
Guy Cruise 2015

8th annual Guy Cruise

Frank Belchamber - September 17, 2015



The Guy Cruise was originally Ross Lamb's idea. Here is Ross in Windway, rafted to Thrumcap at Big House anchorage, McPhee Bay, September 2, 2008

The Guy Cruise concept is quite simple. It's a singlehanded cruise, for one thing, and we don't budge on that. It takes place the week beginning Labour Day Monday. We get together for breakfasts and dinners, and take turns with the meal preparation. There is one pub night (hey, we're guys, eh?) and the rest of the time we anchor out if possible. We minimize the planning and scheduling, and go where the wind blows us. It's a guy plan.

The Guys: We had a record 7 boats signed up for this year's cruise. At the very last minute, Jim Boyes dropped out. He had a fairly good excuse - he went to the heart hospital

and spent the week there instead. All things considered, he would rather have gone on the cruise. The remaining guys were Terry Johnson, Bill Reynolds, Scott Mustard, Hans Juffermans, Les Galicinski, and myself.

Scott was the only first-timer. We did not just include him for the entertainment value alone, although he was entertaining. A few years ago, Jim Boyes performed a "Sea Hunt" backward roll exit from a rubber dinghy. This year, Scott raised the bar by performing one from a hard dinghy - very impressive. Unfortunately we did not capture it on video and he refused to do it again. Fortunately he had brought along a dry bathing suit to change into for the evening.

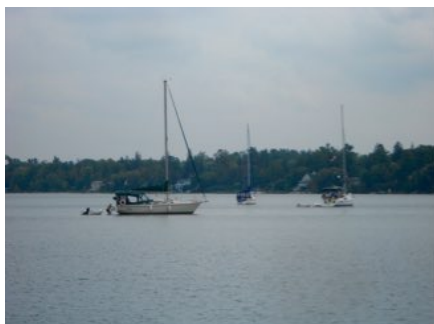
Our first day's sail was a brisk reach to Duclos Point, where we anchored for the



afternoon. The forecast for overnight had a potential for severe weather, so we moved into the Pefferlaw River and tied up for the night at the Peninsula Restaurant dock. It's a very nice place to tie up if you're on a cruise. We didn't go into the restaurant, but we understand from its genial owner, Jerry, that it was the subject of a TV makeover and is kind of neat. Jerry usually charges \$20 per boat for overnight dockage, but it is somewhat negotiable and we paid half that. Jim Boyes was the intended host that evening, so Les did his cooking and between them we enjoyed Jim's BBQ pork tenderloin dinner. Terry looked after breakfast with a wonderful breakfast casserole. Terry's oven was acting up, so we used mine.

Tuesday featured no wind, at best a few patches, but it was to be pub night at Jackson's point and we were motivated to get there before more weather set in. We had a relaxing motor voyage around Georgina. It was a hot day and we were all looking forward to a swim.

Some of the guys opted to anchor off Jackson's Point for a swim, while Terry and I opted for a swim in mid-lake. There was not a ripple



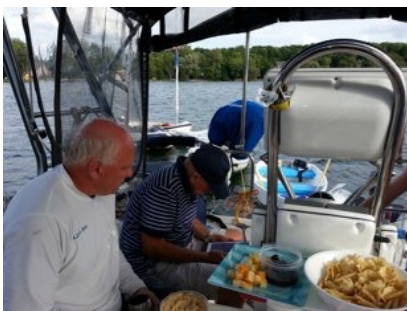
on the water. Beautiful! Since we were there after Labour Day, we all got free slips.

Les was keen to do the Black River dinghy excursion and most of us wanted to go along. I was unable to start Eddie's motor, so I sat out the side trip this year and enjoyed the air conditioning on Quo Vadis with Hans. The rest of them piled into Les's dinghy and headed up the Black River to Sutton.

We went to the Simcoe Arms pub for dinner, of course. It is a classic pub and we enjoyed our time there. True to the forecast, it rained all night and was clear in the morning.

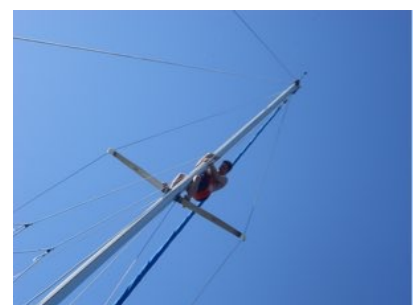
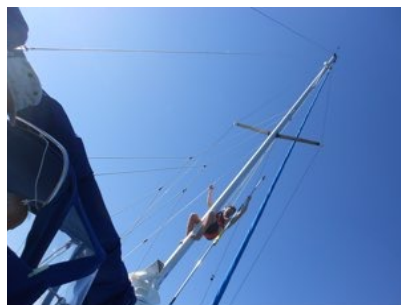
Wednesday morning, Hans hosted breakfast. He served an interesting bacon and egg dish baked in a muffin tin, very tasty. True to the forecast, the wind had shifted from the southerlies to westerlies with a forecast for north west overnight. That sounds like Carthew Bay, doesn't it? We had a very brisk sail over, beating to windward with reefed sails, gradually shaking out the reefs as the day progressed. Carthew was the perfect spot.

Bill Reynolds hosted dinner that night. Bill is a good cook and always does things right,



beginning with appetizers. He had prepared a lamb dish that was a real treat.

Thursday morning, Les did breakfast, scrambled eggs with chopped veggies and cheese served on barbecued portobellos. Wow, great idea! Scott had to retrieve a runaway



main halyard after breakfast. He had lots of help and encouragement, of course. This time, the photographer was ready.

We had a leisurely downwind sail towards McPhee bay. I set my spinnaker for a nice reach into McPhee. Les followed suit, but he set his on a pole to go straight downwind and

found the beach at Mara Provincial Park right in front of him. In summer there would be a hundred or so power boats anchored there (according to Les) but now it was deserted, so we decided to anchor there for the afternoon prior to moving into McPhee. It was a really good idea, and we had fun taking the dinghies ashore and just goofing around. I was preparing a couple of Indian curries for dinner, and did most of the work while anchored there. Later, we motored into McPhee. We had intended to use the Stop Sign anchorage but the forecast called for north west winds picking up overnight so we chose the Big House anchorage instead, and it worked out well for us. I had the curries well in hand, and they seemed to be well received.

Friday morning dawned exceptionally beautiful. I went for a swim at 7:00 a.m. and wished I had a waterproof camera to capture the perspective. (A real waterproof, not the Guy Cruise Nikon that eventually recovered from an unscheduled midnight swim a few years ago. It's now the only camera I'm allowed to take on the cruise.) Scott hosted



breakfast; lots of bacon and sausage pieces served with scrambled eggs, just what the doctor ordered. The forecast called for strong north west winds overnight and we had already used Carthew and McPhee. We thought Barrie was too far, so we decided to tie up on the wall at Lagoon City. Les had an important date that evening, so we

watched him sail off into the distance as we rounded Trout Shoal. Terry was following Les, having decided to take the scenic route to Lagoon City, and at one point was actually gaining

on Sultana. Les checked his sail trim and looked back in amazement as Terry continued to gain. Suddenly, Terry furled his sails. He eventually admitted that his dinghy had come untied somewhere in Shingle Bay and he needed to retrieve it. Several of us turned around to assist in the search. Terry found the dinghy behind Strawberry Island, still in deep enough water for him to retrieve it. After that, Terry was not quite so fast. We figured that he tied the dinghy on too tight and it was slowing him down.



Hans was the dinner host, and he had prepared his specialty - a traditional Dutch beef dish sometimes called Dutch Stew although there are no vegetables in it. He did potatoes and vegetables separately. The seasoning apparently features juniper berries. Very nice!

Saturday morning was my turn for breakfast. I had practiced making frittata at home, after a previous disaster on the boat. It worked out pretty good, but took a lot longer to bake than it did at home. The guys took the delay in stride, eating Han's leftover breakfast cake and drinking coffee until I finally served. I think it turned out pretty good, but will tweak the recipe a bit before I try it again. You're never too old to learn, right? Hey, I never cooked anything until I retired, when Pat decided it was my new hobby.



The sail home was a very brisk broad reach, almost a run, straight to HYC. Bill and Terry elected to start with a run downwind to provide a faster reach later. The rest of us went straight at it. Scott and I were on a perpetual collision course the whole way and finally came together around 8 mile point. He let me cross in front, so I felt pretty good, but then he recognized the Carthew Bay wind effect before I did and he pulled ahead again. Then we furled, and the cruise was over.

Thanks, Guys! It was a highlight of my year.
