



May 2012

@ The Beach

Mother's Day

Sunday May 13th

Beach Clean-Up

10 AM Saturday, May 19th

Wine-Up at the Beach

Sunday, May 27th

Fleet Meeting

Saturday, May 5th
8 PM At the Cat House

Officer's Meeting

8:00 PM Wednesday May 2nd
At the Cat House

Race

Fleet Race 2

11 AM Sunday, May 6th

Fleet Race 3

12 PM Sunday, May 27th

SHBCC Fleet 250 Regatta

Saturday & Sunday, June 2nd & 3rd 12 PM

Fleet Race 4

12 PM Sunday, June 10th

Commodore's Corner

Vic Simon

The club is open for the sailing season and the beach looks great.

Membership looks good and we are at 114 boats as of this writing. The social arena opens up with our joint Memorial Day-Wine-Up bash on Sunday of the Memorial Day weekend. Please check the web site and newsletter for details. Mark Brady can use help with both ideas and assistance. Feel free to contact him.

Greg Raybon has an energetic race program running with both races and instructional awaiting your

participation. To offer any help please contact Gregg.

Right now the beach program is in the middle of an upgrade to our wheels shed. Prior to the summer we will have something in place. Regular maintenance clean-ups will be held, just check the calendar section.

If any problems or questions come up please feel free to contact myself at any time. Keeping this short and sweet. Here's to much wind and great weather. See you at the beach.

Vic Simon

For the most current information visit us on the web

WWW.FLEET250.ORG

GAME ON!

By the time you read this report, we will have completed our first race of the season. The first race is known as the Icebreaker, but since no ice formed this year we may have to think of a new name. The weather has been great. No excuses to get your boat ready. Me, well, I've been working a few late nights to get my toys ready. Oh, yeah, they are not ready yet either. If you need any help with boat repairs or questions on how to rig your boat, there are always plenty of experts around to help. Just ask and I'm sure we can find some "expert" to get you headed in some direction. If you missed the first race, our second race is scheduled for May 6th.

Instructional/Learn to Sail

We held the second event in this seasons instructional series on Wed April 18th at the Atlantic Highlands Yacht Club. About 16 people came to hear a short course on the anatomy of a race course. I am happy to report that 3 of the 16 attendees were youth sailors. Now that's what I like to see. Pizza and beverages were served while Mark Modderman and I explained the basics of sailboat racing. We spent most of the time talking about Starts, covering everything from the starting sequence to which end of the line you want to start at. Of course you want to start at the "favored end" but which end is favored? The seminar included

a look at a sailboat race on a website called www.kattack.com. Here sailors use tracking devices on their boats and record their track during a race. Kattack software overlays the race course and time so you can replay the race and see how the race can be won or lost. You can go to their website and watch a number of previously recorded races. If you want to watch catamaran specific races, go to the CRAW series. As was explained at the seminar, the courses may seem strange to you as they tend to differ from the course we use in our fleet races. But generally they are the same basic structure of an upwind leg and a downwind leg. Some of the variations you may see are where the downwind marks are set relative to the committee boat. Sometimes they are above or upwind of the committee boat which is different than our normal setting where the mark is downwind or "below" the committee boat. We are investigating ways to bring tracking into our events. It can be a great instructional tool and a great means to keep track of people in distance racing as a safety feature.

Look for the next instructional seminar scheduled for June 9th at the beach. We may toss in something in May at the beach, so keep an eye on the website and check your emails.

Greg: graybon@verizon.net



SAFETY & SECURITY

Nick Aristovulos

Last week there were some strong windstorms, one boat twisted and went off its cradle but due to the sharp-eyed vigilance of one sailor who refuses to be named, all damage was averted, thanks Rory..... Make sure you have two strong tie downs so damage by your boat to your neighbors boat

hopefully does not occur, keep them tight. You aint seen nothing yet but ultimately you are responsible. Thanking you for all your understanding... Questions?

Nick 732 8721719

Beach Rules

1. Boats stored on trailers must be tied down by 4 pylons to the trailers.
2. Boats on the beach must have 2 tie-downs.
3. Boats are not to be stored on trailers in the summer trailer storage area.
4. Do not leave wheels at the water's edge. Bring them to the gazebo. At night, if you are the last one to use them, bring them inside the gate.
5. Do not move boats on wheels, above the high water line when sails are up.
6. Do not put your boat, or trailer, in any spot other than your assigned spot.
7. Do not leave boats on wheels, others are waiting for them.
8. When in storage, all wings must be up, except 21's,
9. Drive s l o w l y in the parking and fenced in areas.
10. All garbage must be separated and sorted into the proper receptacles.
11. No glass is to be used on the beach.
12. Pick up after your dog/s.
13. Step your mast in the rear of the parking lot.
14. Cars and trailers are not permitted on the sand beach. Use wheels to move boats from the parking lot to the beach spot. Do not block the beach gate.
15. The cathouse and shed are to be used for storage of fleet owned equipment fleet supplies, only. No personal items.
16. A guest that visits the beach more than 3 times is expected to join. Do not expect the club to subsidize your guests indefinitely.
17. No-one under 21, is allowed to consume alcoholic beverages.
18. Beach hours March 9 AM to 5 PM only on weekends - April thru November Dawn to Dusk
19. The gatekeeper is Ruth Keenan, her telephone is (732) 291-4767. There is a \$35. charge for her to open the gate for you at any other time.
20. Do not leave boats or trailers that are not registered to the club, on club property. They will be chained up and you will be fined.
21. On weekends and holidays there is no parking in the area between the cathouse and the bulletin board. (Exception: The beverage runner.)
22. Washing cars is not permitted at the club.
23. Any trailer, in the lower lot, found to have a flat tire, will be moved to the upper lot. Once the repairs are made by the owner, the trailer may be returned to its assigned spot.

The July summer of 1969 came and went and along with it the vacations to Lavallette and my attraction to the bay there was interrupted permanently. My parents eventually divorced and it was announced that we were going to move far away from where I grew up in Middlesex. I was devastated at first and the question of where too came to mind. My mom said, "Down the Shore", as most of the summer vacation folks called the shore towns. It was a place called Wall Township in some faraway place called Manasquan Park. I began to falter because I could not repeat the name of this town. My mom offered, the beach was nearby as a token of peace for the family upset we were all dealing with on our own levels. That meant water, lots of water, things were looking up. You have to remember that I enjoyed the bay slightly more than the ocean. Still do.

The move came and it turned out we lived in a section of town with the Manasquan River a few blocks away. River equaled water, lots of water. I rode my bike there often to hang out and spend time with the others in my age group. I had to come up with some way to occupy myself so plenty of times at the river, woods or in the fields riding my bike made my homesick feelings go away. One day on the bus coming home from school I spied a small sailboat that was dark forest green both in the sails and on the body of the boat. It was nearby so I rode my bike down to look at it and fell instantly in love. It was in perfect condition and the inside was finished in cedar and had a shiny polished clear finish. It was no more than 7 foot long and it had a flat front similar to the white one the Butlers have on the beach now. The mast and boom were also wood and finished to the same shining luster of the cedar inside the boat. I just had to have it!

This boat would be my escape vehicle to get me far away from this place I did not want to live. I talked to my mom about it and saved money from sitting and doing chores for neighbors. I earned about half the money and my birthday came and they bought me the boat and covered my shortage. I was now the happy owner of this little treasurer of a sailboat. I remember some of what our family friend had tried to impart to my Dad but he had failed to learn. I did self-teach myself to sail with that little bit of knowledge I gleaned from that day on the bay with him. Books from the library helped some and yes some days dragging the boat back across the upper river mudflats when I got caught by low tide taught me valuable lessons. I do think that sailing is something that we are born with, a naturally acquired skill or part of who we are and our coexistence with the uncontrollable forces of nature. A kind of nomadic lifestyle minus the desert and herds needing to be kept fed. But I learned to sail in spite of all that. It was funny; I just couldn't remember all the parts of the boat and to this day I still call the rudders the dagger boards and vice versa. Basically, I said to hell with nomenclature, become one with the boat and nature, the rest will find its way in time. But knowing how to sail was more important and yup I tend to still do that today also. I can't count how many times friends at the club will correct my choice of terms. I think the last was when Roger corrected me that the boom was not the mast. You get the idea. I mean let us not be confused with facts about sailing fun with terms that made no sense. Who had time for that, only those pompous folks at the Yacht Club handing out bragging rights about their exceptional skills on the high seas. It's all phooey I tell you. I wanted my escape to a place outside the stresses of life, adventure!

I learned to watch the tide and winds daily in the summer months and planned my trips on the Manasquan River to give me ample escape time to wander about exploring the back water areas of the river as well as how to navigate my way back home. Fear of getting caught with an outgoing tide with shallow water made a centerboard into nothing more than a clumsy oversize oar not to mention the no, see, ems that would bite you endlessly when there was no wind. I found a classmate that also

had one these sailboats but it was blue with a white sail. We still lived in the age of innocence when it relatively safe to wander down or up the river and find a place to beach and set up camp for the night without worrying about getting harmed or worse. One of these planned overnights was going to be on Treasure Island in the middle of the river not too far from the Point Pleasant Canal. We would sail by the canal close enough nearby to get the push from a strong outgoing current now and then. One look up those treacherous waves erased any idea that we would sail into the bay below. But I would often think, it was something we could do if we timed the tide right. Mind you there was no thought given to how we would get back once we got through let alone the Route 88 Bridge in between. While on the trip down river we beached the boats and took turns trying to convince an adult to purchase a case of beer for our party that night and sleeping bags loaded in plastic bags we made sailed our way onto a less used area of the island. Once the boats were dragged up high on the beach we faced them toward each other on their sides and used the mast and sails to make a tent over us. Life was good, shelter, snacks, chips and cold beer roughing it out on the island. The beer eventually got warm so we put it in the river so it would not reach the humid high eighties that it was outside. Settled in for the night and a small fire started we headed to the water to get out our cold beer. The tide had come in and beer cans do tend to float somewhat, Need I say more? We found one of the six packs making its way down the island headed for the Atlantic Ocean. Warm beer and mosquitos makes for a less than wonderful night in a hot sleeping bag head tucked inside to avoid the buzz in your ears of blood suckers. But it was great fun none the less.

The next day we sailed about in the area between Brielle and Point Pleasant for the morning until we got tired of being pitched about and fighting the waves from the powerboats headed out to sea. My Mom was in Point Pleasant hospital having given birth to my sister, Tracy and she watched us from her room sailing about. I am glad she didn't see the beer and if she did she never said anything. It made good sense to get back farther up the river with the incoming tide beyond the Route 70 Bridge and to take advantage of the wide area in the river around Brick. I always hated going under the bridge and having to fight the current shift that occurred there always. I had gotten spun half way through there once and had run bow first into one of the columns supporting the bridge. The bridge tender was running back and forth to make sure I had not sunk. But I had nine lives of a "cat" which was in my future; eight today would only amount to one of them stolen away. I will admit it scared me to death but would never admit to it. I was a kid invisible so I thought but my nervous laugh when talking about it told another sailors story. We made a long day of slowly tacking back up the river following the wind ripples on the water surface to the beach area near my home. The mudflats of the upper river low tide had been beaten yet again. There would be no dragging the boat in with mud up to your calves today. I surely loved that little sailboat.

See you on the beach
Jenna

PS: If anyone has a story that they would like to share about sailing experiences or significant events and wants to sit and tell me their story, stop by my camper this summer and I will put your story in print for our members to enjoy.

Club Officers

Commodore	Vic Simon	732-583-6558	ROTCIVNOMI@aol.com
Staff Commodore (Race)	Greg Raybon	732-747-4313	graybon@verizon.net
Vice Commodore (Social)	Mark Brady	(732) 580-9606	mark.brady2@comcast.net
Rear Commodore (Beach Maintenance)	Scott Rathburn	(732) 241-1615	scott.rathburn1@verizon.net
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Safety & Security	Nick Aristovulos	732-872-1719	
Newsletter	Bob Fraser	973 744-8998	sailski@verizon.net

Classified Ads

Place Your ad here.

Email Bob sailski@verizon.net or call 973 746-4050 (work) or 973 744-8948 (home)

FOR SALE: Hobie 16 with trailer \$995. It sailed great in 2011. Sails, Tramp, and hulls are in good condition. See the cat in the SHBCC upper lot. Also for sale, \$59 hot stick. Contact George S. Home 732-671-4626 or Cell 732-832-1261

Your **FREE** AD could be here!!!

1988 Hobie 17 Race Ready: single piece mesh tramp, Harken 6:1 blocks. Mast rotation system, Foam core-fiberglass rudders. Comes with two sails, one is original sail from 1988 (yellow, #4982), the other is from 2000 (blue, #6187). Wings have original white vinyl tramp covers. No trailer. \$2000.00 or best offer Greg R. graybon@verizon.net, 732-747-4327 home 732-888-7221 work

2004 Nacra F17 Sport - USA 217 Mylar main, Self Tacking Jib (new 2011) Two spinnakers (standard and XL) Beach Wheels, Gear box, Covers for beach storage - Excellent condition can sail single hand or with crew Asking \$8,300 - Contact Vincent S. Email: alphavincen2010@gmail.com Phone: (908) 240-7912

Club Boats for sale: Contact Vic or Nick for details. Hobie 16 1982 for \$500 or \$750 with trailer. Boat is all there. A-CAT, free to good home

1989 Hobie 18, 2 Sets of Sails, New Tramp, Trailer, All Standing Rigging is 3 Years Old, Great Condition, Ready to Sail, \$3,150.00 obo Call Bob 732-816-5980



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