

"HARBOUR LIGHT"

The Newsletter of

HERRINGTON HARBOUR SAILING ASSOCIATION
Rose Haven on the Bay
Friendship, MD 20758



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December 1, 1985

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

On Sunday, November 17, 1985 -- a beautiful Autumn day -- the members of HHSA met to elect officers. Following vigorous campaign speeches, the following officers were elected:

- Commodore -- Jocelyn Marquez, Freebird
- Vice Commodore -- Joe Batts, Belfry
- Rear Commodore, Racing -- Tom Bartley, Shotgun
- Rear Commodore, Cruising -- Larry Glick, White Gull
- Rear Commodore, Social -- Marie Ordeman, Spook
- Secretary/Treasurer, Dick Doyle, Irish Heir

The position of Newsletter Editor is not an elected position. Lana Batts, Belfry, has agreed to serve again as the editor next year.

Please let any of the officers know if you can help or serve on a committee.

TRIVIA QUESTION OF THE MONTH

What color represents the port side of the boat?

Answer on page 2.

CHURCH CREEK CRUISE

by Dick and Patty Doyle

Two magnificent bald eagles circled Herring Bay while sixteen HHSA boats began a windy, sunny run to the South River and Church Creek. With the help of the following seas, the group surfed into South River at hull speed, reached upstream to Church Creek and motored to a quiet nook just beyond the entrance. Surrounded by the sparkling crimsons of hickory, oak, and maple growing to and branching beyond the waters edge, we anchored and anchored and anchored and anchored some more. Some tied to trees, others rowed anchors aft and tied to trees while most gave up and pretended to be anchored.

It seems that years of Autumns have left the bottom of Church Creek covered with those crimson leaves which have turned into a very deep loose mulch. Great for azaleas, but not so great for danforth's.

The majority of boats put down some kind of roots but those who could not stay stuck motored off to Harness Creek's firmer mud. Unfortunately, the gallons of hot buttered rum prepared by Irish Heir for all was consumed by a few.

The sail home Sunday was a series of tacks south into 30 knot gusts. It was an invigorating ride with most under reefed main and small jib. Larry Glick singlehanded White Gull all the way.

The wind, mild weather and good company all combined for a memorable end of season cruise, loose bottoms and all.

Participating boats included: Sea Sparrow, Breezy, Lucky Seven, Erren, White Gull, Adriatic, Bet-U-Ken, TerreMar, Spook, Final Fantasea, Circus, Songbird, Gardyloo, Crusader, Irish Heir, Erica, and Belfry.

* * * * *

Joe Batts is still looking for ideas for the Winter seminar series. Ideas which are being discussed include:

Weather on Chesapeake Bay, Racing rules utilizing tapes (has anyone bought the racing tapes advertised?), Varnishing and teak, First Aid Afloat, and Cooking Afloat.

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Answer to Trivia Question

Red, except on Tony Kowalski's Seventh Heaven which uses a Polish coloring scheme.

COAST GUARD COURTESY MARINE EXAMINATION:
SAFE BOAT COULD REDUCE INSURANCE PREMIUM

by Martin Katz

It was announced at the National Conference of the United States Coast Guard Auxiliary that the insurance industry has started to recognize the merits of the Coast Guard Auxiliary Courtesy Marine Examination (CME).

Many insurance companies who write boat insurance have recognized a valid CME decal by (1) requiring a CME decal before issuance of a policy of insurance, or (2) granting a premium discount for a boat that has satisfactorily completed and received a CME decal. Boat owners should shop around and get the best deal available.

Requirements for a U.S. Coast Guard Courtesy Marine Examination decal are:

1. Identification and Number: Papers are in order. Numbers block type, distinctly visible, proper size and properly spaced.
2. Bell: All vessels 7.9 meters (26') to 12 meters (39.4') must carry a bell.
3. Personal Flotation Devices: Approved type, required number, serviceable condition and readily accessible.
4. Ventilation: Adequate for each closed generator, engine and fuel tank compartment.
5. Backfire Flame Control: Properly attached to each carburetor of each gasoline engine.
6. Fire Extinguisher: CG approval number or UL rating of 5 BC or higher. Adequate in size and number for length of vessel.
7. Sound Producing Device
8. Navigation and Anchor Lights installed and operating satisfactorily.
9. Visual Distress Signals: CG approved and current date.
10. Portable Fuel Tank Containers: Free of leaks, properly stowed.
11. Permanently Installed Fuel Tanks: Condition and installation satisfactory.

CME (Cont'd.)

- 12. Carburetor Drip Collector: Installed to prevent spillage into bilge.
- 13. Electrical Installation: Wiring in good condition, circuits fused, no knife switches in bilge, batteries properly installed.
- 14. Galley Stove: Marine type properly installed.
- 15. Pump or Boiler: Suitable for size of boat.
- 16. Anchor and Anchor Line: Suitable size and length for vessel and operating area.
- 17. Paddle or Oar: Required for boats under 16 feet, only.
- 18. General Condition: Bilges clean, free from fire hazard.

Martin and Terry Katz (TerreMar, Slip H-6, (301) 977-1234) are certified U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Courtesy Marine Examiners. They have 1986 CME decals and will be happy to conduct the CME exam and issue the 1986 CME decal for your vessel.

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FROM THE BRIDGE

by Al Walker, Commodore

As my watch comes to a close, I want to express my appreciation to all of you who made 1985 a great year. I speak of all of the Cruise Captains, the Racing Committee, and the folks who took time to play Committee Boat for the races.

Now, a word about the Awards Banquet. For reasons beyond our control, we were unable to secure the downstairs of the club on the 7th of December. This meant that we would have had to use the upstairs which would have limited us to 75 seats. Your Executive Committee felt that this was not enough seating space for the number of people who would want to attend. We did explore other facilities that could accommodate our group, but at that late date, all suitable places were already booked. Therefore, we opted to move the Banquet to Sunday, the 8th when we could engage the entire downstairs of the club. I apologize for any inconvenience this may cause.

In closing, let me wish all of you a most happy and safe holiday season and my sincere prayer for a prosperous new year.

God bless!

TILGHMAN CREEK CRUISE

by Lee and Janice Himes

After a week of rain, hearty HHSA members greeted crisp pleasant weather enthusiastically for the sail to Tilghman Creek. Having been prevented from being Cruise Captains last year due to Lee's heart problem, we were looking forward to heading up this cruise. Unfortunately, Sea Sparrow refused to start -- another pump problem! This time it was a fuel pump and much easier to fix. A new one was obtained from Deale and Sea Sparrow was finally on her way -- only two hours late.

Lack of wind necessitated motoring most of the way but provided perfect conditions for rafting. Hor d'oeuvres began at 5:00 p.m. and partying continued all evening with hot spiced tea for warmth, homemade cookies for energy, and a full moon for atmosphere.

Quite a surprise awaited the group Sunday as each boat leisurely pulled away from the raft. Winds were blowing 10-22 knots right on our bow. At first it was great to be sailing (tacking) after the previous day's motoring, but progress was slow and the waters really became rough around Bloody Point. A wave into the cockpit had just completely drenched us when we were informed that one of the boats in our group had engine trouble. Counting our blessings that our engine was now running well, we were glad to provide a tow. Other HHSA members were waiting to give the troubled boat assistance into its slip when we reached Herrington Harbour. It's always such a good feeling to know that we can count on help from each other when we sail together with the HHSA group!

We were glad to have the Shoemakers on The Shoe Fits with us for their first HHSA cruise. The Diagazios on Interlude were welcome guests of the Manninos on Fair Lady. Other boats enjoying the cruise included Crusader, DeMinimis, Lucky Seven, TerreMar, Trinity, and Wraith -- ten boats in all.

LOG OF BELFRY

by Joe Batts

After a tension filled confrontational week at our offices, Lana and I decided that we needed a weekend on the boat alone. The forecast was for an atypical fall day of "less than 10 knots of wind and half foot waves out of the South." Sounded like August! So, we had that wonderful choice of motoring to the Rhoads River, Dun Cove, or the Little Choptank. Not wanting to stress our psyches too much, we decided to head straight east for Dun Cove and left all our conflicts, irritations, and stresses on the Western shore in Herring Bay.

It was a beautiful Saturday. The sky was clear blue and we could see all the way to the radio towers north of Annapolis. The air was cool and the water smooth as we motored steadily out of Herring Bay. The loons were surfacing between our wake and Holland Point and trilling their alert before diving down to the bottom. The loons we saw here in their dull winter plumage were the same loons we saw in their resplendent summer plumage in the movie "On Golden Pond."

We made a typical uneventful crossing of the Bay and just South of Coaches Island we spotted a flight of large black ducks that we hadn't seen before. After searching our bird books we were able to identify them as black scoters which have the unusual habit of swimming and diving as a raft. Sure enough, as we approached them, the whole group dived together and then resurfaced together. Very military-like; dress right, dress!

We passed through Knapps Narrows without going aground (this time) and watched, with great facination, several watermen shoveling oysters from their boats onto a long-nose conveyor belt which deposited the precious cargo into the back of a forty-five foot trailer. Other workboats were still out on the Choptank side of the Narrows with the watermen methodically tonging the oyster beds.

We turned North into Harris Creek and motored a full mile, passing a line of geese on the Eastern Shore. They were like a riptide of birds on the water. At the narrow part of the channel between marker three and four, we saw a loon trying to swallow a four inch flounder sideways. Apparently, this loon never attended a zoology course that would have taught him that only snakes have disjointed mandibles. We turned into Dun Cove and no one was there! No one! Our CQR found firm holding ground and we paid out plenty of scope in case an unpredicted wind developed in the night.

After determining that a bag of artificial popcorn was inedible by humans, we began feeding it to the Laughing and Ring Billed Gulls. Gulls are the garbage disposals of the Bay: they will eat anything. The gulls entertained us as they set up two feeding circles, one clockwise, the other counter-clockwise, to pick the kernels off of the surface of the water.

LOG OF BELFRY (Cont'd.)

By eight o'clock, fifteen boats had arrived and three had gone aground on the northern shoal. Doesn't anyone read charts? We grilled potatoes, onions, and green peppers in a foil packet on our barbeque grill and watched the setting sun paint the sky with the colors descending the spectrum; red, orange, yellow, blue, then deep purple. Later, we heated chicken breasts marinated in a teriyaki sauce and then served ourselves the chicken and vegetables under the candlelight of a moonlit sky. A little wine, a little kiss, and dirty dishes were left in the sink as we barely were able to spread the sheets and blankets before we collapsed into the proverbial full night's sleep. Anyone who stayed awake would have seen only the moonbeams crisscrossing the cabin sole as the boat swung at anchor and heard only the lullaby of wind and wave on the waterline.

The following morning we weighed anchor and decided to sail out of Dun Cove against a quick little channel breeze of fourteen knots apparent. We felt such condescension as we watched one sailboat go aground on the north shore, twist off and then go aground again. How smug we were -- but it didn't last for long. We sailed to the east side of Harris Creek and when we reached a depth of ten feet, we executed a crisp tack that brought us on a heading just south of green number four day marker. The channel is very deep there but very narrow. The depth gauge showed 28 feet, 15 feet, nine feet, four feet, all within 10 seconds! WHAM. Belfry, which draws five feet and eight inches, slammed into the side of the channel in the middle of a tack. The bow went down, the stern went up and Lana was thrown against the bulkhead where jaw met with pad eye and the pad eye didn't give. To add insult to injury (literally), I landed on top of her and her jaw smacked the pad eye again.

The sails were flogging wildly, the sheets were loose, and my wife was lying in the cockpit sole groaning and holding her head. But, I knew she was probably okay when I heard her say, "Turn on the damn engine!"

Now what does one do in this situation: attend to one's wife with unknown injury, start the engine, or secure control of the boat? I must admit to a bit of indecision at that moment. Since Lana wasn't in danger of falling overboard and I saw no blood, I decided to at least secure the sheets before starting the engine. This allowed the boat to heave-to and gave me a moment to check her. She appeared okay and could talk but had a very, very sore jaw and knee. Tough women these sailing wives! While she steadied the tiller, I dropped the genoa and then motored out of there. If we hadn't been so smug and overconfident of our skills and judgment, we wouldn't have pushed the boat to extremes in a tight situation.

Lana went below and put ice on her jaw and knee for a couple of hours. Surprisingly and happily, she developed no bruising but was tender for a couple of weeks. As she is fond of declaring to the uninitiated "sailing is not a recreation, it's a contact sport!"

We motor-sailed back to Herrington Harbour on a beam reach at hull speed in 17 knots of wind. Save the best for last and so much for a quiet uneventful weekend.

The Night Before Christmas, In The Marina

*Twas the night before Christmas, and all 'round our sloop,
Not a creature was stirring 'cept a gull with the croup.*

*The kids were all sleeping, tucked snug in their berths,
Dreaming of spinnaker runs and finishing first.*

*With ma in her long johns and I in a watch cap,
We were all settled in for a long needed nap.*

*When out on the dockside I heard such a commotion,
I thought it was ol' Neptune, come up from the ocean!*

*I leapt from the bunk, stepped on the dog,
Threw open the hatch and peered through the fog.*

*And what did I see in the night black as ink?
Eight snow-white wharf rats, towing a dink!*

*With a little fat skipper sailing her single,
I knew in an instant it must be Kris Kringle.*

*Closer and closer this startling rig came,
He called to the rats, and hailed them by name:
"Hi Melville! Ho Hawkins! Heave Ahab and Lipton;
Vast Nelson, Halsey, Slocum and Christian!
Over the pulpit and onto the deck,
Mind the stay, rats, we don't want to wreck!"*

*Like pelicans diving, on our foredeck they landed;
That was some trick, him being singlehanded!*

*Down the fore hatch he came with a bound,
Then aft to the saloon with scarcely a sound.*

*He was clad all in oilskins from his head to his toes.
And there was a touch of salt rime on the end of his nose.*

*A sack full of toys he had slung 'cross his back,
Which looked like a seabag, and that's for a fact.*

*His eyes had a squint like an old whaling master,
And his cheeks were all ruddy like pink alabaster.*

*A salt-flecked white beard he had, and a great fat paunch,
Which heaved when he laughed, like a storm-tossed launch.*

*He winked as he doffed the sou'wester from his head,
And made me feel sure I had naught to dread,*

*He said not a word, but went straight to his task,
Put toys in the kids' seaboots, then patting the mast,
Nodded once to me and climbed back up the hatch,
Boarded his dink, and I heard rat feet scratch.*

*Then I heard him call out, as he was lost in the fog:
"Merry Christmas to all, and put that in your log!"*

Mike Holahan
Sarasota, Florida

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