

MACASSA BAY YACHT CLUB • Spring 2020 •

Macassa Mariner



FROM THE BRIDGE

Reports from MBYC Executives



COMMODORE

Report from Brian Leslie

March 12, 2020

If one had said that CORONA-19 virus could shut down our city or let alone whole cities around the world I would have said this is pure science fiction but unfortunately this is truly happened and we are shut down for the foreseeable future.

Our new catch phrase Social Distancing will be around for some time as it is there to protect our families and all our loyal members.

These are troubling times as our business has completely but temporarily shut down. As well summer's coming and we all want to be able to enjoy being outside. If you are a boater just being on your boat and enjoying the camaraderie and friendship that comes along with belonging to our Yacht club is something to look forward to.

Premier Doug Ford has announced today that the shutdown of non-essential businesses Ontario wide will continue for a further 28 days which would bring us to May 12th, at which time hopefully life may slowly get back to the new normal. Our way of doing business thanks to this virus will most likely change going forward, not just the club but for most businesses.

Continued on next page.



HEAR NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL, SEE NO EVIL.

PHOTO FROM FALL 2019, WHEN LIFE WAS NORMAL.

MBYC Directors 2020

Commodore – Brian Leslie

Past Commodore – John Modesto

Vice Commodore – Robert Schindler

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 – Bob Mueller, Bill Newman

Newsletter Staff & Contributors

Editor/Designer - Helena Laidlaw-Allan

Advertising - Bruce McLeod

Club Photography - Bob Mueller, Helena Laidlaw-Allan, Dave Bailey, Scott Miles, Aprille Harild, Brian Leslie, and other club contributors.

Website - mbyc-hamilton.org

Web Editor - Terry Wagg

Macassa Mariner is published three times a year by MBYC.

The Editors reserve the right to edit submissions when necessary. Thank you to everyone who submitted candid photos. Submissions can be sent to editor.mbyc@gmail.com. Next Edition of the Mariner: Fall. Deadline: September 15, 2020 (If you have your submission prior please send.)

Macassa Bay Yacht Club

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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

Rest assured our club and Bar will be reopened when we can in the future.

While the club continues to be shut down, cleaning of the premises as well as housekeeping has been undertaken and out of date Bar inventory returned. There is much more to do but our hands are tied for now with access to members restricted under the Government guidelines.

Once the Government restrictions get relaxed after May 12, we are hopeful to be able to do some refurbishment in the club, possibly the club washrooms, lower kitchen and maybe the bar.

MBYC is a business and collecting dock fee's is the income we rely on to operate and stay open.

No one knows if we will just be delayed. Or the worst-case scenario we don't launch at all. No launch would mean that instead of summer dockage dock holders would pay a summer storage rate based on winter storage rates instead. Any adjustments would be done around the regular lift-out date in October.

I am meeting by video with some of the Hamilton Harbour stakeholders and RHYC to discuss the 2020 boating season here on the Bay and a "Make or Break" date for launching our boats. I know most of the boat owners want to be on the water for the summer, so let's cross our fingers.

Please be patient, understanding, respectful and practice Social Distancing. ■



SECRETARY/TREASURER

Report from Sandy Kovacks

A reminder that the balance of dockage is due not later than

April 21. You may leave an envelope containing your cheque or bank draft

in the Club mailbox located near the entrance.

We check the mailbox daily. You will need to park at the top of the hill and walk to the Club. Alternatively, use Canada Post and mail to us at 80 Harbour Front Drive, Hamilton, L8L 0B1.

Please stay well and safe, and look forward to greeting you in person when the "coast is clear". ■



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ENTERTAINMENT

Report from Mark Mackesy

The various board members writing their submissions for this issue of the Mariner must know what it's like to be a sports writer right now; there's just not that much to write about.

The "Macassa Monday Memo" was shut down in order for all information to come from one source during this special period.

On Saturday, March 14th, MBYC was going to hold its annual St. Patrick's Day Dinner. I believe the decision to cancel it was made on the Thursday before. That's right about the time Canada started to take the virus seriously and there was a cascade of cancellations by all organizations.

The board felt it was the right decision to protect our membership.

Luckily, my right hand man **Greg Coderre** had only spent a couple of hundred dollars on meat. Which is now safe in one of the club's freezers.

If you bought a ticket for **St. Patrick's Day** and haven't yet got a refund, don't worry. The money has been set aside until such time that you can pick it up.

A Special Shout Out to **Martha Newman** and **Vivian Vario** who have completely cleaned and organized the downstairs kitchen and the Entertainment storage room. I helped by staying out of their way.

Things will go back to normal eventually. **Greg Dawson** has agreed to be the BBQ Boss for this summer. You may remember Greg. English accent, worked a lot of Saturday barbeques last summer.

Normally about now we'd be asking people to sign up to work one of the club's Saturday barbeques. Five is the ideal number of people to run it. You can sign up

to be Skipper. You can bring your own crew. Or sign up as Skipper and bring who you got, even if it's not a full crew. Others can find a Saturday where help is needed and sign up as Crew.

It's preferable that Skippers have done it before, but anybody can crew. You do get full How To instructions. It's a great way to volunteer at the club and meet fellow members. The sign up board will go up in the clubhouse once the club reopens.

Did you know MBYC is one of the few self help clubs on the lake that doesn't have mandatory volunteer hours?

There is some new Entertainment news. This years **Commodore's Ball** will be held at the Waterfront Banquet Hall and Convention Centre on November 21st.

Please let things be back to normal by then.

Wash your hands! ■



BAR MANAGEMENT

Report from Gerry Boyar

Pleasure is usually achieved from making progress toward goals, than from achieving them.

Shakespeare had once captured this perfectly: "Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing!"

We (MBYC Executive Board Members) are diligently striving towards achieving improvements with our Club at this time. We have been instructed to repair, upgrade and improve our great club.

We humbly thank you for your patience while we continue to improve our club and move forward towards better times ahead. ■

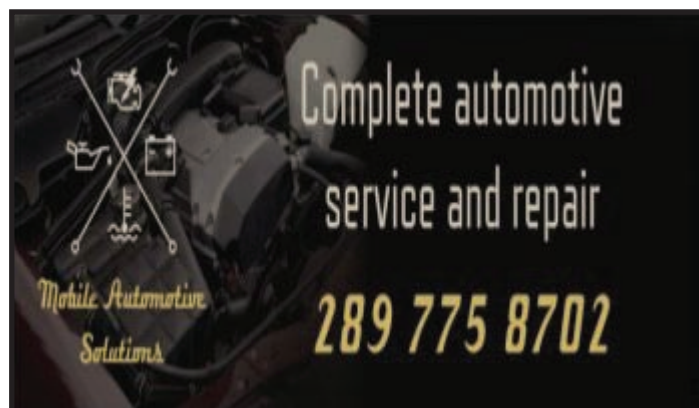
PLEASE NOTE: pictures in this issue were taken prior to distancing restrictions.

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!





MEMBERSHIP

Report from Carl Easton

As the Chinese expression goes, we are living in “Interesting Times”.

This membership report is less about membership and more about what is happening.

Our thoughts also go out to Doug Collins. His wife Lois passed away in March after a long battle with Cancer.

Sailors, particularly cruising sailors, have unique qualifications for dealing with this pandemic isolation. I cannot imagine a better preparation for quarantine isolation than a two week cruise in a twenty five foot sailboat with two kids and a dog.

With the closure of the clubhouse and the yard to all member activities it has been necessary to raise the club and yard security level to restrict access to all but executive members. In doing this a couple of unique “features” of the system were discovered. Sorting out the anomalies took a few phone calls to customer support but eventually all was sorted and the system is doing what we expect.

With the club and yard being shut down all membership activities are curtailed. Executive members are performing regular security checks for the clubhouse and yard and will perform emergency repairs if necessary. This activity is authorized under the government emergency shutdown conditions.

After the close of the clubhouse but before the order to stop all but emergency maintenance activities executive members have taken this opportunity to spend some time doing maintenance that is very difficult to accomplish when the club is open and active. The fabric chairs have all been shampooed and the carpets have been cleaned. In the bar area the equipment has been pulled out and the floors and under-counter areas have been cleaned. Storage areas have been cleaned and reorganized with the goal of being able to find stuff when required.

Before the COVID-19 virus put a serious cramp in our activities the membership committee recommended three applicants for regular membership. The three applicants being proposed for regular membership are: Carolyn Soldaat, Peter Colantino and Chad DalBello.

I wanted to do a bit of an introduction to our new members given the current situation information is in sort of short supply.

Peter Colentino: I do not know Peter personally so I can only talk about the information on his application. Peter has been a member since 2016. From the skills listed he should be a benefit to the club when it comes to building and repairing our facilities. His present boat is an eighteen foot powerboat which makes his dock assignment easy peasy.

Chad DalBello: I know Chad a little better, he became my auto mechanic this winter. I did not know him through the club until this year when. Chad currently runs his own auto service business. His parents were long time members of MBYC, Chad became a member in 2016. On the passing of his parents Chad inherited their boat and shortly after that moved on to a slightly larger one. This season (if there is one) Chad will be found on the pumpout dock just in front of his Joe Restivo.

Caroline Soldaat responded to my request for a bio so here in her own words...Here is something about Caroline !!!

I'm taking a moment to introduce myself, Caroline Soldaat, as a new member to Macassa Bay Yacht Club.

In my late teens, wind and water called my name as I began windsurfing. Upon moving to Hamilton I discovered Albacore sailing with the Hamilton Bay Sailing Club. For 25 years I enjoyed teaching dinghy sailing to many new crew. Five years ago I bought a boat, and now sail a 29' Ericson named “Rosinante”.

Sailing has now taken me beyond the bay as I begin to explore different ports around Lake Ontario. On the weekends you will find me sailing with my best mate and partner Lawrence Folland. I took my son, Kevin, sailing for the first time when he was four. Kevin and his wife Cheryl are avid sailors enjoying their boat “Leef Nu” (meaning “Live Now” in Dutch).

When I'm not sailing, many other hobbies keep me busy. I am a keen gardener and have transformed my garage into a pottery studio. I recently retired and am now dabbling in the arts. I'm studying ceramics at Mohawk College, I'm trying my hand at painting, I play in a ukulele band that performs at senior homes and I'm learning to play the guitar and piano. Not ready for any public performances yet! I love that retirement has given me the time to learn so many new things and spend more time sailing. I have already gotten to know many people at Macassa and I look forward to meeting many more. When we are back on the water, stop by “Rosinante” and have a chat. Cheers, Caroline

And that concludes the Covid-19 Membership report. Hopefully we will still have a season, I have a new-to-me boat to play with! ■

AND THE WORK GOES ON...



DOCK MASTER

Report from Dave Thornhill

I hope you are all coping well under these circumstances. A few things to keep you up to date, our launch date has been postponed until the State of Emergency is lifted and we

can resume operations. At that time we will set a new launch date, giving you ample time to ready your boats. I will send out an email with all the details as soon as I have them.

In the meantime we have been doing some much needed repairs to the docks and will be ready to go when able.

I am anticipating high levels of water again this year and we are preparing for it, and will stay on top of it. Stay safe and I hope to see you at the club soon. ■



Adam Wilk removes a hornets nest from the clubhouse.



DIRECTOR - BUILDING MAINTENANCE

Report from Ray Lizee

As we all know, working on projects at the Club has become non-essential.

And when the Government declares that your entity is non-essential, they mean it. When I went past BayFront Park on that beautiful Sunday afternoon, maybe the 3rd weekend of March, to do a quick check on the Clubhouse, I was astonished that Bayfront parking lot was absolutely full, and people were driving around looking for parking spots.

Needless to say, the City Bylaw officials put up the barricade a couple days later.

Lots of things can go wrong in a building when no one is there, as travelers and cottage owners know. Pipes can leak, extension cords heat up and melt, animals and insects find a way in, boxes that you stacked so nicely, mysteriously fall over. Never mind the havoc that a wind storm can cause, or a power outage.

So we keep an eye on things. Once this is over, we will have a few projects to propose, and a bit of catching up. We all had projects lined up for our boats this spring, as well as our homes and properties, but very difficult to do when your parts store is call in pick up only.

Well, you can always watch that 2015 movie "Contagion" again, or "X Files" reruns.

So until access is restored, we wait and abide.

Enjoy your spring anyway. ■



Mark Campagna, John Fraser, and Jack Allan, working on the dock construction.



Mark Mackesy doing kitchen spring cleaning.



SECRETARY

Report from Charles Mitchell Jr.

What unprecedented times we are now living in. Things around our boating lives are certainly feeling like we have gone through the eye of a hurricane and have run aground. When life will return

to normal, we can only guess. But as boaters we will all adapt to whatever changes befall upon us.

That being said, work for and around our club continues, and amazes me at how well our executive and members are pulling together to help improve our club. They say good leaders come from crisis, and that renders true to **Commodore Leslie**. Brian has really stepped up during this time, working day and night for our members, helping to unite us all (*including working with other yacht clubs*). Thank you.

As for myself, well I continue to work full out between our club and my job as I am a part of an essential services industry. At times this is stretching me a little thin, nonetheless the work continues. The love that I receive from our members truly makes this all worthwhile.

I have personally been focusing a lot on keeping updated on the COVID situation as it pertains to our club and boating lives as much as possible, so that we can all be kept informed.

We are also learning how to use modern technology (video chat) to meet with others, including being in contact with other organizations like ours to see how they are handling operations. If members have any questions or suggestions please feel free to contact me.

Another big task has been repairing and updating our camera system. Our outdoor cameras have been going through much needed maintenance, and are now viewable online to all dock holders. The internal cameras have been updated and now cover more areas of the club, but for security reasons they are not going to be made viewable. Those that are wishing access outdoor cameras please contact me (secretary@mbyc-hamilton.org).

I would like to thank some members for helping me a lot during this time so that I can focus on specific tasks. **Lorna Howarth**, thank you for continuing to handle our club reciprocals. Also thanks to **Terry Wagg** for stepping up and taking over administration of our club website, including a full rebuild that is bringing us to modern times and being more mobile friendly.

Please check it out (www.mbyc-hamilton.org), and send both Terry and Lorna your love.

Social Media has been a major part of my isolating time learning new sailing skills and talking with other sailors from around the world. This helps with being away from you all, but it is not the same. Hopefully very shortly we will all be allowed back into the yard to get our boats ready for launch and resume our floating lives. I am longing for the camaraderie of our MBYC family, but know that we all must help and sacrifice to keep each other safe. Social Distancing is tough on those of us that really like to socialize, but as boaters we also know how to isolate. I am sure that we can tip a beer to each other from afar. Times are changing, but maybe for the betterment of us all.

Fair winds to everyone, please be safe. ■

SUMMER 2019



HOW OUR MEMBERS ARE SPENDING THEIR TIME.

Dave Bailey: Reclaiming old film slides to digital format

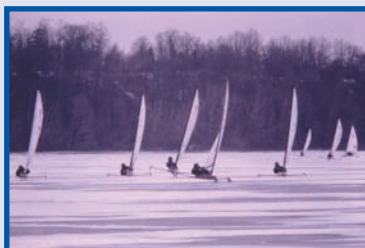
Dave: It's quite surprising what you find visually, when you convert old colour slides to digital.

During the C-19 threats and adhering to Health Canada recommendations I'm spending a lot of time converting slides that are older than some MBYC members.

I'll bet some members have never seen these photos.

I took the attached photos on a Pentax or Miranda Camera, which at the time were "state of the art". What a difference in today's camera technology. Not having a photo correction program, you will have to live with the colour balance issues.

Yes, this is Burlington Bay sometime in the mid 70's. Note La Salle Park Towers. Some MBYC members who follow my Face Book page have already seen these. I thought the photos are worthy of some more exposure (*pun intended*), in the Mariner.



Aprille & Frank Harild: Walking the Neighbourhood

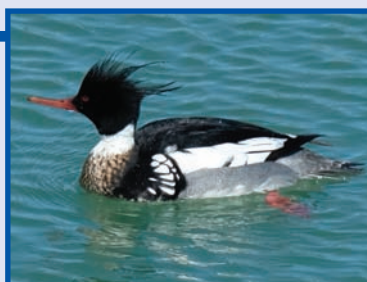
Aprille: We go for 5k walks. At our Condo Complex, the local children used the sidewalk to create art and tell funny jokes.

Made our day!

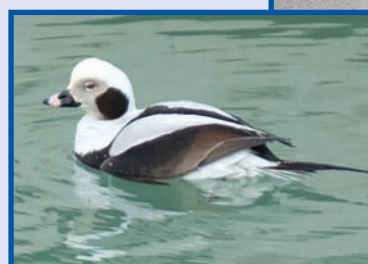
Scott Miles: Enjoying the Birds at Newport.

Scott: While staying home, I have been enjoying taking pictures of the birds that come into our marina at Newport Yacht Club.

Keeps me busy!



Adult male Red-breasted Merganser



Adult male Long-tailed Duck



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Not a Boating Story...but...

The Editor "suggested" that I contribute a story for this issue, as the disruption from the COVID-19 has created an opportunity for members to do some virtual sightseeing.

I have pretty well exhausted my store of sailing adventures suitable for telling in mixed company so I have to shift gears and write about a non-sailing adventure.

In the BS (before sailing) period of my life, when I was still married and had a young family I bought a small travel trailer. The very first time we used it I became a convert of trailer camping. At the time we camped with friends who believed that tents were the real camping experience. We arrived at the campsite and started to set up camp, I dropped my jacks and plugged into to power and water, our friends started to set up their tents. When the thunderstorm arrived they were still laying out the tent on the ground, their wives and children crowded into our trailer and we all enjoyed watching the guys tent wrestling in the rain. At that moment I decided if I was ever going camping again it would always be in something that did not need assembly on site.

There was a gap of about forty years during which I took up sailing, yacht racing with friends, cruising on my own boats and hogging the helm on other people's boats on Wednesday evenings.

When the wanderlust bug hit again about the time I turned sixty five I started to think about RV camping again. Camping in an RV is much like cruising without the rocking and rolling, night anchor watches, funny shaped beds, uncooperative toilets and those nasty biting flies. Backing the rig into a campsite does have a lot in common with docking on a strange dock. Both events usually feature lots of unsolicited "help".

For me the ideal rig was a fifth wheel trailer towed by a diesel pickup. This rig provided a comfortable place to live and a detachable vehicle for grocery shopping and sightseeing. I planned to do big trips, lots of miles. During the time we towed we travelled around one hundred and twenty thousand kilometers. We travelled to all the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, the east coast, the gulf coast and the west coast of America, all over the Colorado plateau and Yellowstone Park several times before we retired the trailer and the truck.

Cruising is an excellent preparation for RV camping, you have already learned that critical items are rarely available where you will be, you have the social skills necessary for confinement in small spaces. You can shower



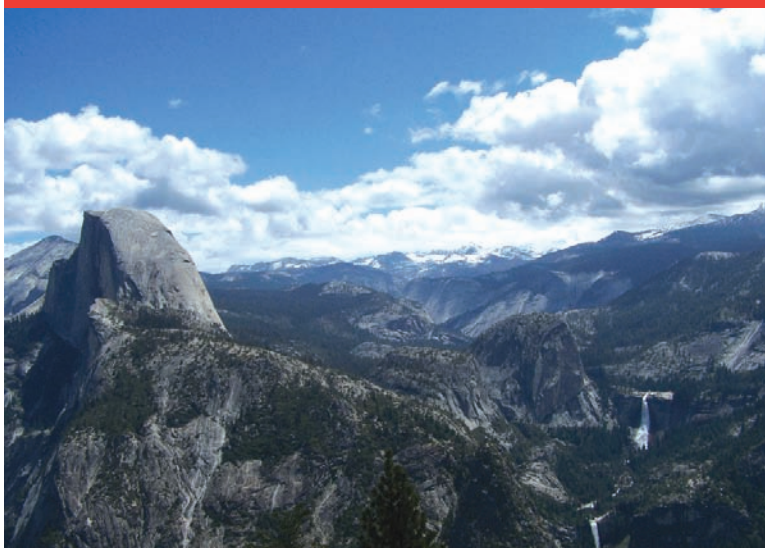
Yosemite Valley

in about two cups of water and only require one burner and about a square foot of countertop to produce family meals. Compared to cruising RV camping is more like resort living. After acquiring our rig and a couple of weekend trial runs we headed west.

Arriving at the Bluewater Bridge in Sarnia, a span I had sailed under a number of times on various cruises, we were confronted with a long line of traffic. Seems we picked special attention time, customs officers were opening suitcases, checking the underside of cars with mirrors and taking lots of time to interview drivers. We were in a trailer preparing to take a six week trip with a cat! I expected a visit of several hours. When we eventually got to the booth the customs guy first asked if the cat liked travelling, then what sort of fuel economy the truck gave. Eventually he asked where we were planning to go, the answer: Kansas, the National parks, Yellowstone, Grand Teton, Grand Canyon, Monument Valley, Canyonlands, Capitol Bridges, Capitol Breaks, Zion and Bryce Canyons, Yosemite, Sequoia, Joshua Tree, and Petrified Forest then on to San Francisco and Long Beach to see the Queen Mary and the San Diego Zoo before visiting Meteor Crater and heading home. His eyes glazed over and he wished us a good trip. He never even looked in the trailer and we were on our way without further ado. We must exude innocence!

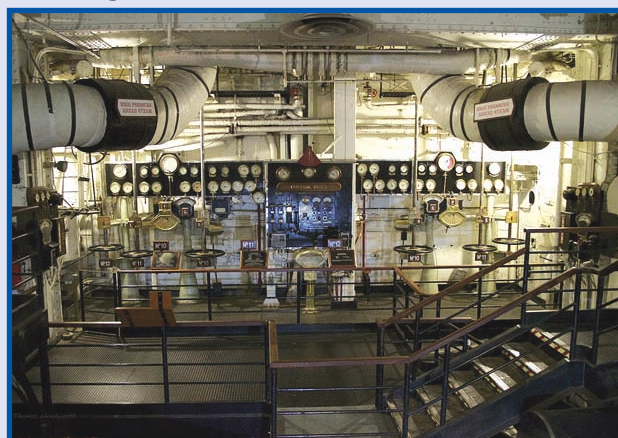
We visited all the places listed, there were no disappointing places, everywhere was unbelievable, however, there is far too much to cover in this short offering. If there is interest I will be happy to write more trailer stories. Here are a couple of highlights from the first trip.

Yosemite national park is the most spectacular place! We entered the valley from the southern entrance, the road passes through a short tunnel and as you exit and go around the bend the whole valley is suddenly laid out in front of you. The sensation is absolutely breathtaking. At first you do not appreciate the scale but as you descend into the valley you realize the cliffs are almost a kilometer high, the trees on the rim look like little



Left: View from Glacier Point

Below: Engine Room Controls



toothpicks. We were fortunate to be there during the spring melt, the waterfalls jump over the valley rim and fall about five times the height of Niagara Falls to the valley floor. The falls are called horsetail falls as the wind fans the water out like a horses tail as it falls. At sunset it looks like rivers of fire are pouring into the valley. The big cliff face is called “El Capitan” and crazy people actually climb it. Google or Utube “Climbing in Yosemite” it is worth the look.

We also visited Glacier Point which is an overlook to the valley. From Glacier Point the view is spectacular, most of the valley is laid out more than two thousand feet below you, Half Dome is in front of you and you can see into the back country behind Half Dome. It is possible to hike to the top of Half Dome and with field glasses hikers look like the little Minion hairs.

The other visit that meant a great deal to me was visiting the “Queen Mary” in Long Beach. My father worked on her construction in Dumbarton, Scotland. Dad worked in the engine room so that was my focus. Compared to a sterile panels and switches of a modern engine room the control center for the four steam turbines producing one hundred and sixty thousand horsepower was very “hands on” consisting of a wall full of hand wheels valves and levers. Seeing the mechanical complexity of the controls indicated that father I knew had a side I had never seen and gave me new respect for him.

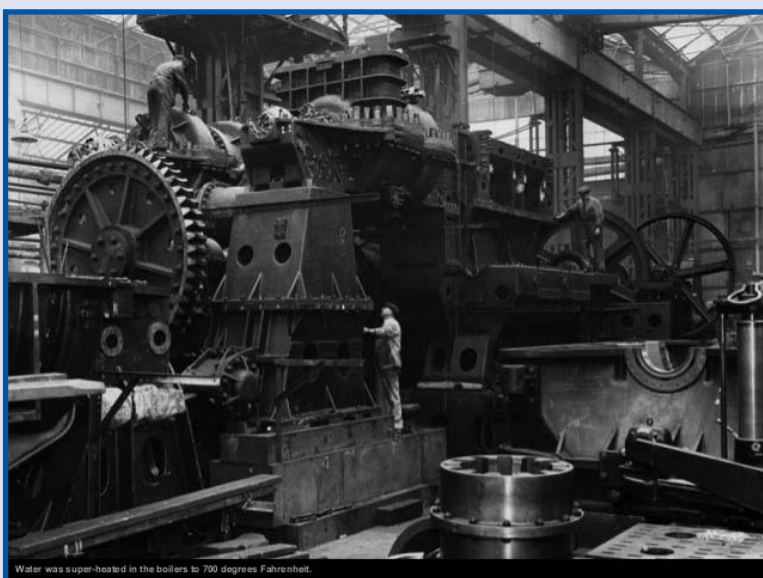
What I found most interesting was the size of things, the four propeller shafts were about three feet in diameter and more than one hundred feet long, the four steam turbines which each produced forty thousand horsepower were about the same size as a delivery van. The gearboxes transferring the power from the turbines were

enormous. There were some telephone booth sized boxes had signs on them identifying them as service pumps for cooling water and lubricant.

These were high performance pumps, delivering twenty five thousand gallons per minute of cooling water or lubricant. The amount of space taken up in the hull by the boilers and machinery is enormous compared to the space taken up by modern diesels.

We invested some of my children’s inheritance and dined on the ship. The “Queen Mary” had a long and successful career as a transatlantic ocean liner and even more success as a wartime troop carrier. I could almost feel the ghosts and history of the ship flowing around me as we dined and walked the decks after. It was an experience of a lifetime.

That’s all for now folks, if you want more just ask. ■



Big Machinery

DREAM OF A LIFETIME PART 4 - 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.

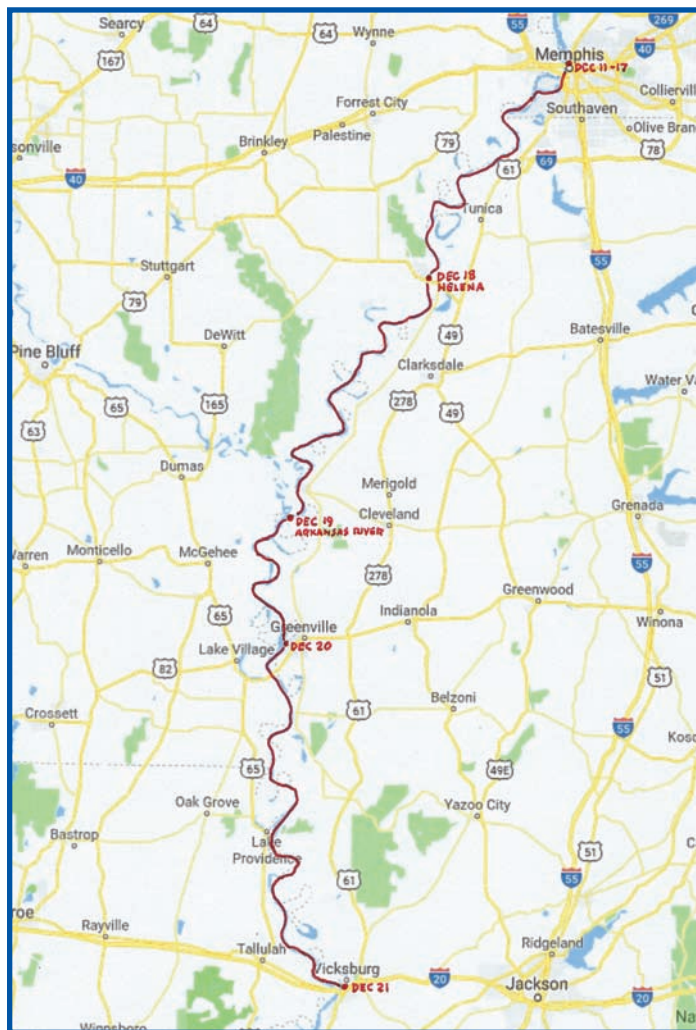
Monday December 17th we departed Memphis at 0930 to travel down river at Helene. We caught up to the "Communicator" from Illinois with Harold "Swede" and Corrie Jansen on board so we tied alongside them that night. Next morning we departed together when the Communicator developed engine problems so we followed them to give aid if they lost power. That evening at the Arkansas River Mouth the Jansen's invited us to tie alongside and come aboard for supper. *The following morning Dec 19th was heavy fog so laid too till 1000 then departed only to have it close in again but lifted by 1130. Upon arrival at Greenville we tied up near the Communicator and were invited aboard to celebrate Dad's Surprise Birthday Party. Frank from the De Forest had gone uptown to buy cake and ice cream and Corrie had made a wonderful birthday dinner for us.*



Arriving at Vicksburg, the three of us tied up to the Sprague, the largest towboat to ever run the Mississippi. It had to be taken

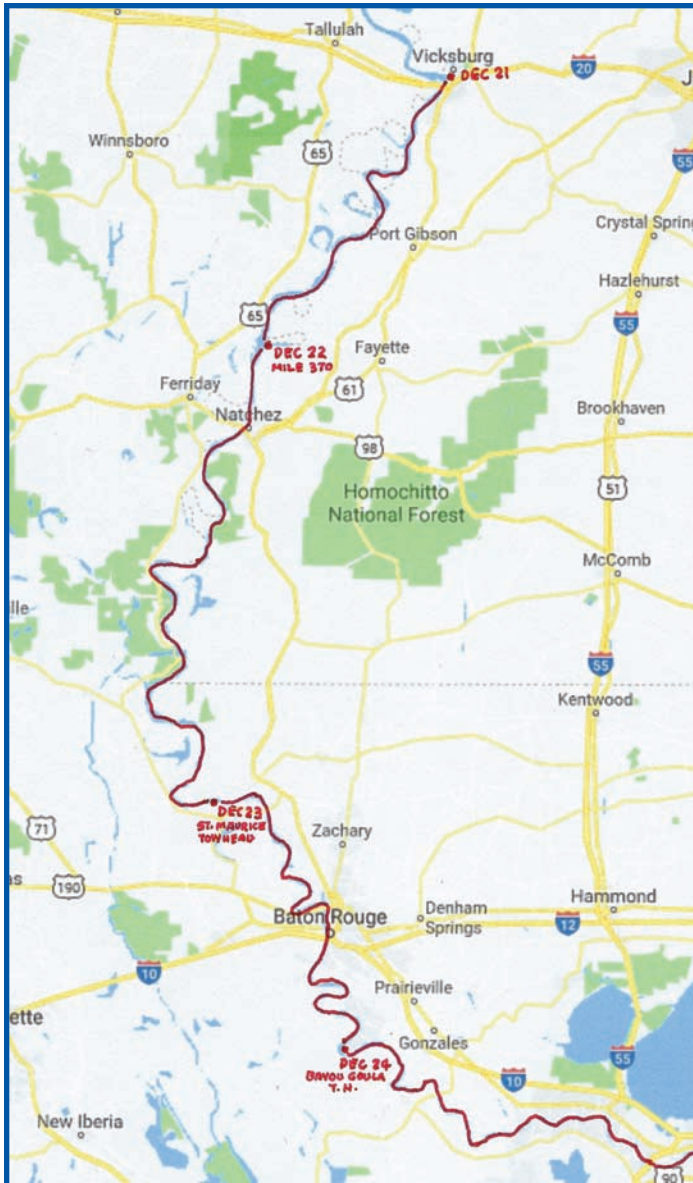
out of service because it was causing too much damage to shore line and levees with the wash. There have been several really bad floods at Vicksburg. The levee is sixty feet high with a fifteen foot seawall on top. There are marks of high water on the seawall of 66ft., 67ft. and 72ft. above normal.

The past week had been foggy and it was very hard to navigate with the tow boats, especially at the river bends. We found that on the river, no one monitors 2182 KC, but 2738 is monitored. We didn't have that frequency on our two way radio. When we wished to find out if there were any towboats on the river bends ahead, we would contact our friends on the Communicator. They would contact any boats given spots and then we would listen for the answer on our R.D.F. which can be tuned into any frequency.



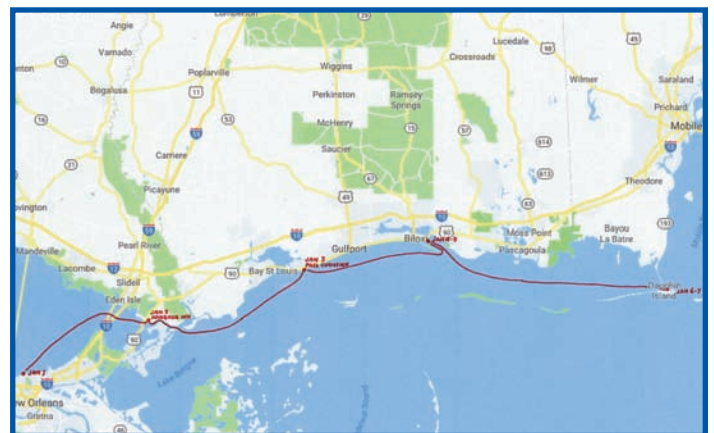
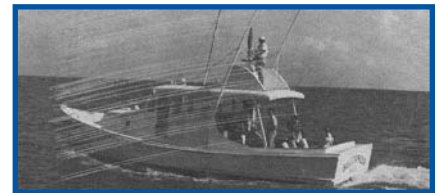
Departing Saturday December 22nd, we caught up to the Communicator at Natchez. We said good bye to the De Forest as we took on fuel by rolling a 45 gallon drum of gas down a 40 foot levee. I made the mistake of docking on the upstream side of a floating dock (the only available space) and a passing tow nearly put the Reta May up on the dock. Several fishermen came to our rescue and helped to hold her off. We then stopped for the night and anchored behind St. Maurice Island, 114 miles above New Orleans.

Gas is pumped from vertical drums on a barge, at Baton Rouge. We had read and also heard about this place where you get gas and water at the same pump, but it is the only place where you can fuel up. Between this water and the rust scale from rolling drums down the levee at Natchez every boat gets into some kind of trouble, some more than others. The Communicator ran most of the day on one engine while I kept the Reta May firing by doctoring and tinkering on the run. Sometime after dark the Communicator radioed their other motor had stopped.



We set out to find them and lend a helping hand. We helped them to tie up to the Army Chore of Engineers Dock where we had dinner on the Communicator. As we were eating a freighter going by almost set both of the boats onto the dock, we decided we could not spend the night here so cast off and headed to Lake Pontchartrain. Finally, we both made the lock to enter Lake Pontchartrain just as the Lockmaster closed the gates behind us, the church bells started to ring uptown. It was midnight, Christmas Eve as the lockmaster called down to wish us a Merry Christmas. As we entered Lake Pontchartrain it was blowing up and very dark. The markers were not clear and the reflection of the lights on shore interfered with spotting markers. By 2:30 in the morning we were tied up at the Southern Yacht Club after a run of 114 miles.

On Christmas morning we moved to the Orleans Marina, a nice place with quiet waters and well patrolled docks. All of the palm trees in the marina were brown and dried up, due to the freezing weather they had. We learned later that it had been the coldest winter on record. Later in the day we took the Jansen's up town to the French Quarter and celebrated Christmas Dinner with a delicious seafood meal of Crab, Oysters, Shrimp and Trout. *The New Year's Eve celebration started mid-morning with fireworks all day till well after midnight. Dad and I sat in chairs at the Marina to watch the New Year, 1963 arrive. It was here that we said goodbye to the Jansens, who were renting a car to do some land travelling and to hopefully look us up further south.*



At 0900 on New Year's Day we left New Orleans and started across Lake Pontchartrain. One motor started to get jumpy as we were going through the Rigolets, which connect the Lake to the Mississippi Sound at the Gulf of Mexico. We noticed a private dock and enquired if we might tie up to check our motor. Before we left, the owners invited us to stay for New Year's dinner. This turned out to be another highlight of our trip.

Leaving the Fernandez at 1400 hrs on January 2nd we made the short trip to Pass Christian. The gulf was calm as we entered and had a smooth ride to where we tied up and enjoyed our first taste of self-shucked oysters and were taken through an oyster processing plant. Leaving at 1130 hrs we made the 21 mile trip to the harbor at Biloxi Mississippi and the temperature was enjoyable at 20°C. This harbor was compact but no good for an on-shore blow. When there is a blow, all boats head for the

DREAM OF A LIFETIME PART 4 - Continued

protection of Biloxi Bay behind Deer Island. The Port director, Mr. John Martiniere greeted us with enthusiasm when he noticed us flying the Red Ensign. We decided to spend a day here, this being one of our mail stops. A reporter from the Biloxi Herald (Billy Ray Guane) came down for a story and some pictures. The article stated "Two Canadians a long way from their snowbound home found themselves in sunny Biloxi".



Departing at 0830 from Biloxi in the rain and the wind blowing against the tide made it very rough at Horn Island Pass and Pettit Bois Pass. This was our first experience with the wind effect against the tides. We took quite a beating as we passed Horn Island Pass with sharp waves, pounding and making slow headway with water over the fly bridge.

Then we encountered the second Pass at Petit Bois Island, only to get pounded again. This was the second time the ship's bell was ringing each time we came off a wave for most of that leg. I remember leaving the helm to go down into the cabin to look at the picture of Christ on the bulkhead with his hand on the captain's shoulder. Rev. Sam Delve had given us this when he christened the boat.

This gave me renewed energy. At 1430 hours having travelled for 6 hours and covering only 42 miles we finally tied up at Roby's Marina on Dauphin Island and were exhausted. Dad made a cup of tea so we could unwind then we went inland for groceries.

Jan. 6th was Sunday when Mr. Robertson from Roby's Marina took us on a trip around the island and to the big air tracking base there. We met Rev. Donald McRae who invited us to church where Dad spoke to the entire congregation. We were invited back for the evening services where people made us feel very welcome. ■

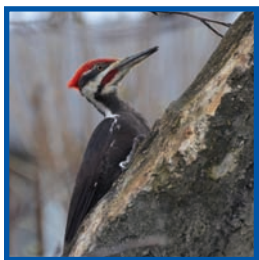


Adapted from "Dream of a Lifetime – A trip down the Mississippi 1962-1963" © by Grant Somerville, with Cherie Somerville.

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Cherie Somerville cheriesomer@yahoo.com

Homesteading at Macassa By Dave Bailey



Every year without fail our feathered friends adopt one two or ten of our boats for homesteading.

However, you would not want this coloured bad boy below to land on a wooden rig for example...this pileated wood

pecker (15" tall) can bore a hole 6" deep in any compromised piece of wood in search of insects in a matter of seconds.



The Sarasota News

SARASOTA, FLORIDA, FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1963

'Crazy' Canadians Enjoy Shakedown Cruise South

By ART MAIER
News Staff Writer

"Some people say we're crazy to quit our job and take a 7,000-mile boat trip," laughs a Canadian farmer now docked at the Sarasota Municipal Pier. "Maybe we are. But we're sure enjoying it."

The farmer, Bruce Somerville of Hamilton, Ontario, and his 23-year-old son, Grant, are so obviously enjoying it that you can't help wishing you were as crazy as they. Their light-hearted adventures started even before they left home.

Their boat, the "Leta May," a 27-foot cruiser equipped with twin 35-horsepower outboard motors, was built in the loft of the barn at Bruce's potato and strawberry farm in Canada. It took three years to build, with even the depth finder and direction finder being built from kits. When it was finished they found they couldn't get the boat out of the barn.

So they tore off the side of the barn, gathered the neighbors and Bruce's Sunday School class as a working party, and slid the boat to the ground down 27-foot timbers. As soon as the barn had been restored, they were ready to go.

The Somervilles live only eight miles from Lake Ontario, but the first part of their sea voyage consisted of trucking the boat about 150 miles overland to Georgian Bay. This was because, in October, when they left, some of the 43 locks connecting Lake Ontario with Georgian Bay were under repair.

The boat had no sooner been set in the water when Grant fell overboard. Since neither father nor son had ever sailed anything bigger than a canoe before, this was perhaps to be expected.

What happened was that Grant placed an inflated rubber dinghy (their lifeboat) on the dock, with a taut line running from the dinghy to the cruiser. Grant sat on the dinghy, a wave lifted the cruiser, and the dinghy was pulled out from under Grant. Into the drink he went.

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The sailing was smooth in Georgian Bay, but when they rounded the point into Lake Huron they faced their first real test of seamanship. Winds at 35-mile-an-hour velocity, building up waves the entire length of Lake Huron, smacked right into them. "Did you get seasick?" Grant was asked. "No. I was too busy," he answered.

Snow forced them into port at Mackinac Island, where they came ashore just in time to help a man lift huge panels of sheet-rock to the fourth story of a building he was constructing. The man was so grateful he insisted they spend the night during the snowstorm in his house. Grant didn't mind, but he was so used to sleeping aboard the boat by this time that he wanted to know, "Who's going to rock the bed?"

The trip down Lake Michigan and through the Chicago Ship Canal to the Illinois River was relatively uneventful, but it was on the Illinois River that they made the mistake of going into a lock with a barge whose captain didn't know they were there. The captain gunned the barge out of the lock to avoid hitting the sides, and the suction spun the little "Leta May" like a cork. The only loss was a hatch cover, though.

Cairo, Ill., is the farthest north cotton is grown, but a farmer there has other ideas. He gave Bruce some cotton seeds to plant when he gets back to Canada. "It ought to be a good crop

for Canada; there's a lot of land there," the 55-year-old widower was advised.

It was also in Cairo that the Somervilles caught a sight of more Canadian geese than they had ever seen in Canada. It seems that Canadian geese winter at Horseshoe Lake there, a wild-life refuge.

The Canadians ran into their coldest weather in, of all places, Memphis, Tenn. The thermometer went down to 2 degrees above zero while they were sailing the Mississippi there. A quarter inch of ice formed on the cabin overhead and bulkheads. When they started the stove for breakfast, melting ice dripped into their oatmeal.

The trip since then has been relatively calm, except for a few minor incidents like almost running out of gas on Lake Ponchartrain in Louisiana and getting more or less lost in the fog off (they think) Piney Point, Fla.

After resting here, the Somervilles plan to cross to the east coast of Florida either via the keys or via Lake Okeechobee, then head home via the Intra coastal Waterway, the Hudson River, and the Erie Canal. They don't dare reach the Hudson River before May, though, because, as Bruce explains, "It isn't a good idea to go up the Hudson when the ice is coming down."

After that? "Well," says Bruce, "I've been kind of toying with the idea of a trailer trip to Alaska."



Long Way From Home . . .

Bruce Somerville and his son Grant, arrived in Biloxi Thursday and departed Friday on a trip by boat on which they will have circled half of the United States when they complete.

(Herald Photo by Quave)

Two Canadians On Eight Month Trip With Boat

A Canadian and his son who "just had one of those ambitions" Friday found themselves in sunny Biloxi, a long way from their snow-bound home.

Bruce Somerville and his 23-year-old son, Grant of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, were not only a long way from home, but they chose an unusual way of traveling—in a 21-foot home-made cabin cruiser.

The trip started on Oct. 19, and since then the Somervilles have been through ice, snow, drift wood, fog and storms, traveling through canals, rivers and finally off the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

"It was just one of those ambitions, you know," stated the father, who has had lots of experience in boating. "We built the boat and left there on Oct. 19."

They intend to arrive in the Miami, Fla., area before long, and they will remain there until April. Then, again, they will set out on the last leg of their adventure.

The Somervilles plan to continue along the East Coast to the Hudson River, through the Erie Canal back to Lake Ontario. They will then scout across the lake to their home on the western side.

"Our boating period up there is very short," they explained. The waters freeze in October and remain that way until May.

They left Canada shortly before the freeze set in, and by lingering in Florida for a while, visiting people who invited them by after meeting them on the trip, they will reach the Canadian area when the water begins thawing.

"We quit our jobs," they said. "They didn't quit them until after they found they couldn't get a

leave of absence for the 8-month trip.

The cabin cruiser, which has been the home of the Somervilles since Oct. 19, is powered by two 40-horsepower outboard motors.

Three years was spent in building the boat, which was constructed for such as the trip the owners are now making. Some of the lumber used in the construction was cut off the Somerville family farm.

And since leaving Hamilton, about 3,000 gallons of gasoline have been burned, but by living on the boat and cutting the expenses, the trip isn't as expensive as it might seem.

The boat is named the Reta May, after the deceased wife and mother of the two men on the trip. They decided on the name, they said, before the boat was ever built.

When they started on the trip, the Somervilles weren't alone. Bryan White, a friend of Grant's, was with them. But when they arrived at Memphis, Tenn., he announced that he was homesick and headed back for the cold country.

Warns Against BB-Guns In City

Biloxi Police Chief Louis Rosetti today asked parents not to allow their children to shoot BB-guns and air rifles inside the city limits.

"The chief said that there have been a number of recent incidents in which children have broken street lights, windows and car windshields with the guns."

He reminded parents that parents are responsible for damages caused by their children.

NEW ENVOY

VIENNA (AP) — Outbridge Horsey, the new U. S. ambassador to Czechoslovakia, presented his credentials Thursday to President Antonin Novotny, Radio Prague reported.

We can save humanity
buy laying on our sofa
and watching Netflix.

TO RUSSIA WITH LOVE

Things got a little crazy in our life just like everyone. We had to cut our trip short by 4 months because of the risks traveling overseas. Glad we made the choice when we did. We are now home safe. Below is about our experiences visiting Russia.

- Ian Fox

It's been 6 months since we left Hamilton on our year long sabbatical. We've visited 19 countries and traveled more than 36 000km with just our carry-on sized backpacks.

Russia had been on both of our bucket lists for a long time but it was also the country that our family and friends always expressed the most concern about. Comments like "Are you sure it's safe there?" and "Watch out for KGB agents" seemed to be part of many conversations.

Russia was one of our first stops because the entry VISAs were less complicated to arrange from Canada. Our passports had to be turned over to the Russian Embassy for 2 weeks, accompanied by a very long VISA application.

We entered Russia by train from Latvia. After all the warnings and worries, crossing the border by train from Latvia was rather uneventful. Border agents came aboard to check our VISAs but we didn't even have to get out of our bunk beds. Ian even managed to make the guard crack a smile when he attempted a few words in Russian.

Outside of the train, there were guards with automatic rifles & sniffer dogs checking the undercarriage, but we were entering legally so they were no worry to us. We'd both grown up watching spy movies and because of this, envisioned traveling across Russia, sipping martinis in a wood paneled bar car, like James Bond. Unfortunately, reality brought this fantasy crashing down; it was nothing like that.

The refreshments were limited to tea and coffee from the carriage "Provodnitsa" (a.k.a. carriage steward). In the morning there was a simple hot breakfast provided. Our Provodnitsa spoke zero English, instead enlisting the help of another passenger when we needed instruction. We've also been honing our charade skills.

The Russian train cars are clean, comfortable and run with the on time precision of a Swiss watch. On a 15 hour train ride, the stops were scheduled within



30 second time windows. All of our travel through Russia was by train and we would highly recommend traveling by rail as it is a great way to see the countryside and interact with local Russians.

Since we are travelling for an extended time, we try to save money when possible. Accommodations eat up a large part of any traveller's budget, so in more expensive cities we find that hostels are the way to go. They give us access to kitchens for the occasional break from restaurants, advice from staff and the opportunity to socialize with other guests. We do however, draw the line at dorm rooms! We only stay in private rooms in hostels as we are not 20 years old anymore and don't need to be woken up by drunks staggering into a dorm room at 4 am trying to find their bunk.

The hostels definitely ranged in quality though and Kazan's is one of those we'd rather forget.

There, they used the word “window” rather loosely. Our “window” looked into the men’s dorm next door. At least the blinds were on our side of the window! The mattress was on top of a saggy spring bed that was well past its lifespan. Trying to stay positive, we said “At least they include breakfast”. The included breakfast consisted of a slice of white bread, a piece of processed cheese and a grey hard boiled egg. Not exactly anything to get excited about.

Meanwhile, Moscow’s hostel was fantastic! It was spotlessly clean, had real windows and a solid breakfast. In the evening, we socialized and swapped stories in the kitchen with a group of fellow travellers from various countries, and a wide range of ages.

Subways are the easiest and best way to get around cities in Russia and they are masterpieces in art and sculpture. The Saint Petersburg & Moscow metros are some of the most well organized & precise systems we’ve ever encountered. Moscow’s subway is one of the largest and busiest systems in the world with more than 280 stations and a daily ridership of more than 9 million people and they continue to expand the system. They are also quite cheap to travel on, instead of paying the time or distance, you pay a single flat entry fee (about \$1CAD). As long as you don’t go back to the surface, you can spend all day in the subway.

We had a fun Sunday morning, when the subway was much quieter, exploring more than a dozen different stations’ architecture and artwork. While in Saint Petersburg, a must visit for anyone is the State Hermitage Museum.

Founded in the late 1700’s, it consists of 5 interconnected buildings and occupies more than 700,000 sq ft. It is home to over 3 million art pieces, which means that you would stay there for nearly six years should you spend 1 minute by each piece of artwork. There are 117 staircases in the Hermitage and more than 18,800 doors!

We were in the museums from opening until hunger and sore feet made us leave at dinner time, and we only covered a small portion. We did get to see their two Da Vinci paintings and the Peacock Clock. Outside of the building is the stunning and large Palace Square. It is a great gathering place to



socialize, play games and each evening there was live music. We went there several times as it was just a short walk from our accommodations.

One evening, Ian was offered a beer wrapped in a paper bag - we never did figure out if this was legal, but beer in bags are sold at the corner stores. Declining the beer, as he did not want to practice his non-existent Russian language skills with the police, Ian asked about the music and we were told it was mostly popular traditional Russian songs. Many of the buskers we heard on the trip played the same songs. After explaining the music, the Russian guy asked where we were from and then immediately asked what Ian thought of Putin; Ian, in his hopes of not causing an international incident, was suitably diplomatic with his response. Russians love talking politics!

While in Saint Petersburg, we had to make a trip to the city’s beach at the foot of the Peter and Paul Fortress. The beach is warmed by the sun reflecting off the walls of the fortress and is used year round to get that much needed sunlight in the cold winter months.

We spent an afternoon there watching a sailing regatta and missing our own boat at Macassa. People watching at the beach is chuckle worthy as well. Instead of laying on the sand like most Canadians, the Russians stand beside their towel in their bathing suit and spin in circles slowly making sure to have sun hit their entire body. They will do this for hours too.

Moscow is an impressive and massive city. With a population of more than 20 million people, we only managed to explore the main tourist areas. We didn’t get to see much of the Red Square, as it was full of temporary bleachers for the Spasskaya Tower Tattoo, which is a large military tattoo festival. There were military bands from all over the world, including

North Korea. We didn't get tickets for the main performances, but did take advantage of daytime free events.

The best part of the festival for us was the nightly fireworks over the square. This was the only time we felt concerned in Russia. A large group of military soldiers circled the square where we had been enjoying music from a variety of buskers.

They slowly marched shoulder to shoulder with megaphones blaring unknown instructions towards us and the rest of the people in the square. Let's just say we moved fairly quickly from that area. What we later found out was that in trying to get closer to the fireworks display, we ended up in the square where the fireworks are set off and the soldiers were only giving directions of where to move to.

When planning our trip to Russia, we had decided we wanted to go to a city off the main travel route. We picked Kazan... Where is Kazan? Well, take a train for 14 hours directly east of Moscow and you've arrived in Kazan. This city is the capital of the Republic of Tatarstan. Home to Russia's largest minority, the Tatars. Kazan is mostly for Russian tourists; English tours are available, but only with lots of advance notice. We did get an English guide for a tour of the White Kremlin and the Kul Sharif Mosque. Kazan had hosted a couple soccer games for the 2018 World Cup so the centre of the city had been updated with convenient signage for tourists in Russian, Tatar and English. During our time in Kazan, we met a couple Canadians who were in town for the WorldSkills competition. It's a competition to highlight skilled trades for young people and in 2019 there were 63 countries represented and more than 1,300 participants. We were very fortunate to be there during this event as there were musical performances on the streets and a real festival vibe throughout the city!

A couple of things to remember when finding yourself in Russia: Buy a local SIM card for your smartphone. They are cheap, public Wi-Fi is limited in Russia and often you need to verify access by receiving a text message or email. Very few Russians speak English and the Google Translate app is a lifesaver, making communication that little bit easier. The camera translation feature helped in some tough situations.



With smartphone data and additional fees, we could have added the voice translation/conversation feature.

Dinner reservations are required in most places in St Petersburg and confirmed by text message, even when the restaurant is almost entirely empty. It did make it difficult to find restaurants sometimes.

Everywhere in Russia are paid toilets. You have to buy paper in advance from the attendant (*usually a cranky and surly older lady*). At least the bathrooms are clean though.

Russians will do anything to not give change and will often ask if you have any smaller bills, so exact change is best. At one grocery store, instead of making change from a larger bill they took a lower bill and put 35 cents on our credit card.

Get used to metal detectors. Security is everywhere in Russia. Subways, shopping malls & train stations all have heavy security and metal detectors.

Russia has definitely been a highlight of our trip so far. The people and the culture are fascinating. Everyone we encountered were helpful and very proud of their country. Our two weeks barely scratched the surface of what Russia has to offer and we hope to return in the future. Our travels continue as we write this article looking out at the beach in Vietnam. ■

KNOT-A-BREAST DRAGON BOAT TEAM



KAB Cooks

During spring 2020, Knot A Breast (KAB) teammates are challenged to stay healthy and fit within the context of the COVID-19 pandemic that requires us to stay home, physically distance, and not be with our teammates. We connect on our private Facebook group, challenging and supporting each other to keep going, keep strong. For a week in April, we focused on posting healthy, nutritious and, sometimes, just good old comfort food.

It just takes attending one dragon boat festival potluck lunch with Knot A Breast Breast Cancer Survivor Dragon Boat Team to realize we care about what we eat. Based on our Facebook posts, we have compiled some of our teammates' favourite recipes for everyone to enjoy.

To download a copy of all our recipes, please go to our Knot A Blog at: <https://knotabreast.com/kab-cooks/>

Breakfast and Breads Nutritious pancakes, easy-to-make bagels, granola and yogurt, and bannock are favourites. Geri posted about her go-to breakfast: whole-grain Cheerios and Bran Buds with unsweetened almond milk, banana and decaffeinated coffee with milk. She says this keeps her going as a front-line worker in the health profession who can't stay home.



Geri's go-to breakfast

Lunch and Dinners A wide variety of recipes for salads, soups and entrées were posted, everything from passed down family favourites to ideas from contemporary web sites. Two favourite cookbooks mentioned are The Living Kitchen and Oh She Glows! There were quite a few plant-based dishes, giving us a wider variety of protein options to choose from.

KAB members can cook up a storm in their kitchens, and we found out their partners and family can too. Karen showed off her husband's



lasagna; Helen bragged about her husband's fresh caught perch dinner; and Michelle posted about delicious pizza made with her kids. Anne posted about comfort food. She finds working in the kitchen very therapeutic and made over 200 perogies to freeze.

The last word belongs to our coach, Kathy. Most people know she does not cook. She posted, "So, yesterday I dusted my bowls, utensils and oven, and cooked my mom's baked macaroni and cheese. First time I have cooked in years!" See, everyone at KAB cooks.

Coach Kathy in the kitchen

Brenda's Red Curry with Fish



Anne's perogies





NEW MBYC WEBSITE! by Terry Wagg

Hello all, while complying with all the 'stay at home' orders, I have found myself with a little extra time on my hands, so I have stepped up to help Chuck with the club website.

You will now find a completely new site in place of the old one. I know that Chuck spent a lot of time developing the old site and we should all thank him for his efforts, but it was time for a change.

The new site is on a more modern platform which allows significantly more functionality as well as ease of editing. Take a look at the site and if you have any comments or suggestions (or if you just want to tell me that it looks good), please send me an email through the link on the bottom of the home page. If you have pictures you would like to see posted to the photo gallery, send me an email through the same link and I will respond with directions on how to send them to me. Going forward, I will continue to be the Web Editor to help ease the workload on our current executive. Enjoy!

Lois Freeman Collins

I would like to say a few words about Lois Freeman, my late wife.

Lois was born and raised in Hamilton. She attended McMaster University and got a humanities degree in social policy.

I met Lois on a blind date 1984 in Hess Village, we got married the following June 29 (*I still remember the date*). Lois was a quiet but compassionate person. She would speak her mind if need be. She had a variety of jobs, she worked at the Hamilton Psychiatric Hospital. When our kids were young she ran a daycare out of the house. Later she worked at MAC in the part time students association and on several projects doing research through the university. She also did a fair amount of volunteer work: at the Westdale Library, fund raising for the Churchill Park play structure and becoming chairperson of the Jewish Holocaust Committee... All the time she would have friends over for tea and dinner on different holidays.

Her greatest passion was reading, she would not go anywhere without the books she had on the go.

Then there was sailing! We were married at the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club and sailed away in a Drascomb Longboat, that we had at the time. She was not the greatest sailor but she did what she could in terms of sail handling. She was a very good first mate as she was able to put up with the skipper, the primitive accommodations on the boat and some of the nasty weather we experienced.

The well-being of others was a concern of hers. We happened to visit Lakeshore Yacht Club the day they were having a pirate themed festival fundraiser for people with acquired brain injuries. As I was giving tours of our "pirate" ship. Lois met a couple who had a son with a head injury due to a recent car accident. Lois immediately took them under her wing and spoke to them about getting health care, funding, helping agencies etc.

In March of 2011 she was in a serious car accident, followed by a stroke January 2015. She spent three months in St. Peter's Hospital recovering. On June 18, 2015 we found out that she had cancer. During the surgery the following day it was discovered the cancer had spread to her liver. Over the next years more surgeries followed. Lois rarely complained and continued to do the things she loved to do including coming sailing with me. Lois was not always able to get down to the club but never discouraged me from sailing. She was always willing to send baking down to club functions.

Lois always kept a positive outlook on life and her illness. She very seldom complained even at the end. There was a wave good bye, 40 minutes later she was gone. Without a doubt she was my better half.

Doug Collins

