

Flicka Friends

Spring 2008



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Sailing on Lake Charlevoix



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The Next Issue?

There were only two issues last year because of the limited Flicka material. If you have a story or an image, or both, please consider sending it in for the next issue. Thanks!

- **Your Article?** The files are empty and more articles and images are needed to keep the issues flowing.
- **How about a digital image of your favorite little yacht?** If ten or twenty captains sent a few photos, a photo gallery issue could be created.

Front Cover

s/y BEN MAIN Jr. (Flicka # 315)
docked in Boyne City, Michigan.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008

Back Cover

Approaching Charlevoix after
sailing west from Boyne City, MI.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008

Two Minutes



Sunrise behind BEN MAIN, Jr. at Charlevoix, Michigan.
Minutes later, a front arrived with winds over forty knots.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Finding Island Time



Waiting for another boater. It was no problem.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008

By Tom Davison

One of the goals for this trip was to adjust our internal clocks to island time. We wanted to explore new water without the pressure of a schedule. The only real deadline was my return to work in seven days. Until then, we moved forward at a pace that seemed to suit our interests.

We were staying at marinas and eating out, nothing too difficult there. We explored the little towns and cities along the way and even sampled the wares from various pubs. The food was good, very good in several cases. The time on the water was kept fairly short each day. The only thing that created any concern was a full marina in one direc-

tion. We opted to sail down the south arm to another marina with space.

On the second to the last day, as we crossed Round Lake, a small powerboat with a family approached the harbor wall in Charlevoix. When they docked, they took their half out of the middle. The marina was being replaced and the nearly perfect dock fingers in the harbor were closed. We docked as best we could between the boat and the construction area and waited for them to return. Forty-five minutes later they boarded their little family boat and left.

We didn't say a word and I don't think that they were aware of the situation. For us, it was no problem. I think we achieved our goal.

About Flicka Friends

Flicka Friends is a newsletter that is written specifically for the people who own, crew aboard, or are interested in the Flicka, a twenty foot sailing vessel designed by Bruce P. Bingham.

Based on the Newport Boats of Block Island Sound, this little ship has been built from various materials from the 1970's until 2002. This includes Flickas constructed from plans obtained directly from Bruce's California office. About 400 sets of plans were sold. According to Bruce Bingham, many Flickas can be found in New Zealand, Australia, and Sweden.

A number of hulls were built by Nor'Star and some were completed by Westerly Marine. The manufacturer of the bulk of the class is Pacific Seacraft who built 434 hulls in California.

Flicka Friends is published on a quarterly basis: with issues being posted to the internet in March, June, September and December. Articles and photographs are welcome and encouraged.

You can download the current issue as well as back issues of Flicka Friends from the Flicka Home Page:

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Flicka Cruising



We crossed the 45th Parallel on the way to launch s/y BEN MAIN, Jr.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008

By Tom Davison

The original trip had been planned for nearly two years. The goal was to hold a Flicka Rendezvous on Beaver Island. Only one Flicka owner responded. Bill Overman planned to attend aboard s/y **MOJO**, but some boat improvements were not completed by the boatyard in time. While he planned to sail over from Wisconsin later in the summer, he would not be able to meet us.

After discussing the trip, we decided to head in a different direction: Lake Charlevoix. The Flicka Rendezvous at Beaver Island was cancelled and we would sail to Lake Charlevoix instead. Rather than repeat a previous trip, we would explore new country.

After finishing a couple of tasks in the boat barn, it was time to tow **BEN MAIN, Jr.** to the marina. Along the way, we crossed the 45th Parallel and stopped for a photo. We would sail north of it again only an hour into the trip. Once at the marina, we set about the beginning of the season launching. The mast was raised using a metal tube A-frame, the jib halyard, and the mainsheet. The radio antenna and windex were installed first. After moving the mast aft and securing the base to the tabernacle, the A-frame was set up, and we lifted the mast skyward.

For a couple of people watching, the multitude of stays, lazy-jacks, peak halyard, throat halyard, and running backstays might have appeared spider-like.

Everything would make sense tomorrow when the sails were in place. Launching was easy, but the engine started with difficulty and didn't run well. We used the rudder to row into the boat slip.

The next morning, we added the boom and gaff, installed the genoa, laced on the main sail, and installed the dodger. The new sail cover wasn't done, so we waited until the following day to depart. While this postponed the trip another day, it provided some time to slow down and get out of the work driven schedule most of us fight. Finding island time would be the foundation of the trip. Rushing about wasn't our goal, just enjoying a week or so traveling aboard a fine little yacht.





On Lake Charlevoix



Afloat but waiting for the gaff, boom, mainsail and the dodger.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008





Flicka Cruising:

The next day, with everything loaded aboard for a week of sailing, we pulled in the lines and headed out. The engine started and ran until we were in the bay, and it stopped almost by itself.

With the sails up, we decided to head for Northport and get the engine sorted out there. Since there was a Yanmar mechanic at the boatyard just north of the marina, we should be able to get the engine running. Along the way, one of the local boaters approached and we talked briefly. Progress was slow at times, but the winds increased as we moved out into Grand Traverse Bay.

While sailing, I decided to look into the fuel system. The source of the engine problem proved to operator error. After checking the fuel supply lines after the engine quit, I found that the petcock on the fuel tank was in the closed position.

After leaving Suttons Bay, we moved out into Grand Traverse Bay. The winds were not in the right direction, we enjoyed sailing east across the bay. Tacking back put us in a direction line with the next harbor. Checking with the Northport Marina on a cell phone confirmed a place for us that night. I mentioned that the engine wasn't working.

The winds began to drop when we entered approached the marina. Little by little, we approached Force One conditions. Boat speed dropped and dropped and we ghosted toward the marina entrance. The two knots of boat speed was dropping to roughly one knot, sometimes even less.

Since the winds were very light and the engine was still not working, we "elected" to sail into the marina, not that we had a choice at the moment. We contacted the marina staff by marine radio to alert them of our arrival. As we approached the narrow marina entrance, I hailed them via marine radio and switched channels. They offered to tow us in, but since we were aboard a



After leaving Suttons Bay, we approached Omena Point and entered Grand Traverse Bay.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



At times the wind was strong for good sailing, the direction was poor and the VMG was negative at times.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Northport, MI



Wind conditions at Northport barely allowed sailing.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



After sailing all the way, we tied up at Northport. Bleeding the diesel lines was required to get the engine going.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008

functioning sailboat, I declined. The only reason there were alerted at all was due because of the narrow entrance and associated high breakwall. Any powerboats leaving the harbour could not be seen until we were committed to the harbor entrance.

The wind dropped even more and the boat speed was around one knot. The main was lowered as we entered the harbor and the genoa furled near the assigned boat slip. A little sculling with Flicka rudder brought us into the dock.

After securing the sailboat, we began troubleshooting the engine. As it turned out, I forgot one commissioning task and that was opening the petcock located on the diesel tank.

Last fall, the Racor filter had some water in the bowl. It was drained, and the valve was closed to insure that the Racor valve didn't leak over the winter. I simply forgot to open it this spring.

Fast forward six months and this little mistake meant that the diesel lines would need to be bleed. While we had the bleeding instructions from Pacific Seacraft (they called for thirteen steps), a boater down the dock had the same engine aboard his Marshall Catboat. He offered to show us the steps and we agreed.

The process was very easy. We bled the line from the fuel filter toward the engine and after a few minutes of work, the little Yanmar cranked over and started. Once you understand the procedure, his four step process was better than what Pacific Seacraft showed in their fuel supply blueprint.

Northport is a great harbor that is just off the beaten path. A grocery store, a good restaurant and several boat repair businesses are nearby the marina, making this harbour a good place to stop for repairs or to get off of Lake Michigan in poor weather.



Cruising Album:



The captain of this cat boat helped us bleed the diesel.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



The beginning of another calm June day at Northport Marina in Northport, Michigan.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



The entrance to Northport Marina in early morning light
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Northport, MI



Lost from a schooner in the 1800's, this anchor was raised from the bay in 1993.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



The north wall of the marina.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



A trawler leaving ahead of us.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Flicka Cruising:

Now that the engine was operating again, we felt comfortable with the long day ahead. While we were certain the Flicka would manage any sea condition under sail, the light winds that we experienced yesterday certainly made reaching port take longer. Still, we sailed the entire way and ghosted into port. After walking into town for breakfast, we made out way back to the harbor to head out sailing for the day.

The winds were once again light and the little Yanmar was put to use. The course was nearly due east to the Northport Point bell buoy and then a turn to the northeast and a waypoint outside of Fisherman's Island. Motoring north was easy and smooth. We crossed the mouth of Grand Traverse Bay and headed toward Fisherman's Island. We passed close to the island and found that the shallows extended well offshore from the island. With some local knowledge, we might have cut closer to the island. With less than twenty foot depths, rounding the buoy seemed to be a good idea.

North of the island, the cement factory was visible. This landmark makes locating the entrance into lake Charlevoix easy. Gradually, we passed the factory and made the turn toward the Pine River Channel. This factory is the wintering dock for the St. Mary's Challenger, a 102 year old Great Lakes ship that still works Lake Michigan and the Great Lakes. This oil fired, steam driven vessel is over five hundred feet in length. Somehow, the gray hull of that ship seems connected to our little gray sailboat. Besides seeing this large ship anchored in Suttons Bay in the fall, it passed us on the trip to Lake Huron a few years back.

We slowed our pace in the Pine River Channel leading to Round Lake. The bridge across the channel is scheduled to open only on the half hour. With the a clearance of sixteen feet nine inches, we would need to wait for the bridge to



Leaving Northport Marina for Lake Charlevoix

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Even after leaving the bay, the light winds required motoring.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Charlevoix, MI



The large cement plant near the entrance of the Pine River Channel can be seen for miles on a clear day.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



We did several loops waiting for the bridge to raise. The bridge is opened on the half-hour.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008

open. The only real question was: How close our watches were to the clock on the bridge keepers wall. After slowly motoring toward the bridge, it was obvious that we were a few minutes early. We turned in the channel and motored back toward Lake Michigan to kill some time. Several u-turns were made waiting for bridge to open.

Some of the little power boats seemed confused about our turns before the closed bridge but all gave us the room we needed when the turns were made. The horn finally sounded and the bridge began to open. We quickly turned back and motored under the opening bridge. Once under the bridge, we continued straight through Round Lake and on into Lake Charlevoix.

Round Lake is obviously an area where wealthy people live and boat. The shoreline was filled with condominiums, multi-million dollar houses, large boat houses with lifts, and plenty of expensive yachts.

The old city marina consisted of short dock fingers where four boats could dock. The entire marina was being replaced with three large dock fingers with an increase of total dock space. Since the Charlevoix Marina was closed for renovation, we had to look elsewhere for dockage.

Continuing through the second Pine River Channel, we passed the U.S. Coast Guard Station and entered Lake Charlevoix. This is a great sailing area! Our destination was Irish Marina for the night. At \$42.00, the price was nearly double the Charlevoix Marina. It was also much further from downtown's restaurants and other services. We were at the end of a dock finger. The harbor was well protected and boat traffic was light. Dinner was at a restaurant one-half mile away. We looked forward to a good day of sailing. Tomorrow would turn out to be a great day of sailing on Lake Charlevoix.



Cruising Album:



Clearing the bridge on the Pine River Channel.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Round Lake is roughly 100 acres and is lined by multi-million dollar houses, condominiums, boathouses, and large yachts.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



An anchorage area is located on the north shore of Round Lake.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



The channel outside of the Charlevoix Bridge.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Charlevoix, Michigan



Looking for the marina.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



After Round Lake, the Pine River takes you into Lake Charlevoix.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Lake Charlevoix offers 17,200 acres of sailing.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Docked at Irish Marina.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Flicka Cruising:

We skipped breakfast this morning and got by with some snacks. Once clear of the marina, we raised the main and set the genoa. We sailed east with plans to head for Boyne City. A telephone call to the marina found it to be full, so we called the marina in East Jordan. They had available space and plans changed.

Sailing eastward, the weather changed and the cloud cover increased along with the wind. Turning into the South Arm, we passed Hemmingway Point. Named after Ernest Hemmingway's uncle, this prominent author spent summers in this area in his teens. The farm that his father owned is located near Horton, about half way up the east arm toward Boyne City.

Turning into the South Arm, our path was to the right hand dog-leg and the Ironton Ferry Crossing. We furled the genoa to slow down and set out time to match the ferry crossing. The Ironton Ferry is a small four car ferry boat that travels from one side of the South Arm narrows to the other, a distance of one-quarter mile. The ferry is guided by cables that are picked up as the boat moved from one side to the other. The signs on the boat warn you to stay at least one hundred and fifty feet away. We passed the ferry while it was against the eastern shore.

Once past the ferry, we started the engine and motorsailed through the narrows. This area is no wake zone and the powerboats traveled at our pace for once. Luxury Houses line the shore, all had docks for their favorite boat.

Near Sanderson Bay, we watched a J-24 tacking north. What a contrast this small racer is to the Flicka. The sailboat pointed much higher than our gaff-rigged Flicka ever could, allowing him to sail north. I doubt you would find any J-24 very far offshore. Each is a compromise, the J-24 is designed to race around the buoys, the Flicka for traveling around the world.



Leaving Irish Marina for the South Arm and East Jordan.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Timing the Ironton Ferry for a safe passage under sail. This four car wire guided ferry operates spring through fall.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



East Jordan



Sailing down the South Arm near Holy Island.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Entering East Jordan's Marina at the end of the South Arm.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008

Beyond the narrows, the wind filled in and we returned to sailing. The wind was crossing the lake at a right angle, the height of the terrain next to the lake and the width of the channel had an effect. At times, we were sailing briskly with the main and genoa pulling well. At other times the wind dropped and we seemed to crawl along. After passing Holy Island, we worked our way past Sears Point, Custom Bay and Porter's Point. The course was nearly perfect; straight down the bay with very little steering or tacking. On the final leg to the marina, the weather was warm, maybe the hottest of the trip.

There was an old sailboat near the marina that Tom wanted to see. It was a Herreshoff built in Detroit, Michigan 73 years ago. This large sloop was anchored along the shore west of the marina. We were very lucky. As we approached the sailboat, we found that the captain was aboard. He offered us a tour and we immediately accepted. Several large fenders were put out for the little Flicka.

Stepping aboard the other sailboat was a transition in many different ways. First there was the size difference. The small wakes were rolling the Flicka while the Herreshoff didn't move at all. At 28,000 pounds, the contrast was considerable.

There were some unusual features aboard, including the steering box from a old Dodge truck. The interior would allow six or more crew to bunk. The considerable strength of the hull was evident when looking below. Our host offered and we accepted a warm beer. What a contrast this sailboat is to modern fiberglass construction.

We headed for the East Jordan Marina across the bay. Once settled, we went in search of food. Dinner at Murray's deserves mentioning. They are only a block from the marina and served the best steak I've had in any years.



Cruising Album:



The highlight on the South Arm was a visit to a 73 year old Herreshoff sloop.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



The East Jordan Marina is located at the very southern end of the South Arm next to the Ironworks.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



East Jordan, MI



A quiet path takes you to the north section of the marina.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



A view of history in our wake.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



An East Jordan & Southern steam railroad engine is in the park next the marina. Incorporated in 1901, the railroad provided service to Bellaire, Michigan and survived until 1961.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Flicka Cruising:

We had plans to see several other historic wooden boats, but one of the marina staff contacted us to say that the meeting was off. The extra time was spent walking through East Jordan. We took a look at the launch ramp in town. Powerboats could easily access the lake here, but sailboat would have a difficult time. Because Lake Charlevoix is the same level as Lake Michigan, the lower water in the last ten years means lower water throughout the lake.

The marinas on Lake Michigan are beginning to adapt by replacing the fixed docks with floating docks. This will eliminate the need to climb two or three feet up from your deck. We took a look at an older marina next to the city park. The little harbor was dry.

On the way back, we noticed a sailboat for sale in a driveway and stopped to take a look. It was a 25' Ericson on a trailer for \$6,000. A little more with the new Honda outboard. A woman came out to talk with us about the boat and she recalled enjoying many nights aboard in the North Channel of Lake Huron. She liked this sailboat, but her husband has a new sailboat and this one needed to go.

By early afternoon, it was time for us to get back on the water. Our next marina was fifteen miles away. We grabbed some sandwiches and liquids to keep hydrated. Sailing north was slow and lazy and the winds were perfect. The prevailing westerly pattern flowed across our path at a right angle making sailing a breeze. We were in no hurry.

We worked our way back north in the South Arm of Lake Charlevoix. This time, we were comparing "summer cottages" along the shore. While a few were modest accommodations dating from the days of real cottages, many of them were large houses that likely exceed the floor space and price for most people. Nearly all had a nice dock for their watercraft of choice.



Motoring through the narrows below the Ironton Ferry Crossing.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Passing the Ironton Ferry just before turning into the East Arm of Lake Charlevoix.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



The East Arm & Boyne City



Heading down the East Arm to Boyne City.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008

We crossed the Ironton Ferry's path again passing well aft of the stern which becomes the bow on the westward trip across the lake. Just beyond the ferry is Hemmingway Point. I'm told this is named for the uncle of Ernest Hemmingway.

Turning starboard, we began the trip on the east arm to Boyne City. The winds were nearly astern. Little by little, we passed the few named places in the East Arm. One is a town located in a small bay on the north shore. This is the area where Ernest Hemmingway spent some of his summers.

Except for a few jet skis blasting around Stoney Point, boat traffic was very light. We made our way past the Hayden Point and close to the shallow waters off of Young State Park to reach Boyne City.

The marina is located to the north of the river. The marina's office has been built to resemble a light house, which helps you locate the marina. The available dock space was on one of the old fixed docks. It was a three foot climb to reach the dock. This problem may be resolved in the near future. Boyne City has plans to improve the docks and increase the size of the marina.

Four different plans have been proposed, including one that would double the number of boat slips. Some of these new slips would be for temporary use to allow boaters to dock and walk into town for lunch or dinner.

We walked into town for dinner and stopped for a good meal at a Mexican Restaurant. The beer selection was modest, but the Tequila list was considerable. Boyne City is a great little town that caters to boaters in the summer and to downhill skiers in the winter. It is large enough to have adequate services and small enough to have a relaxed atmosphere. I'm looking forward to future trips to Boyne City.



Approaching the Marina in Boyne City, Michigan.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Cruising Album:



Plans for a new marina would include floating docks.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



The marina is home to a Mink and her babies.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



A lazy afternoon in the East Arm of Lake Charlevoix.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Boyne City, MI



BEN MAIN, Jr. docked in Boyne City, Michigan.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



The lighthouse holds the marina office.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Marinas seem to gather war memorials.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Flicka Cruising:

The one small problem with the placement of the Boyne City Marina is its proximity to the local fire hall. There was a structural fire somewhere north of town around 1:00 am and the siren woke me immediately. The trucks were gone for quite some time, so the call was serious. The other two souls aboard slept right through the blaring noise.

Getting up around sunrise, I wandered the docks taking photos. On the east dock, something caught my eye. A small brown mammal was moving up and down each dock finger. Getting closer, I realized it was a mink. It was checking each of the spider webs and taking any large bugs that were caught. Talking with the marina staff later that morning, I learned the mink had several babies and moved them around every day or two to keep them hidden.

Heading west this morning was on glassy smooth water. Initially, motoring was the only option. After an hour, the wind began to appear. We were motorsailing after a couple of miles, then changed to sail. The rest of the way back to Charlevoix was under sail in hazy conditions. Boat speed was ok and the direction was perfect which allowed sailing straight west into the Pine River Channel and Round Lake.

We telephoned the Charlevoix Marina and were told that we could use the city wall just north of the marina. The old series of short docks were being replaced with several floating docks. Our timing was bad because the docks were only days away from opening to the public. Until then, a very limited amount of space was left open for boaters and dinghies to use.

The Charlevoix Marina renovation would include much more than docks. There was a new marina office; a bathhouse for boater; and a new pavilion. Musicians from Charlevoix will have a new place to perform weekly.



An early start from Boyne City on glassy waters.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Back to Charlevoix



It was a lazy, hazy trip on the East Arm of Lake Charlevoix.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Entering the Pine River Channel from Lake Charlevoix.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Flicka Album:



Sailboat art in the town park next to the bridge.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



The big yellow sailboat near us was a charter operation which offers trips into Lake Charlevoix or out on Lake Michigan.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



BEN MAIN, Jr. docked on the Charlevoix city wall south of the Beaver Island Ferry terminal.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Charlevoix, MI



The State of Michigan Bridge over the Pine River Channel into Round Lake and Lake Charlevoix.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



The brand new floating docks at the Charlevoix Marina looked inviting. They would open for their first customers three days after we left.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Flicka Cruising:

We were up early this morning; the plan was to get out into Lake Michigan early. With a bridge between us and the lake, our departure needed to be timed on the hour or half-hour. There was a small coffee shop located on the street in front of the marina which was the first stop of the day. Waiting for lift bridge to open was going to be the second hurdle of the day.

The sunrise turned out to have a golden color so I decided to get a few photos. While doing so, I noticed some darker clouds to my left. Turning, I found that the leading edge of a cold front was passing through with a shelf cloud. The change was quick. Within two minutes of the enjoying the sunrise, the sky filled with dark clouds and the wind began to increase. The U.S. Flag at the bridge tender's office stood straight out. Our early departure would not be possible and it was time for another change of plan.

Luckily, we missed the first bridge lift. That early departure would have placed us out in the lake during the frontal passage beyond a channel blocked by a bridge.

We decided to wait until the front blew itself out. Walking out along the channel allowed us to observe conditions in Lake Michigan. Even with the recent storm front the sea conditions were calm. So, we decided it was time to leave when the bridge opened again. The Beaver Island Ferry Boat would be heading out at their regular schedule of 8:30 am and we decided to follow it into Lake Michigan.

After a last trip to Main Street, the little Yanmar diesel started and we fell in behind the Beaver Island Ferry as the bridge lifted. Within five minutes were free of Round Lake, the shipping channel, and into the open waters of Lake Michigan. Motoring was required in the light air conditions. Considering the winds associated with the frontal



A cold front passed through the area very quickly. This image was taken two minutes after the photo on page two.

Photos: Tom Davison © 2008



We left two hours after the cold front passed through the harbor, sunny weather resumed for a short time.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Suttons Bay



Haze and fog reduced visibility to under 1/2 mile near Charlevoix, so the GPS units were put into use.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008



Beyond Fisherman's Island, visibility increased to the point that GPS navigation was not longer needed.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008

passage, I would have expected better sailing conditions.

The sky was hazy and visibility decreased as we continued. It was obvious the GPS would help us with our navigation today. Stepping below, I entered a number of waypoints into two Garmin GPS units. One was a 76, the other an Etrex. While more than required, I wanted to compare the two as we traveled today.

The visibility gradually decreased to roughly one-half mile as we approached the buoy off of Fisherman's Island. Making our turn, we set a course for the Northport Point buoy.

After a couple of hours, the weather improved. Visibility increased to allow dead reckoning and we settled into a long day of motoring. Winds were light and not enough for more than three knots under sail. The little wind we had died out and conditions were nearly flat clam at times.

When we reached Omena Point, the sun was out and the wind was beginning to blow again. It was too late and too little, so we motored down to the marina and docked. Once ashore, I realized that my internal clock would need to be adjusted. Island time was gone and the schedule based working world was only eighteen hours away.

The trip had been fun and everything had progressed on a wait and see basis. We stayed at a marina each night; ate in restaurants along the way; and traveled roughly fifteen miles each day. We followed a basic route and enjoyed exploring whatever we found along the way. This is a trip that anyone traveling on Lake Michigan should consider. The Lake Charlevoix area is worth a trip unto itself.

Thanks to Tom Grimes and Bernie Blundell for a great week of sailing and exploring Lake Charlevoix.



Flicka Album:



Motoring across Grand Traverse Bay, Lake Michigan.

Photos: Tom Davison © 2008



Suttons Bay, MI



After six days afloat, it was good to be back home.
Returning to work was the only reason the trip ended.

Photos: Tom Davison © 2008



Getting ready to dock back in Suttons Bay Marina.

Photos: Tom Davison © 2008

Back home again.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2008

