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# THE STARBOARD QUARTER

August 2007

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*photo by Robert Garry*

Hi sailors,  
We are the new newsletter editors, Katharine and Nick. We hope we do an OK job. We hope we aren't crazy or weird. Bare with us while we tweak. We hope you send stuff for us to put in "The Starboard Quarter".

We would like to thank John Luchau for his 4+ years of newsletter work!!!

## SCHEDULE OF EVENTS FOR AUGUST

**POT LUCK**-Wednesday,  
August 8, 6:30 pm @ Wailoa  
State Park #3 (sorry already  
happened)

**SAIL DAY**-Sunday, August 12  
11:00am @ Bayfront

**WORK DAY**-Saturday,  
August 25, 10:00am

## JULY IN REVIEW

July was a great month of sailing. Club racing continued on consecutive Sundays, followed by a sail day on the 15. The Big Island Sailing Foundation and the Kona Yacht Club were in town on the 29<sup>th</sup> for a Fun Race Day and celebration of Jon Olsen's birthday.

Great strides were made by club racers this month as some keen competition raised our collective skill level. And we had a lot of fun, too.

## Highlights from July's Board Meeting

*reported by Dave Partlow*

### CLUB OFFICERS

COMMODORE  
RON REILLY  
967-8603

VICE COMMODORE  
(EAST)  
DAVE PARTLOW  
443-7457

VICE COMMODORE  
(WEST)  
ALICIA STARSONG  
883-9230

REAR COMMODORE  
POWER:  
JON OLSON  
443-1036

REAR COMMODORE  
SAIL  
CHRIS RAINS  
966-6267

TREASURER  
JANINE COHEN  
963-5042

SECRETARY  
KATIE WEAVER

MEMBERSHIP  
LESLIE SCOTT  
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Among other topics, the board discussed using Reeds Bay Hotel as a club site. Present at the meeting was Don Inouye who holds the current lease on the land, which will expire in 2015. Don said to think big. The State is real specific about what they want to happen on Banyan Dr.: Tourism. Property will go out for bid in 2013. If the club wants to use it in the mean time, we will need to

write up a proposal for usage. Any improvements would require permit and it would effect the whole property. Don suggested writing up a business plan.

Board Meetings are held on the first Tuesday of each month at 7pm in Kea'au Community Center. All members are welcome.

## Update on the Fleet

### *Private Dancer*

Jon Olson, Janine Cohen, Robert Garry and Ron Reilly were all out on Maui to work on Private Dancer recently. According to Jon they cleaned the bottom of the boat, did electrical work, and replaced all the running rigging. A group will be returning on August 9 to finish up with some bridle work, gudgeon repair, block repair, some odds and ends. The boat is seaworthy, Jon reports, and will remain on Maui for anyone who's checked out to use until Oct.. when she'll sail for Hilo.

share our sweat. The roof supports were painted and sand was spread near the lockers and dinghy storage area. Some guy with a feather in his hat and another guy with a sword reinforced Windsong's mooring cleats and everyone disappeared into the twilight.

Special thanks to the crew on work day 7/28/07: Dale Scharpenberg, Scotty Scott, Marshall Weaver, Leilani & Brent Stolpe, Mike Ellis, Joe Calvino, Rick DuPont, Jay Vogler, Ray Purifoy, Janine and Dick Cohen

Remember for every hour of sailing you should be putting in an hour of volunteer time to keep our club boats afloat.

### *Work Day by Leslie Scott*

On A hot sunny Saturday afternoon several club members showed up at the KK park site to do a few chores;

### NA HOA HOLOMOKU WISH LIST

#### SOMEONE TO:

- ROOF THE BOAT RACKS
- DRAW PLANS FOR CLUBHOUSE
- MONITOR SAFETY CHECKS AND REGISTRATION--FOR BOATS AND TRAILERS
- WORK ON BOAT REPAIR
- TRIM GRASS/TOSS ROCKS (TO SIDE OF LOT) AT KUHIO K PARK.

SUNFISH FLEET CAPTAIN  
WALKER BAY FLEET CAPTAIN  
HOBIE ONE FLEET CAPTIAN

*photo by Robert Garry*

# Skipper in the Spotlight:

## Interview with Dick Cohen

by Nick Fillmore

### Out the Gate

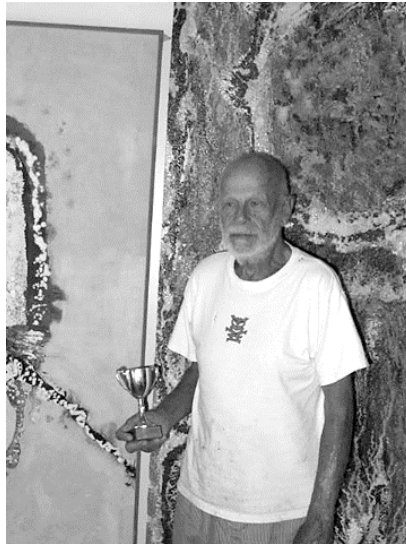
Dick Cohen went to sea when he was eight years old in a little row boat on Lake Merced, a lagoon now. “My father had sailed in Germany,” he says, settling into a chair in his sunny living room in Hamakua, surrounded by large abstract expressionist paintings, “and so he bought me a boat and took me out. So I rowed around, and finally we drilled a hole in the cross board and put a sail in it, and I learned how to sail. Of course it wasn’t even like a sunfish, it was sluggish. But I read a lot about it. I held the end of the sail.

Then I got too involved with school, because five years later he said I could buy a sailboat; so I went over to Sausalito... and we picked out a 14 foot something or other—all wood in those days, of course, plus all manila and no radios, no fm or any of that; no GPS.

Anyway, I just sailed around San Francisco Bay. He made me promise until he checked me out that I wouldn’t go out the Gate. But one night I had a couple of buddies with me and we were drinking—I think I was about fifteen or sixteen—and we sailed out the gate with the outgoing tide thinking *Well, no problem, we’ll sail right back in with the incoming*. But we had caught the beginning of the outgoing tide.

So we were out at three in the morning with the fog and *HMMM-M, hmmm, hmmm*, and the ships: *HUMMM*, (Dick executes a series of pitch perfect fog horns; for a minute I feel myself adrift in San Francisco harbor) in the middle of the fog drifting out toward the Farralon Islands about thirty miles out until finally the wind came up. That’s, see, we didn’t have any wind. We had wind going out, but I remember when we got out there the wind died. And you know how it is. It’s like in a sailfish with no wind. There’s

absolutely nothing, you couldn’t row or anything. So we were asking all the fishing boats that were passing by for some gas. But they all had diesel.... So finally the wind came up or the tide got slack or something and we sailed in. That was the end of my sailing in San Francisco Bay; my father sold the boat, he was that kind of guy. He was real funny, he had a great sense of humor, but he really wanted you to toe the line.



### Solo

Let’s see, what happened next? I bought a Mermaid, which is a 22 foot Folkboat, same as a Folkboat, except smaller; and *clinker-built*—you know the planks on the hull? They overlap the planks, which gives you extra strength; of course you have to paint and scrape underneath each one. It was a narrow boat and fast and built in Sweden and I remember when I first got on it there were big chunks of salt in the bilge. See, in wooden boats you don’t want fresh water, salt water’s no problem, you can soak the boat with salt water, but fresh water will mildew and rot real fast. So that was the old thing: they sent it over from Sweden packed in salt!

I had that for years, sailed all over San Francisco Bay and down to Mazatlan, past San Diego, usually alone.... I had girlfriends... but I never found a girl that I really could take a chance with for a month or two on the boat.... Anyway, that’s the story of my sex life.

So, I remember sailing past Mazatlan by mistake. It must have

been nighttime, and I got down and the sun came up and here was this beautiful little cove, went around came in and the mountains were on three sides and the ocean behind you so that if the wind comes down you’re safe, you get blown out to sea. That’s never a problem; getting blown the other way always is a problem. So it was beautiful and I anchored there and about four o’clock or four thirty—this is common all over the world—the wind comes up and blows down the mountain into the harbor about fifty knots.... I stayed overnight. It died in the morning and then I left and went back. And that was my longest voyage in that boat.

### War

So then I got into the Marines. Then War came. On Pearl Harbor Day I was out at Johnston Island, about eight hundred miles south-west of here.... They were dredging for a sea plane ramp... and they were putting in two five inch guns and a bunch of three inch anti-aircraft guns. So, December 7, Pearl Harbor: the news came over the radio, everyone’s running around putting on belts with 45s, and getting the guns all set and we’re all ready and all that stuff, and nothing happens.

The next Sunday I’m sitting with a guy, we’re watching the sun set, puffy trade wind clouds, you know, just those little cumulus, and I see a flash, and I thought it couldn’t be lightning, not from those clouds, no way. I said, Did you see it, he said No. I said, I saw a flash out there; he said, Well, maybe you’re going blind or something. And the next thing we hear is SHHHHH. I mean a thousand times louder, right? Deafening. And about 200 feet in front of us in the lagoon the shell hits; fortunately it doesn’t explode. They were so close that the trajectory made it ricochet. If it had been like this (Dick describes a long arc through the air) it would have exploded, right? So it ricocheted over us and it tumbled and I heard BRRRRRR, real loud as it’s tumbling over us, and it explodes about a quarter of a mile past us fortunately. That was my initiation into the war: a Japanese sub out there.

So everybody's running for their guns, yelling, whistling. And we're shooting back at the sub. And the Captain's standing with his binoculars on the side of the gun pit: Up 50, right 20 and all that. And the Japanese are shooting back and they shoot a star shell. A star shell goes way up in the air and it bursts and little parachutes with flaming magnesium under them light up the whole sky. A hell of a light. And so we just all stand still, as if they could see anything from a mile or two away.... They hit an oil tank down wind; you know the red-blackish flames from burning oil? It was a hell of a scene: the black smoke's going over us and we're shooting. And the explosions.... I'll never forget, it was the most exciting thing in my life.

I wasn't afraid. The next morning I was afraid, when we had to get up... but., you know, Marines, you have to get up. Anyway, we got shelled a few more times.... But what's this got to do with sailing? Oh, yeah. Oh. The next morning after the sub left—we didn't hit it, I don't think we came near it, it's pretty hard—we had a raft with a sail on it, so three of us decided to sail over where the sub was... but we couldn't see anything. It took us all day to sail back.... I left soon after that and went back to Pearl for extra training and then went out to Tarawa and Eniwetok and some of those campaigns out in the South Pacific. I was away from Pearl for three years.... Got down to 130 pounds; good shape, though. It wasn't bad when there was no action, living on the beach in a tent, wearing shorts and going in the water spear fishing.

### **Lipstick**

...So after the war I hitchhiked from SF to Fallon, Nevada.... Got there in the middle of the night and couldn't get a ride.... There was no place to go but across the desert. So nobody was stopping. About a hundred yards over there was a train track and a freight was moving really slowly. So I jumped the fence. I had this big camera with me, you know those Graphix, those big box cameras you look down into? I had that with me and a suitcase. So I jumped on the freight and wound up

going all the way to New York on freights. I had an apartment in Greenwich Village on McDougal for seventeen dollars a month.... I remember walking half a mile to get chicken liver sauce on Spaghetti. Twenty five cents. Anyway, I stayed there for a while and one of the guys I met overseas, a steward from a merchant ship that I'd been on guarding the beer... said, Do you want to go around the world on a Trader? I said Sure. So I signed up the union, they needed men then. This was 1946, the War was just over. So we went around the world, took about five, six months. Stopped in all kinds of weird places. I met a lot of people and saw nothing but money. Business advantages for Americans? You could take anything over there. I ended up taking 20,000 sticks of lipstick, buying them for six cents and sold them for forty cents. And that's a lot of money in those days. In Singapore we smuggled them ashore in the back of a taxi.... So that trip opened my eyes to a lot of things. —

### **Around the World**

When we got back to New York I looked around and found a thirty four foot wooden yawl.... You can do a lot with a yawl: when you're just stopped somewhere, put up that back mizzenmast and the boat doesn't rock. So I wanted to go to England. I'd seen England when we were kids, the folks took us, but I was pretty young then. So I went the southern route, which isn't really the best way to go because you're going against the wind, but it's more pleasant because the North Atlantic in October is atrocious.... Big storms sweeping from New England to England. That's the advantage: they're lows. And if you stay below a low, the wind in the northern hemisphere is flowing west to east... That's the good thing about sailing from here to the Mainland, is if you get above the high, you catch all those lows and they help you. But in the Gulf of Alaska the lows are just as bad as the North Atlantic. I like sailing in warm weather. I tried to stay in the tropics as much as I could.

So, I got to Cork, Ireland. And I learned there not to pull into big ports. In the first place, the people were all extremely poor after the War.

They were all congregating into cities for security and to get food.... So I looked at the dock and here's all these young kids hanging around, and I know if I go ashore or anchor they're going to be coming out to the boat. Fortunately, I had known the District Attorney in San Francisco and he gave me the name of the Chief of Police in Cork, so I looked him up had somebody go in to call him out. And he came out. I had some Irish Whiskey that I'd saved for an emergency.... So I spent time there and from then on, on this whole trip around the world, I only went into small places. Two times: I had to go into Bombay because I broke the mast, and I had to go into Hong Kong because I hit something and I got a hole and had to patch it.

(I had to patch leaks a couple of times. If you have a leak or a break in a wooden boat and you can't go over and fix it with a piece of canvass and tack that on, then you have to rip out the cupboards and everything where the leak is real fast, and nail some plywood on it, stuff a mattress up against it with a couple of pieces of furniture across the cabin bracing it against the water coming; but that's temporary. Then you have to take it on the beach and *careen* it; that means on high tide, get some timbers and hold it up, and when the tide goes out get out there and fix everything. Now if I had a boat I get that flotation thing: they have these big bags that you put under the bunk, wherever you have a space, that when you trigger something it releases these big cylinders of carbon dioxide and it fills up so the boat will keep floating. That's a lot better than getting in the dingy....)

I flew a big American flag because everybody loved America. Everywhere I went I was invited to dinner and they wanted me to meet their daughter... 'cause I was, I was cute. What was I? twenty eight or something like that, and single. There were dinners. And they let me stay and they brought stuff down to the boat. I didn't have to buy anything. Most of the time I was sailing with about five or ten dollars in my pocket.

Then I sailed over to Scotland and sort of got tired of all that. And I took off down the Irish Sea and sailed down the coast of France, the Bay of Biscayne, and where did I go? went up the Tagus River to Portugal. I remember, some of these places have vicious tides. You have to be real careful: everything looks good to tie up and then the tide goes down ten, twelve feet, and your lines break or you pull out a cleat. That happened a couple of times. I learned to use spring lines, you know, crossways? You go from the bow of the boat to the stern on the dock and they cross, plus your bow and stern direct lines, you leave them loose so the boat can sink and go up no problem. So most of the time I'd just anchor....

So I must have stopped about eighty different places, and ran aground about thirty or forty, at least. Because I'm not that kind of conservative guy that when you're coming into a bay that you anchor way out to make sure. I like to show off, I like to go in and be the guy: *He's crazy to be anchoring there, there's only two feet of water.* (Another thing I would get now, you know I read a lot about sailing, is the forward looking sonar, so you can see all the coral heads and all the rocks up ahead of you. That would be perfect, you could steam into a harbor and everyone would be screaming....) But as long as you know the tide, right? You can always tell the tide by looking along the shore, you see the white marks or the black marks. Because there's no local knowledge. If you got ashore, yeah, you could get local knowledge: you get a chart.... If you go along a coast and you see a cove, you don't need a chart. Just go in slowly and look around, and usually you can see rocks if they're under the surface from the way the water acts. And most of the time there's boats all over.... They're fishing villages, they're not sitting around. So you can just follow them in.... I just use the jib; no motor. That's the beauty of sailing: if you can learn to sail without a motor you've got it made.

So I had a sextant and two clocks and a few charts, no radio, no

motor. I had water in all kinds of jugs, wherever I could get it....

We're still in the Med., going through Gibraltar now. We come down the River from Lisbon (Dick has graciously taken me on board with him), we stopped in Gibraltar because I'd heard so much about it. Some of the things you don't forget, the silly things, like in Gibraltar they don't honk their horn in their cars; the driver, he's on the right, he reaches out and hits the side of his door: bang, bang, bang. That's funny, isn't it?

Then I went through the Straits of Messina—that's between Sicily and Italy, where the Volcanoes are—and curved around the foot of Italy. And I remember as I looked up into Italy, it sloped up just like the Volcanoes do, way up high, and I could see a river up at the top and I could follow the whole river coming down. Isn't that strange? All the way down to the ocean. There were a few of them.

And then to the Suez Canal and I stopped in Point Said, the entrance to the Canal. They put a boatman on with you—the canal is privately owned or something—to make sure you don't run aground and screw up the canal, block it or something. He stayed with me for three days. Horrible smell! This Egyptian guy with no teeth; I have a picture of him somewhere.

Of course, now we're getting into the real Tropics. So I went down around Arabia. Then I hit a storm and had trouble with the mast and had to pull into Bombay.... A jibe. It broke the *preventer*. See, when I put the boom way out I tie it down on a cleat so it can't come over. But somehow the wind shifted or I got off course and Bang, broke the preventer and broke the shrouds on the windward side. So I had to come about immediately and rig up some rope to hold the mast up on that side. There were remnants of the shrouds hanging down. So I managed somehow to—that was a tough one, too—how to tie a knot into a metal shroud: onto wire. And it's old. You know, when wire's young it's more flexible. If it gets old it gets like glass, it gets brittle. Anyway, I managed to do that. And

got that fixed up. The boatyard owner liked me so I stayed at his house. That took a week or two.

Then I sailed to a couple other little villages along India, then down through the straits of Malacca between Sumatra and Singapore—the regular route—and into Singapore. Singapore was great. I stayed there quite a while, Singapore. Then went up to Tokyo and saw the Inland Sea. I always wanted to see that, all those Toras, those beams they have in the water on rocks. Beautiful place. Stormy, too for some reason. I just caught it bad there.

(It seems like there were a lot of narrow escapes: like you get a halyard jammed up at the top of the mast, and you can't get the sail down and the wind's coming up, that's always a problem. I had to loosen it along the boom and wrap it around the mast and tie it. You can't get the sail down and you can't tie up high it's flapping like mad, a lot of noise. Is that a narrow escape? I'm here. But that happens a lot, wrapping sails around forestays, the jib. Sometimes, somehow you go about or jibe or something and the thing goes around. If your sheet's loose. And then you have to get up there and unwrap it if it's not a furling jib. The foredeck work is horrible, getting up there. You know, normally in the ocean, your boat's moving quite a bit... And then a couple of times I remember the *sheaves*—the pulleys at the top of the mast where the halyards port and the main go through—the rims of them wear out and the stuff gets jammed and you have to climb up there. I had *baggywrinkles*, do you know what they are? (A new style of pants, I venture.) They're big things with a lot of wool; you put it on the shroud and it's real thick and it prevents the sail from wearing on the shrouds. And then I had *rat lines*. That's a ladder between the shrouds. You never see those; they're windage. People don't want those, they want to go fast. And *silk stockings* are real important on a boat in the tropics. You make an opening with wire and tie a stocking with lines and drag it along, collect it and pull the plankton in. Miniscule, crabs, lobster, shrimp, worms. I lived

on that... No problem, just wait till you're hungry....)

So anyway, then I came here, saw some old friends. I think I went the Great Circle Route. Then I got back to San Francisco and sold the boat. Then I didn't sail for a long time. I'd had enough sailing.

It took me about a year and a half.... I was never in a hurry, so most of the time at night I'd just leave a jib up, assuming that I'm out clear of land. Just tie the rudder and hope you go the right way. Of course I wake up every half hour and look. I don't need an alarm.... And then I had a compass right by the bunk. And then after all those months on the boat at sea you can tell any change in the waves or the wind by the sound of the waves slapping three inches away from your ear; you can tell something's changed, easily. And at night if there's squally weather and lightning and stuff like that, and you can't see the squalls coming, I just would take all the sails down...

(Most of my sailing I've had, I'd say, three bad storms, that's about all, and maybe twenty of thirty little ones.... Yes, there's a lot of fear involved. But if you're active in keeping the boat going, and making sure everything's ok, you don't have time. Fear comes, like I told you about shooting, the fear comes later. But I knew the boat was in real good shape and I knew even if I lost a mast and everything and it turned turtle it would come up because it had a nice, heavy keel. Drew five feet. That means you can go into a lot of little bays, too. Plus if you draw five feet and run aground you can jump off and push it off. You can't even do that with six feet. Many a time I remember sweating like a pig trying to push the boat off the mud.

(The thing about storms: as soon as the wind gets up, if it's going the way you want to go it's fine. You can run with it, maybe you can just leave the jib up. And then if it gets a little rougher you can take the jib down, and just run with it. And then if it starts breaking behind you, you cannot run any more, it's too dangerous. There's a danger of going this way, and a danger of *broaching*:

riding a wave and then coming around; you have to be right on top of that, you have to have that keen feeling.... Then you *heave-to*. And I have some crap I put onto the end of a line, like tires, and I'd stream them out to the bow. Leave the jib backed up, tie the tiller way over and with a few adjustments to the sail the boat will gradually move forward very little, but it will move to the lee maybe a knot or two. And with the drag stuff out, three hundred feet of line, it keeps your bow headed to the wind more. Other than that, when the wind gets up you'll have trouble heaving-to, but with that out there that will hold you. And as your boat drifts it leaves a slick and waves come and break on the slick, they don't even break near the boat. It's an amazing site to be sitting ten feet away from breaking waves on both sides of you. Breaking waves are dangerous. And you can tell which way you're moving just drop a piece of paper over the side and if it's going toward your stern that means you're still moving forward.

(Many a time I've wished it would just stop for five minutes, just the whole thing. That would be such a wonderful feeling: five minutes to get stuff together, and get my feelings together. But I think that's just at the beginning. That's when you're not too sure about storms, you're not too sure how you'll act and how the boat will act. But after awhile, once you get confidence in yourself and in the boat, you don't worry anymore; you only worry at lee shores, being blown ashore when you travel close in like that: *gunkholing*.... I love gunkholing. In fact the other day we had two of the Walker Bays, we rowed out along the ramp, there are a lot of little inlets and we rowed way up in some of them. That's real gunkholing....

Since that trip, I've had a Hershoff 38' wooden ketch. We sailed around Marina Del Rey a lot. And then I had another Cove Boat in San Francisco. Then came over here and started to sail from Niihau but it was leaking so much we had to come back; that was an experience: a slow leak but it was obvious. Since then I've done some chartering. I chartered in the British Virgin Islands,

a 50' Beneteau, 5 cabins, 5 heads... but nothing to compare to that trip....

Advice to young sailors? Don't worry. Nothing bad is going to happen. You can get drifting, you can capsizes, you can go up on the rocks, you can wreck the boat, it doesn't mean anything. You're going to make a lot of mistakes sailing. Everybody makes mistakes sailing, so don't get angry at yourself for making mistakes. And you can even make the same mistake three times. It's ok. The worst things in a few months are laughable.... You asked what I got out of sailing, personally; I would say I got rid of the critical me.... so that I just realized there's one me, not two or three....

Advice to old salts? Teach the younger. Don't wait for people to ask.

**\$\$\$ FUNDRAISING \$\$\$**

**T-SHIRTS ARE IN ALONG WITH THE CLASSY POLO EMBROIDERED WITH OUR BURGEE. WE ALSO HAVE BURGEES (TRIANGLE FLAG) T-SHIRTS ARE \$15 POLOS ARE \$25. BURGEES ARE \$20 IF ORDERING FROM AFAR INDICATE SIZE, STYLE, AND INCLUDE \$10 FOR S&H. OTHERWISE SEE LESLIE SCOTT**

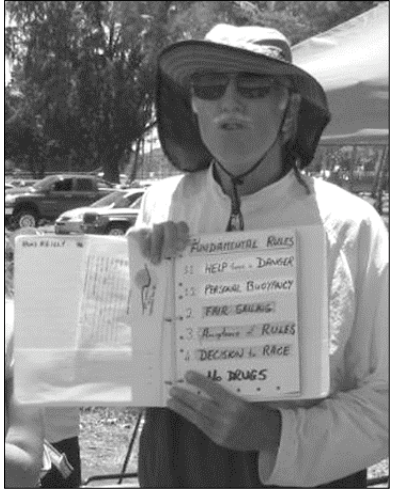
**We'd love submissions: articles; lists of favorite sailing books and movies; photos etc.**

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Phone: 985-7292  
Fax: 985-9232



It was while gliding through these latter waters that one serene and moonlight night, when all the waves rolled by like scrolls of silver; and, by their soft, suffusing seethings, made what seemed a silvery silence, not a solitude: on such a silent night a silvery jet was seen far in advance of the white bubbles at the bow. Lit up by the moon, it looked celestial; seemed some plumed and glittering god uprising from the sea. *Moby Dick, Chapter 51 (The Spirit-Spout)*

Everyday Words with Nautical Beginnings  
**Nausea**-from *naus* Greek word for ship.  
**Pile Up**-used by insurance to describe a ship that had *piled* on top of rocks.  
**Skyscraper**- light triangular sail, used in moderate weather that was highest sail on a ship.  
**Moonraker**-as above but a square sail.  
 from *Salty Dog Talk* by Beavis and McCloskey



DEFINITIONS  
**Spar**-long thin pole=mast, boom, gaff  
**Gaff**-supports upper leading edge of sail on some rigs (Sunfish!)

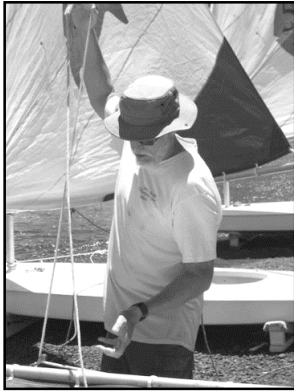


photo by Robert Garry

In this sequence taken from "fun" race day, we see Anton looking nervously over his shoulder as John Luchau prepares to make his move to the inside of the buoy and tack toward the finish.



MEDIA  
RECOMMENDATIONS

*websites*

of course! <http://homepages.interpac.net/sailing/>  
good for browsing- <http://www.apparent-wind.com/sailing-page.html>,  
<http://www.womensailing.org/links.htm>  
[http://www.tollesburysc.co.uk/Knots/Knots\\_gallery.htm](http://www.tollesburysc.co.uk/Knots/Knots_gallery.htm) (animated knot tying)  
<http://www.fish4fun.com/buoys.htm> (buoy ID)

*movies-fiction*

Master and Commander  
of course Moby Dick (G. Peck)  
Wind (not as bad as you would think,  
some interesting sailing)

*books*

Godforsaken Sea: The True Story of a Race Through the  
World's Most Dangerous Waters by Derek Lundy  
and by one of the sailors from the same race Close to the Wind: An  
Extraordinary Story of Triumph Over Adversity by Pete  
Gloss. Both are really good books

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## CLASSIFIED ADS

*ADS FOR MARINE ITEMS ARE FREE  
FOR CURRENT CLUB MEMBERS.*

**FOR SALE:** BRISTOL 22.  
RANGER 23. WITH ALL PARTS  
AND PIECES. MAURICIO AT 961-  
6730.

**FOR SALE:** 8FT PORTABOTE  
FOLDING DINGHY. PRACTICALLY  
NEW \$1100. 935-2219.

**FOR SAILING IN KONA CONTACT:**  
ALOHA SAILING, PHONE: 883-  
9230 OR EMAIL: ALOHA  
SAILING@YAHOO.COM.

**FOR SALE:** WINDSURFERS,  
SAILBOARD BRAND 12'2"

BEGINNER BOARD, CARBON MAST,  
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