

The Bullship Log



Monthly Meeting
Harlem Township Hall
Monday - Nov 16 @ 7:00 p.m.

2015 RYC Officers

Commodore: Allen Penticoff
Vice Commodore: Kevin Wenzel
Purser: Ray Olson
Yeoman: John Kochanski
Flotilla Captain: Bill Siegworth
Activities: Kevin & Claudia
Coordinators: Wenzel
Signal Officer: Marty O'Connor

Commodore's Corner

Our boat is barely dry from the last time we sailed her – but Christmas is just around the corner – hard to believe. As of this writing, the Christmas Party is not set in stone – so we'll be contacting you about those plans shortly. The recent gathering of RYC at our home was quite a good turn out – about 18 folks in all – who seemed to be having a good time.

At our next meeting in November we'll seek volunteers for the 2016 club officer positions. If you've not taken on one of these important club posts in the past, time to raise your hand.

Speaking of raises. I'd like a discussion of club dues being increased for 2016. Our Purser, Ray Olson, has several times pointed out we are spending more than we're taking in. The dues have been \$25 for a very long time, and with a decline in the number of members, we are having a hard time meeting fixed costs. We still have money in the bank from past fund raisers, and we may vote at the meeting to spend some of it on an entertainer for the Christmas Party, but our stocking will eventually be empty if

we continue to raid it for ordinary expenses. Do attend the meeting and help us plan for the future.

Attached with your newsletter is a scanned copy of the Good Old Boat review of our MacGregor 26D – Thebote. Ruth and I now join several other members of RYC who have had their boat appear in the pages of this fine magazine. Writers are not allowed to review their own boat – so I collaborated with Tom Wells from Mark Twain Lake Sailing Association to come up to Madison for a review interview and sail. So our favorite lake, Lake Mendota, gets a plug too.

At one point in the story, Tom mentions a few of the places we've sailed Thebote, "to name a few." That got me to thinking about where all we've sailed Thebote, and other bodies of water I've sailed other boats or otherwise played upon – it is A LOT of places. A daunting challenge would be to write them all down or pin a map with them. Someday perhaps. In part this has transpired because the MacGregor is so easy to trailer and partly due to never quenched curiosity. I often regret having never kept a log aboard Thebote, but we do have many fine memories nonetheless. We hope you can make some good sailing memories in the 2016 season too.

See you at the meeting Monday.

Commodore Allen

Sailors everywhere

by Marty O'Connor

Ever notice how frequently you meet new people in your daily travels, that share some sailing experience? Twice in the last month, it's happened to me. I always inform them of the Rockford Yacht Club and invite them to join us at an upcoming meeting or event. Consistent with my initial discovery of RYC, they are usually surprised to find that we exist. It says a lot about our visibility in the community, and our lack of success in raising public awareness. Tragic loss of key members like Harley Johnson, and the inevitable aging of our members in general, leads to reduced activity in our fleet. Experienced and potential sailors are all around us, but cannot participate unless invited to join. I hope we can raise our exposure and attempt to recruit enthusiastic new members.

The Joy of Sailing Slowly

Allen Penticoff 10.20.15

During a recent sail upon Lake Monroe near Bloomington, Indiana, we had to raise our anchor a bit earlier than planned to rescue an errant water bottle that had blown overboard. Not wishing to re-anchor, we did the next best thing – we drifted out of the creek, downwind, bare poles.

The fall foliage was in full bloom and we didn't want to rush things. It was just too pretty to get into the work of "sailing." So we sailed out of the creek barely touching the tiller for the most part and enjoying another cup of coffee.

Back on the main body of the lake, drifting bare poles was not so practical – so I hoisted our working jib that was ready to go from the day before. Not much work to that. We continued downwind, but with a bit more speed and steerage. We'd already had several days of good

hard sailing in some strong winds – with lots of tacking, so we were looking for a lazy day to rest up for our trip home. Winds were very light and variable anyway, so trying to "sail" in them would have been to chase zephyrs.

We came to a pretty bluff where there was not enough wind to go anywhere – so I took down the jib and set the tiller for being hove-to. I set the daggerboard at its deepest extension to slow our drift – and there for a couple of hours we essentially "anchored" in view of the colorful hill without any work. A few boats sailed by but we didn't care. We had the "feel" of sailing without the work.

After several hours of this relaxation, the wind returned, but still in the mood to be lazy, we again only raised the jib. We'd be hauling out on our trailer soon and the main was already flaked and covered. We just didn't care to go through the effort of hoisting it and re-flaking it later. So we did a bit of downwind sailing and reaching with just the jib – fast enough to go and feel like "sailing." Besides, sailing slowly makes the lake bigger.

This of course is not the first time we've sailed slowly or not at all. Our joy is to be out on our boat - our personal island away from our normal hectic life. Not every time out needs to be a race to cross the lake. So once in a while it is just pure joy to do as little as possible. Like take a warm sunny nap in the cockpit.