



Konza Sailor

Official Newsletter of the Blue Valley Yacht Club

Founded 1963

Post Office Box 961, Manhattan, Kansas 66505

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

Volume 2009, Issue 4

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November 2009

Scenes from the Memorial Weekend Race



Racers jockey for position at the start.



Alley Cat on starboard tack.

STATE OF THE BLUE VALLEY YACHT CLUB

The 2009 sailing season at Blue Valley Yacht Club is almost over. As of this message, a few boats are still in the water. Many of us enjoyed excellent sailing conditions most of the season. The water was at an ideal level, approximately two feet above normal for much of the year.

We had a very successful time 'off the water' as well at the club. I want to thank all of the members who were able to participate in our Spring and Fall Work Days. We had several fun events during the year, including the Spring Launch, the sock burning, a boat christening, races, moonlight sailing, Henry's annual brunch, and the traditional Pig Roast. We honored the Mullens for their years of membership and service to the club by naming our entrance road in their honor. The Club also sponsored Sea Base and Sea Scouts, helping to develop young sailors. Details of many of the BVYC events can be read on the website newsletters.

Our club is in a good position, financially. We will be able to purchase a new generator next year which the current Board has already approved. Capital improvements this past year have included new decking and framework to the walkways and the purchase of a new Craftsman tractor for dingy launching and mowing. We usually carry a positive balance in our funds, which means we don't spend money unless we have it. Also the Board of Directors will not receive year-end bonuses!

It has been my honor to serve as your Commodore these past two years. I thank the board members who have served with me during that time. I have appreciated their cooperation and contributions to the club. A new Board was elected at our Annual Banquet and Meeting on November 6th. I know they will continue to run the club in an appropriate manner.

BVYC is a strong and healthy organization, growing by five new memberships this past year. With your continued support and enthusiasm, our club will prosper.

Ron Frey
BVYC Commodore



Watch your email...

Damsailors coffee will resume again this winter. Find out when and where. Don't miss this chance to continue fellowship in the club throughout the winter.

Board of Directors

Commodore	Ron Frey 785-537-8464
Vice Commodore	Wayne Martin 785-468-3541
Rear Commodore	Matt Loyd 785-313-1809
Treasurer	Maarten van Swaay 785-539-5439
Secretary	Daryl Strouts 785-776-2005
Racing Chairman	Jonathan Mahorney 785-320-6791
Social Chairperson	Jim Crespino 785-537-2541

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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

Of nights and knots and novices

My sailing experience would certainly put me in the novice category compared to most, if not all the members of the Blue Valley Yacht Club. However, I try to make up for it with enthusiasm and sailing frequently.

I've learned, contrary to popular opinion, practice DOESN'T make perfect. Practice, I'm told, makes permanent. Perfect practice makes perfect! Maybe that explains a lot about my sailing skills.

About seven years ago I talked my wife into letting me buy our first sailboat, a Flying Junior, which we trailer-sailed for a few years.

Like most sailors, I got caught in idea that bigger must be better and moved up to a 17' fixed-keel Stortriss MkI, joined BVYC and put the boat on a mooring. This also necessitated the purchase of a dingy. The FJ was donated to the Sea Scouts, keeping my growing fleet to a manageable two.

My wife starting to show some genuine interest in sailing and this spring we purchased a Catalina 22 wing keel. We justified the move up by saying that this boat was big enough for friends and family, and maybe an overnigher.

I quickly discovered that there was an exponential increase in the complexity of the rigging when moving from the Stortriss to the Catalina and only a marginal increase in my ability. With a season behind me now, I again feel confident enough to get into more than I can probably handle.

My wife and I did "camp" one night on the boat. Winds were very light, so we opted to leave it on the mooring in the harbor for the night.

We had a lovely evening, enjoyed a glass of wine, gazed at the stars and listened to the waves lapping against the hull. We awoke to a cool, fogging morning and a thumping on the hull.

Figuring it was the dinghy, I climbed out of the cabin to remedy the situation. It wasn't the dinghy, but it was the mooring ball. It was then that I realized the dinghy was nowhere in sight.

The evening before, I remember being uncertain about the dinghy's painter laced onto an aft cleat, so I tied it with a bowline to an aft stanchion. Now, both dinghy and painter were gone.

With no wind, we fired the outboard and set out across the lake in search of the dinghy. As the fog was lifting, by the grace of Neptune, we found the dinghy floating free, almost to the marina cove.

If you are going to be a sailor, you have to be able to tie a bowline knot. I use them on my mooring lines and various other places. Why the one on the painter failed that night I will never know. Maybe it was the wine. Maybe it was mischievous sea nymphs. Maybe it was Poseidon keeping me humble. Probably I need more practice. Perfect practice, that is.

As this is likely my last entry into the Konza Sailor, let me state that I've enjoyed doing these quarterly newsletter. I hope you have enjoyed reading them.

Just my thoughts

Board members elected

At the BVYC Annual Meeting, the following members were elected to the Board of Directors for 2010:

- Commodore, Jim Crespino
- Vice Commodore, Jeff Hancock
- Rear Commodore, Matt Loyd
- Treasurer, Jonathan Mahorney
- Secretary, Allison Loyd
- Social Director, Jane Mullen
- Race Director, Daryl Strouts



Welcome New Members

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| John & Elizabeth English | Wes & Deb Hamerly |
| Mark Moser | Marc & Andrea Rose |
| Richard & Laura Soash | Greg & Adrian Wurst |

Musings from the days of Spillway Cove

It was long ago indeed when the Yachtclub still had its home deep inside Spillway Cove. It took time and effort, first to reach the Yachtclub dock, via a very long set of stairs, and then to escape via an equally long float through a windless or fickle stretch of cove to reach sailable water on the lake. We took it all in stride, largely because there was no other choice. Sure: there was a marina North of the bridge, another half hour drive or so from Manhattan. That marina has long gone; it has filled with silt, then sand, from upstream. But at the time it still was good sailing North of the bridge. Well before we had become aware of such things as liability and cold water we organized a sailing camp there, with a bevy of Junior High friends of our children. It was Memorial Day weekend, and delivered plenty of memory: a thunderstorm on our camp, and a wannabe tornado on the shore opposite. We calmed the kids down with a round of hot chocolate; it worked, and they slept well the rest of the night, in borrowed army tents from ROTC.

Spillway Cove circa 1960's; BVYC archives



We did have a good time, and not only during the summer months. I don't recall all details, but many boats probably stayed in the water, with their masts up. That much I do know: every once in a while the boats had to come out for high water, and on the way up the hill they had to clear a power line. They did not always clear

There was little space for loafing or picnicking at the Club, but the North side of McIntyre Cove had a stretch of beach that was not always muddy, it was sheltered, and we rarely had competition from other people. That could be predicted: the only way to get there was by boat ... or by swimming across the cove. Christina and I would sail over; an ice chest is hard to tow for a swimmer. But our kids would swim, with our dog. Christina of course would insist on life jackets, and the kids would oblige ... by towing them on a line. Once in a while, boats on the lake would come to check, and would ask whether the dog could make it across.

Our dog could swim. There was a time when we had three boats, which we could drag to the lake in one trip with one car. Dog 'Snoet' would not miss it for a box of dog treats. But he did feel a sense of responsibility: he had to herd our kids. Hard to do when they scatter in three boats; Snoet would swim from one boat to another, rarely staying long enough to shake more than once. He did keep track of all of them.

Moonlight sails have a long tradition: we had them while the Club still had its base in Spillway Cove. For one of those events we had brought a guest, a cousin of one of our sons-in-law. He drew the minifish, and off we went, out of the cove and onto the lake, where we more or less each went our own way. But after a while we noted that the sail of the minifish would disappear every few minutes, and then reappear, only to vanish again soon after. It was as if the boat were corkscrewing across the lake. We all did make it back to port, of course. Only then did we hear the explanation: our guest had convinced himself that he should sit in the well of the minifish. It was a wet and unsteady choice.

At that time, the lake beckoned all year, ice or water. Our skating addiction came from Holland, as did the skates. Not only ours, but over time maybe as many as 30 additional pairs as well. Snoet would go on the ice, but somewhat disapprovingly: water is not for walking. Indeed: when he was maybe half-grown we took him out on the ice, from the West side, and skated to Carnahan, against the wind. No trouble there, into the wind Snoet could run as fast as we could skate. But not downwind: Snoet rode in my backpack, all 40 pounds or so. At that time my legs could still do that.

The next time Snoet went with us for a skating trip, he looked at the ice with disdain, and sought his enjoyment on land. Except for some minor details. I had left my shoes and skate protectors by one of the stumps on the West side, maybe 100 yards out on the ice. When we came back they were gone Snoet had decided that was no place for shoes, or anything else. They were neatly parked underneath our car, with my skate protectors.

There was the year when Ken Conrow suggested building an iceboat. A marvelous idea; it kept us busy for many weeks. The thing even made it onto the ice eventually, but then stood there and challenged us to move it. In hindsight we could have predicted that; iceboats are built with far more fancy stuff than the rough-cut chunks of half-inch steel plate we strapped on ours with pieces of ready-bolt. The ready-bolt pieces are still in my scrap pile, but the 'skates' went to Howie's, and the sticks of 2-by-4 found other uses. The rigging (of our FJ) survived, surprisingly.

We also announced plans one winter for a pea soup party on the Yachtclub dock in the Spillway Cove, at the bottom of that endless set of stairs. Lots of people were on the ice that afternoon, milling about and standing in clumps to chat and catch their breath, and maybe wondering about pea soup.

Those clumps of people could well put as much weight on the ice as a wheel of our VW bus. And that offered a way to avoid the stairs. As I drove the bus off the ramp and onto the ice the scene looked as if a flock of roosting birds had been chased up by a fox: all the skaters made for shore. We did unload the bus at the Yachtclub dock to dish out countless bowls of pea soup, the type that can be eaten with a fork. When the soup was gone, we loaded up the bus for the trip up the ramp, and home.

This year may have been our last one of contact with the Yacht Club. They have been gorgeous years, with ever-changing pleasures, and with the wonderful surprise of the Commodore's Award this Fall.

Thank you all!

Maarten and Christina van Swaay

More race photos . . .



Escape sails wing-on-wing.



Atta Buoy and *Alley Cat* race for the first mark.



Friends trims sails and heads for the second mark.

For Sail

BVYC CLOTHING -- New tee shirts have been received in all sizes. The cost is \$13.00. The older shirts will be sold for \$10.00 while quantities last. Hats are available for \$15.00.

Call Bob Mullen at 539-4759 for more information.

Charter in the Florida Keys

By Bob Mullen

I read with great interest Daryl Strouts' article in the July addition of *Konza Sailor*. The story about his first charter reminded me of my first charter more than 20 years ago.

In spring of 1989 we had decided to have our last family vacation. Our two college age daughters had serious boyfriends and our son was 16, a fun age. So, armed with a bareboat sailing certificate from Annapolis Sailing School I set out to arrange a charter in the Florida Keys. The plan was to sail a 32 foot Watkins out of Plantation Key. Jeff and I would drive to Florida while Jane, Terri and Jenifer followed by air.

Jeff and I met the girls at the airport and true to plan they were carrying small packs except for Jen who was totting a large BOOM BOX! I restrained my displeasure after being assured that Jen had brought soothing sailing music. After an interesting drive we arrived at Treasure Harbor to begin preparation for the cruise. While I was admiring the nice lines of the Watkins, Jane was eyeing roach droppings, mold and dirt. She was not happy! Moreover, no one could find the mosquito nets that had been promised. Now I was unhappy!

After two hours of loading the Watkins the manager evidently tired of some sour faces and upgraded us to a much newer and cleaner 33-foot boat. So, we off-loaded our supplies from the Watkins and on to *The Sharon Marie*. Some two hours later we were finished and ready to relax..... but this gave Jane time to get unraveled. She worried that the boat was too big, the cruising area was too unknown and the tidal window for entry and exit into the marina was too small.

So, I obtained a captain for one day... and Jane relaxed. The captain was great, showed us a lot and, at the end of the day, guided us to a yacht club where he would be picked up. But, then we had a big problem for it was total darkness when we arrived at the YC. Our charter contract required us to sail only in daylight (and also to avoid the glass bottom boat that worked the area around Pennybrook Marine Park).

We said goodbye to our captain and looked for a place to moor but within minutes the boat lurched to a stop and the motor died. I checked the situation with a diving mask, snorkel and bright underwater light and saw that we had wound a small mooring line attached to a Clorox bottle tightly around the propeller shaft. I could not untangle the mess but using our light we could make out another buoy within 100 feet. After several attempts I was able to swim to the other buoy, attach a line, return to my worried crew, cut the restraining line to the prop and pull the ship to the new mooring.

Daryl speaks of trepidation on his first cruise but his situation pales when compared to an alarmed crew in a strange boat stalled at night in strange waters and confronted with a strange situation. And in the midst of this nautical mayhem I learned that Terri was below deck using the VHF to call MAYDAY! MAYDAY! MAYDAY.

The next day we winched the mooring line from the boat's prop with great difficulty, breathed a sigh of relief and motored out a narrow waterway that cut through the mangroves. After just minutes we rounded a bend and saw it coming at us! The wide, glass bottom boat with a load of sightseers! The captain could see our fright and reduced speed while his crew ran forward to fend us off. We passed with an inch between boats.

So, we were just beginning our 2nd day of an eight-day family cruise and wondering what else could happen. Fortunately, things got better each day and we had a great experience. The mosquitoes were tolerable, the kids were good and we enjoyed Jen's music. Like Daryl, we arrived home with fond memories.