



The

Fall 2013

Solo Challenger

GLSS

Newsletter of
The Great Lakes Singlehanded Society

Officers:		Directors:
President	Rick McLaren	Paul Nickerson
Vice President	Ken Verharen	Mike Spence
Treasurer	Jon Jacobs	Brent Hughes
Secretary	Bill Tucker	Dirk Kruger
Corresponding Secretary	Jeff Neuhalfen	

SAVE THE DATE

**GLSS
ANNUAL
MEMBERSHIP
MEETING**

FEBRUARY 1, 2014

BAYVIEW YACHT CLUB

DETROIT

BACK TO OUR ROOTS

By Rick McLaren, GLSS President

Another year of GLSS events is in the history books, and it's time to think ahead to the AGM in Detroit on February 1, 2014. Dan Pavlat has pulled the laboring oar once again making the arrangements. Dan surveyed several venues and caterers, and your Board voted overwhelmingly to go back to our roots at the Bayview Yacht Club, the venue of so many AGMs in the past. One of the reasons many of us preferred Bayview was the chance to renew acquaintances with the old-timers from back at the beginning of the GLSS in the 1970s and 1980s. We saw Mike Richmond at last year's AGM and Joe Valle at the Huron Mac this summer, and we're hoping for attendance at the AGM by more of our earliest skippers. There is a great collection of information about GLSS members available in the Members Only section of the

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website, so they can be found (even without the help of the NSA). Call that mentor of yours who talked you into this crazy sport and encourage him to come to the AGM.

Dan has also arranged for guaranteed rates at the Atheneum Hotel for those coming from out-of-town and those who will want to party all night long. The Dossin Great Lakes

Museum is on the way from the Atheneum to Bayview, and it's free. Some of you might be wondering about the choice of date. Your Board chose February 1 to avoid conflicts

with Strictly Sail and the Auto Show, which really jacks up the prices of rooms in the Detroit area.

While you're at the AGM, be sure to thank the many volunteers who have given so much of their time to the GLSS. Vice President Ken Verhaeren ran the Mac Challenges again

for the second year, obtaining explicit written Coast Guard approval for the first time and mentoring several new members safely to the Island. Cal Karr ran the Race Committee on the Island for his fourth year in a row. Paul Nickerson ran the Erie Challenge for the umpteenth time, Brent Hughes brought in a bunch of new members as Race Chair on Lake Ontario, and Mike Spence ran the Lake Superior solo. While you're at it, thank your Officers who have done the work in the trenches, VP Ken Verhaeren, Treasurer Jon Jacobs for keeping track of the money, Corporate Secretary Bill Tucker for his amazingly prompt Board Minutes posted on the website, and Corresponding Secretary Jeff Neuhalfen for his entertaining Solo Challenger newsletters.

Cheers!
--Rick

2013 Lake Erie Challenge

By Paul Nickerson, *Nicknack*

The 2013 Lake Erie Challenge saw 14 boats attack the 271nm course but as usual for many the story starts before the start of the event. Five skippers were competing for GLSS membership, 3 for the first time. While fist timers deal with a lot of equipment and



Boats Battle for the Committee Boat End.

mental issues, the guys who have tried and failed know what it takes, even if it's a new engine installed the week before the race. John Garhart and his Tartan 27 *Dulcibella* have been here before and knowing you'll be spending more time on the water than most of the boats means a few more battery charges, etc. This year the odds weren't on John finishing but making it to the start with a new engine and delivery from Erie to North Cape.

One great aspect with the tracking is that it can be activated before the start so we can track boats during their deliveries. It was great to see John leave Erie and head west with no time to spare to make it to North Cape for the skippers dinner.

North Cape is always a great host for the fleet and the start. The club is welcoming and Wally and Anne McMinn are great organizers for our purposes. One couple that has been just as important is Chef Kris McCullough who prepare the skipper's dinner and Skip McCullough who has been our Race

Chairman (and sometimes allowed to help in the kitchen) for all 7 Lake Erie Challenges. This year they were presented the Commodore Perry Award for their volunteer services at the Skippers Meeting.

The pre-race talk of the skippers centered around the weather. After a drifter in 2012 there was a desire for more wind but the forecast was for light (5 knot) easterlies in high pressure turning to the SW on Monday. Light winds on the nose the whole way... not the best forecast.

Saturday's start had the boats sailing into Easterly winds as forecasted but the wind was around 12 knots as some fine Lake Erie chop kept the boats pounding to weather while dodging pockets of fishing boats. It would be a beat to get past the Islands and Pelee Passage. The boats that tacked north early seemed to make out better as they all came together near the Southeast Shoal.

Not quite your normal Lake Erie winds, the easterlies held through the night with boats spread out along the Canadian shore more than halfway across the lake. On the Canadian side the boats sailed all night with a steady lift and good winds. The scenery never seems to change as you pass a hundred wind turbines with their flashing red lights. When night ended, so did the winds. I found myself becalmed trying to get around Roundeau Point.

The radio talk had the boats ahead sailing from puff to puff making their way to Long Point in the finicky day breeze. Counting



MunGo Tiki at Sunset on Saturday

more wind turbines only added to the frustrations as it seemed like you never moved, and maybe you didn't. Boats out on the lake seemed to have some more consistent wind but nothing to brag about.

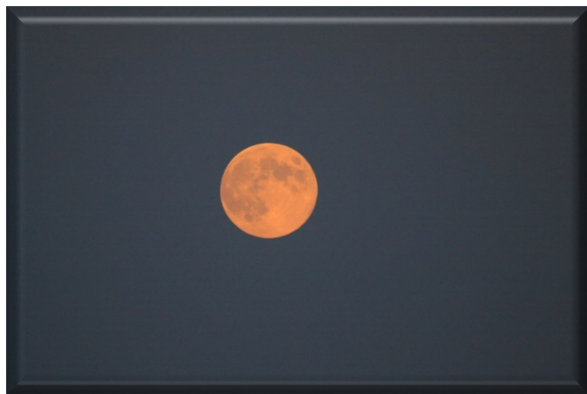
I seemed to be sailing a match race with MunGo Tiki and lost a lot of distance to Tony Berends who was further out on the Lake. The winds finally filled back in as the sun set on Sunday evening for a great overnight sail still hard on the wind. To my surprise at the morning radio check-in I had gained about 10 miles on MunGo Tiki who didn't have nearly as nice winds.

Monday finally saw the winds shift to the West just as predicted but the lead boats were just rounding Buffalo and it would now be a beat back to Erie. Dead downwind on *Nicknack* the assymetrical spinnaker took some TLC to keep flying. About 10 minutes after getting it set up out came the Border Patrol as I must have just entered US Waters. My first fear was that they would want to board but they were happy to just do a side by side interview as I flew the chute. As a good Race Chairman I told them about the rest of the fleet hoping they wouldn't bother any other boats. We tend to be easy targets with our radar reflectors and I even have an AIS transponder.

My spinnaker took me to the New York shore where I crossed paths with the leaders tacking along the shore as the sun was setting. The winds were holding in the 12+ knot range as I saw first Dan Pavlat and then Lease Schock go by. The nearly full Moon rose as the sun set with a cloudless skies. As the night progressed the winds veered offshore creating a nice beam reach for my track to Buffalo. At the front of the pack Dan Pavlat got caught offshore while Lease Schock got back to the shore for the lift creating a battle for the finish. In the mix for line honors was also Greg Gorny who says his C&C 29 loves heavy airs and a 170 Genoa. The 3 of them reached the Erie finish line around 0423

within 1:15 (one minute, 15 seconds) of each other.

The rest of the fleet rounded the Seneca Shoal buoy and enjoyed a close shoreline reach throughout the night. *MunGo Tiki* had passed me going dead downwind with his symmetrical spinnaker so I set my sights on trying to catch him.



Monday's Almost Full Moon Rises

Tuesday saw the winds shift back westerly and the beat was on back to Erie. With good winds, the Lake Erie chop got the boats pounding and the shifts were tough to play. I finally got Tony on *MunGo Tiki* in my sights and so we were having a race. As a keel-centerboarder, *Nicknack* suffers on a true beat so I'm always trying to play the next shift. As evening came with another great sunset and now a full Moon I was determined to work the shore. The winds died down and began to shift from the shore. You never know how these offshore winds fill and with a high shoreline how close is too close. Tony was out on the lake and I was hugging the shore. I was happy with my progress but hoped the

winds would fill in a little more. The last few miles into Erie always seem to take forever. At night you can see the range lights that mark the harbor entrance for many a mile. The lighthouse's red flashing light overpowers the R2 mark at the finish line ½ mile further out. There were a few fishing boats off the Presque Isle peninsula and out of them came *MunGo Tiki's* lights as he finishes just a few minutes ahead.

The only reason to start a GLSS challenge is to finish it. 330 miles of sailing after the start I have completed the 271nm course for the 6th time. John Garhart is still on the course and we're all rooting for him but we know his finish won't be until at least noon on Wednesday. Around noon he is a few miles out and the winds shut down. It won't be until the night breeze kicks in that he gets moving and finishes at 2345.

Including John, five new skippers would earn their membership into the GLSS:

Marty Fox, Craig Morrison, Mark Smith and Tony Berends. Every one of them said the challenge was a little different than expected in different ways and all would be better prepared the next time.

Erie YC was great for a place to relax and recover with some good friends. From Breakfast at Avantis to the Prime Rib Buffet and Antique Car porch party time was well spent. Rumors have it that Blair Arden even got a plastic cup for his free pop refills next year.

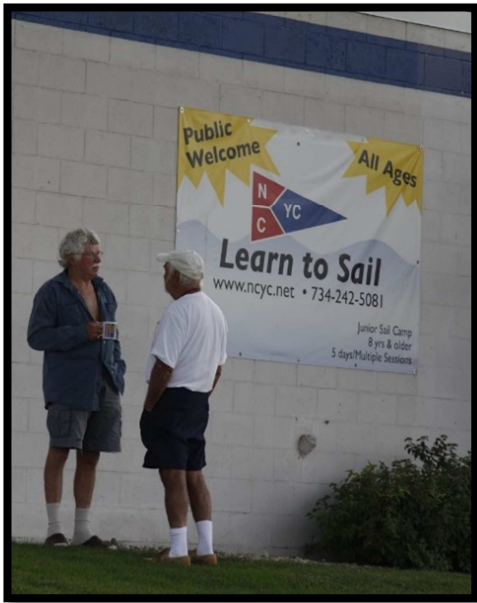
Make your plans now for the 2014 LESC which will start August 16th.

Congratulations Bill Tucker

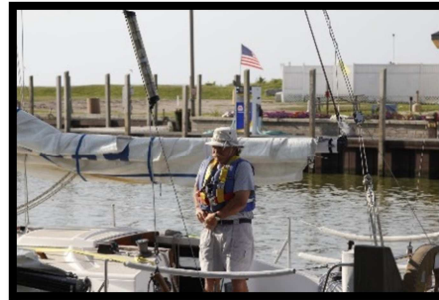
Bill Tucker, GL3, has become the first GLSS sailor to complete 2 laps around the Challenges of the GLSS. Bill finished his second lap this summer completing his second Chicago to Mackinac Solo Challenge.

Bill has also completed 2 Super Macs, as well as 2 Super Mac and Back.

Bill also completed the Trans-Superior Solo Challenge and the Lake Erie Solo Challenge this past summer, pausing for boat repairs during his 3 days at home between the Superior and the Lake Erie challenges.



2013 Lake Erie Solo



John Garhart adds his view from the deck of Dulcibella, a Tartan 27-2. His third attempt at the Lake Erie Solo Challenge turned out to be the one that got him to the finish.

ELEVEN MINUTES TO IMPACT

I was at 42° 25' N, 80° 19' W, just west of Long Point travelling east—in the westbound freighter lane. It was almost midnight and I was hurtling along, relatively speaking, on autopilot and sleeping in intervals. The wind was steady from the west and I had decided to fly the chute at night. I had been dragged back to consciousness from a fifteen-minute nap by the sound of the Watch Commander alarm. Immediately, I

reviewed the AIS that warned of an oncoming freighter. The Motor Vessel *Algowood* was ahead; at 730 feet and 32,000 metric tons she commanded respect. I peered out and the *Algowood's* lights were directly ahead. Depending on my fluctuating speed, the freighter would either crush or miss me by 1/100th of a nautical mile—61 feet. My midnight ritual of Meatloaf, *Bat Out Of Hell* (full volume), could wait.

Eleven minutes was plenty of time, as long as I didn't make any mistakes. I rehearsed taming the chute. I felt confident; this wasn't my first dance with a freighter. I considered the possibility that things might turn out badly, when a small voice within whispered, *this is how it should feel to be alive.*



Charitably described as mature, I'm sixty-six years of age, and have been sailing for only five years. In 2008, on a whim, I took sailing lessons. Then, to avoid atrophy of my meager skills, I purchased a 1978 Tartan 27-2 keel-centerboard, which I named *Dulcibella*. When I told my wife I intended to sail alone to Canada she expressed incredulity saying: "Nobody does that." I went anyway (one doesn't end up married for a third time by accident).

I soon met Erie sailors Brad Enterline and Greg Gorny, GLSS members, who encouraged me to enter the Lake Erie Solo Challenge. Their logic was compelling: the best way to learn to solo sail was to do it. Brad and Greg put together a hundred mile qualifier and I fell in with a group of kindred sailors.

My first attempt at the LESC was in 2011. West winds prevailed to Buffalo and a favorable wind arrived to carry the fleet back to Erie. But the race also featured severe thunderstorms and waterspouts. My batteries failed in Buffalo. At Dunkirk, exhausted from hand steering, I withdrew: so close, yet so far.

My second attempt was in 2012. The fleet struggled that year in light air. With my undersized headsail and centerboard I had difficulty pointing. I bobbed ever so slowly towards Cleveland. No matter the hour or day there was Cleveland, ahead. The city would disappear to stern only to reemerge—ahead. I felt like Bill Murray in the movie *Groundhog Day*. Other experienced sailors withdrew and I willingly followed. A waterspout then appeared to chase me off the lake, adding a final measure of humiliation to my surrender.

By 2013, I was determined to complete the LESC. I added a light-air Genoa and replaced the one cylinder Farymann—"Destroyer Of Alternators"—with a new two-cylinder Beta Marine diesel. The mechanic, who solemnly promised a July

completion, returned the repowered *Dulcibella* on Wednesday evening, August 15th. I provisioned, rewired the autopilot, waited out waterspouts, and departed late the next morning. Pounding westward into strong waves, I arrived at North Cape Friday afternoon, only hours before the skippers meeting.

Saturday's start featured east winds. I had one goal: stay the hell away from Cleveland. Monday morning found me well north of Fairport Harbor. The wind shifted to the west and I raised the spinnaker, heading directly for Buffalo. Except for my tango with the *Algowood*, I flew the spinnaker until Tuesday afternoon at Buffalo.

Back to Erie was a 63nm windward slog. But Wednesday afternoon found an onshore breeze carrying me home. I called in to report my arrival. Then suddenly, three miles from the finish, my speed dropped to zero and I was drifting backwards: it was as if a door had been slammed in my face.

I was stuck near some abandoned pilings, the "Cribs," now a home to cormorants. Anchor down, I attempted sleep but my eyes and nasal passages burned from ammonia fumes given off by the cormorants' excrement.

At seven, the radio announced that the Yacht Club was cancelling its Wednesday night race for lack of wind. About eight, the suggestion of an offshore breeze arose and I was barely able to make way. At 0.3 of a knot, with the mark three miles away, progress was hard.

The autopilot shook the light wind from the sails. Even slight movement of my weight in *Dulcibella's* 7,400-pound hull stopped progress. Steerage was minimal. Forced to hand steer and crouched in the cockpit, my back ached. *Dulcibella* was repeatedly becalmed only to be recalled to life, again and again, by a whisper of wind.

But I understood, the goddess who had gifted me with the afternoon breeze was administering a stern lesson in light air sailing. Hours later, with a final kiss of wind, she permitted me to finish. I was just short of a record for the longest time for completion of the LESC (sorry, Tom). For me, the contest was never against others but against myself. Greg Gorny and his brother, Pete, were at the line to witness and cheer my finish; I crossed, proud and humble. After three long years I had finally finished the LESC. When Paul Nickerson presented me with a GLSS flag, I was over the moon.

The encouragement of Brad Enterline, Greg Gorny, Pete Gorny, Dave Amatangelo and other GLSS members had sustained my belief that this was a challenge I could overcome. To all of them, I am forever grateful.

A meteor's brilliant emerald orb, dissolving into a smear of yellow fire; a moon rising in the east, its symmetry obscured by the dark irregularity of Long Point, as if a molten orange volcano is erupting from the Lake; a crippled bird, healthy yet from summer's abundance, but marked for death by the approach of winter, and winter's cruel cold heart. Fleeting images gone, yet preserved in memory, and that memory itself soon to dissolve or be, perhaps, transmuted to another realm. Alone at sea, precious moments reveal themselves. Alone at sea, the exhilaration, missing among chatter and clatter of the noisome crowd, appears. Alone at sea, on a starlit night, I find myself at peace: a solitary member of a small tribe, adrift on a minor planet near a minor star, lost in an infinite sea of stars. Alone at sea, I can finally see.

And in August 2014, God willing, *Dulcibella* and I will again be heading west for another Solo Challenge. (Oh, once I got the spinnaker down missing the freighter was easy, not even close).



Many GLSS Sailors have completed unique adventures in waters near and far. Here are updates on some we know of.

If you know of a GLSS member involved in a unique adventure, forward the information to us, we will follow and update it in the Solo Challenger. Send your information to jeff.neuhalfen@gmail.com

Member: Dave Rearick
Project: Bodacious Dream
Website: <http://bodaciousdream.com/>

Excerpts from the latest update. With only days till Dave and Bodacious Dream begin their circumnavigation. For the full update and to follow them please visit their website.

*Circumnavigation
The View from Two Weeks Out!
September 16, 2013: Newport, RI*

Our time here in Rhode Island has passed quickly and our departure date for the Circumnavigation now looms just two weeks away! The excitement builds while quiet anxiety seeps in to fill the gaps. Questions keep circling through my mind ... what am I forgetting, what's going to break, how's the weather going to be ... will there be dragons out there? So while I'm hoping that those questions all resolve themselves peacefully, I know for sure that many unexpected things will arise, and well ... that's the fun of it! Being self-sufficient while sailing across these enormous expanses of ocean, embedded

in the deepest wild of nature; this is living as close to the fullness of life as I can imagine. Such thoughts help me to offset the labor of long days at the yard working on the boat!

So finally, it's time to start making the transition from boat projects to logistical work, which means finding, getting, sorting and storing all sorts of gear, charts, food, clothing, paper and pencils, pens and such. Ice cream too, though that will have to be of the freeze-dried variety. But cookies? For sure on that!

Member: David Collette
Project: Fara Heim
Website: <http://faraheim.com/>

The Fara Heim team will voyage from Manitoba, Canada by sail, across Hudson Bay, through the Arctic and then end with a return to the lands of the original explorers. Here is the latest from the team.

In June we sailed a 35' Pearson on Lake Winnipeg to test out underwater search techniques. We were the first sailboat in 10 years to get into a harbor called Berens River.

On this trip we were searching for Norse artifacts that had been reported to authorities in 1950. We had interviewed the children of the person that had written the letter and they gave us hand drawn maps to locate the area that their father had found axes and what he thought were mooring sites on the shore. While we never found the mooring sites he reported we did come across a local aboriginal story about a placed up a small river called "White Men's Writing On The Rock". We could not get up the river in the sailboat and are planning a return trip once winter arrives as it is easier to drive the ice roads to the location than travel by boat. What is interesting about the story is that the locals said it was carved into the rock. There are lots of aboriginal drawings on rocks in the area but they are never carved. On the contrary, Norse explorers *only* carved their messages.

In August we returned to the Hudson Bay area on an Explorers Club expedition in preparation for the 2014 sailing voyage into the Arctic to search for signs of Norse presence. We were not on the hunt for Vikings this time but were following up on a historical event we learned about last year. In 1697 a naval battle called "The Battle of Hudson Bay" occurred on the shores of Hudson Bay at York Factory, Manitoba in Canada. The sea battle was between a French Canadian Captain on a ship called The Pelican and three English warships. Captain Pierre Le Moyne D'Iberville was preparing to attack York Fort when the 3 warships came over the horizon. During the next 6 hours he sank the largest warship, The Hampshire, with all hands lost, captured one and had one run away. He then beached his ship on the shore, got his crew to shore and then captured the fort. He then went down to Louisiana and between him and his brother founded Biloxi, Baton Rouge and New Orleans.

We spent 2 weeks using a magnetometer, side scan sonar and a small drone to search for The Pelican and The Hampshire. We found several important sites by comparing 300 years of old maps. We have the location of The Pelican reduced to a square mile and found indications we are closing in on The Hampshire.



Member: John Lubimer
Project: Half a Bermuda 1-2

John is a veteran GLSS sailor. He completed his second Bermuda singlehanded leg this past summer. John entertains us with a great story of his adventure.



It was a Dark and Stormy night...whoops, I got ahead of myself- that was the night after the finish at the St. George's Dinghy and Sports Club. Actually, thunderstorms and 30 knot winds the night before did threaten to postpone the June 8th start but gave way to typical Narraganset Bay fog the morning of the race. Fortunately, the fog lifted and the usual southwest sea breeze filled in for the mid-day start on an ebb tide. Twenty-three boats started in 6 classes. My 1995 Roger Martin designed, Rhode Island built Quest 30, Flight Risk, was making its first return appearance after several years on the West Coast. I bought her in 2012 and managed to finish the Solo Transpac that year after refurbishing her in Alameda and barely a month of practice on the San Francisco Bay, including the 400nm offshore qualifying sail.

Flight Risk was no stranger to the Bermuda 1-2 Race, having won the race in 2003 under the able guidance of her builder, Barrett Holby of Holby Marine. She carries an asymmetrical spinnaker on a retractable sprit and, with an older North 3DL main and a 1 year old heavy-air reaching #3 jib, she is the ideal off-the-wind boat. After planing at speeds of up to 17 knots under reefed main and A5 on the big Pacific Ocean rollers which characterized the last 1000 miles of the 2012 Solo Transpac to Hawaii, I was anxious to see what she could do on the reach to Bermuda.

Twenty-four hours after the start in the usual SW breeze, Mother Nature began to fail us. By early Sunday evening, the race had become a drifter, painfully reminiscent of our usual Lake Erie Solo Challenges. The remnants of Class 2 as well as several other boats from Class 1 and Kiwi Spirit, an experimental Farr 63 and unofficial entrant, had condensed into a relatively small area. Numerous boats had dropped out, including the Class 40, victims of a variety of electrical and autopilot issues. Nevertheless, several

Tricolors were visible, including a key rival, Wild Eyes, another Quest 30 tricked out with the latest go-fast gear, a new set of 3Di sails and water ballast. I had opted to forego the water ballast because of the rating penalty (and a persistent leak in one of the tanks).

It has been said that the difference in these races is often what happens in the really light stuff. Since at least 6 of us were within VHF range, there was plenty of opportunity to lament the flogging mains, glassy seas and frustrating lack of wind. This is where the Lake Erie GLSS solo experience paid off. Somebody's words "just get down the lake" echoed in the foggy, Dinty Moore Stew and freeze-dried lasagna fueled recesses of my brain. I raised the Code 0 and spent the night hand trimming, eventually eeking out a 10 mile lead over the next closest boat by dawn. As the first boat to catch the breeze when it filled in from the SW, I managed to extend the lead another 15 miles. My strategy was to stay west of the rhumb line in anticipation of the forecasted shift to WSW and then fly the A2 for the last 150 miles for a spectacular finish off the eastern end of Bermuda. Foolish Rabbit- forecasts are made to be changed.

All day Monday and Tuesday, the wind continued to fill in from the SSW, finally settling in at 18-20 knots true and 32-40 degrees apparent. It was clear that my fantasy spinnaker reach was not to be- I was just hoping to beat SSE to the finish on the same starboard tack. Even with the outstanding support provided by Bermuda Radio, which starts tracking boats over 100 miles out, the prospect of being driven further east and then tacking back toward the reefs on Bermuda's northeast coast at night was ugly.

Sunrise at 0430 on Wednesday morning brings a surprise. Stan Paris in Kiwi Spirit, the purpose built Farr 63 in which he plans to

solo circumnavigate, non-stop had passed me like a freight train Tuesday evening. Now, my rail-mounted AIS receiver picks up a new threat less than 70 miles from the finish. "Resolute", the J122 in Class 1 that nicked me boat-for-boat by 20 minutes in 2011 is but 6.5 miles behind me. (I blame that 2011 loss on running over a spinnaker, along with 5-6 other stupid mistakes Dave Evans on Ratso taught me). Resolute couldn't see me since I wasn't broadcasting an AIS signal but foolishly, I "kicked the sleeping dog" (a bad habit I retained from competing with Ratso). Scott on Resolute is a fierce competitor. When my VHF call a few minutes later alerted him to my position, the challenge was on. Forget corrected time, this was personal. With a 56 sec per mile difference in our PHRF ratings (92 versus 36), I knew beating him across the line would be difficult, especially hard on the wind. Nevertheless, we raced southeast at 7.5-8.2 knots. For nearly 9 hours we battled, at first our eyes glued to the AIS and then to each other as Resolute slowly, inevitably made up the distance. By this time, I had been double reefed and sailing with a partially furled jib for over 40 hours and strain on the boat began to take its toll. A change down to the #4 jib was long overdue but I couldn't afford the time with Resolute so close. Then slowly, the mainsail began to delaminate. As ever larger pieces of taffeta flapped in the breeze, exposed threads around the clew were pulled tighter and tighter, creating new loads I am sure the North sail designers never anticipated. Yet, the sail gamely hung in there, staying intact to the end, a testament to the quality of its construction. I considered falling off and trying to save the sail, but even my untrained eye recognized that this was its swan song so I continued on, aiming for the Northeast Breaker Light, the turning mark just 9 miles north of the finish off St. George's Harbor. I rounded the mark just a couple boat lengths from the very tip of the

reef and turned southward, hugging Kitchen Shoals Reef with Resolute hot on my heels. Thru my stabilized binoculars, I swear I could see a maniacal gleam in Scott's eyes as he chased me down. At the Kitchen Shoals mark, just 4 miles from the finish, I realized that Resolute needed more time to catch me. We crossed the line just 20 minutes apart (the same margin as 2011), second and third across the line respectfully, beaten only by Kiwi Spirit, an unofficial entry. I was thrilled that Flight Risk finished first boat-for-boat (excluding the Farr 63), first in class and first in fleet on corrected time, a decent showing for a Great Lakes sailor who has had to put up with crap from Ratso all these years.

Despite our own little mini-drama at the finish, more serious issues were unfolding far to the north with another boat in my class. Jan Steyn's hot new composite Columbia 32C, Solid Air, was in trouble. Initially, he began to have steering issues. Gradually, he lost total directional control. After checking the rudder he suspected problems with the keel. Eventually, as he drifted northeast away from Bermuda, he came to the painful conclusion that he would be unable to save the boat. Dan Alonso on Halcyon, a Halberg-Rassy 49 (the "luxury cruising" division) diverted and, in a masterful display of seamanship, executed a textbook rescue.

This year, an unusually high number of boats (30%) were forced to withdraw, including Gryphon Solo 2, fresh off the Class 40 Atlantic Cup, perennial favorite Flying Turtle and Don Gray's boat, Warrior's Wish, the boat successfully raced in the 2010 Solo Transpac by Ronnie Simpson, a disabled Iraqi war vet who now sails and successfully raises money for a variety of wounded veteran programs.

That Wednesday night after the finish was indeed a Dark and Stormy night, with a subsequent evening sponsored by Gosling's and the incredible hospitality of the St. George's Dinghy and Sports Club. Yours truly even got a chance to race in a 12 ft Bermuda Fitted Dinghy, a unique boat with a 14 ft bowsprit, less than 6 inches of freeboard and unable to support its 32 ft wooden mast without at least two crew on board to balance the boat. (Fortunately, these boats are neutrally buoyant after swamping). Where else but Bermuda can you race where part of the crew is encouraged to dive off the transom on the last downwind leg to lighten the boat and help propel it forward, only to be rescued by a local spectator boat and offered a free beer?

My son's wedding four days after the start of the double-handed return leg precluded my participation (my wife didn't believe I could make it back in three days), but there is always 2015. This is a great "next race" for GLSS members and has been used by a number of GLSS members as a stepping stone for the OSTAR and other long distance races. The race veterans are extremely helpful, actually designating a first-time skipper's mentor to answer all your questions, something I really appreciated my first year. The combination of comradery, distance and destination makes this the perfect solo race, bringing veterans back year after year. Come join us in 2015.

2014 Annual Membership Meeting

February 1, 2014

Bayview Yacht Club
Mackinac Room
100 Clair Pointe Street
Detroit, MI 48215

Hotel Info:

Atheneum Suite Hotel
1000 Brush Avenue
Detroit, MI 48226
313.962.2323
1.800.772.2323

www.atheneumsuites.com

\$ 52 per person

Cash Bar

Deluxe Suites:

\$149 per night
(single/double occupancy)
(\$20 pp for 3rd/4th person)
+Tax: 15%

Valet Parking:

\$10 per night

Rates good thru: Dec. 31st

additional details coming soon

Class of 2013

Lake Huron

Joey Baker, Larry Fair

Lake Michigan

Herb Philbrick, Stuart Keys, Samuel Keys

Lake Ontario

**David Courtney, Geoff Cornish,
Arne Feyling, Carl Ricciuti,
Jacek Leonowicz, Ron Smallbone**

Lake Erie

**Craig Morrison, Mark Smith, Tony Berends,
Marty Fox, John Garhart**

Congratulations to the Class of 2013.

You are now members of one of the most exclusive organizations in the world. To date, there are less than 300 members, far fewer than the number of astronauts who have orbited earth, or climbers who have scaled Mt. Everest.

The Great Lakes Singlehanded Society is an organization established for the perpetuation of the sport of solo sailing. It is one of the few organizations where no amount of money will purchase a membership - *only* by successfully completing a GLSS Solo Challenge is lifetime membership conveyed by the Society.

Congratulations and Welcome!