



CANADIAN WAYFARER ASSOCIATION

*ROUND GEORGIAN BAY*

*ANTI-CLOCKWISE*

*JULY, 1973*

*by Don Davis, W460*

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<u>PARTICIPANTS:</u>	Connie Davis	W 460
	Don Davis	
	Alan Phillips	W 866
	Joy Phillips	
	Tom Dawson	W1129
	Peter Hanson	

Having made the trip clockwise in 1972, it was deemed to be a different challenge to go around anti-clockwise in 1973. Connie & I went alone in 1972, this year we were very fortunate in having several requests from people wishing to go with us. The group above were hand-picked for their sailing experience. Georgian Bay is not a place for novices, particularly on a 350 mile cruise.

Arrangements were made to meet at the Government Wharf in Pengalle Bay near Killbear Park on July 14th. W 460 & W 1129 arrived the day before. That night we learned that you take two anchors, in Georgian Bay - a Danforth for mud and a Grapnel for rock. W 1129 drifted across Pengalle Bay hanging to a Grapnel on a mud bottom. Our Danforth had been virtually useless last year on rock.

W 866 arrived early July 14th., and was soon launched, gear packed, and a few last minute items purchased at the Killbear Marina. Pengalle Bay was departed at 1100 hours. The Barometer read 29.56, a bright sunny day with some Mare's tails, wind 15 gusting to 20 and destination Tonches Island.

We tacked continually all day with reefed main only, except for the trip up the Shawniga, which allowed us a close reach.

Those in the party new to this section of Georgian Bay were quite impressed with the tacking dual through Canoe Channel, a 300 foot long by 40 foot wide strip of water on the Small Craft Route.



Signals from W 866 at 1350 indicated a problem, and we gathered at a cottage dock to find repairs already on their way to jury rig the boom to replace a broken gooseneck. One could not help feeling a sense of appreciation and confidence to be travelling with people who were so quick to assess the problem and decide immediately, the resolution.

Two holes were drilled through the boom (with a drill tossed in at the last minute), a rope pad tied around the mast and the boom lashed to the mast. The repairs were so well-engineered, W 866 sailed half the journey with this rig before a replacement arrived.

We arrived at Ken & Dorothea Hassards' cottage on Tonches Island at 1754. These very kind people had a steak dinner ready for us in short order and a very enjoyable evening was spent on the cottage veranda. This makes the third year that the Hassards have entertained W cruising types, and their hospitality has been much appreciated. The day's run covered 22.5 miles.

An attempt to repair the gooseneck in Pointe au Baril failed early on the 15th., and we finally said goodbye to the Hassards at 1230 hours.

The weather reports were good for 15th. & 16th. with a small chance of late afternoon rain. The Barometer was reading 29.70, wind 15 - 20 again, under cloudy/cle' skies. The Hassards followed us down the Pointe au Baril Channel to the Lighthouse where we transferred two of the Hassard children to their power boat and prepared for some open water sailing. Conditions were lively to say the least. The trip through the Alexander Passage was tack all the way, being relatively narrow, waves do not build up, making life a little easier.

The Northerly entrance to this passage is guarded by the Brother & Sister Rocks, Connie and I had very vivid memories of our entrance last year on a run, with the waves beating 30-40 feet high on these two guardians. This year we beat our way out meeting 3-4 foot waves, then on to a close reach.

The small craft route is all open water from here to the Gereaux Light. Mistake number one was committed by the Skipper of W460 in not putting on his foul weather gear. The wind and confused condition of the waves demanded constant attention. *Cara Mia's* nose dived into one wave which buried W460 and most of the crew. The pumps had to be manned immediately as the floor boards were floating.

The biggest scare was reserved for later on, when a decision to tie up behind Raft Island

necessitated a course correction to a dead run. Surfing down the back of four foot waves in 15-20 knot winds with a loaded boat is an experience not to be forgotten.

Needless to say no one gybed when another course correction was required to get behind the island. Figure eights did the job adequately and we tied up in a beautiful quiet bay at 1900 hours. It had been a hard days' sail, but the hard parts are soon forgotten, after a good supper and relaxing discussion with good friends in beautiful surroundings.

The rain did not arrive and the day closed clear with the Barometer reading 29.80. Mosquitos finally forced us to crawl into our sleeping bags early. The day's run had been 20.5 miles. Raft Island was left behind at 09.40 hours July 16th., under bright sunny skies, winds were light 6-7 knots, barometer was reading 29.90.

The winds picked up to 10-12 knots in the afternoon and we followed the small craft route without incident except passing "Sandy" being single-handed out of San Francisco, until *we* reached Tanvat Island, a part of the Bustards at 1650. The Barometer reading 29.94. We were again fortunate in finding a beautiful safe cove where we could relax, clean up our boats and gear. The first groan from the group was heard at this point. One party stretched out on the rocks, was heard to say, "take a Davis cruise, see ten countries in three days". Mileage for the day - 24.2 miles.

We rose early July 17th. as a long trip to Killamey had been planned, at 07.40 fog rolled in and visibility dropped to zero, and did not clear until 09.45, at which time we left our cove.

The Barometer had risen to 30.02, the sky was blue with some high cirrus clouds funneling in from the north, winds were light.

Rounding the Bustards and closing the three Bustard lights on the Western extreme of the Islands, we were treated to the sight of a beautiful top sail schooner.

The winds continued light across the open water and we passed the Gronodine Beacon at 1412, and entered Beaverstone Bay at 1530. Passing through the Bay and a section of the Collins Inlet we tied up in a protected area in Mill Lake at 18.45. We were all tired, it had been a hot, bright, beautiful day with light winds. Our mileage - 29.75 miles. We noted that the Barometer had dropped to 29.98 as we turned in.

July 18th. was the day we tacked 8 miles up the Collins Inlet. Leaving Mill Lake at 09.45 in gusty

10-15 knot winds, Barometer 30.00, we tacked for four hours and 15 minutes. Last year Connie and I ran down the Inlet with a following breeze, a much easier way to go.

The traffic in the Inlet this year was quite heavy. Large power boats in Convoy dashing from one port to another did not impress us, as the way to go; particularly the party who decided to let us know that he had two large speakers mounted on his bridge, from which he could play rock and roll. Collins Inlet is in a designated Wilderness Park area (Killarney National Park). I would rather enjoy the Wilderness, thanks.

Stopping for lunch at 1400 hours at the outlet of Collins Inlet, we noted bearings for Killarney and estimated six miles to go.

The day was absolutely beautiful, the winds 12 knots and the water sparkling. Arriving Killarney at 1580 hours, Peter Hanson was thrilled to find that the Government had built one of their "Special Stores" on the water-front with a dock yet. An enormous thirst was soon quenched, and we all took off to explore the town, particularly for a good restaurant. One being found, we enjoyed a good dinner, purchased supplies and set our boats up for the night.

Peter, Allen and I went for a walk in the evening to examine the rafted symbols of modern affluence. Actually we were looking for a washroom. Killarney loses our vote on four counts, it is too noisy, too dirty, the prices are too high and there are no washroom facilities at the dock. Unless you require supplies, forget it.

We sat around and talked to midnight - Barometer 29.88. Mileage for the day 14.0 miles.

Awakened early by quarry workers leaving on the quarry tug, we rose and breakfasted on the dock and later, cheered on by the affluent yacht owners, we rowed down the windless Killamey Channel, with overcast sky and a reading of 29.85 on the barometer.

Our destination for the day was Club Island, 24 miles to the South. Passing the Killarney Light we found a breeze coming - of course, from where we were going. Visibility was around five miles. The wind rose to 15-20 during the day and we tacked every half hour without our jibs. Squaw Island bell buoy was passed at 13.30. We gave up our attempt to reach Club Island and turned Westerly for the Manitoulin shore late in the afternoon, arriving in the Northerly section of James Bay at 19.30. Dinner on the beach, a retreat to our boats at mosquito time, and our usual card game and bed, riding to our anchor for the night. Barometer 29.82. Clear skies. Day's run 18 miles.

Club Island escaped us last year also, under foggy conditions as we neglected to correct for a Westerly drift in that section of the Bay. Those future devotees of the art of cruising had better sit down and devise a plan for reaching a land fall up wind in poor visibility. My plan was to tack every half hour, logging the compass course and correcting for wind shifts. This is no small feat in a bouncing 16 foot boat, and of course I never had the satisfaction of finding out how my navigation turned out.

Breakfast was served on-board ship. The next morning was cloudy, overcast and foggy with a 29.88 barometer reading, wind 7-8 knots and believe it or not 050° wind direction. Our navigation plan was to pass Rabbit Island close by, which we did at 10.45, pick up the Red Spar off Club Island which happened at 11.40, then plot a course for Flower Pot Island.

The wind held beautifully, the clouds disappeared and it turned out to be a glorious day. Sitting in the bottom of the boat we soaked up the sunshine, listened to the radio, fell asleep several times at the tiller, (to be awakened by shouts from the other boats) and thoroughly enjoyed the ride.

An unannounced course correction, the result of a two bearing fix on Fitzwilliam & Club Islands as they disappeared over the horizon, created some concern on W 866, however, we hit Flower Pot Island dead on at 16.30, after a run of 25 miles feeling quite proud of our navigation.

After dinner we were treated to some loud partying in the small harbour, suitably squelched by the park keeper. Most people visit a wilderness park to enjoy the quiet and scenery.

July 21st. was designated "Lay over day". Sunny, beautiful, light winds and warm. Cabot Head 14 miles away was visible as were many islands in the vicinity. Barometer 29.84.

Peter Hanson & I walked through the woods and visited the light house and drank in the scenery from that point.

"Penguin", one of the local tour guide boats skippered by Joe George arrived at 13.30. Joe is a former school teacher from the London, Ontario area, who moved to Tobermory and purchased the "Penguin" and the "Georgian", the local Hotel which his wife runs. Joe is an extremely helpful fellow who obviously enjoys life and people. He directed us to the "Grandview" for an excellent Dinner and arranged to pick us up at 20.00 hrs.

A trip to the Post Office rewarded Allen & Joy with a gooseneck to everyone's appreciation. Our call to Hugh Thomas W 921 had resulted in a call to Eric Stubbs W 1134 whom had just received a call from

Dr. Riddell W 627 Kitchener, enquiring about a mast as his had been broken over the previous week-end. Eric asked him to send his gooseneck to Tobermory which he very kindly did.

Tobermory is strictly a tourist resort, most of their business is derived from the yachting & skin-diving fraternities. They are also the owners of the third worst washroom facilities on the Bay. Killarney has none, so rates #1, Thornbury rates #2, with Lions Head receiving a four star rating. A tip of the hat and thanks to Seaman Tigert at Lions Head.

We arrived back on Penguin at 20.30, took movies of Joe, "Penguin", and the disembarkation, discussed the morrow and turned in. Barometer up slightly 29.84.

Our destination was Windfield Basin, there we were to regroup and decide whether to go on. From 0915 to 1420 we sailed hard, tacking continually. Connie & I laid off briefly to visit the spot we anchored off last year, for nostalgic reasons. The North Shore of the Bruce is truly spectacular and I expressed some regret in not being able to sail close in to enjoy the scenery.

After reaching Windfield, everyone agreed to sail on and hopefully reach Lion's Head. Rounding Cabot Head, the wind dropped again and the fleet separated, W866 pulling ahead consistently.

Cape Chin was abeam at 19.20 and oars were broken out in hope the wind would rise to the occasion, finally Connie and I decided to anchor off, which we did at 2100 hrs.

We learned later W866 arrived Lion's Head at 23.30 after a 31 mile trip. W1129 also anchored off when they saw us pull in.

The heavens put on a spectacular display that night. I unzipped the boom tent and sat gazing at the wonders above me. The Milky Way, big and little Dippers, Venus, and all the other constellations were displayed in all their glory. I fell asleep to the rolling of the boat, deeply grateful for yet another opportunity to circumnavigate the "Georgian" and enjoy the grandeur of our universe.

July 23 - We arrived Lion's Head 0845, again a beautiful day. Barometer 30.24. Joy had breakfast ready as we pulled in, W1129 arrived shortly after.

The "Doc" announced he thought that he had the Flu. A very short Skippers' meeting decided in favour of a lay over.



The Doc really did have the Flu and announced later that if he got any worse, he would have to see the local "Quack".

A call to Dianne Thomas W921 revealed she had dropped husband Hugh at Honey Harbour and he planned on sailing over to meet us. On hearing about the Doc's plight, she offered to drive from Huntsville and pick up the Phillips and their boat if conditions warranted.

Eric & Margaret Braundt (formerly W442) arrived at the Harbour for a sail and after introductions all round, provided Peter and I with enough brew to see us through a couple of days; sympathized with the Doc & Joy, and offered very kindly to take the Doc to their cottage, (the Doc at this point made an error which he later regretted, in turning down this kind offer) and then provided extra sleeping bag etc. which was very much appreciated. We filmed them leaving the Harbour for a sail and later invited them to Dinner. Dinner in Lion's Head means "fish & chips" while mounted on a bar stool.

July 24 - Another gorgeous day, checked with Doc, 24 hr. flu had passed and he felt better, decision made to press on. After phone calls to Dianne Thoms to say her services not required, replenishment of stores, return of goods to Braundts, we left the Harbour at 10.30 hours. Barometer was 30.12, winds 5-6 later freshened to 12, and then dropped back to 8-9.

Cape Croker was rounded at 16.30 and we passed between Hay & White Cloud Island, anchoring in a harbour on the West side of White Cloud at 13.30. Day's run-22 miles.

After a good supper on shore, and a swim, we anchored off for the night, noting the barometer had dropped to 29.88 and thunder could be heard some way off.

Two members of the Owen Sound Yacht Club came over in their boat for a chat and very kindly invited us into the Club on our way back.

July 25 - We rose at 0730, overcast, no dev: on boat cover, barometer 29.89, had breakfast on shore and left White Cloud 0930 in rain. We enjoyed a fair breeze in spite of rain, thunder could be heard to the South & East.

Some blue sky appeared by 10.45, cloud and haze were general, the rain stopped and the wind dropped. The Doc announced Thornbury could be his last port for this trip as we were running out of time.

By 1200 we had not reached Cape Commodore. The other two boats landed for lunch. Connie and I chose to eat on board, wieners, beans & coffee, not exactly gourmet!

Commodore was passed at 1315 and Owen Sound Bay was tackled, with destination Wilkott Creek. Connie & I had spent a night in a protected spot just north of the Creek, last year, and wanted to see it again; we arrived 1515 hours.

Beating our way up the coast, we arrived Vail Point at 1700 hours. The day turned hot, clear and beautiful, log notes "we must be living a charmed life". Miles for the day - 14.

Vail Point boasts a small cove and is definitely not recommended for navigation, at least not the cove we wound up in, at one point our boat stopped, without a bump, I had been looking aft & monkeying around with the tiller, a laugh from the crew made me turn my head. She was standing on a big rock, which was just covered with water and holding the boat, in the middle of the cove!

Cooked a good meal on shore after cleaning up the boat. It was a beautiful evening, but we noticed the Barometer had dropped to 29.73 then 29.74.

July 26 - Up at 07.30, noted good 5-6 knot breeze, Barometer down again 29.70. Wind shifted during night and boat needed to be reset, to stop bumping on rocks. Always hate getting out of a warm sleeping bag.

Breakfast over, we left at 0930, winds turned light as we left cove. Barometer down to 29.64 and hazy at 1030, no wind, all crews lying in boats reading etc. Weather reports all bad. Storms all around us. One felt that ominous feeling one gets in a calm before a storm.

Out of the haze appeared a 30' Sloop under power, and stopped by the Doc's boat, then came over to ours.

The Skipper of Aku Aku kindly suggested a 12 mile tow to Meaford, also confirmed our weather reports, storms and line squalls all around us. The opportunity was gratefully accepted at 1250 hours. Barometer down again to 29.62.

Rain started half way to Meaford, wind picked up. Line squall came through and we registered 40 knot winds, laying Aku Aku over, considerably. Lightning chains were hung from shrouds as the thunderstorm broke around us. The boats and crews survived the incident and we entered Meaford

Harbour at 1530 wet and tired. The Skipper of Aku Aku invited us over for a drink, which we gratefully accepted, after his son drove Peter & I you know where, for supplies.

The Skipper was Vic Searles, owner of the Westbrook Sailing School in Meaford, and friend of Michael and Penny Heath-Eves W398.

After a good clean-up, crews hiked uptown for a Chinese dinner, at 22.30. The Barometer was down to 29.50. Meaford Harbour didn't appeal to us, the wash in the Harbour bumped our boats continually and the water was dirty, some change from our experiences around the Georgian.

However it is a good safe harbour and the wash room provided for visitors gets an "A+" rating. "Spray" - the coast guard vessel we had met at Killarney docked in the evening, with much noise, as someone had dared to use their berth.

July 27 - We got up at 0700, cooked breakfast on the dock and left harbour at 0900, destination Thornbury, 7 miles away.

Clear, bright day and good breeze. Anxious to get on, we left harbour under full sail.

The wind continually increased reaching 25 knots and gusting over 30. Mains were lowered smartly as the boats were very much over powered.

The remainder of the passage was quite comfortable reaching under jib alone. Outside Thornbury Harbour we stopped to discuss the situation with Hanson & Dawson, as the wind was coming right out of the entrance to the Harbour; we deemed it impossible to sail in under jib alone. Experience dictated we dock on the outside of the Harbour Wall and pull the boats in.

While in the process, we were treated to a fine bit of Seamanship. W866 sailed in with working jib and a handkerchief of a main, tacking all the way to the harbour wall outside the Reef Boat Club.

The "Reef Boat Club" was the only place on the Georgian and I was somewhat nervous about entering.

Last year we had worded a comment about the Club which came out very badly, sure enough the first members we met said "are you the people that wrote the article in Gam?".

We felt better later when we had an opportunity to apologize to the Commodore. The sailors at the Club

treated us royally for the day, offering us a home for the night and an invitation to a party the following evening.

Jim Phillips arrived later in the day and we said farewell to Doc; very sorry that he had to leave us and not complete the trip; we enjoyed our "last supper" at the "Pagoda", the local Chinese restaurant Connie & I ate in last year.

The day off gave us a good opportunity to clean up our clothes in the local laundromat.

The evening was spent, talking to members of the Club, who very kindly left the Club open for us overnight.

July 28 - As everyone was anxious to get going, we checked the weather reports, which indicated scattered thunderstorms and 20-25 knot winds. The barometer was 30.60 and the morning bright.

The decision to go being made, we packed up and left Thornbury Harbour at 09.45 on a course 052° wind from 260° and light. The destination Cedar Point across Nottawasaga Bay.

Collingwood Bell buoy was sighted at 10.55 bearing 092°.

By 11.10 we were some four miles out and clouds were moving over from the northwest. At 12.45, Collingwood bell was 186° and Collingwood light in the haze 150°. At 15.15 Collingwood light was 164°. North section of Christian Island 012° and Cedar Point 040°. The wind now shifted to 356°, increased to 8-10 knots, behind us thunder clouds marched across the western section of Nottawasaga Bay blotting out the Blue Mountain and Collingwood.

The wind moved even more north easterly and our approach to Christian Island and the main land now turned into a real beat. The changing wind created a confused sea south of Christian Island and with concern we noted a black ominous looking sky building up behind us and heading our way.

The wind eventually dropped, the world turned quiet, a drop of rain, W1129 headed for shore, W460 & W866 were so close to Cedar Point, oars were broken out, more rain, row like hell! The heavens were now black, rain in torrents, then wind, we roared into Cedar Point Harbour with someone in a car screaming, get your sails down. Thunder & Lightning all round, we tied to the dock and rushed to get our cover up at 16.45, after a 21 mile trip.

Dinner was cooked under the cover that evening. Eventually W1129 arrived as the weather cleared for a while.

One should not arrive at Cedar Point on a Saturday night. The ferry crosses to Christian Island from Cedar Point and Saturday is the big day out. The ferry left that evening with a human cargo for the island somewhat under the weather from the day's outing.

Later that evening we walked to the local grocery store, passing a restaurant on the way, the garden, of which contained, a brawling group of drunken native sons.

We turned in around 2100 to be pelted -with stones from another group of younger native sons, whose language exceeded anything you would hear around the local yacht club.

The barometer was 29.65 @ 2100. I fell asleep quite pleased in a way that the trip across the Nottawasaga Bay was behind us and the remainder of the trip lay among the Islands. Open water sailing in a 16<sup>T</sup> sail boat has some element of risk about it and brings on some nervousness, no matter how confident you are. Imagine being off-shore for weeks!

July 29 - Knowledge that the ferry was due back in early, was enough to get everyone up in good time. The day was bright and beautiful, wind 8-10, direction 344° favourable to our course. Barometer 29.78, sea a little lumpy.

We left Cedar Point at 1000 hours, course 060° destination Beausoliel Island. A beautiful sail to the Giants Tomb where we changed course to 088°.

Our old friend "Aku Aku" passed us with great waving of arms, clothing etc. She was heading westerly and the number of large boats, heading in that direction indicated a race of some kind.

The day was gorgeous, the wind had picked up to 12-15 knots, and we enjoyed a beautiful sail. We tacked through some channels, ran through others and eventually arrived at Frying Pan Bay at 1300 hours after 14 miles.

As we entered the Bay, Connie spotted a red Wayfarer tied up on the beach and we were met at the dock by Jonathan and Christopher Blythe, sons of Eric & Trudy W815. The boys fascinated us with their knot tying ability and gave us a memorized account of the physical dimensions of a Wayfarer.

Peter Hanson & I later visited their camp and apparently drank all Eric's beer. The next morning, Eric, after realizing what had happened and how far he was from a supply store reacted very strongly, by going back to bed with the Flu.

Dinner, swimming, talking etc. closed off a beautiful day.

July 30 - Farewells were extended to the Blythes' and we filmed them waving us off at 1000 hours. The winds were light and from the S.W., favourable to our destination O'Donnell Point. The barometer was 29.90 and the weather clear.

The winds picked up as we threaded our way through the Islands. The wind picked up further and we found ourselves in the midst of the most exhilarating sail of the trip. The Wayfarers flew along well above hull speed.

We arrived in a secluded bay Connie & I had discovered last year, at 1400 hours, four hours for some 20 miles, the stop at the Marina and getting in and out of our two harbours indicates the speed we were travelling. Last year Connie & I took from early morning until after dark to make the same trip going the other way.

A walk out to the point over the rocks, the usual abortive fishing attempt, dinner and swimming closed the day.

Barometer at 1700 hours was 29.70

July 31 - Barometer 29.80. Weather reports 15 knots and southerly. Bain and thunderstorms expected. Left O'Donnell Point 0830.

We stopped at Sans Souce Marina for film, found the coffee terrible, couldn't find the washroom, area generally filthy with oil and debris, long black snake working its way through the oil and filth at the gas pump and top of it all, no film.

Winds turned out to be light all day; as we were on a run, speed was pretty poor. Rained most of the afternoon. To hurry things along we took a few short cuts from the Small Craft Channel.

Last mile into Pengalle Bay was covered under oars. An inglorious end to a glorious trip. We checked in around 16.05 after 22 miles.

Hanson sent me packing off to the Beer Store at Parry Sound, which I arrived at 5 minutes after closing, due to a traffic hold up on the highway. The evening was spent in mourning.

Joy & Jim left while I was at Parry Sound as did T. Dawson.

Ken Elliot W2276 with his son and daughter were there when I arrived back.

Wednesday & Thursday were spent at "the beach" on Franklin Island. Friday we sailed back to Pengalle and left for North Bay.

So ended another trip around the "Georgian", what remains? Some very warm remembrances, at times a little over-powering. Very deep appreciation for yet another opportunity to be free from the encumbrances of modern living.

Grateful for the privilege of being able to feast on the glorious sights of the "Georgian".

Grateful for friends, sailing companions to share the experiences of the trip.

Grateful for a like-minded daughter (we found her growing up a little this year), to sail with and share the experiences. I often recall her comments as we started the 1970 Muskoka Cruise. We were less than an hour from the dock when she turned to me out of the blue and said "Boy, is it ever good to get away!" She was eleven at the time.

At the time of writing, a 1974 cruise through the "North Channel" is well on in the planning. This cruise will probably start at Killarney sail the north coast to Thessalon and return via the Manitoulin Coast on the Southern section of the Channel.

Nineteen-seventy-three has been good to me, in addition to the above trip, we enjoyed a trip to England to pick up the Frank Dye Trophy, which we won in 1972. visits to the British Wayfarer Association A.G.M. and the Earls court Boat Show; a sail up the Thames in W48 with Frank and Margaret Dye, and named Dinghy Sailor of the year in my own Club, A.B.Y.C., Toronto. How much more can one expect?