



The **FLOTILLA REPORT**

The Official Newsletter of The Sailing Club, Inc.

<http://www.TheSailingClub.org>

Volume 27, Number 1

March 2018



Tilghman Island

Crews overcome many obstacles to attend the annual festivities.

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Kick Things Off

Make your reservation today for our annual season kickoff party.

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Skill Building

Schedule your sprint training with on-lane and on-water options and CPR/First Aid.

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The Tale of the Whale

Mark Twain called Hawaii “The loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean.” Fifteen Club members ventured to the fiftieth state this past January to test the veracity of Mr. Twain’s observation. While this trip was planned a year in advance, the devastation last summer in the Caribbean made that decision seem clairvoyant.

We chartered three boats from Honolulu Sailing Company; however, they would only charter to us with a local captain, since none in our Club had any local knowledge. This proved to be of as much value on land as on the water. Joining us were Captains Greg on *Gauguin*, Nate (*No Hurry*), and Ryan (*Naia*, the one catamaran in our flotilla), with Club skippers Mia McCroskey, Steve Krakauer and Bob Rainey, respectively, acting as first mates. The other members enjoying paradise were Nancy Beirne, John Francischetti, Joel Mack, and Lisa Travaly (*Gauguin*); Corry Grant, Cindy Persaud, Karen Strouse, and Walt Wronka (*No Hurry*); and Linda Baker, Mary Ann Gordon, Nancy Mathiesen, and Doug Otte (*Naia*).

As this was their first visit to Hawaii several people decided to arrive a few days early. By



Spinner dolphins dance off No Hurry’s bow

Saturday afternoon all were present and ready for provisioning. This was followed by dinner at various nearby eateries. It was then an early bedtime, especially for those still on east coast time (five hours later), as Sunday morning’s departure would need to be early.

We held a skippers’ meeting at 8:00 a.m. to ensure that the Captains, who hadn’t been given much information by the charter company, were aware of the entire trip itinerary. With that, and some last minute provisioning, tank topping off, etc, *No Hurry* was off at 9:00 a.m., with the others away by 10:00.

Winds were from the northeast. Our destination, the west end of Molokai, lay about forty miles due east, so Captain Nate chose to motorsail along Oahu’s south shore for a couple of hours, to get a better angle on the crossing. *Gauguin* and *Naia* sailed southeasterly. This proved to be the faster route, as they were able to point high and avoid a second tack. But what they missed was twenty minutes of three pod of spinner dolphins riding the bow wave and crisscrossing in front, behind, and under *No Hurry*. What a sight!

Still, we arrived at Hale O’Lono harbor, a very isolated cove on the west end of Molokai, with plenty of time for a swim, and to admire the sunset. Locals like to camp out and fish at Lono. *Naia* found out just how unfriendly some Hawaiians can be. The calmest part of the cove was near one campground, where the locals threatened to cut the anchor line if we stayed there. Moving to the other side of the cove, we rafted up along the not-so-seaworthy seawall. This was really the only time we found the “locals” to be anything less than easy-going and friendly.

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... Hawaii

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Mary Ann: "Tonight we had a traditional Club appetizer party. Food was plentiful, as was laughter and Steve's famous piña colodas. Boats were quiet by 10:00 pm. About 10:45, Captain Ryan, sleeping topside, heard a loud pop! He was the only person who heard the stern line snap as gentle waves made our fenders squeak. However, the sound of his running feet (always a signal of a problem) directly above our cabin roused Linda and me. Once we were on deck, Ryan explained from shore where he was trying to secure what was left of the stern line to something! There weren't a lot of choices other than the rusting piece of iron that had cut through the old stern line. So for a few minutes, as a flashlight was found and some options weighed, Ryan pulled the stern about 20 feet back to the wall. Linda suggested a cleat she spotted slightly ahead of the stern and Ryan agreed it was the best choice. We found a newer line and *Naiid's* stern was made secure, as well as the other boats tied to it. As we made our way back to our bunks, we laughed because we knew an even worse wake-up had been avoided and we vowed never to tie up like that again."

The following morning, a few went for a walk along the deserted beachfront. Then it was off to Lanai, and Manele Bay. Along the way, *No Hurry* and *Gauguin* stopped along Lanai's west coast for a quick swim and snorkel under some towering rock formations. Arriving at Manele, with its very

limited docking, we were fortunate to get berths for *Naiid* and *No Hurry*. Arriving last, *Gauguin* rafted alongside *No Hurry*. Many appreciated the shore showers, before heading off to watch the sunset at Hulopo'e Beach Park. In Hawaii one can never tire of the sunsets. Most came back to the boats for dinner, but *No Hurry's* crew decided to splurge and dine at the Four Seasons resort, though not opting for the \$700 per night rooms. *Naiid's* crew finished off the night with a cutthroat game of Farkle.

A pleasant breeze greeted us on Tuesday morning for our sail to the Molokini atoll. This was intended as a short distance, about fifteen miles, so that we could take our time, and do some whale-watching. This is prime whale-watching season, as this is the time of year that humpbacks migrate from the cold Alaska waters to mate and give birth. Whale-watching usually involves some whale-waiting. However, we didn't have to wait long; the whales were everywhere. And not just lolling about, but breaching. A lot. The breaching happens so quickly, and of course, spontaneously, it's impossible to know when, or in which direction the next appearance will be. And it happens amazingly quickly for an animal that big and cumbersome. By the time someone yells "whale," it's already

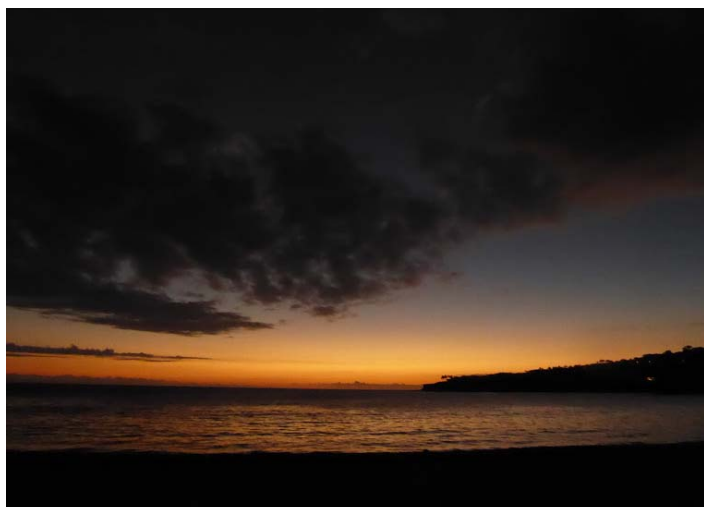


The raft at Hale O'Lono

to late to see what the other person saw, much less get a picture.

To protect the coral, anchoring is not allowed at Molokini; however, numerous mooring balls are provided. The only catch is that they are about ten feet below the surface. The water is crystal clear, and it's easy to see them once directly above them. After securing *Gauguin*, Greg dove for each approaching boat's line to assist in the tie-up. A few people went snorkeling.

Joel: "We snorkeled the Molokini Shoal and viewed beautiful variety of fish. However, the best views of the shoal were to be had by diving fifteen feet to get a closer look. Whereupon we could hear the sounds of the humpback whale calls."



Billion dollar sunset on Hulopo'e Beach at the Four Seasons, Lanai.

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The Official Newsletter of The Sailing Club, Inc.
19 Manor House Drive, Dobbs Ferry, New York 10522

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Please send all newsletter submissions to:

Mia McCroskey
19 Manor House Drive, K12, Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522
news@thesailingclub.org

... Hawaii

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As the atoll is open to the north, we were partially exposed to the swells and gently rocked to sleep.

In the morning, we headed toward Maui, keeping all eyes focused 360 degrees for more whales. Along the way *No Hurry* and *Naia* stopped along the coast for some snorkeling and lunch. When we arrived at Lahaina in the late afternoon we found no available dockage in the tiny harbor. *No Hurry* and *Gauguin* anchored in the designated area outside the breakwater, while

Naia proceeded a little farther north to a mooring belonging to a friend of Ryan's. Due to the size of the dinghies, it was necessary to make two trips, except *Gauguin's* had an electric motor with no way to recharge it, so the entire crew crammed into the dinghy for every trip. It was a bit of an adventure through light swell, but we made it. Wednesday evening we had a group dinner at the Lahaina Fish Company, one of the best restaurants on the island. The service was excellent and no one was disappointed.

Thursday was a layover day so people could explore the history of Lahaina, the first capital of a unified Hawaii under King Kamehameha. Several on Mia's boat did a historic walking tour, others just strolled around and window and souvenir shopped. All went to see the famous banyan tree, probably the largest you'll ever see (it's the largest in the US). When planted in 1873 it was a mere eight feet tall. It's now over sixty feet tall, covers two-thirds of an acre, and has rooted into sixteen major trunks. Most gathered for dinner at *Cheeseburger in Paradise*. Yes, it's the name of a restaurant. No, it's not related to Jimmy Buffett.



Hot Bread, a Kaunakakai institution not to be missed

one of the "top five moments of my life!"

Somewhere along the way, the starboard engine on *Naia* started blowing a lot of black smoke, and clearly was not providing any propulsion. Upon arrival at Molokai, Captain Ryan and Bob



Whale watching 360 degrees

changed into their diesel mechanic secret identities and dove into the bowels of the aft cabin to make some sense of the problem. After a few hours, and coming up with nothing, they put in a call to a local marine diesel mechanic. The man said he would come down to the boat at 7:00 a.m. the following morning.

With nothing more to be done, all three crews walked into town to Paddler's Restaurant, a local favorite. A local rock band was playing oldies, and after dinner several went dancing. Captain Nate insisted that we all enjoy an experience unique to Molokai (as if

we hadn't already). The local café and bakery makes something called hot bread that they sell after 8:00 p.m. From the back door. Many were tired, but quite a few followed Nate down a dark alley. They brought back blueberry and cream cheese filled loaves, which we warmed up the next morning with breakfast.

A little after 7:00 the next morning the mechanic showed up, looked things over for a bit, then declared that he needed his son to help him, and he would return shortly. However, about a half-hour later, he called to say that an emergency came up, and he wouldn't be able to return. Captain Ryan went into town looking for assistance from any likely place, including two auto parts stores. Alas, no help was to be found, so he went back to the boat for a deep think. At this point it was apparent that we were not going to make our next port of call back on Maui, so we had an unplanned layover day. The crews of *Gauguin* and *No Hurry* went into town to the weekly street market, breakfast, and re-provisioning. In addition, *Gauguin's* crew was trying to get a taxi or rent a car for an island tour. Unfortunately there were no rental cars available and the only taxi driver who called back but was already booked for the day. Finally, Greg was able to get a pick-up truck from the local U-haul.

Along the way, *No Hurry's* crew teamed up with Mia and her team for a ride back to the dock. Once back, we learned that Captain Ryan, figuring that nothing was wrong with what was inside the boat, decided to examine the outside. What he found was a rat's nest of a fishing net fouling the prop, preventing it from turning. Removing it solved the problem.



Molokai taxi: Nate, Walter, Cory, Lisa, Nancy B., Cindy, John, and Steve

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Hawaii...

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Captain Greg was familiar with the island, and took us in two shifts to a lookout on the north side of the island. From here we could see Kalaupapa National Historical Park, the Father Damien colony. The view was spectacular. It's also amazing how such a skinny island can have such markedly different



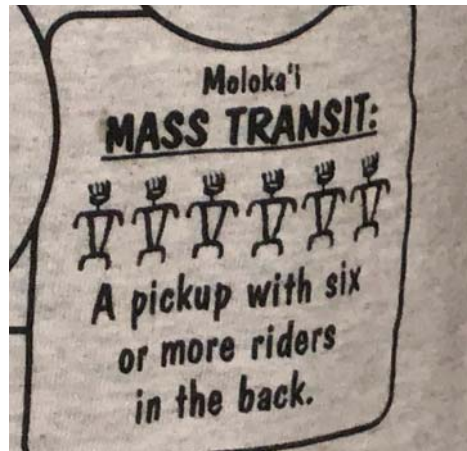
Kalaupapa National Historical Park

features. Unlike the relatively flat south coast, the north side has rain forests that rise steeply almost right from the coast.

The unplanned layover day on Molokai was unfortunate, but we had fun. It eliminated

the possibility of traversing the north coast of the island. However, the southerly winds and swells made the planned anchorage at the west end of Molokai too exposed to be safe or comfortable. The three captains recommended a harbor on Oahu a few miles west of the charter base, called Keehi Lagoon. One of the three marinas in the lagoon is the La Mariana Sailing Club, home to an original tiki bar which was used as a set for the original *Hawaii Five-0* television series. This was especially attractive as we would be at slips, with showers, and enjoy our last night out enjoying a Hawaiian legend. Slips were also desirable as the weather forecast was for heavy rain in the late afternoon, the first rain of the entire trip. Certainly not conditions desirable for anchoring and dinghying.

To get to Keehi we would have to travel about sixty miles, so we departed at first light at 7:00 a.m. With a combination of light air sailing and some motoring, with a little more whale-watching thrown in, we arrived at Keehi by mid-afternoon, just before the rain. The crews of *Gauguin* and *No Hurry* dined at the



Walter found the perfect t-shirt on Molokai

restaurant, while the *Naia* gang ate on board. Joel felt that the Mai Tai's here were the strongest of the whole trip.

By Monday morning the rain had cleared out, but the winds had shifted back to the east. As it was a short distance back to the charter base (due east, of course), *Gauguin* and *No Hurry* motored back. *Naia*, however, got in some last minute sailing.

This was the Club's first trip to Hawaii, and by all accounts everyone had a fantastic time. Any difficulties encountered were outweighed by "but we're in Hawaii!" Perhaps

TSC Spring Training

On Land:

Get Your Head in the Game

Free! April 14

The Hills Highlands Rec Center

Safety, Communications, Piloting, Anchoring, Essential Knots

On Water:

Get Your Hands On The Helm

\$285 June 2 - 3

Rock Hall, Maryland

Steering under power and sail, Man overboard techniques, Rafting, Docking

Watch Your Email for More Information or visit www.thesailingclub.org/calendar

Spend a Day to Save a Life

CPR and First Aid Training

Saturday, April 7

Location and Directions

Whitehouse Rescue Squad

269 Main Street, Whitehouse Station, NJ 08889

CPR/AED2	\$44.00
First Aid	\$34.00
CPR/First Aid	\$58.00

Download the sign-up form for details

<http://www.thesailingclub.org/training/firstaid.pdf>

To Tilghman Island We Go – Or Maybe Not...

After a three-year hiatus, it was time for the Club to return to Tilghman Island for its annual seafood festival. The plan was to sail from Rock Hall to Knapps Narrows on Friday, taking slips for two nights at the marina there in order to enjoy a full Saturday at the festival.

About two weeks before the trip, Bob Rainey downloaded the latest charts for the Narrows, and it reported a controlling depth of two feet – yikes! While Knapps Narrows has had shoaling problems for many years, and is overdue for dredging, it

departure from New Jersey, this person (who shall remain nameless) arrived in time for breakfast.

Friday started out as a perfect fall blue-sky morning. After final preparations were completed at Haven Marina, Intention and Gambol (the substituted boat) departed around 10:00 a.m., motoring the familiar Swan Creek channel past Rock Hall Harbor toward the northern Chesapeake Bay. The weekend weather report

forecasted clear sunny skies, 70 degree days, and cool dry nights. What could possibly go wrong?

10:30: “Krakauer, this is Rainey. We have a charging problem. We are returning to Haven Marina for repairs.”

11:30: “Krakauer, this is Rainey. We are underway and will soon join you.

11:45: “Krakauer, this is Rainey. Our engine belt is smoking. We’ll have to again return for repairs.”

12:00 pm: “Rainey, this is Krakauer. We too have a charging problem and are returning to Haven Marina for repairs.”



Steve, Joel, Jerry, and Hank

At 1:00 p.m. both boats were back in the marina. The boat malfunctions seem to be growing and we wondered if our plans to attend Tilghman Island Day were doomed.

Finally, at around 2:30 p.m., with one more boat swap (Intention for Cool Breeze) and Gambol repaired, we proceeded “with all deliberate speed,” (i.e. as fast as we could motor), due south through Kent Narrows. We arrived at the Harbor Inn in St. Michaels just barely before sunset. After dark, some departed for libations and dinner at St. Michaels Crab and Steak House.

On Gambol, an energetic game of Farkle (a dice game) was won by Henry Gibson, who came from behind in the final round by scoring big with two set of threes.

Another beautiful clear morning dawned on Saturday, and we sampled the free Harbor Inn continental breakfast with omelet station, before our 9:30 a.m. taxi ride to the Tilghman Island Day festival. This didn’t go exactly as planned, as the taxi company bungled one of the van reservations, requiring one crew to wait for the first one to come back from Tilghman. But things don’t really get started until close to 11, so no one was worried. The festival features traditional activities like crab picking and oyster shucking contests, a workboat docking contest, live music,

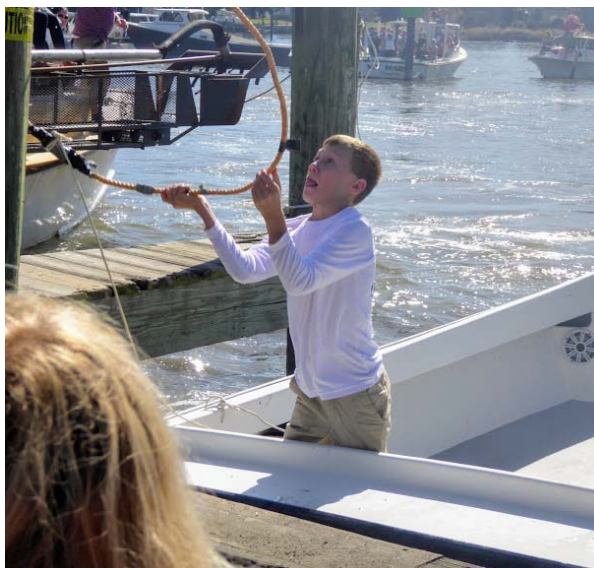
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Gambol gets under way

was hard to believe that it was that bad. An email to the charter company, however, removed all doubt. They were not allowing any of their fleet to transit the Narrows. This caused a major re-think to the itinerary, at one point even considering driving from Rock Hall to the festival. Instead, we were fortunate to secure slips at St. Michaels, and arranged for Key Lime Taxi to bring a couple of vans for the short trip from there to Tilghman Island. These would not be the only obstacles encountered on the trip.

Most everyone found their way to Rock Hall on Thursday with little difficulty. Hank and Beth planned on a late arrival so had dinner en-route. Joel got caught in a massive traffic jam on the turnpike, but was saved from starvation by a box of Mallo-mars. The rest had an enjoyable dinner at the Osprey Point Restaurant. Except for one person, who thought the trip started on Saturday, not Friday. But with a very early



Junior speed boat docking

Tilghman Island...

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and lots of food (crab cakes, steamed crabs, oysters...) prepared and served by volunteers. All proceeds from the festival go to the Tilghman Island Volunteer Fire Department.

Three of the most popular events take place at the harbor. First up is the jigger toss (think dinghy anchor, but heavier). It looks easier than it is. While the winning toss in the men's division was sixty-three feet, most tosses were in the twenty to forty foot range. Next up was the rowboat races. There weren't as many contestants as for the jigger toss, still it was fun to watch. Again, looks easier than it is.

Finally, the main event – the workboat docking contest. This is a timed event, and each boat gets two tries. The first division to compete was the twelve and unders. It was won by the same kid that we saw win it three years ago. Back then, he had a better time than all the adults. He almost achieved that again this year, but not quite. He was a few seconds slower than his dad, who won the adult division.

We had front row seats for this one, which is risky as the boats sterns kick up a splash.

That night, Gambol's crew again played Farkle, but apparently without any fireworks (or keelhauling of anyone).

We awoke on Sunday hoping to finally be able to sail to our anchorage for the evening. However, a foggy morning delayed our departure, so we took solace in the free breakfast, which this time included lots of

smoked salmon. After some fog cleared, seven people took advantage of the free bike rental to do a misty bike tour of St. Michaels. A bike path with a covered bridge provided lots of photo opportunities. We explored the outdoor sections of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St.

Michaels. Lots of great history here Further outside of town, the bikers joined a gathering of dog lovers for the annual Jack Russell Races. The muzzled dogs race from a starting cage and chase a scented lure to the finish line. Dogs of all sizes gathered for the "yappy hour" to see and be seen, although only the Jack Russells raced. With time constraints, we reluctantly left the races to return to the marina for our noon departure.

Cool Breeze motored the calm air of Eastern Bay with boats appearing and disappearing in the moderate fog.

Gradually the fog lifted and visibility returned. After clearing Bloody Point Bar, Gambol, a mile or so behind, was able to catch some air. We crossed the Chesapeake



Sunday morning cyclists

Bay to the South River, just south of Annapolis. Our destination was Selby Bay on the South River, which proved a little rolly at first, but re-anchoring further in proved satisfactory.

That night, we had our usual raft-up party, with the usual oversupply of tasty treats, especially Linda Baker's rum cake! Afterwards, Gambol's crew played Farkle, while Cool Breeze's crew watched the New England Patriots dominate the Baltimore Ravens on the salon television.

On Monday, we finally had some decent sailing weather for our return to Rock Hall. Despite all the obstacles thrown in our way, we managed to have an enjoyable weekend.

—Joel Mack

Boat US Discount



The Sailing Club, Inc. is a group member of BoatUS. The primary advantage of this membership is that it provides a discount for those Club members that may want to join BoatUS for their own purposes. It is a worthy organization with informative newsletters about boat operation and maintenance. There are various levels of membership that provide partial coverage for boat towing and trailer towing.

Our group code is: GA82513S

You can use this code for your renewal or initial BoatUS membership application.

If you have any questions please contact Commodore Bob Rainey, rjraineyjr@aol.com, 908-872-9101.

Annual Meeting and Luncheon

Saturday, March 25

1:00 - 5:00 p.m.

Hotel Indigo Basking Ridge

80 Allen Road

Basking Ridge, NJ 07920

\$35 per person

\$40 at the door

Please Make Your Reservation by March 20

Door Prizes!

Cocktail Hour (Cash Bar)

Meet the Trip Leaders

Election Results

Board Installation

2018 Season Trip Presentations

Don't get wait listed: Bring your check book and your calendar

Reservation form below. Mail paid reservations to: Rudy Vallejo, 945 Garibaldi Place, Washington Twp., NJ 07676.

Questions or late reservations: Call 201-358-1185, or email: SocialEvents@TheSailingClub.org

The Sailing Club Annual Meeting and Buffet Luncheon Reservation Form

A check, payable to "The Sailing Club, Inc." must be included for all names below:

Your Name _____ Phone _____ e-mail _____

Guest _____

Guest _____



C/O Mia McCroskey
19 Manor House Drive, K12
Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522

2018 CLUB EVENTS

Date	Event
<i>June 2 - 3</i>	<i>On Water Training</i>
<i>June 23 - 25</i>	<i>Magothy River, Chesapeake Bay</i>
<i>July 8</i>	<i>Barnegat Bay Daysail</i>
<i>August 6 - 12</i>	<i>Lake Superior, Bayfield, Wisconsin</i>
<i>September 9 - 14</i>	<i>Maine Windjammer</i>
<i>October 6 - 8</i>	<i>Chesapeake Mystery Trip</i>
<i>February 2 - 10, 2019</i>	<i>Florida Keys</i>

Check www.thesailingclub.org for details on these and additional events as well as our upcoming sailing season

Photographers in this issue: Steve Krakauer, Joel Mack, Mia McCroskey, Deb Munther, Doug Otte

