

July 12, 2016

## **RIGHT ON THE NOSE!**

**By Dan Muss**

Well, my sciatica was taken care of with a course of Prednisone but now I'm grounded with a chest infection; my breathing sounds like a freight train. So, again, I'm depending on reports from the other racers. Here's Larry Anderson's account of his encounter on Saturday with...himself:

“Usually it's the crew who comes back bruised from a hard day's racing. [Many a crew has had to explain to the physician that no, 'I don't have a spouse abuse issue.'] The wind was high, the spray was flying, and uncleating the mainsheet to release pressure on the mainsail was a priority. The line was wet – my sailing glove was wet – and the cleat didn't let go. Instead my hand let go, and my closed fist swung from the elbow straight into the bridge of my nose! At first I thought we would have to retire from the race, but the sharp initial pain subsided quickly. Maybe like a baseball player who gets hit by a pitch, we wanted to stay in the game. So now there's a little cut where the sunglasses dug in, and some soreness. But I'll live to sail another day.

With last month's death roll" still freshly in mind, we did not fly the spinnaker and sailed pretty conservatively in the 15-ish knot winds. We rounded the final mark number five of five, trailing Gregory, Kemp, Meehan, and Silverman. As the final leg developed, Silverman fouled Meehan and had to take his penalty turns. Meehan was covering us, but did not tack right away to continue the cover when we tacked to port. We kept getting lifted on the new tack towards the finish, and edged him out for a 'sorely' deserved third place.

On Sunday we were on the Committee Boat along with the Silvermans and a new recruit, Monica. With winds nearly as strong as on Saturday, Meehan and other Masters on the ill and injured list, Gregory had no one to race against in the Masters, so he switched to the Silver Fleet in order to have competitors.

As the winds developed, the TWL (triangle-windward-leeward) course meant for a meaningful reaching leg, which we don't see too often. There was plenty of planing going on as the boats sped downwind under spinnaker on the reach. Ray Gauthier (skipping) and Joni Palmer beat Harry Carpenter and Melanie Dunham by a couple of boat lengths in the Gold fleet. The real excitement at the Gold finish was the competition between seventh and eighth place. Josh Bullock in FS 160 tacked onto starboard in front of Charles and Sarah Buffington in FS 5947 at

the starboard end of the finish line to finish sixth. The Buffingtons (on port) lost speed toward the finish. In that instant, Bruce Spinnenweber and Susan Wolffe came screaming toward the finish (also on port) close to the committee boat end of the line. The Spinnenweber boat obscured the view of the Buffington's finish. Monica (the new recruit!) captured all this on cell phone video; the outcome is being reviewed by the official scorer at this writing. We, on reflection, believe it was a tie. We'll see what New York has to say."

Mark Schaeffer had this to report from the Gold Fleet:

"On Saturday, building winds and cool temperature set the stage for a great day of racing. The Coraors were PRO for the day and they set a nice windward, leeward course out of Bull Run.

After checking the line we decided that the pin end to be the best place to start. I clocked the line at 45 seconds. We found ourselves at the committee boat end of the line with one minute until the start...perfect. We gathered speed and ran down the line bobbing and weaving to avoid all the other boats. When the gun sounded, we shot out of the line like a cannon. With a full head of steam we rounded the first mark in the lead with Carpenter and Wolffe close behind.

On the downwind leg, Carpenter passed us and we were second at the mark. We maintained second through the next leg but Wolffe was hot on our heels. I felt like an outlaw being tracked down by the posse! Well, the sheriff got his man on the next leg and I was now in a respectable third. Crossing the finish, Lee Coraor hesitated in calling out my number. He then said '5807, the Blind Squirrel'. Louise looked at me quizzically. I said 'Even a blind squirrel gets a nut every once in a while'."

And Greg Shaffer filed this exciting report:

"On Saturday the Silver Fleet was into their prestart gyrations with wind shifts so strong at times that it was difficult to even cross the start line on starboard tack. As the starting gun sounded most boats were following the lead of the Gold Fleet and starting at the boat end of the line on starboard tack. I had chosen to start at the pin end of the line on the opposite tack and found myself with an almost immediate sizeable lead. This was not due to some genius insight on my part, but because my wife/crew wanted to be as far as possible from the other boats in the gusty conditions. Thomas Yonke and his dad, Eric, had wisely chosen to bring along a third person and they managed to round the windward mark in the lead. As we rounded the windward mark, I looked down to check the spinnaker that we normally raise at this point and it wasn't there. I remembered that I'd promised to

leave the spinnaker on shore in order to cajole my wife into sailing in the conditions that were beyond her comfort level. Fortunately, the wind didn't remain square to the course, reducing the handicap for sailing without the spinnaker.

The second race of the day was then cancelled because the winds were too high.

Good conditions were again forecast for Sunday's race. PRO Larry Anderson had been out early and setup the course for a triangle-windward-leeward race. With the higher winds keeping many of the powerboats home sipping coffee, Larry was able to set the course further north on the lake, in an area not sailed very often. The higher winds kept some sailors away but two Laser sailors made it out to test themselves. As the countdown to the Silver Fleet start was winding down, somehow three boats tried to occupy the same space at the same time. This somewhat jammed up the rest of the fleet as they were charging for the start line. The offending sailor dutifully did his turns of 720 degrees to exonerate himself for offense, and the fleet was off.

By the time the boats had reached the windward mark, the wind had backed such that it was a beam reach to the jibe mark, which most boats sailed without the use of their spinnakers. However, as the boats turned at jibe mark, the colorful sails came up and flew toward the leeward mark. Some boats had a difficult time managing the billowing spinnaker in the gusty winds, but those who held on found great boat speed.

Wind slowed at leeward mark as the boat rounded up for the second windward leg. The oscillating winds split the boats on both sides of the lake as they tried to stay on the favored tack. The previous shift to the left offered some promise as several boats continued up the shore of Thousand Acres, hoping for a lift to avoid another series of tacks. The racing was good with close crosses between boats as they worked their way back up the lake and even drew an audience as some people came out and sat on their docks to watch the friendly competition."

Race Results [skipper/crew(s)]

### **Saturday, July 9**

Flying Scot Gold: 1 Harry Carpenter/Melanie Dunham, 2 John/Lisa Meredith, 3 Mark/Louise Schaefer

Flying Scot Silver: 1 Thomas/Eric Yonke/Dylan Murtha, 2 Emily/David/Jennifer Meehan, 3 Spencer Deakin/Heidi/Tom Kammer

Flying Scot Masters: Dick/Doug Gregory, 2 Ted Kemp/Marty Earl, 3 Larry/Debbie Anderson

**Sunday, July 10**

Flying Scot Gold:

1 Ray Gauthier/Joni Palmer, 2 Harry Carpenter/Melanie Dunham, 3 John Skoog/Eric Von Eckertsberg

Flying Scot Silver:

1 Thomas/Eric/Joseph Yonke, 2 Spencer Deakin/Heidi/Tom Kammer, 3 Keith Spinnenweber/Ned Holloway

Laser Open: 1 Charles Graham, 2 Kiki Graham

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