

Fall 2017

The Tell-Tale



Purpose: To encourage the sport of boating and sailing, to promote the science of seamanship and navigation, and to provide and maintain a suitable clubhouse for the recreation and use of its members.

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF
THE NORTHPORT YACHT CLUB



Commodore's Corner



From a Commodore's perspective, I am proud of the year the club had in 2017. We had great crowds at all the Thursday evening socials and the July Cocktail party. The Silent Auction and the Mother of all Yard Sales both had a turnout and result beyond all expectations. We put on an outstanding Around Islesboro Race again on September 9. With 52 boats on the line the last two years, our regatta is now regarded as the best race in the Maine sailing season. I want to take time out right here to thank everyone who brought food down for the race, from all reports it was the finest post-race party yet. This miracle of generosity by the Bayside Community allow us to feed a crowd of hundreds and still raise over two thousand dollars for our sailing program.

We all should all feel some pride in the money we raised for the Northport Food Pantry from the Silent

Auction, please continue to keep them on your short list of charities to support. So as not to kill our charitable golden goose, we will not put on an event this coming year, but start planning your silent auction offerings for summer 2019!

Almost none of the good times had last summer would have been possible without a lot of behind the scenes work and the person organizing most of that work was Elaine Smith, Thank you again Elaine.

The club's financial position is good, and should allow holding the line on pricing next year for all that we do (yes, that includes beer Craig).

We have a record high number of members this year - 216, (that's families not individuals). The uptick of about 50 memberships was fueled by our move to the use of club administration software tied in with our new

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website. This helped us to a record number of renewals and almost 40 brand new memberships. Our strength is in our members, and this can only mean good things for the club. We hope this leads to an increase in volunteerism and it does seem to be doing that so far. Look for more information elsewhere in this issue about how you can help keep the Club and Bayside fun going.

Come spring we are going to improve and modernize the process of securing and informing volunteers for our many faceted efforts, please be on the lookout in the spring for emails from the club about volunteering for NYC events with SignUpGenius.

It's simple cause and effect, the more people volunteer to help with club efforts, the easier the individual workloads get, and the more the club can do, leading to more fun to be had and more good feelings. When you get an email this spring about volunteering, please respond.

Skip Pendleton, who is Denise Pendleton's father (John Lightner's father-in-law), has passed over the bar. Skip was our Commodore in '79 & '80. He was energetic, and public spirited, with a wide range of interests and lived a truly renaissance life. Our sincere condolences to his family. The club made a \$100 donation in his honor to the Belfast Bay Watershed coalition.

NYC Notes

- Lindsay Huntoon (lah.huntoon@gmail.com) is handling our shameless commerce division (merchandising) again this year and could use some help, please contact her if you are willing to source or sell.
- The 2018 NYC cruise is from Monday 8/6 through Friday 8/10 itinerary TBD, but considering some combination of Long Cove, Dix Harbor, Burnt island, Monhegan, Port Clyde, Tenants Harbor. If you are considering the cruise next summer, go to the cruising forum on our new website to register your opinion on the itinerary.
- The Third Annual Retired Daysailor Skipper's Race will tentatively be held Wednesday July 4 at 3 PM, contact Dan Webster V (dtw43@cornell.edu).
- With the advent of the new website and the online database, members are now responsible for ensuring that their contact information is up to date. Please take the time to check your personal information when you login to renew your membership.
- Did you know you can upload a picture that will appear when people look you up in our new online directory? Just go to your profile (click the little circle next to your name at the very top of the screen), and click on profile in the dropdown box. From your profile pages select "standard member directory" within in the personal information section, from the standard member directory page, at the bottom of the page, you can select a photo from your computer to use for display when your profile is shown.



Hard working young Baysiders helping out at the Tag Sale



Sailing School is over, time to de-rig the fleet



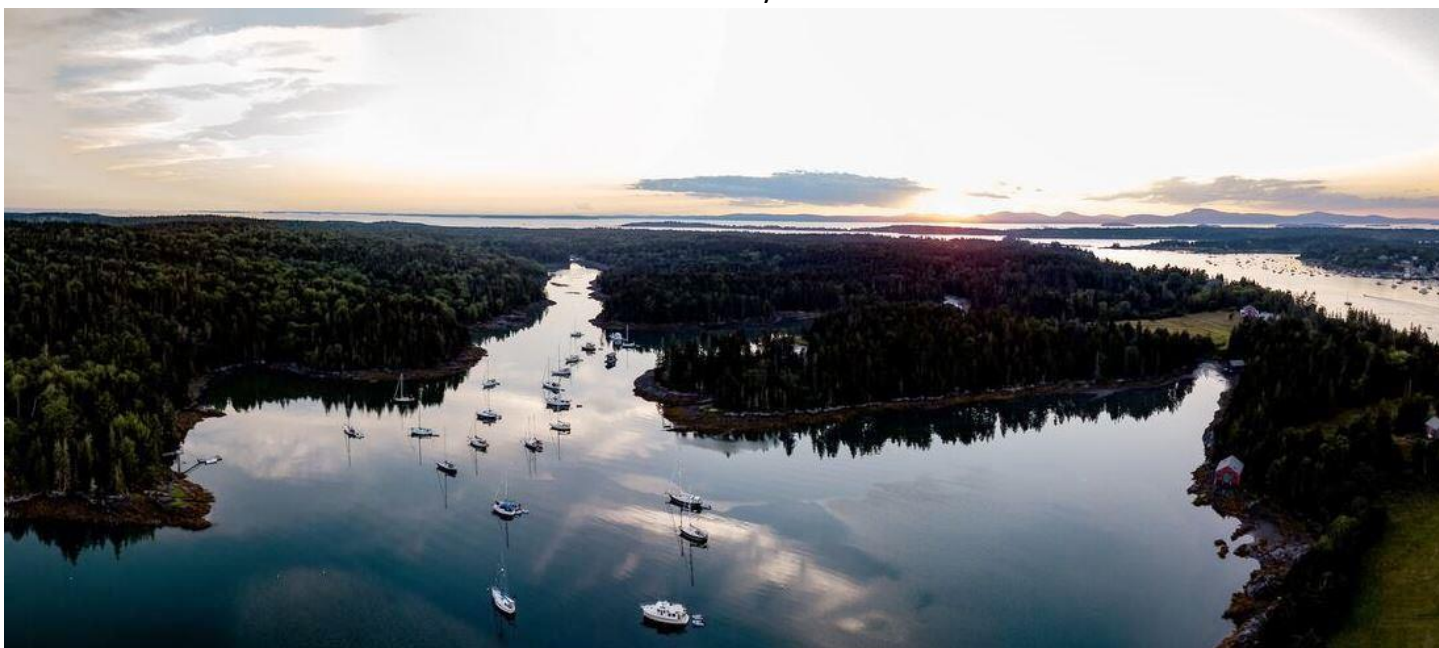
A Thursday night Potluck crowd in full swing, drone photo by Jon Linn

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Notes from the Summer Cruise - Jim Facey



Perry Creek looking west at sunset, drone photo by Jon Linn

2017 Fleet Apogee, Jayne & Mike Giles; Banshee, Jim & Geoff Facey; Calisto, Dick Cartelli; Gold Dust Jeff & Cathy Jacobs; Larissa, Dan & Wendy Rowland; Morningstar Dick & Lou Wiken; Pathfinder, Gail and Dave Witherell; Skedaddle, Jon Linn

Itinerary

Monday - Barred Islands

Tuesday – Perry Creek

Wednesday – Burnt Coat Harbor at Swan Island

Thursday - Bucks Harbor

Friday – return to Bayside

"The days pass happily with me wherever my ship sails."

- Joshua Slocum



Looking northeast from the Barred Islands lagoon, photo by Geoff Facey

Seven boats assembled on the Bay at the Barred islands for the first evening of the summer cruise. An eighth boat, Apogee, got a late start and chose to stop at Crow Cove for the evening and would join us the next day at Perry Creek. The Barred islands provided us a peaceful anchorage, though we had rain in the late evening that lasted through to the next noon.



One of the bars at Barred Islands that makes it a lagoon, photo by Dave Witherill

I'd like to be a sailor - a sailor bold and bluff,
Calling out, 'Ship ahoy!' in manly tones and gruff.
I'd learn to box the compass, and to reef and tack and luff,
I'd sniff and sniff the briny breeze and never get enough.
Perhaps I'd chew tobacco, or an old black pipe I'd puff,
But I wouldn't be a sailor if the sea was very rough. C. J. Dennis



Looking southward from the Barred Island anchorage, North Haven is in the far background, drone photo by Jon Linn

The rain caused a late start on Tuesday, leading us to shift destinations from Merchant Island to safer harbor at Perry Creek where we had a very pleasant stay.



NYC cruisers crew gathered on Gold Dust at Perry Creek, below looking eastward, drone photos by Jon Linn

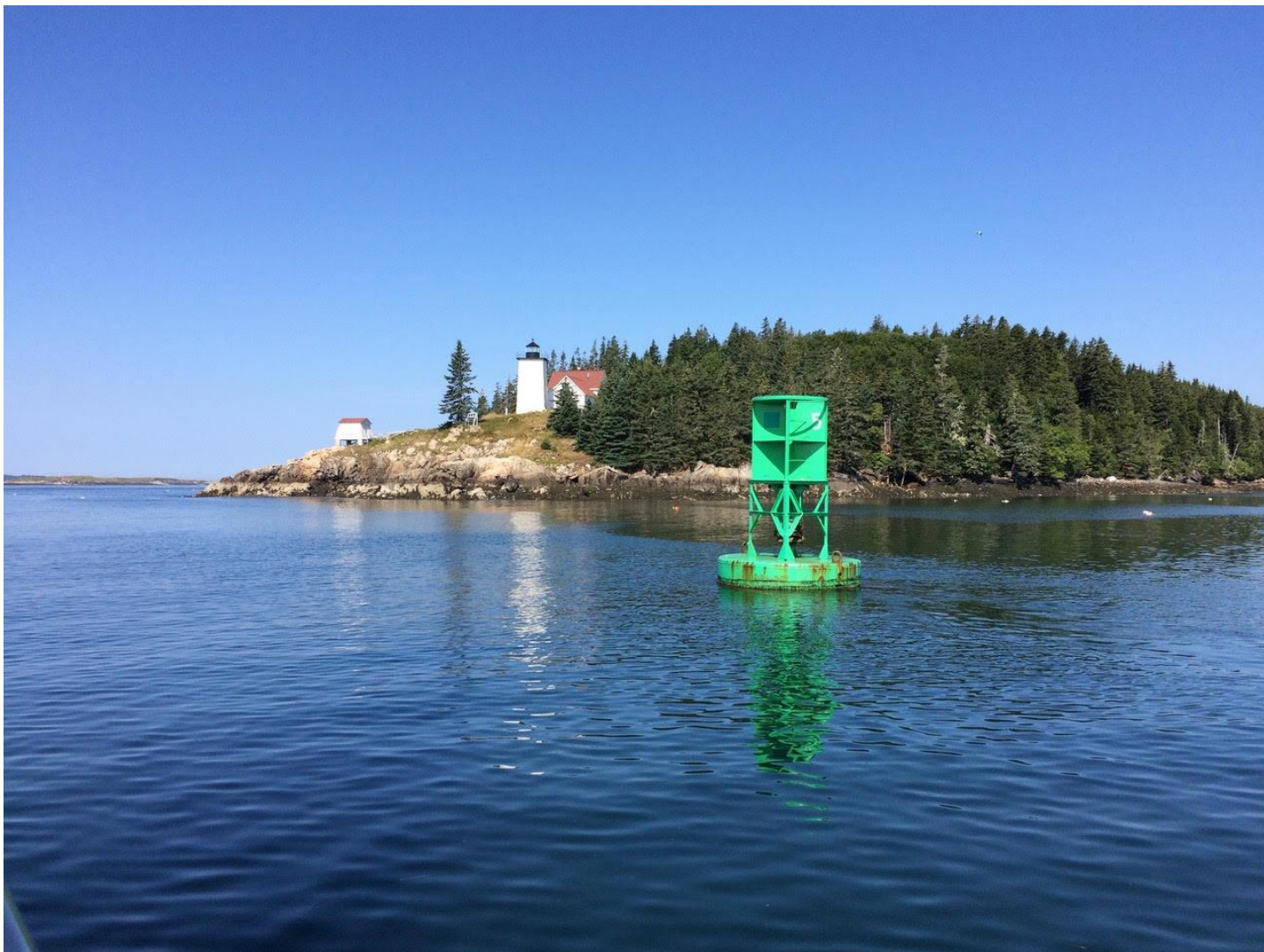


Above: looking eastward from Perry Creek, drone photos by Jon Linn



Sunrise at Perry Creek

Wednesday dawned beautifully, and after a leisurely breakfast of eggs & slab bacon from the Hoot we headed for Swan's Island. The trip to Burnt Coat Harbor had the best sailing of the cruise and was a highlight. Some made their way past Stonington via Deer Isle Thorofare and others chose more southerly passages through Merchants Row. Amazingly, after 20 nautical miles, five of the eight boats arrived at the light marking the entrance to Burnt Coat within ten minutes.



Burnt Coat Harbor Light, photo by Dave Witherill



View of Burnt Coat Harbor looking eastward, photo by Geoff Facey



Wednesday evening cruise convention at Swan's Island aboard Apogee, photo by Dave Witherill

We had such a good sail to Burnt Coat that we had plenty of time to land and tour the village. We took a long hike to the general Store to get a few necessities and were able to score some Harbor Bars, which were enjoyed on the walk back to the harbor.

The next day we breakfasted like kings again and set out for Bucks Harbor, our final stop before returning to Bayside. This is less remote than our other stops but it makes up for that in the sheer beauty of the harbor and in the convenience of Bucks Harbor Marina, one of the finest in the Penobscot Bay area.

"The cure for anything is salt water: sweat, tears or the sea." - Isaak Dinesen



Bucks Harbor Marina, photo by Dave Witherill



A view of Bucks Harbor from the yacht club, photo by Geoff Facey

"We are tied to the ocean. And when we go back to the sea, whether it is to sail or to watch, we are going back from whence we came." John F. Kennedy



NYC contra dancers, left, Gail Witherill and Louella Wiken, 5th from the right, Cathy Jacobs, photo by Dave Witherill

We reserved ahead for two tables at the Bucks Harbor restaurant and took the night off from onboard cuisine. This was probably the single best decision of the cruise. We found superb food, funky drinks and an atmosphere that is modern chic meets laid back cool. We had a nice dinner party there. Later, on our walk back to the dinghies, we discovered contra dancing going on in the yacht club. We were welcomed inside and some of us joined right in to following the caller's instructions. The rest of us (mostly males) acted like eight graders and either stood against the wall or went outside.





Erik Ekberg & Flyer take John Short Series



Flyer with her winning crew on board, Ethan Ekberg at the helm

The John Short racing series this summer went extremely well. Seven races were held, some with little wind and some with lots of wind, with no postponements.

The average number of boats for the races was about 9, with the most at 12 and the least at 5 (due to other commitments and races).

Five skippers won at least one race, making for a very close series finish. Erik Ekberg and Jim Kelly each had two firsts, with Jim Coughlin, Jim Facey and Emerson Smith each taking one victory. The scoring system used this year was the same as what GMORA uses for their racing – CHIPS High Point Scoring System. The overall series winner was Erik Ekberg and his young Flyer crew by a slim 8 point margin. Only 22 points separated the top 4 boats first four boats.

The award for Skipper of the Year also went to Erik Ekberg, as voted by the skippers of each boat that participated in any of the races, with one vote per boat.

Many thanks go to the Dock Crew, Bruce and Elaine Smith, and Dan Doucette, along with other volunteers, for being there

every week to start and finish the races. If you are interested in more detail about the races, please see the club's website at www.northportyachtclub.org, sign in, and choose the Racing tab.

When renewing membership for the yacht club in 2018, please be sure to volunteer to help with the dock crew. We would love to see you on the wharf. You might also sign-up to (co)host one of the post-race socials at the clubhouse on racing days.



Flyer crew with their 1st place John Short trophy

Place	Skipper	Boat	Points
1	Erik Ekberg	Flyer	363.4
2	Jim Coughlin	Mainstay VI	355.7
3	Jim Facey	Banshee	349
4	Jim Kelly	Joie de Vivre	341.7
5	Bruce Craven	Irene	
6	Tom Reid	Sea Tao	
7	Emerson Smith	Sonar	

Place	Skipper	Boat
8	Gordon Fuller	Patriot
9	Dick Wiken	Morningstar
10	Drexell White	Ceilidh
11	Lindsay Huntoon	Z Lady
12	Jon Linn	Skedaddle
13	Keith Bradley	Avalon
14	Mike Giles	Apogee

Scenes from 2017 John Shot racing. Photos by Tim Samway



"You haven't won the race, if in winning the race you've lost the respect of your competitors" Paul Elvstrom

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Appropriate and well-deserved!

Awarded at the 2017 the annual meeting and potluck supper:

Elaine Smith (no picture) as the 2017 Fred T. Martin Member of the Year.

Alan Martin (middle left) and David Martin (middle right) as the Cathy Crowley Fuller Unsung Heroes.



“Retired” Daysailor Skippers pose post-race after the 2nd annual Retired Daysailor Skipper Race on July 4th.

Join them for the 3rd annual race next summer, tentatively scheduled for Wednesday July 4. 2018





Questions Corner – Emerson Smith

Welcome back to the Questions Corner! Last issue we dealt with a more racing oriented question regarding the pre-race checklist. In this iteration, we will move back more to the center of the racing vs cruising spectrum with the topic of telltales.

I am always looking to explore new topics so please send any other questions to QuestionsCorner@gmail.com. Seriously, this is not just a casual statement. Please send questions!

Now, onto the topic at hand. No, there wasn't a party on the boat the night before (well maybe there was...) and the guests didn't just forget to remove the streamers from the rigging and the sails. That yarn or cassette tape is there for a very important reason. It is instrumental in helping a sailor adjust the sails and steer the boat.

HEADSAIL TELLTALE BEHAVIORS

In general telltales are on headsails to help the trimmers determine how well a sail is trimmed and what changes to trim need to be made. It makes sense to reiterate the golden rule of trimming now: WHEN IN DOUBT, LET IT OUT. If the sail starts luffing, you've gone too far, but it's typically easier to identify a sail that is too far eased, than a sail that is over trimmed. Below are 4 basic headsail telltale behaviors and what they should mean to a trimmer.

Both hanging straight down – The sail is over trimmed by quite a bit. The sail is stalled and there is little to no flow along either side of the sail. Try easing the sail to get things moving again.

Leeward dancing, weather flowing aft – The sail is still over trimmed, but flow has only been disrupted on one side. A small ease should fix this issue.

Weather dancing, leeward flowing aft – The sail is just on the verge of luffing, if not already. Trim the sail in or bear away slightly.

Both flowing aft – You've done it. The sail is trimmed correctly for the wind angle.

HEADSAIL TRIMMING

As is the case with most short articles (or even long books in this case) it is nearly impossible to discuss all the intricacies to trimming for each individual circumstance you may encounter on the water. For that reason, I'll stick to the basics for now. Will there be situations where there is an exception to the rule? Absolutely. If you have any questions about specifics I know a place you can ask. Email QuestionsCorner@gmail.com (seriously, send questions).

Upwind Trimming – On a medium wind, flattish water day, the general goal should be to get the telltales on the jib to break evenly from top to bottom. By this, I mean you want all telltales at the bottom of the sail, middle of the sail and top of the sail to be flowing straight back.

To accomplish this, you will need to move the jib car forwards and backwards. The farther aft the car goes, the more the sheet will be tightening the bottom of the sail and letting the top twist and vice versa for moving the car forward. So, if you are sailing upwind and the bottom telltales are streaming back nicely, but the top windward telltale is lifting, this means the top of the sail is closer to luffing. Try moving your headsail car forward until the telltales are all streaming back nicely.

Now that we've gotten the telltales flowing nicely, we'll need to decide exactly how much to sheet the sail in general. The rule of thumb here is to sheet the headsail in as far as you can without killing boat speed. Easy right? Perhaps we can dive into that on another article...

Trimming on a Reach – Remember the golden rule? Well let's make sure to use it for the reach. Ease the headsail until it begins to luff, then trim back in slightly. As you ease the headsail you'll notice that the top of the sail will want to luff before the bottom, even though we just adjusted the cars so they were perfect for upwind sailing (sailing is a pain sometimes!). No problem, we'll use our knowledge of jib car movements to move the car slightly forward and outboard (if possible). This will trim the top of the headsail more without letting the bottom of the sail get too round. Depending on the angle of the reach, it may be impossible to get all the telltales to stream aft nicely. In this case, trim to your middle set of telltales.

OTHER TELLTALES/WIND INDICATORS (i.e. Party Streamers form the night before...)

Not all telltales are found on the front of headsails. You can have telltales on both the leading and trailing edges of mainsails, staysails and even spinnakers. Telltales can also be found hanging from the rig. The telltales on the stays are particularly useful for determining the apparent wind angle on the boat. The first thing any

trimmer must know is where the wind is coming from relative to where the boat is facing. The telltales in the rig are great tools for not only the trimmers but the helmsperson as well.

Do you have anything to add on telltales? Send comments, along with other questions to QuestionsCorner@gmail.com . Thanks for reading!



Surviving Hurricane Irma - Katie Naude

The following is Katie's account of living through Hurricane Irma with her husband Johannes in their home on Tortola in the Virgin Islands. Katie is the eldest daughter of Art and Sandy Hall.

Waiting for Irma

On Monday, we have school like normal. Attendance is per usual. One or two absences in a class. Nothing to suggest a mass exodus. There is an undercurrent though. Irma is coming.

In the morning, we are told we will have school on Tuesday as well, but by the end of the day we have cancelled for the rest of the week. Irma is growing.

On Tuesday morning staff and families come to secure school as best we can. We cut free awnings that have been tied in place for more than a decade. We flip over picnic tables and rope them together.

Still, Irma is growing.

The island is shutting down.

My husband and I have already stocked up on food and water. We have filled the car with gas. We have rolled down the storm windows at our apartment. Our landlord has checked on us. We think we are lucky because they have a generator and two weeks' worth of fuel.

Still, Irma is growing.

We live on a third and top floor apartment. It is lovely. Our housemate is on leave now in South Africa. My husband is from there as well. His family reaches out to him. My family in Maine reaches out to me. Other relatives in Connecticut and Maryland wish us luck. A friend from India sends her regards.

The world is waiting.

We know the roof can leak. We pack a grab and go bag with our passports and a change of clothes. We put our other important belongings in plastic bags and store them in a closet and a heavy chest that we put in the middle of the apartment between two cement walls.

The roof is wood and metal.

Part of me knows we could lose it, but I don't really believe it. Our clothes are in the dresser, the closet. The less treasured books simply stored in dresser drawers.

Irma has grown beyond what I can imagine.

The waiting is tedious.

I reread *Shadow Castle*, comfort reading from my childhood. In the back of my mind a voice asks if this will be the last book I read. If these scrambled eggs will be my last meal. We warn our loved ones not to worry if they don't hear from us – we expect communications to be down. We make a last call to our first-floor neighbors. We tell them if their windows blow in they can come upstairs. We tell them if the roof comes off we are coming down to them. It is almost a joke – we do not really believe.

We go to bed, and by some miracle we sleep well, and it is odd to sleep when we really do not know if we will live through the day.

Irma is huge.

Irma Arrives

When we wake, it is windy outside, but the regular power is still on. We know BVI Electric will cut the power when the winds reach 40mph.

We still have internet. The latest forecasts predict sustained winds of 206mph. They have pushed the storm further south and we are directly in its path.

I sit near a window that has small panes of thick glass, but no storm shutter. Next to me I can feel the wind whistle through the storm doors, protecting the sliding glass doors to the balcony. The power is still on. The winds have not yet reached 40mph. They will get five times as strong. I know the room is not safe.

My husband finds a video of the storm in Barbuda. I see the cars are gone but the house still has its roof. I have hope.

I eat breakfast. Just a little. Anxiety ruins my appetite. I know this is another possible last meal. Sometimes the power cuts off and the generator comes on.

They have some trouble with it. We see the landlord and his handyman drive down the hill. They return.

The wind is picking up. We retreat to our absent housemate's room. It is more protected, though there are no storm windows. Around 11:30 there are sounds like gunshots and I know the trees and telephone poles are snapping. I have heard the sounds before. I was a teen in the ice storm of 1998 and heard and saw giant trees crack and tumble with the weight of the ice. But that storm was a novelty. I did not fear for my life.

I retreat with the cat and a nest of pillows and blankets to the housemate's bathroom. It has no windows and has a false ceiling. It is hot. I dip my head in the tub where we have drawn water for flushing. I want my husband to join me but it's too hot for him. HE wants to stay where there is AC.

There is nothing but noise now. I try desperately to read a book, to tell myself I am safe.

My husband comes in fifteen minutes before the windows explode. We hear a shower of glass land on the tiled floors. And suddenly we are bracing the door against those 200mph winds. We hear the roof rip off, but the false ceiling in the bathroom holds.

I am lucky my husband is so strong. I could not hold the door alone.

Water rushes in under the door and his bare feet start to slip. I drain the tub and start to bail with the wastebasket whenever there isn't a gust. I need to help brace the top part of the door. I do not know how long we can hold the door. We've been bracing almost 30 minutes.

It's one o'clock.

In my head the gusts are abating, but I fear it's really my imagination.

We say I love you. We do not know if we will live.

I tell him the plan if we can't hold the door. I have emptied everything from under the bathroom vanity. We will dive in head first and pull the pillows and blankets that are now stocked on the counter down on top of us to protect us from flying debris.

He says he loves me and I know his muscles are nearly done.

I love him so much. Our one year anniversary approaches. We are trying to get him a green card so we can live and work in Maine, but the immigration process is overwhelmed right now.

We realize suddenly that the winds are gone. We hear a knock on our front door. Our neighbor's voice calls out, "Hello, hello. Are you okay?"

We open the door. My husband has the grab and go bag and I have the cat.

There is nothing left of the apartment.

We are in the eye of the storm and don't know how much time we have left.

We are alive.

"Downstairs," we tell our neighbor. "Apartment 2". Their bathroom will have a cement ceiling.

I had put on my shoes and socks long ago. By some marvel my husband's shoes have been tossed from our bedroom to the front door and are not full of glass.

We dash for better shelter.

The downstairs neighbors have lost their windows and front door, but the bathroom is secure. We pass them the cat and my husband lifts me and our spry but elderly neighbor in through the window. Somehow, he crawled from his roofless apartment to

his car and stayed alive. I do not know how he was not blown away.

We do not know how much time we have. We see a few other people out on balconies during the eye of the storm, surveying the damage. There is nothing left.

I put the cat under the bathroom sink. He is terrified. We work together to get the mattress in front of the tiny bathroom window. We do not know what round two will bring, but we believe now we will live, five people crammed in our fortress of cement. We make awkward jokes and get to know our neighbors better. We know apartments 3 and 4 were empty. We believe 1 was as well. We saw the landlord's roof up the hill was gone as well.

Round two is not so bad. We never even shut the bathroom door. My husband is so exhausted he nearly falls asleep while standing, propped up against the mattress in the tub.

The cat crawls out from under the sink. He is affronted that the floor is wet. He makes his way into my lap.

Still the winds circle outside, rushing through the windowless living room, but it is not so loud now.

We know we will have to return kitty to wild whence he came, but we have kept him alive through the storm and home that is enough.

By 2:30 we are brave enough to go into the bedroom and discover by some marvel that we have phone reception – although shaky. We get a call through to my sister in Maryland. "Tell everyone we are alive. We have nothing left, but we are alive."

We let the others use the phone. It only seems to make calls to the US. We are awed that it works at all. We know my parents can contact my husband's family is South Africa.

By 4:30 we are brave enough to venture out and assess the damages. The car has only lost its rear window; however, the keys are lost in the wreckage of the house.

It will be dark soon and we do not know where the shelters are or if they are intact. We can only call the US, not anyone on island. We find that there is still a roof on the living room and the windows are intact. We decided to camp out there. There is still generator power. The fridge door is gone, but the light is on and it's humming away.

We flip all the breakers off. I bail the water out of the living room.

I give kitty a final meal. He is angry at us. This floor is flooded too and he has no litterbox.

My husband wrestles one water-soaked mattress out of our bathroom where the wind had somehow wedged it. We put it on the mostly bailed floor. We put our housemate's mattress on top of it. The roof over his room is on, but the windows blew in. We flip it over to get the dryer and glass free side.

There is glass everywhere.

We are alive.

The laptops and treasured books survived. Our dry food and 18 gallons of drinking water survived. Everything we packed in the closet and trunk is okay. Our housemate's closet and bureau are okay. We realize we have a lot. We eat the spaghetti from the fridge in our new open air apartment.

My husband is so exhausted he falls asleep as soon as its dark. I lie awake, mind racing. There is thunder and lightning in the night. The cat paces nervously. He does not curl up at my feet like normal. He does not let me touch him. It rains in through the open roof and I can hear the drops on the broken glass.

We are alive.

After Irma

When I open the front door, the cat is gone. He does not even eat the food I put out for him or let me say good-bye. He has returned to the wild. I am sad, but feel better that he will not be looking for us.

When I walk out to what was once the bedroom and look out over Road Town my eyes are wet with tears and I feel deep sobs in my chest.

There is nothing left. Not one green leaf.

It was so beautiful yesterday.

And the people are so good. They do not deserve this. No one does.

My husband cannot bear to see me cry, so I get it together. We eat breakfast. We decide to head into town and see how his office fared, if maybe we can stay there. We take only the grab and go bag for now. We find dry paper and a pen and leave a note for our landlord.

We are alive.

We walk down the slippery hill, navigating the driveway strewn with debris and fallen trees.

It is barely 6am, but the town is waking.

"Good morning," everyone says in greeting on the street. This is a long BVI tradition, but today it is especially powerful. We are alive.

The hospital is mostly intact and operational.

Across the harbor, I can see the school still has its roof – or seems to.

My husband's offices are on the third floor of a building in town. We spot one of his colleagues as we approach. His apartment is intact with only a few panes of broken glass. What's more, he has a spare bedroom we can use. We are so lucky.

We can see as we approach the fourth and second floors have lost their windows, but the third-floor windows seem intact. We unlock the door and venture in.

There are two inches of water in the stairwell and the sheetrock has fallen in places, but we make it upstairs. The carpets are wet, but the windows held.

His company is a huge global firm and they have post-disaster evacuation plans. We hope they will come for us eventually.

We make our way through the wreckage to his colleague's house. We realize that those with cement roofs have fared the best. Though still, there is nothing.

I have not yet slept since the storm and when I see that dry bed I collapse upon it. I finally sleep.

My husband and his colleague go to salvage the food and water from our apartment. They even find the car keys in the sea of glass.

We are so lucky.

We have so much.

I change into dry underwear in our grab and go bag. His colleague's wife lends me a pair of flip-flops.

We only have phone reception up at the wrecked apartment. They get through to a few more people. There is talk of eventual evacuation. Everyone was supposed to meet Friday morning at the office by whatever means possible.

By Thursday afternoon there are still employees unaccounted for. I have seen no one from school. His office has become a refuge from employees and friends.

The coworkers with infant triplets is there; she survived in a bathtub while her husband held a piece of plywood over them. He had bits of nails pulled from his ankle at the hospital.

They are alive.

Friends gave walked down from the ridge road.

They have their cat but no food. I know we have some we can salvage. They report looting, which is scary. I don't want to believe it because in town I have only seen people coming together and helping each other, but I know it's true.

We are alive.

We bring them all of our housemate's clothes.

No one has ever been so happy to see dry socks.

Thursday night I sleep well and it is heaven.

We are alive.

Friday morning, we report to the office. I am wearing borrowed clothes. Everyone is accounted for. The bank that is in the first floor and owns the building turns on the generator. There is electricity and lights and AC. They get a wife connection set up. They get in touch with the people planning the evacuation – they tell us Monday or Tuesday. Jose is coming this weekend.

We'd known about him of course, another hurricane building in the Atlantic. It looks like it will go north of us. That we will only see tropical storm force winds. We think maybe we can have a barbecue. But it is growing and we are nervous.

There are now nearly a dozen people living at the offices. There is also a working shower. I am clean though my clothes are not.

We are so lucky. I walk back to the apartment where we are staying. I see a few people from school. They are alive. Some have homes, most have nothing. One parent says he's been to school, that it's more or less intact. I am glad to hear this of course, but I will go with my husband when he's evacuated and we will not be back. It breaks my heart. I do not tell anyone this.

I see a military helicopter land by the park.

Help is coming.

The day is spent salvaging more from the wrecked apartment. We recover Advil and toothpaste from the glass. I find a few rain soaked dresses hanging on hangers after we move a wrecked dresser. They include the dress my mom made and that I wore at our very informal wedding. I keep my eye out for kitty, but there is no sign of him.

We are alive. We have so much.

Friday night we are still anxious for Jose. The four of us watch a movie. We have two choices – *Baywatch* or *Dunkirk*. We choose *Baywatch*. *Dunkirk*

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sounds a little too close to home. We have heard rumors of pleasure yachts coming from Puerto Rico to evacuate women and children.

I cannot imagine leaving my husband. I probably owe my life to him. I could not have held that door alone.

As I write this, a car drives by and "Bridge Over Troubled Waters" plays loudly. Recovery here will be long and slow, but I have faith in this place and these people.

All around people sweep water from their houses, hang clothes out to dry on railings and downed power lines; bring friends and family and strangers into their homes. They work together to clear roads. We share duct tape and plastic bags to tape up car windows. We live on tuna fish, tomato juice, and peanuts.

We have so much.

Saturday morning, we get up early to deliver salvaged goods to school. There is too much traffic and we turn around.

The scene at the office is surreal.

A conference room is full of kids watching cartoons streamed from Netflix.

We have so much.

I check my school email. There is nothing.

I send an email to my bosses. I don't know when or if they will get it.

I don't know if they're alive. They are good people and a wonder to work for.

I write the school purportedly stands.

I tell them the people I've seen alive in town.

I trust they are okay.

We dream of regular sleep, regular meals, regular bowel movements. Dry socks. Clean underwear.

Still, we have so much.

Jose is tracking further North.

I go home to write this and see other marvels.

A car with all its windows intact. A shrub with bright green buds.

We are alive.

Katie reported as of October 23: "We were evacuated to Cayman (from Tortola) where we stayed for three weeks before heading to South Africa. We made a quick detour to Maryland over Columbus Day Weekend to see Gretchen's family and of course Mom and Dad came down for the visit as well. Johannes and I are now in South Africa where we are awaiting his US immigration processing. I've had the pleasure of finally meeting his mom and she is wonderful. I've also heard from many of my colleagues and students who stayed on Tortola. Road Town and the school just got power back this week, but most of the island is still waiting on electricity. However, spirits are high and the island is turning green again at last."

To get a slight understanding of what Katie and Johannes went through, google: "Tortola hurricane damage".





Around Islesboro Race Results

Skippers Name	Boat Name	Boat Type	Finish
Cruising Class			
Rob Frank	Jabberwocky	C&C 37/40	6:57.41
Gordon Fuller	Patriot	Pearson 10M	7:20.54
Tom & Dorrie Higbee	Althea	Pearson 30	7:32.51
Racing Class 2			
Garner & Haselton	Blue Moon	Swan 40	5:56.59
Woodworth & Spang	Time Machine	J 34	6:48.31
David Jones	Elvis Tuna	Etchells	6:55.27
Racing Class 1			
Kenneth Weg	Ranger	Morris 42DS	6:21.47
Ken Priest	Sleighride	J 109	6:22.58
Michael Cook	Lynnette	Custom 47	6:29.39
Singlehanders			
Vince Todd	Thora	Little Harbor 36	7:11.08
Paul Rogers	Canty	Scheel 36 Cst	7:39.10
Gus Stringos	Bluebird	Morris 36 DS	8:04.35
NYC Fleet			
Rob Frank	Jabberwocky	C&C 37/40	6:57.41
Jim Coughlin	Mainestay VI	Hobie 33 R	7:05.03
Jim Kelly	Joie de Vivre	J 105	7:05.04
Gordon Fuller	Patriot	Pearson 10M	7:20.54
Clif Staples	Sea Tao	Ranger 26	7:24.00
Graham Fitch	Mush	Etchells	7:26.20
Dick Wiken	Morningstar	Peterson 34	7:39.31
John Lightner	Ceilidh	Ranger33	7:46.35





2018 Around Islesboro Race, top left: Otter, (Concordia yawl) with all sails flying; middle Dick Wiken & crew keep Morningstar moving well; right: Mary Ellen Connor and her cannon are ready to start aided by Jean Coughlin. Middle John Lighyner & crew keep Celidh 's spinnaker flying,, bottom: Clif Staples & Sea Tao keep up with the bigger boats.



Day Trippin' with the Commodore - Jim Kelly

As many readers will know, our Commodore, Jim Facey, enjoys three day weekends all summer, a schedule which I try to emulate myself as much as I can. The other ritual Jim and I share is to try and wring out every ounce of those three days that we possibly can. Jim rises early and will paddle board as documented in a recent Bayside POD. On this one Friday in August, we decided the weather looked better for motor boating, than sailing. Since there were no obligations until later in the afternoon, we decided to stretch our legs a bit further than the usual Belfast, Castine and Gilkey Harbor triangle. To be clear, we had decided we should venture further on the horizon, but had not agreed where that was to be. We cast off the boat float at 7:30am, paddle boards tucked in the HBI inflatable center console, along with just enough hydration supplies to ensure a safe journey.

Now, with the combination of flat water, 30mph cruising speed and unlimited sea life and landscapes to admire – we sort of pulled a Forrest Gump. You will see what I mean in a bit. Our first stop was in fact Castine, with the sole purpose of breakfast. Marie's Coner Variety did not disappoint, including some lemon cake "to go" which made it back to the cottage, most of it. We sat family style in the quaint brick establishment and chatted with the other diners (shocker for me, right?). Our closest neighbor turned out to be Wayne Hamilton and his guest. They had the same plan we did, up and out early for breakfast, commuting by boat instead of car.

Well-fed, we were off again heading south, rounding Cape Rosier, then nosing into a neat estuary known as Horseshoe Creek, just west of Buck's Harbor. Now some of you may know our Commodore often feels his way in the shallows with his sailboat. I wasn't prepared to sacrifice a propeller to confirm water depths so we scooted out and made for Buck's Harbor and a very friendly fuel stop. A nice canine came aboard to supervise the proper use of the nozzle and a spill cloth for the vent. Me thinks the dog digs the smell of fuel, just sayin'.

Now where? Well, Eggemoggin Reach beckoned to the east and going under the Deer Isle bridge always feels like an adventure, even without a mast to stare up

at during the crossing of the deck above.



The Deer Isle bridge looms over Eggemoggin Reach

So we now arrive at Wooden Boat School to harass Greg Baue. Previously the NYC Treasurer, he now is the Waterfront Director at the school. Greg happily hopped off a double ended, wishbone boomed, sailing yawl to join us on his porch and catch up on old times. We sat and watched the woman commanding the beautiful little craft around the harbor. I did question Greg's judgement for choosing to sit with us ashore instead of staying on that beautiful boat with what appeared to be an equally attractive woman. There was some reply about maintenance which I didn't clarify which of the two he was referring to.

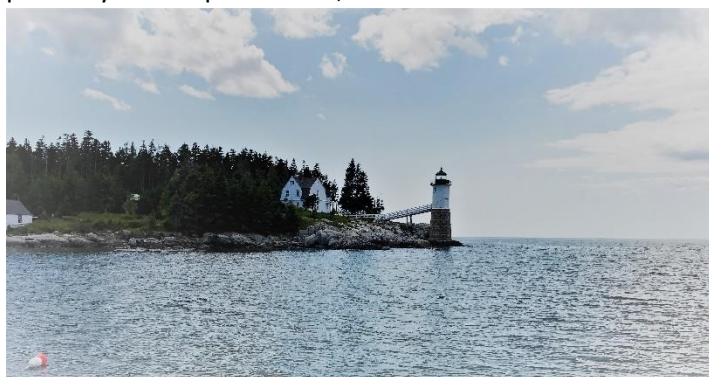


Greg Bauer enjoys the view from his porch at Wooden Boat School
We said our good byes and headed east to complete the Eggemoggin Reach transit. At the far end, surrounded by lobster pots, we pulled the Forrest Gump – we had run to the end of the driveway and decided we would run some more. So, we ran, due south to Isle au Haut was Jim's suggestion and a good one. It was still before noon and we timed it perfectly to hit lunch at the Lobster Lady's, just down the channel from the

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Isle au Haut ferry dock. We ate well and had a nice chat with the ferry worker whose task it was to fetch lunch for the whole crew, a treat from their boss every Friday. At this point the partly cloudy part of the day kicked in and I had to put on some leggings to keep comfortable. Jim admitted the look of my fleece britches were probably best kept offshore, not ashore.



Robinson Point Light on Isle au Haut

We headed past the lighthouse marking the western channel entrance and hugged the west shore to check out Duck Harbor. This is a ferry stop for day hikers in the Acadia park area of Isle Haut, but we did not disembark, instead inspecting the boats in the anchorage then poking our nose back out to open water. At the outer mark of the harbor – we ran some more as Forrest would say. Jim headed us due west to Brimstone Island, with Matinicus off in the distance to our left. Brimstone has lovely steep cobble stone beaches made of smooth, rounded ebony rocks. You know, the kind you stack in glass vases and accent the cottage decor with, right? We nosed in to the beach and I enlisted the help of three kids who were paddling in the waves to find me the three most interesting stones on the beach, leaving Jim and I with dry feet and no anchoring required. The outsourced labor took it seriously and they were not just going to grab any three rocks, but the wait was worth it and a lone paddle boarder (using driftwood as a paddle) delivered the merchandise as their parents sunned themselves on the beach. Never thought to tip the kids, may need to go back and hope they are there next year.

We kept running; now due north to the Fox Island Thorofare. This divides Vinalhaven and North Haven. There is good yacht watching in this strip of real estate and the houses are the typical “cottages” that those from away could afford at the turn of the century. Now our Commodore is a thinking man, and he

remembered that the new North Haven brewery is a one block walk from the dock. It was now afternoon, so.... we stopped running long enough to have a pint each. Then were off to complete the Fox Island Thorofare transit heading west straight towards the Thomaston cement factory elevators.

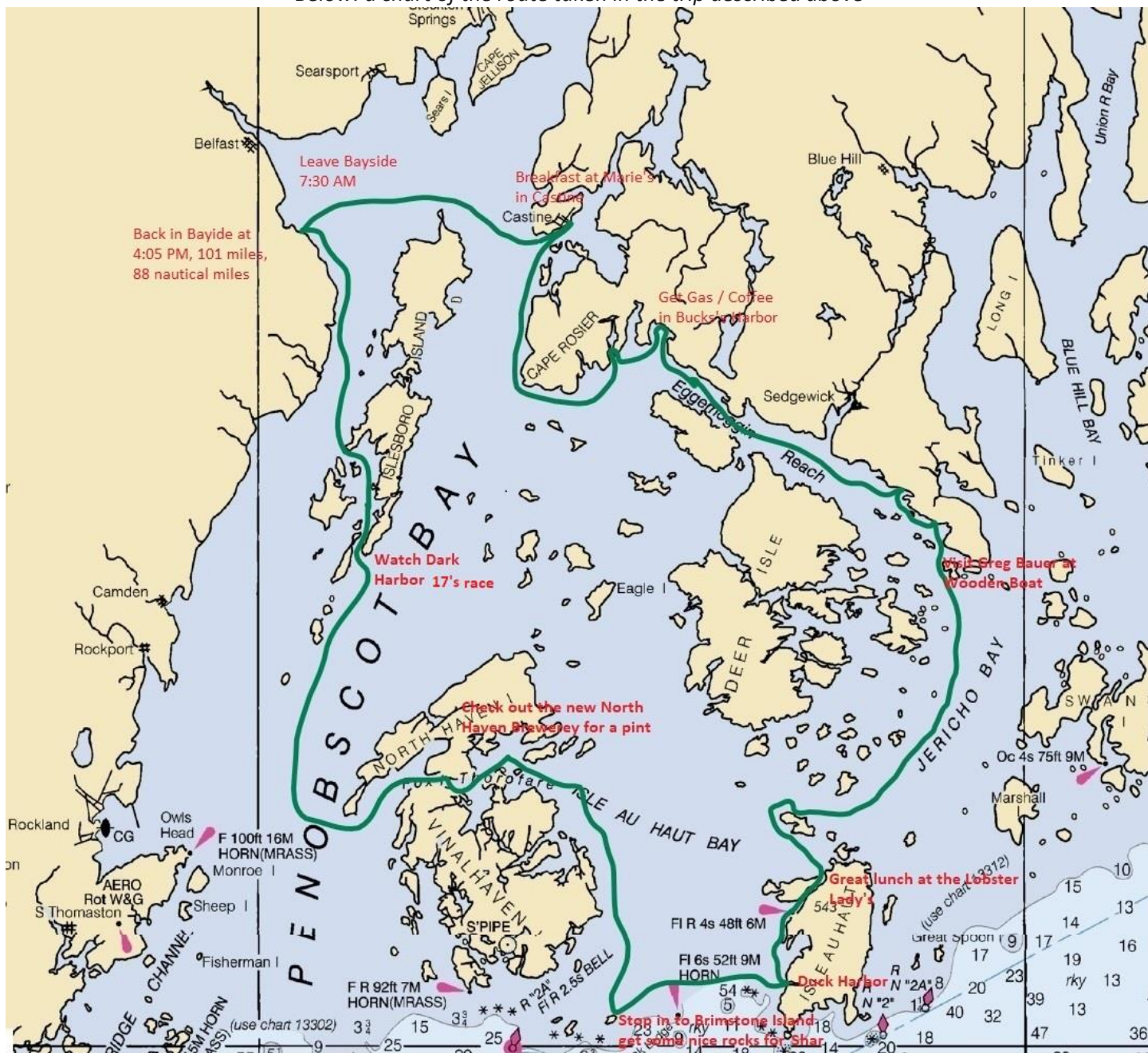
Once you clear the big stone marker half way to Owls Head you can bear north and we did just that with a bearing on Pendleton Point on Islesboro’s southern tip. This landmark is a turning point for our annual AIR and it is quicker and easier to accomplish in a motorboat, trust me. We hit the point just as the Dark Harbor 17 fleet was coming out of Gilkey Harbor under spinnaker and rounding the leeward mark, right in front of us. They are beautiful to watch and we thought of poor Jon Linn who would have loved to be there to see them in their glory on a sunny Friday afternoon in August.



The Windjammer Heritage encountered in Merchant's row

Now, back to the Forrest Gump analogy, we ate when we needed to eat, we drank when we need to drink and we - you know – went we needed to go. You remember a late afternoon obligation? Well it was time to quit running and we flew through the harbor and out past Warren Island, making fast Bayside. We got in only a little late at 4:05pm – after going 101 miles (88 nautical miles), stopping at seven different attractions. We stopped running, at least until the next day, when there was a race and countless other entertainment options happening in our beloved Bayside. I would say we are planning next year’s voyage, but I believe planning would have ruined it, so stay loose and stay tuned, see you next year. ~~~

Below: a chart of the route taken in the trip described above



"All that is gold does not glitter, Not all those who wander are lost" - J. R. R. Tolkien



Left: Gordon Fuller pilots Patriot in the Around Islesboro Race; Right: Sally Trenholm and Bruce Smith Recording the finishes.

Membership Benefits and Activities Sustained by the Northport Yacht Club

- Free subscription to the NYC Tell Tale – published twice a year.
- NYC logo and Bayside logo apparel sales
- NYC **members receive discounts on NYC merchandise and sailing lessons** for their families.
- NYC **members** receive a **10% discount** on most items available at any **Hamilton Marine** store.
- NYC **members** may use the NYC dinghies at the dock.
- Our waterfront clubhouse has one of the best views from its deck on the Maine Coast – come try it out with your morning coffee!
- Sailing school: perhaps the most important activity of the club. We provide sailing instruction for over 100 students every summer. They learn to sail and race in our Daysailer, 420s and Sonar keelboat fleets at a very reasonable cost – all while growing our NYC future!
- Racing: John Short Big Boat Series, Walter Downs Regattas for kids, Around Islesboro Race, and fun races as the calendar allows.
- Events: May Kickoff Dinner; July Cocktail Party & General Meeting; Annual Potluck Supper & Meeting, Pancake breakfast; July 4th Kid's Games, Waterslide and Bonfire; Band Concerts; Boat Parades; Mother of all Yard Sales; Picnics and Cruising trips.
- Weekend Post-Race Socials, Thursday Evening Pot-Luck and Cookouts, occasional raft-up parties
- Charitable funding for: Sailing School scholarships; college scholarships; the Northport Food Pantry; Northport Volunteer Fire Department; and other occasional charities.
- Junior Yacht Club activities (Age 18 and under), the Warren Island trip; Bingo nights, Dances
- The club is an active advocate and financial supporter of maintenance and improvements to the Bayside waterfront.
- Reciprocity *may* be available at some other yacht clubs for NYC Members.

Contact us:

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Some Dates to Note & Remember for 2018

- May 27 – Kickoff Celebration at the Shrine Club, Belfast, sign up will be online
- June 25 through August 10 – NYC Sailing School term
- July 4 (Wednesday) – Kids Games and Waterslide, Retired Daysailor Skipper's Race
- August 6 through 10 – NYC Cruise



Tara Oberg, daughter of Carl & Colleen Oberg, had a big year, graduating in May with a master's degree from Columbia and then in August was engaged to Al Zayac in Bayside



*Some of the
Great Ladies
of Bayside,
enjoying an
evening
raft-up off
the wharf*

