

# Special Cruising Issue

## FOUR WINDS



INDJAMMERS SAILING CLUB  
NEWSLETTER



CEDAR CREEK MARINA • 105 Harbor Inn Road • Bayville, New Jersey 08721 •

September 1991

### Long Island Sound by Pat Carlson

Late in the sailing season of 1990, Bittersweet (Bob and Janet Wexler) and Yacht "C" (Al and Pat Carlson) laid plans to take a ten day cruise to Long Island Sound around the week of July 4th, 1991.

We spent some of those dreary winter weekends together planning the trip: destination, ports we would want to visit, estimate mileage, and tide and currents for key places. Neither couple wanted to spend 10 to 12 hour days getting from point to point, and we definitely wanted to plan some lay-over days for "R and R".

Continued on  
page 3

### Chesapeake Bay by Carla Counts-Miners

Well, the verdict is in. We love the Chesapeake.

Bill and I wanted to wait to let the Windjammers know just how we felt about our move to the Chesapeake until we experienced the summer months. Those months everyone talks about. JULY and AUGUST. It's suppose to be hot! Buggy! No wind! And, Jellyfish!

But, lets start at the beginning.

Our Marina, Sailing Associates in Georgetown, Maryland (on the Sassafrass River) is almost perfect.

It's small. Almost all sailboats - 19-ft to 60-ft.

Continued on  
page 8





# September & October Events

Aug 31 to Sept 2nd	Around Barnegat Island Beach Cruise
September 14th	4th Series Race Clubhouse 10 AM
	Pig Roast Appetizers 5 PM Diner at 6 PM
September 28th	Tall Oaks Challenge and 5th Series Race Clubhouse 10 AM
October 12th - 14th	Nature Cruise
October 26th	Frost Bite Race Clubhouse 10 AM
	October Fest & Race Awards To be announced.

Arguably the biggest Windjammer social event of the year is only a week away. The Fall Pig Roast will again be catered by Rode's, which always insures a successful affair. We hope to see as many of you as possible to reminisce about your adventures of this past summer; and it's not too early to start making plans for your 1992 cruises, or to line-up a racing crew for the next campaign. There may be still be a few tickets left so give Larry Conforti (609 799-2441) or Bob Wexler (215 866-1833) a call.

We still have three races remaining in the Windjammers schedule. Tall Oaks is anxious to win back the perpetual trophy which is displayed in the marina office. The Tall Oaks Challenge Race is also the 5th Race in the Windjammers Series. Since this race will be important both for club pride and the final standings, most boats will be looking for extra crew members. If anyone is interested in crewing for any of the Windjammer races, come to the Captains Meeting at 10 AM the day of the race.

Those members who went on the Beach Haven Cruise over the Memorial Day weekend know that Bill Martin's cruises

are a lot of fun, especially the sing alongs. Before you put your boat away for the winter come along to the "Natural Cruise". Bring your children or nieces or nephews along, this is a great family event.

## Sailing Shorts

During the final Windjammers Series race of 1990, *Bittersweet* had an uncharacteristically poor finish, and owner Bob Wexler also received a nasty gash on his leg. Which should I say, was very high on Bob's thigh. Back at the dock the ladies wanted to see Bob's wounds and make it feel better. This year at Tri-Sail, *Bittersweet* could not finish one of the races when the wind died. Again Bob came back to the dock with another gash, high on his thigh. Is there a pattern here?

Captain Judy Swank still has a few Fridays open for her Seamanship For Women Course. Several Windjammers have taken Judy's course over the last two years, and all agree it's an excellent learning experience without any

pressure. The course last about six hours and has a cost of \$30. Judy believes that many the ladies would enjoy sailing more if they felt more comfortable handling their own boat. If your interested give Judy a call at (908) 583-8413.

Congradulations to Bill and Olwen Jarvis who celebrated their Thirtieth Wedding Anniversary on August 3rd.



Look for the next issue of FourWinds  
October 19th.



# Piccolo "T-Boned" in A.C. Regatta

August 10th, Atlantic City. During the fourth and final race of the Atlantic City's Heart Fund Regatta, *Piccolo* rounded the windward mark and was rammed midships by a competitor.

The three day regatta started out very well for *Piccolo*. Dave Flyne from Doyle Allan Sailmakers drove *Piccolo* to first and fourth place finishes for the day. Olwen and Bill Jarvis were joined by Danny Crook and Tom Wright as crew. Things were looking good!

Friday's weather was dreadful thirtysomething sustained winds, with gusts as high as 45 knots. *Piccolo's* crew, out on the course several hours early practicing their heavy weather sailing in the ten foot seas, doubted that the race would even start. One boat after another headed back to the comforts of Farley's State Marina. Start they did! But when the Committee Boat had trouble setting her anchor at the finish line, the race was aban-

doned. Don Rock, who had replaced Dave at the helm, along with the other crew members were battered and bruised. Once again, *Piccolo* proved she likes to sail in heavy weather. But, I'm not so sure about the crew!!!

As bad as Friday's weather was, that is how good Saturday's weather was. It was a gorgeous day to go sailing. Everyone was confident that *Piccolo* would do well.

At the second mark *Piccolo* was leading their class. It was one of those days where their were small holes of no wind. *Piccolo*, on starboard tack, found one of the holes shortly after rounding the mark, and lost all steerage. A J-24, racing in a different class, found the proverbial immovable object, a 13,000 pound Erickson 35.

The "J" struck *Piccolo* just below the rub rail, and Bill estimates that it will cost several thousand dollars to re-

pair. The hole was well above the water line and no one on either boat was hurt; therefore, *Piccolo* was able to finish the race, finishing fourth. The "J" only had a very minor scratch; after pushing off, they sailed away without a word.

Bill Jarvis spent the evening in the protest room. *Piccolo* filed three protest on Saturday evening, one against the "J" of course, and two others for equipment violations against boats in *Piccolo's* class.

The crew, minus Bill, had a great time at the Saturday evening banquet at Trumps Castle Grand Ballroom. *Piccolo's* hole was the evenings conversational centerpiece.

Congratulations to *Piccolo* and crew for their third place finish in the Atlantic City Regatta. Once again Windjammers did very well in a regional regatta.

Larry Conforti

---

Long Island Sound continued from page one.

Now this may sound like the things you are suppose to do in planning a cruise, and it should be a fun thing to do. However, this was to be Yacht "C"'s first longer cruise. Previous cruise experiences included trips to Beach Haven and Atlantic City. The 1989 Beach Haven Cruise included 60+ mile per hour winds, and the 1990 cruise to Atlantic City took 14 hours in a rolling sea.

Does Yacht "C" know how to have fun or what!

The Atlantic City cruise was only the first part of "Hell Week 1990"; the second half was spent in a series of thunderstorms at Silver Bay. Well, the purpose the of these reflections is to set the scene for my many apprehensions over this 10 day, longer cruise. Every one kept assuring me that it would be great and that Long Island Sound is beautiful. So forward we went!



Our trip was to begin on Wednesday July 3. The week preceding I spent my days shopping, baking, cooking and freezing foods for this cruise. We went through clothing items, never being sure what the weather would have in store for us. We took enough clothes for a month. Janet, being experienced with cruises like this, spent the Monday and Tuesday doing what I took one week to do. Those who knew we were going on this trip kept asking, "aren't you excited?" Oh I was excited all right, was this to be Hell Week number 2 or 3 or? Al and I arrived late Tuesday night and Janet and Bob arrived early Wednesday morning. Stocking the boats with supplies, fuel, water and ice plus checking other things out on the boat and loading dinks aboard took all day Wednesday. We decided that we would be better off not departing until early Thursday morning.

Thursday morning arrived. We awoke at 5:30 a.m. with a planned departure for 7:15 a.m. The weather forecast was sunny and warm with winds North 10-15. Our destination that day was Sandy Hook, estimated to arrive in about 7 hours. That wasn't too bad, but the winds would be on the nose. The trip up the Bay and through the bridges proceeded smoothly. Going through Manasquan Inlet, about mid-way, we noticed that Bittersweet was putting out a considerable amount of black smoke. We called Bob and Janet, but they had already noticed it and Bob was proceeding to get all the way out of the Inlet. Immediately out, Bittersweet turned north and popped their sail. Bob spent the next two hours with his head in the engine compartment. There was virtually no air and the ocean was just rolling. After cleaning grass out of his filter, he instructed Janet to start the engine. Janet turned the key but only heard this click, click. "Bob what's wrong?" she screamed. **This is definitely no way to start a trip.** Bob was back into the engine compartment. "Oh my, what is this wire doing hanging down here?" "Who knows, just connect it and see what happens. Janet, try to start the engine again". On goes the key and

fortunately the engine. Whew, one experience behind us but not without "greening" consequences to Bob.

We finally arrived Sandy Hook at about 5:30 p.m. and dropped anchor behind the Coast Guard Station. We rafted up for dinner but didn't stay rafted for long. The wake was fierce. The two boats rocked and bounced into each other until finally Yacht "C"'s forestay took one good rap from Bittersweet's mast. That is enough of this said our captains. Yacht "C" dropped back and hung off the stern of Bittersweet. All rode well through dinner. After dinner, Yacht "C" fell off and dropped our own anchor. Ah, now for a good night's sleep. Oh really? That was the night of July fourth and there were fireworks in the New York Harbor. Many boats from surrounding marinas participated in the observance of this spectacular light show. But they all had to return to their home ports before the night was over. Oh yes, somewhere around midnight or so the boats started rolling and rolling from some ungodly wake. Well, aboard Bittersweet there was one big crash, Janet jumped out of bed immediately followed by Bob saying what the H--- was that? Well their morning coffee pot was now on their carpet of their galley. Oh what a mess! Oh well back to bed, tomorrow would be another day.

Friday morning arrived, up at 5:00 a.m. The weather forecast was not good. It was calling for rain and fog. **Whoopey!** We picked up anchor at 5:45 a.m. and headed for the Narrows. Bittersweet was leading. The rain was coming down very hard making for poor visibility and add to that heavy fog. Almost no visibility. But Bob saw us through to Buttermilk Channel into the East River. Drenched to the skin and with a slightly wet cabin, we reached the East River and the weather was clearing. Oh what to expect in Hell Gate? We thought we had planned our arrival in time to hit slack in Hell Gate. Well our captains planned well. Going through Hell Gate was easier than getting out of Cedar Creek on some days. **Could our luck be turning around so soon?** Seeing New



York via the East River was quite an experience and a spectacular view, that would have been better if the weather had only been better. It was challenging dodging the lumber and garbage afloat in the East River. Fortunately there was very little harbor traffic that day.

We arrived in Manhasset Bay (Capri Marina) around 2:00 p.m. Yacht "C" picked up our first mooring. **What a breeze!** Except the mooring buoy was covered with green moss from which little worms crawled out and all over our deck. **Yuck!** We spent the remaining part of the afternoon drying out our rain gear and clothing. We looked like laundry boats.

The next six days were beautiful, as was Long Island Sound. The Harbors were bordered by beautiful mansions with rolling lawns. It is really strange sailing the Sound with 70 - 100 feet of water instead of Barnegat's 6 - 10. We saw some magnificent boats up there, some details on a couple a little later. Our ports were Manhasset Bay, mooring at Capri Marina and anchoring; Oyster Bay, mooring at Sagamore Yacht Club; Northport, mooring at Karl's Mariners Inn; and Port Jefferson, mooring at Port Jefferson Yacht Club. To say we sailed is not exactly true. The winds were almost non-existent during the day and only came up (mildly) in late afternoon and early evening. We all decided that we should have a Trawler with a small sailing vessel aboard for late afternoon harbor sailing. Instead, we had sailing vessels that motored almost every day.

Yacht "C" carried a hard dink on the bow which once in the Sound was put in the water. In order to keep her from bumping into our exhaust, Al patiently carved a small hole in a tennis ball which was put over our exhaust while at anchor. The only problem was that we kept forgetting to remove it and store it when we started the engine. Hence we went through several tennis balls. The Sound is probably afloat with our tennis balls. Bittersweet towed a

soft dink with minimal problems, except when Bob and Janet would depart Yacht "C" after cocktails and dinner. The dink kept going around in circles, not getting anywhere. That was strange behavior on Bob's part and Janet was never sure they would reach Bittersweet.

Bob was not the only one aboard Bittersweet who got strange at times. While going from one port to another Bob was at the helm and asked Janet what the next buoy number was. Janet dutifully studying the charts would exclaim it is a green number 72. "What?" Bob would ask, "let me see that. Janet, you are reading depths, not buoy numbers."

While in the various ports, we would tour the towns and just sightsee. Many were tourist traps. Our favorite harbor was and still is Oyster Bay. One of our days there (we spent two) we took a cab ride up to Sagamore Hill, Teddy Roosevelt's estate. That was well worth the trip. Beautiful grounds and what a house. Our least favorite harbor was Port Jefferson. The entrance to Port Jeff is narrow and you are warned to be on the watch for a huge ferry coming and going out of the Harbor. Well, upon approaching the harbor entrance, we noticed off in the distance this huge white mass. It was approaching fast so we wisely decided to wait for it to pass until we entered. Boy are we glad we did. It preceded us into Port Jefferson and to its berth. Upon our approach to the docks, Janet called the dock master at Bayles dock and requested permission to dock to take on supplies. He granted us permission and we proceeded to approach the docks. Well, let me tell you, the dock was this enormous bulkhead wall. We quickly put out our bumpers and hooked up throw lines, foolishly we anticipated some assistance when reaching the dock. No assistance was there. When we approached the dock the tie up pilings were at least eight feet above the decks of our boats. Now Janet and I are not that tall. We grabbed on to ladders that came down the side of the bulkhead while still trying to reach the



piling to tie up. Fortunately some tourists gave us some assistance.

Once we were tied up and trying to decide how the h--- we were going to get up on the dock, a dock girl appeared at Bittersweet "What do you want" she asked. Janet responded that we had called ahead for permission to dock and take on supplies. "Well hurry up or I will have to charge you" responded the dock assistant. She then proceeded to Yacht "C" with the same warm welcome. Bayles Dock is a part of Dansford Inn, where we had originally planned on dining that night. Needless to say we resupplied quickly and moved to our mooring for the night. Oh yes, we dined elsewhere that evening. We were very apprehensive about this huge ferry going in and out all night. We found out subsequently that the tidal differences in Port Jefferson were 8 ft. No wonder that dock seemed so high, we had come in at low tide. Oh well, so much for planning.

On Tuesday, after dodging lobster pots off the Connecticut coast along with boats entered in the Norwalk Yacht Club's Race Week Regatta, we decided to return to Oyster Bay and Sagamore Yacht Club. That is a very nice Yacht Club, with great facilities and very friendly people. We would all highly recommend it. Oyster Bay itself has all the means for re-supplying from Pharmacies, Groceries, Ice, Fuel etc. Late Tuesday afternoon, while resting in our cockpits, we saw this magnificent schooner arrive. We estimated it's length to be about 100 - 120 ft. It hailed from Bermuda and it's name was of all things "Gloria". She anchored in Oyster Bay for a few days. We layed over in Oyster Bay on Wednesday. One of the big events of the day was an opportunity for Bob to pull Bittersweet up to the docks at Sagamore and wash her. For those of you who do not know Bob very well, he is the original Mr. Clean where his boat is concerned. That evening, upon our return by launch to our boats, local fireworks began just ashore from our mooring. What a spectacular farewell to great harbor.

On Thursday we dropped the mooring at 8:30 a.m. topped off Yacht "C"'s fuel and we were on our way. Upon leaving Oyster Bay we noticed that Gloria was headed out also. We followed her out till nearly reaching the mouth of the Bay when off to our left was yet another magnificent boat. Of equal size to Gloria except it was a motor sailor at anchor. Our destination this day was Manhasset Bay as is would put us closer to Throgs Neck and Hell Gate for Friday.

On Friday morning we weighed anchor at 7:30 and departed for the first leg of our return trip. The forecast was sunny and in mid 80's. Surprise, the winds were now forecasted south-south west at 10. Oh well, thank goodness for motors. We arrived at Hell Gate at 10:30 a half hour earlier than we had planned, but once again it was fairly calm, except for a huge tug going north and being passed by a fast moving power boat at the same time. **Some wake from that!** The trip down the East River was much more pleasant because of the sun. However, the waters had not cleared up. The lumber yard still existed as did the garbage. We even saw a floating bright blue toilet seat with it's cover. We arrived at Horseshoe Cove and made several attempts to anchor in about 20 knot winds. Bob noted that After 4 or 5 attempts, me at the wheel and Al at the anchor, we were screaming at one another. Being the good friend that he is, he hopped into his dink and came over to assist us in anchoring. After two more attempts Yacht "C" was finally anchored. Now it is definitely cocktail time, dinner and a good nights rest. Tomorrow would be taking us on our final leg.

We awoke at 5:00 a.m. on Saturday and both listened to the forecast for the day. NOAA was calling for showers with possible thunder storms late in the day or early evening. Winds were 10-20 and the waves in the ocean were to be 2 to 4 ft. Janet argued for staying over another day, but the forecast for Sunday morning was more rain. So we decided to go for it today. Well! We left Horseshoe Cove



at 6:00 a.m. anticipating arrival in Cedar Creek around 4:00 p.m. We headed out of Sandy Hook Channel and into the ocean. The rain indeed was falling, so here we were wet again. Once out, we turned and headed on our course, into the wind.

The first two hours of the trip were unpleasant but that was about all. I even took the wheel for a spell. As usual we stayed in touch with Bittersweet by radio. During one conversation, Bob asked Al if we wanted to turn back and wait until Sunday. They both decided we were probably half way to Manasquan. Al commented that these waves are getting bigger and bigger; were were in 6 ft seas with 25 knots of wind. We continued to slog our way into the wind and waves. Our Knotmeter was showing 4.8 knots but the Loran was showing we were only doing 1.8. **Boy this was going to be a long day!** Somewhere along this fun trip, Bittersweet took one big wave over the bow. The force of the wave pushed the rubber gasket around their front hatch in and the water with it. The wave went clear over their dodger, shoved Bob against the backstay while dumping onto Janet who was sitting in the cockpit. She went below to check on things only to find that they had a very wet boat, including their V-Berth.

On we went, and Al was right, the waves were growing. Fear began to overtake both Janet and I; we prayed as hard as we could to get in safe. We finally arrived at Manasquan Inlet at 2:00 p.m. Once making the turn to go in, I finally realized that those waves we were taking on the bow, were now going to get us on the stern. I watched a large fishing boat roll and twist its way in the inlet ahead of us. I could not believe we were going to experience the same thing within minutes. I closed my eyes and hung on for dear life. I opened one eye a couple of times, once was to look at Al fighting the wheel, with waves coming at us from behind, and the second time was to see the rocks

on the north side of the jetty. We were headed straight for them. **I was convinced we had met our maker and I didn't want to see it.**

Finally there was a calm to the motion we had been feeling all day. Al said "Pat we're in, you can open your eyes now". One at a time my eyes opened, the air was warm, the water very calm. We really made it, God was listening to our prayers. Bob pulled along side us and said his fuel was reading empty and that he hadn't been sure they were going to make it in the inlet before running out of fuel. We pulled up to the fuel docks and Bittersweet refueled. Our trip down through the canal and the bridges went smoothly, thank God. We were just passing Silver Bay and we noticed that Yacht "C" was now throwing black smoke and was heating up. We had no winds to sail. Bittersweet offered to tow us if we needed to but we decided to try to make it through the Toms River Bridge.

It was about 5:20 p.m. We radioed the Bridge tender but absolutely no response to Bob's call, later mine, and later Janet's, which included a plea that one of the boats approaching had engine problems, please respond. We tried the horn and still no response. Finally at 5:36 he decided to open the bridge and we made it through. Whatever the problem was, we made it back to Cedar Creek on our own. As we approached buoy 62, we all commented that the Bay was amazingly quiet for a Saturday. We finally arrived at Cedar Creek Sailing Center at 7:00 being greeted by our old friends. Boy was it good to be home!

Now when I am asked if I would go again I say definitely yes. **BUT, next time I will drive the car to Manhasset and board the boat for the week on the Sound and drive the car back.** That is until we find a way to pick the boat up in Barnegat Bay and put her down in the Sound.



## Chesapeake Bay Continued

The bathrooms are air conditioned and always spotless. The swimming pool is never crowded and always clean. Large old shade trees dot the lawn around the pool, and the marina office is in a charming Victorian house overlooking the marina. Barbecue grills and picnic tables are plentiful. There's a little beach area and float for dinghy launching. We even have our own locked storage area.

Our slip overlooks all the activity of exciting Georgetown Harbor where the comings and goings of various water craft is better than any boat show, and the breeze always blows. High on the hill behind us various bands play on weekends at the Harbor View Restaurant and Bar, and The Kitty Knight House. We sit in our cockpit on Friday nights sipping a scotch and enjoy some really good jazz.

The services in our marina are not to be believed. At least not by us. We're not used to this. If you need something done to your boat...it's done the same week you ask for it. For instance: we decided to sell our sailing dinghy and get an inflatable with an outboard. And, we decided dinghy davits would be nice. All in the same week, our marina owner sold our Trinka dinghy (for a good price), and installed the dinghy davits. He was concerned about the extra weight on the stern and took it upon himself to call the manufacturer of our Morgan 41 to get information about the boat's construction, and then - at his expense - had a surveyor inspect the boat and suggest the proper way to install the davits so as to avoid any trouble with the area where the davits are attached. The workmanship was impeccable. They even vacuumed the boat when they were finished!

Directly across from our slip is Georgetown Yacht Basin ( a super-large facility with both power and sail boats, some covered dock areas, and literally hundreds of boats) where our son Andrew is working this

summer as a 'dock boy.' He loves his job and is enjoying running the launch, delivering travelling yachtsmen to their mooring, to the Granary Restaurant, to the Kitty Knight House, or just around the harbor for a tour.

We have not missed a weekend on the Chesapeake since the sailing season started. So it is with great authority we can say that we have not had ONE mosquito bite all year. In fact we don't even bother to put the screens in the ports. So much for "buggy." But the flies are noticeable when it's about to rain. In fact, we've learned to like flies. If they arrive and start biting - it's about to rain. They're more accurate than NOAA weather radio, and it works every time!

But what about HOT? Sure, it's hot. It's been hot everywhere. On the Chesapeake you need a bimini or something to cover the cockpit while you're sailing...it's essential. We have found that we have not had any days when we could say it has been unbearable, even when it's been over 100 degrees. The bimini keeps us cool enough on the water. And the water is clean enough for swimming. No Kidding!

The Sassafras River is one of the prettiest waterways on the Chesapeake. It's nine miles to the bay from our slip, but much of it is sailable with a wide, deep channel (it's shallow at nine feet). We sail out the river past acres and acres of beautiful farmland and woods. (It takes a little over an hour to reach the bay.) Word is that the DuPonts own much of the land.

We've taken two cruises so far this season. Our first was a long weekend with Walt and Esther Borig in late June. Our destination was Baltimore's Inner Harbor, where we enjoyed some shopping and a trip to the National Aquarium. This weather was definitely cool enough for a 'city' destination.

Our second cruise was a ten-day event. Bill and I sailed to



Annapolis, St. Michaels, and various out-of-the-way anchorages (of which there are so many) in between. It was our first long cruise alone on the 'new boat', Absolutely. Our first night was spent at our favorite anchorage, Still Pond, which is a three-hour sail from our slip.

This is a wonderful cove that is continually washed clean by the tides. The water is clear and cool and the infamous sea nettles (jellyfish) never travel further than the Rock Hall area during the summer, so swimming is fantastic. The water depths range from nine to eleven feet. There are several parts to Still Pond: a busy, small anchorage area that resembles Tice's Shoal on weekends; Still Pond Creek where you can duck behind a sand bar and discover a quiet lagoon with some beautiful homes; and the unpopulated northeastern side, where we anchor with a few other boats that don't mind a little rock and roll once in a while from passing commercial shipping. Walt Borig timed the wake from a passing barge. It took eight minutes for the wake of a tug and a barge to travel from the shipping lanes to where we were anchored.) It's still less bounce than we ever felt at Tice's. This is also a great stopping-off point for boats travelling up and down the bay. Still Pond has become our weekend destination and stopping off point for cruises to and from the Sassafras.

On the first night of our cruise, we arrived in Still Pond, and set the anchor just in time. As Bill lit the barbecue, one of the area's famous squalls hit us. Our cushions flew! Charts that we were using to plan our next day took off into the wind never to be seen again. But by the time we finished dinner, the weather was ideal for a nighttime swim in the company of those little glow-in-the-dark things that hang-out on the water. I don't want to know what they are!

The next day the wind blew gently for a nice reach to Annapolis. We grabbed a mooring (only \$10) in the

harbor just before another thunderstorm hit. When the storm was over we dinghied into town to replace our lost charts at Faucetts - the world's best marine store. After dark it was fun to watch, from our mooring, as the Naval Academy Midshipmen did their nightly calisthenics - complete with traditional navy chanting - under the lights in front of the Academy buildings.

The following day we were lucky again. Winds ranging from 8 to 16 knots - and in the right direction! We sailed all the way from the outer maker off Annapolis directly into St. Michaels. We were on one tack from the Annapolis marker to Bloody Point (the mark that designates the entrance to Eastern Bay on the way to St. Michaels). It was a great time to really test our autopilot.

We spent two days in St. Michaels at the St. Michaels Harbor Inn and Marina. For \$1.30 per foot we had all the services this charming hotel could offer. And lots of crab feast too. St. Michaels is a very small harbor with only two marina areas for transients. The other is the Town Dock Inn. But both marinas and inns are owned by the same person who also owns the two adjacent excellent waterside restaurants. If you go to St. Michaels, ignore the famous Crab Claw Restaurant - where ferries unload 'busloads' of tourists twice a day. Dine at the Crab House and Bar - the food is outstanding and the prices are unbelievably low. This is where the locals go.

Thunderstorms kept us at St. Michaels for an extra day. It was enough time to make acquaintances with people on another boat sailing our way. We teamed up and left in the dark for some 'night sailing' in the early morning hours. As the morning progressed the winds died and motoring was the order of the day. We lost our friends in the deep haze, and we continued on into more thunderstorms. Just off Tolchester, on the eastern shore, we heard the sound of thunder in the distance. Clouds were thickening on the western



shore around Annapolis and Baltimore. But we were still in the sunshine! We tied down everything that could fly in the high winds, put on our foul weather jackets and rubber-soled shoes, and closed the companion-way hatch. Good Thing!

The next sound we heard was a loud hiss just off the starboard winch. SSSSSSSSSS! We turned to look at the noise and at that moment a lightning bolt struck, bouncing off the winch. The light was blinding but you could see the shape of the bolt as clear as if it was a cartoon illustration of a lightning bolt pasted in front of your eyes. Right down to its well-delineated point touching the top of the winch. Very Superman! At the same time a clap of thunder did its thing right on top of the bimini. Time for Tylenol. And we were still in the sunny area! But not for long. We were fifteen miles from our next anchorage, and didn't really want to stop anywhere, reasoning that a storm was better at sea than in close quarters. We tried in vain to reach our travelling companions, but could not get anything out of the radio. After several hours it would work again, but our AM-FM stereo was permanently cooked. So far we think that's the only damage we received from the lightning.

The rest of the trip was uneventful. Pleasant weather. On our last day we had winds from 12 to 18 knots! And fresh Blue Maryland crabs. Who could ask for anything more....except for more days to keep sailing in the Chesapeake.

We have so many destinations we'd like to visit. One could spend the entire summer cruising the ins and outs of the Chesapeake. It's a totally different culture than the New Jersey Pine Barrens and shore. There's history that pervades everywhere you go. Old plantations, farms, and exquisite homes dot the landscape that surrounds the coves and anchorages. There are cruising sailors from all over. We've met people from Seattle. From St Croix. From Boston. There are watermen and their mine fields of crab pots. The

tallship from Russia sailed the bay the week we were on our cruise. This weekend we saw a boat towing a replica of Columbus's Santa Maria that will be used to start the Columbus 500th Anniversary Celebration in October. We saw Greenpeace. We've watched the comings and goings of yachts the likes and size of which you only see in magazines. It's really been a treat and we wouldn't miss a weekend of it.

#### BUT DURING THE WEEK.....

What do sailors do in the big city during the week? In Philadelphia, you sail! Bill and I joined the Liberty Yacht Club in the spring. The club is located in Pier 19 - just north of the Ben Franklin Bridge on Delaware Avenue - and in full view of our apartment windows. Last summer and fall we watched the boats with envy, every night, out sailing in great wind. So we joined.

The club is run much like a country club with an entry - initiation fee, and quarterly dues. With some of that money the club purchases boats. To date the club has eight J-27s and eight J-Ys, and a couple Lasers.

Races take place every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights on the Delaware River in short courses set in the area around Penn's Landing. We get an average of four to five races in per night. They are usually fast and furious with seven to eight crew members on each boat. That's a lot of people for that size boat, you may think, but not with the high winds we get on the river, and the constant sail changes. And every race has a least one or two spinnaker runs.

On the rare occasion when the winds are light, we've found it is totally legal to put out an anchor to keep our boat from going backwards in the river's currents!

During each race the club staff motors around the course in an



inflatable filming each boat and race with a video camera. The videos are then played back on an oversized television screen in the clubhouse after the races. The clubhouse also has a bar and barbecues for dinners after the races. Each boat's crew takes their turn - once a series - supplying dinner for everyone on race night.

Tuesday night races are for beginners in the Bronze Fleet. Wednesday night is for the experts in the Gold Fleet. And Thursday night is for intermediates in the silver fleet. After each race series the scores are evaluated, and two low-scoring boats out of eight return to the fleet below, while the two high scoring boats from the fleet below are upgraded to the next step up. Obviously the challenge is to get into the Gold Fleet and stay there. We're in the Gold Fleet now, but are hanging on by a 'thread.'

One of the best things about these races is that everyone sails the same boat, with the same equipment, the same sails, ect. And we rotate boats. The same people don't win all the time...everyone has a chance.

The races are run strictly by USYRU rules and the protest meetings are quite formal. We have learned so much in the short time we've been racing with the club.

When you join the club, you're required to take a written and on-the-water test for a skippers membership. Crew memberships are available also. Racers are required to attend the free racing seminars taught on the water and in the classroom by professional racers.

Liberty Yacht Club members are from all over the Delaware Valley and many race in such events as the Moshulu Cup, The Annapolis to Newport Race, The Fugawi Race off Block Island, and many more I can't remember. One of our crew members just returned from the Annapolis to Newport Race after crewing on a fifty-foot, all-woman-crew entry. Several staff members have sailed all over the world. It's exciting, and a lot of fun.

But the club isn't just for racing. Anytime we have the inkling, we can call up and reserve a boat to go out for a pleasant afternoon sail.

## Windjammers 1991 Racing Standings

Class A	Race 1		Race 2		Race 3		Total Points
	Place	Points	Place	Points	Place	Points	
1 Laurentide	4	4	1	0.75	1	0.75	5.50
2 Will o' the Wind	2	2	2	2	3	3	7.00
3 Sea Quester	3	3	3	3	2	2	8.00
4 Freestyle	1	0.75	4	4	DNS	5	9.75
5 Whisper	7	7	5	5	DNF	5	17.00
6 Prime Time	5	5	DNS	7	DNS	5	17.00
7 Knot Yet	6	6	DNS	7	DNS	5	18.00
<b>Class B</b>							
1 Tara	1	0.75	1	0.75	1	0.75	2.25
2 Lunasea	2	2	2	2	4	4	8.00
3 Wright Wind	4	4	5	5	2	2	11.00
4 Bittersweet	3	3	4	4	5	5	12.00
5 Escapade	5	5	DNS	8	3	3	16.00
6 Gentle Persuasion	DNS	9	3	3	6	6	18.00
7 Wendy Sea	7	7	6	6	7	7	20.00
8 Wind Sprint	6	6	DNS	8	DNS	9	23.00

Windjammers 1991 Series includes five races with one throw out.



# SQUAN TRI-SAIL

Bottom paint and waxing in July? You Bet! Two boats *Bittersweet* and *Piccolo* had their bottoms cleaned and hulls waxed the weekend before the Squan Tri-Sail Regatta.

Tri-Sail is sponsored by three central Jersey Yacht Clubs: Bay Head, Manasquan River, and Metedeconk River. The three days of Ocean Racing is traditionally held the last weekend in July. Billed as the N.J. Championship Regatta, many of the fastest boats, and the hottest sailors from up and down the coast make this an annual event on their racing schedule.

In the rain, *Bittersweet*, *Piccolo*, and our hospitality boat Yacht "C" made the trip up to Bay Head YC the day before the racing began. The Captains Meeting at the Metedeconk River YC that night was a good event. The regulars of the Regatta renewed old acquaintances. And, the Windjammer rookies were introduced to some of the past Tri-Sail "Top Guns". There's Ed from *Endymion*, Mike from *Wizard*, and Rick from *Hot Ticket*.

The non-spinnaker classes were split into three classes this year, separated by PHRF ratings. *Piccolo* was the slowest (only on paper) of the 16 boats in the fastest class. While, *Bittersweet* was the scratch boat in the 11 boat slowest class. Five Windjammers were on each boat for all three races. *Piccolo's* crew included owners Bill and Olwen Jarvis, along with Danny Crook (Wendy

Sea), Don Rock (*Tara*) and Tom Wright (*Wright Wind*). *Bittersweet* is aboard owners Bob and Janet Wexler, and crewing were Al Carlson, daughter

Laura (Yacht "C"), and Larry Conforti (*Lunasea*). And we can't forget Pat Carlson, who did it all for both boats from tending docklines to untangling Lasers from Yacht "C" 's rigging.

Competition was fierce and the winds were always changing. Both boats were making headsail changes out on the ocean. Before race number 2 *Bittersweet*, changed from a 155% genoa to a 110% and then back to the 155% all within 15 minutes. Talk about exhaustion before the race even started!

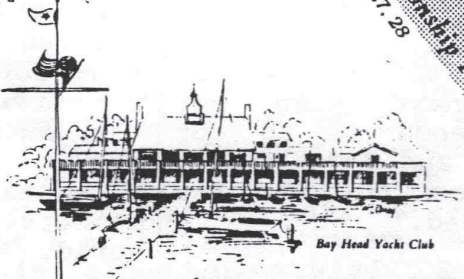
Both boats did the Windjammers proud, each finishing 6th overall in their class. *Piccolo* had finishes of 5th, 7th, and 5th. And, *Bittersweet's* record for the three races was 3rd, DNF, and 2nd. In about a month, ask Bob Wexler how it feels to be 300 yards from the finish line, and 2 hours latter to be 600 yards away from finishing the race.

Everyone had a great time and are already making plans for next years Squan Tri-Sail. The racing is very competitive, toes and fingers should be inside the boat at the starting line. And, the Mount Gay sponsored Cookout with dancing at the Manasquan River Yacht Club are the two biggest attractions, Let's get a few more boats entered next year.

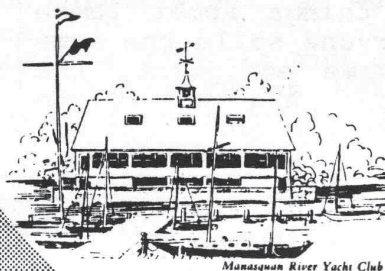
Larry Conforti



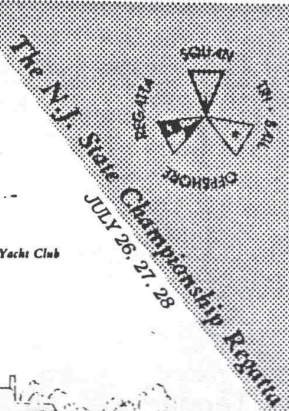
Metedeconk River Yacht Club



Bay Head Yacht Club



Manasquan River Yacht Club



JULY 26, 27, 28

1991



# Windjammers Race Weekend?

A race on Saturday, another on Sunday, with a great party in between. Sounds like a Race Weekend to me!

## Tara and Laurentide Win Third Series Race.

Saturday, August 24th, once again proved that Barnegat Bay has its own weather. Both New York and Atlantic City NOAA channels were calling for light winds and sunny skies, we got just the opposite. Our very own "weather channel junkie" Danny Crook predicted the weather correctly, 15 knot winds and cloudy. Out on the race course one boat after another was changing to a smaller headsail, and reefing their mainsail.

As usual both classes had very close and competitive racing. Tara tried a port tack start, only to face a wall of starboard tack boats on the starting line. And, on a down wind leg Lunasea, Tara, and Wright Wind's crews had a lively discussion on the rules.

It was good to see two boats with duql memberships, Escapade and Fifty-Fifty, from Tall Oaks Yacht Club tuning up for the Challenge Cup on September 28th.

## Olwen Jarvis Successfully Defends her Helmsladies Championship.

Six boats with ladies at the helm participated in the Second Annual Helmsladies Race held the following Sunday. Even though the true wind speed was nearing 20 knots, many of the ladies had

such a great time, they wanted more races for them next year.

Olwen Jarvis, driving *Piccolo*, had a unique handicap. Because of *Piccolo's* hole from the Atlantic City Regatta, Olwen had to keep the port rail out of the water. This wasn't easy with the strong winds, and the long starboard tack beats to windward.

All the lady drivers did real well. Rumor has it that some of the ladies were yelling at their male crew members to grind in the jib sheets faster. Janet Wexler on *Bittersweet* will remain the unnamed Captain Bligh of the racing fleet. Dom Venditto on *Laurentide* took a lot of abuse from first mate, Maureen, for not releasing the boom preventer at the jibe mark. Turn around is fair play guys.

## The Hot Dog Party was a great success.

The best thing about a race weekend is the party in between the races. And the WINDJAMMERS KNOW HOW TO PARTY! Janet Wexler organized the dock party; Bill Jarvis maned the grill; Bob Wexler "toasted" everyone's "buns"; and Gloria Lieberman supplied the home made baked beans. The racers and other club members devoured more than 100 hot dogs and

12 pounds of beans. And, as usual everyone had a great time talking about racing and cruising. Ron Genereux, *Night Wind*, told of being caught in eastern Long Island Sound as hurricane Bob stormed through the area. Larry Conforti

## Windjammers Box Scores

Third Series		Helmsladies		
Class A	Corr Time	Helmslady	Boat Name	Corr Time
1 Laurentide	1:42:10	1 Olwen Jarvis	Piccolo	1:00:06
2 Sea Quester	1:43:13	2 Laura Carlson	Lunasea	1:02:49
3 Will O' the Wind	1:50:38	3 Janet Wexler	Bittersweet	1:05:53
4 Whisper	DNF	4 Karen Schoenfeld	Laurentide	1:07:34
		5 Pat Wake	Wright Wind	1:08:01
		6 Carol Weidanz	Will O'The Wind	1:13:10
Class B				
1 Tara	1:57:39			
2 Wright Wind	1:59:42			
3 Escapade	2:00:57			
4 Lunasea	2:04:05			
5 Bittersweet	2:07:59			
6 Gentle Persuasion	2:12:28			
7 Fifty-Fifty	2:17:25			
8 Wendy Sea	2:26:16			

3rd Series Race - Triangle Course

Class A 9.3 nmi; Class B 10.9 nmi

16 Knot Winds

Helmsladies Race - Triangle Course

6.7 nmi; 18 knot winds



# The Classic Approaches to the Starting Line

Let's review last month's article "Where to Start". Determine which end of the starting line is upwind and which way you want to go after the start. If both questions give the same answer, where to start is easy. If not, you have a choice to make. That's why it is important to calculate how much upwind one end of the line is. Less than 5 degrees is not very important, but 10 degrees or more can be very significant.

Starting in the middle of the line is also an option. But be careful! It is harder to find the starting line in the middle. Also for 1991 the "One Minute Rule" is in effect. Being over early can be disastrous, but it may be worth the risk. In the four years I have been racing only *Piccolo* has been early. That was my first race as a crew member; *Piccolo* took off at the preparatory signal rather than the starting gun. Aboard *Piccolo*, we couldn't believe we were so much faster than Larry Janes brand new Sabre 34. A five minute head start helps.

Keep in mind what a good start means: hitting the starting line at full speed, going in the right direction, in clean air, with the freedom to maneuver. The facing page has four of the most common starting techniques: luffing on the line; Vanderbilt; port tack

approach; and the triangle.

**Luffing** at the start works on a really crowded starting line, 30 or more boats, in boats that are very light. You may be on time, but you will be going slow, in dirty air. Never the less, if you dropped your stop watch overboard, it may be your only option. Come up to the line on starboard to keep your rights; and try not to go head into the wind. Once you're in "irons", it will be hard to accelerate when the gun goes off.

The classic **Vanderbilt** start, takes you away from the starting line on a port tack broad reach, then turns back to the starting line close hauled on a starboard tack. This is a timed approach, and it works well, since a sailboat travels at about the same speed close hauled as it does on a broad reach. If it takes 30 seconds to turn around, say with 2 minutes 30 seconds before the start, travel away from the starting line for one minute on a broad reach, start your turn with 1 minute 30 to go. The turn can be a tack or jibe, but I prefer a jibe since it takes less time.

Many Windjammers use a similar timed technique. Rather than starting on a broad reach, these boats sail on a port tack beam reach parallel

to the starting line, turn around and head back on a starboard tack beam reach. These boats usually duck under the Committee Boat, and "harden up" to a close hauled course just as the gun sounds. If you try this technique, make sure you understand the antibarging rules.

**The Port Tack Approach** is very good if you wish to start at the port end of the starting line, usually the pin end. You will need confidence in your crew to execute a perfect tack in front of a fleet of approaching starboard tack boats. This method requires a good sense of speed and distance. Get out early and practice this approach.

My favorite starting method is the **Triangle**. Give it a try. This method works best when the line is square to the wind, otherwise the compass headings must be modified. This is another "timed approach". Divide the time remaining before the start into one-third for each leg of the triangle. On a port tack beam reach, sail parallel to the starting line, jibe 135 degrees onto a starboard tack broad reach. For the third and final leg "harden up" 90 degrees to a starboard tack close hauled course. Executed properly you will return to the same place that you started, going full speed at the gun.



**other tips.** Make sure you understand the starting sequence. If you miss the 10 minute warning signal and white flag, try to set your stopwatch/countdown timer when the blue flag goes up for the preparatory signal. Stay close to the Committee Boat for the ten and five minute signals, in order to see and hear the flags and horn.

Never sail more than one minute from the starting line within the last five minutes of the countdown, especially if the wind is light. Reach back and forth behind the starting line, or make circles.

Starting takes practice, concentrate on sailing your boat. Have a starting plan with options. After the race compare your plan with your actual start. In your racing notebook write down what went right, and also what went wrong. When you start racing, emphasize the learning experience. If you learned something new for future races, you had a great race.

The illustrations were taken from Bill Gladstone's Performance Racing Technique which can be purchased from your local UK Sail representative. Last years price was \$25 per copy. UK uses this book as the basis for their Race Seminars.

Larry Conforti

fig. 6 - Luffing Start

Pick a spot on the line, set up early, and park. Trim to accelerate before the gun. Used by light boats on crowded starting lines.

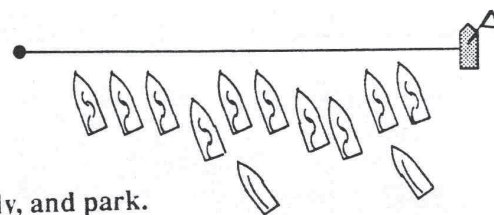
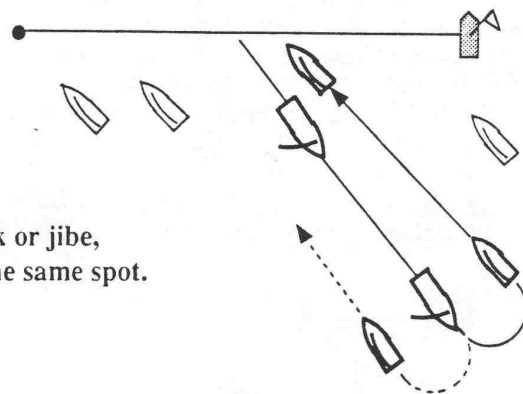


fig. 3a - Vanderbilt Start

Sail away from the line, tack or jibe, and return closehauled to the same spot.



Port Tack Approach #1

Sail up the line on port tack, tack in front of the fleet, and lead the way to the pin.

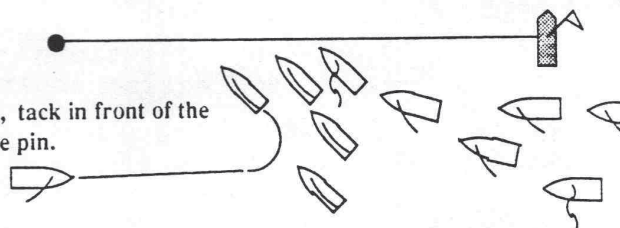
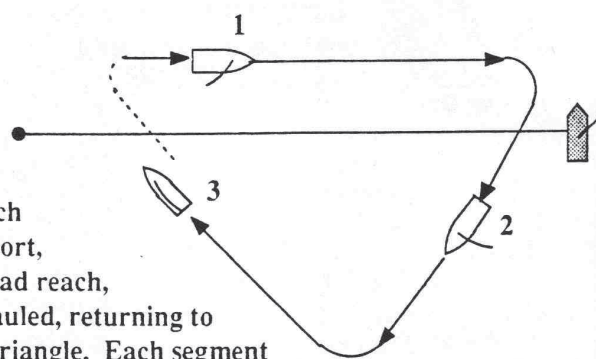


fig. 5a - Triangle Approach

1. Sail a beam reach on port, 2. jibe to a starboard broad reach, 3. and trim up to close hauled, returning to the starting point of the triangle. Each segment is of the same duration.

This approach can be used to return to any spot on the line.





## Wanted: Vice Commodore for the 1992 Sailing Season for the Windjammers Sailing Club.

The club is in an unprecedented growth period with approximately 80 families as members. The duties are not many: As a member of the Executive Committee you will help plan the 1992 activities. Many of the activities are traditional, but new ideas are always needed both to bring in new members, and for current members to enjoy their boating activities even more.

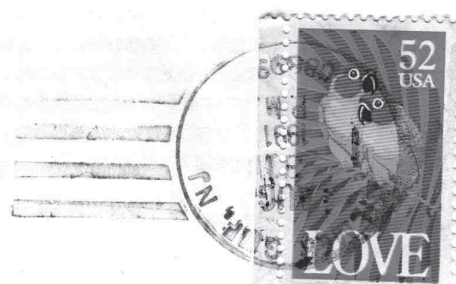
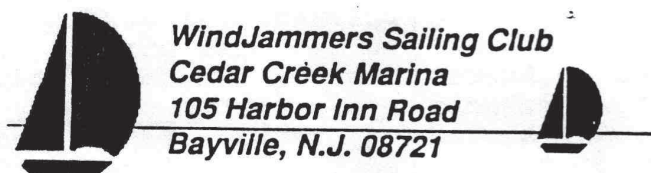
Also, you will be in charge of organizing the volunteers for the banquet and two picnics for 1992. Even though most of the "Party" activities are held at the Cedar Creek Sailing Center, the Windjammers don't pretend to be a Yacht Club. Active members keep their boat in many different marinas in the Barnegat Bay area. The challenge for 1992 will be to increase the participation of the membership, especially those not at CCSC.

The Windjammers are about people. The emphasis is definitely on camaraderie, with a very good mix of parties, cruises, and a low keyed racing program. The Windjammers are also about education, sponsoring seminars on safety, boat handling, maintenance, and seamanship skills. **Without volunteers, there is no club!**

Compensation is non existent, but you will be the 1993 Commodore and have the good feeling of doing a great job as a volunteer.

Requirements: Only one, Enthusiasm. Keeping your boat at Cedar Creek Sailing Center is not a requirement. Organizational and people skills are much more important than sailing skills. The Windjammers are about friends, not about a place or winning races.

If you have any questions or would like to volunteer, please see Vice-Commodore Bob Wexler aboard *Bittersweet* or call Bob at (215) 866-1833.



Don't Forget to sign up for the Windjammer Pig Roast on September 14th.