

THE SAIL BAG:

The Newsletter of the Gulf Atlantic Yacht Club

January 2009 Issue
This issue edited by Maria Huff Edwards

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From The Commodore's Perspective

Fetching *Sirene* from Sunbury to St. Mary's, Georgia ...

- "Men plan and the gods laugh"
- Heavy fog
- Hydraulic steering problems
- St. Mary's Boat Services
- Rocky, a good man to know
- Looking forward to stories about *Sirene*

When David and I set out for the "recovery" of *Sirene*, Jim and Danielle Lehman's Hardin 45, on December 26, 2008, we had an idea of what we were getting ready to do and looked forward to the possible offshore sailing trajectory. But, "men plan and the gods laugh". Upon arrival at St. Mary's where Captain Dave Weilacher, his daughter Megan, and her boyfriend David Ferricane were already waiting, we drove to Sunbury, Georgia ready to take on this would-be adventure. Soon after arrival, however, reality set in. Plans changed. After one night on the boat, a heavy fog that did not lift till way past 10:30 the next morning and a hydraulic steering system that leaked 3/4 quart of steering fluid in less than two hours, the Captain decided that it would be best if most of the crew returned home. Megan and I drove back home not empty handed, as a sailing adventure is always full of stories for future "chats by the fireplace", but somewhat disappointed on December 27th.

Sirene did head south, however, first through the good offices of Tow Boat US—Dave Weilacher, and David Edwards accompanying her down to St. Simon's Golden Isle Marina. Here, after some check-up, it was decided that they would motor-sail her the next day to St. Mary's Lang's Marina, not quite her final destination on this part of her history.

On the 9th of January, 2009, once again, David and I went back to fetch *Sirene* to be part of her next move, Captain Weilacher joined us the next day at 6:30 AM and after a few preliminary preparations, we moved the boat from Lang's Marina to St. Mary's Boat Services boatyard in the North River, a tributary of the St. Mary's River. The boatyard is overseen by Rocky who proved to be a helpful and easy-going man. We timed our travel on the North River to be at slack water before ebb tide because of depth considerations. A very bright morn-

ing, with perfect temperature greeted us that day. The trip up river was quiet and lovely as if all things had been timed just properly and all props and actors came in queue. Sometimes the gods bestow their blessings.

Sirene—named for the sirens that beckoned Odysseus in his adventures with luring graces and deadly intentions—is a beautiful boat, with solid teak decks, blocks, mast, and interior, with true Parquet flooring, a beauty that has seen many a lovely party and great adventure. Hope to hear about some of them from Jim and Danielle Lehman in the near future.

Maria Huff Edwards



Inside this Issue:

First Offshore Challenge 2005: Conclusion	4
By David J. Edwards	
Dave Carlson's Page	6
Sailing Books	7
Calendar of Racing Events	8
The Poetry Corner	8
Les Silhouettes by Oscar Wilde	

First Single Handed Race—Monday, December 15, 2008

By Magalie Laniel

It was a cold morning in Jacksonville, 33F at 7 am. I slept on board the night before, but couldn't fall asleep more than one hour at a time, not because of my heater struggling to keep the temperature above 60 degrees during the night, but because I was too excited. Couldn't wait for the day to

come! For the first time in my life, not only was I going to single hand *Salsa Verde*, but I was going to do it in a race! No wonder I could not sleep!

The tide was so low that the bottom of the river was uncovered near the marina. The mud was trying to dry in the early sun. The dock was empty. I knew of a few people who were going

to do this race... I guess it was too early. I dressed up as if I were going skiing, and started preparing the boat for the race. I installed my proudly homemade lazy jacks, and unrolled the main sail into them. Wow, after two minutes, I was sweating... I removed some layers—I was not really going to

(Continued on Page 3)

Our thanks to David and Laraine Teiss for their kindness is opening their beautiful home to the Gulf Atlantic Yacht Club and the US-Power Squadron. It was truly a wonderful occasion full of good fellowship, pretty holiday decorations and lights, food and drinks. And, as always, a terrific evening of music by the *Weeds of Eden*. Happy New Year to all!

FOR SALE

Full keel **Ranger 23**, *Lazy Daze*, built in 1973 and in great condition with full complement of sails, well-equipped with new compass, new radio, stereo system, porta-potty, newly painted, and much more. Best described by its owner as "a super-fast boat!"

For further details, call Jim Lehman
Tel. No. 352-495-8648
E-mail: JLehman323@aol.com.



"The Party" at David and Laraine's Teiss, Friday, December 12, 2008

For pictures of this event, please go to the following website to see Teresa Davidson's pictures of the party.

<http://gainesvillesailandpower.shutterfly.com/1681>

GULF ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB
November 17, 2008 Meeting

MINUTES

Attendance:

Eleven members and two guests: David Edwards, Sam Trickey, Cynthia Karle, Dave Carlson, Tom Salmon, Skip Skaja, Kay Haile, Bill Warinner, Maria Huff Edwards, Don Myers, Magalie Laniel, Paul Santaniello, Victor Perez

Meeting opened at 7:35 pm with a short roundtable presentation of everyone and their respective boats. Maria gave a short introduction of our guest speaker.

Minutes were read by Magalie and approved by the members.

Treasure's report read by Sam was \$2,288.30, minus \$3 for the business account fee that we have to pay to Compass Bank each month.

Old business and discussions

Holiday party will be at David and Lauren Teiss' home on December 12th at 6:30pm and the Weeds of Eden are going to play. Sailbag update, Maria revised Kay Haile's name.

2nd Annual Decanter Regatta with the Rat Island Yacht Club.. Howard Noble got a 3rd place in his class. He raced his boat with Dave Edwards and Magalie. Don and crew joined the group at the Crab shack after the race. Each present member told their story to the crowd.

Bill said that Northwest Grill restaurant had agreed to display our meeting announcement starting January 2009. Bill also tried to sell a t-shirts!

Cruising: Members brainstormed about "who has a boat where"...

Our shamrock regatta will be at Crystal Cove marina. Tentative date is March 28th 2009.

Richard Williams suggested a race between Cedar Key and Suwannee. Sam suggested that Cedar Key to Yankeetown would be more appropriate, or just around the Cedar key islands.

Skip announced that the Small Sailboat Show will be held in St-Petersburg on December 12.

Program of the evening : **Ethanol fuel** discussion by Paul Santaniello from PJ Marine. Ethanol is typically used in small quantities into gas fuel (up to 10%). The danger with Ethanol is that in the long run, it breaks down the polyester resin of most fiberglass tanks. This results in the resin being diluted in the form of a gel that would eventually clog your engine. Paul also talked about gas stabilizers and easy solutions for water separation in your tank.

Meeting ended at 8:50 pm

First Single Handed Race—Monday, December 15, 2008 *(Continued from Page 1)...*

ski anyway! This main is heavy, let me tell you that. Then I removed the instruments cover, the tiller cover and started the engine, with my other hand's fingers crossed! It worked!!! Yoo-hoo!!!

At 8 am, I was leaving the dock. Stuck in the mud because of the particularly low tide, it was not as pretty as usual. I managed to back up the wrong way (that prop pitch just wins over the rudder when mud is involved...) and U-turn around. That was the start of the adventure.



Winds were 10 to 15 knots out of the north turning to north east during the day. I thought hard about raising the sails to get some practice on the way to the Rudder Club. But motoring out there, in an icesicle position, I had to remove my sailing gloves because the tip of my index and my thumb were frozen. When I put on the big mittens, the sailing option had frozen, too. I kept looking back to see if anyone was following... no. The only other boat I saw was Ted's, coming from the Navy Jax marina. We arrived at the Rudder Club at the same time. We were the first ones. Docking by myself at the Rudder Club worried me a little bit, but it went fine. As long as you line up that board against the mean piling, nothing gets a scratch. Phew!

Bill, who was in charge of the race, eventually arrived as well as the other boats. There were 14 boats registered. 3 of which were Flying Scotts

and 1 Laser. At the Skipper's Meeting, Bill announced that this was only the second time that a woman participated in the 18 years that this race has happened. The course was announced to be Start (E) - G5 - G7 - G9 - finish (E), all to starboard (approximately 8 miles). So everyone hurried to their boats, and there we went.

I motored off and raised my mainsail. Without a mast person, it takes some time and effort! I was able to raise it by hand until the last 2-3 feet, I had to winch the rest. Then the #3 jib; this one was much easier. I was so happy that the winds were strong enough for me to justify using the #3 that day! The #1 is so much harder to tack...

I made a few tacks around the starting line area to get comfortable. I was surprised how easy it was to tack that jib. I had learned a trick at the Christmas party the night before the race. Dave Whites told me an easy way to figure out which end of the starting line is favored. You sail on the line and trim your main perfectly, then you turn around and sail on the line the other way around without adjusting your mainsail. If it is under-trimmed (luffing), the end in front of you is favored; if it is over-trimmed (too full), the end behind you is favored. Magic trick! I quickly figured out that the port end (the pin) was favored. Dave had also told me how the port starts are sometimes beneficial. I told him that I was not going to do it on that race because I did not think I would be quick enough at tacking in front of the crowd. Well, I did it anyway, just because there was too much traffic on the other end of the line. And it worked!!! I was the first boat on the line (almost over early, I had to fall off for a few seconds!) and I blew by everybody. I was ahead of the fleet for the first quarter of the race. Then, *Whisper* caught up with me because I

went too close to the middle of the river where stronger currents were against me. I realized it while looking at a crabtrap... I hate them usually, but that day it was helpful! While we were heading towards G5, I was happy that *Whisper* was ahead, because I was not sure where the mark was. I had a GPS, but it was a little too far inside the boat. *Whisper* is faster than me on a closehaul. He was going away slowly, but he had his #1 genoa up. So when a good gust came along, he did not reach the main sheet quick enough, he rounded completely! His genoa popped the wrong way around, he was not able to come back. He had to let it go, tack and bring it back around. I'm sure he was not happy, this sail takes a long time to winch! I know because by the time he did all that, I had gotten closer and closer to him! I could almost see him sweat!!! Ok, not that much... but was I happy with my #3? Oh yeah!!! We tacked around G5 and headed to G7, then G9. This leg was a beam-broad reach. Sometimes I think I was gaining on him, sometimes not... It was tight. But the last leg, from G9 to the finish, was a running leg. That's where he was happy with his #1... And I was not too fast with my #3... So I guess he gained just enough on me to call it a win.

Whisper is a C&C 38, with a handicap of 114, Salsa Verde's handicap is 135. So he owed me 21 seconds per mile... I didn't see the details of the results

Whisper and I sailed back to Julington Creek together on a broad reach under the nice warmer afternoon sun. It would have been fun to wait for the results at the Rudder Club, but the rest of the fleet was so far behind I would probably have had to come back after sunset! And I don't mind docking by myself, but it's safer in daylight 😊 Plus, why put the sails down, and up, and down again... too much work...

This day was a memorable one for me and for all the little muscles that I feel now and did not even know existed! Thanks, Mother Nature, for such perfect sailing conditions. The cold morning just made it a better adventure!

Watch for me next year... I'll be prepared!

The End.

"But motoring out there in an icesicle position, I had to remove my sailing gloves because the tip of my index and my thumb were frozen. When I put on the big mittens, the sailing option had frozen too. I kept looking back to see if anyone was following... "



First Coast Offshore Challenge 2005—Conclusion...

Leg 3: Southward Bound

We were up at 0530 on Saturday morning and at the boat by 0615. Sunrise would be at 0650 and there was already a glow on the eastern horizon. We woke up the rest of the crew. It was overcast and there was a light drizzle. Maria and I decided to put on our foul weather gear while the rest of the folks were rolling out.

Dave wanted to go for coffee so I went with him along with Wayne up to the little bait shop in the park. They had to make more coffee after pouring two cups so I took those back to the boat while Dave and Wayne waited for theirs. Steve took a picture of Maria and I wearing our foulies in the cockpit.

We started up the diesel at 0717 and we were underway by 0724. It was not raining any more and the wind was westerly, offshore. As we made our way down the St. Marys river Dave gave a little talk about true, relative, and apparent wind.

We stowed all dock lines below and removed the fenders and put down the webbed jack lines on both sides of the boat. There were sailboats ahead of us and behind us. A long line headed out to green entrance marker 13 where the starting line would be.

By 0824 we were in Cumberland Sound. We raised the main with one reef in it and turned off the engine and unfurled 100% of the headsail. We sailed on a beam reach starboard tack across the Sound toward Fort Clinch on the northern tip of Amelia Island. We were making very good time. Dave thought we were getting there too fast and wasn't looking forward to what we'd encounter in the Atlantic so at 0830 we hove to.

Other sailboats passed us while we waited but five minutes later Dave decided to get underway again. We were making 6.1 knots. At 0837 we hove to again and waited until 0841

before jibing out behind *Bananas* and another boat after they passed us. We listened to NOAA weather on the VHS and spotted wild horses on the northern tip of Cumberland Island off our port side.

At 0910 Dave and I compared my hand held GPS coordinates for the Mayport red 4 marker, the finish line, against those placed in his binnacle GPS. They were identical.

By 0930 we were out beyond the jetties near green 13. We tightened up the sails to close hauled still on a starboard tack. It was obvious right away that we were being overpowered by the wind and needed to furl more headsail. I learned a lesson about cleating the furling line. I learned it the hard way because I did it wrong. Maria was manning the cleat while I hauled in on the line. Being on a starboard tack, the headsail was on the other side of the boat and someone else was giving the working sheet slack while I pulled. We furled up to the outer black dot on the sail and then here is where I did it wrong. I should have just cleated the line right on top of the other knot. Instead I told Maria to uncleat the first knot, which she did and then I cleated a new one. If I had left the original knot it would be very easy to let out sail to the prior position by simply uncleating the top knot. I did not intuit this. Later Dave explained it to me and, of course, it makes perfect sense.

I went below for harnesses and tethers. It looked like we were going to need them. It also looked like there would be no spinnaker flying today. The wind was a consistent twenty knots from the southwest, but we found out later there were gusts to thirty. If this wind had been onshore the race would have been canceled due to excessive wave height. However, because it was offshore there was very little fetch between us and the land so the seas could not build.

Farther out to sea things would be different, but we were going to be hugging the coast in this race.

We came about onto a port tack to sail back toward the starting line and when we were once again above it we hove to. It was 0954. It was very comfortable and according to the GPS we were making about 2 knots. At 1002 I checked in *Easy Days* with the committee boat on channel 71. The committee boat synchronized watches, and it must have been some-one different again because I was twenty seconds fast.

We pulled the headsail across the mast leaving us once again on a starboard tack. We came about and worked our way higher above the starting line before heaving to again at 1008. Dave made a little speech. It began like this "I'm not real comfortable being out here." Dave suggested that we start the race and then bail. We could sail easily back into St. Mary's Inlet on a reach, then motor sail down the Intracoastal to Sisters Creek and the St. Johns River. He wanted our opinion.

Three people immediately opposed his idea and one, Chuck, was very adamant about it. Maria wanted to do the race and so did Trevor. Wayne, Sam, Steve and I kept quiet. I would have been happy to bail. I knew we were going to be close hauled the whole way which was going to be at least three hours of steep heeling. Chuck was undaunted. We had come this far and we should do this race.

Finally I interjected my notion that sailing back to St. Mary's should be quite comfortable and we could consider it an option at any time until we passed Nassau Sound which is about half way. Dave liked this idea. Okay, we would race.

Again we pulled the headsail across and after sailing briefly came about,



Maria and I wearing our foulies—we would need later. The stormy weather behind us is in the east backlit by a glowing sunrise.

gained some ground above the start and hove to at 1019. I went below and pumped the bilge. We hove to two more times before the race began. At 1024 the "F" flag came down and at 1025 Blue went up. The lityny continued with "P" up at 1026 and down at 1029. The committee boat counted down the last ten seconds on channel 71 and blew the horn at 1030 when the blue flag came down. We brought the jib sail across onto a starboard tack and crossed the start line at 103103 by my watch.

The best bearing we could sail was 184 degrees. We could pinch as high as 177 degrees, but it only slowed us down and the ride was awful. Dave released the traveler completely so the boom block was as far to port as it could go to reduce the weather helm. He also wanted as many people on the starboard rail as would fit. Sam went out first followed by Wayne, then Trevor, Chuck, and finally me. Steve stayed with Maria on the high side of the cockpit while Dave sat low and steered.

Those of us on the rail did not sit on the cabin top, which would have been dangerous. No we sat on the deck with our legs dangling over the side. We were technically "rail meat", and our purpose was to add our combined weight as leverage to reduce the heel. The first thing that happened was my feet got wet from the waves going by. There was nothing we could do but grin and bear it. I believe our consistent heel was probably fifty degrees. At times however, when a gust would hit us, it felt like I was horizontal lying on the cabin bulkhead.

First Offshore Challenge 2005 (Conclusion)...

I could see other boats heeling over very far as well. Because we were the last boat in the spinnaker class we could see the wind effecting the boats ahead of us and predict that the weather would effect us shortly in the same way.

I went over options in my mind. In fact if we double reefed the main and reduced the headsail this would probably be a comfortable ride. But we were in a race. Also, Dave had removed the second reef line from the sail. It would mean heaving in order to rig one. But if conditions warranted it we could do it and we would be safe. I was also concerned about equipment failure. I knew that both the mainsail and the jib were fairly new. It was not likely they would tear. The shrouds on the port side of the boat were virtually dangling as the starboard shrouds were taking all the strain. I could hear the furling line cleat groaning as if in pain however. If it came out we would have to cleat the furling line somewhere else as we could not sail, at least not close hauled, with the full jib.

At some point, probably an hour or so into the race, Dave hollered that a line was dragging in the water on the port side. It was one of the spinnaker sheets. Wayne managed, with Sam's help, to secure the line back in the spinnaker bag, and then it was decided to put the whole thing below. Wayne had to unfasten the bag from the lifeline stanchions which held it secure on the foredeck. In the process a wave hit us and he lost his balance falling across the cabin top. Chuck and Sam grabbed him and pulled him back over to the starboard side. He was tethered to the jack line as were Sam and Trevor. But, we didn't need a man overboard, tethered or not. The bag was finally unfastened and we passed it across the cabin top to Steve who put it below.

A little after that Chuck decided that Trevor was getting too cold sitting on

the rail. He wanted him to go back in the cockpit. He also questioned Sam, who was out in front, but Sam insisted he was not cold and wanted to remain on the rail. I got off the rail followed by Chuck and Trevor. Steve went up as Trevor's replacement and we manned the rail again.

The cruising class boats were behind us, and several were closing on us. The big ones like *Spirit of O'Henry* were in their element with this wind. It just made them move fast. Two boats which had started with us and who were closer to shore abandoned the race and headed back to St. Mary's. This was the option I had suggested for us before we started. It made me feel like perhaps I knew what I was doing out here. *Whisper* had all but disappeared in the distance.

Dave needed to go below to use the head. He put Maria on the helm. I could see she was nervous, but I was not going to volunteer unless she asked. She held us on course for five minutes and then asked me to take it. I climbed down from the rail and remaining on the high side I relieved her. When Dave came up a few minutes later he complained that he had not asked me to take the helm. I simply said I had been requested to. "I want your three hundred and fifty pounds up on that rail." He said. Fine, I gave him the helm and returned to the rail.

Around 1300 we knew we were approaching Mayport when we saw the aircraft carrier "John F. Kennedy" in the distance. Dave was watching the GPS as our bearing to red marker 4 began to change more radically. The Notice of Race said we were to leave red 4 to starboard. How far to starboard it did not say. To get close to the marker we'd have to come about as our close hauled point of sail had taken us farther out to sea. I moved back down into the cockpit and took the helm while Dave made adjustments. When he took the helm back I

remained back on the transom on the high side.

Dave decided we would mark down our time twice. We'd continue on this tack until the marker was off our beam (due west), bearing 270 degrees. We'd record that time; then, we'd come about onto a port tack and sail in close to shore but still above the mark. We'd come about again and leave the mark to starboard but close aboard. We'd record that time also.

Our official time keeper, Chuck, called the time when Dave decided the mark was off our starboard beam. Trevor memorized it, 133250—we couldn't readily write it down in these weather conditions.

Then we came about. "Anyone who is not agile needs to get off the rail," David said. Everyone except Sam came back into the cockpit. I handled the starboard side winch, Maria released on the port side as Dave brought us about. Then everyone got back up on the rail.

We were now sailing toward shore. From my vantage point, I could see when we heeled the water was over the toe rail, shrouds dragging in the water. This was a wild ride! I said to Dave "I sure would like to furl in a big piece of that headsail." "Okay, go ahead and try it." He replied. Carefully I knelt down on the low side, handed Dave the jib sheet and unwrapped it from the self-tailer. I pulled hard on the furling line as Dave gave me slack on the sheet. I pulled in a good two feet of sail before cleating the line over the knot already there.

The boat felt a calmer as I climbed back up on the transom's high side. A minute later, Dave asked me to look at the speed on the GPS. We were still making over six knots. "Good call," he said.

We monitored channel 16 on VHS and we heard *Shadow Fax*, a Pearson 27, which decided not to race today, calling for a tow. It ran aground in the Intracoastal.

As we headed toward land, big cruiser *Spirit of O'Henry* passed us on our starboard side headed out to sea. They hollered, "Red 4" as they went by. I figured they knew where they were going...

Then the GPS on the binnacle stopped working. We depended on it to monitor our bearing from red marker 4. Dave wanted me to go below and get my hand-held GPS. I was reluctant to go, the boat heeling the way it was, but we needed that bearing information. When GPS was not available a decade ago, we'd be doing sight bearings with a compass! I started to go below. "Never mind, its back," Dave hollered.

When the GPS indicated that red marker 4 was due south of us, bearing 180 degrees, we came about again. Everyone came back in the cockpit who was not agile and Maria released on the starboard side while I winched in on the port side. Now back on a starboard tack, we had what we believed to be red marker 4 in sight off our port bow. As we passed it Chuck noted the time and Maria memorized it—143100.

We were all ready to quit as we came about one last time, turned on the diesel and furled up the headsail. As we entered the jetties Dave put Wayne on the helm—everybody was feeling quite satisfied. At 1500, we dropped the mainsail.

We arrive at Safe Harbor after 1700, tied up at the outer dock, starboard side to. I'd tied two lines on the starboard side after cleat—a stern and a spring line. As we approached the dock, Chuck jumped off with one of these lines in hand, used a horn cleat on the dock to stop the boat's forward motion. Then, he took the line off the cleat and pulled it hard. It was the top line on the after cleat and it came loose! The force Chuck put on the line propelled him backward right off the dock, into the water! When he'd been pulled back up he inquired "Who tied that knot." "I did," I said embarrassed... But, we were almost home!

The End.

DAVE CARLSON'S PAGE

From Here and There...

By Dave Carlson

[Story submitted by Dave Carlson on Friday, October 28, 2008. MHE]

Here it is sometimes—and these guys have a new boat...!



Holly Branson in *Virgin Money's* Transatlantic Challenge 2008...

The *Virgin Money/Speedboat* Transatlantic speed record attempt is over. Richard Branson said: "We've just experienced a night from hell when *Virgin Money* was struck by a massive wave from behind – washing one of our life rafts over board, damaging the spinnaker and devastatingly tearing a massive hole in our mainsail. Luckily all of the crew were harnessed in and no one was swept overboard, which is all that matters at the end of the day." They decided to throw in the towel and are currently sailing through the Bermuda triangle on way to St George, Bermuda (ETA Bermuda 9pm GMT).

Branson continued: "The last two days have felt like a lifetime. we knew when we set out this late in the season that we were going to be faced with some horrific weather conditions but none of us could have predicted the huge storm systems – at times between gale force 7 – 9, seeing swells up to 40ft – that we have been bombarded with. We have pushed *Virgin Money* to its limits – I now fear over her limits."

Nobody could have predicted the storm? Really? We're pretty sure they were predicted almost exactly. And didn't we question the timing here just as they started? Look we're sorry that they had to pull the plug, but they fully well knew what they were getting into and as sometimes happens, the ocean won.

[For more pictures, see <http://www.bymnews.com/photos/thumbnails.php?album=623>.]

ABOUT THE MALTESE FALCON YACHT



Giant Maltese Falcon yacht off Angel Island, San Francisco. Picture submitted by Dave Carlson, Thursday, October 2, 2008...

The Maltese Falcon is a clipper sailing luxury yacht owned by American venture capitalist Tom Perkins. It is one of the largest privately-owned sailing yachts in the world at 88 meters (289.1 feet), similar to Royal Huisman's *Athena* and Lürssen's *Eas*.

It was built after the Dynaship or Dyna-Rigg concept, a 1960 invention of the German engineer Wilhelm Prölss which was intended to operate commercial freight sailing ships with as few crew as possible. The ship has fifteen square sails (five per mast), stored inside the mast; they can fully unfurl into tracks along the yards in six minutes. The three carbon fiber masts, which are free-standing and able to rotate, were manufactured and

able to rotate, were manufactured and assembled by a company financed by Perkins at the Perini Navi Istanbul *Yildiz Gemi* (star ship) yard in Tuzla, 50 miles south of Istanbul, Turkey, under the supervision of the English company Insensys and Dutch company Gerard Dijkstra & Partners. Other design was provided by Ken Freivokh Design. The Falcon was the third yacht built by Perini for Perkins.

The yacht is easily controlled and has been seen to sail off her anchor and away from berths within harbors. The yacht's sophisticated computer detects parameters such as wind speed automatically and displays key data.

An operator must always activate the

controls, yet it is possible for a single person to pilot the yacht. In a radio interview for the BBC World Service's Global Business programme broadcast in December 2007, Perkins revealed that he personally wrote some of the yacht's unique control software.

The Falcon has two 1800 horse-power Deutz engines running at 1800 rpm with a top speed of 20 knots with minimal wave-making and virtually no vibration or noise and with a smooth and non-turbulent wake.

The yacht has a permanent crew of 18 to maintain the technical aspects including the rig and to operate the onboard "hotel", which can accommodate twelve guests plus four guest staff. The boat also includes an onboard gourmet chef and stewards and stewardesses.

The Falcon was registered in Valletta, Malta in 2006. It completed its trial sail in the Sea of Marmara to the Bosphorus Strait on 12 June 2006, and made its maiden voyage from Turkey to Italy via Malta in July 2006. Since that time, Perkins has been renting out the Falcon for between € 325,000 to 335,000 per week plus expenses.

Lusso Magazine ran a cover feature on the Maltese Falcon in their January 2008 edition where they reported that yacht brokers Edmiston and Company were the first to set up a charter – for "a piffling €350,000 per week. This price includes a crew of 16, but you still have to pay for food and wine".

In a 60 Minutes profile on November 4, 2007, Perkins suggested the yacht cost more than \$150 million but less than \$300 million, but refused to be more specific.

[Source: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Maltese_Falcon_\(yacht\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Maltese_Falcon_(yacht))]

Sailing Books and Charters: Around Cape Cod

STORM PETREL CHARTERS: Cape and Islands Charters Since 1992

Eastern Caribbean and Virgin Islands in Winter & Cape Cod and Maine in Summer.

From light zephyrs to brisk winds, *Storm Petrel* is a fast, safe, comfortable yacht and you can be as involved as you choose in sailing and navigation for an authentic experience. You choose the mix of secluded romantic coves, charcoal grilled dinners, fishing, snorkeling, sunbathing or highstepping to an island band in a relaxed day by day pace. *Storm Petrel* welcomes out of the ordinary charters such as offshore passages or off the beaten path adventures.

Storm Petrel's namesake is a beautiful black and white seabird that spends most of its life in open ocean, only coming to shore to raise young.

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When my long-time friend, Verity Bostick, resurfaced into my life in early December, my thoughts harked back to the happy times we spent in New York City where we both pursued doctoral studies in musicology at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, jotted to the Metropolitan Opera House for its fare of world-renowned singers, or to the Metropolitan Museum of Art to study with legendary Curator of Musical Instruments Emanuel Winteritz, and, of the joyous days when we would spend time in her family farmhouse in Chester, New Jersey or drive up to Dennis, Cape Cod, where her family had a house harking back generations. And so, in honor of that friendship and of those happy days, this month choice of sailing books was certainly easy—it would have to be about this part of the world, one of the scenic jewels of the US, and a great spot for sailing...

Maria Huff Edwards



The Coast of Summer: sailing New England Waters from Shelter Island to Cape Cod. By Anthony Bailey

Publisher: Sheridan House
Paperback: 368 pp
ISBN: 1574090747
ISBN13: 9781574090741

Though he moved back to England in 1971, Bailey and his wife Margot return to the U.S. nearly every summer to cruise the New England Coast. Here Bailey (*Inside Passage: The Outer Banks*) gives an engaging account of their 1991 cruise in *Lochinvar*, a 27-foot fiberglass boat. He sets out on a shakedown voyage from his home port of Stonington, Conn., to some old haunts in Long Island Sound. In August, he and Margot head northeast to Block Island, the Elizabeth Islands, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket and Cape Cod, stopping at boatyards, towns, coves and beaches. On this leisurely cruise, they visit old friends, swim and walk the beaches. Homeward bound, they encounter Hurricane Bob, but only after *Lochinvar* is safely tied down and they are ashore. Readers familiar with the area--its shorelines and waters--will savor every word. [Review from *Publisher's Weekly*. Copyright 1994 Reed Business Information, Inc.]

Cruising Guide to Narragansett Bay and the South Coast of Massachusetts

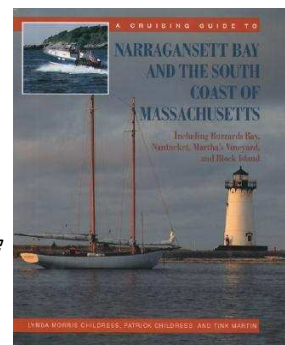
By Patrick Childress, Tink Martin, Linda Morris Childress, Tina Martin, Lynda Childress

Publisher: International Marine Publishing (10/01/1995)
Hardcover: 484 pages.
ISBN: 0070163049
ISBN13: 9780070163041

Between Long Island Sound and the elbow of Cape Cod lies a richly varied cruising ground. *A Cruising Guide to Narragansett Bay and the South Coast of Massachusetts* is the definitive cruising guide to these waters. Its coverage extends to the headwaters of Narragansett Bay and miles offshore to the solitude of Block Island and Nantucket.

Longtime area boaters Lynda and Patrick Childress and Tink Martin take you on a personal tour with all you need for a day, a weekend, or several weeks of cruising. They provide essential information on weather, tides, currents, and pilotage, availability of moorings and the closest place to pick up provisions. The unique harbor rating system shows at a glance what each anchorage offers in facilities, protection, beauty, and interest. Maps and charts help negotiate tricky channels or find that hidden marina.

When you've dropped anchor and are sitting back in the cockpit after a day's cruising, the guide continues to inform you, pointing out places to go for food and entertainment, where to find hiking trails, picnic and fishing spots, wildlife sanctuaries, museums, and more. In addition, the authors give cruisers the historical context in which to view the passing scenery, and they impart a deep affection for the region's unique character.



Gulf Atlantic Yacht Club

Visit us at www.gulfatlanticyachtclub.com

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THE GULF ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB

The Gulf Atlantic Yacht Club was founded in 1976 to provide on-going sailing opportunities, education, and fellowship for its members. Located in North Florida, Gainesville has many large inland lakes and is ideally centered between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. The club offers a racing, cruising, and social schedule, as well as monthly programs on different aspects of the sport.

Club membership is \$15 for the 2008-2009 season.

Newsletter contributors are always welcome. Please contact: Maria Huff Edwards at maria0407@bellsouth.net, Jeff Shapiro at shap6102@bellsouth.net, or Sam Trickey at trickey@qtp.ufl.edu For further details.

Guest Speaker for the February 19, 2009 GAYC Meeting

Our February guest speaker will be our very own members, **Magalie Laniel**, who currently owns a J/30, *Salsa Verde*. She has been very active sailing in the various Women on Water regattas in the Jacksonville area this past fall and has congenially agreed to speak about this experience to the club. We look forward to her presentation.

CALENDAR OF RACING EVENTS in the local area

DATE	CLUB	LOCATION	TIME	NAME OF RACE
2/7-8/2009	RIVC	Murphy's Island in St. John's River		Raft-Up at Murphy's Island; Pick up point for water taxi is Brown's Landing
3/1-6/2009	SPYC	St. Pete Yacht Club		Thistle Midwinters East
3/7-8/2009	RIVC	Palatka	TBA	63rd Annual Florida Azalea Festival in Historic Palatka
3/14/2009	RC	The Rudder Club of Jacksonville, Inc.,	112:55 PM	Catalina 22 Region 3 Championship and Florida Travel Series Regatta
3/31/2009	GAYC	Crystal Cove, Palatka	112:55 PM	Spring Regatta

Abbreviations:

Rat Island Yacht Club = RIVC; CCYC=Crescent City Yacht Club; GAYC: Gulf Atlantic Yacht Club; RU=Rudder Club; LESC= Lake Eustis Sailing Club

The Poetry Corner



Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde was born 16 October 1854 and died 30 November 1900. He was an Irish playwright, poet, and author of numerous short stories and one novel.

Known for his biting wit, he became one of the most successful playwrights of the late Victorian era in London, and one of the greatest celebrities of his day. Several of his plays continue to be widely performed, especially *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

As the result of a widely covered series of trials, Wilde suffered a dramatic downfall and was imprisoned for two years hard-labour after being convicted of "gross indecency" with other men. After Wilde was released from prison he set sail for Dieppe by the night ferry. He never returned to Ireland or Britain.

[Source: Wikipedia entry: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Oscar_Wilde]

Les Silhouettes

The sea is flecked with bars of gray,
The dull dead wind is out of tune,
And like a withered leaf the moon
Is blown across the bay.

Etched clear upon the pallid sand
Lies the black boat: a sailor boy
Clambers aboard in careless joy
With laughing face and gleaming hand.

And overhead the curlews cry,
Where through the dusky upland grass
The young brown-throated reapers pass,
Like silhouettes against the sky.

