



By Ron Haworth

## Henry Specials and the Diamond Head Buoy

Cline Mann could tie every sailing knot on the high seas and knew their applications. But the best of seafarers can make a mistake when suffering from too many Henry Specials and cold ones after a long day of sailing beneath the tropic sun.

Mike Holmes relates such an occurrence during a spontaneous race blended with guava juice, orange sherbet, and vodka (the Henry Special Saturday Race) which was brought about when a few Sunfish sailors boasted of their merits and challenges were hurled from one to another on the Hau Terrace resulting in a witching hour race to Diamond Head buoy and back.

"The participants were Cline, Dick McClellan from Arizona, and Peter Coors from Colorado, Jim Growney, Jerry Smith and I." recalled Holmes. "Peter and Cline were friends and both graduates of Dartmouth. Peter had just taken up sailing and was in the learning group."

"Not wanting to turn down a good challenge we fortified our courage, (if not skills), with Henry Specials, a concoction that can sneak up on you," Mike admitted.

After much chest pounding and 'suck-em-ups' the hour of ten was decided upon and the 'tipsy' group left most of their clothes on the seawall, (the locker room being closed), swam out to their boats and returned to rig them on the beach in their bibs. Wives and girlfriends made up the non-combatant cheering spectator group on shore.

"After all sails were up a countdown was begun and the race was underway," Mike continued, "It was windy, about 20 knots, and the Henry Specials were definitely influencing the skills of the participants. So much that Cline fell out of his boat three times before reaching the windsock!"

"There was a lot of yelling when Peter Coors lost the end of his mainsheet. Poor Peter was well on his way to Molokai. Dick McClellan went after him to help with his mainsheet dilemma. By this time Cline had his sea balance and was 20 yards ahead of me. But as Cline prepared to jibe around the buoy, silhouetted by the flashing red light, I heard a definite BONK followed by a number of swear words and then a BONG as his Sunfish ran into the Diamond Head buoy!"

It was a full moon and Mike could see Cline drifting trying to retie the improperly tied knot at the top of the spar. Mike thought he was on his way to victory when a sudden gust hit

as he was rounding the buoy, unable to release his mainsheet from the jam cleat he went completely turtle.

There are numerous romantic endeavors Mike might have thought appropriate on a sparkling sea under a full moon... but swimming with SAM, a twelve foot shark known to frequent the area, was not high on the list.

"I began diving to release the mainsheet from the jam cleat, (was Sam home?), the swells were rising and falling a good three feet and my dagger board left the slot and vanished. Finally the boat was upright and the race was on again. But arriving back at Kapua Channel I couldn't tack scans dagger board and got passed by all the boats. I had to knee paddle into the beach after dropping the sail."

To Mike's good fortune and pride it was then 2 a.m. and most of the spectators had departed.

All Jim Growney remembers of that night is the full moon.

## A Calmer Evening

Cline was also lover of good Hawaiian music and not wanting to drive and find parking, the Sunfish sailors often loaded ice chest and cold ones onto their fleet and sailed down to the Sheraton Waikiki where they'd sit on the wall by the Prow Lounge to listen to Peter Moon's Sunday Manoa.



Sailing at the old Club.

Mike remembers..."Once, upon opening his show, Peter saw Cline, the normally well dressed Hawaiian land surveyor, sitting on the seawall in swim trunks and shirtless with a cold Budweiser in his hand, and exclaimed over the microphone, "Cline Mann you really are becoming a blalah!"

Cline, always the teacher and gamesman, has sailed away, but his smiling Hau Terrace image can still be conjured, his fingers coiled around a familiar chilled can of Bud, talking story on Corinthian Corner