

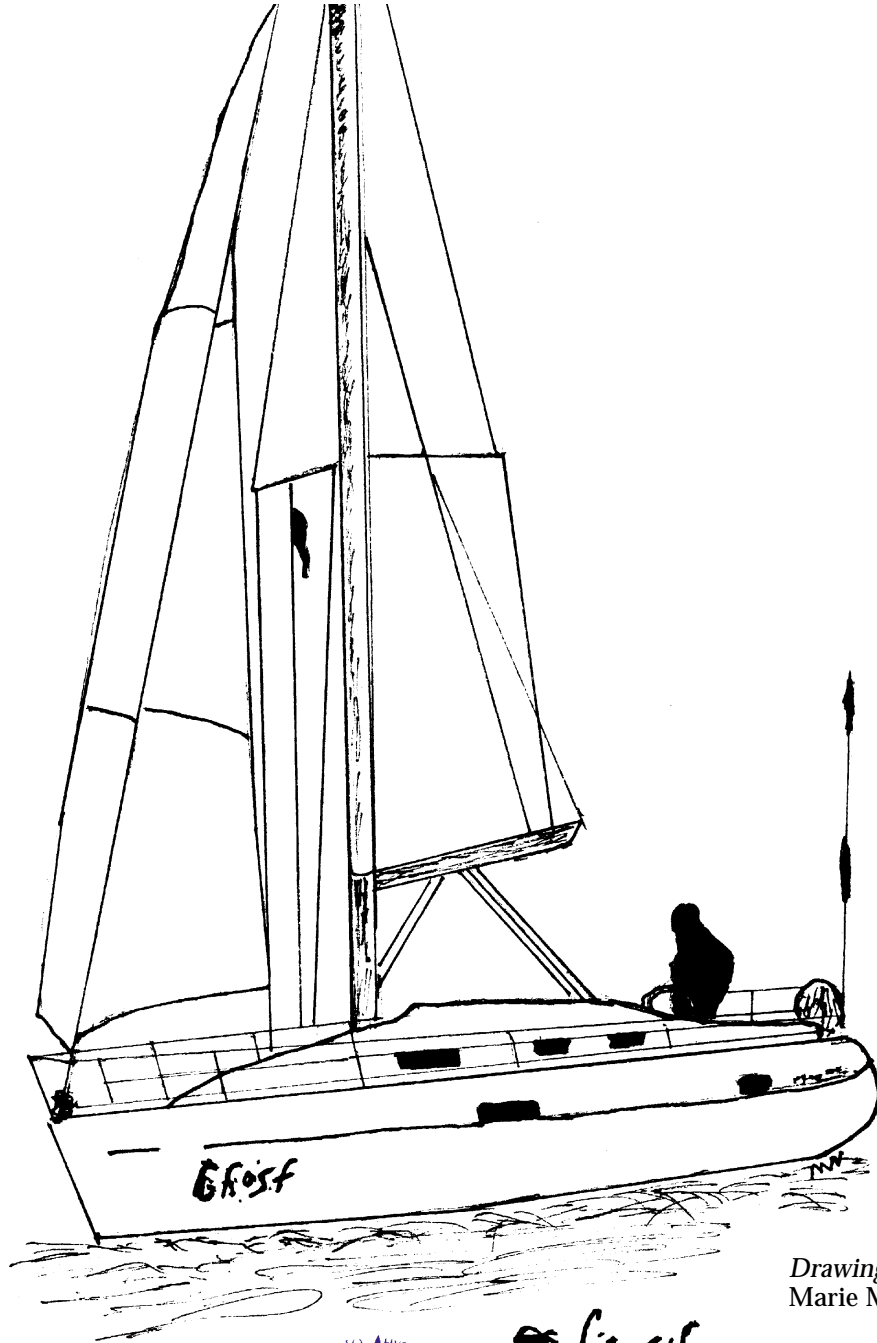
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SPAR AND PROP

AUGUST, 2002

NUMBER 152



*Drawing by
Marie Middleton*



Ghost



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Calendar

Start of Race Series III—Wednesday, August 14—Last chance this year to find a flag. Come out and hone your crew for next year's racing season.

Cruise to Frenchman's Bay YC—August 24-25—We will have TH&SC mussels, a fish fry, steaks and burgers plus a singsong. A wonderful club on a nice harbour.

Thunderbird Regional Regatta—August 31 - Sept. 2 (Labour Day weekend)—These are serious racers who also have a good time at regattas. We will host the 2002 event. Help out and have a great time doing it.

Bluffers Distance Race—Saturday, August 31—A race to Bluffers and back - then our delicious Corn Roast in the evening.

Corn Roast—Saturday, August 31—Heaps of golden sweet corn-on-the-cob hot out of the tub. A wonderful evening with your friends.

Annual General Meeting—Monday, September 23—Election meeting. Watch the mail for details. Put it on YOUR calendar now.

Frostbite Distance Race—Sunday, September 29—The last race of the season. The weather conditions will govern just where we will be going. Join us for a last fling on the lake.

Cradle Placing Day—Saturday, October 5—A work party will get the cradles out of storage and place them where your boat will spend the winter.

HAULOUT—Saturday and Sunday, October 12 and 13—It's time to put away our summer fun and tuck our boats safely away for the winter. Make a list of all the things that need to be done before Launch Day 2003, put it safely away where you will find it the week before Launch when you have run out of time.

Last Mast Blast—Saturday, November 23—Here is something new! Stay tuned.

Club Christmas Party—Sunday, December 15—Children and everyone welcome.

New Year's Levy—Tuesday, January 1—A pleasant afternoon at the clubhouse meeting friends.

Annual General Meeting

**Monday, September 23 at 7 pm
in the clubhouse**

Watch for your mailed package

Bluffer's Race and Corn Roast Saturday, August 31st

Come for the race and corn roast or just the corn roast
Everyone welcome

Watch the clubhouse for signs and details

COMMODORE'S COMMENTS

Patrick Flynn

THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST and not only can't I shake off *Skookumchuk* in yet another long distance race, now I can't shake the editor who wants an article dammit and not just a re-cycled EB report.

I'll re-cycle some of it anyway – some of you may have noticed the occasional weed poking its way through the otherwise solid nature of our little bay. This is our part of a worldwide environmental problem. Any of you with access to the internet need just search under weed control or weed harvesting to find out how complex a problem this is. Every sailing club on the lake has to have some sort of weed management program. Ours is St. George and the Barge but the level of slaying required is daunting. The good news is that the docks can no longer sink due to the solid nature of our little bay.

The executive tries to have a reduced meeting schedule for the summer – like you, we'd rather be sailing, and hope that we put in enough effort before launch or that major problems will hold until Haulout.

All of us owe a debt to Lloyd, James, Heidi, George, Jeff, Garry, Joan, Bill and the other members who we see here almost all summer just keeping the club operating smoothly.

A vote of thanks to John Morris and the rest of the EEC team for pulling off quite a successful regatta. I do believe that will be one of the strategies for TH&SC surviving and growing in these changing conditions and it's nice to see us at least on the edge of the racing map. Not to forget Dennis MacCallum and his happy band of cruise co-ordinators – I even saw mention of a cruising race to FBYC so perhaps we racers should be looking over our shoulders!

We do have some priorities for September thrust upon us by the re-organization.

You will see the notice of meeting elsewhere in S&P and some of you will have been approached to help run the club for the next two years. Why not read the minutes for this year's meetings and see if you can help out with racing, cruising, regalia, social, environment, safety, goose control, dock maintenance, gardening, interior decoration, site planning, yard cover,

Continued on page 4

FLEET CAPTAIN CRUISING

Dennis MacCallum

WITH THE SUMMER HALF OVER, we have already had a nearly perfect cruising season. Nearly perfect, I say, because we would like to have more of our members on club cruises. The season began with a cruise to Mimico, our Picnic Cruise to Highland and Lobsterfest Cruise to Whitby.

We drew different boats for every event which is a good thing. We all learn something that we like about our fellow members and get to know them on a personal level. Now to get all those different boaters together on one cruise.

Whitby Yacht Club planned their Commodore's Cruise to TH&SC on July 1st weekend with approximately 20 boats and ended up drawing 29 boats. The Cruising Director has thanked me on behalf of our club for our generous hospitality in allowing them to use our facilities for their best cruise of the year. Since then a number of boats have been arriving from Whitby and everyone has commented on what a terrific club we have.

One major improvement that has attracted approval is the superior renovation of our club washrooms. Thanks to Rosemary and Lloyd for heading up the project and thanks to everyone involved in the work process from picking out materials, to the installation and plumbing. We can't have too many people like these people in our club. I've heard comments on the docks from visitors who have run up to the washroom before properly tying their boats, return and say "Wow, wait 'till you see the new washrooms". I won't mention all your names because we know who you are, but thanks to everyone who make us look good.

Other comments heard were, on how good the grounds look, how clean everything is, especially the kitchen and washrooms, how lucky we are to

be so close to shopping and the boardwalk, how wonderful Jiggs is, and the new flagpole. Sometimes we take these things for granted but visitors see them as a prize.

Cruisers from different clubs on the lake sailed to TH&SC for the jazz festival and as usual were not disappointed. Burgees could be seen from Tuscarora, Pt. Dalhousie, Burlington, Fifty Point, Port Credit, Highland, Bluffers and Whitby. Although the number of boats was less than last year due to the change of date, a Calypso Night cruise from Port Dalhousie rounded out the numbers. Again everyone remarked they had a great time at both events. I wasn't there when Mr. Bacardi was there, but I hear from the cruisers, our racers know how to throw a party too.

You will notice a sign-up sheet for the last TH&SC Cruise of the summer to Frenchman's Bay Yacht Club. We are trying something new to see if we can get some racers involved in our cruises. If they do it once they may like it and rejoin us. This cruise will be known as a Racing Cruise to Frenchman's Bay Yacht Club. The rules will be simple and we will have someone 'perf' our boats to know what the official outcome is. There will be a start and a finish point with each racer cruiser keeping their own time. There will be a prize for the most honest racer-cruiser. When we arrive there will be a appetizer competition, the only cost to the whole cruise. Every boat should bring a appetizer or dessert. A steak or salmon dinner will be supplied by our club and breakfast will be served by our hosts on Sunday morning before we head back.

Frenchman's Bay is looking forward to us arriving at their club and have offered their hospitality to us in using their dining room if the weather betrays us. The racing cruise is open to all members of TH&SC. Please sign up early so we will know against whom we're competing.

Enjoy the rest of your summer and pleasant breezes. ▲



East End
Challenge

AUGUST, 2002

SPAR AND PROP

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Commodore's Comments

Continued from page 3

building design, work parties, membership recruiting, yard layout, weed control, *Shadow* or any other of the issues that our nine-member executive and about 30% of the club members are trying to manage.

We have an on-going battle to maintain the working club ethos of TH&SC. Lord knows past and present executives have harangued the membership over the work days issue. The reality is that neither past Ways and Means' endless telephoning and badgering nor the envisioned multiple committee systems have proved to be sustainable.

As to the club part, I see great strides over the past three years and we certainly plan major, even radical improvements. This is not a marina. A small point, but I think that boat for sale notices should be restricted to the notice board available for that purpose, or to ads placed in your club newsletter. It may be hopelessly altruistic but I think that all club members should be proud of TH&SC, wear the colours, fly the colours, look after the property as if it were theirs, pitch in with ideas and effort over and above the workday requirements, actively encourage new crew and sailing members, attend the social events (and pitch in to help there if you have some interest, rather than sitting on the sidelines until the event and its pricing suits you).

I assure you that the balance of this executive year and the next year will continue to be more pro-active until someone replaces us. Anyone who watches *Spectra* might know that we try to push the envelope – even without a Windex – but that we'll learn from anyone (right John?).

Hard to believe another summer is more than half over – only one race series left, only 60 days to Haulout. ▲

FLOTSAM & JETSAM

Shadow

THANK YOU

Leigh-Anne Comerford (Chris Comerford's niece) writes: *Thanks again for such a wonderful day— you guys and Pat and Dave were so great to us and I know I speak for everyone when I say that your kindness was both unexpected and heartwarming. The day was a perfect tribute to Chris's life.*

MILLARDS ARE STILL HAVING FUN

In spite of telecommunication problems and a few boat problems, Judy and Aubrey Millard are still enjoying their exploration of the Mediterranean.

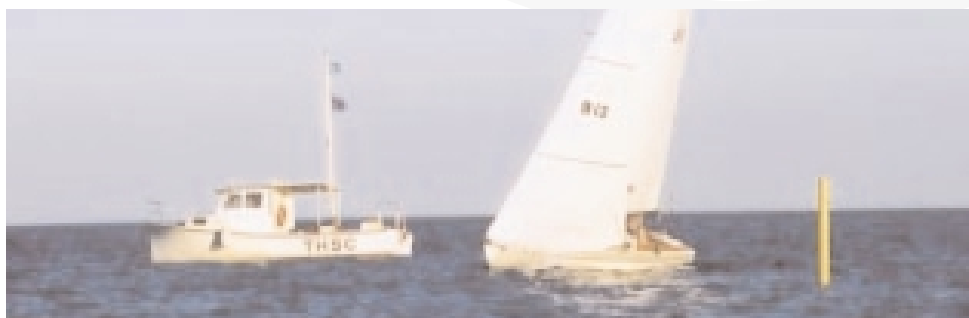
TREASURE HUNT POSTPONED

Jamie Smallwood regrets that the Treasure Hunt scheduled for August has to be postponed. He will try to get it going later this year.

FRONT PICTURE IN JUNE S&P

The nice yellow Viking 28 on the front page of June's Spar and Prop was Lou Lalonde's *Tsunami II* at Sailpast.

JULY 1st PICNIC PHOTOS



ROSEMARY JOHNSTON has joined my committee. For those of you who have not been following the washrooms improvements, Rosemary took hold of the drab things, waved her magic wand and WOW!

Rosemary describes her magic act elsewhere in this issue of S&P.

After many embarrassing weeks of delay the flagpole finally looks at home. Hope you like it, as it cost me much sleep! Why do I find myself obsessing on such things?

The windows were a bit late, too, but that didn't matter much, I guess.

All in all, with the fresh paint and all this other stuff done, I think the place is looking pretty sharp. In any event I have heard nice words from visitors, and nice things are still on the way, some mandatory, such as the fenced used oil disposal unit, and some to attract more visitors and to help us feel a bit better about our little club.

Yes, and maybe we'll be allowed to stay here a while longer, like 22 years you say, Pat! Sounds good—see you all in 2024, to celebrate my 94th. HAH!

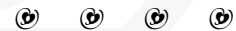
94th! Gad...I wish Viagra didn't give me a headache instead of a you-know-what.

Legends of the Sea

MARALYN & MAURICE BAILEY LEFT ENGLAND IN JUNE, 1972 ON THEIR YACHT, AZURALYN, BOUND FOR NEW ZEALAND, VIA PANAMA. WEST OF THE CANAL & AFTER PASSING A WHALING SHIP THE YACHT SHUDDERED, THERE WAS A TEARING & SPLINTERING OF WOOD. THEY SAW A WAHLE AESTERN & THE SEA RED WITH ITS BLOOD. CHECKING OVER THE SIDE THEY SAW THE BOAT WAS HOLED, WATER WAS POURING INTO THE CABIN. ~~~~~ REALISING THEY HAD TO ABANDON SHIP THEY INFLATED A RUBBER PINGHY, LASHED IT TO THEIR LIFE RAFT & THREW IN WHATEVER THEY COULD GRAB - TINS OF FOOD, A SMALL OIL BURNER, MAP, SEXTANT, COMPASS, WATER CONTAINERS, KNIVES, MKKS AND 'PASSPORTS, OH, YES, AND DOMINOS! INITIALLY THEY LIVED OFF THE SUPPLIES & RAIN WATER. WHEN STOCKS DWINDLED THEY ATE RAW TURTLE, SEABIRDS, FISH INCLUDING 6 YOUNG SHARKS CAUGHT WITH THE BARE HANDS OR BY USING SAFETY PINS AS HOOKS. AFTER 117 DAYS ADRIPT WITH CLOTHES ROTTING ON THEIR BODIES, SUNBURNED, MALNOURISHED & DEHYDRATED, BARELY ABLE TO MOVE THEIR LIMBS, THEY PROBABLY WOULD HAVE PERISHED HAD NOT A KOREAN FISHERMAN ON THE WEOLMI, ON HER WAY HOME NOT SPOTTED SOMETHING ON THE HORIZON. SKIPPER SUH CHUNG - IL CHANGED COURSE TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK. THE KOREAN SEAMEN HAD TO LIFT THE BAILEYS OFF THE RAFT & ONTO THE WEOLMI WHERE THEY LAY ON THE DECK AND SOBBERED WITH HAPPINESS, BUT UNABLE TO SPEAK. THE CREW TOOK TURNS MASSAGING THE DUO'S LIMBS & FOR TWO DAYS GAVE THEM SMALL AMOUNTS OF WATER BEFORE OFFERING SOLID FOOD. BY THE TIME WEOLMI REACHED HONOLULU THE BAILEYS WERE WELL ON THE WAY TO RECOVERY. ON THEIR RETURN TO ENGLAND THEY WROTE AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR TOO-CLOSE-FOR-COMFORT ADVENTURE ~~~~~ THE BOOK IS TITLED "117 DAYS ADRIPT" THE BAILEYS ENJOYED MANY MORE YEARS OF ADVENTURE INCLUDING TOURING & MOUNTAIN CLIMBING. MARALYN DIED ON MAY 21, 2002 AGED 62 YEARS.



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The Deadline for the
OCTOBER issue of
Spar & Prop is
SEPTEMBER 30st



Spar and Prop is available
in PDF format, readable
on a computer with
Acrobate Reader, by
e-mailing the editor.



LESSONS ON THE WATER

by Andrew Porter

THE EVENT ON JUNE 1 where we had the opportunity to retrieve three men from the waters of lake Ontario was a real eye opener that brought to mind the phrase “when you least expect it, expect it”. That was literally our first sail and cruise of the season and I will never forget the incredible surprise when we found those men.

I have been asked on occasion what we learned from the experience so I thought I might share some of my observations. Aside from “expecting the unexpected”, there were a number of insights that I gained from our adventure. To break it down, there are three primary areas: equipment, training and behavior.

I came to realize that the task of ensuring a boat keeps the minimum safety equipment (flares, heaving lines, PFD, radio, etc.) is more than just a legal requirement. While I endeavored to meet the minimum requirements, it seemed more like a game than something that lives would depend on. Doing a radio check, ensuring flares have not expired and that buoyant lines are accessible did not have the same emphasis as it does now. We did all these things before we left but thought of it as more of a routine than a necessity.

I have learned that it is important to have variety of tools in the event of a crisis. One of the changes that I have made since that experience is to ensure I had a variety of flares to meet different scenarios (smoke, handheld, twin star and gun). I realize that the more options available to one can literally mean the difference between life and death. In addition to signaling devices, it is also important to consider how to get someone out of the water if they are unable to climb a ladder. Equipment needs to be functional, accessible and in sufficient variety to provide as many options as possible.

Having the correct equipment is not sufficient if the crew does not know how to use it or where to find it. While I could not have done this without Lisette and Gabriel, I failed to properly communicate the use of the safety equipment. Because of my poor

sharing of this critical information, precious time was lost.

For example, I had not properly trained my crew on the use of our temperamental radio. After we pulled the first man out of the water, I realized that we would need immediate medical assistance and asked Lisette to make a MAYDAY call. As she had not been fully introduced to the radio, I had to make the call, which meant that two people were in the water longer. In retrospect, I think making the call at that time was correct but it should not have been me who was doing it.

As I was rushing the MAYDAY call the quality of information that I provided caused delays as the Marine Unit searched for us in the wrong location. I found that I had to think hard about the proper procedure to make the call, what to say and the order to say it. In partial response to that I have posted basic instructions on the use of the radio and how to make a distress call next to the radio in case we ever need to do that again.

Panic is a powerful emotion that can make the most basic of tasks difficult to do properly. Even something as basic as a buoyant heaving line requires knowledge on how to use it properly. As per requirements, we had two lines with a life ring. There was some confusion as to how the life ring was attached to the line and to the boat and how the line was hung for retrieval. As a result, the line became detached from the life ring and ended up being useless. The other line we had was one of those bags. When I threw the other line, I failed to open the end of the bag—that resulted in the line only going a short distance. It also ended up being useless and I had to resort to using a sheet to reach one of the victims. Every crewmember should be completely aware and comfortable with the operation of all safety equipment and where it is located.

During the rescue, a boat saw our flares and came up to us after we flagged them down. I asked the owner to call the police on his cell but he appeared unable to make contact. After we got the men out, instead of hoping that he would make contact I should have returned to the radio to try and finish the MAYDAY call. We also should have been using the flares. Luckily the police saw the two boats and came out to investigate. If it hadn't been for that, they may never have found us. It is important to remember that the rescue is not complete until the victims have been handed off to medical authorities. Never relax until that moment occurs.

This article is as much a confession as an investigation into the lessons we learned from this experience. Days later when we spoke with the three men we retrieved, the severity of what we were involved in hit me. While I felt I was just doing my duty, it struck me that we had made critical errors that could have cost those men their lives. To me, it seemed the line between being a lifesaver and a murderer was very thin. Luckily, the “Gods” were forgiving that day and things worked out okay. However, one should not always trust that things would work out.

I guess if there is one thing I learned, it was to follow my instinct and to relentlessly make use of ALL available resources in a time of crisis. If we hadn't investigated the sound we heard, if we didn't know how to approach the men in the water and if the men had not be able to help them selves, this could have been a very different story.

One last word: I would like to thank all the TH&SC members who supported us and shared kind words with us after this event. It made a difference. ▲



BUT, HEY!!! ...THAT'S THE ADVENTURE

by Eric Muff

LAST TIME I SAW YOUSE I had just returned from a cruise in the Caribbean aboard the *Enchanted Isle*. All the isles were enchanted for me.

Since coming home from that one I've been on a bus trip to California (25 days), a bus trip to Newfoundland (21 days), and a circumnavigation of South America aboard the *Olympic Voyager* (58 days).

Whadda ya wanna do first?
You lose!

I think I'll combine the two bus trips first, then I'll spend the rest of my life making up lies about South America.

Belay that! I've just had a look at some of the California brochures I've saved and there's about a year's worth of lunacy in that pile alone (see Rich smile) so I'll do Californy first, then Newfie, then South America.

By that time I should be ninety-five.

But, hey!!! ...

This California trip started in March, 2001. Twenty-five days with the Denure Tour people out of Lindsay Ontario, a company I highly recommend.

The thing I like most about Denure is, they send a cab to your door to pick you up and they drop you off at your door when it's all done. All the bag-humpin' you have to do is from the bedroom to the front door and back. Nightly your bag is delivered to your room and it is also picked up at your room morningly. A God-send for me as decrepency takes over my sorry life.

And so it was, on, or about 21 March '01 that I was whisked away on yet another adventure.

I know all you dyed-in-the-wool sailers are looking down your smug, wee noses and saying, "what's the silly old bastard doin' takin' a land cruise, this is supposed to be a sailin' club?" But sometimes ~~circumcisions~~ circumstances alter cases.

Anywho, if ya don't like it, don't read it!

My pick-up spot is in front of the Novatel Hotel on Parkhome Avenue in beautiful downtown Willowdale. From there we stop to pick up people at the

airport and a few spots westward. The last person to come aboard (I think in Cambridge) was my seat-mate Fred Schmidt. He was, of course, a square-head from Kitchener (oops! Political Incorrectness again) anyway, he turned



out to be the best straightman I've had since McCoy and Garry.

We kept the bus in stitches: well, not really the bus, but the inmates.

Fred turned out to be a good travelling companion and we still correspond. Our tour "hostess" was also a live-wire and supplemented our antics.

I think we stopped at a mall in London (Ont.) for lunch, crossed the border at Port Huron (Sarnia) and travelled south through Michigan and Ohio to a town named Alice Sydney. I'd never heard of it before either, but we holed up at the Holiday Inn for the evening.

One of the downsides of bus travel is that you don't always get to stay downtown. Mostly you do, but not always. One thing I learned at an early age is, always keep an eye out for a service station near your accommodation. When all else fails, you can always grab a forty-eight pack and some nibblies at the Exxon station, in the excited states, anyway.

The problem is, not all hotels downtown can handle bus parking overnight. They do well, though. The good outweighs the bad. There is usually a truck-stop restaurant nearby. They do their homework.

Next day we travel through Kentucky and Tennessee and by about 4 p.m. we are comfortably ensconced in Shoney's Inn in beautiful downtown Nashville. Now this is the town for you shit-kickers, wall-to-wall Country.

And tonight we attend the Grand Ole Opry. M.C.d (that's em-ceed) by

Porter Wagoner and featuring Roy Clark (my favourite from Hee-Haw—my old man was a five-stringed banjo player), and a hundred other I know you'd recognize if I could only remember.

There's a humungus hotel in Nashville called the Opryland Hotel, and I swear it's bigger 'n' Cobourg. It would take you a month to see it all. I'm talking inside one hotel. It's awesome.

Days three and four finds us in another of my favourites, the Big Easy, n'Awlins, Fat City. It's a town you'd love. It's compulsory, in the French Quarter to walk about the streets with an alcoholic drink in your hand.

Compulsory.

But, hey!!!...that's a civilized town.

I was approached by a couple of ladies on the bus and asked if Fred and I would escort them around the old section of town. I guess they had overheard me tell Fred I had been here on many occasions. I told them that if Fred had no objections it was jake with me.

The hotel we stayed at was the Hampton Inn on St. Charles St. You all know St. Charles St. and the street car Stell...aaaaah. The famous street car stopped at our door and dropped us off at Bourbon and Canal Sts. All for a crisp, clear "semi" buck.

I lied to you about St. Charles St., it's actually St. Charles AVE.

The Denure people had laid on an extensive tour of the city and it was a good one. Lots of places in the outskirts of the city that even I had not seen.

I had heard that the "semis" had just finished building a Normandy Museum (D-Day to us old vets) and I asked the step-on guide where it was situated. She informed me that it was nearby and I should check it out.

I ran into her (thank God I wasn't driving) later in the evening and she asked me if I had found it. I told her "no, it didn't really matter. I caught the original".

Anywho, at the end of the city tour Fred and I and the two ladies bailed out at Canal and Bourbon Streets and I gave them the three-dollar tour (U.S. of course).

Chris Owens' nightclub (where my

CAFÉ DU MONDE

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But, Hey!!!

Continued from page 7

favourite, Al Hirt used to play); the Acme Oyster Bar, (best sea food in town); Preservation Hall (best dixieland jazz in the world); Pat O'Brien's Pub (famous for serving libation in hurricane glasses); K-Paul's Restaurant (well known restaurateur and master chef, noted for blackened fish); Hog's Breath Saloon (I'll pass on that one); Jackson Square; St. Louis' Cathedral; Riverfront Streetcar; Louis Armstrong Park; Riverwalk; sternwheeler *Natchez*; Basin Street; the old Jax Brewery; the French Market; Muffuletta sandwiches (named after me, of course) on Decatur Street; Aunt Sally's famous creole pralines, and I ended them up for lunch and Margurita's at Jimmy Buffet's. How's that for 3 bucks—U.S.?

But there's more.

Cafe du Monde is world famous for cafe au lait and beignets and I was steering them in that direction. But to my horror it was all boarded up. They had recently had a fire. Aw! The best laid plans of mice and mem... But, on reading the fine print, it said they had opened a stall in Jax Brewery and to come on ~~buy~~ by. God is good.

Having gorged them on this New Orleans delicacy (and a must for first-timers) I walked them along the Riverwalk to the foot of canal Street and into their fabulous casino. We all made our required donation and meandered slowly (very slowly) back to our digs.

A long, but happy day for four O.P.P.

But, hey!!!...that's the adventure.

Next time we're headin' for Houston and San Antone Texas. Don't touch that dial. ▲



BATHROOM FACELIFT

by Rosemary Johnston

IHATE TO ARGUE with Martha Stewart, but bathrooms are “not a good thing!”

The upgrading of all the Club washrooms fell into my lap from a single phone call from Marie Middleton asking, “What colour do you think the ladies loo should be?”

You've heard of the snowball effect? From that moment on, an avalanche of creative ideas and unsolicited help came from within the Club. With a core group of Heidi Brown, Wendy Stratten, my husband Dave and myself, we went into a frenzy of sourcing and shopping for the right materials and the best prices.

Once the work began, one job led to another and then another. Badly damaged walls and worn out fixtures had to be dealt with. Keep in mind that this was started prior to launch day and finished a few weeks after Sailpast. It was not a great timing for anyone who helped; the boats were in the water and they were a priority as well. However, the job was accomplished and done well by those involved, and others of their own good will.

A fine example of this is when Wendy Stratten volunteered to recreate the Ladies' shower privacy curtains, and the seat cushions on our wicker chair. She also helped take down many of the old fixtures and installed the new. Her toolbox was always at hand, and a source of problem solving ideas.

And then I decided that all the toilet seats should be replaced....

My husband was not happy that this task fell upon him. However, he was much relieved when Russ Germain showed up, wrench in hand at the first unthroning stating, “I can't let you do this alone.” Four hours later

the job was finished. All of the bolts had seized and rusted.

They both still have nightmares!!

The list of names of those who helped to complete this project is long: Lloyd White organized all the work parties for the project.

John Soltys ripped out the water damaged drywall, patched and prepped the walls for painting

Dave Brand helped with the above and later hooked up the plumbing.

Jurek Ladziak laboured for four days over the painting of the bathroom stalls that were badly pitted.

John Goba primed and painted the ceilings

Doug Wright painted for two days
Bob McComb painted the small bathrooms

Sylvie Lavioe painted picture frames

Dave Johnston hung the wallpaper border in both bathrooms

Wendy, Heidi, Dave and I finished installing the trim, all new bathroom fixtures, hung pictures and any and all odds and ends to complete the job.

A special thanks goes out to Heidi Brown. She took the time out, above and beyond her duties at the club to make this happen. I'll shop with you any day! Anyone who has ten men helping you at Home Depot at once is good to be with!!

Wendy and Dave were always there with the right tools and the know-how that kept the project running smoothly.

If I have missed anyone, talk to me; your name will be in the next Spar and Prop.

On a strange note, there have been more men in the ladies loo and more ladies in the men's loo than at an Argo game at the old Exhibition Stadium.

I guess we did OK.

All for now. I'm flushed. ▲



OUR TRIP TO CUBA

by Ralph Milligan

OUR TRIP BEGAN in August 1991. We were sitting on the patio having a beer with some club members when Maria, my wife, said, "Let's take the boat to Florida for the winter instead of storing it at the club".

I thought that the boat was too small but Lou Lalonde and Ken Deas agreed with Maria. Jim and Sylvia had just returned from Florida and said here are the charts and have a good trip. Paavo Lindstrom and Phil Delahaye had also made the trip and everyone agreed with Maria. You don't have anything to lose, have another beer. At that time we had a Tanzer 26 called *Wanderlust*.

On 18 August 1991 we sailed out of the club and headed for Florida. It was the best cruise we ever had—it took 84 days to reach Key West. We liked it so much that the following year we bought a larger boat, a 35-foot trawler.

We lived on the boat for nine years and still have the boat which we keep in Florida. We spend about five months out of the year on the boat in

Florida. This story is about our trip to Cuba.

In December 2000 we had planned a trip to Cuba with our friends on *Perlyfay*, a 40-foot trawler. We met in Marathon Florida on the 10th of December, 2000. We loaded the boats with enough food to last for six months. We had in our plans to go to Cuba, go around the island and come back through the Bahamas.

We had to get permission from the U.S. authorities, a form that you fill out and fax it to Miami port authorities for permission to leave and go to Cuba. There was no problem and it was faxed back—we were ready to go.

We left Marathon and made a run to Key West. That took a day so we anchored off Key West for two days and toured the town. We hit happy hours on both days.

The third day we headed for the Dry Torugas which lie about 70 miles to the west. Because of the way that the current flows, they say that it's easier to leave from the Dry Torguas. It's 110 miles to Havana from there, we were planning to go to Hemmingway Marina.

For two days the weather was perfect, we swam and fished and toured the fort—Fort Jefferson. at 12 noon on the 18th we left the fort behind and headed to Cuba. 🚢

To be continued

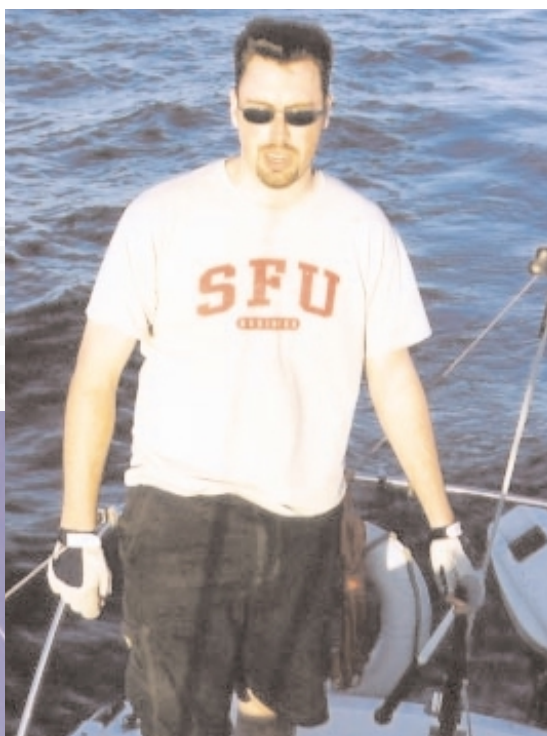
TEN THINGS

from Keith Willson

TEN THINGS...you don't want to hear on a boat.

Dann Porter recently posted this on the can.rec.boating newsgroup. Since it made me laugh I thought I'd pass it on: Ten Things You Don't Want To Hear On A Boat

- # 10. Shouldn't that lighthouse be over there?
- # 9. Is there supposed to be that much water in here?
- # 8. Well THAT doesn't seem right.
- # 7. It will be fine. The chart isn't THAT old.
- # 6. I know a short cut.
- # 5. I don't remember that island being there last trip.
- # 4. Hey Cap'n! Your toilet isn't working right.
- # 3. Was this supposed to come off in my hand?
- # 2. I meant to check that BEFORE we left the marina.
And the #1 Thing You Don't Want To Hear On A Boat....
- # 1. Uh-Oh!





August 2002



Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
Port Dal-houseie Cruise				1	2	Port Dal-houseie Cruise
4	Port Dal-houseie Cruise	5	6	7	8	9
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Dufferin Bell Buoy Race			Race Series 3 Race 1			
18	19	20	21	22	23	Cruise to Frenchman's
			Race Series 3 Race 2			
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Cruise to Frenchman's			Race Series 3 Race 3			T-Bird Regionals CORN ROAST

Bluffers Distance Race then Corn Roast on Aug. 31st



September 2002



Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
T-Bird Regionals	T-Bird Regionals		Race Series 3 Race 4			
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
			Race Series 3 Race 5	In-Water Boat Show	In-Water Boat Show	In-Water Boat Show
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
In-Water Boat Show			Race Series 3 Race 6			
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING		Makeup Race if needed			
29	30					
Frost-bite Race						

TIME TO CRAM IN AS MUCH SAILING AS POSSIBLE!



October 2002



Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
		1	2	3	4	5
						Cradle Placing Day
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
						HAULOUT
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
HAULOUT						
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

WATCH THE BULLETIN BOARD FOR HAULOUT INSTR.



November 2002



Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
						Last Mast Blast
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

LAST CHANCE TO GET SOME WORK DONE