

DOCK LINES

FALL 2010 - VOLUME 2, No 2



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From the Bridge

By Tim Francis

As your retiring commodore, this will be my last message from the bridge (although if Hessel has his way, it won't be my last Dock Lines article ☺). It has been a tremendous privilege serving as your commodore; we may not own our own harbour, but ours is a wonderful club comprised of members with many backgrounds, an active social scene, and a racing program that is the envy of clubs around the lake.

This December was a perfect example. An online discussion about organizing a meeting to plan next season's racing schedule, uncovered the fact that the Sutton Santa Claus Parade was scheduled for the next week. The spirit of the season combined with grass roots activism, and before you could say "Ho Ho Ho" we had numerous club members meeting in the Jackson's Point parking lot, braving a cold and blustery wind, preparing a CL16 to participate in the nighttime parade.



The parade itself was a great success, as the brightly lit CL16 was towed through Sutton. The activity was completed with minimal expense (and a few hours of work), and resulted in great exposure for the club, as well as a chance for us to give back to the community that hosts our club. Bravo, Thank You, and Congratulations to all those club members who helped!

You can watch a video of the float on the internet:
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rtrfjSmsgKA>

This was but one example of the club working together, and doing itself proud. The club's racing program continues to expand, and attract new participants - and the annual LSIS "Georgina Cup" race has now established itself as the premiere regatta on the LSIS schedule. On the social side, the pig roast was once again a roaring success this year, with many members enjoying the warm sun and succulent pork. The new "Pot luck on the dock" was also a great success; if you haven't tried it yet, you're missing out on a treat!

These events cannot exist without planning and help from all members; please don't limit yourself to just your *required* work hours - come out to the activities, contribute, participate, and have fun.

As I pass the Commodore title to Tim Ayerst in 2011, I am confident that the club is in great hands. Have a great winter, and I hope to see you on the water in the Summer!

Tim Francis, (now past-)Commodore

From the Engine Room

Finally, here it is, the fall 2010 issue of Dock Lines, the semi-annual electronic publication of Sail Georgina Association. As usual, our contributors are busy people who do not always have time to sit right down and write an article before our planned dead lines. Such is the nature of a volunteer project as this is.

I hope you will find the contents of this issue both interesting and useful and feel this publication to be worth while.

I recommend you have a look at the article on LED lighting and consider a change over of your ship's lights to this still new technology.

I would like to thank Nancy for another good story and her safety advice, Mary for another galley gourmet recipe, Fraser for a great racing article (we need more of these) , and Mr. Anonymnius for some good racing tips.

You will also find another instalment of the ocean voyage off the New England coast in a 26ft. Grampian back in the early seventies. For the first two parts you will have to go to back issues of Dock Lines.

I also thought that a bit of naval history might be fun and interesting. The traverse board was definitely a great find, what with today's course plotters and other electronic aids. We bought our own course plotter last fall and I have been studying up on it ever since. I found a great book on the subject at our local library and I recommend you have a look at it - after I am finished with it, that is. The book is called The Weekend Navigator by Bob Sweet. It would make a suitable and useful addition to your personal sailing book library.

At this point I would like to invite you to let us know what you think of this issue. Feedback is so helpful in letting us know whether we are doing something useful or not. Please send your comments and suggestions to

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or you can always email us via our website at
<www.sailgeorgina.ca>

And finally I would like to thank our financial supporters, our advertisers, who help us to defray printing expenses for the few hard copies we print for the club members who are without computers.

See you at the Boat Show.

Hessel H. Pape
editor

THE GALLEY GOURMET

by Mary Pape

“FASTA PASTA”

(Ideas I picked up years ago while scanning through a magazine at a doctor's office!)

The following selection of ingredients each make for quick and easy meals, all of which go well with a glass or two of wine ! The quantities of each ingredient are up to you, according to your taste and, of course, depending on the supplies you have on board!

By the way, I tried each and every one of these recipes while cruising this past summer on Georgian Bay.

1. Spaghetti, olive oil, oregano, canned tuna, black olives.
2. Rigatoni pasta, tomato sauce, curry powder, peas, meat or chicken balls (I used canned meat balls.)
3. Fettuccine, Alfredo sauce (mix or canned), canned salmon, canned tomatoes, green onions. (You better cook this one first if carrying fresh green onions on board!)
4. Fuselli pasta, butter, lemon juice, basil, parmesan cheese.
5. Penne pasta, Alfredo sauce, crab meat canned, nutmeg, baby spinach. (Another one you need to cook up first if carrying fresh baby spinach!)

Good Luck and Enjoy!

GET THE LED IN



When we acquired our boat a two or three years ago, we found that our cabin lights consisted of the good old traditional kind that took the screw-in type of bulbs similar to household bulbs, but of the marine 12 volt variety. Both the main cabin and the fore cabin were equipped with these fittings and were likely original, dating back to 1973 when the boat was built. For good measure there was a more recent 12 inch fluorescent fixture in the salon, installed above the doorway to the fore cabin and fitted with electronics to run it off the 12V battery.

A quick check revealed that the screw-in bulbs drew 15W each, while the fluorescent unit ran on a total of 30W, quite a draw on the battery. It recalled for us the frugal use of our lights during evenings on our first boat, and later in our motor home - just one or two lights on at the time, and not playing cards too late into the evening, always worrying about the state of the coach battery. Of course, the next day of driving would charge up the battery once again, but the boat, well, it is a sail boat and the outboard puts only what amounts to a trickle charge back into the batteries, not to mention running lights and the other appliance demanding power from the batteries.

So what about LEDs?

Because it is relatively recent technology, information is very hard to come by, I mean information that you and I can understand and use, information that we can apply directly to our boats with little fuss or bother. Even the staff of our favourite marine supplier was not entirely comfortable with this new way of lighting.



We initially started our quest at IKEA following a recommendation by friends of ours. IKEA offered designer LED lights in sets of three, perfect for installing in our fore cabin. As it turned out they were made to run on a small transformer plugged into 110V house current, and no, individually they were not suited for 12V according to the customer service at IKEA. We took them back.

It was at the Toronto Boat Show, early this year, that we were able to find out a little more about this solid state lighting. It took several months to order in and receive replacement fixtures, and in particular the new bulbs, if you can call them that. I believe the distributor had to bring them in from Asia first.

We now have four new LED cabin lights in our little ship, two in the main cabin over the galley and over the dinette, and two in the fore cabin on port and starboard. We selected the “warm white” variety and we are very happy with the result.

All about LED lighting.

So here is what we have learned so far about solid state lighting, and if any of it is incorrect, or if there is something here that you do not agree with, I invite you to let me know and set me straight.

1. LEDs, or Light Emitting Diodes, are solid state lighting devices that run on low voltage. The ones we are talking about for marine use are usually grouped together into a small unit to create the desired amount of light, and contain some other electronic parts to run on battery power. In fact many of these units will run on 10-30V.
2. These LED units - let's call them bulbs from here on - come in cool white, warm white, green, red, and various combinations thereof. For cabin lights we recommend warm white. It is easier on the eyes.

3. LED bulbs come in many different shapes and sizes. For marine use there generally is a replacement made for every purpose, including various cabin lights as well as navigation lights, all with the correct types of fittings such as double contact bayonet bases, double pin types, screw bases, etc. (see illustrations)
4. LED bulbs are polarity sensitive. You must be aware of which wire is positive and which is the ground. Usually, contrary to house wiring, the ground wire is black. If you are lucky, the boat wiring is according to proper marine code, and your cabin lighting positive is the dark blue wire.
5. LED bulbs are currently rather expensive, very expensive in fact, running anywhere from around \$20 to \$50 each, depending on their design. The point is that they are virtually indestructible and will last for thousands of hours of service. They do not burn out like the incandescent light bulbs. All things being equal, it is doubtful that you will ever need to replace them if you keep things free from corrosion, so they will eventually pay for themselves.

Some more technical information.

6. As mentioned, LED units/bulbs are polarity sensitive. They will not light on reverse polarity. Check the wiring in the fixture and reverse them if necessary.
7. Most LED equivalent bulbs that are used to replace old style bulbs, shed approximately the same amount of light as those they replace. So, the bulb shown at the upper left of the previous page gives about the same amount of light as the old filament style bulb that it replaced.
8. **But** the equivalent LED replacement bulb draws approximately one tenth of the current of the traditional filament type. So far I have not found the equivalent ratings in terms of candle power, lumen, or whatever, but I am told that LEDs consume approximately 1/10 electrical energy of traditional bulbs to produce the approximate same amount of light. The equivalent for the old style 15W light bulb is an LED unit that draws around 1.8W. That means for the same amount of drain on the battery, you can run nearly ten LED light units all at the same time and that is a lot of light.

The point is that there is less worry about turning off additional lighting around the boat to save battery power. A good reason for switching to the new LED lighting and alleviate some of the worries about having a low or dead battery.

There is one more thing that is worth mentioning, and that has to do with the numerous LED anchor lights that we observed, both at anchorages and at various yacht clubs that we visited over the last summer. Some showed a steady light while others were flashing, using very little power. Like our driveway lights, they generally came on seemingly automatically at dusk, and turned off at dawn. No one seemed to be able to tell us where they came from, but finally we were directed to a marina at Atherly which carried an anchor LED light complete with a solar cell and small chargeable battery.

We carried it on our back railing all fall and it works admirably, even after we parked our boat in the driveway this fall. At dusk it faithfully turns on. Legal or not, we will find a way to mount it at our mast head and we will have our anchor light which will need no tending at all.

Amazing, all this new technology!

Tips from Tabasco

By Nancy Eidt Glover

Tim and I may not have the years of experience that many of the club members have, but since we bought our first sailboat in 2001 we've sailed a lot. This past summer we put 1285 nautical miles of cruising and racing under Tabasco's keel. You can't sail that much without learning a thing or two. It is my hope that sharing some of our lessons learned will increase your enjoyment on the water.

Carry some tools and spare parts.

At the beginning of this year's long cruise to the North Channel we experienced mechanical trouble. Getting parts proved to be difficult. Not only was it a Saturday but we were in Barrie to take down our mast. The local marinas were willing to order parts in for us, promising delivery sometime in the next week. Meanwhile, we'd be stuck paying slip fees wasting our short vacation time. Tim knew that he could get what he needed on Monday if we traveled to Toronto. Limping back to Jackson's Point, he began the search for a new impeller. He located one at Northland Supply Company, just south of Keswick (905-478-2244), at half the price of the cost at a local marina.

Northland is a marine supplier and carries many boat parts in his shop, located on the south side of Ravenshoe Road, two houses east of Woodbine Ave. There is no signage and it looks like a private residence. Just drive up to the large steel garage and go in. The owner, Bob, is very knowledgeable and helpful. Unfortunately, he didn't have the required seals so we still had to take a trip downtown. I know some of you are thinking

we should have had a spare impeller on board. Lesson learned.

Inspect all your safety equipment before hand, especially your life jackets.

We thought we were being safe boaters by using our self inflating life jackets during heavy weather, at night, or whenever we raced. Our season this past year included all of these, racing in 40 knot winds, heavy seas, and a night race.

We've owned our jackets for several years now, but we never bothered to read the instruction manual. Who really reads those things anyway? Well, it seems there are some important items you should know if you are going to use these type of PFDs on board.

First of all, they should not be used by children under 16. Furthermore, the Coast Guard only considers them life jackets if they are worn, but they do not count as part of the number of life jackets required on board if you are not wearing them. And finally, they must be inspected regularly to ensure they are in working order.

We discovered, quite by accident, that our bobbins, that are needed to inflate our style of jacket, were no longer in working order. These bobbins have a shelf life of about 3 years and are very inexpensive and easy to replace. The manufacturer recommends replacing them annually. So, before next season inspect your PFD and replace the bobbin if your jacket has one.

All in all, thoughtful preparation beforehand is in order. Better yet, a basic checklist in the spring, or before setting off on an extended cruise, is a most useful tool. Happy sailing!

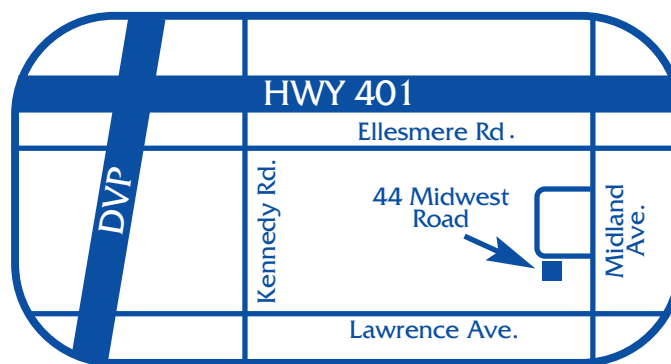
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Adventures in Sailing #4

Summer Love

By Nancy Eidt Glover

His simple good looks attracted me from the start. No pretty boys for me, just basic classic lines. We grew inseparable.

We attended adult dinghy sailing lessons that summer and he was my greatest supporter. We survived swamping, capsizing and even the occasional accidental gybe. One evening after an exciting and windy sail, I lost sight of him. Luckily, a Good Samaritan came along and we were quickly reunited.

That was a special summer. Together we enjoyed walks on the beach, barbeques and long drives, but our favourite time was on the sailboat. Windy or calm, if the sun was shining you could find us afloat on Lake Simcoe.

I worked at a day camp that year. The days were hot and long, the children mischievous and my boss demanding. But he was my rock - just the sight of him made me smile. Many days while on field trips with the kids, I'd look up to see him at a picnic table or by my backpack. I knew we'd be together at day's end.

That was the summer of the extensive power failure. We had planned a weekend cruise with some of my sailing friends. Our plans included a romantic dinner at a waterfront restaurant. The extended power outage, however, had forced the restaurant to close. We found another place for dinner but the moment was ruined. Then, back at the club, we parted ways that August weekend.

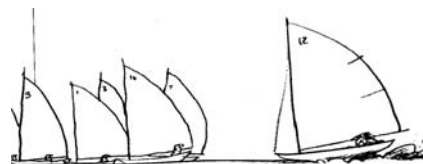
I missed him terribly. It was a very bad time for me. For weeks I felt empty inside. My eyes were continually irritated. The sting didn't go away. The sun seemed too bright for my dark mood. I didn't want to go sailing without him, but I had made a commitment to crew in the Labour Day regatta. Much to my surprise, when I walked into the clubhouse at the host yacht club, there he was!

The next few weeks were bliss. We sailed almost every day. The sun shone and the breeze blew - it was like we'd never parted. But like all summer loves, it didn't last. The cold autumn winds began to blow and we'd even seen a few flurries. With the boat hauled out of the water, there seemed no reason to see each other.

In an attempt to revive our summer love, we went to the Caribbean together the following March. Antigua was beautiful. The weather was warm, the sun shone and the wind blew. We were on the beach all day and we sailed every type of dinghy at the resort. We watched the sun set over the Caribbean from our private balcony. On the second last day of our trip, we had a mishap that resulted in us parting ways. I couldn't recreate the magic of the past summer; I returned home without him.

Back home, I went back to the original place where I had first seen him, to look for a replacement. Yes, I did find another, not as good as the original but adequate. Zellers just doesn't carry nice \$10 sunglasses any longer.

*



WE HAVE MOVED TO GEORGINA



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Race day!

Slight paranoia sets in and the Adrenaline flows.

I was finally getting somewhere on my list to outfit Gryphon - my newly or is that partially, resurrected Farr 727 - hoping to make it at least somewhat worthy of its racing heritage. On twenty year old sails with lines tied to stanchions for lack of a cleat, we had succeeded in getting seconds and thirds, and okay, a few lesser results too, but tonight we finally had real sails and equipment and were without excuses. Tonight, race night, I would forget about the friendly part of our competitive club fleet and focus purely on results! Again, no excuses!

With a full crew lined up and confirmed the previous night, I was totally pumped up with adrenaline flowing well until mid morning when a deflating revelation hit me like a ton of bricks. Oh no, half the fleet and several top racers were away and would not be competing this evening! With Jeff in Cuba, Roger 'down ome', Tim and Nancy away cruising, and Tim Francis sending reports from Spain; would there be any competition? Would a good result even be genuinely valid? Dang (or words to that affect), why are they all away this week after all that work I had done! I don't want an excuse tonight, I want a real win!

Ok, I tried to think of the positives. I'll make it a challenge match against Carl. Yep, Carl with Marina are top notch competition, several times winner of everything, so if they showed tonight I would focus on them. I had a vision of a Skipper's meeting on the dock where we stood toe to toe and just stared each other down, making little V symbols with our fingers and flicking them back and forth from

the eyes to say, "you're in my sights, I'm gunning for you".

Rejuvenated by the new "raison d'être" for the night, quickly I added a line to jokingly warn Carl on the post I was making on the excellent SGA racing forum pages. Composing that line of copy for the forum is when I realized that Ken and Blue Sky can never be discounted, and I should include him in my trash talk. I have raced so close to him so many times that I know the colour of his lines....oh, and had I forgotten, Jan and that dang old Shark would be in their glory tonight as heavy air was forecasted. Twice or three times in heavier air the Shark and Gryphon were so close we should have put out fenders! And then there is the wild card; if "Team Brama" shows up on the very fast Flying High, the deck would be stacked, and not in my favor.

From depression over having a lack of competition, to excitement over the chance to prove myself against Carl and Marina, back to depression, ok, at least serious concern, over the abundance of competition; what a roller coaster ride.

There were still more attackers I could list as my thoughts became more serious contemplating over the evening's strategy. If Grant decided tonight was the night his Sprinta-Sport would debut, it would be a frick'n match race to the end. We're both purpose built quarter-tonners, and if the fiberglass doesn't crunch, it would be an exciting event to say the least! Come to think of it, even if Grant didn't unveil his weapon tonight, he would likely crew with Tim on Summer School, and if there is one thing that a fridge and the other 400lbs of live aboard equipment can do, it is to help on a heavier air

night like tonight where with new sails and hardware he can make the best of it. You are a fool to rule the Northern out I thought. That boat trucks in 15 knots and better!

Maybe the only crew that enjoys heavy air as much is Neil and Leslie and that deep blue full keeler of theirs. Why aren't they up in "The Bay" this year I thought in panic as I rechecked the Environment Canada wind warning and watched yet another revision for higher gusts. My chances at glory tonight are fading fast!

I tried to stop thinking about it, because now the question was did I stand a chance? After all, it's about time I got back to work anyway.....About Time....now there is a boat that has to win the "most improved" crew award for their consistently better and better results this year. This could be the day that they get the jolly from all their hard work and quiet planning and practice.

Speaking of sleepers, when Chris Potvin isn't changing his kid's sleepers and actually shows up, and especially if he hooks up with Judy, that boat is potent too!

With all this competition, all of a sudden I felt a soft spot for my previous cruising boats that if nothing else came with built in excuses on the race course. Ah yes, the modern cruiser that was doggy in light winds and never expected to win place or show but surprised everyone once in a while if the wind was in the right range. Yes, maybe I should go back.....oh oh...cruisers and good winds. With Moonshadow I was known to threaten "With high winds it's anyone's race!" Could it be the night our racer cruisers like Little Bit, Ken and crew on the Aloha 28, Bob, Steve and a whole fleet of Tanzer's of several descriptions take it? Hell, in winds like tonight, Les and that pilot house might be in

their element now that he has discovered the thrill of racing! I didn't even want to think about the big threat; what if David can't resist a good sail and the Tartan 35 comes out to lap the fleet? It has the power to do that!

So my new state of depression is justified. I just threw a small fortune at a chunk of fiberglass that barely floats and don't really have any advantage at all! Do I even stand a chance against all those boats each with their advantages? Why did I pick a Club with such an active and good fleet....Should I have gone to Lagoon!

Boy I am glad Jeff, Roger, Tim F, Tim and Nancy are away, I don't need the pressure!

Written and submitted with short fingernails on Thursday August 6th, Race Day!

Fraser Rennie,
(Gryphon, Farr 727, sail # 911)



How to Win Boat of the Year

**Do you Dream of being a Rockstar sailor like Carl or Jeff?
Can you taste the glory of the podium, but just don't know how to get there?
Don't think you can win Races? Think about this.**

- If Carl can do it in a Tanzer 22, it is not about the boat!
- If Tim and Nancy can do it, it is not about having quiet concentration.
- If Ken can single-hand a V28 to success, it is not about pure brute strength!
- If Chris can win, it is not about experience.
-

**The following is designed to help you develop two key aspects for winning:
A good strategy; a good plan.**

Preparing To Win. Should you:

- Bring a Rhode's scholar as crew so they can actually get the marks programmed in your GPS correctly?
- Convince your competitors that a storm is on the horizon and they are foolish to use anything but a blade and 3 reefs in the main.
- Pour several gallons of water down one of Jeff's hatches so he doesn't start the race because he is looking for the leak?
- All of the above?

On the Race Course Starts

The start of the race is critical. Time lost at the start is hard to make up on the course. Some success can be had doing the following:

- At about 20 seconds, start to run the line on starboard yelling "I lost my rudder". Hopefully in the resulting scatter, most boats will turn a way leaving a clear path for your exit to the course.
- Get a few \$50 dollar bills laminated at Village Business Services. Hang out the back on clear fishing line at various lengths. Because the rest of the fleet are notorious cheap sailors, 80% will ignore the start and try their skills at plucking riches. Of course because you are notoriously cheap also, you may be asking if that isn't a waste of \$50.00 bills but consider it a cheaper investment then the new sails and hardware you would need to win fair and square.
- With a mixed gender crew, convince the novices that they must take off their tops to reduce weight. The difficulty in this maneuver is that to avoid personal distraction while witnessing general mayhem amongst your competitors; you have to cross the line with your eyes closed. NOTE: watch for boats barging, and don't hesitate to protest, especially if you hear fiberglass

scrapes.

- Constantly yell out and even count down the time to start but make sure you add 20 seconds and your crew knows of your ploy.
- Who says you can't use your horn at the start? Just be near the Race committee boat and look surprised that you too are off on your timings.

At the mark

An aggressive Mark rounding can win a race. There are waaaay to many rules to remember that apply to mark rounding, so try some of these tactics:

- Hold up a rule book and yell a lot, yell at the boat you are close to. Sound convincing that the "Section z, flagamigiga while overlapped rule" is in play and that they must give you room and do a 360 penalty.
- Before you leave the dock, decorate your boat with fake gashes and scrapes. As you approach the rounding in close quarters, exude confidence and yell out the command to crew "put on the fenders. It's going to be that tight...again!"

On the leg

You have to really know your competitors to beat them tactically. If you are close to one of our usual leaders, you must use a specific tactic to break their concentration.

Roger: offer him a beer. He just might turn around to collect it. (reported to work for others as well)

Carl: Looking very concerned, point to something on his boat and then hold up a spare shackle, or maybe a roll of duct tape. With the amount of time he spends jury rigging, he will trust that you are just being a good Samaritan pointing out a problem he has not yet realized.

Nancy: Start a conversation about the most recent executive committee's decision. She *will* engage; losing her concentration and driving Tim nuts for the rest of the race.

Jeff: Put on a Blonde wig and stuff your shirt with Balloons.

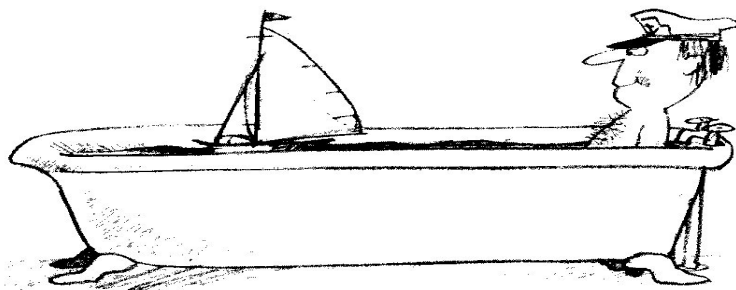
At the finish line

There is not much you can do at this point against your competitors, but offering the Race Committee a bit of Rum as you thank them for their diligence can't hurt.

Oh, and take the tongue out of your cheek!

Enjoy!

Author's name withheld to protect the (almost) innocent!



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THE HARDWARE STORE UNDER THE WATER TOWER

Beneath the Yardarm

Bits of marine history by H. Pape.

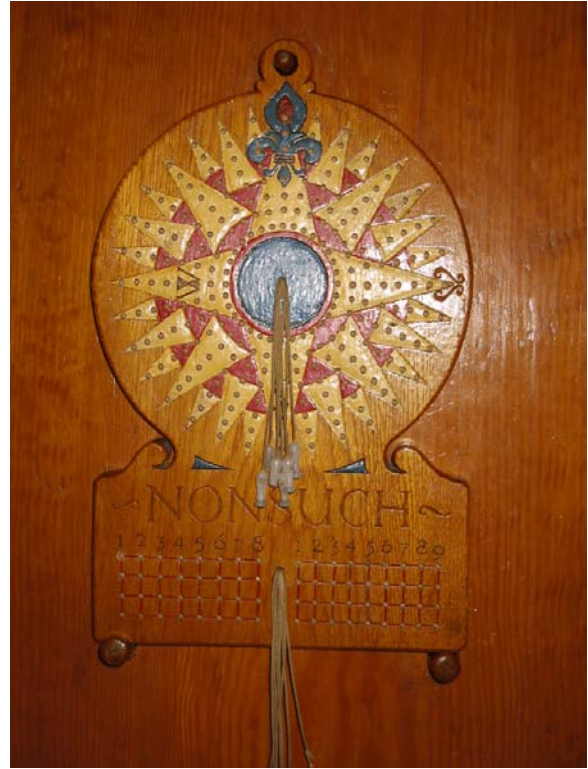
THE TRAVERSE BOARD

Early last spring, while travelling across Canada by bus, we had a few hours to kill in Winnipeg and with some gracious friends as our hosts, we visited the full size replica of the Nonsuch at the Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature. The original Nonsuch sailed into Hudson Bay in 1668. The venture was successful and Britain, through the Hudson Bay Company, ruled northern and western Canada till 1870, when the territory was incorporated into the new Canadian Confederation.

Our attention was captured by an intriguing device that hung on the wall of the aft cabin. Obviously requiring further investigation, it turned out to be a navigational tool, used to keep track of the vessel's



movement as it proceeded along its course.



The device is called a traverse board, a memory aid, used to easily record speeds and directions sailed during a watch. Even an illiterate crew could use the traverse board.

The top part is for recording direction sailed. Eight concentric rings with peg holes for 32 compass points are inscribed on the board and eight pegs on strings are attached from the centre. The course steered would be recorded each hour by the crew member by inserting a peg at the correct location from the centre ring outward.

At the bottom section, first at the left, then at the right, the speed in knots would be recorded for each hour.

At the end of the watch the navigator would collect the information about the speeds and directions sailed during the watch, clear the board, and use the information to figure the vessel's dead reckoning track.

CRUISING NOTES - PART 3

The Atlantic 1971

By Hessel Pape

Back in July 1971 I had the privilege of sailing aboard the Waterwitch, off the coast of New England with her owner, Bill. He had bought the boat from the floor of the 1969 Toronto Boat Show as the first twenty six foot Grampian built of the some 1000 produced between 1968 and the late seventies just west of Toronto). How I ended up sailing with Bill can be read in Part 1 and 2 found in the fall 2009 and spring 2010 issues of Dock Lines. By the end of the second instalment we had arrived at Williams & Manchester Boat Works at Newport, Rhode Island, waiting to be put back into the water, salt water this time.

Saturday morning, the 3rd of July, promised another beautiful day, but Bill became rather peeved with the boat works. They were very busy and told us that they would launch our boat when they had some time later on. They seemed not to be in a hurry to put us into the water, and there we sat while the morning wore on and turned into afternoon. Bill, of course, reminded them that our boat should have been put in right away since he had made previous arrangements and had informed them of our date and time of arrival well before hand.

We spent the day at the boatyard, and at once Bill found many more jobs to attend to. I was sent into town on various errands, the first of which was to look for stove alcohol which I located at \$3.15 a gallon. Finally our little ship hit the water. We spent a considerable amount of time rigging, and trimming the shrouds and stays. We had planned to go into town and take a sight seeing tour of the area, but by the time Bill was reasonably satisfied with the condition of the boat, the bus had left. We did eventually take a drive out of town and along the Ocean Drive where we saw many large and very impressive estates, huge summer homes which conjured up images of the very rich, portrayed in Hollywood movies. Among the notable ones along the so-called Cliff Walk was the Cornelius Vanderbilt Estate, a large red roofed three story mansion set in the centre of a huge green lawn and carefully manicured gardens. It was common knowledge that the Kennedys had their summer home some miles further up the coast, towards Cape Cod, at Hyannis.

Newport itself, coincidentally, was holding its Annual Jazz Festival that very weekend and it was particularly busy in town. There was no thought of us attending one of the many concerts since, as the afternoon wore on, Bill continued to be busy with the boat - the ship's radio was giving him problems.

By five-thirty I took the station wagon into town to find a supermarket with yet a new list in hand to do our shopping for food. We had sat down and it was revised again earlier in the afternoon. It turned into a new much abbreviated and condensed version as he cut out many items such as spices, sugar, etc. and by this time the list had been reduced to a single page. It had lost all resemblance of the original. I eventually found the huge supermarket in downtown Newport, to do the impossible. Looking about though, I was soon disappointed and quite disgusted with their lack of selection. In fact, while there were endless shelves of canned soups and vegetables, thousands of tins, there were only three or four varieties of each kind. The soups consisted of tomato, chicken noodle, and mushroom, while canned vegetables amounted to the standard peas, peas and carrots, and green beans. Even canned yellow beans were nowhere to be found, let alone any other vegetables, or canned potatoes. Packages of dry instant soup mixes elicited the same results, one or two kinds but no variety. In short, our carefully planned menu plan for our four week sojourn went down Davie Jones's locker. When all was done, I came away with \$50.72 worth of food stuffs to be stowed on board.

Later on Saturday evening Bill had me go into town several more times, to obtain light bulbs, rum, and stamps. Then we went to see Joe at the Clam Shack to arrange for parking, and later we had a shower. By then it was one-twenty in the morning and Bill was still at work. We planned to leave by six in the morning.

As it turned out we woke shortly after seven. After some breakfast Bill went up the street to get some

fuses. Then, after some photographs (lost later in the week due to moisture in the camera) and a chat with Bob Finn, the office manager of the boat yard, we finally cast off our lines and set out under motor at one P.M. There was quite a strong breeze on the East Passage of Narragansett Bay, which at Newport was part of the harbour. Looking in a northerly direction up the bay there were numerous naval ships of all shapes and sizes. They were part of a large naval complex which includes The United States Naval War College, located on Coasters Harbor Island just up the shore from town.

After a brief stop at the Newport Yacht Club, Bill announced that our first job was to swing the compass, first under power, then under sail. When we finally put up the sails, Bill decided that the aft stay was too slack. Consequently, we motored into the sheltered waters of Old Salt Mill Beach, across the Passage from Newport harbour, a suitable location protected by the Dumplings, a small collection of low rocky islets, we fixed our rigging to Bill's satisfaction.

For some reason Bill decided to check out the ship-to-shore radio and promptly ran into trouble. It needed fixing again. That done, we went back to swinging the compass, this time under sail. By the time that was completed, it was approximately six-thirty in the evening, and we finally headed out to sea.



Expectations and preconceived notions of sailing on the ocean differ greatly from actual reality, at the onset anyway. As we cleared Brenton Point and kept Brenton Reef Light well to starboard, the open ocean appeared benign. We might as well have been sailing Lake Simcoe's gentle waves on a pleasant evening. Our heading was more or less south east, the direction of Bermuda which lay about 740 Miles distant. Bill estimated that the trip was to take just over a week across the open water depending on the strength and direction of the winds.

The interesting part of the initial departure was that we were travelling on the 1210 chart, the same chart that we used for the plotting exercises and chart training in the course I was teaching in the winter. Many of the names and locations on this chart were quite familiar to me, on paper, that is. It was therefore very intriguing what the Brenton Reef Light was like in reality. There it was, a large platform, somewhat like an oil rig, rising from the sea, with at one corner of the massive structure a tall metal tower carrying its group flashing light and its radio beacon atop. Those were the days of the long wave radio direction finding beacons, now discontinued. The structure remained in sight for quite a while since its height is some eighty seven feet and its visibility is listed as fifteen Miles subject to the tides, of course.

What was curious was the fact that we regularly passed various plastic cans, some painted and others numbered.

"Isn't that a bit of luck," Bill commented. "Must be racing buoys of some kind. They have the Newport - Bermuda race around here, you know. We'll just follow them along."

Later we were told that they were markers for lobster pots. Each fisherman had his own identification, using various colour combinations or a numbering system, in order to locate his traps which were at the bottom and fastened by a long line to the floats on the surface.

The sunset was beautiful that evening, the winds light from the south west and the seas relatively calm and gentle. It all seemed a little incredible to me, but slowly the realization welled up that our ocean voyage had really begun - we were sailing the Atlantic, heading straight out into the open. Our ship, fully loaded, Jerry cans of diesel fuel strapped on deck along each side of the cabin, the round white canister in its chocks on the coach roof and holding our life raft, seemed to shrink in size as the shoreline dropped out of sight behind us. This little ship would be our home, and the only solid ground below us for the next week or so till we hit land once more. Yes, our ocean voyage had truly begun.