

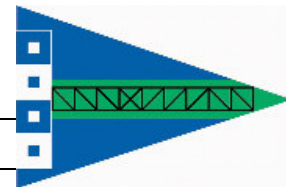
THE BRIDGE



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

More than 50 years in support of safe boating

www.parrysoundboating.ca



WINTER 2012



Photo: near SheShe Rock, after Tom Thomson in the National Gallery [Parry Sound Harbour 1914](http://www.parrysoundboating.ca)

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL HANDS!

Greetings and best wishes to all our membership from the Bridge team. Now that Christmas is over (and we hope you had a good one), it's time to think ahead and ponder that all-important basic necessity of life...BOATING! There's some good stuff in the pipeline. First up is the annual Toronto International Boat Show, presented at the Direct Energy Centre in the CNE grounds from Saturday, January 14, to Sunday, January 22. Even if you're not in buying mode, it's always fun to go down to the Big Smoke (a.k.a. Ford Nation) for a day, see what is new, maybe purchase a few boat-related trinkets, and generally soak up atmosphere. Somehow the winter that lies ahead

becomes more benign and, pretty soon, we'll be able to see the days slowly lengthening.

Second in the pipeline is another series of movie nights. We tried this last year with variable success and we hope to reel in (sorry!) more viewers this year, as it affords us a chance to get together and socialize. Too many of you are just names to us and we'd like to get to know you better, what sort of boat you have, where you do your boating, that sort of thing. Our movies will be shown in the Lions Room at the West Parry Sound District Museum, show time 1900 hrs. Admission is really, really cheap: \$5.00 per single person, \$7.50 per couple, family, or person with friend/partner.

Now, here is the line-up:

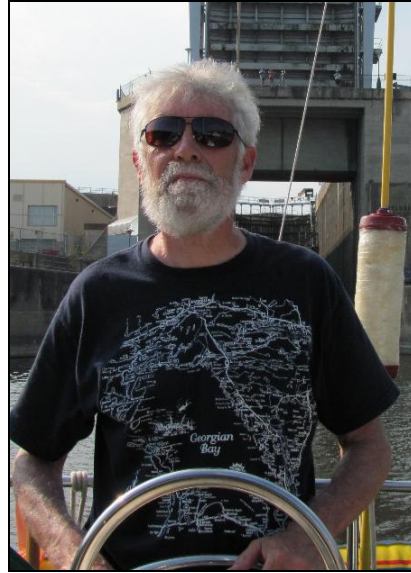
Friday, January 20: *The Sea Chase*, starring John Wayne. A German freighter struggles to get home upon the outbreak of World War II. And January 20 happens to be the birthday of your trusty scribe and cake will be served. Partay!

Friday, February 17: *White Squall*, starring Jeff Bridges. A terrifying tale of a youth sail-training ship caught in a micro-burst. This relates directly to the story we told in the last issue about the Chicago-Mackinac Race. A very good movie with convincing special effects, except for one bit where the ship is being flailed with the most God-awful wind, but her ensign is flapping lazily as if in a 10-knot breeze. We'll make a game of who can spot it first.

Friday, April 13: *A Night to Remember*, starring Kenneth More.



The best movie about the *Titanic* (1958, I think) before James Cameron's epic production. This one is in black and white, emphasizing the starkness of the situation. And note this: the following evening, April 14, is the 100th anniversary of the *Titanic*'s sinking.



IT WAS A DRAG, PART III

*On a less horrific level, we continue with John Mason's account of a trip to Prince Edward Island aboard his brother George's yacht **Farouche**. We left the mariners as they emerged from Port Neuf, Quebec.*

Next morning, we caught the tide. I remembered the words of a sailor at Neuville in 2000, when I was meeting river and tide for the first time. I thought I would be leaving at 0900, when the tide was turning, but, "*Non, non, you will leave at eleven. Ze high tide is at ten; you will wait one hour, then go.*" And go we did! With both river current and tide in our favour, we virtually flushed our way down past the stern battlements of Quebec City.

At last, the extreme heat of the past week broke and with two miles left to St. Laurent, a squall line came through and *we sailed!* But after an hour or two, both wind and tide turned against us and it stopped being so exciting, so St. Laurent was a welcome have, a happy marina to boot.

Because of the timing of the tide, we decided to let it catch up to a convenient time the next day and spend the day on some on-board maintenance. *Farouche*'s previous owner had been spooked while at anchor in a storm and had installed an excessive length of chain, eighty feet

of it, between the anchor and the rode. It was rather a lot to haul by hand and we figured that eighteen feet would be more than sufficient. George's boat, George's job – he's younger and stronger. We borrowed some tools, shortened the chain, and George worked on the water pump, which was passing some grit. Flushing the water tank took care of the problem.

In the morning, we were invited to race with one of the other crews, but turned the offer down. I probably should have gone while George did the boat work. We did, however, watch the race, which was timed to run downriver with the ebb, turn at the far buoy, and return with the flood. Certainly there was more than just wind to consider here.

With a pleasant restaurant just up the street, we decided to eat ashore. I had not had Steak Tartare for about thirty years when I saw it on the menu, so I ordered it, and I know what you're thinking. It is indeed raw meat, but if you follow the warnings of the meek, you will neither go sailing nor eat anything interesting. In any event, the Tartars had quite a delicious way of dealing with the raw meat, and did they not rule the known world for quite some time, leaving a sizeable cultural footprint on Europe?

We were under way at 0500 the next day after our layover, waiting for the right tide to catch up to our waking hours. We motored all morning (it was a drag!) with the wind on our nose (*vent debout ici*) and anchored outside St. Jean-Port-Joli for a couple of hours to wait for the incoming tide to fill up the harbour.

The wharfinger asked us to move *Farouche* around the corner of the dock, as there was a big boat coming in. Well! A Hunter 36 came in behind us. I helped them tie up and started a short conversation with Madame, telling her that my son was looking at the same boat and could they show me through. Talk about boat-proud! You would have thought I had praised my son for being a genius. Madame called to her husband and the tour began. Wow!



Hunter keeps in contact with their clients, asking for impressions of strengths and weaknesses of

their boats and making recommended changes. So, if you have become familiar with a Hunter built in 1998, you would see a lot of differences in a 2008 model.

I am used to V-berths, where two pairs of feet share the same point in the bow, tables that store overhead, and cramped quarter berths just big enough for myself, with a dog jammed in during a thunderstorm. The Hunter I was visiting, the quarter berth had been stretched under the entire cockpit area. There was a queen-size bed you could walk right around, plus lots of headroom.



The galley was large, well-planned, and had everything but a dishwasher. There was, though, an ingenious dish-drying apparatus, a cupboard where you stowed your freshly-washed dishes, flipped a switch, and a gentle breeze blew through the dishes, making them nice and dry for their next use.

This was indeed a lovely ship and Mark, my son, has my full encouragement to buy one.

George and I popped into town for a Sunday dinner of roast beef and potatoes. We had been here before, so we had a quick shopping tour downtown, unfortunately missing a visit to the best-ever motorcycle museum, and prepared for an early get-away on the tide, bound towards Tadoussac, away to the north-east. The

folks on the Hunter had told us of being fog-bound for four days at Tadoussac, not exactly reassuring news.

I timed our departure to get through La Traverse with the strong ebb, ground-speed 10-12 knots (interesting sensation!) and onward to Cap a l'Aigle. Back in 2000 (*during a solo trip in a Grampian 26 –Ed.*), I had spent the night near-by in an open anchorage on the north shore channel beside Ile-au-Coudre. Another sailor had put his hook down and invited me over for a dram or two. My dinghy was not inflated, so he rowed over in his to pick me up. He had not judged the flood steam correctly and, in the four-knot current, nearly went right past me and probably would have kept on going had I not been able to grab his gunwale. Four knots may not sound like much, but try rowing in it.

We passed Cap a l'Aigle sooner than we had calculated and decided to press on to Tadoussac. Well, sure enough, we ran into fog in a river thick with large ships, so we stayed either close to the shore or to the buoys.

Here is a challenge that we don't get on the Great Lakes, the Rule of 12 for tides, which works like this: one twelfth comes in the first hour, two in the second, three in the third and then two and one again as the tidal flow decreases. We approached Tadoussac, a short distance up the Saguenay River in the middle two hours of outgoing tide; the tide would have been wonderful had we carried on down the St. Lawrence, but here the water was flowing down the Saguenay against us so fast that we could make no headway, instead ferrying back and forth until the tide slackened, releasing us to proceed to Tadoussac.

I own a dry boat and any water in the bilge always gets my attention. But George had been bailing five or six buckets of water from the bilge of the newly-purchased *Farouche*, certainly a matter of concern. Could or should the survey have told of the problem? Normally, we had found, *Farouche* had only leaked when pushed hard. The water, it turned out was leaking from cooling-water pump on the engine. So, after taking the pump apart as far as either of us cared to, we summoned a *mecanicien* and prepared to fix the boat in two languages. Once we were shown how easy the next step was, we (figuratively) kicked ourselves, but isn't that always the way? But this was a problem the survey could not be expected to find; there were

two seals, one to keep water in the pump and one to keep it out of the engine. The first had failed, but fortunately we had parts aboard and were ready to go again, now in the euphoria of peace of mind.

The following day, it was still a drag. The fog still lay around, there was no wind, and, despite what we had heard about whale-watching at the junction of the Saguenay and the St. Lawrence, we saw none. Some day, we kept saying, our prevailing wind will come and we can do some proper sailing. *Continued in next issue...*

KEEWATIN TO COME HOME



Senior readers may recall a handsome pair of steamers, the *Assiniboia* and *Keewatin*, that used to run for the Canadian Pacific Railway from Port McNicoll to Port Arthur (now Thunder Bay). The run ceased in the late 1960s and the poor *Assiniboia* ended up in a scrap-yard. The *Keewatin*, however, was “adopted” by a marina in Saugatuck, MI, where she has lain in an excellent state of care for over forty years.

Now the fine old ship is to come back home to Georgian Bay to act as the centrepiece of a new marina/condo development on the site of the old C.P.R. dockside station. Dredging has started as the first step towards extracting her from her present berth and plans call for her to be towed to Port McNicoll in June. We'll give you updates as information becomes available; it would be a fine thing if we could form a flotilla to go down the Bay as an unofficial greeting committee.

THE BOATING COURSE

Further to a piece in our last issue, plus an e-mail follow-up just before Christmas, the Boating Course is being offered, starting Monday, January 16, for approximately 12 evenings. You can register now.

Continued

The cost is \$225, which may sound a lot, but consider this: if you break it down into hours, it comes down to \$18.75 per hour of wit and wisdom (our instructors are fun guys) AND you get free admission to our February 17 movie night at the museum (see lead article). Why are we telling you this? We're asking you to

spread the word among friends who have not taken the CPS BOATING course and who could (and, by extension, the rest of us) benefit enormously from it. Persons wishing to enrol are asked to phone John Mason (705-342-1315) or Andy Devos (705-773-9527)

THE BRIDGE: this is the team serving you for 2011-2012. If you need information, have a question or need help with something related to the Squadron, feel free to contact the appropriate person to help you. And if you have a story for this newsletter, please contact editor@parrysoundsquadron.ca

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