

WindJammers Sailing Club, Inc.

105 Harbor Inn Road Bayville, New Jersey 08721

MARCH, 1993

THREE CHEERS FOR OUTGOING COMMODORE BOB WEXLER!

Bob Wexler will become a past commodore of Windjammers at the Spring Banquet on March 6. 1992 was a great year with Bob at the helm!

"I'd like to thank everybody who participated as volunteers and chairpeople. 1992 was a year filled with activities, fun and camaraderie. Together, we accomplished a great deal in 1992:

- ❖ Our membership increased from the year before...75 members in 1991 (65 regular + 10 associates,) and 78 members in 1992 (67 regular + 11 associates)
- ❖ We held 10 club-sponsored events
- ❖ We had an active racing season, with the second successful year of the small boat class
- ❖ Windjammer members got together to cruise to destinations far and wide, including the biggest trip to Beach Haven yet
- ❖ We enjoyed great impromptu raft-ups
- ❖ We had a positive cash flow, increasing our bank accounts and fund balance by \$463.

"And we have a lot to look forward to. In 1993 we eagerly await the building of the new facilities at Cedar Creek Sailing Center, where Windjammers will continue to hold its activities. We wish Tom Wright the best in his venture and are happy that we can continue to meet at Cedar Creek. So, many thanks from Janet and myself for all of your help and participation. It was a pleasure being your commodore for 1992."

Three cheers, Bob:

HIP HIP HOORAY! HIP HIP HOORAY! HIP HIP HOORAY!

INCOMING COMMODORE ANNOUNCES VOLUNTEER LINE-UP FOR 1993

Incoming Commodore Dan Crook announced his officers and committee chairs at a press conference held in Jackson, NJ recently. They are:

Officers:

Vice Commodore	Olwen Jarvis
Treasurer	Larry Conforti
Past Commodore	Bob Wexler

Committee Chairs:

Racing	Dom Venditto	Cruises	Bill Martin
Picnics and Dinner	Olwen Jarvis	Legal Counsel	John F. Heinbuch
Seminars	Bill Jarvis	Historian	Pat Zagaria
Fundraising		Walt Nelson	
Newsletter Editor and Playwrite		Wendy Crook	

Volunteers are still needed for the Dock Parties and Sunshine committees.

FOUR WINDS

A RACE THROUGH THE NARROWS

by Mike McCarthy

On July 4th, 1992, my son Rick and I, sailing on *Snail Darter*, rendezvoused with Captain Roy Jensen and Co. on *Escapade* in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty. We rafted up to watch the parade of Tall Ships. In almost mystical fashion they ghosted up the Narrows breaking through the light fog like magnificent time machines.

Later that evening, we enjoyed the fireworks over New York Harbor. After the remnants of the grand finale drifted down and were snuffed out in the water, we weighed anchor and motored over to the piers for a close-up of the Tall Ships. We waved and watched the deck parties then continued our haunt around Governor's Island. We motored back down the narrows to scout for quiet and secure anchoring ground in Brooklyn for the night.

Roy tooled down the middle of the channel, while I hugged the edge. At a point half a mile from the Verrazano Bridge we were abeam, about 200 yards apart. Rick said "let's beat them to the bridge Dad!!" I figured it was no contest, the 32' *Escapade* could run away from us without breaking a sweat. But we went for it! I cranked the 9.9 Evinrude up to 5000 rpm. *Snail Darter* sat back on her haunches and we were off!

Roy spotted the surge and responded in kind. Amazingly, we started pulling ahead! Rick and I were hooting like a couple of kids with the engine singing background.

With a quarter mile to the bridge, we had about 50 feet on *Escapade*. But to cross on the inside of the support stanchions, we had to come away from the edge. That's when I noticed we weren't gaining anymore. *Escapade* began veering over toward us.

They must have realized the unfavorable current was running faster in the center.

With about 150 yards to go and the huge bridge looming above us, *Escapade* trailed by a mere 30 feet dead astern. We had ear to ear grins and felt like screwballs racing down the Narrows at mid-night, two sailboats in a power race. My heart was pounding! *Escapade* was bearing down, narrowing the gap each second. The night was overcast and cool. We were alone on the river with only the sound of the screaming two-stroke and gushing water being shoved aside.

As we surged under those gargantuan girders we held him off by half a boat length! The crew of the 20 ft. *Snail Darter* gave a cheer. *Escapade* saluted in return. At that moment, we won the America's Cup!

From there it was on to Brooklyn in search of more high adventure and great memories.

2 TIME IS RUNNING OUT!!

If you haven't already sent in your reservations for the Spring Banquet, call Olwen Jarvis at

(215) 268-2616 to reserve seats.

An Open Letter to the Organizers of Sail Expo '93

This letter is to inform you of the outstanding experience that many members of the Windjammers Sailing Club had at Sail Expo '93. We strongly urge you to consider no other option but to reprise this event in '94 and henceforth.

Among the volunteers who participated in the event were Larry Conforti, Gloria Lieberman, Steve Zuzick, Danny Crook and Wendy Crook. These volunteers performed above and beyond in their duties as crown control police, especially when hundreds of increasingly angry sailors thought they weren't going to see Dennis Connor in Room 109. They love their jackets, and enjoyed seeing the show during their off times.

We saw many other Windjammers members there too, including Steve Borgianini, Al and Pat Carlson, Dom and Maureen Venditto, Bill and Olwen Jarvis, Judy and Gary Swank, Walt and Sheryn Rapchinski, Bob and Janet Wexler, Bill Ciunowicz, Chuck Hamilton, Ed and Connie Kohler, Art and Irm Liggio, Bill and Carla Miners, Bill and Anna Marie Martin, and Norm Wexler. All agreed that the show was excellent.

Larry Conforti has extolled the virtues of the show in a letter to Sailing World. He stated "John Bonds, Karen Kelly, Frank Betz, and Thor were just great. They made the volunteers really feel appreciated. All the speakers I worked with on Friday were all very nice people. I'd gladly volunteer again next year.

"The American's Cup Presentation with Gary Jobson, Buddy Melges, and Dave Dellenbaugh was fantastic. I even got the chance to ask Dave a question about on the water judging. Later that evening we attended the Sailing World Boat of the Year Party. What a crowd! We got to practice our racing tactics around the hors d'oeuvres table with none other than Dave Dellenbaugh.

"Saturday and Sunday Gloria and I were part of the sailing public. We attended seminars on many subjects, such as SAIL Magazine's Cooking at Sea, Womanship's Sail Your Boat Safely Home, Harken's Rig Your Boat for Racing, and Courtaulds' Racing Bottom Prep. All the seminars were very informative, and each speaker spent at least half the sessions answering questions. Bill Shaw's forum for Pearson Owners was a must for us. A room designed for 75 had at least 125 Pearson owners. After a short history of Pearson, Bill took questions from the audience. Each one started with "I love my Pearson." Like many sailors, I feel that my PHRF rating is too low, so I had to ask Bill how the Pearson 31 with a wing keel compares to the same boat with a deep draft. Unfortunately, Bill informed me that the ratings should be very close. Not what I wanted to hear, but Bill Shaw did autograph our owner's manual, so I went away happy.

"We along with a dozen other members of Windjammers were at the Dinner Dance. The young Olympic sailors deserved to be recognized. If I may make a suggestion; the day after the banquet have the All American and Olympic sailors available to meet the public and answer questions in the Exhibition Hall where their class boats are displayed. But the highlight of our evening, if not the entire show, was meeting Buddy Melges and his wife Gloria. Buddy is even nicer in person; he had time for everyone.

"Other highlights of the show for me were spending 30 minutes with Olaf Harken discussing what equipment *Lunasea* needs to graduate to the spinnaker racing class; meeting Walt Brown from Layline, whom I've called many times for rigging advice; and seeing so many performance boats side by side. I may like to start racing small one design boats like the Flying Scott, and retire *Lunasea* to more of our 'Chardonnay' pursuits. I could have spent all three days discussing the small one design boats with the manufacturers and class representatives."

As you can see, Larry had a singular experience at the show, as did the other Windjammers who attended. Wendy Crook reported that the highlight of the show for her was shaking Dennis Connor's hand, and hearing him speak to a large crowd about the America's Cup from his perspective and long experience.

For these reasons, we strongly recommend that Sail Expo '94 become a reality, and can safely predict that there will be even more Windjammers in attendance next year!

ELEVEN DAYS IN PARADISE

By Captain Roy Jensen

On November 20, 1992 I was one of twelve people who chartered two 45' sloops in St. Maarten. Our Kirie Feelings boats were chartered from Jet Sea, and built by Kirie, both French companies. We sailed out of Simpson Bay Yacht Club on the Dutch side of the island.

We stayed at the dock the first night and ordered dinner at a dockside restaurant. The waitress informed us there would be a slight delay. It seems there was an indoor kitchen and an outdoor grill, but only one chef. No problem mon! Alan, one of our crew members, volunteered to man the outdoor grill.

The next day we departed at 0530 to make the scheduled 0600 bridge opening, one of only two openings each day. After anchoring outside Simpson Bay Lagoon in Simpson Bay, we dinghied in to acquire scuba equipment. We were pleased that at the scheduled time a boat arrived with our equipment.

We departed at 1300 heading for Anguilla, five miles to the north of St. Maarten. Bob, our captain, set up a brand new fishing pole, with the hope of catching some delicious fish for dinner. Twenty minutes later we got a strike, and the reel started screaming as the line began to run out. I reached for the pole, but inches from my grasp I was horrified as the bracket pivoted, the pole slipped out of the bracket and was pulled overboard. Who caught who was the question that came to mind? Somewhere between St. Maarten and Anguilla there is a fish swimming around with a fishing rod.

We arrived at Road Bay and anchored. The wind was up and Road Bay was only

partially protected. The surge on the beach made it impractical to go ashore that evening so we dined aboard and listened to the steel band playing at the pub ashore.

The next day we tried to check in with customs on Anguilla but they were closed as it was Sunday. We sailed to Prickly Pear but the wind was still up, making snorkeling and diving the reef hazardous.

We sailed back to Grande Case, the French gastronomic capital of St. Maarten. Much to our chagrin, however, the restaurants are also closed on Sunday. So we ended up at a local dive and struck up a conversation with the French Canadian crew of a C & C 40' at the table next to us. They had just sailed from Boston to St. Maarten via Bermuda in ten days.

The next day we sailed to Ile Fourche in 20 knot winds. Ile Fourche, a few miles from St. Barthelemy (St. Barts,) is dry and rocky with several steep hills and craggy peaks. There is nothing there except goats who have devoured everything except the rock and the prickles, and judging by the way some of them were coughing, they may have started on the prickles. We made our first dive in the protected cove there. Later that day we sailed to Anse De Columbier, a beautiful secluded anchorage on St. Barts, complete with a beach and palm trees. We snorkeled and swam all day in the 80° + water. In the evening we rafted the boats together and had a Trivial Pursuit party aboard. The next morning a few of us began the day with a morning swim... what a great way to start the day, blue sky and warm aqua water.

Our next port of call was Gustavia on St. Barts, where we dropped an anchor and tied

Eleven days continued

stern to the dock. Coincidentally, we docked next to the Canadian boat whose crew we had met at dinner three nights before. We took a two hour mini-bus tour which covers the whole island. We were treated to some hair raising experiences passing other vehicles on the narrow winding roads which are cut into the sides of the hill. The next day brought calmer seas and we went diving at Le Pain de Sucre. Many of the corals which looked brown were really red when illuminated by an underwater light.

At this point we parted ways with our sister ship and headed back to Ile Fourche for an on-board Thanksgiving dinner. At 0200 I was awakened by strong winds, and our captain decided to set a second anchor. Shortly after retrieving the anchor from the stern locker he almost disappeared into it because in the dark he couldn't see that it was still open. I estimate the gusts were in excess of 50 knots, closer to 65 knots.

On the way to Saba (Netherlands) the next day we hooked a Mahi Mahi, a beautiful aqua, blue and yellow fish. Unfortunately for us, fortunately for him, we did not have a net and we lost him inches from my hands. This was not our trip to catch fish! Saba has a foreboding look about it. I half expected to see King Kong any minute. The peak of the island is 3000+ feet high, with sheer cliffs that come down to the water.

There is one small dock with two dive shops on Saba, so we had our scuba tanks refilled, something we had been unable to accomplish on St. Barts. There is also a decompression chamber facility, something the whole state of New Jersey is missing. By the way, they take Visa and Master card, which many people are relieved to discover. There is an airport on the only flat area on the island, the length of which is equal to an aircraft carrier. Near the top of the island there is a tropical rain forest. That night we

tied to a fixed mooring in the lee of the island, made a night dive, and found out the mooring was in 56 feet of water, only 150 feet from shore.

Our time in paradise drew to a close with a five hour sail back to St. Maarten and civilization. Our last night back in Simpson Bay was one to remember with Jimmy Buffet and Big Chill tunes, deck dancing and the ever popular rum punches.

On the plane trip home, I had a fleeting fear that the plane might crash, then realized it didn't matter...I had just spent eleven of the best days of my life...and it just didn't matter.

RACE COMMITTEE PRESENTS AWARDS

Incoming Race Committee Chair Dom Venditto reports that awards for the 1992 Racing Season were presented at a brief and crisp ceremony following the Frostbite Race on October 31, 1992. Results of the Racing Season were as follows:

Class A (Small Boats):

First Place	Laurentide
Second Place	Callisto
Third Place	Tie: Will O'Wind and Sloop du Jour

Class B:

First Place	Tara
Second Place	Lunasea
Third Place	Bittersweet
Fourth Place	Escapade
Fifth Place	Gentle Persuasion

Ladies Helm Race:

First Place	Olwen Jarvis
Second Place	Karen Shoenfeld
Third Place	Laura Carlson

Dominick reminds all members that the small boat class (defined as up to 27 1/2 feet) will continue, so please register for the upcoming season. Racing with Windjammers is fun, competitive, and instructive, but mostly fun. Watch for more info and race dates.

Going to Bermuda on a Busted Budget

by Captain Gary Swank

This is the second installment of Captains Gary and Judy Swank's Bermuda trip last summer aboard their Nauticat Motor Sailor "Northern Light" with their friends Al and Sue Falls.

After 6.5 days at sea, we finally sighted Bermuda between squally gusts of rain and wind. It gave itself away as a low clump of clouds that refused to move. That, and the fact that our radar and GPS both said it was Bermuda, and so did Sue, who was first to make visual contact.

We radioed Bermuda Harbor Radio, gave them our ETA of approximately 1500 ADT, plus the particulars of our boat and crew. We put up our quarantine flag, worked our way in through the Town Cut Channel, and at 1500 on the 20th of June tied up to the customs dock in St. George. A customs officer, in regulation shirt, tie and Bermuda shorts, came aboard, and he had all our papers in order in less than half an hour. We can't say enough about Bermuda "officialdom," they are polite, friendly, and unstintingly helpful to the visiting yachtsman. Oh, yes! and they collect a \$30 head tax per person. However, our anchorage in St. George for a week was absolutely free. The fee is used to help defray the cost of operating the Bermuda's Coast Guard and the radio services, which are first rate and well worth the price.

Having cleared quarantine, we ran up our Bermuda courtesy flag, and motored back out into the beautiful aquamarine bay to set anchor and prepare for our first night at rest on an even keel. Bermuda had other ideas! A storm blew back in out of the Southwest at 40 knots. We put out a second anchor, closed up the boat, and watched other boats drag their anchors through the soft coral sand. We decided it was a great night to not inflate the dinghy and go ashore.

Because we run a "dry" boat when under way, we also decided it was a fine night to light the drinking lamp.

Sunday, June 21st. We started off the day with a thorough engine check and maintenance, then inflated the dinghy, unstowed the outboard, and made our way into St. George. We all rented mopeds, and toured the North end of Bermuda. After lunch, disaster struck! Judy took a bad fall and left little bits and pieces of Judy-hide down the street. For the rest of the week, I had to avert my eyes from strangers who, I'm sure, thought my wife the victim of abuse.

The rest of the week in Bermuda was a blur of sight-seeing, photo opportunities, and eating, not wisely but well. Bermuda has a multitude of culinary offerings, from pizza to elegant continental cuisine. We ran the gamut, washing it all down with the island's favorite libation, "Dark and Stormy." That's Gosling's Black Seal Rum and Jamaican ginger beer to the uninitiated. A nice facet about visiting rum islands is that you can pretty much load as much duty-free rum on your boat as you think you can safely carry.

This is a cruising tale so I'll not dwell overly long on all the tourist things we did in Bermuda; there are cruising manuals that tell you where to find what. Just be aware that visiting an island by boat has some limitations, especially when anchoring out. All food and laundry has to be hauled by dinghy, and the best trick is keeping everything dry. Oh, and did I mention that

Bermuda trip continued

it rained at least some part of the day, every day that we were there?

In one week we saw all the forts, beaches, tourist joints, souvenir shops, British department stores, and oh yes, the tall ships! This being the quincentenary of Columbus' trip to the new world, all the world's major sailing vessels were on a round robin from Spain to the Azores, to the Caribbean, to Florida, and thence to New York. During our week's stay, we saw the great majority of them, as we were anchored only 100 yards away from the customs dock. We had arrived just after the Annapolis-Bermuda Race, and just before the Newport-Bermuda Race, so the island was crammed with racing boats as well.

Friday, June 26th. The weather was worsening, and a large low centered North of Bermuda showed no signs of budging, so we decided to leave a day early. We packed up the dinghy, secured everything aboard, topped up fuel and water tanks (water is 10 cents per gallon and very scarce in Bermuda,) and picked up our flares and flare guns at customs. They are considered weapons in most countries, and are impounded at customs, along with any firearms you may have. Bermuda customs gave us a complete package of weather maps, Gulf Stream maps, and weather forecasts for the upcoming week. We took our planned course through Bermuda Harbor, and monitored our single sideband radio - we were having some close range transmission problems.

At 1615 hours on the 26th of June we left St. George's Harbor and sailed into one of the most interesting storms we've yet encountered. The rest of Friday was not bad, although the seas were choppy, and we had 18-20 knot winds on our nose. We were sailing again, and heading for home.

Saturday, June 27th. By one in the morning, the skies were deceptively clear - brilliant stars were out, the wind was fairly constant at 18 knots and was beginning to back to ESE, which would let us sail more directly toward home. But the barometer continued to slide. By 11 am, the wind was piping up to 22 knots and the seas were starting to build. By 2 PM, the wind had built to 25-30 knots, and we rolled in part of the genoa and put a reef in the main.

By 3 PM we had put a second reef in the main, and we also put a reef in our mizzen sail. Clouds had been building, and it now began to rain. Bermuda Radio added to the fun by announcing that a gale warning was in effect, and advising boats not to leave Bermuda. Well, we were now 112 miles away, and the winds and the seas were behind us, so there was nothing for us to do but push on.

In late afternoon, as the storm continued to build, we passed a huge LNG tanker, painted bright red-orange, lying hull-to in the water. We gave him our coordinates and advised him that we would stand clear of him. We had our radar reflector up and our own radar on, which usually causes a pattern on another radar. But the seas were running so deep, he could not pick us out in the sea clutter, nor could he see us visually - although we were less than 500 yards away and could see him very clearly. The lesson here... stand clear from large ships; they often can't see you even when they are trying hard to do so.

By 1700 the wind was screaming at 42-45 knots, with gusts to 52 knots, and the seas had built to over 22 feet. The wind was ripping the crest off the waves and driving the spume horizontally. We were reduced to a storm jib only, and were making 7 knots

good. And when we slid down the face of the seas our speed increased to 8-9 knots. Our main job was just hanging on, and trying not to be thrown across the cabin as we'd slide down a wave and bury the bowsprit. Our auto pilot, a heavy chain-driven Neco, popped a fuse at about this time, and we were forced to hand steer through the rest of the night. It was too rough to look for the spares, or to try to install a new fuse. The worst moment came when hand steering, I let a wave catch us sideways, and we dropped off a wave face and landed on the starboard hull. I had visions of pilothouse windows popping and hull cracks, but *Northern Light* showed her North Seas heritage; her 3.5 ton lead keel just popped her back upright, the storm jib caught the wind, and we kept on flying.

Sunday, June 28th. Around midnight the winds began to abate, easing to 15 knots, and then gusting up to 25. The barometer had bottomed out at 1014 millibars, but it was starting to creep back up, and we knew the worst was behind us.

Judy fixed breakfast that morning - the first warm meal we'd been able to prepare since the morning before - and we all decided we'd live after all. There had been some moments when some of us had wondered whether we'd see another sunrise. Nothing is certain but change! By 2000 the winds had come around on our nose and then died. We cranked up the engine and marveled at the vagaries of the sea. Sometime during the storm we had lost one of our horseshoe buoys. We attempted to report it to Bermuda Radio by SSB, but could not get a reply, so we don't know if they got our message. The buoy had *Northern Light* painted on it; we can only hope no one found it and assumed the worst.

Monday, June 29th. The day dawned clear, and seas had subsided to less than 2 feet. We motored all morning, then began to pick up a whisper from behind. We raced to put up the spinnaker at 1030, then reluctantly took it down again in half an hour when the wind dropped to no discernible direction or strength! We again started the engine; the ocean was now literally as flat as a lake. During the early afternoon a super freighter, easily 1000 feet long, passed on the near horizon headed for Europe or perhaps Africa.

At about 5 in the afternoon, we came upon a 30' Catalina, *Desiree III*, headed for Ontario by way of New York City. *Desiree* was attempting the passage without using her engine. The skipper explained that he had a very small fuel tank, and needed to conserve what he had. He had a gas engine so we could not help him out. He was being set westerly faster than he could sail North, but wasn't too concerned. He had also weathered the earlier gale, and we got the impression he was kind of enjoying the dead calm as a change of pace.

The high point of the day was deck showers for Al and me. All the ice had melted, it was a warm day, and we hated to waste the water, so it seemed the logical thing to do.

Tuesday, June 30th. The night had been beautiful, loaded with stars, the Milky Way strewn across the sky, and light wind. by dawn we began to have some rolling seas and large clumps of Sargasso Weed. A check of our GPS showed we were being set substantially North and East of our dead reckoning line! We were in the Gulf Stream and catching a ride. By 1100 we had winds of 14-16 knots and were able to sail our rhumb line at 6.5 knots. The day ended on a perfect note. At 1920 a school of dolphins

Bermuda trip continued

came to play in our bow wave, and romped around the boat for over 10 minutes.

Wednesday, July 1st. The winds had died the night before, and we spent most of the early morning hours motoring, but by 0920 the wind piped up, and we wound up having one of our best sailing days yet; **129 miles without a tack.** Al and I were getting better and better with our sun shots, also our noon sextant reductions were less than one mile from our GPS indicated position! On a rolling sailboat, that's the same satisfaction as shooting a bulls eye at 1,000 yards.

The afternoon started getting hazy, then foggy, then rainy, and the barometer was slowly but surely falling. At 1550 our depth sounder informed us that we were on soundings! We were in only 90 fathoms of water - New Jersey was straight ahead.

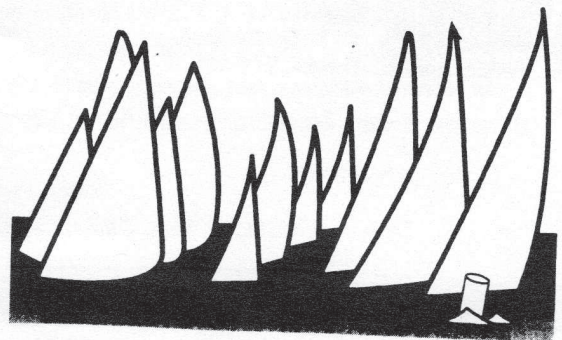
Thursday, July 2nd. By 2 in the morning there is a faint loom of light in the sky to the West. And the wind is piping up into the 25-30 knot range out of the Northeast. We're on a starboard beat and going hell-bent for leather for Barnegat Inlet. At 0720 we pass the "BI" buoy, and by 0857 we are tied up at the dock in Mariner's Marina.

We took approximately 6.5 days getting to Bermuda, and about 5.5 days returning. During that time, no one was sick, no one had an injury on the boat, and we had no gear failures of any consequence. We left with four people and returned with the same four - and we are still good friends! We viewed our trip a success. Would we do it again? Sure...if it were on the way to the Bahamas!

Is a cruise to Nantucket on your '93 schedule??

Black Pearl and Northern Light are leading a flotilla to Nantucket and you are invited!! Tentative plans are to leave by Barnegat Inlet sometime in late July or early August, sailing (motoring) the outside route straight through to Nantucket. From Nantucket the boats will "gunkhole" to Martha's Vineyard, Mystic, Exeter, and other points the group may find interesting. The return trip will be down the East River, around Sandy Hook and back to Barnegat Inlet.

As you just read, *Northern Light* has radar and other electronic gear, so fog will not be a problem. Give Gary or Judy Swank a call at (908) 583-8413.



1993 MEMBERSHIP DUES DUE

Incoming Commodore Dan Crook wishes to remind all Windjammers that their membership renewals are due now! For 1993 membership, please complete the application that is inserted in this newsletter. Don't forget we still need some volunteers and new ideas for the upcoming season! All are welcome to participate.

1992 WINDJAMMERS SAILING RESULTS

On the day of All Hollow's Eve, ten Windjammers could be seen on Barnegat Bay for anyone who dared to watch. The Frostbite Race was the last of the 1992 series for the club. Dominick Venditto reports that Piccolo took the first with a corrected time of 100.868. Conditions were daunting, with winds at 20-25 knots, rain, temperature in the low 40's with wind chill below freezing. Called the "Hypothermia Race," it also presented challenges for the captains by being a windward-leeward race with the wind out of the north, and not a reach to be found! The course was from markers 40 to 39 to BB. Dom reports that the start was a classic Windjammer start, with Piccolo barging but no protests due to the good nature of the event. The average time was 141.900, average corrected time 123.986.

Final results were:

BOAT NAME	HANDICAP	TIME	CORR. TIME
Piccolo	135	106.300	100.868
Escape	213	134.300	114.410
Callisto	198	133.683	116.171
Yacht-C	189	132.083	116.181
Escapade	192	133.450	116.902
Laurentide	243	152.083	124.663
Impatience	183	144.550	128.187
Gentle-Persuasion	141	136.900	128.782
Wendy Sea	177	147.583	131.954
Sloop-Cape	246	198.067	161.741



Windjammers Sailing
Club
Cedar Creek Sailing
Center
105 Harbor Inn Road
Bayville, NJ 08721

