



the Binnacle

Newsletter of the Lake Champlain Yacht Club, Inc.

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Crew of the Lisa J at Charleston Race Week.

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Commodore's Corner

By John Stetson, Commodore

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I guess these are the dog days of summer! It certainly is hot and humid, and we seem to be constantly on the lookout for passing storms! Then along comes a spectacular Wednesday night race and we realize, once again, how quickly things can change and how lucky we are. LCYC is a very special place!

LCYC has been hopping! The event calendar has been loaded with the usual racing on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and each of the Friday night speaker series events have been outstanding! We have had opportunities to hear about the role that Lake Champlain played in the American Revolution and the impact of plastics on the lake. We have also learned from the Cruisers about anchoring techniques and specifics on our lake.

The Ladies Cup was first presented to LCYC by “the Ladies of Burlington” in 1887 or 1888. The race bearing that name has been raced ever since, 72 consecutive times since 1955. As beautiful as the Cup is, it is really the excitement of sailing in the oldest race on the Lake that draws large numbers of participants. This year, 30 boats competed, with overall honors going to Kjell Dahlen, sailing Odinn. The awards ceremony, immediately following the scoring, was well attended by racers and other members. The food was great and spirits were running high!

I continue to enjoy watching the Jr Sailors rigging their boats, heading out and then returning at the end of the day. It is hard not to feel some of the enthusiasm that the young sailors feel! Many of them come to us each week with little or no experience and leave with the ability to captain their own vessel back to the club! The registrations this year exceeded last year by about 30 camper days. Our instructors rose to the challenge and continued to offer a premier learning environment. We had 7 instructors this season, with 5 having a US Sailing Level 1 certification. We will continue to push for certification of all of our instructors.

To emphasize what is said by others, the Stewards and volunteers are doing a great job of maintaining our precious clubhouse! Clearly, everyone has stepped up the effort and it shows! Many thanks to all those who are pitching in.

How about that new flagpole! The old pole was ready for replacement when the stewards intended to replace a broken halyard. Let's just say that the pole came down quicker than anticipated and reuse was no longer an option due to overwhelming rust. Buying a new pole was briefly considered, but at a price. Any wise person would, of course, consult Bob Schumacher before proceeding. As luck would have it, he had salvaged the “gin pole” once used to step masts. After some alterations and reusing some other left over aluminum tubing and miscellaneous parts, he has built a magnificent new flagpole! Thank you, Bob!

Speaking of behind the scenes efforts, Jay Heaslip has completed the upgrade to the platform that our website uses and is now modifying the website to enable greater direct input by members. The intent is to allow and encourage members to update their own information, including boat details, committee selection, etc. The end result will be more accurate and timely details for the Log. Great job, Jay!

The social events continue to be big draws, including Family Day, the Annual Boat Tour, the Commodores' potluck, the Wednesday night dinners and the Cruiser pot lucks. Each of these has been successful because of the volunteers who made it happen. What would the club look like without these wonderful opportunities to gather with the other members? Most likely, it would look and feel like a marina! Thankfully, we are much more than that!

It takes many volunteers to make the Club operate. Identify the area where you feel that your skills or expertise can be used the best and reach out to the Chair of that effort. Let them know that you want to be involved. There are many opportunities, and it is a great way to meet other members!

As we can see the days getting shorter, we can also find time to think about what could have been better. I, and all of my fellow BOG members, would love to hear from you with your thoughts. It is a wonderful place, but there is always room for improvement.

Excellent Adventures for Team Lisa J. at Charleston Race Week



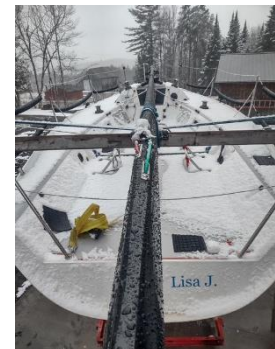
Crew of the Lisa J. racing at Charleston Race Week.

Introduction: This article was submitted for our June Binnacle, but slipped through the cracks of our Binnacle production process. We apologize for the delay, but the story and its write up are worth the wait!

When I bought the boat, a fixer-upper Farr 30 now called Lisa J., it came on a pretty substantial trailer. So, this spring, we thought we'd try that out.

After a winter of some great work on the boat led by Anderson Leveille and Mike Finch, we hit the road to Charleston, South Carolina in early April for their famous race week and the ORC Sportboat North Americans.

I had never been to Charleston before. What a great place and an outstanding sailing venue. From snowy Vermont, we escaped to low 80's temps, and a reliable, but stiff, sea breeze that came in like clockwork at noon. Charleston is a great venue and they put on an awesome race week. With about 15 different classes spread over 5 courses, the logistics were amazing. All headquartered on the WWII era aircraft carrier Yorktown in Charleston Harbor.



There were over two hundred boats racing in classes ranging from J70s to forty-foot PHRF boats.

We had 18 boats split into two classes in our ORC NA's. Lots of very fast, brand new Melges 32's and Cape 31's, and then a lot of pacy jalopies like Lisa J. Older boats optimized for ORC and given a new racing life. It blew hard. Which was fun but kind of crazy. We sailed a distance race around the harbor on day-one, followed by three days of windward-leeward course racing with a leeward gate, for a total of eight races. Lots of sailing! And with the big breeze lots of crashes by almost everyone.

I would describe Charleston as a tricky place to sail. Two rivers join at the base of the large harbor, with up to three knots current when the tide is in full ebb. Lots of shoals and places to hit. So, the beats – generally against the tide – tended to be short in distance but long in time. Downwind going with the current we flew. As soon as the kite was up you had to start planning the take down or you will sail by the leeward gate. The racing in our class was very competitive with a premium on staying upright for a full race. Suffice it to say, we didn't always do that. But we learned a lot about sailing our boat in the breeze. And we had an awesome time doing it.



We were lucky to have basically our full Vermont crew down there: Todd Wulfson, Nate Hanson, Mary Brust, and Jamie Carroll, along with Mike Finch and Anderson Leveille. We left Charleston for home with a week of amazing sailing under our belts, a ton of laughs and fun, and definitely some lessons about racing the Farr in big breeze that we hopefully will be required to use on Lake Champlain this summer! Many, many thanks to our crew for taking the time and making the effort to attend the away games!



Finally, a special shout out is needed for James, Pamela, Stephen, and Shona Unsworth, who hosted us at a much-appreciated barbecue at their Charleston beach house one evening. After a day of sailing in white knuckle conditions, not much tastes better than a cheeseburger hot off the barbie. Thank you, thank you Unsworths for your hospitality!

The bottom-line is it was a great adventure to pull it all together to attend this world class race event. What a blast to shorten winter a bit, and hit the trail for a week of sailing with good friends. Thanks again to our team, and their loved ones, who made it happen.

Tris Coffin.

New Member Profile-George Lautenschlager



I grew up in Northern New Jersey and spent summers at our family home on the Jersey Shore. I started sailing at age 12 on a Sunfish purchased by my parents, and later moved up to a Hobie Cat 16 at age 17. After graduating from college in Vermont in 1981, I spent several years working at Smugglers' Notch Resort. I then transitioned into using my chemistry degree, working for ERT Environmental Engineering, Cyprus Industrial Minerals, and ultimately Wyeth Nutritionals. I took early retirement in 2017 after 27 years with Wyeth, PBM, and Perrigo Nutritionals. After a year of retirement, I returned to work as a chemist for Eurofins Environmental for seven years, retiring for a second time when the facility closed.

My involvement with LCYC began in 2008, when my college friend, Charlie Van Winkle, invited me to crew on Red Head for the Wednesday and Saturday sailboat races. In 2016, Charlie and I transitioned to crewing on Jeff Bourdeau's boat, Spearmint, for the same Wednesday and Saturday race series.

Additionally, my son, Derek Lautenschlager, purchased a Tartan 10 named CHILL in 2022 and became a member of LCYC.

Summer Celebrations and Autumn Outlook

Chris & Jenny Leopold, & Christina Lamb Sidell, Co-Chairs



Our July events Social events were smash hits with our membership. The *Olde Fashioned Burger Burn*, on Wednesday, July 8th hosted by Betsey and Don Dempsey and a team of dedicated LCYC volunteers served grilled food and all the fixings to more than 183 members and guests on a beautiful summer evening. Kudos to this terrific team!

Our annual *Boat Tour* on Friday, July 17th was a huge success with a high turnout of members enjoying a diverse selection of the Club's new and classic sail and powerboats on the docks. Many thanks to Jean Seivert for recruiting and managing the boats in the Tour and Robin Jeffers for the onshore snacks and refreshments. After touring the boats, many members stayed at the Club to enjoy a fresh homemade pizza dinner from Farmer's Market. Two wonderful events on beautiful July evenings at LCYC!

The weather was absolutely no deterrent to kids of all ages having a great time at LCYC's annual Family Day on July 19th. This year the McDonald Family took over the planning from Christina Lamb Sidell and made it a family day to remember! Norah, Cory and Marisa's amazing daughter, took the lead and ran with making family day even more spectacular. The McDonalds added Tye-dye tee shirts and fun lawn games with awards. They had iron-on LCYC Burgee's for the tee shirts and along with the traditional ice cream sundaes, Big Blue Trunk, bounce house obstacle course, face painter, popcorn, cotton candy, and make your own boats. The best part was seeing so many LCYC families and



grandparents with grandchildren at the club with multiple generations having a blast.

Despite a few rain showers, kids shouted out with glee in the Bouncy House or riding the Twirly Whirly Ride with the Big Blue Trunk. Faces of all sizes exhibited elegant designs and brilliant colors from our resident face painter. It was a special and fun time for everyone...parents, grandparents, and lots of kids! Special Thank you to Marissa and Norah McDonald!



For those adults that were disappointed that there were no adult size tee shirts next year there will be, along with MORE iron-ons. We are all very excited for 2027 and can't wait to see what Norah comes up with next.

We closed out July with the Commodore and Past Commodores hosting the annual *Commodores' Potluck Dinner* on Friday, July 31st. Our leaders provided food hot off the grills complimented by homemade potluck salads, sides, desserts and a visit by the Scoop Ice Cream Truck.

On the first day of August, we celebrated the 133rd running of the Ladies Cup with the post-race reception and awards hosted by Marie and Michael Kerbaugh and their team of volunteers. Thank you!



Our August Wednesday Night was a return engagement for Taco Night, LCYC's version of Mexican style street tacos prepared by our member chef and event host, John Kwiatkowski. John, who owns Northern Culinary Brands out of Plattsburgh, NY, took a night off from his Etchells to prepare all the Taco fixings. Special thanks to John and the team of volunteers for this great evening!

What's ahead for the remainder of the season?

- August 21 Annual Corn Roast
- September 9 Oktoberfest

- September 12 Macdonough Breakfast
- October 3 Fall Cocktail Party

Our Social events are 100% dependent upon members volunteering their time. Please don't stand on the dock! Join the crew and help us bring these events across the finish line! Many Hands Make Light Work! Volunteer and become a member of our team! To volunteer for an LCYC event please go to <https://www.signupgenius.com/tabs/33776D902A7CBE8C71-lcycevents#/>

Docks

Tom Lynch, Docks Chair

Overall, our second season with the new docks has been going very smoothly. Things are going so well because of all the awesome members who give their time in support of the docks—and so many other parts of LCYC.

Thanks to Ted Marcy for placing the ladders, and to Dan Donegan for connecting the water and electric, then returning to fix a minor leak that developed in the water system. Thanks also to Bob Schumacher for everything he does to keep an eye on the docks for all of us, and to Chris Leopold for managing the dinghy assignments. A shout-out as well to the stewards who have been helping keep the pedestals clean. Speaking of pedestals, if you're a member of the docks committee looking to fulfill some of your required volunteer hours, giving the pedestals a good cleaning is one task that always needs attention.

The rebuilt Junior Sailing docks seem to be holding up well, with no complaints from the junior sailing crew. As for the remainder of the Junior Sailing dock, the dock team will continue evaluating its condition after the docks are removed this fall to determine what work, if any, will be needed before next spring.

You may have noticed that the north and south tee docks are not perfectly level where they join together. These are the same dock sections we repaired over the winter. Structure Marine has been made aware of the issue, and a solution has been developed. We are currently coordinating schedules to have them back onsite to make the necessary adjustments, and we hope to have everything back to normal shortly.

A few reminders on the safe use of our docks:

- **Swimming:** *under no circumstances* should anyone swim off the main docks - this includes swimming from boats that are tied up to the main docks. The main dock ladders are only installed for your safety in the event someone falls in. For your safety, please enjoy swimming off the end of the Junior Sailing dock.
- **Hot Decking:** the new docks composite decking gets quite warm when the mid-summer sun hits. Please take caution when going barefoot on the docks.
- **Overnight Docking:** Note that member boats should not be left unattended on the main docks overnight. Staying with your boat overnight on the dock is fine.
- **Hoses:** Please ensure the hose valves are turned off at the pedestal spigot after use. We have high water pressure on the docks and when combined with heat from the sun, can cause the hoses to burst.

From the Grounds Committee

Matt Fisher, Grounds Chair

Midsummer finds the club in full swing with lots going on. We are truly lucky to have such a vibrant club in such a beautiful spot. I'm sure you have noticed the new plantings in the flower bed in front of the club. Thanks to much hard work by Vivianne Farmer we now have color all summer long. The plan is to tackle the other side next season. The new (as of this spring) dinghy storage area is working well. We are planning some minor modifications to improve access but other than that it has been well received by our dinghy sailors.

I am happy to report that after much hard work by John Bakewell, the dreaded poison ivy is virtually eliminated from the bank. We are planning a long-range restoration which will get rid of invasive species, add plantings to beautify and protect the bank from erosion as well as improve the viewscape.

Those of you who have dropped trash in the bins in the trash enclosure have noticed the occasional mess there. Racoons are feasting on our trash and they are not neat creatures. Please make sure if you drop a bag in there that the lid gets closed. We are planning to get new bins with "locking" lids. Many thanks to Pete Heissebuttlet for repeatedly policing the area. Lastly you may have noticed that the asphalt drive has fewer overhanging limbs. A major trimming was done with more to follow.

Cheers

Keeping Our Clubhouse Gleaming: A Year of Teamwork and Pride

Ben Durant – House Chair

It has now been a full year since we lost our custodian, who cared for our clubhouse with dedication for more than a decade. His work touched every corner of the building, and his presence was woven into the daily rhythm of the club. When someone like that is no longer with us, the absence is felt immediately. It becomes clear how much quiet, behind-the-scenes effort is required to keep a busy clubhouse running smoothly. In moments like this, a community either steps back or steps forward.

I am proud to say that ours stepped forward. From the very beginning, our stewards accepted the challenge with maturity and responsibility. These young men and women took on the daily cleaning tasks that keep the clubhouse welcoming for members and guests. This was above and beyond all of their other duties of bringing us to and from our boats, draining the dinghys, and keeping the pedestals clean to name a few. They did not simply fill a gap. They took ownership of the work and made it part of their routine. Their consistency has been remarkable, and their commitment has shown through during every weekend, every event, and every busy afternoon on the harbor.

To support their efforts, we brought in a professional cleaner to handle the deeper, periodic work. She recently shared something that deserves recognition. She was genuinely impressed by the baseline cleaning our stewards maintain each day. In her words, the staff has done an exceptional job. She noted that the clubhouse is in far better condition than she expected, and she credited the stewards for setting a strong foundation that makes her work easier and more effective.

Hearing this from a professional reinforces what many of us have already noticed. The clubhouse looks good because our stewards care about it.

Our members also deserve appreciation. Over the past year, many of you have taken extra care to clean up after yourselves, return items to their proper places, and leave shared spaces tidy. This collective effort makes a real difference, especially during our busiest stretches. The results were clear at major events such as the Ladies' Cup and Boat Tour. The clubhouse was truly gleaming, and several members commented on how polished and welcoming the space felt.

There is always more to do. If any members would like to pitch in and earn volunteer hours, I am happy to provide meaningful jobs that help keep our clubhouse looking its best. Every contribution strengthens our community.

Junior Sailing

Joe Rosen-Director Junior Sailing

The Junior sailing program is wrapping up after 8 very busy weeks. This year we had 110 participants sign up for 167 sessions. This kept our seven instructors and 3 volunteers fully engaged. They did a terrific job running a safe and fun program.

For the first time LCYC sponsored a U.S. Sailing Level 1 Instructor's course which resulted in 3 of our junior instructors receiving their Level 1 Instructor certification. This will provide a future staff of well qualified instructors and a program run at the highest level of nationally recognized standards.

I want to thank Will Nye, an LCYC member, who not only taught the Instructor course but took on the job of repairing 2 of our damaged Optis, or 20% of the fleet. A huge help. Thank you again Will.

The junior sailing program sent 10 participants to the Malletts Bay Champ Chase regatta. The first day, after several pleasant races, saw a cold front move through with winds in excess of 50 mph, resulting in a rapid and somewhat chaotic retreat off the lake. The next day, the races had to be cancelled early due to no wind. Unfortunately we were unable to find enough racers willing to travel to Saratoga or Lake George for the Horse Race or Cheeseburger regattas.

This year we had a lot of very young, new sailors who were not yet ready to compete in regattas. We are continually striving to work in a more active racing track into our program. With so many new sailors and changes in our curriculum, hopefully we will be able to field more regatta participants in the coming years.

July 7 we held our first Parent-Child Sail Along under ideal early evening summer weather. Our second Sail Along scheduled for July 28 had to be rescheduled to August 4 due to lightning, rain and strong winds.

It's hard to believe that our junior sailing season will end on August 7. It has been a busy summer which has passed very quickly. Our Fall Work Day is October 17. We can use as many folks as possible to put away our fleet of 10 Optis and 6 FJs. Hope to see you then.

Scuttlebutt (Editor's notes)

By Tony Lamb



The summer a year after my discharge from the Navy, I needed a summer job. A family friend suggested commercial fishing in Alaska. Not knowing any better I flew to Kodiak, Alaska. It has a population of about 6,000 and is the second largest island in the U.S.. (After Hawaii). It is also one of the largest commercial fishing ports in the U.S..

I looked for a berth on a salmon boat by walking the docks and asking who needed crew. A very nice skipper signed me on. We were paid in shares. I believe there was one for each crew and more for the Skipper and the boat (owned by someone else.) Shares were paid after expenses. He also brought on board two young Mormon students from BYU. I mention their religion because when they

looked for a berth the same as I had, they received the familiar query, "Are you wet or dry?" They answered, "Dry but willing to learn!!" The real question was whether they drank or not!! Drinking was a problem in the frontier that is Alaska.

Our boat was a fifty-foot purse seiner. A purse seine net varies in size, as I recall ours was a rectangle about 50 feet by 500 feet. My job was to pull it next to shore driving a twenty-foot skiff, powered by a big V-8 engine. Hanging down from small buoys along the top edge, it would form a long curve out from shore to the boat that was as far out as possible. The fish would swim along the shore, and following the curve of the net would begin to circle in a large school. After a period of time, I would pull my end in a big circle out to the boat where the crew would hook up a line that ran along the bottom of the net. Like a purse string, it would close up the net, hopefully the fish inside, and we would winch it up on deck.

Of course, the skipper pushed me to get as close shore as possible, but I found the surf a little intimidating. The average water temperature is about 53 degrees, and survival suits were not worn (or available). There were certain parts of the coast of the Island that were favorable for our type of fishing. We moved around the island looking for where the fish were running. This gave us quite a tour. We passed many small fishing camps where individual fishermen had "gill nets" strung out across from their front doors. These were long rectangular nets with opening almost big enough for fish to swim through. However, most would get caught by their gills-hence the name-and be routinely harvested.

Beyond Kodiak it was all quite remote. There were no roads, lots of these isolated fishing camps. We offloaded our catch to several canneries located around the island.

In the premier spots we would wait in line to make our sets. The nets would scrape across the bottom, and we would bring up fresh crab as well as salmon. In between sets we would boil the crab and have them for snack.

This was before the days of GPS and so we dead reckoned which was not hard because we stayed close to the island. It did matter when we decided to cut the corner heading for a channel leading to one of our spots. While the channel was marked, when the weather was clear you could cut the corner because the large rock outcroppings outside the channel were clearly visible and avoided. Beautiful day, what could go wrong. Halfway through a fog bank suddenly

descended on us and you could barely see thirty feet. We lost all the time had hope to save feeling our way along.

The big nets and winches and cold water were not the only dangers. One night we anchored out. I say night, it was light from about 5 am to 11 pm. Indeed, it was only fully dark about 4 hours a night while I was there. At about two am there was a large bump. I tell people you could make a list of ten things it could have been and none of them would have been good. If you ever wonder what you take with you at a moment like that-I assumed, we would not have access to our below water line compartment for a while-I took my work boots. Working on deck with bare feet in the twilight did not seem like a good idea.

Turns out we had dragged anchor and were now behind several large outcroppings of rock. It was quickly agreed that I would board my skiff, which was tied tight to the stern of the boat and try and push us out. Losing its prop to unseen rocks was preferable to damaging the big boat. After a good deal of slow ahead, and back, we worked our way out into clear water.

It was really quite a pleasant journey. One the cannery boats brought out beer. I bought a case. My skipper was watching his pennies, and the two Mormons were not interested. I would have a beer each evening as we watched the sun set. If other skippers visited, I would provide the beverages, and we would sit around listening to the stories. We generally anchored out along the relatively uninhabited coastline. Occasionally we tied up to a cannery pier.

Unfortunately, we did not catch enough fish to make a profit. After a few weeks we turned the boat in. Fortunately, the Skipper had a brother-in-law who needed crew for his King Crab boat. It was just like that TV series "Deadliest Catch", except we were not in dangerous weather in the Bering Sea.

The King Crab boat was not in Kodiak so we had to take a small amphibious plane out to it. They run them like Ubers up there. We flew up one valley and saw a huge Kodiak bear running along the ridge line. When we got to the top of the valley, it was socked in and so we did a u-turn and flew up the next until we could make it to the place the boat was. Flying was so common, on the 4th of July when one of the boats ran out of liquor, they had a case of Calverts flown out.

Most of you have seen lobster pots in New England. These were similar except that were made out of steel rods, seven feet by seven feet by three feet. They weighed 6 or 700 pounds unloaded and even more when full of King Crab.

We would use a line with a grappling hook on it to grab the buoy holding the line leading to the pot. We wrapped around a winch to pull the pot to the surface and then had a lift to pull it up onto a canted railing where the pot would sit while we opened it and sorted crab. There was three by seven lid on the pot we opened to reach the crab. We had to sort the too small or those with eggs, throwing them back as we unloaded the pot. We threw the keepers into a large holding tank. Having coiled the buoy line, we would throw it over and then when the skipper had maneuvered to a new spot for the pot, tip it over the side by hand. You did not have to be warned to stay out of the bight.

While not as dangerous as the Bering Sea, we were still in open water, and the ship would roll as we brought the pot up and swung it over the deck. At a thousand pounds it was a lot for a deck crew of two or three to handle.

The crab run in herds from pothole to pothole in the ocean. Once you were onto them you kept laying the pots in a circle around them. You could tell the direction they were moving by which pots were filling up. When you were really on them you kept setting and picking pots regularly and running your full load in and quickly returning. That is when the money is made. There was

a story of one boat that had a leak that required the constant running of bilge pump with a four inch discharge pipe. They tied up, went into town drinking, came back and fell asleep only to have the auxiliary pump run out of fuel in the middle of the night. Good times.

I did not stay long enough to really make a lot of money. When I was paid off, I stood on the dock with my return airplane ticket, my large sea bag, my hand duffle and a check for \$600. I remember that day well-it was late August 1967. I was financially independent and that was really all I had in the world. That and the name and address of a cute blond. Everything has been up since then.

I cherish my time in Alaska. The people I met were salt of the earth, hard working men, who earned all that they had. They supported each other. When I read the book, "The Perfect Storm" I felt like I knew that boat and that crew. I could not bear to watch the movie.

They are another group who come to mind when I sing the words,

O hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

Peace