

The Bullship Log

Newsletter of the Rockford Yacht Club
August 2011



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

Monthly Meeting
Harlem Township Hall
Monday August 15, 7:00 p.m.
Potluck Snacks

Program: socializing, tales of sailing adventures

RYC Picnic Saturday August 20th @ Noon

Bayview Shelter - Rock Cut State Park
Club provides: chicken, lemonade, plates, flatware
See Commodore's Corner >>>

RYC News



July's meeting had a program of Alexandra Krinickas and Sarah Laken of Girl Scout's Ship 100 tell us of their recent training adventures aboard the 60 foot schooner Brilliant out east.

We had three new members in attendance, David Ross - who has a 14' Holder and Kevin Vaught & Betty Rhoads - who are very interested in sailing and have joined in as crew with RYC boaters recently.

Bill and Marty Siegworth completed their vacation voyage on the opposite shores of Lake Michigan - with a lot of motoring.

Adopt A Road was cancelled due to storms. The area does not look bad - so we'll postpone it a bit.

Below - attendees at July's meeting listen to a tale.



Commodore's Corner

Hello Everyone,

This month is the annual RYC picnic at Rock Cut State Park on Saturday August 20th. The picnic will start at 12:00 noon at the Bay View Area pavilion. Everyone should bring a dish to pass. The Yacht Club will provide fried chicken and lemonade. Some members usually plan on getting to the boat launch area around 10:00 am and meeting up for a sail before the picnic begins. Then there is usually plenty of time to go sailing afterwards. Penny and I will be bringing the newest addition to our fleet, a nice little 14' Tanzer. Even if you don't bring a boat, stop by the piers and I am sure you can catch a ride as crew. The meeting at the Harlem Township Hall is a social meeting this month. Social meetings are for sharing our experiences and sailing adventures with everyone else in the club and to discuss plans for upcoming events and flotillas. We should have plenty of good sailing time left before the snow flies and the water becomes hard. The end of summer and fall are usually my favorite times to sail because it is typically not as hot, a little less humid and favorable winds. I hope everyone gets many chances to get out there and make memories on the water.

We never made it past Racine for the Taste of Wisconsin in Kenosha. Bill and Marty Siegworth and guests (potential new members) motored for a while then actually got to sail down from Milwaukee on Saturday July 30th. Penny, Sydney and I sailed out around noon to meet them. We sailed north a while looking for them and after contacting them discovered they were 4 miles out in the lake from Racine. So we turned and headed east to look in that direction. They actually found us first and we sailed in together. It was the first time either party had ever seen the other boat actually in the water and under sail. The winds that day turned out to be some of the best we have had all summer. Being able to sail at or close to hull speed on almost any point of sail is always a great day on the water. We all enjoyed a nice day of camaraderie and toured a trawler made by American Tug. The fireworks that evening were provided by the Racine Italian Festival.

I am looking forward to seeing everyone at the meeting and the picnic.

Commodore Burnie

Green Lake Flotilla Report - a joint NWSA/RYC event held August 5-8
by Allen Penticoff

This trip started out somewhat differently than most. Since Dan Medler and I had been staying on and sailing my MacGregor 26D *Thebote* the previous weekend on Lake Winnebago and partaking of the EAA Airshow/Convention. I had left *Thebote* at the Oshkosh airport for the week, Suburban and all, and went home with Dan. The following Friday night Ruth and I rode with Dan back to Oshkosh, over-nighted on *Thebote* on the airport, and with an early breakfast and tour of the expansive Oshkosh Saturday Farmers Market - proceeded the 30 miles west over to Green Lake from there.

We arrived to find many RYC and NWSA folks hanging around the small marina of the Green Lake Conference Center (GLCC) - a Baptist retreat. The rigging area was tiny and the ramp steep and short with a sharp drop off. It was a sunny beautiful day with little wind at the time, which made re-installing the mainsail somewhat easier. We'd been attacked by a horde of bugs while on Lake Winnebago the previous weekend, necessitating removal and scrubbing of the main and jib sails. Since there was no wind to speak of, I hoisted the main up the mast and inserted battens as it went up, then sliding the boom onto the foot of the sail - ala iceboat technique and reroute the reefing lines. Time to launch.

Now something happened, that has never in 22 years of sailing this same boat, occurred. Backing down the ramp, with plenty of line handlers on the tire protected dock, a thump was heard just as the boat was entering the water. It is not unusual to hear a thump as the bow drops from the vee-chocks down onto the front roller where it usually hangs up on the towing eye until it's either pushed off or I back the trailer in further. I looked things over - the drop had not occurred yet, but I was not concerned with the thump either. Boats and trailers are always making noises. Someone (likely Marty O'Connor) said, "You might check the daggerboard." I was not concerned with the daggerboard. It is always up when launching - having retracted it to get it on the trailer. It never drops as do some centerboards.

I proceeded to back the trailer further into the water. *Thebote* floated - then instructing the line handlers to hold fast, I started to pull the trailer out from under the boat (the dock is quite short). I only got so far and I thought the trailer tires had hung up on the lip of the cement of the ramp (I had been forewarned of the drop off, and one could clearly see it in Green Lake's transparent water). The Suburban strained, but it wasn't going any further. *Thebote* would not go any further back either to get away from the trailer. I climbed aboard and tried to retract the daggerboard - winching with all my might - it did not budge an inch.

Changing into a swimsuit, I declared "something weird is going on." Slipping under the boat, I was astonished. The rear axle of the trailer was buried 8 inches into the trailing edge of the daggerboard as though someone had cut a groove for it to slide into. This explained why the trailer was "floating" under the boat and why the daggerboard would not raise. I came up to tell the bystanders that the problem was bizarre beyond description. The gal running the marina stopped by to admonish me to put on shoes as they have zebra muscles - and I was very likely to cut my feet if not shod. So Dan Medler tossed me his water shoes (about 5 sizes bigger than my feet).

We could not hog the busy ramp all day. The solution was to get a line around the bottom of the daggerboard and pull it forward off the axle. It took surprisingly little effort for this to work. The trailer dropped free and Ruth was able to winch the damaged board up. *Thebote* floated free and Harley drove the trailer away to the parking area for me. Ruth, Dan and I piled onboard and motored over to a distant dock to recover and deal with the Suburban before setting out to sail.

Here is what happened. The previous weekend, I'd hit a rock in the shallow waters of Lake Winnebago. I lowered the daggerboard to have a look. Minor damage. Apparently I did not raise the daggerboard following the inspection. Dan had noticed the board was down and resting on the trailer frame when we returned a week later, but the significance did not occur to him, and I, not having the habit of checking the daggerboard before launching, never noticed it was out of place or believed it was down when inspection was suggested.

When I backed into the water, *Thebote* slid back a bit, the daggerboard dropped off the frame. That was the "thunk." Backing further into the very deep water allowed the daggerboard to drop to its full extension. As I tried to pull the trailer out from under the boat - it jammed the daggerboard bottom leading edge against the ramp lip. The second axle then cut through the thin fiberglass and jammed the board in its housing.

Having securely cinched receiving this year's "Captain Ron Award." We got underway in a light breeze that took us towards the town of Green Lake. Along the way the wind died for a bit, and still dressed for swimming, I dove overboard into the clear, perfect temperature waters of Green Lake for a short swim before the breeze returned.

We arrived in Green Lake to find Harley, his O'Day 23 *Carol's Rival*, and company at a municipal dock. They told us where to find the best ice cream then took off, as they had been in town for awhile already. We checked out the little marina-side park and headed out for the ice cream. Sidewalk chalk artists were practicing for an upcoming competition - so the sidewalks were adorned with their interesting craft. The ice cream found at a small restaurant, *The Little Corporal*, was indeed excellent. There is another purveyor of ice cream next door. We really did not have time to mess about in this charming town - for the evening dining hall meal at GLCC is a quite early 5:00.

Back to the town marina, I found the municipal ramp to be vastly superior to the one at GLCC (which requires you are a guest - slips are \$20 per night - facilities very limited). It has two lanes and two nice long piers. Launch fee is \$5.

There was not enough wind to sail back to the conference center, so we motored all the way. It's not more than a couple of miles, so it was a good chance to recharge a depleted battery and catch some rays. Arriving at the conference center, we realized our dock would require some fancy tying up on the end of a T-dock in order to keep the bow pointed towards the incoming powerboat wake swells. We scrambled up to the huge dining hall and stood in line for the buffet. Then most of us from both clubs were there gathered around the tables sharing in what all had been happening. Some of the folks had been there since Thursday - and had not had much wind.

Following dinner there was a good breeze. The powerboat traffic had tapered off and Dan had gone off to take a shower in the campground. As Ruth and I walked "Memory Lane" - gazing out at Joe Rittner's Mac 25 sailing in that nice breeze - we decided to go back out ourselves and sail across the lake. Soon just the genoa was up and we cruised peacefully over to Wood Bay and back.

We returned to find a powerboat blocking our previous tie up spot, so we opted for the other end. In all it was a noisy, buggy spot over-lit by a building security light. We met up with some others in the lobby of the big hotel building and stayed up chatting until 10:30. During the night or early morning hours we had some rain, but by morning we were awakened by a couple of men and many children learning to fish from our dock. Normally we'd find this cute - but at 6:00 a.m. - not so much. They were shocked when people appeared out of the sailboat. There was much excitement when they did catch a tiny fish.

We headed for the lobby to get some of their free coffee and encountered Dan and Harley having their coffee at a table on the hotel's big cement deck. We joined them, and soon others did as well. Most opted to head off to the dining hall for the 8:00 breakfast. Ruth and I breakfasted on *Thebote* before heading up to the dining hall to join the others. I took along Ruth's netbook computer and used the free Wi-Fi to check on the weather. Things looked good, although the forecast did not call for much wind on this, Sunday, or Monday for that matter either.

Dick Spears and two other boats headed out to sail around 9:00 heading eastbound. Joe Rittner with his M25 and Leo and Judy Wehner on their Montego 20 (up for a Sunday sail only) were gone well before Harley's boat and *Thebote* got underway. The wind was better than forecast, so aboard *Thebote*, a race was on to catch the other three boats. We'd only deployed our daggerboard one foot, not knowing the true extent of its damage. As it later turned out, we were sailing with all the bad parts dragging through the water - and caught everyone by the end of the lake anyway. The reduced daggerboard made going to windward somewhat less efficient, and left turbulence to be felt in the tiller. While others headed back to take out - *Thebote* pressed on to go the full length of the lake, then tack up into Norwegian Bay to anchor out for a cool swim amongst the pontoon and powerboat folks in waist to chest deep sandy bottom waters.

After we took Dan back to GLCC so he could head home, Ruth and I had another pleasant sunset sail. Then found an empty slip in the marina for the night that was much quieter. Monday morning found another pretty day - a very light breeze left the water glassy - yet good enough for a close reach across the lake over and back twice before much of anyone else had come out to enjoy the big beautiful deep lake.

I pulled the daggerboard during de-rigging and found it was better and worse than suspected. I'd never liked that daggerboard, so it will be replaced by a repaired - previously damaged board. We headed off for another adventure on land - and had a very complete day - unspoiled by the rainy reception at home.



Allen displays the damage to the daggerboard that he didn't like anyway (it hums sometimes).



Above: Dick Spears, with Kevin & Betty as crew.
Below: Joe Rittner & crew find a nice breeze.



Early morning fishing lessons - next to *Thebote*



An evening surprise passes by.