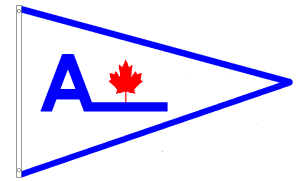


# ALBERG 37 INTERNATIONAL OWNERS ASSOCIATION

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## HAPPY NEW MILLENNIUM

### News from Members

Wayne and Sherrill Bower have been working on some new upgrades on TEELOK. They recently installed an electric windlass and all-chain anchor rode. They plan a major re-wiring project in the 2000-2001 time frame.

We finally heard from Gord Murphy stating that INTERLUDE is back home in Sarnia, Ontario undergoing an overhaul. Gord is doing all the "five minute" jobs himself and will launch in the spring of 2001. We would still like to hear from Gord's adventures in the Bahamas and the loss of INTERLUDE's rudder!

Dan Stuermer, while enroute from Annapolis to their new home in Falmouth, MA, sailed the yawl JOYOUS to Bermuda and then up to Bras d'Or Lakes in Nova Scotia before coasting down Nova Scotia and Maine to Quisset Harbor, MA which is JOYOUS' new homeport

The off shore crew consisted of Dan's father Harry, now 79 years young and friend Richard Pringle. Dan's wife Betty and mother Marjorie (now 82 years old (Dan's words) joined in for much of the coastal cruising. THEY will have more to say about the boat preparations, boat performance and their adventures in future newsletters.

Greetings in November from Lois Jacob and Merle Galbraith aboard the yawl INTERLUDE. They are currently in Trinidad and Tobago, and have been there and in the lower Grenadines and/or Venezuela since 1989. Their email address is: [svinterlude@hotmail.com](mailto:svinterlude@hotmail.com)

David and Joyce Lahmann wrote in November:

"It was a great sailing season on the Great Lakes. Joyce did not have nearly as much time on the boat as I did but the times she was on board for sailing we had some good winds and terrific weather as well as a great sail. Joyce is really turning into a avid sailor and in a few more years she might even take "She 'N I" out by herself.

We have our boat stored in Manitowoc, Wisconsin at Boatworks. Boatworks has the old ship building complex from WWII where they built submarines and small warships. The building that "She 'N I" is in has a door that is just high enough to take her in with the mast still up. We didn't get any work done on her this fall but in the spring. I'll be taking a

weeks vacation to do the fall work I didn't get done as well as the spring refurbishing.

We purchased a new orbital buffer on the recommendation of our friends Bob and Mary and plan to buff the hull each spring until we wear the gelcoat down so we can repaint. This will help keep the spider cracks in the gelcoat less visible and also smooth out the cracks so they are not so pronounced. We also ordered some of Captain Tolley's creeping crack cure from the Sailboat House in Madison, Wisconsin. They worked on our Lancer 28 when we sailed Lake Mindota and did a great job of curing a couple of leaks. When I called and asked for help with our leaky toe rail they recommended Tolley's right off. Needless to say I ordered four two ounce bottles. I plan to use a small wood drill to scrape between the wood and the deck. From all the tools I have looked at this seems to be the one with an angle that should do the job just right.

David and Joyce"

Joyce also added: "We had several interested parties look at SHE 'N I and one very nice young couple that wanted to sail her to New Zealand but they made no offer and the offers we did receive were less than what we would have considered. So I guess by default SHE 'N I is no longer actively for sale."

The following was received in December from Karen and Marcel Steinz aboard TUNDRA: "We are down here having a grand time getting the boat ready for the Bahamas. We are in dry-dock right across from TUNDRA. Brian and Kathy Marsh are very busy putting the boat back together, from the keel to the liner, it is all being done. She will look great when the boat is put back together. We had a visit the other day from Todd Stebleton of Ormond Beach, FL. He owns COPPERHEAD, hull #17. He was very interested to see other Alberg 37's and all the changes that have been made to SOUTHERN CROSS and TUNDRA.

Brian and Kathy Marsh reported that TUNDRA sustained some hurricane damage while on the hard in Florida. It's another huge haulout as a result of hurricane Floyd. Kathy wrote in November: "Tundra is coming along nicely, but lots of work to complete still. I'm working on painting the interior at the moment and Brian just wired for our air marine wind machine and installed a new bilge blower. Ahead I will be varnishing all and we are continuing to fiberglass the main bilge. Refrigeration is in need of refining and head will be addressed before we hit the water. It's a little cooler here now,

so not bad for working. We look forward to seeing Karen and Marcel Steinz any day now. I truly apologize for not keeping in touch, but our life has been blessed with Courtney's marriage (just over and wonderful), a summer visiting out west, plus our misfortune with Tundra. Soon we hope to have a computer with capacity to accept our newsletter. The last one we received was the April issue and I suspect one tried to send us a summer issue in the interim. Glad to hear the fall Rendezvous was so successful. Wish we could have joined all. One day this retired life will slow down to a dull roar! Our main aim is to get in the water as soon as possible. Several issues concern us still. The radar is non functional at the moment and we will be replacing our bent roller furling system. Unfortunately our insurance deductible is doubled in a name storm, i.e., Floyd, so we will not be claiming. It's a pretty close call. It was good to be here to witness Irene so we could adjust stands and clear drains for SOUTHERN CROSS. Our friends in the municipal marina went through 4 bow lines (chafe) and ended up at our Budget Motel door at 500 am. Most moved off board and a few tangled masts with a little grief. Four foot waves came over the marina entrance. All was touch and go for awhile. Two acquaintances suffered a lot of damage as a result of a broken piling. We're looking forward positively. Come visit anytime."

Then, in early January, we heard from Brian and Kathy again:

"A lot of water has passed 'under the bridge' since we last corresponded with a good number of you. January brought a pleasant surprise for us. The Ron Marshes vacationed in Nassau so we sailed from Miami as fast as we could and enjoyed their company immensely for a week. Working our way down the Exuma chain we met Marcia and Gene on Pangaea who we raced with in Georgetown. Also, Rose de L'Acadie, Rose and David, who cooked lobster for us. In Warderick Wells, a national park, we were able to sight lobster ourselves. Being protected, they were quite a size. Hiking was particularly interesting through various flora and fauna. One night time expedition in search of the elusive hutia-a small rodent- was great fun. Children and adults alike enjoyed the full moon and spooky geysers. We rendezvoused again with Marnel in Staniel and snorkeled the Sea Aquarium and Rocky Dundas (particularly notable areas in the park), plus did some most enjoyable drift diving in the area. Slowly we worked our way down to Black Point and White Point for visit with Shady Lady and then ran back to Pipe Creek to avoid a norther. The Georgetown Regatta was another highlight as we met and socialized with fellow cruisers from world wide. Songbird, Eileen Quinn and her husband, David, entertained us several times. Our mid March-April portion of '99 was spent in company with Marnel adventuring happily through the sparsely populated 100 mile long Jumentos, commonly called the Ragged Island Chain. Only 60 miles north of Cuba at the southernmost point is Duncantown where we were welcomed ashore by Percy and his lovely wife, Jill, of the Eaglesnest restaurant (a downed DC3 on the beach). They forewarned us to call ahead as they had dogs guarding

the property. Five sailboats enjoyed two delicious conch and fish dinners here. The few town residents had salted conch hanging on their clotheslines and they ordered fresh water from the weekly mailboat. Salt ponds abound. With few provisions and little water available, most visitors moved on quickly. Marnel IV and ourselves spent the remainder of the month fishing and diving. Brian caught his first lobster and I swam knowingly with my first nurse shark. You bet - briefly! The scenery was wonderful and beaches full of Bahamian splendor and wonder. Our stay at Buenavista Cay was highlighted with daily visits from the wild goats and roosters-the sole residents. The later half of April found us reprovisioning in Long Island before heading east to the south harbour of Rum Cay. Gloriously the skies opened up and we were able to fill our water tanks with fresh water and launder to our hearts content. A drought plagued the islands during the winter season leaving little water in local cisterns and very little for visitors, so all were thankful. This was the first rain we had experienced in several months. Rum is a relatively small island, but is rich in history. Ruins were readily found from the loyalist days but we were duly warned by Kay, the local native entrepreneur, that wild Brahma bulls frequented the area. Flamingo Bay on the NW side was touted as a lovely anchorage, but we will not recommend it to others. The entry is mighty treacherous through magnificent stands of Elkhorn coral. Snorkeling here and watching for the bulls was most interesting, but we didn't linger long. Next time we'll anchor in the safety of the west coast and dinghy through to the caves. Our exit from here was a little tense, but once out of the reef, we laid a course for San Salvador, the easternmost island of the Bahama chain. Residents are very proud to inform you that Christopher Columbus first discovered America here. The Island is undergoing construction of a billion dollar airport to service the two tourist entities present. A lovely Club Med (French/English) and The Riding Rock Inn dive resort support the island economy. We anchored off quaint Cockburn Town until stormy weather forced us into the only marina, spartan as it was. Tours filled our time and were most informative of history and ruins. We were delighted to make a wall scuba dive here and refresh our skills. Mid May we headed back west again sailing quickly through haunts of last year, including Cat Island, Little San Salvador, Eleuthera and Spanish Wells. It was a pleasant surprise to find Jill and Jennifer Doherty at their home in Spanish. We had a great visit. "So nice to meet an old friend" truly. Toward the end of May we fished our way up to the Abacos, landing several dolphin fish. Great sport! Here we got our super happy news of wedding bells for Courtney and Greg. Karen and Kelly Hansen graciously welcomed us at their Parrot Cay retreat. We toured in their Albury power yacht for most part of a week before sailing off to the Berry Islands. Weather foreshortened snorkeling here and we became leery of summer storms. Also these islands are pretty much privately owned and that precludes going ashore for our dinghy explorations. Hauling anchor, we crossed the Gulf Stream with Silkie of Oregon, making our American landfall at West Palm Beach on June

4th. This 26 hour crossing from Slaughter Harbour in the Berries was quite uneventful with the great American horizon looming from 40 miles out. The cultural extremes are remarkable for being such a short distance away and all the wonders of each will continue to impress us. Tundra was hauled into dry storage at Westland Marine in Titusville where we left her for the season. In mid September she was blown off her stands in Hurricane Floyd and she landed in the yard sand much to our distress. This news reached us by email from Canadian friends in the yard - Bridgette and John aboard Mystic. She was pronounced physically sound by our marine surveyor and we have spent the remainder of 1999 reconditioning her with plans to leave the end of January for the Caribbean. Any of you sailors who would like the blow by blow experience of refitting can contact us. It's been a long process and we've done it all ourselves. The end is in sight and we're gathering charts and preparing to venture on soon. It's a good feeling. "

We heard from Cath Bridgen in November that they had ESTORIL trucked down to Fort Pierce from Canada, and had been in Florida awaiting good crossing conditions for their trip to Bimini. They've been keeping their eyes open for other A37's and will keep in touch in a few months to let us know where ESTORIL is and how things are going.

Bill and Jean Kellett mentioned that they are planning on writing concerning their adventures aboard their sloop WANESA including a flooded fuel tank, oily bilges, electrical mysteries and a snapped rudder.

Bram and Elsie Smith, our only members from the great Province of Newfoundland (Labrador City) would like to know if anyone has heard of any A37 yawl owners who have installed a Cape Horn Wind Vane.

By the way, Bram survived his first sailing season by traveling from Iroquois, Ontario, to Sept-Iles, Quebec. He then took about a month to refine his meager sailing skills and then took a three week cruise and traveled up the north shore to Harve St. Pierre and the Mingan Islands. Then across to Anticosti, south to Perce Rock on the Gaspé and then back to Sept-Iles. Bram sailed 1400 nautical miles, their marriage is still intact as well as the boat, so considers their season a success. ALICIA III, their A37 yawl loved the big water after spending the past ten years in a lake.

Des McCrindell reported that he has had several inquiries regarding ROB ROY as a result of the "For Sale" section of the A-37 web site.

Roland Pootmans reports that LANIKAI sold quickly last fall, and now has a new home in Baddeck, Nova Scotia. That makes 2 A-37s in Baddeck.

Kelly and Rachel Carver of Ft. Lauderdale (DA KINE) were wondering does anyone know if any Alberg 37s

have ever been destroyed or lost at sea? An interesting question – does anyone have an answer?????

Tom Westran writes that "BRIGHTLINGSEA II has finally been fully put to bed, under her winter cover. I think for next year I will have the cover modified to allow it to be put up with the mast up and to be made into two pieces. A one piece canvas cover to fit an Alberg 37 is getting a bit heavy for these old bones to handle. Now that the boat is prepared for winter yours truly must do the same for himself, that will be a mental rather than physical exercise. The last two years in the warm will be hard to forget."

Our webmasters, Todd and Candice Clift, are now liveaboards on HERON in Boston.

### **Help Wanted**

We received the following Email back in November: "I am not sure if this is the forum to use, but I am interested in seeing and possibly purchasing an Alberg 37 in British Columbia. I currently own a Catalina 27'. I am planning to go off-shore in 5-7 years. Can my message be posted in your newsletter? Hans Verbeek Ph: (604) 985-3592 Cell: (604) 720-3931 E-mail: [Hverbeek@aol.com](mailto:Hverbeek@aol.com) or [Hverbeek@thrifty.com](mailto:Hverbeek@thrifty.com)

### **Welcome to the Following New Members**

Bill and Karen Hartman of Charlottesville, VA are the owners of the sloop SAUCY. SAUCY is homported in Deltaville, VA

Ron Fisher of Cambridge Ontario is the owner of the yawl WONIYA. WONIYA is homeported in Nova Scotia

Ian and Sally Dunn of Rye, NY are the owners of the sloop VECTIS. VECTIS is homeported in Rye also.

Greg and Penny Blair of Toronto are the owners of the yawl TUULI out of Cairns, Queensland, Australia. Greg and Penny are busy making plans to sail Tuuli home via Capetown and Brazil.

### **FOR SALE**

We occasionally receive requests for A-37 'for sale' lists, and we know of several A-37's that have changed ownership by word-of mouth and by reference to this list through our members. We maintain (or try to) an up-to-date list of A-37's that are being offered for sale. If you know of anyone looking for an A-37, have them contact us for a for sale list.

Recent offerings include:

Turgut Karabekir, is offering the 1971 Alberg 37 yawl KUMA (Hull # 78) for sale due to time constraints. KUMA comes well equipped for cruising. Asking price

\$48,500 U.S. Interested parties should contact Turgut at (301) 468-0737, or email: [turgutk@erols.com](mailto:turgutk@erols.com)

**TURKEY BLUES**  
By Rae Ellen Lee  
Sloop SEA SALTER

A howling gale and driving rain could not keep us in Squaticum Harbor on Thanksgiving morning. We were new to sailing our 1972 Alberg 37, *Sea Salter*, but Tom was confident as we left to circumnavigate the San Juan Islands. As for me, well, I go where the boat goes; it's our home.

When Tom backed out of the slip in the 35-knot winds, a gust slammed our bow to port and the plow anchor hooked the neighbor's suspended dinghy. Another gust swung our tail end around and our stern rail locked horns with the bowsprit on the next boat down the line. On deck, Tom bravely tried to extricate us while I accelerated forward, cranked the wheel back and forth, and then shoved the shift lever into what I hoped was reverse. In response, our boat climbed onto the bowsprit boat as our anchor ripped the corner out of the other boat's dinghy. All the boats let loose at once. Soon afterward, the real fun began.

Waves as big as chicken coops greeted us in Bellingham Bay but we kept going, too scared to turn back and face all those boats in the harbor. Tom steered the boat as we plunged into the waves, wallowing in the valleys of the shadow of death. I cowered in the cockpit, hyperventilating, staring at the monster waves, cussing every one of my sailing mantras. Water sprayed us and sloshed around our feet.

When I checked below deck, what I saw through my saltwater-stained glasses was worse than a teenager's bedroom: stuff flung all over, unpaid bills floating in the water running along the floor, water pouring onto our bed. As I fastened the open porthole to stop the flow, waves pounded and crashed against the hull like thunder.

Above deck I resumed my rapid, shallow breathing, now punctuated by seasick burping. Soon we had to change course, tack a different direction, and I took the helm so Tom could manage the sheets. "OK. Turn now!" he shouted.

As I did so, my feet slipped out from under me. But I held my grip on the wheel as we jibed in a complete circle, dipping wildly from side to side, forward and back, water flying everywhere. Before taking the helm again, Tom hauled me up from my intimate position next to the binnacle post. Who was I kidding? I would never make it on the ocean. Sailing to the Caribbean sounded good, but my nerves wouldn't stand up to much more of this sailing practice.

A couple hours later, anchored out of the wind at Lummi Island, I put a small turkey in the propane oven and lay down to rest in the cold, dark cabin. My bowels were loose, my brain was in neutral and I felt physically and emotionally shot. Water dripped onto my face from above. Tom sat nearby in the dark, on watch to regulate the oven's temperature, as the turkey stewed in its juices. When I finally pulled myself up to finish cooking dinner, I could hardly walk.

I'd aged thirty or forty years on the trip across the bay. Had my hair turned completely white like some Ripley's Believe it or Not character?

We ate dinner in silence, after not giving thanks, and soon crawled, becalmed and wordless, into our water-logged bed. As *Sea Salter* floated securely at anchor under the cold, pale moon of Thanksgiving, I read aloud from *Sailing Alone Around the World* by Joshua Slocum. On page 193 I read this: *But where, after all, would be the poetry of the sea were there no wild waves?*

**Boyle Boatworks**

We recently received information from the Great Lakes Alberg Association that Bill Boyle of Boyle Boatworks has the Alberg 30, the Alberg 37, and the Whitby 45 molds. Bill Boyle's email is [wboyle@aol.com](mailto:wboyle@aol.com) and fax is 803.733.2984. We haven't checked out this information, and don't know if he has any plans to go into production, has spare parts, etc., etc. Might be worth a check-out.

**Winter Rendezvous**

The 2000 A-37 **Winter Rendezvous** is planned for Saturday evening, **18 March, 2000** at **Harrison's Chesapeake House** on Route, 33, Tilghman, MD., on Maryland's Eastern Shore. The evening's festivities will begin at about 6:30 PM with cocktails, with dinner at about 7:30 PM. Harrison's is a neat place, and all who attended last year's event really enjoyed themselves. **See the flyer at the end of this newsletter.**

**Web Site Policy**

We hope that members having access to the Internet will participate in the A-37 web site: <http://www.alberg37.org>.

Todd Clift, the webmaster, and others have done a great job in developing this site, and after visiting it, we think you will agree that it is one of the better boating websites. However, it's only as good as member participation, especially in the Discussion Forum. We invite active participation in this section, as a lively discussion of members' questions is really valuable to all members.

One note on the web site which may be confusing to some members. The Member List only has those members who have entered their names via the web site. The "Official" membership list is not on the website, as we felt that only members should input their data on the website, as opposed to publishing the entire "Official" membership roster. We wanted to ensure that members' privacy is not violated. In other words, please feel free to input your individual data to the web page (or let us or Todd know and we'll do it for you). It's real easy to do and only takes a minute.

## Sojourn's Delivery Trip

By

Tom McMaster & Rose Hansmeyer

S/V Sojourn

It started the spring of 1995 when Rose and I signed up for Sailboats Inc. charter certification course. It was here where we met and befriended Tyler Howell and subsequently was introduced to NLSC.

Rose and I have always had a dream to own our own boat and someday live aboard and do some extensive cruising. I was introduced to sailing back in 1982, the first sailboat I ever set foot on was a Morgan Out Island 41 at Chub Cay in the Berry islands of the Bahamas. I immediately fell in love with sailing and vowed to one day sail my own boat in the Caribbean. About a year later, Rose and I met and the rest as they say is history.

Back to 1995, after getting our charter certification, we started looking for a boat. At that time I wasn't real familiar with all the various makes and models, so I decided to call a former co-worker, Walt Steiner, who I knew owned a larger keel boat, and told him that we were looking for a boat. He suggested that maybe we should look at buying his, and why don't you come and look at her. It was the summer of 1995 that we first saw what was to become our present boat. As many of you know, we didn't buy her then, we purchased a Tartan 33 named Maarmad, as Walt wasn't quite ready to let go of Windchaser II just yet. In retrospect, I wish that he had heeded to his wife's wishes, and sold her to us then but...

For various reasons we decided to sell our Tartan and buy the Alberg 37 when she became available last fall. We feel very lucky, as both sales went very smoothly, and we never owned a "fleet". The "new" boat was in dire need of some TLC, we started visiting the boat in earnest by the middle of March, and stayed busy with various projects every weekend up to launch and beyond.

At this time I want to recognize and thank everyone who helped us during the "metamorphous" of SOJOURN. Thanks to Claire Etzold and Vicki Staudte who twice made the trip to Manitowoc to help out with cleaning, washing, waxing etc. etc. To Jim Kimmet who completely rebuilt the manual bilge pump, took apart, cleaned and greased all seven winches, and helped with projects on the water system as well. To Tyler Howell who has been a source of continuing help since we bought our first boat. He claims to have had more "sweat equity" in Maarmad than we had, and he's probably right. Tyler made the trip twice to Manitowoc, a drive that got old for us after the first couple weekends. To Paul and Kathy Hinck who came over on launch weekend and were kind enough to bring a trailer along to haul our boat stands back to Minneapolis for us. And last but not least, Lee Hopkinson who managed to find not one, but two weekends free from his very busy schedule. Lee worked tirelessly, helping install our inverter, hi-output alternator, and Link 2000-control panel. He also helped us get the engine started, rearrange the water intake for the engine cooling system and did some other

trouble shooting as well. Lee even found time to have Easter dinner with two of his sons, Brian and Ken. Thanks again to everyone. Without your help, we could never have got the boat to the point she's at now. If I have forgotten anyone, please forgive me, this past year seems like a blur in many respects.

We arrived at Manitowoc on Friday, May 21<sup>st</sup> and provisioned the boat, installed all of Paul Hinck's various electronic goodies, and prepared her and ourselves for a 0700-departure Saturday morning.

Leaving the slip the first morning was an exercise by itself. Full keel boats I believe have a mind of their own when trying to back them up. They go wherever they choose, the helmsman doesn't have much say, or so it seems. After some struggle and a tense moment or two, we finally got Sojourn headed in the right direction and cleared the breakwater for the last time. Wrong! As most sailors come to find out, the wind blows from whatever direction it is you want to go to. Today was no exception. Our destination for day 1 was Frankfort, MI. on the east shore some 65 nautical miles distant. Shortly after motoring out into the open lake, I discovered that the alternator wasn't charging the batteries, the wind was right on our nose, and continuing to build. After making only 11 miles in 4 hours, we decided to pack it in and return to Manitowoc. This wind would have been great had we done what Paul wanted, go to Chicago! We managed to trace the alternator problem to a loose wiring harness, got the apparent wind indicator working again, and later that evening the wind died down and we departed Manitowoc around 2000 hours, bound for Frankfort.

We arrived in Frankfort around 0800 hours Sunday morning. A gentle rain had just started to fall as we approached the harbor entrance. Needless to say we were all pretty tired and hungry, so, after tying up at the Frankfort Municipal marina, we had something to eat, and bedded down for some much-needed sleep. That afternoon, after we awoke, we listened to the VHF weather channel. NOAA was predicting a strong low-pressure system to be arriving in our area within the next 24-36 hours. Our next destination was Charlevoix, some 60 miles and 12 hours further up the Michigan coast. After some discussion we determined that we had a weather window that would allow us to make Charlevoix, IF we left now. So after spending 6 or 7 hours in Frankfort, we shoved off, bound for Charlevoix.

NOAA was right for a change; the weather was starting to deteriorate as we got nearer to Charlevoix. We encountered chilly northwest winds, building seas, and fog. As we got closer, we referred to two different cruising guides, and surprise, surprise, they gave differing information. The entrance to Charlevoix is 2 breakwaters that continue inland to form a causeway approximately 2 city blocks long, by maybe 100 feet wide. It is here that you encounter a lift bridge that allows you into Round Lake where the city marina is. One guidebook said the bridge had a fulltime bridge tender, the other book said that the bridge was staffed from 0600 to 2200. Oh, and did I mention the bridge has no VHF. So, here we

are, on a lee shore at 0430, not knowing if we will find a bridge tender on duty. Once committed to entering the breakwater, (which was beginning to look like a wave pool), we would not have a chance to turn around or back out. I wasn't about to enter without **knowing** that there was indeed a bridge tender to open up for us. I hailed the USCG on the VHF and told them of our predicament. They were kind enough to telephone the bridge, and moments later they assured us that yes, there was someone on the bridge, and she would watch for us as we entered. It sure was good news, none of us felt like staying out side the entrance for another 1 to 2 hours waiting for the bridge tender to come on duty. We went right in, the bridge opened after a couple of quick blasts from our air horn, and we found a slip where we would ultimately stay for the next 48+ hours, waiting for the weather to break.

Charlevoix proved to be a nice place to stay. It is very clean and modern, with large luxurious homes and condominiums lining the shores of Round Lake. Charlevoix is the consummate tourist town, with fudge and candy stores lining the main street. The cruising guide states that the Charlevoix Lift Bridge is the 2<sup>nd</sup> busiest bridge in all of Michigan.

We spent the rest of Monday and all day Tuesday hunkered down in cold blustery weather, waiting for the promised clearing and movement of the front to the East.

Wednesday morning arrived, the weather had improved dramatically, and we would be heading for Mackinac Island, right after breakfast. Wrong! The crew was ready, but the boat or more specifically the engine was not cooperating. We could not get the engine to stay running for more than 15 to 30 seconds before it would die. After much trouble shooting and effort it was determined that we had a tank full of contaminated diesel fuel. By some quirk, diesel fuel is a very good medium in which a particular form of algae flourishes, and clogs up your fuel system in the process. So, we had to manually pump approximately 20 gallons of dirty fuel out of the tank and clean the tank itself before we could put new clean fuel back in. There was one place in Charlevoix that would take the contaminated fuel, **at a cost**.

Now this was a shakedown cruise, and believe me, I felt shook down after paying the bill at the Irish Boat Works to get rid of the fuel. As disheartening as all this was, I am thankful that the engine didn't choose to quit that early Monday morning outside the entrance. I don't even want to think about what might have happened if it had quit then.

After solving the problems we encountered at Charlevoix, and being delayed about 5 hours, we passed under the liftbridge at 1330 hours, bound for Mackinac Island. The lake had calmed considerably and we had a gentle breeze from the southwest to push us along. The distance again turned out to be approximately 60 miles, all of which we did under almost ideal weather conditions. It was this leg of our journey where it started to turn around and become a pleasurable trip, void of the stress we encountered early on.

For those who have never seen the Mackinac Bridge, it is an awesome sight. The bridge is so large that its towers that support the suspension cables can be seen from many miles away. My guess is 25-30 miles anyway. The bottom of the bridge deck is some 130 feet above the water, easily enough clearance for even the largest of ships to pass under. It is here that all the traffic to and from Lakes Michigan and Huron must pass. We met several large "Lakers" as we approached the Straits of Mackinac, and we passed under this magnificent structure around 2200 hours. We arrived at Mackinac Island around midnight to find the marina essentially all to ourselves. During the busiest summer months, it is not unusual to have to wait for a day or even longer to obtain a slip. There were maybe 4 or 5 other boats scattered about, we just picked a slip that looked like it was large enough to accommodate us. We had a restful night and awoke to clear skies and warm weather. We would become tourists for today and explore the sites of the island.

Mackinac Island is noted for a number of things: There is no motorized vehicles allowed on the island. If you want to get around you can walk, ride a bike, roller skate, take a horse drawn carriage ride, or ride horseback. UPS deliveries are via horse drawn wagons. Fudge shops are everywhere, and they sell every kind of fudge you can think of. A chocolate lover's dream come true.

And then there is the Grand Hotel, a majestic wooden structure that boasts of having the largest open porch in the world. I believe it. The place is huge, the grounds surrounding it are very plush, and I'm sure it costs a small fortune to stay there.

More and more boats were arriving to the island, as Memorial Day weekend was only a couple of days off. Many of the boats arriving would have a bicycle or two secured to the deck for their island mobility. Because the marina had not officially opened, we enjoyed 2 nights free of cost. I'm sure they made up for it over the weekend though. By Friday morning, the marina had started to fill and we were glad to be underway again, this time headed for the entrance to the St. Mary's river and our next destination, Lime Island. We had a beautiful broad reach using just our asymmetrical spinnaker, and made very good time in reaching the entrance to the St. Mary's river. It is here of course where you leave Lake Huron and traverse the river up to Sault Ste. Marie, where you lock up to Lake Superior.

Lime Island is about 10 or so miles upstream from the entrance to the river, and it is here that the big "Lakers" from the distant past used to stop and refuel. There was during that time a small community that lived on the island, complete with a small school for the children to attend. The fueling facility hasn't been used for quite some time, although the two massive fuel storage tanks are still part of the landscape. The island has several cottages that are owned and managed by the state of Michigan, and are rented to boaters, mostly fishermen I suspect. We spent the night moored to the inside of a large concrete pier that I believe was used by the big boats when taking on fuel.

After a restful night at Lime Island, we set out for our final destination for the first week, Sault Ste. Marie. We were on the river now and so we needed to pay close attention to staying within the channel and out of the way of the BIG GUYS. It really wasn't hard to do either and the trip was rather uneventful. We motored most of the way, although we sailed when we were able to. Commercial traffic was almost non-existent until we neared Sault Ste. Marie.

After an 8-hour trip to Sault Ste. Marie we arrived at Kemps marina. This was a brand new marina on the American side that had only opened the previous fall, and the facilities were very nice. Again we almost had the run of the place; there were maybe 2 or 3 other boats in the otherwise empty marina. It had been a couple of days since we saw the inside of a shower stall so that was a priority for everyone. Paul and Larry would be staying on for the 2<sup>nd</sup> week and so washing clothes was also in order. We would be changing crew here, Rose and I would be leaving, and Tyler and Carla would be joining Larry and Paul for the remainder of the trip. I don't know why, but I fully expected Tyler and Carla to be waiting for us when we arrived at the marina, but they were nowhere to be found when we got there. I didn't realize the trip from Minneapolis was over 500 miles.

We awoke early, everyone had long days ahead: We were looking at a 500 mile drive home and the crew had about 80 nautical miles on their first leg on Lake Superior. The entire trip took 15 days and covered over 500 miles. Our boat has a new name, on a new lake, and a new dock that will be her home for the foreseeable future. We are located on the city dock in Bayfield, feel free to stop by and chat, we'd love to hear from everyone.

Very special thanks to Larry Stanger who was along for the entire trip, and captained the 2<sup>nd</sup> week. To Paul Hinck who likewise did the entire trip. To Tyler Howell and Carla Sampson who endured the 500+ mile drive, and helped crew on week 2. I also want to thank Kathy Hinck for her willingness to drive what seems like endless miles in helping with transportation issues.

Live Slow, Sail Fast  
Tom McMaster & Rose Hansmeyer  
S/V Sojourn

## SPINDRIFT

by the Editor

The purpose of the newsletter is to provide a vehicle for the exchange of ideas relating to our Alberg 37 experiences (good and bad), maintenance tips, cruising information and to maintain a roster of Alberg 37 owners.

We suggest a donation of \$10.00 a year to cover costs of publishing the quarterly newsletter. We also suggest to our Canadian friends that they send a Canadian Postal Money Order payable in U.S. dollars.

You may have noticed a date on the label of the newsletter mailing. This is a reminder of your responsibility to help maintain the newsletter/association.

Also, you should be aware of our group's agreement with **BOAT U.S.** whereby we get membership for half price (\$8.50 vice \$17.00) as members of a cooperating group. Please mention that you are a member of the Alberg 37 Owners Group and include the Cooperating Group number **GA 83253 S** when you join Boat U.S. or send in your annual renewal of membership. Boat U.S. membership is no longer required to make purchases from their stores or catalog, however, membership is still required for the purchase of boaters insurance.

We have a few **A-37 IOC pennants available for \$29.00 U.S. which includes postage.** This is a very tastefully rendered and durable pennant. I suspect the pennant cost will increase slightly with the next quantity that we order.

If you have email, please use it to communicate with us, as it will make assembling the newsletter much easier.

We continually need maintenance articles, cruising tales, etc. for inclusion in the newsletter. Send us what you have and if you can send it to us in digital format (via email or on a diskette) so much the better.

For those members transiting the Chesapeake Bay, please plan to stop by Kinsale for a few days (or longer). It's only about 10 miles off the Bay (up the Potomac to the Yeocomico River), and our area is very secluded, protected (good hurricane hole) and quiet, and a very good cruising area, especially in the fall. We'd love to have you stop for a few days. Each fall we have several 'snowbirds' stop on their way south. (Yes, we even have a hot tub!)

Please note our Kinsale VA phone number - (804) 472-3853 - leave a message if we aren't at home.

If we inadvertently missed any of your correspondence, just hit us again - we've been getting a lot of mail, especially email.

Keep the letters and emails coming.

TJ and Kaye Assenmacher



**WHAT:**  
***A-37 IOA 2000 Winter Rendezvous***

**WHERE:**  
**Harrison's Chesapeake House, Rte. 33, Tilghman, MD**

**WHEN:**  
**Saturday, 18 March, 2000**

**TIME:**  
**~1830 Cocktails      Dinner ~1930**  
**(Harrison's has an excellent seafood menu)**

**Directions:** Travel west of St. Michaels town center on Rt.33 to Tilghman Island (about 13 miles). Continue across the drawbridge for about 2 miles until you see Harrison's Chesapeake House on the left.

**Interested???**

**RSVP: Tom & Kaye Assenmacher before March 1, 2000**

**P.O. Box 32, Kinsale, VA 22488**

**(804) 472-3853**

**Email: [a37ioa@sylvaninfo.net](mailto:a37ioa@sylvaninfo.net)**

**Spend a fun evening with other A-37 Owners!**  
**Swap sea stories!**  
**Wish for summer!**  
**Bring Photos!**

*For those who wish to spend the weekend  
Harrison's Chesapeake House has lodging accommodations.  
(Make your own lodging reservations - call Harrison's Chesapeake House for details.)*

*(410) 886-2121 OR check out their Website:*

*<http://www.chesapeakehouse.com/>*

**Casual Dress**