

The Bullship Log

Newsletter of the Rockford Yacht Club
September 2010

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



Meeting at Harlem Township Hall
Monday Sept. 20th @ 7:00 p.m.
Potluck Snacks

Program

Abby Beckius of the Machesney Park Pilots 4H Club will bring her fascinating duct tape boat and discuss why and how she built it.

Ruth Penticoff poses with Abby's duct tape boat at the Winnebago County Fair.



Commodore's Corner

Hello Everyone,

Fall is upon us, but there is still time to get a couple of more sailing weekends in before the snow falls and the lakes freeze. One thing that most Midwesterners can agree about is that fall is the prettiest time of year. Sailing along on a quiet lake enjoying the fall colors wearing a light jacket is always a treat. The Lake Redstone Saturday Sept. 11th trip turned out to be quite a wonderful day. Allen, Ruth, Penny and I all had a great time. I wish more members could have made it up there for some great kayaking, sailing and fishing. Maybe we can add it to the Flotilla schedule when we work on it this coming spring and give everyone a little more time to plan for it. The NSWA still has a few sailing events planned for this season and I know they always welcome RYC members. So I encourage everyone to get out there before we have to winterize the boats and put them up for the winter. The Haunted Barn in South Beloit is offering the RYC a group rate discount of 1/2 off the admission price for any night in October except Saturdays. I will bring it up at the meeting to see if we can come up with a date and head count for interested people.

We welcome to the club, new member, "retired sailor" - **Alice Nelson**, who came to our July meeting.

Commodore Burnie

Upcoming Adopt-A-Road

It's been awhile since we last cleaned up our road, so we'll schedule a clean up for **Saturday Sept. 25 @ 8:00**. Meet us at the intersection of Harlem Road and Argyle Road. Breakfast following at Steve's Maid Rite on Riverside. Always a good time.

Flotilla Events

See page 2 for Oct. 2nd NSWA/RYC event at Lake Geneva coordinated by Dick Spears.

The next RYC flotilla is Kentucky Lake. Weekends for this are either Oct. 23 or Oct. 30th, with Allen & Ruth preferring the latter. We'll discuss at the meeting.

**A GREAT SAIL ON LAKE GENEVA (A COOPERATIVE SAILING EVENT WITH NWSA)
DATE : OCT. 2, 2010 SATURDAY**

PLACE : LAKE GENEVA ----- FONTANA LAUNCH RAMP

BOATS ARRIVE FOR RIGGING AT 9:00 A.M. ----- LAUNCH TIME : 10:00 A.M.

SAIL TO WILLIAMS BAY - SACK LUNCH (CAMARADERIE) AT THE LAKESIDE PARK - NEAR THE DOCK

DINNER (EXCHANGE SEA TALES) : 5:00 PM AT GORDY'S RESTAURANT AFTER THE SAIL

SIGN UP FOR THIS EVENT AT THE SEPT 2010 RYC MEETING

CRUISE COORDINATOR: DICK SPEARS AT 1-815-923-4374 BEFORE SEPT 23, 2010

Green Lake Sail Report

by Dick Spears

The weekend of August 6 - 10 NWSA and RYC got together at Green Lake, which 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, slips with one anchored out at Norwegian Bay next to GLCC. Those bringing boats were Harley Johnson (O'Day 23), Preston Aylesworth (MacGregor 25), Joe Rittner (MacGregor 25), Dick Spears (MacGregor 25) and Marc Holdwick NWSA (Windrider 17 Trimar). John and Eileen Frazer (RYC) keep their boat (Catalina 25) at a mooring at GLCC for the summer and graciously made it available to help with the large number of crew scheduled for Saturday.

FRIDAY: Dick Spears crew: John Reh, Irene Jarmulska, Arlene Harley, Len DiCicco/2, Olaf Nurmepuu/2; Joe Rittner crew: Marty, Linda and Brian O'Connor, and George Kittner, Marc Holdwick crew: Stan Faitz, Olaf Nurmepuu/2, Len DiCicco/2

We had spirited sailing from the GLCC to Green Lake City where the student passed the teacher on the way there. The boats were docked along the seawall. We had lunch at the lakeside park with dessert from a nearby ice cream parlor. As we were getting ready to leave we found that Dick Spears had an upper main batten pocket that was mostly torn out of his main sail. The main sail was taken down and a spare main was raised (can you believe that?). Len and Olaf switched boats for the afternoon sail. We had an enjoyable sail back to the GLCC. Most of us had a buffet dinner at the GLCC dining hall. Marc anchored out in Norwegian Bay for the night. After dinner Joe Rittner and George Kittner provided a sailboat ride for Joe and Helen Richart.

SATURDAY: Joe Rittner crew: Olaf and Stan, Dick Spears crew : Len, Arlene, Irene and Joyce Schmitz, Marc Holdwick; Harley Johnson crew :Eric Mueller, Bill and Linda Seger; John and Eileen Frazer crew: Marty, Linda and Brian O'Connor; Preston Aylesworth crew:George Kittner

We again set sail for Green Lake City. The seawall was occupied so we tied-up and rafted our six boats along a dock in mostly shallow water. Three picnic tables were combined in the lakeside park and we all had lunch together. The food was good and the company was great with good conversation. Most of us again had ice cream for dessert. The wind picked up while we were eating and it was apparent that it would be difficult for us to leave the dock in that wind. We all worked together, using good seamanship, and were able to get each boat unrafted and safely away from the dock with no damage or incidents. It was good teamwork on the part of all the sailors. We each put a reef in our main sail and used no jib out of respect for the heavy wind as we left Green Lake City. About halfway back to GLCC one of the MacGregor 25's was going too slow, so the Genoa was raised, which tripled our speed and enabled us to get back to GLCC by the scheduled 4:00. Again many had dinner at the GLCC dining hall. Marc again headed for Norwegian Bay for the night.

SUNDAY: At about five to seven Sunday morning heavy rain, thunder and lightning came through the area. We were concerned about Marc Holdwick being anchored out in Norwegian Bay in the midst of that heavy storm. We tried to call Marc on both cell phone and marine radio but could not get through.

Some had breakfast at the GLCC dining hall. After breakfast we got a cell phone call from Marc requesting help with docking at the launch ramp. He had been out in rough conditions and was having problems with power to his electric motor. The docking was successful with the assistance of willing helpers. The Sunday sail was cancelled due to weather. We all returned to the launch ramp by 12:00 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. Unrigging the boats was hot work in the 90 degree heat of the day. Joe Richart kindly provided some of his delicious ham sandwiches which helped to sustain us on the four hour drive back home.

Some of the best parts of the event were the great camaraderie at the lakeside park and at the dining hall and sailing together on a great lake in Wisconsin. GLCC is a wonderful place to visit that you just don't find anymore in this day and age. 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.

Rathbun, Iowa's Ocean

by "Moby" Nick Scheuer

Allen phoned Friday evening while I was still enjoying the glow of an outstanding daysail in *True North* on Lake Geneva with Ray Olsen and Dan Ross from Williams-Manny. He wanted to know whether I would like to join him Saturday morning on a flight over to Centerville, Iowa where he had organized a sail in a steel sailboat similar to his own *Coppelia* which he planned to review for Good Old Boat magazine. Now an offer for a cross-country flight and sailing on the same day doesn't pop up very often, so of course I was eager to go. Gayle and I had hoped to do a yard project on Saturday, so when I outlined Allen's deal, she gave me one of those "you owe me" looks. Eventually she would even voice those words. And that's okay.

Saturday's weather was perfect, so we decided to use Allen's Miata for the trip over to Albertus Airport. The aircraft turned out to be a Piper Cherokee Warrior, a type I had never flown in, and we were soon in the air with the sun behind us and the misty trace of the Mississippi ahead.

Tom Wells of the Mark Twain Lake Sailing Association, met us at the Centerville Airport and drove us to Rathbun Lake ten miles north. There we met Larry Wilkinson and his wife, Vickie, owners of *Misty*, a 1962 Canadian Northern-35, a steel yawl designed by Kurt Biester but built in Canada by the company that was to become C&C Yachts. Biester also designed and built Allen and Ruth's 42-ft cutter, *Coppelia*, in Norderny, Germany in 1955

The company promised to be exceptional. Larry and Vickie were gracious hosts, and had obviously done a fine job of restoring the *Misty* to excellent condition. Tom also writes articles for Good Old Boat and never at a loss for gregarious conversation concerning sailboats.

Out on Rathbun Lake we could not see a cloud anywhere, and more importantly, the 16-18-knot wind pushed the *Misty* briskly along under full sail. The wind was westerly, and Rathbun stretched out before us to the south, so we embarked on a glorious reach. The three guests had cameras in-hand and used them to the fullest. Larry had previously had questioned the value of *Misty's* mizzen, but this day's ideal conditions highlighted the mizzen's virtues.



Misty, a 1962 Canadian Northern 35 is a pretty sailboat to gaze upon.



Above, Larry Wilkinson helms his beautiful CN 35 on a breezy day on Rathbun Lake.

More photos at: <http://picasaweb.google.com/tartan37224/CN35OnRathbunAugust282010?authkey=Gv1sRgCJuXgffEn5nktgE#>
and <http://picasaweb.google.com/TheboteSkipper/CanadianNorthern35#>

There were several other sloops in the thirty foot range sailing south, too, and Larry knew all of them. Despite her age and 7-ton displacement, *Misty* kept pace, and passed one with shortened sail. Nearing the south shore we came about for another reach back. This time the informal racing grew a bit more intense, with some good close-up photos of the other boats. We had fun putting *Misty's* low-sweeping lee rail right under water as she bounded along.

I rarely get a chance to sail in a vessel supported by a full keel ballasted with several tons of lead, a boat that heels over gently when a 18-20 knot gust fills her sails, a boat where you merely check your footing on the opposite cockpit seat instead of steering up, or starting the mainsheet, a boat that uses such a gust to charge ahead, straight, like a Canadian Northern locomotive on tracks.

At the marina I found a coffee mug inscribed with "Rathbun, Iowa's Ocean". It will be rotated into our boat's galley china cabinet. I bought a chart, too, because we should return to this superb eight-mile long reservoir lake.

In addition to the boat restoration, Larry had a nice 6-wheel trailer chassis welded together by a friend which he has painted and outfitted for transporting the *Misty* virtually anywhere.

On Lake Geneva the previous day I had said, "it doesn't get any better than this". I was mistaken, sailing the *Misty* was a bit better. And the flight with Allen wasn't bad, either.

Stranded Aboard on Lake Mendota

By Allen Penticoff

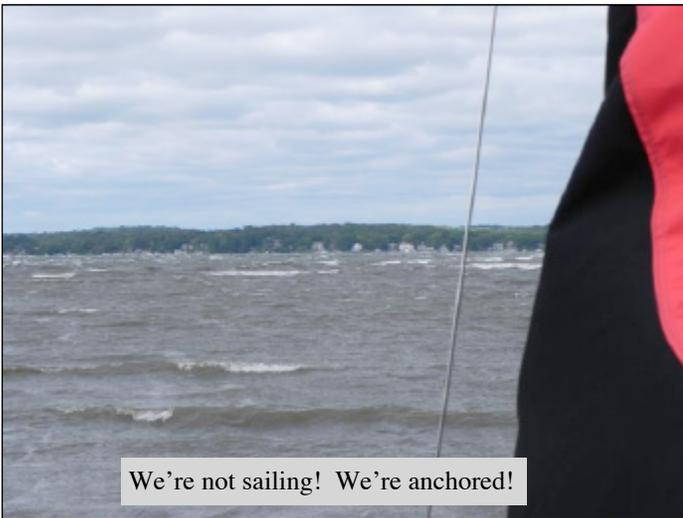
Over Labor Day weekend Ruth and I took our MacGregor 26D, *Thebote*, to Lake Mendota for three days of sailing – Sunday through Tuesday. We had great sailing with two crew aboard on Sunday. Carol Hunter had asked to bring her 92-year-old father Reg along; both were experienced sailors. Reg had sailed square-rigged ships as crew and owned a 16-foot sloop in the past. His wife had passed away two weeks before, and getting back at the helm of a sailboat was quite the thrill for him, and Carol too. Between the two of them I barely touched the tiller all day. We saw Eric and Harley with Harley's O'Day 23, *Carol's Rival* (different Carol), and a passenger enjoying the day of perfect sailing too.

We had a weird incident when we met up with friends walking on Picnic Point. Our miniature schnauzer, Berghie, apparently thought we'd gotten to a dock – and jumped off the boat into the water. Nobody noticed but Carol. Fortunately we'd backed astern to the beach to go ashore and he was in water he could stand in, frantically trying to climb the side of the boat to get back in. Wet dog! Good thing he dries off quickly.

There was a lighted boat parade that night, but we decided to anchor early at Governor's Island for the night. Monday morning we awoke to off and on showers. We were in no rush to go anywhere, but did take *Thebote* for a spin late in the afternoon to Warner Park to take our Berghie for a nice long walk. Then we came back to Governor's Island after an extended tack across the lake and back as the lights came on in the Madison skyline... should have kept going to Marshall Park it turned out.

I anchored in a new place, in three feet of water - a spot where I could easily wade ashore with the dog to do his thing without pulling up anchor and moving around as we'd done in the past. Since I'd not listened to the weather radio forecast, we had a surprise in the early morning hours Tuesday when the boat started bouncing and the wind started howling. I got up to a cold hard wind to see that waves were coming in the cove right at us and the trees were swaying mightily. There was a southerly component to the wind, so our more exposed anchorage had us hanging sort of sideways on our bow and stern anchors. The combination left the bow pointing pretty much into the small waves that were wrapping around the point and entering the cove. The trees on the island were blocking the worst of the wind, so our position was not bad.

As Tuesday morning came, it was blowing even harder. The weather radio was announcing wind advisories that the winds would be 20 – 30 mph with gusts to 45+ – all day until 7 p.m. We weren't in the best place to be – at home would have been better, or at least in Marshall Park, but our anchors were holding well and there was substantial risk in pulling them up even to relocate within the cove, so I decided our only choice was to stay put until the worst of the winds subsided. We spent the day reading, napping and chatting. Ruth had recently expressed the desire to have a day of doing nothing – little did she know she'd get her wish so soon.



It would have been sunny early in the morning, but we were perfectly aligned with a very tall tree astern that kept sunlight from streaming in our rattling clear hatch about an hour or so after the rest of the cove was filled with light. Eventually Berghie needed to go ashore. I waded to shore with him and walked the paths and lanes of the area. At the western edge of the island we were assaulted by the full force of the wind and could gaze out at the frothing sea that was Lake Mendota. I was happy to see we were not the only ones trapped - another sailboat was anchored in the lee of the bluffs over at Picnic Point. I'd never seen anything like it. It was not just "white-caps" but a full on breaking sea. Big waves and all of them churning white. As they came to the shallows at the cove they lost most of their energy and we were experiencing only six inch waves. Though later when the wind shifted we began to have white caps on those little waves too (*photo left*), but the ride at anchor changed little. Fortunately the rocky island was bearing the brunt of the worst of it.

Around six in the evening the wind finally let up to "windy." I'd tried using our mushroom anchor to stabilize things, but all it did was collect thirty pounds of weeds and mud. The stern danforth never budged an inch as we had six feet of chain and probably thirty feet of line on it. Our Delta plow on the other hand had been set on short scope with six feet of line, but we have 25 feet of chain, so it dug in firmly. We had to pull up short on the chain and snub it to the cleat and power forward to break it free. Then it was a motorboat ride across the lake to haul out at Marshall Park on what would have been a nice sailing evening of clear skies and moderate wind that eventually died to calm.

We were the only boat in the parking lot. And except for a few lovers who wandered by on their way to the fishing pier to gaze across the lake under the starlight, we were alone too. We ordered a Dominos pizza delivered from two blocks away – and the delivery guy had to call from the other end of the lot to confirm where we were – "We're the only boat here – come on down." Finished up and headed home to arrive near midnight. Lessons learned. Check forecast before anchoring. Lesson two learned - a day of doing nothing snug aboard a slightly rocking boat ain't all that bad.

Link to short video of the action. Unfortunately it does not show the fury out on the main part of the lake.
<http://picasaweb.google.com/TheboteSkipper/LakeMendotaLaborDay2010#5514947807176153730>