



Herring Island Sailing Club/CSSM
End of Season Blowout (BOMB)
OCTOBER 18-2008

It was a bit nippy with the wind frisky as members of both clubs ventured forth to find a committee boat anchored near Claiborne bell where the race to Whitehall Bay was to begin. Commodore Sokso on "Voyager" looked diligent and determined as he tacked to and fro with full sails up in the freshening breeze just off the mark.

On approaching R"2A" for the noon start we were without Stan the Starter who was 4 miles south at R"2" wondering why there were no boats in his location. After a brief discussion on whether the fleet should go to him or him to the fleet, it was decided for him to power up our area and take a position for the rescheduled 12:30 commencement.

After considerable radio traffic concerning shotguns, signal flags, countdown, and when, we heard "10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1 Go! Fifteen seconds later we heard "the race will begin in one minute!" Several were over the line (In fact we were in the lead!), and some even tacked back across. Commodore Sokso was in the rear of the pack by now as he had blown out his Genny just before the gun went off the first time, and he was busy gathering the remaining rags on his roller furler.

It was a joyous frolic down the Eastern Bay that was met with 20 knots of wind on the nose as we tacked around Bloody Point. After two and a half hours into the race, "Salt Shaker's" crew announced "This is not my cup of tea.", or words to that effect. Realizing that if we stayed the course, so to speak, we would miss the cocktail hour. We crossed the finish line under full power at 4:30 in the middle of the pack.

We made the interesting "S" turn into Mill Creek in quest of the big three 50' Mother Boats that would host the crowd with live entertainment, food & beverage, awards, and "G" rated movies on the fantail. Alas, they decided not to come; so "Lady C", a 28 footer" became the anchor vessel for a 6 boat raft.

Shortly after tying up, a stranger to me boarded "Salt Shaker" and asked to borrow my dink. I said "Sure, who are you?". He, Ras the Organizer, was a bit chagrined when he asked for the motor too, and I told him it was in my garage, but he was welcomed to it. Instead, he and his wife Ann decided skip it and stay for cocktails: so I opened "Salt Shaker's" bar and poured a round.

The live entertainment, David Cherry, had been ferried over from Cantlers and was awaiting instructions. Ras the Organizer decided we would make an ideal location as we had the largest cockpit, and were in the middle of the raft. (6 boats - middle?) Nevertheless an 80 pound amplifier and an 80 pound keyboard and other assorted stuff was quickly erected in the cockpit of the "middle" boat.



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After 20 minutes of robust sea faring songs, the generator could no longer carry the load and the mic, the amp, and the keyboard swallowed the anchor, so to speak. By then it was too dark to read the sheet music anyway. So much for 3 hours of live entertainment!

Dinner had been dispersed to another "middle" boat; so 20 plus participants clambered to and fro until all were fed. Since all the "chicken" boats made the trip, we had ample amounts of chicken left when dinner was over. This would have been an excellent time for Ras the Organizer to announce race results and hand out the highly sought after awards, but the topic never came up. Ever!

We did manage to avert further disaster when the entertainer decided not to put himself and the afore mentioned electronic equipment into an 8' dingy to return to shore, and stored it all aboard "Capri" to be sailed home on the morning tide.

The movies arrived via a lap top computer with no color or sound on a 10" screen, and, you guessed it, was placed on the hatch of the first "middle" boat for viewing. Boredom soon set in; so several gentlemen adjourned to the smoking lounge to savor cigars and solve world problems.

Dawn brought coffee, chocolate covered strawberries and freedom for the "middle" boat from the encumberment of the raft up.

Boat nights earned:

"Voyager" 1

"Salt Shaker" 1

Respectfully submitted,
Lynn & Mike aboard "Salt Shaker"