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WHERE DO ALL THE TURTLES GO?

Larry Coreman explores the life of our hardshelled lagoon mates.

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GREAT LAKES GRAND SLAM

Jeff Brook shares his intergenerational adventure that takes him through all five great lakes in one trip.

SNAKE ISLAND BUOY

Midland Bay Sailing Club: Fall 2023



FUN ON THE WATER!

Peter Chalkley : Keego III

So the first season of Club's Rendezvous has now ended. Unfortunately the weather didn't cooperate with several dates and they were cancelled. I will endeavour to try to pick sunny weekends next year!



The Summer Solstice raft up was so much fun and the sunny evening didn't disappoint. After an enjoyable post dinner sail, the sun set about 4 hours later compared to now!

The 12 Mile Rendezvous was a great success with 8 boats. Some stopping along their way north, some just came for the appies! Chris and Diana were so committed they surprised us all with a visit on their SeaDoo!



The Full Moon Rendezvous in Gawley Bay was another success, but with a rainy day, people didn't believe the perfect evening forecast. We were talking to much and missed the moonrise! ~ we got this photo after it came up.

Beautiful night.



And of course the GBR provided much fun for our 12 competition boats. Here is a photo of us winning the trophy for the best club participation (and female attendance!!).

If you have any ideas for next years Rendezvous, please let me know!



One of our raft ups was in Port McNicoll bay.

WHERE DO ALL THE TURTLES GO?

Larry Gorman : Inukshuk2

THE PERMANENT LIFE IN OUR LAGOONS

Throughout the summer, numerous turtles are seen in the lagoons anywhere there is a suitable shore for sunning. The J dock area, along the outer spit, being a favourite, as well as the back of the inner lagoon. So, what happens in winter when the lagoons are covered with a layer of ice? Turtles it seems do not actually hibernate!

Mud turtles; In our lagoons they appear to be primarily Painted turtles, but Snapping turtles also share our waters. They prefer life on the bottom, but from time to time a large resident Snapping turtle's head pops up, to look around.

In late May of this year, an unusually large collection of Painted turtles appeared, basking on the sunny shoreline at the back of the inner lagoon. They would seem, since then, to have dispersed throughout all the lagoons. Apparently, they have been over winter "hibernating" in the mud under the warmer waters way back here. But mud turtles don't actually hibernate. The process is referred to as brumation.



photo: Larry Gorman
Turtle Cluster party!

During turtle brumation, the turtles survive on stored energy reserves in their bodies. Those that are under water get to draw oxygen from the water using their blood vessels.

So now you know, if ever you did wonder.



photo: Larry Gorman
Turtles every which way!

OFFSEASON SOCIALS

Your boat may be as dry as your chapped hands, and the lake as hard as the curling rink, but that doesn't mean you can't still meet up and talk about sailing over the off season.

David Netherton has started that Gentlemen's Breakfast Club - reach out to him at netherton@me.com for more info.

There's also Gals & Boats meeting on Tuesdays at 9:30. Contact Shelly Foord shelly.foord@me.com or Kathy Green at kathyandrewscreen@gmail.com

Gals & Boats
Tuesdays @ 9:30am
We can't meet at the club now so we can take turns hosting at our homes

A PLACE FOR MBSC LADIES TO SOCIALIZE & SHARE SAILING TIPS

CONTACT:
SHELLEY FOORD
SHELLEY.FOORD@ME.COM
905-703-8878
KATHY GREEN
KATHYANDREWSCREEN@GMAIL.COM
519-400-0065

ODE TO A ROPE

DAVID TAKAHASHI

As I cast off for that very first time, the "rope" in my hand has now become a "line".

And hauling the sails to the top of the mast, that "rope", now a "halyard", holds strong, taut and fast.

Then sailing in brisk winds full force on the beat, the sails are trimmed by that "rope" that's a "sheet".

And now at my anchorage with sails safely stowed, I trust in that "rope" that now serves as a "rode".

Through all my life I will never lose hope, of a reason or time to work with rope.

.....Anonymous



MBSC GENTLEMEN'S Breakfast Club

I HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT STARTING A MEN'S BREAKFAST GROUP THAT WOULD MEET DURING THE WINTER MONTHS ALTERNATING BETWEEN MIDLAND AND PENETANG RESTAURANTS.

THE LADIES OF MBSC HAVE THEIR GALS & BOATS GROUP THAT MEET TO SOCIALIZE SO I THOUGHT THE MEN SHOULD HAVE A GROUP AS WELL.

TO START IT OFF, I HAVE MADE ARRANGEMENTS AT PHIL'S IN PENETANG TO HOST OUR FIRST MEETING FOR THOSE INTERESTED ON MONDAY NOVEMBER 13 AT 8:30AM.

PHIL HAS ASKED ME TO INFORM THE RESTAURANT HOW MANY WOULD BE ATTENDING SO THEY CAN RESERVE THE NECESSARY SEATING.

SINCE THIS IS OUR FIRST MEETING I WOULD ASK THOSE INTERESTED TO PLEASE EMAIL ME BY THURSDAY NOVEMBER 9TH IF YOU ARE PLANNING TO ATTEND. COME AND HAVE BREAKFAST OR JUST A COFFEE! OPEN FORUM ON CONVERSATION.

DAVID.NETHERTON@ME.COM
SOCIAL DIRECTOR
DAVID NETHERTON

SLOWLY LOSING MY COOL

PHILIP KRUEGER

I'M HAPPY IF YOU'RE HAPPY, MR. DANFOSS

Our fridge has always been reliable, which is good because like most folks, we like our food unspoiled and our drinks cold. I enjoy bragging that we **make** ice, we don't buy it. However the fridge has required vigilance, and trust with verification (not to mention a steady source of power). I think, a decade into this relationship, we have finally made peace.

The fridge worked perfectly for the first two seasons, I didn't give it a thought. Then it stopped working the day after we got back from our first



Simple insurance - carry at least 1 spare fan.

multi-week trip up the Rideau Canal. I am forever grateful for its well timed death.

I could hear that nothing was happening at the business end.

No whirring fans, no compressor hum at all. Power, wiring and fuses were ok so I tested the fans and they were quite

dead. They are a simple replacement, standard 12v computer fans. (I suggest you order one today....). After replacing the dead fans, I still had no joy, so I replaced the compressor controller and all was well. The fans stopped blowing air over the condenser, compressor and controller and as the controller has cooling fins, I assume it died from heat exhaustion.

Still, the fridge didn't seem to be as cold as it should the next spring, and this is where the long journey of what exactly is wrong began.

I'm a big believer in trouble shooting from the simple to the complicated. I can't count how many times I've read in forums etc that they need a whole fridge system as the fridge "doesn't work"



The condenser is sandwiched between fans, pushing airflow right to left.



Exhaust air flows over the compressor and controller.

Housing and fans removed. Cooling fins on compressor controller pointing towards the airflow.

- with no evidence of trouble shooting. I assumed an approach of patience and observation, a long game strategy, like a HVAC Richard Attenborough, crouching in the bushes, observing the fridge and making notes of its incomprehensible behaviours, looking for the underlying logic.

Putting on the automotive AC recharge gauges (RedTek from Canadian Tire) I could see that the refrigerant was low. That led down a rabbit hole of how much coolant is a small boat system supposed to have? (the short answer is about a foot of frost coming out of your fridge on the copper line).

The coolant always seemed to get low, both during the summer and winter, but never down to zero psi. This led me to conclude that it isn't a pierced evaporator plate (over zealous defrosting techniques) or a loose connection, or damaged line as the pressurized refrigerant would leak out

completely. So regular checking and topping up were the norm - a couple of times per season while I observed, scratched my head and occasionally panicked. This was a period of our detente.

Every spring I questioned myself, is it the thermostat? Did I puncture the evaporator when I dropped that can of beer? Did I overload it? Should I convert it to a spill over? Is the compressor shot? Did I mix the wrong refrigerant? Why is the compressor running so long?

I focused on the recharge valve. Its a quick-connect fitting (air hose) with a schrader valve inside (bicycle innertube). I noticed that the blue dust cap (just like the one on your car's AC) had a bump that was actually **pushing** the valve open when screwed down tight. Forcing the dust cap to keep the system pressurized?! (Some are concave inside, others with a bump). I bought a new one and made sure the o-ring was good but it still leaked.

EDITOR

Philip Krueger

A big thank you to the contributors in this edition, there would be nothing but blank pages without you. I'd love to capture more of what's happening at the club in the newsletter, so please keep sending stories, poems, photos etc.

I'd be particularly interested in capturing more of the events, like pub nights and socials, but alas I can't be everywhere all the time. If you attend an event, snap a few photos and send them over to me.

I have been asked why the newsletter isn't more frequent and timely? Good question and the answer is change and technology. MBSC relies on email as its primary communication tool. It is quick and guaranteed to go to every member. The website is a good repository for club business and social media, like the Facebook, are great for building a community. An old fashioned paper newsletter is time consuming to put together

So I stopped using the dust cap. Still leaking, but it was my leading suspect at this point.

In Fall 2022 I left the recharge gauges on for the Winter and noticed that the pressure in the Spring was the same as in the Fall!! Eureka - the gauge was sealing the fitting. I brought my old bicycle schrader cap from home and, lo and behold, the valve tightened about a quarter turn!



I'm stumped as to how or why the valve was loose. Engine vibrations? Previous owner fiddling or sloppy installation?

The pressure hasn't changed since 2022, the system ran flawlessly all summer 2023 so I think I can safely assume the problem was as simple as tightening up the valve with a \$1.50 bike cap.



WHAT YOUR SANDALS SAY ABOUT YOU: A GUIDE



<https://www.instagram.com/tommysiegel/>

and not really a great tool for disseminating news and updates. A newsletter in the age of Youtube, Facebook, DM, Whatsapp and email, is a great place to capture and share our collective love of sailing and MBSC. Take a moment this Winter and jot down a memory to share and we'll see it in the Spring edition.

GREAT LAKES GRAND SLAM

Jeff Brook

EVER HEARD OF THE GREAT LAKES GRAND SLAM?



Ever heard of the Great Lakes Grand Slam? If you ask Google you'll find it has something to do with sport fishing. This past summer a new definition emerged, at least that is what this article is about - the trip three of us from MBSC took during summer 2023 crossing all five Great Lakes and all five major rivers in one trip. From June 29 to July 13 we traveled from Gananoque on the St. Lawrence River to Manistee, Michigan with detours into the Niagara and St. Mary' Rivers and Lake Superior. We sailed and swam all five lakes and the five major rivers - that's a Great Lakes Grand Slam!

This 15-day voyage gave OPUS, our newly acquired Cabo Rico 38, a decent shake down and along the way Phil Stoesser and Graeme Jay gained a new dad.

It started with taking possession of the blue water vessel, a joint venture between my dad and me, and moving her to a new home in Manistee. In addition to it being a great adventure for myself, Phil, Graeme and my father, Bob Brook, Peter Tietz, from MBSC hopped on board from Port Weller to Sarnia.

This was the first time in decades that my father and I had done an extended trip together. Having this experience was the primary motivation and a spark for the acquisition of Opus. A sub-plot was the opportunity to get the two elder mariners on board as both Peter and Bob were born months apart in 1937, making them 86 years young.

Beyond the Grand Slam, the highlights were many. After motoring almost all of Lake Ontario our first day and it being the middle of the night and surrounded by wildfire smoke, it hit us, we were in the middle of Lake Ontario! Graeme just had to crank "It Hasn't Hit Me Yet", and we sang about being in the middle of Lake Ontario with Blue Rodeo. A good beginning to many more nights



It hadn't hit us yet and then... suddenly it hit us! We were in the middle of Lake Ontario.

ahead. By mid morning the next day, July 1st, we had time to kill so we detoured into the Niagara River to wait for Peter's arrival in Port Weller later that afternoon.



Welcome Peter and Happy Canada Day!

After a failed attempt to get Peter later in the afternoon (don't ask why), we connected at the pleasure craft tie-up just before the first lock. A great reunion with fresh G&T's all around!

The next day during our drizzly, wet ten hour Welland Canal pleasure craft convoy we had the (dis)pleasure of being lectured by a rafting neighbour about 'cleating' a line (the ones you hold as the water in the lock fills up) and of the sensations imparted by the hot rod mufflers and



Watch out for the Major General. Wait! Don't worry you can hear him coming from a nautical mile.

the fumes of a powerboat ahead of us. Clearly, the captain wanted attention or was compensating for something. As we waited, tied to shore for yet another downbound freighter pass, the noisy powerboat's captain, who was losing his patience, was quick to tell me that "90% of the time sailboats run their engine so why not just get a power boat?". I nodded. Before leaving he gave me his card which I stuffed in my pocket. Looking at it later, I saw the captain was a retired major general in the US Marines. Holy ^%&, I should have saluted, not nodded!

Sad to say, but the Major General was right as 90% of Lake Erie was motoring. Right on cue, the wind came after we picked up my brother Martin, who is prone to sea sickness, and my nephew, Noah, in Kingsville. They joined us with a care package of Michigan craft beer, fine wine and a gourmet meal to enjoy on our 4th of July trip up the Detroit River. Did I say craft beer!?

No surprise, my brother got sick, but what was a surprise was that the youngest, my nephew Noah, de-throned the oldest, Peter, who was to that point the reigning Opus chess champion.

The views on the Detroit River were stunning - fireworks to port all the way and lots of lights on both sides. To replicate our 2021 trip up the River with Allegro we just had to crank Ted Nugent's Stranglehold as we passed under the Ambassador Bridge (can you scream: come on! come on! baby!), even-



Left to right: Noah, Martin, Bob, Jeff, Graeme, Phil and Peter. The chess board is behind me. The far western end of Lake Erie is awesome. Both in 2021 and 2023 the winds were perfect in this area and the scenery is beautiful up the Detroit River.

tually making it to the Windsor Yacht Club for 1 AM. My brother was glad to get to shore to head home right then and there. Much of the St. Clair River brought nice weather and motor sailing and then a warm greeting by Phil's family and friends who are long time Sarnia Yacht Club members. They were also a great help in our re-provisioning.

After a downpour with thunder and lightning, re-provisioning (thanks to Peter, Phil's brother) and

a reunion of the newlyweds in Sarnia, we went back downstream to clear US customs in Port Huron.

Most-important, however, was the real re-provisioning at the Party Store, thanks to Bob's credit card.

Wouldn't you know it, we discovered a new brand of rum we just had to try, along with a large enough supply/purchase to warrant being chauffeured back to the boat by the store's owner. I'll have you know,



July 4th going up the Detroit River. Come on, come on BABY! Why Ted? In 2021 we rocked to a Detroit/Michigan playlist for our 7 kt sail upstream past Cobo Hall. Mr. Nugent rocked!

there was still some room on Bob's credit card despite being told we could spend to the limit. See sailors can exercise some restraint!

The first real test of Opus came the first afternoon on Lake Huron as we left Sarnia well to our stern.



Thanks to Inge for letting us take Peter with us for his honeymoon.



I think the Party Store is that way.

Seeing at squall coming on radar and obvious in the clouds, we double-reefed the main and furled the jib all the way in and easily rode out the storm with 32 kt peak gusts. After the storm with the jib back out all the way, but the reef still in the main, we sailed into the night and building winds and waves. I don't know how and why, with all the bouncing, but we thought Graeme and Bob could pan fry fresh Lake Erie Pickerel for dinner. Eventually, the cooks dropped that crazy idea. I forget what the Chefs Bob and Graeme cooked up instead. Did I say cooks? That was far from accurate. Bob love's cooking in a galley and he and Graeme worked hard to outdo each other all the way up the lakes. No complaints from Phil and I!

Overnight the winds settled in at 20-25 kts and with decent waves, my dad and I tried our best to deal with too much head sail during our watch. Almost 50 years ago he and I were in nearly the same spot, although heading south, contending with a major northeaster. At least this time our two able crew were not out of commission with sea sickness, as back in 1974. Still Opus was getting plenty of water over the rail and even some into the cockpit, which lasted until watch change when Graeme and Phil came on deck and we put more reefs in the sails. Opus took it all in stride over night as we crossed the lake and tacked off Goderich at sunrise.

A heave-to later that morning allowed us to clean up a nasty surprise – an over-flowing bilge con-

taining legacy oily diesel, mixed with lots of water. This gift from the previous owner burst our 'Opus bubble' and is something we are still dealing with this winter with the repair of the decommissioned diesel tank and a search for the source of the water. On the bright side, Opus hove to beautifully and then after breakfast we made our way, sadly under power again, to Presque Is. Michigan for refueling and getting rid of oily rags and finishing the clean up. From there we sailed across the northern part of Lake Huron to the Detour Pass and an overnight anchorage.

Before sunrise the next day we raised the hook and headed up the St. Mary's River. It was foggy and cold and we appreciated the AIS App that Phil downloaded. We were able to see the ships before they rounded each bend as we motored upstream. We made it through the historic locks on the Canadian side, past Algoma Steel, and out past the last channel marker leading into Lake Superior. There was no wind out there and the water was glass as we did our obligatory swim. It was surprisingly warm – definitely not just an 'in and out' swim for me! Turning around, we motor-sailed at 8.5+ kts to make it back to the locks before their 8:30 PM closing time. That was an awesome sail and we tied up in Sault-Ste. Marie, Michigan for the night.

We got an early start the next day; destination



This is Lake Superior, honest.

St. Ignace, MI. With the current and the mainsail raised we smoked down the St. Mary's River having fun watching the AIS. One of the ships we passed was the upbound Pearl Mist, the cruise ship that visits Midland regularly. Interestingly, just before I headed to Gananoque I observed the Pearl Mist in Midland and wondered if I'd see her on the trip. We did, twice! The other time was in the Welland Canal where she was downbound for Toronto. Something tells me that even she did not pull off the Great Lakes Grand Slam though.

Exiting the Detour Pass into Lake Huron we hit a calm patch on our rum line, which we decided would take us to Mackinaw City instead of St. Ignace. Another boat that was just ahead of us was hugging the north shore and was moving



Just about to leave Lake Huron through the Straits of Mackinac. Graeme could barely contain his excitement at the thought of the Grand Slam!

under sail, but also eventually started motoring and headed out our way. She eventually caught us as the wind started to blow. At one point we were so close that we exchanged words with them. They complementing the looks of Opus and me responding that, "It's a long and lonesome highway", which was in response to their boat's name, "Turn the Page". Bob Seger fans will know what I am talking about!

Just after that rendezvous Phil took the wheel and started to pull away and then later with Graeme at the helm he called out "it's building", meaning the wind. Sure enough, before we knew it, we were putting in some reefs and had our most awesome sail of the trip. It was honking at 20 kts and the air was hot – nice! It was quickly too much for Turn the Page, however. Her jib 'blew its tack' and the whole headsail was flying straight back attached only at the mast head and flapping violently. As we re-balanced the jib, main and staysail with some easy reefing we watched them disappear behind us. I tried to hail them on the radio offering help. Opus shined. She took the 20 kts and big waves and asked for more, all the while you could steer with one finger. Nice!

Pulling into Mackinaw City, totally high from the sail but tired from the long day, we were greeted by a dock full of shore-bound power boaters. All day it was too rough and windy over northern Lakes Huron and Michigan for them to go out (touché Major General!) so they were well into their dock party by the time we arrived. At least they were able to stand to catch our lines and invite us to join. After putting up the enclosure in

preparation for an approaching storm we headed over to luxury on our neighbour's rather large powerboat (OK Major General, perhaps I get it – not). It was hopeless to try catch up for lost time, they had too many drinks on us, but we did our best joining in the karaoke, mostly sober. That did not stop our musician Phil. He belted out a duet with the skipper's wife. The whole marina heard, "You can be my leather, I'll be your lace!" Good thing the skipper was pretty well passed out by that time. Fortunately, the singing stopped at 1AM, just before the police showed up. Whew! It was all the power boater's faults while we, the mild-mannered sailors, retreated to Opus.

We hit the Grand Slam the next morning as we passed under the Mackinaw Bridge at around 10AM. The roar of the crowd was inspiring. A round of expensive Rum made the accomplishment official and then we were off under full sail to Beaver Island to learn about the history of the struggle between the 'founding' Irish fishing families and the Mormon followers of King Strang, the keeper of five wives. Of course, that settler history misses that fact that, long before, these Garden Islands of Lake Michigan had already been the home of the Waganakising Odawa.



In your eye boys – we've done ALL FIVE. Time for a morning rum. Been saving this rum for this moment – well most of it anyways.



Opus tied up on Beaver Island.

Beaver Island was one of our key destinations because it is the home of the Shamrock Bar- a watering-hole in Lake Michigan my dad had good memories of and a long since worn-out t-shirt he used to wear on our backcountry trips. Keeping our end of the deal with our newfound pub-owner friend in Gananoque, who posed with us in his Churchill's room, the night before we left, we got a group photo in the Shamrock Bar. The owner

was not there, but his representative, the manager Jason, stood in among the antlers and US Flag (see picture insets on the map above).

The afternoon and night on Beaver Island offered time for us to chill-out before heading south the next morning, under full sail towards Manistee. Soon the massive sand dunes on the Michigan mainland came into sight. What a difference from what we see along Lake Huron!



Sand Dunes somewhere along the Michigan shore line.

Passing North and South Manitou Islands near sunset we all, independently, came to the same conclusion – we weren't ready for the trip to end. That meant 'hard to starboard' and Opus took us for one last night on the hook and, Bob and Graeme's fine dining. We had a relatively short sail the next day to a big greeting in Manistee.



Like I always say "five (wives or beers) are better than one" – not!

This was a trip to remember, except for the two times we got stuck on the bottom and had to be towed off. Of course, it was a powerboat that came to the rescue each time. But like I always say,



A warm greeting in Harbor Village.



Route of Opus shakedown cruise June 29 - July 13, 2023. Gananoque, Ontario to Manistee, Michigan via all five Great Lakes.

"sometimes its better to learn the hard way!"

Opus now has a new home tied up at her private slip in Harbor Village. She's currently on the hard in Pentwater Michigan and then will go to Traverse City in the spring for significant upgrades before next summer's test back on Lake Superior!



DINGHY TAGS

GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS COMMITTEE

TO TAG OR NOT TO TAG - THAT IS THE QUESTION....

If you are keeping a boat on the hard for occasional dry sailing, you will need a tag. These boats are kept in the appropriate area in the main parking lot for the season. Fill in the appropriate part of the service application. The tag is to be put on the tongue of your trailer or dolly.

If you are keeping a tender on the racks or later on the picnic table setup, you will need a tag. This tag goes on the exterior of the transom. Does paying for a tag guarantee a place on the racks? No. It means that you can keep your tender on club property on the racks (if space is available) or on a trailer during sailing season AND after the sailing season on either the racks, on our temporary setup or, on a trailer. Do you need a tag if you keep your tender on your boat or floating beside it? No! Basically, if you are going to keep your tender on MBSC land, it needs a tag.



Tags are posted on small bulletin boards in the clubhouse in late April or early May. If you happen to be tagging both tender and dry sail boat, please don't mix up the tag numbers. The envelope will clearly indicate tender and # and dry sail with #.

Please refer to page 2 of your application for service. Hopefully this answers some of the questions we have been asked over the past season.

GEORGIAN BAY REGATTA

Peter Chalkley



MBSC wins the trophy for the most competitors at the GBR 2023. 12 boats joined in for a great sail, bbq, musical show, raft up, epic storm, and new friends!

Sign Up for 2024!

38TH ANNUAL GEORGIAN BAY REGATTA

AUGUST 1 TO AUGUST 4, 2024
2024 ITINERARY TBA DECEMBER 2023

email contact:

georgianbayregatta@gmail.com



photo: Peter Chalkley



photo: Eugene Kokbas

5.5M NORTH AMERICAN REGATTA

Story & Photos: Jennifer Harker

This year's August North American 5.5M Regatta saw 10 teams on the line. MBSC is the centre of 5.5M racing in Canada and the US.

Over the past 10 years Midland Bay Sailing Club has become the centre of 5.5M racing in North America, now hosting two international regattas each year with the cooperation of Bay Port Yachting Centre that handles the launch and haul of these classic beauties.

What began as some friendly cross border competition with four boats in 2014 has evolved into fleet racing that saw 10 boats on the line in August and has attracted 15 different boats through the years making it the only known location of 5.5M class racing in Canada and the US.

Crews regularly travel from Texas, Michigan, Maryland and from across Canada – and they've even hosted a team from Germany.

However, participation by MBSC members is crucial in the success of the regatta and through the past decade more than 50 members have been part of the action.

It is a unique experience.

MBSC member Kathryn Gallichan said, "It's a pretty



MBSC member Kathryn Gallichan loves the camaraderie of the 5.5M fleet – as well as the excitement of flying a spinnaker, something she doesn't get to do in any other sailboat.

special experience, sailing a 5.5. We are on historic boats and we are working hard to get the best performance out of them, with historic tackle, and historic [holey!] sails. If they could talk, the stories they could tell."

The North American fleet includes Pride, one of legendary Texas sailor Ernie Fay's 5.5M, as well as Jill, originally the Danish Olympic boat from the 1952 Olympics in Helsinki, Finland. The group has also rescued several boats destined for destruction to help keep the spirit of the fleet alive and flourishing.

Kathryn loves the mixed crews, and especially the opportunity to fly a spinnaker. "What makes it fun for me is we have experienced skippers/crew who know all about trim, sail size and racing strategies, the seriousness of the race – so I learn a lot – but who are out there enjoying the ride, enjoying the day and the camaraderie and the boats. Being part of that group is the 'fun'. Also I don't get to fly a spinnaker on any other boat – and I have to say that it's thrilling and sometimes scary to fly the spinnakers. I'm glad we have photographers taking pictures, because it's as beautiful looking as it is exciting to do."

There are many moments that make each regatta memorable for Kathryn. "Things happen: captains have to climb up the mast in the middle of the bay to retrieve halyards that went astray. Texans have been known to swim from boat to boat 'de-seaweeding' rudders. Group swims have taken place on hot August becalmed days. Chewbacca has joined in the fun. Spinnakers have been flown upside down, or sideways. There is always a lot of bailing. And there is food and fun every night."

With extra boats in the fleet (some owners have multiple boats) organizers often call on MBSC members to skipper and crew borrowed boats.





MBSC member Bill Mills called the 5.5M regatta a gem. He found the energy and enthusiasm of the 5.5M group infectious and said the regattas are an excellent way to get to know his new community.

MBSC member Inga Rinne said, "I got involved because John Lister invited us and it looked like a fun group."

She sails with her husband Matt Cowan and said a decided lack of egos amongst the group is a big positive for her. "What keeps us coming back is the sense of camaraderie mixed with friendly competitiveness. Anyone is prepared to help you out (or lead you astray!) and give you tips on sailing

faster – and there is a shortage of egos in the crowd."

Like the old saying, it takes a community to raise a child, it takes a dedicated community to keep these classics on the race course. "There is a sense of being communally involved in an enterprise that isn't entirely rational – just fun," Inga said. "It's the joy of making relics go fast! The comment from Tal that the 5.5 fleet was the Humane Society for



For MBSC member Inga Rinne it's the communal joy of making rescued relics sail fast - with no egos - that keeps her coming back to the 5.5M regattas.

abandoned boats seems to hit the mark."

Tal Hutcheson travels from Texas to be part of the action and has commented that the North American group is "saving these boats from the scrapheap of history".

Long time MBSC member John Parkhurst agreed and said the regatta is important for the club as well as the boats themselves. "First there's the history of the boats. Without the races we hold some of these boats would be gone forever. It is helpful for the boats, the class and the owner and crew that we hold these events. There are all levels of sailors that take part and lots of skills are built. There are families racing together and against each other."

His participation all started innocently enough. "I started by putting the scoring into Sail Wave so it could be put on line. I could see the fun that the group was having. I like fun and I get to fly the kite, so I was in a boat the next regatta."

John was hooked and his versatility is valuable as he fills in where needed. "It is a good group to race with, friendly with good sportspersonship. The boats are well matched. I have sailed on six or more of the boats over the years and enjoyed racing on each boat."

He also pointed out it is a generous group. In 2022 they supported Georgian Bay General Hospital and in June raised funds for new sails for MBSC's sailing

school, helping inspire the next generation of racers. "The 5.5s give back to the club with sails for the sailing school," John said. "It gives good press for the club to the outside world. There is really no added cost to the club."

For MBSC member Bill Mills it has been an excellent way to get to know his retirement community. "Before moving to Midland, John Lister invited me to a mid-winter party of 5.5ers. The photographs, the energy in the room and the camaraderie was infectious. John asked me to join the Nantoria crew. The fact that Nantoria was a sinker was not a deterrent, but a challenge."

The boat's design keeps Bill coming back season after season. "A 5.5 is as close as you can get to the perfect sailboat, in the classic monohull. It starts from when you cast off. Heading out to the race course and we aren't trimmed for speed, we are passing other boats under power."

Every race is a thrill to be part of. "The 5.5 is fast, even when it's not trimmed for speed, but when you are up against other boats, even shifting a fairlead a 1/2" can change the shape of the jib to give you the advantage over the next boat. When the time spread between first and third boats finishing a 7 NM distance course is only 3 seconds, it's incredibly exciting."

He said the 5.5M regattas are important for MBSC, and the community, as well as individual participants. "The regattas are important for





me personally because of the continuous skill development and the camaraderie within the boat and the other participants and their families. That camaraderie goes way deeper than the social events after the races. It's the crews that get the boats together, launch then step the masts and rig them, the crews that volunteer to run the races and the organizers that make it happen every year. Then there is the glue that helps keep the regattas going and then tells the world what we are doing on the 5.5 Association web page and annual print publication. By doing this, it makes it possible for people from distant cities to come and race at our club."

Bill concluded, "Skippers and their crews come to the MBSC and celebrate with us the gem that we have at our club: that we are doers and sportspeople who help each other to be the best that we can be."

The North American 5.5M Regattas are part of an international organization. To learn more visit

<https://5.5class.org/>

Two regattas are planned for Midland Bay Sailing Club in 2024.



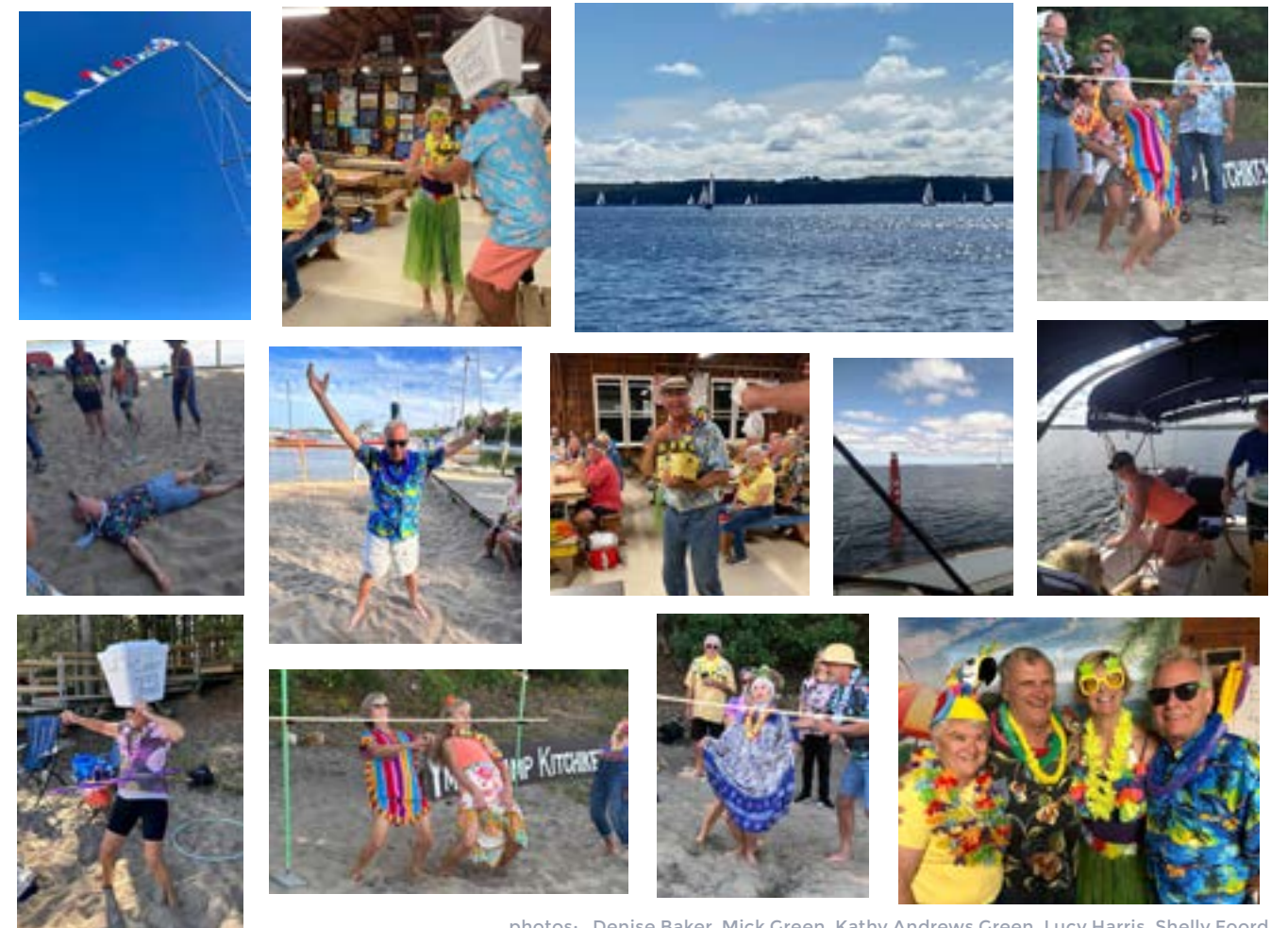
HOG RACE



photo: Peter Wolfhard

The winds may have been light but it was a wonderful day for the annual Hog Race that that finished at Kitchikewana. A big thank you to everyone that helped organize the event, Nick & Sandy Reynolds and Kathy & Mick Green, of course it is a race so thanks to Drew Hunnisett and his Race Committee.

The Hog Race results can be found on [Sailwave](#).



photos: Denise Baker, Mick Green, Kathy Andrews Green, Lucy Harris, Shelly Foord

