



THE HUGUENOT TELLTALE

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Sydney-
Hobart and
Newport-
Bermuda

Travel and
Adventures
with
Deviation

The New
England
Circuit on
Upsetter

Small Boat
Traveling

A Racer's Perspective: the 2018 Season in Review

Introduction

From November 2017 through November 2018 Huguenot skippers, Adam Loory, Iris Vogel, and Jason Visel tear, packed their bags, boats, and crews and traveled to locations outside and far from the usual hunting grounds of Long Island Sound.

The following are cornices of their exploits racing; eating and drinking; having adventures; and undoubtedly spreading good cheer throughout the sailing community and regaling other sailors about a few of the more irresistible aspects of Huguenot Yacht Club. When you see them, ask them about their trips.

We hope you enjoy this special offseason edition of the *TellTale*, and hope it will keep our Jr's excited about next season and pique the adult club members into thinking about sailing and planning their own adventures for next season.

For more issues of The Huguenot TellTale go to:

<http://www.juniorsailingclubhouse.com/media>

Sydney-Hobart and Newport-Bermuda Adam Loory

So far this year I've travelled quite a bit to go sailboat racing. I finished 2017 doing the Sydney-Hobart Race, which started December 26th. I sailed on *Christopher Dragon*, which was a 43-footer out of Larchmont Yacht Club. The owner shipped the boat down and back just for this 630-mile race that has the reputation of being one of the toughest sailboat races that is not an around the world race. Since Australia is halfway around the world, I had to arrive five days before the race started so that I could get rid of any semblance of jet lag. That meant that we got to do some sightseeing mixed with boat preparation and crew training. Along with a pub crawl to the three oldest bars in Sydney, we climbed to the top of the Sydney Harbor Bridge (an unbelievably well-organized enterprise), visited the Sydney zoo that allows you to buy close up access to some of their animals.



Once in Hobart we went to the top of Mount Wellington that overlooks Hobart and the surrounding waterways, went to the very modern Museum of Everything and celebrated New Year's Eve 10 hours ahead of New York. Oh, yes, we got to watch the fireworks from the cockpit of our boat after a great crew dinner at a local waterside restaurant.

The Hobart Race itself was a hoot and much easier than expected. Instead of a bash to windward in huge waves and Antarctic cold blasts, we covered 500 miles with the spinnaker up in the first 48 hours. We were blasting over the 4-8 foot waves as speeds up to 21 knots. At one point three helmsmen held the record at 19.2 knots and one of them was the boat owner. Out of respect, I said that the tie goes to the owner. He later pushed the record up to 21 knots. The scariest part of this race was all the stories we read about the previous

versions of the race. I found a database that documented the wind conditions of the race going back to the first running in 1946 and only four didn't mention winds over 40 knots. Most race articles talked about the fleet running into "Southerly Busters," which are massive line squalls coming north from Antarctica. We saw one come through Sydney on Christmas Day, while sitting on the deck of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron having lunch, but the cool



winds were a welcome relief since the temperature reached 114 early that day. The huge line of roll clouds was threatening and impressive as it marched toward us.

The weather forecast for the race was so benign that we did not carry our brand new extreme cold weather sailing gear. I sailed in shorts with light spray pants over them the whole race. While we only finished in the middle of our fleet, it is a real honor to say that I have sailed a Hobart Race.

A half a year later, halfway around the world, I sailed my eighth Newport to Bermuda Race on the Marten 49 **SUMMER STORM** out of the Beach Point Club. That race too was much more benign than normal. In fact, the Gulf Stream was so calm that we needed the navigator to tell us when we were in the Stream. Normally you can see the river of big waves on the horizon as you

approach it. My funniest memory from the race was getting woken while sleeping on deck by the frustrated crew on watch who had run out of wind. As if out of a last resort, the boat owner asked me if I had any ideas how to get the boat moving again. I looked around and saw a puff of wind a boat length to windward. I said head up and sail to it. He said that he couldn't point that high. I said don't look at the sails, just point the boat that way. Sure enough, we got to that puff of wind and we got going at 5 knots, which felt fast after being nearly stopped. They looked at me like I could divine the wind. It is not often you can make a call that has that dramatic an effect on the boat's performance and that was fun.

In the spring of 2019 I will join **SUMMER STORM** for two regattas in the Caribbean - not a bad way to start the year.



Travel and Adventures with *Deviation* Iris Vogel

- Where did you travel this year, which venue was your favorite?

Deviation travelled to St Petersburg, Fla, Charleston, SC, Youngstown, NY, and Chicago, Il this year. The favorite venue was Chicago, because it was new and really amazing.



- Did you eat any unusual local foods, try any unusual activities, or meet any unique people?

The food is best in Charleston, SC, and the people are the friendliest too. But actually, we have our favorite places in all the venues, this is part of the fun of going back year after year.

- What did you learn this year you did not expect?

We learned this year to back up the trailer along a seawall only inches away from the water, use different kinds of jin poles to step the mast, and watch out for spiders.



- What was the most exciting thing that happened?

Most exciting was driving the boat through downtown Chicago, it added two hours to our ETA.

- What would you do differently next time?

We were very happy how things went overall, and we are planning to do the same in 2019 with the exception of Chicago.

- What was one memory that you will never forget (good or bad)?

Memorable was crashing through the gate at Belmont YC in Chicago and getting out by jumping a curb. (This has to do with obscure city politics as the Yacht club has no control over the gate).





- What was the scariest thing that happened during your travels?

The scariest moment was when we were on I81 Southbound and discovered our straps had loosened completely. Also, as we lifted *Deviation* on the 3-ton hoist in Chicago, a severe thunderstorm started and the hoist froze up as we were standing ankle deep in water and pouring rain, with the boat dangling in the air and us wondering what to do next.

- What totally random thing happened during your travels?

Random things that we encountered were a snowstorm as we ascended into the Appalachian Mountains in NC on the way home from Charleston, and various bad food along the Highway.

- What would recommend for other club members who would want to do the same sort of thing?

It was a really amazing year and the best advice I can give is to do it! Packing up the boat takes practice, but we do it each way in about 2 hours, so it is very doable.



The New England J80 Circuit on *Upsetter*

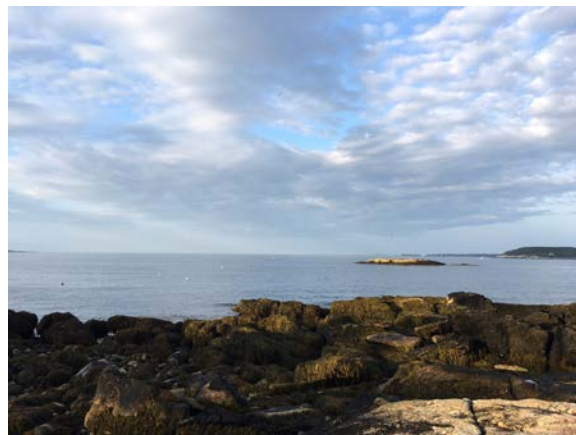
Jason Viseltear

I've had my J80, *Upsetter*, for five years now, and my rag-tag crew of pirates - as Don Dufresne once called them - and I have spent as much time as we could heading to the race course to try and learn the boat. Now that's not a small amount of time in the boat actually, and since I learned how to actively campaign a racing boat on Long Island Sound from Iris Vogel and Bill Heintz from my many years aboard Iris's boat *Deviation*, we have made it 52 days of racing per season since we first launched. Still not as much as Iris, but we show up, and we do what we can. And we've had a pretty good time doing it.



That said, the big thing we've been missing has been to put the boat on the trailer and make it to "one-design" events where we can race against other boats exactly like ours. Since all of our Western LIS racing is against boats of different sizes and designs, most if not all of them much bigger and faster than ours, aside from these performance handicapped ratings-based contests, we

didn't really know how fast we were against other J80s in a one-design contest, which is precisely what my boat was made for.



But here came an email from the J80 class earlier this Summer: Three regattas - the J80 East Coast Championships, the J80 North American Championships, and the J80 J-Jamboree - all within two weeks of each other, all in New England and all this Fall. Great! We could throw the boat on the trailer, race up in Boothbay Harbor in Maine, head back to work, race up on Buzzard's Bay, head back to work, and then head up to Lake Winnepesaukee, and then launch the boat back at HYC for the Fall LIS races that were left in the season. That meant a potential of 35 individual races against other J80s! We would learn so much! Let's go!



And so we went. And it was a lot of firsts for us, each of which I treated like a victory in and of themselves, following which, we could go home no matter what and not have our tail between our legs. The list went like this:

- Get the van and trailer tuned up, and thanks to Lenny Dilorio: Check!
- Get the boat out of the water and on the trailer, and thanks to George Wood and the yard: Check!



- Get it tied to the trailer and ready for the road, and thanks to Iris and Bill and Tim: Check
- Get a new set of sails and fit to the boat, and thanks to Adam Loory: Check!
- Schedule the places to stay and register for the three regattas; get the boat on the highway for the first time and up to Maine without it falling off; race against other J80s in three different events while making it back to work in the weeks in between; spend a lot of time with three friends and instead of murdering each other, cooking and

eating and cleaning and driving and sailing and thank goodness not coming in last: Check, Check, Check, and Check!



And you know what? We didn't do too bad. And we did learn a lot. From the good members of Huguenot; from a lot of support from friends and loved ones; and from the wind and water itself. And now we're back at our home port, looking forward to the next.

Small Boat Traveling

Bill Heintz

Ok, so not everyone has the opportunity to crew on a boat in Australia in December; or the inclination to race to Bermuda; or owns a big trailer, and a truck to pull it all over the country. There are however opportunities to try at this at a smaller scale, here are a few suggestions that could easily be done as family adventures:

In January, I packed up the family iceboat built in the 60's and hit the road. First to Lake Winnepesaukee, the largest lake in NH; let me tell you, the lake is much bigger than it looks on an iPhone, over 69 square miles and the "lake contains at least 258 islands." I found the lake scattered with bob houses, fishing shacks that sit on the ice all winter; the temperature at 8°; and a few hearty souls milling about on the transition from beach sand to ice. After our boats were set up, though, it was easy to forget the bitter cold and enjoy the thrill of watching the beautiful countryside scoot by at 50 mph, on a box that has all the creature comforts of a wooden rollercoaster. By the afternoon, watching the sun set over the mountains, 20° seemed rather balmy and was surprisingly enjoyable.

My next iceboat trip was to Mecox Bay, which is on the south shore just east of Southampton, NY. It was fun to meet a few dozen local Long Islanders on the ice.

My final iceboating trip was to Lake Pocotopaug, which is a smaller lake near

East Hampton CT; it has an island in the middle that everyone sailed circles around, making it seem more like a race track than a pleasure cruise.



One of the first things you realize when iceboating, besides it being super cold, is that there are no waves, hopefully at least, so you can't see which way the wind is blowing. The people that iceboat are very friendly, happy to share their rather unusual hobby with anyone who even shows the slightest interest. They have an email hotline that gets very busy as soon as the leaves begin to fall, by November there are people giving ice reports from Maine to New Jersey to Wisconsin. It's a lot of fun if you dress appropriate; I found it funny the people who I met on the ice looked very different after they removed the layers and layers and layers of warm clothes.

In May, I loaded up my UFO, a 10-foot hydrofoil catamaran dinghy, and headed off to Rhode Island.



Spectrum Speedworks, the builder of the UFO, held two 3-day foiling free clinics the first and last weekends in May in Mt. Hope Bay, Bristol, RI, where I got my first taste of sustained foiling; the nor'easter on the final day made awesome conditions. Then the first weekend in June the lot of us went to Wickford, RI for their spring one-design regatta, unfortunately the wind was extremely light and I was not able to exhibit my new foiling skill.

Later in June, I participated in the Sunfish Adventure Raid; which is a 30 mile "race" down the Connecticut River. It starts at Rocky Hill, CT, just south of Hartford; about half way we camped at Hurd Park; and finished at Pettipaug Yacht Club, just before of Essex, CT. The rules are pretty simple: pack a tent, sleeping bag, clothes, and food for lunch each day, and load it all on your 14-foot dinghy. This is an All-Ages Event. Dinner, beverages and breakfast at the park were provided by Laser Performance in CT. The sailing down river was epic: mountains; islands; bridges; hamlets; trains; beaches; birds diving; fish jumping; and best of all it was free to participate.

For the 4th of July weekend, I tied my Laser to the top of my car and drove to Huston, TX for the Laser Nationals; meeting lots sailors from all over the

world, including some Olympic contenders, they are really good by the way in case you were wondering. The conditions were fantastic: 100's of boats, and 15-20 kts of wind for three days: I think I learned a lot about heavy air sailing. In August, I went to Brant Beach, NJ, on the bay side, to compete in the Laser Masters Nationals, I didn't do very well, but I met sailors who have been sailing Lasers for over 40 years; it was very inspirational.

Overall, it's been an interesting and unusual year of sailing; getting the opportunity to travel to new venues that I never knew existed was unexpected and fascinating. Scrolling through *Waze history* at all the different places I've been this year makes me nostalgic: March Creek State Park, a reservoir about 50 miles west of Philadelphia; Amityville, where we raced in South Oyster Bay, Sayville to race on the Great South Bay, Roton Point Yacht Club a club that only has dinghies, Sebago Canoe Club on Jamaica Bay in Brooklyn; Severen Sailing Association in Annapolis, MD, where I got the opportunity to visit with my family and enjoy a crab feast.

At this point I'm ready to settle down for a few weeks and enjoy Frostbiting at Huguenot YC.





