

TN SAILS

The monthly newsletter of Tamil Nadu Sailing Association



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Cognizant visit to the TNSA

For a long time it has been on the cards – this promotion of sailing amongst newcomers in Chennai. This is one of our prime objectives enshrined in our articles of Association and Byelaws. To jog your memory we had one such introduction for members of the Rotary Club of Cholamandalam in Dec 2005. Ever since we have been busy with the preparations for the various events and training our sailors in various classes. With most of the events behind us now, it was time to take up our promise to Cognizant Technology Solutions of introducing sailing to their executives on a Saturday. So, it was that on Aug 19th a batch of thirty young executives of both sexes came to the Association to have, as one of them put it – the time of our lives! There was a presentation on sailing by the Vice Commodore V Chandrashekar, after a brief walk around of our premises and boat yard. This was followed by a leisurely cruise in a couple of big motorized launches with a well rehearsed chat by our Principal Race Officer, Capt. Ravikumar, around the harbour and a lunch that was well appreciated by all. After this it was time for hands on for all those who desired to try their hand and check out if they had sea legs. Being a very young crowd, the majority did venture out as crew in the Enterprises that were rigged up and ready. These Enterprises were helmed by Mr. Ajit Diaz our Treasurer cum event in charge, Mr. Venkatesan, and our own two sailing Instructors, Mr. Yogesh and Mr. Lingesh.

Though this was a tough task, it was well worth seeing the happiness and excitement on the faces of the newcomers as they bid goodbye. For a pittance the execs had a chance to venture out on the water, take their destiny in their own hands and some of them even got to go out to sea in the Ocean Going Yachts, that are berthed at the Association and were helmed that day by our Commodore, Ashok and Captain of Boats, Munna.

There will be more such happy people in the future and at the TNSA we would like all the members to share this wonderful experience. Here's to looking forward to your help and support in the future!

Laser Inland Nationals 2006

The picturesque Hussain Sagar Lake was a beehive of activity as sailors from different parts of the country launched their crafts into the waters for Laser National Sailing Championship - 2006 which was conducted from 06 Aug to 12 Aug 2006. This week is very well known in India as the 'Hyderabad Sailing Week'. It is a Championship that is conducted every August when the monsoon winds are at their strongest and the conditions ideal for good sailing. It is a well-known fact that when wind strength is measured it is not the same as its speed. The force of a 20-knot wind is not twice that of a ten knot one. The progression is on a geometric rather than a linear scale. This is why Hyderabad week is viewed with great anticipation as the venue is an Inland one and presents the possibility of the general public witnessing this adventure sport that is sailing. The viewing public got their stomach's fill with the wind howling on some days close to thirty knots and causing a number of capsizes in the fleet.



However the challenge of these conditions did draw out the top Laser Sailors from the leading clubs from Mumbai, Pune, Chennai, Bhopal, Vizag and the twin cities of Hyderabad and Secunderabad to test their skills in various classes of boats and categories. Apart from the Laser Class, there were the Mistral boards too adding to the color of the event. The Laser Class Association of India (LCAI), the EME Sailing Association, Military College of EME and the Secunderabad Sailing Club, usually ensure that the event is conducted with perfect precision. Over the years, the regatta has built up a reputation as one of the best conducted meets in the sporting Calendar of the twin cities. Col G.S. Jhulka officiated along with Col MP Jaggi at the event and he was ably assisted by the Jury on the water, one of whom Mr. Ravi Santhanam also from Tamilnadu.

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New President of NOAI

Lt Gen RR Goswami, Commandant College of Military Engineering (CME), Pune has been elected unopposed to the post of President of the NOAI.

Lt Gen RR Goswami is an avid sportsman and is also the Commodore of the Corps of Engineers Sailing Club (CESC). He is in the forefront of the efforts of the CESC to select and train yachtsmen, to thereafter field them in National Championships and to facilitate their selection to the Army Yachting Node (AYN), Mumbai. He is also actively involved in promoting and broad basing sailing amongst children. A number of blue water sailing expeditions have also been planned in the near future by the CESC.

SAILING QUIZ

(True or False)

1. If you're in the middle of a race and you see a cruising boat in danger, you are required to help them if at all possible.
2. A boat begins to have a proper course when she starts a race.
3. The Racing rules of sailing begin to apply between boats before their starting signal.
4. Whenever a right-of-way boat changes course during a race she must give the other boat room to keep clear.
5. A spectator boat is not considered an obstruction unless a racing boat has to make a substantial alteration of course to avoid it.

Answers on page 4

Laser Inland Nationals 2006...

For the week preceding the event to acclimatize sailors to prevalent conditions in the Hussein Sagar Lake the LCAI conducted a coaching cum orientation camp for all contestants and this was well attended by sailors from out of Andhra Pradesh and run by National Laser Class coach Lt. Col Ranjith. The Laser Sailing National Championships were inaugurated on 06 Aug 2006 by Shri MM Pallam Raju, Honourable Minister of State for Defence. It was six days of grueling sailing for all the sailors and with no let up in wind, there were a whole lot of sore limbs and aching bodies every night. It did turn out to be a bloody event too, if you consider that young sailor Sooraj Sadanand who sailed a 4.7 needed two stitches to close the gaping wound caused by the boom hitting his head. Not to be outdone by this slap from the wind, Sooraj showed that he was a plucky lad and donning a swimming cap over his bandaged cranium, jumped right back into the fray to complete the series and pick up the Bronze medal in the Class.

However, as expected one of the best performances came from Rajesh Choudhary of EMESA who came up with a classy victory in the Laser Radial Class. He is gunning for the Gold Medal in the forthcoming Asian Games to be held in Doha Qatar in Dec 2006. Another good performer was Capt NS Johal of CESC who won the title in the Laser Standard Class. In the Laser 4.7 class, young Navin Shirodkar, an NDA cadet, proved that he had no equals as he won all the races that were held in this category. The other sailor who did well was Mrinalini Santhanam of Tamil Nadu Sailing Association who got the silver in the 4.7 fleet.

Results of the Sailing Championships are as follows :-

Laser Standard

(i) Capt NS Johal	AYN (Engrs)	1 st
(ii) Hav V Harihara	AYN (Engrs)	2 nd
(iii) Spr Jasvir Singh	AYN (Engrs)	3 rd

Laser Radial

(i) Sub Rajesh Choudhary	AYN (EME)	1 st
(ii) Hav BK Rout	AYN (EME)	2 nd
(iii) Hav P Madhu	AYN (EME)	3 rd

Laser 4.7 Class

(i) Cdt Navin Shirodkar	NDASC	1 st
(ii) Ms Mrinalini Santhanam	TNSA	2 nd
(iii) Mr Sooraj Sadanandan	TNSA	3 rd

Women Category

(i) Ms Archana Kamalakar	SSC	1 st
(ii) Ms Shantha Ravikumar	TNSA	2 nd

Radial Category under 19 Yrs (Youth)

Mr Rohit Mohan	SSC
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Apprentice Radial Cat (35-44 Yrs)

Hav Dharmender Singh	CESC
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Apprentice Std Cat (35-44 Yrs)

Hav V Harihara	AYN
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Master Radial Cat (45-54 Yrs)

Mr Ramesh Vachhani	SSC
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Grand Master (Radial)

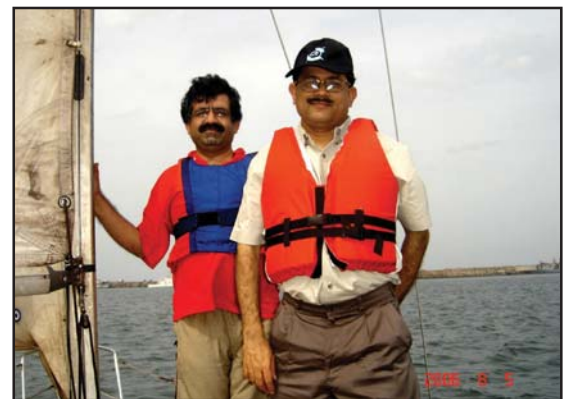
Mr Murali Kanuri	SSC
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At the end of the event it was the Honourable Minister of State for Women & Child Development, Mrs Renuka Choudhary who distributed prizes during the Closing Ceremony and Regatta Ball on 12 Aug 2006. It was a wonderful championship for all of our sailors and the TNSA is very grateful to Col Anil Shirodkar for his help in organizing the stay and boarding of our sailors at Hyderabad in a very comfortable manner. So much so, when it was time to go, sailors from Chennai who had got used to getting up in the morning and launching felt that it was a bore to return to Chennai what with all the chores of quotidian living lined up on their return. Sigh! Good times fly so fast you can almost say they go skylarking!

Col Anil Shirodkar,
Hon Secy, LCAI

Finance Secretary's visit to the TNSA

The Finance Secretary to the Government of Tamilnadu was the next high-level dignitary to grace our Association. After a light lunch on Saturday Aug 5th Mr. K Gnanadesikan IAS joined our Commodore Ashok, Captain of Boats Munna and Principal Race Officer Ravikumar, to set sail in the Pride. A soft spoken gentleman, he was amazed at the grace of the boat's movement in the Port. He was apprehensive about feeling seasick and was surprised that the experience was so



agreeable, nay pleasant! It also came a surprise to him that despite enjoying such a long coastline, Tamilnadu and more especially Chennai did not have a huge following in this sport. At the end of a great afternoon out at sea, Mr. K. Gnanadesikan, exclaimed that it was a truly different experience and wished that he could do this more often. We welcome you anytime Sir. As it is written: Your wish is our command!

Life, Love and Sailing

The month before *Aadi Masam* is a frantic one. People look at *Aadi* as being highly inauspicious and put off major events to the following month or the one that precedes it. Marriages in the Southern State of Tamil Nadu are kept well clear of this month and many members from our State will remember the old Tamil custom of herding nubile brides to their mothers' homes so that children are not born in the hot month of *Chittirai*, the following year. And so it was one Sunday in *Aani*, the month that precedes the inauspicious Tamil month that this story happens. It is, a story of love and life. In one word: sailing!

The atmosphere was festive as the trees shook with delight while every now and then they would bend over as if doubled with silent laughter. The wind rustled the sequin-like leaves and spread a carpet of flowers for our two sailors as they stepped lightheartedly towards their rendezvous.

*Yeh ghadi hai Milan ki,
Ek Sajjan se sajjan ki*

Today would be a momentous day in their lives, one where they would learn what the love of sailing meant. It was after all nothing but the saga of life. Pleasure and the avoidance of pain.

On the slipway, their ladylove awaited them. A handsome body mature in age, she looked ravishing, dressed in gray bottoms and a blue top. Eyeing her the sailors felt a quickening of pulse and took in slowly the sight on the water. There was no Handel's Bridal march playing on the organ but the wind, building up into gusts, made *rangoli* patterns that flitted over the surface like a whiplash. This heightened the excitement that these two sailors felt, for they knew deep down that there could be no pleasure so great if it did not hold the promise of punishment. With this thought in their minds and the sound of the blue top of their ladylove flapping loudly in the lusty wind, our dauntless duo changed into their ceremonial dress.

Taking the lady by the hand they led her out to a place where they could be out of sight of prying eyes. She came along not like a demure bride who wanted to maintain dignity and decorum. That would be for another day. Today she was full of life and headed off playfully in one direction first and then another. The sailors were enjoying themselves indulging her every whim, because isn't love about not finding fault but discovering the joy of togetherness? The trio was having fun flirting all the way and as the horizon beckoned seductively they headed out, full of anticipation. It would be the place where they would find out what the other wanted and see if deep inside one had what it took to give.

The usually feisty sea was subdued as it sullenly watched the progress of the sailors and their boat. Normally it would challenge them by throwing walls of water with varying height and vigour. But today, the offshore wind had made sure that the sea did not raise its head beyond the occasional bump. So from a floral road to a silken sea, our sailors progressed in consummate bliss.

Turning the boat's nose into the wind they heard her flutter with excitement as her blue top shook with passionate anticipation. It would have been easy to succumb to the moment's compulsion and ended up cursing for the difference between pain and pleasure is fairly simple: it is easy to stumble on to pain but when it comes to pleasure – ah! Now,

that needs some orchestration for full-scale experience. The mind and body moving in tune with the music of the soul much like the boat and sailor moving to the tune of the wind. An elaborate dance full of physical, mental and emotional succor. For the duo tutored in the art of delayed gratification, it was one more lesson on restraint and its importance in maintaining *gemutlichkeit*.

Turning her slowly away from the wind, they felt the boat take a deep breath and fill her sails. Till then she had been a filly, playful and full of fun. Suddenly she was transformed into a grey thoroughbred. And just as a beautiful mare rises on her haunches and kicks her forelegs in the air, the boat heeled swiftly to leeward making our sailors scramble on to the windward gunwale. All the while the wind was whipping up a spray that was lifting off the bow of the advancing boat and shooting it back to the intrepid duo clinging like two riders in a loony rodeo. Their bodies soaking and their faces caking over with the crusting salt the two hung on, exulting at the ride. With the sea taking slow deep breaths and the wind making up for it, the ride was pure exhilaration. But there would be a price to pay and lessons to be learnt.



The sky continued to be overcast with darker clouds lower down scudding along at a brisk pace. This freaky phenomenon was caused by a low-pressure area that was running up westward in the northern Bay of Bengal hauling wind across the southern tip of the Indian peninsula. It resembled a gray dome with dark gray cloud scattered by the ebullient wind. On land citizens just pulled their window shutters closed to shut out the hot air from the hinterland brought by the driving wind and reached for the remote of their air conditioners, cowering in

front of them. But out at sea the story was different; the promise was of fun, thrill, action and immense gratification.

Getting back to our sailing story where we left the sailors beating to windward, the thought that came to their minds was: Beating is the dog's life part of sailing. That is the price one has to pay. A debt to pleasure. Slog till your strength starts to ebb with sailors telling you that their sport is one where you could start panting just sitting in one place and you are not even looking at Aishwary Rai / John Abraham for Chrissakes! Not only that, the abs (abdominal muscles) start to cramp raising a vociferous protest that comes out like a grunting whine. Talk about pain, injury and sheer mad work: *that* is beating and in a way it is a bonding akin to working at love. It is important to be on time for a date, remember key days like birthdays and more than anything else make the most of it. Work comes disguised as opportunity it is said. In sailing as in life and love, opportunity comes in the *burqa* of work. You beat hard and you get ahead, you work hard in love and you get closer.

Hard work is also associated with pain, both physical and emotional. But after each bout of pain, there is the comforting knowledge of the relief to follow. Female readers who have delivered children without a pudendal block will recall the relief after childbirth when a high pitched cry signals the end of labour and the sheer anticipation of the next stage: the joy of mutually satisfying engagement. Why should it be any different in sailing? To be sure, it is not.

Just when the duo thought that they were reaching the limits of physical endurance, it was time to turn the lady's nose away, show her profile to the wind and experience her passion once again. She lifted her prow helped by the sailors pressing their hips firmly on the stern of

Continued on page 4

Life, Love and Sailing...

the boat. Nose in the air, she charged off raising a spray that cleared her wake. The sailors played with her sheets and she responded fondly because if Newton's third law needed to be complied with then every action should have an equal and opposite reaction. However, they learnt to their surprise that love then does not beget hate. They realized that the material world is as different from the emotional landscape just as the road they drive on is different from the sea that their boat sails. In the physical world everything follows Newton's first law: stasis or continuous motion. The emotional universe however, is full of internal movement of its own, something like the water sailors venture out on. Anybody who has gone sailing will tell you that nothing is static - not even at the time that there is no wind. The boat is always moving and this philosophy teaches us that life is always dynamic, changing in relation to the different dimensions, which includes time.

Moving out of the realm of physics and applying this dynamic to interpersonal interaction they learnt that love would beget only love because a high level of mutual attraction is the basis of a lasting relationship. It is this lesson that sailors learn when they are on a plane reach: Keep her flat and feel her rip. The satisfaction of holding back the sheets that little bit while you play with the extension is difficult to describe in words and can only be felt as a full spectrum experience. Such was the thrill that the duo felt an immense gratitude for all the complimentary forces that day - the wind, the water and their ladylove, the boat. Others might say a silent prayer when things are going their way, but sailors are a different breed and they are known to hoot and shake the salt water from their wet locks at such times.

From a beam reach to a broad reach and then on to a run, few things can equal the experience of being blown while on a run. It is as if the wind is bodily trying to lift the hull out of the water and it is skimming along just because of the darned thing that scientists call gravity. The sailors were at the very edge of their seat so to speak, because all forces are so dynamically balanced that a moment's indiscretion and everything could go into a tailspin. They carefully controlled their every movement so that there would be no anticlimactic capsize, putting an end to the wonderful plane that they were on, thereby leaving them in demented gloom. Dysphoria is unknown to a sailor except at times of low or no wind. With the wind in the hair, the salt crusting on the face and their pants wet with the excitement and the effort, this ménage-a-trois returned to the Tamil Nadu Sailing Association. It was no Blue Lagoon they had been on but it could still be the Bay of Love. Out on that Bay, they learnt that love is hard work, holds promise of pain, and is a source of immense gratification and maybe just a short stop away from a crisis.

These are lessons already known to other sailors because for them sailing is **LIFE** :

LEARNING INSTRUCTIONS FROM EXPERIENCE.

Launch of Solar Powered Boat

Having won three times in a row the challenge for the best solar powered car, the Dutch were keen on finding a different and novel application for solar energy technology. Friends, please mark the date Sep 8th in your calendar of events and be present at the World Premier of the Launch of a solar powered boat at the TNSA. You will be the chosen few to witness this boat. The Netherlands' Minister for Foreign Trade, Ms. Van Gennip, will be here personally to do the honours at the Tamil Nadu Sailing Association which has been offered the privilege of hosting the event in the Port of Chennai, on Friday 8th Sep, 2006 at 4.30 pm, in the presence of the Ambassador of the Netherlands to India, Mr. Eric F C Niehe. The Chairman, Chennai Port Trust, Mr. K. Suresh, IAS, will preside over the function as this also happens to be the 125th year of Port Operations at Chennai.

Looking forward to having you with us!

AOC Ahluwalia's visit to the TNSA



Air Officer Commanding, Air Force Station, Tambaram, Air Commodore M.S. Ahluwalia AVSM did us proud by accepting to cruise the waters of the Bay in the Swift. Having been a part of all the celebrations including the CNS visit to Chennai in May, and having graced the valedictory function of the Hutch Laser National Coastal Sailing Championship 06 Mr. Ahluwalia has been our most ardent well wisher.

So, it was that on Sunday August 20th, his blue Ambassador Classic Flag car delivered him to our Association with his wife Mrs. Ashwinder and daughter Ms. Amandeep, keen on experiencing a day out at sea. The trio enjoyed the peace and tranquility of the sailing experience and Mr. Ahluwalia, expressed amazement at the fact that though he used the same principles in flying it was the first time that he saw their application in a different area - sailing! Needless to say, the First Flying Family in Chennai, had a wonderful experience and went home satisfied.

ANSWER TO SAILING QUIZ

- | | | |
|----------|----------|---------|
| 1. True | 2. False | 3. True |
| 4. False | 5. False | |

Bonne Bouche



The ten most wanted men

Little Johnny's kindergarten class was on a field trip to the local police station, where they saw pictures of the 10 Most Wanted men tacked to a bulletin board.

One of the youngsters pointed to a picture and asked if it really was the photo of a wanted person.

"Yes," said the policeman. "The detectives want him very badly."

So Little Johnny asked, "Why didn't you keep him when you took his picture?"

A child's mind

It was the end of the day when I parked my police van in front of the station. As I gathered my equipment, my K-9 partner, Jake, was barking, and I saw a little boy staring in at me. "Is that a dog you got back there?" he asked. "It sure is," I replied. Puzzled, the boy looked at me and then towards the back of the van. Finally he said, "What'd he do?"

The burial

While walking along the sidewalk in front of his church, our minister heard the intoning of a prayer that nearly made his collar wilt. Apparently, his 5-year-old son and his playmates had found a dead robin. Feeling that proper

burial should be performed, they had secured a small box and cotton batting, then dug a hole and made ready for the disposal of the deceased. The minister's son was chosen to say the appropriate prayers and with sonorous dignity intoned his version of what he thought his father always said: "Glory be unto the Faaather, and unto the Sonnnand into the hole he gooooes."