

"HARBOUR LIGHT"

The Newsletter of
Herrington Harbour Sailing Association
Rose Haven on the Bay
Friendship, MD 20758

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October 1, 1985

BOYER MEMORIAL ROUND POPLAR ISLAND RACE RESCHEDULED

Due to crazy weather patterns and confusing NOAA forecasts, the popular Boyer Memorial Round Poplar Island Race was postponed from September 8 until Sunday, October 6. Remember, it's up to the skipper which way you decide to round the three little islands. So study your current tables and join your fellow HHSA'ers. Every year an unknown cruiser has surprised the racers in this fun cruise. Besides, Jack Marquez promises the weather will be great.

CALENDAR AT A GLANCE

October 5, 19, November 2	11:00 a.m. Noon	Captains' Meeting #3, #4, #5 Fall Race Series
October 6	10:00 a.m. 11:00 a.m.	Captains' Meeting Rescheduled Annual Boyer Memorial Round Poplar Island Race
October 12-14	9:00 a.m.	Cambridge, Dunn Cove Columbus Day Cruise cc: Tom & Charlene Willess
October 19	10:00 a.m.	Executive Committee Meeting
October 26-27	9:00 a.m.	Tilghman Creek Cruise

HNSA's FIRST ANNUAL BULL ROAST

by Dolly Gingras, Rear Commodore, Social

HNSA's fantastic bull roast on Saturday evening, September 7, was attended by over 120 members, friends and gourmets. A big tent was set up near the Herrington Harbour beach and jetty and happy hour started around 6:00 p.m., followed by volleyball, followed by dinner, followed by more fun and games. A great dinner of barbecued beef, ham, sausage and other goodies was served buffet style by "Rick's Bull".

The only problem was darkness. Have you ever tried to cut your beef, swat mosquitoes, juggle a drink and dodge a volleyball -- all at the same time -- in a black void? Perhaps next year someone will provide a florescent ball.

The late revelers even included a few tidy people who cleaned up the mess by midnight.

We look forward to another great bull roast next year.

POTPOURRI

Paul and Jane Spence sold Second Wind and purchased a Sea Sprite 34 which they've named Troubadore. They sailed it down from Rhode Island.

The color red symbolizes the port (or left side) of every boat on Chesapeake Bay except for Seventh Heaven, where Tony Kowalski has decided it should be on the starboard side. Tony's explanation is very hard to believe.

A swap meet will follow the Annual Business meeting on Sunday, November 17, 1985. So as you start closing up your boats, don't throw that extra or unused gear away; Swap it.

Due to popular demand, Jocelyn Marquez has agreed to compile another cookbook of favorite HNSA recipes. But because the HNSA cocktail parties are so famous, this one will be limited to your favorite hors d'oeuvres. Please send your favorite recipe to Jocelyn at 8411 Willow Forge Road, Springfield, VA 22152.

AMAZING GRACE

by Rich and Marie Ordeman

Steady winds, bright sunshine, crisp air and smooth seas were the perfect ingredients for the sail to Grace Creek. Considering the Northeast winds and the uncertainty from the weather forecasters, it was decided at the Captains' meeting to change the cruise destination from Swan Creek to Grace Creek. The winds cooperated, making for a most enjoyable twenty-one mile sail over and back.

Grace Creek provided a calm anchorage resplendent with four resident swans. A star-filled sky reflected in the calm water provided beautiful scenery for sipping hot buttered rum on the first cool evening of the season.

Wind Lass provided an ample hook and was joined by Crusader, Sea Sparrow, Spook, Trio, Viento, and White Gull.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING
ELECTION OF NEW OFFICERS
HNSA 1986 OFFICER SLATE

by Bob Enstam, Chairman, 1985 Nominating Committee

On Sunday, November 17, 1985, HNSA will hold its annual business meeting at 1:00 p.m., in the HH Restaurant.

This year's nominating committee of Bonnie Scott, Tom Willess, Colleen Sabo and Bob Enstam, is extremely pleased to present the following candidates for office for 1986:

Commodore

Jocelyn Marquez

Free Bird

Vice Commodore

Joe Batts
Al Doyon

Belfry
Circus

Rear Commodore, Cruise

Larry Glick
Martin Katz

White Gull
Terre Mar

Rear Commodore, Race

Tom Bartley
Tom Schuyler

Shotgun
Infinity

Rear Commodore, Social

Cheryl Davenport
Marie Ordeman

Breezy
Spook

Secretary-Treasurer

Dick Doyle
Nancy McCabe

Irish Heir
Kelly Ann

The office of Newsletter Editor is an appointive office by the Commodore and is not voted on by the membership. The Executive Committee consists of the above officers, the Newsletter Editor, and the Immediate Past Commodore.

We would like to thank all of the above candidates for their expression of a willingness to serve. As chairman of the nominating committee, I would like to thank the committee members for their efforts and for the terrific slate of candidates which resulted from those efforts.

SAILORS OUGHTA KNOW

by Bob Enstam, Past Commodore

Riding at anchor in a quite cove while watching a beautiful sunset is one of sailing's true pleasures. The act of anchoring, however, isn't one of sailing's pleasures for a lot of sailors. Lurking in the back of most of our minds is the thought of "dragging anchor" and the danger and embarrassment that goes with it.

Anchoring doesn't have to be a traumatic experience and shouldn't be. The best place to start with your anchoring procedure is with the anchor and associated ground tackle. A good, brand name anchor -- Danforth, CQR, Bruce, for example -- is well worth the money if only for the potential peace of mind it can afford. Next, you should have at least six feet of chain attached to the anchor, followed by about 250-300 feet of three strand nylon anchor line (rode). Large boats sometimes have all anchor chain and no line, which is the best, but expensive and heavy.

Find six sailors to discuss anchoring and you'll probably get six different techniques. And all of them may be correct and all of them may work. For this article, we'll discuss our method which is simple and more importantly, effective. It certainly isn't the "only" method.

When anchoring, we head the boat into the wind and become dead in the water. As soon as we are dead in the water, we lower the anchor slowly and let out sufficient rode for a scope of about five. Rode is the anchor line. Scope is the ratio of anchor line to depth of water plus height of boat above the water. If the water is eight feet (8) deep and the bow of the boat is five feet (5) above the water, the "depth" is $8 + 5 = 13$ feet. For a scope of five, we must put out $5 \times 13 = 65$ feet of rode. If the wind is blowing, we turn off the engine at this point and let the boat swing in the wind and take up the slack in the rode. As soon as the slack is out of the rode, the bow will swing into the wind as the anchor takes a bite in the bottom. If there is no wind, we back down very gently to take the slack out of the anchor rode. Under no conditions do we actually back down on the anchor. If, with all the slack out of the rode the bow doesn't swing around into the wind, your anchor isn't set. The cause is probably the bottom condition and you should pull the anchor and try somewhere else. Now that the anchor is set, we let out additional rode to give us a scope between seven and ten, depending on the anticipated wind and current conditions.

This easy method has enabled us to anchor successfully in 60+ knots of wind with green waves breaking over the bow of our 26 foot boat. We have also been the anchor boat on rafts of seven or more boats.

A quick word about pulling the anchor. Sometimes, if the wind has been blowing hard all night, the anchor will be buried deeply in the bottom and will be very hard, if not impossible, to pull. Be easy on yourself and your back. Drive off the anchor. To do this, move the boat slowly toward the anchor under power while at the same time pulling the rode onto the foredeck. When the bow of the boat is over the anchor (the remaining rode will be straight up and down), cleat off the rode and then speed up the engine. The weight of the boat and power of the engine will pull the anchor out of the bottom and you can easily lift it onto the deck. Anchoring doesn't have to be a major production. HAPPY ANCHORING!

NOT FOR RACERS ONLY

by Steve Carson, Rear Commodore, Racing

Perhaps this article should be titled "Confessions of a Rear Commodore" or something similar that is compatible with the content to follow. Regardless of that, I want to discuss frustration and discouragement which is eventually encountered by all who venture out onto a racecourse in a sailboat.

Throughout this spring and summer, the crew on Alize' and I have been driven by one primary objective. That goal was qualification for and participation in the Catalina 27 Internationals, which were to be held on the Chesapeake Bay this year. Through a series of races, we qualified and proceeded to move the boat North to Middle River. I should point out here that I elected to race in the spinnaker fleet as opposed to the inboard fleet which was a non-spinnaker class. As it turns out, Alize' was the only inboard spinnaker boat in the fleet (a distinction which could carry a penalty in super light air).

The Internationals attracted qualifiers from all over the United States and Canada (32 in all). The racing consisted of two shorter races on Saturday and one longer, weighted race on Sunday, all olympic courses. The winds were very shifty and going light.

My frustrations were to begin at the start of the first race (not a promising sign). We did not have a good start, which is a tough nut to overcome in one design racing. I had thought our position before the start was good until fifteen seconds before the gun when no less than fifteen boats seemed to simply appear on my windward quarter. I swear they just materialized there! The resulting bad air took half a lifetime to clear. By the end of the race, I was thankful only that another race followed immediately. We certainly needed to redeem ourselves.

In the second race, we had a good start and found ourselves among the leaders on the windward leg. We played the shifts and sailed our race. Our confidence returned. That is, we were confident until we tacked onto port with a wrap on the primary winch to be released. A wrap on the winch! It should not have happened! It should have been worked out before the tack! That's a rookie mistake which ultimately rests on my shoulders. Ah, well. By the time the problem was rectified, the boat had stopped and sort of drifted into a U-turn and Alize' was out of contention in this race, too. We were frustrated and discouraged because we knew we were better than we were showing.

On Sunday, we were even more determined and felt that we had "nothing to lose" in going for the longer, weighted race. We had a very good start and were able to capitalize on the extremely shifty air. Throughout the race, the wind lightened more and more. We, in fact, used our anchor twice to prevent the current from causing us to lose way. On the last leg, we found ourselves in second place as the wind went ultra, ultra light. With the finish line in sight, we could only watch as the fleet (all lighter outboards) started catching up. We held on for a fifth place and were glad for it.

Frustration! This was the most discouraging weekend of racing I had ever been involved in. However, through it all, in spite of it all, maybe even because of it all, I confound myself when I realize that (be it the generally competitive nature of humans, be it the pride that goes with winning, or be it some masochistic tendency) I want to go out and do it again.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT II SERIES

Final standings are listed below for the completed Wednesday Night II Series. With Race #1 and #8 cancelled for lack of wind, the best four out of six races were counted for points. Trophies are determined by the number of boats qualifying.

Spinnaker

<u>Boat</u>	<u>Skipper</u>	<u>Points</u>	
Alize'	Carson	6-1/2	1st trophy
No Name	Brooks	7-1/2	2nd trophy
Shotgun	Bartley	8-1/2	3rd trophy
Infinity	Schuyler	13	4th
Prime Rate	Summers	14	5th
Arcadia	McGuire	16	6th
Mary Lou	McGill	20	7th
Bifrost	Hare	20	8th

Non-Spinnaker

R2D5	Rancont	4-1/4	1st trophy
Liberte'	McClurg	6-1/2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2nd trophy
Samadhi	Smith	7-3/4	3rd trophy
Spook	Ordeman	20	4th

This series was easily our most competitive to date. A look at the point standings will bear this out. Throughout the eight race series, leads continually changed hands. The final standings were not in place until the last race. Congratulations to all participants on an intense, highly-competitive series.

Footnote on Racing

As the only entrant from HHSa in this year's Governor's Cup Race, my crew and I (on Alize') really appreciated seeing some "family" in St. Mary's City when we stumbled onto the gang from Mary Lou. Matter of fact, these guys keep turning up all over the Bay. Keep it up, guys.

HHSA CRUISE TO CAMBRIDGE
Columbus Day Weekend
October 12-14

by Tom Willess

It was less than 100 years after Sir Walter Raleigh persuaded Queen Elizabeth I to establish commercial colonies in the "Americas" that Cambridge was founded. Established in 1684, Cambridge is currently one of the three ports in Maryland that handle commercial sea-going vessels.

Plan now to sail your vessel to this historic seaport on HHSA's Columbus Day Cruise the weekend of October 12, 1985. Whether you route your yacht through Knapps Narrows or sail around Black Walnut Point, the trip to Cambridge is HHSA's first organized port-of-call located on the southern shores of the beautiful Choptank River -- nestled to the east of Hambrooks Bar and just around Gray Marsh Point.

The Skippers' Meeting will be held at 9:00 a.m. Saturday, October 12, in front of the restrooms. Shortly following its conclusion, the 26 mile cruise from Herrington Harbour to Cambridge will commence.

Upon your arrival, slips will be available at the Cambridge Yacht Club or the adjacent municipal marina. For Saturday night, HHSA has been invited to break bread at the facilities of CYC to be followed by dancing to a local band provided by the club. As a point of interest, the clubhouse of the Cambridge Yacht Club was a gift of the DuPont family and was designed to represent the superstructure of a ship.

For Sunday morning, take a stroll on "High Street", the center of the waterfront activity and the site of many 18th and 19th century homes. Also, see the skipjacks and other commercial vessels located on Cambridge Creek.

For those folks able to continue the cruise through Monday, the second night (Sunday) will involve an anchorage at Dunn Cove (approximately halfway between Herrington Harbour and Cambridge) followed by brunch at Knapps Narrows on Monday morning.

As previously indicated, "Take it from Columbus and discover something new -- discover Cambridge."

Cambridge Harbor entrance charts and other information will be available at the Skippers' Meeting (9:00 a.m., Saturday).

If you intend to make this exciting trip, please contact Tom and Charlene Willis home: 703-620-0324, work (Tom): 703-476-7337.

...THAT IS, FOR MY DEVOTED HUSBAND AND HER

by Beth Rubin

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My husband's in love with another woman.

For 17 years he had eyes only for me. But then he met her, and since then our relationship hasn't been the same. We used to visit museums, take long walks or get together with friends on weekends. No more! While I'm home polishing the silver, he's out polishing her pulpit. When I'm waxing the kitchen floor, he's off waxing her waterline.

Memories of cozy winter evenings in front of the fireplace when he would hold my hand and whisper sweet nothings are fading fast. Now he sits shivering in her unheated saloon while he fondles her fastenings and tells her she's nautical by nice. He used to enjoy talking. Now he prefers caulking.

In the past he complimented me on keeping a trim figure while avowing his antipathy for fat females. Today he's bowled over by her broad beam and Reubenesque curves. I haven't forgotten his lavish praise for my culinary efforts either. But his tastes have changed dramatically. He's forsaken pate de foie gras and vintage wine with me for stale bologna and bottled water with her. For our anniversary I wanted but didn't get an Eames chair. For their anniversary she received a bosun's chair.

When my orthopedist suggested installing a Jacuzzi in our bathroom to aid my ailing back, Captain Queeg dismissed the idea as impractical. Yet when the temperature dropped to 48 degrees last fall, he didn't hesitate to buy a bubbler for her. Last month I purchased a raincoat to replace the threadbare model I've worn since college. He thought it extravagant and convinced me to return it. Not a week later he ordered a dodger for her -- custom-made, yet -- at twice the price. While the rest of the family swelters, thanks to our home's moribund cooling system, he's in Rhode Island consulting with engineers about air conditioning her.

Heavens knows it's not easy being a woman scorned. And yet, I can see why he's attracted to her. After all, I've been around for more than a season or two. My sails are sagging, my decks are weathered and my engine stalls from time to time. There's little doubt that both my exterior and interior would benefit from a major overhaul.

She, on the other hand, is well-rigged, unbarnacled and always answers quickly. Worst of all, she responds positively to his every command -- something I've never excelled at, even in my prime.

Deep down I know it would be wise to keep an even keel and ride out this storm, but I'm tired of being in second place. So I'm sounding my foghorn and hoisting a hurricane warning. If she doesn't release her mystical hold on my mate, I'll perform a little surgery on her hull or slash her mooring lines -- whatever it takes to becalm the brazen hussy once and for all.