

Fall 90

COLLINS

MIXER



Collins Bay Yacht Club

Collins Bay Yacht Club

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COMMENTS from the COMMODORE !



Awards night always indicates the season is really over and most boats tucked away for the winter. Despite my late start it has been a good summer and I am more than ever convinced the Kingston area is second to none for boaters. It won't stop me from heading south next month to move a boat from Florida to the Abacos (and probably enjoying it), but you can count on my return before the season starts up again next spring. Our Junior Sailing program Chairman left on his boat "ALPINE STAR" for the sunny south last month and at last report was somewhere south of Norfolk Va. Flo won't join him until the boat reaches the cruising area.....smart gal !!! He will be back , as well, in time to run the program next summer.

C.B.Y.C. has had a good year but could use a few more members. Our best advertisers are our members....so pass the word. We also need some volunteers for our committees and there will be a few slots on the executive. Ian Ross is looking after the Jr Sail planning while Doug is away and could use any help offered. The nominating committee has been set up so expect to be approached.

In closing, I would like to congratulate all the award winners and thank all the members who have made the various programs work. Just think, it's only six months til the boats go in again !!

W. L. (Bill) Worthy
Commodore, C.B.Y.C



Thanks

to the many members
who have contributed to various
committees this year.



RACE

Tony Johnson - Chair
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Thanks also to the businesses who donated prizes to our club ..

Windjammer Sails.....Sun Shower
Bosuns Locker.....Satellite Photo.
Andy Soper Sails.....Sailmakers Palm
The Keg Restaurant.....\$25 Gift Certificate
Mo-Jam.....Boat Carving
Abigail Mills.....Boat Carving

CRUISING GROUND



On July 23, Almitra, LaChouette, Pyewacket, Sueno and Zoom set out on a two week cruise of Eastern Lake Ontario. This note is not to tell about the cruise, but to bring you current information about the anchorages and ports we stopped at.

First night anchorage was between Ram Island and the north shore of Hay Bay. Well sheltered if you move into the cove, fairly good holding but Almitra finally dropped her hook off the N.E. end of Ram Island.

Second night saw us anchored east of Belleville in the bay between Massasauga Pt. and Horse Pt. south of Minnie Blakely shoal marker. Weedy, muddy bottom in which Pyewacket made two tries before holding. Good swimming in the tranquil water once the brisk south wind dropped.

Next stop we all anchored at the south end of Presqu'il Bay just west of the abandoned customs dock. Shallow, weedy, well protected from nor'easters, this is a jump-off for boats heading south, west, and occasionally east.

Fourth and fifth nights we spent on the river wall at the Rochester Yacht Club. First night free, second night 60¢ per foot. We were bothered by the 24 hour a day presence of the Dodge Island dredge, which plied up and down the Genesee River, and one time came close enough to leave a wake that slammed us all into the wall. Friendly yacht club made up for the heavy small craft traffic.

Next day we set out for Cape Vincent in a stiff northerly 20 plus knot wind and six to eight foot seas. (Several crew became ill and some equipment was lost.) Anyhow, through a mix-up in communication our destination was changed to Henderson Harbour. Pyewacket made it to the Yacht Club after bumping an abandoned stone dock, shown on the chart, but marked by a nearly invisible old oil can marker. Also grounded in the dredge spoil left just south of the club docks. The other vessels found an excellent anchorage in a cove on the west side just north of the club mooring area. Visitors to the H.N.Y.C. should stay on the west side of the tip of the bay until directly across from the club, then head straight across.

Day eleven finally found us at Cape Vincent where the first three arrivals found dock space, (rafting), and Pyewacket elected to anchor in the harbour. Unfortunately the anchor snagged a abandoned 1½ inch wire cable just off the sixth bollard from the east end of the breakwater. It took a half hour's work of winching and stropping on the part of Sueno

Nexxt stop was Sodus Bay, where we forwent the Yacht Cllub and marina, and anchored on the east side of Thornton Point,, about half way down the west side of the bay. Good holding, well protected, delightful anchorage. A short hop brought us to Fair Haven (Little Sodys) where the Boathouse Marina in the N.W. corner of the bay sold us ice and a pump out. Grass Island was nearly under water, but was avoided by watching the depth sounder. We all anchored in Meadows Cove, half way down the west side. Very weedy and holding was onlymfair for Pyewachets deepset Danforth. At dawn I found we had dragged and were over LaChouettes rode. When I tried to motor off I wrapped seven or eight turns around my prop. It took quite a bit of pushing, pulling and diving to clear the mess.

Then on to Oswego, which was a pleasant surprise. The port has been cleaned up, the transient wall on the east bank is high, but accommodating, the anchorage near the turning basin at the west end of the breakwater is weedy, but fairly good holding ground. Unfortunately our nemesis, the Dodge Island showed up. We had planned to leave early in the morning for Cape Vincent, but a 30 plus nor'easter blew up and nobody moved. That is until the dredge tender asked all of us to move out of the turning basin area. That's when we found out about Wrights Landing, a new municipal marina, on the south shore, about midway of the west breakwater. Good docks, \$0.40 per foot, and used by the Oswego Yacht Club.

PLEASE ENTER THIS AT THE POINT MARKED *** IN THE MAIN STORY. I SKIPPED A PAGE. SORRY. YE EDITOR.



Greenpeace

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and Zoom's skippers to free us. We yielded to the hint and rafted on the others.

The twelfth day took pyewacket back to Collins Bay, which should be familiar to Collins Mixer readers. The other four boats carried on to the 1000 Islands to conclude the East Lake Ontario Cruise.

Bruce Fairbairn



SACKETTS HARBOUR CRUISE

By now this cruise appears to have taken place so long ago, that it seems barely true any more. For the purpose

of this news letter it was therefore necessary to consult the cruise captains rather cryptic log entries:

Sept. 1, 10:15, depart C.B.Y.C. course 165 ship's compass,
wind SSE 15, vis. 10, bar 29.72 steady
arr. 16:30 tot. dist. 25

Participants: Aslan, Pyewacket, Trinko III, Magic, Whikey Jack,
Second Wind, Zoom and Plachander.

and further

Sept. 2, 08:30 course 240 compass, wind SSW 10, diminishing,
vis. 2.0, 10:00 course 315 compass, wind WSW 4,
11:00 wind W 2, engine on, arr. CBYC 14:30

Neither interesting reading, nor proper Power Squadron style.

Translation: We had a phantastic sail outward bound, on a close reach from the Brothers to Stoney Island, and a run from the Point Peninsula marker all the way to Sacketts Harbour.

There disaster "one" struck. The harbour was full. While four boats were able to squeeze in at the public dock, two others found accommodation at a private marina. Zoom and Plachander meanwhile anchored out in splendid isolation, in relative quiet, and with "zero" mooring charges.

Disaster "two" struck shortly thereafter. Having praised the culinary delights, and even more so the excellent gin & tonics at a local hot spot, thought to be called "The Battery" the cruise captain soon found out that such a place did not exist. Hungry and thirsty a dispirited group of Canadian sailors walked out to a distant (one mile) restaurant, only to find out that it was called "The Barracks", and furthermore that there would be no room at the inn for our group of 16 (small as it was). As a matter of fact, there seemed to be no room for us at any of the other six eating places in town either. Was this a revenge action to the Canadian attack upon Sacketts Harbour in the war of 1812?

Meanwhile the town was jumping. A street band had placed four mega-speakers at strategic locations, none too far from the harbour. Evil tongues claimed none far enough from the harbour. It became crystal clear, that music is closely related to noise. Rythmic drumbeats so inspired Plachander's dinghy crew, that they reached their outer harbour anchorage in record time. Near midnight the band retired. The night was calm.

On the next morning Plachander did not wait for disaster # 3. As soon as the winds rose above a whisper we raised our anchor and sailed for home. And even if the wind finally abandoned us off Grenadier Island, it seemed like a very nice cruise.

Weeks later, or so it appeared, all the other boats were safely tied up in Collins Bay. It seems, that they also got home.

Haus



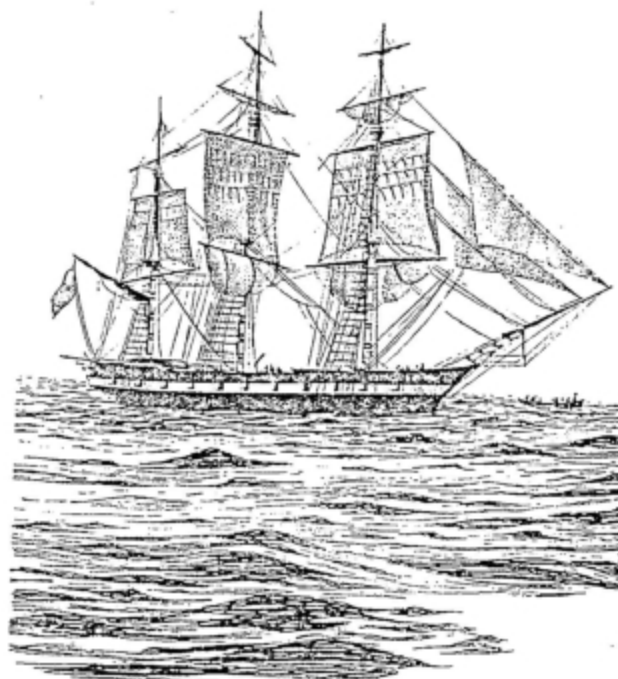
Please ! HELP YOUR NOMINATING COMMITTEE
FILL THE 1991 EXECUTIVE POSITIONS!

Send your suggestions or volunteer
to serve on the executive to Judy
Adams or other Past Commodores who
serve on the committee.



1990 Cruising Standings

	Almitra	Asian	Alpine Star	Desiree	Karensa	La Chouette	Dad's Dream Too	Planchander	Trinco III	Pyewacket	Roundel	Second Wind	Whiskey Jack	Zoom	Majic Carpet	15
Orange Juice&Bubbly						✓				✓						2
Side 'o' Beef	✓			✓	✓				✓						✓	5
Summer Triangle		✓		✓		✓	✓			✓						5
Theatre & Dinner			✓	✓												2
Sackett's Harbour		✓						✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	8
Fish & Chips					✓				✓		✓			✓		4
Totals	1	2	1	3	2	2	1	1	3	3	1	1	1	2	2	26



C B Y C 1990 Race Standings.

SPRING SERIES:

FIRST.....BLACK KNIGHT.....H. MUIS
 SECOND.....JOURNEY.....A. WALKER / J. SEALY
 THIRD.....SALTY DOG.....T. JOHNSON

SUMMER SERIES:

FIRST.....BLACK KNIGHT.....H. MUIS
 SECOND.....JOURNEY.....WALKER / SEALY
 THIRD.....SALTY DOG.....T. JOHNSON

FALL SERIES

FIRST.....BLACK KNIGHT.....H. MUIS
 SECOND.....CHECK MATE.....W. DEVRIES
 THIRD.....SALTY DOG.....T. JOHNSON

AMHEARST ISLAND RACE:

FIRST.....BLACK KNIGHT.....H. MUIS
 SECOND.....MRS. W W OL. OSTROM
 THIRD.....STARDUST.....B. ROTTEVEEL

SIMCOE ISLAND RACE:

FIRST.....BLACK KNIGHT.....H. MUIS
 SECOND.....MRS. W W OL. OSTROM
 THIRD.....JOURNEY.....A. WALKER

PIDGEON ISLAND RACE:

FIRST.....BLACK KNIGHT.....H. MUIS
 SECOND.....CHRISTY LIN.....I. LAURITSEN
 THIRD.....MAGIC KARPET.....J. SEALY



GET YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS EARLY!

Buy CBYC shirts
 jackets
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 set of mugs
 (with your boat name)

Call John Kramer 542-1206
 Chester Copeland 384-2286
 Judy Adams 389-1812

"STARBOARD"!

(The Origin of the Yacht Racing Rules - Part I)

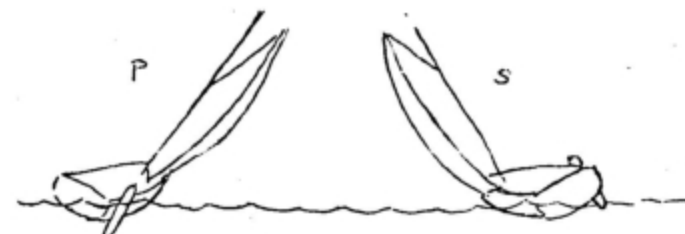
Did you ever wonder who made up those rules anyway? Well the fact is that most of them have their origin in safety - the need to avoid accidents and to assess responsibility when a collision between two vessels does occur.

The basic right of way rules place the onus on the most maneuverable vessel to stay clear. Obvious examples are the rule that a vessel under power should stay clear of a vessel under sail and that a vessel towing another one has right of way.

How about the Port - Starboard rule? How was it decided that a starboard tack yacht has right of way over a port tack one? I believe that this rule also has its origin in the principle that it makes sense that the most maneuverable vessel should be the one to stay clear, but why should a port tack yacht be more maneuverable than a starboard tack one? To get the answer to this we can go back to the origin of the words starboard and port.

In the early days of sail before the time when rudders were hung on keels and transoms, boats were often steered simply by an oar put over the side. This steering oar then became more sophisticated and was called a "steering board", which by custom was hung over the right side of the boat. The right side of the boat became to be known as the "steering board side" which was subsequently shortened to "starboard side". Now a skipper bringing such a vessel into port would not want to risk smashing his steering board against the dock, so vessels traditionally docked with the left side against the wharf and left became to be known as "port side".

So far so good, but what has all this got to do with starboard having right of way. To get the answer to this let us look at two such vessels with steering boards hung over the right side. One on port tack and one on starboard tack as shown in the diagram below.



It is quite clear that the port tack vessel has its steering board "dug in" more deeply and will respond better than the starboard tack boat, which may have its steering board lifted almost clear of the water. Again the less maneuverable boat is given right of way over the more maneuverable one. Starboard has right of way over port.

In following installments of the Collins Bay Mixer, I plan to burden you with equally ingenious explanations of the origins of "windward boat stay clear", (but surely you can figure that one out yourselves), "buoy room", "barging" and "luffing". Stay tuned.

"Salty Dog"



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FAIRYTALE

from the plachandering Plachander

Once upon a time, not long ago, not far away, in a friendly little marina, in a lovely little bay, near a wonderful little city, there was a Nice Little Yacht Club. Members competed in happy Thursday night races, where the number one rule was: "There will be no protests". Barbecues, socials, sailpasts, some short, some long and sometimes even dangerous cruises made up the annual programme. It was a happy little club. There were no frills, no fancy associations, no domineering competitive ambitions. Just a pleasant, neighbourly, informal association of like-minded boat owners, power & sail. Annual membership fees were \$15.- and the little club was always solvent.

But as time went by the Nice Little Yacht Club wondered if there could not be something better in life.

One day, as it was standing by the edge of the bay, it called out longingly: "Yachting Spirit of the Sea, come ashore and talk to me." And suddenly there was a rippling on the water, and a rustling of the leaves, and you could feel a presence although you could not see it, of course, because no one can see a spirit. And out of the rippling waves a voice called: "What do you want, Nice Little Yacht Club?"

"Oh Spirit", said the Nice Little Yacht Club, "I want... I want... I want to be bigger". "Well", said the Spirit, "this is possible. But do you realize that you will have to pay a price for everything you gain?"

"Oh, I'll pay, I'll pay, just make me bigger", said the Nice Little Yacht Club. "So be it", said the Spirit. "You will be older, but you'll be colder. You will form associations and will have obligations". And with a swoosh and a ripple he was gone.

The Little Yacht Club looked around itself, and smiled happily. It became formalized. It grew up, it cooled. As a sign of having matured from the juvenile to the adult world of yacht clubbery the Little Yacht Club joined provincial and national affiliations. In return it received an occasional national news letter. Its afternoon races and long distance races now scored recognized merit points, and there was access to racing insurance. The stage was set to become seriously competitive, to consider real protests. To pay for the privilege annual rates rose to \$25.- Chicken feed more or less.

Many moons passed. One day the Little Yacht Club found itself by the bay, longing for something else: bigger, better, newer.

"Oh Yachting Spirit of the Sea, come and grant a wish to me," it cried. The sky darkened. A breeze blew up, and the trees swayed, as if the Spirit had come ashore. You could not see it, of course, because no one can see a spirit. "Do you want something else?" asked the Spirit.

"Oh Spirit," said the Little Yacht Club, "I want... I want... I want to be important. I want to be sleek and tall." "Well, that can be arranged", said the Spirit, "but be warned, there will be a price to pay, and it may be hard on you." "Oh, I'll pay, I'll pay," said the Little Yacht Club, "just make me big and important, so people don't call me a Little Yacht Club any more."

"Alright, so be it, but I warned you," said the Spirit. "Learn to walk before you run, Glory is not easy won, Don't forsake serenity For the price of vanity." And with the breaking of waves he was gone.

Thoughtfully our Yacht Club looked around. Then it got busy, real busy. It established many committees, enlarged the executive. It contemplated building a floating clubhouse, buying its own harbour. It borrowed from the bank, bought a fleet of training dinghies, hired paid instructors. All at once it had drifted from relaxation into business, serious business.

By now racing skippers smiled less, racing crews were yelled at often. Occasionally competition showed wicket twists. Protests were formally formulated and judiciously adjudicated. By and by the Old Guard drifted off. A few cruised away, others sold their lovely old boats, some just smiled and wished you a "Good Day". By now dues had risen to \$50.- and the bills kept coming in. But manfully our Yacht Club struggled on and on.

And again after several winters had followed summers our Yacht Club, older now, and a little burdened, stood by the shore of the bay, calling: "Yachting Spirit of the Sea, grant another wish to me."

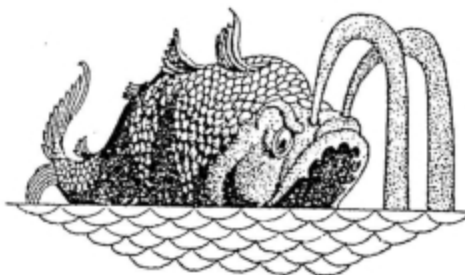
Well, the sun waned behind a haze. The air grew sultry, stifling. Ominous rumbling sounded to seaward. Suddenly, out of the murk a White Squall struck, and all the boats bowed their masts to the power of the Spirit. You felt it, but could

not see it, of course, for no one can see a spirit.
 "What do you want now?" asked the Spirit sternly. "I want to be great," pouted the Yacht Club. "I want to be called Royal, I want to host the America's Cup, I want...I want...I want," he yelled.

For a moment there was a boding silence, as in a vortex. Then, "Now you have gone overboard," roared the Spirit. "You have abandoned all sense of reason. You are barely meeting your obligations and are crying out for more, more, and ever more. Have you not yet learned the Small Is Beautiful? Go back to your little muddy beach and contemplate humility." And with a thunderclap and a vicious gust the Spirit was gone.

Chastened the Little Yacht Club looked across the silting bay, where tall boats with deep keels were plowing through weeds and mud. And it pondered and reflected upon the price of growth and ambition. And if it has not moved away, it's still there.

This story, which my grandchildren want to share with you, is wholly fictitious. Any resemblance to organizations, either existing, or defunct, or to people living or dead, are totally accidental.



AWARDS BANQUET

ON Saturday, October 27, the Collins Bay Yacht Club held its annual Awards Dinner at the Harbour Restaurant, Olympic Harbour, Portsmouth. In attendance were almost 60 members, (Ye editor lost count). An excellent meal was served, various tall tales were told, and friendly insults were traded.

In addition to the Club Trophies and Plaques won by First, Second, and Third finishers of the three series and the three long distance races the following rewards were allocated:

- COMMITTEE BOAT PRIZE
Alistair Ross.....Official Race Starter
- the coveted COLLINS BAY MARINA TROPHY
Henk Muis.....Black Knight
- C B Y C Cruising Trophy
in light of the fact that there was a three-way tie
three awards were given
Judy & Bill Adams.....Trinko III
Desiree & Paul Kruger...Desiree
Aida & Bruce Fairbairn.Pyewacket
- the esteemed LEAD LIFE RING
Gord Unsworth.....Zoom
- the COMMODORES CUP
FOR ACTIONS MOST BENEFITTING THE COLLINS BAY YACHT CLUB
which in this case was supervising and organizing the
sailing school which graduated 69 students and 5 adults
Doug Wagner



Importers of Exotic Wood Products

ABIGAIL MILLS

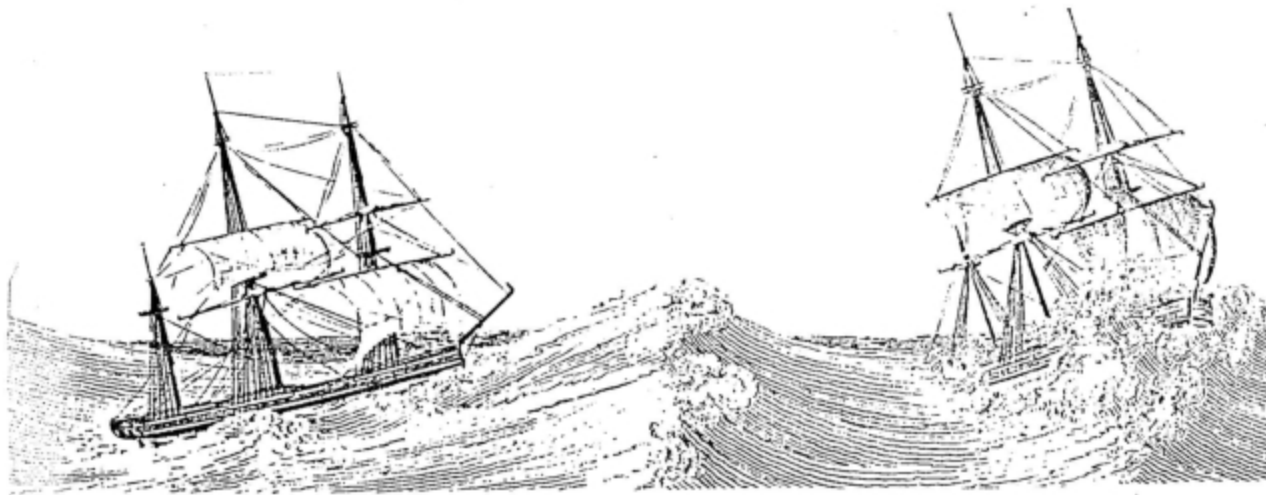
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 TEL/FAX: (613) 384-9461

A-ROVING

Lively (♩ = 96)



- 2 This last six months I've been to sea,
And boys, this maid looked good to me.
- 3 Her cheeks were like the roses red,
And her eyes were like twin stars at night.
- 4 I kissed this fair maid on both cheeks.
Says she, "Young man, you're rather free!"
- 5 In three weeks' time I was badly bent,
And then to sea I sadly went,
gladly



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