

A few exciting experiences on the Bay-Submitted by Wayne Jefferey

### A new Stern Drive

Shortly after finishing construction of our first cottage, we bought a new Grew stern drive, but we did not know the water very well. Our neighbour offered to lead us out to Pancake Is for an afternoon of swimming libations and a BQ. We had a wonderful time. As the sun dropped close to the horizon, we headed home travelling line astern. As we approached a large marker in the Sound, it crossed my mind that we may be on the wrong side. My neighbour was operating an o/b drawing little water when at speed while our stern drive was somewhat deeper in the water. The thought had not passed from my mind when we struck bottom with the stern drive and lost propulsion.

Of course there were many apologies but the damage was done. Out came the trusty tow rope for a long trip back to the marina. This is not a completely unfamiliar experience for boaters on GB but it did prompt me to complete a Power Sqd course

### Life threatening

My original cottage on Two Mile Narrows went up for sale in mid Sept 1983. Many cottages in the area were on the market so I expected it could take a year. The following weekend we were going to Europe for a 2 week motorcycle trip. While standing in the Departure lounge a phone caller advised it was sold. I called my lawyer and real estate agent—"Buy Orchard Is" (near Sans Souci). I followed up from northern Italy and was advised, "it's yours!" I had forgotten in the excitement, to ask "how much.". We arrived home on a Sat to learn it was to be a "quick closing". We moved on Sun thanks to Eaton's who provided a barge. We did not have possession of the island so stuff was stored at the Sans Souci store to be moved by snowmobile in Jan.

Our 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> trip to the island was made at night by snowmobile. I led with the dog on my lap A friend followed pulling a sled with supplies. The ice was excellent

with a little snow cover. We travelled slowly about 200 ft apart. All went well as we passed Sans Souci, following trails established by other snowmobilers. About 300 yds from the island, bad things happened. Most of us are familiar with ice ridges that form when ice moves. I encountered an ice crevasse. The ice had folded downward and left open water. I could not stop so used full throttle. My friend was behind watching in the light of her machine. I got across the hole with the skis hooked up on hard ice but the only way off the machine was into the water. I slide off taking the dog with me. I swam a short distance, rolled up onto good ice, grabbed the dog and then to the machine which was still hanging on the ice by the skis. As I took a firm hold of the skis, the engine running with the headlight on, it slid into the water. We lost the machine but everyone was safe. Mary shut off her machine—too frightened to ride around the hole. We joined up and walked to the old cabin with snow blowing under the door. After changing into dry 'long johns' and drying the dog, we all climbed into bed—the dog in the middle.

On Saturday morning, we returned safely to Parry Sound on one machine. On Sunday, we came back in the airplane to take photos of the hole to assist with recovery in the spring. The Yamaha went back into service the following winter for another 2 years of winter fun before it was sold.

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