

FOUR WINDS



WINDJAMMERS SAILING CLUB

NEWSLETTER



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

Oct/Nov 1991

Series Finale

At last winters Executive Committee Meeting, Val Bernhardt suggested that the Windjammers Race Series be extended to five races with only one throw out. We decided to make the Tall Oaks Race on September 28th a dual purpose race: The Tall Oaks challenge and The Fifth Series Race. We could not have anticipated the importance of this race.

Not only was the honor of the club at stake, but four boats were in close contention for first place in the "A" (smaller boat) class and two other boats were battling for the fifth place trophy. Over in the "B" class three boats were battling for third place.

Congratulations to *Sea Quester* and *Tara* for their first place series finishes in class "A" and "B" respectively. In Windjammer racing all the finishers are winners. See pages 12 and 13 for the box scores, final race standings along Olwen Jarvis's report on the race.

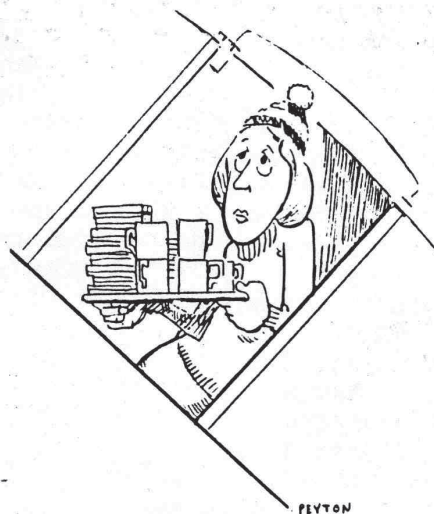
Freedom: Just Keep Going North

by Wendy Crook

On our two week trip up the Hudson River, Danny and I learned that the best plan is the one that is quickly abandoned. There was an exhilaration in looking at each other, asking if we were ready to turn around and then head to Long Island Sound and then home, saying "...nah..." and keep heading North. At that moment, I felt Jonathan Livingston Seagull take flight. But I digress...

The summer of 1991 was shaping up to be a scorcher when we finalized our plans to sail to New York with Tom and Dottie Wright and the little Wright ones, Michael and Adam. In fact we finalized (at least preliminarily) our plans approximately twenty minutes before we left. The boats were laden with food, foul weather gear, and plenty of brewski (the Captain's English, what do you expect??). The PLAN was to sail to West Point, where we would meet up with *Seahorse*, a p---rboat (Pat Carlson dashed out the expletives in her article of L.I. Sound) friend; return to Jersey City for the fireworks on the 4th; *Wright Wind* was to spend a day in NYC before heading back to Cedar Creek; *Seahorse* was to return to Surf City; and lastly Danny and I on *Wendy Sea* would cruise on up to L.I. Sound for the last week of our vacation. The REALITY was that *Wright Wind* and *Wendy Sea* partied our brains out in Cold Spring for two and a half days, and missed the fireworks.

Continued on Page 4



"READY ABOUT!"

October, November, & December Events

October 12th - 14th Nature Cruise

October 26th Frost Bite Race
Captains Meeting
Clubhouse 10 AM

**Oktoberfest and
Race Awards**
Clubhouse 5:00 PM

By the time this issue of FourWinds is published the Columbus Weekend Nature Cruise will be history. Hopefully the December issue will have a great story from the "Naturalist". It's hard to believe that there is only one more dock party until the 1991 Sailing Season is behind us. Hasn't it been a great year? And, for those who haven't as yet winterized their boat come on out to the Frostbite Race; for the last two years the weather has been great for sailing. The race is a "fun" race, but this will be your last chance for glory in 1991.

The theme for the final dock party is an Oktoberfest Windjammer style. The club will provide everything; for a nominal fee of \$5 per person you will feast on some of Germany's finest cuisine. Our host for the evening will be Chuck & Carol Hamilton, along with Cedar Creek "mayor" Bill Ciunowicz and first mate Dottie. This fabulous foursome can be counted on for a few surprises.

At the Oktoberfest, the racing awards will be given out by Race Chairwoman Olwen Jarvis. So come on out and cheer on the participants, everyone is a winner.

Also, for the members wanting to know about the fall dinner which has traditionally been held in November, the date has been moved to early February combining the Fall and Spring Banquets into one "BIG" event. For the last two years participation in the Banquets has been below the minimums established by some of our favorite restaurants. The



Executive Committee hopes by only having one banquet attendance will pick-up. At the February event our "Zany Awards" for 1991 will be announced; to include the "Dillon Dock Meter" for running into the dock, and the "Grounding" award for which several boats are in contention. Also this will be the inaugural event for the club's 1992 officers. More details will follow in the December issue.

Seventy-Five Attend Pig Roast

Seventy-five Windjammers and guests attended the Fall Pig Roast on September 14th, and from the comments afterwards everyone had a great time. Though some of us wished that the caterers would have taken the pigs head with them when they left.

No one volunteered to manage the event, so the duties were divided-up among some of the, "always available to help in a pinch", members. Bob Wexler handled the caterers; Larry Conforti took care of the mailing; Tom Wright picked up the chairs; and the Borigs, Carlsons, Daltons and Jarvis' set up the tables.

Anyway, everyone had a great time, there were plenty of left-overs so no one went hungry. And as usual, the members brought appetizers and deserts which are always terrific. The club has some great cooks.

Bob and Janet Wexler won the 50-50 drawing. The Executive Committee may look into appointing a special prosecutor to look into the drawing. Consider the facts: Bob Wexler sold the tickets, he purchased the 7th ticket which was the winning ticket, and he picked five year old Lauren Venditto to pick the winning ticket. Now, Lauren's parents, Domenick and Maureen, purchased their O'Day 26 Laurentide from the Wexler's three years ago. Just a coincidence?

Next Issue of FourWinds December 15th

Where Have All the Nuns Gone?

by Judy Swank

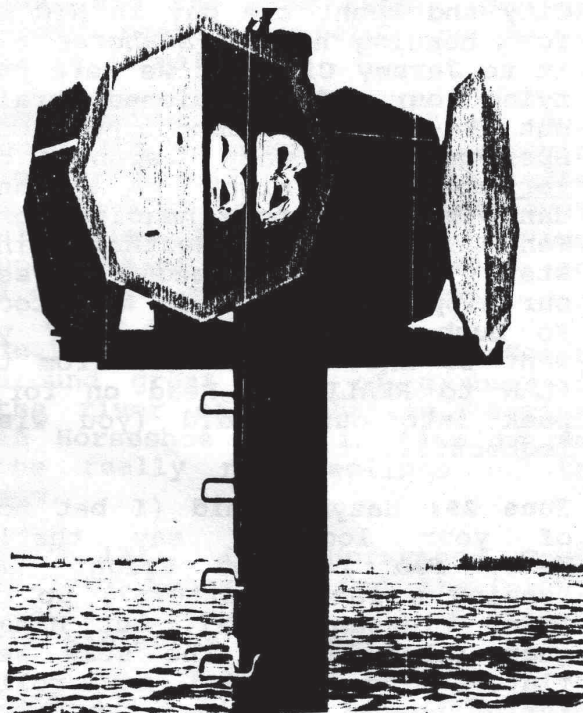
I have spoken to the Coast Guard Aids to Navigation Office in Norfolk, Va. They have told me many interesting things. Most Windjammers probably have noticed the changes in the Waterway marks in the bay by now. The two most different are the old marks "65" (Forked River) and "67" (Oyster Creek Channel).

The Forked River mark has been moved a bit East of its former location and is now a permanent red and white vertical striped mark designated as "BB". The Oyster Creek Channel marker is also red and white vertical striped and is designated "BI". It was moved a bit West of its previous location.

The light characteristics of both of these marks is a white Mo(A), or white short-long. They both have intervals of four seconds. In addition, the small floating markers have been removed. This leaves a distance of over 2 miles, in some cases between marks.

In mid-bay, the following marks have been removed: red "62", red "64A", red "66". The Coast Guard says the entire ICW should be completely remarked within the next four weeks. The former red "64" is now numbered "40", and is a red flasher every 2.5 seconds. The former "68" is now numbered "42" and is red flasher every 1.5 seconds. It appears that everyone will now need to rely on old charts to navigate the ICW; the soonest they expect to replace Chart 12324 is three months. Chart 12316 replacement is not scheduled, but will hopefully be within six to nine months.

It is recommended that anyone planning cruising in the affected areas subscribe to Local Notice to Mariners. This can be done by calling (804) 398-6224 or by writing to:



Commander,
5th Coast Guard District
Aids to Navigation Branch
Federal Building
431 Crawford Street
Portsmouth, Va 23704-5004

The Coast Guard is planning to broadcast all changes on VHF Channel 22 as 2303 GMT and 1103 GMT until these changes are completed. GMT is minus five hours for us in Daylight Savings Time, and minus six in Eastern Standard Time. These broadcasts could then be expected to be heard at 1803 (6:03 PM EDT) or 603 (6:03 AM EDT).

The new red and white vertically-striped markers (BI and BB), are in accordance with the IALA-B international markers and indicate safe passage on either side of the mark. This is why they were moved from their previous positions.

I'm not sure this has cleared up a lot of the mystery, but hope it has helped a little.

Wright Wind returned to Jersey City and spent the day in NYC before heading home. Seahorse made it to Jersey City but we were partying our aforementioned brains out in the aforementioned Cold Springs so they spent one very expensive night in a fancy dancy marina before heading home. Wendy Sea continued North to Kingston, where we proceeded to seek our hippie heritages in Woodstock. So much for the PLAN. EH? you want to know how we got from the PLAN to REALITY? Read on for a peek into our sordid (you wish) logbook....

June 29: HazyHotHumid (I bet none of your logbooks say that!). Wendy Sea followed Wright Wind (seeing a racing pattern?) up the Point Pleasant Canal, out Manasquan Inlet, where the seas were flat. The "brandy" new roller furler tested fine, and the "brandy" new fridge worked great, once I turned it on. Nine hours later we dropped the hooks at Sandy Hook's Horseshoe Cove, and turned our faces westward to the inevitable late day storm. The Crooks were thence ferried capably by Mike to the Wrights for a delicious dinner of spaghetti.

June 30-July 1: Six and a half hour ride to Tarrytown Marina. It's a great facility and a cute town just under the Tappan Zee Bridge, although it's a looonnnnggg walk up the docks to the marina. Wright Wind performs its first rescue mission - Wendy Sea's number 2 battery is dead, and Tom just happened to have an extra one on board! Yay Tom! We left Tarrytown late the next day, Tom's elbow was bad and he spent the morning in the emergency room (no vacation's complete without a trip there!). We next stayed at Haverstraw Marina ... its highly recommended if you want to be abused and ripped off by rude New Yorkers. Enough said. Tom's second rescue came when he went up the mast and fixed our antenna, at the

time, we were only able to hear transmissions behind us!

July 2-4: Now the partying really starts. We found out you can't get into West Point. This became clear to us by two indicators: (1) Tom ran aground and (2) a stranger screamed at us from shore when we tried to pick up a mooring. So, across the river, Wright Wind picked up a mooring from Tom's good new buddy Bill) (or was it Jim or Hank), and Wendy Sea continued north to Cold Spring. Well, the Wrights got to West Point just in time ... to miss the last tour bus. Ah well, you know about PLANS. Now, Cold Spring is "THE" place to hang out. We spent the next day sightseeing, shopping, generally being degenerate, getting the lay of the land. We were anchored in the most gorgeous spot, which we named "Tranquility Cove". You see, there are two striking features of the Hudson River - (1) you can be 19 feet offshore from a huge mountain in 150 feet of water, and (2) trains move continuously and I do mean continuously up and down the coast. The train whistle becomes embedded in your dreams, it's so omnipresent. Why, just last week Tom thanked us again for buying Mike and Adam train whistles (Sorry about that!).

Anyway, back to Cold Spring ... on July 4th, we were treated to a piece of Americana. This picturesque town nestled on the banks of the Hudson, comes alive with music from the Barking Spiders; parade complete with hometown boys back safe from the Gulf War; grandpas tightly fitted into their WWI uniforms; and kids with redwhiteblue streamers in their bikes; along with bellydancers, face painting, dixielandjazz, storytelling, pony rides, square dancing, hot dogs, smalltown political hopefuls, rich, poor, sun and warmth. And we were all welcomed into the bosom of this community. Just top notch!

July 5: *Wright Wind* will have to tell their own story of their return to Cedar Creek, but it's a great one, with several hair raising storms to decorate it. At this point, *Wendy Sea* made the fateful decision mentioned in the beginning of this tale... Let's keep going NORTH! Next stop: Newburg, where I recently found out my parents spent their honeymoon night doing I can't imagine what. The Newburg Yacht Club is lovely, and the people were nice once we docked (they watched from the club as we struggled tying up to a bucking, wet dock in the drizzle... that type of assistance qualifies them for jerkdom in my book).

July 6: Our next experience spelled doom for our "all New Yorkers are obnoxious" philosophy of life (the beginning of the end was in Cold Spring). The Poughkeepsie Yacht Club provided lovely facilities, warm and friendly people, and even a ride to the nearest grocery store and a tour of the Vanderbuilt Mansion from the wife of the Officer of the Day! Do stop in to see Kit and Pete on your trip up the Hudson... great people! The funniest thing was watching yacht club members scramble to sail when the wind hit 5 knots... when we told them it blows steadily at 15 k in Barney, they were positively green with envy!

July 7-8: Opps, can all this bliss really be ephemeral? Is that the *Wendy Sea* being towed by the Coast Guard? Yep, that's gasoline that the dimwitnumbskull-pondscum put into our diesel tank (we think...could have been bad diesel) at Hyde Park Marina. Three hot emotional hours later, the tank was flushed and we were back on our way north. Last stop north was the lovely town of Kingston, the Rondout Yacht Basin is highly recommended. A rental car company picked us up, and we drove through the Catskills for the day, stopped at Woodstock (far out,

man) and the Game Farm. Our dog Mandy seemed grateful to be on terra firma!

July 9-10: All good things must end, and we turned back, staying in Tarrytown for the night, after a nine hour trip. I walked several miles to Washington Irving's home, which was really lovely, and I confess, took a taxi back.

July 11: Left Tarrytown, steered around great gobs of garbage in the river off Manhattan, arrived in Horseshoe Cove in time to see the really neat eclipse of the sun.

July 12: Left Horseshoe Cove, arrived Manasquan for the night. Beautiful weather, no presaging the maelstrom to come...

July 13: Tied up at the Shrimp box, we rode out the storm, in fact we saw *Bittersweet* and Yacht "C" coming out of the storm early in the afternoon. ALL RIGHT, I LEFT THE BOAT AND WENT HOME, SO CALL ME A WIMP FOR NOT FINISHING THE WHOLE TRIP. There, I've got that off my chest. After the storm had passed, Danny finished the cruise that afternoon alone.

Parting thoughts: The marriage and dog survived (albeit barley at times) two weeks together in 232 square feet of space; all New Yorkers aren't all that bad; we had a great time cruising with the Wrights; we're sorry we missed *Bittersweet*, Yacht "C" and *Sea-horse*. And, for all you sailing junkies, a comprehensive review of the state of the Hudson River reveals mostly no wind and water flowing down hill. It's great to be free enough to change to a horse of a different color in mid-stream (how is that for a mixed metaphor?). We'd love to revisit the Hudson and go on even further north next time. How about a Hudson River Flotilla for summer, 1992 (or is that tortilla?) all you Windjammer cruisers?????

How We Learned to Love Celestial Navigation

by Gary Swank

First, we read books. Then we brought tapes. Then, we took weekend classes! Nothing helped. Celestial navigation just would not stick in the aging recesses of our middle-aged brains. Then we saw the ad in Ocean Navigator Magazine, announcing the construction of a new schooner, and the ensuing off-shore courses to be given aboard ship in the arcane art of celestial navigating.

We signed up, sent deposits, along with vouchers that we were of sound mind and body, and we understood that in case of extreme seasickness the boat wasn't turning back.

The morning of June 8, 1991, found us winging into Portland, Maine, the point of our departure. A local cab finally got us to the Channel Crossing Marina (we just looked for the tallest mast - our vessel was an 88-foot schooner), and in relatively short order we had our gear stowed in the main cabin, in berths 8 and 9. This was to be our little hideaway for the days to come. The rest of the day was spent nosing around the boat, familiarizing ourselves with all the mysteries to be found on this turn-of-the-century recreation.

By day's end we had met the ship's complement of student passengers and crew. By ranking, the crew consisted of:

CAPTAIN (and owner), Greg Walsh, publisher of Ocean Navigator Magazine, from Cape Elizabeth, ME

MATE, Susan McBride, our very competent second in command, from Bethel, ME

INSTRUCTOR, Paul Fagan, a most patient, congenial, and competent teacher, with thousands of sea miles spent in off-shore racing, deliveries, and navigation.

BOSUN, Stephanie Chilton an accomplished sailor and deck hand,

a master craftsman (craftswomen?) with a rigging knife and rope from Norfolk, VA

COOK, Kerrie Jacox, our tiny (just 5 feet tall) chef, with undoubtedly the hardest job aboard, from Burlington, VT

DECKHAND, Boo Walsh, the Captain's 19 year old daughter and a plucky young kid from Cape Elizabeth, ME.

The student participants, with the exception of Judy and myself, were all physicians. Mike Kiwalski of Potomac, MD; Brockett Muir of Laytonville, MD; and John Queenan of Washington, D.C. were all sailing buddies and fellow practitioners in Maryland. Bob Swaney was a doctor from Oxford, CT who taught celestial navigation for the Power Squadron and wanted to brush up on his off-shore experience.

That first evening, crew and students adjourned to a local restaurant, talked ourselves out, and adjourned to our berths for our last night of sleep in an 8 hour stretch in a perfectly horizontal bunk. Little did we know!

Saturday, June 9

Up at 0505, last civilized shower for some days to come-who knew marina showers would ever look so civilized? A breakfast of coffee, juice, muffins, and cereal was served at 0715, and a briefing followed at 0815 on deck. Watches were set up, with our contingent of 12 divided up into three groups of four, each watch made up of two crew and two students.

At 0930 we pulled away from the dock, and by 1050 we had passed the last point of land, "Two Lights". At 1130 we started our first sextant practice, the basics of doing noon sights for latitude position.

By 1630 the wind started to come up (we'd been motoring the entire way up to this point), but it was 12 knots on the nose. We wanted to go South, we were settling for Southeast. Our first night at sea, Judy and I had the evening watch from 1900 to 2300. Before going on watch, we had a delicious dinner of eggplant parmesan, carrots, rice, fresh baked garlic bread, topped off with coffee and lemon bars. We stood our first watch with Paul and Stephanie, learning how to helm the *Ocean Star*. There is no autopilot or windvane on this vessel, so she had to be steered by the crew all the way to Bermuda. Each crew member on a four hour watch alternates with one hour at the wheel, one hour on bow watch, one hour of general duty - whatever the captain or mate have decided needs doing on a particular watch, and one hour checking all systems on the boat, logging wave conditions, wind cloud cover, wind speed (determined by sea condition to the Beaufort scale), barometer, temperature, and reading the trusty trailing Walker Knot log. Our log is critical and the captain has intimated that failure to maintain the log and a constant dead reckoning could result in public floggings, keelhauling, and loss of dessert privileges in the galley.

But back to our watch. We were running under a combination of sail and engine. The wind piped up to about 18 knots SSW, so a staysail was set in hopes of picking up speed and beating a little further South, and not so much East. With the wind staying on the nose, our most likely landfall was going to be Africa instead of Bermuda!

Monday, June 10

We were back up at 0630 for a hot breakfast of oatmeal, biscuits, fruit, coffee, and juice. Back on deck by 0700, trying to steer a course of 170 degrees - wind still out of the Southwest at 15 knots. Sail had been reduced during the night, so at 0800 the main went up,

at 0930 the big jib went up, and later the foresail. During midday, more class instruction, noon sights, and sight reductions. We grabbed a nap from 1530 to 1700, then dinner at 1800, which finds us over the Georges Bank. However, we spotted no fish or fisherman on this traditional international fishing ground. At 1900 more classes, and at 2050 our first star sights.

At 2115 we crashed, hoping to nab before going on watch from 2300 to 0300 - the Dog Watch. Offshore, we were working rotating shifts, insuring six hours off for every four on. It's democratic, but a little confusing at first. The captain and the cook are excused from regular watches; the captain may be called upon in any emergency, and the cook has to make sure everyone is fed, which is always an emergency.

Tuesday, June 11

We awaken to rough seas, winds are still SSW, but have increased to 20 - 25 knots. The air is warmer, and the water is getting warmer, now 78 - 81 degrees. We're nearing the Gulf Stream! Later we spotted great floating clumps of Sargasso weed. We got noon sights this day, and have determined that we are indeed in the Stream.

The seas have been building all day, with the wind staying in the 20's. So at 1600 we struck the foresail; at 1700 we brought down the jib. It remained rough all night, and the cook was miserable. A little about her job, and eating on board. The captain runs a "traditional" schooner, which means that he eschews most modern conveniences, both on deck and below. This includes the galley, a modern day horror story. To start with, the stove is a giant cast iron monster, diesel fired, which keeps the galley at a nice, comfy 90+ degrees in all conditions. To our surprise it had no fiddles to keep things stationary. Oh, and did I mention

that this diesel-belching monster is not gimballed, so that cakes, bread, ect. have a decided list to port? Next in the kitchen-from-hell is the refrigerator freezer, a five foot tall, top-loading box, set above the floor about six inches. To retrieve food from this device, anyone off duty in the proximity of the galley must hold Kerrie by the ankles while she climbs up and over the top and then dives into the fridge. After sorting through the several hundred pounds of food, she descends back into the cabin with frostbite, and immediately goes into heat prostration from the oven. With all this, she manages to put three delicious meals a day, plus a manner of cookies, cakes and snacks out for the deck watches.

The next tricky part in the food chain is eating. The wind had stayed at a constant 20 degree heel to port. The two tables in the saloon are not gimballed, so "cookie" hands you your plate, and its your decision as to how you get it to the table. Next, how to keep your plate, silverware, and mug on the table, and from thence to your mouth. Let's see, do I take my hand off the mug and go for my fork, or hold my plate and mug, let the silverware slide, and just stick my face in the plate, and hope I don't suffocate with a nose full of spaghetti?

Wednesday, June 12

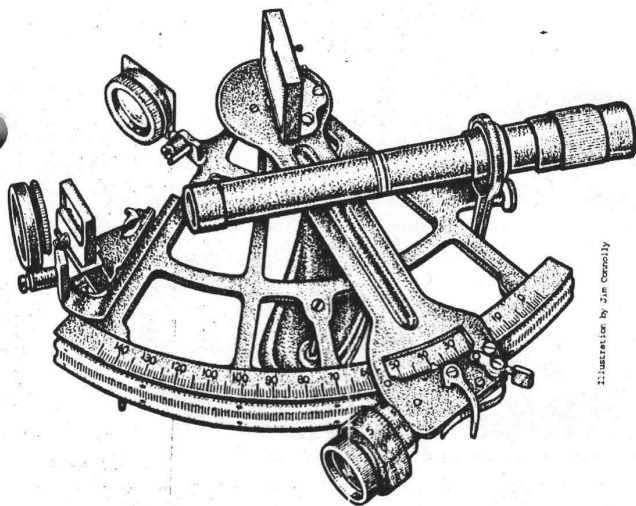
We're well into the Gulf Stream - lots of Sargasso weed everywhere we look. The ocean and air are warm and humid. Today we feel confident enough about our sun sights to categorically state, from our own sight reductions, that we are at latitude 37 degrees 49 minutes North, longitude 64 degrees 20 minutes West. Today the captain decreed that we could take a shower. Fresh water on the body after all the salt spray we've accumulated feels great! We can bend our body parts without cracking.

A few words about seasickness, since this day started rough. Judy and I aren't macho about sailing. We put patches on before we left Maine, and took Bonine twice a day to keep the blahs away. This worked well - I had one small bout after an extensive morning of sight reductions and paper work below decks, but immediately felt better. Judy popped the Bonines religiously, and never tossed a cookie. The captain and several of the crew, as well as two of our fellow students, suffered to varying degrees. The captain's daughter, Boo, had the worst of it. She was ill from the first day out until the last day before we hit Bermuda. The crew suffered more seriously because their quarters were at the extreme ends of the vessel. The deck crew slept in a small stuffy berth in the forepeak, and the captain and mate had their quarters in the aft end of the navigation station, toward the aft end of the boat.

Thursday, June 13

Rough, confused seas all day, with squalls and showers blowing through, but it cleared enough to get some good noon sun sights. The concept of celestial navigation becomes clearer in our sights. And the same might be said for our off-shore skills; we are adjusting to the rhythm of daily life upon the sea. We take pleasure in the simple routines and chores that fill our days and nights; we learn to fall asleep quickly, and just as quickly to roust out for the night watches.

On this particular night we sail through several showers, and we find our safety harnesses reassuring in the absolute pitch of a starless ocean night. On other nights, we had commented about the velvet black and the incredible clarity of stars and planets, so seldom seen on land because of the background haze and city lights. On this night we did spot a cruise ship about three miles away, but were too busy to "gam", we were



running off before the wind and rain, and going maddeningly farther to the East as we beat South.

Friday, June 14

We wake to a beautiful day! The sun is shining brilliantly, the seas are calmer, and the wind has finally shifted farther West. We're steering 225 degrees on a beam reach, making straight for Bermuda at 7 knots!

1700 hours. We had great classes today, the students' plots are now falling right on top of the skipper's plot, which shows us 60 miles above Bermuda. We had a contest for closest to accurate position at LAN (local apparent noon), and Judy and I came in 3rd. We came in ahead of the Power Squadron instructor, so we felt we were making real progress in our education.

The skipper decided we should run down and heave-to about five miles off-shore, to await the dawn. At 2100 the faint loom of Bermuda took shape on our bow. We turned in at 2130, but neither we nor anyone else slept the night through. We've often been asked by our non-sailing friends if we are afraid when we sail out of sight of land. The truth is, after a week at sea, we give more concern to the land rushing up under our keel, and the

coral reefs ringing this little Atlantic paradise.

Saturday, June 15

We are up at 0230 for dawn watch. The wind is nearly gone and it appears we will motor-sail into St. Georges. By 0300 St. David's Light and Gibb Hill Light loom into view. We started dousing sails at 0400, took bearings on several more lights, and at 0640 pulled in for a perfect docking at the customs dock. Boo, foregoing customs regulations, leaped off the boat, kissed the ground, and told Greg, our skipper and her father, that she wasn't getting back on. The rest of us waited for customs officers, who appeared shortly in crisp uniforms and bermuda shorts (British, you know). In short order, we had entry forms filled out, presented passports and plan tickets, (we were flying back); and paid our entry fee of \$30 each. We packed our gear-duffles, sextants, navigation books, and sat down to a last breakfast of Mimosa cocktails and pancakes. Pictures were taken of everyone and we all bailed ship.

Epilogue

Dr. Brockett Muir hosted a luncheon the next day for all at the Royal Hamilton Amateur Dinghy Club, **"THE"** yacht club of Bermuda. It was a grand affair!

Would we do this type of cruise again? Absolutely! There is no better, surer way to learning celestial navigation than putting it to actual practice on a vessel under sail. The classroom can't teach you how to hold a sextant and develop a feel for waves rolling under the bow while you try to swing an arc on a partially cloud-covered sun. You can't see Orion's belt jump out at you from a perfect, ink-black sky, while reading from a book in your living room. And living upon the sea, observing nature in all its wonderful and terrible moods, is an experience that always call us back.

Oktoberfest

CEDAR CREEK SAILING CENTER

Saturday

October 26, 1991

\$5.00/person

URP!



The festivities will start at 5:00. There will be a Windjammer Racing Program awards presentation if there is a pause in the copious consumption of sausages, potato salad, dessert and drink!

Be There!

Designed by Walt Rapchinski

Computer Needed to Calculate Winners of Fourth Windjammers Series Race.

After an afternoon of racing, you would expect close competition in a Windjammers race, but the standings

HIP-HIP to Jim Hardy for once again volunteering to be Committee Boat.

would be well known at the end of the race. Not this day! On Pig Roast Saturday the Committee Boat, Renee La Beth, was out on the water a very long time. The winds at the start of the race may have been 12 knots, but by the end of the day the winds were only a whisper. From the warning gun that gets the racers adrenalin flowing until the last boat finished, four hours had elapsed off the clock. Jim Hardy and his guest deserve our loudest HIP-HIP for a job well done.

Many of the racers also send their thanks to Danny Crook and the crew of Wendy Sea for running aground at Tices, postponing the start. Since the winds had been up over 15 knots, most boats took the opportunity to change to a bigger headsail.

With Wendy Sea hung-up on a sandbar, a few of the larger boats started toward her to offer assistance. Over the radio, Bob Wexler asked Danny what his boat's draft was. When Danny replied 3'6", all boats did an about face. Domenick Venditto aboard *Laurentide*, which has a center board, was able to get close and give Wendy Sea a tow. I'm glad I don't have to make the decision on who gets the Windjammers Going Aground Award; there are many strong contenders this year.

From Tices Shoal, Jim took his guest to a well deserved dinner at the Captain's Inn on Forked River, arriving back at Cedar Creek Sail-

ing Center around 9 PM. The racing fleet would have to wait for Tom Wright to return the next morning, and enter the finishing times into his computer.

All during the Pig Roast rumors were flying that Tara had finally been beaten. Rough calculations showed that it would be five seconds either way after the "time on time" handicaps were applied. The "A" Fleet was even tighter as four boats, *Freestyle*, *Laurentide*, *Sea-Quester* and *Will O' The Wind* all crossed the finish line within a five minute period. It was all up to the handicaps, and the results were just too close to call.

The next morning the tension was similar to the Miss America Pageant, which was held the night before. When the results were posted Tara had remained unbeaten, *Lunasea* was 10 seconds behind. The "A" Fleet results were even closer. *Freestyle* had edged-out *Sea-Quester* by four tenths of one second. Hollywood wouldn't think of scripting a race this close. And just one minute behind, *Will 'O The Wind* and *Laurentide* finished third and fourth respectively, separated by only 5 seconds.

Congratulations were given to all those race participants gathered around "race headquarters" which this day happen to be the small picnic table in front of Yacht "C". Going into the last race of the season, the first four places were still up for grabs in the "A" Fleet, anyone of four boats still had a good chance to win the series. In "B" Fleet (larger boats) the showdown was for third place with *Bittersweet*, *Escapade* and *Wright Wind* in contention.

Larry Conforti

Windjammers Sail by Tall Oaks Yacht Club

by Olwen Jarvis

Saturday September 28th. The Windjammers versus Tall Oaks Race Day dawned beautifully, but with light and variable breezes. However at 10:30 AM no less than 21 skippers and their crew congregated at Tall Oaks Marina for the Captain's Meeting. George Henkel on *Goose I* was NOT allowed to forget to sign-up having received no less than a dozen pencils from his friends (It seems George failed to sign-in for the previous race, consequently the Committee Boat, not knowing that *Goose I* was racing, did not record George's time).

A standard triangle course was set, with an extra leeward/windward leg, with an option of shortening the course should the winds die. Jim Hardy and his gallant crew were Committee Boat on *Renee LaBeth*. The race began at Tices, went to mark 40, South to BB, East to

Tices, a repeat of 40, then a beat back to the finish line at Tices. It was decided to divide the boats into two classes. Class A for boats under 30 feet, and Class B for boats over 30 feet. At 1 PM. eleven boats in Class B made good clean starts.

The wind, to say the least, was variable. *Piccolo* ran aground on the first leg but managed to sail off again. Looking over the fleet, one could see dead pockets with boats sitting, while close by other boats were moving! Rounding mark 40 proved to be a challenge for several boats. It seemed there were a few cruising boats huddled around the mark, who did not have the sense of urgency as the racing skippers and their crews!

Class A also had a good start with 10 boats competing. Due to the

Windjammers Box Scores

Fourth Series

<u>Class A</u>	<u>Corr Time</u>
1 Freestyle	1:45:26
2 Sea Quester	1:45:26
3 Will O' the Wind	1:46:26
4 Laurentide	1:46:31
5 P-Sloop	2:07:44
6 Whisper	2:13:23
7 Prime Time	2:44:38

Class B

1 Tara	1:25:03
2 Lunasea	1:25:13
3 Bittersweet	1:35:28
4 Escapade	1:42:46
5 Wright Wind	1:44:05
6 Wendy Sea	2:02:45

Tall Oaks Fifth Series

<u>Class A</u>	<u>Corr Time</u>	<u>Club</u>
1 Escape	1:47:30	Tall Oaks
2 Kalua	1:47:31	Tall Oaks
3 Sea Quester	1:53:21	Windjammers
4 Kiki- Bobo	1:56:49	Tall Oaks
5 Will O'The Wind	1:58:15	Windjammers
6 Laurentide	1:59:04	Windjammers
7 Freestyle	2:02:17	Windjammers
8 Goose 1	2:04:20	Tall Oaks
9 Prime Time	2:12:23	Windjammers
10 Nansea	2:24:41	Tall Oaks

Class B

1 Piccolo	2:41:05	Windjammers
2 Lunasea	2:41:25	Windjammers
3 Bittersweet	2:44:06	Windjammers
4 Escapade	2:44:11	Tall Oaks
5 Stormy Pretel	2:46:13	Windjammers
6 Express Mail	2:46:26	Tall Oaks
7 Icarus	2:51:02	Tall Oaks
8 Wright Wind	2:52:27	Windjammers
9 Gentle Persuasion	2:54:29	Windjammers
10 Thor's Hammer	2:54:32	Tall Oaks
11 Fifty-Fifty	3:03:04	Tall Oaks

4th Series Race - Triangle Course

Both Classes 7.25 mi course; 12 knot winds at the start decreasing during the day to very light winds

5th Series Race - Triangle Course plus a leeward windward for Class B; Class A 7.0 km

class B 11.3 km; 2 - 8 knot winds

Windjammers 1991 Racing Standings

Class A	Race 1		Race 2		Race 3		Race 4		Race 5		Best 4 Races
	Place	Points	Place	Points	Place	Points	Place	Points	Place	Points	
1 Sea Quester	3	3	3	3	2	2	2	2	1	0.75	7.75
2 Laurentide	4	4	1	0.75	1	0.75	4	4	3	3	8.50
3 Will o' the Wind	2	2	2	2	3	3	3	3	2	2	9.00
4 Freestyle	1	0.75	4	4	DNS	5	1	0.75	4	4	9.50
5 Whisper	7	7	5	5	DNF	5	6	6	DNS	8	23.00
5 Prime Time	5	5	DNS	7	DNS	5	7	7	6	6	23.00
P Sloop	DNS	9	DNS	7	DNS	5	5	5	DNS	8	
Knot Yet	6	6	DNS	7	DNS	5	DNS	9	DNS	8	
Goose I	DNS	9	DNS	7	DNS	5	DNS	9	5	5	
Class B	Race 1		Race 2		Race 3		Race 4		Race 5		Best 4 Races
	Place	Points	Place	Points	Place	Points	Place	Points	Place	Points	
1 Tara	1	0.75	1	0.75	1	0.75	1	0.75	DNS	10	3.00
2 Lunasea	2	2	2	2	4	4	2	2	2	2	8.00
3 Bittersweet	3	3	4	4	5	5	3	3	3	3	13.00
4 Wright Wind	4	4	5	5	2	2	5	5	6	6	16.00
4 Escapee	5	5	DNS	8	3	3	4	4	4	4	16.00
6 Gentle Persuasion	DNS	9	3	3	6	6	DNS	8	7	7	24.00
7 Wendy Sea	7	7	6	6	8	8	6	6	DNS	10	27.00
Wind Sprint	6	6	DNS	8	DNS	10	DNS	8	DNS	10	
Fifty-Fifty	DNS	9	DNS	8	7	7	DNS	8	8	8	
Stormy Petrel	DNS	9	DNS	8	DNS	10	DNS	8	5	5	
Piccolo	DNS	9	DNS	8	DNS	10	DNS	8	1	0.75	

Windjammers 1992 Series includes five races with one throw out; three races are required for series scoring.

light winds the course for the smaller boats was shortened to the basic triangle thus ensuring everyone would get to Tall Oaks for the BBQ.

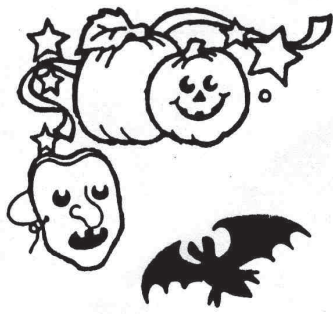
There was some interesting racing throughout the afternoon especially at the finishes. Gentle Persuasion with only Chuck Hamilton and the "mayor", Bill Ciunowicz aboard, honorably did a 720 degree turn after their loran antenna nicked the "BB" mark. Chuck is getting a petition together to bring back the nun buoys.

The final results for individual classes show that the Windjammers fleet did an outstanding job. The fact that the Trophy will again stand at Cedar Creek indicates that overall the Team effort and participation was superb! Congratulations and thanks to all

participants. Also thanks to our hosts Tall Oaks Yacht Club for a great day.

The day ended with a BBQ and desert at Tall Oaks. The Trophy was presented and the challenge accepted by both Teams for a return match next season. The essence of the enjoyment and fun of racing came out when we were asked if any interested boats from Tall Oaks could race - just for fun - in our Frostbite Race, October 26th. And of course we would be delighted.

Finally in true Windjammer style, Bill Martin & George Henkel produced their guitars and song sheets & friends gathered to sing sea shanties, folk songs and tell sailing tales in the chilly evening air. A Perfect ending to a seafaring day.



**Freddie may be dead, but I'll be
at the Windjammers' Oktoberfest
October 26th at 5 PM.**



**WindJammers Sailing Club
Cedar Creek Marina
105 Harbor Inn Road
Bayville, N.J. 08721**

