

The Bullshiplog

Newsletter of the Rockford Yacht Club

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Meeting Location: Harlem Township Hall
819 Melbourne Ave.
Machesney Park, IL



Meeting at Harlem Township Hall Monday Sept. 15th @ 7:00



Our speaker will be RYC member Bill Siegworth telling us about the trials, tribulations and boo-boos in buying a damaged boat via the internet – and what needed fix'n and how he's doing on the major rebuild of their Hunter 34 (seen above as the work commenced at home).

Flotilla Nuze

Date: Sept. 20th Time: 9:00 a.m.

Joint RYC/NWSA sail on Lake Geneva

Yeah! Cooler weather means fewer powerboats. Join in for a day of sailing on beautiful Lake Geneva. NWSA is much better organized than RYC, so you show up – brown bag lunch, soft-soled shoes and PFD in hand and someone finds a boat for you if you didn't bring your own. They sail to a park halfway down the lake for lunch then back to Fontana for an early dinner at a fine restaurant.

Sound like your cup o' tea. Call Dick Spears at:

815-923-4374 or email rlspears@owc.net
details on our website: www.RockfordSailing.org

Commodore's Corner

Hello All! September is here, the days are getting shorter, nights a little cooler, but the sailing season is still going strong. If we can just get the weather people to get the forecast right, we can still enjoy some great sailing days. The Lake Geneva sail with NWSA looks to be a great event to attend, please see Dick Spears at the September meeting. Sam and I hope to get out the 13th or 14th depending on the weather, and will move Quickstep back to Waukegan on October 4th or 5th. Anyone interested in sailing on Lake Michigan give us a call. Hope your sailing season is going well and we hope you will all come to the general business meeting to share your "Tales of the Sea".

Evans Walker
Commodore – RYC

August Meeting

We held our last "meeting/event" at Pierce Lake on August 18th. We had some early birds appear and got some good sailing in before the wind died. Allen got a chance to sail Richard Sykora's Windrider 17 tri-maran. And Joyce Cryer and friend did get to go sailing with Allen & Ruth in the American 14.5 in dying winds (typical Pierce Lake). Nick and Gayle Scheuer rented a two-person kayak and got out paddling. There was brown bag dinner on the deck and all had an enjoyable time.

Change of Address

Harley & Carol Johnson
1543 Daniel Ct.
Sycamore, IL 60178
New phone: 815-899-9179

Newsletter Format Change

I've switched to full page width on stories for easier reading on the internet. Two columns is easier reading on paper but is quite problematic as a pdf read. So we'll try this. Allen

Green Lake Sail Report

By Dick Spears

Green Lake is one of the best sailing lakes in the state of Wisconsin, with beautiful scenery and much less boat traffic than we normally have in our area.

Most boats were launched at the Green Lake Conference Center (GLCC) and stayed at rented moorings or slips. There were three boats associated with the Rockford Yacht Club. The Frazers keep their boat at a mooring at GLCC for the summer.

FRIDAY Joe Rittner - MacGregor 25 crew: Dick Spears, Marty, Linda & Brian O'Connor (RYC), Mark Saavedra (NWSA)

Nobody showed up to crew by the scheduled time so Joe suggested he take his boat out and invited Dick to crew with him. As Joe was leaving his slip three people waved frantically from a dock across the channel from Joe's slip. It was Marty, Linda & Brian O'Connor (RYC). The O'Connors then boarded Joe's boat to sail with us to Green Lake Village. Halfway there we got a cell phone call from Mark Saavedra who arrived at the GLCC and was looking for us. It was suggested that he meet us at Green Lake Village. We met at Green Lake Village and had lunch at the park next to the village boat launch ramp. The winds picked up so we sacrificed dessert at the nearby ice cream store to get an early start on the afternoon sail. We had an enjoyable afternoon of sailing and then went back to the GLCC. During the afternoon sail we received phone calls from Bill and Marty Siegworth (RYC) who were looking for a place to launch their sail boat. They did not find a launch ramp that would work for their boat so they accepted an invitation to crew Saturday on one of the other boats. The O'Connors took Mark back to his car and then treated us to pizza at the Internet Café next to the GLCC dining hall.

After dinner Harley Johnson and Eric Mueller (RYC) arrived with Harley's O' Day 23 which they efficiently rigged and launched. Later Harley's brother Charley Johnson and his wife Diane launched their boat. Charley is a GLCC volunteer who graciously provides bicycles and bicycle repair to the GLCC bicycle rental station.

SATURDAY RYC Harley Johnson - O' Day 23 crew: Eric Mueller, Irene Jarmulska, Arlene Harley; Joe Rittner - MacGregor 25 crew: Bill & Marty Siegworth (RYC), Justin Facente Dick Spears - MacGregor 25 crew: George & Valerie Kittner (RYC), Mark Saavedra

We set sail for the East end of the lake with good sailing conditions. Bill Siegworth was at the helm of one of the MacGregor 25's as it was competing with the other MacGregor 25. We all arrived at the dock and sea wall next to the village launch ramp. After sack lunches at the village park and ice cream cones from the nearby store for dessert, we set out on our afternoon sail.

After an enjoyable afternoon of sailing we headed back towards the GLCC. It started to rain in the late afternoon just like last year, but we made it back to the dock just in time without getting drenched.

All the sailors were joined for a buffet dinner at the GLCC dining hall by Joe & Helen Richart, Bob & Gloria Carter, Chuck & Diane Johnson and John & Eileen Frazer. The food was excellent with good conversation and great camaraderie. We were at the dining hall engaged in good conversation for a long time after finishing our excellent dinner.

SUNDAY RYC Harley Johnson - O' Day 23 crew: Eric Mueller, Irene Jarmulska, Arlene Harley, Joe Rittner - MacGregor 25 crew: Justin Facente, Joe & Helen Richart, Mark Saavedra Dick Spears - MacGregor 25 crew: George & Valerie Kittner, Bob & Gloria Carter; RYC John & Eileen Frazer - Coronado 23

Many had breakfast at the GLCC dining hall and then set sail early for a short day of sailing with mostly light winds. Many had a chance to sharpen their helmsmanship skills at the tiller.

We returned to the dock by 1:00 so the boats could be pulled from the water, unrigged and on the road for home at an early hour. We all worked together to get the boats out of the water and back on the trailers. We then unrigged the boats with the willing help of many crew members and headed home.

Some of the best parts of the event were the great camaraderie at the dining hall and working and sailing together on a great lake in Wisconsin. It was a great sailing event for both the NWSA and RYC sailors who participated. A special thanks to those who brought their boats and provided sailing for so many people.

How to Mooch a Sailboat Ride

By Allen Penticoff



Some of the smiling faces of the Mark Twain Lake Sailing Assoc.
L-R Liz (O'Day 322 *Wild Goose*); Commodore Denny Duchek (Tartan 3500 *Gypsy Lady*); Suzanne (Hunter 30 *Sirocco*); Dawn (Hunter 28.5 *Sail La Vie*)

Ruth and I have a 1987 VW Camper. This makes us eligible to join in the VW bus gathering known as *Buses Nowhere Near the Arch* for its 23rd year over Labor Day weekend. We made the pilgrimage to this camping event last year for the first time and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Another Labor Day rolled around and we weighed the cost of fuel versus the fun we had last time. We chose the fun. I had seriously considered taking our American 14.5 to play with on the 18,000 acre/285 mi. shoreline Mark Twain Lake in northeastern Missouri, but again went with our kayaks and mountain bikes in tow instead.

We take a slow paced route, nearly all two lane. We've found a favorite little campground at Rice Lake in the Banner Marsh area just south of Peoria. We arrived Thursday night to a fierce thunderstorm and being the only people in the campground besides the host and his dog...and a rooster that insisted we get up very early Friday morning.

We put our kayaks in and paddled to the far east side of the lake which is just off the Illinois River. We had this rather large uninhabited lake to ourselves in the morning mist and scudding clouds - a place I vow to sail on some day. Then back on the road (U.S. 24) that takes us all the way to Mark Twain Lake. But first a stop in nearby Lewistown, where a NAPA garage fixed my loose exhaust pipe for only \$5.00. We truly poke along and stop frequently to do things. It is a fine road for poking along.

We arrived at the group campground on Friday afternoon and chose just to hang out and inspect the various buses (*mostly VW campers*) arriving. The lake was nearby, but by late afternoon it gets really zany with speedboats, particularly on a holiday weekend, so we deferred paddling the kayaks until morning. Saturday morning we chose not to go on the bus caravan where a couple dozen of the 76 buses in attendance go out together and end up in Hannibal Missouri for the afternoon of eating and touring. We'd done that last year. We were curious to explore more of the lake, in particular the other marina near the Cannon Dam on the Salt River.

I'd noticed a little blurb in my favorite sailing magazine, *Good Old Boat*, where my friend/editor/publisher Karen Larson had sailed with Tom and Sandy Wells on their Tartan 37, *Higher Porpoise* at Mark Twain Lake and was to have a boat review in the next issue. Hey, we're at Mark Twain Lake, we should look up these folks with a common friend thread. A cell call to Karen bore no fruit (*she and Jerry were having a wonderful sail on Lake Superior*). Undeterred, we set off and had a delightful morning paddle on the lake, launching at the nearby Indian Creek Marina. Less than a mile later we're paddling along the edge of a beautiful rocky bluff that has several arches in the limestone. One of these arches is in the water and can be paddled through. What a hoot. I do it several times and greatly regret not bringing the camera along. Shoreline exploration discovered interesting rocks and driftwood to retrieve, but the best find was a nice big plastic coated mud anchor. My kayak was definitely loaded down.

Paddling done, we putted out of the park and around to the marina at the southeast corner of the lake just to have a look; then with plans to put our kayaks in at some other location on the lake somewhat less exposed than the last effort. Our stop at the Blackjack Marina just south of the Cannon Dam found it to be a fairly good sized marina with a bunch of larger sailboats in slips.

Ruth and I went into the marina store to have a look around. I inquired of a fellow if he knew of the Wells and *Higher Porpoise*. He directed me to talk to Liz about sailboats. Liz was standing next to me, so in due course we found out that Liz and Jeff's O'Day 322 was the photo platform for the *Good Old Boat* photo shoot of *Higher Porpoise*. Liz, being the past commodore of the Mark Twain Lake Sailing Association, invited us to paddle out to a raft-up they were having later in the afternoon.

That was our new plan - until wandering out to check out the sailboats in the slips, we immediately came upon a fellow in a nice little boat. Complimenting his boat (*always the key to a successful mooch*) Howard invited us to go for a sail with him on his Montgomery 17.

After fetching what we needed for an afternoon sail, we were soon out chasing zephyrs in the powerboat chop on the big lake. Once we got out further and wind had its run up the lake we had a breeze we could work with. Howard enjoyed standing in the companionway while I sailed the boat and Ruth lounged on the roomy cockpit seat. It wasn't long before Howard revealed he had some ice cold *Schlitz* on board to share. Mmm, perfect (*and not bad I might add*) on what was a hot afternoon. We even managed to pass a sailboat flying the Jamaican flag - good thing it wasn't a foot race.

Howard was intending to go to the raft up at Spaulding Creek himself, so instead of taking us back to paddle over, we sailed with him to the raft up. We were the ninth, and most definitely smallest boat to arrive, tying up to Liz and Jeff's O'Day, *Wild Goose*.

Howard tossed me a pool noodle to float with and soon he was in the water as well. Ruth, left aboard the Montgomery was soon on the O'Day with Liz and Beth enjoying some fine wine. I swam down to the middle of the raft and found *Higher Porpoise*. I was invited to climb on deck, but was dripping wet and deferred. After chatting a while with Tom and Sandy, I swam back to the Montgomery to refresh with a cold Schlitz for Howard and I. Howard languished in the water and before long Tom was by in their dinghy *Higher Puppis*. Tom paddled all around while talking to us. Their canine companion, Boomer, is quite the sea-dog. They tie a horse shoe life ring to him with a four foot lanyard for when he gets tired swimming - he climbs up on the ring to rest. When done swimming, Boomer climbs the unmodified swim ladder of the Tartan to get back aboard.

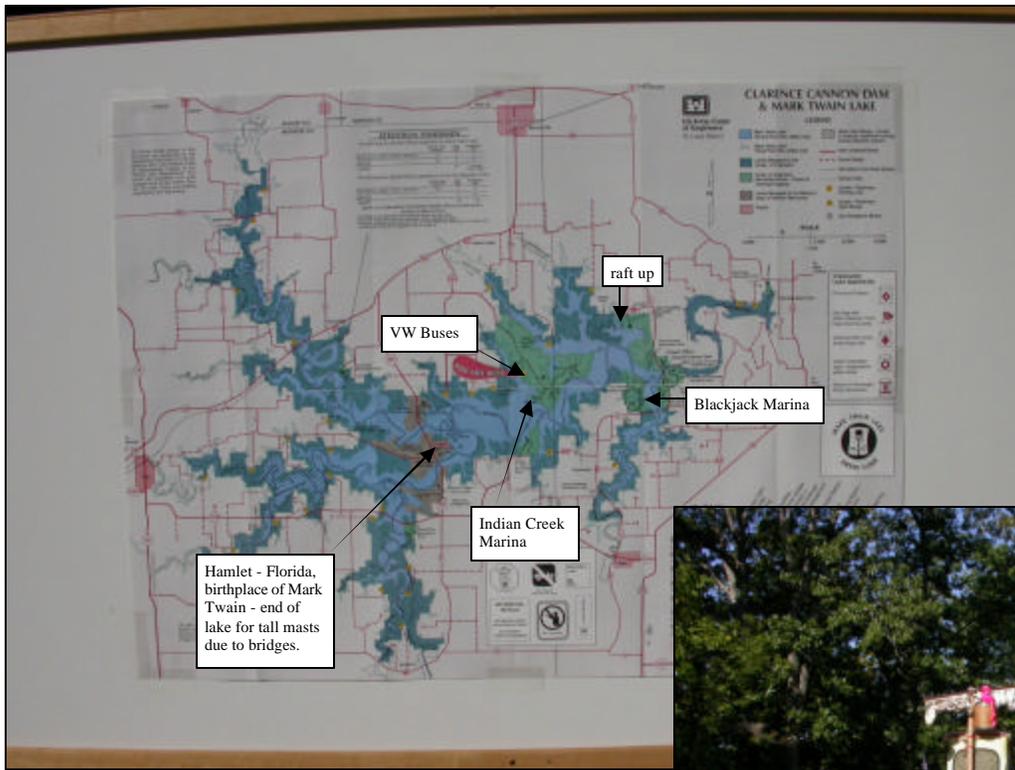
It wasn't long before it was time to eat. The food was flowing across all the boats in great profusion, but most everyone stayed on their boat or hooked up in a neighbor's boat. All treated Ruth and I like family - maybe better. I hung with Howard in the Montgomery as he cooked up some nachos and drank more beer. Along came another large sailboat, so Howard and I cast off of *Wild Goose* and I sculled us around in a circle with the rudder so the other boat could slip in and tie up in our former space, with us tying up to them instead. The food flowed their way too.

Near sunset (*mind you, we started sailing with Howard at about 2 p.m.*) Howard insisted we go on down to *Higher Porpoise* and get Tom to sing some sea songs. This we did, scampering over the many lifelines and decks to get there. Tom offered his favorite sundowner drink, a "Dark & Stormy" concoction made with genuine Bermuda rum and Bermudan ginger beer. Mmm, I have the recipe if you are interested. Tom did explain his being the head of the Tartan 37 Association and has been sailing in many places - and due to his work, has friends he can rely on for a sailing excursion all around the world. He is also quite adept at playing the guitar, writing sea songs and singing them, sometimes with Sandy as a duet. All quite a treat. Tom recommended we track down the recordings made by sea-song crooner Stan Rogers for the finest in sea chanties and stories of the sea. This we must do. I'd look forward to Tom's recordings as well.

It got dark. Howard offered to let us stay out at the raft up, but we declined and he took us back. I steering on the dark calm lake as his four horse Johnson noisily pushed us back to the marina. When we got back to the VW encampment at 11:00 we were notified that folks were officially concerned about our long absence - having taken off in the a.m. to go kayaking and never reappearing. Sorry about that - but we had a GREAT excuse!

The wonderful folks at Mark Twain Lake Sailing Association would love to host a joint regatta/raft up with RYC if we can get a couple of boats to make the trip. I think those willing to make the journey would find the lake a nice place to sail and the hospitality beyond compare.

Allen



Left: Mark Twain Lake, about 128 miles NW of St. Louis - therefore "nowhere near the arch."

This summer extraordinary rains filled the reservoir to nearly topping the dam. The lake was closed. The level up into the trees! Flood gates were wide open and hydro-power at max output for a month. Current!

Request photo file to inspect map more closely or zoom in.



"Pirates" were this year's BNNTA theme - the white one had a bow sprit and the orange was surrounded by a cardboard "hull."

Left: our small land yacht.

Below: Tartan 37 and Tom & Sandy Wells on *Higher Porpoise*

