

B.L.Y.C. LOG

FEB _____ 1939

Hi There, Guys and Gals...

It's February! Six more weeks and green stuff will appear on the landscape... Spring will be here. We spent a few days in Washington along about the first of this month and trees were in leaf, the pussy

willows had reached the fuzzy stage and some shrubs were in full blossom.

WE WELCOME A NEW MEMBER, Dr John E. Hendricks, 279 W. Locust St., Newark, Ohio. Mighty glad to have you join the club Doc, come over and get acquainted with some of the characters who frequent our confines.

Speaking of new members....why not make an effort to bring that friend of yours into our club? We need a few new faces around B.L.Y.C. No where in the entire world will they get more for their money and you know it. One sort of gets tired looking at the worn out pussies of Mel Dressel, Gus Schell, Cliff Dum, Harold Miller, Lon Bickel, Jim Marks, Bob Bartling, Newt Davis, Ed Finneran, Ray Fisher, Bill Corne. Doc Harris, Bruce Crompton, et al... Let's get some NEW FACES in B.L.Y.C.

WE WELCOME A NEW STEWARD... Herb Marietta, his wife "Dee" and daughter "Jean", will take over the stewardship of the Buckeye Lake Yacht Club this month. They are tackling a real job as this work is of major importance to the success of our Club.

Joe and Gladys Coulter will work with the Mariettas for a week or two before leaving. Our best wishes are extended to Joe and Gladys in their new venture. They were with us for a long time and they did a good job for us.

"BOW" REINMUND and wife VALERIE have a baby! Don't some of the damdest things happen to our members? Her name is "Princess" and she is a cocker pup with a pedigree a mile long. Furthermore, "Bow" has a hearing aid now and some of you guys who have in the past invited him to have a drink, had better be careful..... he can hear you now!

DONALD LEE brought his new baby over to the Club the other day. This is a REAL BABY and his name is Donald, Jr. Can't say that he is a chip off the old block, he's too good lookin'. Not a month old...and he wants to sail.

Speaking of babies, (the largest crop in America), BUD WOOD has acquired a brand new son. Grandma, Grandpa and Aunt Mary Ann are all trekking to California to personally inspect the little stinker in the near future.

JUD ORTMAN is presently in the naval hospital at Cleveland undergoing an operation on his hand. We wish him a lot of luck.

CHARLES DAUGHERTY, long time member of B.L.Y.C. has retired. Not a dam thing to do but fish and play bridge (he's pretty good at both). We think that's swell, but, we are a bit concerned about Grace, what in the world will she do with that guy around the house all the time?

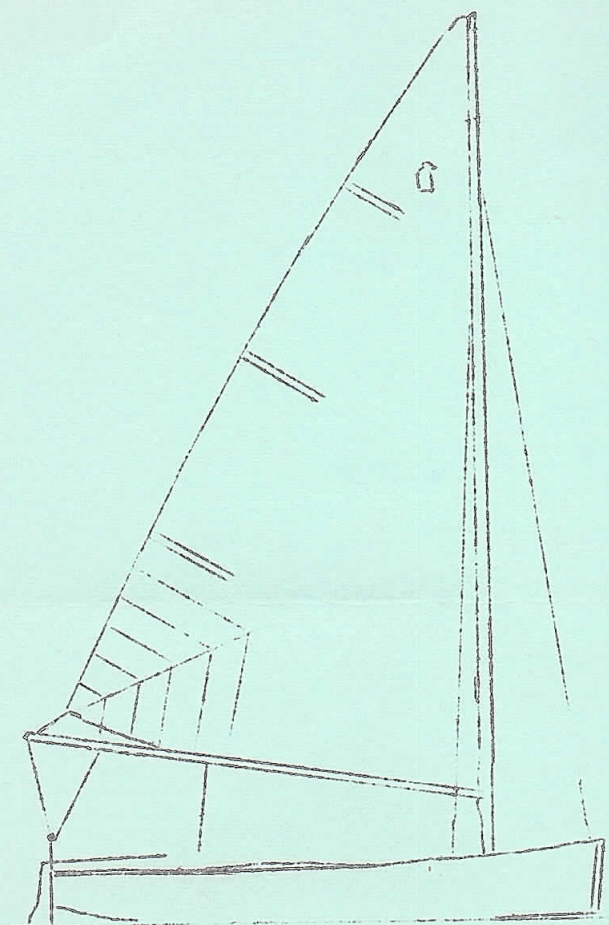
YOUNG BOB BARTLING is basking in the sun down Florida way. Old Bob Bartling loses so much money playing Gin Rummy that he can't afford to go. He just stays home and sits on his tuckus.

BRUCE CROMPTON comes up with a good idea. To build a ramp extending from the west wall into the lake for boat bottom cleaning, swimming, etc. The ramp could also be used for hauling the Penguin fleet if and when we get it started.

JIM McCUNE dropped in from Arizona the other day, he is looking for a cottage at Buckeye Lake for the summer months. Do you know of any available?

The gent who wakes up and finds himself a success, hasn't been asleep.





THE PENGUIN

There has been some discussion on the part of many B.L.Y.C. members during the past few seasons, on the advisability of sponsoring a dinghy fleet within our Club.

The purpose of this sponsorship is two fold.

1. To provide a fleet of sailing dinghys for use of the senior sailors during the pre and post seasons and during the winter months.
2. To use the same fleet of sailing dinghys by the junior sailors during the regular season.

The Buckeye Lake Yacht Club needs a fleet of this kind and we publish this sheet in the hope that such a fleet may be started.

Several dinghys are on the market and most of them are very good, but, it is our personal opinion that the PENGUIN fills the bill. Here are the reasons....

1. Low initial cost. The cost will vary but custom built boats are available from \$285 to \$390. Building kits are available at about one half that figure and if you want to build one, the cost is again reduced. (plans cost \$5).

2. Simple construction. Phil Rhodes designed this little boat back in 1938 with the basic idea of producing a real sail boat as simply and as cheaply as possible. The Penguin is 11½ feet overall, weighs about 150# and carries 72 sq ft of sail.

3. Sailing ability. The Penguin will really SAIL. It is active and quick as a cat. It performs reasonably well to windward and will reach and run with the best of them.

4. It is a CLASS BOAT. The Penguin Dinghy Class Association is active on both a national and international basis. Some 2500 boats are registered at the present time and they operate on a class basis with their separate fleets and regattas just the same as the Lightning Class. The dues payable to the national association are only \$2 per year. Their rules are very strict and they operate on a good basis.

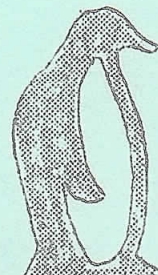
THE JUNIOR TRAINING PROJECT sponsored last year by our Club was a great success. Cliff Dum and his assistants did a swell job of it. This Penguin Class would fit into that program perfectly. The Juniors could sail these boats at opportune times during the season, hold regular races and follow a definite schedule. It is a wonderful opportunity to develop our boys and girls into racing skippers.

BUT, THERE IS ANOTHER ANGLE TOO... We know from actual experience that the Senior skippers would get a tremendous kick in sailing and racing these little boats in the early Spring, late Fall and during the winter. Back in 1940 the writer was a member of a yacht club in Staten Island, N.Y. We had 13 Penguins in that club and we raced them all through the winter. Most of the skippers owned large boats from 40' to 60' but we got a real bang in sailing these Penguins. We sailed and raced the things in slush ice and they were very competitive.

WHAT DO YOU SAY? We have talked to a few of the fellows about these Penguins recently. There is one at the club owned by Russ Luchtenberg. Charles Schulte will get one and Mel Dressel will go along. Fred Carlson (a new prospective member) wants to build one and several other members have expressed interest.

In order to get this thing going, we would like to hear from other members. We think that we can develop a class of 8 or 10 of these little boats without too much trouble. It is possible that we could obtain a sizable discount on the purchase price of these boats if a number are ordered.

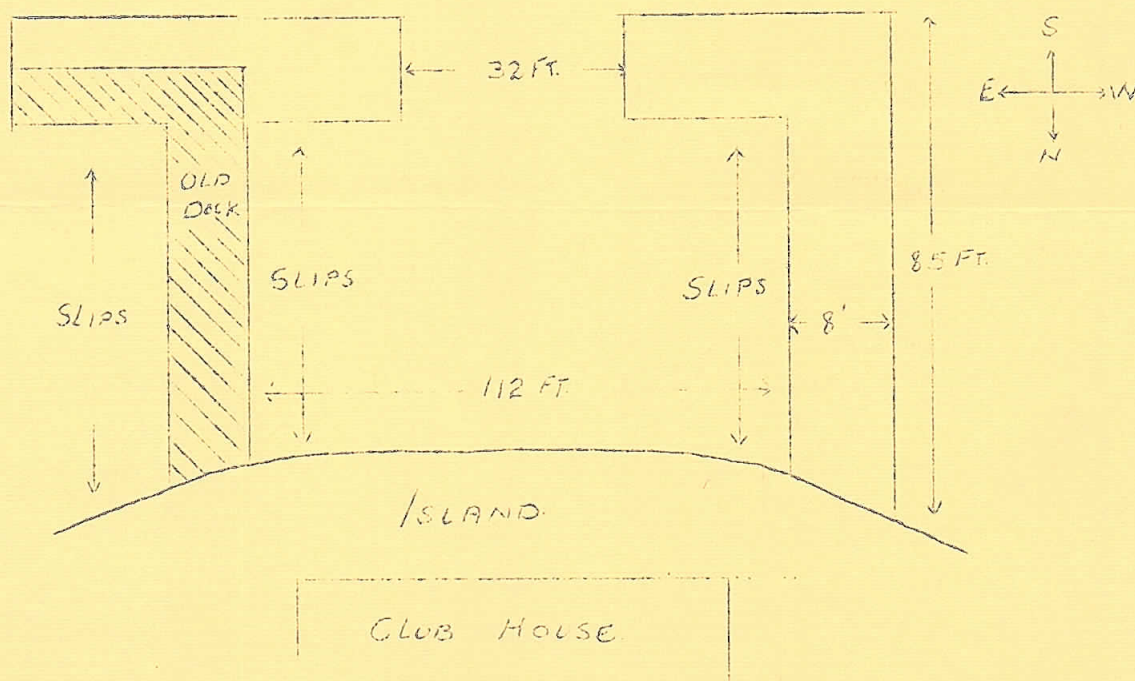
See, call or write Harry Nation, 527½ W. Broad St. MA 3723 or home KI 6756. Let's get going on this splendid project.



OUR NEW DOCK

Your Board of Governors and Trustees have approved the plans for a new semi-permanent dock to be installed by May 1, 1950. RAY FISHER, SR., Chairman of the Dock Committee has been working on this project for a long time and the final approved plans represent the thinking of a substantial number of members who were consulted on same.

The sketch below will give you a broad idea of the new dock. It is not drawn to scale.



You will note that the erection of this new dock, tied in with the old dock, will form a yacht basin in front of our club. It will provide additional mooring slips for 14 or more boats. The water on the 'inside' of the basin will be protected from the waves and wash in the lake proper.

The construction of the new dock will be semi-permanent in character. The below water construction will be permanent in nature. The top will be removable and will be built on a pre-fab basis. Not a nail or a screw will be used in the construction.

This new dock and yacht basin is a wonderful addition to our club. It will be built at considerable expense for your use and pleasure. It further confirms our oft repeated statement, 'The Buckeye Lake Yacht Club is the finest yacht club in the Mid West'.

B.L.Y.C. COAST GUARD....Did you know that our club is headquarters for Flotilla 2, Division 13 of the Coast Guard Auxiliary? That is a fact. There are about 24 members in this group at present and Gus Schell is Commander, Cliff Dum, Vice Commander and Howard Snyder, Secretary.

The prime purpose of the organization is the promotion of safety, seamanship, etc. Training meetings are in progress. If you are interested in joining this worthwhile group, contact any of the above officers.

LIGHTNING NEWS...The Ohio-Indiana Lightning District races will be held at the Toledo Yacht Club on August 5-6, 1950. There is some discussion on the advisability of increasing the races from 3 to a total of 5. If 5 races are run, it may be necessary to add another day to the regatta.

THE LIGHTNING INTERNATIONALS will be held at the Buffalo Canoe Club on September 11-12-13-14, 1950.

The INTERLAKE REGATTA has been set for August 14-15-16.

LIGHTNING FLEET, #43, (B.L.Y.C.) have approved a plan wherein the crews are entitled to vote. Seems to this befuddled reporter that the crews are in a pretty good position as they outnumber the owners two to one. We suggest that the crews make the first order of business a motion to pay said crews a substantial salary for their services. A little 'power politics', and the thing is in the bag.

ONE THING in favor of death over taxes...death doesn't get worse every time Congress meets.

Harry Nation.

Nation's News and Notes

Released By
HARRY A. NATION

MA. 3723

527½ W. Broad St.
COLUMBUS 8, OHIO

A SEA STORY

Once upon a time; away back yonder in 1916, there lived an ordinary young fellow in Ohio who had never seen the ocean. He read all the sea stories available in the public library. He read of the rolling seas, the howling winds and of the ships that sailed on the waters. He thought to himself, "This is for me" but, the oceans were far, far away. So.....

He started to save some money, a quarter here and a dollar there until he had accumulated the grand total of eighty five dollars. Then....

He boldly went down to the local ticket office and bought himself a one way 'Sittin' up' ticket to San Francisco. He arrived safely, found himself a room at \$2 per week and started out to look for a job. Unfortunately, there were no jobs as he had unwittingly landed on the West Coast in the midst of a bang-up depression.

The young fellow frequented the local beaneries, (a full meal for 25¢) but always found himself irresistably drawn to the water front with it's wonderful panorama of rusty ships from the Orient, the sponge and sardine fleets, the sounds of foreign tongues and the tang of salt water. So...

He got himself a job; dealing poker in the back room of a low down water front saloon. The pay was small but it was steady and a little surplus began to build up; a surplus destined to be the start of a bewildering adventure.

Down at the southern end of San Francisco Bay, moored to a rotting dock, lay the good schooner, "Archimedes". The faded name was carved on her broad transom and below it, the date, 1883. She was 56 feet overall and broad of beam; gaff headed with a 14 foot bowsprit. She was old, broken down, full of dry rot, beetles and rats. Her sails and gear were ancient and salt stained. Away down deep in her foul smelling hold was a hunk of iron that once had been a motor but would never run again. But...

She was a ship; a grand ship to this land locked neophyte and he, with two other non-thinking, would-be sailors bought the Archimedes for \$450. It was possibly the worst investment in the world....But...

The schooner was fitted out, stores of sorts were stashed aboard and, against the advice of everyone on the water front, the three kids sailed her out through the Golden Gate bound for God knows where. The Gods were with them too for they sailed down the coast to San Diego with nary a bit of trouble. They gained courage and decided to sail away down the Mexican coast to the uncharted waters of the Bay of Lower California. They got there too. The port shrouds busted during a morning blow and the mainsail was ripped in a dozen places but, they arrived.

The place was nature in the raw. The waters were jammed with fish. Big fish were eating the little fish and bigger fish were eating the big fish and they were actually so thick in the waters that they bumped into the ancient sides of the old Archimedes.

Then...they started back, and the winds came. The Archimedes went to windward like a bus. The wind howled and changed to a gale and things began to leave the boat. In fact, just about everything did leave the boat including masts, sails and rigging. She wallowed like a stricken whale making a wierd gurgling sound as her battered seams opened up and let the ocean in...Then...

Wham! She hit a reef about 20 miles off the Mexican Coast and the Archimedes beckoned to the Gods of her ancestors and settled down with a broken back. The three owners were perched topsides with their heads full of question marks and they were lucky too.

For...the broken hull started to settle and slide off the reef so the three sailors built a raft of sorts and, with the help of an inshore wind, reached the mainland.

They were 160 mile from nowhere and they walked that 160 miles, living on anything to the southern boundary of California. Everything was lost...but, was it? No; they gained a wonderful experience in self reliance and, memories are wonderful too.

Who were these three young fellows? You wouldn't know; two of them, but one of the original three was the fellow whose name appears on the top of this sheet and who presently edits the B.L.Y.C. LOG.