
CHANNELS -- SPECIAL E-MAIL EDITION

June 1997

Channels is the newsletter of the Sailing Club of Washington. The E-mail edition is an edited text-only version of our hard copy monthly publication.

Commodore's Log

June is bustin' out all over! Blue skies, balmy breezes and smooth sails await SCOW. Our boats are ready to go, cruises and classes are planned, as are picnics and festivals. Mid-June is particularly busy. Yes, the new members picnic will be held Saturday, June 14th. Call Mr. Social, Jim Metcalf, to sign up to attend and work. Social is a hefty undertaking, and although Jim is certainly the guy who can do it -- he needs a helping hand or two or maybe 20 as well as lots of able bodies. Ask him about his favorite poetry and you'll get an earful and an education. Maybe he'll do us the honor of reading a poem at the picnic.

That weekend the Red Cross Waterfront Festival will be held, so the social calendar will be a tad crowded. But grab a new buddy you meet at SCOW and head over to the festival that evening. Make sure whenever you go to stop by the SCOW table. SCOW is sharing space with the Alexandria Seaport Foundation.

Don't forget social sail -- even when it sprinkles outside -- people meet inside at the bar. Please do your part for SCOW and flip burgers or do dockmaster. Call River Director Lee Spain and volunteer. Not sure what you want to do? He's got quite a few fun activities to share with you that are painless.

Training is in full swing. Training meister Mike Geissinger can always use your time and knowledge, no matter what level, he can put you to work. Nothing like being needed right? SCOW's lifeblood is its members and its success in any endeavor results directly from its members involvement. Enough exhortations from me, just know that all your efforts are deeply appreciated and relied on.

So now that summer's here, what are your plans? What sails or other activities are you planning, or, if you could, tell me what would be your ideal summer day. Jot down (legibly) your thoughts and your name and give them to Channels Editor Larry Gemoets or to me at the June membership meeting. If they're fit to print, they'll be included in Channels and who knows, you might just find some folks to make that ideal day come true.

One other thing - please don't hesitate to give me, or any board member, the benefit of your ideas, thoughts, ponderings, even complaints. We want to know what you are thinking. We have a lot of different opinions and ideas in the club. Your board won't satisfy them all -- that's a

given. But we pay attention to what you say. We want to hear what you have to say. The May membership meeting demonstrated that your board listens and tries to accommodate your wishes. The Sea Chanters couldn't be arranged for us, and a subgroup would have cost \$750 for 45 minutes, but the effort was made. So keep talking, SCOW, that's the only way we'll know how we're doing. Happy sails everyone. --Anne La Lena

Editor's Notes

This is our third issue of Channels, so maybe a few comments are in order.

Kudos- Please help me thank the whole Channels production crew for an outstanding job. Barbara Brecher and Cindy Peters do the lion's share of the work that makes Channels look Great! This takes a lot of time and effort. Please let them know you appreciate it. Declan Conroy continues to do whatever-it-is that puts Channels on the SCOW Web page, and Sam Schaen always has the mailing list delivered to the publisher before it's needed. Last but not least are all of you who contribute the raw material.

Pictures- I really want to publish pictures regularly, however, the realities of publishing seem to be blocking that effort. If we go beyond eight pages, we could bust the budget! Regular columns and club information being the priorities, I'll wait and watch for holes to fill with pictures. Meanwhile, when the occasion arises, I'll need current material in hand, so keep giving them to me. Label them for return and caption them.

Submissions- I get all manner of material in varied formats, and sent by different means. I'll work with anything- still no "rules". But- If you want to help me out, the preferred means is email, and the preferred format is, believe it or not, plain text pasted in to the body of the message. It would help a lot if you avoid using the return key unless you really- really mean it, when you do want a paragraph use two returns in a row, don't format nuttin'(esp. with extra spaces or tabs), use common fonts, and NEVER, NEVER use all caps!

Deadline- Please submit your material on time. The deadline is midnight of the second Monday of each month. We all have busy lives, and many demands. One of them is this: If you're late, Channels will be late... Uh, no. That's not right- Channels won't wait!

Now, go find something to sail!

Larry G.

New Members

SCOW welcomes our newest members:

Meri Ash, Elaine Buckberg, Roberta Culver, William Palmer, Shelby Shoop, Kara Wald

New Scot Skipper

Denise Malueg Derry & Larry Gemoets

I'm happy to announce that Monica Maynard passed her Flying Scot skipper exams and is now available to skipper the Scots anytime her heart desires. Hit her up for rides! Sign her up for Social Sail skippering! More noteworthy to our editor/Bay fellow is the amount of heavy air, groundings, and other minor mishaps this newbie has in her sailing resume' already! Congratulations, Monica.

Next month I hope to list more members who have become qualified skippers!

Training:

Some Comments from Students on the First Basic Sailing Class by Barbara Ullman, Training Committee Chair

Mike Geissinger, Director of Training

Stuart Ullman, Director of Safety

There's a lot to be said for planning based on experience. Like the experience of good weather showing up each May, a month that is generally wonderful for the Basic Sailing class. This is the window of great weather, after the gusty winds of April, and before the hot, calm, sticky days of summer. But these are only tendencies and the present does not always conform to the past. The first two weekends of the May Basic Sailing class brought small craft advisories on the river.

Small craft advisories on the river don't always mean unmanageable winds in the shelter of the lagoon at the Washington Sailing Marina. At the first water class on Saturday morning at 8:30 am, and again at 1:00 pm, the instructors looked at the conditions at the docks and in the lagoon, weighed their years of experience at the WSM, and decided that the class could proceed with caution. Both times, the weather rose, and the classes experienced gusty fickle winds, cold choppy water, and very low tides. Students and boats were returned to the docks, and shore based lessons were conducted at the dock. The day was not, however, without incident: one capsized; a snapped gooseneck (leaving the boom swinging about in the cockpit, supported only by the mainsail); the mainsheet block on a third boat pulled completely out of the top of the centerboard housing. This is a wild introduction to sailing for the students. It could be very discouraging, in spite of their good handling of the trying events. They all came back the next day and the most frequent complaint we heard was the loss of tiller time; not the high winds, scary jibes, or breaking boat parts.

At the Wednesday land class the students were asked to write about the previous weekend experience and what they learned.

Here are some excerpts from their responses:

"I have sailed in the Scots on windless, hot summer days, and it's safe to say that wind is better than no wind. The gusts...excited the crews, but the instructors that I sailed with were confident and patient."

"Lessons learned on capsizing: can't reach the centerboard from the water (too high to reach/jump)."

(For those of you in the August capsize class and don't recall having had this problem: this was a May capsize in cold water and strong winds, and the students were wearing long pants and sweaters, not shorts and a t-shirt)

"Saturday's capsize was immensely exciting. I wasn't on the boat that capsized. While watching it go over, however, I realized that I should have left my dry change of clothes in the car, not in the bag I brought aboard."

React quickly! Don't pause while the boat capsizes---shift weight early. Check equipment before going out---carefully. Check equipment on the water---rudder kicked up while aground & we didn't notice 'til the boat was on the crane. It seriously affected steerage..."

"It was very exciting both days and enjoyable too, but this was probably due to the instructors. When the main sheet block came off on Saturday, [our instructor] very calmly said we would need to return to the dock early due to a 'small problem.' The winds seemed even gustier on Sunday. [This instructor] obviously enjoyed sailing under these conditions and made us confident enough to take the tiller for a short time. I think I learned more because of the weather."

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This is a pretty positive set of reactions, and the students clearly learned a lot. But before you conclude that we should try to recreate these conditions for every class:

"Saturday...we capsized and found out that with a boat full of beginners & the wind being heavy, it was very difficult to learn how to sail...no one had life jackets on."

and

"I was on the boat that capsized. That was more excitement than I needed as a novice! The instructor...gave very little direction on how to handle the sails, especially the jib, and the conditions required a lot of instruction. I was immensely grateful that the instructor on Sunday chose to stay at the dock. That was prudent."

First lesson. On windy days the classes wear PFD's. We all know this, the instructors and the students know it. But we all just don't do it. Second Lesson. The block which rides on a bale at the aft end of the tiller tends to jam on the bale in high winds. It's a strange phenomenon that you have to experience to understand. None of the students wrote about this, but many mentioned it, as did the instructors. When it happens, the mainsail is almost impossible to ease out. Many SCOW sailors have complained about it--- and it was a strong contributor to several of Saturday's incidents. The crumpled bales have been replaced with new, smooth, sturdy ones. The lesson is broader than just these bales. When we see a hazard on our boats, it must be reported and repaired. The Basic Sailing class is not the place for recurring problems to become emergencies.

Great Turnout for Maintenance Day

Dick Dyer SCOW's annual Maintenance Day was a productive success. Poor weather during the week had us a little worried, but mother nature came through like a champ. Saturday dawned a bit cool, but clear and bright. Perfect conditions for a work day, and several of us got our first sunburn of the season. All in all we had at least 35 people who turned out pitched in to get the work done. Deepest thanks to all of you who joined us.

Special thanks to several members. Monica Maynard was crew chief for all work on the Flying Scots, and Joe DePoorter managed all of the work on our two cruisers. Larry Czikra brought his personal gasoline powered, high pressure spray washing machine which made short work of a year's accumulation of Potomac slime and other ugliness. (Attention SCOW Treasurer -- I want one of those!!). Just about the time we were all thinking about a short break, Anne La Lena showed up with home baked breads and muffins to go with the coffee. Those goodies sure didn't last long.

A highlight of the Flying Scot work crew was fitting of brand new sails for Ms Eli and Susie Q. No one in SCOW has ever seen new sails on our boats. Coupled with the "almost new" sails we bought for Danschweda we last fall, we should have several years of trouble free sailing. And no more excuses for not doing well in racing.

As we finished our work, members drifted up to the picnic area for the first outdoor social event of the year. Several maintenance day workers then pitched in to help with the picnic. Special thanks to Merri Ash (a prospective new member) who took over the grill and served up the world's best hamburgers and hot dogs. The following list is everyone who signed in -- plus I know there were a few who didn't let us know you were there. My greatest thanks to all.

Workers @ 1997 SCOW Maintenance Day

Dick Dyer; Maintenance Director, Monica Maynard; Crew Chief, Flying Scots, Joe DePoorter; Crew Chief, Cruisers.

Merri Ash, Bill Bernhards, Angela Burnett ,Cathy Cox, Larry Czikra, Tom Flesher, Mike Geissinger, Bill Gold, Jim Haynes, Cathy Hess, Karen Hurd, Mike Jenner, Susan Kaufman, Richard Kowalczyk, Anne La Lena, Dan McClafferty, Jim Metcalf ,Jerry Nothman, Cindy Peters, Dave Sherman, & Andrew Jack Sherman, Mike Snead, Bob Spann, Francie Stevens, Kevin Teitel, Anne Marie Thomas, Barbara Ullman, Stuart Ullman, Wilson Varga.

Our fleet is in good shape and certainly ready for the summer season of safe and fun sailing (Please note the priority). But maintenance is an on-going, never-ending job and I will be calling on the membership for help as the summer progresses.

As I write this, we are preparing to take both Psycho and Rebecca out of the water for inspection of the hulls and repair to some underwater fixtures (on the second and third full weeks of May respectively). Thom Unger is crew chief for Psycho and Stu Ullman is crew chief for Rebecca. If you read this in the E-Mail version and haven't been contracted by a crew chief, please call them.

There is plenty to do. In addition I would remind you of the four (4) special tasks I described in last month's Channels. Please call me if you can take on one of those chores.

Bay Activities

Larry Gemoets I've been wearing my Channels hat for too long to write a proper bay article this month, but I'll give you a flavor of what I have planned, with promises to fill in the blanks shortly. As always, let me know if you have any questions or suggestions, and we'll see you out there.

Full Moon Cruise- Take Friday off if you can- this should be a good one. On Friday, the 20th we'll meet South of Baby Owl Cove in Leadenham Creek at about 38-44.5N,76-16.0W. Sail all day, but plan your arrival so that you have time to splice the main brace before dinner! The next day, take your pick of activities. You can go out and sail in the Choptank (or the Bay if you are an earlybird), explore up the Choptank or the Tred Avon Rivers, Visit Oxford or Cambridge, or you can lay on the hook and just enjoy being!

We'll return to the same spot Saturday night, and meet those who couldn't take Friday off. On Sunday, we'll be in position to keep the return time down for those in Annapolis and Solomons.

Short Term Schedule

Dates Place Occasion
June 20-22 Choptank River Full Moon Cruise
June 28-29 Upper Potomac R. Join the River Fleet
July 4-6 Solomons Independence Day

Call or email me to sign on- no penalty for cancellation!

Socially SCOW

Jim Metcalf The taco feast previously scheduled for May will be held on June 14 at 4:00. This event honors SCOW's new members, the class of 1997. There will be tacos, beans, rice and all that goes with it. SCOW boats and skippers will be on hand so that new-members get "hands-on" knowledge of SCOW's fleet. New member, or old, be there or be square (knot). The cost is \$10:00. Call me for information (see back page) or just send the money to me at 5209 Pimlico Court, Fairfax 22030.

River Activities

Lee Spain Things are running smoothly on the river. In May, we had good turnouts for social sails and races. Three private boats joined the club Scots for racing on most Wednesday nights. We have had plenty of interest in the river raft-ups and the planned big boat expedition to the bay. However, we may need more skippers. Check out our sign up sheets at social sail or the next membership meeting. As always, members are encouraged to bring their own cruising boats to the river raft-ups. Just make sure you sign up so that the raft master can make arrangements with you.

Volunteers are the key to ensuring that river activities continue to run smoothly. Due to work and other commitments, I probably won't be able to attend every SCOW river event. However, members can easily reach me at work via phone or e-mail to sign up for river activities or volunteer to help out. Race committee or social sail volunteerism is an excellent way to meet fellow club members. To make things easy, I've listed a few guidelines for social sail volunteers.

HOST: To host social sail, all you need to do schedule your time slot with me, purchase supplies to serve about 30 to 40 people, and come a little early to set up the table and grill. If you'd like to provide any special food or pursue a theme with your munchies that is encouraged as a way to bring variety to social sail. As a rule, alcohol is not to be provided at social sail.

Many supplies are already stored in the grill locker. A plastic container has aprons, matches, and other items that you might need for social sail. In addition, there are utensils (spatulas, serving spoons, & tongs), napkins, a folding table, and a cooler in with the grill. A cup is also provided to solicit donations from members and guests.

All cash donations received and receipts for the food purchased are submitted to our treasurer, Paul Carrow, for reimbursement and entrance into the social sail budget.

DOCKMASTER: The main job of the dock master is to greet prospective members and ensure that everyone gets a chance to sail. The dockmaster recruits attending members to help launch an appropriate number of club Flying Scots. The dockmaster turns the boat over to a certified skipper and invites members and newcomers to sail. Non-members must sign a release waiver before boarding a SCOW vessel. A notebook with release forms and a dockmaster badge is in the Scot or grill lockers.

BIG BOAT SKIPPER: A certified big boat skipper brings a big boat out to the cranes, checks with the dockmaster, and recruits a crew. All non-members must sign a waiver. Then, the big boat skipper then leads his fearless crew out for a cruise.

HOW TO VOLUNTEER: If you would like to be scheduled in any one of these volunteer roles, please call me at work (703) 998-1911 or contact me via e-mail at lpain@calibresys.com.

May River "Raft Up"

Stuart Ullman

It's painful to write this.

No, no, relax. I'm not going to inform you about a tragedy. Just the opposite: I'm going to tell you about the exhilarating weekend of sailing that was the first SCOW River Raft Up of 1997. It's painful to write this because my hands hurt. And my arms, and my shoulders, and a lot of the rest of me. The first river raft-up of 1997 had some exciting moments.

The event was scheduled for the weekend of the 3rd and 4th of May, but the small craft warning and the threat of heavy thunderstorms with 60 knot gusts and golfball size hail made a delay

seem appropriate. So we went on May 10, staying over till the 11th---I'm writing this on the 12th. The forecast for these days was also for very stiff winds (up to 25 knots). Small craft advisory, cool and cloudy, but no storms. So we went: Monica Maynard, Ruth Connolly, and me, sailing on the yacht Rebecca, and flying the SCOW burgee. We were to meet with George Umberger on Tamarisk, and raft up in Matawoman creek.

We left the slip about 11:45 in the morning, and raised the main and working jib just outside the number 2 daymark. The wind was up, and we were fast: by 12:30 we were passing Broad Creek below the Wilson bridge, on a beam reach with whitecaps all across the river. We have no wind speed indicator---in fact, as I write this Rebecca has no working instruments, not even a depth guage, as we will see later in our story---but my rough estimate at the time was 15 knots. The skies were gray, and the water over the bow was cold, but the sailing was brisk and joyful.

I have only been down the river below Broad Creek a few times, so we had to watch the chart. We did try the depth guage, but it was obstructed by mud or something, and continually read 0. I have had this problem pretty often in recent weeks, and it persists even after we scrub the hull. Rebecca will be hauled and checked next week, so by the time you read this averything should be back in working order, but this weekend we had to do without.

There are some places where the channel narrows, and you have to honor the marks; just past Smoots cove you have to stay close to the Maryland shore until you pass mark 88, and then you must sail halfway across the river to honor mark 86. And then back to the Maryland shore again to honor the cans 83 and 81, and close to the white tower on shore which is mark 80. The point of this enumeration of bouyage is that heading is pretty prescribed, so we were grateful for a west wind, which allowed us to pinch up to make the marks on the Virginia side, and fall off to a broad reach for the Maryland side marks, and so pick our way along the river without changing tack. It would have felt lazy, but the wind was picking up a bit.

As we approached Mount Vernon, my wind speed estimate was closing on 20 knots. If all this nautical talk has moved you to get your chart out to follow us down the river, you know that as you approach mark 80, the river turns a bit west, and when you pass Piscataway Creek it turns west even more. So the approach to Mt. Vernon was a definite beat, and we were ripping through the water at a mighty pace with spray in our faces. We felt brave and hardy, we felt a kinship with sailors from older times, so as we passed we gave Mt. Vernon her 8 bells by rapping on a stanchion with the bilge pump handle.

When the gusts topped 20 knots, even the working jib felt like it was too much. This was a cruise, after all, not a race. And even though we had only been out for a couple hours, even though we were still having fun, still hungry for sailing, the heavy winds had tired us a little. I noticed that in our conversations we no longer marked our position only by how far we had come, but also sometimes by how far we had left to go to get to a sheltered anchorage and a warm dinner. So we dropped the jib and tied it down on the foredeck, and sailed under main alone. I thought it would improve things to flatten the main as well, so I went to the mast and tightened the boom downhaul, and started to take in the slack on the outhaul---and stumbled backwards when the outhaul gave way. The pin had pulled out of the shackle which held the

outhaul to the end of the boom. The outhaul jerked chaotically under the boom, and main was now baggy and filled with wind.

The wind was still rising. "Well, dang it", I said, or words to that effect. For about 10 minutes, with Ruth at the helm, I tried to do a rocking rolling repair on the outhaul with the main still up, but I succeeded only in bruising my arms and dropping tools in the cockpit, and the shackle pin in the water. We dropped the main, and motored, while I searched the toolbox for useful parts.

Well, I found something, and by Gunston cove the outhaul was once again working, but by that time we thought the reefing line was a better choice. Still, sailing is better than motoring, so up went the reefed main. We felt like sailors again, ripping down the river with no jib and a reefed main and our destination just around a few more bends. We had big nasty winds, and clouds in the sky, but what of that? The river turns south again at Gunston Cove so we were reaching, and felt fine. Tired and bruised and fine.

But river bends are usually followed by other river bends. We had a good long reach to Hollowing Point, and then we had to beat to Craney Island (a tiny pestiferous blip in the middle of the Potomac, surrounded by a gigantic blue-colored patch of 3 foot markings on the chart), with spray crashing up over the bow, soaking us and making us aware of the cold. Then the channel turns almost straight west. Almost directly into the wind. In the basic sailing text they call that the no-sail zone, don't they? The marked channel there is pretty narrow, and we had no depth gauge. Trying to tack through it seemed silly. We were back to motoring. But now we were motoring directly into 25 knot winds and 2 foot waves. Now, I hear you ocean sailors saying: "two feet? that's barely a ripple!". I've sailed on the ocean too. Out there the waves are long, and at two feet give the boat a gentle rise and fall. River waves are different. They are short. Two foot waves on the river are very steep and rock the boat forcefully: it was a very uncomfortable ride. The motor kept rising out of the water with each wave, and each high keening of the propeller was followed by the smack of the next wave into Rebecca's bow.

The keening of the engine: a terrible sound until it is suddenly gone. I ran back to the stern, and tried to figure out what had stopped the engine: fuel was ok, fuel line fine, nothing tangled in the propeller, everything ok. I tried to start it: nothing. Tried again. "It's overheated", Ruth said. Right. I looked up, and realized that we were adrift, without an engine and sails down, in a narrow channel, with whitecaps breaking in all directions, the lee shore rocky and very close. I was at the bow in 5 seconds, the anchor was out in 10, and down and set in 15.

Now we sat back to think about our options. Matawoman, which had seemed so close a moment ago, now seemed far away and risky. We would have to beat directly into heavy winds and big, choppy waves to get there. We thought about George in Tamarisk thrashing about in this stuff, gave him a call on Monica's cell phone and, with some effort, convinced him to stay home. So we were on our own.

The winds were forecast to diminish later, but we certainly could not stay where we were, even to wait out the winds: anything could come around the bend at us anchored in the channel. So we decided to raise the still reefed main, and head back to Gunston. Up the river, but down the wind and with the waves. That was our plan, and that was what we did. Everything in high winds is

hard, so it took a few minutes to raise the main again, and hoisting the anchor was a fatiguing, arduous process, dragging the boat upwind by brute force. But we got it done, and headed back up river.

Back up to Gunston: first almost directly east. A broad reach. Then northeast, a reach. Then north, a close reach---and approaching Nun 64 at the northern end of Gunston we were beating hard. This is the way to get into Gunston, I am told, along that northeastern shore, toward a little inlet called Accotink Bay. When we rounded that bouy, we tried the motor one more time, and to my great relief, it started. We dropped the sail, and prepared to feel our way gently into the cove. The chart is all blue in there, and it says 4 everywhere (exactly Rebecca's draft). But those numbers are not the depth all the time, just at low tide: in fact, not just low tide, but mean lower low tide, right? So we should be ok, right? We should make it. Wait, let me say that again: it is mean lower low tide.

Mean. So some of the lower low tides are higher than those numbers. Some are lower. And we were approaching just an hour before official low tide, with the wind very strong out of the west blowing the water out of Gunston cove. Without a depth guage.

We ran aground, of course, just inside the mouth of the Cove. The bottom of Gunston is a thick, slippery ooze, and on this rough day we did not feel the ground until we were truly stuck. We pivoted the boat in place using the engine, and tried to go back directly along our track. No movement at all. We tried a few degrees to port, and a few to starboard. No movement. After our experience off Craney Island, I didn't want to stress the engine---so I shut it off. I went forward and heaved the anchor out as far as I could, just as I tell the basic sailing classes they should never do. Then I went below and made coffee. We drank coffee in the warmth of the cabin, and then, since I figured we had a couple of hours to kill, we made dinner. We had dropped anchor twice already, and we were still not done. Because we couldn't stay here, either. We were out in the middle of the mouth of Gunston cove, with long stretches of water all around us---except in the direction of the patch of land marked "prohibited area" on the chart. Also, we were clearly out of the channel, but not far enough out for my comfort. When I came up on deck after dinner, at about 7:45, I watched a sand barge come up the channel toward us, and pass about 100 yards off. A football field away. To me, that seemed uncomfortably close.

To tell the truth, we could have stayed at Gunston: with the tide coming up, we could have eased in to deeper water later in the evening. But the prescribed anchorage was not very sheltered from a west wind, and I didn't want to face another wind-enhanced low tide in the morning. So we tried again to get off, and found the magic direction. We followed the barge slowly up the river, under power, in the fading day. We didn't really want to go very far, we just wanted a nice sheltered anchorage. Dogue creek: the chart says 2 feet all across the mouth. There's probably a good way in, but we didn't know it. We tried to raise Mt. Vernon on the radio, thinking we could go in and tie up there, but we got no response. We gave them their eight bells on the stanchion, and passed on. We reached Piscataway Creek in the dark, and the chart shows a bunch of 2s in its mouth. Broad creek says 4, the same as Gunston and by this time the tide was higher---but it was dark, and we were cold and tired. We wanted a sure thing, not another problem to solve. And right around the corner from Broad Creek I knew there was a sure thing. A real definite sure

thing that I know well. I know how to get in, and how to get out, even at night in tides lower than the mean lower low.

At about 9:45 we dropped anchor for the last time that day, in Smoots cove, just south of the Wilson Bridge. We made sure the anchor was well set, tied the halyards away from the mast, hoisted the anchor light and went below into the warm cabin to relax. The city was just around the island and under the bridge, but we could not see or hear it: Rebecca was tucked alone into Smoots cove, and our cabin light was the only one visible on the wide dark windy river.

The next day, yesterday, was bright and sunny, a brilliant sailing day, with 15 knot winds the whole day long. We had whitecaps, but it was nothing like Saturday. We spent a long morning having coffee and breakfast at anchor, and then went out to play on the water. Saturday we had been alone on the river, but yesterday we had plenty of company, with sailboats all over---we passed Panacea going upriver while we headed down. Ruth took out a hockey puck and a chart, and practiced her piloting skills, taking fixes on the passing landmarks while we sailed down again nearly to Mt Vernon, and then back home again. We tied up at the marina at about 3 PM. The opinion of the company was unanimous: in spite of Saturday's excitement---no, because of it---this had been a great weekend of sailing.

SCOW's membership meetings-

The second Monday of each month (except December) at the American Legion Hall, 400 Cameron Street (around the corner from Gadsby's Tavern), Old Town Alexandria, Virginia. Socializing starts at 6:30 p.m. downstairs, and our meeting begins at 7:30 upstairs.

Call 202.628.SAIL (202.628.7245) for information about club activities.

Dates to remember:

Every Month:

First Monday 7PM- Board Meeting in the chart room

Second Monday 6:30PM Membership Meeting at the American Legion

Every Wednesday: SCOW races

Every Thursday : Social Sail

June:

4, 11, 17, 25 Basic Sail #2, Chart Room 7:30-10 PM

5- Cruising Boat Course, Chart Room, 7-9PM

7, 8, 14, 15, 21, 22 Basic Sail #2, water 8AM-4PM

8, 15 Cruising boat Course, water 9AM-3PM

10- USCGAux Boat Safety Class, Chart Room 7-10PM

13, 20- Cruising Boat Course, Evening Sail 6PM-

14- Taco Feast honors SCOW's new members , WSM, 4PM

20-22-Bay Full Moon Cruise, Choptank River

28, 29-River Overnight-Bay boats welcome.

July:

4-6- Bay Sail: Independence Day, Solomons

13- Basic Sail #2 Check-Out

19- Capsize Course, Water.

20- New Member All Day River Sail

22- Racing seminar, Chart Room 7-10PM
23- Advanced Sail Course, Chart Room 7-10PM
26- Advanced Sail Course, Water 10AM

Channels is a monthly publication of the Sailing Club of Washington. Channels is also available on the World Wide Web at www.sailing.org/scow, and via email.

Submit all articles by midnight after monthly membership meeting. Submit articles to the Editor by any means, email is preferred. Even Mike Geissinger is subject to this policy!

Larry Gemoets, Editor
Barbara Brecher, Layout and Design
Declan Conroy, Web publisher
Cindy Peters, Composition and Publisher's Coordinator
Sam Schaen, Mailing lists.

Announcements/Pleas/Ads This month:

Ric Harvey's Legacy

Dick Dyer Late last year the Sailing Club of Washington lost one of our more active members, Ric Harvey. Ric was an excellent sailor and a long time, dedicated friend of SCOW. Among other things he served as Maintenance Director during the time Psycho was being extensively repaired.

But though we have lost Ric, his legacy lives on. As Ric's daughter, Jill sorted through his home she discovered lots of sailing paraphernalia, books and spare parts. She has graciously donated this treasure-trove to the sailing club. Most of this legacy can be used directly to support SCOW programs and to help keep our fleet in top shape. However some goods were not specifically useful to SCOW and we have been able to sell these items. Jill Harvey has indicated that SCOW should use the cash which was raised to help promote our sailing programs.

The Directors of SCOW deeply appreciate this consideration and thank Jill and the rest of the Harvey family. We will find a use for the money which helps keep Ric's memory alive.

Little Theater of Alexandria

Jerry Nothman This Will be the sixteenth consecutive year that SCOW Will be subscribing to the Little Theater of Alexandria. (LTA). We have tentatively reserved the same 31 seats for the 1997/98 season.

Here are the plays that will be presented in the coming season:

July '97 - Crazy for You -Musical
Sept. - Noises Off - Farce
Oct. - The Little Foxes - Drama
Jan.'98 - Odd Couples - Comedy

Feb. - Nonsense - Musical
April - Mousetrap- Mystery
June - Life with Father - Comedy

We will as in the past attend the first Thursday evening performance of the play. Prices have remained the same. \$57.00 for all seven plays or \$51.00 if you skip the first play in July. If you cannot attend the evening of our scheduled performance, you can exchange your ticket(s) for another performance for a \$3.00 service fee.

If you wish to participate, please let me have your check by the June meeting or mail it to me by that date. LTA's deadline for subscriptions is actually June 1, but we always manage to get an extension until our June meeting date. Make the checks payable to Jerry Nothman, 2706 S. 9th Street, Arlington, VA 22204-2370. LTA always sells out their season tickets so let me know in time. If you have any questions, give me a call on 703-920-2750.

Smithsonian Resident Associate Program

The Smithsonian Resident Associate Program is sponsoring an evening with Peter Nichols, author of *Sea Change: One Man's Journey Across the Atlantic in a Small Wooden Boat*.

Peter Nichols and his wife restored an old wooden boat, *Toad*, and lived aboard it for five years, sailing through the Caribbean and across the Atlantic to England, where their marriage foundered. Mr. Nichols went to cross the Atlantic alone--a voyage during which he discovered truths about sailing, his marriage and himself. Mr. Nichols will discuss his journey, creatures of the ocean and literature of the sea as well as the changing tides in a marriage. *Sea Change* will be available after the program.

To register, call 202-357-3030; give the code: IMO-209. Fees are \$10 each for resident associates and \$13 each person for non-members.

Cool Off at the Waterfront Festival

The Alexandria Red Cross is holding its Waterfront Festival at Oronoco Park June 13, 14 and 15. A veritable cornucopia of music and fun and good eats awaits festival goers. Be sure to stop by and say hi to the SCOW table. We'll be there Sat. and Sun, sharing space with the Alexandria Seaport Foundation. See you there!

June 13, Friday, the music format is country and hosted by WMZQ. Lone Star is expected to play. The Hours are 6 p.m. to 11 p.m., with fireworks planned at 10:45 p.m. Admission \$8 for adults.

June 14, Saturday, the day lasts from 10:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Soft rock music is featured with local bands Consider the Source and others starting at noon. Jon Secada is set to perform at 8:00 p.m.. Fireworks at 9:45 p.m. Admission is \$5 until 5 p.m., \$8 after that.

June 15, Sunday, the day spans 10:00 a.m. to 7 p.m. The Turtles -- start humming "Happy Together" -- is set to play. The music format is oldies. To confirm times, events and for more information, call 703-549-8300 ext.555.

Seanchai Available for Charter

The ketch Seanchai is available for SCOW members to charter for SCOW raft-ups. These are voyage charters which means that you simply arrange for yourself and that is that. You don't have to try to get a group together to split the cost or worry about how well you (or anyone else) knows how to sail. The licensed Captain takes care of all of that. There are only 6 berths available so it is on a first come, first served basis.

The cost is \$50 per person, per day. This is a great way to be introduced to the Bay scene. The next cruise will be a three day cruise over the 4th of July weekend and it promises to be a great time. For more information call Patrick Derry at (703) 978-1666 or corner him at the Thursday night social sails.