



# Collins Mixer

## Collins Bay Yacht Club Newsletter



### SAVE THE DATE

**SEPTEMBER 14**  
TGIF BBQ

(hosted by Kingston Yacht Sales)

**SEPTEMBER 22**  
Chillifest

#### IN THIS ISSUE

Commodore's Corner	1
The Helm	3
Sailing School Director Position	5
CBYC @ CORK	6
August Civic Holiday Cruise	8
Origin of the Fenderheads	10
Chillifest	13
Blast from the Past	14
Annual Awards Banquet	17
Loss of Kelaerin	18
Wedding Congrats	24
Executive Contacts	26

Do you have an article, a recipe or a comment to share? Perhaps suggestions on how to improve the Mixer? Your contributions and input are welcome at: [mixer@collinsbayyachtclub.ca](mailto:mixer@collinsbayyachtclub.ca).

## Commodore's Corner

Folks,

My apologies for not having personally written the Commodore's message for July's *Mixer* publication. Due to time constraints, Hélène chose to put together an abbreviated message on my behalf.

September is here and Hélène and I are still enjoying living on our boat. As I write this, it is the early days of September, 14 degrees Celsius and our heater is on full time. Only three days ago, we were sweltering (nope, no air on Cattitude). Summer, though, seems to want to hang on and will apparently deliver warmer temperatures later this week.

Through the month of August we had a few notable events beginning with the *August Civic Holiday Cruise* to Adolphus Reach and Hay Bay. Many thanks to Norma & Dennis Reid and to Lee & Crystal Baker for making their yards and homes available for the cruisers who attended the

event. Thanks also go out to the Fenderheads (and wives) who assisted with organizing the

Hi weekend cruise.

The *Poker Run and Chateaubriand BBQ* was held in mid-August. The event was well attended. Many thanks go out to John Giles for organizing this event AND for coordinating a super racing season.

The CBYC Sailing School held its annual BBQ for students, parents and club members. Attendance was through the roof with many of the alumni, along with their parents, making it out to the event. Thank you Richard Dickson and coaches for organizing this end of season recognition celebration.

The sailing school season ended the last week of August. The



774 Baker Crescent, Kingston, ON

school came very close to meeting its annual quota of 100 students, making it yet another successful season. Many thanks again to Richard Dickson, Keith Davies, and of course to our coaches, Sabina, Meg, Katelyn, Jack, Tristan and Andrew.

Many of you have no doubt noticed that the *Waupoos Cruise* didn't happen this year. There are a couple of reasons for this: the lack of volunteers to organize the event as well as some challenges with the destination marina and its facilities. Our hope is that both issues can be resolved by next year so that we can continue to enjoy Waupoos for our end-of-year cruise. If not, we will no doubt be looking for another location.

Further west that weekend, representing CBYC, three boats participated in the *Katie Gray 50th anniversary race*: Jeannie, Tingirrautalik and Gibwanasi 4. Here are some [photos](#) of the race.

I'd like to take this opportunity to give you a heads up that *Kingston Yacht Sales* will be hosting a *TGIF BBQ* on September 14. An email with details will be sent out soon. Hoping to see many of you there.

A number of the executive members, including myself, will

be stepping down from their positions come November. We will be advertising available positions in the next edition of the *Mixer*. Although we had a good summer, from an activity perspective, some of the members of the executive spent much of the sailing season undertaking double duty across various club roles. The *Cruise* and *Social Coordinator* positions remained vacant, which placed a heavy load on those who worked on the few events we were able to move forward. Whether you live in Kingston, Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal, or elsewhere, if you're boating out of *Collins Bay Marina*, you too can actively participate in the club Executive or volunteer and organize a cruise or an event. Please consider this and think about the future of the club. Without volunteers, my concern is that the club may fold.

Finally, H el ene and I have truly enjoyed spending another summer living aboard our boat here at CBM. One of the highlights of our day (other than morning coffee with everyone) is the often spectacular evening sunset as it drops across the bay and the waning light and colors filter through the masts and boats. Please enjoy this stunning photo taken by fellow club member James Beliveau (*Heel'N Orders*) during the recent Racer's BBQ held in the SS Maria.

Peter Feltham  
Commodore, CBYC



## From the Helm



We are excited to announce that **Collins Bay Marina** has earned *Clean Marine's* highest status - **5 Anchor Platinum!**

We thank all of our dedicated boaters for helping us achieve this top level. We couldn't have done it without your environmental stewardship.

The [Clean Marine Program](#) is the world's leading environmental best management practices for marinas, boat dealers, yacht clubs and marine businesses. Marinas that voluntarily join the program participate in a 220-point assessment conducted by an independent third party organization, *Green Leaf Environmental Communications*. Scores from the assessments are then converted into an Eco-Rating system.

Did you know that **Collins Bay Marina** was a founding member and instrumental in the initial development of this

program and that our *Clean Marine Policy* stems from this program?

We ask each of our customers to sign our *Clean Marine Policy* – a pledge to properly manage potential pollutants in parallel with our efforts to manage our facility in an environmentally-responsible manner. The response to the pledge has been overwhelmingly positive.

Below are initiatives that we have taken to promote a healthy ecology:

### Environmental Initiatives

#### WASTE OIL, ANTIFREEZE, BATTERY RECYCLING

We provide facilities, free of charge, to recycle waste oil, antifreeze and lead/acid batteries.

#### SANDING

We realize that most people will not have access to a proper dustless sanding system so we have purchased an industrial unit that is efficient and easy to use. We rent this equipment to our customers at reasonable rates.

#### RECYCLING

Recycling bins are provided for cans & plastic, & paper/ cardboard.

#### CUSTOMER EDUCATION

Through our Green Marine pledges, that we ask each of customers to take, we detail common sense approaches to keeping our environment clean.

#### BILGE SOCKS

We initiated the practice of providing free bilge socks to boaters who agree to and sign our Green Marine pledge. This is an oil absorbent sock which separates oil from water to properly dispose of the oil rather than it being pumped overboard with the bilge water).

#### CONSTRUCTION

Shoreline construction is of sloping natural rock rather than the steel/concrete vertical shore wall to allow the proper interaction between aquatic and land-based life.

Parking areas are gravel rather than paved to insure that automotive waste is not directly washed into the surrounding waters.

Docks are designed to allow full water circulation through the marina.

#### POWER

We minimize power consumption wherever possible through energy-efficient bulbs, timers and motion sensors.

## Caring for the Environment Philosophy

Man often interferes with nature and nowhere is it more evident than in our desire to be on the waterfront.

As boaters we have a special bond with the waters that we enjoy. It is our responsibility to treat them with the respect that nature deserves.

We use pollutants on our boats that can negatively affect the environment, such as fuel, oil, chemicals, paints, cleansers, etc. Keeping pollutants contained and disposing of them properly is critical to keeping our Canadian lakes and rivers clean and usable.

Here, at **Collins Bay Marina**, we are mindful of our footprint. We are proud of the fact that the clean marine initiative continues to be well received and favorably adopted by the boaters of our marina. Through increased awareness, it has moved from an educational process to an accepted norm of behavior. Care in working with and proper disposal of hazardous materials and attentive recycling practices are all well established.

Thank you for your active participation in keeping our waters safe and clean for

everyone's enjoyment and for generations to come.



DROP THEM OFF AT THE  
MARINA OFFICE



Haul out and winter storage provides us with an opportunity to assess what remains on the boat and what needs to be removed. Should you have any non-perishable foods or unused toiletry items you no longer need or want, the marina will be collecting these items and donating them to the food bank. You can drop them off at the marina office.

Thank you!

Lori and Gerry Buzzi  
*Collins Bay Marina  
Owners and Operators*

## Canadian Power and Sail

Summer is almost over but boating season is never over with CPS-ECP. Register for [Fall or Winter boating courses](#) today and return next season more knowledgeable about boating and more confident in your skills.



# URGENT

## Sailing School Director Position

After three years as CBYC's dedicated *Sailing School Director*, Richard Dickson (*Windsome*) is stepping down. The club is seeking to fill this very important position. Might you be the right person for this role?

### What are the main responsibilities?

- Lead the planning and the implementation of all aspects of the sail training program, including marketing, hiring, registrations, maintaining and updating equipment, and supporting school operations.
- Oversee and support the activities of the school administrator, operations manager, head instructor, coaching staff, and volunteers
- Liaise closely with the owners and operators of the **Collins Bay Marina** on all matters pertaining to the smooth operation of the sailing school on marina property; and maintain regular contact with the **Ontario Sailing Association** and **Sail Canada** to ensure the program runs in accordance with prescribed standards

### What are the current and upcoming challenges?

- planned implementation of a new **Wet Feet Program** for children 5 to 8 years old
- continued refinement of newly added keelboat and youth race programs
- ongoing fleet maintenance, updating, and rationalization
- coordinating volunteer support to school operations and maintenance

### What does it take to be successful in this position?

- planning and organizational abilities to oversee the program
- leadership skills and a willingness/desire to mentor young adult coaches
- ability to communicate and maintain good relations with school staff, students, parents, club members, and the marina

Still unsure? What if we said that although Richard is stepping down from this position, he, and the current *Sailing School Administrator*, Keith Davies, will remain actively involved with the sailing school next season and as such will be excellent resources for our new *Sailing School Director*?

For more information regarding this opportunity, please contact our *Past Commodore*, Claudia Stevenson (*Tamara C*), at [pastcommodore@collinsbayyachtclub.ca](mailto:pastcommodore@collinsbayyachtclub.ca).

## CBYC at CORK

This year, for the first time in a long time (if ever), CBYC Sailing School had a team competing at the CORK International Regatta at Portsmouth Olympic Harbour from August 14 to 17.

CORK (the Canadian Olympic-training Regatta Kingston) is one of the premiere regattas in Canada, drawing national calibre racers from across Canada and North America. There were over 250 boats racing in three fleets: 142 lasers, eighty-eight 420s, and twenty-eight 29'rs. This made for a very busy and exciting venue.

CBYC had six sailors who are working towards their CANSail 5 level racing in 420s. The crews were Raigilie and Ocean, Jericho and Jacob, and Evan and Morgan.

The competition was tough, and the conditions even tougher! The week started off hot and muggy with no wind. After three days on the water, our sailors only managed to get in three qualifying races, all on Wednesday, with no results possible on Tuesday or Thursday.

Overall, our sailors placed well, considering their level of experience, and they should be proud of their efforts. The best individual race result went to Jacob and Jericho, who placed 7<sup>th</sup> in the last race, and the best overall result went to Raigilie and Ocean who placed 13<sup>th</sup> out of 44 boats in the silver fleet. More importantly, all of our sailors gained invaluable experience, and by the end of the week they were showing marked improvement and were clearly at ease in this high-level competition.

Thank you Jack – our CANSail 5 coach – for providing excellent mentoring and support to our sailors throughout the week.



Friday brought very different challenges, with strong winds of 18 knots and gusting to over 20, and significant waves. Only two of our boats made it out for the first race, but neither was able to finish it. They did better in the second race and, with the wind moderating a bit, all three boats raced well in the last race.



And a special thanks to all the volunteers who helped us either on the water, transporting boats, or providing support ashore at Portsmouth: Rosa, Sally, Bob, Shannon, Raquel, Robert, and Jayna – your assistance was invaluable, and is much appreciated.



Race results are available [here](#).

Richard Dickson  
Sailing School Director

# August Civic Holiday Cruise

Once again, CBYC members owe a special thanks to Dennis and Norma Reed (*Innisfree*) for opening up their fabulous home on the Adolphus Reach and to the “Fenderheads” (and their wives) for hosting a fun and eventful party on the Saturday of the Civic Holiday Weekend (or as those of us from Ottawa prefer to call it, the Colonel By Celebration). And, special thanks also to Crystal and Lee Baker (*Knot Again*), for continuing the party the next day at their lovely home near Whitlow Point.



Hosts Dennis & Norma Reed and Chrystal & Lee Baker

As always, we know that Dennis and the Fenderheads will have something exciting and entertaining for us. This year, the biggest joke may have been on them. Just as most of us were gathering to enjoy the shady cool breeze on the deck, someone shouted that Gary and Carole’s CS, *Sabrina IV*, sans captain and crew, which had

been moored on Dennis’ second mooring ball, was floating down the shore line heading straight for *Blithe Spirit*. Luc and Lucie were preparing fenders to graciously receive the wayward boat, or perhaps, to save the gelcoat on their boat, who knows? A brief period of chaos ensued as Gary and John Morrison (*Luffin’ Life*) jumped into their dingy to go to the rescue.



Larry Martin (*Coral Wave*), had a better solution. He jumped into his hard bottom dinghy with a 16hp motor and roared off, beating the first dinghy to the errant boat by several minutes. The guys soon got *Sabrina IV* started and safely anchored away from the other boats. BUT, the question remained. How did she break free from the mooring ball, that was secured to seven tractor engines on the bottom. It didn’t take a detective long to pull up the chain that remained on *Sabrina IV* from the mooring ball and realize that several links had worn through. Ooooppps, was this another “Oh Shit Happening” for Dennis and Gary

that may earn them the Lead Life Ring award this year?

The party could now go on, but there were several of us who kept looking over our shoulders for runaway boats!

After a couple of hours of bon jovie, drinking lots of “Sacred Fluids, (aka wobbly pops), and nibbling on knibblies, the sharp shrill of a whistle was heard. For those of us who had been to one of the 18 or so parties previously hosted by Dennis and Norma, we knew that the Fenderheads would be making an appearance. For those of you who have not encountered the Fenderheads before, an edited version of their history is available on the next page.



Four of the seven Fenderheads, in full regalia, marched down the lawn and commenced one of their not so secret, secret meetings. Various high jinks ensued, including several toasts with the special Sacred Fluids and much fender head bumping, the meeting was concluded and the party resumed.



Whitlow Point for the next part of the party at Lee and Crystal's home.

happen. Carole and Jan, your organization skills are par excellence and very much appreciated.

Marilyn Sykes (*Day Dreams*)

This was a smaller crowd, but we had lots of laughs and shared stories as we sat in the

Photo credits: Carole Martin (*Coral Wave*), Norma Reed (*Innisfree*), Lee Baker (*Knot Again*)

The Fenderheads prepared an awesome BBQ Porkchop and boiled corn dinner for all to enjoy. After the dinner, Ed Nash (*Bay Breeze*) serenaded us, playing his guitar and singing our favourite songs.



Most of us returned to our boats for a dip, before the mosquitos descended.



shade of Bill and Claudia Stevenson's (*Tamara C*) portable gazebo. potluck appies and dinner was enjoyed. Special mention to Crystal for her home made blue berry pies. Awesome!

Click [here](#) for more photos of the *August Civic Holiday Cruise*

The next morning, we reconvened on Dennis and Norma's deck, for mimosas, pancakes, sausages and coffee. An excellent way to start the day.

After we said our thanks to our hosts, we rowed back to our boats to make our way to

The Club owes a special thanks to Dennis & Norma and Lee & Crystal for agreeing to host these fabulous weekends. We know it is a lot of work to prepare your home for a crowd of sailors. And, to the Fenderheads (John, Gary and Jim), thanks for your logistics in making it

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# Origin of the Fenderheads - A Reader's Digest Version

(Club Historian's Note: For the full version as scribed by Dennis Reed, [see page 6 of the September 2015 issue of the Collins Bay Mixer](#)

It was a dull and drizzly day in Bobcaygeon Ontario – latter part of June 2004.

The Get-r-done Gang consisting of Carol and Gary Logan, John and Janet Morrison and Norma and Dennis Reed on their three sailboats, had locked through in Bobcaygeon on their way to Georgian Bay.

We tied up shortly after locking at a small Marina close by. Still drizzling! Now for "Happy Hour. Preparations for a BBQ supper and more "Happy Hour" with Sacred Fluid were made. Dennis and John were the cooks that evening- BBQ located near a boathouse/ workshop – still drizzling!

As we sat in the drizzle, John spied a boat fender cut in half upside down on the exhaust of a lift tractor. He slammed it on his head to ward off the light rain. The other half was on one fork of the tractor so Dennis parked it on his head and they

both sat there drinking Sacred Fluid, BBQ-ing and feeling rather proud of their new head gear keeping their heads dry. So the original Fenderheads are John, Dennis and Gary (at that point minus a fender!).

Now Fenderheads membership is 7 in number. To become a Fenderhead, a "sailor person" must have been a victim of a self- imposed havoc – now known as a - an "O-Shit Happening!" To this point the original 3 admit to only minor happenings. New recruits must be nominated by someone who has witnessed a "True OSH".

In conclusion, we hold secret meetings – nobody shows up as they are secret and so no one knows where or when they are held! We do hold full regalia meetings with official agendas and ceremony – only when CBYC holds an official cruise and there is a need for CBYC member to know about us. We do have a constitution but it is not on paper!!

We are constantly on the lookout for new members who have valid qualifications – see above— providing Sacred Fluid is always appreciated- hint - hint!

The F.H's can only survive with your support – love – and Laughter!

Submitted by: FH #1 Dennis  
And approved by The FH Society



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YOU'RE INVITED TO CBYC'S

# 2018 ChiliFest!

SEPT 22 2018 5PM  
CBYC CLUB HOUSE

## BRING ON YOUR CHILI

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It's a chili potluck! Bring chili or any side-dish you would like to share.

Chili Contest for; Best in Show, Best Vegetarian, Most Spicy!

Contact Chantal Thomas for any further questions [chantal.ygk@gmail.com](mailto:chantal.ygk@gmail.com)

# Blast from the Past

This *Blast From the Past* was published in the August and September 2004 Mixer titled NOTES FROM THE "GET 'ER DONE" CRUISERS . There are a few lessons to be learned in this one if you care planning on traveling that way.

Robert van Dyk, Club Historian (*Day Dreams*)

Date: Wednesday, June 30, 2004  
1:59 PM

Chuck feel free to edit this for purposes of the MIXER. It was nice that you and Karen saw fit to visit us and thanx for that.

I'm sending off this missive from the Orillia library on a simply superb Friday. We've decided to layover 3 days here to take advantage of the Canada Day celebrations. They are supposed to be pretty good here at the Port of Orillia Marina. Even a bunch of Yank boaters come here each year to take in the festivities. We've seen quite a few US boaters on our transit through the Trent Severn Waterway. We've transited 41 of the 45 locks on the TSW and are looking forward to completing the remaining 4, one of which is a railway lock at Big Chute.

We should complete this phase of the voyage and get our masts up by Sun 03 Jul. I for one am getting tired of being a "stink pot"! The TSW is a very impressive canal and the most exciting lifts to date have been the Peterborough and Kirkfield hydraulic lift locks. The Peterborough lock is the highest of its type in the world and it celebrates 100 years of operation this year. It lifts boats 65 feet in what amounts to huge bathtubs. We had an exciting moment on our lift

in that the gates wouldn't open at the top of our lift so we were stuck 65 feet in the air floating in this thing. The women did not think that this was particular exciting and I have to ask why then were they excited??!

The flora and fauna of the TSW is absolutely amazing- ospreys abound with nests on poles (put there for this reason) and trees, there are abundant small fish for them to catch and feed their young (Dennis and I gave them some competition in that we caught about 30 small perch one afternoon and had a great fry for hor'deuvres). The route although in places is lined with old cottages and new obscene mansions also has many stretches of backwater (Ozarks) wetlands and trees overhanging the narrow passages. A beautiful doe was spotted taking a drink in a small cove. Water lands are perfect for our travels.

We have nicknamed Dennis variously "Rocky and Stumpy" and you'll have to guess why. He has also been entertaining us at trying various permutations and combinations as to how to enter and leave the locks. He's finally figured out that his 33 foot boat will not fit sideways in a 32 foot wide lock!! The Girls are hanging on (no pun intended); spirits are high without the help of happy hour although that certainly does help; and you know

that you are cruising when you add 10 garlic cloves to the home fries for breakfast! I have prepared 2 dozen pickled eggs which Janet will not let me serve. I intend to take them fishing once we get into the Georgian Bay!

Cheers

John and Janet, Gary and Carol,  
Dennis and Norma

July 16

Greetings from us all here and thanks to those who have been sending notes of encouragement and otherwise.

We have made it to THE BIG SOUND as folks here in Parry Sound refer to it. We have logged about 450 NM or 900 km so far and things have been going exceedingly well. We have really been enjoying the 30,000 Islands and have been staying at such places as Hockeystick, Copperhead Island, Frying Pan Island, "The Boulevard", Rawson Bay in the Massassauga Park and Wreck Island, final resting place for the Waubuno, a ship that sunk here in 1883 with the loss of all pax and crew. Wreck Island is a very interesting place from a geological point of view. It has beautiful "artwork" put here by Mother Nature in the form of swirls

and curls in the granite rock; pink, black and grey whites. We visited a place called Deerhom Lodge on (wait for it) Deer Hom Island and had a nice Lodge Meal of salmon, lamb and steak. This lodge has been going since 1902.

We had an interesting night in 'The Boulevard', a very narrow channel between two extremely hard granite islands, famous as a spot for cliff jumping. The water is about 3 m deep here and flat granite on the bottom. A number of thunder squalls came through at about 0230 hrs and all of us were up in our gotchies trying to keep off the granite cliffs. We succeeded and were delivered a lesson on anchoring in these parts!

The 30,000 Islands are a tad disappointing from the point of view that seemingly every single piece of rock here has some sort of human habitation on it ranging from small historic family cottages to the mega obscene monster summer homes. We understand that these will thin out as we get further north towards Bing Inlet and Killarney. The Group of Seven, despite their talents have not been able to do justice to the beauty of the landscape here. Those White Pines eking out a living on the granite rock with all their branches pointing away from the prevailing winds are something to behold.

Dennis and I have been doing a fair bit of fishing and we enjoyed a BBQ'd pike last night for supper. I caught a 3 1/2 smallmouth which jumped like an Atlantic Salmon. I released it, as it well deserved after having put on such a show!

We haven't been doing much actual sailing but primarily motor sailing due to the lack of sea room in the small craft channel. Some places are barely wide enough for one boat. We expect to be moving more out into the Georgian Bay as the 30,000

Islands begin to thin out. We will be leaving here on Sun and I have no idea when I will next find an Internet terminal.

So regards from the "Get 'Er Done Gang until next time.

Date: Tuesday, July 27, 2004 1:43 PM

Well here is the little bugger again he's found another Internet Terminal! I guess it's been awhile since I've been Online to you folks and this time I'm sending this off from Little Current, which is at the entrance to the North Channel of Georgian Bay and the only road access to Manitoulin Island. We have logged something like 700 NM thus far and by far most of it has been on the Iron Jib! We have had a couple of days of nice sailing of the boats have been working very well with a few minor problems. We continue to be amazed at the amount of development going on on the waterfronts all around Georgian Bay, it is nearly impossible to find a deserted cove. For example on our motor sail from Killamey to Little Current we were accompanied by at least 100 boats!

We continue to fish along the way and would be starving to death if we relied on this as a food source. I continue to haggle Dennis about his fish finder which is constantly telling us that there are lots of fish in the water. I've taken to calling them electronic fish and am looking for a recipe to cook them. Any ideas??

We will be leaving here tomorrow, on our way to the Benjamin Islands and then we will be turning around for Tobermory and the trip down Lake Huron towards Sarnia.

I'll keep in touch.

Date: Monday, August 09, 2004 12:02 PM

Well here we are in delightful downtown Goderich, and what a beautiful town it is hard on the banks of the wild Lake Huron. We had a wonderful and wild sail from Tobermory to Port Elgin. Winds were a steady 20 kts and we were on a broad reach and running, waves 1.5 to 2 m, it was a wild trip!

We logged 66 NM on this leg which is quite good. I think this was the only time I got in ahead of Gary; due I suspect to the fact that my old blown out sails perform well in a drag situation. We spent 2 days in Port Elgin and then set out for Goderich. We started out with reefs in but this quickly deteriorated to motor sailing in a very lumpy lake. We got into Goderich around 1900 hrs by which time the Lake had calmed down some, but it was still a fairly rough 65 NM. We've got one long 65 NM leg left to Sarnia which we're planning on getting done tomorrow.

I always seem to be in a hurry getting these things done. I'm in the Goderich library a very beautiful modernized Victorian building, and there is a line up to get at the internet terminals, and I'm about to get kicked off but until I do ..... ..We seem to be missing the main summer events as we advance along on this adventure, more planning is required



in this regard so that we get to the marinas either a day earlier or later.

Must go

Date: Saturday, August 21, 2004  
10:40 AM

Yes we are indeed all alive and well. This is the first op that I've had at getting near a terminal and this one is in the library in Port Dover.

The last missive I sent was some time ago from Goderich and we have now transited all of Lake Huron and have 40 NM to go on Lake Erie which will visit the following ports:

Sarnia - We left Goderich in very strong SW winds which put them right on the nose all the way to Sarnia. We logged 71.6 NM in very rough conditions on the Lake. Met a university buddy here who works for Imperial Oil. He is doing very well and just came back from a 3 year stint in Germany as the lubrication engineer for the Toyota Formula One Team.

Windsor - Motor sailed 55 NM down the St Clair River and across Lake St Clair to Windsor. This was our first real encounter with the great lakes freighters and one must give them a wide berth, but the captains are usually considerate of pleasure boaters (even the idiots and there are plenty of them). Lake St Clair was flat calm and there were a million boats out or so it seemed. I have a fairly unorthodox radar reflector, an empty wine bag hung up on the spreaders, and the freighters say that they can see it very well. Of course this has been the brunt of some nautical ribbing and I've been offered a gold foil coffee bag on the grounds (no pun here) that it is more esthetically pleasing.

Scudder (Pelee Island) - Another wonderful motor sail from Windsor to Scudder's Marina on Pelee Island and we logged some 55 NM. We could have spent a week here on this very peaceful and pleasant place. I bought some silver bass from the local fishermen and BBQ'd them for supper. None of the folks here had ever eaten them so it was going to be a taste surprise. Apparently all of these fish are shipped off to California?? This fish tasted OK if not a little earthy. We of course visited the Pelee Island Winery here and toured their facilities, very interesting presentation by the sommelier. The marina has a tradition of carving boat names and dates into the docks so Gary used my Dremmel and carved "GET 'ER DONE" into one of the dock boards. For Posterity! Would Hub go for this??

Erieau - Finally had a reasonable sail from Pelee Island to Erieau logging some 50 NM. This port has a manmade harbour as do most of them on Lake Erie as the eastern (Canadian) shore is pretty well devoid of natural harbours. As a result we have been staying at marinas varying from \$1.50 to \$1.85 per foot. We met a great guy here (Brian McNeil a retired insurance broker) who chauffeured us around this little port and took us grocery shopping to Blenheim the closest town. We got weather stayed in Erieau for an extra day due to strong winds. The problem would have been getting out of the port because of the huge waves in the port channel. Gary and Carol's Daughter and husband (Ed and Cathy and Grandkids visited here on a holiday tour and spent a night with them on the boat). Actually I think it was a wine delivery as Gary and Carol had run out!

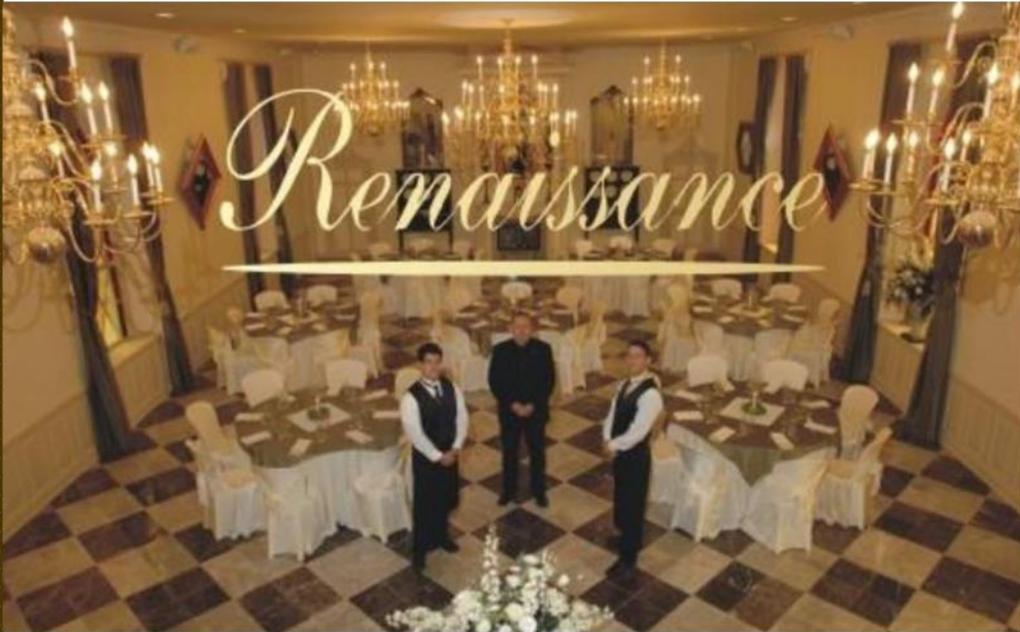
Port Stanley- Had a pretty good sail from Erieau to Port Stanley, a very pretty fishing town with lots of fishing "tugs" as they call their boats in these parts. Port Dover-We were on the water at 0530 hrs at Port Stanley to make the first lift bridge opening and thus on our way to Port Dover another fishing Port on Lake Erie. We logged almost 90 NM yesterday under the best sailing conditions that we've had all trip. Winds allowed for some reaching and were moderately strong at 15 to 18 kts. This was the longest day we've had and would not have done it except for the lack of stopping off points. We are spending 2 nights here and enjoying their weekend summer festival. We will be heading on our last leg on Lake Erie some 40 NM to Port Colborne and the start of our trip through the Welland Canal which should be exciting! And thence on to Lake Ontario and home. We've all had our moments but this has been a great experience and everyone we meet seem astounded that 3 sailboats with husbands and wives could undertake this and stick with it. We've been sharing boats for the cocktail thing and toasting the completion of another leg. We then do the restaurant, cook on board or BBQ on the Morrison's community BBQ. All very collegial and communal. We certainly have been fortunate with the kit, but we all have become variously known as; Stumpy, Rocky, Muddy, Dockey, Catch Up. You'll have to get why in person.

Cheers from here.

John and the Get 'er Done Gang.

*Written by John Morrison*

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# Loss of KELAERIN, June 18, 2018

Written by *Kelaerin's* owner

Posted on [Cruisers & Sailing](#)

I recently came across this article in the *Cruisers & Sailing Forum* which I thought I'd share with you. Other than being an excellent read, it reinforces the point that safety is not be taken for granted.

Submitted by Larry Graham  
(*Oriana*)

## [Forums](#) - June 2018

"For months, I had been imagining the end of our circumnavigation. We would finally pass by the Fuca Pillar make our way into Neah Bay and have a good two days rest, or three, and get the boat all cleaned up. Our daughter wanted to meet us at the visitor's dock in Squalicum Harbor, Bellingham so she asked that we not get in until Sunday, June 24, as she lived in Portland, Oregon and needed to have the time off from work to be there waiting for us. We would drive up to the dock with all our courtesy flags from over 50 countries flying on the staysail halyard, banners from various rallies and events we

had participated in hanging on the lifelines and personal burgees from different organizations raised up the signal halyards. I hoped to make a banner showing a globe with our circumnavigation route over the 17 years. There would be our daughters on the dock and maybe a few interested friends waving us in and then a celebration with champagne and M&Ms, a tradition we started back in 1991 in Costa Rica. Then we would toast our life's dream accomplished and rest on our laurels a bit before entering the next phase of our lives. Whatever that was, it would still certainly include boats.

A completely different scenario took over. We had left Oahu, Hawaii on May 26, 2018. After weeks of watching the "high" develop in the north Pacific, we felt we could safely leave now and have reasonable weather for the 21-27 day trip to Bellingham, Washington. We sailed just west of the high and had somewhat rough conditions for several days, but that was to be expected. Uncomfortable, not dangerous for us. When we got to latitude 38 degrees north we were able to make easting in the westerly winds blowing on the top of the high. So far so good, all as planned, although still kind of rough for the most part with confused seas much of the time.

Finally, at around 137 degrees longitude we were making a nice northeast course, and according to the chart plotter, heading straight for Cape Flattery. *Kelaerin* was making good an average of over 5 knots through the whole trip. The horse could smell the barn, so to speak, and we were becoming excited now that this trip would be over soon.

On the evening of June 15, Jim downloaded a grib file and came up to the cockpit, discouraged. For the previous week, we saw that about this time we should be seeing light to variable winds from the southwest. We could expect to have to raise the spinnaker for the light winds or motor part of the way.

But suddenly the reports were different. The wind was to be 21 to 26 knots from the north/northwest so it would still be a bumpy ride to the very end. The conditions, although uncomfortable, were nothing that should stop us from making progress.

On June 16, the winds slowly increased throughout the day. As we entered the night hours, we had winds well into the mid -30's and seas were building. Still, *Kelaerin* was sailing fine, however, we were losing our direct line to Cape Flattery and making easting towards the

Columbia River. The seas continued to build to over 4 meters, then 5 and now we were heading directly south with the waves on our stern, paralleling the coast, and sailing away from our destination.

Eventually we were sailing bare poles at almost 5 knots down steep waves, the largest waves I had ever seen while cruising. I estimated they were 30 feet.

We decided to keep one hour watches. I went to bed around 2:30 for a quick nap and to warm up under the covers.

I awoke around 3:30 to first a hard hit by a wave, so hard it literally felt as though we had been hit by a train while sitting on the tracks. I was suddenly on the ceiling and tons of water came in through the companionway hatch. The noise inside the boat was deafening. I managed with some difficulty to swing out of the berth and when I put my feet on the floor I was standing in water up to my ankles. The water was sloshing violently back and forth and from bow to stern. I could barely comprehend what I saw. The aft cabin companionway ladder was across the cabin and bashed into the louvred door of the hanging locker. One of the two scuba tanks was out of

their snap holders behind the ladder and sitting in the hanging locker. Jim called me from the cockpit and I answered him, telling him I couldn't get out of the aft cabin. (If I had needed to escape, it would have to be through the deck hatch over the berth.) I was able to move the ladder and the scuba tank from the doorway into the pass through. Everything that was on the quarter berth was now on the floor. Stuff had been piled there and secured for years for passages, but now was a heap on the cabin sole. But the second scuba tank was now in that bunk. We had a bag of laundry sitting in the shop that was behind the engine and all the clothes were sloshing around the cables and chains of the steering. The heavy, sliding doors to the engine room were bashed into the pass through. I had some difficulty getting those out of the way and navigating myself through the mess and now into the main cabin. The sight was so horrifying and complex that I could barely take it in. Almost every locker door was open or broken and the lockers were bare, with the contents sloshing back and forth on the cabin sole. The bilge hatches were gone – they weren't always the easiest to get up with their pull rings -- and the water tanks exposed to view. Locker lids either flat or on the cabin sides

were askew and shelves were broken. It just couldn't be possible that my beautiful boat, the one we had for 27 years and was so lovingly maintained, could look like this.

I got to the main cabin companionway and saw Jim at the wheel. He had blood covering half of his face. He looked shocked but was steering us down a huge wave. I had a hard time taking this view in as well. I was looking at clear sky where once there had been a full cockpit enclosure. I asked, "Where is the dodger?" and Jim just said, "It's gone." He asked me to get on the VHF and put out a MAYDAY call. I felt strange doing this, even hesitated for a few seconds, as I never pictured us asking for help. We never had since our first time together out in sailboats back in 1978. We got no answer. He then asked if I could take the wheel, which I did while he went down below to check the damage and make sure we weren't taking on water.

While behind the wheel I had to keep the stern to the waves. I concentrated on steering and at some point as I looked forward I could see that the dinghy was gone. The handrails it had been tied to were broken, snapped like twigs.

Then I realized something else was missing...the liferaft. I leaned over to see if it had maybe been caught in between the cabin top and the lifelines

or blanketed by the main sail but it was not there. It had been tied to a stainless steel luggage rack that we had constructed and bolted to the cabin top just forward of the dodger. The teak coaming that ran across the cabin top was broken off with a part of it in the cabin. It was probably that which had hit Jim and gashed him above his eye. The mainsail had been spilled out of the stack pack and was hanging down to the deck and possibly some of it over the lifelines and I could see that it was shredded in places. All these things had compiled in my mind and unbelievably I was ledgering the costs of the damage and what it would take to fix all of this. Never had I thought that at the end of our voyage we would have to rebuild our boat.

Jim appeared at the companionway and said that the SSB radio was dead. The two VHF radios were on but since no one answered our MAYDAYS we weren't positive they were sending out our messages.

He was pretty sure, he said, that we weren't taking on any more water. It had been almost two hours since the wave had tossed us now and we were both showing signs of hypothermia. Jim said my lips were turning blue and the blood caked on his face looked

ghastly. I was doing o.k. with steering but every once in a while a bigger wave broke near me and we would begin to broach. I had to hold on to the wheel with everything I had to keep it stern to. I screamed now and then. I know this because my voice was getting hoarse.

We were in very dangerous shape now, with no communications and no way to get a weather report. No one was answering our MAYDAY calls. The boat was seriously damaged and we had tons of water going back and forth in the cabin. Things that had been in the aft cabin, including our spare Aries windvane which was tied down beneath the aft cabin berth, had been propelled incredibly through the walkthrough and into the main cabin and had managed somehow not to hit me when I was still in the bunk. I wondered why I saw the carton of milk on the cabin sole, the contents of our refrigerator and freezer scattered about the boat. The refrigerator lid was heavy with a pull ring and it took a little doing to get it up in normal conditions. Jim assessed that we had been turned upside down. When the wave hit, he was wearing his SoSpenders but not tethered. Jim has great reflexes, thankfully, and said he had to hold on to the steering pedestal with all his might or he would

have gone over. In retrospect we don't think the tether would have helped seeing as how so many other things had been ripped off the boat. He described the enclosure as shredding and blowing off like newspaper in the wind. Later inspection showed that the pedestal had broken at the base. It was lucky we had steering at all at this point. When he lifted the chart table lid there was nothing in it now, except a lone can of tuna fish. Nothing was dry, the stove was broken and the water tanks were probably fouled through the vents. The engine itself may have worked but the starter motor was surely dead as it was now underwater. The engine wouldn't have helped anyway, not unless we could get closer to shore and now we were getting farther away every minute.

We had 4 electric bilge pumps, one was a large capacity pump. All 4 clogged with debris. The debris was from all the soft back books we had on board. The cheaper paper turned to mush with all the sloshing and went right through the screens into the pumps. There was no way we could operate the manual pump in these conditions and to get that much water out. While Jim was describing this to me, I kept looking over to where the liferaft had been. Then the reality of our situation seemed

to be clear to both of us. I said, "I think we should activate the EPIRB" and he agreed. We had a 406 Mhz EPIRB and he went to get it out of its holder and brought it up to our binocular box on the cabin (the binoculars were gone) and set it in there and pushed the button.

We couldn't be sure that anyone would be able to get to us or hear us. We had the EPIRB properly registered and overhauled with new batteries every few years as required. Originally we had our daughters on the contact list, but we got frustrated with trying to get them at times. It could be days before we ever heard back and that could happen while we were in distress. Jim had asked old buddies of his if they would be contacts. Ed was a HAM radio operator and Richard was a tugboat captain. Both of these guys were in almost daily contact with Jim through winlink and Jim would report our position to them and the sea conditions. We had set off the EPIRB around 0538. The coast guard immediately contacted Ed and Richard to verify that we were indeed in trouble and they reported back our position the evening before, our course, our destination and that we had reported rough conditions. Then they went into action.

Almost 4 hours later, as I was at the wheel, I heard the Coast Guard call us on the old VHF radio in the aft cabin. I reached in to answer, "This is *Kelaerin*", and immediately felt we just might survive this ordeal after all. They were coming from the Warrenton, Oregon base. They said they were 20 minutes away from us. I told them that incredibly the chart plotter was still functioning and I could give them our exact position, which I did. They informed me that when they arrived they would have only a few minutes with us and we needed to make the decision: they could give us a dewatering pump and we would be on our own or they could extract us from the vessel. I looked at Jim and asked, "which?" and he answered, "the dewatering pump". Still at this point, I did not envision us leaving *Kelaerin*. The pilot radioed back that we had to think about that and have our possessions we wanted to take with us ready to go. Jim got back on the wheel for awhile while I changed clothes (a few things were still dry) and I went about the boat collecting hard drives, cameras, etc. This was much harder than I had anticipated. I could not get over all the stuff floating around inside the boat to get to the box where our passports and cash were. Jim's wallet had been in the chart

table and was just gone. My backpack which held my wallet was nowhere to be seen. Jim's good Nikon camera was in a locker up forward with all kinds of stuff blocking the way. I got the hard drives, the go pro camera and the little Nikon Coolpix I used. Jim's new LG phone was gone but mine had survived. I had a small dry bag and stuffed everything I could in there. Jim had gone up to get the cash but when he went into the cockpit he pulled it out of his pocket and the cash began flying in the wind out of his hands. I stuffed what was left into a small cooler. Then I went back to steering while Jim continued to try and get water out of the boat.

The Coast Guard continued to call me asking me to count down so their RDF could locate us. For a while I wondered if they would find us in time, but eventually I saw them coming. They informed me that they would drop a swimmer in so I told them we would lower the stern ladder and Jim would stream a heavy line so the swimmer could grab it. I informed them that I was going bare poles at 4.6 knots at that time and there would be no way whatsoever I could turn around. I'm sure they already knew that. I asked if they would drop the swimmer on the port side of the boat as

the mainsail was blocking my view off the starboard side. The helicopter dropped low, on the starboard side, and the swimmer jumped in but I could not see any of this, only the blades as they whipped around near me. I was not aware when he came aboard. I kept looking for him not realizing he had already boarded and was discussing the situation with Jim at the stern. I was waiting for the pump and then looked over to see the Coast Guard swimmer coming towards the cockpit and informing me that we were getting off the boat. "No," I said. "We are staying on the boat, we just need the pump." Then Jim was behind him and said, "Joy, we are getting off." I was incredulous. It was beyond comprehension that we would ever leave the boat. I still felt that, although, we were in serious trouble here, that we could save *Kelaerin*. How could we possibly leave her, after nearly 70,000 miles of cruising and 27 years together with only 150 miles to go? Jim had always said he wouldn't abandon the boat unless he had to step up into a liferaft. So when he confirmed the Coast Guardsman's declaration, with all his experience at sea, I knew finally that this battle was over. The sea had won.

Then everything went at hyperspeed. The Coast Guard

swimmer said I had just a minute to go and gather my things. This is when good sense left and stupid crazy set in. Since we had not planned to leave the boat, I was not prepared well at all. I ran down below, threw out the computer, my "pink book" with all our personal and important info in it, my dry bag, and the red cooler into the cockpit. The CG had taken over the wheel and he kept telling me to be quick, "Go, go, go" he said. I ran back to the aft cabin (this was when nonsense set in for a bit) to retrieve some jewelry. Later I couldn't believe I had done that as it had taken precious time when I could have better secured the more important items. I threw out my forearm crutch which I needed to walk and he was now telling me there was no more time and I had to get back to the stern of the boat. I asked, "what about my computer and the red cooler?" and he said he would get it and urged me back. Jim grabbed the red cooler and threw it towards the stern and it lodged out of my reach. I again said, "I need my computer and the red cooler" and the CG swimmer said, again it was OK. He told us to inflate our Suspenders and jump. What!!!! Of course this was the only thing to do, but I hesitated for a second and looked at the giant wave coming at us and said, "I'm not

jumping in that" and he said GO NOW, Jim said JUMP and I was in the water. Jim later said he had never seen me swimming so fast. I just wanted to get to that basket being lowered before a wave tumbled me under and I might possibly never come back up. Getting into the basket was easy, I just rolled in and moments later I was in the helicopter. The basket lowered again for Jim and he was helped out into the helicopter. Then the swimmer came up and I was hoping that I would see the computer and the red cooler but, of course, it wasn't there. I knew it wouldn't be there. The doors were closed and we started to fly away. I had to restrain myself from shouting that I wanted to go back. The hardest moment of both Jim's and my lives were when we could see *Kelaerin* through the window and we both realized she was probably lost forever, that somehow we had failed her when she had been so good to us for so many years.

The ride back was over an hour long. The pilots made conversation with us through miked up helmets they provided. We all introduced ourselves. I was just amazed at how professional and highly trained these guys were. The swimmer had to grab the line behind the boat and pull himself into the ladder as we

were going nearly 5 knots, which he did in just seconds. His job was to get us off the boat in short order once Jim had made the decision to leave *Kelaerin*. He was not cruel or impersonal when ordering me to get going. All through that I realized he had a job to do and could not brook any nonsense from me. He was completely in charge and trained to handle this situation. They must come up against some serious stubbornness when trying to get people off boats and they know how to handle it.

When we were about to land Jim heard the pilot tell ground control that they were landing off base at an alternate site near Astoria as they were down to one minute of fuel. ONE MINUTE!!! They had been at the far extension of their range when they had reached us 180 miles out to sea and no time to spare. When we disembarked the copter, I hugged all four Coasties, Jim shook their hands. The pilots came around with smiles on their faces....a job well done, a successful rescue. Then they told me that I was pretty cool on the radio and it helped them a lot. Thank God, I did something right. The EMTs were waiting for us and now I realized we were without any ID whatsoever, we were soaking wet and shivering, no shoes for me and I didn't have my forearm crutch so I had to

be supported across the tarmac to the ambulance.

My small dry bag which held my phone and the camera filled with water as I swam to the basket. Incredibly the phone still worked and I was able to call our girls. Our daughter, Kelly, lived in Portland so she dropped everything and came to Astoria to pick us up. Our oldest daughter, Erin, was visiting friends in Missoula and immediately booked a flight to Portland. They took excellent care of us, even buying us some clothes and Erin helped us get back online by buying a computer for us until our credit cards came within a couple of days.

I share this story in the hopes it helps anyone else for preparation or even the realization that just anything can happen during a passage.

Our biggest mistake that we could have avoided was not putting all our important personal items in a ditch bag. The lifesaving ditch bag had been on a shelf with the handle facing outwards so that we could grab it, but it was of no use if we had to jump in the ocean from a sinking boat and no liferaft. In any case, it wasn't there after we flipped over and I have no idea as to where it went. I'll be kicking myself forever for not having

the IDs, passports, cash, hard drives and even the little bits of jewelry in a bag ready to go.

As for everything else, it is an unimaginable loss. My pictures that we've taken over the years were on a hard drive. I had thought about putting them up on the cloud, but didn't. All our logs were on hard drives, print and computers, but they could not be retrieved in time. I had my collection of courtesy flags and small coins, that were of no value to anyone else but me, in a bag under a settee seat.

My assortment of boat cards from the many friends we have made while cruising is gone. We will have to rely on memory now for most of the last 17 years of cruising and that, at 70, is going to be quite a challenge. I'll have to get on it soon."

Coast Guard [News](#)

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