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SPAR AND PROP

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Drawing by
Marie Middleton





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Calendar

Darts, Diamonds & Dominoes—Fridays, until Spring—Join the gang in the clubhouse for fun during the off-season.

Annual General Meeting—Monday, December 9—Another important meeting in the life of our club. Send your proxy if you can't make it.

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

New Year's Levy—Wednesday, January 1—1 pm to 4 pm. A pleasant afternoon at the clubhouse meeting friends.

Toronto Boat Show—January 10-19—Admission \$13; Seniors \$10; Family \$35; Purchase tickets before Jan. 3 and get \$2 off.

See www.torontoboatshow.com

Launch Day—Saturday, May 3—We need to do a little snow shoveling, first.



Children's Christmas Party

Sunday, December 15th

At 11 am to 2 pm in TH&SC clubhouse

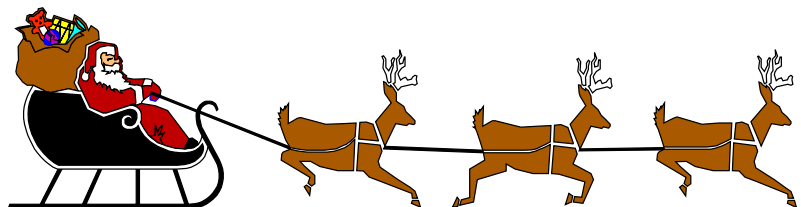
Santa Claus will be there to see the children.
Bring a gift from Santa for each child you bring.

Please bring some goodies to eat because Santa is always hungry.

There will be crafts for the kids (with thanks to Rosemary Edwards)

Please contact Joan Willson at 416-759-1846 or
joans_quillows@hotmail.com
for more information and so arrangements can be made

Everyone is welcome



COMMODORE'S COMMENTS

Patrick Flynn

LOOKING BACK over 2002 (as we near the end of another leg) and in an attempt to come up with something new for Spar & Prop, we'll recycle the old.

February brought environmental and safety issues. April brought RCYC's 150th anniversary, more pollution news, and a seriously disturbed Easter Bunny. June—at last we're sailing, we lost Chris Comerford and surprised Father Mulholland, and we're starting the recruitment campaign for the September EB elections (EB is fun, really). By August we're well into weeds, races, cruises, ways & means and other perennial entanglements. October it's all over but the politics and Last Mast Blast—and another attempt to re-cycle the usual messages (oops, that means I've recycled already).

I've got an old TH&SC file that came from Don MacDonald and it's always interesting to flip through it. THC was 'allowed' to run speed trials in the ship channel in 1952 but were instructed not to advertise "as this might attract people to the location of the trials". And you thought preventing public access was new to the waterfront?

SummerSalt has been here in 1978. Ernie Brauer, Lou Lalonde, Bill Middleton and Rich Taylor are on the 1968 members list. In 1977 Don MacDonald's annual dues as a Hydroplane owner were \$10.00. In

1962 club receipts totaled \$1961.17 and the bank balance, after expenses, was \$312.07, probably equivalent purchasing power to our current balance!

Commodores past have resigned, been in a snit over \$12.10 extra billing, suggested different organizational structures for the club, written letters to various politicians lobbying for cleaner water, less smell, more commitment to boating.

We like to think we are somehow more enlightened, progressive, modern but this 1972 quote by H. Roy Merrans, Chairman Waterfront Task Force for WARD9 might indicate otherwise;

"Surely by now we must all know that approaches to environmental problems must be based upon hard headed, businesslike, specific, and stringent controls. We can no longer be guided by expressions of the need to clean up our environment or by assertions that the major responsibility lies with others. We respectfully suggest that the development of projects to enhance the Eastern Beaches could prove futile...the area will continue to be blighted, with air that is often both foul smelling and dirty, and water that is often unfit to swim in."

Discouraging, eh what? Oh well, 160 or so days till launch (and that darned *Skook*. again—she's been here forever too).

*The law is hard on man or woman
Who steals the goose from off the common,
But lets the greater sinner loose
Who steals the common from the goose.*

Old Rhyme printed in FISH and WILDLIFE, A Memorial to W.J.K. Harkness, Longmans, 1964 ▲

amazing that that we have the same fun with our boats, get into basically the same situations, at a cost for a year that would only buy a lunch for an America Cup campaign?

Best of the Holidays
Fauvette 913 ▲

RACING CAPTAIN

Jamie Smallwood

From the Perch

I have been your Capitan of Racing for the past two years, or is it three, or I am losing count. It is a fun job, but one that needs to be done better. Perhaps that is why I am looking forward to doing it again, unless there is someone out there that is interested.

Last year we made a commitment to the East End Challenge. It turned out to be a successful event, but was run mostly on last minute adrenaline on behalf of a few club members, and a lot of help in personnel and equipment from our neighbours at ABYC. To repeat the process, and not go nuts, I would like to see the planning to start earlier. We have got a very interesting format going on, one that has the potential of growth.

Awards Night, or more correctly the Last Mast Blast was quite the party. Thanks to Dave, Kerry, and their crew for all the work and organization. The band was awesome. It was one fun night.

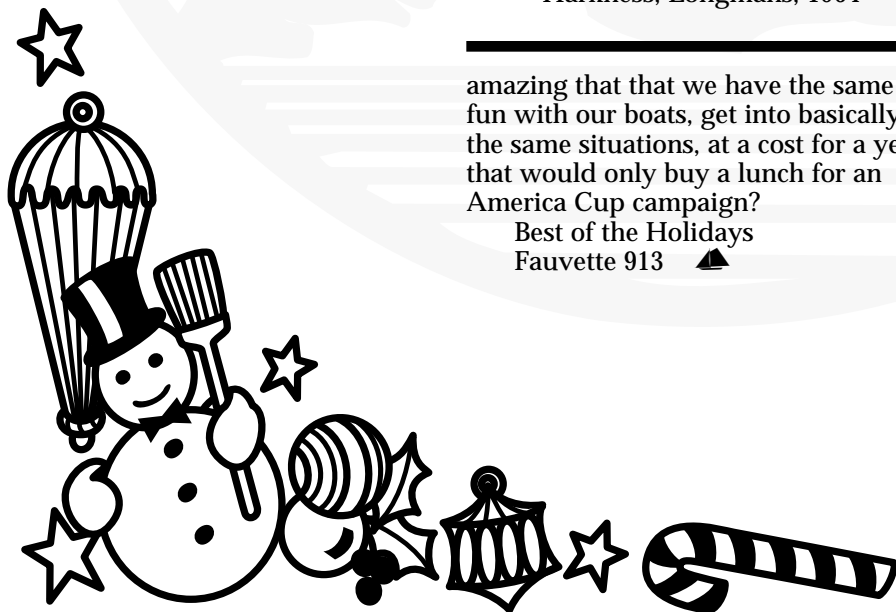
This past year we reintroduced a TH&SC Handicap system. The purpose was to blend our boats together and score them, with total disregard to PHRF. It was an interesting and revealing process. Although the system was only used for part of the year, I would like to have seen these persons recognized for their success at awards night. That did not happen, so here are some honorable mentions.

Overall (The season's 10 best races)

Division 1	1st	<i>Tsunami II</i>
	2nd	<i>Keldy</i>
	3rd	<i>Fauvette</i>
Division 2	1st	<i>Spectra</i>
	2nd	<i>l'autre femme</i>
	3rd	<i>Skookumchuk</i>

This past season was quite special for me. I had my daughter Jessica, and hubby Travis, sailing on weekdays, and Sheila being my after guard on weekends. Travjess as we affectionately refer to them have returned to the BVI's to continue with their yacht charter work. Next year, I will be putting together new crew, and going through the hoops again. Methinks that my silver collecting days may be short lived.

I have been watching a bit (a lot) of the Louis Vuitton Cup races. Is it not



PROPERTY MGR.

Lloyd White

I CERTAINLY have had my ups and downs this past year as you probably all know by now.

It certainly has been an interesting one, a productive one and a learning experience for me. One of the things I've learned about myself is that it doesn't seem to be my game, at least as it's being played by some of the politicians on the Board. In any event, I don't seem to be very good at it.

Maybe I haven't served the Board as well as I could have—let's start again—maybe I haven't served the purposes of some of the Board members the way they would have liked me to, or expected me to be a yes man, and if I ever was, it didn't stay YES very long! Yes, that's more like it—that's reality, or the way it seems to me, anyhow.

Here's more of my reality. Most of you who know me know me to be cheap, pragmatic is probably what I prefer. I've always been this way, even when I wasn't driving a K-car, so I find it hard to spend *our* money any other way than with extreme caution and frugality, and not only that, if you haven't kicked me off, I'm going to continue being the same way!

Anyhow, I don't serve the Board—I serve you, the membership—the Club. I believe I've done that, the very best way I could.

I am not going to belabour the washrooms redeccorating effort except to mention members whom Rosemary missed, which includes Clara McDaniel who worked side by side with Rosemary, and Heidi and Wendy, and two unsung heroes of "The Washrooms", and that is David Brand and John Redman. Actually, David is mentioned, but what he did, after working all day Friday, and after picking up more plumbing supplies that I had missed, started at about six forty-five pm and didn't stop until twelve forty-five am installing the basins (sinks) in the new vanity, wasn't mentioned. David...thank you!

I approached John a couple or three days earlier, and particularly wanted him to do the vanity because John is a retired professional carpenter. However, he had some woodworking projects of his own on the go, and suggested I hit him with some other

task sometime later. Fortunately, he changed his mind because he knew I was stuck, and worked about twenty hours doing what is now one beautiful job. John...thank you, too!

I would also like to thank my Committee members, David Brand again, who is my practical left arm, Franz Hrazdira, my personal adviser and right arm, Dorothy Williams, my beautiful flowers lady, and Lou—keep the drinks and ice coming and cold—Lalonde. These hardworking members certainly made the UPS part of my year!

And then there is Ross Campbell! What would I have done without him?

Thank you all for the opportunity you gave me to serve you this year.

Tricky Dick Lloyd. ▲



FLOTSAM & JETSAM

Shadow

WANTED—MECHANIC FOR SHADOW

After many years of looking after the engine of Shadow, Don Preece is passing the torch. He has sold his boat, Second Step, so he will not be spending as much time around the club. Our 2003 Harbourmaster, Russ Germain, has asked for qualified volunteers to see him about looking after our boat.

IF YOU WANT TO RENT THE CLUBHOUSE YOU MUST...

Fill out a form, obtainable at the clubhouse, requesting the rental. If the rental is approved, you must also get a LCBO license for your event. Do both things at the earliest possible time so you won't be disappointed.



VICE COMMODORE

Paul Evans

HI THERE, it occurred to me that this would actually be my last report as Vice Commodore so I figured that I better not put it off too much longer or I would miss the deadline (again). I looked back over the records that I have been trying to keep and realized that I have been a member for 17 years and a lot of those years have been on the Executive or Board in one fashion or another. I am sure that Mike will be a wonderful replacement and I have promised that I will be willing to help out if needed.

I probably should get the membership list out to make sure that I say thank you to everyone who has helped out in one way or another. There just isn't room to do it properly so I'll have to limit myself to a small sampling of those who deserve a very big thank you.

I have to start with our Editor—Richard who faithfully hounds everyone to get their articles in on time. I almost made it this time. Thank you Richard.

A big thank you to Joan and Keith, RoseMary and John, Bill and Marie, Donna and Dan, Wendy and Russ, and and and and everyone else. As you can see the list just keep going on.

As the year winds down, there are a couple of things left to do and one is getting everyone's bills out for 2003. Please return your payments promptly. Chasing after folks is very time consuming and no fun for anyone. If you feel there is an error on your bill, then phone the Accounts Receivable Officer.

We try to get it right but if not, then we need your help to straighten things out.

The other task I have is much more fun and something that is much more in tune with the Season. If you have kids, then why not bring them out to see (fan fare here please) SANTA CLAUS at the Club on Sun. Dec. 15. ?? He's a very jolly fellow and has a good time visiting all the boys and girls.

Please call if you are coming. If you have never been, then there are things you need to know.

Last thing—I understand that Santa really likes Rice Crispy Squares...(with lots of marshmallows in them) Have a safe and Happy Holidays. Many thanks. ▲

FLEET CAPTAIN CRUISING

Dennis MacCallum

YESTERDAY I visited the club to check on the boat and glanced out at the lake through the blowing snow. Sailing, except for the memories, was as far away as next May. Since it is only the first day of December, it leaves lots of time to reminisce. Those hot days drifting around Ashbridge's Bay. As well those soft summer nights crossing the lake, arriving just after midnight, anchoring in Wilson harbor, then waking up for an early entry into Tuscarora Yacht Club.

It was a good summer, maybe a little late getting warm, but as we are getting accustomed to on this end of the lake, it turns out to be a really pleasant summer. Only if it could be longer.

Cruising is a favourite pastime at our club as our Gone Sailing Log Book verifies. Seventy-five percent of our members visit other yacht clubs both near and far. We are sailors all and by visiting other clubs we are not only enjoying our sport, we are promoting sailing around Lake Ontario.

We all have spread our reputation as a great small club to visit. It is a known fact that sailors are friendly, helpful sorts, especially when it comes to handing out advice. We are fast becoming a must port to visit and the word is spreading. It makes it easier when we are met at their club by a member, who was treated well when they recently visited TH&SC.

Awards Night, also known as the Last Mast Blast, was everything it promised it would be and more. Fine dining and non-stop dancing to a great band. There were lots of people saying it was one of the best events we have had at the club in a long time. Thanks to all the people involved.

Introductions and Awards were kept at a minimum so we would have more time to party. That was pretty well accepted by all members and their guests. You knew the Awards would be published in Spar and Prop, so you would have time to look them over later. Here they are.

The Achievement and Individual Awards for cruising are as follows;

Cruising to the Bay of Quinte—*Christephanie, Lothlorien, Peregine, Phantom, Sonshine, Short Wave, Sea Mist II, Undine II.*

Cruising to 1000 Islands—*Blue Skies II, Lothlorien, Quest IV,*

Undine II

Distance Burgees for cruising miles.

1000 MI +—*Undine II*

500 MI +—*Christephanie, Nipkin, Sonshine, Lothlorien, Rising Wind, Ghost, Phantom, Short Wave.*

250 MI +—*Soulstice II, Lilli, Let It Be, Blue Skies II.*

Annual Burgees for Individual Achievement.

First Across—*Short Wave*

Smallest Across—*Au Naturel*

Last Across—*Connemara*

Most Ports Visited—*Rising Wind*

Longest Distance and Return—*Lothlorien*

Cruising Certificates were presented to the Skippers and Crew of the 12 Cruising boats "who mustered up the courage to participate in the first annual Cruising Race to Frenchman's Bay"—

Au Natural, Christephanie, Ghost, Phantom, Lothlorien, Lilli, Rising Wind, Mellow Yellow, Prelude, Short Wave, Jaberwocky, Dynes Glas.

In an impromptu race back *Rising Wind* picked up the burgee for the best time overall with memories of the trip back. Starboard tack everything from the port side on the floor then a change to port tack everything else on the floor. Fun though.

Congratulations to Captain and crew of *Sonshine* who received hero's honors from TH&SC. The award is well deserved by honourable sailors.

Finally, congratulations to all the racers who received awards and especially Jamie and Sheila's little Thunderbird who picked up so much silverware. Although I think we are really a cruising club, it is nice to see boats get out and race even if it is only one night a week and a few weekends.

Just kidding, OK? ▲

TREASURER

Jeff Ante

BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS you will probably be aware that I missed the AGM. Sorry to say that my wife dragged me off to sunny Barbados. I hope everything went smoothly.

The last two years have been an eye-opener as part of the Executive team. I was a member for 18 years before I was convinced by other members to "do my part for the club". I would like to take this opportunity to thank Sylvie Lavoie and Bill Appleton for helping me as my "committee". My plans to buy a bigger boat have fallen through as the survey did not turn out, so I will be sailing *Connemara* and doing my hard labour work days for a few years yet.

The financial health of the club is in good shape but with the ageing of our members it is important for us all to do our part advertising the benefits of our club to the boating community in order to attract new members. The initiation fees we generate are crucial to financing major projects so we don't have to face large fee increases. Our little club is one of the few clubs on the lake that has no debt.

Over the last two years the biggest problem our club has faced still seems to be getting members to fulfill their workdays. To paraphrase the words of John F. Kennedy, "Ask not what your Club can do for you, but what you can do for your Club". Don't wait to be asked—volunteer. I'm looking forward to manual labour verses brainpower for a change. ▲



New Year's Levee

Wednesday, January 1st

1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. at the

TH&SC Clubhouse

Join us for refreshments and socializing

ON BOARD A TALL SHIP

By April Willson

IT'S A COLD, WINDY and very wavy morning, the third morning into this storm although it hasn't really rained all that much.

An officer sees me working hard, not minding the waves, and asks if I can help him out. Before I know it I'm clipped on to a safety line on the yardarm of a tallship, 40-feet up in the air, hanging on for dear life, in the middle of a storm. It didn't seem that wavy on deck, but up there, with the wind and waves pushing the boat back and forth, you really begin to feel it. The view is fantastic, you can see everything.

I start to work my way out along the yardarm. You feel like you're going to fall. Careful footing is important because you don't want to take a wrong step on the unbelievably thin wire that's supposed to hold you up. It's really not helping much because it sways back and forth with the waves. One, two, three steps—one more to go. Done! We have let down the Tops'l.

Now I'm slowly making my way back to the huge mast to return down the ratlines to the deck so far below. I stop to notice the view. I'd been up here before, but never by myself. The water is so clear, so inviting, the sun feels hot, and the wind is whirling around you. It felt like I was flying. I noticed that we were at the mouth of the Detroit river and realized that it was our last day sailing. I thought to myself, "ten days isn't enough". I wanted to stay there forever. When I got back on deck, my friends looked at me, like I was crazy. But it was fun, would I do it again? Yes, in a second.

When my parents first told me about the Tall Ships Brigantine program I thought, "yeah, whatever". Then one day as I was walking around the boat show with my dad, I asked him about it. When we got home we went to their website, and I read about the program. It's a program for teens 14–18 to work for six to ten days on one of their tall ships, the *T S Playfair* or the *S T V Pathfinder*. We would learn about how the ship works and how to sail her, eat great food, make friends, and sail on one of the great

lakes. We filled out the application and I was in. I chose the first adventure, from Port Dalhousie through the Welland Canal, along Lake Erie to Windsor, 10 days in total.

After the long bus ride from Queen's Quay in Toronto to Port Dalhousie we got sorted into ship's crews and watches. We sat on the grass and talked. We talked about where we were from, how we heard about this program, school, and began to make friends with the people on our ship. Some people came all the way from



Detroit, some, like me, lived in Toronto, some had been sailing for years and some had never even seen Lake Ontario before.

I was assigned to the *STV Pathfinder*, built in 1963. She is a brigantine-rigged vessel which means she is square rigged on the foremast and gaff rigged on the main mast. She is 72 feet long, has a beam of 15 feet, draft of 8 feet and displacement of 50 tons.

Fully rigged she has an inventory of 14 sails; a Jibtop, Jib, Fores'l, Course, Tops'l, Main Stays'l, Fisherman Stays'l, Mains'l, Gaff Top s'l, two Course Studings'ls, two Tops'l Studing'ls, and Sprints'l. We normally carried only the Jib, Course, Tops'l, Main Stays'l, and the Mains'l. Five sails is plenty of work.

A full crew consists of eleven crew (Captain, First Mate, Executive or Training Officer, three Watch Officers, Bosun, Cook, three Petty officers) and 18 trainees. Only the Captain and the First Mate are over 18. The trainees are split into three watches of six trainees with three crew assigned to each watch. This voyage was not fully booked so we only had 13 trainees and eight crew. The normal watch rotation of four hours on, eight off didn't work so we stood a four hours on four hours off rotation.

We started with a tour of the ship and were told about how to do this and that. My first shift was the

graveyard shift, from 12–4 am. We split it because we were still at dock, so the girls had the first two hours and the boys had the last two. We stayed up singing, and talking until the next watch.

The next morning we set off for the Welland Canal. It took all day to get to the other end, and after a while it got boring. We had lunch, and a water fight because everybody was dying from the heat. It was interesting to watch the lake freighters slowly rise up the huge walls of the locks. There is not much to do in the canal except help push the boat off the slimy green walls of the locks.

The next day was better because we got to sail and for the first time I saw the beautiful blue of Lake Erie. Over the next few days I made many friendships. We stopped in the occasional port to see the towns and have fun, and of course to buy more food. We sailed through the nights. No day tripping on this voyage.

Eventually we reached Pelee Island and anchored off for the night. This was great as we got to go swimming. I got to go aloft to let down and furl the sails. I even got to steer a few times.

We were hit by a three-day storm. It was very, very wavy. A lot of people got sick, but those who had a strong stomach and a strong spirit, kept working hard all day and all night. By the third day, most of the people had gotten used to the eight- to nine-foot waves. When the sun finally came out



it seemed like a calm day, except for the waves.

We listened to the beach boys and pretended to surf the waves. We had a talent show, and mini competitions between watches, like who could tack fastest and most efficiently and who could scrub the decks the fastest. Other than having to wake up at four in the morning it was spectacular to watch the sun rise over the horizon while standing watch at the bow of a tall ship.

There were 12 bunks and 13 crew members. There was never a problem of space because at least two people

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

by Eric Muff

THIS MORNING finds us driving through the rugged Diablo Mountains enroute to Van Horn, Texas.

As I have told you before, I know little or nothing of Van Horn and I imagine that the only reason we are stopping there is because it is halfway between San Antonio and Tucson, Arizona, and we need a spot to “get our heads down”. Anywho, the drive through the mountains is beautiful and deer, quail, antelope and big horn sheep abound. Actually, the big horn sheep do not abound, as this is the last remaining flock in Texas. But the other bounders do abound.

We cross the continental divide and we are in Arizona. Here is an entry for your Book of Useless Information—Tucson, Arizona has 360 days of sunshine per annum. And contrary to what rumours Bill Middleton may start, it *didn't* rain the day I was there.

After a pleasant overnight in the Tucson Smuggler's Inn we continue through southern Arizona to beautiful downtown San Diego, California, stopping for lunch in Yuma, California. Another town I know zip about.

But, hey!!!...that's what travel is about—learning.

San Diego is one of the highlights of this trip for me as one of my old wartime shipmates lives here. We sailed in the ill-fated *Trentonian* together. He knows I'm coming as I wrote to him from New Orleans and gave him my ETA.

Said shipmate, Tommy, is originally from Montreal. After the war his job took him to the “Excited States” where he married and became one of them.

I always found this difficult to accept, but, what the hell, he was from “Kay-bec”.

I phoned him from my suite at the Hampton Inn and he and his lovely bride picked me up and drove me to their home for a lovely home-cooked meal. After which we drank rum, swung-the-lamp and told lies 'till the wee small hours. It was as if we were still eighteen.

I took him a book published in Canada called “Corvettes, Canada” in which he and I are both mentioned and a large jar of Lamb's 151, and he was

ecstatic. Of course enough 151 will make *anyone* ecstatic, even I.

The next morning, bright and early (it was early, but I wasn't too bright) the tour company whisked us off to beautiful downtown Tijuana, Mexico. It



is only a short hop from San Diego.

At the border they herd us off our bus and onto Mexican buses and our poor driver gets to stay behind—not that he missed a hellova lot. It's strictly a tourist trap; donkeys painted like zebras, t-shirts, postcards, the whole tourist schemeer. Remember the old adage, “A fool and his money are soon parted”? I always say, “A fool and his money are some party”.

I wandered about, took a few pictures, drank a few Cerveza and then back to my friend's place for another home-cooked and a farewell tippie.

Behind our hotel is a beautiful Shriner's Temple. On either side of the doorway are mini-sphinxes, and in front a statue of a full-sized Shriner with a young child in his arms.

The Shrine sponsors hospitals for sick kids and also burn hospitals for *any* victims of fires. These are all over North America and I believe they are gratuitous. Sadly, the temple was closed when we were there so I could not visit.

Moving right along.

From beautiful downtown San Diego we motor up to beautiful downtown Los Angeles, stopping enroute at the Old Mission in San Juan Capistrano. (I can visualize at this point you all humming “When the Swallows Come Back...”.) It is a very picturesque spot and houses the oldest buildings in California.

From there we have a guided tour of L.A., including the Old Farmer's Market, which wasn't for old farmers at all. We cruised Sunset Boulevard and they let us salivate on Rodeo Drive.

But, hey!!!...for anything else there's MasterCard.

We overnight in the luxurious Sportsmen's Lodge in Studio City.

The Mayor of L.A. must have been in tough with *our* resident idiot, because on all the street corners in L.A. they had life-sized angels (get it? Los Angeles, angels) multi-coloured like our “meese”. I wonder if *he* sells iceboxes?

The next morning we spent the day at Universal Studios. Is that Irish, or what?

I wouldn't know how to describe the bus ride through the studios. Landslides, floods, fires, explosions, collapsing bridges, building, you name it. Not for the faint of heart.

Later in the day we head out to a very unique little town called Solvang, “a little corner of Denmark”. We overnight here at the beautiful Country Inn.

The whole town is an exact replica of a small Danish town, complete with the Little Mermaid in the downtown square and statues and carvings of Hans Christian Andersen leer at you from just about every street corner.

The food in all the restaurants is also Danish. A quaint little town and a must-see if you're in the vicinity.

Let me backwater a minute. In my youthful exuberance I seem to have overshot the runway.

Back in Hollywood I neglected to mention that we went to Sid Graumann's Chinese Theatre. Sid's is still the place where the old-time actors and actresses have their feet, handprints and autographs in concrete in the entrance to the theatre. But now it is referred to as Mann's Chinese Theatre. It is called “Chinese” 'cause the entrance is in the shape of a Chinese pagoda.

I took a picture of Jean Harlow's contribution dated 29 Sept. 1933. From the size of her feet and handprints she was much tinier than she appeared on film.

I can just hear all you babyboomers saying “who the hell's Jean Harlow?” Aska you Grandma.

I also had my picture taken singing on the stage of the Hollywood Bowl. I didn't seem to draw much of a crowd, all the seats in the picture are empty.

But, hey!!!...I have *other* talents. (To which Garry replied, “Name one”.)

I'm going to leave you here in Beautiful downtown Solvang to enjoy your prune danishes, while you try to

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On November 9th, 2002, Bill Eckert died in hospital while recovering from a hip replacement. His wife, Gerda, was by his side. A memorial service was held on November 19th attended by his family and many friends. Bill was in his 78th year.



Bill Eckert became a member of the Toronto Hydroplane and Sailing Club in 1976, at which time he and Gerda were finishing the construction and fitting-out of their new sailboat, a Georgian 23 called *Fidelitas*. We did some sailing together and Elfi and I became very good friends with the Eckerts.

Over the years Bill became a very active member of the club, always willing to lend a hand in the furtherance of the club and serving as Harbourmaster for several years. They were growing years of our club and Bill had a big hand in all that went on.

After selling *Fidelitas* in 1983, Bill retired the following year from Ontario Hydro and he and Gerda proceeded to Spain where in 1984 they bought a 30-ft sailboat and began, what turned out to be a 10-year sailing exploration of the Mediterranean Sea.

Bill became a very experienced skipper and he and Gerda traveled from Spain to Mallorca and then France. They returned every winter to Toronto to look after things and at about April they were gone again.

Their voyage continued down the length of Italy,

around "the foot" of Italy into the Adriatic Sea to (what was then) Yugoslavia. During that time our friends had acquired a new boat, a 38-ft Halberg/Rassy of Swedish origin named *Mocaro*.

They now had a little more room and comfort to continue their adventures. In 1990 they had arrived in Patras, Greece, where Elfi and I were able to join them on a three-week vacation. We had a wonderful journey with them through some of the Greek Islands and then back to Athens.

After that Bill and Gerda spent several years sailing in the waters of Turkey. The Mediterranean Adventure ended in 1995, when they sold *Mocaro* and returned home.

Bill and Gerda continued their travels by buying a large truck and a 30-ft RV trailer to spend the winter months in the warmer climates of the south. Their travels took them to Texas which, during our often cold and dreary winter months, became their second home until spring.

This year a deteriorating hip required replacement. The procedure was successful and Bill was eagerly waiting to go home when he was struck with a heart attack.

Bill Eckert will be missed.

By Rudi Strenge

OUR TRIP TO CUBA (conclusion)

by Ralph Milligan

WE STAYED AT Hemingway's Marina which is about 10 km west of Havana. The weather was not the greatest, it rained for 10 days and it was cold! Like everyone says, the people were very friendly and pleasant to talk to. We walked the streets of Havana and went to some museums. They have a lot of outdoor cafés—that part of the trip was nice. We also took some bus tours around the Island.

One day while waiting for the bus (it was raining) we went into a small café for a coffee. The young lady behind counter asked what we wanted, "two coffees, please". She said three dollars, I gave her three dollars

US. When we finished the coffee she walked away putting one dollar in her pocket and two in the till! I would have felt better if I didn't see it—a 50% tip—not too bad.

When in Cuba you should check the menu. We went to another café and ordered six coffee, the bill was \$18.00US. We soon learned where to go and to read the menu. There were cafés not in the tourist area that only charged 60 cents for coffee and \$3.00 for a sandwich. Live and learn!

After New Year's the weather turned warm and it was finally nice. With the warmer weather we took some bus tours and went to a rum factory, cigar factory, and an under ground river. Next time I visit Cuba I would like to take a train trip.

There was a break in the weather on the ninth of January. The wind was from the South at five knots and bright and sunny. We called customs and

planned to leave. When we arrived our friends had already checked out and I thought that it would take two hours. I was wrong—when they checked the boat they found that I had an extra VCR that I had replaced and the old one was in the box. They questioned me about having two VCRs, I told them that I had replaced the old one and I was not allowed to give it to anyone, and 12 miles offshore it would go into the sea. The young girl looked at me and said very low, "you could give it to me". I did and we left customs in 20 minutes! We also gave them some food that we had brought, two large garbage bags full of rice, crackers and a lot of soup that you add hot water to.

The customs people were always nice and courteous and when you see how hard it is for them to get food like we have, you feel a little sorry.

We left the dock at about noon. As we were passing the markers and about 1/4 mile off shore I noticed

But, Hey!!!...

Continued from page 7

figure out what the hell was it that Hans Christian wrote.

Next time I'll take you up the Enchanted Hill to San Simeon where we explore Hearst Castle.

I'm off to Daytona now to escape your pagan rituals, and wallow in the salt sea and sand.

To all you believers—Do have a fun Christmas and a Happy, Healthy New Year. See ya in '03. ▲



Darts, Diamonds and Dominoes

Every Friday Night

7:00 - 12:00 or thereabouts
(drop in)

Competition between clubs begins in January. We need players and fans.

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



The Deadline for the
FEBRUARY issue of
Spar & Prop is
JANUARY 31st



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

On Board A Tall Ship

Continued from page 6

had to be on deck at all times. Each bunk had a lee cloth, which I was thankful for because at dock, while napping you can still fall off the bunk, to the one under you, then roll off it and the next one and end up on the cabin sole. I know—it happened to me.

The food was great, better than great. I was surprised how tasty it was considering the limited supplies we had. I learned how to cook and negotiate in the galley while pitching and rolling in eight-foot waves.



I learned what all those lines were for, how to coil very thick very long lines in seconds, all the terms, and sails, how to sail and steer, even the right way to clean bulkheads. Yes there is a wrong way to do it. I had a wonderful experience and a lot of fun, and memories that will stay with me forever.



Unfortunately, good times, and great memories, come at a cost—a cost too high for the program to continue. Early in October it was announced that this winter the two ships are being sold and the program canceled due to lack of funding. This is not only bad news to the people who dedicated their time and summers to the program and the people who have taken the program, but also for the people who aren't old enough to go yet. They will have missed this great opportunity. ▲



A Trip To Cuba

Continued from page 8

three people swimming with snorkels and fins in about 200 feet of water. They were close to the boat but I just waved and continued on and thought that snorkeling in 200 feet of water they must have great lungs.

We set the course for Key West which was about 100 miles and could see our friends on the horizon. About a half hour later we heard on the radio that a sailboat had picked up three people and the coast guard was chasing them. We just continued on our way, south winds at five knots and bright and sunny.

About 4 pm we spotted a container ship off to the west and heading our way. As it got closer the radio called, "the sailboat and trawler on my bow call". Brent on *Tranquilo I* answered. The ship radioed, "according to my calculations I am traveling at 33 knots and will pass well in front of you so hold your course." As the ship got closer I kept looking for it to change course and the closer it got the more I looked. I slowed down and turned to go behind the ship, *Tranquilo* had to stop as the ship passed. Brent came on the air and called but the ship never answered. I didn't think much of his calculations. The ship then turned south! I guess he was determined to pass us to the north.

The rest of the trip was beautiful as when it got dark we had a full moon. Cruise ships passed so close that you could hear the music and at about 12 am you could see the lights of Key West. We arrived at 2 am, put down the anchor and went to sleep.

The cost of staying at a dock in Cuba was 45 cents a foot in US funds. They charged me \$406.00 plus water and electric. Cable TV is \$20.00. There are no monthly rates so it's 45 x length x days. Believe it, I have a cheaper dock in the Keys. It's \$536.00 per month including TV, electric, and water.

I just got back from Madeira, Portugal. The marina there charges 55 cents a day with no monthly rate—also it cost \$25.00 to do 12 kilos of laundry. In Cuba it cost \$6.00 a load and you cannot do your own, a girl does it for you if you supply the soap.

People asked if I would go back by boat. NO! I would go by Air Canada, it's cheaper and less trouble. Also food and booze is included. You can't beat that. ▲



December 2002



Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
8	Annual General Meeting	9	10	11	12	13	14
Children's Xmas Party	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
29	30	31					

WATCH THE BULLETIN BOARD FOR HAULOUT INSTR.



January 2003



Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
			New Year's Levy 1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	Toronto Boat Show 10	Toronto Boat Show 11
Toronto Boat Show 12	Toronto Boat Show 13	Toronto Boat Show 14	Toronto Boat Show 15	Toronto Boat Show 16	Toronto Boat Show 17	Toronto Boat Show 18
Toronto Boat Show 19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

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Hull — 125 lb

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Sail Area — 100 sq. ft.

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Board Down — 2'6"

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SEASON'S GREETINGS