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SPAR AND PROP

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Toronto Hydroplane and Sailing Club Executive Board

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Calendar

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 with friends.

Toronto Boat Show—Saturday January 15th to Sunday January 23rd 2005—Hours of operation at the show are Mon-Fri 12-9, Sat-Sun 10-6. The Christmas rush is over, time to think about boating again. Just be sure to wipe your drool off the shiny new hulls—I will.

LAUNCH DAY—May—All is not lost. We will make it through another winter and have the whole of summer 2005 to play with. Have fun making your plans so you can prepare for another summer.

New Year's Levee

Saturday, January 1st

at the

Toronto Hydroplane and Sailing Clubhouse

from

1:00 to 4:00 p.m.

Join us for refreshments and socializing

Remember Summer?



COMMODORE'S COMMENTS

Keith Willson

IT'S COLD OUTSIDE. Someday it will snow. Oh well, the Boat Show is next month, then comes snow melt, spring prep, launch, and then Sailing again.

It has again been a pleasure serving as your Commodore this year. I think back to 1995–1997 when I last represented you as Commodore. The issues were different but the support was the same. Being Commodore is not an easy job and you definitely don't take on this position to become popular amongst the members of the Club. It's something like being the Prime Minister, somebody always thinks you are wrong.

The past year has been memorable for many reasons. A few which come to mind are: the February surge, the major work effort to get the docks back in place and repaired in time for Launch, the Easter Parade and the Pink Bunny suit (everybody has their 15 minutes of fame, but on National Television ?), Sailpast, the official dedication and launching of *MAC I*,



the Cabana construction, club cruises and racing events, workparties, the Thanksgiving Turkey Dinner, Awards nights, and believe it or not, Executive Board Meetings, yes some of them have been quite memorable.

Next year will be challenging for our Club. The content of our lease with the City in currently still under negotiation, our budget, as usual is tight but achievable, membership is steady but we always need more. There is an apparent conflict between what the members state they want TH&SC to be and what they are prepared to do to make it so. This is probably the biggest challenge for your Board.

I wish to extend the following challenge to all the members of TH&SC; Life, Sailing, Crew and Junior. First, work with your Executive to

define the identity of our "Friendly Little Club" and then work with it, don't challenge it. Second, work to enhance interest in our sport, and our Club. By doing so you will encourage people to visit our Club, you may even interest them in sailing and most importantly you may get them to join TH&SC. Getting people to join the Club is a job for all of us, not just your Executive, because if we don't encourage new members we will

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HARBOURMASTER

Russ Germain


IT MUST HAVE BEEN FUN because the past two years have flown by with amazing speed. This is my last Spar and Prop article as your Harbour Master, and it prompts me to look back and consider what we've accomplished with our water-based assets. At first, the learning curve was steeper than I had anticipated: Two series of seishes in the winter and spring of '03 that moved docks and anchor blocks certainly provided a baptism of, in this case, water, both solid and liquid. It wasn't all bad though: seeing former and current Commodores up to their knees in ice water in January while attaching temporary flotation to dock ends provided us with some unexpected amusement. And it was nice to see the resident geese basking in the shade of the plastic coyote bird-scare on hot summer afternoons on our lawn. And wasn't it amazing how that thing could get around despite my having told it to stay in one spot so we could test it over a given time?

Despite the setbacks we managed to keep the docks floating and make a few improvements here and there. Safety has always been my priority, especially when working with heavy equipment and materials in sometimes hazardous conditions. We have added a 9000 lb. DC winch to the barge. Anyone who has worked on dock maintenance and repair will appreciate the importance of this piece of equipment in dramatically reducing work time, strain and fatigue. The construction of an anchor block dolly now allows us to safely lower new anchor blocks down the dry sail ramp

to be picked up by the barge. We ran a forklift safety training course. We now have more rescue ladders at mid-docks. New dock numbers help us to find our slips when coming in to port day or night. We finally obtained our first approval to apply aquatic herbicide to control our pernicious weed problem, thanks to the dogged efforts of former Commodore Pat Flynn who softened up city hall. The results were an unqualified success. And we acquired *MAC 1*, our new marker/utility/assistance boat, thanks to the generous donation of one of our founding hydroplane members. This craft was custom made and is dedicated to the memory of Donald MacDonald and his spirit of racing.

But all of this would not have been possible without the efforts of you, our members. From the Harbour Master's point of view there are so many people who have earned acknowledgement for work above and beyond. After many years in this club I've come to appreciate those special people who, when seeing a job needing to be done or a hand needing to be lent, have simply pitched in and done the work, well beyond their yearly obligation. One of those is Terry Lowe, who has steadily maintained our dock electrics virtually singlehandedly. Another is Joan Willson who has run our Officer of the Day program for so many years. But the most important person in making my job go as smoothly as it did was our Ways and Means Chair, Wendy Stratten. Without her tireless organizing I simply wouldn't have had the crews I needed in place on time to do the jobs. She made the difference between success and failure for just about all of my projects and emergencies. Oh, and did I mention she is my wife? People such as these—and there are several more—deserve our profound thanks.

When I first took the job I wrote in Spar and Prop, "It is my intention to try to see that people are treated fairly, and that work is done well, safely and in a timely manner to maintain and improve our investments." I sincerely hope, for the most part, that I have done this. It's time now to pass the boat hook to our next Harbour Master, Ross Campbell. He's a very capable member who knows a lot about the club and its workings, and I urge you to give him as much support as you have given me. In the meantime, **LOCK UP THOSE LADDERS AND UNPLUG YOUR BOATS WHEN YOU'RE NOT AT THE CLUB !!**

We'll see you on the water. 

PROPERTY MGR.

Dennis MacCallum

THERE ISN'T A LOT TO REPORT in property that you haven't heard already. There shouldn't be a lot of people who worked so hard that I haven't already mentioned before. There are those, for sure, that I should mention, given their outstanding commitment to your club's property over their normal work days, but I won't. We already know who they are.

One person I have to mention though. Ted Martin, who confesses he is no spring chicken, dressed in painter's garb complete with goggles and mask on days so hot that you could stick him to a wall, and completely sprayed and painted the interior and exterior of your new gazebo. No small feat. He never quit until every sq. in. was complete. I have recognized other people for the work they have done, but somehow never got to properly recognizing Ted for his accomplishment. Ted has been around already looking to do his workdays for next year.

I could tell you about the major projects done around the club like the gazebo, the parking lot, the kitchen renovation and the painting of the interior, but I won't.

I could tell you that, the dryer vent no longer goes out a window, the barbed wire on the fence has been fixed, your ice machine works, the light on the gate pad works, the squirrels don't live in the eaves, the pool table light is properly aligned and installed, and the parking lot doesn't flood the way it used to...but I won't.

The club buildings are in reasonably good shape. As you know, maintaining them is a constant job. The clubhouse building requires some electrical work done and windows replaced. The garage appears to be OK the way it is. The workshop needs...what can I say? It needs to be turned in to a workshop.

Due to the problems we had with our docks, and the hold up on funds we still accomplished a lot. Trying to work within a budget and get so much done requires the amount of effort it takes from every member.

This year, balcony or no balcony, second floor windows have to be replaced. The kitchen window is

scheduled to be done right away. The balcony was in the plans to do last year but apparently, as was always the case, the money was required for other things.

This year we will try something new. Instead of those barrels for garbage and re-cycling along the boardwalk, some effort may be required from our members to walk across the parking lot and put their garbage in the big bin. It is a policy that 99% of clubs have and it eliminates the reason for animals and insects to hang around.

We poured concrete for an environmental area but instead of moving the existing outboard motor shed, we have decided to replace it with an all-steel shed. Beside it will be the waste oil and antifreeze barrels. And around it will be a fence.

We bought another BBQ and had the propane lines properly installed. Before they are used again, metal heat shields and some form of venting will be installed. We will finish off the back area with a new fence.

Our biggest expense this past season was the parking lot. We elected to install the drains, re-grade and put down the base. This coming year and future years, we will gradually cover with washed stone and keep re-grading.

If it were up to me I would like to do everything and get it done. I am mindful of the budget and try to be careful. Priorities change. There are small problems that we will fix over the winter and in the spring tackle some of the new projects. This year a lot of work got done. But, like I said, I don't have to tell you that.

There have been very few complaints, but still too few to mention. When there are, I try to get to them right away. I could tell you some of them...but I won't.

All in all the year was, to repeat a Martimer's phrase, "Pretty good eh?"



SOCIAL CHAIR

Sylvie Lavoie

2004 over already and I feel like it just started. Let me start by thanking my committee again: Mike and Eva Baker, Sarah and Marlin Doner, Lynda and Peter de Jonge van der Halen, Donna Demers, Nathalie Fortin, Paavo Lindström, John McGifford, Sheila Smallwood, Wendy Stratten, Agnes Voros, Heidi Weeks-Brown, Sandra Bruce.

Thanks again everyone and I am looking forward to seeing everyone at either or both the Children's Christmas Party which will be past by now or the New Year's Levee. And I am expecting to see every one (except for the Bakers who have taken on other responsibilities) at the first committee meeting in early March

I can't believe that we have (had) 28 children this year at Santa's visit—a sign that new younger members have joined us.

Now for my pitch to invite my successor for 2006 to join us in 2005. As I mentioned, it really is a fun though only sometimes a challenging experience, otherwise I wouldn't be back for another year. To the newer members, Dan and Donna Demers and Rosemary Johnston did this job when they were brand new to the Club and they did a fantastic job so don't be intimidated and it is a great introduction to all that goes on.

To all members, don't forget that by not having to attend but one or two Executive Board meetings the time commitment is significantly reduced.

Hope your holidays have been fun and safe. ▲



LONG TERM PLANNING

by Ian Whan

AFTER YEARS OF ASKING about a Long Term Plan for TH&SC the Executive Board has asked me to chair a committee to develop this plan. This committee will generate a Long Term Plan, submit it to the Executive Board and present it to the membership for approval. I feel strongly that the input of the membership is vital in developing a plan that reflects the wishes of the membership.

A survey of club members is the best way to obtain this information. The creation of the survey will be the first major task of the committee. At this point I am asking for two things from the members:

1. Volunteers for the committee. Some people have already said they would be happy to help but the offer goes to all. Please send me your names, even if you have already spoken to me, and we will have a organization meeting.
2. The survey will focus on a number areas around the club. If you have an issue that you feel should be addressed in a long term plan please let us know. At this point a number of topics have been raised; time period of plan, club direction and identity, financial and business plan, club management, our facilities ... The list goes on.

Names, comments and suggestions are welcome. Send to whan@sympatico.ca ▲



BACK FOR THE WINTER

by Aubrey Millard

Ostia, Rome, Italy
Dec. 5, 2004

Hi Folks,

A short note to let you know of our speaking engagements to date. If you can make it to any of them, we would be pleased to see you. Our presentation this year will be our cruise from Istanbul around the Black Sea, with pictures of the Russian Black Sea Fleet review held in Sevastopol last July.

If you know of any sailing clubs, service clubs, school groups, or Power Squadrons that might be interested in this presentation or a general one of our sailing experiences, let us know with tentative times, and if possible we would be glad to provide a one hour presentation.

- Wed. Jan. 12—Shellbacks Club at Captain John's shipboard restaurant
- Wed. Jan. 19—5:00 pm—Toronto Boat Show
- Thurs. Jan. 20—6:00 pm—Toronto Boat Show
- Sun. Jan. 23—12:00 pm—Toronto Boat Show
- Wed. Jan. 26—12:00 pm Hamilton Naval Officers Associaton at RHYC

Judy and I are preparing a CD we hope to have ready for the Boat Show with "81 Tips for Easier Cruising", with pictures of our Black Sea cruise and a few logs. I'll give an update on this project after we get back to Toronto. ▲

TORONTO BOAT SHOW

Saturday, January 15th
to
Sunday, January 23rd

Monday to Friday—12 to 9
Saturday and Sunday—10 to 6

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

by Rich Taylor

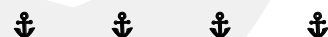
ANOTHER Annual General Meeting is behind us. Our members turned out in person and proxy to ensure a quorum. A motion to make a deadline to end the meeting was defeated. We love our punishment.

The Executive Board all gave their year-end reports in a timely manner. Many thanks were extended to all volunteers who helped the members of the EB to perform their tasks. Without them we would be lost.

As usual, the Treasurer's report and the budget proposal for 2005 was scrutinized in great detail. After much debate the proposed increase in 2005 fees of 7% was adopted. The motion to recommend George Black for Live Membership was carried and the motion to create a Major Asset Replacement Fund was defeated. The third motion about exchange vessels was tabled.

Ian Whan was appointed to form a Long Term Planning Committee. Two trophies awarded by the EB were presented. The Ways and Means Award went to Dorothy Williams and Wendy Stratten, and the Marks Trophy for service to the club was awarded to George Black. ▲

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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
Adobe Acrobat Reader.
Available from our website.

Website address is
www.thsc.ca

C-CUP IS AWARDED

by Lorne Vineberg

Bill Middleton Gets Hands on C-Cup

One of TH&SC's most coveted awards, the prestigious Committee Cup popularly known as the C-Cup, has been presented to our retired leader, Bill Middleton, for his contribution to our merriment in 2004. Previous winners include the Race Committee itself, Jamie Smallwood and Gabrielle Whan. As Vice-Admiral Emeritus, Bill certainly deserves to have his hands on the C-Cup for his years of service on *Shadow*. Bill's blue eyes and his guiding hand will be missed on race nights.



Bill's perfect attendance record was an inspiration of reliability. His knowledge of racing procedure, his instincts about shortening the course, his ability to read the weather were all extremely helpful and instructive. He could man any of the stations the rest of us operated, probably doing all of them himself if push came to shove. Only occasionally did he confuse us, but his mini-pita pockets of egg salad or Kam certainly overshadowed those dim moments, thanks be to Admiral Marie.

We are going to miss his good humour. Bill was fun to talk with and more fun to kibitz with. He brought aboard 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner' to relieve the tedium. He told us of the legendary three-humped camel that occasionally rises from the depths of Lake Ontario. We learned that Bill used to fly a plane, heard stories of his policing work and generally had a lot more fun simply because he was with us.

Members are encouraged to view the improved C-Cup in the trophy case. Originally little more than a silver

(plate) bowl for peanuts, it has been transformed by Gabrielle Whan into a statuesque artwork of glass, wood and steel. I would venture to say that the C-Cup is now on a par with some of the more stunning keepsakes that distinguish our Club's display. Thank you Gabrielle!

The Race Committee now consists of Alan Banks, Tupper Foster, Tom Monson and myself, Lorne Vineberg, good men and true, who come down to the sea again every Wednesday to serve at the racers' pleasure. My sincere thanks to them for making Race Committee duty so enjoyable. However, to anyone who knows us, it should be fairly clear that we are in need of a new member with the knowledge and affability of Bill. *Help!*

Our committee tries to get it right with the course direction, the starting line, decisions to shorten or abandon, the weather and so on. When we blow it, racers have been very understanding, so thank you. We try to bring problems out in the open so that we can all learn from them. Racers have the prerogative to protest formally, but the conciliatory approach seems to be working. One racer educated us this year about the proper length of a starting line, and it was much appreciated. We definitely do not know everything that perhaps we should—especially without Bill. Please feel free to teach us and to let us know if there is something we can do to make race night even better.

I would like to thank Jamie for handling anything and everything that comes up. Boy, can that guy keep things on an even keel! Thanks to Dan Demers for picking up where Tom leaves off as our timekeeper. We will be so glad to see you in the fleet come Spring! I would like to say a special thank you to Russ Germain for putting *Shadow* in magnificent shape and keeping her that way. You're the best ever. To George Black, Joan Willson and others who always have such pleasant dinners waiting for us on shore when we return from the course, a big thank you. I believe that communication has improved steadily among racers and Committee members, thanks to the post-race dinners. Of course, thanks to the racers who give us something to do on Wednesday evenings. You're a great bunch. We try our best for you, and appreciate your coming out and

making it worthwhile for us. The more, the merrier.

Finally, back to Bill. I have had the pleasure of knowing Bill and Marie since 1976. They are steady friends. I admire and respect Bill's many, many contributions large and small to the Club, and I personally appreciate his patient and reassuring mentorship on *Shadow*. We want to continue our service to honour his, and we wish him many years of happy racing. ▲



OFFICER OF THE DAY PROGRAM

by Joan Willson

THIS YEAR WE HAD 260 Visitors from 20 clubs and 7 Marinas. Boats came across the lake from NOTL, Wilson & TYC and the furthest boat came from Quebec, relatives of Ghislain who stayed the week.

The newest club cruise was Lakeshore Yacht Club, the same weekend we cruised to their club. Whitby, who likes to feel they have a home away from home, had the most boats here during the season with 76 visits (62 last year)—we are becoming more popular every year. In 1995 we had 22 visitors, in 1997 there were 27, in 2000 there were 127, in 2003 there were 186 and this year there were 260.

The reasons remain the same, some comments say: "it is a smaller club much like our own"; "friendly people"; "close to Queen Street, the beach and the Jazz Festival". "A good place to stop between Toronto and Whitby." "Great docks, I can't go over the bow any more and any port in a storm but I'm sure glad it was this club", as 11 boats from a Whitby cruise heading home from EYC came in during rough weather.

This year the OOD Program was a great success with 53 people participating and I want to thank all of you for doing a great job and representing the club to each visitor.

I know we can look at ways of improving our club and the service we provide to visitors. Recommendations will be submitted to the Harbour Master during the winter months. I look forward to working with Ross Campbell and other members of the Executive Board.unt. ▲

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

by Eric Muff

THERE'S AN OLD SONG, from an old Broadway musical called "Flying Down To Rio". Well, I always was a backward lad, so I'm flying UP to Rio.

Well, not exactly flying, but at a fair clip.

Since talking to you last time I have wandered off with my favourite bus company. Twice, in fact.

I spent two weeks in "Shit Kicker's Heaven" (Branson, Memphis, Pigeon Forge and Nashville). Then a week in Atlantic City.

But I shant ~~boar~~ bore you with the gory details at this moment, we shall wait 'till winter solstice, and then, if you're lucky, I will have forgotten I ever left town.

Let's get back to heading northward in the South Atlantic.

But, before we do, two issues ago I told you about one of *Graf Spee's* bower anchors being made into a memorial in the dockyard in Montevideo. I also told you that there was an inscription on it that I could not remember. Well, in the interim I was perusing some old photographs when I found one of



himself, standing by said memorial in 1995, when I first sailed into Montevideo as a callow youth. And here is what the inscription said:

**Ancla Graf Spee
Que Perduren Los Ideales
Que Hoy Juntos Defe
1939 13x11 1964**

I think when I first told you about this in 1995 or 6 I said "I don't know what this means but it probably says '...we'll get you limey bastards next time'".

Good sodding luck!

And, as we steam, serenely, through the muddy waters of the Rio

de la Plata we pass one of my favourite stretches of landscape encountered in my somewhat stunted sailing career—that stretch of South America between Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro. Rio Grande, Florianopolis, Itajai (Itajai is my favourite favourite), Blumenau (Blumeana is not a seas port, but it is close enough to Itajai to visit).

Blumeana is a quaint little "square-head" town, full of charm und sauerkraut. I am convinced. in my poor, sick, addled mind, that this is the town "Adolph" retired to when he got tired of pissing the limeys off.

But, hey!!!...we'll never know.

Next is San Francisco Do Sul, Paranagua, Santos (Santos is a large and thriving metropolis compared to the aforementioned). And then, of course, the River of January, Rio de Janeiro.

In my humble opinion, Rio itself is a piece of crap, too big, too crowded, too noisy, too dirty. But the harbour! I have never seen anything to equal it, and doubt if I ever will. It is beyond description, so I shant try.

Sugar Loaf Mountain, Corcovado, Christ the Redeemer, definitely one of God's better days.

If I was capable of waxing poetically, this is the harbour I'd wax.

It took two days, two lovely, quiet days, to sail from Buenos Aires to Rio. Warm, sunny days. Several "enrichment lectures" were laid-on whilst at sea, but most of us were being enriched by the sun, the breeze, the salt air, the daiquiris.

But, hey!!!...one man's enrichment is...

Did I mention that Dr. Sergei Khrushchev is one of our enrichment lecturers? Sorry! One of our enrichment lecturers is Dr. Sergei Khrushchev, a very pleasant, articulate chap. I hear his old man used to get his picture in the U.S. papers a lot.

As we approach Rio, we pass, on the port side, the beautiful beaches of Impanema and Copacabana. You guys all know of Impanema and Copacabana, it's where the local beauties wear "dental floss" bikinis and then there's the song "The Girl from Impanema". But who's interested?

The River of January is actually Guanabara Bay but it looked like a large river estuary to the early 16th century explorers. Rio is the second largest city in Brazil.

Rio was the capital and most dominant city of Brazil from 1763 to

1960. In the 1960s it lost its national administrative role to Brasilia and its leading position as an economic centre to Sao Paulo (Santos, mentioned earlier, is the port for Sao Paulo) but it is still the number one city for tourists (local and foreign) to flock to.

The inhabitants of Rio are referred to as "Cariocas" after a form of music



and dance, a variation of the samba.

I'm sure you would agree that Rio's spectacular mountains and sparkling beaches make it one of the most beautiful cities of the world.

The commercial core of the city is quite compact, centering on Avenida Rio Branco and Avenida Presidente Vargas. There are tall office buildings in the this area and the streets are clogged with vehicular traffic as will as pedestrian.

The most shocking thing I found was the abundance of grafitti.

CORCOVADO

Everything that isn't moving is covered with grafitti. Worse than New York City at her lowest.

But, hey...that's progress.

We are rapidly progressing.

Back to the coliseum.

But, let us look up from the gutter to the beauty that abounds.

Two of the most spectacular beauty spots in the area are "Sugar Loaf Mountain" and "Corcovado". We have or had a vessel in the club named *Corcovado*, Jeff Ante, I believe...but memory fades, Golden Years my arse. [Editor's Note: Eric is partly right—**We did have a Corcovado in the club but it belonged to Dennis Hearse (in 2000). He is no longer a member.**]

You can get to the top of "Sugar Loaf" mountain by cable car and the view is well worth the scary ride.

My favourite was Corcovado and

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But, Hey!!!...

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the statue of Christ the Redeemer. I'm sure we have all seen pictures of this magnificent statue. Stats (for the interested):

- From the *base* to the top of his head—125 feet (or 38 M for you young sophisticates)
- The statue itself is 99 feet (30 M) wingspread armspread 92 feet (28 M)

There is a cogwheel train that takes you from the city to within 220 steps to the base of the statue. With



my poor, old, arthriticky knees, this was akin to crucifixion, but I was not to be denied. After much screaming and incessant use of the "Redeemer's" name I finally stood at the feet of the Master.

Believe me, my children, it was *well* worth the pain.

Words cannot describe (the view, that is, *not* the pain—well, maybe the pain, too).

We spent three glorious days here, most of us taking laid-on tours or ogling the beauties of Impanema and Copacabana. There is also another well-known beach in the area, though not as infamous as the aforementioned, it is called "Leblon" and is basically a continuation of Impanema.

Thievery abounds on the beaches and one must be wary.

I have mentioned (ad nauseum) the ubiquitous H. Stern Jewelers in South American cities. Well, Rio is the daddy of them all. Bigger limos, bigger cocktails, and of course, bigger prices.

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

I forgot to mention Corcovado is 2400 feet above sea level (buggered if I know how many M's that is, sorry).

Here's another dollop of useless information I almost forgot to pass on. Do you remember an old James Bond flick with Bond and Jaws fighting on top of a cable car? Well, that was the cable car to the top of Sugar Loaf.

And last, but not least, they have a Carmen Miranda Museum, for you *old farts* who remember her.

Rio, if you remember, was the end of segment #2 for some passengers. Twenty days, from Valparaiso to Rio,

H. Stern

BUENOS AIRES

4840 nautical miles (don't ask me what that is in M's).

How many of these places do you remember? Valparaiso, Puerto Montt, Patagonian Channels, Straits of Magellan, Punta Arenas, Ushuaia, Cape Horn, Puerto Madryn, Montevideo, Buenas Aires and the gem of them all, Rio?

The last segment, starting in Rio, nineteen days, goes to Salvador de Bahia, Recife, Salinopolis Pilot Station, Belem]Icoraci, Rio Para Exit, (all in Brazil) back across the equator, Devil's Island French Guiana, Trinidad, Barbado, St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands and back to Lauderdale, and then...

MOMMY! IT'S O-O-O-VER!

Rio, as you know, is known to native Brazilians as "Cidade Maravilhosa" (The Wonderful City) and rightly so, it is an adventure.

We pick up a whole gaggle of Pollywogs before we leave Rio. These are landlubbers we have to initiate when we re-cross the equator (flyin' don't count).

We also have to go through all the boat drills, fire drills, etc. for the newcomers.

One of the sights I missed was the 42 massive stone arches of the "Carioca Aqueduct".

Guess I'll have to go back.

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

Join us next time as we sidle up the coast to Salvador de Bahia. ▲



Commodore's Comments...

Continued from page 3

dwindle to the point where we cease to exist and that's something that none of us want.

I wish to thank all the members of the Board for their tireless devotion to the well being of TH&SC. I have had the pleasure of working with three truly devoted, professional volunteers who will be stepping down at the end of December. Russ, Mike, Ed—thanks for a job extremely well done. They made my job easy and I hope that your next Board works together as well as we have. Discussion was always lively but to the point and co-operation was always eventually evident.

TH&SC is founded on and continues to run on its volunteer basis. Without you, the members, who always seem to step up to the plate when we need you and those of you who just always seem to be there in the background just fixing and doing things, our Club would not exist. You have my sincerest thanks.

Finally, my warmest thanks to the biggest supporters of the Board. The spouses and close friends. Only you know how many hours were spent by these people making sure that this place ran smoothly. Your support is greatly appreciated and has not gone unnoticed.

That's about it for now. From Joan, April and myself may we wish you all the best for the Christmas season have a happy new year and see you at the Levee. ▲



2004 Children's Christmas Party



ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY

by Ghislain Gaumond

AS MANY OF YOU ALREADY know, one of our member families, the Demers, Donna, Dan, Alex & Jamie (*Sassy*) were victims of a terrible car accident while on their way to Timmins during the Thanksgiving long weekend.

While travelling northbound on highway 69, approximately 60 KM south of Sudbury, their Dodge minivan was struck head-on by an out-of-control southbound vehicle.

The result of the crash was tremendous. The girls were sleeping in



the back seats when they were wrenched forward by the force of the impact. They both suffered severe bruising caused by their seatbelts and Alex also broke her nose. Donna endured a broken knee from the collision and Dan took the brunt of it, as his side of the van was the one to take most of the impact. Dan ended up with a 2-inch gash on his left forearm, severed tendons in his left hand, a crushed right heel and a shattered left hip.

Donna, despite her injury, managed in the pouring rain to get the girls to safety before realising that she was in agonising pain. Dan remained pinned in the van for approximately one hour before the rescue team could free him with the Jaws of Life.

They were transported to the Sudbury General Hospital, where they were cared for and eventually released. Dan was then air lifted to the Sunnybrook Hospital where he underwent further surgery to repair both his heel and hip. Dan has since been transferred to the St-John's Rehab Hospital in Toronto. He is working hard in therapy to get back on his feet.

Donna receives physiotherapy as an outpatient and is hoping to walk without aids soon.

They are all doing well and thanks to the devotion and support of family and friends, they have made great progress and continue to have a positive outlook. Donna and Dan were thrilled to attend Awards Night at the Club where they continue to receive support. This event was no small challenge as it was Dan's first overnight leave from the Hospital in more than seven weeks. The membership's reaction to this surprise visit was impressive and humbling.

The road to recovery is a long one, but with such inspiring attitudes from both Donna and Dan, we know they'll be back at the Club and sailing on *Sassy* in the spring with the rest of us. We wish them all a very quick recovery. ▲

LOSS OF OUR BOAT

by Dennis MacCallum

SINCE THE LOSS OF OUR BOAT, *Rising Wind*, we have been asked what we might have learned or might do different. The most important thing we learned is the healing power of the human spirit. Time does partly heal the wounds.

When I was nine years old, my grandfather came home late on a Friday night from a lumber camp he owned. Lighting a wood fire in the kitchen stove, without knowing the chimney had been seriously damaged, he laid down on a day cot, and fell asleep and awoke to the big old farmhouse completely ablaze. My grandparents lost nearly everything they had accumulated in life.

My brother and I walked down to the site early the next morning. My grandfather sitting on a box staring into only the ashes left in the basement. My brother, a seven-year-old, walked up to grandfather and took one of his big hands. "Are you sad about your house, grandfather?" he said. That was the only time ever I saw tears roll down that brawny face and fall over his chiseled jaw. "Yes boys, grandfather is really sad about his house."

I learned a lot that day.

Mostly we have learned how

sympathetic friends and acquaintances can be. There was an outpouring of genuine emotions and understanding of how we were suffering. The phone calls, e-mails, and conversations were just what we needed. We felt the guilt of letting *Rising Wind* down, and the helplessness of not being able to do anything to save her. Only real sailors understand the bond that we have with boats. When we were completely heartbroken at the brutal loss of our boat and our summer, members from TH&SC and clubs from around the lake offered us the use of their boats.

From the short investigation done on the boat, it was determined that a hard ground caused the temperature inside the small wires to rise, possibly causing them to smolder. When I lifted the cover to check on the problem, I unknowingly allowed oxygen to get turn the smolder into a blaze. Other sailors have checked their electrical systems and found they too, were possibly a short time from being in the same situation. They have found defective alternators, through to faulty wiring. Boat electrical problems can occur and sometimes are not easy to find. Since sailboat motors are not used as often as a powerboat the problem may never occur or the alternator never checked.

We had four functional fire extinguishers. Even had we been able to get to them, I still wonder what I would have sprayed them at. The smoke was billowing out the companionway so fast, reaction time is reduced to seconds. We would like to have a fire extinguishing system installed in the motor compartment if it was affordable. Failing that we will have a larger extinguisher in the cockpit locker.

We had life jackets aboard; nine of them. Two were Mustang self-inflatable. Had we been in the middle of the lake, we would have been picked up off an up side down inflatable dinghy without a life jacket. They were just inside the companionway but we couldn't have got to them. Shame on us. From now on we will be wearing our inflatables and other jackets will be in a cockpit locker.

As with most sailboats, the VHF wasn't accessible from the cockpit. We would have had to go to the chart table to send out a Mayday, had we been able to get to it. We could have grabbed the Overboard Bag at the same time. Never ever expecting something like this to happen, all in such a short time, we had everything within reach, but still did not have

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Legends of the Sea

Sailors dress: The earliest reference to any uniform dress for seamen appears to date from a few years before the Roman invasion of Britain in 55 BC. with an order that the sails on longboats in the Roman fleet were to be dyed blue to match the colour of the sea.

In addition, crews were to wear clothing of the same colour to reduce the chances of the boats being seen by the enemy.

Two thousand years later the prevailing colour of all seamen's uniforms is still blue!

 *Legend*



time to get to any of it. We will now own a handheld or an alternate system in the cockpit.

When I saw the smoke, decisions had to be made in terrifyingly short time. I made the decision if there was nothing else I could do, then at least I would get the inflatable dinghy off. It was tied to the toe-rails as we had planned to cross to Main Duck Island. From now on, I will have quick release straps or tow it behind. I will unlock the motor when underway, as I was unable to get to the cable key or cable cutters.

I will continue to insure with a company like Lombard Insurance, through McMichael-Davis as brokers. This company paid the full amount of our policy, hassle free, in eight days! We had installed a lot of equipment on the boat, which would have required another survey. We expected to have a survey done before leaving for the Bahamas and increasing the insurance at that time. Thank goodness, we had two million dollars in liability insurance, as *Rising Wind* became a public liability. Being in a federal waterway, I was responsible for any contamination. She required pumping out by two pump trucks, because she had lost her bulkheads, and if lifted full of water, she would break up. The total lift out, trucking and disposal cost was in excess of \$10,000.00. Extra to that, the town services, fire and ambulance came to over \$1000.00. Lombard covered it all, as well as \$3000.00 of personal items that belonged on the boat, such as life jackets and out-board motor. Our house insurance through The Personal Insurance Co. was equally cooperative covering us for all things personal that didn't belong on the boat.

I learned what is really important to me. Three days after the disaster, I was sitting on a bench in our back yard, cleaning the only things we retrieved intact from the boat; our anchors and rode.

Our five-year-old granddaughter came by to console us. She sat beside me and I tried not to show my despair. She looked up at me with her big hazel eyes and said "Are you sad about your boat grandpa? No matter how hard I tried, I could not stop my eyes from watering up." "Yes Monika, grandpa is very sad about his boat." I watched as from behind the beautiful blonde hair covering her face, a big tear roll down her cheek and splash on the cobblestone. "I'm sad about your boat too, grandpa".

Life goes on. ▲

RACING CAPTAIN

Jamie Smallwood

View from the Perch

AWARDS NIGHT, LAST month was well attended, and a lot of fun. Here is the breakdown of the season.

We were pleased to award Jim Holton the Harbourmaster's Trophy for the most improved skipper. He showed a tenacious spirit both on the water and off.

April Willson received the Commodore's Special Award for Sailing Achievement Outside of TH&SC for her very successful Laser Radial campaign.

Wednesday Night saw some tight racing.

Division I—Series I

Fauvette—Jamie Smallwood

Rockit—John Morris

Keldy—Ken Deas

Division I—Series II

Tsunami II—Lou Lalonde

Keldy—Ken Deas

Triple Threat—John Bennett

Division I—Series III

Tsunami II—Lou Lalonde

Double Passion—Jack Hexham

Keldy—Ken Deas

Fauvette took the overall for Wednesday, only due the fact that *Tsunami II* was not out for the entirety of Series I.

Division II—Series I

L'Autre Femme—Lee Rixon

Celaya—Doug Wright

Crackerjack—Ian Whan

Division II—Series II

L'Autre Femme—Lee Rixon

Head Office—Jim Holton

Figment—Paul Evans

Division II—Series III

L'Autre Femme—Lee Rixon

Head Office—Jim Holton

Celaya—Doug Wright

L'Autre Femme was the undisputed over all Wednesday Division II winner, but she had better watch out for *Head Office* next year.

The Weekend events were well attended, and we had some great sails.

Ice Breaker —Division I

Tsunami II—Lou Lalonde

Fauvette—Jamie Smallwood

Keldy—Ken Deas

Ice Breaker—Division II

L'Autre Femme—Lee Rixon

Spectra—Mike Flynn

Skookumchuk—Rich Taylor

Dufferin Bell—Division I

Rockit—John Morris

Fauvette—Jamie Smallwood

Langouste—Barry Smith

Dufferin Bell—Division II

Spectrum—Paavo Lindstrom

L'Autre Femme—Lee Rixon

Skookumchuk—Rich Taylor

Bluffer's Race—Division I

Tsunami II—Lou Lalonde

Keldy—Ken Deas

Fauvette—Jamie Smallwood

Bluffer's Race—Division II

Skookumchuk—Rich Taylor

L'Autre Femme—Lee Rixon

Spectrum—Paavo Lindstrom

Frostbite—Division I

Tsunami II—Lou Lalonde

Double Passion—Jack Hexham

Keldy—Ken Deas

Frostbite—Division II

L'Autre Femme—Lee Rixon

The overall Weekend Race Series winners were *Tsunami II* in Division I and *L'Autre Femme* in Division II.

There are a number of people to thank for putting this season together. Without the committee boat, we would not have been out there. Thanks for a job well done.

Wednesday night, "apres racing", was made so enjoyable with the culinary delights served by George Black and Joan Wilson. The number crunchers for race results were Mona Anderson and Dan Demers. Where would we have been without our Rear Commodore Ken Deas, with his words of wisdom and timely jokes.

This is my last "View from the Perch". For those who have been mystified by the title, it goes back several summers ago, when I spent most of the season with *Fauvette* out of the water for major repairs, up on her cradle, with me covered in paint and epoxy, on my perch watching with envy, as boats went in and out of the cut. With *Fauvette*, being a small bird, and a Thunderbird to boot, the title seemed appropriate.

It is time for someone to take over the position. I have enjoyed it very much, but admit that it does need a fresh approach. Please come forward. Thanks. ▲



Lou Lalonde; Ken Deas; Jamie Smallwood



Lee Rixon; Ken Deas



Ken Deas; Jim Holton; Jamie Smallwood



John Morris; Ken Deas; Jamie Smallwood



The prize table

TALES FROM A RADIAL

by April Willson

This is the first in a series of articles prepared by April Willson highlighting her summer of dinghy racing in her LASER Radial.

IT WAS THE FIRST DAY of training in preparation for the longest regatta of my life. The biggest, hardest, most mentally and physically



challenging race of my life. These were the biggest waves I had ever sailed single handed in. The strongest winds so far this year.

Racing is more than just sailing. It is more than just trying to achieve perfect sail trim, perfect position. More than just knowing the tactics and reading the wind. It is also mental and physical strength. Having the ability to keep going, no matter how exhausted you are. It is waking up in the morning after three straight days of racing with more bruises and cuts than



you can count. Waking up with every muscle in your body aching. Knowing that you're racing against the best in the country. The best from other countries, and wanting to throw yourself back onto the water and keep trying. It is the feeling of accomplishment. Not from winning, but solely from competing and surviving.

It was the first day of training. We spent three hours in a cramped car just

getting to the regatta. Then we spent the next two hours lifting six boats off trailers, stepping masts, setting up rigging and everything else that had to be done. Then, time to get tough, no rest, just out onto the water. Nothing could have prepared me for this. At the time, I didn't know what I was getting myself into. I had no idea that, that very night I would be sitting alone wondering whether or not I could do it.



Sailing alone is hard. Everything is on you. You can't afford to get tired or frustrated. You can't afford to be distracted or slack off for a few seconds, because in a fleet of over 150 boats, one mistake can cost twenty spots.

Sailing alone is also good. You are skipper, crew, and tactician. In a restricted Class like the Laser Radial all the boats are exactly the same. The only difference is the skill of the



person sailing the boat. When things go badly wrong there is only one person to blame—look in the mirror. When things go seriously right—it's boasting time.

The waves were reaching six feet, winds twenty, gusting to twenty-five. I was using every ounce of strength I had left to keep my boat as flat as possible. I headed downwind, starting to get a handle on the waves, hoping to catch a wave for that huge adrenaline rush of planing across the water, when it happened. I had done it before, but never in waves this big or winds this strong. I felt the dagger

board, which was barely down, catch the crest of the wave and my boat start to speed up. My bow started to dip down.

At that speed, every moment is critical. Lean too much one way and the boat will flip dangerously fast. I moved slowly back to the transom and



held on to the tiller with both hands. It was vibrating so much I thought it would snap. The winds caught the sail and I felt like I was flying. It was the best feeling in the world. It's moments like these that give me the will power to keep going.

One mistake and everything can go wrong. I wasn't concentrating on what I was doing. I was stuck in that glorious moment. The bow dipped down too far and slammed into the wave in front of it. Stopping my boat dead. The next thing I remember I was in the water, snapping back into reality.

Apparently, according to my Coach, when my boat stopped moving



I didn't and was thrown forward through the air about 15 feet past my boat and into the ice-cold water. I barely had the strength to right my boat and crawl back in. My coach motored over to me in the crash boat and told me to gybe around, we were going back upwind.

It was Tuesday, the first training day. The long week of CORK would start in a few days. My whole summer of sailing, my whole life of sailing had prepared me for CORK, but not for that shock.

I survived, I lived to tell the tale of my summer on a race team. ▲



December 2004



Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
HUG YOUR BOAT						
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Children's Xmas Party	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	Christmas Day 25
Boxing Day	26	27	28	29	30	31
CLEAN UP, PACK UP, COVER UP, MAKE LIST						



January 2005



Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
JOIN US AT THE CLUB ON NEW YEAR'S DAY						
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
		Executive Board Meeting				
Toronto Boat Show	Toronto Boat Show	Toronto Boat Show	Toronto Boat Show	Toronto Boat Show	Toronto Boat Show	Toronto Boat Show
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	BOAT SHOW THIS MONTH				



February 2005



Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
CHECK YOUR BOAT						
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	PLAN AHEAD TO YOUR SPRING PREPARATIONS				



March 2005



Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
CHECK YOUR BOAT						
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	GET A JUMP ON SPRING IF MARCH IS MILD	