

NEWSLETTER

January 2005

Calendar of Events

- Jan 11 Cruising & Electronic Charting Seminar – 7:00pm
- Jan 15 Second Half of Annual Meeting – 5:00pm
- Feb 7 Monthly Board Meeting – 6:30pm
- Feb 8 Racing Rules and Sails Seminar – 7:00pm
- Mar 7 Monthly Board Meeting – 6:30pm
- Mar 8 Cruising and Safety Gear Seminar – 7:00pm
- Apr 12 Racing Seminar with PSA – 7:00pm

Annual Meeting & Italian Pot Luck Dinner

Saturday January 15th

Cocktails at 5:00

Meeting at 6:00

Dinner following the Meeting

~ We'll provide the bread, salad, red wine & dessert ~

You bring any other beverage you'd like and an entrée or an appetizer with an Italian flair!!

(Don't worry, anything is fine...this is KPYC after all!)

Questions? Janet 603-430-9294

Submissions to Newsletter:

Dunja Hein • 6R Topaz Circle
Derry, NH 03038 • 603-434-0057
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Commodore's Message

I hope your holidays were fun and joyful, with wishes for a happy and healthy New Year. Many thanks to our outgoing officers and chairs. A big thanks to past Commodore Keith Bridge for serving and leading the club for two terms. He is our new House Chair for 2005. Along with this we have several new Board members and Committee Chairs. Thank you all for volunteering your time.

The last few months has been a busy time for the Board and Chairs as we gear up for the upcoming year. The 2005 budget review process has consumed most of our time. As a result we find it necessary, in order to maintain our good financial status, and to properly fund our asset maintenance account, to increase dues for 2005. The board recommends an increase to \$300/year, from its current level of \$230. Our review was of the Club and its assets, including our Sailing School operation, with a finding that our asset maintenance account is substantially under funded. It is recommended as a sound and necessary step to ensure our clubs future. As a point of information, our last dues increase was three years ago.

The Sailing School and House Chair are also working on the advertising, interviewing and hiring of staff for 2005. See ad in this issue, let us know if you have candidates.

The second half of our annual meeting is Saturday January 15 at 1700 hrs at the club, beginning with a social and meeting at 1800 hrs. Following the meeting an Italian Dinner with a new twist: Club will provide wine, bread and salad, with the membership bringing their favorite Italian dish-should be tasty! Mark your calendars and please attend- we need a quorum in attendance for the meeting. This is also a great opportunity to socialize with old friends and meet our new members that joined in 2004! We had 27 join in 2004!

Lastly I want to remind the membership that this is their club, and it's success depends on the efforts of its members. All of the Board and Committee Chairs are volunteers. There is much work to be done this year and the Chairs need your involvement. Whether it be helping on a social, helping the sailing school, working on projects inside or outside the building, getting involved is easy-just call one of the Chairs listed on this paper and jump in! I look forward to serving as your Commodore in 2005.

Ernie

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Commodore

Ernie Arsenault 603-433-0972

Vice Commodore

Jim Crowell 603-895-3895

Rear Commodore

Andy Keturakis 603-436-3275

Board Members

Doug Keith 207-332-9554

Joe Cote 603-463-9035

Bill Wansart 603-430-9699

Jim Crowell 603-895-3895

Dave Bush 603-436-9721

Joe Wormhood 603-964-8419

Tom Tarbell 603-380-1801

Sheldon Heynie 603-770-6256

Andy Keturakis 603-436-3275

COMMITTEE CHAIRS

House

Keith Bridge 603-964-4065

Quartermaster

Joe Wormhood 603-964-8419

Treasurer

Doug Keith 207-332-9554

Secretary

Gil Gelineau 603-772-6641

Fleet Captain

Sheldon Haynie 603-770-6256

Sailing School

John McCormack 603-661-3755

Social

Janet Sylvester 603-430-9294

Kittery Point Yacht Club
Box 373
New Castle, NH 03854



KPYC Education Seminars for 2005

All seminars start at 7:00 at KPVC
www.kpyc.net for directions

January 11th:

Cruising 101 & Electronic charting

An overview of how to plan a short cruise is presented, covering boat, gear and planning. Eric LaRose of Navtronics will present advances in Electronic charting.

(Sheldon Haynie & Eric Larose from Navtronics)

February 8th:

Introduction to Racing Rules & sails

Review of the new 2005 Racing rules and the changes therein with a presentation from North Sails on new materials and designs for racing sails (Instructor TBD & Rob Muschamp of Anson/North Sail)

March 8th: Cruising 102 & Safety gear

How to plan and make passages & Intro EPIRB/Liferafts (Sheldon Haynie & Chris Harrison from Chase Leavitt)

April 12th: Racing Seminar with PSA

(topic be determined)

May 10th: Rigging & Engine commissioning

(Dave Reynolds-Shark Sailing & Sandy Hislop-GBM)

June TBD Intro to Buoy Racing & J-24 Tuneup

On the water BYOBoat

July 12th: Cruise slide presentations from

members, Lessons learned with Dollar night after

August 9th: Racing tactics and video critique

(getting ready for the Red hook?) after race at Dollar night

September 13th: Winterizing (invite local boat

yards to participate)

October, November, December: Sails, new

gear, etc.

The following is from a fellow American who is sailing around the world. He was in Guam when the Hurricane hit and sunk his boat. They rebuilt their boat and left Guam. Now, he was in Phuket, Thailand anchored in the bay when the Tidal wave hit. This is his story.

Aloha,

Please forgive us for not writing sooner, but a computer or a phone has Been hard to come by in the last few days. I have started to write several Times only to have the power go out, or a mad rush to high ground as another Wave was one the way. Of course that hasn't happened, but the water has been very different these last few days. Everyone in this part of the world is a bit gun shy. I find myself constantly looking over my shoulder. So here is our story:

The day after Christmas started as a beautiful morning in Thailand. We Were anchored off of one of the most popular beaches in the country, Railay. It sits on a small peninsula close to the town of Krabi, the only way to the beaches here are by boat. There were hundreds of tourists and longtail boats in this area. Just to explain, the longtail is a wood vessel that everyone travels to and from in this part of the world. It holds anywhere from ten to twenty people. One of Crystal's presents this Christmas was a rock climbing course. Very popular in this area. She was excited to get going, and we took her Ashore at around 0830. Full of excitement and equipment we made our way to the other side of the peninsula to get her started. That is the east side, about a kilometer from the west side. Tir na n-Og was anchored on the west side. Mary and I were actually looking forward to breakfast together, alone on the beach. Not often are we able to spend time alone, away from our teenage daughter. I know Crystal felt the same about her old, boring parents. After breakfast we headed back to the boat, but first decided to stop at the local Internet café and check email. It had not been working for the past two days, but this morning we were able to get through.

Just as we connected, people started to scream and run across the beach. Mary thought a bomb had gone off, or some act of terrorism. The café was on the beach, and once we looked towards the water we saw the reason for the panic. It's amazing how the brain works, and even more amazing how fast it works. My first thought was we were at Waimea Bay on the north shore of Hawaii.


Instantly I knew that wasn't the case, and when I came back to Krabi, it had to be a tsunami. It was a sight that we will never ever forget. A monstrous wall of water was heading towards us at an amazing speed. I have to admit after all those sheer moments of terror in my life I was frozen in fear. What to do? Run, get the dinghy and try and make it to the boat, help all the people in the water, oh my God, Crystal! The next thing I remember is Mary screaming Tir na n-Og, not again, not again, this can't be happening. At that moment, an eight to ten meter wave broke over our home smashing her on her port side and burying her under water. We both just stood there in utter shock. To lose our boat for the second time in as many years just couldn't be happening. Unbelievable, she came back up. There might be hope. Screaming a short distance away caught our attention. We looked at the waters edge to see close to a fifty people, some in kayaks, sitting or laying on the ocean floor. The entire bay had drained. Mary screamed we have to help these people. As I started for the waters edge, the second wave, just as massive, hit Tir na n-Og. She was slammed, again on her port side and engulfed in water. How could it be possible to survive this? The energy of these waves was colossal, and we could see in the distance, another was on the way. That was the last we saw of the boat, for instantly we knew we had to leave.

Hundreds of things went through my mind in seconds, or less. How could we help these people in the water, or the ones on the boats? In my peripheral vision I saw four or five longtails with people flying out of them swallowed by white water. The scene was surreal, indescribable. The water was coming fast. There was nothing to do at this point but run, the realization hit Mary and myself at the same time. Crystal!! The boat, or anything else at this point was insignificant. Where was our daughter? As we raced from the beach the thoughts of not being together were overwhelming. There hasn't been many times in the past sixteen years that we have been separated. Looking over my shoulder, I saw complete panic. People and longtails were crashing into buildings, trees, and each other. One of my thoughts was on the people I had seen only minutes earlier in the water. I knew many were now dead. And my beautiful, just turned sixteen year old daughter, where was she? No matter what, we had to get to her. She had to be alive. We were literally running for our lives. Hundreds of people were scattering for high ground. Where was our daughter? The wall she was climbing was on the beach. It was a bit more protected than the west side where the waves actually hit, but the surge was ponderous and still coming. As we were running towards our daughter, people from that side were coming our way. This was not a good sign. The trip to the east beach took what seemed to be a thousand years. When we arrived the water was high, and many parts of the beach were under. Wading through waist high water that was rushing towards shore, we finally came to the spot we had left Crystal. Screaming her name, and whistling, we got no response. This just couldn't be happening. Then from up the steep wall of limestone she called back. Mom, dad, up here! The relief was incredible, but short lived, for we had to move. We were alive, and together but still far from being out of harms way.

For some reason at this point we thought of heading back to the west side and getting to Tir na n-Og. As we approached the beach, hundreds more people came rushing our way screaming that more waves were coming. As I looked out through the carnage towards the water I saw another wave heading our way. This one was as big, and it was roaring at us at incredible speed. Mothers! They are amazing. I heard Mary yelling to Crystal that she was to keep running as fast and as far as she could, no matter what happens to her. Hundreds of people were moving to high ground, and there was only one place to go. When we finally arrived at this spot, about sixty meters high, we found ourselves exhausted, drained physically and mentally. The thoughts of what just happened overwhelmed us. Standing on this one spot we embraced each other in a three-way hug and broke down in tears. For all of us to be alive and together knowing all the death we had just seen around us was something that we cannot put into words.

Everyone on the peninsula began making their way to this one spot, and some were hurt. The Irishwoman along with a few more went into action doing what they could with what they had to work with, which wasn't much, mostly trying to make the injured comfortable, cleaning cuts, splinting broken bones, and in many cases, just holding hands.



The horror stories started to unfold. So much tragedy mixed with so many miracles. One family tossed from a longtail just off the beach being split apart in seconds, the daughter and father swept into a hotel room a hundred yards inland, and then, just when they thought they were safe, the room filled with water. She pulled her badly injured father to safety. Hours later they found her husband, and mother. A miracle to be sure. Another husband whose leg was almost ripped off, his wife hurt worse than he, and they lost their six-year old twin daughters. Still not found four days later. We have subsequently heard hundreds more of these stories. It was hard to bear, feeling guilty that we were all alive. Feeling guilty about thinking if our boat was still there. The day was very long. The tension on that hill was unbearable. Ten times the word came not to leave the safety of our little world as more tsunamis were on the way. Around three in the afternoon people started yelling that another wave was on the horizon. Sure enough there was one in view. It only lasted a few minutes, but it managed to triple the tension.



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MEMBER CLASSIFIEDS

Our new member classifieds section is FREE for membership use, email ads to dhein@pccconnection.com or send to: Dunja Hein, 6R Topaz Cir., Derry, NH 03038

2 YACHT CLUB POSITIONS For 2005 Season. Kittery Point Yacht Club Seeks: Experienced LAUNCH OPERATOR, 40 hours/week, includes weekend hours. For interview call Keith 603-234-1910 ADULT SAILING SCHOOL DIRECTOR to supervise the Seacoast Sailing School, 11 week full time position, Mon-Thurs., with good salary commensurate with experience. For interview call John 603-433-9811

FOR SALE: Used 1992 Sevylor inflatable dinghy. Model SV10. 10 feet LOA. PVC. Sectioned wood floor. Inflatable keel. 2 wooden seats. Capacity: 4 persons, 880 lbs., 10 HP max. Asking \$200. Call (603) 880-1578 or E-Mail j_homer@compuserve.com

At four or five that evening some helicopters arrived to medivac the more seriously injured from our land locked area. We made our way to the beach with trepidation to see if Tir na n-Og had survived another natural disaster. As we looked through the rubble of buildings and fallen trees, there she was, still floating. The beach was totaled. Everything was flattened and destroyed. There didn't seem to be a hope that our inflatable would make it through the mess, but there it was inside the Internet café that we had run from hours earlier. The only reason it survived, we think, is because it was surrounded by four or five longtails smashed to bits and protecting it from all the debris. Now we could make our way out in the dinghy, up to this we thought we would have to swim as every boat on the beach was destroyed. A few guys helped us lift the dinghy to the waters edge. When we sat her down in ankle deep water, another surge rushed in up to our waists, and then back out much further than before. The tension of the day with more reported waves approaching, and the way the water was acting was too much for everyone. People again headed inland and back to high ground, us included. We would wait again to go to our beloved boat. It was the longest night of our lives, and at this point we had no idea of the devastation elsewhere. Some facilities did manage to serve some food, and it was some of the best warm beer I had ever swallowed, but there wasn't much sleep for any of us that night. All night I kept wondering what could have happened to Tir na n-Og. All the hatches were closed, so maybe some water got in, but surely not much. Some through the dorades no doubt, the chimney things on the cabin top to allow air in. Most likely one of the three lockers in the cockpit let some water in, but not that much. For sure the cockpit cushions are gone, big deal we needed new ones anyhow. As we approached Tir na n-Og the next morning we were very hopeful, after all, she was floating. The closer we came to her the bigger the lump in my throat became. Everything on deck was gone. Some of it still hanging on over the side but destroyed. The dodger, bimini, and lee cloths ripped to shreds. The chimneys ripped from the cabin top. The only thing remaining was the life raft. The middle hatch was shattered. When we saw that, we expected the worst, and it was. I just couldn't believe this had happened again for the second time in two years, almost to the day. Below was a wreck. Everything broken, dishes, glasses, floorboards everywhere, everything once again soaked with salt water. We all just looked at each other tears welling in our eyes, and we thanked God once again we were all together and alive.



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Great Bay Marine is easy to reach by land or by sea. We're located off the Spaulding Turnpike (Rte. 4) in Newington, just up the Piscataqua River from Portsmouth, NH. Consult Nav. Chart No. 13285, or give us a call at 603-436-5299.

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