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Early Days, RBC

Marilyn and Dave Sutherland

Once upon a time, Geoff Noble's Shipyard stood at the southeast corner of Thornbury harbour. In the middle of the Yard, a monster boulder heaved up through the dirt floor. And in the mid-'60s, a few amateur sailors, who had gathered around it for proverbial salty yarns, called this Über-Boulder their "Reef". And so, the club became known as the "Reef Boat Club". (Our first Commodore, being a teacher and hence a bit bolshie, vetoed "Yacht" in the interests of class solidarity.) Later, the pier was called the Inner Reef and the breakwall

was called the Outer Reef, and a Reef Knot became our logo.



Among these budding sailors were: RBC's 1st Commodore, and my good friend, Hans Huyer and his wife Hermie, with the dinghy "Green Bottle"; Keith Baker, 2nd Commodore, and Audrey Baker in "Dirty Bird" (congrats, still afloat!); Dr. Bob Allin, local MD, and Lois Allin with a spiffy Folksboat. The token weekenders were Dave, 3rd Commodore, and Marilyn Sutherland. We sailed a homemade, poorly designed, cheaply fitted-out catamaran known as 'Raft', aka 'Pitchpole'. Our professionals were: Geoff Noble, with his bespoke, shippy wood boats; and

Harold (Skin) Abbott, born Thornburger, onetime commercial fisherman, and skipper of our very slow displacement-hull safety boat (took awhile, but almost always got to you.)

In no time the Club took off (why not, all Thornbury Harbour was our bailiwick!) We mostly had dinghies. Terry and Noni Harris took over "Green Bottle". I sold "Raft" to our 4th Commodore, Cliff Martin, who got rid of it as soon as he could. The Bakers kept "Dirty Bird" forever. Stan and Alice Cowan went for steel. Later, Dr. Paul and Linda Grigg became trapeze-artistes on a Hobie Cat. The Club had a large Albacore fleet, which was particularly ill suited to the

Bay and was regularly knocked down like ninepins.

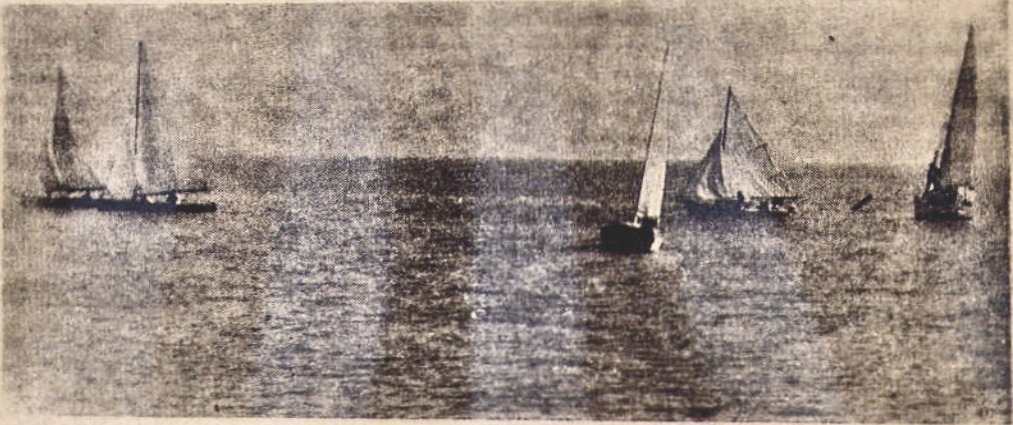
Soon RBC approached 100 memberships. Great social nights--Italian Night (one of the committee set down the lasagna, then drove over it; undeterred, Marilyn and troops stealthily pasted it back together and served it up: "Nice hearty flavour"), German Night, French Night, Soups Night.... (thanks to Marilyn's brigades!) An illegal bar, winked at by the Powers. Lots of work parties, rebuilding docks, planting moorings, shoring up the Fish Shed; lots of wrangling about the constitution, memberships, moorings (big one!), protests....

We wouldn't change a minute of it.





First Annnal Sail Boat Race Held Georgian Bay at Thornbury, Saturday



Showing Some of the Sail Boats In Action,

Recently Organized Boat Club Sponsors Sail Boat Contest

The "Reef Boat Club", with headquarters at Thornbury harbour, held their first annual Sail Boat Race, on Saturday. There were nine entrants with some "boaters" late because of celebrating previously at a near by Beach Cottage.

Club Commodore Hans Huyer expressed his satisfaction with the outcome of this first boat race for the "Frank Will Trophy", and also stated his appreciation of the services rendered by Jack and Velma Lake, as starter and timekeeper through out the race.

Weather conditions were favourable, being a clear day with sunny skies. A five-mile wind was blowing from the north-west.

TRIANGULAR COURSE

The Sail Boat Race, (some of the boats being pictured here-with) took place on a triangular course. Started from spar buoy at harbour mouth here, one miles n. w. to Fish Marker buoy: thence one miles east to

another Fish Marker buoy, then erland in boat "Gaudeamus".

Also racing in "half-hearted & incomplete fashion" according to Hans Huyer, were the following: Tony and Peter Bauer in "Lady Luck": Cliff and Margit Martin in "Raft" and Dick Mitchell in his boat.

ENTERTAINMENT

In the evening, a corn roast was held on Geoff Noble's boatyard property. The "Frank Will" trophy was presented to Jerry and Marsha Prior by Commodore Huyer for having the fastest boat on Reef, which some disgruntled participants, said was due to "lucky breaks."

A welcome was extended to guests from the Virgin Islands, Dick and Marty Pratt, who "crewed" for Dave and Marilyn Sutherland on "Gaudeamus". Despite Dick's skill as a professional charter-boat skipper, "Gaudeamus" came in last, allegedly due to bad breaks, overloading, etc.

Dick and Marty Pratt are expected to sail on the ketch "Mystic" out of Meaford to the Virgin Islands, in September. They will be greatly missed by the Thornbury boating fraternity.

1st: Jerry and Marsha Prior with the boat "Yellow Bottom".

2nd: Mike and Mark Wildman in "Flying Junior". They were disqualified for "paddling".

3rd: Wanda Kilpen and crew in "Moonraker".

4th: Hans and Hermi Huyer in their boat "Green Bottle".

5th: Jim Russell & son of Col-lagwood, in "Tiger 11". The Russells are recent arrivals from England.

6th: Ed Wildman, (bro. of Mike), in "Surveyor 111".

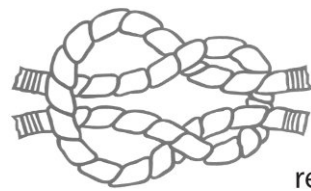
7th: Geoff and Eleanor Noble in the boat "O'Hara".

8th: Keith and Audrey Baker in the boat "Gull 11".

9th: Dave and Marilyn Suth-

Thornbury, Ont., Thursday, September 5th, 1968

RBC logo/icon



The earliest reef knot logo rendition I could

find - I have no idea who created the logo, I re-drew the knot, digitized it and incorporated it into the RBC burge design.



The burge design was incorporated into the crest design.



A simplified knot icon was developed for the RBC logo. This logo and the crest version as well as the burge design are all valid to represent the RBC brand.

The Comms

1967-69	Hans Huyer
1970-71	Kieth Baker
1972	Don Sutherland
1973-74	Cliff Martin
1975	Stan Cowan
1976-77	Ed Nunn
1978-79	Terry Harris
1980-81	Cliff Martin
1982-83	Noni Harris
1984	Terry Hanson
1985-86	Gerry Phelan
1987	John Anderson
1988-89	Wayne Kipp
1990-91	Mac Baker
1992-93	Noni Harris
1994	Linda Baker
1995-96	Judy Phelan
1997-98	Erwin Embacker
1999-2000	Tom Hughes
2001-02	Mike Doran
2003-04	Jen Molloy
2005-06	Kelly Culbertson
2007-08	Rob Reed
2009-10	Nick Matthews
2011-12	Gary Bannister
2013-14	Stan Piotrowski
2015-17	Barry Altman
2018	Stan Piotrowski
2019	Chris Piotrowski
2020-23	Gary Gingras

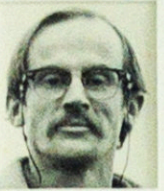
REEF BOAT CLUB COMMODORES



Keith Baker 70



Keith Baker 71



Dave Sutherland 72



Cliff Martin 73



Cliff Martin 74



Stan Cowan 75



Ed Nunn 76



Ed Nunn 77



Terry Harris 78



Terry Harris 79



Cliff Martin 80



Cliff Martin 81



Noni Harris 82



Noni Harris 83



Terry Hannon 84



Gerry Phelan 85



Gerry Phelan 86



John Andersen 87



Wayne Kipp 88



Wayne Kipp 89



Mac Baker 90



Mac Baker 91



Noni Harris 92



Noni Harris 93



Linda Baker 94



Judy Phelan 95



Judy Phelan 96



Erwin Embacker 97



Erwin Embacker 98



Tom Hughes 99



Tom Hughes 00



Mike Doran 01



Mike Doran 02



Jen Molloy 03



Jen Molloy 04



Kelly Culbertson 05



Kelly Culbertson 06



Rob Reed 07



Rob Reed 08



Nick Matthews 09



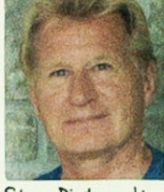
Nick Matthews 10



Gary Bannister 11



Gary Bannister 12



Stan Piotrowski 13



Stan Piotrowski 14



Barry Altman 15



Barry Altman 16



Barry Altman 17



Stan Piotrowski 18



Chris Piotrowski 19



Gary Gingras 20



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The Death Of 'Loon'

J. Gerry Phelan

Loon IV was a large (43') comfortable, cruising trimaran, its design a compromise between Arthur Piver's ideas and my own. It was built in my backyard in Thornhill, a suburb of Toronto, Canada by my wife, my daughters, myself, and several sons-in-law (I have a lot of daughters). It was then lifted over the house, trucked to Toronto Bay, launched and sailed in Lake Ontario, from the Toronto Multihull Cruising Club until my retirement in 1980.

We then bought a house in Clarksburg on Georgian Bay, with the best skiing in Ontario right behind us, and the best cruising ground in the world right in front of us. For those who question my statement, I must admit I haven't sailed Chesapeake Bay, but have sailed the Virgins, the Grenadines, and everything in between as well as some of the Pacific coast, and they don't compare. Georgian Bay is about 120 miles by 50 miles, and is dotted with literally thousands and thousands of islands, all beautiful and nearly all uninhabited. Winds vary from 0 to 60~70 knots and, like Ireland, if you don't like the weather, just wait a minute. The big drawback is the length of the season for cruising - just four months, from June through September.

We left Toronto, sailed from Lake Ontario through the Welland Canal up Lake Erie, up the length of Lake Huron and across

to Tobermory at the top of the Bruce Peninsula, and the entrance to Georgian Bay. While traversing Lake Huron, we encountered a thunderstorm and tornados, the like of which I hope none of you ever experience - running before the storm, we were doing 10 knots under bare poles. Then, as they passed, the Loon suddenly heeled and did a 180° turn completely of its own volition. I found myself clinging to the wheel, standing in bare feet up to my ankles in hailstones, and heading back towards Detroit. The boat stood up magnificently, with no damage. I can't say as much for the crew.

Editors note: (me Jon)

Jo and I had joined Loon at Detroit. Quite the storm - we were hit by lightning several times - it's like a revolver being fired off beside your ear. At one point the topping lift broke and the main boom with furled mainsail came down - on my head - I scrambled up to the poop deck and secured the bouncing boom. When I had scrambled back to the cockpit someone noticed the pockets of my yellow rain jacket were filled with blood. When the storms had passed we headed for Bayfield. After a quick stop at a clinic for some stitches in my head we headed up to Tobe.

After an overnight stop in Tobermory, we had a beautiful 80-mile reach down to Meaford Harbour, Loon's new home, in exactly eight hours.

For the next five years we delighted in

cruising the bay, sampling the scenery the sun, the wind, and the multitude of fine and usually deserted harbors. All this time Georgian Bay was getting deeper. This was driving the cottagers to despair seeing their beaches disappear their docks carried off in storms and their cottages threatened by ice. But, to the sailors it merely became easier to avoid the many rock shoals between the islands - until the fall of 1986.

Meaford is a pleasant, quiet little town straddling the Big Head River. An L-shaped breakwall had been built back in the dark ages, across the mouth of the river, forming a snug harbor which once sheltered a fleet of fishing boats but now is mainly the summer home of 30-40 pleasure boats. The Loon, being the bulkiest boat in the harbor, was moored on a 1000-lb concrete block, out near the mouth of the harbour.

For some years there has been concern about the condition of that breakwall. It is crumbling, showing its age and the wear and tear of the more ferocious of the Georgian Bay storms. That, plus the increasing lake levels has been making the once snug harbor a much less pleasant place to be when the north wind blows. In Canada, harbours are a Federal responsibility and despite repeated petitions, the small size of the town and the decline of the fishing industry, mitigated against any government response to these petitions.

On a Sunday night in October, there was a particularly vicious storm. I had been on Loon that afternoon checking the mooring lines and making sure all was ship-shape while I awaited haul-out for the winter. Monday morning I was roused by a phone call from Al Richardson, boat-builder and harbor master. "You better



get down here, your boat's in real trouble." Within minutes I was down at the harbor to find Loon pounding on the jagged rocks of the harbour wall, and sinking.

The north wind had piled up water at the south end of Georgian Bay. The breakwall was only protruding a foot or so above water level, and the 8-10 foot waves weren't even slowing down as they swept over it and into the harbor. Everything was in shambles. The small jetties to which most of the boats were secured were being torn loose, boats were breaking free, one 38-foot trawler had been lifted up-and-over the harbor wall, and dropped onto the concrete. Richardson's crews were chasing about collecting and re-securing the boats that were breaking loose. Throughout the night and morning of the storm, Al Richardson, his son David, and the rest of his crew carried out a superb job in impossible conditions, salvaging and restricting the damage as much as possible.

Loon had not broken loose. She and her mooring anchor had both been picked up by the waves, carried across the harbor, slammed against the wall, and pounded into rubble. Lines were put on it and she was dragged back to a point where vehicles could get to the water's edge.

By this time the volunteer fire department had arrived with pumps in an attempt to drain the boat. The first attempt was a failure insofar as the

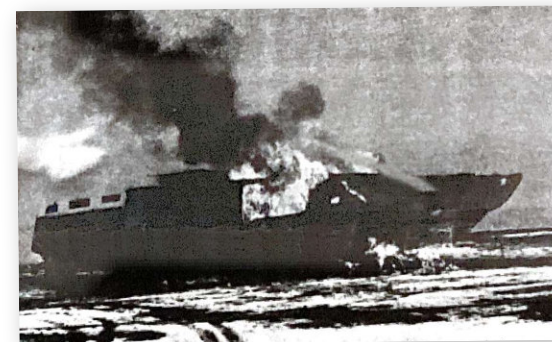


suction line was lowered through a hatch into the starboard outrigger. Only the deck of this hull remained, so pumping accomplished nothing. The pumps were then shifted to the main hull. Dave Richardson, at this point, showed considerable courage. The boat was sinking by the bow. Dave entered through the cockpit companion way, went underwater to the forward hatch and opened it, to permit entrance for the suction line. The port outrigger was undamaged, and the flotation it supplied plus pumping of the main hull, enabled the boat to rise enough to permit slings to be put around it. A crane was brought up and the boat lifted out.

Once Loon was ashore and the storm subsided, haggling began with the insurance company. Eventually they found a reputable builder with available space and time, who was prepared to repair the boat, though at a substantial price. I, in turn, having examined the hulk in detail, was quite convinced that no amount of patching and refurbishing was going to return the boat to its

original condition. On the other hand, apart from a soaking, the sails, much of the rigging, and the diesel motor were undamaged. Eventually, we arrived at a compromise whereby I was paid the cost of the repairs. We then stripped the boat and sold the salvageable materials to various friends involved in building boats of their own.

In addition to the carnage in the harbor, the wave action from the storm had seriously damaged several buildings and brought home, forcibly, to the residents of Meaford that the *raison d'être* for the town was gone if the harbor was not made safe. So, a few weeks later, a 'Save Meaford Harbor' rally was held and attended by almost the entire population of Meaford and the news media, including both major Canadian TV networks. As a grand finale, Loon was given a Viking funeral. It was soaked in diesel fuel and set alight while the town and a multitude of boat lovers cheered, sang sad songs, or shed a tear, as the spirit moved them. In a few hours all that remained was a heap of ashes.



A Viking Funeral

Epilogue

A few weeks later a second such violent storm struck. A 30 foot section from the center of the harbor breakwall collapsed and was swept away, leaving the harbor completely open. Delegations went to Ottawa and held discussions with the pertinent officials. The reply from the officials was that something will be done when and if funds are available.

MULTIHULLS, 1987
PHOTOS BY MEAFORD EXPRESS

Raising Astrid

By Jon



Wooden boats usually need a few days to swell when they are first put in the water. But when a battery fails and a bilge pump stops doing its job things can get very damp. Earl Hellend's Astrid, a 26' sloop, got a bit damp.



I believe it was a Spring Cleanup day at the Club and when we heard about Astrid - a few

of us decided to bring her up. We got some stout beams, stretched one over Astrid's stern from the dock to Judy and Teds' Nonsuch and put another beam diagonally on the docks over the bow. We rigged up a few blocks and tackle and began to haul Astrid up. I've never seen a catboat heal so much under a bare pole and it was a treat to see Judy hiking out the port side.

When we got to a point where the water

stopped running in Rowan scooted home and got a nice big pump and we pumped her out. We stood around on the dock with pizza and beer and watched her come up.



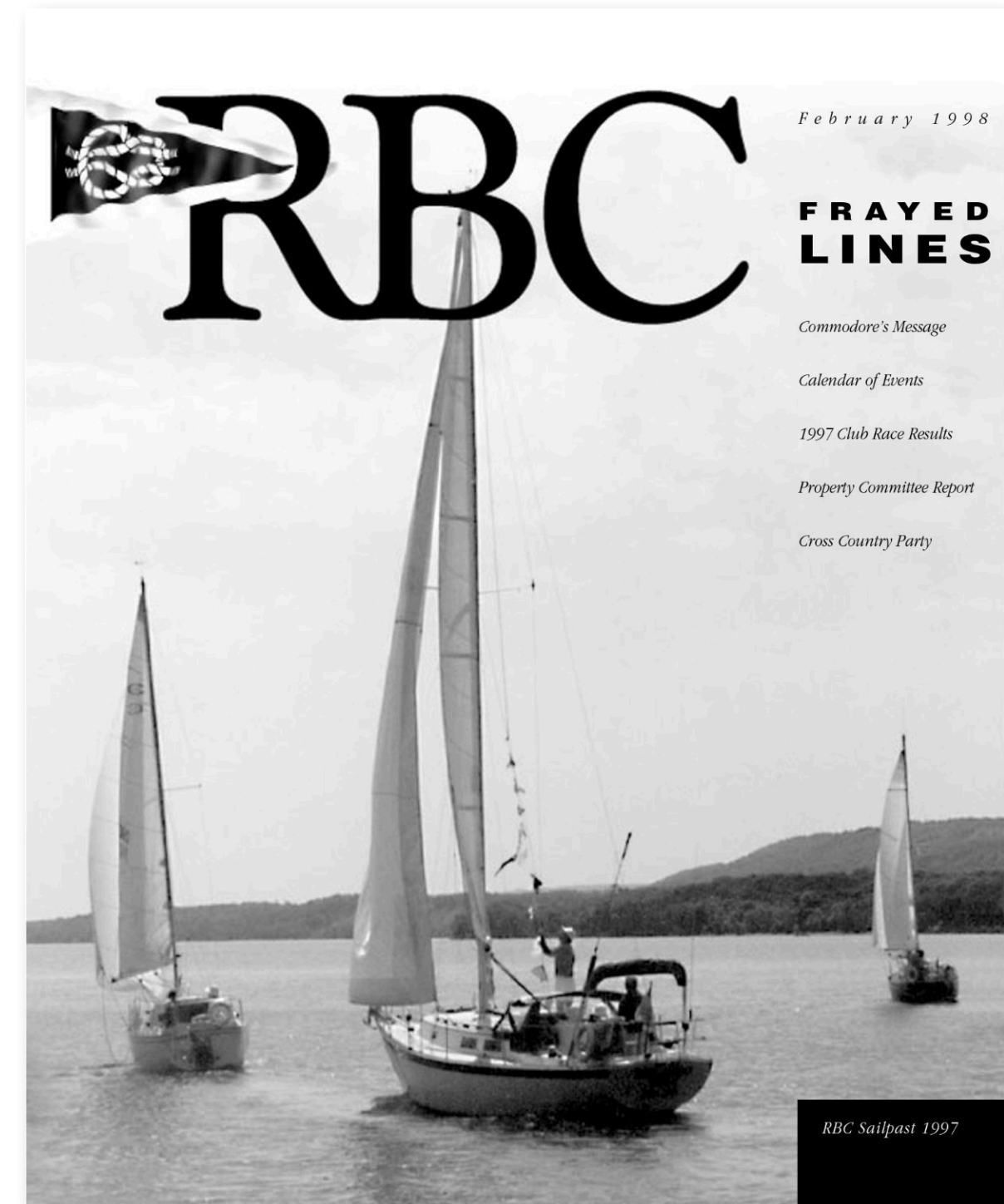
Earl fitted a new battery and all was well.

1998



A sample newsletter

I joined the RBC Bridge as Communications and I used to crank these out.



Greetings from the Bridge

As 1998 kicks in, many of us are wondering why we took the darn boats out at all. Whether we can blame El Nino or not, the skiing's poor. This is a time of rest and reflection for us all as we await the boating season. It looks like it will be another great year at the club, and your exec will firm up the schedule of happenings, (to be announced in the "Ice Breaker" issue of Frayed Lines.) Some things are already in place, such as the much anticipated improvements to the clubhouse. We will be supporting the "BOOM" junior sailing program once again.



I know that the Race Committee, Ernie and Bob have tinkered with the race program to make it even more satisfying. We look forward to the club pulling together to again provide the outstanding social functions that we are noted for (thanks to Betty and her crew).

To keep our humble little club alive and vibrant, we are always open to hearing your suggestions, and input. Lets all make sure that our next 30 years of the Reef Boat Club are as rewarding as the past 30.

Think spring,

The Commodore, Reef Boat Club
Erwin Embacher

PS You can reach me at: 519-599-3532
or lgrigg@georgian.net

1997 RBC Race Standings

STANDING OVERALL	RACES COMPLETED	BOAT NAME	TOTAL POINTS
1	4	Chez Moi	10.75
2	4	Dulcinea	14.75
3	4	Libra	15
4	4	Grin	16
5	4	Myott IV	17
6	4	Dolphin	33
7	3	Delasco	4.50
8	3	Samum	15
9	3	Looney Tunes	15
10	3	Holdfast	24
11	2	Griswold	3.75
12	1	Windmill	7
13	1	Tempo	8
14	1	Olivebank	9

It should be mentioned in passing, that Jim Bowles crewed on both Chez Moi, and Libra, and his best 4 races were a 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. Thus he accumulated 9.75 points, which translates to him being the best overall crew, sailor, ballast?

Well done Jim

Report to date from the property committee:

The property committee of the Reef Boat Club, comprising members Anthony Price, Stan Cowan and Janny Scarrow-Jongkind, met at the property on Thursday, October 16th, 1997, to discuss the actual boundary. The one survey stake positioned on the property when surveyed a number of years ago has disappeared. We also found that the laneway is a registered right-of-way on our deed and can be used by the two adjoining property owners, Janice Almond and Donald Goudy.

In order to establish an accurate boundary line it would be necessary for the Club to have a new survey completed. However, this would be at great expense to us.

We decided to contact the adjoining property owners to see if they had their properties surveyed in the past few years. Both Janice Almond and Donald Goudy were called and they informed us that they have recent surveys. Both Ms. Almond and Mr. Goudy have agreed to meet with our property committee this April to show us their surveys and the survey stakes outlining their boundaries. From that meeting we will decide as to the boundary of our property, and make our recommendation to the Club.

Janny G. Scarrow-Jongkind



Myott IV lookin' good!



Erwin braving the elements



Our Thirtieth Anniversary Dinner...the elegance of it all.



Tom pipes in the meal



Ernie takes a break from the festivities to calculate some race results.



Introducing: Barnacle Betty, the newest member of Grin's crew.

1998
Calendar of Events

May 16
Ice Breaker Party & Spring
Clean-up
0900 hrs at the clubhouse

June 13
#1 Race & Potluck Dinner
Skippers meeting at 1000 hrs
1st gun at 1150 hrs
Happy hour 1600 hrs
Potluck feast 1800 hrs

June 20
Sailpast and #2 Race
Skippers meeting at 1000 hrs
Sailpast 1100 hrs
1st gun at 1250 hrs
Social function TBA

July 4/5
1st annual across the Bay
Race/Club Races #3 and #4
To Hope, Beckwith, or Christian Island
on Saturday and back on Sunday. Do
your own thing on the Island.



August 8
Race # 5
Skippers Meeting at 1000 hrs
1st gun at 1150 hrs
Social function TBA

August 29
Club Race #6
Skippers Meeting at 1000 hrs
1st gun at 1150
Social function TBA

August 5
Labour Day Regatta/Club Race #7
Skippers Meeting at 1000 hrs
1st Gun at 1150 hrs
2nd annual Smoked Turkey Feast

August 12
Mea-bury Challenge/Club
Race #8
Details TBA
Victory celebration at the clubhouse

Oct 3
Annual General Meeting
AGM at 1600 hrs, followed by the
gala Annual Awards Dinner
(Dinner details TBA)

Cross-Country Ski
Party
Saturday, March 14

Nancy and Paul Grigg have graciously
invited members and guests to a gala
party of parties at their place in Annan.
The XC skiing,
the hot tub,
the Paul,s special chili,
the stories,
the laughs,
the great friends and company
...what more could you ask!

RSVP asap
For details and directions call Paul or
Nancy at (519) 376-5374.



Adout me, and boats.

My first sailing boat was a lanteen rigged
styrofoam dinghy, a Sea Snark I believe,
bought at Canadian Tire (around 1964).

In 1967 one of my friends at Art College
(now OCADU) was in the industrial
design course, he had a naval architect
friend who designed and was producing
a 12' scow (laser killer). I paid about \$600
for one of his first pre-production
Quasars, I still have "Grimmance" it's in
the RBC shed. This little beast was scary
fast and easily kept up to a Hobie 14 on a
reach.

Sometime in the 70's I worked at JWT (ad
agency) in Toronto and a co-worker was
crewing on a CC 27 out of NYC - I did a
few Thursday night club races and got
the bug. I purchased a pocket cruiser, a
CS 22, and sailed out of Port Credit. Grin



was trailerable so I dropped it in the lake
usually May 1st and hauled her out in
early December. I was an out-of-town
member of QCYC so I had a nice place to
park when I scooted to TO. I dragged the
boat to Tobe and played in the north
channel a bit.

In 1989 we moved up to Bognor and I
kept the boat at Owen Sound for a few
years. I got tired of the Sound and a
friend, Gerry Phelan, suggested I join
RBC. I did. I moved the boat to Meaford
(1992).

I sold Grin a few years ago - she/it gave
me about 40 years of delightful sailing
adventures, 14' waves on Lake Ontario, a
lightning strike at Meaford Harbour, lots
of RBC races (I even won a few when the
rest of the fleet couldn't find a mark).

You can still see Grin parked at the end of
A dock on a Meaford sign as you come
into town from the East.

I now have the great pleasure of sailing
with Liz on BlueMoon.

Jon Gillette

