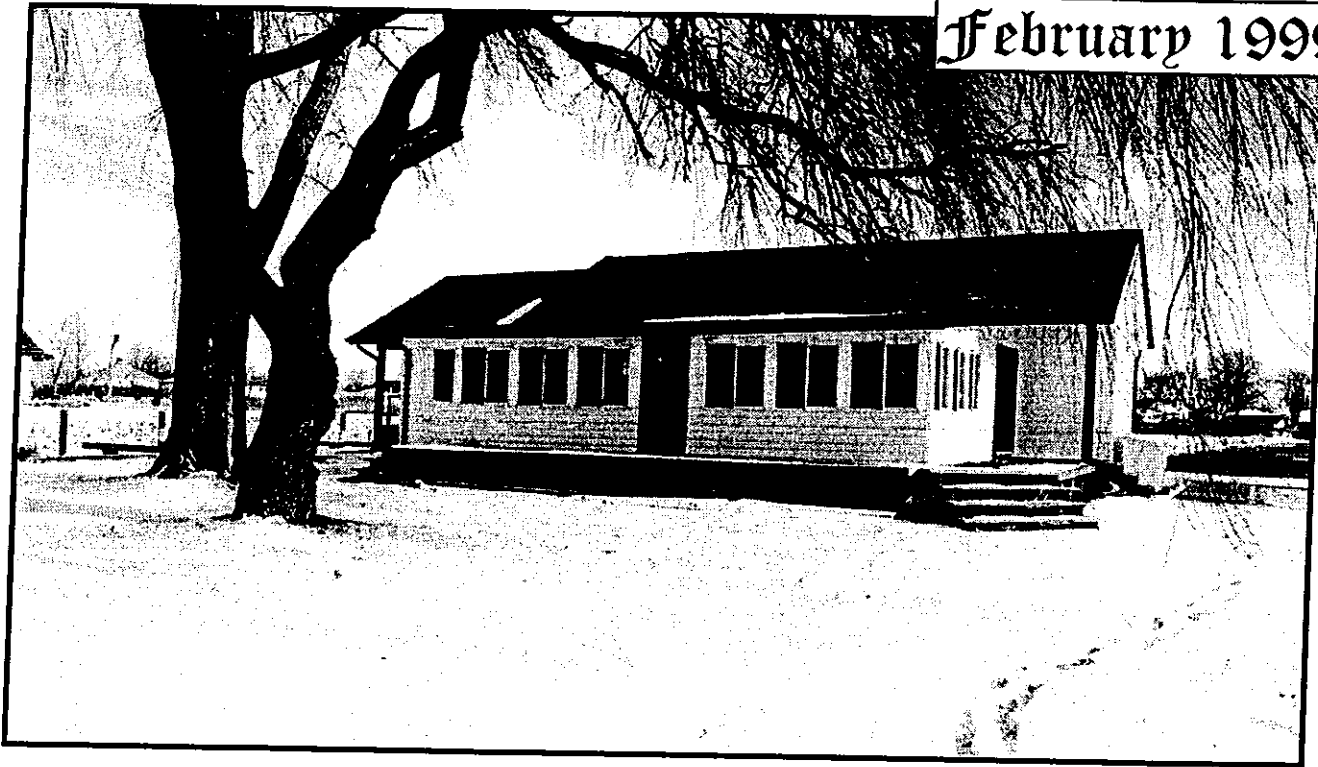


February 1999



La Salle Mariner's Yacht Club

LMYC Clubhouse -- January 5, 1999 -- First major snow of the year

LaSalle Mariner's Yacht Club 1999 Officers

Commodore: John Amyot 253-8878

Vice Commodore: Elaine Prettyman 978-9820

Treasurer: Yvonne McRobbie 978-1756

Secretary: Rick Beresford 726-6806

House Director: John Murphy 256-3302

Road and Grounds: Lothar Bauer 734-1146

Social Director: Andy Kozieradzki 258-4274

Race Director: Larry Laing 736-7152

Harbour Master: Ralf Fiedler 969-7995

Refreshments

Yvonne McRobbie 978-1756

Ralf Fieldler 969-7995

Publisher

Ralph Kepran

The Currents

Published by LaSalle Mariner's Yacht Club

Editor

Richard Parchoma

1968

LaSalle Mariner's Yacht Club
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LaSalle Ontario, N9J 2N1

1999



LaSalle Currents





Volume #3 Issue #2

February, 1999

Official Publication of LaSalle Mariner's Yacht Club

News and Information

 *From the Treasurer* 

 *Yvonne McRobbie* 

The Grey Duck Bay Co-op would like to thank you for using our service. Since all of our members are equally important to us, we pledge to provide you with the best possible service at all times. Our goal is to achieve a high level of customer satisfaction.

Those members who have not made contributions lately are encourage to do so.

THE DUCK IS HUNGRY.

CLUB DUES

It is that time of year again when club dues will be received.

Please bring your CHECK BOOK, so that I can expedite the club dues without delay.

Also any member wishing to get on the PAYMENT PLAN, please be free to call on me for details, or to apply.



Corrections

Please note:

The Sailing Seminar which will be held at Hospice located at 6038 Empress Street in Windsor. Time at 2:00 pm - 4:00 pm. This is a fund raiser for Hospice and there will be a \$5.00 donation at the door. **The date is Saturday, February**

13, 1999. One of the guest speakers will be

Josh Kerst, the sailing coach from the University of Michigan.

To make sure you will not be disappointed reserve your spot now by contacting Yvonne McRobbie.

After the seminar there will be social gathering at South Port Sailing Club. More details to follow.



The Currents is published monthly. While The Currents has researched and inquired to assure that information contained in The Currents is accurate, we recommend that you double check, to assure complete accuracy. Not receiving The Currents? Call the editor to get your copy!



Breakfast At LMYC

Sunday Mornings is Special at LMYC. LaSalle members know that in these hectic times, moments spent with fellow sailors and friends are precious.



So beginning in January and continuing every Sunday (10:00 am) until Launch, members can celebrate with fellow sailors and friends every Sunday morning with the unbelievable breakfast which can only be accomplished by three sailors turned chefs. (John Murphy, Alan Prettyman, and Andy Kozieradzki).

You know that you are treated royally when you are presented with old-fashioned scrambled eggs, or eggs of your choice cooked in butter, sausage, home fries and toast. During this breakfast season members will be treated to cinnamon French toast, Belgian waffles, and custom omelettes made before your eyes by our three chefs. All this for the unbelievable price of \$3.00

After breakfast when the cold, cruel winds whips the stinging snow against the window panes, members can enjoy sailing videos, drink coffee and chat around the crackling fire.

There is no question that the fireplace is always the focal point in a room. It is impossible to resist the fiery fingers that beckon you to the hearth. The ever changing dance of the flames mesmerizes the eye and holds it

captive, so you might as well sit down and stop rushing about and enjoy your visit to LMYC
BREAKFAST ON THE RIVER.



Bjorn & Tove Update

We are now back in Denmark.

We are now living in the same small apartment in Odense like last time. We have a small car and everything is just very fine.

Our plan for next year is to go the Trent Severn Canal to Lake Ontario, and then back to Oswego and then to the Hudson River and New York.

For Christmas 1999 we think we will be back in the Bahamas. Because of Tove's parents' birthday and 60 years of marriage, we will not leave Denmark again before the 5th of July.

We hope you all are fine wherever in the world you are, and we wish you a very nice Christmas and a Happy New Year. We hope to meet many of you again.

Tove and Bjørn Dølby, Astrupvej 30, 5000 Odense C, Denmark Phone -45 2166 2079



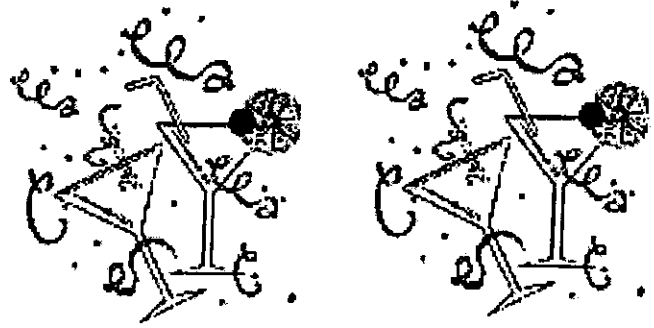
Wine & Cheese Party Update

The annual wine & cheese party which was scheduled for February 27, 1999 and hosted by Carol & Bob Ferguson has been canceled. Bob is undergoing an operation at this time and rescheduling at this time is difficult. Andy Kozieradzki (Social Director) is presently looking for alternative activities. Please check clubhouse for further updates.



New Years At LMYC

by
Perry Basden



Again this year, members of La Salle Mariner's Yacht Club gathered to gether to celebrate the arrival of a New Year. There was plenty of food and drink, with a wide and varied assortment of h'ors doeuvres, both hot and cold, thanks to everyone who brought their share of the "feast" to the table. Another fine job. The evening was spent reminiscing and reflecting on the past year, remembering those that have passed on as well as friends and members who were not in attendance. Many sailing stories were shared and swapped, some may even have been true! Our verbal good wishes went out to Barb & Manfred, with quite a few "Wish I were



Richard Renwick & Jurgen Hendel



Dennis Pare, Ralf Fiedler, Dave Evans, Ken Robitaille



there!" comments made as the weather closed in and heavy snow began to fall. There was also a midnight phone call made to our friends at Southport, wishing them the best for the new year.

At midnight, corks were popping and champagne flowed as Auld Lang Syne, played by Guy Lombardo and the Royal Canadians, of course, was sung. Many toasts were offered and well wishes given. Thanks goes out to Doris Kepran for her offering. Doris managed quite eloquently to put into words many of our thoughts and feelings about the past year and the future, as well as expressing the friendship and camaraderie enjoyed by being a part of L. M. Y. C.

The party continued 'til the wee hours of the morning, with the last guests departing about 4:00 a.m. Plans were made to meet again to welcome the new millenium at the end of this year. **WON'T THAT BE A PARTY!** Hope to see you there!

I would like to take a moment and express my thanks to Phil and June Smith and to Juergen Hendel for their assistance as clean up crew



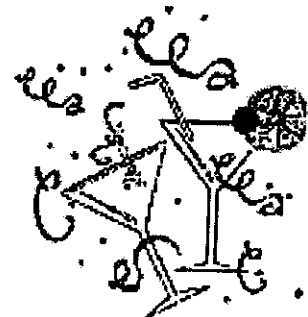
Maggie Evans & Susan MacKenzie



Ralf Fiedler & Dave Evans

after this event. Your help doing dishes, vacuuming and making the house presentable again was most appreciated. Thank-you!

See you on the water!
Perry Basden

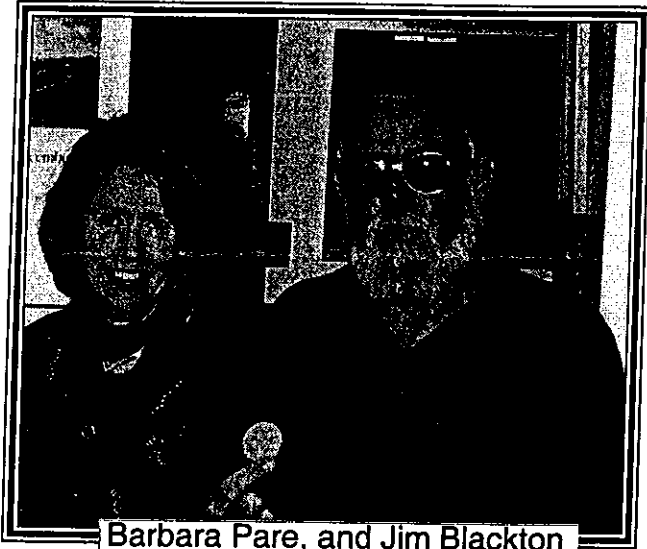


Charles & Deanna Schindler





*New Years at
LaSalle Mariner's
Yacht Club*



Barbara Pare, and Jim Blackton



Bob Reaume & Sue Ouellette



Gloria and Perry Basden

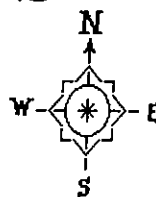
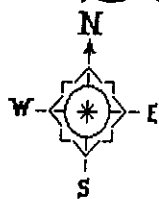


June Smith, Doris Kepran, Barbara Pare



Silver Heels

Part 3



by Ron Stuebing

Check Part 1 and Part 2 in previous issue.



Yes, sir, I sure was smiling there for a minute until Bob interjected himself and suggested to Zane that he just cool his heels while the boat was so close to dockside and I was still up in the bosun's chair.

From my vantage point I could observe what activity was taking place in our immediate area. As a consequence, I noticed Bob's broker making ready a mast that was to be shipped away over by the haul-out area. I suggested to Bob that maybe he would loan us a screwdriver to complete the task at hand. Sure enough, a screwdriver was sent up to me by painter and the work completed.

Once having returned to deck level, all eyes were then focused on our real, live volunteer; namely, ZANE. Will he truly make the dive? Better yet, will he retrieve our only screwdriver that I negligently caused to fall in the water?

He has beer~ standing around now for upwards of half an hour. A breeze has come up. There is a heavy cloud bank approaching that threatens rain. Will he make the plunge? I surely hope so because I left my wet suit and snorkeling gear at home. It has been flashing through my mind that I inquired of Bob whether or not he wanted me to bring my diving gear but he said there would be no reason to do so. (Pardon me?)

While Zane began to look at the depths of the water, Bob was attempting to indicate where he thought the screwdriver entered the water and I eased off the dock lines and held the boat away from the dock. Before I knew it, Zane was flopping around in the water uttering such comments as to how cool was the water. Appreciating, the location of where the screwdriver entered the water was a good ten or twelve feet deep, I couldn't help but think to myself, "Zane, if you think the water is cold on the surface, wait 'until you go down a few feet towards the bottom."

As Bob and myself stood comfortably dockside, Zane eventually climatized his body enough to inhale sufficient air to attempt the dive in search of the lost screwdriver. Zane. I should mention, was attempting a free dive without mask or fins. Could he make it to the bottom and if so, would he be able to locate the screwdriver?

It appeared that Zane was working very hard in an attempt to reach the bottom. It seemed like it was taking much too long. The water, apart from being cold, is crystal clear and looks most inviting. Bob and myself could readily observe his every move. I rather wonder what thoughts were running through Zane's mind after having volunteered and finding himself submerged in this chilling water? But, wait a minute! My concern is the retrieval of the screwdriver; right? Zane had hardly reached the depths of the bottom when suddenly his head was faced upwards. Doesn't look good, I'm thinking. Damn! He must have run out of air. Will he make another dive? If not, then I feel obliged to do so. We definitely do need the handle, otherwise the rest of the attachments are useless.

As Zane is swimming towards the surface, I fail not only to notice any exhaust bubbles from his nostrils or mouth, but I can't detect whether or not he is clutching any object in his hands.

He finally breaks water at the surface and with great elation exhibits to Bob and myself exactly what he set out to accomplish; namely, the retrieval of "THE SCREWDRIVER."

I know Bob was smiling. But me; I was most joyous for his accomplishment and to be quite honest, rather thankful I didn't have to make the plunge. Top of the morning goes to Zane for sure.

Anyway, once Zane was back aboard and the boat properly secured at its' mooring, Bob and myself retreated below since it had started to rain. The best I could do at this time was make coffee for everyone and offer some of Bob's homemade baking in celebration.

Now I do not know if Bob at this time took possession of the screwdriver or whether Zane retained it in his custody until he was back aboard the boat. But I do recall Zane swimming around to the transom area of the boat and then remarking that after being in the water for a while it really wasn't all that bad. Personally, I think he might have worked up a sweat

when making that dive.

Basically, for most of the rest of the afternoon I spent attempting to commit to memory the new language for Bob's Loran. What an exercise in frustration that turned out to be. I won't burden you with details only to say that before the trip was concluded, it was the consensus of opinion the loran was the product of a unionized shop (Hi, hi!).

I heard it mentioned at one point that perhaps we would take "Silver Heels" out in the bay proper on trials but that occurrence never developed. As the dinner hour fell upon us, once again our Skipper Bob mustered himself below and in no time produced another tasty, well prepared meal. I should add, with drinks before and after dinner as well.

Perhaps for me, what was even better than dessert had to be the fact that while Bob and myself enjoyed the relaxing moments after dinner topside, Zane, without even being asked, stationed himself in the galley and once again dobbied up the dishes. As succinctly as I might put it, I salute both Bob and Zane for making my day such a pleasure.

Initially, this gorgeous morning began much like yesterday until we were all mustered aboard "Silver Heels" and the question posed to Skipper Bob, "What are the standing orders today?" He declared what Zane and myself had been waiting to hear since our arrival on Monday, "We're leaving this morning."

"Hallelujah," I sang out to myself Within seconds, we were stripping the sail-cover off the main, attaching the halyard. Basically, making ready for the anticipated departure. Bob was obliged to re-attend the marina office and pick up more ice, et cetera. On his return, the engine was fired up and, everyone being content with the state of affairs on board (except for the fact we lacked a proper over-all chart of Georgian Bay), the lines were slipped and we were on our way.

The moment I've been looking forward to is now

becoming realized. This is just great! Yes, as I stated earlier, the marina facility is first-class, the surrounding countryside most attractive, but I came to go sailing. Boy, I can't wait to clear the harbor and hoist some sail.

Wait a minute! As Bob was cautiously threading his way through the harbour and I was savoring our surroundings for the last time, Bob announced that he was go~ to make a stop at the fuel dock. Okay!

Zane and myself then reattached the necessary dock lines, fenders and curiously stood by to observe our skipper's first attempt at bringing alongside the dock his new boat. Great! There is a dock attendant standing by to take our lines - I should think only to add to the anxiety of the moment for skipper Bob though.

In any event, we closed on the dock (with a following wind I might add). The stern line was passed to the dock attendant and just as sweet as you please, we were secured once again dockside. Without a doubt, I gave skipper Bob high marks. Why, he handled the situation like it was old hat and not his first encounter with his new boat. Yes, I felt a tip of the hat was in order for skipper Bob, but I didn't want to chance swelling his head or any such thing. So Zane and myself just carried on with the business at hand and treated the event much like 'as a matter fact' we wouldn't have expected anything less (Hi, hi!).

Well, the fuel tank was not only filled to capacity but overflowed. You guessed it! There was fuel on deck, the side of the hull, and on the surface of the water all around the boat. While Zane tilled the five gallon Jerry can with fuel, I put to use a hose and washed the whole area down. Bob inquired whether the operator had any charts but he too was all sold out.

Once the bill was taken care of it was time to leave and so we did. Bob headed straight for the marked channel out in



Zane Handysides at the wheel



Midland Bay. I went below and produced for Bob, who was proudly standing behind that great big destroyer wheel, the coastal harbour chart so he might better relate to what was being asked of him: namely, to stay in the defined channel and find his way through the islands out into Georgian Bay proper.

As we were nicely motoring along, Bob drew our attention to a marina, a very large marina, situated up a finger running off the bay, just to the northeast of the town proper. Bob said that it had been purported to be Canada's largest marina. It definitely is big with countless number of boats.



Ron Stuebing & Bob MacKenzie

As we continued to motor along this beautiful, sunny day, on this crystal clear blue water, the main was raised and eventually we began to encounter more pleasure craft underway as well. We couldn't help but remark to one another on some of the expensive real estate ashore.

At first it appeared we were the only boat on the water that morning until I looked behind and noticed what I first interpreted to be a trawler. My mistake! It turned out to be the 1926 vintage fuel tug which services one of many camps in the area as well as up the Trent-Severn system.

The air was just really starting to build and was jumping around a bit between the islands, so we just continued to motor-sail. After a while, Bob turned the helm over to Zane and I continued to enjoy navigating and just taking it all in. I believe it was around noon before we were leaving the last of the islands in our wake because soon thereafter, I recall trying to practice taking a noon sight with my sextant. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to get over to Detroit to pick up a current Almanac to enable me to be able to fully work out the sight to its completion. But I was still having fun and renewing the exercise while the boat was both hobby-horsing and yawing from side to side (no reflection on the helmsman of course - Hi, hi!).

As it so often happens, the heading I had furnished to run from our point of departure to Tobermory turned out to be in exact opposition to the direction of the air. In other words, right on the nose as well as the seas running. As earlier shown when Zane is on a mission, come hell or high water, his determination will prevail. And so it did until we were abreast of roughly the Western Islands when the seas, as well as the air, began to build to such a degree that it was felt in order to elevate some of the beating the boat was experiencing, we best fall off a few degrees.

Although it was a bright sunny day there was still quite a bit of haze in the air. But what the heck, even though our Lorain had shut down before we had even cleared the islands, I knew the Bruce Peninsula was on our left. The Thirty Thousand Islands and Parry Sound was to our right and if we kept track of our dead reckoning - no problem!

As time passed and the boat moving comfortably along, I went topside and scanned our horizon. To my surprise I sighted land off our port bow. Hey, wait a minute! With the atmospheric conditions such as the are, this shouldn't be happening this soon. Well, it certainly was and so the question that needed answering is "Where the hang are we along the Bruce Peninsula?"

Let me simply say, when we initially departed, it was expected to be about a seventy mile transit to Tobermory should one follow the rumb line course. I believe skipper Bob made the announcement after arriving in Tobermory that we had covered one hundred and twenty miles motor-sailing. Figure that one out (Hi, hi!).

Oh, but it was nice being on the water that day and evening. Especially, that evening because I vividly recall being at the helm and when gazing at the many stars and crescent moon trying to observe a satellite and identify some of the stars and constellations, I noticed what first appeared to be the formation of low cumulus clouds developing.

I couldn't help but to remark to both Bob and Zane how strange of an occurrence this appeared to be at this time of night. Should it have been a complete cloud bank moving in with a weather system would have been one thing. But given our conditions, I found this rather peculiar.

I couldn't help but continue to observe the development of this phenomenon. While doing so and steering a course right

down the moonbeam on the water. I saw a satellite, meteorites and finally, what originally was thought to be clouds forming, turned out to be one of the best displays of the northern lights I had witnessed in ages. The intensity of them just kept building all around u.s. Oh. what a moment to be in our location at this special time.

This magnificent display continued even after we reached the entrance to Tobermory. I believe the hour had to have been around midnight. I recall, that as we were closing on Tobermory, the brightly lit ferry boat crossed our path and preceded us into the harbour. Both Bob and Zane were busy the last

several miles doing a terrific job at locating and our g the many different navigational aides which immensely assisted us in re-assuring position.

Bob requested we lay alongside at the fuel dock. We entered the Little Tub and wound our way up the harbour and eventually brought into view the dock facility which was to be our destination for the night. Zane had armed himself with the bow line and some fenders and gone forward. Bob was on deck in the area of midships. Soon I was maneuvering around a tour boat and since I found myself opposite the fuel pumps by the time I was able to parallel the dock. I advised Bob that I was going to run up the dock deeper before shutting it down.

For a few seconds, all was going as planned. I should mention. Bob's boat is naturally outfitted with a dodger. With the forward wind screen in place it is difficult to properly judge when in close quarters - even more so at night with the reflection of lights. As a consequence, I was using from the beam of the boat aft to correctly judge my distance off the dock. The next thing I hear is a big commotion forward. I didn't feel the boat hit anything, but I hurriedly climbed up on the seat to look. Well, there was nothing in front. not even Zane.

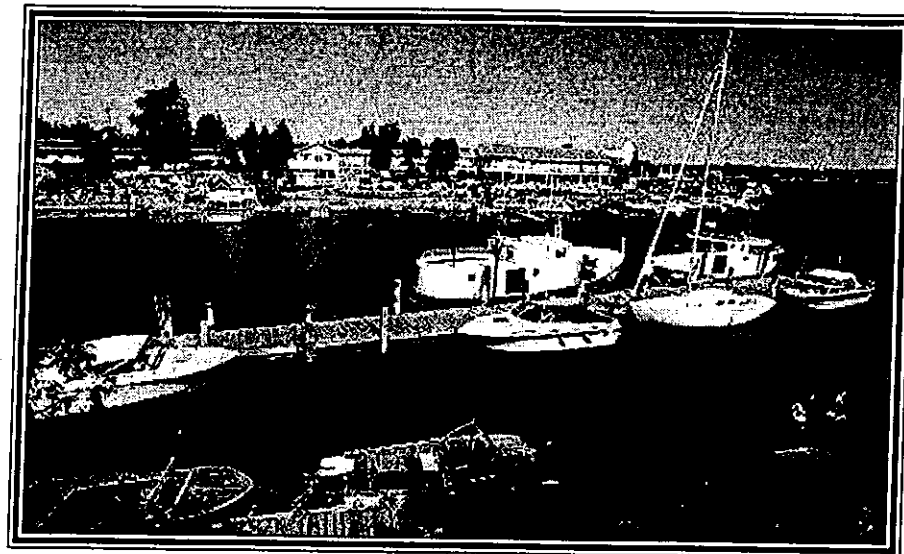
Immediately, I was turning the helm to port and reversing the engine not knowing just exactly what happened to Zane or where he was. As it ;turned out, perhaps still affected from gazing at the northern lights, when he attempted to jump dockside with the bow line, he apparently misjudged something and ended up flat out on the dock. I didn't see it happen, but I did later see him picking himself back up on his feet, thank goodness.

Like the kind of guy he is, without missing a beat, he soon had control of the bow line again and finished carrying out what he set out to do. As I say, I missed the initiation of his performance but did witness the conclusion and, do declare, that it most definitely went beyond the call of duty - especially at that hour of the night when only Bob and myself were on hand to witness it.

I had to ask myself, "I wonder if Zane is aware of the fact that on occasion, timing is everything?" Then I figured, "Well, maybe he is just getting practised up for when there is a big crowd at hand?" No matter! Zane didn't break any bones and to my knowledge didn't leave any skin or bloodstains laying around, so all is well.

Once the boat was secured for the night, I was more than ready for a rum and coke. But since the others were hungry, we strolled up the street to the only tourist trap of a cafe about to close for the day. Darn if that sweet talking Zane didn't convince them to put themselves out and at least supply us with two chicken sandwiches and a grilled half chicken breast for me. The bill, a mere Twenty-Five (\$25.00) dollars would you believe. Why that even included the entertainment; namely, two hippy-type characters from Alberta, with a wolf as their pet. The pet, of course, insisted I feed him half of my whee chicken breast before we were allowed to pass. Great place!

We were soon back aboard "Silver Heels" with food in our body and drink in our hand. After a short session of chit-chatting, we soon had our heads down and brought to a close, DAY THREE.



Harbour at Tobermory

To be Continued



Meet The Commodore



Commodore John Amyot and Grandchildren

John Amyot is serving as the 26th Commodore of LaSalle Mariner's Yacht Club. John an avid lifelong boater was born and raised in Windsor Ontario. John attended Assumption High School, The University of Windsor and Wayne State University in Detroit. His hobbies include sailing, gardening, cooking, photography and furniture refinishing.

John now works as a Computer Systems Designer for Ford Motor Company.

Ever since the Commodore was a small child he has had a love affair with the water and over the years he has owned five boats. Two fast runabouts, 1 east coast-styled sailing dory and a Hughs 25. His current vessel is a 30 foot Northstar 1000.

John also brings with him, to the office of Commodore, years of experience in the yachting community. He served as Treasurer for 1 year and Vice Commodore for 1 year.

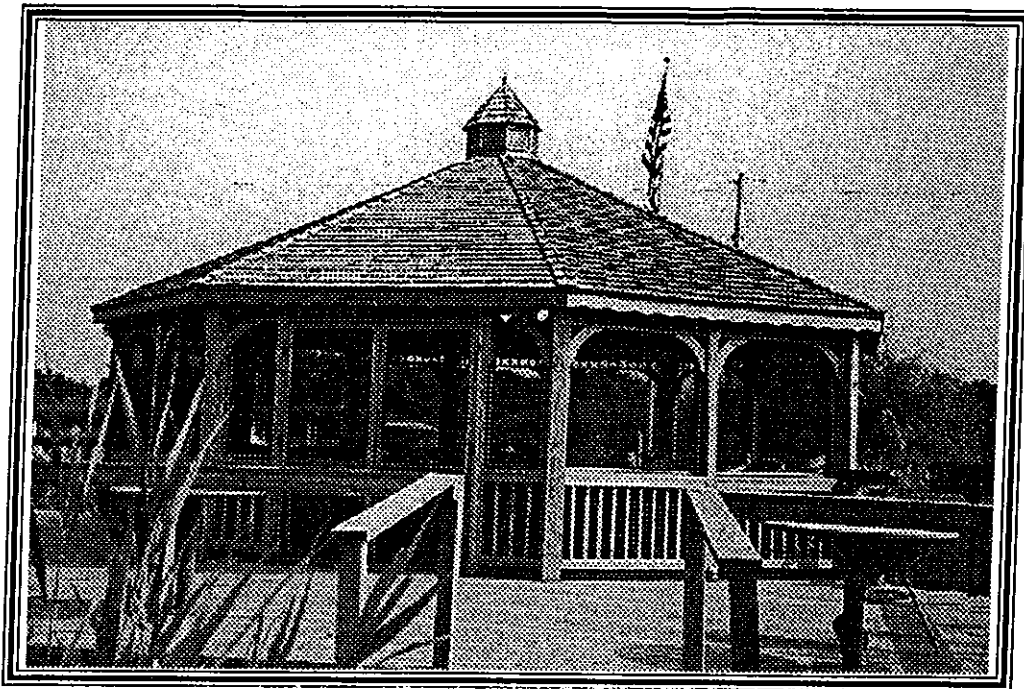
John Amyot is intensely devoted to LMYC and its members. He possesses a unique combination of skills as a leader and of warmth as a friend to all club members.

John has been very active in the sailing community and has received many awards including Essex County PREF Boat of the Year and tied for best Boat PREF B Fleet for 1998 year (Altered State)

John has four children and three grandchildren



PLACES TO VISIT THIS SUMMER



Middle Bass Island

If you are looking for a couple of days of peace and quiet just a quarter of a mile from Put-in-Bay, then Middle Bass Island Yacht Club is just the place for you. The club is located next to Lonz winery Harbour.

When entering the harbour for Lonz winery you turn right for about 200 feet and then left. When you turn left you will see a red and green buoy system for entering the club harbour. The harbour has been dredged and is over 8 feet deep. When you enter the buoys you are about 500 feet from the outer docks of MBIYC. When you first approach the harbour during the week it will seem deserted, and it is. Most members only come to the island on weekends. There are over 40 docks and the guest docks are farthest away. The club docks have power, but no water. The guests docks have no power or water. 90 percent of the docks were empty but the club manager suggested that I take the guest docks, just in case a member would arrive unannounced.

The club is very active and there is a waiting list numbering well over 60. The clubhouse consists of a large gazebo and LMYC burgee is flying there. Inside the gazebo there are tables and chairs. There is an excellent bathroom facility and a unique shower system. The showers are outside, but enclosed. The water which is filtered from the lake and is pressurised and heated. It actually works quite well.

One thing to mention. MIDDLE BASS ISLAND DOES NOT HAVE ANY FRESH WATER. If you do not bring any fresh water with you, you will have to purchase water at the grocery store which is 3/4 of a mile away.

Once on the island you are only minutes away from Lonz Winery and the Sonny S Ferry boat which will take you to the Boardwalk at Put-in-Bay 15 minutes after the hour from 8:00 am until 7:00 pm during the week and later on weekends. The cost in 1998 was \$6.00 return.

On Middle Bass Island there is a restaurant and bar which is just minutes away. If you do need supplies the island grocery store is 3/4 of a mile away.

This is a reciprocal club and there is no charge to stay at the club. This is a good place to utilize as a stop overnight if you have your own supplies. From Middle Bass you are equal distance from Port Clinton, Sandusky, Vermilion etc.

If you want peace and quiet, this is the place for you.

