

Tiller Tales

Gulfstream Sailing Club

March/April 2020

FROM THE HELM

Phil Decker, Commodore



Flag Officers, from left: Secretary Kay Harrison, Treasurer Ben Bowen, Vice Commodore Eric Kobrin, Rear Commodore Linda Gossett, and Commodore Phil Decker.

Our Change of Command Ceremony and Dinner was held on February 1. Yours truly decided to take a second lap as Commodore, **Eric Kobrin** was elevated to Vice Commodore, and **Linda Gosset** has stepped up to be Rear Commodore. Our new Secretary is **Kay Harrison**, and the new Treasurer is **Ben Bowen**. The new general members of the Governing Board are **Paul Hinden**, **David Notman**, and **Mary Brown**. Please contact a board member if you have a question or concern about the Club, or if you can, volunteer some time for a committee.



Since the last *Tiller Tales*, we have lost some cherished members. Long-time volunteer and sailor at the Lake, **Sam Kafoury** died on November 1, 2019. He was 92 years old. Past Commodore **Bernie Gartner** passed away on December 1 at the age of 89. Bernie participated in the 2019 Dinghy Run. Many GSC members attended his funeral service on December 8.

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2020 Officers

Commodore.....Phil Decker
Vice Commodore.....Eric Kobrin
Rear Commodore.....Linda Gossett
Treasurer.....Ben Bowen
Secretary.....Kay Harrison
Lake DirectorLuis Oliveira

2020 Governing Board

David Notman
Mary Brown
Paul Hinden
Ben Bowen, Past Commodore

2020 Committee Chairs

Crew Pool.....Eric Kobrin
Cruising.....Open
Small BoatLuis Oliveira
Legislative.....Sam Walker
Membership.....Ben Bowen
Nominating.....Kay Harrison
Ocean RaceOpen
Program.....Open
Regatta.....Linda Gossett
Ship's Store
.....Rosemary & Jim Mahon
SocialMary Brown
Tiller Tales Editor.....Kay Harrison
Trophies.....Mike Sawzak

REMINDER

Our calendar is published
on the GSC web site,
www.gulfstreamsailingclub.org

FROM THE HELM

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The Commodore's Choice Award, or "MVP," went to Sam Walker.

GSC had a full slate of activities lined up for 2020, but due to the corona virus outbreak, many events were cancelled. Just before the recommendation to stay at home and avoid large gatherings, a combination **Beach Bash and St. Patrick's Day Party** was held at Dr. Von D. Mizell-Eula Johnson State Park on Saturday, March 14. It was a beautiful day, and participants kept a healthy distance as we shared some good food and walked along the beach. Two days later, we held our last "in-person" Happy Hour in the

outside area at the new Quarterdeck Restaurant. We hope to get back there when the "all clear" is sounded. In the meantime, we are having online happy hours via Zoom. If you haven't joined in yet, please do so at our next gathering. It's a fun way to get together without getting together.

The **Gulfstream Regatta** had to be cancelled and will not be held this year. Committee Chair **Linda Gossett** hopes to hold the Regatta again in 2021, fingers crossed. And we are still planning a new event: a **Memorial Day Weekend Cruise to Miami Marine Stadium** for a raft-up on May 23 – 25. Let's keep our fingers crossed that there are no tropical storms or hurricanes on our big event dates, and that the danger of social interaction has passed. We will keep everyone posted.

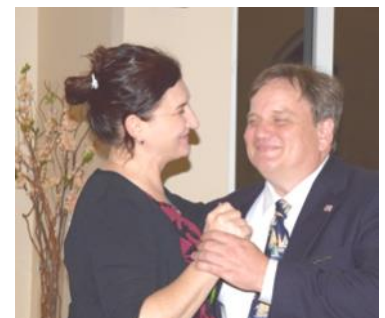
For those having a difficult time due to the pandemic, with illness, lost jobs, and stay-at-home orders, we are with you. Remember, we are sailors and that means we know how to heave to, batten down the hatches, and ride out the storm. Sailors are tough, and we will be back.

CHANGE OF COMMAND

Photos by Doug Brown



Past Commodores, from left: Jay Wood, Jim Webb, Marvin Verble, Mike Sawzak, Ben Bowen, Gregg Henry, and Luis Oliveira. Top right: Andrea Keyser with Jacqui and Bill Bradley. Bottom right: Mari Guarda and Ben Bowen.



CHANGE OF COMMAND, CONTINUED

Photos by Doug Brown



Above: Gifts were given to anyone who volunteered their time to the club in 2019. Right: Jim Mahon and John Lucas. Below, from left: Ben Bowen, Gregg Henry, Paul Hinden, Luis Oliveira and Eric Kobrin. Below, right: New flag officer Rear Commodore Linda Gossett and Vice Commodore Eric Kobrin.



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 - ❖ Seawalls
- ❖ Propeller inspection/ replacement
 - ❖ Pile wrapping
- ❖ Boatlifts and Davit repair/ install
 - ❖ Underwater photos/ video

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Above, left: Phil Decker gets the gavel for a second year as commodore from Eric Kobrin. Above, right: Alex Demyanenko receives the Blue Water Cruising Award for 2019. Bottom, left: Gregg Henry and Sam Walker, singing and dancing. Bottom, right: Sandra Hinden with Roxana Lopez Sawzak.

CORONA VIRUS UPDATE: WHAT ARE THE RULES?

Here are the guidelines from the Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission

Recreational boating, while practicing social distancing, is allowed under [Executive Order 20-91](#). Boat operators also must continue to follow the vessel distancing and occupancy requirements outlined in [FWC's Executive Order 20-09](#). (No more than 10 people per vessel; 50 ft. between vessels.)



Hunting, fishing and boating are allowed recreational activities under [Executive Order 20-91](#) while remaining consistent with social distance guidelines. For more information please go to: <https://myfwc.com/recreation/notices/covid-19/>.

NEW MEMBERS AS OF APRIL, 2020

By Ben Bowen, Membership Chair

Name	Phone	Boat
William Treece	847-337-7571	
Pedro Fullana and Jannette Carreras	787-646-5974	
Cynthia Hollen and Shab Yanai	917-723-5654	Opportunity—Catalina 30 sloop
Alex Mudrik	646-515-9745	
Rui and Misae Claudio	954-263-2863	
Paul Saia	808-313-9366	
Michael Taggart & Jackie Der Ovensian	704-754-0127	
Chris Feierabend	503-781-7105	
Jeffrey Godshall and Brooke Horton	678-770-4394	

IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM THE COMMODORE AND THE BOARD

We on the board are trying to be good leaders. As Commodore, I ask that each of our members do their part as well. That means:

Keep your contact information up to date online or by informing the Membership Chair.

Monitor your e-mails for events invitations and notices.

Monitor the calendar at www.gulfstreamsailingclub.org and Member Planet for the latest event information. Download the Member Planet app on your smart phone. It's free!

RSVP to say whether you are coming to an event, when applicable.

Volunteer to help, bring a friend to events, and spread the good word about GSC to others.

Dates to Remember

Next Happy Hour, via Zoom.....April 28
 Planned Sail and Raftup for Memorial Day
 To Marine Stadium, Miami.....May 23 –25
 May General MeetingMay 17

GETTING THE NEW BOAT HOME, PART ONE

By Bill Bowen

One basic truth in life – one thing leads to another. During my search for a sailboat to buy, I mostly envisioned myself sailing in the Bahamas or the Keys, not in the Chesapeake Bay. My online research into affordable boats and their basic characteristics led me to conclude that a Tartan was a good choice, and for a while I went back and forth between the 34, which has nine feet of keel when it swings down, and the Tartan 33, which often has a Scheel Keel, a winged affair designed to make the boat sail like it draws six feet, though it only requires four and a half. The predominance of shoal water in the Bahamas was a strong argument for the 33.

But it also came down to the condition of the boats that I actually looked at. There was a nice

33 in Fort Myers but the guy was asking 29 thousand and seemed disinclined to budge much. A moderately priced 34 in Jacksonville had been owned by a do-it-yourselfer who was not blessed with superior fiberglassing skills. A 34 in Jensen Beach didn't seem too bad, but just didn't win me over. A 37 in Fort Pierce was in extreme disrepair, overpriced, and had had its shrouds replaced with very sloppy work.

A Tartan 30 in Jacksonville, N.C., was unavailable for viewing during my treks of discovery, and a later trip to Maryland had three boats on the itinerary, all in the Annapolis area. A Tartan 34 on the Magothy River was another stately old boat that suffered from amateurish fiberglass repairs on the deck, and a Tartan 33 on Whitehall Creek was pretty much what I was looking for, so much so that I never got around to the third boat. I had observed this Tartan 33 on the online market for nearly a year and

watched the price drop from the high twenties.

I returned for a sea trial prepared to buy, and when the old Universal coughed and sputtered, we settled on 18 thousand for the boat and agreed to split the price of engine repair, which was at first estimated at \$1,000. But the more I talked to the engine guy at Scandia Marine, the more it seemed impossible to really revive this 1981 Universal. So I bought the boat for 17.5 and in the summer of 2018 began looking into replacing the motor, which would necessitate leav-



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GETTING THE NEW BOAT HOME, PART ONE

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ing the boat in the boatyard in Annapolis over the winter. Before I left, I bailed nine gallons of diesel-laden water out of the bilge. Already enamored of clean energy and especially solar, this might have helped sway me toward investigating the possibility of an electric motor, which I eventually pursued, and Robert Blood, who contracts for Electric Yacht Inc., installed my motor during February and March of 2019, with eight big 48 volt batteries the size of small suitcases, and separate chargers for the port battery bank and starboard bank, each with four AGM batteries mounted in sealed okoume plywood boxes.

My boat, renamed PinkSlip after the folk band that paid for it, was still on the hard when I went up in April, and Bob was doing the final installations – drive shaft, cutlass bearing, new prop designed for silent running. I painted the bottom, although I had left the sanding to the yard crew because Maryland has strict environmental rules requiring dust-free sanders, which are expensive and require talent.

By the end of April I was ready to go, on what would turn into a seven-week adventure, traversing the Intracoastal Waterway from Annapolis to Delray Beach. It would be a grueling and sometimes frustrating trip with very little sailing, traveling in a predominantly southwesterly direction with the wind most often blowing out of the southwest.

There would be unanticipated challenges, like dealing with 100 horseflies camping under my dodger all day long. Struggling against wind and current, sometimes unable to make more than two or three



knots. Seas kicking up to four feet in Albermarle Sound and again in the Neuse River. Anchoring night after night in the middle of nowhere, rocking on the anchor in 30 mph winds. And dealing with an unceasing parade of North Carolinian speedboats on Memorial Day weekend, going as fast as their 700 horses would push them.

It was definitely an adventure, and adventures are never planned. They just happen. One thing leads to another.

Watch for the continuing saga in our next issue of Tiller Tales, scheduled to be published in June, 2020.



PHOTO GALLERY | A LOOK BACK AT 2019

Halloween Photos by Eric Kobrin



PHOTO GALLERY | A LOOK BACK AT 2019

December 17, 2019 | Holiday Party



BUYING CLEMENTINE, PART 2

By Vice Commodore Eric Kobrin, Continued from last issue of TillerTales

Eric Kobrin's Journey on his new boat, Clementine, continues on the first day of his journey.

Jason and I completed loading up and stowing the gear. There were only two simple tasks left: plot the course on the chart and restart the engine. Neither worked out as planned.

I like navigating with paper charts. It's how I first learned marine navigation. I was looking forward to getting back into practice.

Among the gear I'd brought were a divider and compass to join the parallel rule already on board. These were right where I had left them. The MapTech chart book including charts from Block Island to the Canadian Border was nowhere to be found.

That book of charts may still be buried in the unused gear from the trip, or it may have dropped into the drink from the dock, or it may have been left atop the station wagon when Brenda drove away. In that case it is and shall remain lost to the streets of Chatham. Where ever it wound up, it was definitely not on the dock and it was not in any of the places we searched. This was bad.

Before discovering that the charts were missing, we had tackled the issue of the reluctant starter. When I tried to start the engine again, we had the same experience from earlier in the morning. The starter ran a few times, then would not run at all.

This time, I had my tools and backup power. This time, I could make it work my skill and ingenuity. Hubris.



None of my flailing about with a multimeter revealed any problems. The batteries were sitting at over 13 volts. The engine panel connections measured just fine. Pressing the starter switch reduced the resistance in the circuit as expected. Percussive maintenance on the starter with my venerable persuader mallet did not work. Desperate, I called the previous owner for advice, but he did not answer.

I was faced with the early termination of my delivery and untold headaches in preparing for a second attempt. I pressed the starter one more time. The engine started right up. Again.

My pondering of a despair-activated starter motor was interrupted by the discovery that the charts were missing. I had no hopes the charts would appear in response to my desperation or frustration.

Again a hard choice had to be made: start out chartless or cancel the trip. I'd read the charts dozens of times and had copies on my laptop. Jason had copies on his iPad. Each passing minute further jeopardized our chances of reaching Buzzard's Bay in daylight.

BUYING CLEMENTINE

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The boat was equipped with a working GPS/Chartplotter. Until that day, I had never relied on GPS for marine navigation. In my mind, using electronic gear for primary navigation on a sailboat feels like cheating. It's a fine backup, but an unseamanlike primary.

I had brought my hand-bearing compass, pencils, binoculars, and other tools for navigating within sight of land. But I had lost my paper charts. The tools would be of limited use without them.

With bruised ego, I plotted a course in the machine and let it tell me where to sail. Its instructions matched my recollection of the charts. I would trust the machine.

We cast off lines and rounded into the channel. The voyage had begun in earnest.

Into Nantucket Sound

We left the Chatham Harbormaster's dock at 11:45am, almost two hours later than we had anticipated. Jason took the helm while I continued to search for the charts in unlikely stowage areas, just in case. Besides the typical inconsiderate powerboaters spewing wake in no-wake zones, our exit from the harbor and into Nantucket Sound was uneventful.

The wind was blowing a steady 10 to 15 knots from the southwest. We headed into the wind and raised the main sail. This is when the previous owner's warning about the sail track cars revealed its full potential for mayhem. Almost every car jumped out of the track in raising the sail. The track gate was not sized quite properly for these cars and could not hold them in place.



The raising process became tedious: up a few feet, down a foot, re-insert car, repeat. The sheet winches are self-tailing, but the main halyard winch isn't. I eventually worked out that I could use the winch handle itself to help tail the line, but that was two days later. For now, I had to run the halyard aft and over the dodger to Jason at the helm so that he could tail it.

With the reluctant main sail raised, it was time to unfurl the jib. this process was entirely painless and suddenly we had a full suit of sails up, pulling us hard. It was beautiful.

The sun was shining, the seas were lively but non-threatening. Chatham disappeared in the distance and Nantucket Sound spread out before us invitingly.

Our course was slightly south of west. The southwesterly wind caused us to tack despite the Tartan 30C's relative close-

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BUYING CLEMENTINE

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windedness. With the steady breeze, we were able to shut off the engine and make over 6 knots speed over ground. About 1/2 knot of that was due to the westward current.

The same wind that brought us good speed under sail also built up waves over the long southwesterly fetch. The waves kept growing and the boat was pitching. Since the waves didn't seem likely to abate, I unpacked the jack lines and ran them forward. Later in the evening this would prove to have been a very prudent decision.

I did pay a small price for waiting so long to go forward. The turbulent seas caused me to bounce against a stay and slice my leg on an improperly bent cotter pin. I rigged the jacklines then I headed below to treat the cut while Jason sailed on.

In the cabin, all was in disarray. Our hasty stowage job in Chatham had left things secured, but not well enough for the current sea state. Bits of gear had flown everywhere. At least the antiseptic spray had stayed put. I cleaned my leg and then repacked the other things into lockers or behind fixtures.

Over the next hours Jason and I would repeatedly restow things more securely as they broke loose through heeling and pounding. One particularly bad stowage mistake was made as a result of this repacking.

I had noticed that the galley sink was filling with water when we were on a port tack. This was to be expected since I had intentionally not touched the gate valve for the sink drain.

Unexpectedly, enough water had entered so that it spilled out of the sink and soaked our bag of bagels. I didn't want to tempt fate by touching the gate valve out of range of repair facilities. Instead, I plugged the sink with its stopper. In doing so I moved a 2.5 gallon plastic water jug out of the sink and onto the shelf behind it.

Not long after, a switch to the starboard tack caused the jug to fly across the cabin and burst against the port bunk. I dove below and began sponging up the water into my 5 gallon bucket. In the heaving seas with the smell of diesel in the air, I ended up adding my own contribution to the bucket before I was able to dump it overboard.

Although we were sailing quickly, we weren't making enough progress towards Woods Hole due to tacking. Combined with our late departure, this led to an unfortunate conclusion:

There was no way we'd reach Woods Hole by sunset.

To be Continued in our next issue!