

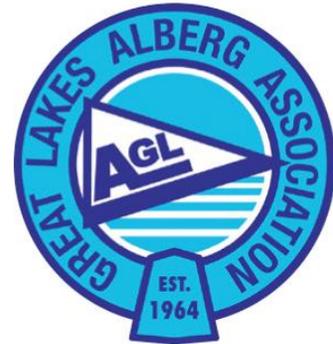
Dec 15, 2010

GREAT LAKES ALBERG ASSOCIATION Presents



Newsletter

Christmas 2010



Ho Ho Ho!

Best Wishes for a Safe and Joyous Christmas, and a Prosperous and Happy New Year!



It's coming to that time of year again

“2010 GLAA annual, general meeting”

When: Saturday January 15th, 2011

Where: Keating Channel Pub & Grill

www.keatingchannelpub.com/

Time: 6:00pm

Contact: Janet McNally

Please come and join us for this year's AGM event. We are expecting our best turn out yet. Make a day of it and take in the Toronto Boat Show as well. Don't delay, contact Janet McNally today. Let her know how many of you are planning on attending. Our goal this year is 50+ members in attendance, along with our special guest(s) presentation after dinner. Janet will fill you in when you call.



Have you checked our website lately? Take a look. She gets a lot of hits from all over the world.

So far this year (2010), our website has had 6,000 + hits with viewers examining about 20,000 pages. Our "Buy & Sell" page alone had over 3,500 hits. Got something to sell? I think our site is an excellent sell tool. It has the audience for it.

Roster accuracy ... Clare Matthews, our GLAA Director of Memberships is preparing the 2011 Roster for upcoming release. She asks that all members review their current address, phone and email accounts (etc), to last year's roster and if changes are needed to be made please contact Claire asap,. Actually, since you both will be at the AGM, you can give her your updated details there.

Membership Input required ... We, the GLAA Executive committee, require your valued input for our upcoming cruising destinations and winter seminars. We are looking for members to participate in locating; preparing; and maybe hosting a 2011 cruise - race - winter seminar. No, it isn't scary.

- have an idea for a seminar topic; a skilled person to present a topic; a great place to host one
- do you have a club; marina; location that would like to host a 2011 cruise/rendezvous?
- want to participate/host one of our fun, exciting Alberg races?

The Rankin Regatta in Chesapeake ... We have been struggling over the last several years to get enough people to attend the regatta in the Chesapeake. The issue has been the change in the date from mid September to mid October when most of us are busy taking our boats out of the water. On the part of the Chesapeake Association, they have had to change the date to suit their rather full fall racing schedule. Since most of the races in which they participate in the fall are not organized by themselves, they are not able to control the dates of their fall schedule.

So that leaves us with a bit of a conundrum. We cannot in all cases control the haul out dates and they cannot control the race schedule but it is having a very definite impact on the Rankin Regatta. So if you have any suggestions as to how this could be resolved, say on McDuff. Any suggestions are welcome. Maybe a few out of the box ideas will help spark a solution so please respond to cpbirkenheier@hotmail.com at your earliest convenience or sooner since we need to get the race schedule set or next year.

Those of you who have responded previously need not reply to this request.

By Phil Birkenheier



What a weekend! The Friday evening dinner was a blast, meeting old friends and new. Talking about sailing, racing, and the expected heavy winds the next day and what sail combination should be used.

On Saturday there were 9 boats on the line. Four Chesapeake teams and one lonely GLAA boat (We had Rinn Duin, (the former Valencia), Mike Meinholt's boat). The racing was a revelation once again as to what the Alberg 30 will take and keep on trucking. The winds were reportedly sustained at 25 knots with gusts to 30 or a bit more.

Fortunately the race was on the river so the waves did not get a chance to build up. Also fortunate in that the temperature was sort of warm and the sun bright – not anything like last year's rain, cold and wind. Everyone started out with a reefed main and a few with number 2's but most with number 1's. Obviously for the Saturday races, the committee boat signalled that no spinnakers were to be flown.

Can1 as the GLAA boat was called had a reasonable start in the first race and managed a 7th place finish out of the 9 boats. Not too bad considering we had a rip in the jib and had to change sails partway through the race. Actually it was perhaps a good thing. Even with a smallish No1, the wind was so strong that the main had to be ragged to keep the boat from being well overpowered. With the No2 jib, the boat was a bit better balanced and the main came more it play. The second race was started at another marker because of a wind shift and the line was set not quite square to the wind making a port start almost mandatory. Half the fleet went for the port start and half the starboard start with intentions to tack across the line. The starboard start boats all ran the line while we and the other port starters hovered near the port marker. The result was that all the boats ended up at the port marker, some yelling ``starboard``, others ``Up, Up`` as they tried to force competitors over the line. Can1 sort of snuck up under the other boats, staying out of trouble and taking advantage of over early boats and other fouls requiring a 360 penalty, to have actually a good start. Unfortunately we could not hold the position and ended up 6th with one boat pulling out of the race for equipment problems.

For Sandi and Leslie, the Canucks who did not race, the day was started out with a yoga session, followed by lunch at a local restaurant and followed up by a shopping spree in Annapolis and shops in the surrounding area.

That night we had another marvellous dinner, lots to drink and plenty of conversation. Part way through the night, the race committee chair put all the numbers of the Chesapeake boats in a hat and one was drawn to be the partner for Can1. Wouldn't you know it – the number drawn was for Lin Jin, a boat skippered by Tim Williams, and the boat that came in first for the each of the Saturday races. It helps to live right I suppose. With our combined score, we were in third place overall.



Sunday was a carbon copy of Saturday except that the winds were a bit lighter, sort of in the 15 to 20 knot range with again little to no waves to knock the boat down. Mike had repaired the No1 with sail tape (some of the tape was white and some red so Barry Conway, being the artistic and ardent nationalist, fashioned the repair to look like the Canadian flag). Our start was so-so and the sailing was really done fairly well, but in spite of our efforts we finished a solid 6th again. Our Chesapeake partner finished 3rd in the race so our combined score kept us in third place for the regatta.

By Phil Birkenheir

The Point of View of One Who Didn't Race that weekend ... As Phil always says, "How can you go wrong? Three days, three races and three parties!" Such hospitality and warm camaraderie those American's showed us.



We arrived at our host's home, Barbara & Jim Palmer, around 4:30 just in time to help with getting ready for Party #1. This welcoming party held pot luck with lots of home cooked food. It's a chance to meet your hosts and a great opportunity to meet the members of the

Association and fellow Canadians whom you might not know.

I think I chose the wrong year to race. Last year there was 35 knots of wind, driving and torrential rain and it was colder in Annapolis than it was in Gravenhurst! This year Saturday dawned clear, bright and warm with lots of wind. There were too many people for one boat and not enough for two boats, so I decided to take advantage of the hospitality of our host, Barbara Palmer and go off for a yoga class, along with Sandi, at her gym. Doris belongs to the same gym and decided to come too. Lunch at a microbrewery pub, then shopping was added and the day was gone. Barbara and I went to the best quilting shop I have ever seen and Sandy and Doris hit the outlets and was not seen again until very late in the evening!

The winds were strong, 35 knots Peter says, and lots of water pouring in the cockpit making for great racing. The Canadians on Canada 1 aka Rinn Duin, pulled in a respectable 6th and 7th place (out of 10). Party #2 was a catered affair with pulled pork and BBQ beef, baked beans, coleslaw and potato salad. Desserts by the cooking queen, Doris, are a treat and you had better get there or there won't be any left. I missed out, but that was OK for my figure.

Sunday, again, was a beautiful and windy day. I went out on the committee boat, a beautiful ketch, complete with cannon and earplugs. There are lots of responsibilities on the committee boat, flag person, timekeeper, official photographer (me!) and just hanger outers. And it equalled lots of fun. Canada 1 pulled the #1 boat, skippered by Tim Williams, as a wild card and that made our chances better than they were before. From the committee boat, you get a very close view of the boats as they round "the pin" for the second leg and as they finish. It was very exciting as the boats come very, very close. I saw more keels that day than in a boat yard in the fall! Our boat came finished in the middle of the pack but with the wild card of Tim we were 3rd over all. Ya hoo! At last we made the podium.

The post mortem of the race on the deck of the wonderful and homey PSA yacht club is a great way to spend afternoon. Sails are being folded on the lawn, stories get taller and taller and the reliving of the day, not to mention the bay full of Albergs to look at.

Party #3 is the best! A feast of crab! I think there were other things, but the crab is the highlight! Three bushels of crab were ordered and the noise level is almost deafening. I happened to be sitting with Barbara Palmer, queen of crab shucking and a med student who had his own theory. By the end of the evening, I had perfected the removal of that wonderful morsel of lump crab (never, ever say that crab is too expensive, it's a tough process to get it out of those unforgiving shells!) The piles of crab shells kept growing and the noise level getting higher and the laughter very infectious! Again, Doris's desserts were spectacular and this time I nabbed one! Yums. What fun. Back to the Palmers for us, stayed up talking about the day and the next morning, after a lovely, leisurely breakfast, we headed off to Vermont to continue our little holiday.



We took with us the memories of the races; the people that we stayed with and the others from the Association and the PSA Yacht Club that made our stay so wonderful. For any in the GLAA who haven't been, it should be something to think about. You don't often get to stay in wonderful homes with wonderful people, right on a creek with 2 Albergs, a Block Island 40 and maybe a Whitby 42 at your doorstep. It's a beautiful way to see another part of the country, meet some wonderful people and have some fun racing (not to mention shopping)!

By Leslie Songer Terry

NORTHBOUND MAGGY FIELDS IV

by Gord Martin

On Apr. 28, I took the Megabus to Buffalo to catch a reasonably priced flight to Wilmington, NC via Charlotte, and then the \$70 cab ride to Southport. There is no bus service in the area; if you don't have a pickup truck around there you just don't rate. I spent a few days cleaning up the boat, doing oil and filter change, and fuel filter change. I had some frustration with the fuel system bleeding, it is done so rarely that I forgot how I did it last time, but it all worked much better when I remembered to turn on the fuel valve!!

I treated myself to a last feed of bacon, eggs and hash browns (love those southern hash browns) at PJ's and left for Wrightsville Beach via the ICW early Saturday morning. The biggest problem was getting off the dock in 20-25Kts SW wind, but with a little help it went well. I went most of the way under sail power, with the engine ticking over in areas with tricky navigation. On Sunday, after lunch at the Causeway Cafe, I walked a mile to West Marine for a new engine zinc and deck brush, and then some fresh fruit from Harris-Teeter. The knotmeter had not worked coming up from Southport, so I had to pull the jammed sender to clean off the winter's marine growth. WOW!! That water sure comes in fast through a 2" hole. My dummy plug didn't fit right, so I had to hold my palm over the hole while I cleaned the impeller with one hand. The dummy plug was fixed immediately after that.

Shortly after docking at Wrightsville Beach on Saturday afternoon, I saw the most amazing bit of boat maintenance I have ever seen. An immaculate 53ft sloop docked just south of me, and the crew immediately started washing the deck. OK; nothing remarkable about that, I wash my deck occasionally as well, and I went back to reading my book. Later I looked up to see one of the crew up in a boson's chair *washing the spreaders!* They went on to wash every shroud from top to bottom. If someone told me this story I'd be a bit doubtful, but I saw it with my own eyes. It was all done with the help of electric winches of course.

On Monday afternoon I left for the offshore run to Beaufort, NC, a bit worried about black clouds in the west, and a bit too much wind, still SW 15-25kts. After a bit of a rough bash through waves in the inlet, the wind died down to 6-8kts, and I needed some engine boost for part of the night. I hit Beaufort on a rising tide about 0800 Tue., and got her tied up at Beaufort Docks just in time for a thunderstorm. I slept until noon, had lunch at the Docks, a walk, and coffee at Taylor's Big Mug and then an early night. My plan had been to get going again Wednesday morning, but I was a bit slow with my coffee, and the tide had started going out, so it was a convenient excuse to stay in one of my favourite places for another day. Beaufort is a great sailor's hangout, with lots of restaurants, marine museum, banks and post office close by. Groceries are a bit farther, but the marina has loaner cars for shopping. Thursdays weather wasn't the best, but I got away early. It rained for a few hours then turned sunny with lots of SW wind. I ran hard aground in mid channel at G25, R24 on the Bay River, with the chart showing a small obstruction at the edge of the channel, and the chart plotter showing total obstruction through the channel with no indication of where to go. I managed to get away by heeling her with main, genoa and full engine power. I got through by sticking very close to the red side. I made almost 50 miles for the day and anchored in Goose Creek, near Pamlico R. with thunderstorm and rain for entertainment. Next day was hot and humid, with light SW winds, mostly bored motoring through Pamlico R, Pungo R and Alligator-Pungo canal. The temperature reached 33C in the shade; not complaining; it sure was a lot better than last fall. As I was putting along the canals I contemplated how much my skill levels have improved on this trip; I can now do a perfect 'rim shot' into the garbage bin from the cockpit, and my fly swatting skills are phenomenal, forehand, backhand, even caught one

with my bare foot. Saturday May 9, I went down the Alligator R. and across Albemarle Sound in SW 30kt winds. I had to hand steer as the auto helm just does not like downwind steering in heavy seas. I watched two trawlers which passed me having a really rough time in the heavy seas; made me very grateful for a heavy full keel, and some sail power.

I spent a lazy day at anchor because a broken lift bridge near Norfolk had stopped everyone heading north, and there was no point in rushing to join a crowd of boats waiting for passage. Overnight the wind went from light SW to 30kt NW. I noted GPS lat/lon before and after, and later did some complex geometry to try to prove that I had not dragged anchor, but in fact I had; about 95Ft, and hooked a crab trap line in the process. Because it was so calm the night before I hadn't used enough scope. This is the only time I dragged on the whole trip, and luckily there was no one else within miles. I motored in to Midway Marina at Coinjock, NC, to catch up on showers, laundry, crab soup and half a rack of ribs at Crabbies Restaurant. Another 32 mile day of chugging up the 'ditch' got me to Great Bridge lock where of course the free wall was full, so I ended up in Atlantic Yacht Haven. A short day put me into Tidewater Yacht Marina in Portsmouth, VA where I planned to play tourist for a day or two. I had a moment of navigation panic as I approached Portsmouth; the chart showed two lift bridges right together and since I could only see one, I was afraid I had gotten off the channel. As I got closer I realized that they had removed the complete lifting span, and it was sitting on a barge at the side. This was the reason for the delay a few days before. Portsmouth has a great many historical buildings, marine museum, and a beautiful waterfront. Dinner at the marina restaurant was rather spoiled by the fact that they still allow smoking. Replica sternwheeler ferries take you to Norfolk very cheaply, so next day I took in a big marine museum, walked the downtown area, and had dinner at Crabby Joe's.

Friday, May 15 found me headed up the west side of the Chesapeake Bay in light east wind, anchoring in Severn River, Mobjack Bay, and Saturday at Piankatank River. Six or eight dolphins paid a brief visit and went on their way. At Piankatank River I anchored in light SE breeze; just enough to keep the bugs down, and woke up to 30kt N wind, and really bouncing with wind against tide and heavy rain. Because it was so peaceful the night before I neglected to put a snubber on the anchor rode, so now I had to do it in pouring rain. My stomach was rebelling at all the tossing around so I kept a sick bag handy for a while. A snooze and some chicken noodle soup soon got me back into shape. The next day's forecast wasn't great, but since I wanted to go to Crisfield on the east shore, the north wind was perfect for crossing the bay and they promised a swing to NE later. I had a wonderful sail across the bay, and then I turned north toward Crisfield. The wind did not turn as promised, so I had a hard bash to windward, main sheeted in hard, motor tacking 10 to 15 degrees off the wind. Late in the afternoon I heard a bang and the main was flying free; the Spectra outhaul line had chaffed through. I quickly furled the main, knowing that there was no quick fix because the outhaul line goes through the boom. The next day I figured out how I could have rigged a temporary outhaul, but that idea came too late to help. I continued trying to motor tack with a small part of the genoa, with limited success. It was just about this time, a couple of hours till sundown that I realized I was in the wrong sound. When flipping chart book pages I had started into Pocomoke Sound instead of Tangier Sound. The mark numbers were the same and everything looked right except there was no Crisfield at the end. The two sounds run almost parallel, but there was no short cut; the water in between was only 3-4ft deep. This was definitely the worst sailing day of my life! I had to backtrack 23 miles and somehow I made it into Crisfield at 11:30PM without hitting anything.

The next day was spent disassembling the boom and measuring for the new Spectra line. For none sailors, Spectra is a hi tech line, stronger than steel; 3/16" dia. is enough to lift your car. Crisfield is a very remote small town, so there was no marine store within many miles. The local hardware store carried a few marine items so I asked if he could get Spectra. He had never heard of it but he finally located a source after about 5 or 6 phone calls. It came by UPS on Thursday. I was sure glad I didn't

get the typical clerk who would just say 'sorry, haven't got any.' I explored the town and did some grocery shopping for the rest of the day.

On Wednesday I did my engine check, adjusted belts and once again cleaned up oil spills in the bilge, and then at 1145 I decided to play tourist and catch the 1230 ferry to Tangier Island. It was well worth it; Tangier is a very quaint crabbing town. There are very few cars and trucks, mostly golf carts, and lots of crab boats. The main street is just wide enough for two golf carts to pass. Crisfield and Tangier Island feature "no-see-ums", very tiny flies with a bite like a Doberman. They totally ignore 'Deep Woods Off', although spraying it on the screens may have helped keep the critters out of the cabin. I spent another few days catching up on mail, getting propane, shopping and computer banking. I finally got out of Crisfield Sunday, May 24, and sailed with perfect SW wind to Honga River where I had a bad grounding at Mark G-1. The shoaling went several hundred feet into the channel but the fixed mark is still in the old position. The chart plotter showed 22ft just before I hit. Very frustrating!! While waiting for Towboat US I struggled to get unstuck, which just made it worse for them. When I got away, I went slowly across the river to find a safe anchorage. Maybe my bad omen for the day was when the chart plotter started up in Guatemala first thing in the morning. How does that happen?

Next day got me to Tilghman Island in light SW wind; there were thunderstorms on the west shore, but all I got was a couple of hours of rain. I followed channel marks very carefully and still grounded just outside of Tilghman on Chesapeake Marina. The cruising guide said 8ft at low tide, and I was aground at very near high tide. I called Towboat US again, feeling really embarrassed, but very grateful for the unlimited towing insurance. A typical 10 minute tow costs \$6-800.00 while the insurance was only about \$160.00 for the year. I got towed by a 'good Samaritan' in a 50ft. sport fisherman, as Towboat US was going to be an hour or more. They got me out of the channel; I said 'thank you very much', and the captain smiled and said 'power boats are nice, right?' As soon as I got into the marina approach I was aground again. Towboat US arrived, and I asked him to either get me out to where I could anchor or find me a path to the dock. I was really frustrated! He went back and forth for about 10 minutes with a long stick and found a path where I could get to a tee head dock. At the dock I measured only 7.5ft depth at high tide. So much for trusting the cruising guide. The tow boat operator was friendly and professional, but the boat name was a bit tasteless; TOW JAMM II. By this time it was nearly bed time so I crashed, waking up very early to 30kt E wind, 18C, and the boat tossing around dramatically. I had to add extra lines and fenders to get her calmed down. There were several days of rain and fog, so I walked a lot, did a bit of shopping and had lunch at Two By The Sea, a nice upscale diner. The bay was still foggy on Thursday, but I moved into Knapp's Narrows Marina for a little better depth and a change of scene. Tilghman on Chesapeake Marina, although the most beautiful property of the whole trip (too bad about the depth problems), was very remote and rather boring.

Finally on Friday there was about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile visibility, so I took a chance and left. If I had stayed in port every time there was not a perfect forecast, I would still be in Southport. Toward noon the visibility improved to about 2 miles, and I made good progress with light SW wind. Later in the afternoon, north of the Hwy 50 bridge, the skies darkened badly over land to the west. The weather radio said the storm was moving SW and I was going NE with clear skies ahead and to the east of me. The clouds looked awful, but still seemed to be several miles away. Suddenly there was a strong hissing sound, and I was knocked down probably 45 degrees, I quickly loosened the mainsheet and traveller, and got the main furled rather poorly, but it was out of the way. I got the camera and cell phone below, then the new \$130.00 chart book which was being soaked and torn to ribbons. The handheld VHF did not survive, but I managed to snare my Tilley hat in mid air. Even with bare poles I got knocked down repeatedly, I remember one wave coming straight across the cockpit coaming and filling my shoes. I had not had a second to grab my raingear and now I was soaked, cold and shivering. I tried to look out past the dodger, but the hail hurt too much. There had been a pusher tug and barge about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to

the east of me on a parallel course, so I put out a security call giving my position and advising that I couldn't see anything and had no radar. I did not get a response, however I also was not hit so maybe it worked. I was amazed at the amount of thunder and lightning around me and I did not get hit. I sure wasn't touching anything metal. Amazingly, in about 8-10 minutes it was clearing up, and the tug and barge were still chugging along beside me at about the same distance. Wow, it sure felt good to be alive and I was pleased that I hadn't panicked too badly. I anchored that night, can't remember exactly where, and started to clean up. The v-berth bedding and all my shirts were soaked as I had left the hatch open under my dinghy; won't do that again! I slept rather badly in the main cabin with dripping chart pieces strung on lines all over the cabin. Next morning was sunny and warm, so all the soaked stuff was hung from the boom and every available lifeline. Every piece of paper in my wallet had to be spread out to dry. I dried stuff until after noon then did about 25 miles and anchored in the Sassafras River. Sunday, everyone was out playing with powerboats and Seadoos as I made my way into the C&D canal and stayed at Summit North Marina. I had a few bad weather and maintenance days at Summit North, and also shopping and dinner out with friends Bill and Jan who live about an hour away. I finally had a 2 day weather window, and headed out to the Delaware Bay, and rode the tide the 60 miles to Cape May, hitting maximum 8.2kt over the ground. I had started a bit early for the tide change, so I found that it was beneficial to slow down and wait for the tide to do the work.

In Cape May I had fish and chips at Lucky Bones, and hit the sack early. I had only a one day weather window to get up to Sandy Hook before another front came through. I did not want to be stuck at Cape May with \$2.95/ft marina rates. I left on the outgoing tide at 0920, amazed at how calm it was compared to my hair raising entry in the fall. The wind was a perfect 8-10kt SE, a bit slow in sloppy seas, so used motor boost for a while. Mid-afternoon the wind picked up and off went the engine and on went the wind vane steering. Ah! Such peace and quiet; it was great. While looking in the lazarette I noticed a loose wire; "I wonder what that is, must check that the stern light is working at sundown". In the early evening my stomach was feeling a bit weird so I decided I needed a hot dinner. I tried to start the stove, but no propane; what a lousy time to have to change tanks!! Oops! Let's check that loose wire again; sure enough it was the propane solenoid wire, so that had to be fixed, upside-down in the lazarette, before I could eat. After dinner I felt great. My time was 3 hours better than in the fall, and I got into Atlantic Highlands, NJ at 0930 on Monday. There was no staff at the yacht Club that early, so I crashed for a few hours at an unoccupied mooring, and then moved to the anchorage. The club services included launch pickup from moorings and anchorage. I had bacon and eggs at Sissies' Restaurant, a nice place right at the harbour, cleaned up a bit and had an early night. At some point during the overnight passage my watch strap had broken, and I had put it aside to be dealt with when in harbour. When I looked, a critical piece of trim from the band was missing so I searched the cockpit very thoroughly, finally finding the piece under the cockpit grating, *balanced on the drain*. Amazing! I had planned to go to a jewellery store for new pins, but when I opened the compass cover to check wind direction there was the pin in perfect shape in the compass housing. My neighbours at anchor were Suzanne and Ty Giesman on Liberty. Suzanne, captain, US Navy ret'd, writes a regular column for Blue Water Sailor magazine; I had met her at the Annapolis Boat Show last fall. They were also waiting for better weather, heading for New England.

My friend Hans from the club was visiting his sister in NJ, and offered to crew for the Hudson and Erie Canal. This was perfect timing and much appreciated help. There was fog and intermittent rain for most of the week, and I refused to go through New York in fog, having no radar. Hans' sister took us out for some sightseeing at Highlands and Sandy Hook, and we had several dinners out. I took the Seastreak fast ferry to Manhattan, and saw the South Street Seaport Museum. It was great to see the Peking, one of the last commercial sailing ships, which is featured in an Irving Johnson video that I have watched many times. The W.O.Decker, my favourite antique tugboat seen at Waterford Tugboat Festival last fall, was also there. The Seastreak ferry was amazing; a catamaran design, 140ft LOA,

carrying up to 400 people did 40 knots very smoothly, powered by 4 Cummins V16 diesels, 1850Hp each. The wake was amazing to see.

Part Two of "NORTHBOUND MAGGY FIELDS IV" to be in the Feb. 2011 issue ...