

DOCK LINES

SUMMER 2017



CONTENTS:

From the Bridge	2
From the Engine Room	3
The Briars	4
Town of Georgina	5
Bridge Pennants	6
The Ramada	8
100 years Rainbow Class.	9
The Rigging Shoppe	11
Old Sailing Terms	12
Sobeys of Sutton	14
Home Hardware	15
The Flag Store	16
Lake Simcoe Arms	18
Queen of the Sea	19
Marine Cradle Shop	26
Cruising	27



From the Bridge

Welcome everyone to the 2017 sailing season. I would like to thank all our club members for entrusting operation of Sail Georgina in the hands of myself and the other executive members this year.

It will be a strange summer, what with Bonnie Boats, the historic marina here in Jackson's Point, closed down. The place was sold to a developer this spring. The sale took both us, and the Town, by surprise. The previous owners advised their customers to have all their boats etc. removed by May 27th, with a closing date for the sale of the property effective June 1st. It now appears that there will be no functioning marina next door to us. For things like water, pump-out, fuel and service you will need a plan B. Nonetheless I expect us sailors will be better off than our powerboat counterparts.

We now know that the York region Police Marine Unit will be moving in to part of the former Bonnie Boats property, likely by the fall of 2018. Meanwhile the Town of Georgina has "initiated a study that will prepare the Jackson's Point Harbourfront Redevelopment Plan for the lands in the Jackson's Point Harbour Area". The Town has retained a Planning Firm to assist in this

and has solicited input from interested parties, residents and businesses. We have had the opportunity as an interested party to provide such input to the Town and the Planning Firm on the facilities we use and enjoy. Some suitable options will be presented later in the summer.

For now we welcome visitors from around our lake to our harbour and are happy to assist them in any way we can to make their stay at Jackson's Point an enjoyable one.

We once again look forward to our annual sailing school for the younger people, scheduled for later in August this season.

We continue this summer to run a very full and active racing program and I request all our members to get involved even if you are non-competitive, as it is a great way to improve your sailing skills and it is another "excuse" to get out on the beautiful lake we all enjoy. Keep your eyes on the SGA website and calendar of events for upcoming races and social get-togethers.

See you in the harbour and out on the lake. May the four winds blow you safely back to harbour.

Commodore Ken

Keep your keel wet and sails dry!

From the Engine Room

Editorial - H.H. Pape

As our commodore mentioned, visitors arriving at our Jackson's Point Town Harbour from across the lake by boat will be shocked to discover that Bonnie Boats has been sold and shut down, and find its services are no longer available. That means no gas, no fresh water, no pump out, and no emergency engine repairs should they require any assistance in case of motor trouble of any sort.

What bothers me is not so much the fact that the marina was sold to new owners - let's face it, commercial enterprises get bought and sold all the time, but that Bonnie Boats, a marina with a very long history, went to a land holding company with the aim of subdividing the property for future development and all that comes with it, seems to me a disastrous outcome. Had the business gone to a new marina operator who might have injected some improvements and innovations in the operation, it would have been a welcome change, but we are losing a very vital asset to our community. Bonnie Boats was one of the few facilities with sufficient depth at their service dock for vessels with a more substantial draft. Alternatives would seem to be marinas located either in the Keswick area, on the shores of Cook's Bay, or at the south east corner of our Georgina shore line, at the mouth of the Pefferlaw River, only reachable by travelling around the north shore of Georgina Island, since the waters between the south side of the island and the mainland are too shallow to accommodate most boat.

Both locations seem to me a long way from the formerly strategically and centrally located facility on the south shore of our lake. For that matter, Jackson's Point has always been our primary gateway to the waters of Lake Simcoe, and many of our local summer residents have kept their pleasure craft and cruisers at Bonnie Boats, Not suited for sail boats due to height restrictions, the marina has been a haven for our cousins, the power boaters.

I have been told that several of these

people who have kept their craft at Bonnie Boats for numerous years, practically as a family tradition, felt forced to sell their boats this spring as a result of the loss of their long time berth close to their place of residence.

In my opinion, the now former owners of the marina have done our community a great disservice by selling out to land speculators without any regard for anyone but themselves, strictly for the sake of making a profit from the sale of what turned out to be merely a financial investment for them.

As usual we are somewhat late with this issue again. It has been a strange spring, and everyone has been extremely busy. I have resorted to calling this simple as the 2017 issue of Dock Lines, rather than the spring 2017 issue. That "sort of solves it".

While we were expecting a couple of other submission, I believe this issue to be an interesting one. I would like to thank all who were able and found the time to contribute an article.

At the club's spring AGM a motion was passed to amend our constitution by the addition of officially selected designs, and regulations giving our bridge members the right to fly a pennant, each recognizing the member's position on the bridge of our club. You will find the article in the following pages with a more detailed explanation and the illustrations of the designs chosen for each position. Our members may want to print out this page and keep it on board for future reference. We hope, of course, that our bridge officers will make it a practice to fly their pennants on order to be recognized as being on our executive.

For the racing enthusiasts an article about the centennial of the Rainbow Class, the three men racing boats still popular in Europe. A number of special events are planned, including the first world championship to be held in Italy.

Gerry Graham contributed an excellent article about the Bluenose II. He actually sailed this amazing vessel when visiting our east coast earlier. When he came back he spoke of nothing

else but his experience doing his part on the classic vessel. Sailing his own boat on our lake just will just not be the same after his ocean adventure on the Atlantic.

Nancy is back in this issue with a great idea of researching expressions in our English language that have their roots in the rich British naval tradition. Whoever thought that “three sheets in the wind” came from sailing days and does not refer to the wash hanging on the clothes’ line.

The people at the flag store were approached to write something about the use of flags on the water. They obliged promptly. Unfortunately the contents turned out to be more of an advertorial about their store. In the end I decided to run most of it after all.

As we all know, in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the birth of Canada as an independent nation, and the creation of our constitution, entry to all the federal parks in Canada is free, that means it is free to walk around any federal park, while for camping there is still the usual charge.

Since the locks of the various canals, such as the Trent-Severn are now operated by Parks Canada they too are free of charge this year (but not overnight docking). Park and Locking passes are still available on line by going to their website. We received our in about

two weeks by mail. We hope, therefore to make another trip to Georgian Bay where at one time, many years ago we spent many an enjoyable summer on extensive cruise.

One stop which we hope to make is at a place we call Madonna Bay, roughly south east of Bone Island. There, once upon a time we found a bit of local history worth reading about and put down in our last article.

I would like to thank our advertisers for their interest and ongoing support. Please have a look at who they are, and in turn support their businesses.

We invite your letters and comments in response to any of the articles. Please direct them to mhpape@interhop.net

Hessel Pape
Editor



THE BRIARS
Resort & Spa on Lake Simcoe

*A great place for a
a cool refreshment or
a calming spa treatment,
just minutes from the
Jackson's Point Harbour.*

www.briars.ca | 905-722-3271
55 Hedge Road, RR1, Jackson's Point, ON L0E 1L0

Georgina

HARVEST DINNER

Saturday, September 9

5:30 p.m. (Doors Open) | Dinner 6:30 p.m.

The Link, 20849 Dalton Road

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.

Regular Ticket Prices after July 28:

Adult: \$45 +hst

Children: \$35 +hst

Tickets available at,
snapd.at/pew4yhk

GET TICKETS

snapd  **TIX**

Early Bird

until July 28

Adult: \$39.95 +hst

Children: \$29.95 +hst
(12 and under)

Bridge Pennants

Flags, signals, burgees, pennants, colours, banners, ensigns, whatever you want to call them, have been around for a long time, especially on vessels. The use of them in the navy is a tradition that probably goes back to the ancient seafarers who took the practice to the water from the ancient custom of troops displaying their colours at the head of the column as they marched into battle. Of course, they were not merely for decoration of the ship but flown as an identification of the origin and intent of the vessel, friend of foe?

It has been so ever since. The flag flown at the stern still indicates the nationality of the ship, or at least its port of registry. And when you come across some of those amazing paintings of a seventeenth century man-of-war with smoking cannons in battle, such as those by van de Velde de Jonge, you can usually identify at once which ships are ours, flying the British ensign.

Other flags and banners often relayed other information, such as the personal signal of the captain, or of the owners of the ship if it was a trader, or whether in the case of a war ship the admiral was on board. All colours flown had some special significance.

Of course flags were not only displayed to give information about the vessel, but they were also used as a means of communication when a ship was beyond hailing distance. In an earlier issue we ran an article about such signal flags. Not till the advent of radio did this method of interchange largely come to an end, that is, with the exception of transmission of orders during the war when radio silence was needed as not to alert the enemy.

I actually own a small pocket reference issued by the British navy containing most of the common signal flag combinations for various messages and orders. It was the duty of the signal officer to memorize these signals, be able to read them when hoisted on a ship nearby and answer them as directed by his captain.

So how does this all relate to us? Well, we fly the Canadian flag at the stern of our sailboats, officially two-thirds of the way up, but more usually lower on our back stay where we can reach it to take down at sunset. We fly our burgee on our starboard signal halyard to let every one know which yacht club or sailing club we proudly belong to.

As of this year we hope to take the right to fly our bridge officers' flags somewhat more seriously. As hard working members of the executive, each has the privilege and the right to fly an officer's pennant which indicates his or her position on the bridge of the club. This is the way the executive reminds club members they are the people who volunteer their time and effort to keep the club running smoothly.

Conversely this signal should also be recognized by the other club members that the skipper of the boat displaying a bridge officer's pennant is indeed a member of the executive and should be afforded some degree of respect and thanks for their time and contribution to the club.

We would therefore hope that the pennants are flown regularly, except perhaps during a race when such extra windage might make the difference of 1/100 of a second and the difference between winning and losing.

Indicated on the following page are the various signals and their significance. Please note that while the past commodore is still a sitting member of the executive, the retired commodore is no longer such. However we would like to recognize this club member for his/her past contributions to the club. We have decided, though, to award this honour only to the immediate retired commodore. If we were to extend the practice to all who have served at one time or another, many of our members would end up flying this pennant, since many have served as commodore in the past.

In the end, if nothing else, a little tradition is great for club spirit.

The Quartermaster (unofficially)



Commodore

A blue cross on a white swallowtail field



Vice Commodore

A white cross on a blue swallowtail field



Rear Commodore

A white cross on a red swallowtail field



Past Commodore

A white rectangle centered on a blue swallowtail field



Immediate Retired Commodore

Similar Commodore pennant, but displaying the letter R on the upper inside quadrant



Fleet Captain

A white cross on a swallowtail field of alternate red and blue quadrants, having upper blue quadrant inside



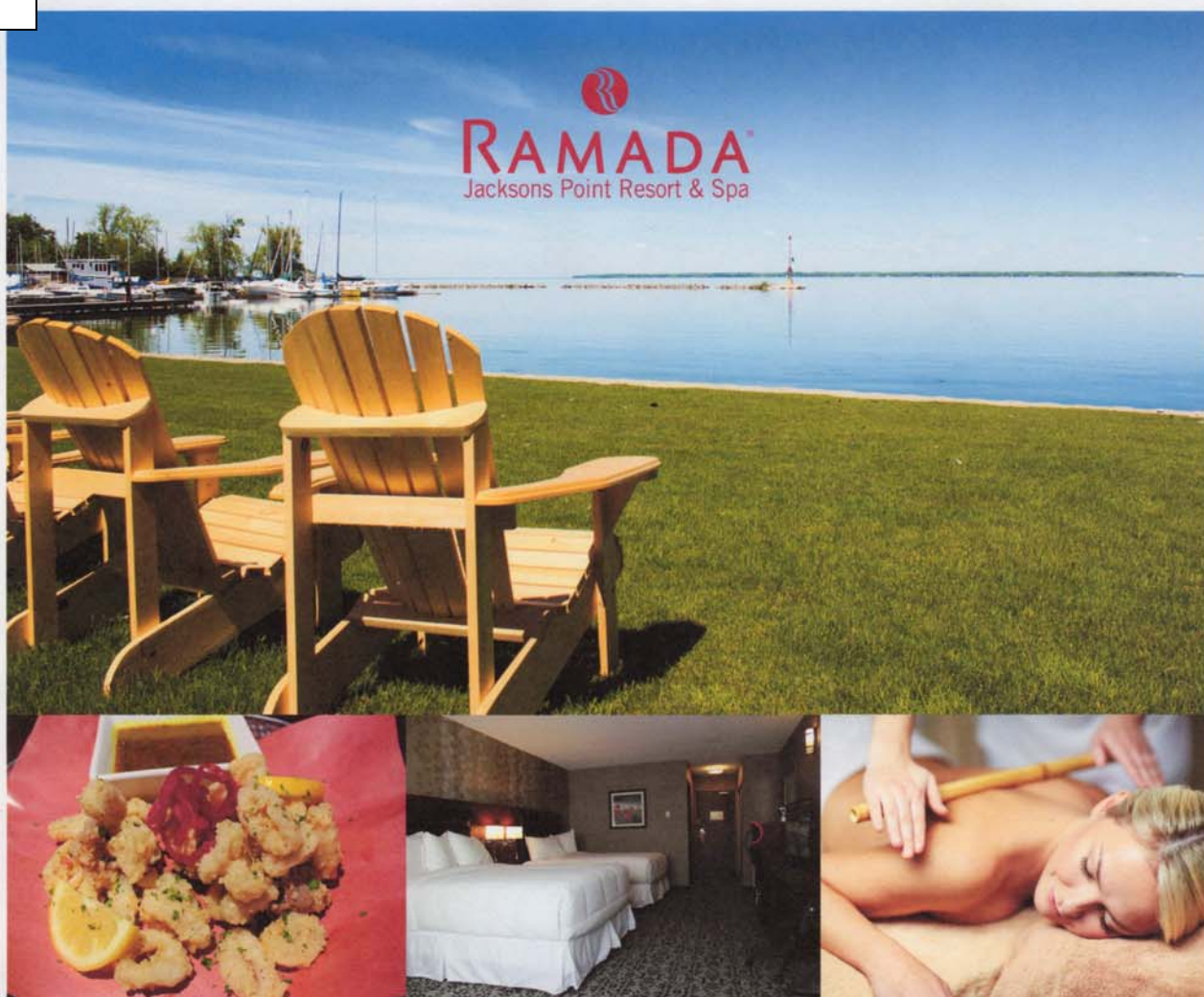
Treasurer

A yellow cross on a red swallowtail field



Secretary

A red cross on a yellow swallowtail field



CONVENIENTLY LOCATED 5 MINUTES AWAY FROM JACKSON'S HARBOUR.

The Ramada Jacksons Point Resort & Spa is a beautiful waterfront property located on the shores of Lake Simcoe in Jacksons Point, Georgina. Our multi-million dollar fully renovated property comes with a spectacular lake view resort setting which boasts our elegant and beautifully decorated guest rooms, a spa, full-service restaurant, indoor swimming pool and fitness room as well as event spaces.

Our skilled culinary team at Double U Resto and Bar has created a cuisine to excite the senses and please any palate in several mouth-watering forms. Our team of therapists at Glo Spa will pamper you and take you on an unforgettable journey of blissful indulgence with premium quality ingredients.

-8-

49 Lorne Street, Jacksons Point, ON , L0E 1L0
T: 905.572.6232 | F: 905.722.6894 | Toll Free: 1.844.558.2431
info@ramadajacksonspoint.com | www.ramadajacksonspoint.com



100 years for the Rainbow Class

The “Regenboog Klasse” celebrates its hundredth anniversary. This exclusive pure Dutch sailing class grew in a century to just 156 boats. Many well known individuals owned a Rainbow. Best known is King Willem-Alexander, owner of Rainbow number 56, the “Oranje”.

The Rainbow belongs to a wooden National one-design of keel boats. This one-design class of the Netherlands was always exceptional. When in 1917 Gerard de Vries Lentsch, a member of an old family of boat builders, won a competition for a new on-design class, he started at the same time his own wharf where due to his successful design he built some 18 Rainbows in his first year. It was, for the start of the 20th century, a modern three person boat with a large overhang. That meant that the waterline was much shorter than the overall total length. The boats were gaff-rigged and had a relatively large cotton main sail.

The rigging consisted of a steeply peaked gaff main sail, a genoa, and a spinnaker. The total sail carried amounted to 70m². The crew consisted of three individuals who all were required to be amateur sailors.

The very first Rainbow was built from mahogany and clad in copper. The ship was originally blue, and the intent in 1917 was to give each successive boat a different colour of the rainbow.

Not all boats produced over the last 100 year can celebrate their centennial. It is known that number 8 was demolished, number 9 burned in 1969, and number 13 did not survive WWII. Several Rainbows were taken by the Germans while others ended up in Scandinavia.

After the war the fleet reduced seriously. Between 1944 and 1968 no new boats were built, however with the arrival of new products such as epoxy with which the boat could truly be made water tight, came a revival. Slowly the class boat grew again. At the onset of the 21st century there were at least ten new “Bows” built and this year number 158 will be christened. While in 1917 a new Rainbow cost around one thousand guilders, a new one today, in 1917, will set you back close to €100,000.

Nearly every Rainbow hides its own individual story. Number 56 went adrift but was afterward repaired and renovated into its full glory. This bright orange yacht became the property of King Willem-Alexander in 2002 who eventually presented its use to the



“Regenboogclub” who uses the “56” to encourage enthusiasm among new young talent. Young teams now have the opportunity to experience sailing the “Queen of the water” in the boat owned by the king.

The nr.74 was sawn in two back in 1983. One half did service as a bar in a sports club, but when the value of the original Rainbows became clear, it was restored and in 2003 it won the national championship. The joke is that it is still the fastest ship when headed for a bar.

The Rainbow is most definitely not a forgotten class yacht. Over the last number of years also the younger teams look for the highest honours, including at the legendary Holland-Friesland competitions. The centenary will host many activities. Between June 1 and the 5th the program calls for a major celebration for the fleet at Loosdrecht. Planned is a race between Olympic sailors and official class competitors. The aim is to have at least 100 boats show up at the start line.

For the Regenboog Club it is a disappointment that some of the Rainbows have disappeared without a trace. Number 15 was reportedly stored in the Dutch province of Zeeland, but nobody knows where. To allow all originally registered boats to participate an exception has to be made in the case of one that appeared on the scene with an added cabin.

As of June 23 till September 17 an exhibition of the Rainbow boats will be mounted in the Friesian Naval Museum in Sneek. Then, on the last day the Dutch championships will be held, also in Sneek. Later in September some 40 boats will be shipped to Lake Como in Italy for the first official world championships.

RIGGING SHOPPE

Family Owned & Operated Since 1969

Follow Us On:



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

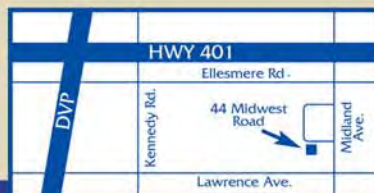


www.riggingshoppe.com

my cart \$0.00

- Shop in-store or online to order marine supplies for power and sail. Over 5,000 products on the website.
Free delivery on orders over \$100*
- Sign up for our eFlyer for special sales and promotions.
Visit website for details.
- Also visit our Gill webstore at
riggingshoppe-gill-apparel.com

* See website for shipping policy.



Toll Free: 1-877-752-1711 or Local: (416) 752-1711

44 Midwest Rd., Toronto, Ontario, M1P 3A9

email: info@riggingshoppe.com

web: www.riggingshoppe.com

Old Sailing Terms and Traditions in Our Modern World

By Nancy Glover

When we first took up sailing we would discuss our experience later at home. Our children would roll their eyes and say, 'Here they go talking in that foreign language again'. Even today I find that sometimes my phrases and terms are met with blank stares. For example, mentioning my foulies when talking about stormy weather sailing resulted in a confused look.

Sailing, like most sports, has a language of its own. But, did you know that many of our everyday terms, sayings and traditions coming from sailing? Here are some terms from sailing slang that might surprise you.

'*A clean bill of health*' was a certificate from a ship's captain that a sailor must present upon returning to port to ensure that he wasn't carrying some dangerous foreign disease.

'*Feeling blue*' meant that a ship had lost its captain at sea. When returning to port crew would fly a blue flag and wear blue arm bands.

'*Pipe down*' is what sailors called the Bosun's end of the day whistle signaling lights out, quiet, go to bed.

'*Over a barrel*' was a sailor's punishment for doing wrong. They would be tied to the barrel of a cannon and whipped.

'*Toe the line*' is an old naval expression that refers to the crewing lining up with their toes touching a line or gap on the deck.

'*By and large*' in my opinion one of the most irritating phrases in the English language, comes from 'by' meaning sailing into the wind and 'large' meaning sailing away from the wind. Therefore, a ship that could sail 'by and large' handled well at all points of sail.

'*A loose cannon*' was a dangerous and unpredictable situation on any sailing vessel and was to be avoided. Today's loose cannon is usually an unpredictable person that can go off at any moment.

'*A square meal*' was served on a square plate. During a squall food was not served and the sailors would not get their daily square meal.

'*Hand over fist*' didn't refer to making large sums of money quickly but was the action required to trim the sails.

'*Son of a Gun*' is said to have come from the act of a sailor's lady friend giving birth between the guns on deck. If one of the men did not claim to be the child's father, he became known as a 'son of a gun'. I've also heard that this saying goes back to the days of shot gun weddings and the child born shortly thereafter was the son of a gun.

'*POSH*' may be the short form of the saying, 'Port out, starboard home'.

Every sailor knows what the term '*Anchors Aweigh*' means. Likewise, '*Batten down the hatches*' Many of us have experienced nautical '*Close quarters*'.

Can you guess where the term '*Groggy*' originated? After consuming rum, a sailor would be groggy. But, why groggy? The sailor's rum ration was often mixed with water to make it less toxic or to make it last longer. This became known as Grogg due to the nickname of Admiral Vernon of the British Royal Navy who started this practice. '*Three sheets to the wind*' was also a result of too much rum. If your three sheets were in fact blowing in the wind your vessel would be uncontrollable and lurch about like a drunken sailor.

Were you '*Taken aback*' by these definitions? '*Taken aback*' did not originally refer to people but to ships. The sails of a ship are said to be 'aback' when the wind blows them flat against the masts and spars that support them. If the wind were to turn suddenly so that a sailing ship was facing unexpectedly into the wind, the ship was said to be 'taken aback'.

New York City's tradition of dropping a ball on New Years Eve has its roots in seafaring. Before 1905 New Years Eve celebrations were a much lower key event. Most Americans would attend their local church, sing hymns and ring the church bells. In 1905 Adolf Ochs, the owner of the New York Times, wanted to have a large celebration outside his newly build headquarters. Workers fired off a dynamite bomb in the square and shot fireworks off from the buildings roof. The resulting falling ash caused the police department to outlaw fireworks within the city. A new method of celebration needed to be developed for New Years 1906.

Meanwhile, seafarers relied on marine chronometers and their frequent and expensive calibration to tell time which was important for navigation. In 1818, Captain Robert Wauchope of the British Royal Navy came up with a cost saving plan. He developed a series of coastal flagpoles with two balls, one on the top and one on the bottom. On the hour, the lower ball would be dropped allowing the ship captains to recalibrate their chronometers to the official standard time.

To indicate the exact moment when the clock struck midnight on December 31, 1906 Ochs' had his workers drop a ball of the same size as the navigational balls, 5 feet wide. This New Years ball was covered with 100 light bulbs and weighed 700 pounds and dropped from a pole mounted at the peak of The New York Times Building, in what had been renamed Times Square. Of course, today's balls are bigger and brighter and the celebration widely viewed but an annual tradition was born.

References:

<http://www.phrases.org.uk/meanings/nautical-phrases.html>

<https://asa.com/news/2015/08/12/phrases-from-sailing/>

http://www.smithsonianmag.com/smart-news/heres-why-we-celebrate-new-years-eve-dropping-ball-180957698/?utm_source=facebook.com&no-ist



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**

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 Flag Store

By Valerie Burke

If you're reading this magazine you may have grown up asleep in the back seat of your father and mother's car on the way to the cottage when they would stop in at The Flag Store on County Road 27 in Thornton Ontario. Often on the way to the cottage boaters would remember that their flag pole needed a flag at the cottage or on the boat and would drive by just in case Gordon Burke (the upholsterer in Thornton) was awake making flags. Gordon often woke early to get ahead of the flag orders. If he wasn't making flags or upholstering a chair or loveseat, he was preparing to teach another dance class or learning Italian from his records, or he might even be thinking about a fundraiser for the local Cubs or Girl Guides in Thornton. Gordon Burke was always interested in learning but what he loved most was teaching his customers about flags, and why, since 1965, they should be proud of our "new" Canadian flag.

In fact, you may now have children of your own, sleeping in the back seat as you pick up your flag from Cecilia Burke, Gordon Burke's daughter and CEO of The Flag Store at the same location in Thornton.. We still have "flag emergencies" on the way to the cottage and people will often knock on my side door after hours or even on the side of my car which displays my company name, hoping they can get a flag from me or have me mail them one. We live in busy times. I appreciate anyone who needs to a flag – right now! My mother and father proved to us throughout their lives that flag emergencies are a real thing and that, since they don't happen all the time, we should always be ready to deliver to those in need. That may sound odd in this day of corporate rules but for the Burke family, we are

accustomed to delivering with a personal touch.

The Flag Store always stands by the product that has built their customers for at least three generations of boaters and flag waivers. We love it when after thirty five years at the Toronto Boat Show customers still come up to us at the booth and say, "We don't need another flag from you because the last one we bought is still looking good!" But, if they do need a flag you can bet they will buy the sewn Canadian flag for two reasons. One, the colour stay's strong but if it needs to be repaired then the heavier nylon means that it can withstand repairing. The second reason is because we have always put the customer first at our company, and our customers seem to like that.

My dad started The Flag Store when the new Canadian flag came out in 1965 Under Lester B. Pearson and it was universally screen printed on a lightweight nylon to either save money or sell more flags. No one liked it at the time because it faded to pink and white. That's when my Dad started his own company with my Mom, Beth Burke, in order to sew his flags, or 'applique' them. The colours stayed strong during the lifetime of the flag. Our customers are still proud of their Canadian flag which is why we have kept my father's tradition going. We will always applique the Canadian flag. It looks beautiful, it's simple design lends to the ease of individual applique and it usually lasts longer.

Flags are not only a great Canadian identity but The Flag Store is also known for fun flags; our flags of ceremony and recreations. This year we are particularly excited about celebrating 150 years of our heritage. The Canada 150th pennant is available online and in store. We have many colours too to compliment any decorative design. Around the world, people

have designed symbols that represent their family, their interests or hobbies like fencing or their love for their pets. Often flags that we have made for boats around the world will still look great after a longer than usual period of time and the flag sells itself to another boater. "Where did you get your flag from" is a commonly asked question between boaters so we are always happy to receive an email taken just from our company label. Flags are part of our ego, our family traditions, our name and ultimately our pride. Corporations take as much pride in their names and logos. It identifies them which is also why some boaters have their company names on boat flags, or give them away as gifts. Flags celebrate who we are and what we believe in which is why we don't like to see them tattered or torn. We often receive calls or emails to The Flag Store asking us to call a company so that they can either repair their existing flag or purchase a new flag. My mother and father always respected the individual gifts and joys of each and every

person. Every gift is a celebration and can be recognized on a flag. My father once made a flag with a duck on it because he used to love the saying, "Now isn't that a duck." It could be that simple. (The Burke's still have that flag!).

Many people will string a lot of flags together on a boat, not just code flags but any flag they have designed or had us design. These flags become part of an annual sail past or celebration of colour. Whether boaters are sailors or motor boaters all water vehicles embellished with flags easily identify the uniqueness onboard.

Boaters can order online at www.theflagstore.ca or visit the Thornton location by following the Innisfil Beach Road exit to Thornton, just south of Barrie and north of Cookstown on the way to cottage country. 400. We are located at 176 Saunders Road, just south of Molson Park Drive from Bayview Ave.





LAKE SIMCOE ARMS

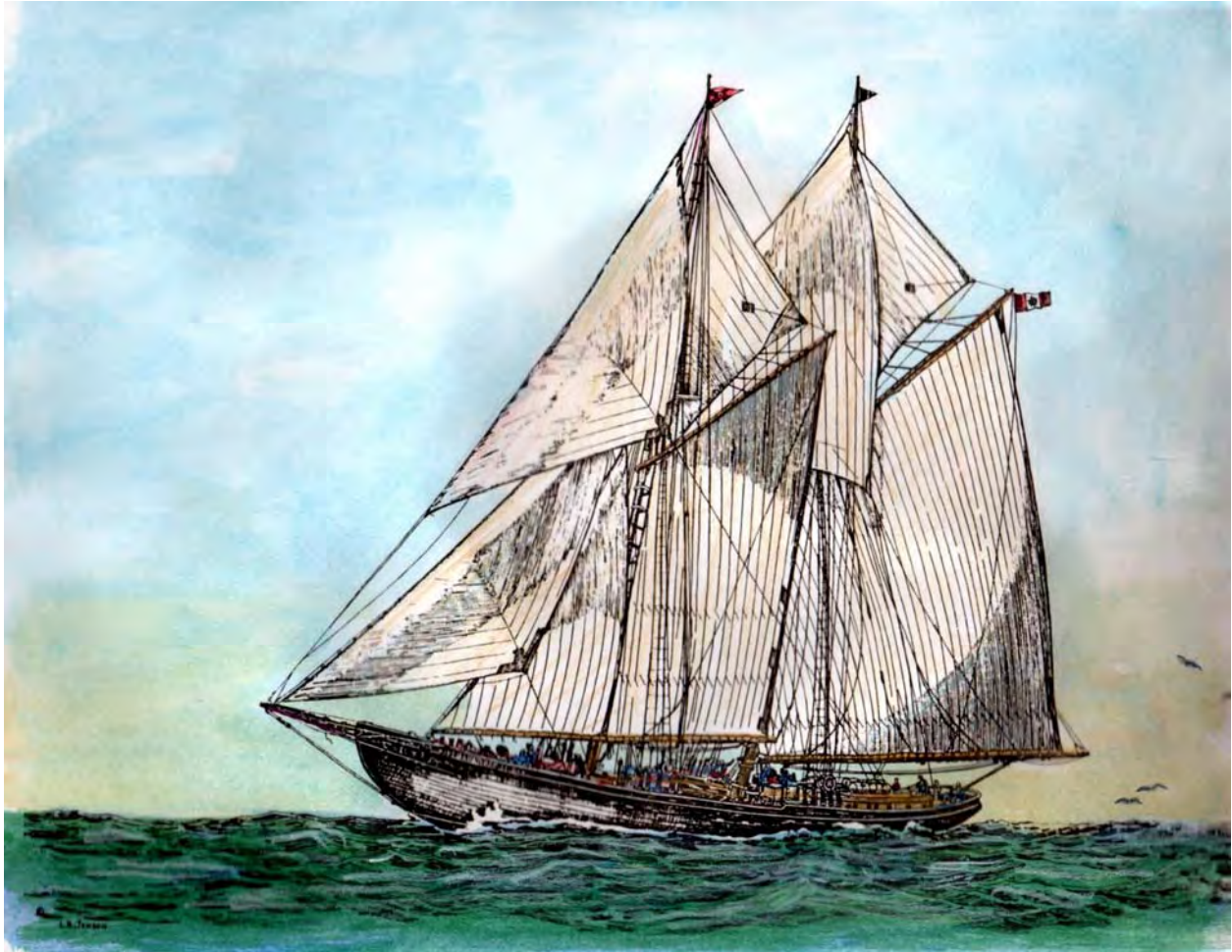
A Casual Dining House with the Warmth of a British Pub

Just a Five Minute Walk from Jackson's Point Harbour

Fast Take Out - Catering - Open 7 Days a Week

OPEN SATURDAYS & SUNDAYS AT 10:00 AM FOR BREAKFAST

The Queen of the Sea



Gerry Graham

“Queen of the Sea” was the title often given to the well know Canadian fishing schooner “Bluenose”. She had earned this titles by remaining undefeated (or, at least almost) in schooner racing for 18 year during the 1920’s and 30’s, at the very end of the era of commercial sailing vessels.

Now virtually everyone is aware of the schooner “Bluenose”. Her image has been on the back of our dime ever since 1937. However, few seem to know the story of how fishing boats happened to come to race, how Bluenose came to be, who sailed her and what her success really was.

To appreciate the importance of a fishing schooner in 1920, one must remember that fishing and ship building were still a major part of the Canadian economy in 1920. Canada grew up on the fishing industry. When John Cabot first arrived on the East Coast of Canada in 1497, 5 year after Columbus, he reported back that the fish in the sea were so plentiful that they inhibited the forward movement of his ship through the water. Immediately following his return to Britain,

ships from all over Europe came to begin exploiting this enormous new food source. Village along the coast line began to develop in support of the fishing industry. The fur trade followed but was always dwarfed by the fishing industry.

Cod fishing was particularly profitable, as cod would last many months if it were salted or dried. The catch of Atlantic cod grew steadily for over 400 year and didn't peak until 1968 at almost 2 million tons per year. It was a huge industry, making many on the East coast quite wealthy. The town of Lunenburg was likely the wealthiest town in Canada in the early 1900's. Evidence of this can be seen today in the large number of lavish old home that are still standing. Lunenburg was made a UNESCO World Heritage site in 1995.

Because fishing was so profitable, fishing fleet owners wanted, and could afford, faster boats to get fishermen to and from the fishing banks, which were several hundred miles off the East Coast. Schooners were developed in the early 1700's to do this. As you can see from your handout, these boats were designed for speed. They had long sleek hulls of 140 to 150 feet in length. They had two masts towering 125 feet above the deck and could carry 10,000 square feet of sail (almost a $\frac{1}{4}$ acre in area) in a complex arrangement 8 sails (2 main sails, 3 jibs and 3 top sail). This allowed them to sail at speeds of 16-17 knots (almost 20 miles per hour). (A nautical mile is about 15% longer than a land mile). By comparison, America's Cup racing yachts in the 1920's could only manage speeds of about 10-11 knots. So, indeed these schooners were very fast boats. Among the fastest ever designed.

As working fishing boats, schooners would typically carry 8-10 dories which would be lowered over the side each day with two fishermen. Each dory would lay out long fishing lines of about a mile in length, with spaced hooks and a buoy at each end. The fish would be collected from these lines 4 times a day and cleaned and stored on the waiting schooner. This method would usually fill the hull in about two months of fishing.

Once the hull was full, the journey home was the event that every member of the crew lived for. They were like teenagers out on Saturday night with their fathers T-Bird. Every bit of sail would be raised and they would absolutely sail the bottom out of those schooners all the way back to harbour, which could take two days of more. And, if two or more schooners happened to cross paths along the way - well, then a race was on, for nothing other than the bragging rights on being "first-back-to-port".

Despite this levity, schooner fishing off the East Coast was a very dangerous profession. Hundreds of miles from the nearest port there was no place to hide when the frequent storms came up. It took a tough crew and skipper to handle those schooners in the gale force winds that they all experienced from time to time. Every Fall, villages along the coast would hold a ceremony to honour those that did not return – and there were many. Gloucester Mass., the biggest fisher centre on the East Coast, with a fleet of close to 400 schooners, at the turn of the century, typically lost 15 schooners and about 200 men every year. Lunenburg, the largest centre in Canada, with a fleet of about 200 schooners, experienced the same proportionate loss.

Traditionally, schooners were not raced formally. They were just working boats. However, an incident in 1920 changed all that. The most prestigious sailboat race in the world, the America's

Cup, cancelled a race because the wind had rise to 23 knots (about 26 miles per hour). Well, these tough fishermen, who were all avid followers of these races, couldn't believe their ears. You could hear the grumbling up and down the entire East Coast. "A 23 knat wind? Dats just a pleasant breeze. Dees yachtmen are no good! We gotsta show dees boys hows t' sails a boat." To capitalize on the sentiment, the owner of the Halifax Herald newspaper, Senator William Dennis, decided to put his money where everyone's mouth was. He put up a trophy for an International Schooner race with a cash prize of \$5000 (enough to buy a fine house in Lunenburg). The only stipulations were that:

- 1) This would be a competition between the fastest Canadian Schooner and the fastest American Schooner to be decided by elimination races in each country.
- 2) All participants had to be working fishing schooners that had spent at least one season on the Grand Banks.
- 3) Each series would be the best out of 3 races of a triangular course of 45 miles each.
- 4) And, in keeping with the fishermen's temperament, "the devil take the weather".

Everyone was anxious to begin, so the first race was scheduled for October of 1920 off Halifax. There was no shortage of, highly skilled shippers and fast boats on either side of the border who wanted to take part in the elimination races. In Canada, 8 schooners were readied. The smart money was heavily placed on a skipper by the name of Angus Walters, a small wiry man with the temperament of a terrier. He always seemed to muster a good crew and get the best out of any boat he sailed. He had a particularly reputation for holding full sail into almost any wind where most skippers would reduce sail as the wind rose. Indeed, Angus's schooner, the Gilbert J. Walters, was in the lead of the elimination race up until the last leg when his top mast snapped and he lost a big section of his sail. The schooner Delawana came in first and won the right to challenge the American schooner Esperano.

Walters had to watch the race from the side line. When he saw the newly built American schooner Esperanto, he reportedly said that the Canadian entry didn't have a chance and he was right as Esperanto won the first two races in the series and took the International Fisherman's Trophy back to Gloucester Mass.

Well, to local fishermen, the idea of the Yankees carrying away the silver cup was an unacceptable humiliation to their fleet. An association of interested ship owners and was quickly formed. They came to the obvious conclusion that they needed a faster schooner to compete with Esperanto. A young Halifax marine architect, William Roue, who had built a number of successful racing boats, was hired to design a schooner that would be both a racer and a capable working boat. Work began on the new schooner at Smith and Rhuland ship yard in Lunenburg in December 1920. After a winter of work, the much anticipated 143 foot schooner was launched on March 26, 1921, to a crowd of hundreds of onlookers. She was christened "Bluenose", a nick name given to Nova Scotians for over 200 years. She had cost \$35,000 to build. This was twice the price of the average schooner at the time. So, it was clearly she was built with the intention of being something special. Angus Walters, was asked to be her skipper and he agreed provided he could buy the majority interest in the schooner – which he did. As Angus was the only skipper to ever race Bluenose, one must acknowledge that her success was as much due to her skipper as the schooner itself.

In October 1921, after a full season of fishing on the Grand Banks, Bluenose raced the 7 fastest schooners in the Canadian fleet in the elimination race and beat them all to win the right to challenge the fastest schooner in American. This year's entry was the schooner Elsie as the winner of the first race, Esperanto, had been lost in a storm off Sable Island during the summer.

In both Canada and the United States, the International Fisherman's Cup had already become more than just a race, but a matter of national pride. News reporters from all over North America had gathered in Halifax by the time the American contender arrived.

During the first two races of the series, the schooners seemed well matched until they rounded the mark to begin the last leg of the race which was up-wind into a strong 27 knot wind. Bluenose's greatest strength proved to be sailing up-wind and observers reported that on the up-wind legs of both races, Bluenose took off like a kite and the crew of Elsie could only watch as the Canadian schooner crossed the finish line a good 3 miles ahead in both races to win back the International Fishermen's Trophy.

The pride of the locals in their new schooner can best be illustrated by the story of a Halifax man who offered a few words of conversation to the wife of one of Elsie's crew after the race. "Dats all right Ma'am. If dey hadn't put somet'n in de water t'day, Elsie surely would have won." When the woman asked what had been put in the water, the young man chortled with glee, "Bluenose Ma'am, Bluenose".

In the 3rd series in October 1922, the American's entered a new schooner designed to beat Bluenose. This time it was the schooner, "Henry Ford", but the results were the same. Bluenose crossed the finish line a good 10 minutes ahead in the first two races to retain the trophy.

Regretably, the Henry Ford, like the Esperanto before her, sank off the Newfoundland coast the following season – demonstrating, once again, the treacherousness of the fisherman's occupation.

In the 4th series in October 1923, however, things began to get a bit chippy, as they say. The new American contender, "Columbia", was skippered by Captain Ben Pines, a former Newfoundlander who had immigrated to Gloucester. He was also one of the largest investors in the Gloucester fleet and was their best racer.

During the first race, in moderate wind, the two schooners ran neck-and-neck with neither giving an inch. As they bared down on the last mark of Bell Rock Buoy, they collided at full speed. Their rigging became entangled for almost two minutes before breaking free. Bluenose managed to cross the finish line only a minute ahead of Columbia. No protest was launched over the collision as no fault could be determined by either skipper.

The second race, in a much stronger wind, Bluenose won handily. However, as Angus was celebrating his win on the wharf, Captain Pines lodged an official protest claiming that Bluenose had passed on the wrong side of a buoy. The race committee, judging him to be correct, and awarded the race to Columbia, thereby making the series even.

Captain Walters could not contain himself with disbelief and frustration at the committee's decision and, in keeping with his "terrier temperament", he refused to participate in another race. To everyone's surprise, he ordered his crew back on board and sailed back to Lunenburg. The racing committee had no choice but to called the series a tie and split the prize money. However, bad feelings prevailed as a result of this incident, and no more races took place for the next 8 years, The International Fishermen's races were over- at least for now.

In the interim years, with no American schooners to race, two Canadian groups built new schooners with the intention of defeating Angus and his Bluenose. The first contender was Mahaska in 1924, then Haligonian (designed by Bill Roue who designed Bluenose) in 1926. But Angus defeated both by a considerable measure.

The greatest challenges that Angus and Bluenose faced was not from other schooners but from the sea itself. There were always severe storms to be faced every fishing season but the year of 1926 and 1927 were particularly bad. In August of 1926, Bluenose and her crew were hit by a 90 mile per hour gale while fishing off Sable Island. Giant waves snapped their anchor line, flooded the deck, washing several dories overboard. Angus lashed himself to the wheel to prevent being washed overboard himself and sent the entire crew below. With about 20% of his sail capacity up, he managed to keep the bow of the schooner into the 90 miles per hour wind and giant waves all night. This is an incredibly difficult task using only sail power. Everyone aboard expected to die that night. But, with the morning light the wind subsided. Two other schooners in the same area were lost and the 42 men aboard died. Clearly Angus, and his sturdy vessel single handily saved the lives of the 20 crewmen aboard.

The next year, the great gale of 1927 was even worse, with winds of 100 miles per hour. 85 men and 4 schooners were lost. One of them was the Columbia, which Angus and Bluenose had raced in 1923. Bluenose again managed to ride out the storm and bring her crew home safely.

Given the brutal conditions they faced, the useful life expectancy of a schooner was only about 10 years. Bluenose had just passed that age in 1931 when Angus Walters received a call from his old friend and competitor, Captain Ben Pines, who wanted to race against Bluenose one more time. They had just launched a new schooner which they were certain could beat the Bluenose. It was the "Gertrude L. Thebaud", built in the Boston shipyard. As the new schooner had not worked a season on the Grand Banks she would not qualify for the Fisherman's Trophy so Captain Pines propose that this would be just a race between two boats. Sir Thomas Lipton put up a trophy called the Tipton Cup and some prize money.

Angus thought hard before accepting, as his schooner was at retirement age with badly stretched sails, a damaged keel and an off centre ballast from running aground during the past season. However, in the end, he couldn't turn down a challenge.

To Angus's shame, Thebaud prevailed in the first two races to take the Lipton Cup. With great bravado, American newspapers across the country broadcast " Canadian Champion defeated by

American". Angus Walters remarked that "Thebaud didn't beat Bluenose. She beat me. I didn't use my head".

Following their success in 1930, the Americans were eager to restart the International Fisherman's Cup races. The great competition was back for the first time since 1923. This time Walter's made sure that Bluenose was outfitted with new sails, that the ballast was set straight and that any other repairs were completed before their rematch with the Gertude L. Thebaud.

On race day, to Captain Pin's chagrin, Bluenose took the first race with by a whopping 32 minutes and the second by a substantial 12 minutes. Angus remarked. "Nat bad for an old girl".

But, again, this put an end to the Fisherman's races for a period of time.

Walters continued to fish the Grand Banks with Bluenose through the 1930's, but all of the new fishing boats were now diesel driven trawler that could work faster and often had refrigeration which allowed then to compete in the fresh fish market, not just salted fish. With the price of salted cod down and the expense much higher for an old boat, it was difficult for Angus to make money on fishing alone. To help make ends meet he capitalized on Bluenose's now worldwide reputation as a tourist attraction. In 1933, Bluenose, was invited to represent Canada at the world's fair in Chicago. In the summer of 1935 she went to England to represent Canada at the Silver Jubilee of King George V. Her owners made several unsuccessful efforts to raise donations to help maintain Bluenose but, regrettably, these were depression years and there was little interest.

Angus had already exhausted all of his own financial resources to meet Bluenose's expenses. So, when captain Ben Pines showed up in Halifax one day offering to help pay expenses for outfitting Bluenose to race again, Angus Walters was intrigued. He knew that Bluenose was in terrible shape but felt she could be fixed up if he had the money. This race would be the last chance for either side to compete for the International Fisherman's Cup as schooners were now obsolete for fishing. A lot was riding on this last race as the winner would get to keep this coveted trophy for good.

The 1938 series filled the headlines in East Coast newspapers for the entire month of October. At the request of the American race committee, the format of the race was changed from the best of 3 races to the best of 5.

This final race series took place off Boston harbour with thousands in attendance. The series began with Thebaud taking the first race by 2 minutes. Bluenose took the second race by 12 minutes and the third by 7 minutes. In the fourth race, Bluenose was well out in front when her

backstay broke requiring a reduction in sail and Theboud past her to win by 3 minutes to tie up the series.

In the 5th and final race of the series, Angus and his the eighteen-year-old Bluenose managed to cover the course in one of the fastest times ever recorded by any sailing vessel over that fixed distance, to win the race and take the series.

Angus Walters and Bluenose had clinched their total domination of the schooner racing series over almost 20 years – twice the life span of the average fishing schooner. The Int'l Fisherman's Cup would stay in Canada for ever and now resides in the Halifax Marine Museum.

I'd like to end the story on a particularly heart warming aspect of this last race. As they drifted back into Boston harbour after the race, they of course expected the usual quite reception from defeated fans. But to Angus's great amazement they were greeted with thunderous applause from around the entire Boston harbour. Clearly, sailing fans from both sides of the border knew that this was the last opportunity they would have to acknowledge the amazing career of a true champion.





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

sales@cradleridetrailers.com

CRUISING

The Madonna of McCray's Lake

By Hessel Pape

Many years ago, when we kept our boat on Midland Bay, we spent a great deal of time gunkholing around Georgian Bay, especially around the Honey Harbour area on frequent short jaunts, and northward along most of the eastern shore, right up to the French River and further, on our longer cruises. The possibilities were endless. It is the shoreline of "The Thirty Thousand Islands", and even more small bays and anchorages where you could languish in peaceful tranquility for a few days before moving on.

One thing we learned was that the Georgian Bay has an amazing history, what with its former grand hotels and resorts, its summer camps - Kitchikewana, the Midland YMCA summer camp, was established in the 1870s and was attended by several generations of children of the same families, and such camps as Manitonomo operated by the Calvary Baptist Church - together with the old traditional cottages where families spent their summers. The latter were the true old structures, rambling wooden shelters with furniture no longer suitable for stylish homes in the city, places where you could entertain guests such as the Jackmans did at their place on Pine Island at Go Home Bay, and where several members of the Group of Seven spent a few days as their guests to transform the picturesque scenery of the unique landscape onto their field sketches.



F.H. Varley. Stormy Weather, Georgian Bay.

There were many well-to-do families who sought their refuge on the shores of Georgian Bay, including a surprising number from south of the border. Orville Wright, on doctor's advice, came north and found a place at Franceville, near the eastern entrance to Freddy Channel, and where the now restored Kittyhawk, his motor launch, was found. Such people often came for health reasons or for temporary seclusion or to find some rest.

Which brings me to the point of this story. It was back in the late sixties that we found a sheltered little cove at the outlet of McCray Lake, whose waters spilled into the Bay via a short narrow channel with rocky rapids. Near this outlet we found a suitable place to tie our shallow draft home-built trimaran to the low smooth rocks, using large boulders for our dock lines. It was a great place to step ashore for a walk, and to have a small fire in the evening for cooking, something we frequently did in those days. We often quipped that all around the Bay we had little piles of stones neatly arranged to fit our metal grate that we carried on board for the purpose, including at the Western Islands.

On the south side of the rapids, the hillside rose steeply, but we found a narrow trail of sorts clinging to the scraggy cliff and overlooking our cove. There in the side of the rock, in a sort of natural alcove, protected in a little wooden case we found a small statue of the Virgin-Mother, a sentinel watching over the wild beauty of the realm below her. It was said that she claimed her title justly for "in the many years of her guardianship she served as a beacon of light to countless tourists, guiding their way over the treacherous passage to the Bay in safety. Not

once has there been reported an accident since.”

We found some fresh flowers beside the wooden case, in which the statue was protected from the weather behind a glass door. It told us that there had been visitors quite recently. In fact, in the afternoon we had seen two or three nuns in full habit negotiating the rocks and crossing the rapids, not something one would expect in the wilds of Georgian Bay, let alone trying to cross and getting wet on the slippery stones of the shallow stream and climbing the cliff in their ankle

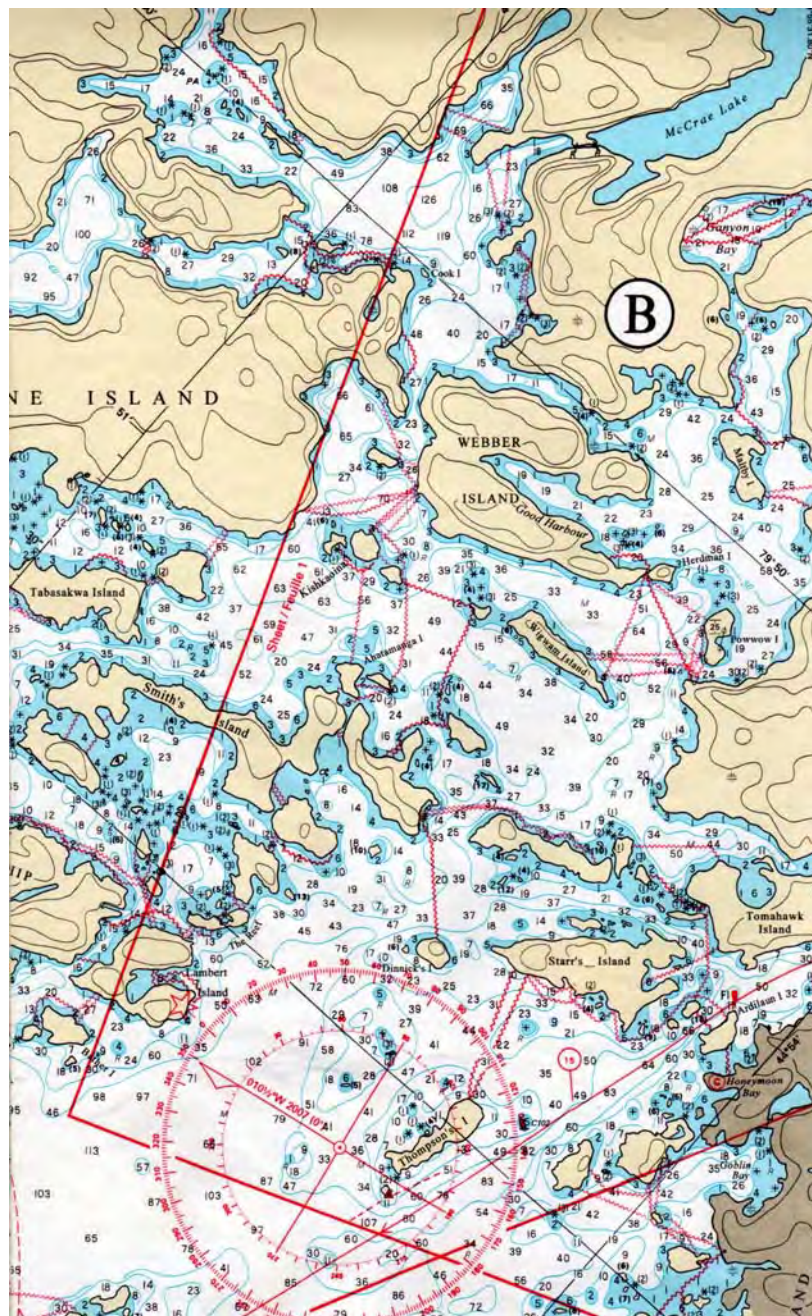
length attire. We concluded that the shrine up on the rocks had some rather special significance.

It was early the next morning while we were still “down below” that there was a knocking on the hull of our boat. Two young boys had come along side in a small outboard, and passed over a full bottle of milk to us.

“For the baby,” they smiled. We had our ten-month-old daughter on board, and the boys explained that the nuns had seen her on the previous afternoon when they made their pilgrimage. The fresh milk was a gift from them. It turned out that they were visitors at the cottage just down the cove. We, in turn, decided to stop by later in the day, on our way out, to thank them personally.

This is where we learned the story of the Madonna.

Back in 1930, a Buffalo candy manufacturer, Ted Becker, was advised, on account of his six-year-old daughter’s health, to move near a body of fresh water. Remembering northern Canada, the beautiful surroundings and invigorating climate of Georgian Bay, they left Buffalo in May and travelled the 200 miles north to Midland, with the doctor and his wife, where they boarded a



launch along with all their baggage to travel up to the entrance of McCray Lake. There they unloaded on the rocks and proceeded in a smaller boat about three miles up the lake to a abandoned log cabin with some basic needs, and collecting the remainder of their luggage on the

following day. For three days their party enjoyed nature and their outdoor meals. On the fourth day the doctor and his wife left to return to Buffalo. The plan was to spend at least a month or two at their summer place on McCray Lake.

Then, on the night of June the third, we were told, they were awakened by something dark and large eating its way in at the corner of the cabin. When Ted opened the door to locate the noise, a large animal came towards him in the dark. In attempting to smack the beast with the butt of his rifle, the weapon somehow discharged and Ted was shot in the abdomen, the bullet passing through the stomach and liver, and lodging in his right thigh.

Somehow, with the help of his wife, he managed to get into their outboard, including the small daughter and their dog, and make their way to the rocky rapids. In excruciating pain and vomiting blood from time to time, there was no thought of portaging. A deeply religious family they prayed for divine help and asked for safe guidance to navigate the treacherous channel at the end of the lake. They were successful and headed for an acquaintance on one of the islands beyond the cove but ran aground before reaching the cottage. Fortunately their calls were heard by her caretaker who, in turn, got them off the shoal and towed them some three miles further down to a Fred Vasseur, who was able to take the party the fifteen miles to the Midland town docks in his speedboat. There the necessary people had already been notified, and the only available vehicle at that time of the night was the local hearse, which took them to St. Andrew's hospital on Elizabeth Street in Midland.

Ted was there for some seven long weeks, recovering, during which time, he said, he had plenty of opportunity to think about his life and fortune. He recognized being spared through the miraculous help of God and prayer. He made a promise to make a pilgrimage back to the place where his perceived his miracle occurred and erect a little shrine to the Blessed Mother in thanksgiving for having saved his life. He did so the following year, in May 1931, erecting it high upon the rocks above the rapids. It is a statue of the Madonna, and the Child Jesus, hidden in a natural cove behind the birch and pine trees that grow on the steep slope.

In the sixties Ted no longer lived in the cabin on McCray lake, but at the cottage in the cove below the rapids, where we stopped to thank the ladies for the fresh milk. The gentleman we met that afternoon was Ted Becker himself, enjoying his retirement at his summer retreat. He told us his story, and gave us a printed copy of all that happened some thirty-seven years earlier.

"Yes, that was me who was saved," he smiled, lifting his shirt to show an ugly deep scar. "That's where the bullet hit me."

It is a story he now told everyone who had the time to hear him. He had also opened his cottage to guests such as the nuns we had seen climb the rock, or any priests who needed a week of retreat and meditation in the peaceful surroundings of the quiet shores of Georgian Bay.

That encounter with Ted Becker is now some fifty years ago. This summer we plan to take advantage of the free pass offered by Parks Canada in celebration of Canada's 150th birthday, and lock through the Trent-Severn to Georgian Bay. I think we will find our way to Madonna Bay, as we used to call it, and see if the shrine is still there in its niche on the scraggy cliff.
