

The Clipper

September 1986

FALL WORK PARTIES
SATURDAY, OCT. 4TH
" , " 11TH

HAULOUT
OCTOBER 18-19
" 25-26

VICE COMMODORE'S REPORT

Summer, such as it was, is drawing to a close. Several items are coming up which are important to members and to the running of the Club.

Lockers

Some lockers are becoming vacant this autumn. In addition, the potential locker block, left over from Police Academy III, will be moved across the lawn and will provide locker space for eight members, on the basis of two to each locker. Lockers are assigned according to the seniority list. If you are interested, please leave a note for me with Anita in the office.

Dinghies and Lasers

We are trying to identify all dinghies and Lasers which are currently stored on Club property. We are requesting that owners of all small craft in the dry sail area, the yard or the crash slip register their boats with the office. We need to have a description of the boat, including size, colour and location, and the name of the owner. Unregistered boats may be removed from the yard and dinghy area after September 30th, 1986.

A Tender Area

As I write, we are experiencing problems with the QUEEN. Members are being inconvenienced when we use the ROBBINS as a replacement. Problems have been at their worst on Wednesday nights and function nights. We are doing our best to restore full service. Please be patient and courteous. It is not the fault of the tender drivers.

A good summer:

In spite of the weather, it has been a good summer. We have had good racing, a great deal of cruising, and some very successful social functions. Lately, we have had some exceptional meals in the dining room. (If you haven't eaten in the club lately, give it a try - the food is good!)

This is the time to consider improvements for the coming year. I would welcome any suggestions that you have for 'doing it better'.

Bill Eckersley,
Vice Commodore.

YARD

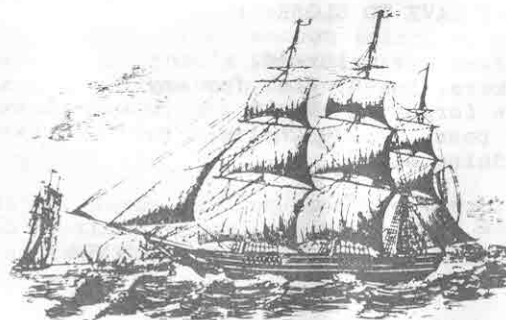
Haulout has been scheduled for the weekends of October 18th-19th and October 25th-26th. As usual, Thanksgiving holiday weekend will offer the last chance for a good day's sail and plenty of time to take down your spar.

Fall work parties are scheduled on Saturday, October 4th, to be extended as necessary to Saturday, October 11th.

A new fee which has been approved by your Board of Directors will not affect many, but will be of interest to all. The fee, called a Cradle Storage Fee, has been established at \$50 for the storage of an empty cradle during the winter season. This fee is designed to discourage the abandonment of cradles in the yard. The fee is viewed as being similar to cross-haul penalties, since both occurrences require considerable effort and cause disruption to the operation of the yard. Effective with the 1986 Haulout, the Cradle Storage Fee of \$50 will be levied on the identified members who own unused cradles. Hopefully the Cradle Storage Fee will help those members concerned to more readily appreciate the commercial value of their cradles, and the effort required by others to move the cradles out of the way. The decision to dismantle or cut up the old cradle may become more obvious.

The system of advising the Yard Chairman in writing of new yard storage requirements works. As of writing this report, I have received three written requests for new storage arrangements. Strangely enough, I haven't lost these requests, forgotten about them or ignored them. They are on file, and I have promised to respond to them by the end of August.

Wayne Smith,
Yard Chairman.



MEMBERSHIP

ACCEPTED FOR ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

Bet Makepeace-Finnie.
Mac Cosburn.
John(Buffy) MacPhail.

PROPOSED FOR ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

Paul Dilworthy.

Bill Nichols,
Membership Chairman.

HERE AND THERE...

TUG O' WAR RESERVIST BARRY HARDY reports that the Tug o' War between Queen City and host Port Credit was a lot of fun, even though our team was out-pounded by theirs.

QUEEN CITY TUGGERS: Len Canham Tom Hood
George Chandler Dave Toms
Dave Fowler Malcolm Wardman
Barry Hitchins

RESERVES: Brian Case Barry Hardy Don Sturgess

RED ALERT: THE BAR MAY HAVE TO CLOSE!!!

Unless... missing glasses are returned.
Please check your lockers, boats, etc. for any Club glassware you may have forgotten about, and return same to the bar as soon as poss. House Chairman Neil Andrews will appreciate your doing so.

OUR INSURANCE AGENT REMINDS US THAT LOCKER CONTENTS ARE NOT COVERED BY CLUB INSURANCE.

ENTERTAINMENT

QCYC ENTERTAINMENT NEWS AND NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1986

Many thanks to Jimmy Douglas for making Newfie Night a Night to Remember (for those who could) back in July, and to Margaret Hardy for our swinging Hawaiian Holiday in August.

Now we're back from cruising and summer's winding down, our entertainment schedule winds into high gear, starting with...

Saturday, September 6

Annual QCYC REGATTA with special dinner, a cast of thousands and dancing to our D.J.

Saturday, September 13

COMMODORE AND VICE-COMMODORE host a select group to a SPECIAL DINNER. Special because they're cooking. Select because it's limited to 80 members. Book early, make sure you're one of the select. Our Sound.

Saturday, September 27

HARVEST MOON DINNER DANCE AND AWARDS NIGHT. This traditional event has a new name and a new look to let the cruising members know this is their night too. An elegant Dinner Dance with Orchestra, Entertainment and the annual Presentation of Awards is something you won't want to miss. Not black tie.....but Posh.

Saturday, October 4

OCTOBERFEST. Inga Mayerhofer's special event with German food, draft beer, live Oompah band and more fun than a pig's knuckle. Book early.

Saturday, October 18

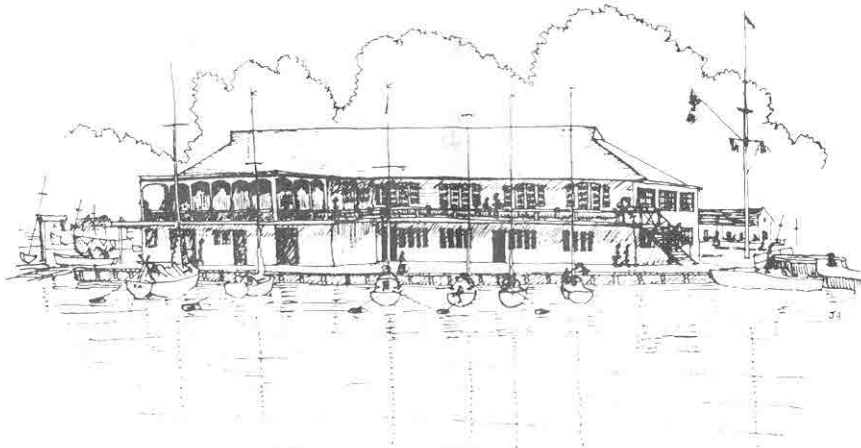
POT LUCK DINNER. Bring enough salad, main course or dessert for four people and that's your ticket to this annual Smorgasbord. Call Louise Barraclough to volunteer your services and your cuisine. Always a hit. Our Sound.

Saturday, October 25

HALLOWE'EN. Watch out for spooks and goblins as the Great Hall is haunted by those in costume who get in FREE! Herb Pitcher's our Host, so trot out your Ghost for QCYC's 1986 Wrap Party. Dancing to our D.J.

Paul Sutherland,
Entertainment Chairman.

CENTENNIAL



QUEEN CITY YACHT CLUB

Karin Larson (GAM on Yachting) has made available QCYC notecards which are for sale in packages of 8 for \$5.

The proceeds will go to our Centennial Fund. Anita has the notecards for sale in the office, or contact Sari Bercovitch.

REMINDER:

Leave your great recipes in the mailbox outside the Club office.

Louise Barraclough.

CRADLE FOR SALE

Suitable for boat up to 32 ft.
Beam: 10 ft.

Contact George Johnson (HEATHER J): 279-2600.

WHAT OTIS P. CRUMMWORTHY SAW

BY MISS JANE MARBLES

Having made the same journey into the little bay of barges and purple weeds as Otis P. Crummworthy, I have thought about the scene he observed, and I think I have a solution to what he saw.

As our boat entered this remote bay, people in a boat emerging from it yelled that we shouldn't enter without hard hats. They should also have mentioned ear plugs and fresh air tanks. Because of this reputation the bay is seldom visited.

On our trip we did not see the movie screen, or witness the strange figure in the antique soccer shorts, but I suspect that he is a member of a clandestine group known as B.O.B. (BIRDS OVER BOATS)

Having made his presence known, Otis was lucky to get out alive. These eccentric bird lovers believe that they must give this long-established wilderness back to the birds, who have inhabited it since its emergence from the lake. To do this they must rid the area of all boats.

What Otis stumbled into, and was shown the details of, was their secret weapon to accomplish this goal: A patterning school! As the chicks emerge from their eggs, the first thing that they see is the flickering screen. Repeated over and over again are Douglas divebombers dropping their plump little bombs from their bellies, then flying off, not waiting for the explosion. After several weeks of this non-stop viewing, the chicks believe that they are really Douglas divebombers. The strange figure is helping those chicks that have learned to fly, to perfect their technique. He gestures to encourage the accurate bombers, and to urge the slow learners to do better. Their practice target: the barge.

If Otis had looked more closely he would have seen varying sizes of circles outlined on the barge, representing the dimensions of hatches (closed and open), decks, sailcovers, cockpit cushions and coffee cups.

Just as the pilots of Douglas divebombers were trained to drop their plump little bombs with unerring accuracy, these innocent babies are being brainwashed to do the same. Every boat in the area is a sitting duck to their attacks.

Have you noticed the increase in airborne fertilizer hitting the decks this year? The training is paying off! Let us hope that, armed with this solution, Otis will lead the way in setting up an anti-B.O.B. group. He will need expert tactics and a suitable name. Let every boater help Otis organize against the blitz. Never have so few, etc.

Thanks, Jane. *

Jane's solution, while ingenious, misses the target (go back and watch the movie, Miss Marbles). However, since hers was the only submission received by press time, not only is her theory preserved for posterity, she wins the semi-valuable prize: a bottle of scotch (don't get bombed, Jane).

* (RESOLVER) Myrtle Warden (A.K.A.) *

Boating baron takes on C & C

By LEE LESTER
Business Writer

Noted German international yachtsman, sportscar racer and show jumper Baron Karl von Wendt has achieved a boyhood ambition — to live in Canada.

Von Wendt, 49, says he was only 14 when he started dreaming of living in this country which he knew only from books, films and stories from his mother who was born in Victoria, B.C.

He became a landed immigrant in 1975 but returned to Germany. He is now back as head of Dehler Yachts Canada and aiming to challenge the quality market dominated by C & C Yachts, the Niagara-on-the-Lake firm rescued from receivership last month by a Toronto syndicate.

Dehler, Europe's third largest boatbuilder, is known for boats that allow water to enter sealed compartments to provide ballast. The German company says that enables them to build their smaller craft lighter so as to save fuel when they are trai-



KARL von WENDT
Challenges C & C

lered. Von Wendt says it also enables the larger craft to be used by families as cruisers or, unbalanced, as racers in club events.

In the first year of trading, the baron hopes to sell ten 25-footers at \$23,000 each; five 31-footers at \$69,000; ten 34-footers at \$89,000; and four 38-footers at \$144,000. A high-tech racer, the db', will sell for \$111,000.

If he succeeds, total sales will realize \$2 million in an overall Canadian boating market worth \$5 billion. Yacht sales account for \$500 million.

Von Wendt, who has taken up residence at Mont Cascades, Que., in the Gatineau Hills — "It reminds me of North Rhine-Westphalia where I lived in Germany" — wants to become a Canadian citizen as soon as possible. But, before that, he hopes he can quickly represent his new country in international yachting events. Residence and not nationality is the only qualification to do so.

If his yacht sales are as fast as the baron himself, rival firms have a formidable contender. Von Wendt has won the Miami-Nassau race three times. He is also a triple winner of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference event. He was second in the 1982 three-quarter ton world championships and third in both the 1983 and 1984 events. And, last year, he won the North American three-quarter ton championship.

As a racecar driver, he won the 1967 European championship for Porsche.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS UNRAVELLED.

BY OTIS P. CRUMMWORTHY.

You may recall Otis standing on a beach in the Outer Harbour puzzling over this engraving.

He continues:

I studied the picture for several bewildered seconds, the demented squeals of countless seagulls assaulting my ears.

My eyes glanced over to the movie screen seeking enlightenment, to see the Dauntless divebomber's bomb disappear down the aft funnel of the scrapped destroyer for the umpteenth time. A quick look at the empty barge moored beside the beach yielded no crucial clue either.

Finally, my inquiring eyes came to rest on the hairy-kneed, wild-eyed eccentric who had handed me the cryptic sheet of paper.

"So?" I demanded, raising one shoulder in a Trudeau-like baffled shrug.

"The boat, man! Can't you see?"

"I can only see that it's absurdly over-rigged for its size."

"It belongs to W.R. Grace!" he pointed out, and resumed: "Today that's one of the biggest conglomerates in the world, with assets in the billions!"

Light slowly dawned. This eccentric was in reality a stockbroker who had evolved a deviously unique sales pitch! Was I supposed to beg for the chance to buy Grace shares?

He spoke into my stubborn silence, patiently explaining. "William Robert Grace was a poor young Irishman who sailed to the New World seeking his fortune, and found it — in Peru, of all places. No, not in Inca gold, or an emerald mine deep in the jungle, but on islands offshore." As he spoke his mesmeric eyes began to blaze with messianic fire, like an evangelic prophet spreading the true word, or the proud owner of a new Nonsuch trying to convince a sloop-rig holdout to see the light and repent of foredeck folly. He went on: "These rocky islands were covered many metres deep in guano, the nitrogen-rich droppings of countless generations of seabirds who had bred there since time immemorial. W.R. recognized it at once for the

