



Konza Sailor

Official Newsletter of the Blue Valley Yacht Club

Founded 1963

Post Office Box 961, Manhattan, Kansas 66505

<http://www.bluevalleyyachtclub.org/>

Volume 2008, Issue 1

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January



Sailing at Door County, Wisconsin



Sailing at Grand Lake, Oklahoma



BVYC Yacht Club

Oh, The Places I've Been ...

by Ron Frey, BVYC Commodore

I share a January birthday with my Granddaughter. She lives in Santa Barbara, CA, so we are unable to be together to celebrate; but if we would've been together, I probably would have read her favorite books to her, one being "Oh, The Places I've Been," which brings me to the point of my musings.

This time of year, I think a lot about boats, sailing, and cruising and "all the places we've been." Linda and I have taken some wonderful cruises together on our Catalina 22. We use it as a camper while on the road traveling to our destinations, overnighting at campgrounds or sleazy truck stops.

Our favorite cruise so far was to the Door County area of Wisconsin and Lake Michigan. The summer of 2006 we met other Catalina 22 owners there and had a wonderful week on our boat. Some of you may remember Mike Bracket, a former member of BVYC, who was also on the cruise. The lure of clear water, small fishing villages, and friends will take us back there again, hopefully this summer.

Another much closer place we've been is Grand Lake in northeast Oklahoma. After meeting some sailors on-line, we were invited to use the facilities of the Grand Lake Sailing Club. They have excellent facilities there, including showers, a covered patio over the water, and a clubhouse where members gathered most mornings for breakfast. We will go back there again; in fact, it would make a wonderful cruise for a group of us to take sometime.

And then we've taken many "cruises" on Tuttle Creek. Most times it's for an afternoon or evening sail, ending with a hot cup of coffee at our mooring. We also really enjoy anchoring in some protected cove for the night, listening to the nightlife and being rocked to sleep. This usually involves poking my head out the hatch several times during the night to check our anchorage. Waking up with a cup of coffee, watching the mist lift off the water is hard to beat. When I'm on our boat, I feel creative and often spend afternoons doing design work and trying to figure out how I can use her as a tax write-off!

I'm very thankful that we have our muddy little lake where we can cruise and sail. We don't have to travel far to say, "this is one of the places I've been."

So while we are waiting for the ice to thaw and the winter to pass, think of the places you've been to help pass the time. Enjoy the lake and the club this year, and take advantage of this place!

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Unless carrying a byline or some form of credit to borrowed sources, all items in this newsletter are by the editor and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Club or the Board of Directors. All photos in the bulletin are by the editor, unless otherwise identified.

All members of the Club are encouraged to submit articles for inclusion to the newsletter.

Editorial

by Daryl Strouts

Why is it that in the newspaper industry, the penultimate position is Editor, whilst the job of editing the Club newsletter often falls to someone significantly lower on the power grid?

Some might even wonder why we even bother to have a newsletter in this age of instant communication. With the rise of text messaging via cell phone, even e-mail is beginning to look like old news.

Many organizations are even abandoning newsletters in favor of a blog to keep information fresh. What will be next?

I remember several years ago seeing a Far Side cartoon by Gary Larson. It pictured a newspaper delivery truck parked along a street. A young man in the back of the truck, throwing bundles of newspapers off for the local newsstand. Also pictured, a man is walking his small dog along the same street, and one of the heavy bundles of newspapers has landed on the dog, crushing him. The headline on the newspaper reads, "Dog Crushed in Delivery Accident." The advertisement on the side of the truck indicates the name of the newspaper and their motto, "All the News as it Happens."

The Konza Sailor won't have "All the News as it Happens." But I hope it will have some interesting articles about sailboats and sailing; articles about what has occurred in BVYC and what is coming up. I hope you will take a few minutes to read the newsletter and contribute to the Club through your participation.



Dues are Due

Dues notices have been sent out via email. If you didn't get one, go to the BVYC website and click on "renew your membership".

Those joining BVYC for the first time in 2008 will pay a one-time, additional fee that will be put toward the capital improvements at the club. There are several projects planned for this year including a modesty fence for the Johnny-on-the-job; rebuilding the fire grate by the new patio; and, some upgrades for the tractor shed. Anyone who had not been a member in 2007, but had been a member before then may be eligible for a reduced capital improvement fee when rejoining. Contact one of the club officers for more information.

Mooring Assignments

Sailors will receive their same mooring as last season if dues and fees are paid by March 1st. However, there will be a few choice moorings available because of departing members. Sailors who would like to change mooring assignment should contact the rear commodore.

For Sail

BVYC t-shirts and hats are available in many sizes. Hats are \$10. Shirts are \$13.00. Contact Bob at 539-4759.

Addiction, Obsession or Insanity

by Henry Otto, Supreme Operating Barnacle

Daryl and I had independently noticed Sunday, January 6, 2008 on the ten-day forecast; sunny at 64 degrees with north-northwest winds at 4 mile per hour. When the forecast held close to those numbers for a couple of days I contacted Daryl. We agreed to keep our schedules flexible that weekend. During that week the temperature, wind and cloud cover forecasts for the weekend waxed and waned and varied considerably between weather.com and NOAA but held in an acceptable range.

On Saturday morning, after breakfasting on my doctor allowed weekly allotment of two fried eggs and bacon, I e-mailed Daryl that I thought Sunday looked like a better day with lighter winds and the same temperature and cloud cover. Daryl agreed. Now I am not sure if he agreed about the weather or just had enough post storm yard work to do on Saturday that he was willing to wait a day. Saturday turned beautiful, the cloud cover lifted, the temperatures rose and the winds failed to develop. I was sure we had made a mistake.

When I got up on Sunday the temperature was in the low forties and while the sun was not up yet there appeared to some clearing in the sky. While at church the temperature seemed to drop and clouds increased, but we were committed. I called Daryl and we arranged to meet at 1:30 p.m.

We were worried that the dock might have been pulled out of the water and onto the ramp. How were we going to get a boat in the water with the ramp blocked? No problem. The dock was still in the lake, frozen in solid. Problem. The only open water was some fifty yards north of the dinghy dock and the ground in that area was too soft from recent melting for vehicles. Problem. I've done my share of winter sailing and was willing call it a day and go home. Daryl, who had never broken ice with a sailboat wanted to sail.

It was decided. After borrowing parts from various boats we were able to rig an FJ, attach it's trailer to Daryl's four wheel drive and back it down the gravel pathway towards the dinghy dock, until stopped by fear of not getting back up until the path dried or froze. Twenty feet short of the ice and fifty yards short of open water determination over took good sense. We lifted the Junior off the trailer and carried it the twenty feet to the ice. Because I had thought ahead and had worn my sailing boots I got to walk through slush ice holding boat off the shore and rocks while Daryl pulled on the painter from the dry shore. My time would come.

Fifty yards later we were at open water. We put up the sails, shoved off and with Daryl sounding the bottom with the centerboard we headed for the open water of the main lake. Only six or eight feet of brash ice stood in our way. A Junior hull is shaped remarkably like an icebreaker's hull; sharp entry to cut through the thin stuff, quickly changing to a bluff bottom to ride over the ice and crush through. I had discovered this in February 1965 on my first sail of my first boat, FJ US 928. Icebreakers have tons of weight to crush through the ice and we only had Daryl sitting the front of the boat complaining that his feet were getting wet in cold water leaking through the drain flap he had failed to close properly. He and the bilge water proved sufficient weight. My feet were dry in my boots.

After a wonderful light wind sail to the middle of the lake we headed back via our favorite stump. As we sailed along the pack ice the sounds of wind chimes reached us from where there were no wind chimes. It was the sound of ice bits broken off the edge of pack being blown back and tinkling against the pack and each other.

Then it was back through the six or eight feet of brash ice, over fifty yards of ice, and up twenty feet from the ice to the trailer. Then up the path and back into the dinghy park with the trailer and four-wheel drive. To this day Daryl swears it was up hill both ways over the fifty yards of ice; some theory about shifting winds overcoming water seeking its own level. With the first sail of 2008 under our belts we stored the sails and equipment and sat in the Adirondack chairs; got our story straight; solved all the world's, the club's and our own problems over a cup of hot chocolate while a Bald Eagle soared over the cove look for its next meal.

(Editor's note – The Editor would like to go on record to dispute the facts offered in this article. He really would. However, since he was witness to the facts as a participant, he must hereby testify that the facts are accurate as presented. That's our story and we're sticking to it.)



Hello and Good-byes

by Bob Mullen

The club has received word that Jon and Ann Murray will be leaving Manhattan in the near future. The Murray's joined the club in 1995 and, after Jon retires from KSU, will be heading east to Chestertown, Maryland. During the past 12 years, Ann sailed her Sunfish and served on the Board of Directors; Jon usually chose to socialize on shore sometimes wearing colorful mariner attire of yesteryear. Although Jon will be retired, Ann will still remain employed by KSU and teach via the internet from her home overlooking the Chester River, a tributary of Chesapeake Bay. Their new home includes a boat slip and a view of a college sailing club. We appreciate the Murray's loyal membership, and bid them fair winds in Maryland.

Last year a handful of new sailors snuck in unnoticed as the sailing season was drawing to a close. We are hoping to see more of them in 2008. A little info noted below will help with introductions:

John and Sheri Adams wondered into the club in early October and joined on the spot. They have a cruising powerboat that they have used on Tuttle Lake for a couple of years, and would now like to get involved with sailing. Their powerboat is large but John plans to buy just a small sailboat, probably a catamaran. John and Sheri met some of the BVYC members at the 2007 fall banquet.

Robert and Mimi Benedict came to the BVYC to buy a 24-foot Venture from K-State at the end of the 2006 season. They decided to set sail last May but their plans were delayed by the spring floods. They finally launched the boat at the end of summer, sailed several times and were one of the last crews to pull their boat from the lake in December. The Benedicts have 6 children and currently home school 2 daughters, Grace and Salome, so they were sometimes seen at the club on a school day using the "World as a Classroom."

Jim and Kathy Crespino watched sailors at BVYC from their home overlooking the club entrance but did not join until October. They met a few members on a windy October afternoon and their children, Jessica and Joey, reacquainted with the Martin kids that day. The Crespinos hope to learn how to sail their 16 foot Hobie Cat during this sailing season. Don't be surprised if you see the family sailing on a school day as Jessica and Joey are home schooled and may be in their outdoor classroom.

Jonathon and Mary Lynn Mahorney joined BVYC in October but their application was misfiled by the club, so they did not get to launch their 14-foot sailboat. Both came to Manhattan from Auburn, Alabama in July; Jonathon is an architect and Mary Lynn is a veterinarian at KSU. Jonathon raced in Chattanooga while a member of the Privateer Yacht Club. He also taught sailing at Southern Adventist University.



Robert, Mimi, and Benedict daughters stand next to their newly purchased Venture.



A reverse view: the Crespino home as seen from the BVYC gate.

Dam Sailors' Club Coffee Group

Most of the worldly problems were resolved at the January Dam Sailors' Club Coffee Group meeting, leaving time to discuss ice sailing and options for a BVYC clubhouse. However, those in attendance had great confidence that additional problems would resurface before the next 2nd Saturday, so have tentatively agreed to meet again on February 9 at Edesa's (406 Poyntz Ave.) to resolve any conflagrations (I'll bet you didn't think I could work that word into a newsletter, did you) and other globally significant issues. Keep watching your email for the reminders from the Supreme Operating Barnacle and plan to contribute your opinion to the fray.