

The Dock Box

NOVEMBER, 2011

Vol. 22, No. 4



Gene Carswell COMMODORE'S CORNER

It's hard to believe that this is the last edition of the Dock Box this year and that we are quickly approaching the holiday season. All of the boats are out of the harbor and the leaves are quickly falling from the trees. Where has this year gone?

As I reflect on the past year, we have done a lot and it must have been fun as quickly as the time passed by. Of all of the things we have accomplished this year, one of the greatest victories is the foundation that we have set for next year and those to follow. We have been able to recruit a great group of people to lead our club next year and who will hopefully provide the foundation necessary to perpetuate our mission for many years to come. As many of you know, we have struggled the past several years to recruit and retain volunteers and I am very pleased that not only do we have a full slate for 2012 but we have a great group of people who have demonstrated their commitment to our club through volunteerism and active participation for many years.

A couple of other notable items that must be mentioned in highlighting 2011 were the road rally and Halloween party which were new events that were overwhelmingly successful. If you were not able to participate in these events this year, please make a point to do so next year as they were two of the most enjoyable events of

the year. In addition to the new events we also maintained the traditional events and most notably the Regatta which was also a huge success. This is the first year in a very long time that I can remember weather coming into play; however, despite the challenges and concern presented by Mother Nature, the turnout was good and the event is certain to be memorable.

Lastly, I must recognize the hard work of your 2011 Bridge and Board. Not only was it a privilege to work closely with this great group of people but they made my job very enjoyable. I must point out the tireless effort and dedication required by this group to coordinate and execute the many events that we enjoyed this year and through it all there was a consistently positive spirit driven by the gratification received from serving our membership and this great community. Not only did this group make my job very enjoyable but we learned a lot about one another through our service that otherwise we would likely not have. For this reason, I must encourage everyone to volunteer and become involved in some way so that you too can enjoy the benefits of contributing to a great cause and interacting with others that share the same love for our club and community.

— Gene Carswell

2012 BRIDGE ELECTED

At our Annual General Membership Meeting on November 4th the new 2012 bridge and board was elected. Thanks to all who served on the 2011 Bridge and board.

Similar to last year Sandy MacKenzie made her World Famous spinach pie. It was so good there were no leftovers. The meeting was held at the Kerby field house due to the flood repairs underway at the Boat house. Repairs are due to be completed sometime in January.

2012 Bridge and Board

Commodore – Cyndee Harrison

Vice Commodore – Ken MacKenzie

Rear Commodore – Mark Jasin

Treasurer – Sandy MacKenzie

Secretary – Ridene Soltesz

Membership - Jim Babiarez

Board Members – Peter Toenjes P/C

Board Members – Gene Carswell P/C

Board Members – Bob Malicki



2012 Bridge: Cyndee Harrison (Commodore), Ken MacKenzie (Vice Commodore), Mark Jasin (Rear Commodore). Notice how the only female got the right side of the flag showing. Left, Sandy MacKenzie's World Famous Spinach Pie.

HALLOWEEN PARTY 2011

What a spooktacular evening it was! Screams could be heard as guests arrived and were guided to the haunted trail. Once inside you were treated to the most amazing Halloween experience... Animated creatures lurked everywhere. The four car garage was filled to the rafters, literally, with bats, and scary monsters that jumped out at you. The walls were decorated a dungeon there was a mutated hillbilly family sitting on their scary porch. Every nook and cranny had something to look at. You could go through the place 5 times and still not see everything. There was a DJ that played awesome music and the food was outstanding. If we do this next year, do not miss it. The costumes were fabulous and prizes were awarded for 1st, 2nd and 3rd place: In order, Sean & Kate Dennis, Phil & Charlotte Adamaszek and Jim & Colleen Hollerbach. Look on Facebook for more pictures.



Clockwise from top: Amy Andrews, Lisa and Mary Brieden. Amy Andrews, Glen Williams and Mark Jasin. Colleen Hollebach, Kate Dennis and Beth Carswell. Charlotte and Phil Adamaszek. Sue Jasin and Kate Dennis. Amy Andrews. Bob Hynes, Mark Jasin and Amy Andrews. Gene and Beth Carswell.



LOBSTER ROAST

WOW and **W**INDY would describe this years Lobster Fest. We got down there to set up and it was **SUNNY & WARM!** That didn't last long...

Mother Nature turned the wind switch on right at the beach. Nobody let that spoil their fun and they gobbled up 75 lobsters, 15 lbs. of shrimp, 10 lbs. of mussels and lots of other goodies. The 2 fire pits on the beach kept us warm until the park said it was time to go.

We'd like to thank all the many helpers especially Sue & Mark Jasin who put this event on with us and the Hollerbachs, Briedens and Berschbacks who helped from the beginning to the end.

Cyndee and Chris Harrison sharing an Mmm-Mmm moment.



Upper left, Tom and Sherry Sklenar. Lower Left, Sandy and Ken MacKenzie. Above, Sean and Kate Dennis.

2011 EVENT CALENDAR

- **Feather bowling**, our next event, takes place at the famed Cadieux Café, sometime in early 2012. Stay tuned for date and time.
- **Breakfast with Santa** is scheduled for Saturday December 10th by the city. Check with Pier Park for any updates to time and location since the Boat House is being repaired.



FAN PAGE!

Become a Fan of the GPF Boat Club on Facebook! Upload/share photos/videos of family and friends at our events. Share thoughts about current activities and ideas for new ones.



Reuters photo

WILD CAT SAIL

By Peter Toenjes

My friend Joe and I were looking forward to a weekend of no commitments. A weekend of, "Do whatever the hell we wanted to do." You see, Joe has a comfortable home in Canada on the bluffs of Lake Huron. It's about one hour north of Windsor in the City of St. Joseph, not far past the Pinery Provincial Park. Joe has enough guy toys to keep the most accomplished men occupied for a long time. Some of which include an Argo eight wheeled amphibious vehicle, a powered parachute, sail boats and wave runners. It's the guy's equivalent of the Garden-of-Eden.

Just crossing the Windsor/Port Huron border into Canada in a new Dodge Stealth sport car, supplied with necessities from Duty Free, we zipped down Ontario 402. Adhering to the speed limit of one hundred we would soon be there. Was it one hundred miles an hour or kilometers an hour, I forget. I guess the OPP will let us know.

The weather was cloudy and very windy. The US Dept. of Commerce's National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) posted a small craft advisory for Lake Huron right at St. Joseph. Why is NOAA under the Dept. of Commerce? As far as I know Mother Nature does not carry a purse. Anyway, perfect weather for an exciting ride on Joe's 22 foot Catamaran named "Guts and Glory." In this wind the Cat will need some ballast, affectionately known as rail meat, to keep from flipping. That is...ballast in the form of another human. Whoever that's going to be is yet to be determined.

Knowing our need for another body we pulled into the summer resort town of Grand Bend. We asked around for sailing volunteers but no takers. They always responded with crazed look of disbelief at the danger involved.

Disappointed at our failure to acquire a involuntary manslaughter victim, we got back in the Stealth and proceeded to travel down the highway toward our meeting with Mother Nature. She can be a fickle lady with unpredictable tendencies. Just out of Grand Bend we spotted a dude hitch hiking. He was traveling south and we were going north. Still looking for rail meat we turned around and picked him up. We asked him his name and where he was headed. He replied, "Sam, home to Sarnia." We told him to hop in. He jumped in and we introduced ourselves while handing him some duty free. Merging back onto the highway we immediately did a U-turn North. Sam asked, "Where are we going?" We informed him that we were going sailing and he was coming with us.

He didn't seem to balk at the shotgun invitation as he sat back and didn't say a thing. Joe looked back at Sam and said, "Don't worry, you'll have fun." We asked him if he had ever been sailing. "No", he said. We chit-chatted a little more and asked why he was thumbing for a ride and he told us he was just coming home from a hitch hiking trip around the world. Joe and I looked at each other and just knew what each other were thinking, "He was so close." He told us he had been to France, China, and Russia.

Entering Joe's gravel driveway, the Stealth's rear-end drifted

a little sideways. Joe exclaimed, "Damn, I know I shouldn't have left that metal post there." It was nothing Joe's insurance company was unfamiliar with. Joe had lost accident free discounts long ago so the rear quarter panel repair was coming out of his pocket. Once we arrived at the house we piled out of the car and started gathering important survival gear needed for our adventure on the high seas. At the house we picked up three life jackets, a cooler full of ice and beer and we were ready to go.

The wind was not letting up and still blowing hard. We traveled by Argo now from the bluff down the hard packed gravel road to the beach. Taking a tight 180 turn at the bottom of the road our new found passenger didn't hold on and flipped ass over apple cart backwards onto the sand. We hadn't noticed our ejected friend 20 paces back until we stopped at the Catamaran and got out. It was getting cooler and wind breakers would be required if we were to last for any length of time out there. We already planned on two jackets for Joe and myself but we would have to improvise for Sam. A large black plastic garbage bag, three holes and some duct tape and Sam was wearing a poor man's navy seal suit. He looked like a bloated body ready to be dumped at sea by two mafia goons.

On the beach the three of us turned the large cat into the wind. Raising sails is impossible if the bow's not pointed windward. Pulling hard on the main halyard the main sail raised and the topping ring engaged locking the sail into position. The head sail would be unfurled when we got out on the water. I secured the provisions and looked toward Joe. Joe said, "Pete, are you ready to do this?" I replied with a shi!-eatin'-grin, "Let's go!"

With the main sheet loosened all the way, we grabbed the Cat and turned it toward the lake's edge. We all pulled it hard to the beaches edge and then through the pounding beach surf. The boat immediately took off like a rocket under the heavy winds. Sam and I were onboard while Joe had a death grip on the back port bench seat being dragged. I grabbed his arm and help on board. With all on board now Joe pulled the main sheet in. The wind was raging north-east pushing hard on the sail. "Everybody on the high side," Joe yelled. We all scrambled starboard trying to keep our balance in the rolling waves. Out about 200 yards we dropped the dagger boards and locked the rudders down. The head sail was unfurled and all was set for the wildest ride of our lives. The boat was cooking along at God-know-what speed. It was fast, even for a Cat. The heavy gusts would raise our port pontoon right out of the water. Joe had to be on his guard and at full attention to control the heel of the boat. We hooked Sam up to the diaper and told him to stand up and hike out on the bench seat as far as he could go. Spread your legs to steady yourself on the bench edge we told him. We were sailing very fast now balancing on just one pontoon and steering up and down through the large storm swells. The shoreline was nowhere in sight now. I wondered what Sam was thinking as he stared down at the rushing water passing beneath him. The boat started singing when we

reached its natural harmonic frequency. It's a beautiful eerie sound only made above very fast speeds. It's like an old cheesy ghost sound, but a single tone. Not too many people can claim to have heard that sound.

All of a sudden, instead of riding up the next wave, our starboard port hull dove straight into it. The cat shuddered hard and came to a complete stop. Joe and I were seated and hanging on tight but Sam lost his balance from his hiked out position on the edge of the boat. Still bound in his diaper attached to the top of the mast, he was now flying clockwise in a large arc around the front of the boat. It was all happening in slow motion: Sam's wide eyed look of horror burning in our minds; the Doppler effect of Sam's tornado-warning howl, and seeing Sam pluck the starboard mast shrouds hard with his body as he came back to the boat. We cringed and asked, "Dude! Are you alright?" He stuttered, "I'm ok." We were all shaken up a bit from that hard deceleration and were taking physical and mental inventory.

The cat was bobbing out of control now with the main still pulled in tight. Weight was not where it was suppose to be, and a strong gust pushed the cat over on its side.

We all fell in the water. Luckily Joe had a working order bobber at the top of the mast to keep the cat from turtling completely upside down. Joe and I swam to the floating pontoon and climbed on. Sam was sitting on the half submerged sail. Joe yelled at him, "Get off the sail or you'll turn us completely upside down! Come over here and help right the boat!" We all stood on the inside of the floating pontoon and grabbed high for the line hanging from the skyward one. We all then leaned back hard and slowly the mast started to rise from the water. Finally both pontoons were floating but we forgot to let loose the main sheet and the main sail caught a heavy gust and over we went on the other side. After we corrected our mistake we again got the cat upright but this time it stayed that way. Lying on the trampoline we were all exhausted. No time to rest though less the cat be battered to bits by the weather.

Turning around back to shore, we traveled again at break neck speeds crashing up and down on the large swells. I yelled over the whistling wind to Sam, "Get us some beers!" By his uncontrolled shaking as he crawled along the trampoline he clearly looked a little unhinged. Sam eventually struggled two Labatt beers from the soft side cooler for Joe and me. Falling down at least three times during the delivery process our bartender was not doing well. The beers were crushed and half empty by the time they made it to us. Good help is so hard to find.

A particularly nasty blow decided to dislodge the bobber from the top of the mast like you'd pop the top off a dandelion. It landed about 100 feet from the cat downwind. I leaped from the stern and yelled in mid air, "I'll get it. See you on shore!" Bobbing like a cork I watch the Cat sail away



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OUR CONDOLENCES

We were very saddened to hear long time Boat Club member George Gerow passed away Friday, September 23, 2011. He was 89. Below is a reprint of his obituary from the Grosse Pointe News.

George was the beloved husband of Natalie Ann Gerow; father of Daniel, David and Jeffrey Gerow; father-in-law of Paula Gerow and grandfather of Jennifer Gilkerson and Katherine and Daniel Gerow.

He graduated from Grosse Pointe High School and served in the U.S. Navy as an aviator during World War II. He married Natalie Ann in 1951, sold insurance and owned The Leonard-Gerow Agency, Inc.

George was an active member of the Grosse Pointe Badminton Club, Bayview Yacht Club, Grosse Pointe Power Squadron and the Grosse Pointe Farms Boat Club. He also delivered meals for Meals On Wheels.

George enjoyed sailing and raced in many Mackinac races, winning his class three times. He was a member of Bayview Yacht Club's Old Goat Society.

He will be deeply missed.



George Gerow

Come out and play!
Bring your friends and neighbors to join in our great schedule of events!
Call Peter Toenjes, (313) 885-9190 for more information!



Come aboard for family, friends & fun!

2011 BRIDGE

COMMODORE
Gene Carswell

VICE-COMMODORE
Cyndee Harrison

REAR-COMMODORE
Ken MacKenzie

TREASURER
Sandy MacKenzie

SECRETARY
Ridene Soltesz

BOARD MEMBERS
Peter Toenjes P/C
Tanya Bartoszewicz P/C
Greg Nehra
Brenda Brieden

MEMBERSHIP
Peter Toenjes
(313) 885-9190



WELCOME ABOARD!

Please welcome our most recent new members:

Brian and Kim Peck
Larry and Tara Cholody
Craig & Susan Burnette/Crowley
Charlotte & Phil Adamaszek
Brian & Stephanie Schantz

We look forward to seeing you at our next event!

WILD CAT SAIL: *Continued from page 5*

but never thought of the danger I had just put myself in. Maybe I put too much trust in my life jacket and my ability to swim. I could see the bobber and just barely the shoreline. I caught up to the bobber and used its buoyancy to aid in my travel back to land. I was getting really tired now but felt confident I would make it. I finished my swim to shore ended up well down the beach south of our original launch site. I started the walk back with bobber in hand.

As I approached the launch site I could see the cat coming in hot. It was heading straight for the shore line. I could see it ground itself and from its momentum travel almost to the base of the bluff on the sand. I later learned from Joe that they almost ran over a man walking his dog as the boat landed. Poor guy had to actually run out of harms way to avoid being hit by the boat. As I approached Joe and Sam and the beached Hobie I was greeted with a sigh of relief that I was still alive. Their worry seemed silly to me as I hadn't really felt I was in danger.

With the boat put away with only minor damages, we headed back up to relax in the hot tub. Joe had the forethought to turn it on before we left. Thank god! Our skin tingled all over and burned at the same time. Finally our bodies acclimated and we started to relax and review our sailing adventure. It was getting late and we ate dinner then crashed hard. Joe was a little uneasy about not knowing Sam and suggested I hide my wallet under my pillow. I did.

The next morning we hauled our aching bodies out of bed. I whipped up eggs and bacon for everybody and we gobbled them down. After a short while we got in the Stealth and drove to Grand Bend to drop Sam off. We said our goodbyes and wished him well. We couldn't help think if our little high seas adventure was the most exciting part of Sam's world tour. We hope it was.