



Great Blue Hill



January 2020

Volume 51, No. 1

IN THIS ISSUE

Commander's Message	1
XO's Message	1
AO's Message	2
Calendar	2
Meeting Notice	3
A Man and His Boat	4
Sailing Europe 2019	6
Classified Ads	10
Our Supporters	11

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Commander's Message Cdr Joseph F. Frawley, AP



Dear members of Great Blue Hill:

Hope you all feel the warmth and wonder of the holidays...
in every moment you share,
every tradition you celebrate,
every memory you keep.
On behalf of the Bridge and the Executive Board,
best wishes for a Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukkah and Happy Holidays

Commander Joseph F. Frawley, Jr., AP

Executive Officer's Message Lt/C Bette O'Connor, S



Dear Members of Great Blue Hill:

Wishing all a joyous celebration of the season. My past weeks have been dissecting life, decision and plotting my personal course, which I find difficult. The educational, finance, membership committees all have strong on-going programs to insure our success as a Squadron.

Your Bridge takes lead from the membership, which is one of our biggest assets. Where would we be without membership? The answer is sad as we would not be a functioning organization.

Continued on next page ...

Executive Officer's Message ... Continued

Yes, there are new events on the horizon i.e. the Maine Windjammer Cruise in June, a Valentine Night at a comedy club and other gems yet to be scheduled. We need to maintain diverse activities to draw and retain members. So, please keep your thoughts forth coming with ideas so your announced to make your membership more enjoyable. Remember boater or non boater you have a voice and our ears are open as demonstrated at the Town Meeting held last Spring.

At the last meeting I announced an up-coming sock drive for the Veterans at the shelter in Boston. Socks will be delivered in time for Valentines day. There will be a basket at the Yankee Swap to place your donation. Your gift clearly will help a person less fortunate experience a better day. Life on the street and in shelters is not a cake walk.

If you have a special day in the coming weeks/month have a joyous celebration

Happy Boating,
Bette

Administrative Officer's Message

Lt/C David F. Albanese, S



Dear Members of Great Blue Hill:

Happy New Year fellow members of GBH! I hope everyone had a happy, safe, a relaxing holiday season. However, we still have one more holiday event and that is the famous GBH Cheapskate Yankee Swap. Always popular, we'll all have a lot of laughs at our January meeting. As we enter the new year, I'll be looking to see if there is interest in a summer cruise this year, and if so we'll be putting together a cruise committee. After our January meeting, we only have our regular meeting in March and the Change of Watch in May and then it's boating season again!

Fair winds and following seas,

Dave

**Great Blue Hill Sail & Power Squadron
WINTER - SPRING 2020 CALENDAR**

GBH Dinner Meeting, (Holiday Party) VFW, Dedham	9	January 2020
GBH Executive Committee Meeting, CoA, Westwood	6	February 2020
New England Boat Show, Boston	8 - 16	February 2020
USPS Annual Meeting - Porte Vedra, FL	9 - 16	February 2020
GBH ANNUAL MEETING and Election of Officers, VFW, Dedham	12	March 2020



United States Power Squadrons

Come for the boating education...stay for the friends
Great Blue Hills Sail and Power Squadron
Dinner Meeting

Clearly, you are all Masochists!!

Joe Frawley says that, by acclamation of the Squadron, I am requested to conduct the 11th Annual **Cheapskate Swap** at the January dinner meeting. For those who just rolled their eyes and whispered "Not again, please deliver us.....", I want the record to show that the Ex. Board turned down other suggestions.

Once again, this is your chance to check your closets and cellar, then re-gift your "I'll never use it", "totally lame" and "this was beaten with an ugly stick" item! You are not allowed to bring a useful, practical or desirable item. Awful is good!



Reviewing the rules:

- You do not have to join in, BUT TO PARTICIPATE you must bring a gift, AND a **\$10 bill or check** made out to the **Dedham Food Pantry**. They always have bare shelves in January.
- NO CANDLES ALLOWED, they carry a \$25 fine payable to the food pantry.
- And, yes, wrap or gift bag each gift so there is no clue as to contents.
- Sorry, you must go home with your new treasure!
- If you also wish to donate food to the Pantry, they would really appreciate that. Bring common staples- no olives, energy drinks, almond paste or anchovies.

Something new:

Gail Becker and I have 'curated' Marty's extensive library of excellent nautical tomes. There will be a table of really nice "coffee table" volumes at \$10 to \$15. A 2nd table of interesting books at \$5 or 3 for \$10. Then a 3rd table of **FREE** books. All proceeds will go to the GBH Honor Roll Fund.

And there is a sumptuous dinner too, served by our erstwhile caterer, Danny Murphy of Shiretown Catering. Make your reservation by Sunday January 5.

Please contact A/O Dave Albanese for reservations: ao@abc-gbh.org or abc-gbh.org/registration Register by Sunday 01/05 for \$25. After Sunday \$30!

We really don't want the extra money- we want you to register right now!

General meeting Thursday January 9, 2020

American Legion Hall

155 Eastern Avenue, Dedham

1830 social hour 1900 dinner 2000 business meeting 2030 Frivolity ensues

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A Man and His Boat

by Bernard MacKenzie

Submitted by George Hagerty, P

I found my Friendship Sloop one wintry afternoon in 1951, sitting in a crowded boat yard at Onset, Mass. Her name was **Voyager**. She had been shored up and hastily covered with odd pieces of canvas many months before. Snow was still lying about in patches as my partner Frank Westerhoff and I pulled back the cover revealing the lovely sheer of her deck underneath. Perhaps it was this very act that sold us on the old dowager, but whatever it was, we gazed at her hull and thought she looked like a 'Queen on a throne' amongst the lesser shapes of modern plywood boats that were stacked around her. **Voyager** measured 29 ft. overall, 9 ft., 6 in. beam with draft of 4 ft. 10 in. The cutwater was quite fine with pronounced hollow at the waterline sweeping out to the firmness of her bilges and gradually receding into a flat run towards the elliptical transom. The proud clipper bow still bore the name of "Charles Morse, Builder, Friendship, Me."

Perhaps if some knowledgeable friend had come along and tried to make us listen to reason, emphasizing that we were buying a boat that was built in Teddie Roosevelt's era, we might have listened, but I doubt it. Once we climbed that ladder to her deck, we were hopelessly lost. It didn't make any difference to us that the cockpit was a jumble of loose boards and the accommodations were little better than when the fish shared the hold, or that the gaff mainsail was in patches and the jibs black with mildew. To two bachelors in their twenties, **Voyager** was just what we had been looking for as we crawled over every aging Friendship from Marblehead to Cape Cod. An hour later we were at the owner's home to sign the Bill-of-sale.



Through the happiness of the occasion, I noticed the man's wife and children were in tears. This was my first insight into the feelings these sloops engender. I thought about this later, wishing that I knew the full history of all the generations that had owned this boat. How many had reacted in like manner when she was sold? Who were the fishermen that owned her before the curse of gasoline engines, and where were the children that grew up on this boat and learned to sail and care for her?

That day our minds were full of dreams of how we would fix up **Voyager** and sail with comfort to far off ports, and how, snug in the cabin after a blow, we would be warmed by the old fashioned shipmate stove, and plan new adventures together.

Frank and I knew little about sailing and less about repairing boats, but after the old auxiliary engine had ground itself to pieces in the bilge, **Voyager** showed us how to sail. Our education came the hard way and she forgave us the many jibes, groundings, bad landings and squalls that she suffered at our hands.

Later, Frank met a younger bride and left me alone with my sloop. Our association became more serious as I replaced mast, sails, motor, cockpit, and refitted the interior of the cabin. Decks required fiberglassing and new rigging was spliced. After this, the old girl seemed to have a new lease on life and no longer won the snail's cup in the annual regatta.

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A Man and His Boat *Continued...*

The era of the antiseptic-looking plastic boats had begun. They were beginning to dot our harbors, drumming out old wooden boats like **Voyager** with a tattoo of steel halyards against their aluminum masts. These were boats without souls: cast in molds like teacups and built without the skill and honesty of good shipwrights. I would always look for the soap dish when I climbed into their round, slick cockpits. Surely the fine history and traditions of American yachting were not going to come to this. Somewhere I thought there must be other sailing men that understood the beauty of a well-designed and constructed vessel. Joe Richards and Howard Chapelle were with me, but the fact remained that, outside of the little town of Friendship, not a real Friendship Sloop had been built in the last thirty years.

Nine years later, sailing had become a way of life, and **Voyager** had made many friends cruising westward to Nantucket and Newport, and eastward to New Hampshire and Maine. The people were more interesting than the harbors. They would row out to us at anchor and give off sighs of pleasure when I acknowledged that she was a Morse boat. It was always the same interest everywhere we went. Finally, I realized they were in pursuit of a legend; the precious intangible commodity of the distant past that this vintage craft symbolized.

I often wondered if this nebulous legend could be stirred to reality. Perhaps if I could reach other sloop owners - could get a few of them to sail back to the birthplace of Friendships, others would see that here was the perfect cruising boat; as much at home in a gale at sea as she was ghosting along in a ladies breeze. How to reach them? How to make them see the possibilities? I was pondering this problem when the 1960 Boston Power Squadron race for Auxiliaries gave me the answer.

It was Saturday, September 17th in Boston Harbor and we were hopelessly outclassed by sixteen large, modern Marconi-rigged sloops and a few ocean racers. It was blowing northeast, and white-caps were beginning to form. The larger boats were rounding a windward mark and all the others were privileged to start for home under this handicap system.

Running downwind, our position looked good. We had passed most of the smaller auxiliaries, but those spinnakers blossoming astern spelled real trouble. We had no spinnaker aboard **Voyager**, only a huge gaff mainsail like those used to get the fish to market long ago. Could we hold out with eight miles to go? We kept an eye on a blue-hulled splinter astern which was slowly closing the gap. That was **Contessa**. Then a touch of luck! The wind increased. We drove with a comber at our bow and a quarter-beam wave under our stern, signaling that this was hull speed and she would go no faster. We had to come on a reach to follow the course between two islands when BANG! our jib split from peak to clew!

It took all three of the crew: Jean Sullivan, Bob Brown and myself to get this down and another set, while our race observer steered, eating humble pie for saying earlier that he thought Friendships were logy! Due to the delay with the jib, one of the big fellows was right on top of us, but going through the gut his parachute pulled him over, right down to the water. He would come up with tons of water pouring out of his chute, only to have it immersed again.

Running free in Quincy Bay, we were actually gaining on the fleet and we opened up a half mile lead not having to worry about spinnakers. The crew was joyous as we approached the lonely committee boat, having clocked a seven knots between the last two buoys.

The flash of the cannon cut through the stillness of the autumn afternoon, and its echoes even blew away the cobwebs down at Friendship. - END

Sailing Europe 2019

by Robin Al-Khatib

Of the six weeks we traveled in Europe this year, three weeks were on chartered catamarans Captained by Malek Al-Khatib. Our first trip was a two-week cruise on 39 ft. catamaran with 4 berths. “Même Pas Peur” or “Not Afraid”. She was a lovely 2014 Lagoon with all modern appliances and electronics. We picked her up from Port Pin Roland near the city of Toulon in France. Malek and I would be handling the boat and Malek’s niece Dima joined us during a rain/thunderstorm Saturday. Although not a sailor, Dima was all smiles and ready to learn how to sail. The weather improved Monday and we sailed off, in a fantastic 15-20 knots west wind and galloped happily in 4-6 ft following waves with grey skies turning blue, to Le Lavandou. This is a sophisticated, uniquely French residential port town. We enjoyed a gourmet dinner and the ambiance of the community. Visiting there in the evening, we enjoyed watching the residents play bocce, and loving couples visiting the numerous, quiet restaurants for fine cuisine. White tablecloths, soft lighting and Europeans in their dresses, slacks and hard soled shoes is a pretty sight. We enjoyed a delicious dinner and strolling through the town.



Although the end of September is the end of the season, there was a Super Yacht Show in Monaco, and a yacht sailing regatta in Cannes which made finding berths a challenge. The reservation system in the Cote d'Azur is first come first served. Tuesday, we anchored outside St. Tropez harbor and motored to St. Tropez by dingy. The town is famously packed with designer fashion stores, superyachts and glamor. The harbor was full for the boat show for Monte Carlo. It was really an enchanting place.

Wednesday, day we continued sailing. The boat performed so well that we sailed quite comfortably by the jib in 20 knot west winds. The wind picked very



quickly in the afternoon to 28-32 knots. I called all ports from Cannes to Cavaliere trying to find a berth for the night as the wind was expected to continue overnight. I was informed none were available. When Dima asked in French, they were able to squeeze us in among superyachts in Mandelieu-la-Napoule harbor. It was a stunning marina. We enjoyed sunbathing on their soft, clean beach next to a castle that afternoon.

Continued on next page ...

Sailing Europe 2019 *Continued...*

Our next leg Thursday to Nice area for meeting our new crew on Friday. The old Nice harbor was so full that we could not even load or unload in the harbor. We went close by to Port de Villefranche-Sante in Villefranche Sur Mer, a beautiful town about 2 miles east of Nice. This port is a 600 year plus, small fishing harbor where we enjoyed a berth in a premier location on the quay across from the most prominent hotel in the town.

Curious about the boat show, with Dima at the helm we took a day trip from Villefranche to Monte Carlo and admired the super yachts anchoring outside the harbor. These super and mega yachts are owned by billionaires and large corporations and we saw some of the most sophisticated vessels on the planet. Again,

Barry Needalman who crewed for us in Greece last year, joined us again this year along with Pelagians Barbara Ionnoni and Marian Ossman, all members of the Pelagic Sailing Club. We gathered for an authentic French dinner at a nice, outdoor restaurant with Dima before she returned to Milan, Italy where she lives. Dima finished her first week of sailing with good wind, world class towns and daily French restaurants. She was very helpful speaking fluent French with the harbormasters and ordering dinners. She was also great company with the joy of the newbie-sailor with our wonder filled experience.



We decided that with all the super yachts visiting the area for the Monte Carlo boat show, we would rest in Villefranche Sur Mer another night, shop in the local markets to provision and visit the bakeries for French bread. Barbara brings great elegance to her food preparation, and Malek is a germ-o-phobe so between the two, we enjoyed elegant culinary presentations complete with beautiful table linens and an abundance of serving utensils (no fingers please).

Marion and I heard some great, live American music coming from the hotel restaurant across the street from our boat. We went over and started dancing. Before we knew it, the whole restaurant had joined us on the dance floor. We had the time of our lives partying with the other people in the restaurant. We thought the fireworks at night was welcoming us to the French Riviera

Sunday, we motored from Villefranche Sur Mer to Cannes with blue skies, fluffy white clouds, and good light. As we arrived near Cannes, the wind picked up and the harbor was fully occupied by superyachts. We were lucky to be given a spot at their hospitality dock. The harbormaster directed us to dock "bow first" temporarily because of the strong cross wind and the required 2nd mooring line was being used by a 38 ft sailboat named Nomad. The harbormaster informed us Nomad would be leaving soon, and we could then have access to that necessary mooring line. However, the cross wind became so strong that Nomad was unable to leave. Subsequent to some drama for poor Nomad, Malek and our crew turned our big cat and secured her with 2 mooring lines. Nomad rafted with us to keep her in place.

Continued on next page ...

Sailing Europe 2019 *Continued...*

We enjoyed Cannes and its extravagant super yachts. Cannes is famous for movie stars, film premiers and film awards as well as glamorous exhibits. There are many large hotels sufficiently elegant to host these actors and their entourages. We visited the town, the castles, and the bakeries. We stayed for 2 nights and enjoyed every minute.

Tuesday, we sailed off to Cavaliere. It was a memorable sail and we saw amazing 100+ ft sail boats racing with spinnakers and I'll never forget that lovely sight. Cavaliere harbor did not have a berth for our boat size, so we anchored in the serene bay. It was a lovely quiet spot and we enjoyed a delicious 4 course Italian dinner prepared by Barbara and Barry along with some delicacies purchased from a famous bakery in Cannes.

However, during the night the wind picked up and misfortune came to visit. Unfortunately, next morning, one of our crew had a personal medical condition that required medical attention. After assessing various transportation alternatives, the lack of berths in nearby harbors, Malek decided to go back the base near Toulon where ER is the largest in the region. So, we left for the base which was 35 nm away. We motored through 20-30 knots head winds, with gusts of 38 knots, and 6-8 ft waves slamming the bow and no dodger at the helm. Swells were 10-12 feet. Personally, I have never been in those conditions but felt comfortable because of the strong boat, capable captain and experienced crew. Malek was focused and had the stamina to motor through the wind and the waves arriving after seven hours. He was drenched through his foul weather gear down to his skin. Our crew member and an escort went to ER and was treated successfully with prescription medication and was able to return to the boat and all's well that ends well. They returned in good spirits and even brought back some nice provisions. While they were away, Barry treated us to a wonderful dinner at the marina restaurant.



The weather cleared up the next day, but more wind was expected in the afternoon. We made an informed decision to visit the charming, quiet and quaint island of Porquerolles. The island featured biking, elaborate gardens and some small boutiques. Barbara called the harbor, in French, before we anchored she was pleasantly informed there was a berth available. We docked there and spend a lovely time on the island. We enjoyed another dinner of Barbara's elegant Italian cuisine.

Friday, we returned to Port Pin Roland for the final dinner. The sole restaurant at the marina was packed with a conference, so we returned to our boat for a picnic. Barry cooked up the remaining eggs, and we enjoyed those with leftover cheese, jam, and bread we still had on the boat.

Continued on next page ...

Sailing Europe 2019 *Continued...*

It all ended too soon. We all packed up and cleaned up. Malek & I bid farewell to Barbara, Marian, and Barry, then took a train from Toulon to Venice. It was as interesting now as 500 years ago when it was the most important centers for trade and business in Italy. Tragically, in early November Venice was flooded up to 6 ft. in water and many of the places we visited have subsequently been ruined. It is still a very unique place and I highly recommend it if you haven't been. After three days in Venice, we travelled to Ancona where we took an overnight ferry to Split, Croatia.



In Croatia we were happy to be joined by Barry Needalman again, Russ Gantz of Pelagic, his wife Nina, along with Peggy & Bob Elder of the District 14 America's Sailing Club; experienced mariners who we sailed with in Boston and in Canada on their trawler. Malek chartered "Soggy Dollar" a 2019 45 ft Leopard catamaran, 4 cabins, 4 heads, a crew cabin and head, and all the bells and whistles you may think off. Russ called her "our sailing hotel".

Moorings, the charter company, was celebrating their 50th anniversary with a Croatian flotilla of 8 boats. We had endless wine tastings, group dinners, and fun. A different harbor almost every night which was typically a tiny quay with restaurants directly in front of our stern.

We sailed/motored in sunny blue sky and light wind to several beautiful islands and small gorgeous towns like Maslinca, Milna, Jelsa, Stomorska, and some of us snorkeled/swam in the Blue Lagoon and Necejam. We had many fun times with all the boats from the flotilla. We enjoyed walking around these old towns and islands. Also, Russ took wonderful aerial views with his drone.

At one of the dinners with the flotilla, there were approximately 50 people. Awards were given to the Captains for various achievements during the flotilla. Malek was recognized for having the best prepared crew for each day's Mediterranean mooring style docking. During that party, Russ and Nina invited everyone to our boat for a huge anniversary cake that was provided by Moorings. Well, about half those people showed up and we had cake, wine, music, and dancing sufficient for the whole group. It was a great spontaneous party and a fun time was held by all. We were all thrilled to enjoy their anniversary with them.



Continued on next page ...

Sailing Europe 2019 *Continued...*

Another memorable feature of this was the “Dance Off” celebration we had on the last night. Each boat would participate by sharing their favorite song, and people would dance and share their best dance moves with each other. Peggy and Bob are swing dancers and began practicing on the boat, on the beach and ultimately made us very proud with their beautiful swing dancing.



It all ended too soon as well. Malek & I bid farewell to Nina, Russ, Barry, Peggy and Bob and we rented a car traveling along the beautiful Croatian coast to Dubrovnik. Croatia has lots of castles and is famous now because Game of Thrones and Mama Mia was filmed there. More importantly, it has magnificent sailing, crystal clear waters, and delicious seafood and is very affordable.

Our next catamaran trip is in the Caribbean late February 2020. If you are interested in joining us on your own boat, or crewing with us, please let us know.



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Cost of an Ad is \$15 for up to 40 words. No pictures. Include description, condition, price and contact info. Please send your Ads (with your check payable to “GBH Sail & Power Squadron”) to the editor, Jeff Gardiner, 398 Central Ave., Needham, MA 02494.

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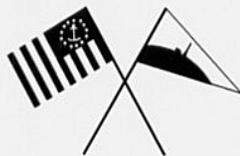


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A Publication of
Great Blue Hill Sail & Power Squadron