



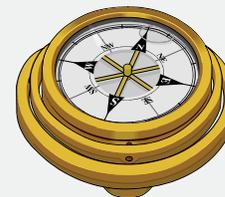
the Binnacle

Newsletter of the Lake Champlain Yacht Club, Inc.

Commodore: Jill Burley September 2010

Binnacle Editors: Tony Lamb

<http://www.lcyc.info>



UPCOMING AT LCYC....

Awards Banquet Friday Oct 15

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Work Day Oct 16 8 a.m.

Annual Meeting/Elections Oct 16

Details page

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Commodore's Corner

Workday is upon us, only a few weeks away! I encourage everyone to participate. With the success of member served Chili last spring, we are doing this again, with the addition of vegetarian chili.



Events the past couple of months that I was able to attend included the Schuyler Island race, the pizza bake and the pig roast. While the race start was delayed a bit, waiting for wind, the boats had a wind challenged leg out of the bay, a glorious reach across the lake, a time to socialize around the island and then a spastic sail back! Boats were going in all sorts of directions according to the wind. There was plenty of good sailing.



Recognizing the Adams and the Glynnns for leading social and regatta this year, the BOG hosted our first Pizza Bake by American Flatbread. Everyone was saying let's do this again! Then of -course was the Pig roast, a member's event is always fun for the whole family – we need more.

Looking to the business side of things, the South retaining wall project is almost under construction. A number of people have helped move this along with Jim Spencer at the lead. We expect completion in early November. Our 'budget group' has made great progress the past couple of months to the point that we can offer a balanced budget for 2011 without a dues increase. The work ahead is in maintaining that budget and long term planning. It has been proposed that we form a standing Finance Committee composed of non-board and board members. A number of people have expressed interest and I intend to institute this as soon as possible.

A couple other things we a looking forward to are an editing of our by-laws and a strengthening of our committee system. The latter depends on all of you. We need a system that allows more members to get involved, at a level you are comfortable with, and spreads the workload instead of creating second jobs.

So - wish I had been sailing more this summer, but as Bern tells me C'est la vie! Tis the life of a commodore.

See at Work Day!
Jill Burley

Grounds Upgrades Continue

It is no surprise the two timber retaining walls are in need of replacement as they have braved our weather for many years. To achieve maximum results for our member funds, a Retaining Wall Committee was formed to develop plans, obtain quotes and recommend to the Board of Governors a contractor and a price. In late summer proposals were requested, submissions reviewed.

The Retaining Wall Committee received three proposals for the reconstruction of our southern retaining walls and the revetment to the Jr Sailing dock. A recommendation was made to the Board of Governors for approval. An agreement has been signed with ECI for the work to begin this month for the replacement of both walls and upgrading of the revetment holding the ramp to the Jr Sailing dock.

The old wooden walls will be replaced by Redi-Rock construction blocks, a textured and slightly colored concrete material. Work will begin shortly as block is being ordered and should start to arrive in a couple of weeks. Any ECI activity will need to be managed around our annual closing workday.

Initial work will likely be on the revetment so we are asking that all boats in the beach area be moved well before closing workday so ECI can have unfettered access to the beach, up to the revetment. Additionally it is important we keep the north bank up to the Butler building clear of any materials as this will become a staging area for construction materials.

Once underway, this project should take two to three weeks to complete.

The old wooden walls will be replaced by Redi-Rock construction blocks, a textured and slightly colored concrete material. Work will begin shortly as block is being ordered and should start to arrive in a couple of weeks.

All boats in the beach area must be moved by closing workday and the area around the Butler building must be kept clear as this will become a staging area for construction materials.

Chris Morgan on Winning Crew At J-24 National Regatta.



Chris Morgan, on right above, was on the winning crew at the J-24 Nationals held at Marblehead, September 17-19, 2010. Will Wells and his team on *Fawn Leibowitz*, sailed a very consistent regatta never posting a worse race than a 3rd after a drop race of a 6th to win with 15 points after 8 races.

Other locals included Bill Fastiggi, who finished 17th, and Mike Quaid who finished 44th.

Reminders from the Club Secretary:

As the year winds down, I would like to remind everyone to make sure their address, phone and email information that is contained in the log is correct. If you have any updates you would like to make, you can email (jheaslip@comcast.net) or give me a call. In recent years, the club has been doing more communication via email. If you have an email address that you have not supplied to the club, please consider doing so.

Over the past 10 years, the club has averaged about 8-9 new members a year. Because of this turnover and also due to a couple of recent events I've been made aware, I thought it might be useful make some suggestions on how members should handle approaching people using club facilities who they do not know.

1) First, assume that they are members. In all likelihood, they probably are.

- 2) If you do feel it is necessary to confront someone, your approach should be polite. At a minimum, before asking who they are or if they are members, introduce yourself. You may be meeting a new member. Remember that first impressions are hard to change.
- 3) If they claim they are members and they are not creating a nuisance, take them at their word.
- 4) If they are not members, then they are potential members. By treating them in a civilized manner, you could be a positive influence if they are considering joining.

We have a great club. Treating people, (members or not) in a civilized way will only enhance it.

Jay Heaslip
878-6316 (H)

2010 AWARDS BANQUET

The 2010 AWARDS BANQUET is quickly approaching and we need a handle on those who are planning to attend. This year's banquet will be held at the LCYC Clubhouse on Friday night, October 15th at 6 pm.

The AWARDS BANQUET is being catered by the Waterfront Catering Group and the menu for the banquet includes:

Garden Salad/Rolls/butter
Carved Prime Rib au jus
Pasta Primavera
Garden vegetable Rice
Baby glazed carrots
Dessert - Apple pie
Beverages (beer, sodas, water)

The cost for the banquet dinner is \$15.00 per person.

Seating at the AWARDS BANQUET is limited to 120 persons maximum (Waterfront Catering is also requiring a 100 person minimum).

Would you please forward your reservations to me (sadams9@nycap.rr.com) not later than Monday, October 11th, as I have to inform the caterer by Tuesday morning.

Send in your reservations early as seating is limited.

Best regards,

Steve

Lake Champlain Yacht Club ANNUAL MEETING NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the members of the Lake Champlain Yacht Club will be held upon completion of Fall Workday chores on October 16, 2010, at the Clubhouse, 2790 Harbor Road, Shelburne, Vermont.

Elections

- I. The following members are nominated to serve on the Board of Governors for a term of three years commencing with Change of Watch in 2011:
 - Noah Dater
 - Chris Leopold
 - Jim Spencer
 - Ann Vivian

- II. The following member is nominated to serve a remaining two years of a three-year term on the Board of Governors commencing with Change of Watch in 2011:
 - Dennis Bowen

- III. Nominated to serve a one-year term as Treasurer commencing with Change of Watch in 2011:
 - Steve Walkerman

- IV. Nominated to serve a one-year term as Auditors commencing with Change of Watch in 2011:
 - Charles Finn
 - Christina McCaffrey
 - Don O'Brien

Steward for a Day

In August I read Brett Lewis's request for help running the launches at the end of the season this year. I checked my calendar and work schedule and realized that during the first week in September I was likely to have a couple of free afternoons, so I let him know that I could fill in if needed. A few weeks went by before Brett responded and asked which afternoons or evenings I could cover. We agreed on Thursday afternoon from 4:00 to 6:00, and Friday afternoon from noon to 4:00.

I asked Brett what was needed in terms of training. I have driven powerboats of all shapes and sizes for 32 of my 42 years, but assumed that some orientation and check run was needed on the launches. Brett assigned me to do a couple of runs with a professional steward prior to my stint. I spend about an hour with Rick Turvey going over the launches, the locations of the switches & controls, proper operating procedures, and his recommended approaches to sailboats and the launch dock. Half the time I watched him maneuver, half the time he watched and critiqued me. Rick was a patient and skilled teacher, and the motions came to me pretty quickly.

Finally, on a bright, clear September afternoon I got the call to solo on the launch. I arrived at 4:00 and relieved Skip Hoblin from his volunteer duty. I immediately was called to duty taking the Reed's out to their powerboat for an evening excursion. Over the next two hours I made about a dozen runs back and forth. No gelcoat was lost, and I was complimented on my smooth approaches and ribbed a bit on the no-so-smooth. Paul Boerman showed up promptly at 6:00 to take over his shift. He relayed that two of his children were very amused to hear this, as both been stewards over many summers at the club.

One of the nice things about running the launch is that everyone you meet is in a good mood. Think about it...they are just about to go boating, or have just come back from it. What could be better? Of the dozen boaters I ferried in and out, it was the first time that I had met most of the passengers. This is a great way to meet club members that you don't know, particularly if you are a fairly new member (like me). I had the opportunity to connect faces to names to boats, and hopefully most of these will stick!

I returned the next day for a full 4 hour shift. I came prepared with a book and my laptop, certain that most of my time would be spent under the eave of the porch waiting for boaters. To my surprise, I was on my feet for all but 30 minutes of the afternoon. Many boaters were arriving early to prepare for their Labor Day cruise. Several others were going out to prepare their boats for any adverse weather that Hurricane Earl might bring. The afternoon passed quickly and I regretted having the pass the Nautilus

on to Brett for his shift on the water.

If you have any powerboat driving experience at all, consider raising your hand when the call for volunteer stewards goes out. You'll get a great day on the water, see old friends, meet new ones, and be paid in smiles.

Doug Merrill

Ticket to Ride - By Jim Turvey

To be honest, I wasn't thrilled when my brother asked me to take my father's Sunfish off his hands as we were getting ready for Dad's move to Florida in 2003. It was a busy time for me at work, and we'd been spending four to six nights a week at the little league field with three kids in that program. We'd lived in Vermont for about 10 years and been on the lake about 6 times (a period of time I now refer to as "the dark and dry ages"), so I wasn't sure where the time would come from to get anything out of this Sunfish. My attitude didn't improve when I saw the condition of the trailer - cracked tires and no working lights - and the rudder and daggerboard looked pretty sketchy too. But I put a couple days into fixing everything up and transporting it all to Vermont, just to help Dad downsize before his big move.

Dad had gotten us all into sailing back in the 60's when he married Maureen, my step-mother. She had been married before also, so they agreed that rather than get a ring they'd buy a boat - a Lightning. I can remember sailing that tiny Lightning under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge - ducking supertankers as we sailed along in "The Jolly Sixpence". Soon Dad added a Surf Sailer to his boat collection (which would eventually include a motorboat, a Sunfish, a jetski, and a whaler in addition to the Lightning and Surf Sailer). A Surf Sailer was a strange boat - basically a Sunfish with a mini cockpit with no lip to help you hike out and something like a suede surface on the top. I never understood why that boat didn't take the market by storm :-).

I had two very memorable experiences with the Surf Sailer. First, on Easter 1969 I was sailing with my brother Sam in the small pond behind my Dad's house on Staten Island. As we sailed across the pond we'd get gusts/lulls as the houses were blocking the wind. One big gust knocked us over completely, and we ended up with the mast stuck in the bottom of the pond. We were unable to right the boat, and the water was quite cold (Vermont cold!), so Dad said we couldn't swim to shore. New York's finest came to get us, first with a helicopter and drop ladder. That didn't work because as the helicopter approached it was blowing us off the boat and into the water. We were out there wet and freezing for a couple of hours before they produced a row boat and got us to shore. I was pretty shaken up

by this, and it was a couple of years before I got on a boat again, although the whole event was such good fun for everyone else it was front page news on the "Staten Island Advance".

A couple years later, Dad had coaxed me back in the boat and taken me on a very calming sail down at the Jersey shore. He restarted my sailing career by taking me in the Surf Sailer over the gentle waves of Barnegat Bay, showing me how to control the boat in the gusts and the lulls (it didn't hurt that the average water depth is three feet in Barnegat Bay). Later in that same summer I was fascinated by this Junior Sailing instructor at Harvey Cedars Yacht Club. His name was Rick and I can still see him heading out with a into a storm with a Sunfish - yelping with delight and hiking out so far he doused his head in the water while screaming along. Not that I had the guts to do anything like that, but THAT looked fun.

So fast forward about 40 years, and doing my best to duplicate my Dad's flotilla, the good old Sunfish is still in use. And with Hurricane Earl heading up the coast and forecasts for high winds, I too took my Sunfish and headed out into the storm. Actually, I first headed out Friday night, and while I had a decent sail, eventually the wind died and I had to take the hook to get home, a humbling experience for any sailor, in particular one trying to emulate a boyhood idol sailing into a storm.

But on Saturday I gave it another try. This time Hurricane Earl did not disappoint! With west winds topping out at an average of 31 knots (gusts to 36) as measured at Colchester Reef, I headed up the east coast of Lake Champlain. I reached my motor boat partner's house in Colchester in about an hour and a half. He lives up near Barney Point, where all the kiteboarders and windsurfers converge when the winds are high because of the large sand bar. Sure enough, he was there with the gang, kiteboarding along in the breeze. After a short stop in at his house for a break, I headed back to Shelburne.

The boat was on one constant plane the whole trip, the bow lifted like a motorboat and the hull vibrating with the power of the wind meeting the water, rolling in the waves which were now four feet, spray everywhere, water splashing up through the daggerboard slot, the tiller bending with helm nearly to the breaking point, the cockpit alternating between five inches of water from the waves crashing over the side and bone dry because the bailer was working so well because I was going so fast, the sail and booms straining mightily to keep up with the gale force wind. (By the way, I'd tried sailing to NY from Malletts Bay in the Sunfish a few years ago. It was about 25 knots and I broke my boom in half at that the gooseneck just south of Stave Island, so I wasn't quite sure the boat would make this trip in one

piece. It was nice to have a westerly for this trip - I figured the worst case was I'd end up drifting to shore somewhere in Burlington). Hiking out to the max I gave my abs a nice workout, and it took just 40 minutes to get back from Colchester to the Proctor Shoal buoy. It was the best, most thrilling, and most fun ride I'd ever had.

So as with many things in life, I thought I was helping Dad out when I took the Sunfish off his hands, but in reality he was helping me. I didn't know it then, but he had given me a lifelong "Ticket to Ride". I love boats of all kinds, sailboats and motorboats, one designs and cruisers, and it's ironic that our tiny old Sunfish could give me the best ride of all. Dollar for dollar and hour for hour, it's by far the best investment I've ever made. Dad passed away last year, but I'm sure he was looking down on me Saturday saying "Attaboy Jimmy, Harvey Cedars Rick has got nothing on you". Only took me forty years!

COMMODORE MACDONOUGH RACE AND TROPHY

First Overall on Corrected Time — Long Course

43rd Consecutive Awarding — 2010

In 1968 John A. Williams, then Commodore of LCYC, in conjunction with the Lake Champlain Racing Conference, organized a 73.6 nm race to commemorate the victory of an American fleet commanded by Commodore Thomas Macdonough over a British fleet on September 11, 1814 at Plattsburgh Bay. The original race course, still used for Spinnaker Classes A & B, consists of only two marks, the HBN at Point au Roche to the north and Diamond Island to the south. In the late 1970s a shorter course was created for other classes.

In 1971, John Williams conceived a unique trophy to be awarded annually to the winner of this race on corrected time. The trophy consists of a section of the actual rib of the USS Saratoga, Commodore Macdonough's flagship in the battle, and an American 12 pound cannon ball retrieved from the lakebed in Plattsburgh Bay. These two most appropriate object are securely fastened to a modern wooden base resulting in a trophy that combines abstract beauty and historical symbolism appreciated by Lake Champlain sailors.

Scuttlebutt: (Editor's note) This year participants in the Race were invited to share their stories. All that were submitted are printed. Some Skippers called or emailed and said their story was not very interesting. I think they were wrong. Whether it was Antares making hand puppets on the main while drifting and eating Cosco lasagna or Magic finding the right path in the dark it is these memories that draw us back to the race rather than the results. How many of us remember how we finished the year of the Northern Lights (well actually, I went aground on Shelburne point while leading and when I asked the PHD engineer to swim the anchor out he asked the immortal question-"what do you mean swim?") but you know what I mean.

I especially wanted the story of the boat that did not hear about the P mark and sailed the whole course.

Enjoy.

MacDonough...the defenders perspective

The MacDonough will always be a special race for me. The 2009 MacDonough was the Lake Champlain PHRF racing debut for me and for our J/110, MOOvin'. We had owned the boat for a year, suffered a dismasting in May during the delivery off the coast of New Jersey, and been sailing her on Lake Champlain with the new rig for about seven weeks when the MacDonough was held. I was able to gather only three crew members, and none of them had sailed with the others previously. In short, we were prepared for fun, but had low expectations for our performance.

As those who were in the race may recall, we surprised ourselves (and I'm guessing most everyone else too) by coasting along the lake to a slow but decisive victory. While there was a substantial amount of luck involved, we can take credit for listening to John Harris's suggestion to '*get to NY before the breeze dies*', and it kept us MOOvin' err moving while the rest of the fleet was becalmed. The sail home was highlighted by a tacking duel with Gallilee and a finish close behind her for an overall corrected win. To be honest, we were astounded, but it was a great to end the season on a high note.



As the 2010 season was planned, the MacDonough was on our schedule from the beginning. Three of the four of last year's crew signed up to participate, along three regulars from Wednesday nights. My eleven year old son Alex also answered the call to action and signed on. We had learned how to raise, jibe, and douse the asymmetric. We had plenty of seltzer, pretzels, beer, and home-made stew. In short, we felt prepared. We did not expect to win again, but we felt ready and hoped to be in the hunt.

The wind, while not abundant, was far better than last year's race. We started in clear air and managed to hold a lane all the way up the Bay. As we sailed North of Burlington, several boats in the fleet tacked in towards shore looking for breeze. We thought the breeze looked better ahead and decided to minimize tacks and continued onward. As we were lifted above Colchester reef, this decision paid off, and we were amazed to find ourselves ahead of the A boats, and passing all of the B boats as well. We were in the lead! Amazing!



But it was not to last. We pointed up underneath Shockwave, and felt guilty for crowding her on such an open course. Our

guilt was short lived as she hardened up, and caught a breeze that simply didn't work its way down to us. She passed us and kept going. And going. We were amazed to see two boats that we thought were the two J/109s tight on the causeway, obviously making for the gap between Providence Island and South Hero. We debated if this tactic would pay big or punish hard. Once we were around Providence, it didn't take long to see that the wind had held in the narrow gap and the two boats, now identifiable as Luna-Sea and Sto-Lat, had gained substantially on their gamble. Good for them!

As we approached Point Au Roche, Shockwave, Luna-Sea, and Sto-Lat were well ahead of us. Avena was closing rapidly. We rounded, raised the spinnaker, and headed South. Mike Hoffman clicked off pictures of other boats as we sailed downwind through their tacks. Luna-Sea seemed to take off into the distance. We held onto Sto-Lat and gained on Shockwave. Avena slowly reeled us in... We enjoyed a sunset dinner off of Stave Island in close company to Shockwave and Avena. The wind came and went, keeping the spinnaker full was a challenge. Avena passed both of us and disappeared into the darkness.

Night fell as we passed south of Colchester Reef. A call to

the race committee revealed nothing of their plans to sail the full race or finish at the P mark. The wind moved forward, and we doused the chute and beat towards Burlington. We strained to identify the stern lights of the boats in front of us, trying to keep track of who was where. Flashlights and headlamps flickered to and fro as crews monitored tell-tails and attempted to see how nearby boats were trimmed. We looked for signs of boats behind us, and were thankful that for the time being, no one was closing. About a mile from the P mark it became apparent that we were finishing the race there. We did our best to record the times of the finishes of the boats ahead of us and tried to figure out how we were doing. We were 5th boat to finish, but 3 of the 4 ahead of us had lower ratings. Shockwave finished ahead and almost certainly had won the race, a terrific performance. How many of the others would we correct out ahead of us. Boats behind us were closer than we expected, would any of them correct in front of us? We put the boat away feeling good. Our second MacDonough was thoroughly enjoyable, and we expected a top 5 finish.

When the results came out the next day, we were surprised. Our finish was pretty much what we expected, but we had corrected out over all of the Spin A boats that finished ahead of us. Magic, who finished behind us corrected out in front of us by less than two minutes. The finishing order in front of us was not what we had expected. Shockwave was first across the line! Avena caught up with Luna-Sea, finishing less than 30 seconds apart in a 13 hour race! There clearly had been some great sailing going on in the final hour of the race.

The only disappointment we felt is that we still didn't get to race the full course. Well, as they say, the third time is the charm. Only 51 weeks left...we'll be ready.

Doug Merrill

September 17, 2010

MORNING STAR EATS THE LIZARD.

Morning Star III had another exciting McDonough Race. First, half of our crew was made up of junior sailors, two of them currently in the LCYC Junior Sailing program, one a graduate of that program and one a freshman at CVU in the high school sailing program. I would encourage all of the boats that sail on Wednesday night and weekend races to make an effort to take on a junior sailor and I would hope the Board of Governors could come up with a way to make this happen.

Secondly, as many boats need extra crew members, I searched the LCYC website for people volunteering to crew. It would be nice if there could be a separate crew call page on our website.

I was lucky to find Kathy O'Brien who was willing to come

on a strange boat and sail overnight. I did not know at the time that Kathy was a semi-star and principle character in a TV reality show called “Survivor”. It turned out she was a good sailor and had experience sailing in Malletts Bay. The only down side was that she brought stuffed lizard and boiled rattlesnake meat for dinner. Though I do have to say the appetizer of fried ants was pretty tasty.

Once again, the Morning Star cleverly picked the wrong side of the course to start sailing but after a valiant effort, we were still far behind. On the way up, the good news was we managed not to hit Colchester Shoal, did not have a collision with the ferry in Grand Isle and did not even run aground on the east side of the shore late at night.

It is always a wonderful McDonough race when you can finish the race before one in the morning and at least get home and try and have a good night’s sleep.

Stephen A. Unsworth

Smoke on the Water-Tromsø

It seemed like a good time for lunch: completely becalmed between Valcour and Stave, the good-natured crew was out of ideas and getting restless.

“Chris, what should we do?”

“Uh, keep weight to leeward and don’t move around,” I said, trying my best to sound salty. They weren’t buying it.

“Which side do you want us to pretend is leeward?”

“Just eat your sandwich,” I grumbled.

After I finished my lunch I figured it was time for my ceremonial MacDonough cigar, and this year I had a nice Fuente corona with a lovely dark maduro wrapper I was dying to try. I usually save it for after dinner, but this year’s race was a serious drifter and was in jeopardy of being called. One of the crew noticed me fumbling with my cigar cutter and asked, “Dude, are you gonna stink us out? Is that really necessary? I’m still eating you know.”

“Look,” I argued, “cigars can be a very valuable strategic tool in sailboat racing.” Eyes rolled. “Seriously, I can think of at least two occasions when I have seen tobacco used advantageously. I remember one Wednesday night race, beating up the bay on the last leg. *Wingdam* was on the same tack, slightly to leeward but in (what they thought was) clear air several boat lengths away. Maybe it was the last race of the year, or maybe someone recently had a baby, but for some reason my entire crew was smoking cigars. Somehow odorous wisps of our smoke, perhaps funneled by the slight back-winding of the mainsail, seemed

to magically make their way into *Wingdam's* cockpit. Their skipper, usually an eloquent and gentlemanly communicator, offered only, "...you guys stink, we can't take it anymore," just before he tacked away to the unfavored side of the course."

As I was regaling my crew with this tale, I had cut and lit my cigar so I could punctuate my more clever phrases with a perfectly timed puff. I think my stab at old-school raconteurism was appreciated, but it did little to stop the eye rolling.

"Ok, good job flustering *Wingdam*, but how does that help us today? The only people you are offending (excluding your crew of course) are the Canadians anchored in Sloop Cove."

"Fair enough," I conceded. "But watch this;" I attempted to blow a big fat smoke ring, but it rolled out more like a squished bagel. "Watch the smoke, see where it goes." I sat back against the lifelines. "I remember my first Mayor's Cup. 1994. We were strangely becalmed onboard *The Prospect of Whitby* in the lee of Crab Island on an otherwise blustery weekend. We were desperate for a way to get moving again. Thin bands of ripples between the glassy patches on the water looked promising but their direction was dubious. To tack away could risk losing a dramatic amount of headway. As we looked up to the erratic wind someone suggested a cigarette should be lit. Eyes wandered around the boat to reveal puzzled expressions and shrugged shoulders.

"Don't any of you kids smoke anymore? You're all too damn healthy," lamented Captain Todd. Reluctant to expose his unfashionably dirty habit, one of the foredeck crew sheepishly produced a Marlboro and a lighter from some hidden pocket. As soon as this most sensitive of all windexes began to draw embers, the direction of its smoke revealed a tiny zephyr that must have been too low to the water to be detected aloft. Todd gave me a wink just before he shouted, "Ok people let's try a nice, slow, coordinated roll tack."

The gamble paid off as the ripples we aimed for proved to be favorable, and we were soon lifted into clear air."

As I was making this last point I failed to notice that the cigar had burned down to a stub. Before I had a chance to shift my grip, it singed my fingers. I snapped my hand back and the burning ash just missed my precious teak deck as it bounced overboard and hissed into the stagnant lake water.

"Hey Chris, I think that's a race violation; you need to finish the race with everything you started with. The only exception is beer that has been passed through your kidneys first." We tried to grab the soggy butt, but watched our secret weapon drift slowly out of sight.

Postlude

We eventually made it around Valcour and got very lucky with a light north easterly that carried us all the way to Proctor on a single port tack. In fact, we had already rounded the mark and were halfway to Quaker Smith when I got a call from the race committee.

“Chris, turn around and come back, we’re gonna call it.”

“Gee Ernie, I haven’t even finished making the boeuf bourguignone yet, and we just opened the wine.” Oh well, it wouldn’t have been the same anyway without that after dinner cigar...

Chris Hathaway

2010 MacDonough - The Road Not Taken

*“I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.”*

These words written by R. Frost in 1920 certainly tell the AVENA story from the 2010 MacDonough...

Anyone who has sailed with Geno knows his usual race strategy is to; 1) win the start, 2) extend, 3) win the race. For this race we decided that we would slightly modify the strategy and well - **take the route less traveled**. Just to be clear, our trip over to Appletree Point was not a “cook-out” as Tony, in typical fashion, misstated - it was a “picnic stop” for lunch.

Many people are confused that the Commodore MacDonough is one long distance race. However, the truth is there are at least four and sometimes five different races in one. As the forecast was to continually clock from NW to an eventual SE so our plan was to cover the VT shore with the idea of being inside of that right shift lift. However, as we all know any Easterly wind component is never stable and we knew we would have to be on our “A” game.

The 1st is the race out of Shelburne Bay - this year was no exception. We did a pretty good job staying in wind and separating from the group that went close to Red Rocks as we took a more centerish lake view. The result was that we got in front of most of the fleet. When we knew we could cross our other J/109 playmate Luna Sea a mile or so South of Appletree Point, we decided it was a good idea to stick with our plan and be on the inside of them. So, we did that - and although we thought we went that lit-

tle extra distance - they somehow still were able to reach higher than us and clear their air again.

This is where we somehow - **lost it**. We decided to try again since we wanted the VT shore and thought it to be a great idea to go up along that Appletree Point while the rest of the fleet went off to NY and would eventually be camped out up there. We executed this plan perfectly but somehow the plan and the wind appeared to have some miscommunication - we ended up tacking from port to stbd, to port and then stbd again only to see the wind get lighter and each tack was a greater header than the other (a real head scratcher). In the mean time while we were hard at work we noticed the entire rest of the fleet sail past us off to NY with very nice wind winding them up. At this point we made some additional strategic decisions - break out the picnic lunch and some cold beer.

Now well nourished and more relaxed - we had the fleet right where we wanted them??? This also seemed like the perfect time for a little humor and the crew recalls some classic lines from the movie "Johnny Dangerously" like, "*those fargin bastages we're going to go get those iceholes and put their bells in a sling*". Needless to say that carried us through the rest of the race and we are still laughing about it today.

This turned out to be an unusual 2nd race. The first boat that we found on VT side to target was the J30 Tres Amigos just North of Colchester Light and our fight began. Next was Tide the Knot and all of a sudden we could start to see other boats in the race. In the binoculars we could see two boats in another zip code that we identified as Luna Sea and Sto Lat - looking like they had a plan for the GPS rhumb line that goes through the narrows at Providence Island. Some of our crew (those that do not own boats) thought that was a good idea - while the others on the boat (boat owners) were not so keen on the plan. The latter group (including AVENA's owner) won the vote to stay out in the broad lake.

With one eye on the battle between Luna Sea & Sto Lat and the other on finding our next victim - we slowly continued to pass other boats in the fleet - some more than once. Of course all the way calling them "fargin bastages and iceholes" and then laughing - followed by is there another beer down there?

Finally the next race begins - the 3rd race that is up and back through Cumberland Head. We decided to stick with our plan of

staying near that VT shore. Once we passed the entrance to the head we did get tempted with a lift that pushed more to the center and headed to NY shore. After some discussion we decided to resist and go back to our plan of protect VT. With each dive back into the VT shore we could see progress in our evil plan as we continually picked a new boat to target and pass. Now we know all of you are thinking – of course you iceholes – you're a scratch boat - it did keep us challenged and entertained.



We kept digging in until we were just South of the Sister Islands and had a choice of going in one more time as we saw Magic do - or now modify the plan slightly with what we are seeing on the water and now layline (although 4 miles away) to La Roche. We decided to go for it. We could also now begin to see the leaders with Shockwave (how did they do that), Luna Sea and Sto Lat slugging it out near Mooney Bay while our remaining targets were Sundance and MOOvin. At La Roche we rounded, set the chute and passed Sundance. OK now 14 down and only four more boats to go. The rest of the race #3 down to Cumberland we kept an eye on the wind but still protecting that VT shore.

Now the 4th race - down the lake begins. This time sticking to the VT shore was pretty much the only way to go, as P was the next mark instead of Diamond Island. Bets were placed on whether the committee would shorten there or make it a true long distance race. At this point we saw that Luna Sea has pulled out in front by quite a bit, Shockwave and Sto Lat were still locked in battle and MOOvin was our next target. MOOvin went to NY at Cumberland and now trying to get back to VT as we ghosted down the

VT shore and passed MOOvin just South of Sawyer Island. Up front we could see the three leaders seemingly slowing down and waiting for us. Now it was time for a superb hot lasagna dinner and the crew finally found the smartly hidden rum.

At Providence Island the darkness set in and the wind shut down once again. Jib out, chute down and slowly passed Shockwave and Sto Lat, one more to go. Oops, looks like the wind is on our beam, try the little chute, this time, ok now it is on our nose, jib out, chute down. This is where bow guys earn their keep – up/down in the pitch black - and don't mess up any of the lines, get ready for the next up and get back on the rail pronto. Somehow, Sto Lat (fargin bastage's) got in front of us again - but we saw the wind come up from behind, big chute back up and we passed Sto Lat once again - the dark concealing our chute.

Next we could see Luna Sea getting bigger – we had them in our sights. We also concluded that the committee had shortened the race at P (thank you Ernie). By 0.3 miles from the P mark Luna Sea just crossed our bow and we realized they could not lay the finish. We continued a little further until we thought we were on layline. We tacked - everyone was wide eyed asking each other - do we have them? Crap - we're not making the line either - wait they tacked – hey, they are not going to cross us – “**starboard**”. They tacked back and we had then pinned. Wait a minute who is that boat crossing our sterns and the line now??? We never figured out who it was and convinced ourselves it was one of the C boats only to discover it was **Shockwave - wow nice job Tris and crew.**

Now back to Luna Sea and us. We went a bit further tacked back onto port at the committee boat and after 13+ hours of racing - finished 28 seconds in front of Luna Sea.

Again – congratulations to Shockwave, Magic, MOOvin and Sundance – well played. Also, a big “shout out” to our fellow 75 raters – Luna Sea and Sto Lat for a great race.

AVENA Crew - 2010 Commodore MacDonough
Michael Allen
Gene Cloutier
Dave Main
Walt Marti
Eric Rice
Steve Booth
Vivien Schueler

The Magic Curse-Sundance

This looked like it might be the year! . Now you have to understand, We've been chasing Magic around the race course for years without a lot of luck but as Sundance worked its way out of Shelburne bay and north up the lake to start the 2010 Macdonough it started to look like this year might be different. We had almost not entered the race as regular crew dropped out for one reason or another. (I still think being three weeks out of knee replacement surgery is a wimpy excuse). On Wednesday we had only two people but we pulled together 5 and decided to give it a shot. Hell we figured, if the wind was like last year that might be too many.

We carried a starboard course so far past the shipyard's no wake buoys we were starting to worry about the depth and the tracks for the ferry dry dock , but as we finally tacked over we had begun to open a lead on several boats in our class and most particularly Magic our sister ship Pearson 37. This was starting to look promising.

Things seemed to just keep getting better the further north we went. We chose a more conservative route than Luna Sea and Sto Lat and went between Colchester Light and the island keeping a sharp eye out for Hogback reef which we had become very familiar in the Macdonough a few years ago in similar conditions. With each wind shift, tack or trim change I'd look over my shoulder and Magic was a little further behind. Eventually off the sisters we saw a wind line to the northwest, tacked onto starboard to reach it and took off. One last look back saw Magic struggling to reach it as it kept moving away from them. I figured we had them. We continued to work our way up the lake to La Roche Reef and managed to round it just ahead of Luna Sea. We put up the chute and settled in for what promised to be a slow run in light air with Magic far behind. Dinner was beef stew compliments of my wife Arlene. After I got the galley cleaned up I came back on deck and Magic was still where she was supposed to be but she had managed to work her way to the east. No problem we were way out in front. Then the wind went east and got even lighter. As we struggled to keep the chute full we saw them change to a light air chute and start to ever so slowly work the breeze along the shore and draw closer and closer. As the sun was setting they were directly abeam and a quarter mile east. Then the wind went on the nose. It was going to be a beat and they were far to weather of us. They had done it to us again!

We kept working the boat in the dark, trying to shake off the disappointment. Eventually the beauty of the star filled sky and the camaraderie put things back in perspective for us (a couple of

our favorite beverages may have helped). We enjoyed a spirited duel with Rosina the last mile or so to the finish then dropped sails and motored back to the mooring. As we left the boat we saw Magic already put to bed and we were figuring we were looking at maybe a sixth place finish but hey, we had a good time and one hell of a north bound leg.

When we saw the results the next day it was bitter sweet. Somehow we had finished 3rd behind Magic and Moovin' . The 3rd was sweet but still bitter when we realized that had we just held Magic off it could have been a 1st. The Magic Curse was alive and well. Maybe next year.

The perspective of the crew left behind.

This year, I decided it was time to go bionic and get a new knee, so I could continue my ski teaching career with less pain. The downside was not being able to do the McDonough (although I wasn't going to miss the part of the race I hate the most, the usual beat up from Diamond Island to Red Nun 2 in the dark). Anyway, Sundance cobbled together a crew, and had me in spirit. I even used the day for my first venture onto my boat since the surgery. Since LCYC still had launch service, and it is difficult to screw yourself up on a powerboat, Pat and I headed out onto the lake. I had the binoculars out looking north, but never did see any familiar chutes. When we got back in and I got my cell phone, I did put in a call to Sundance, to hear the happy news that they had rounded Point au Roche, and were ahead of Magic and others. When I heard the results the next day, it was disappointing, but we're used to that. Rand definitely has some Magic juju touch over Sundance at the wrong time and place, but that's what makes racing against them fun. If I'd known the course wasn't going to include my least favorite part this year, I might not have wimped out, and would have accepted the wrath of my surgeon and therapist, but such is life. On to next year.

Sherm White, crewmember on Sundance

It seemed like a good idea at the time. Sto Lat goes behind the Islands.

We had a good start and decided to stay “with the competition” as we made our way up the west side of the bay. One by one boats would be tempted to move west, only to find lighter winds, fall back and tack back. At the shipyard it was our turn, except as we kept going we found freshening winds and a lift to red rocks. When we tacked to head north we felt good.

Have you ever notice how the boats on the other side seem to leap and ahead and fall behind by wide margins and then when some one tacks to cross we are all still together. And how there is always a wind line “over there” you sort of wish you were in? So it was headed north. We watched Avena tack to cross and then tack on top of Luna Sea, except that as they tacked there was a big lift and they were still below them. Then Avena tacked again and headed in towards Appletree Point. My fear was they would catch the shore breeze and blow by us. But as they went in, the wind shifted and we had a lift right inside Colchester light. Avena, on the other hand seemed to sailing back down the rhumb line towards Burlington. Jeff Hill said later “wasn’t that painful to watch?” I wasn’t so sure.

So we passed between the light and Hog Back a little behind Luna Sea. Miro said we could go closer, but having mapped Hog Back over the years with my keep we stayed well off. The wind continued to go east. We joked about going behind Stave. The wind continued to lift us there. We decided to follow Luna Sea, after all Jeff Hill is their navigator, he wouldn’t do anything stupid. We could always tack if they went aground. So we found ourselves behind Stave, just behind them and a little to weather. It was clear we were not going to clear the red can, and so they tacked a little early for clear air and to pass in front of us. As they crossed the wind shifted again and we had clear passage clear of the can and dead on for the narrows between Providence and South Hero. Except that now we were lead boat.

Ed, long time crew, started telling the story of making the passage on another boat in another race, where they watched the keel push beer cans along the bottom. The map on the GPS shows 8-9 feet in most areas. We draw 7 ½. Miro was on board and he had made the passage in Endo the year before and assured us there was enough water. As we crossed behind Carlton’s Prize we

could see the other boats safely outside. As we moved on I began to reflect on the possibility of weeds and Ed kept looking back and shaking his head in disbelief. In the narrows there is deep water and then it shoals up again with a narrow channel. Following the GPS carefully we stayed high, perhaps pinching a little. We kept an eye on Luna Sea behind us and saw them head off, probably for speed in the light air, except they seemed to slow to a crawl. It appears they found the weeds.

As we surveyed the fleet we felt we were in the lead. Having grown up rooting for the Roller Derby team the Bay Bombers, I knew that the rules called for the lead jammer to signal the end of the jam by placing their hands on hips. I did the same declared the race over and that the rest was a “victory lap.”

By this time we were off Sawyer Island. We had not tacked since Red Rocks and would not until we reached Cumberland Head. Over two and half hours on one tack. I apologized to the crew for all of the “tacking”, one replied, “I wonder what the other side of the boat looks like?”

We found ourselves tacking with the fleet up towards Point Au Roche. We followed Shcokwave around the mark. We set the spinnaker and broke out my wife’s lasagna. I sometimes think it is the only reason my crew comes back. I don’t think Shockwave gybed once down to the ferry. We gybed 6 or 7 times. Luna Sea looked like they gybed 12 or more and MOOVIN must have gybed twice that. I think they even raced the ferry back and forth twice. However, little changed until we reached the ferries. Then the bigger boats started to move out.

We found a dead spot behind Providence and parked as it got dark. Slowly we started moving again when the sound of a freight train came from behind us. It was Avena, back from the back of the pack with their spinnaker up. They quickly rolled us. We popped our chute and gave chase to the finish. It is isn’t a distance race if we don’t pass each other 3 or 4 times. As we worked our way to the finish we could see the lights of Shockwave along the shore. At first we thought they were a power boat they were going so fast.

Afterwards we had our traditional breakfast at Denny’s.

This was the first big race in six years the Warren was not my fordeckman. Off to college his younger brother Will filled in and did a great job. We called Warren and let him know we had the best result since seven years ago. We had another High School sailor, Kevin. I notice many of the boats had junior sailors on

board-how great is that.

This was the first time in several years Bob Goodwin did not race with us. I missed him but not that story that he tells about the “One time your beat me.” Instead I had his long time crew Herb, who told the story of how Bob lost the Goose trophy to me by three seconds in a race where Herb went over and it only took Bob 90 seconds to recover him. The two other crew were Dean, who became engaged this summer and Albert a friend of Miro’s from Montreal.

As we came back down the lake Miro and I kept discussing the possibility of passing behind Providence again. About the 12th time we brought it up Albert started counting. When we brought it up for the 18th time, he called his wife in Montreal for advice on how to deal with us—I think she is a shrink.

This will always be remembered as the McDonough we passed behind the islands.

Setting the MacDonough Course Record--1999

In 1999, John Harris and I owned the Soverel 33, *Frankly Scarlet*. In that year’s MacDonough, we were in A Class, competing against *Golden Daisy*, a Holland 2-Tonner from the old IOR days, and *Peregrine*, a J-33. We had Bette and Ernie Reuter aboard with us, along with some other non-LCYC sailors. That year’s race started with a westerly breeze of about 15 knots—just enough to carry a full-sized spinnaker with the pole on the headstay and a sunny day. Most of the crew was in the back of the boat to keep the bow out of the water. I remember sailing by Providence with *Peregrine* just boat lengths behind us, both of us with chutes up and going fast. We stayed that way for at least an hour before we finally started putting some distance between us and them.

After we rounded Point au Roche, the wind starting going south, and we found ourselves with long starboard tacks with shorter hitches to port. We quickly made it south, and somewhere on that leg fell behind both *Daisy* and *Peregrine*.

It was just dusk as we came out of the narrows, and the wind had swung back west and become considerably lighter. We could that see *Daisy* and *Peregrine* had worked their way into the middle of the lake, perhaps hoping to come down with the breeze if and when it strengthened, perhaps just trying to climb over each other—we didn’t know. But we saw no point in doing the same and chose to take the direct line back up the lake—right along the shore. In short order, we were able to get our chute back up, with the pole again on the headstay. Bette Reuter steered a good por-

tion of this leg. We could see our two main competitors out in the middle, and our bearing on them was rapidly changing, showing that we had a lot more wind than they did. Aboard *Perigrine*, Fritz Horton recalls telling Don Brush, "There they are", pointing off *Perigrine's* stern quarter. Then 15 minutes later, he recalls saying, "Now they're abeam". But they and *Daisy* were both in lighter air, and we could see their bow light as they worked their way down the breeze that was filtering along the Vermont shore. Eventually, we were well past them, and their bow lights disappeared astern.

Once we rounded Shelburne Point, we dropped the chute and tacked upwind to the finish with our 153% genoa. Our big concern was running out of breeze or perhaps getting caught in a hole and letting our competitors sail around us. But none of that happened. As we finished we could see the lights of the other two boats just coming into the bay. We finished just after 10:08 that night, having starting at 11am, with an elapsed time of 11:08:12.

It was a great race, and when people ask us about it, the first question is usually, "How fast did you go?" We don't know. Our knot meter died just after the start.

--Dave Powlison

Our MacDonough Race 2010 **Shockwave-The Winner.**

We always look forward to the overnight races on the lake because they present different sailing, racing and navigational challenges, and with these a lot of adventures and misadventures.

This year we were able to assemble a great crew. In addition to me, we were lucky to have one of our regular crew, Scott Jaunich, as well as two veteran MacDonough hands who've sailed many MacDonoughs and with whom I've been lucky to spend a lot of time racing, Bob Turnau and John Barth. We were also lucky to have three great young sailors join us on what was their first MacDonough race: Christian Jaunich (15), Teddy Turnau (11) and Nate Coffin (10).

The wind was pretty light as we loaded onto the boat after a great pancake breakfast (thanks!). It was pretty much due north at the start, and patchy in the bay. We perceived the pin end to be favored, and started there on port. We pretty much focused on staying in the velocity as we beat out of the bay. The wind was a bit more northeasterly than usual, as we pulled out of Shelburne Bay into Burlington harbor. It was a little stronger offshore as we headed north. By this time, we were in a group with Talisman and Moovin', and were lucky enough, with them, to have a stronger breeze heading up toward Appletree point. Things looked like they were kind of shutting down in the bay behind us and inside us by Burlington. It looked like a lot of boats were stuck with no wind in Shelburne Bay and just north of it.

We continued in pretty good breeze, paced closely by Moovin', as we got a progressive starboard tack lift that pointed us on starboard tack toward the west side of Providence Island which we were able to lay from way south of Colchester Reef.

The wind at this point was still a tad lighter than is ideal for us, say 7 mph. But that is still a strong point for our boat. Working the boat hard to keep up with Moovin' and keep from getting sucked into them was a great challenge and kept us going fast.

Things started getting light and funky just south of Providence. A couple of the big boats coming on from behind, Sto Lat and Luna Sea, saw that Moovin' and us were running out of gas and started to keep close to the fill around Sunset Island, evidently heading toward the Narrows in what looked like possibly stronger wind and certainly a shorter course.

No MacDonough on our boat is complete without several renditions about the time several years ago when we had a spectacular grounding in about 12 knots of breeze under full chute in the Narrows. We were trying to catch up to an arch competitor, the dreaded Bar Code, decided to take the short cut and were just bowling along, Dave Matthews blaring on the boombox and loving life. And then wham, crunch. As I always like to emphasize, we almost didn't hit the rock. Others emphasize other aspects of the grounding.

So, needless to say, people on our boat are leery about going through the Narrows. And at the time we saw where the J109 and Sto Lat were headed, we decided against that.

then Moovin. As a B boat, this is one of those moments you savor, chute reaching through the A fleet after round We powered around Providence, getting lucky and catching some breeze and pulling away from Moovin'.

As we came around the island, we were anticipating where the boats that went through the Narrows would end up. On the rocks, in the doldrums, slowed down by weeds on the keel?

When we saw them emerge, they had clearly gained on us, Sto Lat especially. The wind looked better along the Vermont shore heading north. Although further across is also looked pretty inviting from the New York side at Cumberland Head, with possibly a new breeze filling in. The breeze was moderate at that point. We had one to three people on the rail and were cruising along just fine.

During this time, we rotated helm and other duties a lot. Bob and John both drove exceptionally well, keeping us going really fast. I think changing jobs a lot helped keep everybody focused on what they were doing at the time, driving, trimming, tactics, whatever, over the long race.

Seeing the inshore breeze, and Tony charging along near the Vermont shore, we decided to go in and check it out. We crossed in front of him, but getting close. Then we went in along the shore and tacked out. Tony came back across, heading back toward Vermont. We made a couple of moves in that direction for a while but then thought that the NY breeze was going to predominate, so we stood out on a long starboard tack across the lake, with Tony on our starboard quarter and gaining.

He was going really fast. At times frighteningly fast. And gaining a lot. But as we went over to NY, the breeze increased and we got progressively headed which let us hold him off.

By now we were getting pretty far north of Cumberland Head. We continued a great duel against Team Sto Lat, but were able to stay really well in phase and hold them off to the Point Au Roche nun. Great job for our crew against a boat going really well. Some of our best sailing in a while for sure.

We rounded the nun first and popped the chute with Sto Lat a couple minutes back, then Luna Sea, ding the windward mark ahead.

But our boat is an upwind machine. And we are usually roadkill to the newer boats downwind. So we knew a lot of challenges lay ahead.

Sure enough, within a short while, Luna Sea motored by us with the asymm hauling them along. It seemed like they were going a couple knots faster than us. Then Sto Lat buried us. Then, and we could see them coming from miles back, Avena charged by. Soon after came Moovin, who passed us just as the wind was dying north of Providence Island.

It got light and funky there, as dusk fell. Chutes were up and down and the wind was swirling around. Avena was close by as was Moovin. Avena and us got an easterly and were able to sail around Providence. The Narrows were inviting at one point, but I was out voted (good thing!).

The thing about dinner time on Shockwave is no one would confuse it with the Queen Mary. I did bring the chicken, despite threats of mutiny, dropped the baked beans, made sure we had lots of Coke Zero and some cold beer. In an homage to Far East cuisine, I brought some cold egg rolls from the Hannaford's deli. Scott brought a ton of Twizzlers which were great for testing the hypothesis that boys under age twelve who have had at least twenty Twizzlers cannot sit in one place for more than three seconds. Especially when combined with eight Coke zeros.

We drifted in very light and variable conditions south of Providence as it became dark. By this time, Luna Sea and Sto Lat had pulled far, far ahead. We thought we had their lights in sight, but we really couldn't be sure it was them they were so far gone.

Luna Sea in particular was way out front. Avena too had motored far ahead. But Moovin was still pretty close. We couldn't detect anybody in sight behind us, although looking at the final results they charged up pretty darn well at the end.

As we came to a point about west of Stave Island, we saw Avena in park in a big hole just north of Stave about a half mile away from us. Us and Moovin started to catch a strong west wind – about 6 knots—that filled in and we rolled up and past them as they sat there, also getting by Sto Lat. Avena caught this breeze, set the chute and just took off, like a powerboat. We saw them motor over Sto Lat, who looked to be out of the breeze until the J109 was right on top of them, and Avena just kept going, getting pretty far ahead as Sto Lat also pulled away from us behind Avena. Luna Sea at this point was in a different time zone way ahead.

As we approached Colchester Shoals, in relatively close proximity to Moovin, we decided to continue east of the shoals and head more toward the shoreline in the now dying breeze. Moovin opted to go west of the shoals out into the lake.

The wind shut down again and got variable. Thereafter, it started to fill in from the Vermont shore. We were closest to the shore, but not radically so, taking a lane north of Appletree that was just a bit east of where Avena and Sto Lat had gone. Moovin looked like they had fallen out of the breeze offshore.

As we passed Appletree, the east breeze began to build. And we could see that Avena and Sto Lat were not moving well and were pointing west of our heading. Not sure if they were headed or sailing that way. We started to get really powered up, a couple bodies on the rail, sailing a one tack beat on port and were charging across Burlington Bay toward our anticipated rounding of Proctor Shoals and the trip south. Still, the lights on the boats we thought were Avena and Sto Lat were down to leeward on our starboard side kind of toward Juniper and we seemed to be gaining on them quickly. Another set of lights came into sight ahead of them. Could that be Luna Sea? We were rolling up on them too.

We bowled along and I could see in the binocs, I thought, that the two boats we thought were Avena and Luna Sea were now pretty close together and had tacked onto starboard. It was hard to tell however.

We continued on, merging with the two boats from a long distance apart. We ended up getting relatively close to them as we approached the Proctor race mark. At this point, we could see what I thought was the Dinse on station. Were we finishing the race? I called Ernie and asked if that was the Dinse. He said yes it was and that he was shining a light on the finish mark. "Are we supposed to finish here?" "That's the general idea."

By then a look to leeward showed we were going to cross in front of the two boats on starboard tack which we thought were the two J109s. We crossed them with room to spare and finished the race moments later. We were met with a short toot of the airhorn.

Cheers on our boat. We won. But then, doubt crept in. As Nate sailed us into the bay (Shockwave has an outboard, which was stored below and no one wanted to unbury it), we began wondering if these were really C boats that were sailing the short course we had caught up with. It seemed crazy that such could be the case, but we thought we were so far behind the lead J109 that it seemed hard to believe we could have passed them boat for boat either. It always gets confusing in the dark. We put the boat away and left the club still not knowing for sure what had happened.

Later the next day we found out we had won, finishing first over the line. A very satisfying race and a great time on Lake Champlain shared with some good friends on our boat and on the many other boats we are lucky enough to race against.

A special thanks to our crew for such a fun and memorable race. John and Bob did a super job keeping the boat going fast and in the right direction. Scott and Christian were great shipmates as always trimming and pulling lines and getting it done. As for Teddy and Nate, all I can say is watch out LCYC, these are two sailors who will be giving other boats fits for a long time to come.

Also a special thanks to the Reuters for being RC on this tough race -- and for the great pancake breakfast!

Tris Coffin