

October 2002



# La Salle Mariners Yacht Club

*LMYC looking East from Grassy Island*

## LaSalle Mariners Yacht Club 2002 Officers

**LMYC Web Site:** [http://www.geocities.com/lasalle\\_mariners/LMYC.htm](http://www.geocities.com/lasalle_mariners/LMYC.htm)

**Commodore:** *Bob Ferguson 736-5606*

**Vice Commodore:** Chris Barron 736-7510

**Secretary:** Alan Prettyman 978-9820

**Maintenace:** Lothar Bauer 734-1146

**Race Director:** Rob Doiron 791--5530

**Grounds:** Judge Mangile 736-6596

**Keeper of the Lift:** Carl Durham 734-1550

**Treasurer:** Yvonne McRobbie 978-1756

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**Harbour Master:** Ralf Fiedler 776-4501

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# 2002



# LaSalle Currents



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## *From the Commodore and Vice-Commodore*



*Vice-Commodore Chris Barron & Commodore Bob Ferguson*

**A**s I write this, the last Monday & Wednesday night races are over and only a make-up race on Sunday is left to the Fall Series. The only remaining club sanctioned event is the River Rat Race on October 20<sup>th</sup>. Already we have one boat in its winter cradle acting as a nervous reminder that the end of the sailing season is coming. Denial is my first mental defense. Why only three weeks ago I was swimming at Crystal Bay lovingly cleaning, caressing my shark's bottom.

I say to myself that September and October are the best months for sailing—since July & August of this year especially had both too hot and too light of air to sail comfortably.

So I say to my fellow mariners—get out there, its prime time sailing and the end is nearer than you think.

As a reminder the next general meeting is on Sunday Oct 6<sup>th</sup> is traditionally our haul out meeting. Bring your cheque books.

*Commodore Bob Ferguson*

*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

## Sail for Hospice 2002



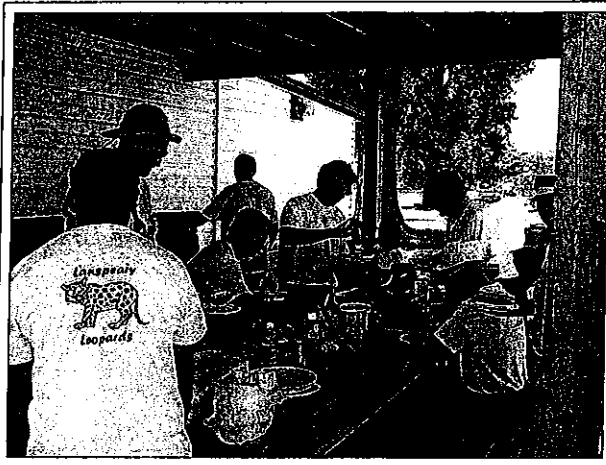
*Paul Laing and Richard Lewis*

**S**unny skies and fine weather on Sunday Sept. 8 welcomed the racers for the 2002 edition of Sail for Hospice. For the second time in recent years the wind did not appear and the decision was made to eat first and sail later. By the time the food was cooked and served and mostly eaten, the wind started to appear. Six boats left the harbour to start in front of the club. The wind continued permitting a good and complete race.

*In the B Fleet Mike Puchnatyj in Reckless was third, Ralph Kepran in Ceilidh was second and Guy Meseck in Dragonfly was first. The A Fleet saw Alex Buliga in Mad Max third, Juergan Hendel in Rakaia second and Andy Kozieradzki in Flirt first. The special Hospice flag for the highest pledge amount went to Dragonfly.*

*Thanks to Ralph Allen, Carl Durham, Dennis Douthart, and Stephanie Kepran for race committee duties. Faye Langmaid, Richard Lewis and Jeff Watson were responsible for pledge taking and cooking. Thanks for a job well done. While our number of boats was down a little thanks the efforts of the crews the total raised by LMYC was \$4561. Well done!*

*Thanks to all the committee members who helped organize and run this event, thanks to the skippers for*

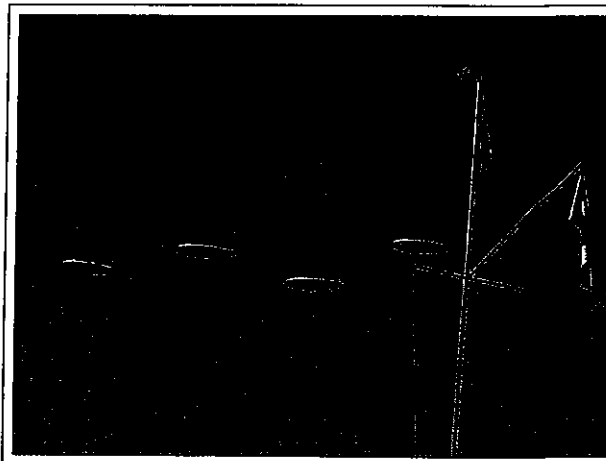


*Racers enjoying the festivities*

*entering their boats, and thanks to the crews for the fund raising. To end, a challenge. We matched last years total with fewer boats. Let's all get behind this event next year and top the \$5000 mark.*

*Paul Laing*

## Spectacular View



*Club members and racers who attended Hospice on September 8, 2002 were treated to a rare view in the skies overlooking LMYC. Four Goodyear blimps in formation were heading South towards Lake Erie. Not a sight you see everyday.*



# Summer Weddings



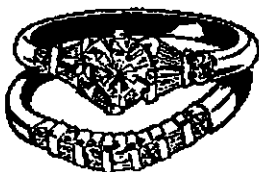
## *Blair/Kepran (top)*

Presenting Mr. & Mrs. Blair. The wedding of Sarah Kepran daughter of Steve and Adra Kepran took place at Most Precious Blood Church in Windsor with the reception at Ambassador Hall on August 31, 2002. Ryan and Sarah honeymooned in Florida. Congratulations on your wedding



## *Nantais/Giroux (right)*

Presenting Mr. & Mrs. Giroux. The wedding of Gillian Nantais daughter of Mary & Dave Nantais and Darrin Giroux took place at St. Andrew Church in LaSalle with the reception at LaSalle Mariners Yacht Club on September 21, 2002. Congratulations on your wedding



## *Anderson/Soulliere*

Presenting Mr. & Mrs. Soulliere. The wedding of Paula Anderson and Dave Soulliere son of Linda Schreiber took place August 31, 2002 at Grosse Ile Yacht Club. Congratulations on your wedding





Father and Son racing team. Tapani and Nick Lintunien. Photo by Linda Schreiber

## New Arrival

Andy and Gosia Kozieradzki are happy to announce the birth of a baby girl, Karolinka Kozieradzki weighting 7 pounds 4 ounces on September 22, 2002 at 5:00 pm at Metropolitan Hospital.



## For Sale

LMYC is selling its old computer system. 1 old Mac System - FE/30 Computer with expanded memory. Printer H.P. DeskJet. Make an offer. Contact Secretary Yvonne McRobbie if you are interested.



- ✓ 1986 Nissan 8 hp Longshaft (runs like new) \$850.00 (OBO)
- ✓ Trailer for 14 foot boat (Good tires & lights) Excellent condition \$250.00 (OBO)
- ✓ Apello DxL 6000 Loran \$50.00
- ✓ Horizon Depth Sounder \$175.00
- ✓ Silva 2000 Knotmeter \$100.00
- ✓ Silva 4000 Wind Speed \$100.00
- ✓ 2 Lewmar 7-Single Speed winches \$50.00 Each

Contact Brad Blackton @978-3353

## From the Treasurer

First of October Winter Storage rates will be posted in the clubhouse. Please make winter storage payment at October 6th meeting.





# Work Party at LMYC



*Tapani Lintunien & Roy Oliver*



*Chris Barron, Rob Doiron, Donald Beneteau*



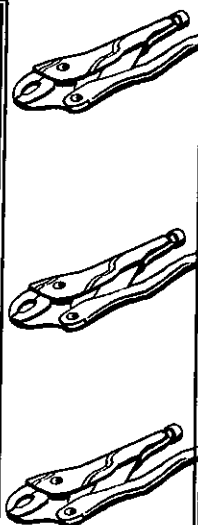
*Rick Beresford*



*Rob Doiron with Sea Cadets*



*John Amyot*

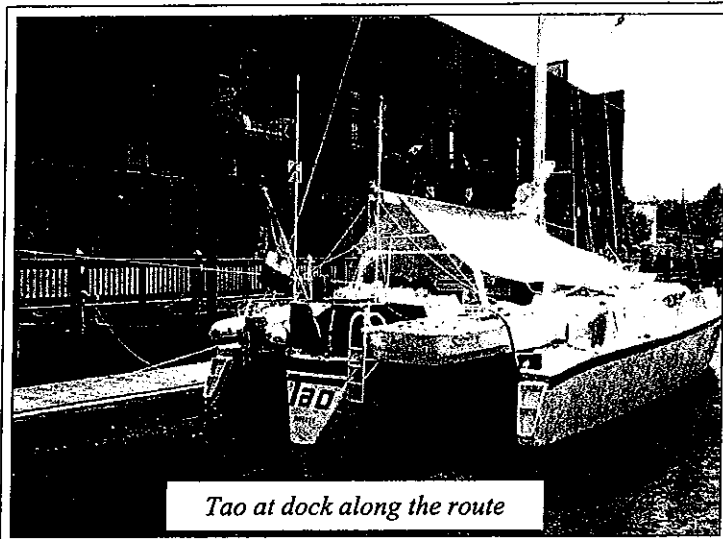


*Commodore Bob Ferguson & Vice-Commodore Chris Barron*

# Walking Back From Florida

**A**s I was reading Gam one evening an ad entitled *Tropics to Toronto* caught my eye. The ad invited people to come along on a 56-foot trimiran named *Tao* with captain Dave Mathews. Curiosity sent me to my computer to research the boat on its web site, [www.sailtao.com](http://www.sailtao.com). The boat was currently in the Turks and Caicos and had been in charter service for 25 years. When it had been built, by cap'n Dave, himself, 28 years ago it was said to be the third largest trimiran in the world. Built right here in a backyard in Peterborough, Ontario.

As I say, the boat, *Tao*, is 56 feet long, with a 28-foot beam. It is rigged as a cutter sloop with a draft of 6 ft. 6 inches. The construction is wood sheathed in fiberglass. Auxiliary power is provided by a Perkins 135 H.P. diesel. We were told it weighed 29 Tons empty. There are five 'staterooms' with other berths built in here and there. Two heads but one was in a place that made it essentially inaccessible.



*Tao at dock along the route*

Well... sounds good, we thought. A month on a big tri, sailing offshore from Ft. Pierce, Florida to New York; up the Erie Canal, across Lake Ontario ending in Toronto. If the truth be known I was gung ho about the idea and Barbara was cautious (but she liked the sail flat prospect).

Flew Southwest Airlines into Orlando on July 18. Never been to Florida before. Not hard to guess we just had to spend at least one day at Disney world. Great fun.

July 20 we arrived at the Harbortown Marina in Ft. Pierce. There were two of the crew sitting on the bar patio and we made easy connections. Lin is a retired high school teacher. Juan is an engineering student from Spain. He had come over three years ago for summer exploits while out for summer break and wound up as crew on *Tao*. This was his third summer aboard.

Next morning we were set and eager to make sail but Dave was finishing repairs to the refrigeration system. Instead we took a car ride up the coast to the Vero Beach area. That afternoon we experienced the regular thunderstorm that arrives about 4 or 5 in the afternoon each day along the Florida coast. Riding the inflatable back and forth from the anchored boat to the dock we spotted dolphins and a manatee swimming leisurely. This leisurely approach to activity was to prove to be the style for both the sea life and seafarers we would be joining.

July 22 we weighed anchor for our first leg up the coast to Cape Canaveral. As there was no auto helm everyone was expected to take turns at the wheel. The steering station was an odd affair that I have never seen on a boat before. The helmsman sat high over



*Barbara Pare with Juan at the wheel*

the cockpit with the wheel positioned for steering with your feet. It didn't take long to adapt to this strange manner of directing the boat and it did provide a good view. The wind was light and we motor sailed at 5.5 to 6 knots under genoa. Juan went trolling and caught a Cero Mackerel. For me it was a revelation as I found that I did like fish, if fresh. Coming into Cape Canaveral we experienced our first of many night navigation challenges to make port and finally tied up at about 11:00 P.M.

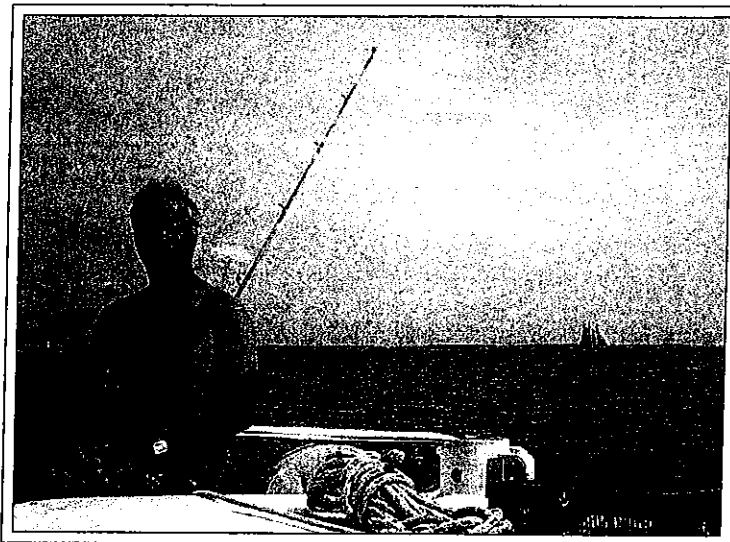
Tuesday morning we set off for St. Augustine. As we motored out to sea in the channel a notice sounded loud and clear over the marine radio. A U.S. navy warship was coming in and every other vessel must clear the channel. We had the chance to see a nuclear submarine underway with the crew turned out on deck for inspection. Later Juan came through with another fish. This time a delicious tuna was the catch of the day. We motor sailed on into the night and arrived about 2P.M. the next afternoon.

Another day, another fish story. This time Juan hooked a small shark late in the afternoon. Again we finally dropped anchor late at night at St. Simon's Island and Juan went to haul the now presumed dead shark on board. We were told it would provide another interesting culinary Experience. Ah, the shark, however, had other ideas. It thrashed and fought as Juan lifted it up. Perhaps it was eyeing us as good eats also. We were not prepared to do battle and cut the animal loose. We had chili. The shark had? (Not us at least).

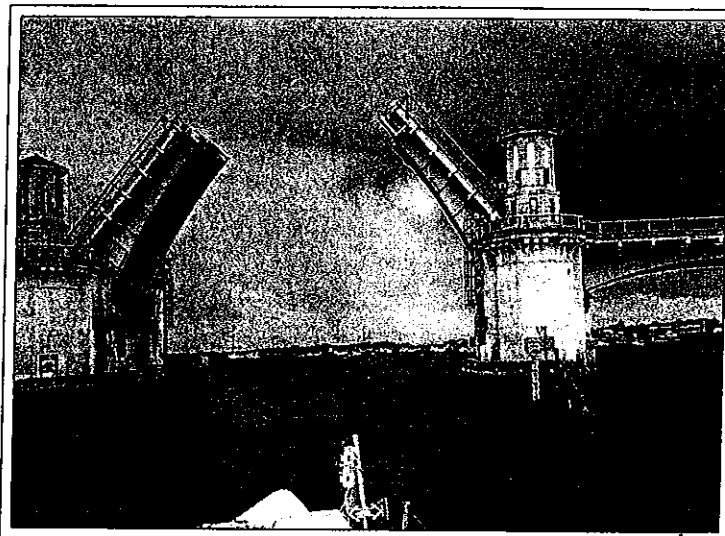
As we worked our way slowly up the coast we occasionally had a chance to see the sights. Savannah, Georgia was a genuine storybook southern town. A large cotton exchange building fronting on a cobblestone street which was constructed from the ballast of old sailing ships dominated one of the many town square areas. Next day Dave and I cranked Juan up the 70 ft. mast to replace the marine band antenna, which solved the static problem on our radio.

Next destination was Charleston, South Carolina. That night the sea built to a five-foot swell. The following sea came at the boat from an angle, which tended to twist it about the centerline while rising and falling. I learned to dance on the wheel to try and keep the course.

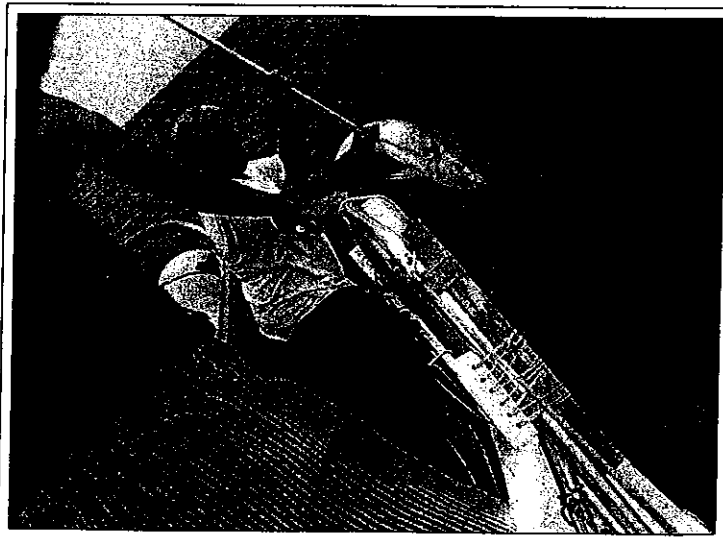
Our only shade on the boat came from a tarp over the boom but we lost that the one-day we raised the main. As the day wore on the wind shifted and I trimmed sail to try and bring Tao



*Dennis Pare enjoying a quiet moment*



*Bridges along the way*



*Captain Dave fishing*



close-hauled. The headsail turning blocks were lashed to the stanchion bases each 14 feet from the centerline of the boat so my efforts were limited. As the helmsman worked to maintain course he came up a bit high and the main began to luff. Bang! A sound like a shotgun and the brace for a sail slug bounced onto the deck. About 30 seconds later another let go; and a third was loosening up. Quickly we dropped the main. The shady tarp was rehung.

Later, in Wilmington North Carolina, the boat was demasted for the first time in 27 years. I found a 4-foot rebar to loosen off the turnbuckles. I don't know when they were last adjusted. That was the end of the sailing. We moved up the intercoastal waterway at a speed of 4.5 knots maximum under motor. The Perkins would begin to overheat if run over 1500 RPM's. When we were fighting the tide, speed could fall off to under 3 knots in places.

The intercoastal waterway is a maze of scenic, shallow, marshy, mosquito breeding waterways that demand you know what intersection you are entering. Eventually you pop out at Norfolk, Virginia motoring through a plethora of lift bridges. There is a major naval installation there. Navy ships of every description line the waterways. In the evening we phoned Ian Kepran (son of Doris and Ralph) who is stationed at Norfolk and had a lively conversation.

Up Chesapeake Bay we motored. The feeling was very eerie, Lake Erie that is. Similar in size and depth to Lake Erie it had a familiar motion to it.

Arriving in Annapolis by water is just the best. Masts filled the various harbours as trees fill a thick forest. After we dropped anchor I watched as a 36 foot Pearson made a foolish move to run across the bow of a schooner with a muscular 14-foot bowsprit. The Pearson's bimini caught in that bowsprit and there was no question as to which one would break first.

Annapolis is the home of the U.S. Naval Academy and a real tourist town with many fine restaurants and shops. The boating facilities are everywhere. I counted 5 sail makers while walking up one road. Dave had chosen to anchor Tao out in the Eastport Bay area. The bottom has been ripped up by so many anchors that finding a good bite is most unusual. Just the motion of the tidal ebb and flow is enough to cause a boat to drag.

We had been on board Tao for 30 days. There were other duties drawing us back home and we took our leave, flying from Baltimore to Detroit Metro. The trip was over. We were so very tired. The journey from Ft. Pierce to Annapolis had taken 29 days. Contrasting flight time Baltimore to Detroit was less than three hours. It was an adventure Barb and I to shared together. The trip also provided copious material to recount colourful boating tales on cold winter nights.



Dennis at the wheel with Juan fishing



Barbara Pare enjoying the sun on the trampoline

# Windsor Model Yacht Club

**W**indsor Model Yacht Club has close to sixty members most of which are active, sailing racing yachts of varying from the 31" Victoria class to the huge

AC class which are close to six' long and eight' tall. Our most established fleet is the US 1 Meter class. We have 25 of these yachts registered and race weekly on Thursday nights. Our next largest fleet is the Soling 1 Meter class of which 12 are registered. They sail on Tuesday nights. Both nights we get about 10 boats out to race. Some members have more than one class of yacht and sail them all. There are weekend regattas as well. We host some and travel to Michigan or other parts of Ontario to participate. We will host two more regattas this year...the US 1 Meter Canadian Championships Sept 28-29 and a close out regatta called the "Polar Bear" regatta Nov 17.

We have been sailing at River Canard Park for about a month since our old site (Blue Heron Pond) became weeded up and full of algae. River Canard is quite suitable for our sport. Even though evening racing is done for the year we invite any interested people to the park to watch the upcoming events. Approx 9800 Malden Rd. (between the bridge at St' Joseph Church and Front Rd.).

For any more information about RYC Model Yachting people can contact any of our executive:

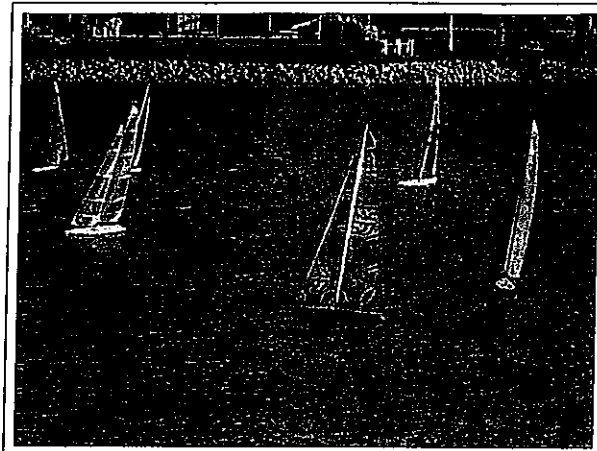
Dennis Hendel (Commodore) 978-1390

Juergen Hendel (Vice-Commodore) 736-2992

Don Cooper (Treasurer)

Doug Diet (Secretary, archivist and web master) 974-6101

Also, please check out our web site  
<[windsormodelyachtclub.com](http://windsormodelyachtclub.com)>



*Boat Racing on River Canard*



*Dennis Hendel*

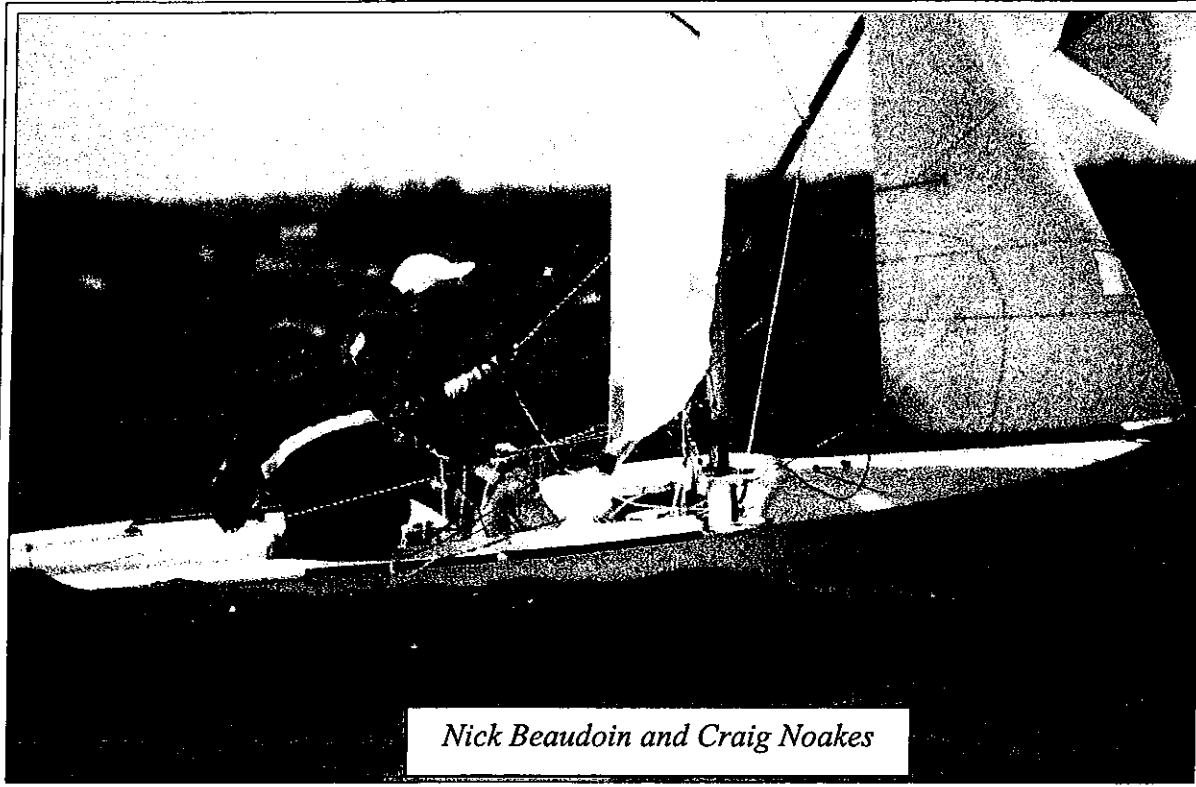


*Top: Bruce Lancaster  
Left: Brad Blackton*





# Olympic Dream



*Nick Beaudoin and Craig Noakes*

**F**irstly, I would like to thank everyone who purchased tickets for the 50-50 draw in support of our 470 Olympic Campaign, and a special thank you to those who donated the tickets back. I appreciate all the help and support from LMYC and its members. Sailing full time is not cheap, every donation counts !

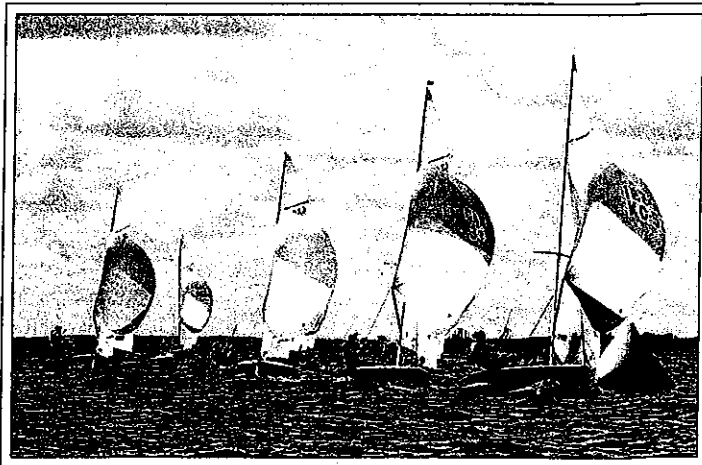
*Our tentative schedule for 2003, depending on funds raised, will include:*

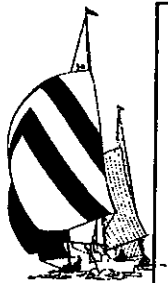
- a month of training and racing in Miami in January*
- SPA Olympic Classes Regatta in the Netherlands in May*
- two months of training in Halifax in July and August*
- the 470 worlds in Cadiz, Spain in September*

*This will be our first year traveling Europe to race. It is essential in our class to compete the European circuit and remain competitive. Craig Noakes and I are currently ranked 6th in Canada, but are quickly moving up the list. We were part of the Canadian Development Team this past year and we are hoping to make the Canadian Sailing Team next year. We finished a great season this spring and summer winning one regatta, placing 4th at two others and finishing as the 6th male team at our NQRs.*

*I hope to stay in touch with everyone at LMYC and thanks again for all your support and goodwill.*

*Nick Beaudoin*





# One Design racing No calculations required

Article & Photos by Mike Puchnatyj



**W**aves, weeds and jello...oh ya, and one design racing too. Grosse Isle Yacht Club played host to this year's one-design racing in Lake Erie. Like all other regattas this year, the participation in the event was poor. Nine boats in all, with seven in the Abbott class start and a pair of MORC boats made up the entire fleet. LMYC skippers and crew took our club's Wednesday night race to Lake Erie for the two day 4- race series.

The weekend race wasn't a drifter. Ample wind, waves and weed balls (small islands) made for an interesting time around the race course. Exactly what course was sailed by the participants remains a mystery to all except for the race committee.

It appears that the LaSalle Mariner's party hard and often no matter where they go. This of course lead to GIYC bar staff grumbling about, "those Canadian sailors". Hey, if your bar staff can't handle a small number of bar patrons – get them another job, right Mr. Ed!

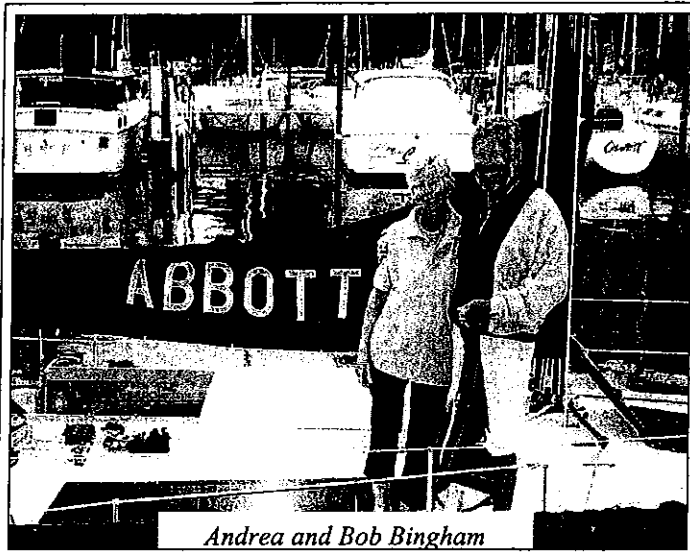
Some Mariner's also feel that tainted food from the GIYC kitchen had them bringing up their dinners Saturday night into the harbour. (I personally think that it was a plot by the American's to undermine the strength of the Canadian Abbott fleet and had nothing to do with the 750 jello shots supplied by Linda Schreiber.) At the very least, the fish in the GIYC harbour were well fed.

On a positive note – GIYC did provide a Great Swing band –36 musicians in all – indirectly for Saturday night's entertainment. Just another party to crash by LMYC members...and the tradition lives on.

One-Design race results for 2002: Abbott 33 Class

Final results:

1. Feisty – "And yes, money does help a boat sail faster."
2. I Luv You Baby – "Can almost party like Canadian sailors."
3. Special Delivery – "LMYC's breakfast boat. Great coffee."
4. Trilogy – "No, we don't drink... just ask the judge."
5. Kaleidoscope- "Is this fun or what?"
6. R-escape – "I'm not related to..."
7. Rakaia – "Green jello was the best! Just ask Linda."



Andrea and Bob Bingham



Nick Lintunien, Jurgen Hendel, Craig Morrison, Linda Schreiber, Steve Bingham, Bob Reaume, Sue Ouellette, Mike Puchnatyj



# *The Land Down Under*



**N**ew Zealand and Australia have been considered by Canadians of the most remote areas to visit. Traveling time makes it difficult to imagine a visit to these two countries is worth the travel hardships.

As for my daughter Jennifer and I it was all worth it to visit my son Rob.

Jen and I landed in Auckland New Zealand visiting everything we could in 5 days. Then it was off to Sydney Australia where again we endured sightseeing and shopping until we dropped. During the time we were in Auckland and Sydney Rob was having his own fun bare boating a 41-foot catamaran in the Whitsunday Islands with 9 Australian schoolmates. At the end of the 8 days they had the experience of a lifetime. Having everything arranged before leaving, we met Rob and his schoolmates at Cairns (north east corner of Australia) Rob, Jenny and I left the others to travel down the coast stopping often to view the magnificent sights

I would recommend a trip to Australia – definitely without hesitation.



*Carol Ferguson holding a Koala Bear*

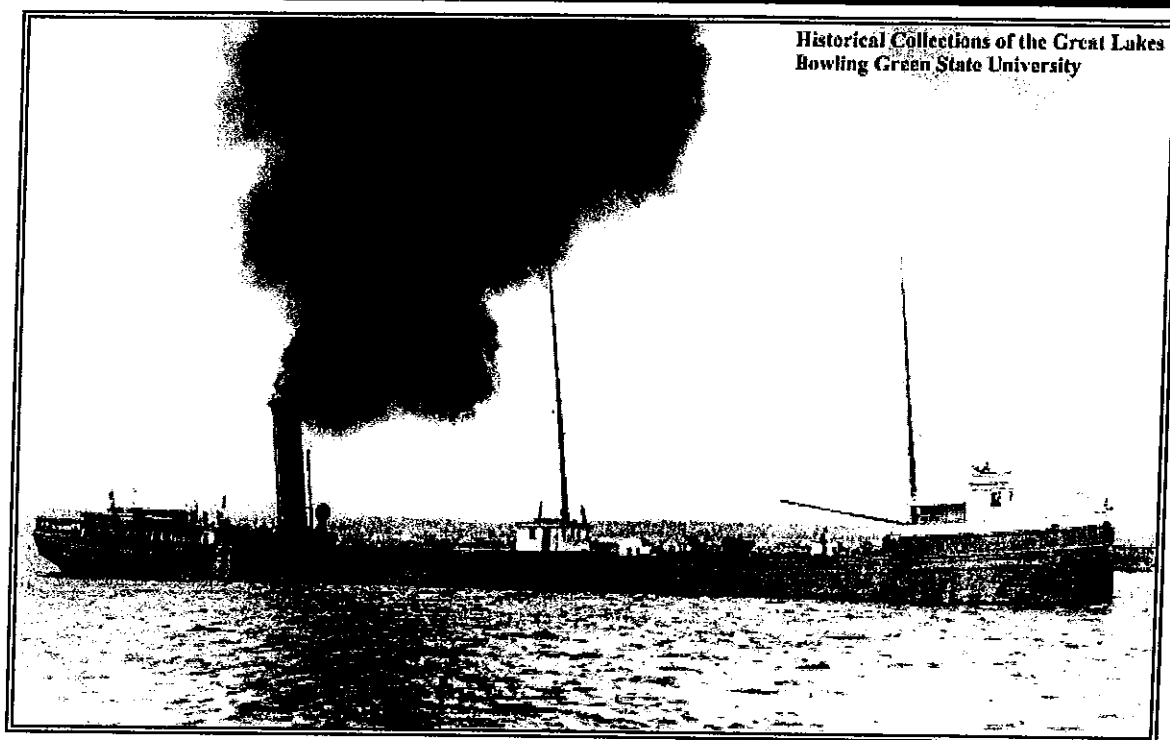


*Rob and Jennifer Ferguson in Brisbane*



*Jennifer Ferguson with Kangaroos*

# Shipwrecks of the Great Lakes



Historical Collections of the Great Lakes  
Bowling Green State University

## The George Stone

The George Stone was a wooden hull, single propeller steamer used to transport bulk cargoes such as coal or iron ore. It was built by F.W. Wheeler and Co. of West Bay, MI in 1893 for Bradley Line of Cleveland. On June 20, 1893 the Stone set sail on its maiden voyage. Sixteen years later the ship ran aground on Grubb Reef in the dangerous Pelee Passage.

Little did Captain Paul Howell know when he set sail that mid-October afternoon that he and his crew would soon face the struggle of their lives. Howell with his crew of 16 plus one passenger left Astabula, Ohio at 3:30 p.m. on Monday Oct. 11th, with a load of coal bound for Racine, Wisconsin. By the time the ill-fated ship approached the Southeast Shoal of the Pelee Passage, the moderate northeast wind grew more intense and the blue skies darkened. Within three hours the wind turned into what would later become known as "the worst gale of the year". By the time the ship entered the Passage, she was already taking on water. Hoping they could ride out the storm the crew dropped the anchors. The vessel was already listing to the port side because of the water she was taking on. Due to the strength of the storm the anchors could not hold and the George Stone was swept up onto Grubb Reef early Wednesday morning, October 13th., still dragging her anchors. Stranded on the reef, the crew huddled in the pilot house with only the light from a couple of coal oil lamps. One was knocked over setting the pilot house ablaze. Capt. Howell hand-picked seven men to attempt to reach shore in a lifeboat in order to summon help. By the time the boat reached shallow water near Point Pelee only three were alive, one of which was Capt. Howell. Once they could feel the sand under their feet they let go of the boat and headed toward shore. Tragically Capt. Howell was swept away by the heavy undertow. The two remaining crew, nearly dead from exhaustion, crawled on hands and knees to the home of Mrs. William Grubb who took in the men and cared for them. Another report states that Capt. William Grubb, keeper of the Pelee Light, took the men home after finding them lying on the shore. According to Grubb, the deaths could have been averted if the nearby life saving crew had taken action. Volunteer captain of the life saving crew, Norris Atkins, later denied witnessing any distress signals from the Stone and therefore did not send his men to assist in a rescue the rest of the Stone's crew, who stayed with the ship were rescued later that day by a passing steamer. The George Stone was left stranded on Grubb Reef a total loss. That winter, the ice pushed her off the reef and sent her to the lake bottom.

