

Latitude 41.46.50

Longitude 87.34.42



A JACKSON PARK YACHT CLUB PUBLICATION

FOGHORN

6400 Promontory Drive, Chicago IL 60649 ♦ 773-684-5522 ♦ www.jacksonparkyachtclub.org

Foghorn Editor Jane Leuthold

Foghorn Photographer Steve Pitman

From the Bridge

By Commodore Mary Avellone (Hot Flash)

We are getting a little relief from the cold of a Chicago January as I write this mid January. At our Members Meeting in December, Jim Webb, Ken Harris, and Lisa Jewell were elected to two-year terms on the Board of Directors. Ken will continue his service as Entertainment Chair, Jim will chair the House Committee, and Lisa will chair IT. We welcome them warmly. Concerned about the future of sailing, Paul Thompson III agreed to look into possibilities for learn-to-sail programs, both for youth and for adults.



We learned from Scott Stevenson of Westrec that the channel will be dredged this spring unless the lake rises unexpectedly. There are plans in the future for a suite of about four washrooms each consisting of commode, basin, and shower, one of which would be wheelchair accessible, and a Harbor Master office upon a 22 by 40 foot barge in east-most slip, the first north slip of B dock. There are also plans for an E dock with a long ramp before the slips begin at the south end of the harbor, eliminating the star dock.

The Bridge met with Scott in January regarding safety, fishermen, underwater obstruction removal, the floating bathrooms, and much more. The meeting was fruitful and encouraging. The April Foghorn will outline the outcome of the Westrec meeting, augmenting and clarifying information from the Members Meeting.

Many members have responded to the call for prompt payment of the annual dues, and we have been able to meet our obligations in these lean months. Keep it coming in!

We had a small but celebratory group at the Awards dinner at Willowbrook. Fleet Captain, Jan Hansen, distributed some new, handsome trophies to the winners. Scott Meyer and David Truitt received tribute for their sustained service to the Race Committee. Ernie Coleman and Boyd Jarrell were recognized for their Board service. Brenda Murzyn was deservedly honored as 2009 Yachtsperson of the Year.

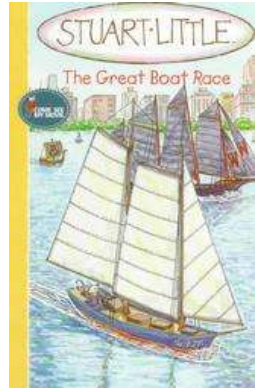
The Strictly Sail crew, including David Dobbs, Steve Pittman, Cherie Parker, and Paul Thompson, are developing many new and fun ways to attract notice and new members. Things are not quiet at JPYC as your Board and Committees prep for the 2010 season—not far away.

“Messing About in Boats”

By Art Smith (Shalom)

My family has a cottage overlooking Lake Michigan at White Lake, but, it is the two boats inside that really count. The first boat is over 50 years old and the second one is about half that age. These two boats are model boats, not the real thing, but, even as models, they loom large in my thinking and memory.

Boat one is a school boy’s attempt to create a gaff-rigged schooner like the one I saw in the movie *Captains Courageous* starring Spencer Tracy (shown in photo to the right). When I look at the model now, I realize that I got the schooner rigging about right, but the hull shape looks like a canoe and there isn’t even a rudder! But, there it sits high on a bookshelf with its muslin sails drooping as one of the strings holding the upper gaff is broken. Dust has congealed on the deck. I am amazed that seeing one movie prompted a crash course in model boat design that is still with me today. As a result of that one little model boat, I have spent a lifetime “messing about in boats,” as Kenneth Grahame said in *Wind in the Willows*.



The second boat, also a model, is of a newer design and actually built to sail on calm boat ponds. In fact, it looks a lot like the boat that Stewart Little sailed across the pond in Central Park years ago. But, we didn’t have a small human-like mouse in our family so the boat ventured from the shore alone. This “store-bought” sailboat has a deep keel, a smooth deck, a Marconi rig, and a rudder that can be held in place. It sailed quite well with a steady breeze and no waves. I bought it when my son was about ten year’s old thinking this was a good way to seed the sailing bug in him. It worked to a limited degree and the boat still survives.

My son now has his own son and the pond sailboat sits ready for another generation. Will the boat bug bite? Who knows, but I know we will expose this little guy to water, sunshine, and boats. However it turns out, he can always look at a schoolboy’s version of a gaff-rigged schooner, and tell the world, “My granddad built that boat.” We pass the sailing torch to a new generation. It is theirs to pick up, to use, and to enjoy.

In the off season, Steward Daryl Jones has work, but no set hours. In season, his hours are Wednesday to Sunday 10-6. Please honor his off hours. He checks the general voice mailbox daily throughout the year. In season, he also checks the mast stepping mailbox daily. If you need to reach him, leave a message in the appropriate voice mailbox and he will promptly return the call. 773-684-5522

Halloween Party 2009

By Foghorn Editor Jane Leuthold (Optimality)



Dr Pepper Wendy Graves



Ken Harris



KISS Me Demon
Igor Pismensky



Indian Princess Vonnie Nelson



Hostess with the Ghostes Rosemary Snow and Dead Eye Dick Snow

JPYC members were spooky, clever, funny, scary, and occasionally politically incorrect as they celebrated Halloween on Oct 31. The Clubhouse was decorated expertly by Robert Basset with skeletons, animated spooks, and goblins of all kinds. Music provided by Social Director Ken Harris set the mood and pot luck offerings such as goblin stew and pumpkin pie fed our bodies and souls.



Witch Pam Rice



Salty Dogs Jane and Ray Leuthold



Diver Al Thompson



Obama Death Panel Jerry Hutchinson and Kevin Randell

A Long Way Home

By Paul Thompson (Mise en Place)

In life, there are many references to the “First time” experience. “You will always remember your first”, “It’s never as good as the first time”, “First kiss”, “First date”, “First boat”... You get the idea. Well this year, I experienced my first Chicago to Mackinac race. As I am sure many of you know, the preparation and focus is long and intense. There were many long nights researching new products and installing new equipment etc. Through it all, the excitement of the “count- down to launch” kept the adrenalin flowing and me like a kid waiting for Christmas.



The race itself was everything it promised to be and more. The parties on the island were a perfect continuation of the excitement of the event and pride of having accomplished my first Mac! Now this “first time” thing has another side to it.... the part that no one talks about.

When I woke up on Wednesday morning, I was suddenly struck with the notion that I was in an unfamiliar place some 333 miles from home....a long way from home. Nothing in the prior 8 months of research, training, modifying, adjusting, installing, and calibrating had prepared me for this moment. As I said good bye to six of my seven fellow crewmembers and shoved off homeward bound.... it began to rain. The more I thought about it the further away home seemed to get.

I was determined to get back before the week was out. So we charted an aggressive 70-80 mile per day itinerary and began motor sailing to our first port. We weren’t at sea long before we realized that Leland did not have fuel docks and the next possible stop, Frankfort, was 106 miles and out of range. So we were headed to Charlevoix a meager 48 miles for the day and home was still a long way away. The next day we were really determined to cover some ground. So with an 8 am start we did 82 miles to Manistee. But with one look at the chart, it was clear we were still over 200 miles from home. The next day we put another 70 on the board and finally with the Sables, Big and Little, behind us, we were making progress. Muskegon was at least a town I had been to before but it still did not feel like home.

Another early start got us to Holland by mid day where the plan was to trade my most faithful crewmember, Johann Hudson, for my wife and kids. Now Holland is one of those stops where there are many choices where you can tie up and neither of us had been there before, so we consulted the cruising guide which had nothing to add. After contacting the biggest marina in town (Eldean) and getting a little sticker shock on the dock fees, we drifted across the Macatawa Bay Yacht Club. Now I am an expert at reciprocity and have spent all my adolescent summers living aboard at a Yacht Club, but I was not expecting the reception we got at MBYC.

(Continued on Page 5)

("A Long Way" continued from Page 4)

After a brief conversation with the dock master, we were directed to a slip, yes I said slip, with all the usual amenities; water, power, and cleats and pylons all in the right places. After an uneventful landing we were greeted by a sort of welcoming committee. It turned out to just be a gracious member who gave us locker room codes and directions to the laundry facilities, and if that were not enough, she even went on her boat to supply us with detergent for the wash. Now this was just supposed to be a two hour layover, but the family was late to arrive and I was just getting comfortable. With both darks and whites to wash, the pool seemed to be the perfect hangout between loads. Even there, people were very warm and accommodating.



Inside the club was a full service restaurant with meeting rooms and a beautiful nautical bar. It was a pleasure to purchase a burgee to be displayed at JPYC. I was even provided a complimentary cocktail while I waited for the Manager to get the MBYC burgee. There was a modest mooring fee (\$1/foot), about a third of the outfit next door, but there was no charge for our stay since we didn't stay overnight. As we pulled off at dusk and started down the lake, the beautiful sunset, with my family aboard, put everything in perspective. Yes we were still more than 100 miles from Chicago, but the day at Macatawa Bay Yacht Club followed by the sunset cruise was very "Mise En Place" (everything in its place) and very close to home.

Hot Flash on Hot Flash: Part I

By Commodore Mary Avellone (Hot Flash)

OK, so why has the Commodore's boat, Tartan 27 yawl (Hot Flash) not been in the water for three years? Something's wrong with this picture! The JPYC membership has a right to know. There is a story to tell, a long one. Here is the exposé as told by the Commodore herself. But, beware! This story has not been fact checked.

It all started innocently enough. I had an "aluminized steel" gasoline tank original to my 1975 boat. Inexplicably, the tank was originally installed canted so it could never be entirely filled making it vulnerable to condensation with



(Continued on Page 6)

(“Hot Flash” continued from Page 5)

water gathering in the low end where the intake hose sucked the gas. The external welded edges were rusting. Rust shards from the inside appeared in the filter. Not good.

I had the yard (Rentner’s) properly install a new aluminum gas tank. Sounds simple, right? To do so required removal of my Atomic 4 engine. With no engine, the bilge and other areas were now accessible, including a twisted stuffing “box”

(which is really a large-diameter specialty hose) and a stiff cracking cutless bearing. Rentner’s replaced those by mid-July of the first summer.

Many projects did not require the Rentner’s expertise—until I ran into trouble. For example, while cleaning out the nasty bilge, I noticed a hole in the bottom of the bilge! It allowed water to drain into a deadwood-like space between the bottom of the bilge and inside of the hull below it. This cavity had to be found from the outside of the hull, drained, and dried before being glassed over in the bilge. Without doing so, water would continue to collect, freeze, expand, and... Drying takes a long time. By now it is the following spring. The yard installed a bronze garboard drain from the bilge to the outside hull for on-the-hard water drainage to avoid future freezing and bilge holes.

I took the time to add insulation and replace the old ice box drainage system so that the hose had a trap to catch the water and stop the outflow of cool air, a major reason for inefficiency. I cleaned, primed, and gave two coats of special paint to the bilge and inner hull areas, which were now accessible. I rebuilt the sheave system for the centerboard so it will run without binding. I replaced many oversized knuckle-cutting screws and conventional nuts with ones cut to size, and then secured them with acorn nuts to protect my dainty hands.

One of many things I learned along the way was that the stuffing box hose is not the same as exhaust hose. It has much thicker walls so that it will not twist as an exhaust hose might if put to use for that purpose, and is not as widely available as an exhaust hose. Algonquin is one manufacturer.

So far this endeavor was only expensive, not exciting or demanding of any expertise from me. But the best was yet to come—the engine overhaul. See the April Foghorn for Part II.

Winter Happenings

Fridays	Potluck and movie
Jan 28-31	Strictly Sail Show
Feb 7	Sea Scout Brunch
March 15	Foghorn Submissions Due
April 1	April Foghorn

Thanks to Mary, Art, and Paul for their contributions to this issue. The Foghorn badly needs more reporters and writers. Please volunteer by emailing Jane at [http://jpvc-foghorn@sbcglobal.net](mailto:jpvc-foghorn@sbcglobal.net). Locate past Foghorn issues at <http://sites.google.com/site/foghornarchive/>.