
The Bullship Log



Monthly Meeting
Harlem Township Hall
Monday - Nov 20 @ 7:00 p.m.

Commodore's Corner

Ahoy Sailors!

It seems the end of the year snuck up on us this year with the leaves on the trees hanging on until the last frost then coming down like snow the next day.

But, that means; Christmas Party! Check the invitation for details.

See you on Monday the 20th for the meeting at Harlem Township Hall 7 pm.

Items of discussion at the meeting will be:

Christmas Party and Annual Awards Discussion
Ideas for activities / improvements for the club next year
Election of Officers for 2018

See you there.

Commodore Brian

The Boomerang Boat – Nick Schuerer

The TRUE NORTH has returned to the Midwest. My son Dave is her new owner and I am the Skipper Emeritus and Restoration Consultant.

TRUE NORTH was damaged by Hurricane Harvey in her slip at Rockport, Texas (near Corpus Christi) when a heavier sailboat sharing the slip broke free and battered the

Shearwater's starboard hull-deck joint and leeboard. While the damage is eminently repairable by someone having some skill with FRP construction, the cost of professional repair almost equaled her insured value and so the insurer declared her a total loss. At this point the prior owner is much too occupied with other damage to his property to deal with a boat.

Hearing TRUE NORTH was available, Dave reached a deal over the phone. Days later we flew to Houston where he rented a Ford Excursion for the drive to Rockport where we loaded her onto her original trailer for the 1300 mile tow to Milwaukee. The three-day trip was uneventful, though the trailer was really in no condition for such a journey. TRUE NORTH was always known by her company to be "a lucky boat, and a good feeder".

Dave's intention is for TRUE NORTH to be a "family boat" for use by all who previously cruised in her for eighteen years.

Moby Nick

NOTICE! Sailing companion needed

Join me on my San Juan 21 "Enriqueta" for RYC events, NWSA events, and other sailing fun. Snug, secure quarterberth available.

Contact John Morris at JM.Sail.21@Gmail.com

The Coolest Boat I Never Bought

by Brian Black

My smart phone always seems to end up complicating my life by being so darned handy.

You know, got a few minutes to kill, check out E-bay and Whoa what's this never seen that type of sailboat before and so cheap with only a few days left on the bidding.

The boat was a 1982 Dehler DB1 race boat. I would have to check it out in a few days when the auction got closer to ending. Fast forward to Saturday and my wife asked me "What are you looking at on your phone?" "Uh, a sailboat I replied." To which the discussion proceeded and I was reminded of how many sailboats and motorcycles I have (like I somehow forgot). But in the end she said, "Yeah, go ahead and bid on it" Not telling me a price limit or anything! The only one stipulation was I can't park it in the driveway.

I hadn't had spent any time looking at it much and the auction ended in about an hour but the price was only at 500.00 with 300.00 fee added to process the paperwork. There was a recent survey with no major problems, it had a good running diesel, folding prop, cool racing lines, sparse racing interior, Kevlar reinforced hull, lots of pulleys and winches.

Dehler is a German boat so it must have crossed the ocean to get here at one point.



I set a price in my head of what I would go to on the bid. It was sight unseen so it would have to be pretty low. I also thought about what I would do if I won the bid. Probably pay for storage in Milwaukee for the rest of the year and then have it put in the water

and take it to Northpoint Marina for the summer to learn to sail it. Northpoint is still pretty empty and the docks are nice with good protection in the harbor. To me it would be the proper way to move the boat.

I always hated to buy a motorcycle or scooter and not ride it home.

If your gonna ride it anyway, might as well start now. The last time I bought a scooter home the guy I bought it from said "You're gonna ride that home?" He had only put 90 miles on it in the last 5 years and it was 30 miles home. "Yes, I replied, why not?" so instead of loading it in the pickup, my wife followed me home and the scooter got its pride back.

The strategy to win the bid was to wait until the last minute and try to beat the highest bid. In this way I wouldn't artificially drive the price up too early. I sat down at the computer waiting and saw the price shoot right past my high point in the last few minutes. In the end the boat still went cheap. 2850.00 plus 300.00 fee. But I was not willing to spend 3 grand on a boat I had not even seen.

Still curious about the boat and the brand after the auction I did some homework to learn about Dehler and this particular boat "Heat Wave".

The Dehler DB1 was a serious offshore race boat and won races in the 1982 to 1984 season. The Dehlers were unbeatable in International Offshore Rule ¾ ton class in 1983 and 1984. (DB2)

More research on this particular boat had shown it was actively raced over the last 10 years. It had won The Hook race for its class in 2016. There are Youtube videos of it sailing. It had been actively raced in the 2017 season. Which made me wonder how does this boat go from a first class race boat to a boat angel donation?

The rest I had to piece together just to take a guess. The owner had been sailing it out of Detroit for the Bayview Yacht Club. The owner recently moved to Milwaukee and was some sort of hospital executive. The owner probably had gotten a survey and put the boat up for sale at the end of the season for around 15,000.00. The owner won second place in some charity cash raffle and received 20,000.00 cash. Then they probably

figured might as well donate the boat to charity since the cash they won was from charity.

Just a guess but stranger things have happened.

Had I known this, I probably would have bid a little higher. I gotta get me a flip phone!



The Big Win By Allen Penticoff

On October 27, 2017 Ruth and I drove down to Carlyle, Illinois during the late evening hours. Arriving at the Mariner's Inn about 11 p.m. They had a nice first floor lakeview suite ready for us and it was very reasonably priced. Paid extra for having our mini-Schnauzer Berghie with us in the room, but that was fine.

If you ever chose to stay at his nice hotel, ask for a third floor lakeview room – you will have a much better view of the West Access Marina and the lake.

We had gone down this Halloween weekend with three missions to accomplish. Sail in the Carlyle Yacht Club (CYC) 40th anniversary Great Race, do a boat review of a Seafarer 26 and visit relatives in southern Illinois. We got all that accomplished - with some schedule changes. Unfortunately, we had unseasonably cold temperatures, with frosty mornings and high temperatures that barely nudged into the 40s. The days that were overcast were windy. The sunny days had light winds.

We set up *Thebote*, our 1989 MacGregor 26D, on Saturday morning. Rigging and launch took place from about 9 a.m. to 10 a.m. without out much ado. But I did miss the official registration and skippers meeting. I had already registered online, so showing up late was not a problem. The start of the race was at noon.

After getting *Thebote* launched, there was a problem with the old six horsepower Johnson starting and running. It just did, not, like the cold. I got nice and warmed up pulling on it's starter cord a zillion times. Finally, it kept running well enough to feel safe in leaving the rock breakwater surrounded pier.

After a quick check in, it was time to head out onto the lake for the start of the race. We followed other sailboats that were paralleling the dam; thinking they must be avoiding a shoal area. The wind was out of the west, and was forecast to be 7-10 mph with a balmy high of 40 degrees. Consequently, we had put the genoa on, expecting the need for it with these light winds. On the way to the starting line it was already apparent that the wind was stronger than forecast for we bided our time approaching the start line/committee boat by simply drifting downwind bare poles. When we got near the area, we hoisted the genoa and main. We would be sailing in the first fleet, the "main & jib" fleet. The other "hard spinnaker" fleet started a half hour later. Some of the boats that should have been in the spinnaker fleet were sandbagging in the M&J fleet – seen this happen in previous races here.

Both fleets were mingling about the starting line, with chaos aplenty. I did have the sailing instructions for the 13-nautical mile coat-hanger shaped course around the lake, but it did not have the starting sequence, and it has been a long time since I have raced. It may have been that the Great Race in 2000 was the last time we officially raced *Thebote*. Our first Great Race was in 1994, followed by four more Great Races before we decided to start doing our fall sailing on Kentucky Lake.

Maneuvering at the starting line with a bunch of other amateurs like us while using the genoa was crazy. Right about noon I was sailing along the starting line, a flag went up, a horn sounded, nobody started. Sailing past the committee boat (an anchored sailboat) one of the committee showed me a hand with five fingers. Okay, look at phone for the time to see how long to the start. As it turned out we did start in five minutes but other sailors later told me that the flag sequence was wrong. Killing time maneuvering in this fleet was crazy, but somehow we were positioned well when the five minutes was up and in good position for the start. We had been on a broad reach along the line and only had to turn up on course to a beam reach at the gun. We were third across the line following two fast boats – one of which was featuring carbon main and genoa sails. We did not expect to pass them. There was no time to look back.

Aft, off our port side, was a smaller blue racing boat, an Etchells perhaps. They kept pace with us as we did with the two fast boats in front of us for most of the way to the first mark on the east side of the lake near Cole's Creek. We did not know exactly where we were going - so I used the tried and true iceboat/sailboat method of following the fast folks best I can. They always seem to know where they are going. This technique was used throughout the whole race. It worked well.

The wind was strong and it varied some, but I worked at perfect sail trim and kept us moving well. The faster boats had eased well ahead and were staying windward of the mark. The blue boat was past us before the mark and close behind was a Beneteau 285, *Martha J*, with the number 38 on its genoa. We too had displayed a number 38, but on a sign board to flash the committee boat as we have no number on our sail. (#38 was the number I used when racing motorcycles – this as a friend used on his stock car and he got it from racing legend Richard Petty's car, #38. I later explained all this to the Beneteau skipper.)

I expected the next leg to the north to be where everyone would pass us as I did not think we could point high enough to lay the next mark on a direct line. Our genoa really does not allow us to point that high but changing the hanked on head sails is a real time killer in a race like this; so that option was out. As we followed the fast boats to the invisible mark, we found that *Thebote* could just lay the course line with the genoa sheeted in tight. The problem was that the wind had really picked up earlier and now, sailing to windward, we were way overpowered. A double-reefed main sail would have been good, but the leg is short (~4 nm) and the chance for a foul up in reefing and then later taking a double-reef out at the next mark was not a good choice either. Instead, whenever we started to round up due to the rudder stalling and losing power from fighting weather helm, I luffed the main. I luffed the main a lot. But at every lull I hauled it back in to power up. We were not losing speed so much, but just looking weird. The nicely trimmed Beneteau oozed by us very slowly about mid-leg, but looking good with her crew on the rail. She was well ahead at the mark that I took a bit wide in coming about on purpose.

Expecting a six-nautical mile off-wind leg now, we hauled down hard on the boom vang and I retracted the daggerboard to two feet. Then to one. The wind was really more a beam reach than a broad reach at first, but *Thebote* can handle that. Retracting the daggerboard is a secret weapon. We don't need it and its drag at all when sailing downwind. I was out to catch the Beneteau.

Much like the fickle winds of our own little Pierce Lake - big Carlyle Lake is known for fickleness as well. On the long southerly final leg to the finish line, we were finding ourselves close reaching most of the time. At times even hard on the wind. Although wishing I had more board down, I can't get it down once it is under load and there was no time to mess

with it. The Beneteau was hiding behind our genoa and a big black hulled Irwin 34 was right behind us, anxious to pass. I could often hear the Irwin's bow wake and their stereo. I could see they were working to try to cover us and steal our wind. But *Thebote* kept up its speed and slid up to windward where they could not easily get by.

This despite having the loaded port winch die on us - making adjustments very difficult. I had to give up on helping Ruth make headsail sheet adjustments and just steer to the wind changes. She had been such a champ staying up on deck and working the frequent adjustments instead of getting out of the wind in the cabin. Finally, she was getting a break and fortunately we had few major changes along the way. I had no break from fighting the weather helm on the tiller – just the opportunity to wear out the other arm.

At one point along the last leg, there was a flash of boat on our windward side. It was a big fast F-33 trimaran going by at 17 knots plus. We may have been doing six. Soon the tri was the one to follow to the finish line. Although he started in the second fleet, he nearly caught the two fast leaders of the M&J fleet.

We never did catch the other “38” but the Irwin did not get by us either. Ruth flashed our sign to the committee boat. It was about 2:30 p.m. We were fifth overall in our fleet across the line out of perhaps twenty boats, all of whom were now strung out clear around the whole lake. Those crossing in front of us were still sailing. But it was not a pleasant day for sailing. It was cold and overcast. It was dead into the wind back to the marina. I convinced the Johnson to run again and had Ruth furl all the sail - so we motored back in. Shivering all the way despite winter gear being worn.

I was a bit disappointed that the CYC did not have a pot of hot coffee ready. So after relieving ourselves there (and Berghie, who was along for the race), we headed over to our nice warm suite. Someone told me the awards were after the 6:00 dinner. Okay.

About a quarter to six, Ruth and I headed over to the banquet. Holy moly, everyone was already seated and eating. We were the last in line for the catered buffet. That was fine. We found a spot to sit and eat in the lounge area.

I had just eaten my two bratwursts when “Bill” came over and said very loudly – “I’ve found the winners!” What? Us? Soon we were up with Bill near the DJ as he announced Ruth and I the winners of the Main & Jib fleet. We were handed the blue first place winner's flag, and shown the trophy where we would eventually have a tiny nameplate among the previous thirty-nine. Unfortunately, we'd managed to nap through the entire awards announcements earlier.

Not content with the honor of winning their anniversary race, I sort of had to rub it in. I took the microphone and explained this was not our first time in the Great Race, but it had been quite awhile since we participated last. Further, we did this with a worn-out genoa that was held together with 3M clear duct tape (truly) and said it was great stuff. And, we had a failure of the winch (just seems to need cleaning) on the last leg. So there, all you sandbagging fancy racers with your Kevlar and carbon fiber sails. Beaten by an old, cheap, MacGregor full of cruising crap. Oh, the indignity of it all. I did not actually say the last three things. The entire room applauded.

Despite the gloating, I was soon talking to a MacGregor 25 owner who was very interested in our MacGregor itself. He told me he'd taken a bunch of photos and was surprised as to how stock it still was. Yep. I had to ask to finish dinner. I said something about the black Irwin hounding us and soon were sharing the wine of the Irwin crew (booze was BYOB). I heard their story of not being able to get by us. Later Shelly would be the one to take our photo seen here below. Their boat dog is a black full-sized Schnauzer whom we met the next day. I also met the skipper of the Beneteau 285 and the F-33 trimaran (who I think won the spinnaker class despite a negative handicap number). One fellow expressed thanks for beating the sandbagger with the carbon sails.

It was awhile before I finished my meal. We became friends with the Irwin crew and proceeded to have a good time at their table until things were winding down. Damn. What a surprise to win on handicap in what was essentially a race all about boat speed. None of the boats ever put up a spinnaker that I saw.

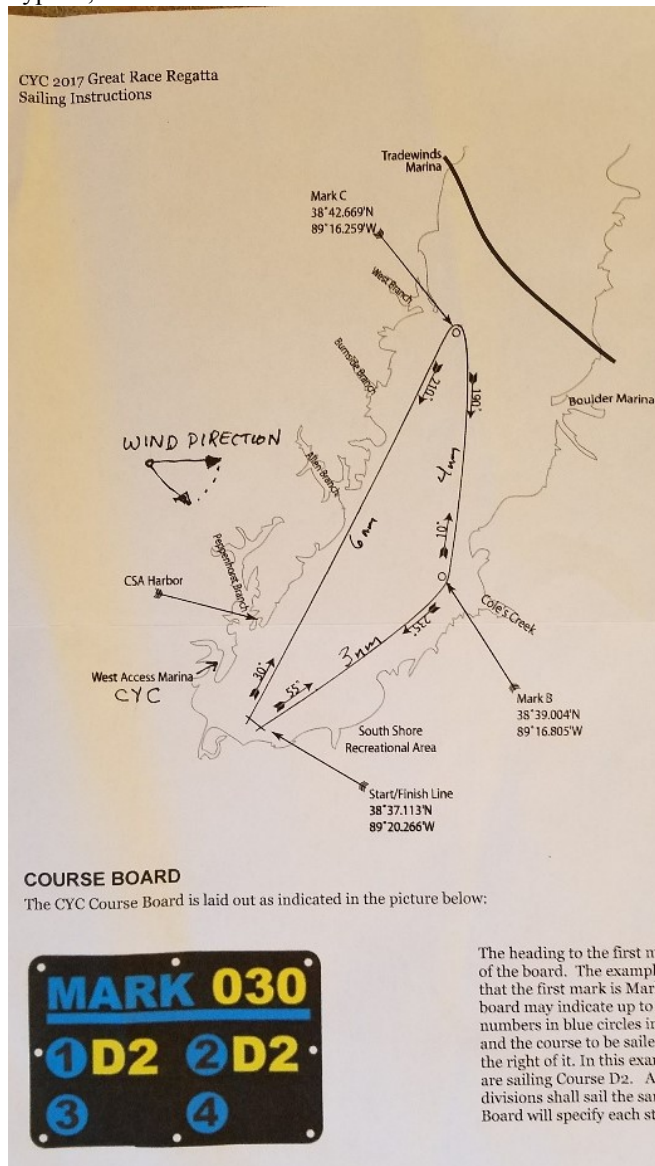
Quite beat, we went back to our room. And having drank a lot of beer before dinner, sleep came early – with thoughts of the race still running through my head.

I had called my boat review owner, Rich, to see if he could switch his day off to Tuesday, which was forecast to be nice, but alas he could not and Sunday for him, was out of question for sailing too. The weather had been overcast/sunny sandwiches of every other day. Sunday was a cold sunny day with light winds. But we left *Thebote* in its slip while heading south to briefly visit relatives further south since there was no changing the review plan.

Monday was cold, rainy and gloomy. But I did have a wild sail on a Seafarer 26 as part of a Good Old Boat review. We learned much about the very different Boulder Marina on the northeast side of the lake after driving there following breakfast with the boat owners in Carlyle at the very nice Old 50 Cafe. Plenty of sailboats, but a smaller, friendlier club. There is also another smaller club/marina over in the northwest corner of the lake – Tradewinds Yacht Club, with a very friendly manager I’ve met. We will need to go back to Boulder Marina in the spring as conditions were too rough for under-sail photography of the review boat *Manana*. We did, however, make two new friends in Rich and Carolyn. Returning will be our pleasure.

Late Monday we hauled *Thebote* out at the deserted ramp and once the ballast was drained, headed over to our hotel parking lot. Having scouted this in advance – the path was amazingly clear of overhead obstructions all the way. There we derigged it under a bright light and clearing skies. Good thing, as it was frosty the next morning. We even managed to get home Tuesday to Rockford with enough time to mow the lawn before the sun went down. What a memorable weekend!

CYC Great Race course.
Typical, no matter how the wind blows.





What we were chasing on the first leg. See what a wonderful sailing day it was! Too busy to notice. Stayed close to them much longer than I expected, particularly at the beginning.



The Beneteau 285 #38, Martha J, overtook us slowly on the second leg.

All smiles. Surprised winners.



This may be our first, first place finish, in any race.

I know we have finished across the line in first, but got bumped on handicap before (Oquaka Cup on the Mississippi River). And, we did finish second here at CYC once – due to a lucky wind shift in our favor.

But it is nice to finally have the blue flag to display.