



The
**SOLO
CHALLENGER**



The Official Newsletter of the Great Lakes Singlehanded Society

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Summer 2006

**A NOTE FROM THE
PRESIDENT**

Paul Schloop

I hope everyone has had a chance to recover from this year's Macs by now. I don't know about you, but after watching the times on this years Port Huron crewed race, I am so-o-o-o jealous of the times they turned in. This year on the Chicago – Mac Solo we had a record sized fleet including seven new racers, six of whom were given successful finishes and lifetime membership in the Society. Congratulations to the following new members:

John Burhani
Jeff Gossage
Martin McKenna

Bill Fagerstrom
Erick Hoogcarspel
Jeff Mootz

Lake Michigan President's Cup Martin McKenna

Unfortunately Jon Jacobs, our pastor from Milwaukee, was unable to compete because of previous commitments, and the order for fair winds was somehow improperly placed with the powers that be and this was the most excruciating race I have ever done. I did not finish until mid-day Wednesday and a lot of our fleet dropped out. The Port Huron side seemed to have much better conditions and finished in good order.

To show you how bad it was, the last night out I was east of Beaver Island and about 2:00 AM I noticed that there was a huge halo above my mast head light. A little later the top third of my sails turned black and then I noticed that there were mayflies around my stern light. Within a few minutes my cockpit was buried in mayflies six inches deep. I kept my hood on my jacket tied tight and sat at the wheel praying for this race to end. At dawn I spent a half

an hour with my bucket washing that black greasy mess off my deck and cockpit and finally felt like racing again.

After I finished, I found out that Elisabeth Reichling in *Night Hawk 3* a few miles east of me did not get any of this. AAAGGHHH!

One really good thing that happened this year was the implementation of our new tracking system. I have heard a lot of favorable comments on this (other than my fellow workers commenting that I must be a bad sailor to be going so damn slow) and I think that it sparked a lot of interest from people outside our organization. A special thanks to David Herring for developing the Tracker, and to Rob Robins for inputting the data into the program during the race. Also, thanks to Blair Arden as Race Chair and Blair's wife Gerylann for running the finish at Mackinac and all the others that make our organization go.

To our new racers that dropped out, I hope you will not give up on us---understand that if every challenge was like this, I would never do another one myself. And this was my tenth Lake Michigan Solo Challenge. Next year it is our turn for record times!

Please visit our web site <http://www.solosailor.org/> for all the finishing results and good sailing for the rest of the summer to you all.

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2006 Chicago — Mac Recap by Dave Rearick

Editor Note: Dave had hoped to file email reports during the race, but the technology didn't come together for him. He did manage to file three emails from shore, and they are compiled here...

We're done with all the formal skipper's meetings and safety briefings. Most everyone has retired to their boats to do last minute prep and get some sleep. The weather forecasters have us all guessing—from light winds to medium on the nose winds. Guess, as usual, we'll see what comes with tomorrow and take what we get.

Had the best of luck yesterday. I arrived in Port Washington to meet *Galileo/Geronimo* and Bob and George around 6 PM and notice there wasn't much wind at all. Figuring on a very quiet evening awaiting their arrival before I could swap car, boat and gear and head with the boat to Chicago, I made a few calls to get caught up on things. Soon there after, a strong North wind showed up blowing in the mid 20's! Bob and George finished around 8:30 pm, we made dinner at a local restaurant and George and I took the boat and headed to Chicago. Sailing along with just Main and small Jib, we kept the speed at an average of over 8 knots all the way to Chicago!! Often times sailing and surfing off at 10-12 knots. Now I know that doesn't sound all that fast given today's fast paced world, but on a 33 foot boat in 8 foot seas it's a real hoot!! We were here by 11am—a solid 8 hours ahead of my earliest prediction.

I have just a couple of last minute preparations to do before I get some rest and I am going to head off to do them now.

Given all the work to get me computerized on the boat, I am afraid we came up a bit short. I don't know how many emails I'll be able to get off along the way, if any, but what I have, I will send from the island.

While technology can often be a problem, I do have to take my hat off to one of the best advances in technology I've come across in the past few years. That of Dark Chocolate Hershey Kisses!! Those that know me and have followed behind me in *Geronimo* after solo races know that my engine runs on Hershey's Kisses. From the left over foil wrapped gems in secret hiding places to the little foil balls that end up just about everywhere, from pockets to sinks to corners of bags to bilges and just about everywhere else. Now days, the foil is deep purple and the chocolate is Dark!! And, even better, as most everyone knows, duplicity and redundancy in systems on a solo sailboat is crucial to avoiding problems. Wed. night, while shopping at Jewel, what could be better than and sale sign highlighting 2 for 1 on Hershey's Dark Chocolate Kisses!!! Oh thank god for Technology!

We'll be off in the morning. Please enjoy and follow us on the tracker on the Great Lakes Singlehanded Society's web site <http://www.solosailor.org/tracker.php>. And don't get too concerned if something there isn't loaded up quickly. This is our first time using it and we hope we can keep up with the information. I am the boat listed as *Galileo*.

Good morning from Mackinac Island!!

For me, the race finished at 1:37pm ET on Tuesday. For others, its 7am on Wed and they remain on the lake, sailing, yawning and peeling back their eyes in the Northern Michigan fog looking for freighters, bridges, ferries, navigational aids and the occasional hallucination that comes from lack of sleep. Needless to say, this has been a very long race for everyone, but a very fun one as well.

The finish at Mackinac is a great time for the solo sailor. The "Welcome" call from the gentle, sweet voice of the race committee tops off this great adventure. From there, you tidy up ship and head into the docks where a warm hug always awaits you. I can only wonder about the talk that goes on behind our backs—who gets the unofficial *smelliest sailor* award?! Beyond the handshakes and hugs comes the inspection for safety gear, some photos and receipt of the bottle of Bacardi's Finest Rum, checking in with Race Committee and a hot shower, some more rum and time to reflect on the race with close friends and fellow competitors.

I had hoped to be able to send dispatches from the water during the race, but technology got in the way and that didn't happen. Maybe not such a bad thing as this particular race tossed so many different variables at us it might have been difficult to get much else in. Then again, there was plenty of time spent going very slow where something other than raising frustrations at weather drones would have been welcome. For this race, I'll have to do it mostly in reflection over the next few days.

The Start on Saturday was wonderful. This was the 10th running of the Chicago Solo, I was there the 2nd year and 5 additional years as well and from my vantage point, as a new competitor that 2nd year when we had just 9 boats, looking across the water at 30 boats sailing against the backdrop of the Chicago skyline was remarkable. A tribute to the hard work the GLSS Board has done in the past years to build the participation.

The day dawned clear and calm in Chicago with just a light NE breeze—something we'd be familiar with by the end of the race. The start gun fired by JT, our personal RC for the start complete with our own RC start flag, the now famous tie died Grateful Dead flag, sent us on our way. Now this race is simple in some ways, first of all, the first 180 miles is at a course of 017 degrees. That NE wind I was talking about came at us from a direction 017 degrees—dead on the nose. Most of the competitors sailed up the Wisconsin shoreline with the exception of

Joe Turns on *Renaissance*, newcomer Jeff Mootz on *Skyhawk* and me. We went for the middle of the lake. By late afternoon, Joe and I amused ourselves over the radio at how far behind we were. Our experience had taken us out of the race within the first 6 hours!! But crafty as we are, by the middle of the night, the competitors on the Wisconsin shoreline were having problems with light winds and slow speeds while we sailed nicely up the lake on our private wind. By mid day on Sunday we were caught up with the fleet.

Most of Sunday morning was spent in the rain with light or moderate winds on the nose. We spent our efforts trying to get somewhere---- North, North East, North West but just anywhere. Light winds from 3 to 6 knots on the nose with an occasional brush 10 knots and a touch or two at 15. But just the slightest rain cloud or sun peaking out creating land heat would send the wind away for hours and leave us spinning in circles complaining of the dreaded triple 0's. 0.00 on the boat speed indicator!!

Sunday afternoon found *Renaissance* and me duking it out up the Michigan shoreline. Joe Turns and I have sailed against each other many times and once again we were enjoying our friendly rivalry trying to out smart the other. Joe had the jump on me and seemed to always get just the right shift at just the right time leaving me with only the option of pulling rabbits out of my hat. The first big rabbit for me was coming up to Little Sable; Joe had 2 miles on me and I dove for a shore lift and thermal at the end of the day just as Joe tacked out and worked his way northwest. Patience paid off and I found that thermal breeze I wanted and scooted up the shore making up all the distance and looking like I was going to shoot out in front of him. As I came to Little Sable Point it was if the laughing wind gods stood in front of me with their arms crossed upon their chests blocking any further advance. As I stood there bucking a new wind and falling off to clear the point, I watched Joe sail off regaining his mileage and even more.

This pattern continued thru the rest of the race and I'll fill in with more in a short bit. For now, its time for some breakfast and to help some fellow competitors dock after finishing.

It's Tuesday evening, July 4th and I'm back in my living room. Something different for a change. There's no rocking, no gentle lapping at the hull from wavelets, no gentle sway or occasional ping from a line or halyard, instead, just a pile of mail, beeps from a full answering machine and a stack of building plans and work that's late. *Galileo/Geronimo* and I pulled into the Michigan City harbor at about 7:30 am this morning. I had sailed straight from Leland in hopes of being here in time for the boats next race this morning at 9am. Not bad timing huh? Well, I had planned for more of a window, but after *Skyhigh* and I left Leland at 5 am on Saturday and arrived back in Leland at 5pm that same day; we had gotten as far as Point Betsie when the winds piped up to the high 30's and 40's and we thought it prudent to head back rather than try for hours to clear the point where we were certain

we'd see even higher winds and seas as the lake is open for 200 miles, so the window closed a bit. An open distance like that we call a *fetch*, a distance of open water that the wind has to create waves. There's a 200-mile fetch from Point Betsie to the southwest end of the lake. I've heard from other sailors around the lake that they too abandoned deliveries or had problems with those unforecasted high winds of Saturday afternoon. On Sunday morning, once again we left Leland and headed straight for home, finally breaking the bonds of the North Michigan Vortex!

At last, *Renaissance* and I were headed North towards Grays Reef—a 5 mile long and 1-mile wide path thru a shallow reef that separates the very top of Lake Michigan from the rest of the lake. The channel was blasted thru to make the trip for 1000' long ore carriers and ocean-going freighters shorter than having to cross the entire top of the lake before turning south to the steel-producing region on the southern tip of Lake Michigan. Oddly, as you sail northerly towards Grays Reef, you see nothing but water and an occasional island. To the west are the Foxes and Beaver and to the East is Ile Aux Galets, Dahlia Shoals and the mainland. Then, as you come within about 15 miles of Grays Reef, you see the lighthouse flashing red--standing in the middle of miles of open water. While it is possible to pick your way thru and avoid the house size boulders and cut the corners, the race course and directions specifically do not allow this and you must take Buoy no. 3 to starboard before turning east towards the Mackinac Island Bridge and the finish line. This avoids disaster that even the sharpest of navigators can't always avoid.

Renaissance and I, seemingly tied together by a bungee cord, come closer and then stretch out before coming closer once again. I had gained considerably and reduced Joe's lead after coming out from the north side of the Islands but then another rain squall had unleashed upon us and sucked up all the wind around us. *Renaissance*, once again, would be the first to retrieve the old wind and was moving for an hour before I began to move again. Extending his lead, *Renaissance* reached Grays Reef in the dark and wee hours of the morning. Light winds and freighters made for a nerve-wracking course for Joe. I spent those hours sailing upwind once again towards Grays Reef at a rather slow, but steady pace reaching Grays Reef just as the dawn's light began to fill the sky.

If I didn't mention anything about fatigue, sleep deprivation and the accompanying symptoms, I'd be doing a great disservice to this race. These things are a very important part of managing oneself during this race. While it might seem quite simple to take a boat 300 miles up the lake, the nature of Lake Michigan does not allow time for extended sleep. While the first part of the race is 180 miles of straight-line water, within 30 miles, and often less, is shoreline. A boat traveling at 6 knots covers a mile every 10 minutes. Being just 2 miles off Little Sable point means you might be aground in 10 minutes.... or consider a power boater or freighter traveling at 20

miles an hour.... and you at 6 means your closing speed is 26 miles an hour...a 6 foot person can see the horizon in 7 miles...or about 15 minutes away. Ever wake up and have it take you a few minutes to figure out where you are??? So we live on the edge taking 10-minute naps and just enough of those to keep the hallucinations from sleep deprivation from taking control. We all talk of music, voices and figures seen on deck while we are sailing. Interesting how a coiled hank of rope swinging in the companionway can easily turn into a deck mate making coffee.... Sure I'll have a cup you find your self saying!!!

My slow and steady sail to Grays Reef is filled with many of these same hallucinations. I hear Bag pipes playing from the fore deck, George and Bob are steering, others are talking and the radio is playing down below.....but I left the speakers in the dock box!! While it would seem that this fills your time, its not so, these are just additions to your routine of navigating, trimming and keeping pace with the boat and yourself. As I approach Grays Reef, I see another sailboat in the thin morning light. I call up to *Renaissance* to see how he's doing....He's just clearing out the other end of Grey's reef. Luck at last....I've made against him once again. Joe tells me it took him 5 hours to make it thru and turn buoy 3. As I pass the large concrete lighthouse the size of a good building, I bear off and head at the turn mark doing 5 knots. If this holds, I'll be there in 30 minutes. Elated and energized with the new wind and my comeback I push hard for the turn. Once turning, I can see Joe just up the way as he disappears into the morning fog. Buoy No. 3 signals with its lonesome, early morning gonging, my watch says 5:30 am. A mile later I look behind me as see the telltale markings of a thunder squall across the entire width of the horizon. Surely trouble in one-way or another. It passes without a sound, but with it goes all the wind and once again, my elation fades and *Renaissance* continues to sail away. *Renaissance* traveling at 4 knots just a couple miles ahead of me and I making just a half-knot. The bungee cord stretches out once again.

The winds slowly fill back in and I'm able to sail rather directly towards the Mackinac Bridge. The fog winds it way thru the Straights of Mackinac, sometimes taking away all reference to land and highlighting the fact that I share these waters with lots of commercial traffic--fog horns in every direction. As the sun rose and warmed the air, the fog lifted and the bridge appeared. With a full Spinnaker set, I made my way under the bridge. As is tradition for the boat, I pass around the bottle of Scotch and make a toast, To many friends no longer sailing and to one in particular, Mike Silverthorne. A splash on the transom for the boat and a splash into the water for the lake.

I gybe the chute, change course and headed directly towards the finish at Mackinac Island just 4 miles away. In an hour or two, I will be on land and the 10th running of the GLSS Mackinac Solo Challenge will be over for me. Joe on *Renaissance* has sailed a very fine race and I am proud to hear his Welcome call from the Race Committee

acknowledging his finish. I'll be there finishing myself soon enough.

Mac Recollections

by Al Merrithew

Editor's Note: Al Merrithew has competed in 15 Port Huron to Mackinac Challenges, finishing 13 of them with 3 wins in his division. He hasn't competed recently, but we hope to see him out there next year!

Here I sit, landlocked. It could have been a great weekend. I could have been out there in the great mysterious. Instead, it was a weekend filled with mixed emotions. I sit here facing my computer screen looking at this fantastic tracking program and its incredible pictures of the Great Lakes. I can see every shallow that I have registered on my depth finder. I sit here and view the icons of reported positions and remember the days and nights at those same locations. My eyes well up as I remember the wonders and joys in the kaleidoscope of memories that flood in. Pieces and bits rushing past as if on a carousel and I get only a glimpse of each as it rushes by. The feelings and stimulations of the senses of those same locations; just south of Goderich, then northwest of Goderich as I sail out into the great darkness. The knowing that my boat and my navigational skills will put me where I want to be when the lights come on in the morning. Twenty-five miles east of Harrisville and the easy sailing, the naps, the meals, the maintenance that must be done. Bucket baths in the cockpit around 5 PM. The sun on my already burned face at sunup the next morning. Watching the sun set with all its attendant oranges and yellows as it dips behind Alpena. Then darkness offshore north of Roger's City. The night I was sailing northwest, north of Roger's City and looking around the starboard side of the dodger seeing the flashing red light. When did they put a buoy off Roger's City? In my fatigue, working out the calculations to finally realize it was so severely clear I was seeing Spectacle Reef Light. The northern lights and shooting stars at Lighthouse Point. The confusion of lights at Mackinac.

Now I am relegated to the remembrance of the glory days. This new program of yours is both boon and bane. I am exhilarated. I am nearly in tears.

Please keep the GLSS updated if you change your snail mail, email address, or phone number(s). Please send any corrections to:
tdriza@wmis.net
Thanks!

When Is It Time to Call It a Day?

by *Tony Driza*

One of the hardest calls to make in a Solo Challenge has got to be when to drop out of one of them. Granted, a few are no-brainers, such as the dismasting of *Zapada* in the 2004 Chicago-Mac or loosing a headstay such as that suffered by Paul Schloop on *Blue Max* the same year. Until this year, I had wondered about it, thinking I would never have to make that call, but unfortunately, I did.

After a brutally slow first day of little or no wind up the Wisconsin shore, I had finally gotten into some of the wind that the others had been reporting out near mid-lake earlier. The attendant rain didn't bother me, but it did make the cockpit a bit slipperier, something I didn't think much of at the time. It's almost embarrassing to write this because I wasn't doing anything death defying or heroic at the time I lost my balance – I was just standing in the cockpit.

The first part of my anatomy that contacted the boat on the way down was the point of my left elbow on the top of the self-tailer on my port winch drum. In the split second between the onset of excruciating pain and the resultant yell that I'm sure disturbed wrecks on the bottom of the lake, I thought this is really going to hurt. I was right on the money...

There wasn't much I could do, but after popping a couple of Ibuprofens and icing it down, the thought process started to get going. Fortunately, I had settled in on a long beat so I didn't have to attend to the boat much other than some occasional one-handed trimming. The thought that it's going to hurt here as well as home (and I was heading in the general direction of home anyway) had me thinking initially that I should keep going – for most of Sunday that was my mindset. The first time I had to tack, my plan changed in a hurry, as an Island Packet with a largish headsail that doesn't readily slide through the gap between the forestay and the cutter stay is a job requiring at least two good arms. 'Let me give it a couple more tacks before I decide' I thought. Maybe the wind will settle in, and I can do this without tacking all over, and still stay competitive. The winds gods were not looking my way, and after the 2000 check-in, with a lot of tacking in my future, I opted to withdraw and motor 25 miles on into Muskegon. The rest of the race was spent at the computer viewing it via the Tracker, with mixed emotions. I knew I had no business being out on the lake, and that I had made the prudent choice, but it was difficult to watch the boats as they slogged up the lake.

We're all potentially an instant away from a similar occurrence, and need to keep it in mind. As it turned out, I didn't break or chip the elbow, just a nasty bruise. From here on out, part of my race strategy will be to give some thought to when 'enough is enough', rather than to push on at all costs. There's always a chance at a medallion the following year!

Trans Erie Update

by *Wally McMinn*

The Great Lakes Singlehanded Society (GLSS) is planning to offer a GLSS Challenge on Lake Erie in 2007. To qualify for this, or any of the other GLSS Challenges (Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior), participants must complete a "qualifying sail" of AT LEAST 100 nautical miles AND which also takes AT LEAST 24 hours.

The 2006 Trans-Erie Yacht Race, jointly sponsored by the Grosse Ile Yacht Club and the Erie Yacht Club, is an excellent opportunity to satisfy the GLSS qualifying sail requirement. The event is rated at 140 nautical miles and this year will sail from Presque Isle, Erie, PA to the Detroit River light at the end of the Detroit River. The event will start on Friday, August 18th at approximately 1600 hours and will conclude with an awards party at the Grosse Ile Yacht Club on Sunday, August 20 at 1400 hours. The application deadline is Tuesday, August 1st. Visit the Trans-Erie website at <http://www.transerie.com> for an application or call Matt Dubois (734) 671-1786, Kevin Lemonds (734) 676-6881, or Jim Bourgault (734) 675-0659 from the Race Committee, or Wally McMinn (248) 553-4099 or Bruce Geffen (734) 971-3302 from GLSS.

Calendar of Events

<i>Aug. 18, 2006</i>	<i>Trans-Erie</i>
<i>Sept. 8, 2006</i>	<i>Lake Michigan Scramble</i>
<i>Sept. 9, 2006</i>	<i>Lower Huron Solo</i>
<i>Sept. 30, 2006</i>	<i>St. Clair Solo & Big Al's Steak Roast</i>
<i>Feb. 3, 2007</i>	<i>AGM – Chicago, Illinois Maggiano's Restaurant</i>

*Be sure to check the website often
for details on these events!*

<http://www.solosailor.org/>

The 2007 AGM

Sitting here typing away when the temperatures are in the low 90's doesn't exactly inspire thoughts of our Annual General Membership Meeting in the depth of winter. Nonetheless, the months between the AGM and now will fly by pretty quickly, and it's never a bad idea to plan ahead a bit anyway.

The 2007 AGM will be back in Chicago on February 3, and the venue for it once again will be Maggiano's Restaurant. Those who attended the inaugural Chicago AGM will recall not only the never-ending plates of excellent Italian food brought tableside, but the rest of the City of Chicago right at your fingertips. The fact that

Strictly Sail will be taking place is simply the icing on the cake.

We'll be posting additional information on the website as the date draws nearer, so please take a moment every so often and check out not only the Calendar link on the web, but the other updated information as well. In the meantime, enjoy the summer sailing and get ready for the fall races!

The Fall Race Slate

The Macs are history for another year, but that doesn't mean the boat has to stay in her slip the rest of the year, tugging at her lines. There is still plenty of sailing to be done under the GLSS banner in 2006.

The next three races all take place in September, and the first out of the gates will be the Lake Michigan Solo Scramble on September 8th. This is a 110 mile event, with joint starts from Racine, Wisconsin and Holland, Michigan. The fleets proceed to the southern Lake Michigan weather buoy 45007, and thence to a finish in Michigan City, Indiana. Following the completion of the race, there's a BBQ and awards ceremony held at the Michigan City Yacht Club. It has become tradition to open a bottle of Scotland's finest, throw away the cork, and pass it around while commemorating those who no longer sail the lakes with us. If a skipper takes greater than 24 hours to complete the race under sail, the race may be used as a solo qualifier for a future Mac or Trans Superior solo. This is a fun race – tell your sailing friends who may have been sitting on the fence to give it a try, and help boost not only this event, but perhaps a future Mac Challenge as well!

The Lower Huron Solo is the next of the fall race slate, with a start on September 9th just to the north of Port Huron. This race is a 42 mile affair, and affords an excellent opportunity for some late season sailing, while enjoying the inherent camaraderie of fellow solo skippers. Like the Lake Michigan Scramble, the winds have been known to be quite fickle and over the past few years those skippers who are great light air sailors have taken the honors. The race does have a shortened version in the event that *too much* light air prevails! Following the race, a BBQ and awards ceremony is held at the Sarnia Yacht Club. There isn't a better way to spend a fall day than on the water with fellow like minded skippers, so please send in your application at your earliest convenience, and help us keep the numbers going in a positive direction. This too is another race to talk up with your fellow yacht club members – while it's not long enough to use as a solo qualifier, it is an excellent opportunity to delve into the world of solo sailing without taking on a 100-miler. It is a great confidence builder, and skippers who have competed in this race initially have gone on to compete in a Solo Mac Challenge, and be awarded membership in the Society. This can be an important step in building the number of entrants in the Port Huron to Mackinac

Challenge, so do all you can to encourage participation in this great event.

Last, but certainly not least, is the St. Clair Solo, taking place this year on September 30th. As you will recall, this event took the national spotlight when *Sailing Magazine* editor Josh Adams competed in the 2004 event and did a subsequent write-up in the February, 2005 issue. This event is well attended by both US and Canadian sailors, but a few more entries are always welcome! Like last year, entry fees can be easily and securely transmitted on our website by using PayPal. Give it a try – it's easy, and saves those involved with the event a great deal of the attendant paperwork associated with running a race. This 38.5 nautical mile gem features a start off of Great Lakes Yacht Club, thence on to the St. Clair light, thence to the Thames River buoy, and on to a finish off of North Star Sail Club. Like the other fall races, the winds have been fickle as of late, making for a challenging event whether it's blowing 20 or barely registering.

Preceding the SCS on the 29th is a Skipper's Meeting at 2000, with dinner available between 1800 and 2000 at Great Lakes Yacht Club. Following the completion of the event is the GLSS season finale, Big Al's Steak Roast at North Star Sail Club. Big Al Merrithew has turned over the reins of the event to Julie and Bill Dembek, who turned in a flawless inaugural last year. Where else can you get 'All You Can Eat Steak' with all the trimmings for a paltry \$18? Even if you're not racing in the event, this is worth the drive down to North Star to partake in the fun.

These fall races are an excellent opportunity to showcase the GLSS and to foster the development of singlehanded skills, as per our charter. They are all excellent stepping stones to participation in a future Challenge and resulting membership in the Society. Please continue to talk up these events, and participate in them yourselves as the opportunity affords. It's great fun for you and good for the Society as well. For information on any of these races, check out the website:

<http://www.solosailor.org/apps.php>

For contact info on the Lake Michigan Solo Scramble:

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For contact info on the Lower Huron Solo:

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For contact info on the St. Clair Solo:

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See you on the water!