

Restless Went to Canada

Roland Lennox-King with Consie Lennox-King

In May 2017 we returned to *Restless* in Rockland, Maine, where she had been shrink-wrapped in September, and unwrapped in May. David and Marianne flew over from Scotland, and David helped Roland to antifoul *Restless*. It was time for *Restless* to have an Insurance Survey, so once completed, some canvas work, and a few problems sorted, she went back into the water on a cold day in Rockland. We were concerned about the status of our Cruising Permit, so rented a car, and drove to Beverley, to get our official document for another year. Keir joined us from Scotland for a month, to sail from Maine south to New York, and up the Hudson River



and Erie Canal, to Niagara and Toronto.

On 3 June, at 0600, we motored out of Rockland, past the Rockland lighthouse and its causeway, and past Owl's Head Lighthouse, heading south. With a gale forecast, we wanted to get south, so motor-sailed 147nm, stopping at the 'claw' of Cape Cod, in Provincetown. We set off at 0600 to catch the tide though the Cape Cod Canal, rushing through at over 11.5kts. At noon we caught a nice fat bluefish in Buzzards Bay. We motor-sailed 86nm to Block Island, in Long Island Sound



Roland and David antifouling *Restless*

and to the welcome news that the gale had moved out to sea. We took a rest day to get jobs done aboard, as half the crew had caught the flu. After a very windy night, we set off early with the tide, and motor-sailed 70nm on a cold, wet, windy day to anchor at New Haven. We caught the tide through Long Island Sound, and motor-sailed 42nm in cold sunshine, to Mamaroneck where we found a berth at Oriental Yacht Club, and met up with our nephew, Peter, and his wife, Ruth, and family. We had showers, laundry and meals with them in their new home. We had two quiet nights while we planned our trip through New York City and the Hudson River. David returned to Scotland, Consie got provisions. Ruth, Jack and Ben came aboard for lunch, but young Jack was a little disappointed that *Restless* was not a Pirate Ship.

On 9 June we set off to catch the tides through New York harbour. We had a heatwave, 34°C, and an exciting day rushing through Hell Gate, watching out for the Chrysler Center, Empire State building and other landmarks and bridges. We had a phone call and a visit from the Coastguard. We passed the Statue of Liberty, and anchored in a shallow, quiet bay behind Liberty Island, ready to start our trip up the Hudson River.

We set off past the Statue of Liberty at 0615, to catch the tide up the the muddy brown river, which runs north from New York City. Boats who do this loop from New York north and west to Buffalo and south on the Mississippi River are called 'Loopers'. As we planned to take a route from New York to Troy to Lake Ontario, and return to Troy via the St Lawrence and Richelieu rivers, Lake Champlain and the Champlain Canal to the Hudson River and back to New York, we will be known as 'Triangle Loopers'.

After a night of trains wailing past, we moved further north. At Catskill, NY we took down our sails and folded them away, and on 13 June the boys

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at Hop O’Nose Boatyard pulled out our masts and we became a motorboat.

We reached our first lock into the Erie Canal and were raised into Waterford, the entrance to the Canal. We learned that as this was the 200th anniversary of the Erie Canal, charges had been waived in the USA, saving us \$100. From Waterford we headed into a flight of six locks in about 11nm, each 33ft up, and stopped for the night at Schenectady on the Mohawk River, still in



Restless with masts down at Hop O’ Nose Marina

a heatwave. We anchored above Lock 7 in a large pool above the dam. The next day we climbed seven locks, and stopped for the night at the Palatine Bridge lock, near Canajoharie. We saw two beavers, some deer, lots of Canada geese, ducks, a bald eagle, herons, storks, and birds, including my favourite, the cardinal.

18 June was a busy day, heading for Lock 17, at Little Falls, NY; it is the highest of the locks, going up 40.5ft. We continued through Locks 18, 19 and 20. As it was raining, we stopped between Utica and Rome, at 420ft, the highest point of the Canal. It would be all downhill from there, about 11 more locks to Oswego and Lake Ontario. The next morning we motored in rain, into Rome, where we tied up to the town dock.

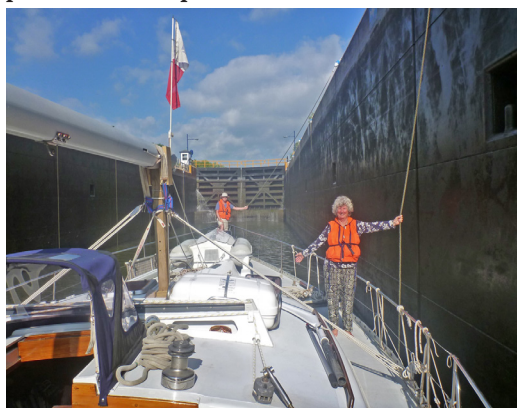
We visited Fort Stanwix, and the museum covering the colonial wars between the French, English and the Mohicans. After looking at the weather reports, and checking that our Swedish neighbours on a powerboat were staying the night, and would keep an eye on *Restless*, we rented a car to drive to the Adirondacks, to visit cousin Caroline and her husband Duncan, at their Camp Winnetaska. In the only available vehicle that would fit three passengers, a U-Haul pickup truck, we drove north, reaching the Camp in time for a roast dinner, and a warm welcome. Their new boathouse was almost completed, and Roland would have liked to stay longer to help raise the new flagpole, but *Restless* was waiting, and we drove back to Rome. Finding all well aboard, we left the Mohawk river, and set off along the Erie Canal, locking down 50ft in locks 21 and 22.

On 22 June we motored out of the Erie Canal, into Lake Oneida and stopped at Lower South Bay to plan our route to Canada. Keir was leaving us, and our son Gilbert, Pip and Mia would join us for two weeks, followed by our daughter, Olivia, and her fiancé, Shenton. Roland’s brother, Oliver,

and Jane live in Toronto, and we hoped to catch up with their families while in Canada.

After a stop at Winter Harbor to refuel, we continued to Lock 23, the last in the Erie Canal. After lunch, we set off again, going down locks of the Oswego canal. We stopped in a pond by Battle Island, where we spent two peaceful nights, after which we passed four further locks to reach Lake Ontario. We provisioned in Oswego, ready for a day's crossing of 80nm to Cobourg Marina, where two immigration officers came to check us into Canada in a thunderstorm.

The next day we motored 55nm in a lumpy sea to Toronto, where Oliver was waiting on the dock to wave us into a berth at Ashbridge's Bay Yacht Club. We were lucky to get a berth, as Lake Ontario is higher than it has been for over 40 years, and many of the marinas and yacht clubs have huge problems with power boxes and docks underwater. We found the ABYC



Going down! In a lock on the way to Canada

to be a very friendly and active yacht club. We went to Oliver and Jane's home for showers, roast dinner, and laundry. Keir left us in Toronto. 1 July was Canada day, celebrating 150 years of independence, with celebration fireworks in the bay, and we had a riverside seat from *Restless*.

Gilbert, Pip and Mia flew from London to join us and we moved into

Jane and Oliver's house for a few luxurious days, while Roland worked on a generator problem. Jane found some of Sophie's dolls for our granddaughter, 2-year-old Mia to play with, we went sailing on Oliver's boat, *Erewhon*, and their daughter, Sophie, joined us for dinner. Jane drove us north to their cottage on Lake Methuen, while Oliver and Roland motored *Restless* via the Murray Canal to Trenton, some 90nm. We met up for a night, with a record 6.5 LKs aboard. On 10 July we said goodbye to Oliver, and motored to Sandy Bay on Prince Edward Island. Mia slept her first night aboard *Restless* at anchor, got used to wearing a lifejacket when on deck, and enjoyed a cold swim before dinner.

We motored around Prince Edward Island to anchor off the delightful town of Picton in glorious sunshine. We put the Bic dinghy in the water and Gil took Mia for a sail, which she loved. In late afternoon we all went to explore the town using what is now dubbed 'Mia's Boat', the inflatable, to get ashore. Picton is a busy, very picturesque town, with marinas.

Roland Lennox-King with Consie Lennox-King

At Kingston we anchored in Deadman's Bay, just to the east of town. We all went to Cedar Island for a walk ashore near one of the towers overlooking Fort Henry, originally built by the French, but enhanced in 1783 to its present form by the British Loyalists. It was never used. To our surprise fireworks were let off from the fort while we ate our dinner. The next day we walked around town, with its antique steam train on the waterfront. Anchoring in a lovely spot in the Thousand Islands area, we had roast NZ lamb for dinner. Consie found she had a little supervisor as Mia discovered if she used the bag of dinghy lifejackets she could see over the top of the divide and keep a good eye on 'Oma' whilst she was in the galley.



Roland, Gilbert, Pip and Mia L-K

After an early morning swim and breakfast on 14 July, we took a 'tiki-tour' around some of the 1,600 islands, on many of which was a single house and boat-shed; many islands are 50ft x 50ft, some even smaller. The lake levels here were abnormally high this year, and many boatsheds were half underwater, collapsing, with boats wrecked in the rafters. We motored back to Kingston, where La Salle bridge-master lifted his bridge for us and we anchored off the Kingston Marina 400m from the bridge.

We delayed our farewells to Gil, Pip and Mia on 17 July by hiring a car and driving to Montreal for a quick tour around the very French city, and then dropped them at Montreal airport, before returning to Kingston, feeling flat after the busy days with them on board.

Our daughter Olivia and her fiancé Shenton flew into Toronto on 20 July, and stayed with Jane and Oliver before joining us on *Restless* at Kingston, to cruise the Thousand Islands. We had filled up with fuel, water and provisions, so motored the next morning to Constance Island, near the Bridge over the Americas. The next day we did a 'tiki-tour' around some of the islands. The islands have a mixture of names: Beaurivage, Sagastawika, Fairyland, Huckleberry, Smugglers Cove, Deathdealer, Bloodletter, Astounder. One island has an outdoor church, in Half Moon Bay, in an ancient pothole, cut by glaciers millions of years ago.

We had a visit from the Ashbridge's Bay YC Commodore, Bob, and his wife, Pat, and three grandsons, in a bay at Grenadier island. Few of

the islands are public, we tried to go ashore for a walk, but the island and some public docks were flooded and forbidden for use. It was nice to go for a swim in the freshwater of Lake Ontario, if a little cold. A lot of people stopped to talk to us when they saw our New Zealand ensign.

We left the next day when some long thin cigarette-shaped motorboats dubbed 'The Quebec Navy' with roaring motors and loud music arrived.



Shenton and Olivia by the Bridge over the Americas

We motored back west to Camelot island.

27 July started off with rain, but when it stopped Roland and Shenton put our Bic dinghy into the water and had a good sail in a light breeze. We had been missing our masts, having to motor everywhere. The next day at Gananoque town we tried to fill the Propane bottle. After a 2km walk through town Roland and Shenton gave up on the propane. We spent the night at Lindsay Island.

Shenton's birthday on 29 July started with swims; it was one of the most beautiful sunny days we had this season. We motored back to Kingston, and the bridge-master opened the bridge so we could anchor upstream near the Kingston Marina. We went ashore to celebrate Shenton's birthday with a lobster dinner. We came back to the boat to find a million mosquitoes and bugs stuck to the stern in the dew. We blessed the new mosquito covers over our hatches.

Shenton left on the morning bus to Toronto for his flight to Hong Kong; Olivia had another week with us. We went ashore to do laundry and provision, then set off east for our fourth trip down the Bateau Channel and back into the Thousand Islands. We anchored well offshore, in the Bateau Channel, to avoid the mosquitoes. Anchored at Grenadier Island, some locals joined us for sundowners before the mosquitoes arrived. We motored past Boldt castle, famous as the kitchen where Thousand Island dressing was invented and stopped for a free night at the Iroquois Yacht Club in very shallow water.

On 2 August we passed through the Iroquois, Eisenhower and Snel Locks, paying for each. We reached and anchored at Dumouchell Pt, where we had a welcome swim after a hot day wearing compulsory lifejackets in the locks, which become airless as we descend. We set off at 0645, hoping to catch an early opening at Beauharnois double lock. We waited four and a half hours, dropped 42ft, went into the second lock, the last lock on the way to Montreal. We tied up at the Royal St Lawrence

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Yacht Club in Montreal. Olivia rented a car at the airport, and we drove across the American border, to the Adirondacks, to visit cousin Caroline and husband Duncan, for Olivia's birthday the next day, 4 August.

Caroline decorated the breakfast room with balloons and flags, and we had a great birthday breakfast. No other place is like these Camps in the Adirondacks, and Caroline took us for a tour in their powerboat, to see the amazing homes and boatsheds. After lunch some friends arrived, Mary and Howard, and we had a hilarious evening together. The next morning we went for a walk in the forest, before heading back to Montreal. We took Olivia for a short tour of Montreal, then dinner at the Royal St Lawrence Yacht Club. Olivia left for Toronto, to meet up with her Canadian cousins, and we used the rental car to stock up, returned the car, then walked 1.5 hours back to prepare *Restless* for the last two locks of the St Lawrence River and the trip down river to ascend the Richelieu to access Lake Champlain. Royal St Lawrence Yacht Club had no water; much of the water in the Lakes was contaminated by high water levels, and we had not had sweet water for some time. We set off down the St Lawrence River, waited several hours for the two locks, and anchored at Varennes, by an amazing church with two silver spires. We saw several more of these silver-spired churches over the next few days.

We were amazed to see a Hong Kong registered ship at the Sorel docks. We texted Olivia, as it was one of her company's ships, the *Atlantic Spirit*; she wished she was still aboard. From Sorel we went up the Richelieu River, to the first lock, and we were advised that as it was the 150th anniversary, the locks on the Richelieu River were free. We did 54nm, sometimes with the current with us, and sometimes against. We anchored by Ile Jeannot for the night.

On 9 August we set off with a knot of current against us, arriving at Chambly triple lock at noon. There was a lot of traffic, and nowhere to stop, so we went on to another three locks, and stopped a mile upriver. A beautiful,



The MV *Restless*

70ft, fast, commuter powerboat, *Dolphin of Montreal*, built in 1929, stopped near us, and the Captain offered us a tour of this boat, showing off an enormous area of varnish. The owner had worked in New Zealand, he was proud to show off his boat. We walked back into Chambly for dinner, passing a weekly music festival held in the park.

We set off at 0915 for the last Chambly locks, going about 10nm along narrow waterways, and coming out at noon, back in the Richelieu River. Before anchoring for the night at Baie McGillivray, by Fort Lennox, we had a visit from a couple on a jetski, who we had met in Tobermory, on their yacht *Milvina*, which is now in Grenada. We motored south to the Border at Rouse Point. The men at the border dealt with us efficiently, and phoned the nearby fuel dock to ask if they had water, as our tanks were contaminated with water from Canada. We emptied, rinsed, and refilled our tanks, and also filled up with fuel. We met local fishermen, who said that you need a permit to fish, but people were not eating the fish this year, because of possible contaminated water. We stopped in Monty Bay.

Cousin Caroline and husband Duncan drove from the Adirondacks to join us for a glorious 13 August, motoring 30nm around Lake Champlain. We spent a few days exploring and doing odd jobs. One of our new friends, Nadia, loaned us her car, and we drove to the Adirondacks, for a day. There was a total eclipse while we were at the Camp.

We raised our anchor to find some six feet of weed. We motored to anchor at Valcour Island, followed by Burlington, where we picked up a town mooring. A university town, Burlington is famous as the birthplace of Ben & Gerry's ice cream. We moved to a nearby anchorage, where we had a visit from a Montreal couple planning to set off for the Caribbean and further. At Shelburne we anchored by a huge shipyard. Roland dropped our dinghy, *Livi* into the water and snooped around the anchored yachts. The weather was getting cooler; it was time to head south.

On 28 August we motored to Fort Ticonderoga. We had been told by sailing friends that it is possible to visit the Fort from the beach, so we set off, rowing ashore through thick weed to the beach. Yes, you can reach the Fort from the beach, but it was built to prevent assault from the water, and we fought our way through tangles of thorn trees up a slope, only to arrive at the foot of a 20ft wall bristling with canons. We called up to tourists looking over the wall, and asked how to get into the fort. The answer was 'not that way' and they disappeared. I suppose we were lucky they did not have access to canons or pitch. We worked our way around the ramparts until we came to a weak point, and we were inside. We joined the tourists, and had a quick history lesson from French soldiers in retro uniforms. Nobody noticed our clothes were torn and our legs were bleeding. Roland found an equally difficult route down a cliff, while Consie wandered round the King's Garden, where they once grew food for the soldiers, now restored into a wonderful, walled garden, equal to any we have seen anywhere.

From Fort Ticonderoga we passed another series of locks to stop at Fort Edward Yacht Basin. At Fort Edward, we left Lake Champlain and were in the uppermost navigable part of the Hudson River. We were headed

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to Hop O'Nose Marina in Catskill creek, where Oliver would join us to help put the masts back in. Marg and Andrea arrived from New Zealand to cruise with us for a few days, to New York. We walked to the nearby lock and watched boats, including two canoes, locking down. We had saved the one remaining lock for Marg and Andrea to experience and we dropped 14ft before setting off past Albany to Catskill. The Triangle loop was 1,100nm and 61 locks. We arrived in Hop O' Nose after dusk, to find Oliver waiting for us. Andrea cooked a delicious chicken curry, and we went to sleep with rain falling all night and the next day.

Hurricane Irma was on the radar, and we were watching with the world to see where it was going. It is too dangerous to put masts in when it is raining, so we put on our wet-weather gear, and went into Catskill town to visit the antique shops. There was an exhibition of cat sculptures, about a meter high, on each street corner, all to be auctioned off for local charities. Our favourites were The Great Catsby and Tutankhatnum but all were different: what a great idea for a town called Catskill. All hands were on deck for mast raising at 0700, which was efficiently done by the Marina men by 0900. Oliver, Marg and Andrea helped us bend on sails and sort out all the ropes, sheets and halyards. We were finished by dinner time.

We were ready to leave with the tide at 0530, heading south down the Hudson River to New York before sunrise on 8 September. We woke to a cold windy morning, but with 1.5kts of tide with us, the timing for the trip was great. At 1030 the tide changed, and we had over a knot of foul tide, but we carried on. At 1430 we rolled out our sails, such a good feeling after three months with no masts. We could see the silhouette of New York in the distance, and at 1700 we were motoring through New York City, a magical feeling. We anchored at 1830 behind the Statue of Liberty. After a long day we had our dinner and all fell into our bunks.

We set off at 0830 through New York, up the East River and back through Hell Gate. We were called up by the Coastguard, and around 1130 were boarded by two men from the Coastguard, with guns in view. Their first question was whether we had any guns on board, and we were told to keep our arms in view. They checked our paperwork, and waved us on our way. Perhaps significantly it was 9 September. We had a lovely sail up Long Island Sound, and at 1815 we anchored off Mamaroneck. We phoned our nephew Peter, and he drove Marg and Andrea to the train to New York. Peter, Ruth, Jack and Ben came for a pirate lunch of spaghetti and worms (because pirates eat worms!) and a short sail in Long Island Sound, before we went to their home for dinner. The next day Roland did maintenance, going up both masts to connect the SSB aerial and put up the radar reflector.

We left Mamaroneck at 1400 to catch the tides back through New York City, anchoring again behind the Statue of Liberty. Keir arrived from

Scotland too help us sail south to Cape May, up the Delaware and into the Chesapeake. With more than one hurricane on the radar, we were keen to get south to a safe anchorage. We motored 20nm out of New York to anchor for the night at Atlantic Highlands. At 0645 on 15 September we set off for Cape May. We motor-sailed 123nm in roly seas. We arrived at Cape May on a moonless night, and crept carefully up the channel into Cape May harbour, anchoring close to the Coastguard Station, where we had had a microburst the previous year. After carefully calculating the timing of the tides to get around fearsome Cape May, with its shoals and shallows, we set off at 1030, rounded the Cape and set off motor-sailing up Delaware Bay, keeping a close eye on forecasts from NOAA, and Passageweather, which showed hurricanes Jose, Maria, and Lee moving around the Caribbean. We learned later that we had done the right thing, as the weather deteriorated to 45kt winds and 16ft seas, as Hurricane Jose veered towards New York.



Roland and Consie pass the Statue of Liberty

Into Chesapeake Bay, we motored 17nm to anchor up the Sassafras River, and were very surprised to see a catamaran pass in the distance, with a New Zealand and a Loyal flag up. Roland recognized it as *Salanjo*, which we last saw in Turkey. We put our dinghy in the water and motored up river to find *Salanjo* anchored in preparation for going on the hard for the winter. We were pleased to catch up with Geoff and Ian. Later that day we stopped to chat to the Commodore of the Cruising Club of America, and were told that our good friends, Clacky and Sandy, were a few feet away, on their new Grand Banks 46, *Sea Paws*. It is always nice to catch up with old friends in new places.

19 September was predicted to feel the worst effects from hurricane Jose, but although it was overcast, there was little wind. We went to a 'Hurricane cocktail party' on *Sea Paws*, and then out to dinner at the Granary Restaurant for real Chesapeake fare: crab cakes and harvest salad, with sweet potato chips.

We stayed two nights at Gibson Island, in the Magothy River, in sight of a lovely horse farm, catching up on odd jobs; Roland went up the mast and polished and cleaned. We wanted to be in Annapolis for the start of the 505 World Championships on 24 September. Roland had raced in five

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Worlds, and hoped to catch up with some of the older crew.

We set off for Annapolis at 1030, with the tide. Being a Sunday there were a lot of boats out fishing and making the most of the weather. We arrived in Annapolis at lunchtime, in time to see the 505 Races cancelled for lack of wind. We tied up to one of the harbour moorings. We spent a couple of days catching up with friends, having a very sociable time. We went out to watch the 505 World



Chesapeake Log Canoe sailing off St Michaels

Championships, taking our friend Les, whose daughter was racing, but the racing was cancelled again, due to lack of wind. We went to meet our crew-member Alan, arriving from Scotland, to cruise with us for two weeks and to help us put *Restless* away for the winter, in Deltaville.

We went for a tour of Back Creek, with its marinas and boatyards, then set off into the Chesapeake, a wonderful cruising area, but with a lot of shallow water, a tricky area for yachts. We anchored in the Wye river, a peaceful spot, with herons nesting on the roof of a boatshed nearby. The next day we set off to sail in strong winds for St Michaels. We went ashore to look at the museum. We motor-sailed to La Trappe Creek, where we anchored near a sandspit. Soon after anchoring, a lovely power boat, *Lark*, came past. They had recognized us from the Sassafras River, and invited us to come the next evening to their home in La Trappe Creek, for an early Thanksgiving meal with their family, inviting our friends, Sandy and Clacky, as well. They roasted the largest turkey any of us had seen, 14.5lbs, although they said they often had a 20 pounder for Thanksgiving. Sandy had brought along a Smith Island cake, a specialty of the area, with ten layers of sponge and ten layers of lemon cream.

We had been invited to join the Cruising Club of America Autumn Cruise, beginning 1 October at Tred Avon Yacht Club, in Oxford, so we motored to the Choptank River, picked up a mooring outside the Yacht Club, and had lunch with Sandy and Clacky. The Cruise started with a dinner, where we caught up with many members we had met there 12 years before. The next day started with a race of about 12 nm, but with no wind, and carrying our heavy load of cruising gear, we came last. During the race a superyacht motored past, and as we have found with many superyachts,

they often have a Kiwi crew and they called out and did an impromptu haka for us. The race ended at Mill Creek near Solomons, and one of the CCA members brought along his 50ft Buy Boat, the *Nellie Crockett*, a 1925 boat which used to go out and buy oysters from the Oystermen, so they did not have to come ashore to sell their catch. He had bought



St Michaels boatbuilding museum, Chesapeake

a bushel of fresh oysters, and he and his son shucked them all evening. There was also an hors d'oeuvre/appetisers competition; people had brought home-smoked goose breasts, crab cakes, and other local specialties. The Club traditionally has a keg of rum and fruit juice, so we had a great party as the sun set.

The next day we motorsailed to another Mill Creek, in Virginia, and had dinner aboard *Jocar*, the beautiful Hinckley of our friends Carol and John. The CCA had a closing dinner on 6 October at Fishing Bay Yacht Club, in Deltaville close to where we had booked *Restless* for the winter. We had another great party, and met many people who had come to New Zealand for CCA Cruises, and some who were coming to the CCA Cruise in NZ in March 2018. We were overwhelmed with offers of car loans and accommodation.

We motored to Deltaville Boatyard, where we were hoisted out and 'parked'. Despite a few tasks before we left *Restless*, we were ready to fly out from Washington by 12 October. We were picked up in London by Gilbert, and went home to Pip's mother, Tessa's, house in Sunbury-on-Thames. Our second grandchild arrived on his due date,



CCA Cruise get-together on the *Nellie Crockett*

16 October, Gilbert Frederick, a brother for Emmeline. We were so happy to be there for this family event.