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LOST & FOUND IN THE CARIBBEAN

Armed with a chart and a compass, they set off for
Virgin Gorda

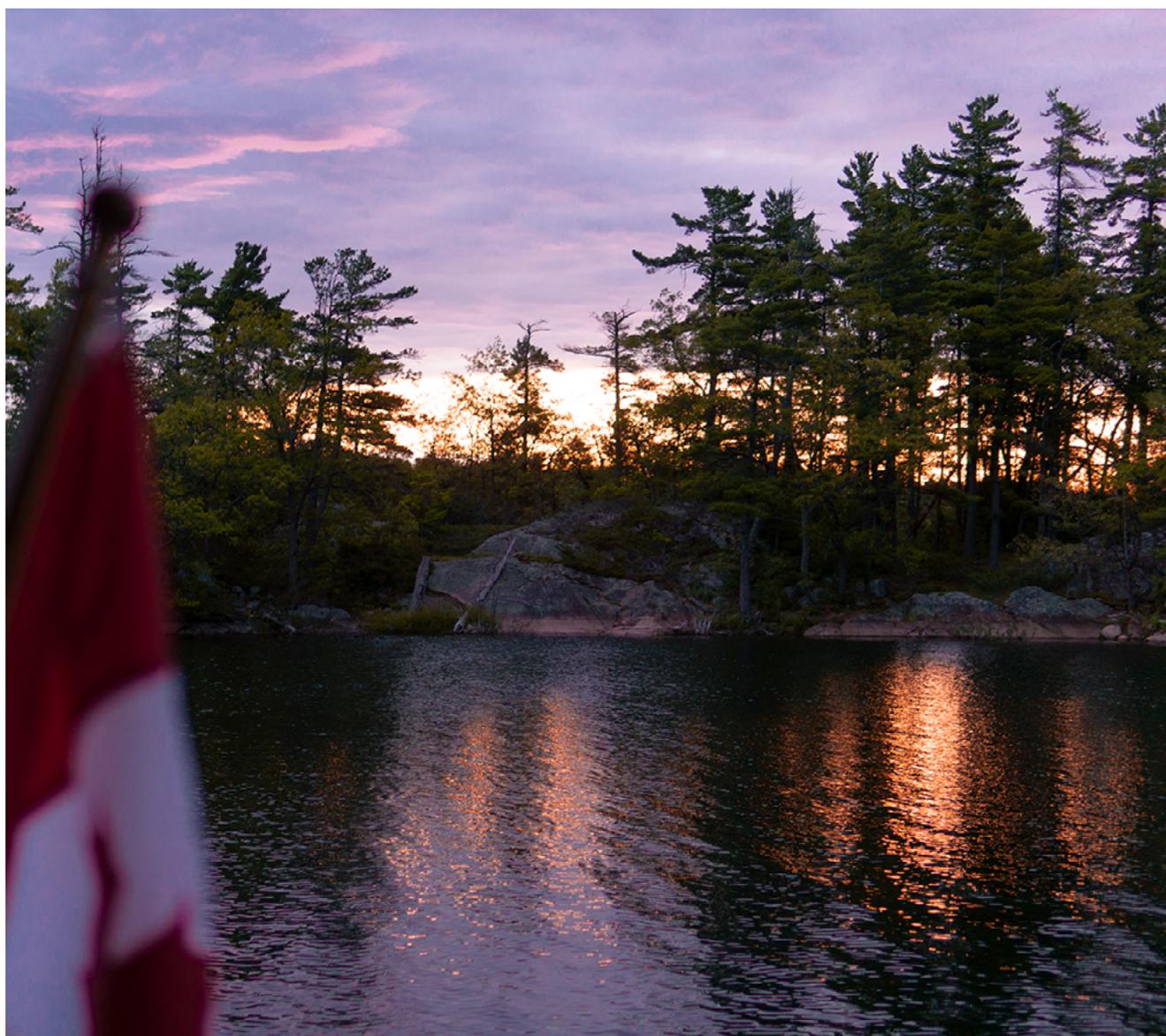
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A DINGHY ADVENTURE ON GEORGIAN BAY

Drew and Gillian discover the joys of multi-day cruising
in a dinghy.

SNAKE ISLAND BUOY

Midland Bay Sailing Club: Spring 2022



COMMODORE

HUGH LOUGHBOROUGH

At the mid point of my first term as Commodore, I would like to provide my view of the experience so far.

First and foremost, recognition needs to go to all the Executive Members who never cease to amaze me with how easy they make running their various areas of the club look! Many have years of experience in the Director role to rely on, but

others come through their respective committees and step into the Director position without missing a beat. Speaking of committees, our club would simply cease to function were it not for the many hours of work that many members put in on the committees. Of course, the committees are backed up by the rest of the members who are always willing to step up to perform work when called on.

Terry Hannon, our Director of Slips, Launch and Haul, his committee and the launch crew illustrated their ability to go above and beyond the weekend of May 14/15, launching the boats only one week late in spite of having to find a new crane company, redo lift calculations for a smaller crane, and reschedule launch to two days instead of one.

Having not had the benefit of serving on any committees before joining the Executive Committee as Vice-Commodore in 2019, I have to thank Larry Donaldson and Peter Wolfhard, our past and past-past Commodores for helping orient me to the Executive Committee and its functioning. Larry in particular even stayed on as Commodore for another year when Ted Symons sadly passed. Larry and Peter continue to help guide me for which I am very grateful.

I'm looking forward to another sailing season, and have my fingers crossed that it will be almost "normal" after two very abnormal seasons. See you at the club or out on the water!




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LOST & FOUND

BY EWAN CAMPBELL

ARMED WITH A CHART AND A COMPASS, THEY SET OFF FOR VIRGIN GORDA

In the early days of my career in the boat business, I worked for a dealership in Port Credit. In addition to selling new boats & brokerage, this company had a fleet of charter boats in BVI. This was in the infancy of the charter business & every year there would be new boats to be delivered to the islands. I would take a "busman's holiday" in the fall & deliver these boats to Virgin Gorda which was our base.

One year, I think it was 1979, I was tasked with getting a new Hughes 40 ready to go from Charleston. The owner of the company had a navigator lined up for us, but at the 11th hour he failed to show. The boat needed to go so I was persuaded to do both roles of skipper & navigator. Now, anyone who sails with me knows my sense of direction is lacking a compass. Regardless, we decided to give it a shot. How hard can it be to find some islands in the Atlantic? The folly of youth. Armed with a chart & a compass we set off east. The sailing was beautiful- 15 knots either on the beam or on the quarter, sunny & warm. We even were visited by an orca who swam along with us for a while. After about 8 or 9 days I thought we had gone east enough & turned south. After a couple of more days with no sign of any islands,



Pointing a Hughes 40 toward the Caribbean.

the crew were starting to get antsy. I had two fellows with me who had been crew done a previous delivery I did, and a girl who was seasick most of the time. We gave her the aft cabin. There was the daily call from the aft cabin-"are we there yet?" We decided that maybe earlier we had gone too far east & felt it was time to turn west. Feeling confident we were going to find some island we kept a close watch & as the sun went down, we picked up a light. The flashing sequence told us it was Guadalupe! Imagine our surprise. We had overshot the islands by about 100 miles. From there, once we knew where we were, the trip to Virgin Gorda was pretty uneventful. Seeing our destination ahead we took the chance of approaching the island from the south & went between the Baths & Fallen Jerusalem. Not recommended, but we didn't draw much & kept a close eye on the rocks. The crew were, by this time, ready for shore leave, particularly the young lady & our arrival at Spanish Town was welcome.

I related the delivery to my boss & it was decided we would make sure to have a navigator the next time.



Orca keeps the crew company.

Fair winds



EDITOR

PHILIP KRUEGER

Last summer was our first season with my new toy, a code zero cruising chute with a furler. Wow - I love this thing! It transforms our boat from a light-air sea-slug to a swift cruiser. It was a revelation and an amazing tool. I can't believe I waited so long to get one, it allows us to actually get somewhere without running the motor as my crew, perhaps better described as passengers, prefer fair weather sailing.

Last summer also found me in a North Channel bay splitting firewood with an garbage-picked machete and a rock. While I'd like to pretend I was mastering a new trend (axe throwing..?!), I just liked the idea of re-purposing a machete.

While a crinkly new sail, slab of steel and a rock may not have much in common but indeed they do, for they allow me to do what I love most,



locally sourced artisinal rock

maximizing sail time with friends and family in beautiful Georgian Bay.

Sailing can be as complicated and high-tech as we can make it (and our wallets allow!) or like crude tools it can be as simple as catching

a breeze and setting sails, channeling our inner Bernard Moitessier.

Looking forward to the 2022 season, I am excited to see the club in full swing. I would also like to form a newsletter committee, to better capture what is happening at the club. It would be great to have a "inside-man" writing articles and taking photos involving Racing, the Sailing School and the Social Committee passing on stories from events. There are so many great things being done



at the club, I can't possibly attend or capture it all myself.

I would also love to have a photo competition for the front cover- so send in your best shots! We are in also in dire need of contributions from club members. Photo essays, articles, personal stories, and practical tips are most welcome. We look forward to hearing from you.



MBSC ON FACEBOOK

Amy Courser has taken the lead and started a Facebook group for MBSC - come check it out. There is also vibrant MBSC Racing Group for up to date race results and community building.



WHY DO WE USE ZINCS (SACRIFICIAL ANODES)

BY JOHN CASILLI

ARMED WITH A CHART AND A COMPASS, THEY SET OFF FOR VIRGIN GORDA

Most boaters know that if you have metal parts on your boat that are exposed to water you need Zincs to protect them from corrosion. This is all that most boaters need to know. But if you are a little curious about why you need them, how they work, and what materials they are made of, read on.

The metals: What metals on a boat are exposed to water? Examples include steel (Hull), aluminum (Hull), stainless steel (Shaft), bronze (Propeller), lead (Ballast), cast iron(Centre Board), etc. Naval architects mix and match the metals and their uses in their designs to achieve a given set of criteria. Cast iron ballast instead of lead to save cost for example.

Each of these metals must be protected by a Zinc, but why and how does it work? Not all Zincs are made from zinc. magnesium and aluminum along with zinc make up the vast majority of zincs.

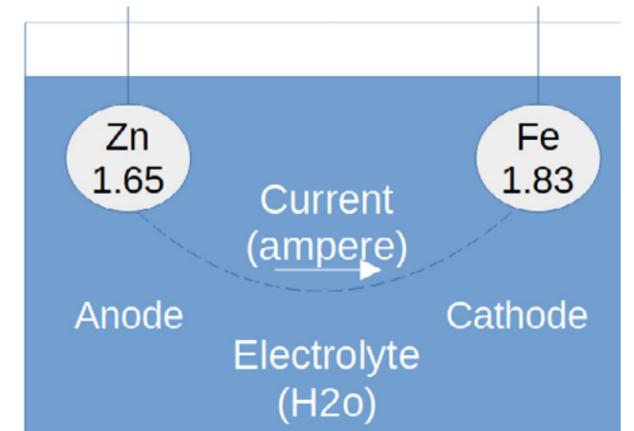


LEFT: replace RIGHT: new

The chemistry: The ability of an atom in a molecule to attract shared electrons is called electronegativity. The higher the electronegativity (x) of an atom, the greater its ability to share electrons. Each element in the periodic table is assigned a (x) value. The difference between the two (x) values is the potential current that can flow from one metal to another.

If two dissimilar metals are suspended in an

electrolyte solution (as above) the one with the higher (x) value will attract atoms from the one with the lower (x) value. In the example, zinc (Zn) is the anode and iron (Fe) is the cathode. Atoms (metal) flow from the anode to the cathode. This is known as electrolysis and it is used in many industrial processes from the manufacture of chlorine to the electroplating of various metals. If magnesium (Mg 1.31) was to replace iron in the example, zinc would become the cathode and magnesium would be the anode, thus the transfer would be from magnesium to zinc.



Galvanic Corrosion vs. Electrolysis: These terms are often mistakenly used interchangeably. They are similar but are not the same thing. For electrolysis to occur there must be current (amps) flowing through the system. Galvanic corrosion, however, is a pure chemical reaction between two different metals in the presence of an electrolyte. For boats, the electrolyte is water – mainly salt water as little to no galvanic corrosion happens in fresh water. Essentially the boat becomes a natural battery. Zincs are used to protect against galvanic corrosion and electrolysis.

Which Zinc should I use: Generally speaking, use zinc in saltwater and magnesium in freshwater. Why? An electrolyte is defined as a substance that conducts electric current. Salt boosts the capability

of water to function as an electrolyte thus enabling the potential transfer (difference between the (x) values) between the two metals to be reached, thus reducing the longevity of magnesium Zincs in saltwater.

Maintenance: The longevity of Zincs is a function of what element the anode is made from, the element the cathode is made from, the electrolyte it is immersed in, and the amount of current present. In a marina the current may not even be coming from your boat (other sources: other boats, electric cables in water, poor wiring, etc) so no amount of maintenance on your boat can

completely eliminate electrolysis. It is possible that your zinc is being consumed by a cathode on another boat and visa versa. Under extreme conditions Zincs can be consumed in a matter of hours. In terms of the Zincs themselves, in the absence of any manufacturer's recommendations Zincs should be replaced when approximately 1/2 of the Zinc remains. This can be checked during haul out or mid season while swimming away from the marina.

NEVER SWIM IN A MARINA. Even in the most pristine marina, boats plugged into shore power may have an electrical "leak" that could be lethal.

NEW MEMBERS

Glenn & Megan Boisvert

Sleek - Hunter 33

Megan and I first met (38 years ago), indirectly, because of the Midland Bay Sailing Club. I boated out of Owen Sound and Megan's brother Tim taught sailing at the Owen Sound Marina. He asked me if I would be interested in looking after the spinnaker on his dad's Sirius 28 in the Hope Island race 1984. After the race we went back to Tim's parents' place for dinner and that is where I met Megan for the first time.

Megan and I lived in Owen Sound from 1985 to 2021, where we move to Victoria Harbour. In Owen Sound we were active members at the Georgian Yacht Club. I was on the Board for 14 years at various positions Treasurer, Co-Racing Committee Chair, Commodore and now Past Commodore. For the last 37 years we have been sailing the North Channel for most of the summer and enjoying that life style very much.

Megan grew up in Midland from the age of 8 and put in many hours at MBSC. Megan's dad (John Leitch) was one of the founding members of the MBSC, so for her it is like coming home again.

Both Megan and I look forward to meeting the other members of the club and to explore the eastern side of Georgian Bay in our sailboat SLEEK.



Megan, Tannis (daughter), Lucas (son-in-law), Tilley (dog) and Glenn atop Fraser Mountain.

EARLY DAYS AT THE MIDLAND BAY SAILING CLUB

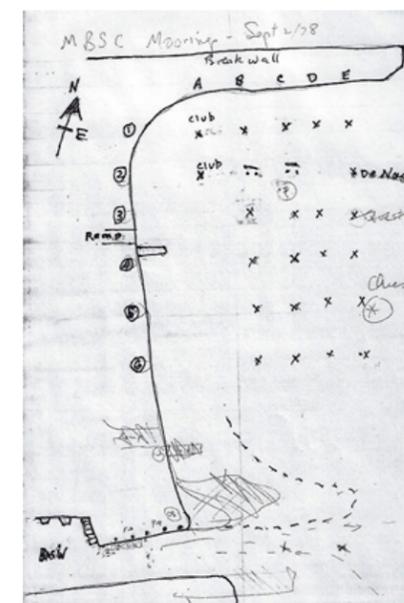
By Jerry Gorman

In 1970 there were few places on Georgian Bay to keep a sail boat; Bay Moorings in Penetang and Downer's Marina in Midland. The present-day Bayport site was a collection of old industrial buildings with a shallow lagoon suitable only for outboard runabouts. After searching every possibility in the area I located a quiet family resort in Penetang Bay with a dock available for my boat.

In 1977 my brother Larry, also an avid sailor, heard about the Midland Bay Sailing Club and spoke to Ken Woods, a club member with whom he had taught at a school in Scarborough before Ken moved to Midland as vice principal. He agreed to put forward both our names for membership. Larry became member #99 and I was #100. On July 26, 1978 I presented my cheque for \$330 to club Treasurer George Bert Gerrans for full membership. Jack Pady was Commodore at the time, George Boucher was the Membership Chairman.

With a total of 34 boats in the club, the unfinished basin had docks for a dozen

boats with moorings in front of the club accommodating about 20 more. A few members kept their boats on moorings in front of their homes. Ernie Milward who was Director of the Property Committee provided me



Ernie's 1978 map of the mooring field.

with this diagram of the club's mooring field and pointed out a couple of vacant moorings in row E, the furthest out from shore. He also mentioned a mooring with a dropped chain located closer inshore at C2. I would have to dive for the chain and assemble the mooring myself. Club moorings at the time consisted of a heavy chain anchored to a concrete block and passed up through the rim of an inflated automobile tire, to which you shackled your pennant.

I arrived at the club the second weekend in September prepared to go down into the cold murky water at C2. I searched the bottom, strewn with sunken logs and wood slabs from the old saw mill that had once operated on the site, and was successful in locating and wrestling the heavy mooring chain to the surface. My Grampian 26 'Quest' now had a home at the club.

Hanging off a mooring in the outer lagoon had its unique challenges. Talaria, George Hess's Douglas 32 on one of the outer moorings was T-Boned one dark night by an errant power boater. With no breakwall, wave action from powerful easterly storms having a fetch of over 6 miles of open water were always a concern. During my second September on a mooring, gale driven waves were so forceful as to walk two boats with their mooring anchors right up to the beach in front of the club. This solved an enigma. Being unaware of the storm, I had arrived at the club to find my new, heavy duty radiator hose chaffing guards on Quest's pennant lines worn through at the chocks.

When the sailing season began in 1980 the inner basin had been dredged as far as the Pete Peterson Park boat launch. A dock was now available for my brand new Ontario 32 in the sheltered club harbour.





NORTH CHANNEL SAILING

BY GARY VANGELDEREN

DINGHY PAINTER WRAPPED AROUND THE PROP SHAFT SOLVES A BIGGER PROBLEM

Towards the end of August 2019, I decided to take a little cruise out to Turnbull Island from my home base, which was in Gore Bay on Manitoulin Island at that time. I had been to Turnbull before, but not in a long time and not on the southern part of it and also not as a single handed sailor. So I thought it a good idea at the time.

I found I nice secluded anchorage among the group of small islands just to the west of the main island. It was pretty protected from anything except southerly winds. And I was the only boat there. Had a lovely couple of days there. Explored some with my RIB, enjoyed gorgeous sunsets and watched the birds on the water and in the trees all around me.

In the morning of the third day there it was dead calm, however the weather forecast indicated that strong southerly winds would develop later that day. So I decided to take advantage of the stillness of the morning, up anchor and move to another more protected location.

Half an hour later saw me put-putting out my

anchorage, coffee mug in one hand, the other hand on the wheel and my eyes on the chart-plotter, the depth-sounder and the surroundings. I was sure that I was in 10-12 feet of water when my keel found the rock. The boat stopped dead in the water, the coffee mug flew out my hand (it didn't break), binoculars went flying and I raced down below to check. Fortunately no water rushing in and I thanked Westerly for building sturdy boats that can take a crunch.

But now what. The boat is resting on top of the rock and I needed to somehow get off, taking advantage of the still water . I decided to try powering off while wiggling the rudder. But, first things first:....pull in the dinghy painter to get the



photo: istockphoto.com

RIB close to the boat. Rev-up in forward, wiggle the rudder....nothing after 5 minutes or so. Still stuck. Try in reverse. After all you DID pull in the dinghy, right? Yea, sure....next thing I know, the motor stops. I look over the side and sure enough the shortened dinghy painter yet got wrapped in the prop and it had pulled the RIB half-way under the hull.

Then the "miracle" happened. The additional buoyancy of the air-tubes of the dinghy UNDER the hull was enough to float me off the rock. I dropped anchor again and took a deep breath, poured more coffee to calm myself down and started looking for the diving goggles.

Next half hour I was busy. First thing I did was tying a second line to the dinghy so it wouldn't

float off when I cut the painter. Then in the water to free the dinghy and allow it to pop up from underneath the hull. Next was taking 60 seconds dives under the boat, knife in hand. It took maybe 8 or 9 dives to free the prop.

I must admit that I was a little nervous when I tried starting the motor again. But all was well, the motor ran and the prop turned again. On I went to my next anchorage. By then I had decided I had enough of Turnbull Island and set out for Bear Drop Harbour. Once at anchor there, I took another dive to double check the prop and lo and behold, there was still a bit of the painter wrapped around the shaft just ahead of the strut. I still have that little bit of line hanging from a pin on the wall in my study as a reminder.



GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS COMMITTEE

BY PETER HAYDEN

UPDATE FROM DIRECTOR

So far we have had minimal problems or concerns at the Club over the past winter months. With the daily property checks by our two local resident members (Ted OLeary and Hugh Jones), any incidents of weather or vandalism damage to personal or club property has been addressed quite quickly. The locked gate for the winter seems to be working well in keeping any potential trespassers away. The bubbler systems appear to be doing a good job keeping all the dock structures and pilings from any ice damage.

As an update to the planned 2022 investment projects, two

major events are being pursued at this time. The previously scheduled "chip and tar" re-surfacing of the C Dock parking lot (to establish permanent dust control) is set to finally be applied in June of this summer. The pandemic concerns, and increased workload of the application contractor has pushed this project back two years.

Over the past couple of years there has been an increased awareness, and an emphasis by several club members, of the increased need for better club security during the summer months. Several options have been pursued, and are still being investigated. Some security cameras (although not functional) and signage has been posted around the club. The suggestion of a "vehicle security gate" has also been investigated, and the pricing options will be presented to the membership at the 2022 AGM.

GATE KEEPER

In an attempt to increase the security of the club, particularly at night, the main gate is to be CLOSED, but not locked, daily for the summer from sunset to sunrise.

Anyone entering or leaving the club during this time must ensure that the gate is closed behind them.

A DINGHY CRUISING ADVENTURE ON GEORGIAN BAY

BY DREW HUNNISETT

Impressed by the stability and seaworthiness of the CL-16 dinghy, we set our sights on a passage that seemed to suit the capabilities of our little vessel. The CL-16 is based on the Ian Proctor-designed Wayfarer, the archetypical cruising dinghy. Frank Dye famously sailed his Wayfarer dinghy, *Wanderer*, from Scotland to Iceland, and from Scotland to Norway, as well as on voyages in the North Sea, the English Channel, along Canada's east coast, and even in Georgian Bay. Surely a trip across the southern part of Georgian Bay would be within the grasp of my daughter Gillian and I in our CL-16 dinghy *Madrigal*.

One of the many advantages of dinghy cruising is that you can start or end your journey anywhere a car and trailer can get to a launching slip. Prevailing westerly winds dictated that we start our voyage in Meaford, at the south-west corner of Georgian Bay, planning to sail across Nottawasaga Bay, around Hope, Beckwith, and Christian Islands, and down Severn Sound into Midland Bay and our home port, the Midland Bay Sailing Club. An overnight stop at Beckwith Island was planned to break our journey.

We launched *Madrigal* at the municipal harbour in Meaford, where we had taken a slip for the night. This allowed us to do our provisioning the night



Motoring past the breakwater in Meaford Harbour.



before we set sail, a job that we finished as the August night fell. Although our trip was only to take two days, we carried provisions for four: one can never really be sure of what may happen at sea - or on Georgian Bay - and one must always be prepared for the possible, no matter how unexpected. This time, in addition to our standard load of sleeping bag, oilskins, waterproof trousers, and our bag of extra woolen sweaters and socks, we also carried stores for the trip and our home-made boom tent.

Madrigal is equipped, in addition to the charts and required safety equipment for a vessel her size, with a 2.5 HP 4-stroke Yamaha outboard motor,

radar reflector, additional flares, and a permanently mounted VHF/DSC/GPS radio transmitting at 25W via a 1m antenna at the masthead. This and the navigation lights are powered by a 12V battery in the lazarette locker, which in turn is charged by a solar panel mounted flat on the top of the sliding lazarette hatch. A 12V receptacle connected to the battery allows the anchor light or steaming light to be plugged in when required, and provides a place for an automotive-style adapter to charge mobile phones and other such devices.

After we had gathered at the slip to ask God's protection and His blessing on our endeavour, Miranda and Courtney bade us farewell before beginning their own journey back to Midland with the trailer. If they harboured any doubts about the wisdom of our adventure, they kept these to themselves. Their apparent confidence in the vessel and her crew was inspiring.

The forecast was for clearing skies, northwest winds of 10 knots, and waves of 0.5 to 1 m, perfect for our planned passage across the open end of Nottawasaga Bay. Having secured ourselves with lifelines, we cleared Meaford breakwater under power and quickly hoisted sail, settling on a course of 040 (051 magnetic).

The shore curved astern of us from the high point of Cape Rich, northwest on our port quarter, to the heights of the Blue Mountains on our



The Chief Mate at the helm as we draw away from shore off Meaford.

starboard quarter in the southeast. Beyond that, the land dipped out of sight as it arched around to Collingwood, Wasaga Beach, and then north along the Tiny beaches toward Christian Island, as yet invisible over the horizon somewhere on our starboard bow. As we left the shelter of Cape Rich, the wind picked up to force 4 and we hove-to to re-rig the reefing line and take in a reef. Farther from land the waves increased in size to 1m, and *Madrigal's* speed increased. Heavily laden with stores and camping equipment, she heeled only mildly under Genoa and reefed mainsail with the wind slightly abaft the beam.

We encountered only one other vessel on our



The Blue Mountains on the horizon to starboard.

open water crossing, a sailing vessel motoring into the wind along the coast off Meaford; indeed, we were soon quite alone, with only the wind and the waves for company - even the ducks, loons, gulls, and cormorants stay close to their shoreline nests and the fishing grounds around the coasts and islands. Far out in the bay, there was not a sign of other life, and we could have felt alone in the world, but for an abiding spiritual presence conveyed in the rhythm of the waves, the gurgle of the gently breaking crests that urged *Madrigal* onward, and the gentle whistle of the wind in the rigging. We were conscious of the fact that we were part of a scene that had not changed for thousands of years; with no vessels, lights, or buoys to be seen, we shared the seascape seen by sailors for over 200 years, and by indigenous voyagers for thousands of

years before that.

After clearing Cape Rich, we raised Sarnia Coast Guard Radio by VHF. They confirmed that they could read our transmission at 5/5, which meant that we should have a clear channel of communication in the event of an emergency.

Gillian had taken the helm while I raised sail and then dealt with the new reefing line, which I had rigged improperly in the dark the night before. The slight heel to starboard eliminated any rolling from the waves that met *Madrigal* on her beam; she rose and fell rhythmically as each wave passed under her. I had corrected our heading slightly to windward to account for leeway, and it was while we listened to Coast Guard Radio answering a ship that reported her approach to St Mary's River and the Sault Ste Marie locks that I asked Gillian what course she was steering. We seemed suddenly to be veering south. She reported the new heading that I had just given her. I took bearings on Cape Rich and on our heading with the hand-bearing compass, and laid off a line of position on the chart. Comparing the relative bearing between this and our heading confirmed that we were again on course and that our steering compass was correct. We wondered if the compass deviation had been momentarily changed by a local magnetic field



No land in sight

during the radio transmissions, or if a wind shift to the north and back again to northwest had caused us to temporarily change course. In any case, it was reassuring to know that we were back on course, for there was as yet no land in sight to steer for, and our dead reckoning depended upon our steering an accurate compass course.

We changed watch at the helm with Gillian going forward to doze on the rolled up boat tent and a pile of spare life jackets, whilst I took on the simultaneous responsibilities of the helm, navigation, look-out, and radio watch. With over 300 feet of water under us and no land in sight, navigation consisted only of steering a steady compass course. The wind was steady at force 3 on the port beam with the waves well spaced. We took occasional spray aboard and the fore deck stayed wet, but little water accumulated in the cockpit.

When the sun first broke through the clouds, I could see tree tops above the horizon on our starboard bow. I presumed that this was Christian Island, the largest of three islands that were once known as Faith, Hope, and Charity. When Gillian woke, we could see a smaller group of trees fine on the starboard bow which was in fact Hope Island, the second largest island of the group, the one we would leave to starboard when the time arrived for us to alter course southward toward our overnight stop.

Gillian took another watch at the helm while I dozed, but did not sleep. The islands were quickly growing bigger and we were making good time, helped on by both wind and waves now coming from a more westerly direction. On a broad reach now, *Madrigal* surged on, occasionally exceeding 5 knots over the ground as indicated by the GPS. As it appeared we would pass well to the north of Hope Island,

we altered course slightly to starboard. Clearly, we had not made much leeway, even when we had been on a beam reach.

Our sea mark was the red buoy just north of Lottie Wolf Rock, which lies off the northeast corner of Hope Island. *Madrigal's* draught of 1m with her plate down and less than 1 foot with the plate up meant that she could easily sail through shoal water; however, the shallows off the northern coast of Hope Island are littered with boulders and shipwrecks, and we had no wish to sail into either. Spotting a buoy with a height of 3m when your eye is only 1m above sea level is surprisingly difficult, and we were almost up to it before we noticed it bearing 10 degrees to port. We corrected our course, rounded the buoy, and headed southeast toward our intended anchorage on the east side of Beckwith Island.

With the wind dropping, we shook out the reef as soon as we had gybed. Now in the shelter of Hope Island, the waves dropped to less than half a metre in height. Our speed dropped to 3 knots, and after what had seemed a short passage over so much open water, it now seemed to take forever to reach our anchorage. We crept into the little cove on the east side of Beckwith Island and prepared the anchor to be let go. Gillian headed *Madrigal* into the light wind and furled the jib as I cast off the main halyard and pulled sharply down on the bolt rope. The sail slid down one third of the mast's length and then stuck. No amount of tugging could budge it, so we lowered the motor into the water and headed for the beach. After *Madrigal's* forefoot scrunched into the gravelly sand, two stiff and tired sailors stepped gratefully onto territory of the Beausoleil First Nation and stretched their legs after a seven-hour passage.

A sign on the beach directed campers along a path to an inland campsite, but as we had planned to sleep afloat, we set about lowering the mast and clearing the wire halyard from where it had jammed alongside the masthead sheave. We were afloat again within minutes, and set about preparing *Madrigal* for the night. Before setting

up our boom tent, I got the kettle boiling on the butane stove while Gillian went for a swim in the crystal-clear water.

After Gillian had dried off, we enjoyed our tea with



A refreshing plunge in the cove at Beckwith Island

sardines on toast and salad. It was a delightful August evening with a typically beautiful Georgian Bay sunset shaping up, although we could feel the temperature beginning to drop as the sun disappeared below the tree tops.



The Chief Mate on anchor watch enjoys a cup of tea on *Madrigal's* foredeck as the sun sets.

Getting set for the night took considerable rearranging of gear, since we had stowed our bedding and pillows in the forepeak and our food and heavier gear near the mast to maintain proper trim while sailing. All our cooking

implements, stores, paddles, tools, and spare parts had to be shifted into the cockpit in order that we could retrieve our sleeping bags, pillows, and clean clothes; the heavy things had then to be stored back under the foredeck to give us room to spread out our sleeping bags and camping mattresses on the sole of the cockpit. Eventually all was set, and we enjoyed the sight of the rising moon and the first few stars before rolling the tent along the boom and securing it for the night.



The moon rising over Beckwith Island

Madrigal rode quietly to anchor as the light wind died, and I tried to get comfortable for the night. Gillian was asleep in minutes, but although I rested, I don't think I did more than doze until almost dawn, when I finally fell into a deep sleep. I woke with a start around 0830 the next morning with the sun streaming in between the flaps on the after end of the boom tent.

After breakfast of tea, eggs, sausage, and bacon cooked over the little gas stove, we prepared to weigh anchor by stowing our boom tent and all our night provisions in the opposite order to that of the previous night. This somewhat lengthy procedure eventually completed, we edged our way out of the anchorage under power as we hoisted sail. The southwest wind was light, but starting to ripple the water out of the shelter of the island. Soon we were on a broad reach, heading for the Bennet Bank buoy off the southern tip of Giant's Tomb Island.

Leaving the island and the buoy to port, we altered

course to 090 to follow the transit that guides shipping toward Severn Sound past Thunder Beach and the coast of Awenda Provincial Park on our starboard side. We had been fortunate to avoid contrary winds at any stage of our journey thus far, and were glad to slip along at 4 knots in relatively calm inshore waters as the sun rose higher in the sky.

The sun rose higher; the day grew hotter, and wind dropped to nothing. With the fuel tank almost full, we started the motor and continued to run east down the range that marks the main shipping channel south of Giant's Tomb Island. We had reached its junction with the channel between Beausoleil Island and the mainland and made our turn to starboard when the motor slowed and then stopped, its fuel tank dry. Without a breath of wind, there should have been no waves, and it should have been ideal conditions for replenishing the fuel tank on top of the motor from a jerry can. It was a Friday in August, however, and the channel into Severn Sound was filled with powered craft



Southeast corner of Giant's Tomb Island

of every size and description, their wakes kicking up a large and confused sea. Fortunately, there was no commercial traffic about, and we were glad not to be lying with no way on in the path of a freighter or cruise ship bound for Midland. As *Madrigal* wallowed and rocked in the midst of the traffic, we hoisted the red, swallow-tailed code flag Bravo: Taking on, carrying, or discharging dangerous cargo. Not only is that signal used by naval and commercial vessels when refueling, it also seemed like an adequate description of my standing on the tiny after side deck, pouring fuel into a funnel as *Madrigal* rocked and plunged wildly.



Of course, no other vessel even slowed down, and some came dangerously close. I suppose they were a bit rusty on the International Code of Signals.



Madrigal safe at home in the dinghy parking at Midland Bay Sailing Club.

At length, we rounded Midland Point and were in sight of our Club. Now at last the wind picked up to a gentle breeze, and we had the dubious pleasure of beating against it up to the breakwater. Nevertheless, we were glad to have finished our journey under sail, to have arrived safely, and to be able to give *Madrigal* a thorough cleaning and straightening up after her longest passage thus far.

That is the story of *Madrigal's* first open-water voyage. There has been one other since then, and another is in the planning stages. Mostly, however, you will see her in the waters of Severn Sound: in Midland Bay, Victoria Harbour, Penetanguishene, and at Beausoleil Island. You can recognize her by our Club's burgee flying at her masthead.

Drew Hunnisett is a member of the Midland Bay Sailing Club. With wife Miranda and daughters Courtney and Gillian, he and Madrigal explore the waters of Georgian Bay.



CL16, is a Canadian sailing dinghy that was designed by Ian Proctor, Graham Dodd and George Blanchard, as a cruiser and daysailer. The design has been built by C&L Boatworks since 1968, almost 3,000 have been produced. Built of fibreglass, with mahogany wood trim. It has double-chined; planing hull; a fractional sloop rig; a raked stem; a plumb transom. Unusually for a dinghy the mainsail is equipped with one set of reefing points. The boat displaces 365 lb (166 kg).

THE COLLINGWOOD RACERS ARE COMING!!

BY GRAME JAY

ICE BREAKER REGATTA SCHEDULED FOR MAY LONG WEEKEND

During month of May, boats are launched at sailing clubs all around Georgian Bay. Everyone is anxious to get on the water and for many enthusiasts, this means the kick off of Club Racing. In addition to in-house race schedules, there has always been a healthy schedule of Inter-Club racing including the venerable Georgian Bay Regatta which is celebrating its 36th year in 2022. (<https://ontariosailing.ca/racing/georgian-bay-regatta/>)

This year MBSC Racing is excited to add our annual ICE BREAKER REGATTA to the list of inter-club series. The "ICE BREAKER" will feature a flotilla of competitors from the Collingwood Yacht Club and will kick off the regatta season for both clubs. The Ice Breaker's early season scheduling is a key attraction for the Collingwood contingent some of who have their sights set on competing in the Mackinac Race scheduled for July. (<https://bycmack.com/>)



"We are hoping for about a half a dozen boats to make the journey from Collingwood. It's a fantastic opportunity for MBSC to host skippers and crew from the Georgian Bay racing community for our first weekend

racing event of 2022! We want to develop new connections and share some good times with our fellow racers from other clubs all around Georgian Bay", said MBSC Racing Director Jeff Brook. "We are aiming to have the Ice Breaker included in the Georgian Bay PHRF Series which will help encourage Inter-Club competition in our club".

Racing is planned for Sunday May 22nd and MBSC members are invited to come out and enjoy the racing and post race BBQ and festivities. As this event is also part of the CRUISE INTO RACING SERIES, a race featuring only Cruisers is planned as a kick off to the ICE BREAKER!

Collingwood boats are expected to arrive Saturday May 21st and depart Monday May 23, we hope you will join us in welcoming them to the our Club!



CRUISING INTO RACING @ MBSC

BY GRAME JAY

Midland Bay Sailing Club's history is rooted in racing. At inception, the vision of the charter members was for a club that brought sailors together to compete in friendly but spirited competition. Cruising was a luxury accessible only to those with larger vessels and was not common place then.



Since that time, sailing on Georgian Bay has evolved. The introduction of modern electronic navigation on larger, more comfortable yachts has opened up access to the 30,000 Islands and has enticed many to experience time 'on the hook'. This has also generated a proliferation of cruising necessities such as solar panels, full enclosures, tenders, cookware and the like. Unfortunately, these amenities reduce performance needed to compete effectively in normal racing conditions.



The organizers of the Georgian Bay Regatta recognized this as a barrier to participations and have introduced the popular Cruiser Division to the event.

WHY SHOULD ALL MEMBERS CONSIDER RACING? Simply put, racing improves a broad mix of skills including sailing, boat handling and sail trim. It develops better sailors! MBSC Racing wants to support and encourage the comfortable participation of all Members in the competition,



camaraderie and development of yacht racing while recognizing the desire of many Members to spend extended periods away from the Club on boats set up to cruise.

INTODUCING THE MBSC CRUISER SERIES!

This is a series of three events that will offer a comfortable, supportive opportunity for boats that are set up for cruising to come out and experience racing in the company of other cruisers. With the goal of maximum Club Member participation, The Cruiser Series will consolidate other important Club racing events including the Hog Race, the Tecumseth Race and the upcoming Ice Breaker Challenge.

The Tecumseth Race on July 23rd is being promoted as an opportunity for families across generations to have fun together on the race course. Youth under 19 who are competing on a boat will be in the running for the 2nd annual Daniells Mentorship Award, which recognizes lifetime and founding member John Daniells. In addition on Sunday, July 24th racing will be turned on its head with the Tecumseth UN-REGATTA – a fun, youth-oriented day of dinghy sailing and on-shore fun. During these events, we want to flood Midland Bay with the whites of our sails to celebrate the history of our club sailing on the Bay.

If you have been cruising and want to taste the thrill of racing, then the Cruiser Series is for you! Watch for upcoming Notice of Race or contact us @ <https://midlandbaysailingclub.com/exec-committee/>

