

The Bullship Log

Newsletter of the Rockford Yacht Club

Mailing Address: P.O. Box 5292, Rockford, IL 61125
Contact phone: Allen 815-874-9604
Website: www.RockfordSailing.org
Meeting Location: Harlem Township Hall
819 Melbourne Ave.
Machesney Park, IL



Meeting at Harlem Township Hall

Monday May 21, 7:00

Pizza provided by RYC.

Program to be a discussion of flotilla planning.

Upcoming flotillas & events

NWSA/RYC Lake Geneva Sat. May 19th.
Contact Dick Spears: 815-923-4374

Lake Mendota Memorial Weekend, May 26 - 28
Contact Allen Penticoff: 815-874-9604

RYC "A Taste of Sail" Pierce Lake, June 9th.

RYC Annual Picnic, Bay View Picnic Area, Rock Cut State Park, June 10th 1:00 p.m.

Rockford Sail & Power Squadron events:

- VSE safety checks: Martin Park May 20th, 10:30 a.m. til ?
- Chart reading seminar, Gander Mountain, May 22nd, 6:30 p.m.
- Basic Boating, Gander Mountain, 8 hrs instruction, 2hrs on June 5-7-12-14 time? Contact: William Schwartz [WLSchwartz@msn.com]

A Taste of Sail - June 9th

Coming up we have "A Taste of Sail" again. Allen will need your help by providing a boat to take people out for short instructions throughout the day. We will need at least three, and perhaps four boats to take all the people out if last year's response is repeated. It is a hectic day for sailors and helpers on land who register the people as they come in and handle the info about the club and sailing in general.

But it is a lot of fun - and we will be following it up on Sunday with our RYC picnic. There may be some "carry over" sails from the previous day as well.

If nothing else, please reserve this weekend for RYC, you'll get the call for help and more details.

RYC Picnic - June 10th, 1:00

Bayview Picnic Area, Rock Cut State Park

Bring your boat, dinner ware, a dish to pass. RYC will provide pop and water, meat (chicken). This is a family activity that everyone is invited to. We may also have some new visitors from the Taste of Sail event the day prior.

There will be no business meeting in June.

Adopt-A-Road Report

Gosh, wish we'd been there. Reports are 18 people showed up for our adopt a road clean up. We filled the Maid Rite afterwards as well. Way to go everyone!

Lake Mendota May 12 - 13, 2007

by Allen Penticoff

"It's raining." That's the first thought I had when I woke from a solid night's sleep on *Thebote*, our MacGregor 26, on Sunday morning. A good morning for sleeping in. The spot where we like to anchor was quiet and calm despite a wind shift during the night and the unexpected arrival of the rain. Nothing but stars when we went to bed.

The cold dampness caused us to put on a lot of clothes to stay warm in the cabin. We were glad enough were brought along. Clothes meant to be a "change" - became "layers." I piled on six, but didn't need a coat in the cabin. Almost.

This sailing trip was started when Bill Siegworth sent an email out when he signed on to our "Let's Go Sailing" list on Google Groups. Bill meant to say he was looking forward to sailing on Memorial Weekend, but when I inquired as to if he meant

this weekend and he said no, not really, we continued – why not. So, with spousal approval, that was the plan, to meet up at Lake Mendota for the weekend. All concerned were in need of getting away.

Friday night we met up with Bill and Marty Siegworth at the Imperial Palace Chinese restaurant a short walk up the street from Marshall Park boat ramp, where their O'Day 26 *Martha J* was already parked with mast up. Both of us had left home after 6:00 intending to get to Madison and be ready for an early start. The meal at the restaurant was good as usual. What was unusual was that despite a fine night for sailing, Allen was too pooped to set *Thebote* up in the dark. It would wait until morning.

Unlike our rainy wake up on Sunday, Friday night was a night when I fought off both being too hot and too cold in the sleeping bag. Sunday it was borderline too cool, the bag was cozy then. During our Friday night camping in the ramp parking lot, the Siegworths had some young people come aboard their boat to look around, apparently thinking it was unattended. Bill got up and chased them off. These same young interlopers had been seen earlier paddling about the harbor in a seriously overloaded dinghy. We thought perhaps alcohol was involved.

Saturday was excellent sailing. We did get up early, set up and launch. There was only light activity at the ramp, so we got in no hurry to leave as it was sunny and warm in the harbor out of the wind. But we did soon go sailing on a full main and working jib day to tack eastward across the vacant lake for a lunch time rendezvous in the lee of the bluff at the “county home” with strong steady winds being north or northeasterly.

After a rafted up lunch it was time to lay about in the sun. Warm enough to warrant a dunk in the lake for myself. Damn it was cold. But the cool down felt good. Water visibility was great, we could see the bottom clearly in six feet of water. But eventually we tired of doing nothing – and went sailing again. This time over to make the pass down in front of the Memorial Union waterfront.

Much was happening at the Union. Frat houses blasting music. A wedding party with the men in military white uniforms taking photos on the pier, and the union itself packed with people enjoying this beautiful day with sunny skies and temperatures in the upper sixties.

We then pretty much sailed back to Governor's Island to meet and raft up again for dinner. Despite having switched to the genoa earlier as the breeze had let up some, it was getting quite cold to sit outside anchored stern-to in the bay. The Siegworth's pulled up *Martha J*'s anchors and headed to a better spot near the bluff; we to our private wetland cove we like so much. The weather forecast on Friday indicated no rain, but by Saturday a fifty percent chance had crept in. Sunday morning it came along with a wind shift to the south.

The wind shift left the Siegworths exposed and bouncing in the morning, as were the three other boats that came in to anchor in the evening. The others pulled out early and went home to their slips. We waited for the rain to stop after I called a local friend who did some weather research for me on his computer at home.

The rain stopped about 10 a.m. - sooner than forecast, which was good. We had enough of being in the cabin wearing six shirts and long johns.

Bill and Marty had decided before the rain stopped to suit up and motor over to the Yahara River lock at Tenney Park and pump out their holding tank. Shortly after they left, the rain stopped – so it was not long before we wiped down *Thebote* and were off sailing on genoa alone to catch up with them at the lock. There was plenty of wind for the one sail, needing only one tack to get there. It was chilly, but nice sailing. We encountered some lingering sprinkles on the way, forcing us to don our foul weather gear, but hey – a nice sail nonetheless. Needless to say, the lake was all but deserted.

When we arrived, Bill and Marty were practicing docking at the courtesy dock. Since there were no other boats about, we tied up and locked up and went for a long walk ashore – in search of the Willy Street Co-op. This entailed a nice walk along the river/canal between Lake Mendota and Lake Monona. They have a nice pedestrian walk and walker/biker friendly bridges and tunnels from one side of the isthmus to the other. Unfortunately, Allen misremembered where the co-op was on Williamson “Willy” Street and our left turn and several block walk found us in an area I recognized as being elsewhere – but a good elsewhere – we were two short blocks from the *Blue Plate Diner* on Atwood Avenue, across the street from the Barrymore Theater.

Being a great place to eat, and noon on a Sunday, it was busy and we had to wait for a table. Time to shed some of those extra layers of clothes too. The restaurant has some great vegetarian entrees, as well as the usual good eats, great coffee, a pleasant 50's “dinerish” atmosphere and fast service. I particularly like the zucchini pancakes...mmm.

Needing to walk off lunch, we sauntered back down Winnebago/Willy Street to the co-op, enjoying checking out the many quaint shops and brightly colored homes along the way. After a bit of shopping, a walk along the back streets to the boats took us past many nice, unique homes with front lawn gardens in full bloom of their springtime perennials.

So the rain that made the Siegworth's go empty their holding tank, resulted in a fine adventure and interesting day for all of us. *Thebote* sailed off the dock and back to Marshall Park on genoa only, being too lazy to put up the main, and besides going faster would make the lake smaller. We wanted to enjoy the long easy reach back to the park. And that's how it was, except for strong winds coming up in the last mile or two to make for an exciting sprint into the harbor where Ruth took down the sail as we finally got in the lee of the trees at the channel entrance.

Bill had used *Martha J*'s inboard diesel to make the trip back and was all but done taking their boat down when we arrived. All agreed that this spontaneous, email inspired, weekend of sailing had been a couple of days well seized.

Plan on joining us for the Memorial Weekend Flotilla at Lake Mendota. More of this is not hard to take.