

SPAR AND PROP

AUGUST, 2004

NUMBER 164



Rising Wind - 1986-2004 Story on page 5





Toronto Hydroplane and Sailing Club Executive Board

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TH&SC Website—www.thsc.ca

Calendar

Dufferin Bell Buoy Race—Sunday, August 8—We will start with the ABYC fleet but will be racing our own club boats. It will be interesting to have all those boats going to the same place.

Calypso Night—Saturday, August 14—A night of great partying and dancing.

Cruise to Port Credit Yacht Club—Sat. & Sun., August 21/22—A first-class club with pool and dining room. A favourite with all who have enjoyed their hospitality.

Bluffers Distance Race—Sunday, August 29—To Bluffers mark and then back again. Watch out for those “interesting” winds under the bluffs.

Corn Roast and Square Dance—Saturday, September 4—Our annual Corn Roast with the added feature this year of a Square Dance.

Cruise to Etobicoke Yacht Club—Sat. & Sun., September 11/12—The last cruise of the year. This fine club is a favourite destination.

Toronto In-Water Boat Show—Thur. to Sun., September 16/19—At Ontario Place. Preview the 2005 models from 16 f–57 ft. Tents with marine accessories, footwear, clothing and more.

Total Tough Guy—Frostbite Distance Race—Sunday, September 19—Come out for the last distance race of the season. You may not have to chip ice from your rigging but who knows what the weather will be in late September.

Paté Challenge Race—Sunday, September 26—It’s a race all right, but only by the narrowest of definitions. The race course only counts for part of your score. Your paté counts too in the areas of taste and presentation. Conceivably you could be last on the race course and knock out the judges with your paté and win. Give it a try. See Jamie Smallwood for details.

Cradle Placing Day—Saturday, October 9—Be sure to keep all cars from the parking lot today. There will be a work party placing all the cradles for upcoming haulout.

HAULOUT—Saturday and Sunday, October 16/17—Sigh! It’s that time of year again—the end of sailing season. If anyone has clout with the weatherman, please make sure we don’t have rain for this weekend!

Awards Night—Saturday, November 6—Come one, come all, collect your awards you won during the 2004 sailing season and/or come and applaud the winners. It’s a great party for everyone.

Children’s Christmas Party—Sunday, December 12—An annual party that all children love to attend. There will be a sign-up sheet posted in the clubhouse. Please be sure to let the committee know how many children you will be bringing.

New Year’s Levee—Saturday, January 1—A great chance to spend a couple of hours at the club on New Year’s Day. Meet your babysitter here after your night on the town. Or just a pleasant afternoon.

CORN ROAST AND SQUARE DANCE

Saturday, September 4th

Another great annual event. The added feature of the square dance will make it an event to remember.

Join us for a good time.

HAULOUT

Saturday and Sunday,
October 16th and 17th

Another great annual event. Unfortunately, it’s also a sad time when our boats come out for winter.

See posted instructions
in October.

COMMODORE'S COMMENTS

Keith Willson

SUMMER IS FINALLY HERE, for a few days at a time at least. Lots of things have happened since the last issue of Spar and Prop.

Your Club participated in the Able Sail Regatta in late May by lending *MAC 1* and *Shadow* along with drivers to ABYC for two days. We received a very nice letter of appreciation from ABYC and the Able Sail Association thanking us for our participation. On behalf of everyone, Thank you George Black and Ken Deas.

Sailpast dawned as a sunny day with fine wind. Many thanks to everyone who had anything to do with the day. The blessing and official launching of *MAC 1*, complete with the timely popping of the champagne cork was a fine tribute to Don MacDonald. I am sure that Don smiled along with the rest of us when the cork popped just a little prematurely. Pushing the starting gun is part of powerboat racing so perhaps Don was with us there in spirit.

The on-the-water activities were, as usual, very interesting. My rudder had many scares as there seems to have been a competition to see who could sail the closest. There were many variations upon the theme of saluting the Commodore's boat, but it took a power boat to do it the best. Thanks Marilyn for showing all the sailors what luffing really means.

The dinner and dance also went very well. I have heard nothing but compliments about the whole event.

Two sad events have also occurred.

The fire at Island Yacht Club has destroyed a landmark. Please pause with me for a moment to express your support to the members of IYC. TH&SC has extended unlimited reciprocal privileges to all members of IYC for this sailing season. They are invited to visit as often as they like and extend their stay for longer than the normal two days if they wish. We also offered the use of our Club facilities to the IYC Board to hold their meetings.

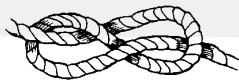
On a closer to home note. Our Property Manager, Dennis MacCallum, lost *Rising Wind* in mid-July when she caught fire, burned to the waterline and sank in the Murray Canal. Fortunately, Dennis and Chrissy escaped unharmed. Dennis has promised to author an article for Spar and Prop once things have settled. On behalf of everyone at TH&SC; Dennis

and Chrissy we are sorry for your tragic loss but we rejoice in your uninjured escape.

Racing and Cruising events are progressing as posted in the events calendar. All appear to be well attended and everyone seems to be enjoying themselves.

Coming up soon, in September, will be our annual election meeting. This year we need to find a Secretary/Treasurer, a Vice Commodore, and a Harbour Master. If you are the least bit interested contact Ed, Mike or Russ to find out more.

That's it for now. I have to leave room for everyone to get their articles in. ▲



HARBOURMASTER Russ Germain

WE ARE AT THE PEAK of the summer season and much of the work on our water-based assets has moved into maintenance mode. Noteworthy is April Willson's fine efforts in repainting all the dock deck numbers. It is a painstaking job at the best of times and her patience and dedication to the task is very much appreciated. Thank you April!

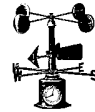
You may have noticed the pesticide application warning signs around the club property near the end of last month. If you did, then you are aware we had our first ever treatment for aquatic weeds. By the time you read this the effectiveness of the application will be evident. The approval of pesticide application for our harbour marks a significant advance in the safe navigation of our boats. I don't have to remind you of our past problems with weeds and the terrible fouling of props and rudders, not to mention the threat of engine overheating with plugged raw water intakes. A doff of the Biltmore to Bill Milne of Alex Milne and Associates for assisting us in navigating the forms, measurements, area layouts, deposits and deadlines required to achieve a successful application.

Other maintenance work done includes taking up slack on the dock anchor chains at the end of June and high water, replacing the rubber gasket on the remote control for the mast

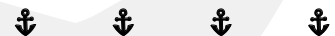
crane, marking dock fire extinguishers more clearly with new signage. Again, thanks to our dock masters Dan Demers, Andrew Porter, Jim Holton and Tony Labatt for their work. When most everyone else goes into complete vacation mode these members still keep a watchful eye on "the neighbourhood".

It is nice to report that *MAC 1* and *Shadow* have been earning their keep. The race committee under Ken Deas was involved in regatta support work at ABYC earlier this season, and according to the log, *MAC 1* has responded at least three times to grounded vessels in the Cut, a member requiring a tow, and one abandoned vessel out on the Spit.

On a personal note it was very upsetting to come upon Dennis and Chrissie MacCallum's *Rising Wind* in the Murray Canal the day after she caught fire and sank. There is little in a sailor's life more traumatic than the total loss of a boat. As Dennis said, they gave *Rising Wind* a soul with their ownership. We are thankful Dennis and Chrissie escaped without physical injury and grieve their loss. We wish these two exemplary TH&SC members happier days ahead, once again on the water. ▲



Editor's e-mail address is
rwt@total.net



The Deadline for the
OCTOBER issue of
Spar & Prop is
September 25th



Spar and Prop is available in
PDF format, readable on a
computer with
Adobe Acrobat Reader.
Available from our website.

Website address is
www.thsc.ca

STAY CLEAR OF BREEZE

by Brian Knoll

THE TORONTO POLICE MARINE UNIT has asked me to contact you and request you post a notice to your members regarding the fast ferry operations. There have been some instances of small vessels tacking in front of the ferry or travelling to close alongside.

While it is quite manoeuvrable, in the Eastern Gap and Main Channel the ferry has the right of way over all vessels as it's ability to manoeuvre is restricted in these channels. It should be treated like a freighter and small vessels should keep well clear.

The 20-metre keep-away-zone is only at dock for security reasons. When the ferry is underway boaters should remain much further away and not cross in front of it.

At this point wake does not seem to be an issue, however, the water is quite turbulent around the ferry when it is undocking and turning around.

While the Marine Unit hopes that by education, boaters and the ferry will get used to one another, they will lay charges if the rules of the road are not adhered to. These charges are quite serious and we hope they are not laid against any of our members.

Regards,
Brian Knoll
Chair, Council of Commodores ▲

BEACH FLAG AVAILABLE

by Bob Murdoch

Below is a response from the www.thsc.ca feedback form.

It was submitted by Bob Murdoch on Thursday, July 22, 2004 at 16:04

Several members of your club have contacted us about the Official Beach Flag to be made in a format for boats.

We now have them in 12"X18", two grommets. \$25 each.

I thought you might consider putting this on the bulletin board or in your newsletter. You can see the Flag at www.centre55.com ▲



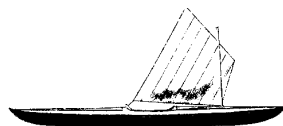
Beach Flag

CLUB STEWARD REPORT

by Jennie and Rob

WE ARE TRULY ENJOYING our second summer at the club and getting to know some of our new members. We wanted to remind everyone that we always value your comments and suggestions. Should you want to make any, the suggestion box is located beside the bulletin board and we check it weekly.

Just a note to everyone regarding recycling. Please make sure you don't put any plastic bags in the recycling bins! The city will not pick up the bins if they find any. Please be aware that we have been having problems with the city picking up the bins. We, along with Dennis MacCallum, have been dealing with the city on an ongoing basis and are doing our best to have it resolved. ▲



OUR WEATHER STATION

by Keith Willson

FOR THOSE OF YOU who have not noticed, TH&SC has a new Davis Weather Wizard III weather station. It is located just inside the south entrance door near the OOD station. Thanks to all who helped to install the unit on the roof and drill the hole through the wall. It's amazing, you find a stud in the wall, measure over 5 inches, drill a hole and what do you hit? Another stud. Just shows you how well our Clubhouse is constructed.

The unit shows real time wind direction and speed as well as outside and inside air temperature. It also calculates the wind chill. That's a handy feature for the spring and fall for sailors who can't decide whether to put on the sweater or not.

The unit is usually set on scan mode which allows it to cycle through and display all its functions. In this mode it will also display the daily highs and lows for each parameter.

We have a slight technical problem. After calibrating the wind direction vane on the ground and then installing it on the roof somehow the wind direction is off by 90 degrees. This will be fixed soon. ▲



Kids at play during Sail Past.



Ashbridge's Bay Yacht Club
50 Ashbridge's Bay Park Road, Toronto, Ontario M4B 2W6
Tel: 416-448-1111 Fax: 416-448-1112

2004-06-01

Toronto Hydroplane and Sailing Club
20 Ashbridge's Bay Park Rd
Toronto, Ontario
M4B 2W6

To: Keith Willson
Commodore-TH&SC

I would like to thank the Toronto Hydroplane and Sailing Club for their assistance with our One Design Regatta which was held May 29th & 30th. Without the assistance of Keith Dett and George Black, our 10-member would not have even assembled as a J/24. Keith & George both ran their boats as if they had been working over engines once daily basis, and all I heard afterwards was how much the rest of the crew enjoyed working with them.

Thank you again for the use of TH&SC's equipment, and for the great work of Keith Dett and George Black. I have attached a letter from a member of the ORA who was sailing on the Marlin 16 contest. I thought you might like to read it.

Yours Truly

Bob Murdoch
Bob Murdoch
Co-Chair

Keith Willson
Keith Willson
Co-Chair

George Black
George Black
Co-Chair

Keith Dett
Keith Dett
Co-Chair

George Black
George Black
Co-Chair

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Keith Dett
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Co-Chair

George Black
George Black
Co-Chair

Keith Dett
Keith Dett
Co-Chair

RISING WIND 1986-2004

by Dennis MacCallum

MANY TIMES I'VE HEARD and read of people caught in a boat emergency. I don't remember reading anything about a fire on the water, but I've read lots on what everybody should or would do. They would certainly do some of this and a whole lot of that and if they had time, they would even do more of that. I always feared a through-hull rupture or a holing at night in rough weather but really hadn't considered what to do if hit by lightening or suddenly facing a furious fire. I'm certain I thought about it, enough to think it would never happen to me. All the things I said I would do, there was none of them we had the time to do. None of them.

On Sunday afternoon of July 18th we were approaching the Murray Canal. Chris thought it might be nice to have sandwiches and a beer while we casually motored through the canal. She went below, turned on the water pressure, which we always turn off while under way, due to the hose clamp letting go a few years ago and the water tank pumping itself dry into the bilge. I checked my pockets to make sure we had the proper change for the gatekeeper at the swing bridge. Two twonies and a loonie in case the fare had increased.

This pace would get us to Belleville easy. We would meet up with the boats we knew from Whitby Yacht Club who had shared the visitors dock in Cobourg last night. Maybe we would let them know we would carry on and anchor in Big Bay. Somewhere along, maybe even tonight, we would meet up with *Ghost* and *Wild Rose* returning. We probably would come across George Black on *Phantom* in the next two weeks.

We are halfway between the entrance to the canal and the swing bridge. As she turned off the water pressure, Chrissie said I had better come and check a spraying noise she heard under the seat, in front of the galley. She came up quickly and took the wheel while I went down and took the seat cushion and cover off. Spraying here all right. Sparks were flying from the alternator where the bolt that holds the positive wire. The large cable was still attached to the bolt and was arcing like a welder's torch. The spray, like the torch, was hard to

look at. I could see smoke coming from under the floorboards. The toxic, acrid taste and smell of burning wires was already forcing its way out through the motor hatch. I made the mad dash, coughing and spitting to the cockpit to shut down the motor and grab the toolbox.

Chrissie was already yelling that the ignition alarm was screaming.

Staring back down the companionway I could already see the billowing smoke from below coming from the aft berth and the chart table. No flames, but two lungs full of toxic grayish black smoke, as I started back down the companionway steps. All I could see was the eerie light from the windows on both sides of the cabin sole through the smoke. There appeared to be no choice but to run to the bow to get the inflatable overboard. For some reason I thought it might look foolish to be sitting in the water with the dinghy on board, while the smoke subsided. At this point, I'm thinking we are going to have a hell of a mess to clean up from melted wires but never about what happened next.

The smoke is billowing through the front hatch, partly open, and up around both sides of the inflatable, which covered it. A full minute must have gone by since Chrissie had taken the wheel.

Two sailboats, having come through the swing bridge, and heading for Brighton are coming up on us and see the smoke. I yell that we have an electrical fire on board. The first boat passes quickly without even looking at us. The second boat, from Montreal, is afraid to approach but stops at a distance after passing and tries to back in towards us. He is trying to turn but with a full keel cannot maneuver.

Chrissie is screaming, "We have to get off the boat!" What I couldn't see and couldn't hear, that she could see and hear from just behind the shrouds, were the flames coming the companionway and the things, some things, exploding below. She grabbed the aft end of the inflatable and together we throw it overboard. It caught in the jib sheet and landed in the water upside down. The bimini catches fire and she jumps overboard screaming for me to do the same.

Still thinking the fire will burn itself out I stand there completely calm trying to remember what everybody

said they would do if caught like this. All the things that went through my mind were none of the things they said they would do. Even completely calm there is nothing that can be done.

The dodger, my beautiful hard dodger and mainsail cover was on fire. Another explosion below and Chrissie is in the water pleading with me to get off the boat. As though I were another person, I grabbed myself and forced me overboard, grabbing the gas and diesel jerry cans on the way. Wouldn't want the fire to almost go out, then suddenly start up again when it hit the outboard motor gas can. We paddled to the boat from Montreal by hand, with the dinghy upside down, Chrissie hanging on and swimming alongside.

Four minutes may have passed since I had first taken the seat cover off.

We make it to the boat and we get Chrissie aboard. My legs turn to jelly and I cannot move off the inflatable. Everyone is screaming for me to get in the boat. In turn, every nerve in my body is screaming that this isn't for real. I think if I don't move nothing worse will happen. Overcome with grief and in shock, I stand there on an upside down dinghy, watching in anguish while *Rising Wind*, our beautiful white boat all dressed in blue, is turned into orange flames and black putrid smoke, billowing skyward. Our rescuer is trying to motor away, in case of a bigger explosion, with me being towed alongside on an upside down dinghy.

Five minutes have passed. *Rising Wind* is trying to get to shore to escape this torture. She shakes and her mast comes crashing down. Not those slow, easy, movie type crashes but from standing to water in seconds. Exactly from where we had just pulled away, only seconds before. She suffers alone. She swings forlornly, looking from side to side to see who is going to help her. She too is overcome with panic that it had to end this way. Help will come but it will be late. She looks so sad.

A small boat takes us off the Montreal boat to shore, to the paramedics, the fire department, police and hordes of onlookers. We have only our T-shirts and shorts. Everything is burning in the inferno we left behind. We sit on the shore heartbroken and wept.

Rising Wind is gone. Her spirit is

Continued on page 10

THE GRATEFUL SAILOR

by Ghislain Gaumond

LAUNCH DAY is always an interesting one. A club load of sailors, anxious to get their babies in the water. For some, it is simply a question of getting the day done and over with and come back in the fall for haul-out, while for others, like me, actually have the jitters and can't wait to get it done and go sailing. Every year, it has become the same old routine and every year, the first thing we do is to go below and check every thru-hull to ensure that the water stays outside the boat and what a relief when it is actually the case.

This year, with a new (to us) boat and with all the work having been carried out on *Emilie-Jolie*, I was anxious to see the results of my many winter projects. It had been a long time since I have had butterflies in my stomach on launch day. As the moment drew closer, it only got worst. She made it in, I "b-lined" below and checked all the thru-hulls and all appeared to be great. The engine started on a quarter turn and off to my slip I went.

Only several minutes later, did I notice some water coming through my knotmeter thru-hull (where I had simply installed a plug to replace the broken paddle wheel), which I never would have suspected anything to go wrong. Although she was not going to sink that instant, it would have been a security issue to my little family that would have worried me until it got fixed.

When I approached Russ Germain, (who had just gone through issues of his own with *Ghost* just a few minutes earlier) I guess he could read by the look on my face that I desperately needed help.

Without any hesitations Russ, set-up for *Emilie-Jolie* to be hauled-out immediately to allow me to verify the extent of the problem and hopefully fix it on the spot.

Needless to say, I was much impressed and overwhelmed by the reaction of the members around the club, everyone pitched in to help with the situation. Having been on the other side of the fence, a few times before, I realise how disrupting such action can

be to the entire launch process and for this I would like to apologise to the membership for any inconvenience this has been. At the same time, I can only be thankful to be surrounded by such kind-hearted people and would like to thank each and every one of you for allowing us to take her out of the water and fix the problem.

I am glad to report that for now the temporary repair carried out is holding great.



A sailboat is a much nicer sight when it floats than when it looks like the picture on the left.

On behalf of Nathalie, Emilie and I, thanks to all. ▲

REAR COMMODORE

Ken Deas

WELL, OUR FIRST EAST END Challenge Open regatta has come and gone and I can't help but think that the majority of our members didn't even notice. I do know that those that did had a great time. I know Jamie will list each sailing class winners so I want to list some winners in a class of their own.

It starts with Jamie Smallwood who with the able assistance of his wife, Sheila, put a lot of hours and effort into organizing and conducting the regatta. The Committee boat crew was captained by Bill Middleton with crew Tom Monson and Richard Taylor. The mark boat was ably run by Robert McCoombs, Doug Treleaven and Bill Hyndman.

Ashore we were well fed by "dinna argew with mae" George Black—your steaks were excellent George and your backup second cook, Joan Willson, earned her apron.

Meanwhile the whole support group who looked after everything else from potatoes, pots and pans, dishes, salads selling tickets, reminding me of things I forgot, cold beer and hot coffee was organized by Sylvie Lavoie and her right-hand people, Eva and Mike Baker.

Mona Anderson, who I forgot to thank on the Sunday after the regatta, assisted by Diane of ABYC did the scoring for us—thanks again, ladies! Our thanks go to Nick and Jim of Genco for supplying us with the "booty bags" and to Anne and Chris Sorely for helping us fill them.

FLOTSAM & JETSAM

Shadow

SOFT DRINK MACHINE NOW TAKES TOONIES

The pop machine in the clubhouse now takes all the coins of the realm. It required an adjustment of the coin receiver. No more jams... hooray!

DO YOU SUFFER FROM SEASICKNESS?

I do. If there is any wave action at all and I go below, it doesn't take long for nausea to set in. I usually keep trips below on those occasions to seconds. I have always wondered if those wristbands with buttons on them help prevent seasickness. Their advertising says they help but I've never heard of anyone using them. If you have used them and have been helped—or not—please let me know and I'll put the information provided in a future issue of Spar and Prop. Call at (416) 293-4340 or email at rwt@total.net.

HUNDRED OF PICTURES WERE TAKEN DURING SAILPAST 2004

So there should be lots of great pictures for submission to the Photo Contest. Don't forget to enter your best photos with Ted Martin. Look for a poster around Haulout for detailed information.

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHERE THE BLUENOSE IS?

Now you can find out. By going to the *Bluenose* website (www.bluenose2.ns.ca) and clicking on "Logs and Charts" you can get to another website called "Purple Finder". On a map of the world a transponder tells you where *Bluenose* is and what she's doing.

COLOUR PICTURES IN SPAR & PROP

Most pictures in the paper version of Spar and Prop can be seen in colour if you download the PDF file from the TH&SC website.

And last, maybe, thanks to Brad Goddard of Steam Whistle Brewing for their contribution—it went down really well.

Everyone take a bow!
We are looking for volunteers for next year.

Can't close without a nod to Chris Hanson. His cruises have gone off very well. If you have not been on one, make an effort to do the next one, you'll have a good time! ▲

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

by Eric Muff

WHEN I LAST SAW YOU GUYS we were headin' north to our first port-of-call on the Atlantic side, Puerto Madryn, Argentina, and I can happily tell you the weather's improving. (Thank you Father)

And, I can happily tell you that the yarn about the beavers has come to light. (There still may be hope for me—but don't make book.)

Apparently, back in 1946, some local "bright sparks" thought it would be a good idea to import Canadian beavers into the Tierra del Fuego area. Twenty-five mating couples should do it. They would, in time, multiply and a new fur industry would be born.

WRONG!

The average temperature in the area, in winter, is a mere zero, not cold enough for the beaver to produce dense, warming fur. So the fur industry floundered, but the beavers flourished. Now there are thousands of them, building dams all over the place. The ponds are full of dead, bleached trees and still they multiply. If any of the park rangers know you are from Canada they will almost tearfully plead with you to take some back with you!

We have two, fun-filled days at sea before we hit our first port-of-call in Argentina, Puerto Madryn.

Two fun-filled days of "enrichment activity". We start off with a lecture by Earnest A. Kollotides on "The Impact of the Greek-Persian Wars on the Western Civilization".

Next we have a lecture with Captain Loren McIntyre on "The West Coast of South America", (but we're on the EAST coast, Captain). Could this be a re-run?

Then we go "One-On-One" with George T. Keene.

Mary Jo is still leading the faithful in their search for the evasive "green flash".

Then, at 2215, if you haven't already fallen off your bar stool, you can see the "Wonders of the Sky, Tracking the Stars and Constellations", again with George T. Keene.

Then, on the other hand, if you have all the university degrees you need, you can catch Happy Hour in the Anemos Sky Lounge on Deck #7, from

4:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m. with Tex-Mex hors d'oeuvres and watered-down, over-priced, colourful cocktails.

OR

Evening Cocktail Melodies in the



Sirenes Piano Bar on Deck #6 with our Irish pianist and Irish coffee at \$4.50US a pop. (The Irish coffee, that is)

OR

Cigars and Connoisseur Cognac, in the Cigar Corner, also on Deck #6.

OR

Still on Deck #6, in the Alexander The Great Main Lounge, Variety Showtime with Danny Lozand and the Morag Singers.

OR

Last, but by no means least, Great Dance Music by the Continental Trio, 10 p.m.—midnight, then Disco "Till Dawn.

Kalnikta!!!! (That's goodnight in Greek) I'm knackered!

Next day at sea, similar to the above, so I won't bore you to death with more "Enlightenment Activity", but I would like to mention a remarkable young pianist named Cristiana Pegorara. She was magnificent and held us spellbound for a half an hour with "A Bit Of Beethoven". She stayed on board 'till Rio and entertained us frequently and royally.

I told you earlier that this ship and her sister are absolute greyhounds and cruise at twice the speed of other cruise ships. So frequently the Old Man gets ahead of schedule and we shut down the engines and bob up-and-down in the middle of the oggin. Which is what we are doing right now off the coast, in Golfo San Jorge.

Once a week we have Amateur Night and all the sad bastards in Christendom get up and make fools of themselves.

But, hey!!!...If it wasn't for egomania there'd be no Hollywood.

Anywho! Duke, the retired drummer gets the notion he'll sign up to play drums and wants me to go ashore with him so he can buy some

sticks. I don't know why there wouldn't be sticks with the drums he was going to play, but you know musicians.

It seems like a fool's mission to me—two, old, Anglo-Saxon farts, who don't speak Spanish, asking Argentinian natives, who don't understand English, where we can buy



drum sticks. And don't say "try Colonel Sanders", Garry.

Next morning, around 0600, we are safely alongside in beautiful downtown Puerto Madryn, Argentina. Old "Duke" and I are booted-and-spurred and waiting for the first "liberty boat", (that's navalese for permission to go ashore). I use the word old advisedly, Duke's 89 and I'm ten years younger.

But, hey!!!...This ain't the blind leading the blind. It's the elderly and infirm leading elderlier and infirmer.

We find a cab driver on the jetty and he says he'll drop us mid-town for four bucks U.S.

Our quest for sticks begins.

You can imagine what we looked like to passer's-by, us yelling in English, them yelling back in Spanish, and the hand language.

We did find a post office so we decided to buy some stamps and we found an English-speaking native therein but he advised us that they would not take U.S. money. Strike one. But I must admit I did admire their attitude.

The english-speaker did not know of a music shop in town, so off we go in all directions. Strike two.

We have a bite to eat and several "cerveza" and decide to give it one final shot.

And lo, God is good. Working our way toward the tourist info centre and a cab back to the ship, out of the corner of my eye I spot a drum in a shop window. From here on in pointing to drums and silly hand movements won't the day. Duke found a pair that met his length and weight requirements and all smiles we head back to the ship. Home run.

Amateur Night watch out.

Continued on page 8

But, Hey!!!...

Continued from page 7

You have probably noticed, but in this port-of-call I've done things arse-about-face. I usually give you a thumbnail sketch of the port-of-call in question and then make up some ludicrous yarn about what we did ashore. A change is as good as a rest.

Founded in 1886 by "Taffies" (Welsh settlers, to the diverse) this sheltered desert Puerto Madryn on the Golfo Nuevo, 1371 km south of Buenos Aires has taken off as a tourist destination because of its proximity to the provincial wildlife sanctuary of Peninsula Valdez and its good beaches bring domestic tourists.

Getting ashore in Puerto Madryn is a bit of a challenge and a real adventure.

You know the *huge* sea-lions that hang around Pier 39 in 'Frisco? Well, they have cousins who have taken over the jetty in Puerto Madryn. These guys are *on* the jetty, not in the water near by.

The trick is, to get by them without pissing them off. This jetty is almost a mile long and their national outdoor sport is butting your sorry, wee arse into the frigid bay.

Many have visited the bay by getting too close for a "photo-op".

Duke and I made it without mishap. (Probably international respect for the elderly and mentally challenged.)

* * *

Since starting to write this crap article and this very moment I absented myself from my scriptural duties and goofed off to beautiful



downtown Boston for a week.

Kind of a cultural escape—the Boston Pops. I wonder, is there a Boston Moms?

This I did with my trusty bus company. We drive from here eastward to the Kingston area, crossing into the "Excited States" via the Ivy League Lea bridge. These

"duty free" stops are a boon to us pensioners. It's the only place we can afford o support our habits. Well, *some* of them—booze and nicotine for most of us.

We had lunch in Watertown, New York, and continued on to Lake Placid, to spend the night in the Lake Placid Hilton.

Here's another one for your book-of-useless-information—Lake Placid *ain't* on Lake Placid, it's on Mirror Lake. And it's closed up tight by 6 p.m.

A neat place though, to sit outdoor and meditate, soak in the reflection of the mountains in Mirror Lake, sip yer duty free 151 and enjoy yer duty free cigars. At least 'till the G.D. mosquitos find out yer in town.

Next morning we cross from New York State and into Massachusetts and spend a couple of hours and have lunch in the picturesque town made famous by Norman Rockwell, Stockbridge, Massachusetts. It's *still* as pretty as he painted it.

They have recently moved his museum a short distance out of town—to accommodate parking, no doubt.

By 4:30 p.m. we are happily ensconced in the beautiful, downtown



The Bull & Finch Pub
84 Beacon Street, Boston, MA • (617) 227-9605

Radisson Hotel, in the heart of "Beantown", and as the bard said:

*Welcome to beautiful Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod.
Where the Lowells only speak to the*

Cabots,

And the Cabots speak only to God.

A lot of the "big dig" has subsided, but in spots it's still a mess.

I don't have the time, paper of patience to explain the "big dig" to ya. Ask Garry.

First night ashore in Boston I went to an Irish pub for dinner. After a few Guinness I ordered the Irish Stir Fry, which is basically all the fatty meats in Christendom fried in bacon fat. Shit! I can't even *spell* cholesterol.

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

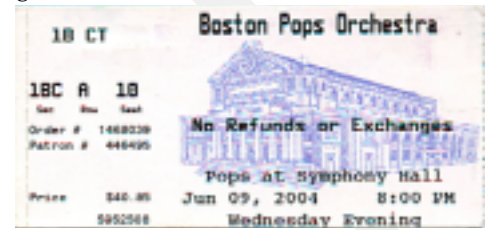
In amongst this conglomeration were great chunks of blood sausage. Now, I haven't seen blood sausage

since my childhood—we called it blood puddin'. I thought it was something only "Bronchos" were dumb enough to eat.

Next day I wandered off to "Cheers" for lunch with Cliff and Norm.

Only the entrance is authentic on the TV show. The inside is a stage set built, and filmed in Tinsel Town. The original pub is called The Bull and Finch and is at 84 Beacon St., and it sure draws "la turista".

But, hey!!!...That's Hollywood and greenbacks.



They've built a Cheers similar to the one on the "telly". It's in Feneuil Square. Probably called Cheers II, and so a franchise is born.

Feneuil Hall is in the old part of Boston, the Quincy Market, the Old North Church, *U.S.S. Constitution*, statues of Paul Revere and Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Fathers of the Confederation Revolution. There is also an old burial ground where all these "heroes" are buried. Is there *anyone* in the Excited States who is *not* a hero? An icon? A legend in his/her own time? A super-something?

But, hey!!!...Idolatry can be fun.

Front row seats at the Symphony Hall for the Boston Pops, Keith Lockhart, conducting. Top notch show.

And Bill, it pissed down rain during the performance, so yo see I still haven't *lost* it.

Many other sights and sounds to charm the senses, but I shan't bore you further.

On to Stowe, in beautiful downtown Vermont. A tiny town, but exuding charm and hospitality.

On a clear day you can almost hear Mary Poppins singing "The Hills Are Alive..."

We didn't overnight at the von Trapp Family Lodge, but we did spend a quiet afternoon interlude there.

And back to reality.

And, if there are no further distractions we'll get back to the original yarn next time.

If I can remember what it was.

But, hey!!!...that's the spice of life—variety. ▲



THE HOBBS REPORT

by Mona Anderson

To Race or Not to Race—Good Question

THERE ARE LOTS OF REASONS why some sailors don't race. Some will tell you it's because they're not competitive by nature, or because their boat is too slow, or because it just takes too long to pack up the coffee maker and biscuits. Besides, there are all those rules to learn and all that shouting. And it's dangerous isn't it? I mean a collision at sea can just ruin your whole day.

Our cruising friend prefers to head out on a fine morning with a carefree song in his heart letting the direction of the wind decide his destination. He sets his vessel on the most comfortable point of sail, gets out the snacks and settles in for a comfortable ride. Ahhh... the cruising life.

But what happens when the weather blows up? What will he do in a crowded anchorage, or a harbour he has never visited before? What if his engine breaks down, or someone on board needs urgent medical attention?

Well there it is. Once again we are learning lessons the hard way—under duress. Truth is our friend could learn a lot more about handling his boat on a race course he has prepared for than he can on the remains of a Saturday that has turned into the cruise from hell. If you look at auto racing as a comparison, beyond pure entertainment value, the race course is the primary venue for equipment research and development. What auto and tire manufacturers know this afternoon they learned at the track this morning.

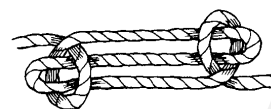
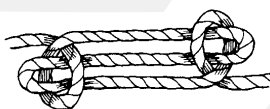
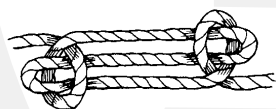
Oddly enough, racing is not so much about speed as it is about skill and strategy, as any racer will confirm. If you can't get your boat

going in the right direction it doesn't really matter how fast you are. Having your vessel under control is a must for cruiser and racer alike.

At the very heart of sailboat racing is the ability to get your vessel from designated point A to designated point B in the most efficient manner possible. That means the shortest course with the best sail trim, while anticipating or countering your competitor's moves, within the rules that apply. With practice, our sailor learns how much room he needs to turn his boat, how quickly he can stop, or accelerate, who has right of way, and how to judge the distance and speed of other boats. He will also learn to maneuver in close quarters on the start line and at mark roundings, which can really come in handy in a crowded anchorage or a busy, unfamiliar harbour. The racer learns how to sail his boat efficiently and with confidence. Can you sail your boat backwards?

Even if you have been sailing for years and know everything there is to know about your boat, a regular foray around the cans will sharpen your skills. It will also keep you informed of your boat's condition—what equipment is working and what is in need of attention. Plus, there is a wealth of information and stories to share with other racers after the flags have been handed out.

"A ship in harbor is safe, but that is not what ships are built for." — John A. Shedd



TALES FROM THE TENT

by Lee Rixon

Tales from the tent—the on-going story of the restoration of a 1954 vintage 5.5 meter—part 2.

Ok, in the last article I talked about setting up the steamer. So far so good—now comes the cookery. The basic recipe is 1-part white oak cut into 6-foot lengths and planed to just about 3/4 inch thickness, and a healthy dollop of steam. The grain of the oak should be as straight as possible and run parallel to the surface of the wood. If you have uneven grain or it isn't parallel, then when you try to bend the piece it will split at the point that the grain emerges. As far as cooking time is concerned, the rough rule of thumb is about 45-minutes of steaming for

each inch of thickness of wood.

By the way, one thing should be stated here before anyone tries this. The idea is NOT to create a pressure cooker. Under no circumstances should you seal the steam chamber up so that the pressure builds. While the temperature of steam when its condensing is below a 100 degrees centigrade, and if you stick your hand into it, it feels rather hot and wet, steam under pressure—which is called 'live steam'—is way hotter and will peel the skin off your hands. It is also way more dangerous as you can't see it until its temperature drops below 100 and it starts to condense. So make sure you have a few holes in your steam chamber for any pressure to escape.

There are only two things that can really go wrong with the steaming process. Firstly—you can do it unevenly so that while one end of the

wood is nice and steamed the other end is still dry. This happens when you aren't getting enough steam into the chamber to fill it completely—and I can speak from experience that this is very frustrating when you try to bend the wood. One end is nice and whippy and the other end is still as rigid as they come. This is fairly easily dealt with by having a hole in the steam chamber at the end away from the boiler and making sure that you can see that there is steam coming out all of the time.

The second problem that you can get is that the steam source fails. This can either be because the boiler runs dry, or as in my case, most often the camp stove ran out of fuel. Anyway, bottom line on this one is that if you don't get to it pretty quickly and the

Continued on page 11

FLEET CAPTAIN CRUISING

Chris Hanson

A GREAT START to this year's cruises

The weather, as always, is topic for conversation. It is mid-sailing season and until recently the sun and temperatures have eluded us. We have been blessed though with nice weather for our entire cruising calendar so far.

Our numbers of people and boats attending are up with an average of 12 boats participating the past three cruises. It was our first time cruising to Lakeshore Yacht Club and everyone was impressed with the club facilities. We enjoyed wonderful appetizers followed by a steak & shrimp dinner with a special guest appearance of Jeff Craigen. The next morning, our group had a fabulous buffet breakfast. To me this was the high point of the cruise with everyone contributing some food item and cooking en masse creating a breakfast that would surpass any restaurant's challenge.

We are always well treated when visiting Mimico Cruising Club. While some of our berths may have required a little extra walking everything was organized with slips assigned as we made port. They even reserved a canopy tent area for us to congregate for dinner.

The traditional July 1st family picnic cruise was based at TH&SC hosted by our Commodore Keith and Joan. Our 80 people attended and a special nod of appreciation goes to Joan for all of her organization in activities and food prep. I hear Keith took on the role of barbecue chef. Again thanks to both of you!

Speaking of club socials, I would like to say there definitely was magic in the air at Sailpast. Being relatively new members, (4th season) we could feel the positive vibes of true club spirit throughout the day and evening. I just like to thank everyone from Sylvie and her committee and Nathalie and Donna for your hard work, and YOU, club members for coming and making the day one to remember.

Elizabeth and I were away for the Bluffer's Park cruise. I heard great things about it. I want to thank John and Suzanne (*Nipkin*) for stepping up to the plate and taking on the

challenge in organizing this event. It was our best-attended cruise so far since I took on the role as your Fleet captain of Cruising. We had 14 boats participating.....wow! We even had new additions to our cruising fleet, *l'autre femme*, *Far Niente* and *My Space*.

The Frenchman's Bay trip had a smaller number of boats participating but they had a great time. Once again the weather was perfect with sunny skies and warm temperatures. Elizabeth and I departed for Halifax that weekend to take in the sights of the Tall Ships so Lee (*l'autre femme*) and Sandra (*Late Again*) hosted a terrific meal of ribs and baked beans salad and desert. Thanks to both of you for filling in, I know your cruise mates appreciated your efforts. There are two remaining locales to visit for this year's schedule. Our pool cruise to Port Credit YC in August and Etobicoke YC in September. Hope to see you there!

Chris & Elizabeth ▲

Rising Wind...

Continued from page 5

gone from the burned-out wreck she left behind. The memories of the adventures she took us on, the weekend evenings of solitude, the storms she braved to bring us safely home, is how we will best remember her. She bared her every nut and bolt for us to look at and tighten. We had spent countless hours grooming her for the trip to the Bahamas. She became our pride and joy. We brought out the best in her and she brought out the best in us. She gave us some of the best summers of our lives.

She was named from one of Credence Clearwater Revival's hits; 'C'mon the rising wind, come up around the bend.....' Many times, I would sit up at the pulpit on the bowsprit, facing aft watching her tall sails fill with that rising wind. It would bring a big grin to my face as I would watch this beautiful boat on autopilot, coming towards me, anxiously picking her way through the waves trying to catch me. I would tell her there was no place that I would rather be.

There will be other boats. And we will have other adventures. But there will be times when I will miss her. There will be times when the late afternoon wind is on its way. The wind will build, my eyes will fill with tears, and once more I will hear her call. C'mon the *Rising Wind*. ▲

SOCIAL CHAIR

Sylvie Lavoie

SO IT HAS BEEN (by the time you read this) a month since Sailpast 2004. And enjoy it...we certainly appeared to.... I wish to express my sincere thanks to the best Social Committee that ever existed specifically to Mike and Eve Baker, George Black, Heidi Weeks-Brown, Sandra Bruce, Ross Campbell, Donna Demers, Marlin and Sara Donor, Natalie Fortin John McGifford, Sheila Smallwood, Wendy Stratten, Lynda der JongevanderHalen, Agnes Voros, and the numerous folks who just walked by and lent a helping hand with the setup, i.e., Mike Adams and company.

We are currently making arrangements for Calypso Night Pig Roast on August 14th. The tickets are \$15 each up until August 2nd, the price then becomes \$18 per ticket. They will be sold by most of the Committee members. We're hoping that your enthusiasm for fun is enough for us to have two small pigs roasting and a Calypso band. ▲



The Social Committee crew for Sailpast.



Tough cruising with Rosemary and Marie.



Legends of the Sea

FANNY ADAMS, AN OLD ROYAL NAVY LOWER-DECK SLANG TERM FOR TINNED MEAT. THE ORIGIN OF THE TERM LAY IN THE MURDER, IN 1820, OF A SEVEN YEAR OLD GIRL NAMED FANNY ADAMS, BY A SURGEON'S CLERK, WHO DISEMBOWELLED AND DISMEMBERED HIS YOUNG VICTIM. TINNED MEAT HAD RECENTLY BEEN INTRODUCED INTO THE ROYAL NAVY, AND A SAILOR, UPON FINDING A BUTTON IN A TIN OF MEAT, SUGGESTED THAT IT HAD ORIGINATED IN THE YOUNG GIRL'S CLOTHES. THIS DESCRIPTION WAS SOON WIDELY USED WHEN DISCUSSING TINNED MEAT.



wood actually starts to cool off—then you just made steamed kindling. I suppose you could use it for fuel to bbq spare ribs—but for boat ribs it's a dead issue, the wood just dries up and you can't re-steam it to get it bendy again.

So to cut a long story short, learning to steam bend was a very hit and miss affair—and there were a lot of broken ribs and mumbled swear words before it started to work.

Once the steaming time is up you go from lazing around and watching the grass growing to being in a very large hurry. You basically have about a minute to get the rib bent into place, so it's really quite brisk work. At this point the oak is very bendy and you can literally bend a 6-foot length into a circle. Once the first minute has passed, it starts to stiffen up again.

Basically what I'm doing in *Talatta* is replacing the ribs one-third at a time (replacing one out of every three) and using the hull as the bending form, so literally you wedge one end in place and then bend the rib against the hull by standing on it. Nice gentle pressure seems to work the best, so even though you have to work fast, you can't be in a hurry (sounds weird, but it's true). If you rush too much then the rib is likely to split at the bend point. I'm having to put the ribs into *Talatta* in two pieces with a joint in the middle as it proves to be impossible to install a replacement rib in one piece because I can't fit a bent rib past the king plank in the time I have available. So, the ribs are put in as two parts with a 10:1 joint in



Crackerjack at speed.



Figment

the middle that is held by epoxy.

I've done some other steam bending of oak using thicker pieces of wood—you have to use different techniques to make that work—you need to use compression straps. I've built a bit of furniture that way and it's a really neat way to do things. If anyone is interested, I'd be happy to talk about that, just wander over and see me. Ok, back to the saga...

Once the rib is in the desired location the next thing is to fasten it. In *Talatta's* case, all of the original ribs were riveted into place, and to be consistent with this, I'm riveting the replacements. I temporarily fasten the rib into place with a few screws, and then when it's cooled, it gets riveted. Riveting is a truly lovely job, but more on that the next time. I suppose I could say stay tuned for the next riveting installment. (GROAN)

If anyone wants any further information or wants to have a look at the progress so far, feel free to come talk to me. My boat is a CS27 on the south side of 'A' dock called *L'Autre Femme*, and I'm around the club a fair bit. ▲

RACING CAPTAIN

Jamie Smallwood

View from the Perch

THE RACING AT TH&SC has been a mixed bag of sailing conditions, from bone chilling, to millponds, to fog bowls, to darn right gusty, and some beautiful nights with gentle winds.

The air temperature during May and June seemed to match the water temperature. The Ice Breaker Race won by Lou Lalonde of *Tsunami II* kept true to her name.

One Wednesday night, the race committee took us out into a fog so dense, that it was difficult to see farther than a couple of boat lengths. Wisely, they gave us three horn blasts to abandon the race.

The Rhumb Line Relay Race was far from orderly with gusty winds and heavy seas, sending teams into disarray.

The Paté Challenge was put on hold to allow for planning of the East End Challenge. It is rescheduled for later in September.

The TH&SC East End Challenge Open Regatta was held over the July 18 and 19 weekend, in light wind conditions, with one design fleets of Viking 28s and Thunderbirds, as well as an open PHRF division made up largely of TH&SC boats. The winner in the Viking 28 class was *Dhyana IV* from WYC, skippered by Roy Kobayashi, and Chris Reil from ABYC on *One Too Many* in the Thunderbirds, with our own Jim and Mona Anderson of *Hobbes* taking the PHRF division. The overall trophy for the event was determined by re-entering the above three boats as if they were racing level PHRF. The overall winner of the East End Challenge was Chris Reil from ABYC.

After racing on the Saturday of the EEC, the first, and hopefully annual TH&SC **Eavestrough Race** was held. The ingredients were tandem water-filled PVC eavestroughs mounted on a picnic table, six one design styrofoam hulls, and a prescribed list of materials, including an eight-inch wooden skewer, an airmail envelope, four 1-cent stamps, five roofing nails,

dental floss, a razor blade, and a band-aid. Each team had thirty minutes to design, build and test their boats. Lungpower was the only allowable means of propulsion. A round robin advanced boats with the fastest times over two runs to the next heat. The results were comical to the say the least. The winners were our own father and daughter team of Ian and Gabrielle Whan. Way to blow guys!

The remainder of the season will see the popular Dufferin Bell Buoy Race being held on Sunday, August 8, the tricky Bluffers Race on Sunday, August 29, followed by the Frostbite Race on Sunday, September 19. The Paté Challenge will be held the following Sunday, September 26. We are going to have to run some Make Up Races for the nights that we could not get a race off.

The Ides of August are upon us, and it is starting to get darker daily. Beginning August 18, Wednesday night races will be starting ten minutes earlier, with the warning gun at 6:25.

See you on the water. ▲



L'autre femme and crew



Three fast hulls



Spectrum and crew



Eavestrough racing



The Rock It crew



August 2004



Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3 Executive Board Meeting	4 Series 3 RACE 1	5	6	7
Dufferin Bell Buoy Race	9	10	11 Series 3 RACE 2	12	13	14 Calypso Night
15	16	17	18 Series 3 RACE 3	19	20	21 Port Credit YC Cruise
22 Port Credit YC Cruise	23	24	25 Series 3 RACE 4	26	27	28
29 Bluffer's Race	30	31				

A GOOD MONTH FOR CRUISING, RACING AND DAYSAILING



September 2004



Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
			1 Series 3 RACE 5	2	3	4 Corn Roast & Sq. Dance
5	6	7 Executive Board Meeting	8 Makeup if necessary	9	10	11 Etobicoke YC Cruise
12 Etobicoke YC Cruise	13	14	15 Makeup if necessary	16	17	18
19 Frostbite Race—TTGR	20	21	22	23	24	25
26 Paté Challenge Race	27	28	29	30		

EVERYBODY OUT FOR THE FROSTBITE



October 2004



Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
TIME FOR SOME LAST SAILS						
3	4	5	6 Executive Board Meeting	7	8	9 Cradle Placing Day
10	11	12	13	14	15	16 HAULOUT
17 HAULOUT	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	
31						

CLEAN UP, PACK UP, COVER UP, MAKE LIST



November 2004



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

AWARDS NIGHT—CHEER ALL THE PRIZE WINNERS