DOCK LINES

SPRING 2013

CONTENTS:

****

From the Bridge

With the May long weekend behind us, July 1st is just around the corner. It certainly has been an interesting start with water levels higher than ever. You have to step up to get onto the main harbor dock. North winds at the end of May created surges of somewhere around 8 inches causing waves to wash over the break walls turning the harbour into an amusement ride for those attempting to navigate it at the time.

This lake never ceases to amaze me. It's as daunting as it is beautiful and must always be respected. I have been sailing it for well over thirty years and every time I do, I experience something new, and with few exceptions wonderful. Its great so see that all but a few sailboats have returned to Jackson's Point Harbour for another season.

B-Safe and enjoy this awesome lake.

David Goldstein

Commodore, SGA

From the Engine Room

Finally, here is our Dock Lines issue for spring 2013 - summer by now. I would like to thank Nancy, a most dependable contributor, for yet another instalment about cruising our Great Lakes. Nancy and Tim come with a great deal of cruising experience.

Water levels are indeed an ongoing concern. While Lake Simcoe, controlled by Parks Canada staff who know everything about such things, has been rather high this spring, Georgian Bay, appears to be slowly recovering from abnormal lows. In this edition of Dock Lines we attempt to explore some of the water level issues.

While Mary decided to take a break from the galley, do read her article about our snake encounters on the water.

The article about marine wiring is merely a reminder that there are a number of considerations to be aware of before tackling your vessel's electrical system. Finally, there is another instalment of an ocean cruise on a twenty six foot sailboat back some forty two years ago - how the years fly by.

Just one final note. Producing this newsletter is becoming an ever more lonely job. A few more contributors would help make the job a little easier. I know most of you prefer sailing over writing about, but we are all interested in what you have to say. Please send me you contributions at editor@sailgeorgina.ca.

Hessel Pape
Editor

Tips from Tabasco – North Channel Anchorages

By Nancy Glover

"Stretching approximately 160 nautical miles from Sault Ste. Marie to Killarney, the North Channel features a vast number of uninhabited islands with sheltered anchorages, a natural fjord and the world's largest freshwater island – Manitoulin Island.

Recognized as one of the 'best freshwater cruising grounds in the world', the North Channel offers boaters plenty of opportunity whether venturing on a day trip, a week vacation or a month long stay. Full service marinas welcome boaters to the North Channel and the many picturesque towns provide visitors with all the amenities. The North Channel and its communities invite you to enjoy the peaceful waters and on shore, dining, shopping, festivals, museums, theatre and much more.

There's No Place Like This… Chart your course to The North Channel today!" http://thenorthchannel.

In the last edition of *Docklines* I reported on a few of the main harbours of the North Channel. There are others listed in the *Ports Guide* but beware, many don't have the water depth we require.

As promised last year, this article will focus on a few of the many anchorages of the channel. Tim and I do not spend nights in harbour, preferring the peacefulness of swinging at anchor.

Covered Portage Cove is our first stop after *Killarney.* Follow the charts and the Ports Guide after leaving *Killarney Channel*. There is an outer and an inner anchorage. This is a very popular spot and often it is difficult to find space in the inner anchorage which, of course is the nicer location. If you venture inside do post a bow watch and go slow. Either spot offers good protection. *Covered Portage Cove* is a great place for a swim and to rest after the long sailing days of *Georgian Bay*. Our favourite pass time here is to dinghy ashore, tie off, hike up the rocks and pick blueberries. Even when the berries are scarce your climbing will be rewarded with a great view. There is a hiking trail that takes you to a lookout over *Baie Fine* but that's too ambitious for me. After all, we are on vacation.

Heywood Island east of *Little Current* is a great spot to dinghy explore. The river winds through swamp and brush making it the ideal place to spot birds and other wildlife. Don't go to *Heywood* on summer weekends unless you don't mind noise. Since it is close to *Little Current* it seems to be a favourite weekend place for locals, some with young children and some that like to party late into the night.

South Benjamin Island is our favourite anchorage in the North Channel. Both it and its neighbour *North Benjamin* are very protected and popular summer spots. There always seems to be room for everyone, even when there are over two dozen boats in the south anchorage alone. Just follow the other dinghies to the beginning of a great climb up the rocks to a

spectacular view of the channel and beyond. On our last trip we adopted the tradition of another cruising couple. We packed our backpack with a blanket, snacks, and wine for a cocktail hour with a view. What a life!

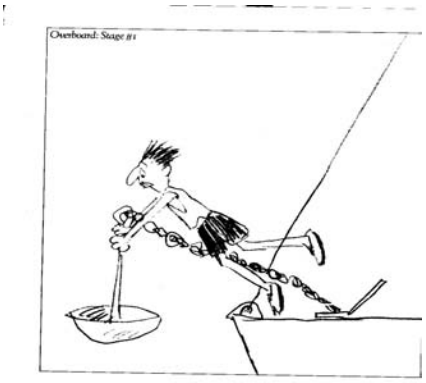
John Island is the least popular of all of the anchorages listed here. In the three times we've stayed there the most boats we've ever seen stay the night was five. They were two trawlers traveling together, two SGA boats and one of the youth sailed tall ships. It was interesting to see them come in, anchor, jump off the boat for a quick swim before turning in and then pulling up anchor early the next morning. You would think with all of the young people on board it would be noisy, but the lights were out early. My guess is that they work too hard to stay up much past sunset.

Snug Harbour is a deep harbour close to *Killarney*. This harbour has a tight entrance so post a bow watch and proceed slowly. Once inside you'll find a deep, protected and quite spot to spend a night. The anchorage is not as crowded as *Covered Portage Cove.* This is not the busy Snug Harbour of Georgian Bay with its resorts, cottages and many power boats. It's a wooded, tranquil location for a good night's sleep before heading back to home via *Georgian Bay*.

There are many other anchorages to explore in the North Channel; *Harbour Island, Fox Island, John Harbour, Beardrop Harbour, Oak Bay, Bell Cove, Croker Island, Moiles Island, Long Point Cove,* and *The Pool* at *Baie Fine.* Use your *Ports: the Cruising Guide* and your charts carefully and always proceed with caution. This is Canadian Shield country and hitting bottom can do serious damage to fibreglass.

Cruisers travel from all over to explore the *North Channel*. We're lucky enough to have it within reach. This summer why not venture out of *Lake Simcoe* and explore our province's beautiful waterways?

******



WE HAVE MOVED TO GEORGINA

MARINE CRADLE SHOP INC.

Marine Cradle Shop has been in business for over 30 years, building quality trailers and custom steel cradles for boats of all kinds, as well as for other purposes. Since we are “factory direct”, we can custom design and build according to your unique needs, all at factory direct prices and experienced personal services. Our 4 to 8 day turnaround and delivery by promised deadline, has allowed us to build a solid reputation over the years. Established in 1983 in Markham, three years ago we moved to a new facility along Highway 48, just south of Sutton West, Ontario.

MARINE CRADLE SHOP INC.
52 ELLISVIEW ROAD, SUTTON WEST, ONTARIO, L0E 1R0
Phone: 905-294-3507 www.cradleridetrailers.com
fax: 905-294-0427 sales@cradleridetrailers.com

The Rise and Fall of the Roaming Empire

Are our Great Lakes in Trouble?
By
Hessel Pape

I suppose our water resources do seem somewhat like an empire, in that collectively it rules our lives, not only ours as boaters, but the lives of all of us in our daily existence. In drier times our well goes low and we must conserve, while excessive precipitation leads to flooding and financial damage in some areas.

There has always been some concern about the water levels of the Great Lakes, and for sailing experience, particularly that of Georgian Bay, all of which was largely unfounded. Those of us who were familiar with the lake's behavior knew that the levels

Many docks now sit on dry land. The government's advice to marinas and cottagers? Go and spend a lot of money on a new dock system. Buy yourself a floating dock system.

went in cycles of about eleven years. A friend of ours used to joke that as the water dropped his tiny island on the east side of Beausoliel where they had the old family cottage, used to grow considerably in size. The problem was that the property taxes remained the same no matter how small the island became when the levels went up again.

The concern is that since 1997 the level of Lake Huron and Georgian have dropped and have not recovered according to the traditional pattern. The continuous low

Main Channel north of Honey Harbour. Since sailing the area from 1966, this is the first time I even saw this rock above water.

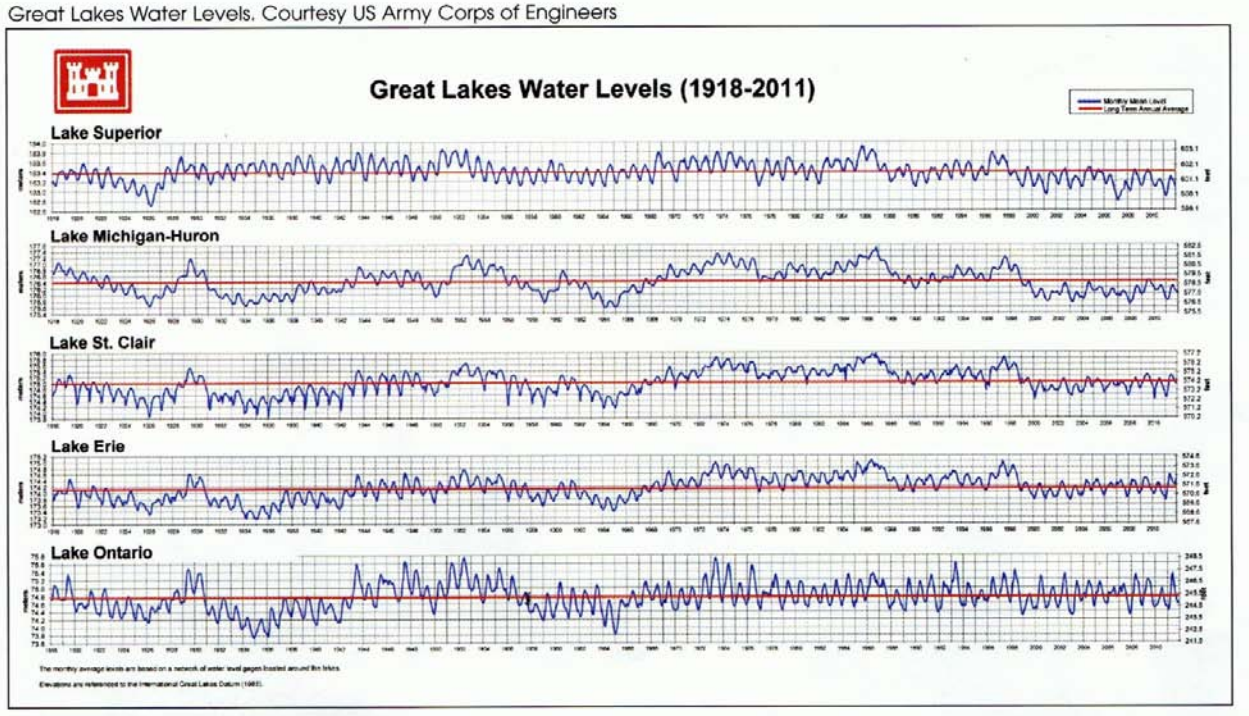
water levels are now creating hardships in various aspects with our love affair with lakes. Many docks are now sitting on dry land and it appears that more than one small marina store selling groceries and offering fuel services has had to close its doors since its docks are no longer approachable, and therewith losing its business.

While Lake Superior and the Lower Great Lakes have controlled outflows, Michigan, Huron and Georgian Bay do not have such control structures. While the annual water level cycles of Lake Ontario and Erie have more or less followed their historic averages, those of the latter have dropped well below historical averages since 2000. In fact, last winter a record low was recorded with a level close to a meter below datum at Godrich.

On our sailing trip last summer up Georgian Bay, we spoke with several boaters with surprising stories. It was generally agreed that since 1987 Georgian Bay had dropped four to five feet. We were also told that for the first time since starting cruising these waters the current at the bridge at Little Current ran from east to west this past summer instead of the usual other way around. Another boater reported problems at Bad River, a traditional anchorage west of the French River. Shallow areas on the way in make navigation particularly challenging, while there no longer are any rapids at Devil's Door.

We ourselves hit bottom twice in buoyed channels which were guaranteed to have a minimum depth of six feet. Our craft draws four and a half. In fact, since sailing

Great Lakes Water Levels. Courtesy US Army Corps of Engineers



Please note that this is an older graph of American origin and that 2012 and 2013 are not yet included.

Georgian Bay regularly since 1966, last season we saw rocks sticking out behind channel markers the which we have never seen before. We knew, of course that they were there, but it was the first time in all the years of our boating experience that they made their presence known above the surface.

Just one more fact among many too numerous to mention is the delay of the ferry season out of Tobermory. High water required the modification of the docking facilities this year, which included, of course, the financial burden of those changes.

So where did the water go? We know, of course that seasonal and yearly changes are a fact of life but the official word is, oh well it is all due to climate change and we will just have to live with it. No one will really admit to human interference. There is a reluctant admission to the water diversion in Chicago but it is "controlled". Officially, since the 1930s it has hummed along at the rate of nearly 100 cubic metres per second. Again, on our travels last summer someone remarked how strange it was that when the Mississippi was high or overflowed its banks the level of the Great Lakes came up. Officially there are no other diversions but many suspect large quantities of water are taken elsewhere. The so called fracking in the oil and gas industries takes huge amounts.

Two or three times since the 1920s the St.Clair River was dredged, and solely for financial gains. Great Lakes shipping with increased draft can carry more and increase profits. The most recent deepening of the river by the U.S. Engineering Core was supposed to be only a few feet to accommodate ships of yet deeper draft. I was told that in the process the protective gravel bottom was removed and the current eroded the underlying mud, therewith increasing the depth well beyond the 27-foot level needed for shipping, creating a even more efficient drain for lake Huron.

During a radio interview with a bureaucrat we were essentially told that at present the $200million expense to put in place structures to remedy the excessive discharge of Lake Huron at St.Clair River was not considered warranted and people will just have to get used to the new state of the Lakes. To quote another article, D. Fay, a former Environment Canada water management engineer and current advisor to the IJC stated that it is uncertain how much water will flow into the lakes. It is generally

agreed that climate change will warm up the Great Lakes, but whether there will be more or less evaporation is uncertain. People will still need to face variability in water levels and will have to cope with that.

So, all that water passing through the St.Clair ends up in Lake Erie. I have been told that recently Ontario Hydro opened a new 22 foot tunnel at Niagara Falls, completing Canada's agreed allotment. The States takes it share to produce electric energy.

Altogether we continue to exploit our natural heritage strictly for the commercial purposes of financial gain and increased profits. True, we need our energy, the States need their share of resources for irrigation and food production, and shipping needs suitable waterways to move cargo, but can it not be done in a more responsible way?

Finally, a number of organizations are getting seriously involved with the issue. Such groups as the Sierra Club, the Georgian Bay Association, and a newly organized group of concern called Restore Our Water International are all lobbying for common sense. The Canadian Ship Owners Association, whose members are concerned about losing freight-hauling capacity to low water is also getting involved.

Unfortunately the authorities do not appear to see any problem or issues with man made causes. "It's climate change," the official take on the problem.

Incidentally, the water level of Lake Huron taken at Godridge for the week of June 17 was 9cm above datum. Of course. We did have a great deal of rain over the last while. Still . . .

*****

SUTTON HOME HARDWARE

FOR ALL YOUR NEEDS TO ENJOY LAKE SIMCOE

Sutton Home Hardware carries a good line of Stainless Steel Fasteners, Marine Finishes and Waxes, Life Jackets and Safety Equipment, as well as other items, including a selection of rope and electrical supplies, to make your leisure time on the water safe and memorable. We are conveniently located on Dalton Road, just south of Jackson's Point harbour.

THE HARDWARE STORE UNDER THE WATER TOWER

Snakes 'n Ladders Ain't No Board Game

By
Mary Pape

We found the cove off Alexander Passage. Our friends in Parry Sound had given us directions and described it to us. Although nameless, we quickly named this cosy anchorage Kick Rock Cove. I was in the bow of our 26 foot Grampian as a lookout when we motored in and I saw the rock before I had time to signal. Crunch! Kick Rock Cove, but that was the name we gave it before we knew.

It was August, 2012. We had stopped at Bayfield for gas. Never again. The gas was overpriced and there was no ice, so we had to walk half a mile down the road to find ice and stock up on a few groceries. It was a hot, sunny, steamy day with thunder heads in the distance and warnings of storms and high winds for the next day or two. So here we finally were nestled at anchorage in Kick Rock Cove to wait out the weather before the large expanse of open seas to Byng Inlet. We motored the dinghy over to" The Rock" and let a weight tied to a plastic container drop at the spot where we had hit, a marker to serve as a signal for the next unsuspecting sailors.

A lazy hot afternoon on board. Hessel tried his hand at fishing from the cockpit, using bits of the skin from the smoked fish we had bought at Snug Harbour. A huge snapper smelled the bait and languidly circled the hull in search of a morsel. Up jerked the line. No thoughts of snagging a turtle. Perhaps we should rename the cove Snapper Cove. But that was before we knew.

We had removed the name board at the stern and let down the swim ladder. We left the board out for another swim later. A cool-off swim, lunch, and settled in for the afternoon. Hessel resting in the fore cabin with the two cats, me reading a book in the cockpit.

Every so often a glance up and out around at the lovely view - water, clouds, sky, pines and rocks. Then I saw it. At the back of the cockpit. I blinked. For the life of me I could not remember seeing a coil of thick black rope on board before. A head? Eyes? Good Lord! The size and length of it! It never moved, not even when I silently and slowly made my way to the fore cabin for husband and camera. Hessel grabbed the boat hook and I snapped some shots. Before the boat

hook pushed it overboard, I managed to get close enough to touch its thick warm sides - surprisingly smooth and warm from the sun. That human touch did it! Up and over the transom it slid, down the ladder and away. With the first shock gone we were actually able to appreciate its beautiful markings. We watched as it swam swiftly away in undulations. We swear we did see it with both pairs of our own eyes swim away from the boat. That was that. Snake vanished. Name plate still out. "Sally Rose", the boat's name painted on the board which was propped up on a seat in the cockpit. We no sooner returned to the galley and glanced back then here it was again. It couldn't be the same snake, not just five minutes later! A different one? Long thick black. No way! We were seeing things! Too much sun!

Up the swim ladder with head waving to and fro at the stern above the transom, and tongue darting out like some miniature streak of red lightening to size up the situation. A rerun? Back with the boat hook and it was gone and would not return because now the name plate was slid in place for good! Did we really wish to go for another swim? Kick Rock cove was now Snake Cove!

No more snakes or so we thought. We kept checking out back every so often. Now we really were seeing things! We couldn't believe our eyes. There it was! A different snake, but still a water snake? We checked for rattles. None. This one was slightly smaller, reddish brown, with an intricate pattern. But My, Oh My! It had not only climbed the swim ladder but was proceeding to slowly wind its way up the shaft of the outboard motor! "If it gets to the top of the motor it will be able to reach over and slither into the cockpit!" I exclaimed in panic. But it saw us and heard my shout and descended back to the swim ladder. There it lay for the rest of the afternoon in warm snaky bliss on the top rung of the swim ladder. Snake Cove.

We later read about water snakes. They come in various sizes and colours and are quite harmless and sociable, showing little fear of humans, only requesting a warm cockpit in the sun, or the warm top of an outboard or the warm step of a swim ladder. So for us, in aptly named Snake Cove, Snakes 'n Ladders ain't no board game!

As an afterthought or perhaps as a warning if you are not a snake lover: Do you have a sailboat with a removable name plate in the stern above the swim ladder? After our reptilian experience, and for the rest of our cruise last summer, and just for the fun of it, we checked the transoms of sailboats we met see which ones would be accessible to water snakes! Water snakes are amazing climbers! If only the sailors knew! By the way, the Hunter does have a low slung transom!

THE EXECUTIVE AND MEMBERS OF *SAIL GEORGINA* WISH TO RECOGNIZE AND THANK

THE RIGGING SHOPPE

FOR THEIR CONTINUED ENCOURAGEMENT AND ONGOING SUPPORT OF BOTH OUR SAILING CLUB, AS WELL AS ITS INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS.

The Bosun's Locker

Electrical wiring

The electric pump for the galley faucet would not work this spring. The fuse on the panel seemed just fine. The wiring at the faucet switch checked out. So, it was off to fore cabin and the locker under the starboard berth to take out the flooring and remove the little white plastic problem that would not send the water from the tank to the galley sink. To make a long story short, the little DC 12V motor inside was quite corroded and the shaft that drove the impeller was totally frozen tight. Not fixable.

A replacement arrived by mail the next day. The colour of the wires from it were brown and blue, so the question was which was the positive one, and which of the two was negative. The installation instructions that came with the unit omitted to mention any electrical instructions. I had all sorts of visions of the pump running in reverse and of turning on the faucet switch and having the tap suck the sink dry.

A properly wired yacht follows wiring practices according to certain standards in the industry. It is always wise to follow this colour-coding standard when adding or replacing the wiring in your boat. I remember doing a major rewiring job, removing some that were no longer needed and tracing a number of wires hidden behind paneling and in some rather awkward locations. The fact that in general terms the code had been followed made the job a whole lot easier. The dark blue wires did indeed go to cabin lighting and the grey ones did lead forward to the red and green navigation lights.

Particularly important is to be aware that unlike house wiring, black is ground for the electrical system, though green is used to provide a earth ground for the vessel.

Red is the main or positive (+) for the electrical system, so positive from the battery to the panel is red. Below is one version of the Marine Wire Colour Codes. You can find several other versions by going to internet. They are expressed in different formats, but essentially present the same information.

Marine Wire Color Codes – DC Systems Less Than 50 Volts

Color	Item	Use
Yellow or Black[1]	Ground	Return, Negative Mains
Lt. Blue	Oil Pressure	Oil Pressure Sender to Gauge
Dk. Blue	Cabin & Instrument	Fuse or Switch to Lights
Brown	Generator Armature	Generator Armature to Regulator
	Alternator Charge Light	Generator Terminal or Alternator Auxiliary Terminal to Regulator
	Pumps	Fuse or Switch to Pumps
Green	Bonding System	Bonding Wires (if insulated)
Grey	Navigation Lights	Fuse or Switch to Lights
	Tachometer	Tachometer Sender to Gauge
Orange	Accessory Feed	Ammeter to Alternator or Generator Output and Accessory Fuses or Switches
	Common Feed	Distribution Panel to Accessory Switch
Pink	Fuel Gauge	Fuel Gauge Sender to Gauge
Purple	Ignition	Ignition Switch to Coil & Electrical Instrument
	Instrument Feed	Distribution Panel Electrical Instruments
Red	Main Power Feeds	Positive Mains (particularly un-fused)
Yellow	Generator Field	Generator to Regulator Field Terminal
Brown w/Yellow	Bilge Blowers	Fuse or Switch to Blower
Yellow w/Red	Starting Circuit	Starting Switch to Solenoid

1. Since marine AC systems use black wires as the current carrying wire (hot), black is being phased out on marine DC systems to help prevent confusion.

Some other important items to consider is wire size. Usually either 14 gauge or 12 gauge wire is used, depending on the length of the run and the load it is required to carry. Although for marine purposes tinned stranded wire is recommended because it resists corrosion far better than any other wire, automotive wire is often used with fair results. To be approved, your wire must have an insulation temperature rating of at least 105 degrees C.

For connections solder and heat shrink is the best but the standard insulated crimp connectors will do. Some will epoxy the connections to keep out moisture to resist corrosion or cause short circuits. It is also important to tuck the wiring out of the way and have them secured at regular intervals. It will not do to have wiring hanging around haphazardly, be caught by something and get pulled loose.

One more thing: all circuits on board, including lights, navigational instruments, or whatever, should be properly fused and protected at a panel. That means that if you add something like a course plotter, it should have its own master switch and fused supply.

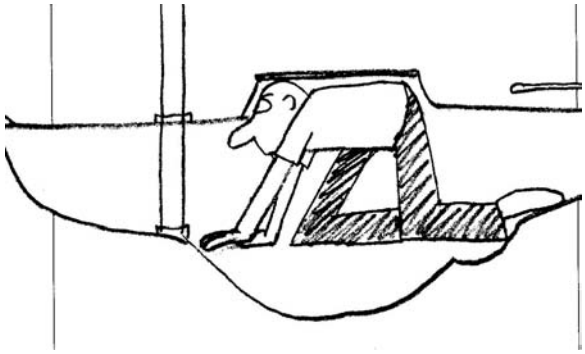
There are some rather good instructional books for boat wiring to be found, and internet has several good articles on the subject, should you consider a more ambitious project.

By the way, the brown lead on the new pump is positive, the blue is the negative return or ground. I discovered that after a phone call to the company.

******

The 12volt standard is as follows:

Black - Common ground for the electrical system
Red - Main (+) for the electrical system
Purple - Accessories positive lead between key switch and positive lead of accessory
Purple w/white stripe - Positive lead between key switch and choke solenoid on engine
Yellow w/red stripe - Positive lead between key switch and starter solenoid
Red w/white stripe - Positive lead feeding power to individual solenoids on an engine
Brown - Positive lead for pumps like bilge or wash down
Tan - Sender lead for temperature gauge
Pink - Sender lead for fuel sender in fuel tank
Dark Blue - Lighting - primarily in instrument panel gauges
Gray - Navigation lights
Light Blue - Oil pressure sender lead between engine oil pressure sender and gauge "S" terminal
Orange - Alternator output lead which connects to starter solenoid positive post to recharge batteries
Yellow - This color in a solid form is seldom used but can be used for windshield wiper circuits
Green - Vessel earth ground which is used in bonding circuits to provide an earth ground to the vessel
Orange w/yellow stripe - Horn positive lead
Purple w/red stripe - Blower positive lead as well as accessories such as nav equipment and radios
Tan w/ stripe - Warning circuit between sender and alarm circuit, match stripe color to sender type, ie blue for oil, brown for temp etc.



Looking for that darn wire.

WELCOME TO SOBEYS OF SUTTON

WE ARE CONVENIENTLY LOCATED JUST A SHORT WALK FROM JACKSON'S POINT HARBOUR ON DALTON ROAD, RIGHT BESIDE HOME HARDWARE BY THE WATER TOWER.

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK FROM 8 AM TILL 10 PM
AND MOST HOLIDAYS FROM 9 AM TO 6 PM

WE FEATURE A HOT DELI AND FRESH SEAFOOD
BEST QUALITY IN GROCERIES, DRY CLEANING DEPOT AND LOTTO CENTRE
905-722-5671

THE YEAR IN PICTURES











Captain Cook's Great Discovery of the World's First Navigators

The Pacific Ocean is huge. It spans 1/3 of the surface of the globe. There are over 1000 islands in the South Pacific alone. The distance between islands is often several hundred miles, in some cases, well over 1000 miles.

Early European explorers never expected remote islands to be populated. That is, until they came to the pacific.

Ferdinand Magellan was the first to sail around the tip on South America to the Pacific in 1519. He was followed by many others from Spain, Portugal, France, Holland and England. They were all astounded to find that all of the islands of the pacific were fully populated, even the most remote, like Easter Island. This island was over 1000 miles from the nearest neighbouring island. Dutch navigator, **Jocob Roggeveen**, who discovered it, in 1722 and remarked: "**The ability of human understanding is powerless to comprehend by what means these people could have been transported to this island**". As most of the long distance travel by natives had ended by that time, he saw no sign of large boats, and assumed the natives were only capable of making their way around their own island.

It was **Captain James Cook**, who first became up with thesis of where these people had come from. Between 1768 and 1779 he traveled more extensively throughout the Pacific Ocean than had any of his predecessors. Unlike his predecessors he had taken the time to get to

know the people. Cook initially sailed to the island of Tahiti, where he spent 3 months conducting astrological experiments. During this time he befriended a local priest named Tupuia. It became clear to Cook that Tupuia had knowledge of most the islands in the Central pacific, from the Marquesas in the east to Samoa and Fiji in the west, a distance spanning more than 2500 miles. This was a very eye-opening discovery for Cook as his predecessors had reported that these people lived in isolation on their own islands.

Tupuia, agreed to be Cooks guide for his exploration of the Pacific. In this, Tupuia unerringly, guided Cook's ship 300 miles to the island of Rurutu; demonstrating to Cook that his navigation skills were real. From there, Cook guided the ship 2700 miles further south to New Zealand which had been discovered by Abel Tasman 127 years earlier. When a parley with the natives could be arranged it immediately became clear the Tupuia and the natives of New Zealand spoke the same language and shared much the same culture and religious beliefs.

This was an astounding discovery for Cook to be able to link the people of New Zealand to the people of Tahiti, two islands separated by such a vast distance. Little did Cook know, that this was just the beginning of his discovery. As he proceed to visit all of the previously discovered islands and over 30 new islands he discovered himself, including the Hawaiian Islands, he found that in all cases, the people looked the same, shared the same traditions and all spoke the same language.

While visiting the Marquesas, he had the extraordinary experience of witnessing the departure of a war part of 300 war canoes, many of them double-hulled, with plenty of room for a crew of warriors and their arsenal. Adorned with flags and streamer, Cook described it as an impressive sight. He noted that the length of the larger double-hulled canoes were approximately the same length as his own ship. This experience demonstrated to him that the natives were able of building large vessels capable of long distance travel.

Cook's migration thesis was clear from his own statement. " **These people sail in those seas from island to island for several hundred leagues, the sun serving them for a compass by day and the moon and stars by night. When this comes to be proved, we shall no longer be at a loss to know how the islands in those seas came to be peopled. For if the inhabitants of these islands have been at islands laying 200-300 leagues to the West, it cannot be doubted that the inhabitants of those islands may have been at others as far westward of them, and so we may trace them from island to island quite to the East Indies."**

200 years of scientific research on Cook's thesis has proved him correct. However, if he had only know how early this migration had occurred he would have been flabbergasted. Archeologists have determined that the Polynesians, as they have become to be called, ventured out into the Pacific from New Guinea about 2000 BC. Ancient pottery unearthed in the Bismarck Archipelago, northeast of New Guinea reveal the presents of these people at that time. Similar pottery was discovered in New Caledonia, Tonga, Fiji and Samoa, well out into the Pacific, dated about 1500 BC. This means that the Polynesians had developed a navigating system that allowed them to sail out of the sight of land at least 1000 years before anyone else on the planet was able to do so.

About the time of Christ, they moved on to the central pacific: the Cook Islands, the Marquesas, the Society Islands. 500 years later to sailed north to Hawaii. Then, east to settle Easter Island about 700 AD and to New Zealand around 800 AD. Before 1000AD all of the

islands of the Pacific were populated and it was then that most of the long distance voyaging stopped.

Note that this was before the Viking discovered Newfoundland.

With no more lands to discover, their long distance voyaging appeared to come to an end. Those who were still exploring were meeting with increasingly hostile reception when they reach populated islands. Settlements became more isolated, with a growing distrust of strangers. Before long, the distrust led to the killing of newcomers on sight. This practice became nearly universal in Polynesia and greatly discouraged travel. As a result, the need to built big exploration vessel disappeared , as did the navigation skills. Before long, little was left of the great voyages except what could be retained in the native legends.

Much has been written about Polynesian navigation. This was a system that relied primarily on celestial information but which was also complemented by cues from wind and wave conditions. Unlike western navigators who, in time, obtained instruments and a set of tables to determine latitude based on celestial sightings, and a chronometer to derive a longitude, Polynesian navigators had to memorize a great deal. Of most importance was the star-compass, which gave navigators a sense of direction, provided they knew not only the stars needed for navigation, but also where they rose and set throughout the year. On clear days the sun yielded the information they needed, especially at sunrise and sunset. When the sun was high in the sky, direction was maintained by observing the direction of the wind and especially that of the sea swells. Navigators learned to recognize eight ocean swell systems, which corresponded roughly to the eight octants of the Western compass. Skilled navigators would maintain course by keeping a constant angle between their boat and the line of swells. It is interesting to note that double-canoes allowed for the detection of the pitch and roll in the swells where in a single hull boat this detection was almost impossible.

Today, this ancient form of navigation is called "***pukulaw***". Of the few Polynesian to still practice it, the most celebrated is a man by the name of Mau Piailug who gained fame in 1976 when he guided "***Hokule'a",*** a replica of a traditional double-hulled voyaging canoe, from Hawaii to Tahiti without charts or navigational instruments. For the 2500 mile journey he relied solely on a star-compass, based on the rising and setting positions of stars along the horizon to determine latitude and on the ocean swells to maintain direction against the stars. Since then, Piailug has repeated this amassing feat several times to other islands in the pacific, successfully guiding the vessel from one speck in the ocean to another thousands of miles away – proving beyond a doubt that it could and had been done.

******

THANKS TIM

The members of Sail Georgina recognize and like to thank our past commodore Tim for his dedication and work as commodore of our club over the past two years.

And, by the way, he has informed us that he intends to step up to a larger yacht. As a result his current vessel is for sale, and can be seen at our home harbour, in Jackson's Point. Likely you will catch Tim on board if he isn't out on the Lake for a sail or crewing on another boat.

Tim tells us he is quite willing to negotiate but would love to sell for about $7000 towards his next home away from home. Why not drop in and have a look. It's a deal!

CRUISING NOTES - PART 6

The coast of New England 1971

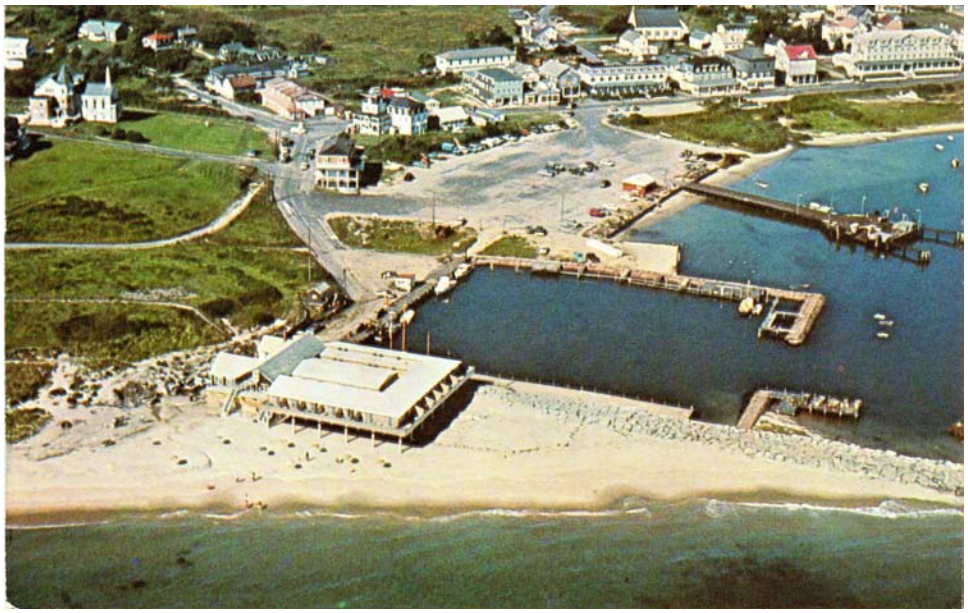
By Hessel Pape

In July of 1971 I spent a month cruising New England on board of a 26ft. Grampian with her "master" Bill S.[1] *How we prepared for this venture, set out from Newport, Rhode Island, with the intent to cross the 740 Miles distance to Bermuda, and how we decided to switch to an alternate plan ,during the middle of the first week while battling hurricane conditions can be found in previous the five instalments of Dock Lines.*

At this point of the narrative we have arrived safely at the Old Harbour on the east side of Block Island and both enjoyed a complete and uninterrupted night of sleep, ready to begin our coastal cruise.

Block Island and Onward.

We awoke to a bright sunny day. A few early risers strolled leisurely on shore, but on a whole very few people were about and except for the birds the morning was quiet and serene. We had some breakfast after which Bill puttered around on the boat for a while. Eventually as the morning sun rose higher in the sky and it warmed up some we went ashore and, Bill suddenly seeming rather impatient, did some shopping on the main street, a rather hurried affair. This morning, too, he started his search for the needed crystals for the ship's radio, a search as already mentioned, that was to last for the remainder of our trip. The main street seemed to be just waking up, and, unlike the previous evening, still rather deserted, though the stores had opened their doors for business by this time. The village, and likely the entire island was largely a summer tourist area, I doubted very much that there were very many permanent residents who lived on the island year round. The summer houses were all mostly built of wood and all gayly painted. They reminded me very much of the setting of those old summer beach movies.



The Old Harbour, east side Block Island. We were tied up at the dock in front of the large building, lower centre.

We dropped in at the hardware store and bought a pail and some spoons. At the grocery store we spent $5.60 for some fresh food. It was the last time that I kept track of our consumable expenses.

Late in the morning we left the dock and sailed around the north side of Block Island for Great Salt Pond, the harbour with numerous pleasure craft, mostly at moorings, on the west side of the island, where

[1] It is my understanding that Bill passed away a year or so ago. I did see the Waterwitch, the 26ft. Grampian we sailed, for sale in the fall 2011 issue of GAM.

we stopped in search of additional charts and electrical components. The latter, as well as other ship's fittings and hardware, are less expensive here in the States then in Canada, Bill explained.

"And when we install them on the boat, Old Chap, they're part of the ship and they are not noticeable. That way we don't pay import duty," he grinned with judicial wisdom.

We installed quite a few new boat fittings and other odds and ends over the next three weeks, or rather I installed them, most of them anyway, while we were tied up or at anchor at the various harbours we visited. It all represented time spent on board rather than going ashore to look around and do our sight seeing.

It would have been pleasant to go for an evening stroll and see a bit of the island beyond the harbour facilities, but Bill was anxious to move on. As a result we left again after supper for a sunset sail across Block Island Sound and Fisherman's Sound, to the mouth of the Mystic River where we tied up at about half an hour before midnight to a vacant mooring bouy. We decided it was a private float belonging to some yacht that was out for the weekend. In the morning we found ourselves among numerous pleasure craft, both sail and power, all swinging from moorings such as we had tied to, and probably part of a yacht club. The only difference was that the company of boats that we were among consisted of much larger and expensive toys, not at all such as I was used to seeing on the Great Lakes. These were suited for ocean cruising. They were large.

It was the morning of Sunday the 11th. We motored across to the west shore of the river mouth and tied up at the Noank Marina. We were to go up river to Mystic and visit Mystic Seaport, the open air museum, in the afternoon, but Bill was concerned about the generator on the diesel inboard and he spent the greater part of the day working on it. He decided that it was not putting out enough current to properly charge the ship's batteries.

Over supper Bill pulled out the charts. A few days earlier, after we had turned back, I had hinted that perhaps we should consider to go home earlier. He had actually concluded at the time that it was a good idea, but now he thought that it was quite ridiculous to even consider cutting short our holiday after coming this far, reminding me that I had said I could go into August. He had forgotten of course that the latter was possible "if we had to delay our return due to weather conditions or other unforseen circumstances".

Supper finished, he suddenly rose, stowed the charts and remarked, "I'm sitting here and doing nothing. That is a very bad habit. Did you finish that little job I gave you? Better get at it Ole' Boy."

On Monday morning Bill went in search of and found someone at the marina to come down to the boat to look at his ship to shore radio. This obviously took a while so Bill found me more work to do. By late afternoon he went to the marina store to buy more fittings and gadgets, which obviously had to be installed and took yet more time out of our "holiday". Again our excursion through the famous maritime museum was postponed since it closed at five in the afternoon. It was past four. More and more our trip had become an exercise in continuous work on improvements for Bill's boat, rather than a period of leisurely cruising, vacationing on the water, and sight seeing. When we did go sight seeing, on walks through villages and towns, Bill was very hurried and had no patience nor the inclination to stop to look at anything, in effect making it difficult for me to tag along while trying to take in the surroundings.

As suspected, when Bill returned from the store he remarked that he had spent quite a bundle. Among other things there was some white plastic tubing to go around the shrouds to protect the sails.

"That's a job you can do," he remarked vaguely, though expecting me to drop everything and get at it at once. Yes sir!

There was also a new ventilator to be installed at the stern, and additional wrapping to be put around the engine exhaust as an additional safety precaution.

Finally, at about seven thirty in the evening, we dropped our lines. I had made a rather good supper, but instead of it being a sit down dinner we ate it on the way up the river to Mystic where we tied up just below the draw bridge which formed part of the main street of the village. It was a small private wharf along some unpainted wooden storage sheds, and we surmised it belonged to the local building supply company that did its business along the main street. After tying up to the old wooden dock that had seen better days, Bill went to find the management to speak to them about staying there at the old dock, rather than go past the bridge and pay a marina for overnight docking. I do not know what he told them, but we were fine to remain where we were.

It was pleasant to walk up the street by myself and have a leisurely search for the laundromat. Mystic was a quaint little town which would later be the location of the movie Mystic Pizza, about a pizza shop in a competition for the best product in the region. Of course they won.

Laundry finished and back at the boat Bill asked,

"What took you so long?" He could be very difficult at times and I usually refrained from any argument since I reasoned that silence was the best response if we had to be together for the rest of the cruise till the end of the month. *Don't pee against the wind,* as the saying goes aboard ship. It applied in this situation as well.

On the other hand Bill could be very complimentary. He listened and adopted many of my ideas about one thing or another. He continued raving about the canvass pockets that we had made for his boat before we left and now stored such things as our cutlery and navigational tools. An other aspect of our temporary partnership was his pleasure with my cooking, which I had more or less taken on as my buoy of the chores for the entire duration. He was always happy and enjoyed each and every meal. Sometimes he even did the dishes afterward.

In the morning we found showers for our use, which were very welcome. By ten thirty, breakfast finished and the dishes done the weather was bright and beautiful, a warm sun beamed down at us and there was little or no breeze where we had tied up away from the open ocean. Occasionally the bridge would open to allow passage of pleasure craft. Every hour or two a large clipper ship, crowded with people would come by heading seaward or returning to its berth beyond the drawbridge, its passengers having paid a goodly sum to go on the two hour cruise. Once home they could tell every one they had been aboard and sailed a real clipper ship, although to us it looked rather phony.

While we intended to walk about on shore in the morning and have a look around, and then pass through the bridge for a full afternoon visit through Mystic Seaport, the famous open air museum, Bill had found some rubber coverings that now needed to be glued on the steps of the companion way. While at work he remarked,

"Isn't it nice that we don't have any women along to bother us. Nobody to get into our hair."

I asked him about his friend Ruth, upon which he replied that by now she would have driven him up the wall. Yet a while later in the morning, as he sat mulling over his charts during coffee, Bill suddenly suggested that I should leave the boat near the end of July, perhaps at Boston, and find my own way home by bus or whatever means. He in turn would phone his daughter Penny, or his lady friend, Ruth, to join him on an extended holiday. It gave me something to really worry about. I had just a little spending money with me, but certainly not enough for an unexpected bus ticket home from this part of the country. We carried no credit cards in those days, at least I did not.

I decided to go ashore and look for a mailbox - the walk might clear my head. When I returned, instead of preparing to cast off the dock for the museum, Bill decided that I needed to go up the mast to check the spreader lights and put the white plastic protective covers on to the ends of the spreaders where the shrouds are attached to them. For the purpose Bill carried a boatswain chair on board, a fancy name for a short wooden board with some rope loops on each end. By clipping it on to the main halyard he could winch me up to do the job.

Bill got sidetracked again with his ship to shore radio, but some considerable time after lunch, and after several reminders that the time was moving along, we finally left the old dock, had the bridge open up for us and we finally proceeded to the marina associated with Mystic Seaport, the air museum of maritime history. By this time it was well into mid-afternoon. Docking for the afternoon was part of the entree fee. We saw a very fine collection of old fishing boats and historic ships, including the *Australia,* the oldest American schooner afloat, and the *Charles W. Morgan*, New England's last wooden whaling ship, now sitting in the sand along its wharf since it would no longer float. The museum also boasted one of the finest collections of clipper ship models but due to our late arrival we ran out of time, and did not see them. There were a number of buildings we had to miss as well, and besides, Bill was anxious to get going, something about passing through the bridge before closing time, and some lame excuse of avoiding having to pay for overnight docking. I decided that the visit through the extensive exhibits was a mad rush and that we did not really get our money's worth in the end.

Once through the bridge we continued on to Noank, where we tied up and had steamed clams at Abbott's Lobster Pond, a new experience for me. We sat at a table outside in the late afternoon sun. Bill ordered "steamers", as they were apparently called locally. They brought us a large pot of black sea shells, most lying open, and a bowl of melted butter. Bill explained that the idea was that you dig out what was between the two shells, dip the result in the butter, and eat it. I decided to watch Bill eat one first to see if he was serious. Actually, they were rather good, as long as they remained reasonably warm and the butter stayed liquid.

By the time we finished the last one, by now quite cold, it was early evening, but rather than staying put, Bill decided that we should go on. While the sun set in a splendid display of colour, we sailed to Point Judith, where we dropped an anchor just inside the break wall at two in the morning. Then in the morning we went into the harbour and tied up to an old fishing vessel. Bill went ashore and went off once again in search for someone who knew about radios. He still needed those infernal crystals.

In contrast to Mystic River, the harbour here seemed to be a centre for commercial fishing rather than catering to pleasure craft. Numerous trawlers, some quite rusty, lay tied up at old docks and piers, or swung at anchor in the well protected Harbour of Refuge. Having no luck at finding a radio man, we left again and spent the day sailing to Cuttyhunk, the most westerly island of the chain lying off the south western tip of the Cape Cod peninsula.

Of course, just sailing there would have been somewhat boring. Therefore it was decided, what with a fresh breeze mainly abaft, that the spinnaker should be raised and make a show of ourselves. But don't ask what kind of a show.

Now, I don't think Bill had all that much practical experience with a spinnaker - he knew how it was supposed to go, probably from reading about it - but in my brief sailing experience I had never put one up. I told him so. What happed will become part of the next instalment.