

# DOCK LINES

SUMMER 2015



## CONTENTS:

From the Bridge . . . . .	2
From the Engine Room . . . . .	2
A Message from the Town of Georgina . . . . .	3
The 2015 sail past in pictures . . . . .	6
The Rigging Shoppe . . . . .	7
Where Does What Flag Go? . . . . .	8
Sutton Home Hardware . . . . .	9
Georgina Cup 2014 . . . . .	10
Ontario Boat Wreckers . . . . .	14
About Cradles and Trailers . . . . .	15
Marine Cradle Shop Inc. . . . .	18
About Corrosion and Currents . . . . .	19
Mac Story . . . . .	20
Sobey's of Sutton . . . . .	22
Cruising Notes, Part 8 - . . . . .	23

\*\*\*\*\*



### **From the Bridge**

Wow! It's been a season of extremes this year. Leaving Krates in June I touched bottom twice as if it were September. The water had to be at down at least a foot and I was already starting to worry about haul out. Then came the rains and by early July we were at levels typically seen in May. So now we have water but where is the wind This has to have been one of the lightest summers so far. It wasn't until last week that we actually had to throw a reef into our sails. But since then there has been no wind, no rain and nothing but intense heat. I have never felt the lake warner and you have to search to find a cooler spot for refreshment.

I can't imagine what August has in store for us but if the pattern continues, I am hoping for cool and steady northwesterners.

Safe Sailing

David Goldstein

Commodore, SGA

### **From the Engine Room**

It has been another very busy spring for us, resulting in a slow start to putting together this publication. Our spring issue rapidly became a summer issue, and here we are. I would like to thank our contributors. Jason Maye of the Marine Cradle Shop was an inexhaustible source of information about

cradles and trailers. His article is the result. It is great to have racing articles by Neil McLaughlin of Sonas and Bob Fortier of Wild Hare. Neil promises another full report of this year's Georgina Cup. Although we had an article dealing with flag etiquette some time ago, I felt that to revisit the subject was timely, and if nothing else, I hope that the information about hydrolysis will give some food for thought.

Also included again is the ongoing story of the Atlantic venture back in 1971, under the title of "Cruising Notes". This, the eighth instalment, will have to be the final one, since it covers the last and final leg of the four week cruise. For those of you interested in how it all began, or wishing to read the entire story, you will need to go back to previous issues, the fall issue of 2009, in fact, for the first part of this series.

I now look for feed back and especially for contributions for a possible 2016 issue of Dock Lines.

For now, happy sailing.

Hessel Pape  
Editor

\*\*\*\*\*

## **A MESSAGE FROM THE TOWN OF GEORGINA**

### **Jackson's Point Harbour**

Jackson's Point Harbour is one of Georgina's hidden gems located in the heart of Jackson's Point. It is within walking distance to the shops and restaurants in the nearby downtowns of Jackson's Point and Sutton. The harbour facility offers 64 docking facilities (seasonal and transient) with 15 amp service available at selected slips. There are washrooms and showers available along with access to the neighboring beach, park, picnic shelter and playground structure. Boat launch, gas and pump out facilities are available from the neighboring Marina. Parking permits for transient and visitors may be obtained at the Pay & Display machines which are located in the parking lot area. Parking rates apply for Non-Residents from April to October, residents of Georgina can park for free with their Resident Parking Pass which can be obtained at any Georgina Public Library or Town Municipal office (proof of residency, picture ID and vehicle ownership required).

Be sure to check out Georgina's beautiful harbour.

For more information please call 905-476-4301 ext. 2239.

### **Jackson's Point and Sutton**

The unique character of Jackson's Point and Sutton is rooted in a rich history of lakeside hospitality that dates back more than 150 years. The area's culture of serene tranquility and its picturesque country retreats continue to attract vacationers who find refuge and respite, far removed from the hustle and bustle of city life. Located on the beautiful shores of Lake Simcoe, Jackson's Point was Ontario's first cottage country, with trains full of visitors coming to enjoy the shining waters and clean air. Now only an hour's drive north of Toronto, Jackson's Point and Sutton's parks and beaches are still full of people discovering the magic. The villages of Jackson's Point and Sutton boasts boutique shops, excellent restaurants, harbour facilities, art galleries, golf courses, public beaches and all-season accommodations. Swimming, kayaking, canoeing, tennis, golf, ice fishing and cross country skiing are just a sampling of the many activities that introduce guests to pristine natural surroundings and the bounty of Lake Simcoe. Walk to the local marina and take in the sights and sounds of the busy harbour or swim the sandy shores of several local beaches. Jackson's Point and Sutton also play host to several large festivals and events including the iconic Sutton Fair, Painted Perch Festival and the Festival on High and Duck Race.

# Lisa Brokop:

## The Patsy Cline Project

**Sat., September 12, 2015**  
**8pm**

**\$21 +HST (seniors)**  
**\$23 +HST (adults)**



Lisa Brokop: The Patsy Cline Project showcases Lisa's amazing voice in a distinct and exciting way. Lisa will transport the audience back to the hey-day of country music with her presentation of Patsy Cline classics. Accompanied by multi-media imagery, Lisa takes the audience on an incredible musical journey featuring some of Patsy Cline's most memorable songs including "Walkin' After Midnight", "I Fall to Pieces", "She's Got You", "Sweet Dreams" and "Crazy".



Stephen Leacock Theatre  
130 Gwendolyn Blvd, Keswick  
905 476 0193  
slt@georgina.ca  
stephenleacocktheatre.ca







Thank you to our Sponsor:



CORI'S & CAFÉ

ROGERS TV

GEORGINA  
COMMUNITY  
FOOD  
PANTRY

# Georgina Harvest Dinner

**Saturday, October 3, 2015**

**Doors Open: 5:30pm | Dinner: 6pm**

**Pefferlaw Community Hall**

**38 Pete's Lane, Pefferlaw**

Support farmers and celebrate the abundance in our communities and across the Greenbelt by sharing a delicious, locally-sourced, meal prepared by Chef Cori Doern of Cori's Cafe.

Bring a healthy non-perishable food donation for the Georgina Community Food Pantry.

## **Tickets on Sale: July 13, 2015**

Adults \$28

Children (12 & under) \$10

Family (2 adults, 2 kids) \$60

## **BRING YOUR OWN PLATE tickets**

(bring your own table setting, including cutlery, soup bowl, salad plate & dinner plate)

### **BYOP tickets:**

Adults \$24

Children (12 & under) \$8

Family \$48

## **Where can I buy tickets?**

### **Bodley's Furniture & Appliances**

247 Pefferlaw Road, Pefferlaw

705-437-2000

### **Cori's Café**

132 High Street, Sutton

905-596-7687

### **Georgina Recreation & Culture Dept.**

3rd-floor Civic Centre

26557 Civic Centre Road, Keswick

905-476-4301



Recreation & Culture Dept.  
26557 Civic Centre Rd., Keswick  
905 476 4301 ext 2224/2237  
prosedonahoe@georgina.ca  
georgina.ca



## THE 2015 SAILPAST

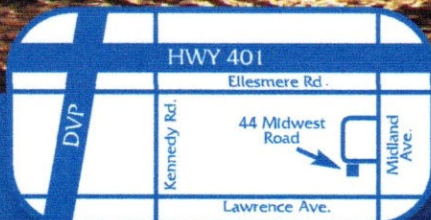




# RIGGING SHOPPE



**Boatloads of  
Bright ideas for  
Boaters for  
over 45 years!**



**44 Midwest Road, Toronto, ON, M1P 3A9**

tel **416-752-1711**

free **1-877-752-1711**

email **info@riggingshoppe.com**

web **www.riggingshoppe.com**



## WHERE GOES WHAT FLAG?

Our Canadian ensign, the red maple leaf, represents our country. Such we were taught many years ago in cubs and scouts, as well as in school. How we think of our flag, we were told, how we treat it, is how we think of our country and how we treat our country.

While there are certain rules of ethics governing when and when not the flag is to be flown. There are naval traditions determining where the flag of our country, as well as the lesser flags, pennants, burgees, and ensigns are flown.



Flag should be flown at the stern.

E.C. Hiscock in his book Cruising under Sail suggests that there is no compulsion for the yachtsman to adhere to navy custom, but any keen owner who likes everything to be ship-shape and Bristol fashion will take pride in attending to the correct ways of flying his flags. For the most part the decision as to when to fly colours is up to the skipper. Some larger yacht clubs may have a “flag officer” who sets the rules for its members. Yachtsmen are generally divided as to whether or not flags should be lowered at sunset. Some keep the ensign flying all the time while the skipper is aboard.

However, there is a definite priority in order of importance of the positions of various flags, burgees, and pennants. The prime position being the stern. This is where the Canadian flag is to be flown, always. It can be put on a special flag staff (as on most commercial vessels), on sail boats on the back



This is one of the correctly flown stern positions for our flag.

stay, or properly from a halyard attached to the backstay two thirds of the way up. That is where every ship, whether commercial or pleasure craft, flies the flag of their country, identifying their place of origin, registry or licencing. If you fly the flag of your country, to have it anywhere else is disrespectful.



Starboard signal halyard is second in priority.

Should you be sailing in foreign waters, it is proper to raise as a courtesy the naval ensign of that country on your port signal halyard.

The starboard signal halyard is the location second in importance. It is the usual place to fly the club pennant which identifies your affiliation. Just keep the Canadian flag at the stern and you will be just fine.



Definitely the wrong location.



# **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**



## **The Georgina Cup 2014**

By Neil McLaughlin

From September 19 - 21, Sail Georgina hosted another excellent Georgina Cup weekend as part of the LSIS racing series. There were over 15 visiting boats that were accommodated into our slips. Some rafted, others utilized empty slips but it was quite crowded around the docks and "Sole of Georgina" club tent. In all, there were about 100 people participating in the event in some way or another. Hessel asked me to write up a synopsis of the weekend. While I am certainly not a literary genius and cannot recap sporting events like Brian Williams, I will do my

best to at least be somewhat accurate. Literary license and a tremendous pride for my crew and our performance over the weekend on Sonas should be noted!

The weekend really started days beforehand with all the volunteers preparing food, organizing tasks, creating and distributing race courses and rules and gathering all the required people to run breakfasts, races, catering and so many other unseen things that caused the event to go off without a hitch!! There is a long list of volunteers that make that weekend event such a great success. As far as the racers are concerned, I am sure that most skippers were preparing their boats, securing crew, clearing their weekend



schedules and making a pit stop at their favorite LCBO sanctioned retailer! Some likely brought food too.

For me on Sonas, the majority of the weekend preparation was in securing crew, checking the rigging on Sonas and organizing the calendar of my work related meetings that usually happen over the weekend. The last thing I or my work teammates needed was for me to show up for a phone conference after Jeff started pouring the Mount Gay! So, with crew and schedule secured, I decided to stay over night on Sonas for the weekend. Driving home each night, getting up early each morning and driving to the harbour to be there to help with breakfast did not seem to be a good idea. Besides, in prior years with all the excitement of potato guns and police searches late at night, I did not want to miss any of these significant extra-curricular activities.

Friday night was relatively calm at the harbour, both in winds and in late night carousing. Unbeknownst to most everyone, the next day was to bring us some of the strongest winds in recent years for the Georgina Cup.

Saturday morning saw a beehive of activity around the club tent, compound and on the docks. Tim Francis, our featured Race Committee and his skilled assistant Karolyn, ventured out early to check the winds and set up the start line and offset finish line. The winds were already starting to build and looked to exceed the forecasted 15-20 knots. Nancy

Glover and her team arrived early to set up the sumptuous spread of fruits, coffee and bagels. Her team cooked a delicious and hearty meal of pancakes and sausages. Quantities estimated were perfect, right down to the last charbroiled sausage!!

While Tim gathered the skippers and crews together for the pre-race briefing, Neil Kinnear was acting in the role of club paparazzi and clicking away pictures of the participants. Most will be happy that he did not have the camera out on Sunday morning!! His feature picture from the event adorns the Sail Georgina web site. The LSIS race committee handed out flags from the last races. Tim walked the skippers through the course, flags and unique race rules. We had two starts for three classes of boats (Flying Sail, White Sail High PHRF and White Sail Low PHRF). A slightly more complicated set of course rules for the start than our club racing. However, for such seasoned racing veterans as the Sail Georgina fleet is, we were ready to head out to the course. Boarding our racing vessels and motoring out to the course, it was a real thrill to see about 25 boats participating. It reminded me of my past days on Lakes Ontario or Huron where we would have 300 boats or more all heading to their specific courses. Truly, it was an awe-inspiring start to the Georgina Cup. At least for those of us that cannot seem to get racing out of our veins or the camaraderie felt amongst a group of like-minded racers.

The race on Saturday was quite eventful. Not only were the winds gusting up to 30

knots, there were many close calls at the start and throughout the race. Several boats dropped out due to damage in the high winds and yet a couple of more crew sustained injuries due to falls or contact with the boom. The thing about racing is that everyone gets dealt the same weather situation, rain, wind or shine. We got wind this day and plenty of it. Most everyone started the race with reefs in their main and genoas. However, as the race progressed and skippers determined that the sustained winds could carry all the sail, most shook out the reefs. On Sonas, we did the same. There were times when we were over-powered, like others but we adjusted and made the most speed that we could handle. As any skipper would tell you, races on days like this "separate the kids from the adults". I would use a less politically correct and old time statement there but you will all get my point. Several flying sail boats came close to broaching. One in particular had the spreaders touch water for a second and carried on. The adrenaline was running on all boats and even as I write this story, the memories give me a chill. I cannot wait to do it again!!

On Saturday night, Jeff Reid hosted the event dinner at his house, yet again. He hired an amazing caterer and had tents set up by his team of volunteers in case of rain. Thanks to the close relationship that Jeff has with Mount Gay, he was able to secure several bottles of their finest nectar to sample. Jeff proceeded with the awards and in particular, the winner of the Georgina Cup. This year's winner was Minus 8. A little rain but Jeff's great

preparation with the tents made the weather a non-issue. People just got even "closer". Eventually, with enough gasoline, the campfire was started and the party at Jeff's continued into the late evening. Many of the participants, including myself, invited extended family to the event. A great meal shared with family and friends is priceless. That dinner, the venue and the vibe of the evening overall was fantastic.

For those of us that did not get enough sailing in on Saturday during daylight hours, we went back to the harbour after dinner and jumped on Sonas for a pleasure cruise. With a plentiful, very boisterous and "happy" crew aboard, we fired up the Yanmar, pulled the shore power, dropped the lines and put her into reverse. In spite of assurances from the crew that all the dock lines were released, while reversing slowly(fortunately), we discovered a spring line still attached. It was very dark!! A good learning moment for the skipper. Eventually, with all docks lines free, we headed out into the lake. The winds looked light until we got out to the club course. Then, the winds came up quite strong and with Judy at the helm, we plotted a course for Big Bay Point. On a beam reach with strong winds, often similar to those felt through the day, we continued to accelerate. As the knot meter crossed each major number: 7, then 8 and then finally 9.3, large cheers went into the air from the crowded cockpit. Needless to say, we were almost at Big Bay Point in no time and with the chart plotter(and Judy's driving) we successfully avoided



the shoal.

With the weather deteriorating and the time getting very late, we came about and headed back to the harbour. We played hide and seek with several race marks and the Townline Shoal mark and made it back home with no yellow or green stripes on the hull. Just after we docked and everyone was accounted for, it started to downpour. Several of us hunkered under the bimini, then down below and the hoopla continued very late into the night. Since there was yet another race on Sunday and everyone needed at least a few hours sleep, the group dispersed around 2am. No potato guns!!!

Sunday morning arrived very early. An excellent breakfast served again by Nancy Glover and her team. Carbs, sugar and coffee all doing their work to restore punished bodies from the day and night before, we had a quick skippers meeting and headed out to the race course. The course on Sunday was the same as our Sail Georgina courses. Many of the boats with injured crew and the damaged boats did not race but there were about a dozen boats to start on Sunday.

On Sonas, we had a similar crew as the day before and we had a great race. We claimed first place in our division.

By early Sunday afternoon, most visiting boats had left the harbour. Those of us still around the club contemplated the weekend, cleaned up our boats and spun stories of all of the fun and racing challenges experienced. For me, as a new

boat owner and long time racer, I can personally attest to a very well run event. All elements of the weekend were of the highest quality. It should be no surprise to anyone why the Georgina Cup is such a popular event. Ideally, the Town of Georgina could get more involved and have the weekend be late summer tourist attraction. Anyway, these were my recollections of the event. Now that Sonas is "on the hard" back at Crates, I will reflect fondly on the summer and yearn for a very short winter!

\*\*\*\*\*

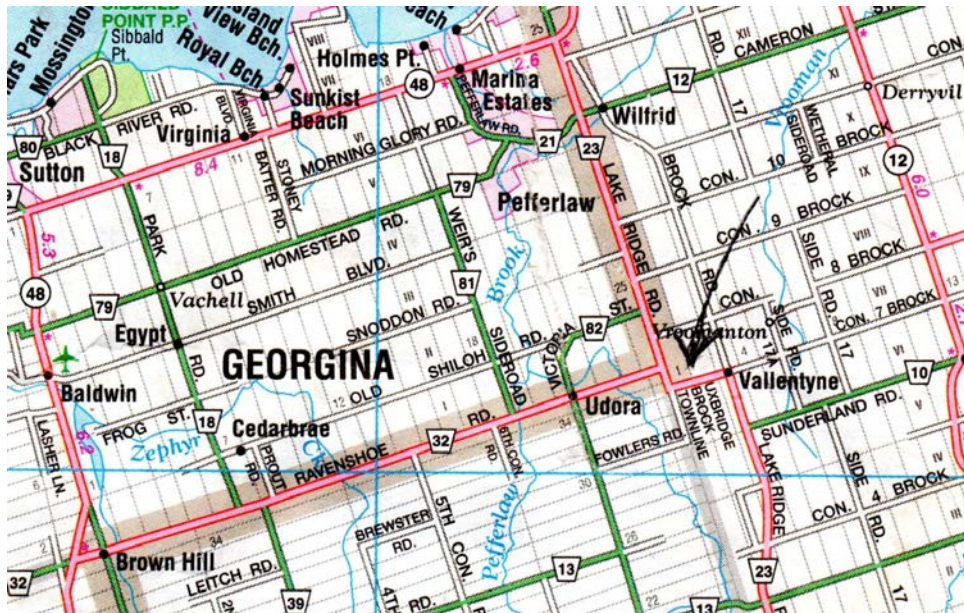


# Ontario Boat Wreckers

## FULL SERVICE MARINE RECYCLER

We have numerous used marine items, replacement parts, fittings and hardware, inboard and outboard engines and parts, available at very reasonable prices. Before you buy new, come see us - we may just have what you need.

We are located on Durham Road 23, just west of Vallentyne.



Ontario Boat Wreckers  
S95 Durham Road 23  
Sunderland, Ontario  
L0C 1H0  
705-333-5533



[info@ontarioboatwreckers.com](mailto:info@ontarioboatwreckers.com)

[www.ontarioboatwreckers.com](http://www.ontarioboatwreckers.com)

## About Cradles and Trailers

Done for Jason Maye

*Walking through the storage area where one of the Lake Simcoe yacht clubs overwinters many of its sailboats, it seemed a bone yard where mere skeletons of cradles were awaiting fall for their charges. I was amazed to see how many of their labels all carried the same manufacturer's name, the Marine Cradle Shop, formerly of Markham, now located just south of the village of Sutton.*

*I decided to search out the owner, Jason Maye, for some information on the ins and outs of boat cradles and trailers.*

While we build for all kinds of water craft, where sailboats are concerned, there are basically two or three types of boats we deal with. Among the larger boats there are two common configurations, those with a heavier fixed keel, and those with a fin keel. The former rest firmly on the keel which basically carries most of the weight of the ship. This requires that the keel support of the cradle/trailer has to be strong enough to take the load, a consideration in the basic design. The function of the pads are largely to support the boat upright. Obviously, their final adjustment should be such that port side and starboard are equal and that neither take more or less load than the other side. A boat leaning to one side is not a good idea. It is probably wise to adjust the pads and even loosen each off a turn or two when hauling in the fall, and snugging them up once the keel settles into place.

Boats with fin keels are mainly supported by the pads. Usually there are more of them and they are somewhat larger since they must take most of the weight.

A number of important considerations go into the design of a suitable cradle or trailer for a specific craft. Not only is the center of the weight of the boat a factor, but also the placement of the supporting pads. Their location needs to be on the stronger parts of the hull, the areas where the interior bulkheads are





located. Another item to keep in mind for us is the location of the lifting marks. Too often the pads interfere with the straps when a ship is lifted at haul-out.

A third type trailer/trailer-bed are those built for sailboats that have drop keels, either in the form of dagger boards, swing keels. These boats, of course, sit much lower and are supported by the hull. Again for each type of boat a specific design to fit the individual craft has to be constructed. Is bottom flat, or does part of the retractable keel protrude? This third type of trailer also includes those built for multi hull boats.

For many of the better known boat designs, both the older and traditional ones, as well as the newer makes, we keep references on the shelf for the appropriate trailer configuration. Together with the manufacturers' recommendations and our experience over the many years, each cradle and trailer is the optimum design for the specific make of the craft. However, no matter how well they are adapted to the particular boat, the ship should be positioned correctly each time it is loaded for storage or transport. A permanently installed guide, or at the very least a clearly marked position for the keel, where it is to sit on the trailer, should be a must. It should also be quite obvious that a cradle not built for the ship in question, or adjusted for a proper fit, can cause serious damage to a valuable investment, especially if the vessel has to be transported by road. You might say that a ship and its trailer should be like a perfect marriage - perfectly suited for each other.

The trailer itself is also subject to a number of considerations, the first being that of gross weight. This includes the total weight of the boat and the weight of the trailer, which together determine the total load - the gross weight - and number of axles that are required. The following guidelines are in current practice:



A single axle trailer - up to 2900 lb

A double axle trailer - up to 3500 lb load, with a maximum of 5000 lb including the trailer.

A heavy duty double axle trailer - up 5200 lb load, and up to 8000 lb including the trailer.

A triple axle trailer - 9000 - 12000 lb where the latter figure is the absolute limit and our largest trailer.

Each boat has a center of gravity while the axle or combined axles have a center point of weight bearing. A trailer is designed such that the center of gravity of the load sits somewhat ahead of the combined center of the axles in order to create a certain amount of weight on the tongue of the trailer. Usually for the latter 8 to 10 % of the total load is recommended for safe towing. A little too much tongue weight is better than not enough. A light weighted tongue is a dangerous condition causing a sway on the road and unsafe steering problems, leading to possible accidents.

There are certain load size restrictions when towing water craft. The legal allowable maximum width is 8'6" while maximum height is 13'6". A phone call to the ministry resulted in the following figures:

"On a Queen's Highway the legal limits are 2.6m in width, 4.15m in height, and 23m in length. Anything above that require a special permit." Notice that they were very careful to state "On a Queen's Highway...". On other roads regulations may differ.

Just a couple of other points: obviously the trailer tongue has to be rated for at least the capacity of the total load (including the trailer weight) and connections to the towing vehicle must comply with legal guidelines.

All trailers of a capacity over 3000 lb are to be equipped with brakes for regular highway towing. A final issue involves the trailer tires. Regular car tires are illegal for use on boat trailers. Trailer tires have a higher rating and usually carry a higher pressure. It is something we do not have much control over since it is quite conceivable that an owner replaces the



How not to load a boat! You need 8 to 10 % of the load weight on the tongue.

original tires after market with the incorrect ones when the original ones become worn. It is also up to the owner to check the tire pressure each spring and fall, or whenever the trailer carries its load. Low pressure causes the tires to heat up and blow up. You are also reminded to grease the hubs each season to avoid bearings running dry and heating up, resulting in their total destruction.

Also, it is not at all a bad idea to put the trailer up on blocks, both for summer storage and in the winter, to take the load off the wheels and get the tires off the ground. Especially grass and trailer tires do not get along very well.



# WE ARE LOCATED IN GEORGINA



## MARINE CRADLE SHOP INC.

Marine Cradle Shop has been in business over 32 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, in 2010 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

fax: 905-294-0427

[www.cradleridetrailers.com](http://www.cradleridetrailers.com)

[sales@cradleridetrailers.com](mailto:sales@cradleridetrailers.com)

## ABOUT CORROSION AND CURRENTS

By Hessel Pape

It surprises me that not more is written about the electrolysis that occurs aboard ship. It would seem that we should all be aware of it and do a seasonal inspection to prevent serious damage it might incur on our vessel.

Essentially, whenever two dissimilar metals occur in a reasonably close proximity placed in water, they produce an electric voltage. They form a galvanic cell, just like a battery, constantly and very slowly discharging though water, which is the electrical conductor. This flow of electrons tends to eat away the less noble of the two metals (such as the propeller, engine housing, or possibly a metal rudder), referred to as the anode, in favour of the more noble of the two metals, the latter usually referred to as the cathode.

If you want to protect the two metals you need to introduce a third that is more active than the first two. The most active metal (zinc, aluminum, magnesium) becomes the anode to the others, corroding and protecting the other two. It becomes the “sacrificial anode”. The active metals mentioned are available in various forms such as blocks of various sizes or spherical pieces, halved and bolted on the prop shaft of inboard engines. Each material has advantages and disadvantages.

Magnesium has the most negative electro-potential of the three and is recommended for boats in fresh water. So, this sacrificial anode is installed as a couple of

small chunks on the lower end of the outboard engine, or as the two half spheres on the prop shaft of the inboard, as mention, or as a grounded plate or small bar on the bottom of the hull. This anode needs seasonal inspection and replacement when it becomes too much corroded to function.

Just a word on a related subject involving wayward currents about a vessel. It is generally thought that when shore power has been installed, the ship should have its

own ground, separate from the ground of the shore supply. Too often, when connected, the ship becomes the ground for a poorly installed shore system. In addition, many boats now use an isolation transformer, or are equipped with special breakers to detected suspicious leaks of current. Such ground fault protection measures are a safeguard against possible shock or even electrocution.

Personally, on our boat

we are not connected to the shore ground and have both live and neutral incoming leads fused.

On a final note: I read recently read that it is not a good idea to swim at a marina in the vicinity of docks supplied with electrical services, or boats plugged in such systems. Electrical leakages in the water from faulty installations may result in shocking results when grabbing on to boats or docks. How often has it happened that the plug end of a power supply cord dangled in the water?



Outboards are usually equipped with a pair of anodes bolted through the lower unit, below water level.



# MAC STORY

By Bob Fortier (Wild Hare)

Creek, Crank, Bang!....Creek, Crank, Bang! The creaking and cranking was our J30 flexing and the bang was the hull smashing into the next wave. 11:30 pm, 2/3 up Lake Michigan from Chicago in the Manitou islands on our way to finish line at Mackinac Island. We were only 30 minutes into our 3 hour 'off duty' shift from 11 to 2am. It was our second night after starting from Chicago Saturday morning. After 3 years of sailing these Mac races I had gotten pretty good at training my body to go to sleep every 3 hours so that we could push the boat on our 'on shift time'. There was no sleep to be had this night. "any of you guys asleep"? I asked my 2 partners. "who could sleep in this shit, it sounds like boat is going to split in half" comes the response from Mike. I pull myself out of my rear quarter berth to have a look upstairs. Horizontal rain, black skies, lightning...."how much wind you got up there"? I ask Captain John. "30 knots on the nose" John yells. In my underwear, I go up the steps to have a look at anometer...32,31,30,29,31 yep 30 knots. At the same time the pig man (nickname my daughters pinned on Brit Earle, originator of first ever Cook Bay Yacht Club pig roast,) pukes on ceiling of his quarter berth, sticks his head out and down and fills my shoes with puke. Puke stalactites on ceiling and a puke stew in my sailing shoes...sweet. Time to head upstairs and help.

If being downstairs in this storm was bad, being up on deck was downright frightening. John tells me to 'clip on' and before I question him that I am still in cockpit, he says it again 'clip on'. My mandatory after dark harness is clipped to jack line. John asks Kevin his son-and-law to go check chart where we are? Kevin our 'computer guy' fires up the laptop/chartplotter. When visibility is about 30 feet, this is probably a good idea. I knew it was 30 feet because I could see the bow but not the top of our mast. Kevin sticks his head up "tack now!, gps and chart show us on land". We do an immediate crash tack to starboard. Later when we look at our course, the plotted route travels onto South Fox Island. John asks me to relieve him on helm. "what are you steering by"? I ask, "I can't see shit". "you have to feather it into wind, just go by feel really" john says. I get behind him, slide into position, he is pulling tiller, I am pushing it...."there you got it" and he disappears down below. Now I have the lives of the six of us in my hands and can't see shit. Mike joins Kevin and me on deck and Andy goes down. Brit looks blue and has a bucket for a chin strap. We hear some talk about suppository gravel in first aid kit and we laugh. John joins us and we sail with four up. We are overpowered and I ask if we could change down to #2 or #3? Too dangerous is the response from John. I look at forward rail and imagine 2 of us up there taking sail down and hoisting a smaller one. John is correct, not a chance, not now, too dangerous. Feather up is best.

We have been through many storms but never anything like this. It lasts 6 ½ hours until 6 am. The number one thought I could not get out of my mind after the crash tack was the 100 or so spinnakers that were visible behind us as we entered the Manitou Passage before dark. This is

the tightest confined waters of the whole race. These larger racing sleds would be passing us and we could not see them. Every once in a while a single red or green light would be visible briefly, then gone. A collision in this weather would not be pretty.

Why do I do this? Is this fun? Mike started sailing/racing with me many years ago on Lake Simcoe on our Catalina 25. Mike loved the racing just as much as me, but we sucked. That changed and the passion to compete started when the Brit a.k.a. the Pigman joined us for a Georgian Bay Regatta. Brit taught us how to race and more importantly compete. We can always go faster, that trim is not good enough and needs to constantly be changed. I met John, (another Cook Bay Yacht Club member, as was Andy) after buying a J27 and moving the boat to Collingwood. John bought a J30 in Chicago area and sailed it back to Collingwood. John did both the Bayview Mac and the Chicago Mac for 5 straight years. 300 mile races at an average of 5 miles per hour is a unique experience. We raced John's J30 in the long distance Mac Races and raced my J27 in the one design Regattas (Cork, Youngstown, NOODs and J27 Nationals). John has also taught me allot about sailing and racing and feeds my hunger to continue to get better.

As the storm raged on, I remember thinking - If I make it through this, I am done. I don't need this shit. Why? This is not fun.....

As the sun comes up and the wind dies down we start heading east and approach to the historic Mackinac bridge. We all take turns and get some needed shut eye both down below or on deck. Brit tells us how he has never been sick before and that he is still not right. We exchange our inner stresses that we all experienced that evening and laugh about it. We wonder if all the other boats made it through the night OK? It is a beautiful morning as we sail under the bridge and feel the great satisfaction we feel everytime we take the finish gun and complete another Mac. Brit takes the helm for the final run to the line. A J30 in this race is a little boat.

As we arrive at the dock, I see my son, his friend, friends' mom and Sue. I can barely stop from crying as I embrace her on shore. What's wrong? she asks. The storm I tell her. "It was brutal, Brit was sick, we could not see.....aw forget it" we go for a beer and get something to eat.

It's the middle of January, I look out the patio door window to the 2 feet of snow on the deck and answer the phone. It's John. "hey Bob, how are you doing? I am calling to see if you want to race another Mac next year? We are going to make some changes, the pigman is going again and I want you to be crew boss again next year, are you in"? "Sure, wouldn't miss it, when's the meeting to organize things"? I answer without hesitation. I put on my winter clothes and head out to shovel the snow off the deck.





## **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**

## CRUISING NOTES - PART 8

The Coast of new England 1971

By Hessel Pape

*In July of 1971 I spent a month cruising the Atlantic along the coast of new England on board of a 26ft. Grampian - similar to my present boat - with her "master" Bill S. How we prepared for this venture, set out from Newport, Rhode Island with the intent to sail the 740 miles to Bermuda, and how we decided to change to an alternate plan during the middle of the first week when we encountered a hurricane, can be found in the previous seven instalments published in earlier issues of Dock Lines.*

*At this point we have departed the harbour of Nantucket, sailed along the east coast of Cape Cod Peninsula, and tied up at Provincetown around the north tip of Cape Cod.*

Now, I must admit that toward the latter part of the voyage the keeping of notes at the time became somewhat lax and I must at this point rely mostly on memory to continue this narrative. I do know that on a whole we were fortunate with the weather. The breezes were pleasant, the seas gentle, and the sky generally clear during the latter part of July. I do not recall any bad weather.

Arriving at Provincetown, at the north end of Cape Cod, the tide was up and we could essentially step from the cockpit coaming directly onto shore where we tied up with bow and stern lines, as well as a couple of long spring lines. The fenders had to be hung horizontally with some care because we had tied up to the sort of dock that was constructed of wooden piles that rose from the depths at about eighteen inches apart and were slippery and grimy with seaweeds and slime.

"This is where the Pilgrim Fathers originally landed, Ole Chap," Bill explained, "not at Plymouth as they would have us believe."

Plymouth Rock turned out to be a large round boulder, which was displayed a little father along shore road, carefully protected by a fancy and ornate stone shelter. It was the only round boulder to be found anywhere in the vicinity, an obvious tourist attraction which looked like it had been imported from Georgian Bay. There were no other such large round stones along the shores.

Further down, in town, was the Pilgrim Museum that we rushed through. Behind one glass window a single red brick lay displayed with the note that it came from a church in Leiden, Holland, where the Pilgrim community lived safely for some time after their escape from England, and before they were given a place to settle in New England. They had brought the brick along on the Mayflower, a reproduction of which lay in the harbour close to where we lay tied up. Leiden was the city where I was born.

Bill was anxious to get back to the boat and depart for Boston. After a few purchases of food and his usual search for a radio crystal which would allow him to use the prescribed channel on the transceiver (it was a.m. in those days) we returned to the dock. Our boat was nowhere to be seen. Approaching the edge of the dock we finally found it, down below, way down below. Just a bit of the mast showed above the dock. The tides at the north end of Cape Cod were rather large, averaging some ten feet.

"That ye're boat, buddy?" someone asked near by.

"Yes," Bill replied with an embarrassed grin on his face.

"Good thing I was here. Good thing there was plenty of line," the fellow said. "If we hadn't let them go every so often, ye're lovely boat would'f bin hangin off the wall."



Provincetown.

Fortunately there was a ladder of sorts down the side, wet slippery metal rods fastened between two piles every so often. Bill started the engine at once and the fellow on top dropped us our lines.

As we cleared the harbour and sailed around the point into open ocean, Bill, his usual self, disappeared into the cabin and shut the hatch to “consult the charts”, which he usually did flat on his back on his quarter berth with his eyes shut. His last instructions before he went down below were to “steer for that buoy up there”. A while later he popped up with instructions to set a course of 210 by the compass. As he expected I repeated, “Compass course 210”, and steered the new heading, then called out, “Steady on 210,” the way it is done in the navy as he insisted when I was at the helm.

Then, after having had his ten winks, Bill opened the hatch again, looked about and said, “I thought I told you to head for that buoy up there,” pointing about ten degrees off the starboard bow.

“Yes, you did, but then you told me to steer 210. So what do you want me to do?”

“Both,” he replied. “That buoy should be at 210.”

“Well, it isn’t.”

Bill decided at this point that I was too stupid to follow directions, refusing to admit that his chart work had been inaccurate. We did eventually make it into Boston harbour, very late at night, and tied up to an old barge in what seemed like an industrial area. It was, of course, rather dark and Bill decided that we would sort things out in the morning. As it turned out, we had tied up on the south west shore of the harbour, just across from the approaches of the Boston airport, which explained the low flying jets overhead all night. We were also close enough to the city core to warrant a walk into town. It, too, was a brief affair since Bill tended not to be an avid sightseer.

Inevitably, Bill who seemed always to be in a hurry, decided against another night along side the barge, but chose to head out to sea again late in the afternoon. This of course meant night sailing again, which with the numerous navigational lights in the area was really not such a big chore. Most lights were easily identified by their colour and characteristics.

Except . . . something did not seem entirely right. Off the port bow was a single white light we could not account for. Bill could not find anything on the chart that matched a fixed white.

“Must be on shore, Ole Boy,” he decided.

“So how far is the shore line in that direction? Besides, it looks too close.”

“Optical illusion. Let this be a good lesson for you,” Bill explained. “Things always look different at night.” He lapsed into a brief lecture about his amazing knowledge of guiding numerous navy vessels across the Atlantic back to their American ports at the end of the war when he had been required to take over command because the captains lay sick on their bunks. On many such returning ships he had stood many a watch at night, he explained, and, of course, he was very good at spotting other ships.

Well off the starboard bow, and well off in the distance was a boat moving away to starboard. You had to watch for them because especially the larger ones did not look out for small vessels such as ours. It carried its usual navigational lights, showing green and white. But what were those two or three white lights a little higher up? Not a usual configuration. It was about at this point that a light went on in my head.

“Bill, that has got to be a tug over there on starboard and I think it must be towing, according to those lights. And you know what? That white light on port is moving. I bet you that tug is towing a barge and we are heading straight for the towing cable.”

For once he agreed. “I think you are right Ole Chap. We had better change course.”



We passed astern a very large barge, the kind which hauls garbage to a dumping ground somewhere out in the ocean. The tow line must have been close to a mile long, and we had been heading straight for it.

We made landfall twice more before arriving at the yacht club at Gloucester, namely at Marblehead and Salem, where we visited the Peabody Museum. It was definitely a highlight and for once we spent a good deal of time there. Originally a collection of priceless souvenirs brought home from world voyages, much from the Orient, by a well to do captain of a trading vessel, it had become a impressive collection and turned into a seafaring museum. There we many beautifully detailed authentic ship models on display as well as numerous articles brought back from the Orient. We spent most of the afternoon there, wandering around and admiring the amazing artifacts.

Still heading north, having departed the safe haven of Salem - the witches had long since disappeared - we made for Gloucester and tied up at the local yacht club there. We found the premisses rather deserted and quiet, but with a convenient location for guest docking. Bill decided it was an excellent opportunity to avail ourselves of the facilities and have a long leisurely shower to freshen up. He explained that most yacht clubs had "reciprocal" arrangements. If you were a member of a recognized club anywhere, you were a welcome guest of any other official yacht club and were free to make use of their conveniences. This usually included a night or two of overnight docking. I was under the impression that Bill was a member of the Royal in Toronto, but before stepping ashore he said,

"Let me do the talking, Ole Chap, but if anyone should ask what club we are with, just tell them 'the Kingston Club'. Everyone recognizes that name."

Actually, of the few people we met, no one asked our affiliation for permission to enter, and we had a lovely shower before dinner. Bill seemed to feel quite in his element as an important representative of his home yachting organization whichever it was - some believed it might have been Kingston, Jamaica - and somehow Bill was able to hold an interesting conversation with whomever approached him. He easily impressed all. As for me at this exclusive location, I was the crew, hired for Bill's coastal voyage. It seemed like a good story for him.

Invited to have dinner at the club, we went back to the boat and made ourselves as presentable as we could. We were both loaned a suitable tie upon entering the dining room which, together with our light wind breakers, seemed to satisfy the dining room etiquette. Bill was rather pleased. I was somewhat worried about the cost since I had very little cash left, but on the way from the boat Bill replied,

"Don't worry Old Chap, I will cover the bill and we will add it to the trip expense." The arrangement, of course, was that at the end of our trip I was to pay him half of all the additional expenses we had incurred over the four week period.

We had a lovely fish dinner, together with a glass of wine or two. Bill singled out one particular chap, an older fellow with a large white mustache, suitably attired in white slacks, shirt and tie, and a blue blazer. They spoke for hours, occupying large leather chairs in the common room, but I have no idea what they talked about. Quite forgotten, I walked around a bit, admired the old photographs, artifacts and trophy collection, and became suitably bored till the old man finally excused himself. We stayed at the club dock overnight and were given the key for the washrooms to use in the morning before an early departure. The key was to be left in a drop box upon leaving.

At the west side of Gloucester there is a canal making Cape Ann more or less an island. It made for an pleasant motor/sail trip - the wind stayed consistently south west - and rounding the north shore of Cape Ann, we arrived at a most picturesque little fishing harbour called Rockport. It seemed we had stepped backward in time and into the nineteenth century. There we remained at anchor and spent a brief time ashore.



Rockport harbour, on the north shore of Cape Anne, and our turning point for home.

The time had come to turn around and make our way back to Newport where we hoped to arrive by the end of the month as originally planned. It was where the car and trailer had been parked when we had arrived some weeks earlier and where we had launched our boat. I do not really remember a great deal of our south bound voyage since it was rather uneventful. Having departed from Rockport we rounded Cape Ann and headed out into open water. We were bound for the eastern entrance of the Cape Cod Canal, and the trick was to arrive there at just the right time. The issue involved the tides which differ substantially at the east and west ends of this waterway, such that they resulted in a rather strong current which reverses twice during each twenty four hour period. At its maximum the velocity of the current can be as much as 4.8 Kts. during flood and 5.1 Kts. during ebb. Our inboard engine, running full out, would move our little ship at close to hull speed, about 6 Kts. We would not want to go against the current but make use of the one moving to the west, which occurred during ebb and could therefore be as much as 5 Kts., depending on the phase of the moon.

The Eldridge Tide and Pilot Book included a special section on the canal and gave us a complete listing of dates and times of every month of the year together with the daily a.m and p.m start of flood and ebb. There are traffic lights at either end, and mooring basins where one waits till clearance is given by radio telephone.

Somehow we managed to arrive at just the right time in the evening, were cleared, and proceeded down the canal towards Buzzards Bay. There were three bridges but those for the highways had a 135ft. clearance at mean high water, while the railroad bridge was kept in an open position,



The Cape Cod Canal, and one of the highway bridges.

so there was no concern about our mast height.

Dark as it was, it was interesting to note that the banks on either side were lit by what looked like street lights on high poles which on one side had a yellow hue and on the other side more of a cold blue. It was like driving a car along a highway. When we entered there had been little of no current, but soon those lights on the banks started to whip by at a much faster rate.

“What with the current with us now,” Bill grinned, “we are probably moving a good 10 Kts. over ground, Ole Boy. We will make it through in record time.”

The canal itself is perhaps around six Miles and with the Hog Island Channel at the west end about ten Miles, and at the speed we were making, not a very long trip. Once we cleared the channel, we made for Woods Hole at the western tip of the Cape Cod Peninsula, for it is referred to as a peninsular since the canal is a man made feature after all.

Woods Hole is the home of the Oceanographic Institute, a renowned research facility which



Woods Hole, as seen from the harbour.

had been in the news at the time for its deep ocean exploration. In fact, Alvin, the bathysphere used for the expedition to the ocean floor lay moored just a couple of hundred feet from us along the shore line.

No, Bill was not interested in

finding out whether the Institute conducted tours of their facility.

“You stay on board,” he instructed, “and look after the ship while I go ashore to see if that crystal is available around here.”

It was not, of course, and soon we were on our way again, this time to Falmouth where again Bill went ashore to find the illusive crystal for the radio. He never did find one and was finally told that it had to be ordered from an electronics supplier.

Our brief stop at Falmouth more or less marked the end of our East coast travels. From here we set out on our final lap, past the entrance into New Bedford harbour and into Narragansit Bay to Newport harbour and Richardson’s marina.

I have very little recollection of decommissioning the boat, of taking the mast down and having it loaded on the trailer, nor do I remember much of our trip back to Toronto. It was a long drive and all a bit of an anticlimax. Glad to be home, and rejoin my family after a full month of absence. The day after my arrival home we were out on our boat on Georgian Bay to spend some relaxing days at Honeymoon Bay at the north end of Beausoliel Island.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Postscript

In looking back over the years I have to admit that in spite of many unpleasant situations that developed with Bill during the four week voyage back in 1971, the trip was altogether a worthwhile



experience. We did an amazing amount of sailing and saw a great deal of a famous area for recreational boating. We covered a lot of ground. In fact the Canadian Power Squadron had its roots via the USPS in the New England area and originally its courses were based on the Martha's Vineyard charts for the course work. Many names, such as Point Judith, Buzzard's Light and Cuttyhunk were familiar to many of us who had taken the Advanced Piloting course with CPS.

The unpleasantry revolved about Bill, who, in spite of his statement that during the trip we were to consider the little ship equally as ours, and that we were to sail our cruise as equals, was after all her owner. He was the captain, and certainly carried on as her captain; he expected his "orders" to be followed to the letter, navy style.

In retrospect, the issue had to do with compatibility. It is not easy to share a bit of solid ground, confined to a space of just twenty six by eight and a half feet in size. It is a small world indeed to spend many waking hours on what often seemed an unending expanse of water, together with someone playing out his dream of a ship's command. While in his professional position in society as a decision maker he was used to being obeyed to the letter, Bill had never forgotten the frustration of twenty five years earlier, at the end of the war, when he had never quite made the rank of Naval Captain. Now he was, captain of his twenty six foot vessel, complete with a crew to order around.

In the end the point is that when planning an extended pleasure cruise with a relative stranger, sail or otherwise, it is important to consider the sort of person you sign on with. What are the arrangements; who is in charge; what are the financial terms. And above all, can you get along.

Some time after our return home I received a letter from Bill stating that while there was a substantial amount of money owing on my part, representing half of our consumable expenses, he had decided not to expect me to pay the balance because "you have been extremely helpful in installing so much of the newly acquired items on the boat. Thank you."

We had our days, but it was an experience I would not have missed for the world.

\*\*\*\*\*



Nobska Point Light.