

DOCK LINES

SUMMER 2018



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From the Bridge

Welcome to the 2018 Sailing Season! A lot of changes happening around us, as the cleanup of Bonnie Boats is well under way, in preparation for the YRP construction as the most notable happening. The area has been fenced off for safety purposes, which includes most of the gravel parking areas, that we actually for Bonnie Boats customer use. This will, I expect, make it tight for parking space for us all, especially on those busy long weekends. Perhaps with Bonnie shutting down, the traffic to the harbor area and park will abate as well. Only time will tell. Don't forget, there is still overflow parking available on the "grassy knoll".

While we have curtailed our regular racing schedule for this year, our Fleet Captain has scheduled several "fun" races over the course of this sailing season. And, of course, the Georgina Cup is scheduled for mid-September as always. Around the fun races there will be some social activities scheduled, including our Beast Roast which is scheduled for June 30 at the Harbour, following the Mayor's Cup Pursuit race. Our first race of the season is on June 9th. Hopefully we will have fair winds and lots of boats turn out!

For those that were unable to make our Spring AGM, I will recap some housekeeping items.

- a) Please, Please, Please get your payments for Membership and Slips in to Karolyn ASAP!!
- b) Along with our fees, we also need copies of your insurance "pink slip" and "signed waiver".
- c) Work Hours signup for things such as tent setup, race markers out/in, social events assistance etc.
- d) Harbour Watch signup for those with boats that have sleeping accommodation on board, 2 nights each.
- e) Articles to Hessel for Docklines. As reminder, Docklines brought in ~\$800 last year, which helps fund some SGA activities that otherwise would not happen, or we would have to charge more for.
- f) Our Quatermaster Hessel, also has SGA burgees available at \$25 each. Be proud to fly our colours, especially when sailing into other ports.
- g) Sailing School/Camp is planned again for the last week of August, directly preceding the Labour Day long weekend. Registrations are well under way, so if you have friends or family with children that would like to participate, do so soon before all the spots are taken.

Stay tuned to our old/new and improved website www.sailgeorgina.ca for notices and activities scheduled. I look forward to seeing everyone out and enjoying our sport and the lake.

Fair Winds and Following Seas

Commodore Ken

"The water was not fit to drink. To make it palatable, we had to add whiskey. By diligent effort, I learned to like it" - Sir Winston Churchill

FROM THE ENGINE ROOM

Finally, our 2018 issue of Dock Lines is here. The spring issue became a summer issue. Our lead article is a brief history of our club as we celebrate our 35th anniversary since its inception. Much has changed over the years but we are proud to report that our founder and first Commodore is still a very active member of our association.

I would like to thank the contributors who helped to make this season's Dock Lines a worthwhile read, especially Nancy, our newly appointed Social Director, who put together an amazing social program for us this year, and Bob Fortier who submitted a story about his entry into sailing.

It is always a big chore to put something like this together without the ongoing support of our members and their contributions. We are all too busy, or have mistakenly decided we do not know how the write. Frankly, after all the years I am rather running out of steam. Without articles coming in I am not too sure whether or not there will be a 2019 version. We will see.

In the meantime I hope you will enjoy this issue and find it interesting. You can let me know by dropping a note to editor@sailgeorgina.ca, or better yet at mhpape@interhop.net and use the subject "Dock Lines".

May the winds be with you.

Hessel H. Pape - Editor



SAIL GEORGINA ASSOCIATION

35 YEARS

It was thirty-five years ago that Jim Reeves, encouraged by his young daughter, went looking for a suitable location to keep their Laser, a small sailboat, in the water for the season. How great it would be just to be able to step on board and sail away without having to launch and rig it every time you wanted to go out for the precious few hours of free time during an otherwise busy life occupied by business commitments.

Better yet, how great it would be to do so in the company of other boating enthusiasts and share the sport of sailing out on the water. Perhaps a little race might be fun. Out of this was born the Sail Georgina Association, our local sailing club, which this year celebrates its thirty-fifth anniversary.

Jim, an avid sailor with some 20 years of experience when he arrived in our area some five years earlier, was rather surprised to find that there weren't any sailing clubs operating along the south shore of our lake.

Early discussions with the Town back in 1982, and in particular with Norm Smythe who was the Recreation Director of the Town of Georgina at the time, led to a drive around the lake shore of Georgina, and a closer look at various municipal properties such as Jackson's Point, Douglas Point, North Gwillumbury, Cook's Bay. At some point it was revealed that the Catholic Brothers at De La Salle camp, a summer camp located about a kilometer or so west of Jackson's Point along the south shore of Lake Simcoe, had chosen to discontinue its operation. The Town was to initially lease the greater part of the property with eventual plans to purchase it outright to develop it as a town park with beach access for the general public.

The original Catholic summer camp facilities included a small harbour, somewhat protected by a spit of land to the west. It was there that De La Salle kept a few canoes and several small sailboats to provide, in addition to their swimming program, canoeing and sailing for the summer campers.

Though no longer in very good shape, it was proposed that this small harbour would provide an suitable location for a possible sailing club. Following discussions back in 1982 between the Town, Jim Reeves and several other sailing enthusiasts which included John Hicks from the onset, it was decided, once the arrangements with the Brothers were finalized, that the Town would lease the harbour facility to the duly constituted club for one dollar a year with the provision that the club would repair and develop the premises at their own expense.

In the evening on July 21st, 1983, a meeting was held in the Committee Room of the Civic Centre of a number of committed sailors, together with several Town officials, at which time our sailing association was officially formed, and an executive elected. The chairperson, as the position was called at the time, was Jim Reeves. Glenys Smith acted in the position of Secretary/Treasurer until such time new members could be appointed.

It is obvious that much work, organization, and planning went on behind the scenes. Jim was once quoted to have said that starting a sailing club was a lot of work. John Hicks, a landscape architect, prepared a site plan for what was to become the club's home over the next ten years or so. The latter was present at the following general meeting held in September that year at the Sutton Library. There were fourteen members in attendance. I herewith take the privilege of including a copy of the minutes of that meeting, our first official minutes, still on file.

SAILING ASSOCIATION MEETING

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1983

7:30 p.m. - SUTTON LIBRARY

Chairperson -- Jim Reeves

Present: Jim Reeves ✓
Glen Campbell ✓
Glenys Smith ✓
John Hicks ✓
Harvey Bones ✓
Jerry Bones ✓
Hessel Pape ✓

David McMillan ✓
Simon Rasmussen
Richard Carr
Terry Malone
Alan Banfield
Malcolm Whetter
W. Nichol

*have
a copy
of minutes*

Printing

Club organization and formation was presented by Jim Reeves.

Volunteers were assigned to command Executive positions within the Club

Chairperson - Jim Reeves 722-6453

Secretary/Treasurer - Glenys Smith (acting position until new member can be appointed)
476-4301 437-2210

Directors of: Property/Site Planning - John Hicks 476-3496
Construction - Harvey & Jerry Bones 722-3364
Sailing Training - David McMillan 722-6346
Rules & Regatta - David McMillan 722-6346
Social Events - Simon Rasmussen 722-6354
Richard Carr 476-5543
Memberships - Ruth Campbell 722-6090

Assistance will be given by Hessel Pape for the co-ordinating of a newsletter and advertising.

Alan Banfield and Jerry Malone will provide a liason with the Jackson's Point Yacht Club.

A proposal/presentation will now be put forth on behalf of the Club by Jim Reeves, based on the site plan submitted by John Hicks.

A membership list with all interested persons including the Executive, will be put together and distributed to the Executive and all potential members.

It quickly became obvious that I could not be part of the association since our boat was too large for the proposed harbour and since the facility soon became limited to sailboats measuring nineteen feet or under. Still, it is interesting to note that of the original fourteen people who signed up and attended the fall 1983 gathering, Jim Reeves is still with us and I reinstated my membership many years later. It should also be mentioned that Roy Ham, who dimly recall joining Sail Georgina in its second year of operation, and there with the association practically from the start, is also still with us. He, as well, gave much of his time, both in physical labour as well as in negotiation with the Town. By March of the following year the club boasted nineteen paid up members, sailing anywhere from Sunfish to Lasers, Albacores, and CL 14s. It was to be a real dinghy club of members and boats, and their work was truly cut out for them. In looking back through our records and newspaper clippings, the members did an amazing amount of work, in dock building and repair, break wall work, and the general development of the harbour.

Sail Georgina was to be a community organization in cooperation with the Town, now under the watchful eye of Glen Campbell, newly appointed Recreation Director, and offering membership and various programs to our local citizens. Of course, regular work parties during weekends and evenings were not the only activities enjoyed by the members. It was to be mainly a social association, according to Roy, but organizing a regular racing program, various social events, and special arranged trips to venues of common interest. Most looked forward, though, were the frequent Saturday evening pot-lucks and barbeques held on shore. Old records speak of ice-breaking parties in early spring, the sail-past, saluting the Commodore at the start of the sailing season, and lectures on water safety, just to name a few. Oh, and one must not forget the sailing school each summer sponsored by Sail Georgina but operated by qualified instructors of the Ontario Yachting Association (CYA).

The local newspaper was a great support in the early growth of Sail Georgina, as was the Town of Georgina generally, but not all was wine and roses. A few letters to the editor of the paper expressed serious reservations about a few exclusive well-off people, who could afford luxury yachts, being given the use of public park land essentially at no cost, plus additional financial support in the way of grants to upgrade the infrastructure of the little harbour. Of course, that the club remained open to anyone in the community, and that the facility remained the property of the Town, was lost on some of our local citizens. It is true that in the late eighties a substantial investment was made by the Town to improve the break wall including to installation of metal shoring.

Great efforts were made to inform our community about the association by way of numerous news releases and letters to the paper. Jim Reeves and John Hicks were regular contributors with invitations to join us. Right at the onset we were an "Association" rather than a "Club" which might sound somewhat private and exclusive. It was also decided that we should have a president heading our executive, rather than a Commodore in those early years, till our eventual incorporation.

The other nasty leak in our ship came from one of the town councillors who made every effort to remove Sail Georgina from public lands. Fortunately, the town's Recreational Director (they were members via his wife) Glen Campbell was a dedicated proponent of our group, and together with much negotiation with the Town on the part of Roy Ham, the Town Council patched the leak and supported the sailors by voting in favour of extending the lease for another five years, with just a single vote against.

For much of the early successes we have to thank Jim Reeves, who remained president for six years till 1988, Mark Early who served in 1989, and Roy Ham who followed up for the next

three years till the end of 1992. In '86 the Association membership boasted 31 families, and in '87 that number rose to 36 families representing over 100 individuals.



President Jim Reeve practicing his signals.

The following year, 1988, appeared to be a very active year for the group. A regular monthly newsletter, the Rudder, edited by Peter Coggon, had been begun, mailed out to all members, passing on much relevant information and keeping every one in touch. Much volunteer work was done in the infrastructure, including docking. There was a significant issue at the time about intruders, theft and vandalism. Dr. Bowes on Catering Road supplied cedar posts for a security fence. It also made the property somewhat more private, such that the Town felt it no longer fell under their liability insurance, requiring the group to take out their own insurance.

Unfortunately dark clouds appeared on the horizon. The municipal nay-sayers slowly got the upper hand and felt that it was no longer in the public interest to support the infrastructure financially. The break wall of the little harbour had been constructed such that the shoreline current continually carried sediment to the wrong side. The result was that the

harbour entrance and the basin drifted in and became constantly shallower, requiring dredging every few years, a costly process. By the mid-nineties the Town also wanted to further develop De La Salle into a viable public park with increased beach and waterfront access. When the municipality wishes to discontinue the use of a facility, a community hall or what ever, it simply judges it to be unsafe for public use. Essentially, that is what happened to the premisses of De La Salle harbour. It (the proverbial "it") was decided that the docks and break walls needed too much repair and were considered to be dangerous, therefore no longer safe for use.

There is some recollection that the Town was involved in some water/sewer project and needed to get rid of a rather large amount of fill. It was decided that the little harbour was an ideal location for this. Thus began the filling in of the basin and entrance after having spent a considerable amount of money in dredging and break wall reinforcement not so many years earlier.

Thus began a period of major transition. The memories are that during 1997 the club was not operating as such, and in '98 the final move from De La Salle was completed.

In the mean time the harbour facility in Jackson's Point, as it is today, was completed. The original intent of the Town was that the harbour was to be operated as a place to tie up for the numerous visitors arriving each day by water to visit and shop in Georgina. According to old memories, the Town offered a couple of slips to the Sailing Association. Of course, the expected crowds did not appear and it was soon decided that to lease a goodly number of slips as a package to the sailors each season was a far better way to go, and would provide a guaranteed income for the Town. In fact it is likely the only municipal operation that brings in a profit. The number was set at thirty berths, a number of which now could accommodate larger craft with greater draft. Over the years small open sailboats were replaced by larger vessel, some up to thirty feet and more in length.

An active racing program continued, as did the sailing school each summer and the social activities, though rather changed after losing a property for exclusive use. We were lucky, though,

to have the use of a small locked storage shed and a fenced in area to keep our racing buoys and a couple of CLs, etc.

Times have changed. Newspapers are not terribly local any longer and social media have replaced monthly newsletters in the mail. This year our membership is down somewhat for various reason, as it is with some other clubs around the Lake. Increased visibility, and an attempt to attract the younger sports-minded individuals who appreciate a leisurely sail instead of tearing around in noisy water craft, may be the answer.

In the meantime I look forward to rewriting our history in another fifteen years from now, our fiftieth anniversary.

H. Pape



De La Salle harbour, 1988



Sailing instruction - 1988



All photos 1988.

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A NOTE FROM THE TOWN OF GEORGINA

By way of information to those of you who come in by boat from other locations around Lake Simcoe and plan to stop by at our friendly little harbour in Jackson's Point, please note that while there will be and are already some changes at the Point, the harbour itself remains fully in operation as usual and provides an excellent central gateway to the Town of Georgina for those who visit by water.

Please be advised that the historic marina was sold and is now closed. That means there is no longer any gas available, no pump out, or emergency repair facilities. Basically, after many years of operation, the Bonnie Boats Marina no longer exists. It was sold for future harbour front development.

Our harbour, on the other hand, owned and operated by the Town of Georgina, is in business as usual. There are a good number of slips assigned for daytime and over night visitors. The Town of Georgina sent us the following note:

Jackson's Point Harbour is located on the south shores of Lake Simcoe, west of Georgina Island at Bonnie Blvd in Jackson's Point. Whether you are just passing through, staying over, or visiting friends - Jackson's Point Harbour provides a great destination.

General Harbour Information

- Transient Slip Pass - \$30 per night purchased from pay & display machine (coin or credit card only – no change given)
- Boaters are asked to depart by 1 p.m.
- Quiet time is from 11 p.m. to 9 a.m.
- Open flames are not permitted on the piers.
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Sailing and Social Events 2018

By Nancy Glover, Social Officer

Sail Georgina Association is 35 years old in 2018! The club began with a few sailors coming together to find a place to day sail their small boats and enjoy each other's company. Why 'Association' and not 'Yacht Club'? The members desired a less formal environment than that of a traditional yacht club. At the core of this group of sailors was the desire to be with like minded individuals in a social setting. One of the original SGA members states that a highlight of the annual sailing season were the weekly pot luck barbecues. Even if they were unable to sail on a Saturday, they'd head to De La Salle Beach for dinner with friends. Barbeques on the Dock continue to be enjoyed by many members. Therefore, on scheduled weekend evenings around 6 PM we'll wheel out the barbeque, set up a table and come together for a casual dinner. Please bring your chair, plate, utensils and beverage in addition to food to share. Don't let having a special diet prevent you from breaking bread with your fellow sailors and dock neighbours. Just bring your own food and join the fun. If the weather doesn't cooperate with our plans, we'll try again the next evening.

We'll kicked off the season with the traditional Beast Roast on June 30th. This event began as a 25th anniversary celebration. It was only to be the one year but the members enjoyed it so much its become a regular event. The following day, Sunday, July 1 was Canada Day which we celebrated with the annual Fireworks on the Lake Cruise.

After that, the other planned dinners will coincide with the planned Fun Races on July 14th, 28th, August 11th and September 1st. For the final barbecue of the season, we are planning an *Octoberfest dinner* on September 29th. Dinner will include Sausage on a Bun, Assorted Mustards, Cole Slaw, Corn of the Cob and dessert. A small fee maybe charged to cover the expenses.

A Flotilla Cruise to Hawkestone Yacht Club was planned for July 21 and 22. We left Jackson's Point Harbour Saturday morning at 10 and sail to Carthew Bay where we anchored for lunch and a swim. After pulling up anchor, we traveled to HYC where we were invited to join the events of their *Pirate Days* events. Those who did not wish to anchor choose to go directly to Hawkestone which has a nice beach for swimming. Saturday evening we enjoyed a pot luck barbecue dinner to be followed by a campfire, which was cancelled due to excessive winds. On Sunday morning we enjoyed breakfast together before setting sail. Depending on the success of this event and the desire of the cruising members, we may plan another destination flotilla possibly to Barrie later in the season.

On August 18th we are planning an Anchor Out the destination of which will be determined based on the wind speed and direction at the time. Once we reach our destination we plan to raft up for a social time, snacks and swimming. After which we will separate to anchor for the night. If you've never spent a *night on the hook* this is your opportunity to within the safety of numbers. We'd like to have a few tenders available so if you can bring a dinghy please let me know prior to the date.

Finally, don't forget the annual Georgina Cup Weekend which be held on September 8th and 9th. All club members are invited to join the regatta's events.

Let's continue to be *The friendliest little club on the lake* by welcoming all and joining the fun. Watch your email and the club bulletin board for more information.



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He Would Not Want to Sail, He Has a Baby.

By Bob Fourtier

When my father passed away, he could not have his lone grandchild ‘travelling around in Bob’s shitty van’ (quote from his will). So Ed, my dad left Sue and I his car, since my mom would never drive. In our family, we are each one of five, and therefore the car was assessed and my two brothers got their share of the blue book value of the car.

They used the money and some additional payments to purchase a Catalina 25. None of us had ever sailed and they decided not to include me in the purchase as I had a new, one year old child, deciding that I would not be interested at this point.

They put the boat into the water in Pepperlaw and got it rigged somehow. My younger brother, Paul, who has less patience than me, decided to take us out on our first ‘sail’, although you could not really call it a sail. As I unbuttoned the cover on the main sail, I was greeted with,

“What are you doing?”

I told him that I really didn’t know anything about sailing but that I was pretty sure you had to take off the cover to raise the main.

“We are not putting the sails up with her on board,” was his reaction, nodding at his wife.

We proceeded out into bay, dropped anchor and went for a swim. Nicole our baby loved the water.

Paul was the first one to bail out of ownership and I took over his payments shortly afterwards. That meant that I had part interest in the boat.

I started to crew for a fellow named Orr Ritchie in CBYC on Tuesday nights, which gained me a good deal of sailing experience. His boat was a Tanzer 7.5 which was similar to the Catalina.

My older brother, Bill, was somewhat nervous out on the water and did not want to go out when it was cloudy as storms were ‘dangerous’, he felt. Bill never seemed like he wanted to go out on the boat. We lived in Bradford at the time and sailing out of CBYC instead of driving all the way to Pepperlaw seemed logical. I arranged for a slip in Nesbitts and brought the boat over to CBYC.

One Tuesday night, in spite of dark skies looming, we headed out for a race with Orr on the Catalina. Eighteen boats took the start and we headed north around the top mark, then southeast to the Keswick mark. As we approached the mark, both Brian (my new crew) and Orr were down below out of rain with only the top board of the companion way open. I told Orr I could not see the mark anymore and could only see one other boat. Orr yelled,

“Forget about the mark and keep this boat upright.”

I politely suggested he come out and show me how to do that, reminding him that I didn’t really know how (well, actually not quite in those terms). He no sooner appeared on deck and got the top board in (leaving Brian below) when wind slapped us and we went sideways with windex into water. Orr calmly undid jib sheet and let off main and the boat came back up. He rolled in almost all of the jib, we took down main and he sailed into wind until winds let up. I got off boat, rushed home and told Sue,

“We’ve gotta buy the boat outright. It is really safe. We had a knock-down. It went almost upside down and it came back up. Mind you, I would never do something like that with you, but it is safe”.

We called Bill up and took over his payments as well. We became her sole owners, and real sailors.



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EARLY INSTILLED, A LIFETIME FULFILLED

By Hessel Pape

As a child, growing up in Europe, we lived on the banks of the Old Rhine, one of the Rhine Delta tributaries that wound its way through our city on its course to the sea. It ran right past our backyard which was located at one end of the public rowing club where my dad was employed, and where I spent a great deal of my youth after school hours and on weekends. From early on boating and the water seeped slowly into my blood.

For as long as I can remember Dad had a hefty volume on his bookshelf entitled Sailing Sport which I was encouraged to peruse. I remember becoming very fascinated by the intricate drawings of the layouts of the larger sailboats in which you could actually sleep and cook your meals in a galley. Wouldn't it be wonderful to actually be able to do that some day, sit inside a cabin and look out through a round porthole, navy style, or sleep on a berth in a gently rocking sailboat.

From Dad's book I learned some of the knots, and elementary splicing. The compass rose, too, was most intriguing and I could soon tell you where NNW by N, or SW by S were located. Degrees, well, that was too easy.

My first sailboat was an old wooden shoe. It had a hole drilled in the top for a mast and a bit of tin can for a keel. Mother made the sail out of an discarded pillow slip. My ship looked rather pretty, sailing on a string in the water of the Rhine along the dock of the club. One day, though, the string slipped. My yacht got out of reach and sailed away. I imagined the little people on board went off to see the world.

Around the time I turned eight Dad finished his second version of a beautiful model sloop. It was about 60cm long with a tall slender 72cm mast, complete with a hanked-on jib and battened mainsail. The keel was weighted with lead, as was the loosely swinging rudder. Models as such were often built and raced at model yacht club events around the country. Only when on the odd occasion Dad was in the mood, was the model put in the water under his supervision, and though the little ship was balanced such that when it hit the opposite shore it would sail back to us, there was always a wherry handy to retrieve the precious ship, should our small sailboat not perform as expected.

The model was the second one built from the original plans, since the first one was stolen during the war. We still have the little sailboat, as well as the book Sailing Sport. The latter is somewhat outdated since it was published in the nineteen thirties, but it remains most informative and interesting.

I was ten years old when my birthday present lay pulled up on the dock at the club, a beautiful second-hand canoe, a European type. Where Dad acquired it I will never know - it might have been given to him by one of the club members who was much better heeled than we were - but there it was, a long, pointed double-ender, with painted canvas decks fore and aft, and a two seater open



cockpit with a narrow deck on each side. The usual European paddles for such craft were double bladed, kayak style, although back then we had no idea what kayaks were.



In those days there were no such things as helicopter parents who needed to know every moment of the day where you were. On many sunny days I freely roamed the numerous canals in town as well as the waterways beyond the city. There were plenty of places to go and sometimes I would take my paintbox along. I still have a pen drawing of some old historic city building, the “City Wharf”, which dates back to the middle ages. The drawing is somewhat childlike, but actually not too bad.

When the canoe finally started to leak, and became unrepairable, I was allowed the use of a small rowboat that Dad had recently built for an uncle. Of course it was not as agile as the old canoe, but it got me around on the water.

Here in Canada the years in highschool and college found me mostly on dry ground, but once I had a paid position we were on the water again. With our canvas covered Peterborough canoe which dated to the early forties, and which we acquired for \$40, we were able to take to the water again and go on several canoe trips during the summers. Algonquin Park was one of our destinations, but our favourite haunts were on Georgian Bay which we accessed via Honey Harbour. Beausoliel Island became our preferred destination.

On a very hot Friday afternoon in June at a local beach, cooling off after school, I remember saying to my wife,

“This is ridiculous. What we really need is a boat that we can take off in for the weekend.”

Once being out on the water it is in your blood, and it is difficult to get rid of. We went straight home to check out our local paper and found two second hand boats advertised in the classifieds by the hardware store in the neighbouring village. We phoned the proprietor out of his shower. He promised to meet us at the store in an hour.

The one boat, stored in the basement, was an eighteen foot cedar planked Muskoka boat that had a small inboard once upon a time. It was only four and a half feet wide, but for sixty bucks I thought it would do quite nicely. When it was finally delivered in our driveway and dragged into our garage during the middle of the following week, we promptly went to work burning some eleven coats of grey porch paint off the vessel, leaving us with a beautiful cedar planked hull. We learned all about calking with red lead and oakum, and by the middle of August, with our small electric jigsaw, we ended up with a nice little cruiser sporting a narrow eight foot cabin. The latter was divided into a six foot double berth with a centre panel that served as a table athwart ships, and a two foot space for a galley of sorts.



Our first daughter was born in July that summer and by the last week in August we put her in her bassinet that fitted nicely under the foredeck and took off on a week long cruise to Parry Sound and back, using a borrowed motor. The inside channel was quite amazing with plenty of small coves to anchor overnight.

The following year we did part of the Trent-Severn. I remember pulling up at the gas dock at Severn Falls by going underneath the bowline of a large cruiser towering over us, and flying an American flag at her stern. The skipper disembarked and walked over to us. He handed me a beer, and said,

“Now tell me what that thing is,” pointing to our little craft.

In June of the following year our second daughter arrived and the boat became too small. Our dentist friend had been building a fibreglass over plywood trimaran - multi-hulls were quite popular then - and he had hoped to sail it to Expo, his “Centennial Project” he called it. He could not finish it in time, but the construction as shown on his drawings seemed simple enough to give me sufficient ideas to convert our little ship into a sailing tri. We tore off the cabin, built a couple of pontoons with daggerboards, built wings on the centre hull, together with a cabin nearly three times the original beam, and with some hinges and piping we had ourselves a much larger boat. The berths for the girls were on the wings, and the centre hull still had its double berth and table.

I learned a great deal about sail balance, centre of effort, centre of lateral resistance, and mast placement, with the result that during the following year we built the plywood mast and boom, and learned how to splice thin galvanized cable for our stays and shrouds. Our first suit of sails were made from 3mil plastic, sash cord, and masking tape. I remember taking my parents for a sail early that season, to show my father how well everything had turned out. Our makeshift sails promptly tore to shreds in the stiff breeze. What we did learn was the amazing stresses that comes to bear on the tack and clew of sails by the wind. Actually, in later years we constructed a very large plastic drifter for a single hulled boat which we sailed in a race one weekend. There was a considerable amount of discussion whether our novel rig was acceptable according to the rules.



We sewed our permanent suit of sails from feather ticking, a suitable cotton with a fine weave. They set very well and allowed us to point about 35 degrees into the wind. We cruised the east shores of Georgian Bay for several years in our Trimaran, the Anja Lia, and even made it to the Western Islands one summer.

Meanwhile, I had the opportunity to crew on the first 26 foot Grampian sold of the thousand that were built, I took up the offer. The owner and I spent four weeks on the Atlantic (see Cruising Notes in earlier issues) that summer while my wife and the girls took the trimaran out, spending much time on Beausoliel.

Then when we were offered a 26 ft.



cutter, a one-design, a solid ship built in Thornbury of marine plywood, and outfitted in traditional tackle, we found the price hard to refuse. It had a small inboard, a 5HP British gasoline engine, and even had a wood stove on board. One Thanksgiving we were at anchor in one of the numerous coves north of Honey Harbour. It snowed that Sunday but we were nice and cosy down below, occasionally rowing to shore in our dinghy for some more firewood. She was a beautiful wooden ship, the Hernicon, that we registered rather than licenced. We sailed it on extended cruises - one was five weeks in duration - explored the North Channel, sailed up Lake Superior a piece, and crossed Georgian Bay to the Bruce and Manitoulin numerous times. One summer we entered American waters at Detour and ended up at Mackinac Island where we spent a few days sightseeing.

It was heartbreaking to sell our little tri that we had put so much of ourselves into. It was harder to hear some time later that the new owner had taken it out on a particularly rough and stormy day, lost control of it, and smashed it to pieces.

We sailed the Hernicon for a number of years till the girls, who had become quite capable sailors, left home. Then in the last year at the club we belonged, during winter storage the cutter was ransacked and stripped of most of its valuables. Whoever it was walked away with our wood stove, removed the sum log and brass barometer from the wall, took the compass, and absconded with the line bag with all the running rigging and precious wooden blocks that had given our ship so much character. In the spring we found a totally stripped boat. There was nothing left. Then, having moved the boat to a safer location, a tree fell on it causing too much damage for repair. It now lies buried on the farm somewhere.

It took twenty years before we were on the water again. It is in your blood, the water. It never leaves you. What is acquired in youth stays with you. We will keep sailing till we can no more.





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If you have a garden, what's to be done with all the end of the summer zucchini that has grown leaps and bounds way beyond consumption use? When the kids or grand kids are young here's an idea: simply slice (or saw) it in half length-wise & hollow it out. Fashion a stick mast and boom and then add a sail or sails made with paper, cloth or pastic from a shopping bag. Launch it and watch it or them float (hopefully) away! Great fun for pools or ponds or at the beach, especially on a windy day!! Anyways, it worked when our kids were little. You can even add a crew of miniature people, animals, or whatever! And this way, you can have your boat and eat it too!! Have fun!

Mary Pape



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