

MACASSA BAY YACHT CLUB • Fall 2019 •

Macassa Mariner



FROM THE BRIDGE

Reports from MBYC Executives



Membership Report from Carl Easton

The 2019 membership year is almost over and the 2020 membership year is almost here.

I will have 2020 membership cards available for the October membership meeting to get the year off to a good start. If you pay your membership as early as possible you will avoid the last minute rush, avoid the possibility of missing the end year payment date and loss of membership and will make the membership director and the treasurer very happy. This should also enable the snowbirds to head south secure in the knowledge that their membership will be waiting for them the water softens again.

This year was my second turn at membership director. Compared to almost fifteen years ago the job has expanded with more members and more responsibilities. We currently have the most regular members in our history, the current total is 159. The social member count currently stands at 332. In addition to tracking membership details managing the FOB system has become part of the job. Initially it was a lot of work but as FOB's are now mandatory the work load will decrease. *Continued on next page.*



MBYC EXECUTIVE 2019

MBYC Directors 2019

Commodore – John Modesto

Past Commodore – Jeff Dziepak

Vice Commodore – Ron Knapp

Secretary – Charles Mitchell Jr.

Treasurer – Adam Wilk

Secretary-Treasurer – Sandy Kovacs

Director - Building Maintenance – Ray Lizee

Director - Membership – Carl Easton

Dock/Yard Master – Dave Thornhill

Director - Entertainment – Mark Mackesy

Director - Bar Management – Gerry Boyar

Sergeant-at-Arms – Frank Harild

Auditors – Rodger Metcalf, Bill Newman

Newsletter Staff & Contributors

Co-Editors - Helena Laidlaw-Allan

Advertising - Bruce McLeod

Club Photography - Bob Mueller,
Andy Keyes, Helena Laidlaw-Allan,
Bill Newman, Richard Brooks
and other contributors.

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*Please keep us updated on your e-mail
listing and phone # so we can keep you
informed of any important notifications
regarding our club. Send an e-mail to
Carl Easton (Membership) through the
Club's website or leave a note at the bar.*



FROM THE BRIDGE

Reports from MBYC Executives

Continued from cover.

All members will have FOB's, only changes in access level or returns will have to be addressed along with interacting with the vendor for system problems or alterations.

As membership director I was disappointed in the turnout of new members to the last membership meeting. Of the fourteen new members accepted this year only four of them attended the meeting. The next meeting, October 2, is the nomination meeting for next year's executive. I expect that this very important meeting will see a much better turnout of new and recent members. Think carefully about the selections you will be making to guide the club through a critical period. As the saying goes "We deserve the representatives we elect".



ENTERTAINMENT

Report from Mark Mackesy

To use a now archaic phrase, this is where I came in.

It was about a year ago that I was drafted into this job when the previous Director resigned. I wasn't officially on the board, but had the responsibility of finishing the planning for the Commodore's Ball.

Of course, the Commodore's Ball is the premier event of MBYC's year, so that was a good place to start the job.

I (or rather "we", as in the *Lovely Doris and I*) quickly found out that there was lots of help available. Sometimes we had to ask. Sometimes we just had to have panicked looks on our faces, as with the Children's X-mas Party. People, who had done certain jobs in past years, just stepped up to help (especially you folks who feed us at lift out and lift in).

I'd like to thank everyone by name, but I am terrified of missing someone. Let's just say you don't do this job alone. You have to have your spouse on board ("You volunteered to do what?"). You also have to have a Crew of people who will agree to help you on a regular basis.

Elsewhere in this issue there is a list of people who volunteered for the weekly barbeques. Many of those same people also helped out at various club events throughout the year. Some of them are Social members and some are Regular members. Some of them have been members of the club so long they don't owe us anything. But they still show up and help. I hope to have a full list of volunteers and to thank them in a future MMM.

Back to the **Commodore's Ball**. The 2019 Commodore's Ball will be on **Saturday, Nov. 16th**. It will be held at the old **Sarcoa Restaurant** on Pier 8. This is a great and unique waterfront venue. We will have it catered, we will have our own servers and we will control the bar prices. The band is the same as last year, *Ashland Avenue*. They say they've learned some slow songs. Tickets are a low \$65 pp., available at the club bar. Buy a table of 8, all at once, and one ticket will be free (*details at the bar*).

We've got 500 members. The room holds 200. Which means if only one out of five Social or Regular Members shows up with a date, we sell out.



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SATURDAY BBQ

Report from Mark Mackesy

Here is a list of all the people who volunteered for MBYC's weekly barbeques this year. Some of you couldn't make it. May 25th was cancelled due to rain. September 7th was cancelled out of respect for Ted Townsend's Celebration of Life.

The BBQ Boss this year was a dynamic duo. **Frank Harild** and his wife **Aprille**. Not only did they do a great job with organizing the MBYC weekly barbeques, they worked almost half of them. As of this writing, some of these barbeques haven't happened yet. Thanks to all of the people listed for volunteering. Here's a list of dates and volunteers taken from the sign up sheets as of Sept 2/2019. If you worked a Saturday BBQ and are not acknowledged here, our apologies.

BBQ VOLUNTEERS * SUMMER 2019

May 11th: Greg Dawson, Greg Coderre, Jim Hollands, Frank Harild, Aprille Harild

May 18th, Victoria Day Weekend: Mark Mackesy, George Petrovic, Denise Petrovic, Bruce MacLeod, Jan Hall, Doris Konow

May 25th: (Cancelled due to weather) These were the volunteers... Rodger Metcalfe, Ryan Scott, Gloria Buchanan, Doug Cihocki, Carolyn Soldaat

June 1st: Greg Dawson, Carolyn Soldaat, Doug Cihocki, Matt Cliroux, Frank Harild, Aprille Harild

June 8th: Grant Somerville, Scott Somerville, Doug Cihocki, Bill McMurray, Shirley McMurray, Alicia Elliott Chasse

June 15th, Sail Past No BBQ

June 22nd: Frank Harild, Aprille Harild, Maureen McCallister, Neil McCallister, Irene Reinhold, James Elliot

June 29th: Marny Warby, Ron Warby, Marj Scime, Joe Scime, Monika Minnis

July 6th: Grant Somerville, Scott Somerville, Bill McMurray, Shirley McMurray, Ray Lizée

July 13th: Greg Dawson, Betty Furlong, Bill Furlong, Walter Rayboard, David Farraway, Frank Harild, Aprille Harild

July 20th: Caroline Soldaat, Lawrence Folland, Tom Falls, Chuck Mitchell, Bill Chamberlain

July 27th: Joan Greene, Sue Stewart Greene, Joanna Speller, Doug Cihocki, Greg Dawson, Roly Baldessarini, Elaine Baldessarini

August 3rd: Greg Dawson, Doug Cihocki, Frank & Aprille Harild, Larissa Metcalfe

August 10th: Anna Fricker, Doug Cihocki, Greg Dawson, Frank Harild, Aprille Harild

August 17th: Entire Knot A Breast Team

August 24th: Dale Unsworth, Joanne Unsworth, Dave Biehler, Dave Baker, Vivian Vario

August 31st, Labour Day Weekend: Anna Fricker, Harry Wallage, Greg Dawson, Doug Cihocki

September 7th: Cancelled. These were the volunteers. Greg Dawson, Jo-Anne Lavigne, Paul Bollanty, Carol Bollanty

Sept 14th: Bob Mueller, Marilyn Mueller, Jim Gardner, Barb Gardner, Larry Thompson, Jo-Anne Thompson

Sept 21st: Entire Knot A Breast Team

Sept 28th: Scheduled Jo-Anne Lavigne, Carolyn van Den Heuvel, Val Cameron, Martha Newman, Bill Newman

October 5th: Scheduled Greg Dawson, Melanie Dawson, Rachel Dawson, Anna Fricker, Frank Harild, Aprille Harild

October 12th, Thanksgiving Weekend: Mark Mackesy & Crew if weather permits. Turkey burgers anyone?

Apologies if anyone's name was misspelled or if we missed you.

2019 MBYC Events

Saturday, October 26 - Halloween Party

Tuesday, October 22 - Lift out - Chili Lunch

Saturday, November 16 - Commodore's Ball

Sunday, December 1 - Children's X-mas Party

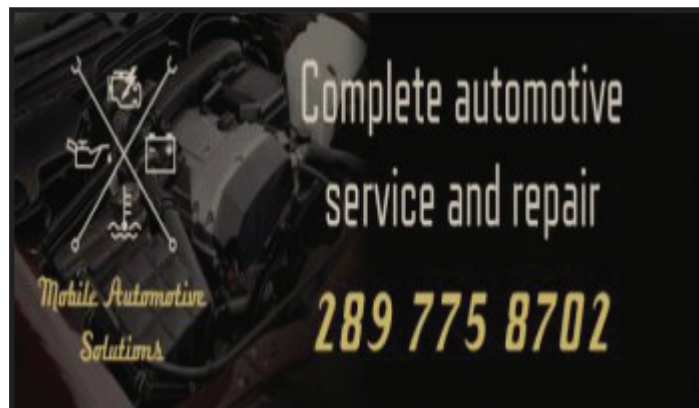
Sunday, December 8 - Holiday Open House

If you would like to become a MBYC Mariner Supporter and advertise here, or to renew your advertising contract, please contact Bruce McLeod.



CANADIAN TIRE MONEY IS STILL BEING ACCEPTED! THIS IS USED TO BUY TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT FOR OUR WORKSHOP.

PLEASE LEAVE CTC COUPONS AT THE BAR!





SECRETARY

Report from Charles Mitchell Jr.

What a whirlwind summer this has been, and now it is over. Hard to believe but Lift-Out is almost here and yet I feel like I have only just begun to have some fun.

This first year on the Executive has been an eye opener and a great learning experience for me. Thank you to our board members (*past and present*), and my father Charlie Mitchell for helping me to find my footing. I can only hope to continue what I have learned into next year. One really gains a whole new appreciation of what our executive does for all of us to enjoy our great club.

I would really like to thank all the members of MBYC for being patient with me during this time, I thoroughly enjoyed meeting more of our great family (*surprise I like to socialize*). I especially would like to thank Lorna Howarth for her continued assistance with handling our club reciprocals, and Larry for his sage advice. You both really helped take a load off of my shoulders.

As for my other adventures with our second home, high water levels aside, "Creo" has been a very forgiving old girl. We have now ventured farther than we have ever traveled by boat before. Next year after some more improvements, Sandra and I hope to extend these adventures a little more. Then we could have more stories to relish and share (*like some of our more seasoned boaters*).

I really enjoy traveling to other clubs and meeting other like minded individuals. The boating community is a really unique, helpful and fun group. But no matter where I travel I can not hesitate

to note to myself (*or to others*), MBYC is truly the hidden gem of the lake.

Cheers to the upcoming adventures for all, in the coming Off-season.



Report from the SECRETARY/TREASURER

Report by Sandy Kovacks

Storage list is posted on the Club bulletin board (upstairs).

Payment is due not later than

OCTOBER 8, per By-law 14(a), or

financial penalty applies (Yard Regulation #17).

Remember that flares and sources of ignition must be removed from your boat not later than the day of lift-out (Yard Regulation #18). Ladders used to access boats in storage must be securely fastened and locked to cradle/stands when not in active use (Yard Regulation #19).

Reminder to "Snowbirds" to look after 2020 Dock Deposit and Membership dues before heading south.

BLAST FROM THE PAST



Colonial Group

BOAT MOVING

- All concrete repairs
- Foundation repairs
- Water damage repairs
- Snow plowing / salting

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LAUNCH 2019



NEW REDUCED RENTAL RATES for the COMMODORE MITCHELL HALL

Room rental \$200 to \$400 & includes a Bartender. Get details at the club bar.

WANTED!

Wanted! A member to help create a NEW Website for MBYC.

Are you experienced in building a website?

Interested in keeping our website current, by updating the site each month?

MBYC needs a NEW updated website.

The club website is a important communications link between us and the boating community.

Design assistance is available. We have lots of good photos to add visual appeal to the website.

We just need the technical know how. If you have access to a website building program that would be great!

Contact Chuck Mitchell, MBYC Secretary.

Wanted! Members to contribute articles and/or pictures.

Looking for a way to volunteer at MBYC? Like to write?

If you think you can write a couple of hundred words on a marine or club-related topic, we want you!

We will edit your submission for spelling/grammar. Submissions are always subject to review for content suitability. Send your submissions via email (preferred) to editor.mbyc@gmail.com

or drop your article addressed to Helena Laidlaw-Allan, Mariner Newsletter.

Please be sure to put your name and contact info with your submission.

SAIL PAST 2019 - HIGH WINDS AND RAIN



Bill Mitchell at Sail Past.



Commodore John Modesto

KNOT-A-BREAST DRAGON BOAT TEAM



Send your **MBYC MARINER** submissions via Email (preferred) to editor.mbyc@gmail.com or drop your article/photos addressed to Helena Laidlaw-Allan, Mariner Newsletter. Please be sure to put your name and contact info with your submission. Your submission will be checked for spelling/grammar. Submissions are always subject to review for content suitability.

SPECIAL MBYC EVENTS



Demonstration was by Sean Quinlan and his partner, from the Nuvitzo Latin Dance School in Hamilton.

MBYC SALSA NIGHT



JAM SESSIONS

DREAM OF A LIFETIME PART 2 - A trip down the Mississippi 1962-1963



By Grant Somerville, with Cherie Somerville
As a social member of MBYC, I am excited to share with you, Chapter 2 of my memories of the boat trip that I took with my dad down the Mississippi in 1962.

This story is an excerpt from a recently published book and written in two voices, Grant (in italics) and his father Bruce Somerville.

At 0900 hours Saturday, October 20th we left Midland. The barometer was steady and a slight haze hung over the water. There was difficulty finding the spar and can buoys as we passed between Giant's Tomb and Saw Log point. Beckwith Island came up on the starboard and we put into Christian Island for dinner (*lunch*). The perch fishing was excellent from the dock. Later we went inland to see an Indian Burial ground and the ruins of a Jesuit fort.

By the time we cast off at 1500 hours the sky was overcast and it was starting to rain. Round the bar point, keeping clear of the Campana Shoal, we headed across Nottawasaga Bay for Cape Rich. Ten miles out the temperature dropped to 7°C, the wind was on our stern out of the east north east about twenty five miles an hour. We couldn't see any harbor mark on the chart around the Cape, so we turned south and headed for Collingwood. Ten miles north and west of Collingwood there is a lot of shallow water and rock so we were favouring a south easterly course, with the compass and boat taking on the resemblance of a toddle top. Using our radio direction finder we found I had been bearing east too much.

We were being knocked around by the chop created from the 25mph wind and rain with it being pitch black at 2100 hours, also with the confusing lights on shore we decided to drop anchor to check our charts for locating the beacon lights. As I dropped anchor and let out enough line, it caught and our stern swung into position, just missing a huge pylon by no more than 6 feet. We later found that there were many of these that the freighters tie up to, and we had been travelling through these in the dark, windy, rainy night with no idea they were there. Finally at 2200 hours in the dark and rain we made it in behind the silos at Collingwood. Thus, concluded our first real lesson navigating in near zero visibility. After tying up we commented on how wonderful the day started and how it ended in what could have been a near disaster. We had covered only 60 miles and this was only the first day of our Maiden Voyage.

Next morning we managed to get a few gallons of gas from a private company as no public pumps were open, and then at 1600 hours we headed up the channel. The Blue Mountains were beautiful with the reflection of the sun on them. At Meaford, a very good harbor, we filled our gas tanks and had a look around the boat works.



A representative of the Chamber of Commerce welcomed us up town and had us sign the register, also presented us with a mug as a memento of our visit. He remarked it had been several weeks since the last tourist had been through.

On Monday, October 22, we departed at 1330 with a south west wind we were in the shelter of the shore. By noon, the wind changed to the north with a drop in temperature. A haze settled in, it began to rain and there was a forecast of snow. The sea started to make up and the going got rough. South side of Griffith Island we found a very nice harbor and a dock with a very large sign to let us know we were on private property. *We had a run of just 3 hours*, it wasn't very long before the gamekeeper came and told us we could dock but NOT to set foot on the island. Shivering visibly, through chattering teeth, we told him we would do as he asked. This melted his heart and before night, he came back with a fireless heater, filled and going, to put in the cabin. Each of the three nights we were there he filled and lit the heater for us. He took us on some tours of the island to meet and take pictures of the inhabitants – 200 deer and about 8,000 pheasants.

During this wind and snowstorm a tug boat left Bustard Islands bound for Dunk's Bay some fifty odd miles away. She ended up aground at Cape Crocker forty miles off target. It was a relief to know we were not the only ones who goofed. October 25 the wind shifted to the south west so we headed up Georgian Bay leaving at 1600 for a short 28 mile run on south west rollers which made it difficult steering. Soon it was cold, dropping to 4°C with snow. We called a halt at Lion's Head. The marina was closed for gas and supplies but a kind gentleman, Mr. A. P. Lobsinger, drove to Ferndale to get the truck to bring some gas to the pier. *After spending 2 nights at the town dock we departed Lion's Head.* Everything looked well for a good days run, we would have shore protection right to Tobermory.

As we rounded Cabot Head Light we met a thirty-five mile an hour westerly wind, the boat was taking it fine but we were being thrown around too much. We started to look for the spar buoys into Wingfield Basin which marks a very narrow channel *cut through the shale rock.* The six and

DREAM OF A LIFETIME PART 2 - Continued

seven foot waves were driving spars flat on the water and they were very difficult to find. The task of running the trough of waves into a narrow opening didn't help matters at all. *Dad kept his eye out for the markers as I was making very little headway, I gradually worked the Reta May to port, keeping the bow into the oncoming waves. Checking the depth indicator at all times I saw my chance to steer hard to port at the top of a wave and surf down the side of the wave in between the occasionally visible markers. We made it! I feel it was more luck than good seamanship or perhaps the lack of fear when you are young.* Finally entering the basin, it was a real haven; just like a mill pond. The day started at 7°C and dropped to 2°C that afternoon. While in the basin we explored some old fishing shacks, the light on Cabot Head, and an old sailing vessel hull (the Gargantua of Toronto) that lay resting on the bottom. This was the first day of the Eastern Standard Time.

On Monday, October 29th, the wind swung to the south west with occasional rain, but the temperature was rising. We left the basin at 0715 and headed for Tobermory. Took on gas and supplies at Little Tub and started North between Flowerpot and Echo Islands, taking care at the Great Barrier, carried on between Lonely and Club Islands, passed close to Cape Smith to avoid the reefs and the ledges farther out, entering the north channel round Burnt Island Bank. As we came abreast of Heywood Island and changed course to the North, darkness fell and the wind had a good sweep up Manitowaning Bay. It was raining again. We lost the flashing lights off Strawberry Island but finally found the twenty-two foot channel into Little Current by using the depth sounder. We nearly ran aground twice trying to line up the wrong range lights. We came on a pair of red lights only to have the car drive away as we almost grounded. *We tied up at 1930 hrs. and realized we had our best travel time since starting by covering 88 miles.*

Tuesday Oct. 30 we had only gone 20 miles and cleared Clapperton Island when the north wind struck again, so we put into an anchorage behind Harbour Island where we were royally entertained by the folks of the Island Yacht



Wingfield Basin

Club while it rained for two days. Leaving Harbour Island on Nov 1st was a 52 mile run in relatively protected waters. *Ivan Trick, the Canadian Customs Officer at Gore Bay helped tie up our boat and introduced us to many of his friends.* We went into Gore Bay for supplies and to try out a pair of different pitch propellers on the motors. Several business men of the town visited us and took us on a short sightseeing tour. Everyone was most friendly here as were the folks in Meldrum Bay where we were met by the custom officer and the inn keeper.

Our intention was to take False Detour Channel into Lake Huron, south of Drummond Island, but after a bit of sleigh riding on rollers, which were being built up by a north eastern, we went through the Mississippi Strait into the lee of Cockburn Island. We gave this island a wide berth to miss the Magnetic Reefs which extended southward for several miles. With Cockburn Island to starboard and coming up to Drummond Island we were no longer in Canada. At Detour Reef Lighthouse we went up Detour Passage to pass thru customs at Detour Michigan. We tied up at the customs dock and waited for someone to show up. Finally I decided to go search and found the customs officer having his dinner. He made out our papers and gave us a clearance.

Now came the turn in treatment. In Canada, everyone had been friendly and anxious to help, but here the fuel at the dock pumps was shut off due to the end of the pleasure boating season. We looked for a service station which might deliver a drum of gas to the harbor. It was the same story everywhere: get your own cans and carry it. We purchased some cans and proceeded to fuel up the hard way. This was the first time we had been treated so and we were wondering if this was the way of life in the United States, it turned out to be the only place like it on the entire trip.

Sunday, November 4 the wind picked up to 35-40 miles per hour with rain, so stayed at Coast Guard Pier where the temperature dropped to 6°C that night. November 5 the wind had dropped so departed at 1200 hours for a 39 mile run to Mackinac Island.

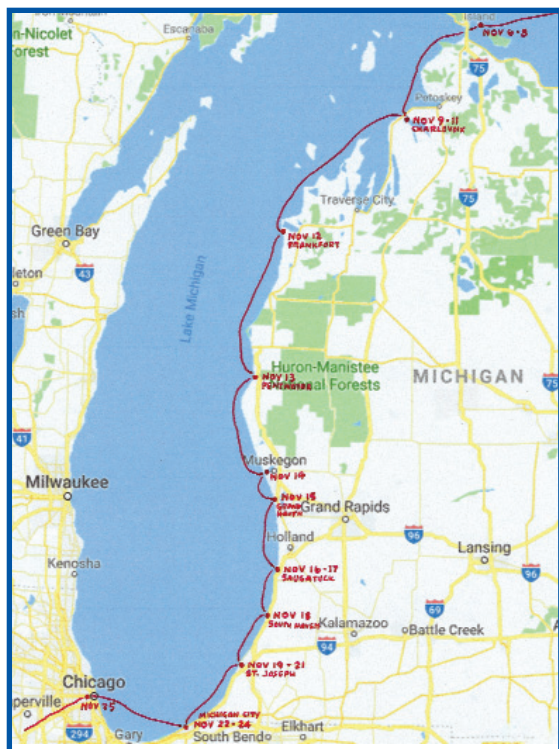
At Detour Light we turned and headed for Mackinac Island. We met quite a few large freighters on the lake. At 1300 hours, we sighted the bridge over the strait and decided to go into the Island. We came into the harbor under a brilliant sun. A gentleman came over and invited us to tie up at his private dock, which had more protection. There were reports of a blow coming and the temperature was around freezing. *Ray and Mary Summerfield were the first people to come aboard and sign our guest log.*

Our new friends loaned us bikes to tour the island which attracted 6000 tourists daily during the summer months. No motor vehicles are allowed and the roads are quite narrow. We took the main road which follows the coast line all the way around, climbed to see the fort and the boys

DREAM OF A LIFETIME PART 2 - Continued

scaled the eye of the needle at the east end of the island while I sat down to watch and guard the bikes (my excuse for not climbing). This was the first time in thirty odd years I had bicycled and I was more than willing and eager to keep watch. That night our friends insisted we should sleep in the house. With the window opened wide we still could not sleep and finally decided were too still – no rock and roll – Grant suggested taking turns rocking the beds. In the morning after a very nice breakfast, the wind was around 35 miles per hour so we stayed ashore and helped unload wallboard and lumber from a landing craft which serves as a ferry. On the fourth floor of our host's home we helped frame a room and cover it with wall board.

Next morning November 8th, we left the island, fueling up at Mackinaw City, had dinner (*lunch*), and headed west out of the strait with quite a sea coming in from the North West. Our next port of call was Charlevoix. Without local knowledge the safest passage is to keep westerly to White Shoal Light, then south through Gray's Reef Passage. We set course for Cross Village at 148 degrees. As we passed Little Traverse Bay we were watching for a tank which was our landmark. It was near twilight as we sighted the tank and several red lights. Approaching the light we found our fathometer nearly out of water so we pulled off shore to the rocks. We found this was the atomic centre which did not appear on our chart. Farther down the shore we found our marker channel lights leading to a wonderful basin.



Next morning the Coast Guard were brought in under tow, they had been washed up on rocks at Manitou Shoal while making a rescue of another ship which had been found floundering. It was very rough so we decided to lay over. Now would be a good time to get the Stars and Stripes to fly as a courtesy flag. While making our purchase we met the owner of the marina, James Bellinger, of the United States Power Squadron. He presented us with our colours for the Reta May which we flew for the rest of the trip and ever since while in American waters. Jim took us on a tour of the town and the atomic centre which was nearly our downfall instead of landfall the night before.

November 11 at 0800 hours we left, clearing Grand Traverse Bay and headed south to Leland where we fastened our lines to the break water. This is where the mail boat for Manitou Island docks. Our dinner was highlighted by fresh chub from a fisherman's shanty. We then travelled on to Frankfort, the terminal of one of the railroad ferries. The marina was closed but the police cruiser got the key from the service centre so we could fuel up. This was characteristic of most people we met on the trip. November 12, we left Frankfort and stopped at Manistee for dinner. We found very little of interest or facilities for the travelling boaters, mostly commercial. We continued on to Snug Harbour Marina, Pentwater, where we found everything including a laundromat. The last boat in had been August 28th. Everyone here was friendly and helpful. November 13, departing at 0945 we pulled into Muskegon for dinner. Seeing a Mobile gasoline sign across the basin we decided to fuel up but on trying to get to the marina we went aground. There was a foot and a half of water over soaked reeds. We tilted our motors and using anchors we pulled ourselves over and back again. By this time the waters were rough and a fog had set in, thus spending the night just off the channel.

November 14 found us pulling into Grand Haven for groceries and dinner, upon leaving the waters had built up so decided to leave in morning. The following day on long rollers, we made it up the Kalamazoo River to the Saugatuck Yacht Club, a new marina and very picturesque. All the boats were in dry dock and mostly from Chicago. Small craft warnings were up so decided to lay over to where we had a feed of perch from a fishing trawler, also saw a Chinese junk well-built and solid but not designed for outside travel (They were asking \$9,000.00 for it).

Departing at 1220 on the 17th a storm appeared to be gathering and the barometer was falling. We stopped in at South Haven to fuel up and obtain some groceries then had dinner. Here we explored the sand dunes where a city at one time had been buried by the sand. Upon departure Small Craft warnings were up so made a quick 23 mi. dash down to St. Joseph. Here we spent the next two days tied up while the Coast Guard came in and everything was tied down due to the full gale warnings posted.



November 21st weather signals were dropped so departed at 1530 hours for New Buffalo where we arrived just at dark to find a sand bar had built up across the mouth of the channel by the storm. We then continued on to Michigan City, Indiana, had quite a job figuring out which were breakwater lights and which were pier lights, all five lights were flashing a bunch with a channel between two of them somewhere. We pulled into the outer basin to be met by a sea of piles, which turned out to be anchor buoys. After a very rough night at anchor we went into the upper river with more protection from the wind, which had now reached 57 m.p.h. That evening of the 23rd we had a birthday celebration for one of the crew, Bryan, who turned 25 complete with birthday cake and all the trimmings.



November 24th weather signals were taken down at 1330 hours so we set out for a 45 mi. trip across the lake for Chicago on long rollers which had become quite

common on our trip down Lake Michigan. Half an hour off Chicago City fog closed in. Here we had our first real test by Radio Direction Finder. There was a RDF station right out from the canal into Chicago and Lock #1, our destination. For the first time we met up with tow boats, so we tied up at an industrial dock out of their way, had a bit of trouble with one engine so, at 1900 hrs we settled down for a well-earned rest. Entering the Chicago Waterway at Lake Michigan (mile 327.2) to the Rodi Boat Works (mile 322.4), there were thirty-five bridges of all types, shapes and sizes. ■

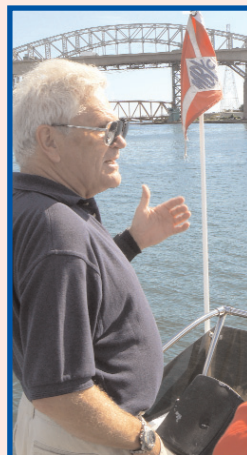


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Cherie Somerville cheriesomer@yahoo.com

AROUND THE CLUB AND BEYOND



Waitin' for the bridge.



CRUISING THE GREAT LAKES

By Terry and Pam Wagg

As I sit to write this story, we are nestled in the Benjamins's in the North Channel. Even though it is September, there are still 5 other boats. I hear that in the summer it is a bit of a fight to find the perfect spot here, happy to have missed that.

I could start the story by trying to explain what it's like to experience big winds and swells in Lake Huron or multiple thunderstorms while sailing at night, but I will begin where we did, the Welland Canal. This was not my first experience with the Welland but it was a first for our boat as well my first upbound transit. On a Sunday night we caught the 9pm bridge out of Hamilton Harbour and turned for Port Weller. As what seems to be the norm for our vacations, there was already a storm brewing when we departed. At about midnight it hit, thunderstorm number



1. We were only 3 miles from the safety of the port, but that fact did not help us. Winds gusted over 30 knots, rain came hard, and the light show was awesome. The whole thing was over in about 20 minutes, just in



time for us to enter through the breakwall into the calm waters of the canal. We docked and called 'Seaway Welland' to check in. My previous experiences with the Welland have all been at night so I assumed this was the norm, but it was at this time that I learned that the Seaway had recently changed their procedures for pleasure craft. They now only transit upbound 4 days of the week, and only starting at 10am. Fortunately for us, Monday was one of those days. We rested up and woke to a beautiful sunny day, as if the storm the night before never existed.

The 8 locks on the Seaway consist of 4 single locks, a flight of 3, and a control lock. The first 3 locks were uneventful. Slow in fact, which is a good thing. The staff at the lock were very kind to us, bringing up the water level at a reasonable pace to minimize the turbulence. Locks 4,5,6 are the flight locks. We were forewarned that this set would not

be as pleasant as the previous three and they were not kidding. It was a good workout for all 5 of us onboard to keep the boat from either getting crushed into the wall or getting pulled out to the middle of the lock, it was hard to tell which way the boat was going to move next.

Fortunately, I had acquired a couple of massive fenders which saved our boat from what would





nets, drill rigs, and at dawn the fishing boats come out, so many boats! Lake Ontario is a ghost town compared to Erie. In the morning the wind picked up from the southeast, perfect for sailing! Off with the diesel, time to commence the sailing vacation.

The day was perfect. Nice steady winds, no big swells, and beautiful sunshine and warm temps.

have been significant scars from the nasty walls of the locks. We came out of the flight locks unscathed and lock 7 was relatively easy by comparison. The next couple of hours was just a leisurely river cruise. Lock 8 is the control lock, used to match the height of the canal to the current lake level. The difference was only a couple of feet and by the time we finished the paperwork with the lockmasters, the gates to Lake Erie were open. We were through!

My only previous experience in Lake Erie was racing Albacores off Crystal Beach, where the winds and swells funnel down to make a very exciting regatta venue. In particular, during our last experience there we renamed it the swimming club, rather than the sailing club, due to the amount of time that was spent in the water. This evening was not like that, it was calm with only a slight breeze. Not enough to sail, but also no big waves to contend with so after a quick stop in Port Colbourne to drop off our canal help, we pulled out through the last structures on the canal and told Auto to take us west. Calm nights motoring can be quite relaxing once you get over the sound and vibrations from the diesel, no wind shifts or waves to contend with. The only thing you have to do is look forward periodically to make sure there is not a freighter bearing down on you. That is unless you are in Lake Erie, there is so much stuff to hit in Erie! Hundreds of well heads dot the Canadian side of the lake and they all have small buoys on them, fishing

Mid afternoon things started to change, or at least were forecast to change. Sarnia coast guard and Detroit Coast Guard were taking turns announcing squall warnings for western Lake Erie yet where we were was still beautiful. After scanning all of weather data I could find, it was confirmed that the squalls were definitely coming and out of the west, yet the current wind was still mostly east. At around 7pm the skies darkened from the massive stormfront coming right toward us. The wind died as the front approached which meant it was time to abandon the sailing and start the diesel. In less than 30 minutes we went from perfect sailing conditions to sustained winds over 30 knots on the nose, driving rain, and another wicked light show, it was thunderstorm number 2. This one lasted longer





and was far more intense than the one two nights before. Our destination was the safe harbour at Eriean, but that was 15 miles away. There was nothing we could do other than take in the show and not touch anything metal on the boat. The storm eventually passed, and we pulled into Eriean around midnight for a very welcome calm nights sleep.

The next few days were pure vacation. Nice sailing, beautiful beaches, and calm anchorages. We visited Pelee Island for biking and wine tours, Put in Bay for a little party life, and Middle Bass Island for a little quiet time. The transit up the Detroit River was uneventful. The 2 knot current slowed us down a little but that was offset by 15 knot winds from the south pushing us up the river. We stopped at Windsor Yacht Club where we said goodbye to a friend who was cruising with us for the week. It was now just the two of us. We had very gusty winds crossing Lake St. Clair which kicked up surprisingly big for a relatively little lake, but also made for a quick crossing. The winds continued to push us up the St. Clair river where the current was just a little stronger than the Detroit. Eventually we came to the Bluewater bridge in Sarnia, a name that is very appropriate. The colour of the water is stunning, a deep aqua blue, quite incredible. The word was to stick close to the Canadian side where the current was supposed to be less intense. As we went under the bridge our SOG was reading 2.1 knots, almost 4.5 knots lower than our hull speed. Wow, so happy the whole river was not like this! The river mouth opened up and there it was, Lake Huron.

Auto, take us to Stokes Bay! We started out on Lake Huron shortly after noon with more spinnaker time than we have ever had before, almost 10 hours with the chute up! The joy of this was offset when we had to take it down at 11pm as the gusts were pushing up close to 20, not exactly chute weather. We sailed through the night, having to motor for a few hours when the wind died, then it picked up again in the morning. Again, Sarnia Coast Guard started broadcasting high wind and squall warnings for all of Lake Huron. By 10am the winds were pushing up to 25 and the swells building significantly. We entered the Stokes Bay channel early afternoon, set up just off the government dock with a double bow anchor, and waited out what turned into two days of big winds and yes, thunderstorm number 3. We did get some nice shore time visiting with family in the area, a nice break after being on the boat for a week and a half.

Friday morning brought a little bit of calm over Stokes Bay, but just a little. Winds were still blowing fairly strong, but we opted to take our leave and continue our journey north. We headed out the channel into the big lake again where 20 knot winds and 4-6' swells awaited us. The forecast called for winds to diminish but it was wrong! The winds kicked up, swells rose to levels higher than we have ever seen in lake Ontario, and of course we were now beating upwind. We had reefed the headsail to the point that our fairleads were at forward end of the track and we only had about one third of the mainsail out. Winds were now steady at 30 knots gusting over 35. Now it's hard to capture

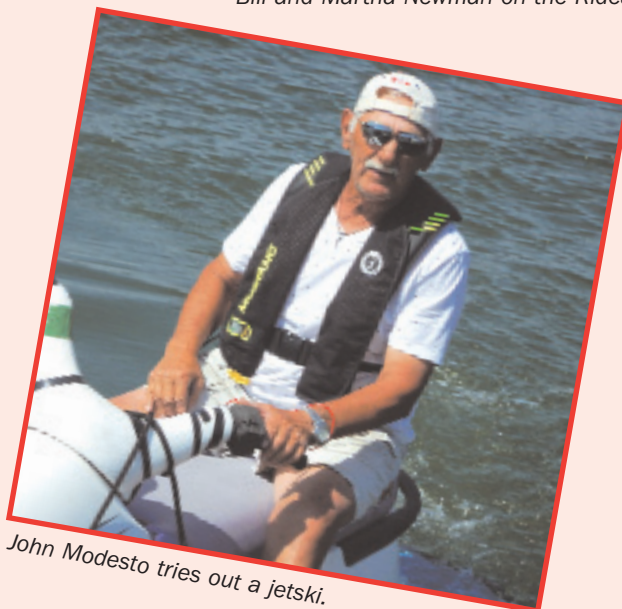
the experience in writing but imagine standing at the helm of your sailboat, hard on a heel, looking up toward the sky on the high side, and seeing waves well above the stanchion cables, it was quite a sight. We were maintaining good boat speed which helped lessen the rolling of the boat and made it all manageable, but it was not exactly the kind of weather I would want to put my boat or myself through on a daily basis. We had more water over the deck than I thought would be possible on a 38' boat. Over the deck as well as over and under the dodger, right into the cockpit, it was a very wet ride. Now what would make this worse... having to go onto the foredeck. It could not have come at a worse time, the bagged spinnaker that was nicely stowed on the deck, was no longer there. It was dangling by the clips off the railing getting bashed against the hull. I checked my necessary safety gear and headed forward. It took some work but I managed to wrangle the bag back onto the deck and secure it with the bow lines. During the whole process most of my time was spent holding on to make sure I did not get either thrown off or washed off the deck, it was quite a ride. Five hours after heading out from Stokes Bay, we rounded the point at Tobermory. There the islands broke up the swells a little, and we turned to a beam reach heading straight for Club Island where the calm of the harbour was a welcome sight. Lake Huron gave us a ride, but we came out unscathed and better for the experience.

After all that excitement, the rest of our trip to this point has been uneventful. Back to nice weather, beautiful calm anchorages, well protected waters, and fantastic hikes on granite mountains. We also had a nice visit to the Manitoulin, where my father grew up and a place I spent a lot of time when I was young. We have three more weeks of this and as much as I like telling stories, I will be OK if we don't experience any more thunderstorms or massive swells. Our current plans have us heading west out of the North Channel with visits to the Turnbull Islands, Blind Bay, Thessalon, Drummond Island, Mackinac Island, and maybe a dip into Lake Michigan before heading back south. I am already starting to think that 6 weeks is just not enough time! See you in October! ■

AROUND THE CLUB AND BEYOND



Bill and Martha Newman on the Rideau



John Modesto tries out a jetski.



OOPS!

KNOT-A-BREAST DRAGON BOAT TEAM

Greetings to all our Macassa Bay family!

It has been a very busy summer and we know that many of you have seen us around the Bayfront area on Tuesday evenings and Saturday mornings. We especially enjoy meeting so many of you on the Saturday barbeques, and helping out with the barbeque on Saturday, August 17th.



We returned from Wascana Lake, Regina as Canadian National Champions, and are heading to France next summer. Races included Heart Lake Women's Festival in May, Hamilton Waterfest in July and GWN at Marilyn Bell Park in Toronto.



Coach Kathy with the team after their win in Regina

Our Fundraiser "Rock 'N Jeans" will be on Friday November 8th, 2019 at the Royal Canadian Legion with FREEDOM TRAIN. See any of our members for a ticket (\$30 each or \$200 for a table of 8)



Paddling by the HMCA Haida, July, 2019

