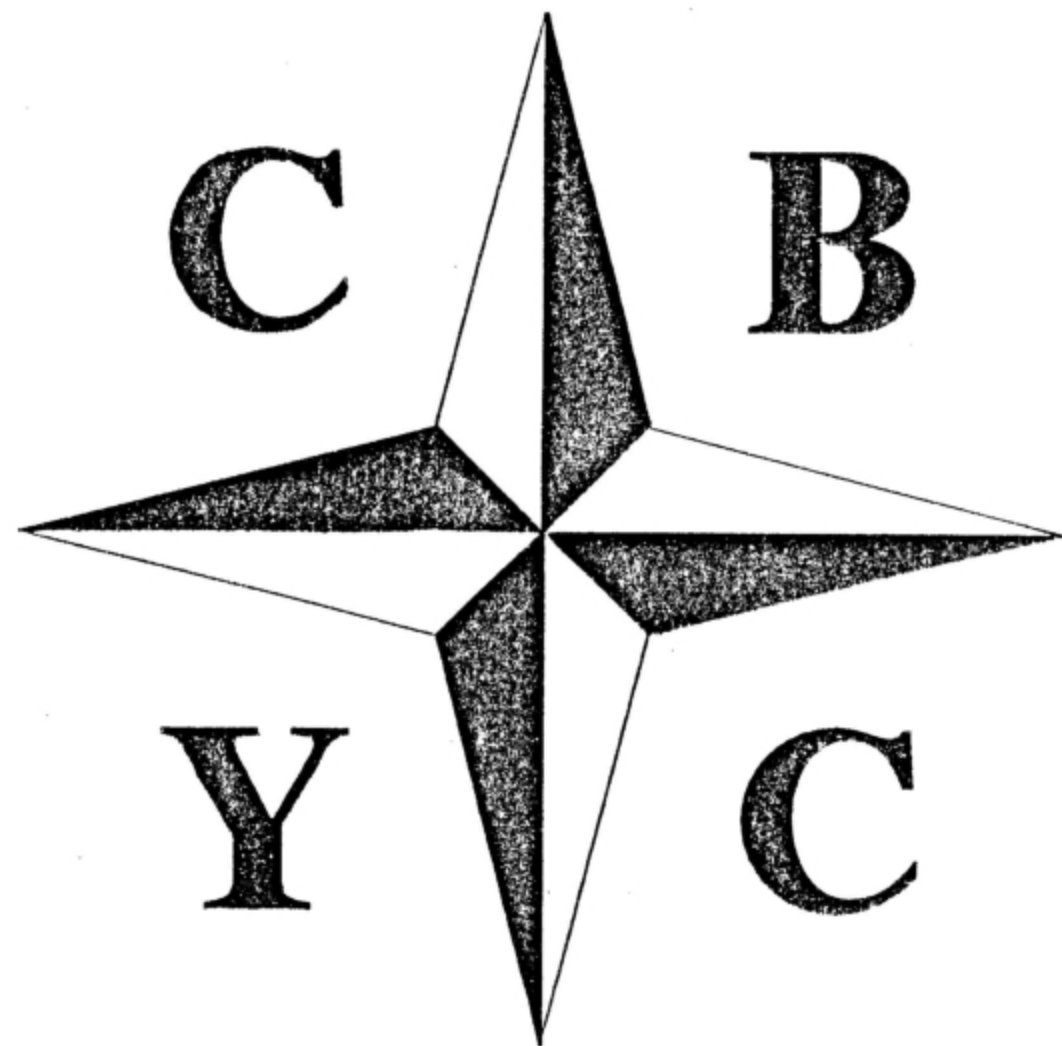


# MIXER



Collins Bay Yacht Club

*Robert Miller*



198<sup>9</sup> EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Commodore	Dave Sewell	542-9014
Vice Commodore	Bill Worthy	389-3077
Past Commodore	Gord Unsworth	389-9260
Secretary	Judy Adams	389-1812
Treasurer	Chester Copeland	384-2286
Membership	Hank Muis	389-1309
Fleet Captain Sail	Peter Horrocks	352-3608
Fleet Captain Power	Phil Rini	549-6435
Race Committee	Tony Johnson	546-0925
Social Committee	Corinne Worthy	389-3077
Cruise Committee	Hans Von Rosen	1-259-2847
Newsletter	Bruce Fairbairn	389-0277
Hospitality Committee	Vacant, any volunteers?	

Ahoy There!!

Goodbye It Was Nice Knowing You!!

This is the last copy of the Mixer that you will receive if you haven't renewed your membership.

Our new mailing list will have only the names and addresses of paid up members on it. Hence, we will regretfully lose track of those who have not renewed.

Naturally, we are not happy about this. We hope everyone will renew, in addition to gaining many new members. We feel we have the program and the organization to make boating that much more fun.

And so, if you are moving on good luck. If you have renewed, or are a member, Hello, and a very hearty Welcome!! We sincerely hope you enjoy this summer's program. I look forward to seeing "old hands" and making new friends.

Of course, you can renew your membership at any time. But, if you want your name, and your boat's name, call letters etc. in the Roster and an uninterrupted flow of information, stories, news and up coming events, you need to join/renew RIGHT NOW!!

Dave Sewell

### We've Got Calendars!!

- They start with the month of May (to coincide with the boating season natch!)
- They have every major club event listed on them - for easy reminder.
- Each month is laid out on an 8½ x 11 sheet so there is plenty of room to jot down other commitments, engagements, parties etc.
- Month at a glance gives you easy reference to upcoming club events.
- Our exclusive Club calendar has an attractive view of the marina just as it looks as you approach it from that enjoyable cruise, sail or race.
- The back cover is devoted to The "Sailors Directory" which contains a handy list of important numbers from Coast Guard, Search and Rescue to local suppliers of equipment and services.
- You need at least two, one for the boat, one for the home and may be a third - for the office.
- They are a great idea, and we have a great idea for next year which we will mention in a future issue of the Mixer. Watch for details.
- They are \$3.00 each. You can order yours from a member of the executive on the weekend, or by sending a cheque to P.O. Box 146, Station 'A', Kingston.

GET YOURS NOW!!!

Dave Sewell

### Lost Your Program??

We have extra copies, which we would be happy for you to have. Just ask any member of the Executive. There are usually extra copies available in the Club House. Pick one/two up on your way to the boat. Keep one on board and take one home.

Details of the events are on the program.

Monthly outline of events are on the calendar.

YOU NEED BOTH.

### O.J. & Bubbly Cruise

We couldn't have asked for a more pleasant day to start the 1989 cruising season. Sunny, with a light southern breeze, and no waves to speak of, made for an ideal first leg from Collins Bay to Confederation Basin in downtown Kingston. It also gave us a chance to look at the new breakwater and preparations for new docks in the downtown area. Pretty impressive. We were joined that evening by Trinco III, Kerensa, and a host of landborne visitors. The Adams came to stay, however Bilge Rat Phil and his guests, the Bermans, just paid us a pleasant afternoon call. Before we could turn around Nicky Code and son Al showed up to pay their respects, followed by the Fairbairns and the Krugers. Never a dull moment. After a quiet night, breakfast was served in the traditional way by 'Morrisons' restaurant and we met the Bermans again prior to our stroll through the market and short visits to several stores.

The Adams had to go to a wedding, so Roundel set out for Milton on its own, and after another pleasant leg found Kerensa and Mad Dad II safely tied up in the Island Haven. Doug and Madelaine brought Goldust in and before long Zoom showed up with its proud new owners Gord and Ann. Leprechaun with its shallow draft was able to slide into one of the docks on the other side of the bay and joined us for part of the weekend.

Needless to say, after all these lengthy sailing trips under our belts, we had to sit down and swap stories. I should have mentioned that there were several American fishermen in two boats who spent each night on the island, and their days out on the briny with hooks over the side. They were a pleasant lot and, while putting back most of the fish they caught, showed up a with a few beauties. The night passed pleasantly and it was universally agreed summer was indeed here at last. The next morning Trinco III showed up in time for breakfast and Jang followed along a little later. The orange juice tasted every bit as good as I remembered and the food selection was even more fantastic. The fruit trays and side dishes lasted for quite a while and we should have organized an aerobics class to destroy some of the calories collected. The weather was not quite as nice as the previous days but did not dampen the do.

Most of the members and other dock patrons spent an inordinate amount of time down below in Kerensa supposedly looking at his mirrors!!! He kept threatening to leave every day but stayed on to the end. Zoom and Leprechaun had to leave. (Was is something Phil said?)

Monday dawned sunny but windy and, you guessed it, blowing out of the southwest. We departed and then to everybody's surprise watched Trinco III put up her sails and proceed all the way to Collins Bay thus attired!!! We motor sailed to Portsmouth and then tried the wind to our home port. It was actually quite nice as the wind, while heavy and gusty, was quite warm. The exposed areas were quite red by the time we were in harbour. It was so pleasant at the docks that we tarried there for quite some time before packing it in.

The weekend was certainly great and proved a great way to start the season. To those that made it, congratulations, and for those that paid social calls, thanks.

SEE YOU ON THE WATER.

Bill Worthy

### The Story of "The Lady of the Locks"

Every spring as the sailing season approaches, I start thinking about putting a figure-head on the prow of my sailboat. Of course, I know I will never do it, but the fantasy is persistent.

Maybe I should tell you what put the idea in my head in the first place. It happened a number of years ago on a gorgeous, hot, sunny Sunday in La Belle Province. My wife, daughter and myself were taking our first cruise - doing the Kingston - Montreal - Ottawa - Kingston triangle. We had made it through the St. Lawrence seaway into the Province of Quebec and through the locks at Ste. Anne de Bellevue without incident. This had put us into my old sailing grounds of the Lake of Two Mountains - a widening in the Ottawa River just before it enters Lake St. Louis to join up with the St. Lawrence. After having spent two nostalgic days at the Hudson Yacht Club, we had set off up stream for the next set of locks at Carrillon. We found ourselves first in line with a virtual flotilla of pleasure craft waiting to enter the locks. There were boats of every description - big, small, sail, power and it seemed as if the majority - like ourselves - was from Ontario with a few Americans thrown in.

As I mentioned, the day was hot and sunny and everyone was in a festive mood. The banks of the locks were lined by family gatherings who seem to be having a picnic nearby after mass and who were observing the boats entering the locks with great interest. When the lock master opened the gates and signalled us to enter, I proceeded proudly up the starboard side of the lock as directed intending to throw my outboard into reverse and come to a halt against the wall at the far end of the lock. As all boaters know, things seem to go wrong at the very worst moments and my motor refused to move out of forward gear so I found myself headed straight for the closed door at the far end of the lock at 6 knots. I hope I don't sound immodest if I tell you that with consummate coolness, I threw the helm down hard and executed a 180 degree swing around the lock and was headed down the far wall of the lock in the opposite direction to which I had entered when, as luck would have it, the gearshift on the motor

got unstuck and we came to a halt against the far wall. I must say that my skillful seamanship did not go unnoticed. Some of the boats coming in behind me tooted their horns in appreciation as they approached me head-on, and I noticed that the lock master had thrown his cap on the ground and was jumping up and down yelling what I am sure were words of admiration in French.

So, that is how I came to be tied up in the lock at Carrillon facing the wrong way. The lock was full - wall to wall boats - we were bow-on to a Tanzer 26 and just outboard of us was a very large power cruiser from Toronto - clearly a "party boat" with many young people on board having a good time.

It was clear to me that, with the crush of boats in the lock, there would be no way I could get our craft turned around and I would have to reverse out of the lock when the gates opened. Being the responsible skipper that I am, I had my eye on the lock gates and where I would be going and did not see what was happening at the bow end of my boat over the next few minutes, but many witnesses have described this to me in great detail.

It seems as if one of the young ladies in the "party boat" wanted to get onto the lock banks and had to cross over our boat and the Tanzer 26 to do so. She was an amply proportioned blonde, wearing a somewhat scanty, bright red bikini and had stepped onto our deck, gone up to the bow and was about to board the Tanzer 26. In doing so, she found herself straddling our forestay with one foot on either side and holding onto the stay when the bottom part of her bikini got snagged on one of the jib hanks of the Tanzer 26. Just at this moment the lock master opened the gates and I threw our motor into reverse - blissfully unaware of what was happening up at the bow.

Well it seems as if our unexpected passenger got parted from the bottom part of her outfit and old "Salty Dog" was reversing out of the lock with a young lady clad only in a bikini top clinging on to the forestay.

Now reversing a sailboat in a mass of other boats is no easy feat and when cheering arose from the crowds on the banks of the lock, I naturally assumed that it was directed at myself. So, tipping my hat to the audience I waved back and paid even more careful attention to my seamanship.

I did hear one rather puzzling comment from one of the watchers on the bank who said "now I know what they mean by the message on their license plates 'Ontario, yours to discover'." And one small child yelled out "Vive les Anglais" before his mother was able to clap her hand over his mouth. Many of the crew on the other boats had their cameras out and the men on the "party boat" had popped a bottle of champagne and seem to be drinking a toast to me. Just at this moment as I was aglow with the surrounding adulation, my wife, who had been down below all this time, surfaced - wondering what the hell was going on. The look on her face when she saw what adorned the bow of our boat was one I will never forget. And, so reality came crashing down around my ears. But somehow the nagging thought persists - should I put a figure-head on my boat? Of course if I ever did, it would be something tasteful - a Canada goose maybe.

"Salty Dog".

#### On a Beam Reach (cont'd)

Although we were secure in the knowledge that we had our cruising ground entirely to ourselves (who else would you expect to find anchored in the lee of Nicholson Island??) from another perspective it is unfortunate that more people don't indulge in this type of cruise activity.

Marina hopping and eating in restaurants, in my view, lets the boat manufacturers off the hook. I am sure that the research of the market survey boys has suggested that the "average" Lake Ontario boater ties up at night in a marina or yacht club and eats out. Boats as we all know are very expensive toys. Why should a manufacturer increase the cost and/or cut down on the margin of profits by making his product fully cruise equipped if the "cruise" of the boating public is to marina hop.

I am constantly amazed, when I visit boats that cost two, three and four times as much as ours, at how poorly they are equipped for full self-contained, independent cruising. There is usually a flat spot to take a two burner camp stove. (Where is the gimballled stove with oven?) Maybe there is an ice box. Maybe there is a sink. Maybe there is a tap indicating a water system. Maybe there is a proper head with holding tank and not a porta-potti. Only maybe are these things available, and rarely in their entirety, to say nothing of sufficient galley space and lockers to store food and the essentials needed to prepare and consume it. By making an assumption that the only thing the boating public want to do is marina hop, the manufacturers are ensuring that is the only thing the boating public can do. It's called self-fulfilling market research. Of course anybody can go to that extra expense of properly equipping their boat for cruising. But to me that is equivalent to paying a lot for an expensive car and buying the seats, the steering wheel, the wheels and the electrical system as extras.

In other parts of the world, the U.K. or Europe for example, buying a boat fully equipped for self-contained, independent cruising is standard. And yet the prices, foot for foot are comparable.



The difference is that on the other side, there are not the marinas to hop around to. If you're going to cruise you have to be self contained and independent, and so providing the necessary where-with-all is taken for granted, otherwise the manufacturer would never sell a boat.

Around here, the move to greater cruising self sufficiency is accomplished through "two-foot-itis" otherwise known as "moving up." It doesn't have to be that way. But until a consumer sends the manufacturer a different message that is the way it is likely to remain.

See you on the water!

Dave Sewell



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Bill Stevenson	calls	Bob Breithaupt Sr. Michael Cooper	489-3506 731-1807
Michael Miles	calls	Peter Dodd	728-7078
David McLewin	calls	David Clark	831-0901
Bob Breithaupt Sr.	calls	Bob Breithaupt Jr.	
Michael Cooper	calls	N.F. Cohrs	224-0467

*[Handwritten signature]*

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From the Editor's Desk

1. In our commodore's column, he reminds delinquent members about paying their annual dues. Let me add to that. If you plan to be a member of C.B.Y.C. this year and have not renewed your membership, please do so now. Our club cannot function and meet expenses when barely half our members have paid their dues. It costs over \$1.50 per copy to produce, print and mail this newsletter to you, as an example.
2. Your executive is actively pursuing the acquisition of the Loyalist Cove Junior Sailing Programme assets (3 Laser II's and 5 Petrels) which have been offered to us. If an acceptable financial arrangement can be worked out, we should be able to offer an exciting sailing training programme to all young residents in west-end Kingston.
3. When you receive this, the Amherst Island race and family day will be history. Coming up are Side O'Beef (Phil has two openings left. If demand warrants, a second one could be arranged), New Members cruise to Prinyer Cove (easy sail and beautiful destination), and the Summer Triangle cruise to Long Point on Prince Edward County's S.E. tip, and Cape Vincent, N.Y. south of Wolfe Island (boats drawing more than five feet are unlikely to make it through the entrance to Long Point harbour).
4. We try to offer a varied menu of activities for our members. No one is obligated to participate (it's a menu, not a diet), although it's more fun if you do. If there is something you feel could be included that is not on our list, please let us know. You'll find us receptive to ideas.

Bruce Fairbairn



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