

LaSalle Mariners Yacht Club

LMYC –Aerial View October 13, 2003

LaSalle Mariners Yacht Club 2003 Officers

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Commodore: Chris Barron 726-4247

Vice Commodore: Ralf Fiedler 776-4501

Secretary: Steve Kepran 945-6621

Maintenance: Lothar Bauer 734-1146

Race Director: Ted Popel

Road & Grounds: Patrick Holland 736-4961

Treasurer: Yvonne McRobbie 978-1756

House Director: Jerry Angus 966-5129

Social Director: Mary Nantais 966-6358

Harbour Master: Bob MacKenzie 734-7026

Keeper of the Lift: Carl Durham 734-1550

Refreshments

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Dennis Pare 734-1597

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THE CURRENTS

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LaSalle Currents



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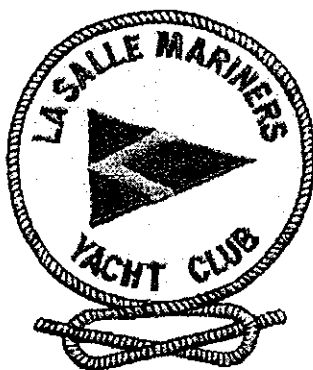
November 2003

Official Publication of LaSalle Mariner's Yacht Club

From the Commodore and Vice-Commodore



Commodore Chris Barron



Vice-Commodore Ralf Fiedler

In keeping with tradition as the first and last area regatta of the season, LMYC's River Rat Race had a great turnout with boats and many crew members from other clubs taking part. Despite the lack of wind the food and fellowship was great.

As my last commodore's report I'd like to take the opportunity to thank those on the executive and the members for their help during my term.

Commodore Chris Barron

With the sailing year quickly coming to a close it's gratifying to see how many work hours are complete. Well done! Members should also be aware that the water will be turned off at the first sign of a freeze, so don't delay. We would also like to get the tractor serviced before the snow flies.

If you are still in need of work hours or want a head start on next year, call the entertainment committee chair and volunteer or help with winterizing our equipment.

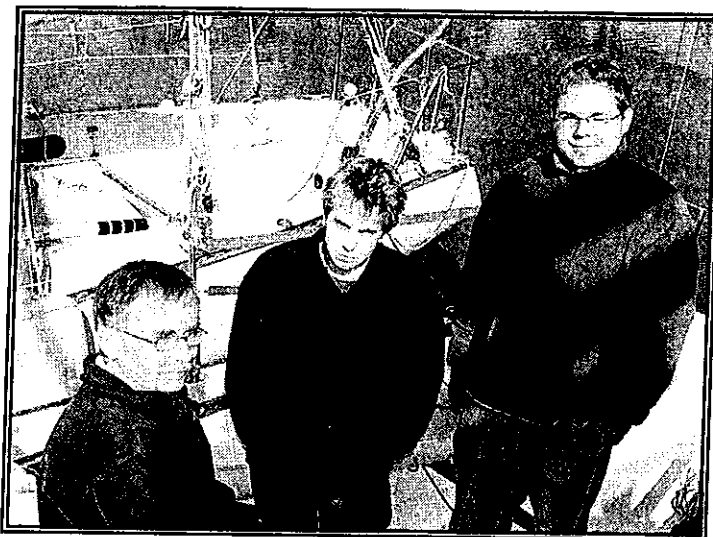
Vice-Commodore Ralf Fiedler

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



News and Information

New Boat Owners

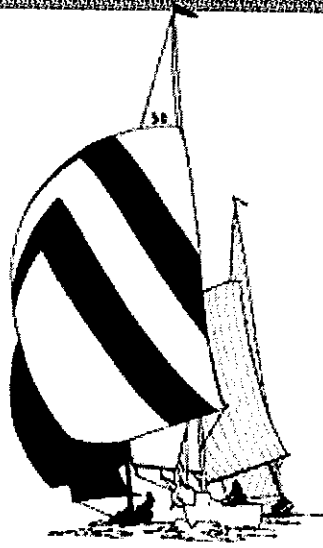


Congratulations to the Lintuniens on the purchase of their new racing sailboat a J27 called Slo-Poke. This boat was purchased in northern Michigan and will make its permanent home at LMYC. Good Luck in the 2004 racing season.

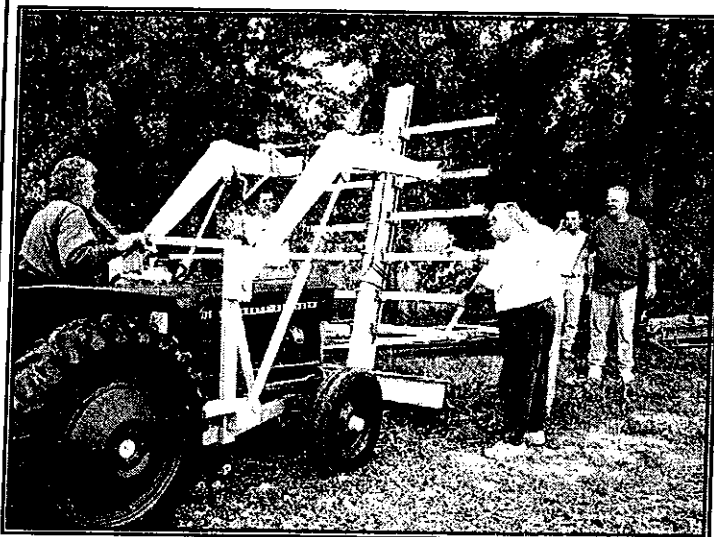
St. Clair Solo

John Murphy LMYC member and Commodore of PHRF was the only club member to participate in this single handed event sponsored by the Crescent Sailing Club on October 4, 2003. The fleet consisted of 30 yachts and would sail a 40 nautical mile course on Lake St. Clair. The winds on that day were 20-25 knots with 3 foot waves. Flirt did very well finishing in 3rd in PHRF.

Congratulations to John Murphy for a job well done.



Mast Moving



The mast moving project was accomplished on Thursday October 9, 2003 with the work party beginning at 6:15. A number of members volunteered their time to move the mast racks and the masts to their new location to make it easier for the hauling out of boats.

A number of old masts and remnants of booms and other sailing paraphernalia was uncovered.

PLEASE CHECK OUT THIS MATERIAL IF IT BELONGS TO YOU BECAUSE THE DUMPSTER IS THE NEXT LOCATION.

LMYC General Meeting

The General Meeting was held on Thursday October 16, 2003 and began shortly after 7:00 pm with Steve Kepran (Secretary) reading the minutes of the August 18th meeting.

Highlights of the Meeting:

- Work hours close October 31, 2003
- Mast racks were moved which now allows for easier access.
- November 16th is the FINAL DAY FOR HAUL — OUT.

- November 15th is the last day for water before pipes are winterized.
- When hauling out your boat please make appointment with the appropriate people. Tractor Driver, Lift Operator etc.

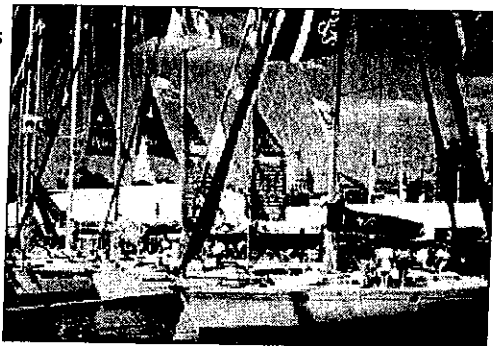
Slate of Proposed Executives for 2004 Sailing Season

Commodore:	Ralf Fiedler
Vice-Commodore:	Ralph Kepran
Treasurer:	John Vandereerden
Secretary:	Jerry Angus
House Director:	Guy Meseck
Race Director	Juergen Hendel
Social Director:	Mary Nantais

Election will take place at the next meeting which is scheduled for November 9, 2003

Annapolis Boat Show

A number of club members attended the Annapolis Boat Show over the Thanksgiving weekend. The lucky club members who attended were Bob



Reaume, Sue Ouellette, Craig Morrison, Judge & Mary Ellen Mangile, George Mooney and Laurel Venney, and Dave and Maggie Evans.

From speaking to members who attended it was a long 9 hour trip and the group camped in the KOA just outside of Annapolis.

Weather was great and over 1000 boats were in the water for potential customers to peruse. Admission tickets were \$16.00 US

One of the members of this trip reports that Past Commodore Bob Reaume spent \$16.00 to purchase Shoot Scoop Warp Speed docklines.

Members said bargains were plentiful. Deck Shoes for \$5.00, sailing gloves \$9.95 and boots for \$10.00.

On the way home Craig Morrison saved the day by stowing all the camping gear in his pickup so other members could be more comfortable on the trip back home.

Congratulations



Congratulations to Terri and Peter Skope on their marriage August 30th at St. Joseph Parish in River Canard. After the ceremony the couple released butterflies on the steps of the church. The reception was held at the Cleary Auditorium in Windsor. The newlyweds spent their honeymoon in a romantic cottage just North of Perry Sound which will be followed by a cruise in January



Club Party



The annual Halloween party this year became a CLUB PARTY NOT HALLOWEEN PARTY. Mary Nantais Social Director hoped that more members would attend if they did not have to costumed up as is customary for Halloween.

The clubhouse was decorated in bright Halloween Colours with Joanne Vandereerden coming in costume

The turnout this year was spectacular with over 20 members attending this rain soaked evening.

Entertainment was provided by John Vandereerden and it is my understanding that Brad Blackton entertained the membership with a few selections.

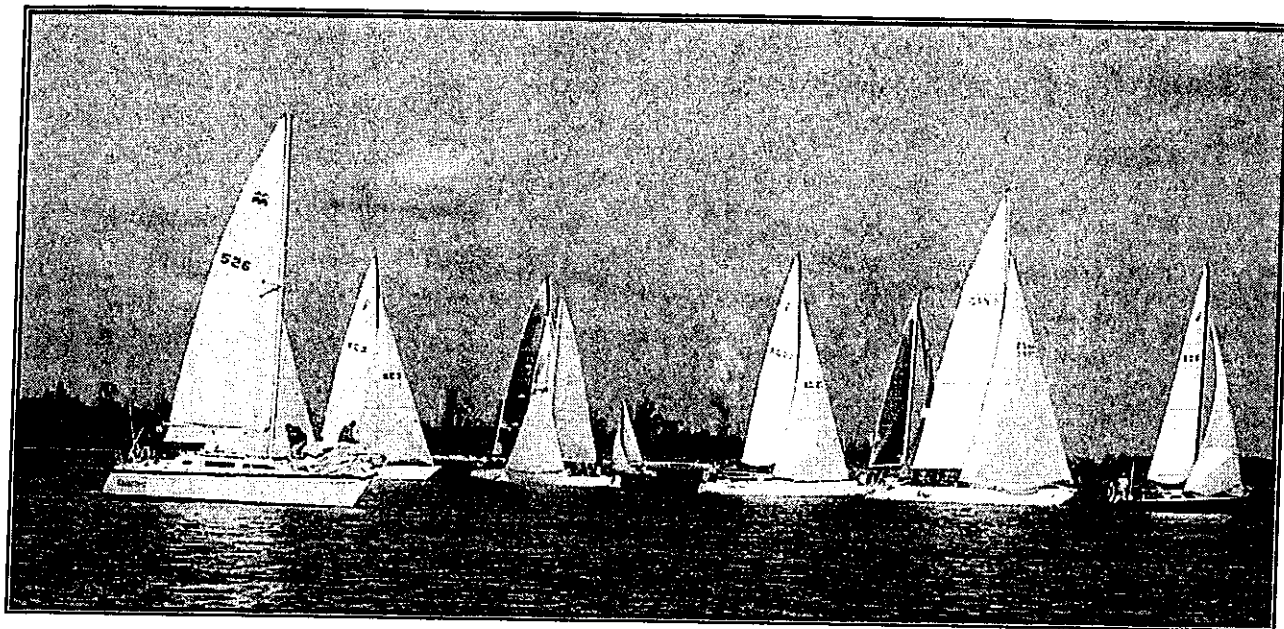
Food was plentiful and members passed the evening dancing.

Members must have had a good time as someone turned the clock back for daylight savings without anyone knowing about it.

Mary Social Director would like to thank John Vandereerden for supplying and bringing all his equip-



River Rat 2003



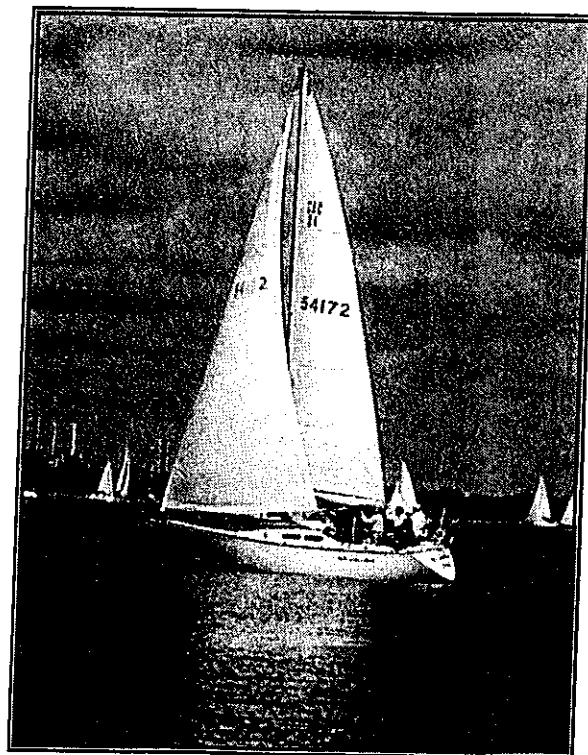
River Rat Start

Racing a sailboat is an exhilarating experience, testing one's mind, skills and agility. All racers were looking forward for the 10th Annual River Rat Race to be held Sunday October 19, 2003 which officially signified the end of the sailing season. The weather forecast for race day was to be picture perfect with clear blue skies with above average temperatures and 15-20 knots winds from the North declining late in the afternoon.

As racers arrived Sunday morning everyone was ecstatic. The weather was perfect and sailing community turned out in force with over 30 vessels signed up to compete. Race Committee for this race was Connie Buliga with Maryann and Donald Beneteau.

Race instructions were presented by Juergen Hendel at the Skipper's Meeting who welcomed all the participants with the customary "Welcome Rats. Because the winds were declining Juergen decided to make administrative changes to the race. The race would begin at the Wednesday night start but instead of heading downriver with the current, the race would begin in the opposite direction and head north to the head of Fighting Island and then proceed along the course but in the opposite direction.

The race began at 12.00 noon but the wind was dying quickly to a slight insignificant breeze. The river was calm and only a few random ripples covered the water. The PHRF fleet slowly sailed across the start line and proceeded slowly upriver. The other boats were not that lucky. The ones that crossed the start line preceded so slowly that after an hour they were only yards from where they



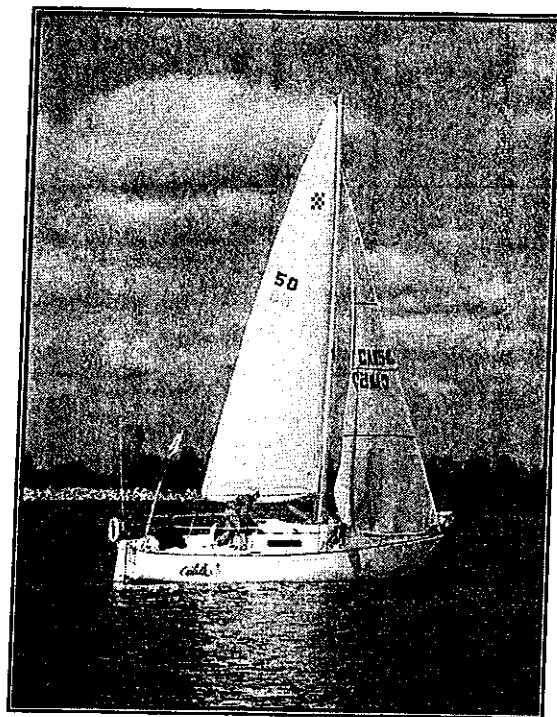
Silver Heels II

started. The Cruising Class was not so lucky. Some of them were unable to cross the start line and floated backwards with the current.

As the boats bobbed along some ran aground and others just gave up. At 2:15 the 10th Annual River Rat Race was officially canceled.

At the clubhouse food was being prepared by a group of dedicated sailor's wives and members who were not on the race course. Hot Soup, sauerkraut, and assortment of desserts greeted the hungry sunburned racers. The clubhouse was filled to capacity with over 60 racers patiently waiting in line for the smorgasbord delight. Racers ate outside enjoying the warm sunny afternoon at the picnic tables discussing the highlights of this year's race.

No results were presented at this event because of the Race Cancellation. Alan Prettyman last year's winner has the great honor again of carrying the RAT for the 2004 River Rat Race.



Ceilidh — Ralph Kepran



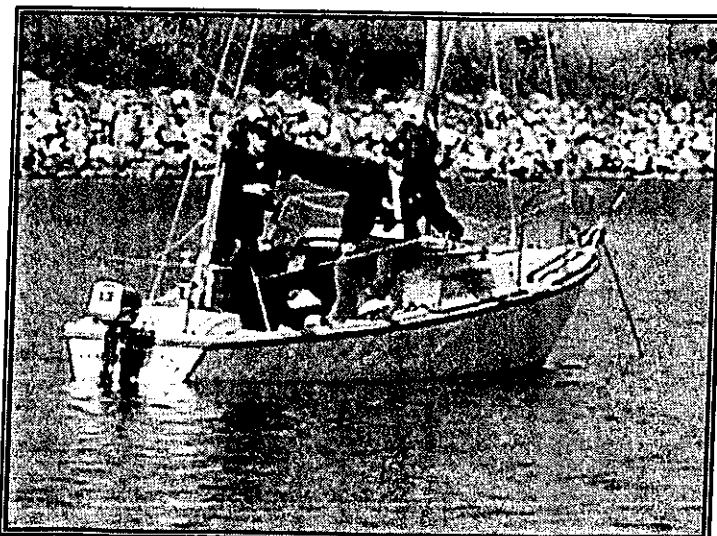
Alan Prettyman with River Rat Trophy



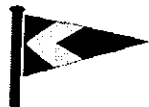
Dennis Pare and Crew



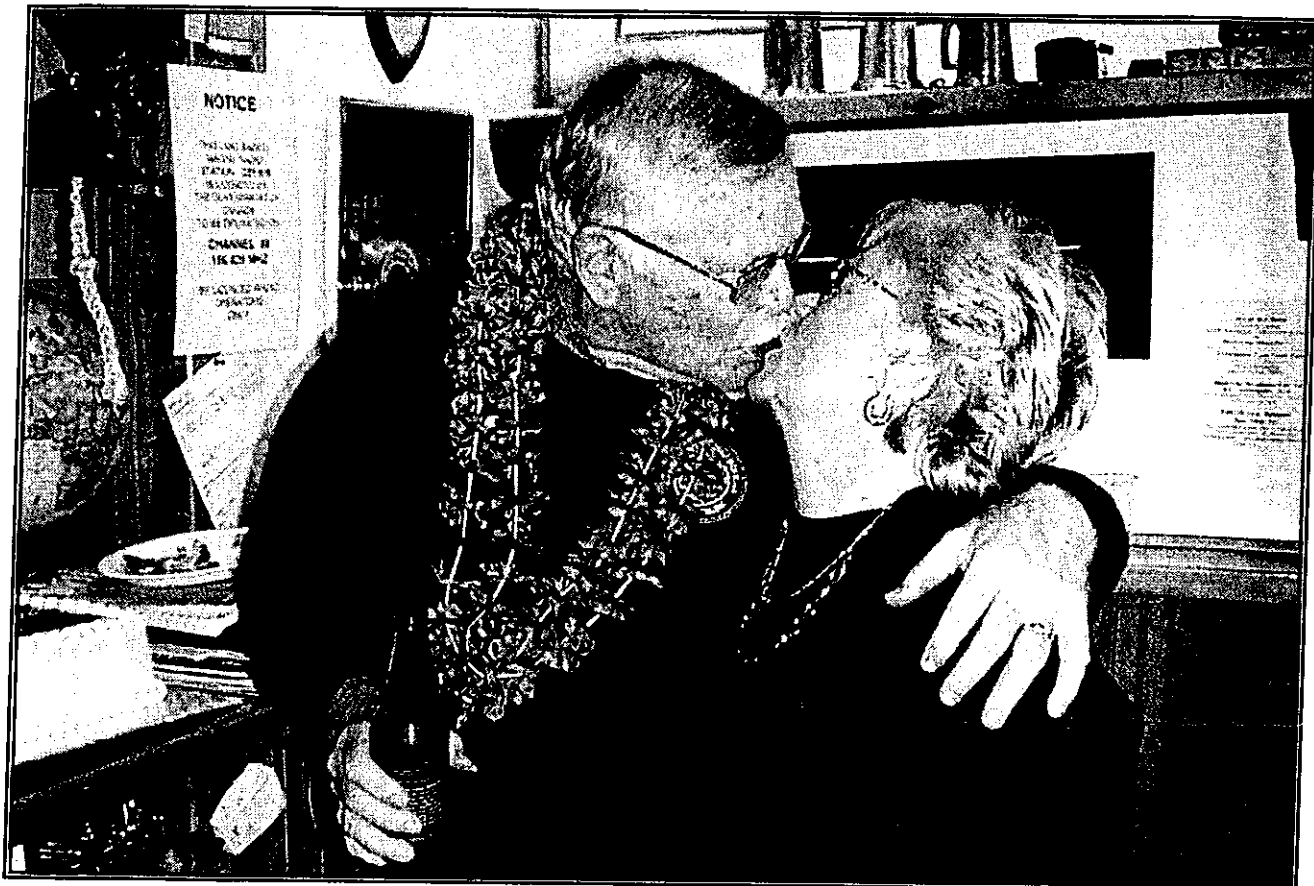
River Rat Ladies Cooking Crew



Race Committee Boat



60th Birthday Party



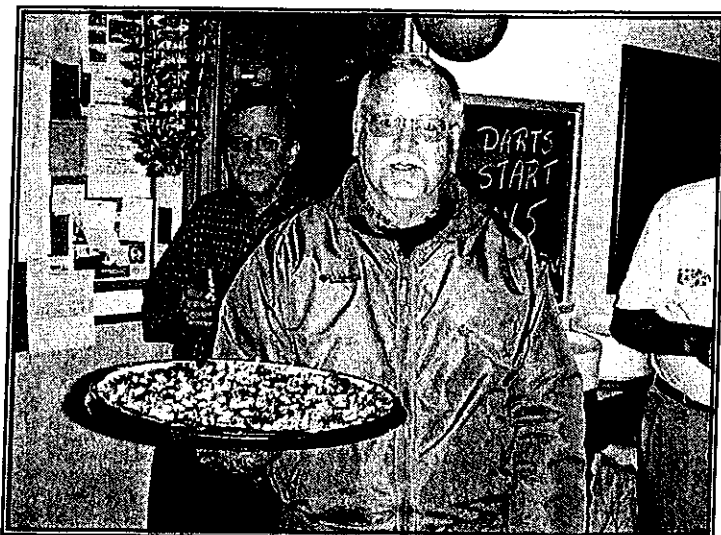
Past Commodore Bob Ferguson and Carol Ferguson

It took over 30 years to surprise Bob Ferguson with a party. Carol wasn't sure whether the secret could be kept from Bob.

Bob's friends and relatives all arrived by 7:15, at the LMYC clubhouse and they cleverly parked their cars in random places so that Bob couldn't tell that there was a party going on when he drove up. He thought that he would be celebrating his birthday with a barbeque and a few club members. Bob Ferguson was on sentry duty to warn partiers of Bob's arrival.

Bob and Carol drove up about 7:45, but Carol slowed Bob down enough so that the sentries could run in to warn the group.

As Bob walked toward the clubhouse, the trap was set. As Bob walked through the LMYC clubhouse door an army of

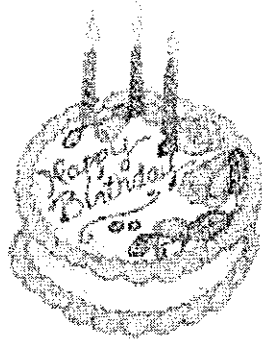


Bob Ferguson with a pizza for his surprise birthday party

90 plus yelled "Surprise". Bob's reaction was total shock. Old friends from Ford Motor Company, LMYC members, friends and members from Provincial Marine congratulated Bob.

Food was abundant. A huge smorgasbord awaited the 90 plus guests. As friends gathered and ate many reminisced about Bob's 60 years. Many told old stories of Bob's earlier years that for most were forgotten memories.

One of the highlights of the evening was a special gift from Gord Freeman which was presented to Bob. This gift was a trophy mounted fish that moved. There's a message there somewhere.



Doris and Ralph Kepran



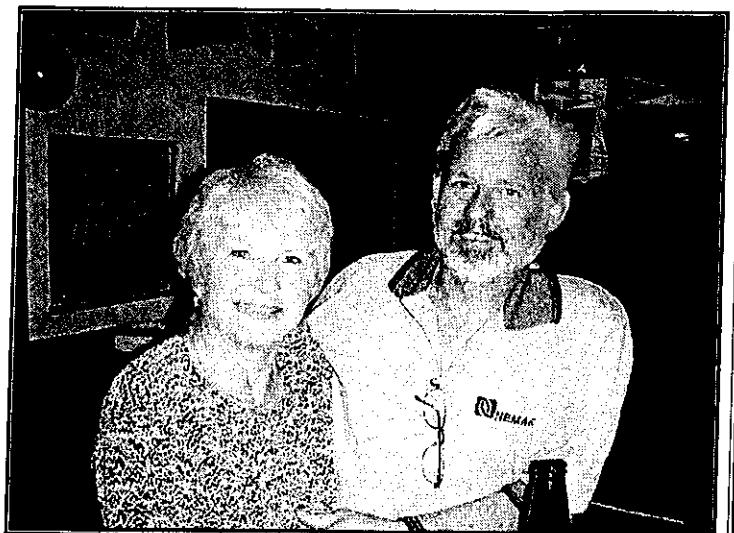
Bob Ferguson with Gord Freeman and FISH



Vicki Boyce, Connie and Alex Buliga



Jerry and Bev Angus



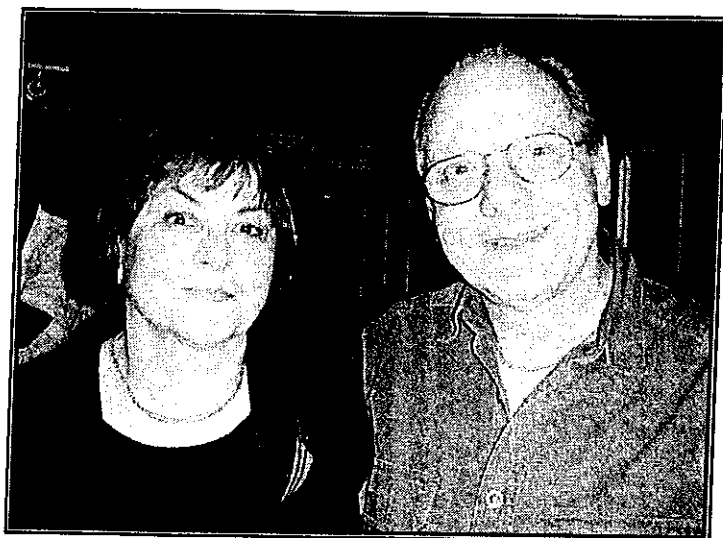
Lu McKim and Bodo Schaefer



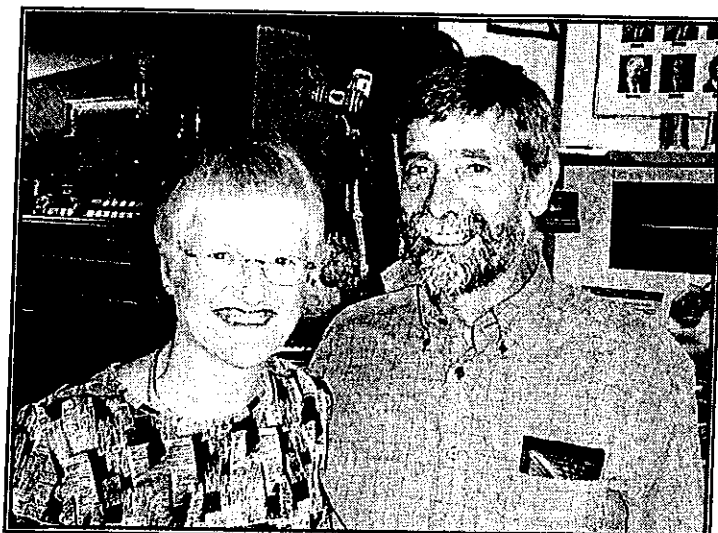
Maggie and Dave Evans



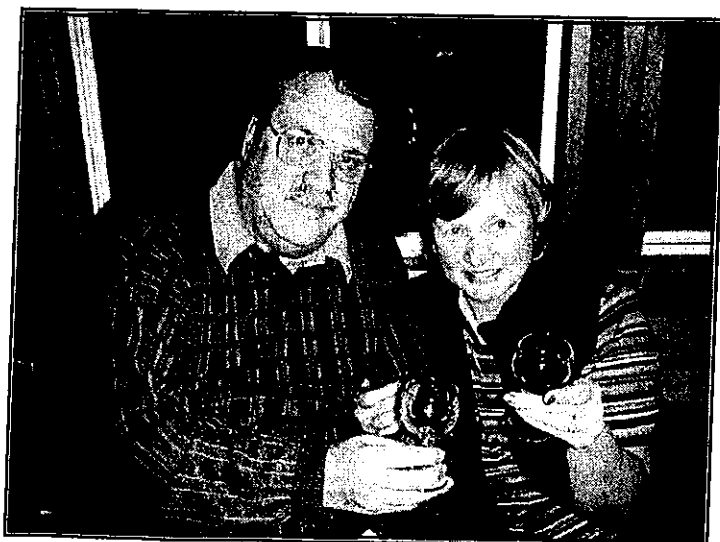
Sue Ouellette and Bob Reaume



Anne and Lothar Bauer



Liz and John Metcalfe



Bob and Jean Williams



Dennis and Barbara Pare



Frostbite Pary

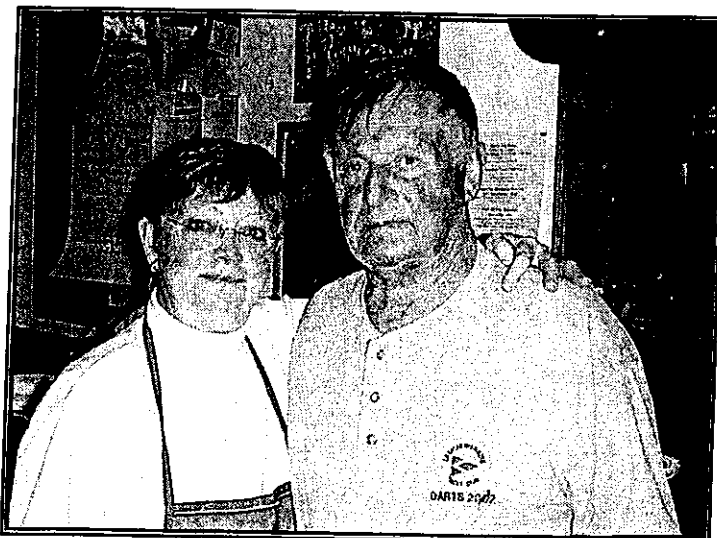


Linda Preparing Chili

The Frost Bite Party held on October 18, 2003 was a great success. This party hosted by Linda Schreiber and Juergen Hendel had been a favorite of club members for years. For many years Linda held the party at her home on Lake Erie but this year it moved to the LMYC clubhouse. The temperature was about 50 degrees and there was little or no wind for the 40 plus members and friends who attended.

The Frost Bite Party has it all, and the experience starts in the parking lot as you inhale the delicious aromas of Linda's famous Chili wafting through the air as you approach the clubhouse.

The Frost Bite Party is a precursor to the Annual River Rat Race which is held the next day. Members are asked to bring a dish to pass and in conjunction with Linda's Chili an enormous smorgasbord of food erased



Linda Schreiber and Juergen Hendel

our cravings for many hours. For me and other members this quaint atmosphere and low lighting made for an ideal cozy getaway for two.

During the evening club members mixed and chatted with sailors from Grosse Ile while John Vandereerden provided the entertainment with a variety of songs to suit all tastes.

Later in the evening some of the members capped off the evening with a spectacular bonfire at the LMYC fire pit on the banks of the Detroit River. It was a perfect evening with a calm river and clear skies.

If you missed it this year make sure to put this event of your agenda for next year.



Bob and Andrea Bingham



John Vandereerden



Dave and Mary Nantais



Sherry Raeside, Mike Puchantj and Rachel



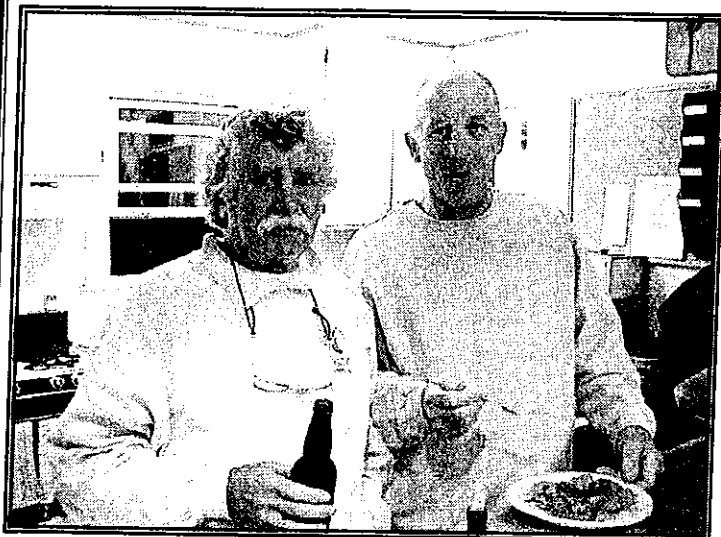
John Murphy and Cathy Harris



Craig Morrison, Sue Ouellette, Lindy O'Brien



Andy Kozieradzki, Ted Popel, Nick Lintunien



Dave Evans and Alan Prettyman



Laurel Venney and George Mooney



Bob & Sue MacKenzie, Bev & Jerry Angus, Bob Ferguson



Judge and Mary Ellen Mangile



North Channel Trip-Part 2

By Dennis Pare



North Channel Trip July 10 to July 24 2003 – Rigorous Good Times

8:45 P.M. and we cast off from the dock. Once out of the harbour Mike wasted no time in hoisting the largest sail in inventory. The 150% and main went up and we were on the move smartly. Throughout the night 6 to 8 foot waves rolled at us off the port bow. The headsail got a major wash job as water rushed up and fell down back into the darkness. Perhaps that sail in the dark was easier because we could not see those large waves looming in the night. The shore was out of view and there was deep unobstructed water to run on well into the next day. Everyone just hung on tight as we splashed over the Lake Huron bottom so far below us. We saw nothing but spray and an occasional star break out of that overcast sky. No boats; no lights; nothing else.

I tried to rest in the V-berth. Body half on the cushion and half rolled up that tilted wall I felt the hull quivering. The water was rushing by at such a speed that the wall was rippling like jello. Even buried in my foul weather gear I could feel it. That was an experience I had never had before. There were more to come.



Barbara and Dennis Pare

Two sails were set down on the other, high, side of the V-berth. They were left from that day's sail. Those sails would creep, slowly, patiently, with the bouncing and vibration of the boat from the high side to join me on the lee side. I pushed and kicked them back a number of times until, at 2:30 A.M. I relented and packed them in their bags.

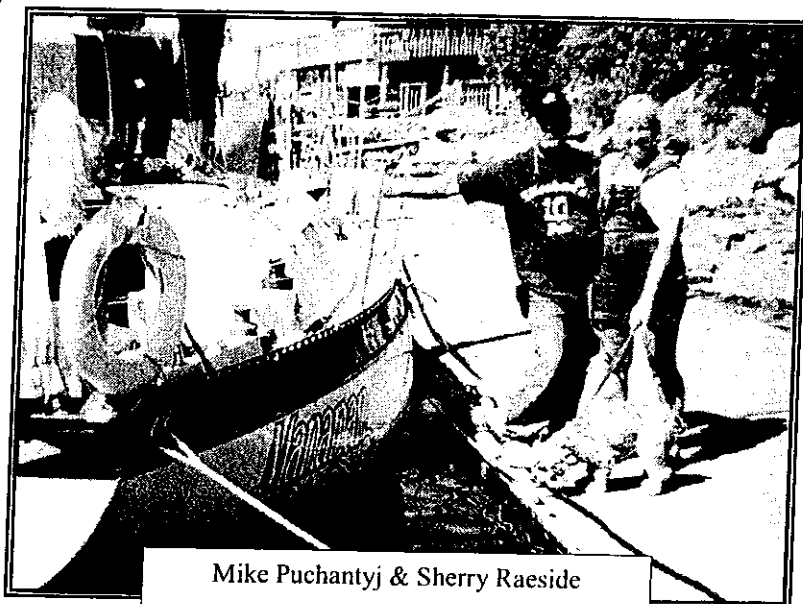
It was cold and wet as spray sprang over the bow into the cockpit. The stress showed up a small drip through the fore-hatch to annoy anyone resting in the V-berth. We flew on into the sunrise. The cold abated and we took a little to eat and drink. Not much, however, as drinking, eating or taking care of one's bodily necessities was all a slow, tough task that we tried to keep to a minimum inside that heaving, bouncing boat.

The Devil's Island Channel is a foreboding name for our chosen route around Cape Hurd at the tip of the Bruce Peninsula. I definitely did not want to try it for the first time at night. We needed to keep boat speed up to arrive before dusk. It became a wonder to us, as the wind we started with remained rock steady all the way up Lake Huron. We easily found the green marker to mark the channel and it was a straight run nicely buoyed until we could get our bearing on Russell Island now entering Georgian Bay. All the landmarks matched our chart and we tied up in Tobermory's Little Tub harbour at 8:00 P.M. Just over 23 hours at sea. Mike can be credited with keeping us to schedule with his sailing trimming tricks.

We made the call back to Windsor and on Sunday, Barbara, my faithful first mate, Sherry and even Chelsea the cocker spaniel arrived at the docks. Mike was due back and Barbara was coming aboard to begin the cruise. Barbara took great care in stocking the boat with all manner of edibles for the guys to enjoy while sailing the boat up. She was amazed at how little we had consumed to that point. She was also sure that she had made the right choice in driving rather than sailing to Tobermory after we explained why we had used so little of our provisions.

Brian, Barbara and I set out on Tuesday for Wingfield Basin at Cabot Head. We had a fine sail on a sunny day. This was what we expected to experience for the remainder of our trip. The hard slog was behind us now... we thought.

Winfield Basin is a good anchorage. The channel is marked and the range will ensure you are on course through the narrow opening. We shared the basin with five other sailing craft that afternoon. This was the first opportunity to try our new inflatable and the Honda powering up. We ran over to the shore and walked down the trail to the lighthouse guarding Cabot Head. There were a couple in the little gift shop and the man was wearing a Norwegian Cruise Lines shirt. As we had just had an "experience" with Norwegian in March we asked details about their cruise.



Mike Puchantyj & Sherry Raeside

Next morning by 7:30 every vessel except one had weighed anchor. The weather report warned that the wind would be out of the south and thunderstorms were likely in the afternoon. We gathered ourselves together with some haste and moved out turning south to our next destination of Lion's Head. Sure enough, the weatherman would be accurate today. The wind and waves butted against us all day. When we arrived in Lion's Head harbour the sky was ripe and opened up with copious precipitation the moment the last dock line was secured. What timing!

The Lion's Head harbour is a very good facility and people are friendly. We enjoyed a gourmet meal at the local "Lion's Head Inn". I had Kung Pow chicken, spicy.

Thursday morning we shoved off for a return trip to Tobermory. Again the fates were contriving to test us. The wind clocked around to the northwest and we found a 5-foot sea coming at us. Later in the day we came around Cabot Head and began to tack back and forth to try and make way against the weather. Off a ways another larger sailboat seemed to lose the headsail sheet. The sail flogged around for some time before it was brought under control. They surrendered and turned south. We pushed on northwest. At one point I went forward to put the flattening reef in the mainsail. The pin holding the boom to the gooseneck fitting had slipped about half way out. We started the engine and dropped off course to ease the rig. A capture ring was inserted and we had dodged the bullet of a serious equipment failure. After that we motor-sailed the rest of that day leaving the main folded.

Friday July 18 we had our newest shipmate Audrey arrive in Tobermory. Her bags were loaded aboard and now with full crew we set off for Club Island, about 17 miles out in Georgian Bay. Club Island has a good sheltered anchorage and again we enjoyed motoring around in the inflatable. We should have a name for that little dinghy. Any suggestions?

The island itself has two large gravel mounds on the point. We climbed up and were surveying the quiet meadow across the bay when we heard a yelp. Audrey loves to swim. She took this chance to put on her suit and go for a dip in the clear waters. On just stepping off the swim ladder she recoiled at the cold water temperature and thought better to stay on board Mananan.

Saturday's sail from Club Island to Little Current was a wide mix of experiences and elements. Light wind, no wind, wide lake, island narrows, we saw and felt the changes frequently. Moving north between Strawberry Island and Heywood Island winds piped up out of the northwest (of course) 30 to 35 knots. The boat was running fully healed and tried rounding up a few times even though we were flying the main alone. Fortunately this is an area of protected waters and the wave action did not build to match the fierce winds.

I had concerns about making port in such heavy weather but found a refuge that was well protected at Harbour Vue Marine. This is a good facility but the water is strangely turbid. It is a half-hour hike into Little Current but a boy on a bike and a friendly dog kept us company for a part of the trek. Downtown we found a good looking tavern and sat down on the patio facing the main drag. We discussed how we were going to make contact with my daughter Beth who was coming up in my car from Toronto. Ah yes, yet another rendezvous to be kept. We ordered dinner and here she came. Beth was ambling

across the street to this very same restaurant to order a meal herself. Connection completed.

On Sunday the sky was bleak gray. Rainy cold weather was the order of the day. Normally boaters are now faced with the "What to do?" problem at this point. We had a good answer to that. Beth was here with the car and we decided that a motor tour of Manitoulin Island would be a fine day's activity. We loaded 5 adults and one dog into the Neon. When four people cruise in a 27 foot boat for days, you just learn to squeeze together gracefully.

There were ice cream shops to visit. Kagawong had a beautiful native art gallery. We traipsed up the Cup and Saucer trail for a panoramic view of the island. In Gore Bay Canadian Yacht Charters had a well stocked yacht store and I took the opportunity to buy a detailed chart of the Little Current area.



Monday morning and the sullen sky still lingered. Brian and Audrey had made arrangements to rent kayaks and were determined to go no matter what. I knew Beth would like to see the North Channel from the boat. As the morning wore on the sun began to break through and the winds abated. We made plans to go out for a tour. Washed off the many fish flies and got the boat ready.

Time out for a washroom break. Up the hill the washrooms are off the main path a bit. Each of the three individual rooms is fully enclosed with no window and a steel door locks providing privacy for you. When I went to exit the room the door handle popped off in my hand. I called out. No one came. I banged on the door. Nothing. I waited a while. No sounds. This called for some of that resourcefulness that was mentioned earlier in this narrative. I usually carry a Swiss army knife, with a cork screw attachment among others. No, I did not bring a bottle in with me. There was also a flat screwdriver edge that I used to disassemble the door handle. With a little patience I picked my way through the lock and I was free.

Soon my daughter, Beth, drove up with her dog riding shotgun. Casper the dog was nattily attired in a new doggy float vest that comes with the handy carrying handle. We soon were off on our voyage of exploration of the isthmuses and islands around Little Current. We headed northwest over the top between Garden Island and Great LaCloche Island. Islands and inlets were everywhere. Knowing one's position is essential to safe navigation in this area.

After a while we turned around to point east. The trick is to arrive in Little Current on the hour, as that is when the swing bridge opens to allow passage of tall boats. As it worked out we were rushing to make that time but the bridge was running late on its schedule. Good fit. There was a 40ft. power boat on the east side just itching to go. As soon as there was room, and the bridge traffic light was still red, that powerboater slapped the throttle down and dug a five-foot wake trough through traffic to the consternation of everyone else.

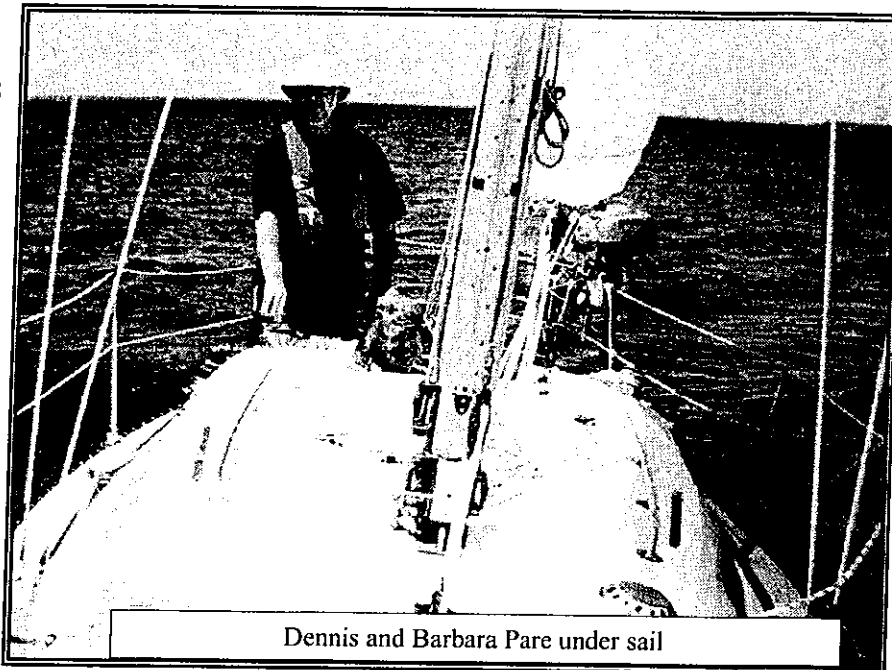
By Goat Island and past the town we sailed. Spider Bay Marina looked inviting but the locals had mentioned to Beth that there was only 6 ft. of depth in that harbour. The buoy system made this an easy route. We followed along until we were past Narrow Island entering the Wausuno Channel. We swung around and retraced our route to the bridge at Little Current. Brian and Audrey were paddling back and we had a three boat gam while waited for the bridge to release us to the west.

Here's the truth coming out now. When we arrived at Harbor Vue Marina there was daylight left to enjoy. We thought a toot around in the inflatable would be fun. There are floating docks here about 6 inches up out of the water. I reasoned that it would be easier and safer to clamp the outboard on the transom if the inflatable was pulled up on the dock. That was no problem. Then I tried to attach the outboard. The boat needed to be back another 5 inches to allow the motor to clamp over the little boat's stern. I gave the boat a gentle nudge; the motor caught on the dock and jumped up. One wobble and that shiny new Honda was in the canal. Moral of this story: **ALWAYS** use a safety line when moving an outboard, no exceptions.

The young man whose family owns the marina offered to jump in and retrieve the motor. He put on his swimsuit

and tee shirt and slipped off the dock. Right away he winced and noted that the water was cold. First dive he went down 8 – 10 feet. But could not feel the bottom. Now his muscles were cramping and I could see his fingers turning blue. We had to get him out.

Across the canal a power boater had witnessed my plight. He said he was a scuba diver and offered to try the salvage job. I expected he would come around in wet suit and tank but instead he just jumped in with fins and mask and swam across the canal. We handed him the rope and down he dove. No luck. The water was so murky. He tried again. Success! That man is a polar bear. We hauled that motor back on the dock. The mechanic had been called and was driving up as we rushed his patient into the shop for resuscitation. In less than an hour my young friend had the motor running and mud cleaned off. The kindness everyone showed during this episode will long be remembered. I hope, if called upon, I can be as helpful to another cruiser in difficulty.



Dennis and Barbara Pare under sail

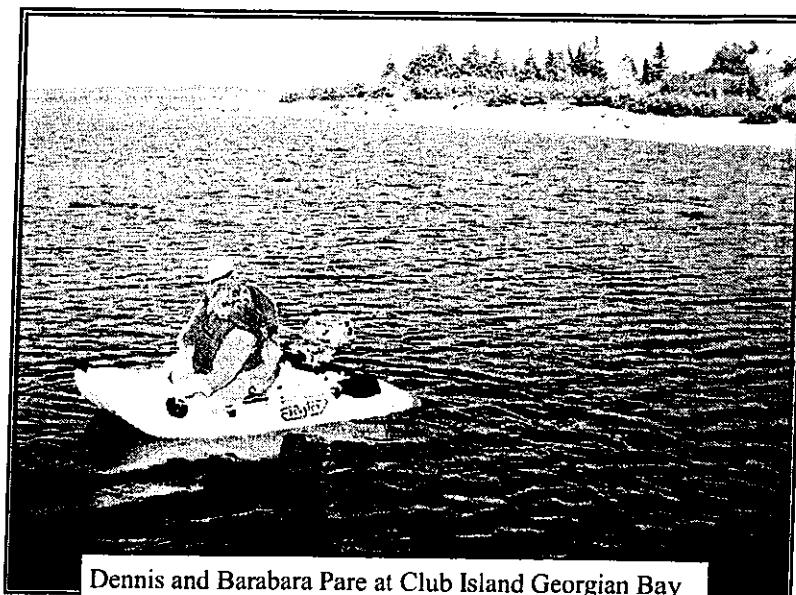
Tuesday, July 22 we enjoyed a sunny day for a change. The autopilot was brand new but had acted strange after a while on the trip over. Going back it was plugged in again for another test. About an hour and a half later the machine seemed to get tired. It has now been mailed to the warranty depot in Washington to be exchanged for another unit.

On Wednesday Audrey and Barbara left for home and Brian and I sailed Mananan back ourselves. We cast off in Tobermory harbour at 12:30 in the afternoon on a pleasant day. Back through the Devil's Island passage and into Lake Huron. The wind was up out of the northwest. We raised sail and set the GPS course for Sarnia.

Later, about 2 PM that night, the following sea caused the boom to jibe and Brian called me from below for assistance. It was cold! With sweatshirts under our floater suits and gloves on our hands, movement was a little awkward but I shackled myself to the boat and went forward to move the boom vang to the toe rail as a preventer. The night was clear and stars shone bright. Unfortunately the helmsman could only steal glimpses of the sky as keeping a course took constant tending.

Next day at noon we passed under the Bluewater Bridge. The current flushed us along smartly and by dark we were under the Ambassador Bridge. Robby Ferguson was sailing the other way and we enjoyed his homecoming greeting. After a phone call to Barbara, pizza waiting at L.M.Y.C. when we pulled in at 10:15 Thursday evening. The knot-log read 183 k. miles from Tobermory and we had cruised it back in not quite 34 hours.

To sum up, don't expect to be rested, tested. The first long cruise is a definite learning perience. Planning and logistics were key to the good run we enjoyed. The boat sailed so well in big waters. Ace design. Best part of the trip for me? The people that came along and shared the perience. Every one of those 7 people was a pleasure to sail with. Excellent crew = excellent time.



Dennis and Barabara Pare at Club Island Georgian Bay

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