



Windsurfing Enthusiasts of Tidewater

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Gunpowder Park, and the BABA Race, by Dave Kashy and Marcy Kennedy

There is nothing like a little local knowledge to change one's perspective on a day that got off to a rough start. Although the forecast was not looking good, the local knowledge indicated that the predicted south winds would get a thermal boost. Lucky for us, the locals were not only well prepared for the race, but also correct about the wind.

In order to get to the race early, Marcy and I stayed with Mark Raginsky just 50 minutes from the race site. Plans were set to follow Mark to the diner outside Gunpowder Park. But losing Mark at a toll-booth resulted in an extra hour drive, almost to Pennsylvania, and a 50 miles out of the way adventure that included a round trip on a \$10.00 toll bridge. The woman that collected our \$10.00 was kind enough to hand us a fifty cent map.

It wasn't all that great for Mark either since when we didn't show up he spoke to a state policeman who told him a van with a trailer was broken down at the toll both. Being the helpful host, he returned to provide assistance to us. Obviously, we weren't there. We were making a round trip on the \$10.00 toll bridge.

Marcy and I finally made it to the diner and ate a huge breakfast. We arrived at the Gunpowder at 10:00 with light winds

blowing out of the south. After dropping off mounds of equipment near the race site, I rigged and went out to test the Curtis Olympic Formula Drifter fin. I sailed head to head with Jim DeSilva on his Prodigy. At times he was doing better and at times I was doing better. The fin worked and allowed the formula board to point upwind and be competitive in less than planing conditions.

The race committee called the skippers' meeting and explained the course and starting sequence. Across the bay to the south was a wind line creeping towards our race site. Marcy rigged her new EZZY 7.5 sail with much assistance from others and prepared to do battle with the queen of the board, Helen VanGelder. (Helen just had an article written about her in Health magazine. Go Helen!) I rigged my 12.5 and 11.6 RS 4 Neil Pryde race sails. Ten minutes before the start the wind arrived; a solid 15 miles per hour and definitely good enough for the 11.6. That was my choice. The water was flat, the start sequence began, and I was still on the beach making final adjustments. With four minutes to go, I jumped on my board and headed straight for the starting line. At one minute to the start I was still down wind of the start line. I tacked, right toward the committee boat. I tacked again to leeward, just below the first longboard sailor. There

was 20 seconds left. I started to sheet in and headed to the favored pin. I could see there were three formula sailors planning to start on port tack. When I was half way down the line the horn fired. The race was on! I pointed up, going 20 miles per hour, and could see that I was on a collision course with a port sailor, Curt Naggie. I screamed, “Starboard” and received no response. I had to take corrective action. I removed my foot from the back footstrap and stomped on the rail as though I was going into a snap jibe.

Marcy’s Perspective on the same day

This all started for me when Helen invited me to stay with her for the Gunpowder BABA race. Dave was driving to the race, so I hitched a ride. Saturday morning, I woke up with no real idea where I was, other than Mark’s house, and no real idea of where I was headed, other than Gunpowder Park. It was a great feeling to be going to a windsurfing race with absolutely no responsibilities or cares. The plan was to follow Mark to the diner for breakfast and then be at the race site in plenty of time to set up and relax. I was busy playing with Dave’s new GPS and talking on his cell phone. I was mildly concerned when we didn’t see Mark after paying the toll, but Dave didn’t say anything so I figured everything was under control. After all, Dave has sailed at Gunpowder Park before. I didn’t know at that moment that the sign to Gunpowder Park had been removed from the roadside. Obviously, Dave didn’t know that either. When it was obvious to me that we were very lost, I still refused to let my growing anxiety surface. After all, I knew the bay had to be to the east and when we got a map we’d find it. I didn’t expect to have to pay \$10.00 for the map. The trip back from the Pennsylvania boarder wasn’t all that bad. Of course Mark dubbed me the “PA girl” after that.

When we got to the park, I greatly appreciated the fact that Dave had brought demo boards and therefore we could drive his trailer with all my gear to the race site. I

The nose popped up and the board instantly turned to leeward. Disaster avoided. I screamed “Protest. Do your circles.” I gathered my wits and headed off for the course. When I reached the top of the course, the first mark, I found that Curt and Tom Caswell were both ahead of me. I chased them on the downward leg and caught them both before the third mark. There I sailed for the first of five victories for the day.

excitedly pulled my brand new EZZY 7.5 sail out of the bag and immediately called John Perry for help. He gently talked me through the basic steps of rigging. Once the sail was rigged, Dave came over to fine tune it for the race conditions, and later Mark Rosen assisted me with a few other tips. I felt confident that I had the sail properly rigged for the conditions. No one told me that the thermals would set in before the first race started. It wouldn’t have helped me anyway, since although I conceptually understand thermals, I have never before stood on the shore and experienced them. Of course, by the time the race started I was adding outhaul and downhaul. I now know what a thermal can do.

As usual, I was thoroughly confused by the race start sequence and only occasionally could get my watch to go into the stopwatch mode. I did manage to set the alarm to go off every 20 minutes, which was no help at all. I decided to use my alternate racing start plan and watch for Helen VanGelder, to follow her to the start line. Unlike Dave, I don’t remember my first, second, third, or fourth start in any great detail. I just remember trying to stay out of everyone’s way. I wasn’t successful. I know I took out Maureen as we sailed side by side and another time I fell right in front of Dafney. Not the last time I would cause a traffic jam. I’d think I was doing well and then notice that all the BABA women were in front of me. Then I would have hope, as one or two

of them would fall, generally at a turn. That hope always disappeared as I approached the same marks and also inevitably fell. I began to look for ways that I might be improving in my racing in order to keep from getting discouraged. Obviously I had a lot of time to think since I was taking so long getting around the marks. I figured I was no longer racing in the novice fleet where I probably belonged. I also left the marks where the

race committee placed them instead of snagging them and dragging them around as I have in previous races. I also completed four of the five races run on Saturday and both races on Sunday. That seemed to me like progress. I was able to continue sailing with the encouragement of the other female racers and greatly appreciate their candor and support. I was exhausted.

Back to my story (Dave)

After five really good planing races, the first on 11.6 and the final four on 12.5, we stopped for the day. The infamous chef, Marc Rosen, was preparing a spread like only he can do. He had barbecue grills, Coleman stoves and the like all going. We ate well. Burgers, sausage, hot dogs of several varieties, spicy chicken, teriyaki chicken, slaw, baked beans, and even brownies for desert. Alan and I set up our tent, and so did about a dozen others. The wind was freshening so Alan, Chris Jarboe, Colin Pitts, and I went for a night sail. The moon was less than a quarter, but the sky was still reflecting the light from the already set sun. We were powered, even more than when we raced. It was an ideal way to end a wonderful day. On our last ride, Alan and I were blasting upwind. I was slightly ahead. When I looked back I saw big Al separate from his rig. He looked like Mark Spitz pushing off from the blocks at the beginning of a 100m back stroke event. He flew backwards from his rig, which was still planing at 20mph plus. I quickly tacked and sailed back to him. He was floundering about in the bay. I looked around and saw a couple of motor boats rocketing towards us. I screamed "Alan get out of the water and stand up on your board". As the boats passed they gave out a shout out to us. After a couple more beers and a great game of Pit with the teenagers, we hit the tents for a good night sleep. The cicadas sang their song as I went out.

Sunday arrived a bit too soon, but everyone who camped had a smile on their face. With

the park ours, since it does not open until 9 am, we gathered our cooking apparatus and made an incredible breakfast consisting of egg sandwiches, omelets, pancakes, doughnuts, cereal, juice and cowboy coffee. We waited and waited for the winds to fill in. Around noon Marc broke out the grill again and did a mini repeat of last night's dinner. The RC set a course, the winds went 360 degrees, but we were here to race. Since the winds were not filled in and I had done so well yesterday I decided to use my throw-out by sailing a longboard. Alan thought this would be more fun so he did the same. I borrowed Al's Superlight and used my 12.5. I got a perfect start on port tack and got to the first mark first. On the third leg, a run down wind, there was a lot of very nasty boat chop. I fell backward but landed on my board in a seated position. With my rig still in my hands, I wormed and squirmed back and forth, trying to figure out what to do next. Should I drop the rig or could I possibly stand back up. I noticed my center board was part way down so I used my left hand to get it fully up. After raising it I was a bit more stable. Just behind me I could hear Alan laughing. I must have traveled over 50 yards nearly planing in this ridiculous position, and then I finally was able to stand. I did not lose any positions and ended up winning that race overall too. With my throwout used up. I had to return to Formula. I went back out but the wind did not cooperate. The race turned out to be a drifter. Kurt lead the Formula guys around the course, way behind the long boarders, but at the end I was able to split tacks with

him and take advantage of a shift and puff to finish ahead. Marcy helped me load up the empty trailer. By the time we were finished

Mark had finished the scoring and we hit the road for an uneventful ride home.

Back to Marcy's story

At the end of the fourth of five races I was tired and sailed to shore. I was happy to wait for the others to finish the race and then relax until the chef, Marc Rosen, served up his feast. I laughed as one person complained about how hot the sauce was and then another tried it, only to complain about how hot it was. After Allen, John Contos, Dave, and Tom all were close to tears from the sauce, they suggested I try it. I'm crazy enough to enter sailboard races, but not that crazy.

After dinner, I left with Helen and Bill for a pleasant trip to Bill Anderson's house, a nice shower, and a comfortable bed. We drove directly to Bill's house and back to Gunpowder Park the next morning without any side trips to Pennsylvania. It was great.

Sunday morning, I was ready to sail. The only problem was there wasn't any wind. I talked John Perry into going out with me anyway and then tried to convince him that the stupid idea of sailing without wind was his. Soon after, a breeze came and the races were started. Again, I fiddled with my watch, gave up, and looked for Helen. I was behind again but thought I could make a comeback on the downwind leg. I was doing great until the captain of a huge motor boat decided he could squeeze through in front of me at maximum wake. Smack! I was in the water again. I looked at my board-burned knees and wondered why I thought banging and

bruising them was worth this. Just how does one explain this behavior?

The last race of the day started and I crossed the start line behind the pack but feeling confident. I looked up and saw that the wind was non-existent and that I was floating backwards. Not good for my confidence! The wind played with us for the rest of that race. I considered swimming my board to keep going in the correct direction, but knew that I needed to be patient and wait for the wind goddess to have pity on me. When I was between the first and second marks, my sail floated off my board and I thought, "Ah! An excuse to quit". Helen wasn't quitting though and I was able to put the sail back on the board. I was actually a little disappointed that I got it back on the board and therefore had no excuse to quit. The wind gave a little puff and I was back in the race. As I left the finish line and sailed back to shore, railing the board as much as I could, I wondered why my sailing seems so much better on the trip to the beach after the race.

Dave then showed me how to take a shower in a water spigot two feet off the ground. (The showers at the park were closed.) I guess he and Alan had perfected the technique the night before. It worked and since I kept my clothes on to do it, I didn't get arrested. The trip home went fairly quickly and we were able rush to get my stuff into my car before a storm blew in. I tried to tell my friends about the experience the next day, but their eyes just glazed over.

A huge thanks to BABA and particularly to the BABA women who raced. I can't wait to come back next year.

WET did well- Dave took first place, John Contos had a first place, and John Perry and I came in third in our fleets.

WET Spring Regatta 2004 shots, by Randy Rainey and Kevin Ellis

I consider the WET Spring Regatta 2004 shots more reminiscent of what is called a body of work, than just a photo gallery. I picked a handful of pictures for the WET newsletter. I hope Glenn can make some room on sailwet.com for the entire collection. [JP]

Credits:

Shots on shore by RVRainey Photography, www.RVRaineyPhoto.com.

Shots from the RC boat by Glenn Woodell and Kevin Ellis.



Inching at the start: Prodigy and longboard.



Susan...



...and Al Simmons.



Bob Thomas and Lisa Ellis on the RC boat.



Addrienne and Glenn Woodell resetting the course.



Formula action.



More Formula action.



Yet another prize for Helen VanGelder.



Jammin' Alan Bernau.

WET Calendar of Events 2004

Every Sunday, through October 31st:
Sunday Sailing at [Mill Creek](#), 1:00. Bring your light wind and beginner gear so others can learn.

July

17th / Saturday
Fun regatta at Willoughby boat ramp
Coarse will be set at 10a, start at 11a

24th / Saturday
Introduction to windsurfing at Mill Creek – Fort Monroe (age 10 and up).
Directions: Enter Fort Monroe through check point. Driver license, registration for vehicle, ID for individuals required.
Bring booties and sun protection.

31st / Saturday
Lotto Regatta at Anderson Park. We have a reservation for shelter 1 after the event for awards and prizes.
Bring your own food. WET will provide water.
Registration - 10a to 11a
Start - 11:30a

August

5th / Thursday
WET meeting 7:00; Buckroe Beach Grill
7th / Saturday
Bring your own **BBQ and windsurf** at the beach, Buckroe

September

2nd / Thursday
General meeting 7:00; Location TBD
11th / Saturday
Introduction to windsurfing (age 10 and up)

October

7th / Thursday
General meeting at 7:00, nominations; Location TBD
22th / Saturday
Buckroe Beach Challenge
23rd-24th / Saturday-Sunday
Hampton Roads Sailboard Classic at Buckroe Beach or Day's Inn. This is our last regatta of the year.

November

4th / Thursday
7:00 **General meeting** (Elections) at 7:00; Location TBD

December

Date TBD
WET Christmas Party. No meeting this month

Buckroe Beach Bash Rigging Clinic, shots by Bruce Powers



Advice from the older.



But still... NO clue...



What does the manual say?



Ah, slide mast into sleeve.



Should have asked this guy – he's got it all figured out!

Kiteboarding safety

I went down to 45th Street at the Virginia Beach Ocean Front to check out a safety meeting of the local association of kiteboarders, VAKB. Below is a summary of what I learned, under the aspect of how kiteboarding interacts with our sport. Get in touch with me if you are interested in the full meeting minutes.

You can expect a kiteboarder to be proficient with handling his or her kite in a safe way. Local riders take a big issue with this. Motto: "D O N' T B E T H E G U Y!! DONT BE THE ONE TO RUIN IT FOR THE REST OF THE RIDERS HERE" by dropping a kite on other people. The big concern is beach closures, which already occurred elsewhere in the country. One feared scenario: An individual who purchases gear on the Internet to take it down the beach and try it out without certified instructions. The problem for us windsurfers is the marginal chance that we could be affected as well. Hard to believe: Authorities aren't necessarily able, or willing, to recognize the difference between kiteboarding and windsurfing.

You can expect a kiteboarder to know the right of way rules. As far as kiteboarding is concerned, right of way is exercised by either falling off the wind, or lifting up the kite. The latter requires faith in the kiteboarders kite handling skills, which, as a windsurfer, can be hard to evaluate.

- Launching kites, and presumably windsurfers, have right of way.
- Starboard has right of way over port tack.

In relation to a windsurfer this does not necessarily work in each and every case, so

expect that kiteboarders let windsurfers pass upwind. For the kiteboarder, this is considered a good time for what is called to "pull the trigger"; to show off some aerial tricks and in the process fall off the wind.

Even with best intentions, don't touch a kite if you are not sure what you are doing. You might power it up unintentionally, and launch it (and the rider) in the "power zone". Stay away from the lines.

When going B&F, try to stay upwind in order to minimize overlap. Depending on skill level, you will see kiteboarders on involuntary, or intentional downwinders. Either way, they typically pass through quickly. Just watch out.

As far as launch overlap in our area is concerned, we rarely encounter kites. As far as I heard, the most popular areas for kiteboard downwinders are 45th to around 70th street at the Virginia Beach Ocean front, and the Sandbridge Back Bay. The Chesapeake Bay is not very popular due to obstacles (breakwaters, jetties, piers) and currents, which make relaunching a downed kite difficult or impossible.

The WET newsletter is obviously not a forum to accompany kiteboarding issues. For future reference, you can get in touch with the Virginia Kiteboarding Association (VAKB).

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/VAKB>

Other contacts:
Virginia Beach: Ted Bautista of Pure Kiteboarding
Eastern Shore: South East Expeditions

[JP]

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Web Site: [Glenn Woodell](#)**

Membership: [Marcy Kennedy](#)

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*Wanna know where we sail? Check out the
launch map at
<http://www.windvisions.com/launches.html>
for all the information you need about the
local sailing sites.*

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President:	John Perry
Vice-President:	John Contos
Secretary:	Adrienne Woodell
Treasurer:	Chad Perkins
Members At Large:	Earl Berkley, Allen Monfalcone, Bob Rowland

Next WET Meeting

The WET meeting will be

August 5th, 7PM

Buckroe Beach Grill

1 Ivory Gull Crescent, Hampton

Phone: (757) 850-6500

WET MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION
203 Buckroe Ave., Hampton, VA. 23664

Name: _____		
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Individual Membership...\$20.00		U. S. Windsurfing Membership...\$25.00
Each additional family member....\$5.00		through WET (Normally \$35)
Total: _____		

WAIVER, RELEASE, AND INDEMNITY AGREEMENT

In consideration of acceptance as a member of the Windsurfing Enthusiasts of Tidewater (WET), I (the undersigned), intending to be legally bound, do hereby for my administrators, my executors and myself, waive, release and forever discharge any and all rights and claims for damages which may occur to me against WET, its officials, employees and agents of any and all liabilities or responsibilities arising from any injury received or incurred by participation in any event sponsored by WET. My release is also given for the reproduction of any photographs taken of me or including me for use in media coverage. I understand that I am waiving rights which otherwise should have been mine by law and I do so of my own free will and consent.



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