

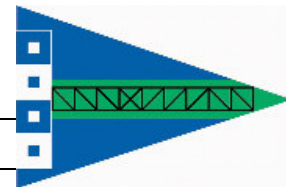
THE BRIDGE



Communication to join, support and connect the members of
PARRY SOUND POWER AND SAIL SQUADRON
a unit of Canadian Power and Sail Squadrons since 1961

Celebrating 50 years in support of safe boating

www.parrysoundsquadron.ca!



WINTER 2011



Ste. Anne-de-Bellevue, part of John Mason's voyage (see page 2 for story).

SHOW TIME!

By the time you read this, the Toronto Boat Show will have come and gone and, even for those of us who didn't go, there is still a psychological shift in which we get back into Boat Mode and think ahead to all the great stuff we're going to do in the summer of 2011. There is, in fact, a lot, but first, we need to deal with the three bleak, cold, land-bound, boatless months that lie before us.

In the wake, as if were, of our very successful movie night in December, we have planned three more "armchair boating" film events for this winter at the Museum. Here is the line-up:

Friday, February 11 – *Wind* (1987), starring Jennifer Grey, Matthew Modine, and Cliff Robertson. A fictitious America's Cup epic, with

some of the most awesome on-water photography, no visual effects used or even needed. Any boater, regardless of sail or power, would love this. It's also one of those rare movies that has so much that you see new stuff in multiple viewings.

Friday, March 11 – *Sink the Bismarck* (1959), starring Kenneth More and Dana Wynter. A real nail-biter, even when you know the outcome of the story. Some use is made of models, but so well-done you can hardly tell them from the real thing. The paradox is that some of the most beautiful ships ever built have been for the purpose of war.

Friday, April 8 – *Mutiny on the Bounty*

continued

Show-time in all cases is 1900 hrs. (7:00 p.m. if your ship-board thinking is rusty) and admission is \$5 per person and \$10 for families. This is cheap, just enough to cover our rental.

Also...yours truly will be presenting a travelogue at the library on Thursday, Feb. 17, at 1400 hrs. (a.k.a. 2:00 p.m.) concerning a trip to Norway last May. The crown jewel of this show is an 11-day trip up the Norwegian coast and back on a sort of high-end supply boat. The scenery is as awesome as it gets and I also managed to film a lot of marine activity. Admission for this event is free.

AN EVENING WITH PAUL HENDERSON

You are cordially invited to attend *An Evening with Paul Henderson*, Past President of the International Sailing Federation, hosted by our friends at Sail Parry Sound, on Friday February 25, at the Stockey Centre.

Paul Henderson is a four-time Olympian, and the only Canadian ever to be a Federation President and member of the IOC. He has been a friend of Sail Parry Sound for 12 years. His new autobiography, *The "Pope" of Sailing*, is a fast-paced entertaining read about internationally known people, with personal anecdotes about the world's greatest sailors, encounters with royalty and plumbers, and the world of competitive sport.

Henderson is often controversial, always amusing, and you can be sure that this evening will beat the February Blahs. Doors open at 1800, cash bar available; Paul Henderson speaks at 1900. He will sign books.

Admission: a "silent offering" of your choice.

CANADA DAY SAILPAST

It may seem a bit premature to talk about Canada Day in January, but read on. This year is the fiftieth anniversary of the Parry Sound Squadron, obviously a cause for considerable celebration. We'd like to put on what Ed Sullivan used to call a "reely big shew" and make the annual sail-past the biggest and best yet. We can get some good deals on Christmas lights this time of year and, as in the past, we can

source generators for anyone (like me) who needs them.

EXPLORING OTHER WATERS

The majority of us swear by Georgian Bay, but there are many other scenic and delightful waterways in the area worthy of exploration. At our last Bridge meeting, we bandied about the idea of forming a convoy of small trailerable vessels to do a day on the Muskoka Lakes some time in the summer (with the guidance of someone with local knowledge). This is just an embryonic idea at the moment, but if you would be interested in taking part in such an operation, please e-mail me at

editor@parrysoundsquadron.ca This is not a commitment, but rather a survey to gauge potential interest.

Tugfest



The Parry Sound Squadron is this year's host for Tugfest, to be held on the weekend of August 26, 27, and 28. This event is monster fun...and also requires a great deal of organization and shore-side support. We need volunteers to look after a variety of matters, such as security, dock safety, assisting visitors, and a whole lot of other stuff.

If you are in town at that time, we NEED, and I stress, NEED your help with this. It's a lot of work, but also fun and a chance to meet some truly fantastic characters. We want to have training complete by the "May Two-Four" weekend before folks take off cruising or whatever. So, if you can help, phone P/Cdr. Estelle Montpellier at 342-5451 as soon as you can, since she (understandably) doesn't want to be scrambling for people at the last minute.

IT WAS A DRAG

Contributed by master story-teller John Mason

In May, my brother George bought a boat in Ottawa and asked if I would sail with him down the St. Lawrence to his home in P.E.I. Well, skipper the boat and teach him to sail as we went. Didn't take long to think that one through. Thirty seconds later, we had a deal. But the trip was to prove to be a dra-a-ag.

We picked the boat up in Ottawa, at Rockcliffe marina, had a quick trip through the Aviation Museum, and were off after lunch. *Farouche*, (if you are not familiar with this word, let me tell you it has several shades and meanings.), as her name suggests, was to prove less timid or shy and more unsociable, although we were to count on the iron part of her *Nom de Proue*.

When buying a boat, a survey is needed. But even the best surveys can't pick up everything. A good sail in spicy weather can tell much more. And even with both, there are some things neither can find. In the next four weeks, we were to find several.

Last winter and spring, there had been little snow and rain in the hills upstream from Ottawa. Within a mile from Rockcliffe, we grounded again...and again and again. But mud and sand just slowed us and we pointed the boat to where we hoped the water would be deeper. And now we knew that six feet on the sounder signalled less than five and a half feet, our draft, under the boat. Crew and skipper, though, were confident as to how to navigate a river like this. "Watch the sounder. Stay away from shallow areas, even if the chart says there is enough water. Oh yes, stay between the buoys, but don't trust them."

We tried the drifter and worked to get it to set and get the gear in the 'correct' position. Jacques, the previous owner, had bought the hull and finished the boat himself. She was beautifully done inside, like a fine piece of furniture. He had left thread braided to the toe rail to show where turning blocks for drifter and jib should go. Well done! I think I'll use the idea on my own boat. But we also found that, as the boat and owner aged, some things not noticeable to a survey had been let go.

I soon found that George had equipped the boat with no beer, wine, or rum! We stopped to shop and spend the night in Montebello. If you have never been to this hotel/marina, stop the

next time you are by. The lodge is beautiful; log cabin, millionaire style, with art to match, and very relaxing. Bring your MasterCard; have a buffet breakfast.

The next day, we motorsailed to the Carillon Lock, quite a high chamber that takes the place of several locks of the previous canal. And they have the correct locking idea. Boats motor into the lock, tie up to a floating dock, and down you go. Same plan at Ste. Anne-de-Bellevue. (Both locks in Quebec, eh. They got locking right.)

On the way down the river, many boats passed us. One, only one, slowed to hull speed as it passed leaving no wake. She was flying an American flag. How come Canadians don't know that rule?

The mast had to come down before Montreal to get under the highways and railway, so we motored confidently into the Oka marina. Squish! Could not get to the dock. Well, the Hughes does have a powerful prop, so I forced the boat forward to a finger dock. On the advice of the attendant, the prop dragged the boat back and around to a deeper slip for the night. 'The water is low this year.' Delivery in English or French was quickly becoming a tiresome mantra.

The next morning, an attendant would take *Farouche* around to the crane. He knew where the rock was. Well, he kind of did. We just brushed the rock going in and again coming back out. Not a bad hit, but I was already starting to feel for George's lead keel.



Farouche at Ste-Anne-de Bellevue

We stopped at Ste. Anne-de-Bellevue. I remembered Ste. Anne from past visits as a pleasant town that I would visit again and again. Perhaps the construction, perhaps the oppressive heat it had lost its 'belle' for me.

You will remember the first weeks of July last summer. By now, we were shopping less for beer and more for water, ginger ale, 7-Up, anything to quench the thirst.

We left Ste. Anne earlier than planned and motored across the front of western Montreal - Pointe Claire and Lachine in Lac Ste. Francis and into the Lachine Canal. Lac Ste. Francis is a shallow, mud bottom lake. I was happy that on this day, with the mast tied horizontally, it was misty and calm.

The Lachine Canal starts as a lateral marina, with boats on fingers tied close together along a breakwater to starboard, a littoral-running park to port. The buoys take you quite close to the 'marina'. We had scarcely entered the canal when, WHAM! We really hit a rock and the boat stopped. Everything down below hurtled forward. A rock was in the centre of the canal, right between the buoys! One helpful woman shouted from her power boat that we had been going too fast. Never have I had someone on a power boat, tell me on a sailboat, that I was going too fast. I was speechless — just as well. We had been going four knots; I am not sure what the correct speed for hitting a rock in a canal is.

One little historic note: Our great grand-father had been shanghaied from Scotland and jumped ship in New York. While making his way to meet a brother in Cornwall, he looked over the rail of his boat at the workers laying rock in the Lachine canal. There was another brother! (Well, the name is Mason, eh.) I wonder if they left this rock for George and me.

We stopped for the night at the first lock. Had a floating dock and a park to ourselves. Great night.

We were first through the lock the next morning. The lock-master knew about the rock, but shrugged, "What can you do?" I had an answer, but had not noted the buoy number. It would have been easy to move the 'aid to navigation' ten feet. By the bye, if you know of a student in need of a summer job, Parks Canada employs students for summer work

running their canals and locks. Looked better than digging ditches.

The Lachine gives a different view of Montreal than I have ever had. You go under bridges, highways, and railways and through an old industrial area with derelict and active factories. Half way across Montreal, there is a huge *marché*. We looked forward for the stop and filled up with veggies, snacks, and liquids of all kinds. By now, George had solved what was ailing our power water pump. (Something Jacques had let go, but we had known about before we left. Just a pump. Should be simple. Right?) We filled up with town water to find that tanks left idle for a long time can have stuff in them. Nothing dangerous, but neither sludge nor black chips go into my rum.

The Lachine canal ends in Montreal harbour. A marina there gives a good entry to *Le Vieux Port*. We were early in the day, but with no with good reason to stop and much good reason to press on, we popped under the Jacques Cartier bridge and away. I do mean POP. Pretty much all the St. Lawrence goes through this narrow channel. Think of the Niagara River and add all the waters from Lake Ontario going through a 500 wide, 30 foot deep channel. When I was on the *Matthew* (the 1997 replica of John Cabot's ship), I remember the struggle to get up the current — to find a slower part of the current so we could ascend. In my own boat, I looked at the 4 to 6 knot current; thought of my 6 knots on a good day, and crossed the river to Longueuil. But descending is fun. Have you ever run white water in a canoe? Imagine running with a 31 foot, 10,000 pound boat. You can do the same actions as with a canoe, ferry, eddy out, pick the Vs, avoid buoys. Quite the ride.

Now we had a quick ride down the river, too. Boat speed plus two knots of current makes for good speed. You can see ships long before you pass each other, and plan to avoid them. As we passed Verchère I remembered a delightful Greek dinner there with Gislaine and Claude.

I like sailing this part of the St. Lawrence. Afternoon sky is often like a Cornelius Krieghoff painting. I remember sailing down the river in 2000, being surprised to see his type of sky. Of course, he painted what he saw. But it was interesting to think that, if you were to time-travel (yes, sailing gives one a lot of time for

such thoughts.) and wake up here, you would know where you were by the sky.

Going down river is twice the speed of returning. So Sorel to Montreal takes two days up-bound and less than one down. We left Montreal around noon and passed Sorel late afternoon. Yes, our mast was still down, so we were still motoring. We had already been told that the mast rigger in Sorel would not accept a 5.5' draft, so onward to Three Rivers.

The marinas of Sorel have an interesting set of buoys. They are backwards. I could never get an answer at the marina; what does a gas jockey know? I think since most customers have come *down* the St. Lawrence or the Richelieu, red left is maintained. But for sailors who have not broken the code, there are sandbanks. In 2000, after 'obeying' the buoys and grounding twice, I called the marina and asked how to get in. He said he would come and guide me in. And he did. My first taste of 'out of city' hospitality.

Evening came before we got to Lac St. Pierre. We pulled out of the river into a little cove I had stayed in before. Dropped the anchor and I jumped in to cool off. Have you ever read stories of people falling from boats to watch their boat leave them? I surfaced to find my boat leaving me! No... I was leaving the boat. *Farouche* was standing to the current, but I had thought nothing of it and there I was being pulled away from my boat. Two quick strokes and I could see that I was not in as much trouble as on my first surfacing had thought. I swam beside the boat and paddled there in safety. It is surprising just how fast a one knot current can be.

Thanks, John! Who else out there has stories for us? This is your chance to be in print and read by many. In addition, these kinds of tales help us through the winter months and give us ideas of what we would like to do in our own boats. This is a great opportunity to share favourite destinations, anchorages, places of interest, historical notes, and so forth.

So, shoot me a story: e-mail is editor@parrysoundsquadron.ca and my mailing address is 81 Isabella St., Parry Sound, P2A 1M7.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

That got your attention, didn't it? Have you ever wondered about the big grey salt boats that visit Parry Sound, the ones with nifty names like *Mississagi* and *Cuyahoga*? All is revealed in a new book, *The Grey Ghosts*, by a trinity of distinguished marine historians: E.B. Gillham, G.I. Longhurst, and, er, me. It's packed with pictures and stories about the company that runs these ships, including an account of a crossing of Lake Superior, yes, in a gale.



The Grey Ghosts is available at Bearly Used Books in Parry Sound.

2011 Calendar of events

Feb 11	Movie night <i>Wind</i>
Feb 17	Travelogue with Steven Duff
Feb 25	SPS with Paul Henderson
Mar 11	Movie night <i>Sink the Bismarck</i>
Apr 8	Movie night <i>Bounty</i>
TBA	50th Anniversary AGM
July 1	Sailpast
TBD	Day on the Muskoka Lakes
Aug 26-28	Tugfest
Other events will be rolled out soon.	

THE BRIDGE: this is the team serving you for 2010-2011.

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