

**p.5**

**B(EST) DOCK SUMMER SOCIALS**

Navigating COVID protocols and maintaining a of social scene at MBSC.

**p. 2**

**THE JOHN DANIELLS MENTORSHIP AWARD**

Mentorship Award For promoting youth sailing in Keelboats

# SNAKE ISLAND BUOY

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Midland Bay Sailing Club: Fall 2021



## THE JOHN DANIELLS MENTORSHIP AWARD

JEFF BROOK : MBSC RACING DIRECTOR

INTRODUCING MBSC'S LATEST RACING AWARD :  
THE JOHN DANIELLS MENTORSHIP AWARD FOR PROMOTING YOUTH SAILING IN KEELBOATS.

Each racing season one of the traditional weekend races will be additionally declared the "The John Daniells Mentorship Race". Any youth between the ages of 9-19 crewing on one of the participating keelboats is eligible. The youth on the boat that places closest to first receives the award. This trophy adds to a beautiful collection trophies that racing participants at MBSC have been competing for since the club's inception. To learn more visit the Heritage pages on the club's website.

John Daniells was a metal fabricator by trade and put that skill toward building his fine sailboats. He was passionate about racing and shared that love with others, often inviting enthusiastic young sailors to crew on his boats.



This year, Rhys Armstrong, who crewed onboard Smooth for the Centennial Cup, and skipper Peter Wolfhard, were the John Daniells Mentorship Award winners. Photo by John Parkhurst.

who would listen improve their skills. John's focus on the wheel, keeping To Life 'in the groove', was admirable as was his tireless attention to sail trim. The smile on John's face as To Life sliced through the water is forever imprinted in my mind.

John set a great example, inspiring the desire to improve on and off the water.



John Daniells during the 2013 Bayview Mackinac Race on the bow of his 50' To Life. Doing what he does best, improvising in shaping the headsail to perfection. To Life was a dream to sail, effortlessly exceeding 10+ knots.



photo: Jeff Brook

John (on left) was a founding member of MBSC. He was made a Life Member of MBSC in 2007 and passed away in 2019. With John is his friend and 'ace mainsail trimmer', Peter Scott. Also on the Heritage pages you can learn about the early days of racing out of MBSC, as recounted by John himself.

Writing as one of those enthusiastic young(ish) sailors, I was fortunate get to know John crewing on "To Life" in the Georgian Bay Regatta and two Bayview Mackinac Races, which covers the length of Lake Huron. John's love of sailing was infectious, no doubt furthering my own love of sailing. He could recount minute details of many past races, sharing his experience, helping me and anyone

Steve Killing notes, "John loved making beautiful, functional things out of metal. His enthusiasm for boat building was endless, which was a good thing because Chariot and To Life each took 7 or 8 years

to complete. On the water he loved making boats go fast, and eating pastrami and red licorice (but not together). Many thanks to those that will be carrying on his mentorship example"



photo: Jeff Brook

Fair Winds John! Your legacy lives on in MBSC's newest racing award!

The Daniells Mentorship Award trophy was designed and fabricated by Steve Killing, who also designed To Life, rumoured by John to have started 'on a napkin' as they dreamed together. The large sail on the trophy, representing the mentor in the relationship, is fabricated from an aluminum cut-off from the hull of John's self-built sloop To Life. After his death, the aluminum was discovered behind his workshop and then milled to this shape. The smaller highly polished 'youth sail' is made from new aluminum.

Acknowledgements: Thanks to Peter Wolfhard and Steve Killing for their reviews of this story.



## HOG RACE

The annual Hog Race was held on September 11th, after sailpast. Due to COVID it was all race and no Hog... boo. David Takhashi caught a few pics on this lovely day. Hopefully 2023 will see a return to "normal" social events. We can take solace in the fact that sailing wasn't cancelled - perhaps in absence fondness will grow for our fellow sailors.



photo: Jeff Brook



photos: David Takhashi

**DID YOU KNOW?**

COMMODORE - HUGH LOUGHBOROUGH

Being a Full or Spousal Member of MBSC does not guarantee you a slip!

The process for becoming a member and being allocated a slip follows.

1. The applicant completes a membership application and emails it to [mbsc1@midlandbaysailingclub.com](mailto:mbsc1@midlandbaysailingclub.com)
2. Our bylaws state that 2/3 of Full, Spousal and Dinghy members must reside in or within 32 km of the Town of Midland. Depending on the current proportion of the membership that are local, out of town applicants may need to be added to a waiting list.
3. Applications are forwarded to the lead of our membership committee.
4. The membership committee meets with the applicant to explain the benefits and obligations of belonging to MBSC.
5. If the membership committee recommends that the applicant be accepted, the application is presented to the Executive for approval.
6. If the Executive approves the applicant, membership fees and the first installment of initiation must be paid, following which the applicant becomes a new member.
7. The new member is issued a seniority number.
8. Only then, and not before, may the new member request a slip.
9. All requests for slip assignment or slip reassignment should be made by email to the Director of Slips, Launch and Haul, and include the make, dimensions and name of the vessel.
10. Only the owner of the vessel for which a slip is being requested may make such request. If the vessel has a slip but is being sold to another member, the new owner must make

the request. If the purchase and sale has not yet been completed, a signed Agreement Of Purchase must be provided by the new owner.

11. Slip availability is very dynamic as members join, resign and buy or sell boats. Slips are assigned based on seniority and "best fit" for the boat. Slip requests that cannot be fulfilled will be added to the slips/request list.

If you have any questions about the membership application process, please contact the Vice-Commodore. Questions regarding slip assignments should be addressed to the Director of Slips, Launch and Haul.



photo: Philip Krueger  
Sunset on B Dock

**B(EST) DOCK SUMMER OF 2021 COVID SOCIALS**

Barb &amp; Graeme Jay

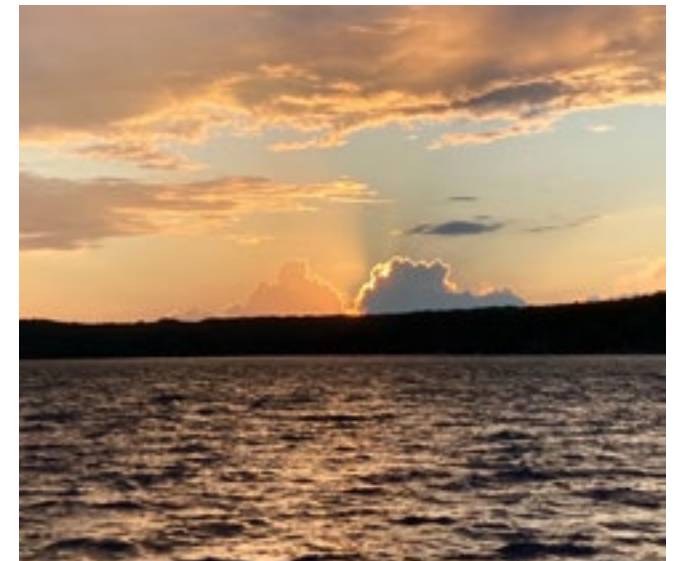
During the summer of 2021 B Dock navigated through the challenges of our covid guidelines to safely host 2 Social gatherings. We reconnected with friends and met new members promoting a fun event on a small scale during covid.

Our first event was held the evening of July 4th, we all brought lawn chairs and nibbles and a little liquid lip loosener to help acquaint us with our lagoon mates. It was a roaring success; we played a few games of name that boat, and who captains which boat to help everyone get to know each other. New friends were made and flotilla sail plans were set. Next came calls for a second event, we managed to squeeze it in on September 19th, thanks to the good fortune of a warm afternoon. The short notice impacted attendance, but we enjoyed another great opportunity sharing stories of our epic sails and the new anchorage's we explored in 2021. We also discussed haul out plans and organized mast support teams.

We have been members of MBSC for 8 years and have been around the docks a few times! We've noticed the busyness of our summers doesn't allow much time to meet our dock mates. Pub nights are a great way to meet a lot members, but the smaller intimate gatherings of your Dock are a great option as well. Depending where COVID takes us over the winter and into Summer of 2022

this might be a great way to socialize with your Dockmates next year. Designate yourself Dock Captain and plan some fun on the Dock or at Anchor. We have a gem of a club, let's make it shine bright!

Photos are of September 19th B Dock Social, MBSC lighthouse during Sailpast, a glorious September sunset over Midland Bay.



### SAILPAST & DEDICATION

KATHRYN GALLICHAN

The Sail past was a tad later than normal this year. Sept 11 ,2021. Our Commadore Larry Donaldson, on his vessel Shadow Star II, was standing at anchor to receive our salute.

The Clubhouse was dedicated in memory of Ted Symons who passed away November 25th, 2020. Ted was a member of the Midland Bay Sailing Club for over fifty years. He was Commodore in 1973, 74 and in 1979 and 1980. He was again elected Commodore this year. Ted was instrumental in acquiring the lease of the property and the building of the original club house.

Blessing of the Fleet - **Rick Burgess**

Greetings - **Jill Dunlop, MPP & Mike Ross, Deputy Mayor**

Dedication of the Clubhouse to Commodore Ted Symons and unveiling - **Larry Donaldson, Commodore**



### THE BRUCE KIRBY STORY:

FROM THE RIVER TO THE SEA

Sailing legend Bruce Kirby passed away July 19, 2021. He was 92 years of age. He was the designer of the 13'-10" Laser Olympic sailing dinghy amongst other designs. He was a Canadian Olympian three times and honoured in many sailing [Halls of Fame](#) including the the Order of Canada. He wrote his autobiography in his final years and it is available on [Amazon](#).

Beginning in Ottawa, Canada and progressing to the world stage, the memoir weaves through a remarkable life of adventure, artistry, powerful storms, nasty business, sweet success, memorable characters and family.



### WATER LEVEL FLUCTUATIONS

PETER HAYDEN

PETER CAME ACROSS THIS EXPLANATION OF WATER LEVEL FLUCTUATIONS IN GEORGIAN BAY.



"As a kid growing up boating on Georgian Bay, I have seen the water levels change from the lowest in 1966 to the highest in 1986 back to the 1966 level in 2012 and back to the 1986 level in 2020... After 1986 it dropped about 12 to 18 inches and leveled out til the mid 90's before dropping about 4 to 6 inches a year to the 2012 level.

Watch the precipitation. A cold winter with lots of ice combined with storms from the Gulf of Mexico (AKA Texas low pressure system) adds water to the Great Lakes basin. However a mild winter with local snow squalls draws precipitation from the Great Lakes basin and either drops it back on us on land which drains back into the basin keeping it the same or it carry's it off to Quebec either draining it down the Ottawa River or into the St.Lawrence causing the Great Lakes basin to drop. A hot summer will also draw water from the basin and drop it east of us in a different area causing the Great Lakes basin to drop."

### NEW MEMBERS

ROBIN HOBBS

*SHEnanigans* - Shark

Hello, I am Robin Hobbs of *SHEnanigans*. I am best known around the Midland area as Robin Blake. I was born and raised in Midland and have many immediate and extended family members that still live there, although myself and my husband (Brad) and son (Maddex) reside in Collingwood. I was one of four kids in our family and the only one who hated sailing! Mostly because I was afraid of it and how powerful the wind can be. Luckily I eventually changed my tune and realized there was so much more to it. A couple years ago in November 2019 I had the experience of a lifetime and got to sail on a 48 ft catamaran across the Atlantic,

from Las Palmas to St. Lucia.

It was an epic adventure and made me realize that learning to race smaller boats is really where sailing skills are mastered. Following the journey, I purchased *SHEnanigans* and partnered with Coach Doug Young who is passionate about teaching sailing and has a special interest in promoting Women's sailing, in hopes that his 3 daughters will return back to the sport. I look forward to being a part of MBSC and am already so impressed at how structured the racing events are with MBSC. I am looking forward to promoting more youth sailing and passing on the passion of sailing to my son.





photo: Jennifer Harker

## 5.5M NORTH AMERICAN REGATTA

BY JENNIFER HARKER

After a two year absence due to Covid, the North American 5.5M Regatta was back on Midland Bay September 13-17, 2021.

Border restrictions meant a reduced fleet, however six boats were on the line and raring to go for five days of racing. Conditions ranged from gusty winds to wacky swirling winds that changed a full 360 degrees in one race to almost non-existent breezes – so a perfect test of skills after two years away.

The challenging conditions made for some excellent competition and close finishes. There were exciting lead changes and solid strategies that had to be thrown out with each bizarre wind shift. Overall, the strength and skill of the fleet is improving considerably, since the first 5.5M Regatta was held here in 2014.

While racing on course is serious, it is the on shore camaraderie and sharing of knowledge, expertise, experience and parts that really gives this event its unique atmosphere and purpose – the passionate rejuvenation of these beautiful boats into racing form.

This year Covid changed many things but these sailors are resilient and resourceful. Working with the Midland Bay Sailing Club, organizers met all the required Covid protocols and subsequent alterations to social events but managed to keep the spirit of the regatta alive and well while keeping everyone healthy and safe.

With the help of over 20 MBSC club members as race committee, crew, skippers and on-shore support the regatta went off without a hitch. A special shout-out to every single club member that helped make this happen, your contributions were essential to the success of the regatta.



photo: Jennifer Harker



photo: Jennifer Harker

Dozens of MBSC members have become regular racers in the 5.5M regattas.

Several members stepped aboard these classic sailboats for the first time and were immediately taken with their power and speed. Taking a break from his CS 30, Graeme Jay served as foredeck crew aboard American 5.5M Savage. “I don’t have a lot of experience with a spinnaker but it was great to learn, and learn about these boats. It’s a labour of love for these guys.” He was quickly drawn into the experience. “It’s getting back to something closer to the roots of sailing. It’s great to get that feeling of speed and to be so close to the water.”

The regatta was capped off with the awarding of the classic fleet trophy to Nantoria, skippered by longtime MBSC club member John Lister, with crew Susan French, Bill Mills and Dave Harker. The trophy has been donated by German Thies Forst, who travelled to Midland with a German team in 2017 to race with the North Americans. The local event is part of a worldwide 5.5M organization that sees over 100 of the original 800 5.5M boats still actively racing in 14 countries.

While the win was nice, Lister said the best part was simply being able to host the 5.5s again. “It was so great to be able to run the North American

5.5M Regatta after such a hiatus. It was wonderful to be back together and be human again.”

In a show of sailing spirit, the entire 5.5M fleet joined the regular Wednesday night keelboat race and it was amazing to see these classic beauties amongst the MBSC racers.

Organizers hope to be able to resume their twice a year schedule for the 2022 sailing season. Anyone interested in learning more about these boats or getting involved next year should contact John Lister at [listersjohn@gmail.com](mailto:listersjohn@gmail.com)

Thank you again to the Midland Bay Sailing Club for making the 2021 edition of the North American 5.5M Regatta possible.



photo: Jennifer Harker

## SAILING

By GORDON LACO

Good morning shipmates,

After a hectic week of business and other stuff, I realized on Friday afternoon that I was uncharacteristically on top of my job list and perhaps could/should go sailing. My sailor-girl wife put the same thought into words by suggesting we just down tools (well shut off computers) and cast off.

So we quickly stuffed a weekend worth of food into bags, grabbed our pillows and a change of socks and undies, and just after lunch Friday we were aboard and casting off. The wind was very light and from the south (we are getting the normal prevalent west wind here very rarely these days, the weather being one of the things that has not returned to normal since Covid) so we motored away. Rounding Midland Point and heading north down the Sound, as usual we hugged the coast for no other reason than to see the reflection of our mast crossing our friend Ken Woods' house windows, and later to have a squint at another friend's boat which is moored in front of his property a bit further along.

Rod keeps his trim Frigate on a mooring that is conveniently just off his beach. We always chuckle because depending on one's position when seeing it, the boat either looks to be out in the channel or about to go ashore... in fact it is neither, being in a bit of deep water in a good location. I noticed that PERSEVERANCE, named for the tank his father commanded during the northern European campaign that ended the war there in '45, had her Red Duster flying. I commented to Caroline 'Oh, I'll bet Rod's home' and was just hauling out my cell phone to write him a text when the phone buzzed. There in my hand was Rod's voice and there on the beach reclining in his chair, was Rod himself. We laughed and discussed the weather and destinations.

After passing PERSEVERANCE, we edged offshore a bit, mindful of the tongue of putty which extends from the coast just by there... yes, I've touched it a couple of times, once requiring help to get off having sailed onto it at a high angle of heel.

On up past Gin Rocks, into the narrow pass at Minicognashene snaking through the channels, safely by Hotchkiss Rock now conveniently visible but dangerously not so visible last year when we clanged smack onto it last year while motoring at 6.4 knots. Hmmm, that's the second time in this story I've mentioned hitting something... I guess one tends to remember these things.

Up and up through Musquash Channel, so named by the loggers 130 years ago for the



photo: Gord Laco  
Surprise reaching home from Methodist '12

mouth of the river they once ran each winter's crop of timber down; I hummed a bit of the song 'Breakfast in Hell' about Sandy Grey, the logger drowned at the falls now named for him. Past Ship Island which does have the footprint of a ship, past Sugar Island once beloved by my Dad's cousin and still well looked after, finally to Bone Island, which is basically hollowed out by its cove, an anchorage safe in any weather. We had the usual tense wait as we hummed in around the last bend, looking to see how many boats were in there... Ah, a few power hogs and cakes, but only a few and nicely spread out. A power hog is one of the larger motorboats which look like science fiction space ships... damned awkward on the water but no doubt appealing to the ball-cap-on-backward set when standing in the show room. A cake is a more traditional motor boat which looks like a stack of levels, each added by the boat salesman, the result being a testament to the success of his glib patter while hammering out the deal to sell add-ons.

A power hog being in our favourite quadrant of the cove, we dropped our hook in the northern corner by the beaver's lodge. The cove is shallow there but deep enough. We settled down in only eight feet of water, but content.

We'd motored all the way up, but in balance a few hours of motoring is good for the batteries, and I have to say so long as motoring is vindicated by dead calm, I have come to like doing it. Except when going by Rod's place, and yes he did comment during our brief cell phone conversation 'I hope you can sail a bit...'

In the evening we were treated by the spectacle of a pair of enormously fat beavers lolling around munching on something they were pulling up from the bottom. They were unconcerned by us and contentedly stuffed themselves, so close by we could hear their busy teeth munching on whatever it was they were holding in their hands. I noticed that when they were astern of us their dives to the bottom were very short in duration... more of that in a moment. We also had schools

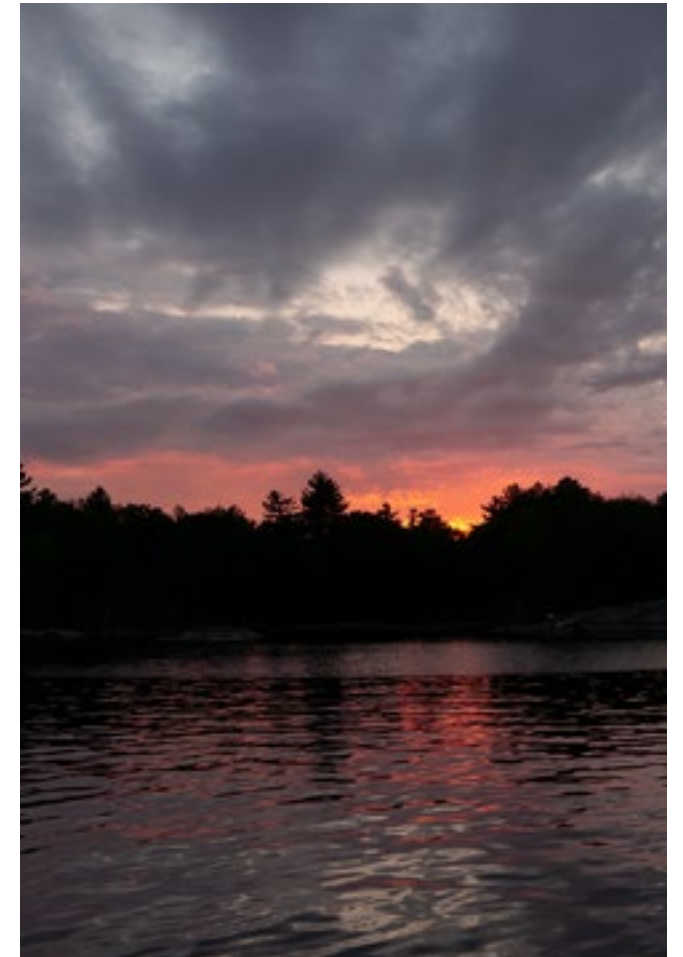


photo: Philip Krueger  
Sunset at Chimney Bay

of fish about. They had white tips on their fins which I suppose indicated they were some sort of bass. About 4 inches long, there were hundreds of them. I made a joke about white tipped sharks, a comment which was not quite so funny after I'd flicked a large spider off the boat into the water. It sat for a second in stunned surprise on the water then began frantically striding back toward us. It didn't get a few strokes before one of the fish grabbed it. The first strike cost it a couple of legs... the next took the whole thing.

Evening was glorious. Only a couple of the hogs and cakes ran generators. The moon came up nearly full, bright enough to read by. A class of rum for me, wine for Caroline, a bit of music including Gordon Lightfoot singing 'Christian Island' of course, and to bed.

In the morning we had coffee in the cockpit and



photo: Philip Krueger  
Snug Harbour - July 2021

enjoyed the warm sunrise, then plucked up the anchor to head north again. I really like sailing out of anchorages, mostly for the doing of it, but I have to admit partly for the slack-jawed shock it induces in other sailors who happen to witness what is today rare but once upon a time normal. But alas this Saturday morning there wasn't a breath of air, so with the engine burbling at idle, we hoisted in the chain to motor out. Due to our location we expected the chain to be covered with weeds, there were some, but most fell off as the links came in and then the hook itself came up with only a glob of bottom adhering to it. I normally stand ready with the bucket to clean the chain and anchor as they come in, but this time had little to do. Once the hook was off the bottom SURPRISE was a free agent, so I went back to the cockpit leaving Caroline to cat the anchor and bring the windlass handle back. I clunked the transmission into forward with my foot, spun the wheel and we made pretty much a static turn, circling to set up to depart. Why did I turn to port? No reason, but that direct was toward where the beavers had been making their short dives the night before. And now I learned why their disappearances were so short. There was no water there. SURPRISE gently stopped. I glanced at the depth sounder and eased up

the throttle... the dinghy glided up behind us and gently tapped the stern. We were stuck. I put the helm over hard to port and pushed up full throttle. The prop wash thrashed astern and without moving forward, SURPRISE spun on her keel gently to port. Once heading back toward deep water I eased back the throttle and centred the rudder... gently we slid along and picked up a bit of speed. Caroline was by now coming aft with one eyebrow raised and by facial expression alone, clearly transmitted 'I knew it was a bit shallow for us there...' Yes, well, ahem.

So away we went merrily, easing the speed up to about 1200rpm which for us with the 'new' prop (now four years old) means 5.5 knots. We turned right at Gull Island and headed north. While going past the place where rocker Tom Cochrane used to live, I saw what I thought was a large English sheep dog marooned on a rock. I was just thinking 'how the heck did that thing get there with its fur dry' and lifted the binoculars to my eyes. It wasn't an English Sheep dog, it was a very large bald eagle. If I'd been standing beside it, it would have been waist high. Then we noticed another one circling, which the standing one joined, spreading its enormous wings. Wow.

Up and up we went, past the bifurcation buoy we

call 'The Weirdo' because it is yellow and black instead of red or green. The wind was coming up and wowie there was enough west in it we could lay our course. Up went the main, out popped the genny and we shut off the engine. Soon we were bowling along at six knots close hauled, catching each buoy as we threaded the channel up to Splitrock Island. A blessed wind shift allowed us to pass outside Splitrock, although we were 'entertained' by a young man in a US-style flat 'bass-hunter' motor boat with an enormous onboard on it. Because of the huge outboards, we call them 'Big Brain Boats'. He'd hop ahead of us buoy by buoy, stopping to fish beside each one. Up we'd come snoring along with a foaming bow wave causing him to hurriedly spin in his line and shoot up to the next one no doubt wondering if we were following him. Being close hauled we were just making each pin... I'd have gone above him if I could point higher, or below if he wasn't just to windward of each buoy... finally he buzzed off at very high speed.

Our destination had been Sans Souci, but as we came along by Kerr Island we decided that Indian Harbour was far enough, so we deeked in and anchored there. Again we were pleased to find only a few hogs and cakes already there, leaving lots of room in the capacious anchorage. Indian Harbour, during our great grand parents time, was where loggers met periodically to have wild ho-downs on the smooth rock. Until only



photo: Philip Krueger  
Never too late in the day for a dip.

twenty years ago a schooner's mast still stood at the northern entrance, legend has it that steam tugs and schooners would hoist their distinctive pennants to indicate to passing vessels who was there... that being an invitation to come in and join. The pole finally fell, but it's still a nice place to go. We laughed at the memory of one time I was there alone in the fall aboard Touch Wood, my wooden boat. I thought I saw someone walking on the far shore. Rum in hand I stood up and waved... the person on the rocks stopped. I called 'hello!' and they started walking again without responding. 'Not very friendly' I harrumphed and reached for my binoculars. The person I'd seen wasn't human. It was a heron, and a lot closer than I thought. I looked at my glass of rum and put it down.

Back to the present, having reached our destination for the day rather earlier than going further up would have allowed, we read books and loafed for a couple of hours, then clambered into the dinghy to poke along the shallows. We saw lots of fish, a very loud red squirrel who roared his chattering challenge at us (from a safe distance up his tree) and a rather large fox snake swimming. Fox snakes look exactly like rattlers, but they have smaller heads and no rattle on the rear end. They also get larger. This fellow was about three feet long and was clearly keeping a eye on us as we rowed by. I kept a respectful distance, knowing from experience they are quite fast in the water when they want to be. They are not venomous nor particularly aggressive, but having him aboard if he decided he'd had enough of swimming would not have been pleasant. He went his way and we went ours.

In due course we returned to SURPRISE, rigged the barbecue and had a bang up wonderful supper on our cockpit table. We admired the sunset, truly admired the glorious moonrise, more near full than last night, and turned in after more music and reading.

Sunday morning, the wind was from the south and light, so we motored away and all the

way home. We were again astonished at the ignorance and occasional aggressiveness of the motor boats in the heavy traffic nearer home, all rushing back to Midland in order to pile into cars and rush down to the city at the end of the weekend. Wakes churning, engines roaring, not infrequently stereo sets blasting loud music, what a different experience of Georgian Bay these uncouth idiots make for themselves. Oh well, we knew it would be like that on a Sunday afternoon...

What a wonderful weekend. Yes, there was a lot of motoring, but we did have a great spanking sail up the coast on Saturday, Rod.

So, it's almost time to start thinking about when the Misery Cruise will happen...That's been a tradition since the first horrible ordeal to Kingston and back in November of 1979. Where did the summer go?



### NEW MEMBERS

Barry Malule & Janet Rooney

#### Leading Edge - Islander 37

Good Day Midland Bay Sailing Club Members.

My name is Barry Maule and my wife is Janet Rooney. We are a family of five who recently joined the club and will be moving our boat to MBSC at the beginning of the 2022 sailing season. Our kids are Cedar, age 14, Sierra, age 12 and our youngest, Raevyn, who is 9 years old. Our boat is the oldest of us all, she is a 1967 Islander 37 that we have had the pleasure of sailing for 4 years now.

Barry fell in love with sailing while growing up on the west coast, gaining much of his experience crewing aboard a beautiful tall ship that was a gaff rigged Ketch. Janet is new to sailing but quickly became enamoured with the feeling of wind in the sails and the freedom of travelling wherever the wind takes us.

Barry is a teacher for Simcoe County. Janet was a midwife for 14 years but is currently studying to become an Osteopathic Manual Practitioner.

We are excited to join the sailing community at MBSC and looking forward to meeting other

sailors. We will be residing at J2 dock. Please come on by and say hello.



### NOTES ON SLIP ASSIGNMENTS

Past Director: Slips, Launch and Haul - BRUCE BAKER

The procedure for applying for a slip change or requesting a slip are the same.

First send an email to [slips@midlandbaysailingclub.com](mailto:slips@midlandbaysailingclub.com) stating your request. For new boats to the club, please include the name, make, length, beam and draft. You must own or have a signed agreement of purchase in order for us to process your request. Your email will be acknowledged and your request will be added to the wait list. Slip assignments are based upon "best fit" and seniority number. When a slip becomes available Terry Bell will contact you and ask if the slip is acceptable. Once you have accepted the slip you must send an application for service to Sharon Creith [mb scl@midlandbaysailingclub.com](mailto:mb scl@midlandbaysailingclub.com) and you will be invoiced. If this occurs before May, the seasonal slip fee is payable. The fee will be prorated if offered and accepted during our sailing season. Please refer to our bylaws regarding slips, cradle identification and launch/haul. Also it is important if you are a new member to communicate regularly with your Mentor.

Currently no boats without a slip  
 Open slips: 2  
 Waitlist for slip change requests: 3  
 Waitlist for boats wanting a slip: 1 for 2023

Haul Days went well with 45 boats hauled with mast up and 29 with mast down at Early Haul. Late Haul saw 34 boats being placed on the J-dock spit. The crews worked well especially the two ladies on the bow and stern lines at C-dock!

I informed Leslie Sim and new member Janet Rooney that they now have permanent positions! Thank you to all for very successful haul days and a special thank you to the S,L&H committee for their devoted service to the Club.

It has been a busy year with slip assignments. Here are the changes to this point.

- |                   |                              |
|-------------------|------------------------------|
| Requested.        | Doug Baker to A Dock         |
| Reassigned.       | Philip Malcove to G11        |
| New Member.       | Brent Fiske to H03           |
| Requested.        | Gerald Field to H06          |
| Requested.        | Morris Stroud to F03         |
| New Member.       | Bart Tecza to C21            |
| New Member.       | Garry Vangelderren to H13    |
| Requested         | Alex Wilson to G01           |
| New Member.       | Bart Boelryk to F14          |
| New Member.       | Louis Cunningham to E09      |
| New Member.       | Antanas Garsva to F17        |
| New Member.       | Doug Cunliffe to E08         |
| From Waitlist.    | Marek Woldarski to F18       |
| Requested.        | Harley Armstrong to H04      |
| New Member.       | Chris Snell to B 12          |
| Request new boat. | Bill Goman to J01            |
| Request new boat. | Darryl Baxter to J20         |
| Requested.        | Mick Green to B13            |
| Request new boat. | Jeff Brook to A16            |
| New Member.       | Barry Maule to J02           |
| New Member.       | John Castillo to G10         |
| Waitlist.         | Stuart Copestake to G20      |
| Requested.        | Guy Robertson to J13         |
| Requested.        | Philip Krueger to C11        |
| New Member.       | Calvin McConnel to J15       |
| New Member.       | Mark Fisher to C07           |
| Request new boat  | Peter Chalkey to J18         |
| Requested.        | Jeff Brook to C05            |
| New member.       | Vince Catania to G14         |
| New Member        | John Page to A15             |
| New Member.       | Glenn Boisvert to A10        |
| Request new boat. | Bryan Osullivan to E09       |
| New Member.       | Alastair Ryder Turner to A16 |





## MICROBURST

BY JERRY GORMAN

### UNIQUE WEATHER EVENT CATCHES SAILORS OFF GUARD

Friday August 11, 2017, 1:15 p.m. The weather forecast for the day predicted thunderstorms and rain during the afternoon, but no Severe Weather Warning nor Watch. We were motor sailing in a light breeze with the number 2 jib on the north side of Amadroz Island, heading for Croker, comfortably watching a number of black storm cells moving parallel and away from us over the Cloche Mountains far to the north. Then of a sudden we were swallowed by a violent black monster. I later learned that was a microburst. A microburst is defined as a small downburst, less than 4 km across. It is a localized strong wind event related to frontal activity, that lasts for minutes, occurs near the surface, and has tornadic characteristics.

I had been noticing a slow but steady increase in the breeze but no other signs of weather when we were suddenly consumed by the black cloud. Blinding rain, thunder and lightning ensued. It pounced without warning taking me completely by surprise. There was no time to take in the jib nor the strength to haul it in. It was wild! In the blinding rain and relying on the chart plotter for our position, I could only try to steer a course that would minimize heel and maintain control of the sail and the boat. Later on, looking at our

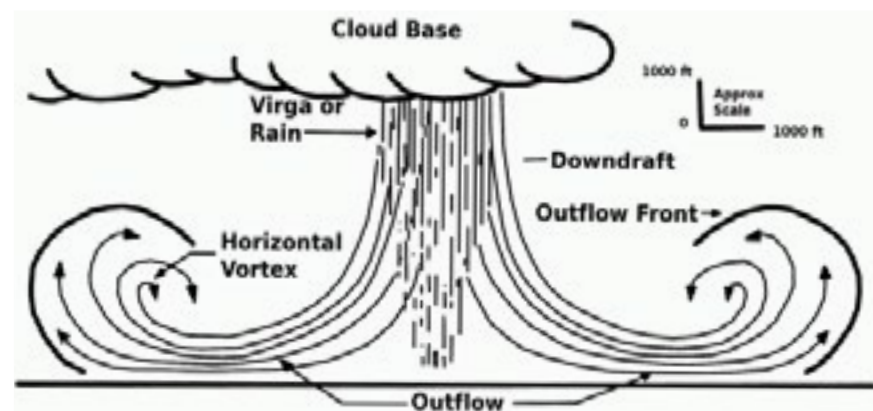
track on the chart plotter, it was evident that the wind had driven me not in a straight line but in a curious zig zag pattern. The Ontario 32 is a seaworthy, heavy weather vessel and at no time did my wife Clare nor I feel that we were totally out of control or about to capsize. But we needed to get the jib in to take back full control of the boat. Fortunately we were in open water, on the north side of Amadroz Island, heading for Croker. The storm drove us north west and with zero visibility all I could do was steer by Chart plotter and hope it would end before we closed with East Shoal and its extended string of rocky shoals.

This weather experience was unique for me. In over 45 years of sailing in both tropical and Great Lakes waters I had never experienced anything like it. In spite of the high wind and heavy down pore, the water appeared strangely calm and oily. There

was one notable anomaly; the strangely stipple pocked surface displayed an occasional sequence of projecting spikes poking up noticeably above the surface. There was only an occasional large wave.

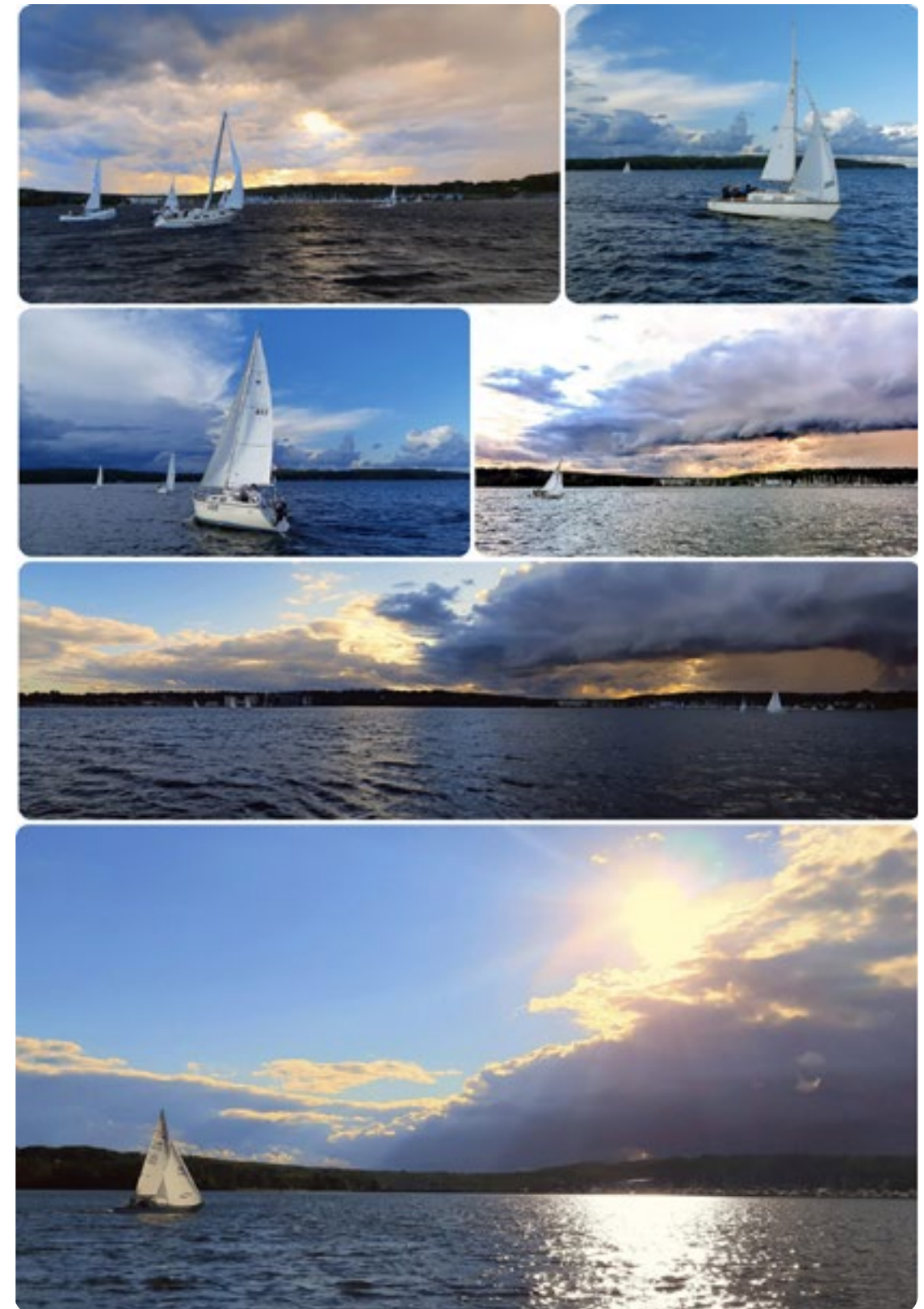
This predicament continued for approximately 2 ½ nautical miles over an estimated 15 minutes. Maybe less maybe more, the challenge made it seem interminable, and all the while we prayed for a slight cessation in the maelstrom for an opportunity to roll in the jib. When it finally came we motored out into a bright sunny day and continued on our way, unscathed.

Friends sailing to join us at Croker, who were sailing about 6 miles away on the south side of Amadroz Island, told us they had seen nor heard any clues that this storm was taking place a mere 6 miles to the north.



Dry microburst, from [Advisory Circular 00-54](#), figure 12.

Chris Gooding captured the fleet from the race committee boat in late August. "The clouds were epic and wind kicked in at about 25 kts half way through the race which made things quite interesting!"



## WHEN

BY NORM MARSHALL (PIRATE NORM)

Most of you know me as Social Norm, from the past. With the number of new members and Covid keeping socializing off limits there's many of you whom I have yet to meet. I look forward to that time.

My journey through life had me choose a career path I enjoyed for 31 years until I retired in 2008. A year off until I was officially bored and I find myself working retail as a sales associate at the Midland West Marine Store, where I got to meet pretty much every boater in these parts. That coincided with getting my own boat, my Catalina 30 Guilty Pleasure and becoming active in the Midland Bay Sailing Club. Prior to that I enjoyed crewing on as many boats throughout the Greater Toronto area as I could, including competing several times in the Lake Ontario 300.

In August 2015 our West Marine store closed for good, eventually leading to West Marine withdrawing completely from Canada. Too bad as I enjoyed the deep discounts I was getting there which equipped Guilty Pleasure very nicely. My final day of work was set for Tuesday August 16th, with a planned solo-sail down to Cleveland leaving Thursday the 18th. I expected to be back near the end of Sept, just in time for haulout.

Didn't happen. I suffered a 'Widow Maker' heart attack just before 10 a.m. on Monday August 15th. They told me I was one of the lucky ones. 9 out of 10 don't make it. I was left spending the winter of 15-16 in Canada planning where Guilty Pleasure and I could renew our adventures. I settled on Mackinaw Island as about 90% of my trip would be in Ontario waters, should anything happen to me, with only a short 50 odd mile run through American waters and back.

Didn't happen. Just before launch in 2016 I became the recipient of a lovely parting gift from the heart attack, a Pacemaker/Defibrillator. Yes, says the cardiologist, I did suffer heart damage. He followed



credit: New York Times

those words up with "and your days sailing by yourself are over." With my wife present. I watched the colour drain from her face as it dawned on her I'd lie and resume my gypsy ways at my first opportunity.

I decided right then and there not to put her through that anxiety and heed the Doctors words. I came home, shed a tear, sat and typed out a For Sale add in Kijiji and sold her to the first person who responded. Sight unseen. He sent me e-transfers from his winter home in Mexico until the agreed value was reached and in July he became her owner.

Side note: The Cardiologist never said I had to give up driving, so my darling wife got half the boat money, and I bought a Hot Rod.

Now, how does all this add up to how I became a broker you ask? Simply, really.

I had delivered a few boats for my buddy Gerry

Zidner, who along with his wife Suzanne owned Georgian Harbour Yacht Sales in Penetang at Hindson's Marina. I had done the same around some of the Toronto Marinas and one very ambitious delivery from Trinidad to as far up the eastern seaboard as possible in the 7 weeks I had off from my real job. We only made Ft. Lauderdale. The boat was a POS that required numerous stops throughout the Caribbean to replace stuff that broke. Lots and lots of stuff.

After one delivery for Gerry he asked me to join him and run his sailboat division, telling me I knew far more about sailboats than he did. Sweet talker he was. I leaped at the chance. And in the 5 years since I came aboard I think I've done pretty well. It ain't easy, as they say, If it was, everyone would be doing it.

Now here comes the funny part. The 1st time I sold Guilty Pleasure I was a civilian. The next 4 times I've sold her it was as a Broker. That's right, I've sold

Guilty Pleasure 5 times now. This weekend being the most recent. And it's not like she's a bad boat. She ain't. Circumstances befalling the owners who followed me has put her back on the market again and again.

Everyone has told me I should buy her back. Even I've said it to me. And it's not like I've adhered to my Cardiologists words completely, I'm still able to play on the water, just with other people's boats. And my Classic Car? Well I sure enjoy driving that.

Still have one more task to do with Guilty, that's sailing her on Friday 1st October from Lakefront Promenade Marina in Mississauga to Outer Banks Marina in Toronto where she'll take up her life with her new owner. This will be the sea trial, and hopefully as I walk away from her with a tear in my eye, like always, it will signal the end of our relationship.

But I wouldn't bet on it!



## DIESEL HEATER INSTALL

BY PHILIP KRUEGER

### VENTRUING INTO CHINESE DIESEL HEATERS

I'd been looking at the Chinese Diesel Heaters (CDH) for some time but was reluctant to buy what was obviously a knock-off of the German units. I also had concerns about quality. My first step was to join a Facebook group for CDH and I lurked for a year. These heaters are relatively simple, squirt some fuel into a combustion chamber, ignite with a glow plug, blow air around the chamber with a 12v fan. The consensus from the internet is that they are almost as reliable as the originals. Given that my heater is going to get very little use on my sailboat, I am not worried about inferior bearings and motors that would be an issue for a unit running 24-7 in a trans-Siberian truck cab, commercial fishing boat or camper van.

Given the low price of a CDH, many recommend buying two, one for parts, not an unreasonable proposal when you can get a heater for around \$200 versus [\\$4,700 for a new Webasto](#).

Three things helped me make the decision to take the plunge and install one in my boat.



Eberspacher, Webasto and Wallas first started developing compact and efficient diesel heaters for the automotive and marine markets in the 1960's and 1970's. These proprietary technologies were patented to ensure design and sales protection. Patents generally last for 15-20 years; the CDH are mostly clones of early Eberspacher Airtronic models.

The European Commission fined Germany's Eberspacher Group 68 million euros (\$76.6 million) after finding [Eberspacher and fellow supplier Webasto had fixed prices](#) of heating

systems in cars and trucks. The Commission said the two suppliers had coordinated prices of fuel-operated parking heaters for parked vehicles and auxiliary heaters for 10 years from 2001. Webasto avoided a potential fine of 222 million euros because it revealed the existence of the cartel. Eberspaecher benefited from reductions due to its cooperation with the investigation and its agreement to settle with the Commission. "For over 10 years, the only two suppliers of parking heaters in Europe colluded to avoid competing with each other..... The two companies also colluded when selling to dealers in Germany and Austria, for example by harmonizing their annual price lists and the discounts they would give to these dealers," the Commission said.

I heard this announcement when I was visiting Munich, staying around the corner from a Webasto sunroof factory. I took it as a sign to go ahead and take the plunge with a clear conscience.

I was on a boat, stuck in port, waiting for the sea to settle south of Barcelona. It was about 8o C but the damp got under your clothes and was miserable. The heater turned the boat into a comfortable and dry oasis, it was amazing! I was sold.

Webasto and Eberspacher are the gold standard for these heaters and there are companies in Russia (Planar) and the Chinese have been pumping out unbranded versions for several years. Recently a company called Lavaner is attempting to brand itself as the Superior CDH.

The two most common problems people have had with these heaters are premature glow plug failure and the combustion chamber sooting up when run on low for long periods with diesel as the fuel. The glow plug in plug and play swap for the Eberspacher part, so it is suggested that you get that as your first piece of preventative maintenance.

The other main drawback is the unintelligible and limited functionality controllers. I opted for an aftermarket controller created by a chap in Australia, called [Afterburner](#). It allows for advanced



left: Tapping into the diesel tank . right: installation process.

control over most of the settings as well as fancy features like wifi, bluetooth, exact temperature control, schedules etc. Modifying these settings also helps with sooting issues.

The standard kit comes with a smattering of dubious installation parts. Many need upgrading, so you can expect to spend another \$250 on hose clamps, vents, elbows, ducting, quality exhaust pipe, muffler etc. depending on your installation. Marine installations will need a double walled through hull exhaust fitting. The instructions from Eberspacher are easily found online and combined with the cryptic CDH instructions you should be able to sort it out. Installation is pretty straight forward for the mechanically inclined.

Important considerations in installation are: the length of the exhaust pipe (shorter is better), air intake/exhaust locations (keep separate!), duct length and number of bends and your diesel supply. You can opt for a separate diesel tank (or run it on kerosene) or tap into your main diesel tank (no, they don't /can't run on gasoline!!). I



Bench testing the unit. Pairing the heater settings from the original (red) controller to the (white) Afterburner.

put my heater into the portside lazarette, sitting above the diesel heater. This location allows the exhaust to vent out the upper transom, to tap into the diesel tank and the hot air duct to run down behind the aft cabin bulkhead, under the bed and up under the kitchen to the main salon. I have a vent in the aft cabin and at the saloon table, I have the option to run one into the bathroom, but my boat is small enough for air circulation to the vee birth and washroom. If I was spending long periods of time in a cold climate I might add the third vent in the bathroom. The worst part of the installation was running the duct under the stove, under the fridge, under the kitchen sinks and up through a locker to the settee. I contacted a fellow Hunter 340 owner that had done this install recently and his insight was helpful.

I am happy with my installation, but made one



finding a good location for the exhaust can be challenging.

mistake with the power supply. I used the existing macerator circuit from the 12v panel (I removed the macerator years ago), alas there is a huge voltage drop upon initial start-up from the load of the glow plugs. My batteries can be reading 13v but the control unit reads as low as 10.4v triggering a low-voltage shutdown. I will rewire in the spring, skipping the round-trip to the breaker and using appropriately sized wire.

Many people complain that the pump makes too much noise, the heater is a pulse fed from the fuel pump. This produces a clicking noise that can reverberate and travel if the pump is touching the hull or a bulkhead. On my installation the pump is

## SIZE MATTERS

Heaters come in two sizes - don't be fooled by sizes over 5kw, they are just a 5. 2kw used to be scarce but seem to be plentiful now, but be sure to verify measurements when ordering. I chose a a metal bodied 5kw.



a faint, unobtrusive tick. I'm more concerned about the exhaust noise at a dock (imagine a small jet turbine).

We didn't use it much in the summer, as expected. I fired it up a few mornings, because it was there and I could and I pretended that I wanted to make sure it was working. The real test came when we headed out on the last weekend of September, anchoring in an empty Hockey Stick Bay. The weather was cool, windy and a bit of rain. We ran the heater all night. In the morning the boat was glorious, warm and dry.

Was it worth the hours of research, itchy arms and contortioist installation - absolutely!



Waking up warm and toasty in Hockey Stick Bay.



cover photo: Philip Krueger

September 6<sup>th</sup>, 2021, Bathed in the early morning light, *Leading Edge* sits in the calm the leeward shore of Giant's Tomb. We rode out a few storm fronts overnight and had a beautiful sail back to MBSC.