

LOG BOOK OF YACHT
"SAY WHEN"
1922

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SUMMER - 1922

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The "Say When" was launched without ceremony and with only the odd scrape on Wednesday, May 3rd at 7.06 P.M.

May 4th. With May and the Duke on board she nearly made her first trip when she started for Wards Island to pick up some of her equipment which had been left at the Queen City Yacht Club, but on reaching the lake we were met by the first of a heavy fog, so had to turn back. "I am disappointed".

Saturday, May 13th. All rigged up, the "Say When" left Ashbridges Bay and its breath of attar of roses, bound for Wards Island, all the crew being on board, (the whole two of them.) Arrived at Wards about 4.30, where some small finishing touches were added. She certainly looks snappy. Her water line has been widened two inches, the sides are a marvelous glossy white, and from bow to stern she fairly shines. The bow light has been raised to the mast, and a new stern light has found a home on the flag staff at the back, and although it certainly adds to the appearance of the yacht, there is still some question as to how popular it will be. Who wants a light in the cockpit when there is a perfectly good moon doing business, without expense to our storage battery.

Had a light lunch at Lafalot Camp, then went to Yonge St. dock where we picked Marjorie up at 8.15, then back to Wards Island as we had promised to run a bunch to town. Found them waiting for us and shivering, as, having blown out the lights, they were unable to work and keep warm. Took the crowd, including Mr. & Mrs. Wilson, Maude, Herb, Joe Kirby,

Harold Baker, and our own bunch, back to town, then Marjorie, Claude, the Duke and May took the boat back to Ashbridges Bay, as, so far the ferry company have not been good enough to start a night service. Very cold going down the lake, but just after reaching Ashbridges Bay the moon made its appearance and gave us a very fair imitation of a hot tropical night - all but the heat. However, this lack was not much felt in the presence of an exceedingly large orange moon, silhouette trees which looked as if they were cut from black velvet, the odd log or buoy doing duty as a sleeping crocodile in the half light, and a path of pure gold leading straight across the water from our boat to the moon, - which we did not attempt to follow.

Drank to the health of the ship and our hopes for a good summer - in raspberry vinegar, for lack of something better, then all went to the Wilsons for a light lunch.

Sunday, May 14th. The boys were to get the boat from Ashbridges Bay and be at Wards Island early, but owing to a desire to celebrate the entry of daylight saving, the Duke turned his watch and all the clocks in the house an hour back instead of forward, with the result that he was just two hours later in reaching the boat than he thought. The ship had to show her best speed in order to make the foot of Yonge St. by 3.15 in time to meet Marjorie. Returned to Wards Island after a little trouble with the engine, owing to dirt in the gasoline.

Spent the afternoon, or what was left of it, in helping straighten Lafalot Camp - getting a stand-in for the odd midnight lunch to come. Had supper at Lafalot, then ran Mr. & Mrs. Wilson, Herb and Maude

over to town. On the way, a certain young lady, after much persuasion, was finally induced to share the back seat with Claude, arriving with the remark "Is that close enough?". "Oh, never mind" says our gallant Claude, "if it isn't, I'll move."

Coming back, after dropping the rest at town, the Duke was fixing a new stay and May took the wheel, also the job of chaperoning the back seat with the aid of the mirror on the flashlight. We inspected the new Royal Canadian Yacht Club, which quite meets with approval, then started for Ashbridges Bay. The trip down the lake is still very cold, especially for the wheelsman, but was helped a little by the chaperone asking for a little entertainment and unexpectedly getting it, although not in just the form she had looked for.

Reached Ashbridges Bay and got the ship locked up without mishap other than the fact that Marjorie lost a hairpin. Not much chance of the usual summer collection of souvenirs if they are going to be kept track of like that. She was advised to invest in a box of them.

Left the ship about 10.15, new time, so were unable to superintend the rise of the moon to-night.

We are very busy planning a trip for the 24th. Here's hoping for good weather.

Saturday, May 20th followed a dismal, cloudy week, and despite all our hopes, the sun still refused to shine. In spite of the rain, Duke and Claude went down to the boat, and with the aid of Mr. Nolan, thoroughly overhauled the generator, which had once again developed aspirations to be a motor.

At night, as everyone was feeling particularly peppy, Claude, Marjorie, Duke

and May went to Columbus Hall, where Al. Linton jazzed away our bad weather blues. Then to Wilsons for the odd hour that was left.

Sunday, May 21st. Still very sullen and cloudy in the morning, but the boys, with hopes of a clear-up, got down to Ashbridges Bay early.

In making the final preparations for a start, the Duke had rather a bad accident. He was jumping for Dawsons Wharf from the back of the boat, and came straight against a piece of iron which had been concealed by the flag blowing across it. It knocked him out for a few minutes, but he claims to be feeling O.K. again, and has promised to interview a doctor.

Without regrets, Ashbridges Bay was left behind and the ship started for her summer home at Wards Island. On arrival there, the Duke being very busy making a mooring, the alarm was set for 1.30 to make sure that work was stopped in time to meet Marjorie and May at the foot of Yonge St. at 2 P.M. The alarm duly went off, and the boat arrived at the city shore with fifteen minutes to the good, according to the ship clock, so that the boys were decidedly surprised to get a cool reception. Mrs. Wilson, Maude, Marjorie and May had sat there for exactly one hour, very much worried as to what might have gone wrong. After due explanations had been made, it developed that Duke had for the second time this summer adjusted a clock, and set it one hour slow. For the balance of the summer, a watchful eye will be kept on him.

At 3 P.M. we proceeded to Wards Island, where Mr. Wilson was picked up and Duke finished his work, then to Centre Island where we had supper. The sun has at last finished his long nap, and takes the odd peek at us through his fluffy cloud comforter.

The Duke, busy preparing a report as chairman of the entertainment committee of the Q.C.Y.C. is startled by wild cheers, but returns to the business in hand with a grin. The excitement? Marjorie has for the first time this season removed her hat while on the boat. Encore.

While at Centre Island we found "Snapper", our new mascot, a turtle one inch wide and two long, counting his head and tail. It was some job to keep track of him, he can travel so fast, and after the Duke found him trying to commit suicide by jumping from the forward deck to the water, he was consigned to the dinghy.

After supper we took Maude to the city, then proceeded to Sunnyside to look over the improvements which have been made. We have turned covetous eyes on the new chairs which grace the beach, at, we are told, a rate of 10¢ per hour.

Returned along the outer shore of the Island, and tried unsuccessfully to pass behind the new breakwater at Centre Island. Claude insisted on measuring enough water at the east end, but the boat was stubborn and refused to go through.

Going through the Eastern Gap we passed a stonehooker with full sail up, which a little imagination readily turned into a pirate ship. Unluckily the sun was too far gone for us to get a picture of it.

Took Mr. & Mrs. W. to town, where we dropped them and took on a load of gas, then started for the Island. About half way across, we found a stray boat which the Duke says is a sampan. The name brings up mind pictures far different from the reality. Towed it to the Q.C.Y.C. where it was duly presented to the steward, who is to keep it should the owner not turn up.

We also mysteriously fell heir to a

The Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, Q.C.Y.C. prepares a report.



sea anchor during the course of the evening

Ran the "Say When" around to our favorite cove, where she was tied up to the shore, with land on one side and 27 ft. of water on the other. The steward of the Q.C.Y.C. rowed us over to Wards Island in time for the 10.15 ferry, the famous "Luella". We sat at the back of the boat and the fireman obligingly showed us what he could do in the way of fireworks. Picture us on our majestic way, with showers of fire trailing behind.

Finished the day at Wilsons, where a hot dinner awaited us.

Tuesday, May 23rd. A clear warm day for the first cruise of the season. Claude, Marjorie, the Duke and May caught the 5.40 ferry for Wards Island, our chaperone, Mrs. Pearen (for dignity) having preceded us by one boat. All aboard the "Say When", then back to the city where we picked up our bedding at the Harbor Commission Garage (having been delivered there Monday night by the courtesy of Bill Henderson and his new car), then to the Harbor Administration Bldg. where our groceries had been delivered in error. The Duke, following the doctors instructions not to strain himself, carried out both bedding and supplies.

Left the Harbor Administration Dock at 6.34.

After leaving the Western Gap, we prepared supper, which everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy, but the lake becoming very choppy a little further out, Marjorie was tucked away on one of the side seats, where she remained for the balance of the trip with nothing to say.

The Duke went below, and when the rest took a look at the cabin, he had everything packed away, and the beds all made up. We are one and all prepared to give

