

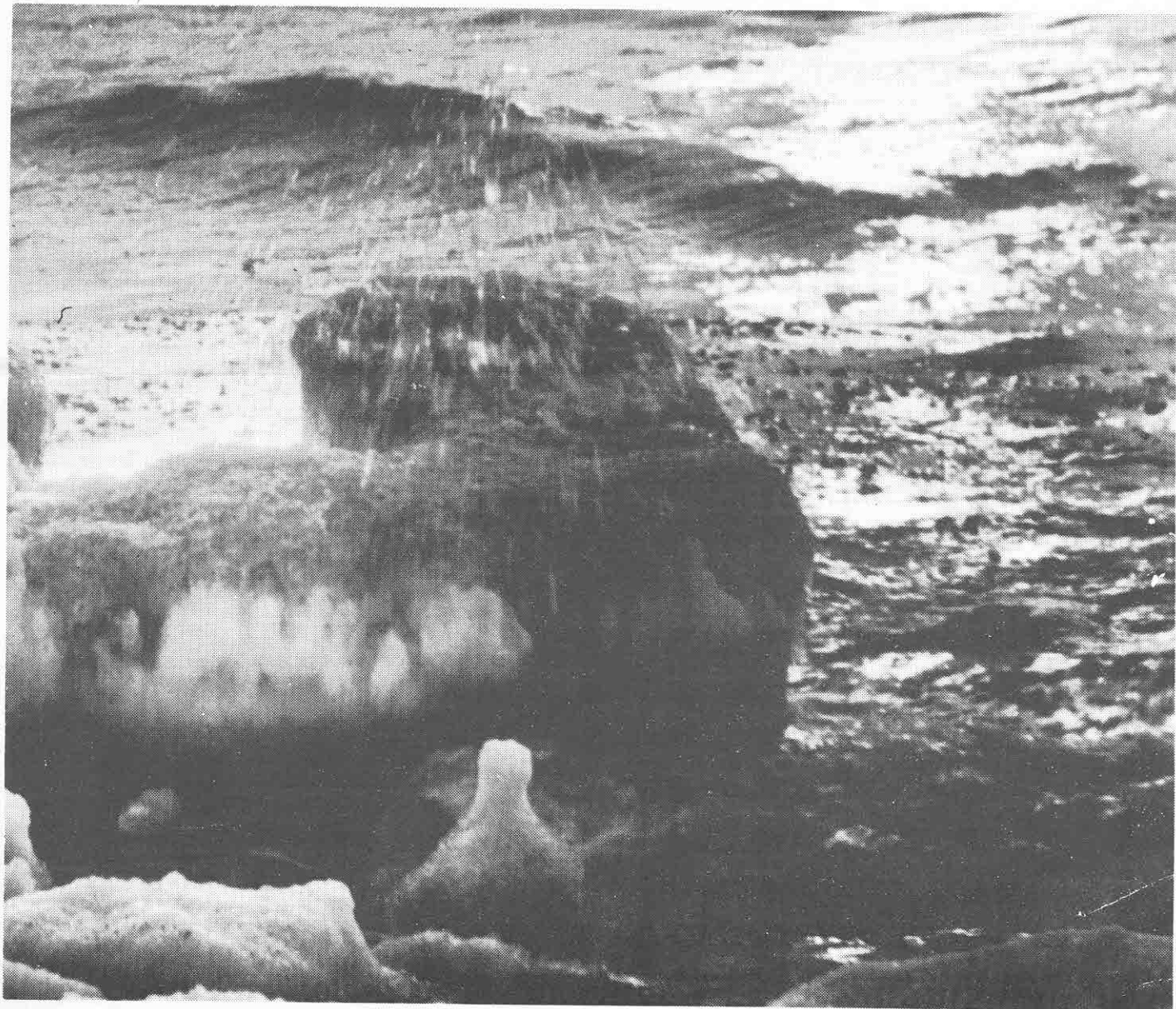
*The*



# CLIPPER



JAN 1967





ALGONQUIN ISLAND

Honorary Commodore H. S. ROBBINS

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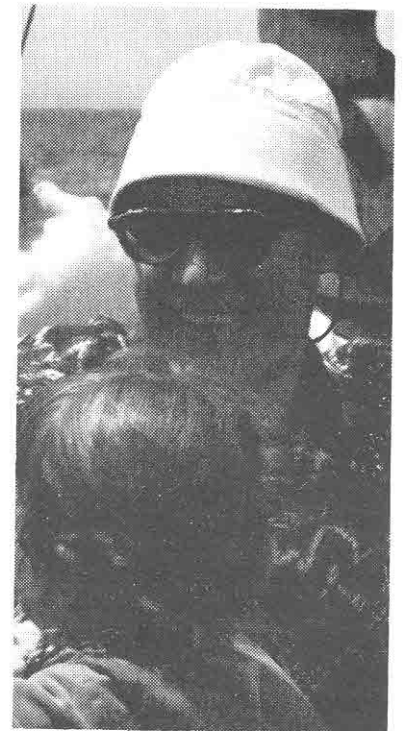
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... D. SPROUL ... 789-6161

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## Commodore's Comments



If this isn't your favourite month and your smile is wearing a little thin from bidding Bon Voyage to your friends heading for summer climes, then give yourself a lift with a visit to Queen City some Saturday or Sunday afternoon.

You'll find "total involvement" at the clubhouse with your buddies just the right anecdote for those 'tween season blues. Chances are its time you checked out the boat tarp and the shorings anyhow.

While things physical are pretty much under wraps at the club right now plans are moving ahead for the up-coming season.

The shift forward of our fiscal year has meant getting down to business sooner - an omen I like to think for smoother sailing ahead.

*C. J. Millen*



expo67



## A Perfect DAY...

"How much does it cost!" asks a friend when he sees, hears about, or spends a day on your boat. J.P. Morgan's classic answer, "If you have to think about cost, you can't afford to own one" is a little naive to fit to-day's sailor.

None the less, an acquaintance once commented that there were answers to two questions about which he never expected to hear the truth. One, is the miles per gallon a man gets in his car, the other, the time he takes to commute to his job. I agree the cost of owning a boat would fall into the same category.

Our present boat is our second, a twenty-eight foot sloop - she is long of water line, deep of keel, and narrow of beam. Figure, if you will, everything that would go against a boat in C.C.A. rating and that's her. Yet, in terms of fun per square foot and sea-keeping ability, we have far more than our normal share. There have been calm nights in the bay when we'd like to pull up

our five foot keel like a bird's feet in flight but there have been days when we carried on with full sail, while others reefed and shortened down, and we begrudged neither feet nor pounds of its size.

Readers of yachting lore will remember H. Vanderbilt's description of the day he got "Ranger" going perfectly, but it has to happen to you to know how he felt.

It happened to us on the day of the Cheaters' Race. We crossed the start line a minute and a half late, headed city-side and started to pinch along the south shore heading for the Western Gap. Much to our surprise, we managed to call starboard on one of the leading contenders, then with one more tack laid the entrance to the gap. We lost out in a tacking duel through the gap to end up in the Hubber Bay sloop a miserable fifth on the western run. Adding to the utter confusion on board (two green horns) there was a twenty mile an hour wind whipping up from the Lakeview Water Works. Tacking back and forth we rounded the Dufferin Bell Bouy as we left the bell bouy in our wake the wind did freshen but just to the point where one stronger gust would have brought the decision to reduce canvas. We jibbed, after many blasphemous oaths from our skipper and an equal number of prayers

from the crew. The wind now in a favourable quarter, we headed south for Gibraltar point. Our boat, as though sensing an opportunity, with bone in teeth and impressive rooster tail astern, took off down the lake.

The sleepers came up from their naps to watch; the sun bathers got off their beach towels and sat up; the helmsman, with only a finger on the tiller, sat in rapture. A hapless power boat, wallowing in the short, steep, seas, was passed without fanfare or comment. Not a soul aboard said a word, but a look at the faces told a story. Sailors all, there was neither smile nor grimace; only a look of sheer contentment perhaps, I think, a look of reverence.

Soon reality returned and we changed course to head into the Eastern Gap. The rest of the race was somewhat of an anti-climax although we were fourth boat in - the only one in our class to finish.

Sails came down and were stowed without comment. Through the whole pleasant evening there was a subdued attitude about the crew as they went about their chores and pastimes.

To the hunter - his ten point buck; to the golfer - his hole in one; to the skier - a perfect vedel; to the sailor - a day like this.

"How much is it worth?"

