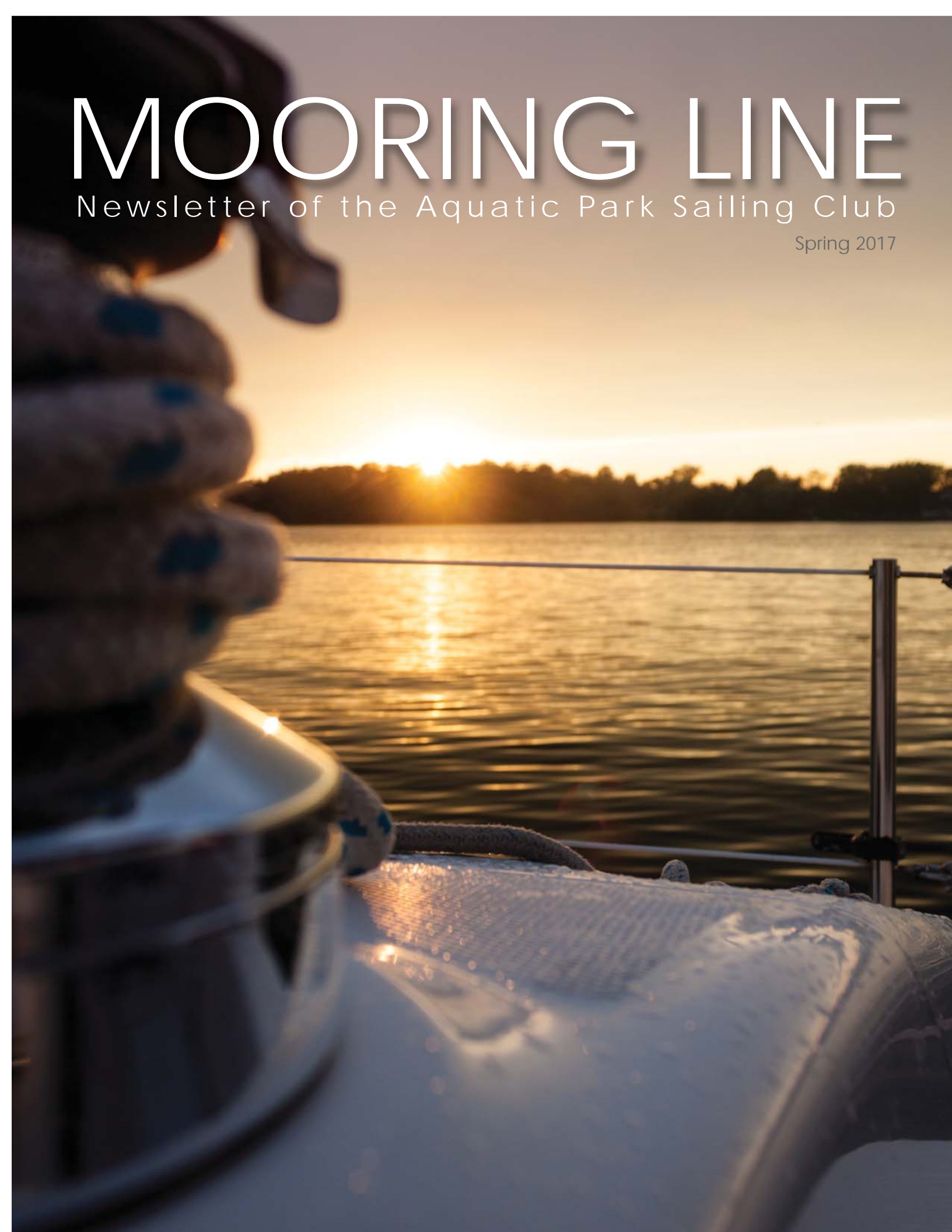


MOORING LINE

Newsletter of the Aquatic Park Sailing Club

Spring 2017





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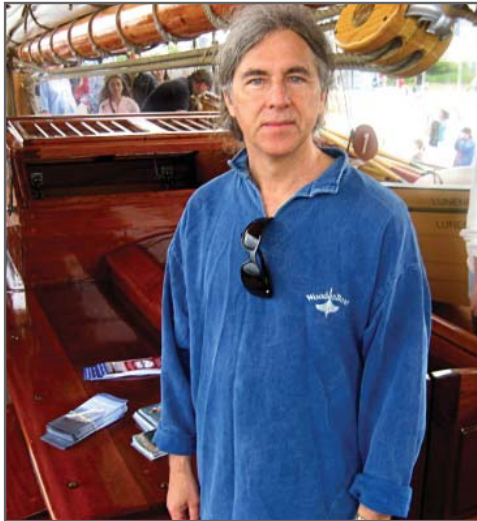
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Cover photo: Philip Krueger
 Above: Gregory Graham
 Right: Raymac

Commodore

jeff willis



As of this writing, docks and many boats are in the water, the sun is appearing sooner and staying longer, birds are singing, and the unmistakable sounds of boat preparation still resonate through the boatyard. These are certain signs of spring! After the inevitable chores of prepping and outfitting our boats are completed, we'll be looking forward to another season of sailing and enjoying our beloved club.

The off season part of the year has been busy for both the executive and me. We've once again prepared a budget, we've negotiated for vehicle access to remain unaltered for this season, and preparations are being made for our annual Spit Clean Up campaign and an Open House event. Both our social and race agendas are also taking shape, so this season shows great promise. We've already enjoyed a wonderful docks-in feast arranged by new social director Lila Train, with much appreciated contributions from long time APSC supporter

Carey Crawford Brown Lamontagne. Cheers to you both, and the crews who assisted in food prep and dock-jockeying.

There's a lot going on for the little club that could! While all this certainly bodes well, it's important to bear in mind that our existence continues to be a privilege we've enjoyed for many years now. Our small footprint, low-key presence depends largely on us-both our own cohesiveness as a club and our willingness to abide by the tenets of our tenancy on Leslie Spit. Fortunately, our mooring regulations and club by-laws provide a simple guide. Just as we routinely review the safety, race, and collision regulations, I encourage both new and long-standing members to take the time to peruse them as they're easily available on the members section of our website.

This season's record high water levels have brought some attendant issues, such as our dinghy dock adjustments and increased amount of debris in the mooring field. Please keep an especially watchful eye!

Like all of you, I'm looking forward to another enjoyable, safe, and rewarding season spent in the magical environs of our cherished haven on Lake Ontario.

Fair winds!



The View From Here

the editor



This issue of *The Mooringline* is heavy on APSC's history, but as someone wiser than me said, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it". Recently I have been reviewing old club documents and copies of *The Mooringline*. I burst out laughing by the realization that the same issues and conversations have been reoccurring for 40 years! "Who's leaving their boat on the dock? What about those inflatable dinghys? Too much garbage...! We need a mast crane! Our lease is up for renewal...." These are some of the repeating issues borne out of communal engagement occupying a fair chunk of the executive's time. Ground hog day indeed!

Daily minutiae aside, there have been huge advances and victories at APSC; building infrastructure and securing our right to affordable sailing, to name a few, but we cannot sit back and rest on the achievements of the past. I find APSC's history fascinating as it shows a spirit of "can do", making something, quite literally, out of the ruins of the past.

The Club has a renewed opportunity to look forward and plan our future, so I ask the membership; *what type of club do you envision?* I am sure there are as many priorities as members, but our task is to find the commonalities, plan the action, and execute the vision.

Tortuga anchored in Morton's Bay, the **best** spot on the Rideau Canal.

In APSC's bylaws, there exists the requirement for standing committees. In the past members were assigned to committees and more recently, committees have only been active on an ad-hoc basis. Committees are a great way for members to get involved in the club, have an active say in its operations and of course, earn work-hours. I encourage all members to step-up and contact the Director for an area you might be interested in, there is no shortage in variety or quantity of tasks, so don't be shy!

So far the 2017 season has been a roller coaster ride with record high water levels, a drop in membership matched by an influx of new enthusiastic members (... bring on the kids!), a healthy turnover in the executive and positive developments with the lease negotiations.

One task that urgently needs to be done is a revision of our bylaws, primarily to update them with motions passed, remove outdated information and add some clarity.

One concept that has been discussed is the

addition of new categories of membership. Access to Toronto's waterfront is only getting more difficult as the Portlands are developed and the city's population grows. Would paddleboarders and canoeists be a welcome addition to the club as a source of new members that could be converted to keelboats? Would engaging with the watersports community help make APSC more relevant to the city?

APSC has traditionally kept a low profile, for various reasons. The 2017 budget saw the introduction of a marketing allowance. This alone brings much debate.

Much of our infrastructure is aging and several projects remain unfinished or can use a refresh.

The point I am making, is to ask you, **yes, each and every member**, to get involved in the club. No contribution is too small or too obscure. Share your vision, talents, perspective and of course enthusiasm to continue the tradition of building APSC into a unique and wonderful club.



Indian Summer

Photos of a very familiar boat in very unfamiliar locations keep popping up in Facebook. Our beloved Yingling, *Indian Summer*, was trailered down to the Florida Keys by David and Diane Kimmerle. Not only has this lucky boat been all over the province, dipping into waters that other wouldn't dare, but now she is frolicking with dolphins and gunkholing with manatees. We look forward to a full debrief in future newsletters!



Be Careful What You Wish For

atlantic crossing : john hunter

....because while it promises to be adventurous and exhilarating, it may include seasickness, sleep deprivation and a shredded genaker....

but I am getting ahead of myself.



In Feb/Mar of last year, at the urging of a good friend, I researched the possibility of crewing on board a sailboat whose goal was to cross the Atlantic Ocean. I discovered on line a website that brings potential crew members together with the captains that need them. What followed really still has my head spinning. My initial question was "Can this actually happen? This turned very quickly into: "Can it really be this easy? Can it really happen this fast? Am I seriously going to do this?"

After a pleasant Skype conversation with Captain Will Downing a lot of my reservations were put to rest, so I booked a flight to Bermuda. Just a few short weeks later I was standing on board the vessel Ximera (pronounced Shimmera) being introduced to Michelle (Will's girlfriend and First Mate), and the rest of my crew mates, Jonas, Simon and Tatjana. Still shaking my head in disbelief that this was actually happening, I unpacked in my tiny cabin and prepared for 3 days of orientation on our Hanse 59.5 sloop. This included familiarization with systems like: motorized winches, a fresh water maker, a "garage" in the transom that housed an inflatable tender that will

do 45 knots, and, yes a washing machine! To say nothing of the big flat screen TV that raises up out of the narrow island amidship in the salon (duct taped down and not used on this trip). Glad I had orientation as these amenities are still missing on Fledge, my 22ft Edel. Once under way it was quickly determined that of all the luxuries only the winches got a good work out. The sea is the great equalizer.

May 17th at 1100 hours saw us crossing the start line of an adventure whose impact will be felt for a long time. Standing at the helm as we cruised out through the harbour channel I felt like the "old man of the sea" as I was at least 10 years older than any of the rest of the crew. Once out in the Atlantic swell, Will asked for the fenders to be stored in the cruise locker located under a hatch right up in the bow. I immediately volunteered (have to set an example for these young ones) and ran forward to climb into the space where the fenders were stored while Jonas handed them down to me.

Now, anyone who has ever sailed with me will

quickly discover that I will avoid going below too early in the trip as lack of seeing horizon seems to have an adverse affect on my digestion. As the last of the fenders were passed down I realized my mistake in going below and that in an Atlantic swell. Manfully making my way back to the cockpit I carefully sat down and put a brave face on my inner qualms. At this point Simon, who was putting lunch together, popped up out of the companionway and told us that the propane had run out. Of course I remembered seeing the refill propane tanks disappear behind the fenders that I had just stored so I said "No problem, I've got it" and headed forward to the cruise locker. 9 fenders and 1 propane tank out, then 9 fenders back in was just enough to have me walking back past the whole crew to the stern rail where I heave-hoed over the side and then sat down to recover. I'm sure they all wondered what they were getting in this "old salt", but a little patch behind the ear goes a long way to restoring your outlook on life and a healthy appetite. Navigating below decks was ok after that but I don't think I actually went back into the cruise locker again.

We quickly got into our sea changed life as daily duties and our watch schedule took over. Duties included mostly meal prep, meal consumption and meal clean up.

Watch schedule involved 2 hours at the helm (mostly watching the autohelm and compass and scanning the horizon for anything other than waves), then 2 hours keeping the next helmsman company, then 6 hours down time which usually became sleeping at night and relaxing/napping in the day. The transition from the day to day land life to the day to day sea life was much easier than I thought it would be for all of us. It became quite



Photos: John Hunter
See page 27, bottom right photo of John and Fledge in action.

“normal” to take a stroll around the foredeck, take in and shake out reefs in the main sail, spot the odd tanker or freighter, wash dishes over the transom and watch Simon pull supper out of the sea in the form of a bluefin tuna and then clean it on the swimming platform, all while underway.

On day four we were joined by a visiting pod of dolphins who just seemed to exist to have fun and entertain us. It’s one thing to see these amazing creatures at an aquarium or on National Geographic and something else to watch them in the wild up close. They stayed with us on and off for the next four days. At one point our dolphins must have put out an invitation because while they were busy with us another pod came leaping out of the face of the oncoming waves to join them. Quite a show!

When my whole world has been expanded to an ocean horizon that is uninterrupted by land, where at night the deck is visible simply from the light of all of the stars that make it hard to even spot the Big Dipper, I reflect on how big this world is and how small I am and how easy it was for sailors of old to believe there really is a God and it seems He had one more surprise in store for us.

On the 27th, 10 days in, we were all sitting eating supper in the cockpit. A word needs to be said here about Jonas who speaks five languages fluently, two more he can “get by” in and is studying for his Phd in urban development. A very proper and polite young man of approximately forty years. As we were eating Jonas suddenly turns around and yells: “THERE’S A BIG F---ING FISH!!!!”. About 40 ft off of our port quarter what we’re pretty sure was a blue whale (and more sure that it was substantially longer than our vessel) was swimming along beside us adjacent to our cockpit until it’s dorsal fin appeared, at which point we erupted and it quietly submerged. Captain and crew pretty much agreed this was the high point



of the voyage, if not our lives.

That night brought one more surprise in the form of a partial knock down. Seems that even computerized autopilots are not perfect and this one let a combination of wind/wave put our boom in the water and then shred our genaker when we came back up. I have to rely on other’s accounts of this event as I was asleep in my bunk at the time. The advantage of having an old guy aboard is really over rated.

Twelve days from our departure in Bermuda we arrived in Horta on the island of Fayal in the Azores with the entire Atlantic ocean behind us! One small submission to a newsletter is not enough to list all of the amazing things that happen on an ocean crossing. The highlights will have to do, but I would highly recommend for those who dream to go on line, see what’s available and then watch what happens (and how fast).



John and crew added their journey to the famous wall at [Horta Marina, Fayal Island](#).

House & Grounds

electrical upgrades : lorin busaan

As you may have noticed, House and Grounds has upgraded the APSC electrical system. We replaced the batteries (which had reached the end of their lifespan), upgraded the inverter and charge controller (both of which had failed), and added two new solar panels.

These changes should make the electricity at the club much more reliable. That said, it is still an off-grid system, so we are at the mercy of the sun and there are going to be times, especially during the spring and fall, when the sun refuses to shine and our electricity is limited.

In light of the changes that have been made, it is useful to remind members of the guidelines for electricity usage at the club:

1. **Acceptable Uses:** Keep in mind that the electrical system is designed to run clubhouse lights, small appliances, the water pump, and safety systems, as well as to provide occasional electricity for members at the dock and in the clubhouse. From a 50% discharged state (the maximum recommended discharge), it takes 3 or more sunny days to recharge the batteries so our system simply cannot accommodate heavy electrical use by members. Please do not run heaters, fridges, large power tools or heavy duty battery chargers off the system. If you plan to do extensive work on your boat that will require lengthy periods of power, consider renting or buying a small generator. Chronically over-discharging our expensive batteries shortens their lifespan, leading to significant premature expenses for the club.

2. **Generator Usage:** Running our large generator is costly and inefficient. For example, you may be surprised to know that the generator would have to run for 8 or more hours to recharge the batteries from a state of 50% discharge. The generator should be reserved for high wattage, short-term uses like running large tools for APSC construction projects or for emergency power.

3. **Safety:** The AC power output of our system is no less dangerous than the power in your house. Remember, APSC is a wet place so be wary of running extension cords or using electrical equipment in wet conditions.

4. **Outages:** If you are not designated or qualified to operate the generator or electrical systems, please do not try! The electrical equipment is sensitive to misuse and very expensive to repair or replace.

If there is no power at the club – especially when the sun is shining - please contact House and Grounds or Lorin Busaan at 416-722-4997 (Lbusaan@gmail.com). We will do our best to fix the problem as soon as possible.



In the Beginning...

a brief history of aquatic park sailing club : chris terry



... it was an eerie remote place, much like a desert island, with herring gulls screaming, the distant sound of waves on the outside of the spit, the low horizon of rubble to the south, totally barren ...

The Aquatic Park Sailing Club (APSC) is a community oriented, not-for-profit sailing club with 100 swing moorings situated near the end of the Leslie Spit in what is now Tommy Thompson Park. The club was formed in 1976 and was originally the vision of both the Toronto Harbour Commission (THC), who managed the Spit at the time, and the Ontario Sailing Association (OSA). The THC saw the opportunity to locate community sailing on the spit as positive step in the development of the land. With the help of the Outer Harbour Sailing Federation (OHSF), a nearby sub group of community based clubs, the OSA saw the opportunity to have a swing mooring field on the Spit as a way for anyone to enjoy sailing in an affordable and supported manner. APSC has continued this tradition by providing sailing opportunities for sailors of larger boats (20ft and up) who want to experience affordable sailing.

APSC, with its very modest facilities, is a do-it-yourself club. The Club is completely off the grid without any supplied electricity, water or city services. With its commitment to environmental sustainability, the club has maintained a minimal footprint on the spit and has worked closely with the current landlord, the TRCA, to achieve mutual environmental goals. And APSC possesses none of the fancy extras that private sailing clubs have. There are no showers, no restaurant, no bar, nor any hired staff. All club maintenance is done by club members.

In the early days of the Outer Harbour, as the Leslie Spit was being formed, hundreds of dump trucks were busy every day dumping

landfill out into Lake Ontario. As the plans started to take shape in the early 1970s, the Harbour Commission saw an opportunity to partner with the sailing community and thereby designed several embayments on the forming spit that could be used for boating. Longtime APSC member Warren Keillor (APSC member since 1981) built his own ferrous cement schooner, *Solstice Moon*, over several years as the club came into being.

“While building what was to be *Solstice Moon*, on Pier 34, every summer I would launch my Wayfarer sailing dinghy off the pier and go out to inspect progress on the ‘Spit,’ as it was beginning to be called. One summer, I saw three sailboats sitting on what looked like moorings. Using a lead line, I measured the depth at 35 feet in the center of the lagoon. There was a serpentine entrance channel that zigzagged into the sheltered embayment with a minimum depth of 14 feet. Soon I would be launching *Solstice Moon*, and needing a place to keep her.

It was at this point that I seriously tried to get a hold of the people who were forming an off-shoot club from the Outer Harbour Sailing Federation. There were no web sites, or even telephone answering machines, so getting in touch with those people forming Aquatic Park Sailing Club was a very elusive business.

I had built my boat on Harbour Commission land on Cherry Street, and knew the Harbour Commission workers fairly well. They kept their dredging barge just around the corner from my building site. Over lunch at the Cherry Street Restaurant with the guys from the barge crew, I explained my problem with getting a spot at the new club. They told me I could put a mooring down, in any case, as it was common practice with ships, just like



anchoring, except I was leaving my chain, and buoying the anchor, to come back to it.”

With help from the Harbour Commission workers, Keillor arranged to put down a heavy cement mooring at the edge of the new mooring field.

“When *Solstice Moon* was finally launched in 1981, two years after putting the mooring down, things were booming at Aquatic Park Sailing club. When coming in the channel, I ran aground, missing one of the zigs. A young man came out in a funny looking barge made from oil tanks, driven with an outboard motor. Peter Farquarson (an APSC founder), struggled doing his best with that 5 hp, and the unwieldy barge, until out of the blue, the boys from the Harbour dredge crew just happened to come by in the small tug, put out a hawser, and give us a nudge into the channel.

Pulling up to the mooring, that first time, it was an eerie remote place, much like a desert island, with herring gulls screaming, the distant sound of waves on the outside of the spit, the low horizon of rubble to the south, totally barren, except for a small flock of gulls on a patch of sand outside of the



1975 : Warren lays the steel mesh hull of Solstice Moon.
photo credit: Boris Supremo, Toronto Star Archive,
Toronto Reference Library

reach of the waves.

There were no shrubs, or plants of any kind, except in the sandy spots where a very sparse, grass-like plant shot up.

I soon met a happy group of fellow sailing enthusiasts who welcomed me to their club, which was easy, since I already had my mooring down. As a group, we had to come up with \$60 per year, to sublease the space on the Leslie Street Spit.”

APSC’s original modest clubhouse was a mildewed, used construction trailer that had been put up on concrete blocks. Other facilities then consisted of a small rack to hold dinghies (so you could get out

to your boat) and a porta-pottie. Today, it’s actually not that much different consisting of a clubhouse (mostly the original construction trailer), a dinghy storage compound, three small service sheds (for oars, engines and fuel) and a small self-contained toilet. As club members needed to transport supplies and sailing gear to the club, so vehicle access to the Spit was granted to the Club from the beginning. As Keillor recalls, it was always a mutually friendly arrangement.

“It was dodgy getting between dump trucks during the week. We had to park out at what is now the paved road out along the spit, as there was no parking lot, as such, for all the members. We parked next to a metal Quonset hut where the Harbour Commission parked a bulldozer. Later someone ran the bulldozer down the trail to our club, a kindly gesture.”

And even as the park started to mature and be opened to the public, the Club worked closely with the various stakeholders to minimize their impact. The Club also contributed financially to the park transportation service (a part of the Master Plan), later run by the TRCA. The TRCA ceased to provide the mandated park transportation service in 2011. APSC had no choice but to run its own shuttle which is based on a eight seat golf cart. Unfortunately, for insurance reasons, the shuttle is limited to APSC club members.

Back in the late 1970’s, the spit was a barren, windblown pile of rubble with a sailing club perched on it. As growth of vegetation blossomed, so came the wildlife, birds, mammals, insects, then on weekends, the hikers and bikers, hungry for relief from the nearby downtown. A group of outdoor enthusiasts formed themselves into an organization called “The Friends of the Spit,” aiming to keep the Spit as a nature preserve. They perceived APSC as being the thin edge of the wedge to open up development onto the Spit. For

many years this put APSC at odds with this group, who tried to have APSC turfed off the Spit. There were many passionate meetings at Toronto City Hall especially one really big turn out of APSC club members wearing yellow rain jackets, who filled the seats, and faced the opposition. When City Council realized that APSC's members included WW2 veterans who could only afford to sail as a result of the club's existence, they concluded that APSC could remain. APSC's current membership is a continuation of this ideal, with many young families, loads of seniors and working people who are able to afford to sail through being members. It was only when actual developers, who wanted a piece of action on the Spit, stepped up with a proposal for the Spit involving high rise condominiums, that both the Friends of the Spit, and APSC started realizing that they were really allies. As Warren Keillor recounts,

"In an effort to quiet the two most interested factions, who were opposed to each other's positions, a meeting was put in place where the Friends of the Spit members would be paired up with Aquatic Park Sailing club members, across tables, at the Norway School , in the Beaches. The design firm, brought in to coordinate public input, and to oversee the final form the Spit would take in the future, moderated this event. When APSC members, and Friends of the Spit met each other, they found that they had much in common. Cars on the Spit even became a possibility, once the need for transportation of food, equipment, and crews of sailboats, was discussed. Our community programs, such as taking out the Sea Cadets, would made be very difficult without car access."

APSC has continued to be a facilitator and steward on the Spit. School visits to the nature center on the Spit often use the club house (for classes) and washrooms. The club participates actively in

Spit clean-up in the spring removing trash from the shoreline and all over the Spit. The club is also currently helping monitor the activities of the cormorant colony. The club goes out of its way to assist the public who occasionally get into trouble while on the Spit. And sometimes there are strange things that happen on the Spit, that need to be reported. Warren Keillor remembers one strange night, and reminds us that APSC can help anytime.

"One foggy night a low chanting was heard from the beach near the club in the direction of the Outer Harbour. A member went out to investigate and found a circle of naked people on the ground covering themselves in seagull chicks blood. Alarmed Club members called the Metro Police on the marine radio. At various times our club provides first aid, and transportation to injured bicyclists, and hikers, and to exhausted hypothermic wind surfers, blown ashore in strong winds, who were warmed up in our club house, and taken home."

APSC provides a friendly and affordable location for all sailing enthusiasts and Spit users. The club shares its humble facilities with anyone who wanders by. For years the club's washroom offered the only working comfort on the Spit, to hikers, and bikers. APSC has hosted both the bird research station staff (in our clubhouse) as well as the fish research vessels at our dock (who come the capture fish for lake health monitoring of the fish stocks). In the past the club supported the Sea Cadets who, after working all winter long learning splicing and ropework were taken out on a fleet of volunteer club member's boats, where they got to take the steering wheels, hoist sails and enjoy sailing.



Warren Keillor provided most of the historical narrative here. Edited and updated by Chris Terry

Docks, Dinghys & Dogs

the dock : philip krueger

At APSC we have a few written rules and lots of unwritten ones. I will unpack some of these. Starting with the easy ones first...

DOCK

Oh, the dock, our sweet, precious problem-causing dock. It seems many of us secretly covet a spot on the dock while being smug about the joys and benefits of our mooring balls. Yes, as a collective we need therapy.

The **Site & Moorings Rules & Regulations** state that it is the Duty Officer's responsibility to ensure that there are *"...no unattended boats on the docks unless approved by the Executive, and ensuring that a drop-off and pick-up area on the front of the dock is kept clear."*

It also says that *"Boats are not to be left on the dock unattended or kept on the dock for an extended period of time without the express consent of the executive."*

Let's start with the easiest: *"a drop-off and pick-up area on the front of the dock is kept clear."* There are several reasons to keep the "face-dock" clear.

1. For some of the larger boats this is the **only** place that has the depth or the length.
2. For some larger boats weather conditions make it difficult, if not impossible to maneuver into the slips.
3. Sailors might have difficulty maneuvering into the slips if they are short-handed, inexperienced or there are bad weather conditions.



4. A boat may have mechanical issues (lost rudder, no engine, rigging issue etc.) and the face-dock is the only/best option for bringing in a boat.
5. There may be members or guests that have physical mobility issues and need the dock for getting on and off their boats. Rafting may be an option for those of us spry enough to navigate lifelines and rigging but this isn't always an option.

If you consider that the face-dock only really has room for two active boats, it is imperative that this space is for short term drop-off and pick-up only. By short term, I mean get ready to move your boat if you see another boat approaching.

The more problematic issues seem to surround the phrases *"unattended"* and *"extended period of time"*.

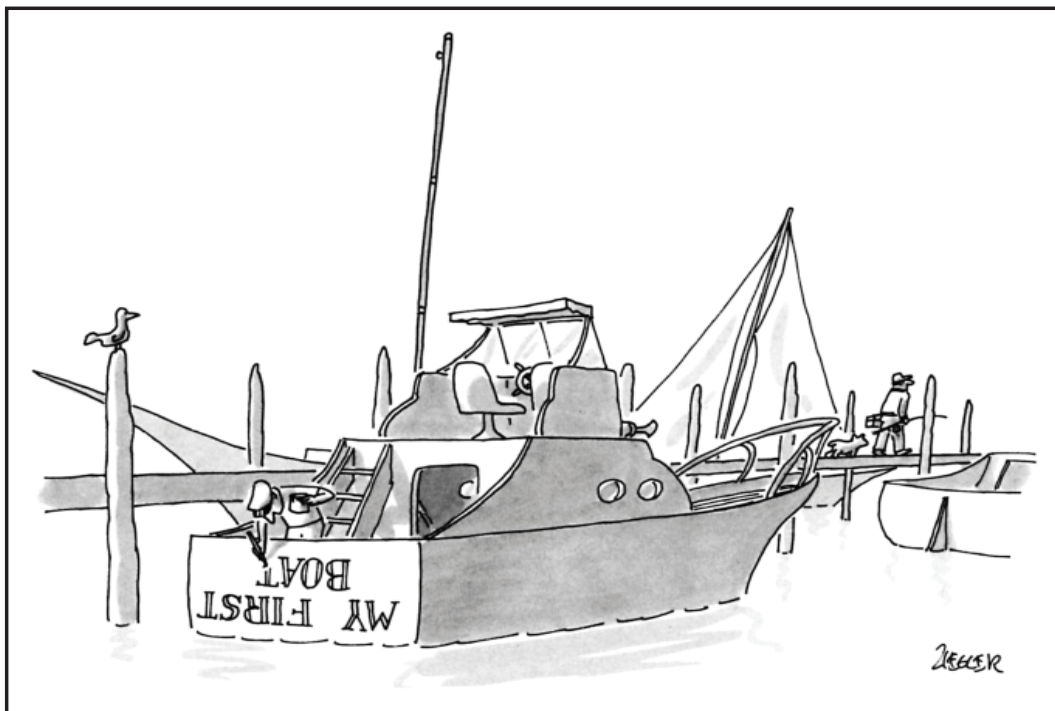
The generally accepted interpretation of “attended” means you are “around” the club. I would further refine that to being within *yelling distance* of the dock. So, is a run to Canadian Tire or Loblaws acceptable? I would argue yes, but not if that “run” includes going out for dinner, seeing a movie, sleeping overnight at your house and returning the next afternoon with a pipeclamp and sixpack.

“*Extended period of time*”, ahhh this is a good one, how long is long? A day? A weekend? A week? The rules don’t specify, and I believe this is one that falls under members discretion and should be gaged by member’s and the Duty Officer. If members are griping and giving you the stink-eye, perhaps it’s time to take your leave. The slips are meant as a temporary respite. There are 100 moorings and nine or ten docking spaces depending on boat size. It is not fair for a few members to sit on the dock for a weekend just because they like a short

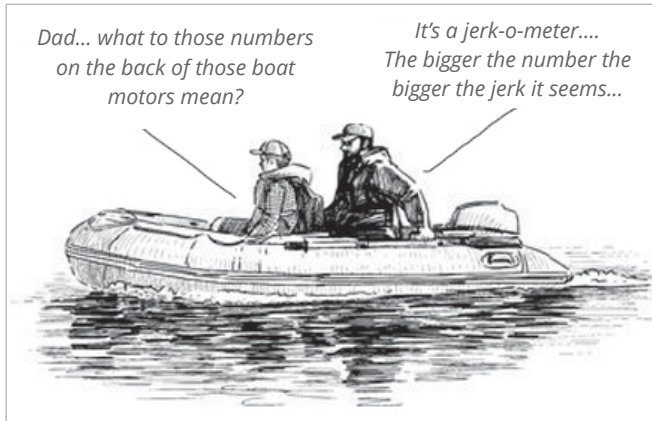
walk to the washroom, or as I’ve heard, they “got there first”.

Perhaps, most importantly, there should be a **good reason** for being on the dock. Being too lazy to take your boat to the ball at the end of the day isn’t a reason. Working on your boat isn’t a good reason (unless you need shore-power or access from the dock). Engine and rudder problems don’t give you *carte blanche* to leave your boat on the dock, boats can be, and should be, towed back out to their mooring ball.

Finally , like all rules and advice, some form of common sense must come into play. If it’s early May, sitting on the dock for a few week days is probably not going to bother anyone. Leaving your boat on the face-dock overnight on a July weekend is a sure way to raise the ire of fellow members. Putting your twenty-footer in the biggest/deepest slip is, well, just plain-old inconsiderate.



Jack Ziegler, whose satirical, silly and observational style enlivened more than 1,600 cartoons at The New Yorker beginning in the mid-1970s, died in March in Kansas City, KS. He was 74.



DINGHYS

The club originally was a hard dinghy only club. The oar shed, compound and racks were constructed to keep our little boats (and big ones) safe when not in use.

The hard dinghy policy is pretty straight forward:

Hard dinghies must be stored and locked in the dinghy compound in the rack corresponding to the member's mooring number.

So, unless you have permission and a very compelling reason (broken leg?) to not keep your hard dinghy on the rack - please do not tie up to the docks.

"Injustice" I hear you cry! "Why do those lazy rubber-people get to keep their boats in the water while I haul mine in and out..."

The logic for keeping inflatables in the water goes something like this. 1) It is much easier to grab two oars than a outboard motor and gas tank. 2) Inflatables are also somewhat more unwieldy and 3) less durable when being man-handled on and off the racks. Thus, an ever expanding source of belly-aching was born.

The **Site & Moorings Rules & Regulations** state:

Inflatable dinghies must be stored in the

dinghy compound, on a mooring float, or locked to the dock in the spaces provided, as space permits and as assigned by the Harbour Master.

For the record, I have an inflatable, and like to curse my fellow rubber-people for various crimes, both real and imagined...

Imagine for a moment, if all 100 moorings had an inflatable on the dock.... hmm... see where this is going?



Tethers too long and in the wrong location. Dinghies are interfering with the workboat and each other.



Happy boats! Tied close to the dock leaving a channel up the middle.

Please ensure that your dinghy is in good repair and tethered in such a way as to not interfere with the workboat and allows others easy access to the dock. If you are not using your dinghy for an extended period, please store it in the compound. It is not a member's right to store a dinghy on the dock, it is a privilege.

DOGS

APSC resides within an "urban wilderness" and Tommy Thompson Park has "...a strict no dogs / no pets policy. There are no exceptions."

The compromise we have with the TRCA is that dogs are allowed on APSC property but must remain on leash at all times. Additionally, we ask that pet owners pick up after their pets and keep them under supervision and control at all times. Last year a dog chewed the arm of a deck chair to pieces ...



Evening calm in the APSC mooring field.

CHILDREN

Water safety is a prime concern at APSC. We ask that all children under 12 years of age wear a PFD/lifejacket at all times on the dock and on the property. This may seem overly cautious but the stakes are too high to be casual on this issue. Please notify your guests and ensure that you have sufficient jackets for children at the club.

SMOKING

APSC seems a rather libertarian organization, so it may surprise some members new and old, that we do in-fact have a smoking policy.

No smoking in any structures or on the covered decks. We would also ask that members be sensitive of other members. If you are puffing on a Cohiba in your cockpit or on the dock, please see that the smoke isn't blowing straight into a boat's hatch or portlight.

Like all families, we must find ways to coexist with our wide range of different needs, realities and expectations.

Being mindful that the dock is a limited resource, should help ensure that all members are able to use the club as intended and needed.



I would like to round this lecture off with a simple encouragement to all members to feel free to actively police our club - bearing in mind that we are all human and sometimes discretion is the better part of valour...

I do attempt to practice what I preach, just last weekend I bit my tongue and it turned out that the person I was about to speak with was not responsible - whew.

I've been guilty of grumbling "something needs to be done about that..." My friends, there is no someone, only you, only us. We do have a Duty Officer assigned on weekends (we are working on issuing uniforms, hats, pipes and parrots),

who are charged with being the Club's representative and ambassador, ensuring our bylaws are up held by members and guests alike. However, often times members can be difficult or situations unclear. Reach out to fellow members if you are uncertain. Start with a kind word and don't be shy. Let's make this the club you want to see, a friendly group of sailors enjoying nature in a park. 🚢

40 Years of History

the first 20 years : fred nicolaidis



In this first half of a two-part series, past commodores reflect on their tenure at Aquatic Park Sailing Club.

The Leslie Spit, now Tommy Thompson Park, was originally built by the Toronto Harbour Commission as a breakwater for the new outer harbour. The area where APSC is located was first officially called the 'Outer Harbour East Headlands, and extended just over 5 kilometers into Lake Ontario, just beyond the eastern end of the Toronto Islands.

In 1972, The Toronto Harbour Commissioners announced a plan to construct an "aquatic park" on the headlands to provide a facility for a variety of recreational interests. In 1973, the spit was opened to the public on weekends.

APSC was spawned from the north shore Multi Hull Club. At a special Ontario Sailing Association

meeting in the spring of '76, it was decided to apply to the Toronto Harbour Commissioner for a license to sink 50 moorings in one of the bays on the spit. Alf Jenkins, executive Director of the OSA, made the application and, along with staff members of the THC, chose the present site.

There were 12 boats moored in the initial year '76. The first boat was moored in August by Bill Knott, the first Commodore of APSC (1978-1980). Bill was a member of the Catamaran Club on the North Shore, where they still are today. He was

Above: the first set of docks.

the person that started the works on the initial license for the club. It was a year- to- year lease from the City back then, until the lease was transferred to the TRCA. We began making payments to lease the land for an annual fee of \$100.00.

Alf Jenkins and a few others put up a metal garden shed for storage and built a simple dock and dinghy rack. By 1978, 30 boats were moored in the bay. A meeting of the boat owners was called, and it was agreed to form Aquatic Park Sailing Club.

In the early years it was a challenge getting to the club, no matter the choice of vehicle. In the spring, the gravel road would often be covered over with water. Access by boat was tricky as well; there were no aids to navigation, and flashlights played an important part in finding the channel at night.

APSC COMMODORES

Commodore Craig Chevalier (1981-1982)

In 1980, with 55 moorings in the bay, the club took over management from the OSA and added 20 more moorings. 1983 saw an additional 25 moorings, bringing the numbers up to 100, which we maintain currently.

Craig sailed a Shark and was liked by all. The membership chair was hosted by Fred Lemon, who was very welcoming and eager to help.

Commodore Brian Paterson (1983-1986)

In December of '84, the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority took over management of the spit as set out in a 1972 agreement. The official name of the park was put in place, in honour of the former Metro Parks and Recreation Commissioner, Tommy Thompson, who was popular in Toronto for personally leading his neighbourhood historical walks and internationally for his unique concept of 'Please Walk on the Grass'.

In 1985, a Master Plan for the site was released by the MTRCA. Its stated goal: "To create a handsome waterfront, balanced in its land uses, which will complement adjacent areas, taking cognizance of existing residential development and making accessible, wherever possible, features which warrant public use." The plan included plans for an industrial park, a 1200 slip marina and a continuation of landfill operations.

The club had now grown to a staggering 30 members. There were 2 or 3 dock sections about 3x6feet, light enough to be picked up by 4-6 men. Then we needed dinghy racks.

One Saturday morning there was a work party to build two dinghy racks, one on either side of the path to the shore.

Brian was the first Commodore to work on a budget for the club. He was very careful to make sure that no one was overspending. Under his term the first two dinghy racks were built, the first BBQ's were purchased for the club and from that grew 'The Cuban Pig Roast', still celebrated to this day.

Commodore Jim Younkers (1987-1988)

In 1987, after 2 years of intensive work, D'Arcy Chadwick, Brian Peterson (Paterson?) and Dave Cormack presented the club's by-laws, and the club became incorporated. In 1988 a 'Name the Bay' contest was held, and 'Aquatic Park Bay' was chosen.

D'Arcy's legal experience was invaluable in negotiating to ensure that the club was legitimately represented to the Harbour Commission, his work should never be underestimated.

Peter Farquharson, was another founding member whose efforts should be recognized; his passion for the club and his work will always be with us.

Commodore Gord Lehman (1989-1991)

Gord was a great guy, both good humored and a gentleman. During his stint as Commodore, the spit started to develop into a TRCA property.

1990 to 1992 were the years of the big fight for tenure. The Master Plan as conceived by the TRCA was being finalized and every season required constant diligence on the political front to ensure that APSC remain a relevant part of the spit.

In 1989, the dinghy racks were replaced by a new fenced in dinghy compound.

Commodore Ralph Brown (1992-1993)

Ralph was a special effects man at CBC, but his true passion was sailing Ariel, his Alberg 30. Ralph kept communication with the TRCA open and kept the club viable.

In 1993 work on the new clubhouse started, which was double the size of the old clubhouse. This too was the year of the big flood, where the grounds were under a foot of water.

Commodore Paul Mitchell (1994-1995)

Paul was the 'boss' at Dominion Bridge, the company that provided the steel structure for most of the bridges in New York City, but was most known for building Toronto's landmark, the CN Tower.

Paul is the person most responsible for developing the club to what it is today. He provided the portables for the new club house, built the docks that we use today, provided the steel to stop the shoreline from being washed away, and supplied the chain for the moorings.

Thanks to Paul's position at Dominion Bridge, 1994 marked the start of construction of our new docks. Completed and launched in the spring of 1996 at a fraction of the cost of having them constructed elsewhere, they still put the club in debt.

Paul was as adept at running our meetings as he was at running his own business meetings, giving everyone an opportunity to share their thoughts. His meetings ran to protocol, and he was extremely fair. He really made a significant difference from what the club had been in the short time that he was commodore, and he continued to do so even past his term. Paul's incredible generosity and success-oriented approach





Left : Ariel view of the Leslie Spit.
Right: The first clubhouse.

were crucial factors in the continued survival and growth of APSC. Paul was able to negotiate with both the Harbour Commission and the TRCA, working to build a solid and lasting relationship for the club.

Paul brought a sense of friendship and oneness to the club that would be hard to match; he was just a great loving guy and a great Commodore for the club.

Commodore Fred Nicolaidis (1996-1997)

It was not protocol that I was voted-in as Commodore without being in attendance at the general meeting. I was in Calgary shooting a show when Paul called me to let me know that I was voted in. Really, it came as no big surprise as Paul had been talking to me about it all that summer.

When I took on the position, there were a few things I wanted to focus on: addressing our debt, and shaping the club for families. The club had a number of young families at the time, ours being one of them.

Even though Paul Mitchell had saved the club enormous amounts of money through his connections at Dominion Bridge, the construction of the docks left APSC with substantial debt. Paying for the drums, the steel for the retaining wall, and our annual expenses put us in the red.


As I was at CBC at the time, I had the good fortune to have insight into what was moving into production around the city. This was a case of perfect timing rather than a strategic move by me as Commodore. It came up at one of our team meetings that CBC was shooting a made for TV film set in Yellowknife at a float plane base. The production was looking for a location around Toronto for the shoot. It was suggested that they survey the club and let me know how it may work. The location and production manager came back to us saying that they were very happy with the club, but that they needed both the boats and the mooring balls gone, as the shoot required bringing in float planes to the dock. The solution was that the production picked up the cost for securing temporary slips at Outer Harbour for our boats, and they found a clever way to camouflage the mooring balls for the cameras. Dark green garbage bags were slipped over them and, much to my surprise, they disappeared!

In spite of some pushback from membership, in the end the proposal was voted on and accepted. So APSC turned into a film set, a bush plane was set up as a bar, and a couple more were stationed on the dock. There was a cast and a crew of about 60, some of whom were our club members. And with a bit of luck on our side, the revenue that the shoot generated took a big bite out of our debt,

and eventually we ended up in the black.

The second focal point for me as Commodore was to make the club a much more family friendly club. Our daughter Lindsay was only 10 at the time, plus the club had a number of families with kids, so we needed to make this a fun place for them to be.

My wife Wendy was the Social Director during my tenure as Commodore. Not only does she have a great way with kids, but she also drew on her organizational experience running a dance studio.

We added events specifically designed for kids - at Sailpast we had games to keep them occupied, and Wendy decided to start a 'Kid's Cruise'. On Labour Day weekend our mini fleet, loaded with families, would make their way over to Saint Andrews Cut on Centre Island. We nestled our bows into the shoreline, dropped boarding planks, and celebrated the kids and families at the club. We'd spend the night in anticipation of a visit from 'Claire the Clown' (Wendy) who would appear and run the APSC games. These games were a lot of fun for all-there were only winners at the APSC Games, and everyone had a great time cheering on the competing teams. Awards would be handed out, we'd have some great food, and then we'd pull up anchor and sail back to the club. 



Top : Ariel view of the Leslie Spit.
Bottom: The first clubhouse.

Memorial Bench

friends & founders remembered : seamus caufield

By now many members will have noticed a new installation on the shore, close to the dingy dock. A new bench, in fact a *Memorial Bench*. Here is the background as to how and why it is there.



For many years I have been thinking that the club could use a place to off load before putting your dingy in the compound. Preferably at the end of the dingy dock. I discussed the idea of building a seating bench with Carlo (house & grounds) and Martin (then commodore) and we agreed that i should build it.

I went off to Ireland on my autumn trip last year and was pleased to see Stewart at the club the day before i left. Of course i was not to know, that it would be our last time together. Stewart died the day before i arrived back in Canada. When i finally started to build the bench, of course i reflected on good times over the years with not only Stu, but with Paul Mitchell and Joe Oggy. All participants in the now legendary ' 90s Men's Cruise's to Youngstown and members of A.P.S.C. at the time of their deaths.

We decided that the bench should honor their

memory. Please look at the attached plaques.

The bench is a personal gift from me to all members, for 28 years of wonderful sailing, happy cruises, lasting friendships and memories that I will never forget.

Although I have sold Glenariff I will not be a stranger to the club, and hope that you will reach out to new owners and new members Jarrett and Ellie and their wonderful 1 year old son Jacob.

I hope that you all have a safe and successful 2017 sailing season.

~ Seamus



crispy, hard & smoking

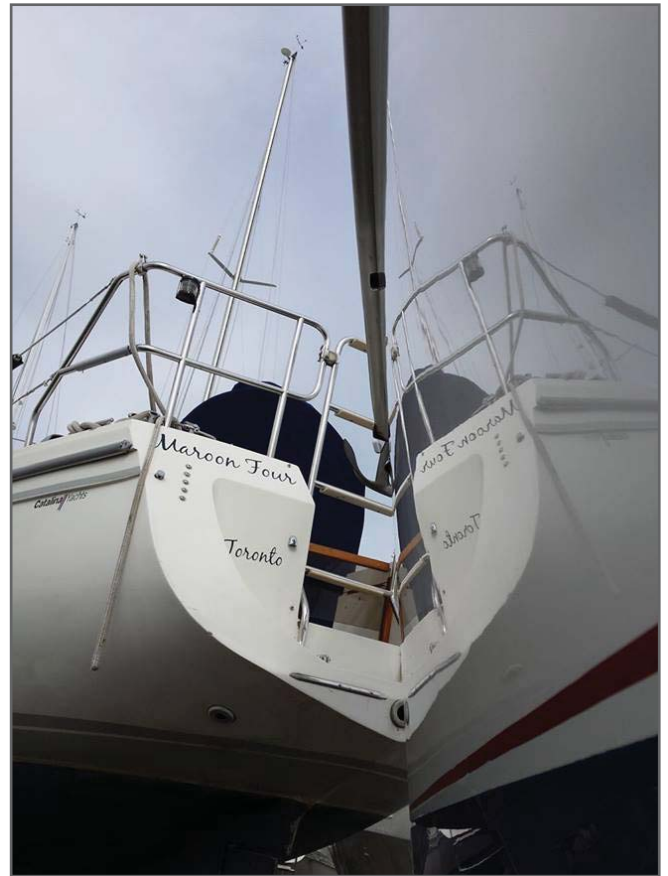
rushed launch leads to befuddlement : philip krueger

Launching a boat is a process couched in optimism. The annual ritual of unwrapping, polishing, swapping fluids and slapping-on bottom paint leads to a triumphal splash that marks the beginning of another sailing season.

This year I was somewhat organized but left starting the motor until the last minute. I wasn't too concerned as my Yanmar 3GM30 has always fired up easily. This year, it was already in the water when it finally started.... but I'm getting ahead of the story.

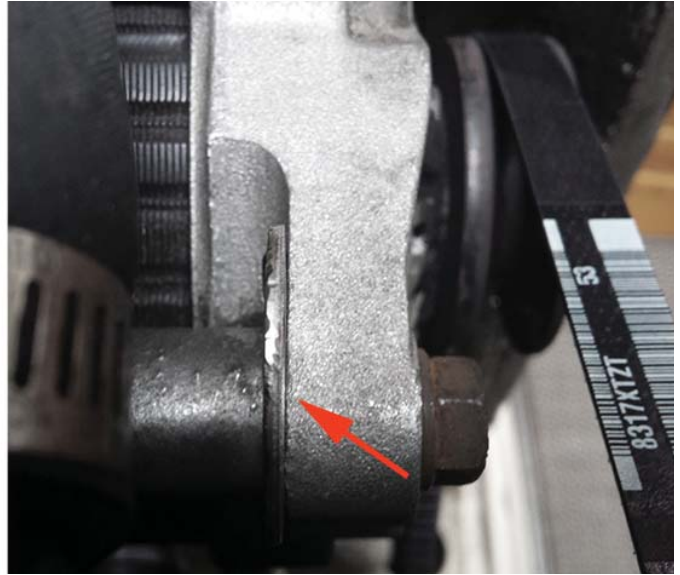
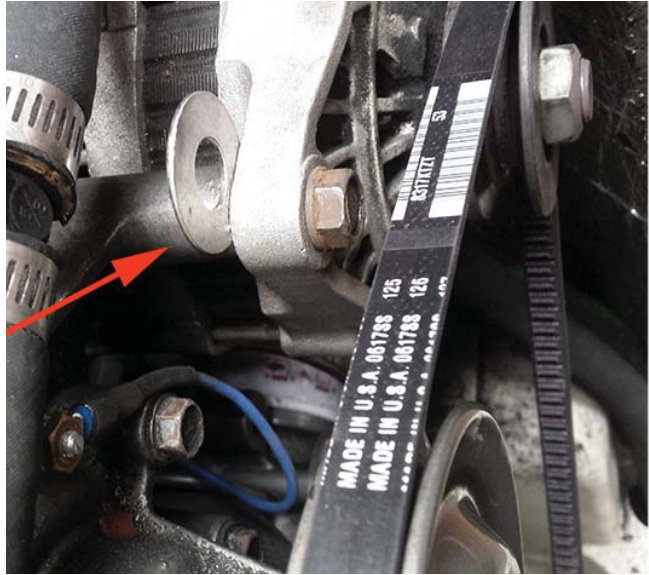
Tortuga was already sitting by the crane when I arrived an hour ahead of my scheduled launch time. Uli was unusually efficient that morning and the crew were itching to launch. So much for a leisurely pre-splash inspection. I grabbed a pail of lake water and scrambled onboard to start the motor while the slings were being fitted. It seemed that the battery was weak as the cranking rpm was low and the motor wasn't catching. Strange... Complicating the starting process was the crane's diesel motor was idling six feet from my head. I think *roaring* is a more apt description as I couldn't hear the engine cranking and was relying on the tachometer to see if the engine was actually turning over. This really threw me as the batteries should be, and were, fully charged by the solar panels. This was confirmed by the voltage showing. I've never started the engine deaf, relying solely on the tach, so I wasn't sure how fast it usually spins on startup.

Rather than delay the launch any longer, I gave the go-ahead to splash. I figured this would give



me time to charge the batteries and figure out what was going on.

I set the charge controller to equalize to get a deep charge. I let it sit for an hour. I finally got the engine to start and immediately there was a smoke coming from the engine! A quick shutdown and inspection revealed that the alt was seized?! Now I'm completely confused as the alt was fine at haulout and recently rebuilt! The boat is dry and the water fresh so corrosion shouldn't be a factor. I loosened the belt and then loosened the alternator pivot bolt – this freed up the alt.



In a flash, all my confusion vanished and all the sensory feedback made sense. The alt mounting arms have 1.5mm of play on the engine mount, I must have tightened up the alt and that warped the housing enough to pinch the rotor. Luckily releasing the pressure released the pinch and no real damage was done.

I shimmed the gap with a washer (will have to get the proper diameter) and replaced the belt with a new Gates AX 37 TRI-POWER, keeping the old lightly toasted belt as a backup.



I hope I haven't over-stressed the poor starter motor, I am actually surprised and impressed that I was able to start with a seized alt, not something that I want to repeat.

LESSONS LEARNED

1. I should have started the engine at least the day before in the quiet of the yard. Being in a rush and feeling pressured to meet the yard schedule isn't the best path to clear thinking.
2. I should have stopped cranking and inspected the engine, although catching a seized alt is hard to notice, stopping and thinking might have led to my remembering that in the fall I adjusted the belts and must have tightened the alt mount with more vigor than previously.
3. I should trust what I know. I knew the batteries were charged, I could see the voltage was high and the starter battery cable was warm to the touch. This should have registered in my brain that the cranking loads were high and something was amiss.



Top: washer shims gap in alt mount
 Left: Ready or not, in you go.
 Opposite: mmmm - shiny.

eat, sail.



Many thanks to Alexei Pashkevich for his photographs used through.

repeat.

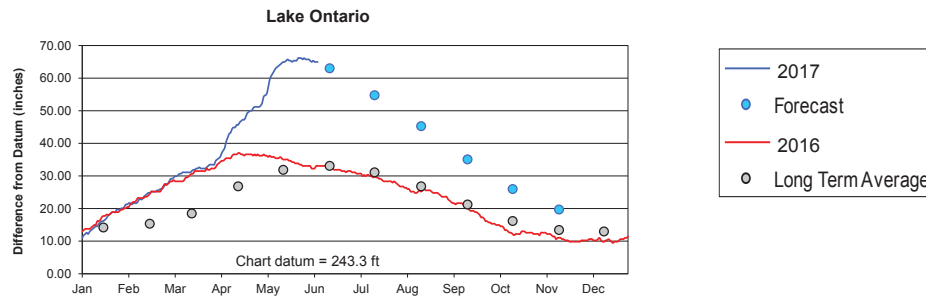


water levels

record levels set in 2017

According to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, Detroit District (source of the graph below), water levels will peak at approximately 30" above regular levels. While APSC has been spared any real damage, other clubs have not been so lucky. Most clubs around Lake Ontario remain closed to reciprocal visitors, so check ahead if you are heading out.

As quickly as the water rose this spring, it is projected to lower at a slow and steady rate as indicated on the graph. The Toronto Islands have been hit hard, and Centerville's opening has been postponed until the end of June. The up-side for sailors is there are fewer chances of grounding and you might be able to sneak into places you couldn't before.



<http://w3.lre.usace.army.mil/hh/ForecastData/DailyLevelsEnglish.pdf>



Lots of deadheads launched - some complete with flora and fauna.



APSC dock and beach area flooded, May 22.

**AQUATIC
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SAILING
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