



the Binnacle

Newsletter of the Lake Champlain Yacht Club, Inc.

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Binnacle Editor: Tony Lamb

<http://www.lcyc.info>

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LCYC ANNOUNCEMENTS:

**Save the Date: Change of Watch Diner
January 23**

(See Website for reservation details.)

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Commodores Corner

Boating season did not want to let go easily this year. The MBBC frostbiting series wrapped up the weekend before Thanksgiving with temperatures in the 50s. I've sailed colder Commodore Macdonough races! The Friday after thanksgiving gave us a beautiful 15-20 knot Southerly with temperatures reaching 60 degrees. Alas, I had no boat rigged and ready to take advantage of it.

But I've noticed that the ponds are finally skimming over on my way to work in the morning. People are posting Facebook photos of ski runs. The season is finally changing, like it or not. And as the season changes, the Board of Governors moves its focus from day-to-day operations to planning the upcoming year, and considering bigger changes we should ponder over the months away from the lakeshore.

2015 is turning out to be a very successful year for the club. Our membership and program income was high. Our expenses were reasonable, and we had no big surprises. We paid off our mortgage! We ended up with a big enough operating surplus that the board voted to return much of it to the members in the form of a credit toward next year's dues. (Reminder...as always, dues must be postmarked by December 31 to avoid a late fee!)

But we found some areas that we would like to improve upon. Housekeeping, particularly in the restrooms and in the kitchen, was not up to par. Groundskeeping could have been better as well. Finding volunteers to prepare, cook, serve, and clean up so many evening events was onerous. As stated before, we ended up with a substantial operating surplus. Over the winter we will work on strategies to improve club performance in these areas, and we may decide to have some of this work done by professionals. So stay tuned, and keep the feedback coming to the board. It is your input that guides the decision making process.

I wish everyone a very safe and happy holiday season, and look forward to seeing you all at the Change of Watch Dinner on January 23.

Doug

2016 Membership Renewals and Dues Notification

LCYC Members: You should be receiving your dues renewal in the mail any day now. When you open it, you will find some good news. The Board of Governors and the Finance Committee have reviewed our financial performance for 2015 and determined that our income was higher than budget, and our expenditures were under budget. The finance committee recommended, and the BOG approved a partial refund of the 2015 dues, payable as a credit to your 2016 dues. Full members will receive a \$100 credit, senior members a \$33 credit, and inactive members a \$6 credit

These refunds will use up part of the operating surplus of 2015, the remainder will be placed into the club's long term capital fund. There was an active discussion of a dues reduction, with talk of rolling a portion, or even all of the \$100 dues increase that was passed three years ago to accelerate our mortgage pay-down. The decision was made that we should defer the discussion of a permanent reduction until next year, once we have better information on what our Butler building project may cost.

Sincerely,

Doug Merrill

“Never Sail into a Hurricane”

My Trip Down the ICW

By Charlie Van Winkle

October 4th - When long time club members Michael & Betsy Dunphy moved to Florida this past September, Michael was looking for help delivering the boat so I volunteered. S/V Be-Calmer was in the Chesapeake for about a month after he and Laura took it off the lake and down the Hudson. While I couldn't do the whole trip I signed up for the first ten days. We are due to leave Saturday October 3rd. On Monday (September 28th) the national news is carrying a story of “*Hurricane Joaquin*” going up the east coast, later in the week the forecast track has it heading up the middle of the Chesapeake Bay, Wednesday morning I'm talking to Mike and he is quoting from a friend who says “*in all my years of sailing I've never sailed into a hurricane.*” Thinking that is good advice Michael makes the call and decides on Wednesday that one should never sail into a hurricane and decides not to leave until “*Joaquin*” is at the same latitude as Rock Creek Maryland where his boat is. We decided that Tuesday the following



week is probably a good day to travel and Wednesday we would leave Baltimore. By Thursday Joaquin is still stumbling around the Bahamas, and not heading anywhere fast but the "European" models have it heading up the Atlantic, by Friday morning Michael has rescheduled his flight from FLA to BWI and wants us there ASAP. George & I had tickets for a 5:00 PM flight out of BTV to Regan National, but hurricane *Joaquin* messed with the airlines and our flight out of Burlington was cancelled. George gets us re-booked on a flight on Saturday, and we arrive to light rain,

and get picked up by Michael and his friend Arnie. We went to the boat dropped our gear, and headed off to the bar for crawdads, scallops and shrimp. No crabs because, oh yeah Hurricane Joaquin is offshore, and none of the crab boats went out. We had a few beers and went back to the boat and crashed. On Sunday October 4th at O'dark thirty, Michael starts rattling around, he is stowing gear, rigging the boat and finally decides to start the engine at about 6:20 AM, George & I grumble a little and get up. It is dark, gloomy, and rainy wind out of the NNE 20-30 knots, we motored out of Rock Creek. We set the main with a reef in the main and head south. The wind was at our back with 4-6 foot seas, skies were overcast with light rain. I was feeling OK until I went below to put on more foul weather gear, came back topside and on the way out grabbed a slice of Michael's cold pizza from Pizza Johns' to try to settle my stomach. One bite and I decided this wasn't a good move. I asked Mike if he would be upset if I tossed the remainder of my slice overboard, he said no and I chucked the pizza as far away from

the boat as I could. I then went to the rail and did a "power hurl" and go the rest of the pizza out of my body. The rest of the day was dark and gloomy rainy with big wind from the NNE and 4-6 foot seas. Yay! 10 days of this, what did I sign myself up for?



We sailed down the bay for about 12 hours and pulled into Lookout point at the mouth of the Potomac, and dropped anchor (actually two anchors) at about 7:30 PM. We felt like toast. Even though the wind was at our backs and the seas were rough and it took a lot out of us. We were tucked in, sheltered from the NNE wind but totally spent. Ham & Cheese sandwiches for dinner and crashed at 8:45. 12 +/- hours, 75 Nautical miles.

Lookout Point, Washington DC (actually MD) Rough & Rumble down the bay

October 5th - It was O'dark thirty again, Michael got up and started rattling around. We had two anchors out and due to either brilliant seamanship or dumb luck, but we had enough scope out and ended up in the same spot we set the hook the night before. Good thing too! The winds raged all night topping over 35 knots, but we were tucked in close to the shoreline and aside from the groans of the anchor Rhode on the cleats the night was pretty quiet. Quiet like sleeping next to freight train. Dam that wind was loud! At one point in time at about 3:30 AM the bilge pump kicked on, not knowing what a jammed bilge pump sounds like I was up out of bed like a shot. It wouldn't have been a good scene if the anchors let go and we were drifting across the Potomac River being pushed by 35 knot wind gusts.

Anyway, it is slightly past O'dark thirty and the main is up, reefed, a couple of breakfast bars and we are on our way. The weather was a little more cooperative today than yesterday and the sun emerged briefly from behind the clouds we were making 7-9 knots on a broad reach heading down the bay, with just a reefed main. The winds were 15- 20 gusting to 22 knots, the seas were following between 5-7 feet so I guess this is a normal day on the Chesapeake. What do I know? This was the second day in my life I sailed there. We traded on & off steering the boat, with about an hour of wheel time for each. Ham & cheese sandwiches for lunch and an apple. I stayed away from the rum because I wanted to keep everything that I ate inside of me.

We were headed for Hampton Roads Virginia, about 75 nautical miles away. Hurricane Joaquin was still out in the Atlantic positioned 668 miles from Chesapeake VA heading NNE at

is



13 mph. Things are looking good. I'm at the wheel Mike is playing with the charts, George quiet. Mike says "hey did I tell you about these charts? I was visiting Dick at the shipyard when some guy came in and donated this book of charts to whoever needed them." They were detailed mariners charts from Lake Champlain all the way to Key West and up the west coast of Florida, full size in a plastic sheet and fairly recent vintage so accuracy has been pretty good.

About ten minutes later, he sets them down on the seat and goes below. A wind gust comes picks up the whole 110 sheet set in plastic wrap and dumps them overboard into the bay. F**k, F**k, F**K!!! Quick! Man Over Board drill. We turn around head back up towards the floating plastic and make a run at them. The bow of the boat pushes them away and we can get them. F**K!

Mike say's Charlie let me drive, so Mike takes over I get up on the leeward rail with my face about 6 inches from the surf, we make a second pass at them they hit the bow and again get pushed away, I was wishing my arm was about 2 feet longer and I would have had them. George tried to grab them with the boat hook but that was like trying to catch a cafeteria tray with a mop. We set up for one more pass at them, when they went behind a swell and we lost them. F**K.

As we got closer to Norfolk the Coast Guard from Hampton Roads was warning of gale force winds hitting the seaport in the next 72 hours. Freighters were advised to contact their docking agent and prepare for high wind and waves. WTF? We thought Joaquin was heading out NNE away from the coast. This got us a little worried, nothing was showing up on the NWS websites nor any of the half dozen apps that we had on our smart phones, so Mike got on the phone called his friend Barry who said Joaquin was still headed away but we should get off the bay. Great, how do we find a place to hide with no charts?

Well we have a chart plotter, and so down the bay we go. We landed in Hampton Roads/ Norfolk just around dusk and headed for this little cove called Willoughby Bay just near Norfolk Air station. Heading into the Bay we saw a few porpoises, very cool. Winds were still NNE at 15-25 supposedly shifting to the North we dropped our hook in 15 feet of water let out about

75 feet of scope and had a Dark and Stormy. We had a few more porpoises check us out while we were hanging and crashed. 12 +/- hours, and another 75 Nautical miles.

Day -3

October 6th - O'Dark Mikey was at it again and fired up the engine at about 6:20 AM, we pulled the hook and turned west out of Willoughby Bay to the Elizabeth River. Lots of motor-ing to do today and we had to find a Marina get fuel and head for the ditch. Heading down the Elizabeth River from the Chesapeake is very cool, first off you head past Norfolk air station and watch a couple F-18's take off. Then you go down by a row of docks, too many to count but we saw many naval vessels, two aircraft carriers, some cool looking ships with stealth technology, a 12 gun battleship, helicopter ships, all kinds of naval hardware. We picked up some fuel at the Ocean Marina, first cup of coffee in two days.



Mike had a set of charts that started at Norfolk and went all the way to the west Coast of Florida so we were without paper charts for one day. Yesterday the intra-coastal waterway (ICW) Atlantic side was closed due to coastal flooding, but we had no news about it this morning. We headed south down the Elizabeth River past the navy stuff, and now into more of the commercial ship traffic. The river snaked its way around right then left, we passed large freighters unloading what we thought was salt or wheat, using commercial excavation gear. Again, new insight into the lower tech side of our economy. Further up the Elizabeth, past the last grain freighter was a highway bridge and a railroad bridge side by side. The highway bridge looked like we could fit under it but the railroad bridge was a "No Way Jay" the bridge tender said she was waiting for a train.

So we ended up doing circles waiting for a railroad bridge to open.

Without warning the railroad bridge started to open, and Mike headed for the causeway. From my perspective the highway bridge looked tight but what did I know? I was standing on the foredeck looking up I couldn't tell. Mike said the maximum clearance was 65 feet on fixed bridges, still looked tight to me. All of a sudden the highway bridge starts going up. Huh? I guess the bridge tender thought it looked a little tight for our stick to fit under as well and she

raised the highway bridge too. She called us back and we thanked her she told us to monitor channel 13 all the way down, we waved to her as we were going by and we were headed for the Great Bridge locks.

Coinjock in the Evening - We went through the Great Bridge lock caught the next bridge by 13:00 and motored our way down the canal, to the next bridge and the one after that and the next one. It was going to get dark soon and the sage advice we got from Michael's friend Chris



was not to do the ICW at night, from a navigation perspective it is easy to get turned around. So right around mile marker 50 in Coinjock NC (SM-49.5-49.8), there are two marinas, the Midway Marina on the right and another one on the left. Active Captain said both had restaurants, fuel, showers, one had a pool, WiFi the whole shebang. Recommendations were for the one on the left, and it seemed the word was out. They had a good 20 power boats tied up, three 45 foot sport fisherman's, a few Grand Banks trawlers, and a 115' BVI style yacht, complete with the flat screen and paid crew. Plenty of space on the right so we took a spot right in front of S/V Inishnee, a Passport 40 that looked amazing like our friend Ernie Reuters boat, it even has the same funky boat name that began with an "I" that you couldn't pronounce. We were set up for a port side docking causing Mike to do a 180

and head back up the canal to pull into the dock on port. Well that's all good, but there was a 1-2 knot current making it very difficult to carry out our intentions. Jim the captain from Inishnee came out to greet us, catch our dock lines and suggested that the current was making things a little tough to navigate, and suggested a starboard side docking. After one more unsuccessful try we switched our fenders to starboard, pulled in and tied up just as the sun went down.

"Crabbies" was the name of the restaurant, and Active Captain said that it was closed on Mondays, this being Tuesday and all it still looked closed and the dock master said that he leased it to a few folks and, well, sometimes they don't show up. No dining at Crabbies tonight. The rest of the marina looked empty and well, tired is a word that one could use. The office had a small motel over the top, they had some slips but it was pretty deserted. Mike started making his pepperoni pasta sauce when Jim came back over and said his wife Kathy had just cooked a roast and would we like to come by for dinner. Well heck yeah... Michael went over to pay

the dock master and George and I finished the sauce, cut up some bread and met Michael on Inishnee. We had a great dinner on S/V Inishnee and crashed.

At about 02:30 AM we hear crackling over the radio on 13 “This is M/V Golden Light, 120 foot out in front, with one in the front hopper passing through in case anybody wanted to know of our intentions.” What? Now that I’m awake, I gotta see this, so I get up and stand on deck and sure enough this tug goes by, lit up like the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center, pushing a dredge barged with the front compartment filled with sand. I guess that’s what you do for excitement in Coinjock, NC, watch the barges go down the ICW. I went back to bed.



A Remembrance of Dick Walters

By Steve Walkerman

As many of you know by now, Dick Walters passed away October of this year. He and Ginny were members of LCYC from 1991 when they moved from western New York to the Landings, but sailing was a part of their lives from much earlier.

Dick, Ginny and their daughter Betsy raced Lightnings at the Mentor Harbor Yacht Club in Cleveland for many years, and competed in regattas at other clubs in Ohio and New York. I first met Dick where I grew up in western New York at the Chautauqua Lake Yacht Club. Dick's philosophy of successful race strategy was to get out front early and stay there, and for the most part, this worked as he was often in the lead at the finish.

When their daughter Betsy was no longer available to crew, Dick and Ginny tried to find other crew without much success, so they gave up racing and began to cruise.

Their first proper cruising boat was a Fuji 32, hull number 1, named Sprindrift, purchased in 1976. In her they cruised most of the Great Lakes. Dick retired in 1977 (at the age of 52!), which freed them to cruise longer and for greater distances. After exploring such places in the Great Lakes as Georgian Bay and the North Channel, they sailed the boat through Lakes Erie and Ontario, down the St Lawrence and Hudson Rivers to the east coast. From there, they went as far south as the Florida Keys, Dry Tortugas and the Bahamas, and north to Maine over the course of several summer, by



starting from one harbor, cruising along to an end point where they put the boat up for the winter. The next summer, they started from there and went further.

At White's shipyard in Maine, they were recommended to "go to Nova Scotia", which they did, cruising the Bras D'Or Lakes. One summer, they made the crossing to Newfoundland which was challenging. When they arrived at harbor, the local fishermen had not gone out as the weather forecast they got was for far worse conditions than Dick and Ginny experienced, but the crossing was still hairy. Cruising the southern coast of Newfoundland was lonely but they found spectacular scenery, and only saw another cruising boat after being in the area for several weeks.

Dick's teenage grandson Jack wrote the following in his facebook page:

"Everyone talks about 'man of the century' or 'best person alive.' And if everyone knew this man he would win. Dick Walters, just about the classiest man I ever met. He was a WWII Navy vet, and a man who was true to himself. He knew what was coming and he didn't stand down. He would look you in the eye and tell you 'It's going to be alright.' He couldn't walk but he could ski down a mountain. He came up with the craftiest ways to pick up a mooring ball or raise a mainsail. Dick, I'm gonna miss you a ton. And may the winds be in your favor and ice on your boat."

They continued to cruise the east coast of the United States, going south again, and attempting to cross to the Bahamas, where the engine failed. They turned around and went back to Fort Lauderdale and when approaching the harbor, called for a tow. They were asked for their position, and not knowing it exactly, said so over the radio. A passing freighter heard the call, saw Spindrift, and gave them their position. Later that same day, Ginny was visiting a bookstore, where she was recognized by one of the sales staff who had met them back in Mentor. Cruising is sometimes a small world!

Spindrift was sold in Baltimore in 1989, and they next cruised in September Song, which was a trailerable boat with a deck-stepped mast which could be rigged and launched at most any boat ramp. One year, they took the boat to the San Juan Islands for a cruise on the west coast, and rather than bring the boat back to the east coast, they sold it and bought another on the east coast, thus illustrating one advantage of a trailerable boat.

Last came Impetuous, a Stonehorse, in 2003. She was purchased in Connecticut and towed back on a trailer that Dick had custom-built for the boat. This is the boat most of you are familiar with at LCYC. She's rigged in such a way that Dick did not have to go forward on deck, even for picking up his mooring, except for anchoring. She has roller furling jibs, and a stack-pack for the main.

One of Dick's philosophies about cruising boats is that the best cruising boats should have more than two sails to allow more options for sailing conditions and wind direction. Spindrift was a ketch, both September Songs were yawls, and Impetuous is a cutter. Dick's other philosophy about cruising was "Gentlemen do not sail to weather". Or, if the wind direction is not to your liking, go somewhere else, or wait until the wind direction becomes favorable.

A Remembrance of Jeff Jeffers. By Robin Jeffers



John "Jeff" Joseph Jeffers, 82, of Shelburne, died August 19th in the early hours of the morning at his home with his family, following a rapid decline in health.

Jeff was born on November 27, 1932 in Manchester, CT. He and his wife Georgia & their 3 daughters moved to VT in 1968, and enrolled kids in LCYC JR Sailing in 1969 and joined the Club soon after.

Jeff enjoyed the Club immensely and served many years on the Board of Governors for several terms as Governor, Rear Commodore and Vice Commodore. Jeff was responsible for Stewards during a large part of that time and formed some great relationships mentoring a few young men whose friendships he enjoyed throughout his life. Frequently there were Stewards at the Jeffers family dinner table during sailing season and in the wintertime as well.

The Jeffers began sailing at the Club with a Sunfish, then a Rhodes 19. Jeff most enjoyed crewing on Pas Auf with Chuck & Gerlinde Bowen. They had quite a few adventures with stories to tell, and some successes too. Memories that are quite vivid of spinnaker runs in high winds!. He very much enjoyed the club & the friends he made there. Many were sailing friends in summer and skiing friends in winter, and friendships he enjoyed all his life. Sunday picnic supper at the Club was a family summer

tradition Jeff enjoyed while the kids were growing up and less often but occasionally right through his last summer. He liked sitting in the chairs overlooking the harbor, enjoying the shade and breeze. Jeff was keen on nature and always noticed the slightest breeze and leaves fluttering in the trees in his final days.



Rhodes 19

A Shared Remembrance of Marselis “Div” Parsons

By Past Commodores Bern Collins & Chris Leopold



Part One from Bern: What Would Div Say?

I miss Div. The tributes to him as Vermont’s own “Walter Cronkite” were well-deserved, but to those of us who knew him at LCYC, he was a sailor, an antique boat owner, one of the guys who suited up in waders with a couple of other guys at spring and fall workdays to handle the docks duties. He would then shed his WCAX neutral demeanor and share some entertaining political “back stories.” Although he interviewed powerful national and state office holders over the years, Div also loved covering the perennial candidates who were in the nether reaches of the political landscape—the ones from obscure parties who rarely raised the meter above 1% in polls. With the current silly season going at hyperventilating speed, wouldn’t we love to know his take on Bernie Sanders (who he covered from the beginning) running for president (!) or The Donald. I keep wondering: What Would Div Say?

Although Peter (one of the dock wader guys) and I knew Div from the time he joined LCYC in 1977, my best memory is the happy experience of having him on the 125th Anniversary Celebration Committee which I chaired in 2011-12. He never missed a meeting, a conference call,

or a planning session, and he gamely participated in the nitty-gritty set-up/clean-up chores for all of the events. He knew EVERYBODY in Vermont and always had suggestions about who to contact when we were looking for a band, a face painter, and, of course, antique boat owners who would give rides at Family Day. He was a gentleman with old-school manners and a wry sense of humor whose support and enthusiasm meant a lot to us all.

As LCYC's historian, I spent hours this past summer going through some of our archives. One morning I discovered in a dusty file a note from Div, written around the early 1980s, when Bill Brown II was board secretary (before he became commodore in 1984). I made a copy and sent the original to Julie, who remembers there was probably some rum involved and gave her permission to share this note with *Binnacle* readers. Although we sense a deep loss in not being able to have any more conversations with him, his words can still make us smile:

FROM: MARSELIS PARSONS

BILL:

AAARGGH! I FORGOT TO SEND IN MY DUES BEFORE I WENT ON VACATION. I HOPE I HAVE NOT BEEN SUMMARILY DISMISSED, AND WANT TO KNOW HOW I CAN MAKE IT UP TO THE CLUB. I JUST PUT THE RENEWAL FORM ON THE BACK OF MY DESK AND WENT OFF FOR SEVERAL WEEKS IN THE SOUTH...REALIZING AS I LAY ON A BEACH THAT I HAD LEFT MY CHECK BOOK AT HOME AND DUES WERE DUE A MONTH AGO.

I DRANK HEAVILY TO ASSUAGE MY GUILT, THAT DOESN'T HELP YOU AT ALL, BUT IT HELPED ME A LITTLE. IF I CAN LICK STAMPS OR SOMETHING MENIAL TO ATONE FOR MY GUILT, I WOULD BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO.

DIV

CLUB INFORMATION: GREENSBORO YACHTING CLUB, 100 N. HART RD, BOACON, LUTHERTON VY. 02458-0000

Part Two from Chris: A Lasting Friendship Sparked by Our Toddlers

This year at LCYC seemed different. I first felt it at our Spring Work Day, once again at the Opening Cocktail Party and noticed it every time I went down to the main dock or looked east across our mooring field. A good friend, a fellow sailor turned collector of classic wooden motor boats and a long-time member of LCYC, Marselis Parsons, was missing. Marselis, "Div" as he was called by friends, an LCYC member since 1977, sailed Blue Jay's, a Sea Sprite 28 and then toured his classic Chris Craft and Lyman motorboats on Lake Champlain and beyond. After fighting melanoma throughout 2014 and continuing the fight into 2015, our friend Div died on May 27, 2015. As always, the Lake, Shelburne Bay, LCYC and his boats were in his thoughts during his final days.

Like many Vermonters, my connection with Marselis began watching him in the late 1960s as a news reporter on WCAX during his early years in television news. I first met him more than 10 years later while I was working as an attorney in the criminal justice system. Marselis interviewed me for a segment on plea bargaining in the criminal justice system for the award winning newsmagazine, *Dimension*, which he wrote and produced for WCAX. Following the interview we frequently talked on the telephone about criminal justice issues, legislation and then, one Sunday afternoon, we became friends.

In the fall of 1982 Marselis and I ran into each other at an open house at the Shelburne Nursery School and discovered that our respective three year-old children, Chris and Susan, were classmates. Several weeks later on a Sunday afternoon in October, a car pulled up in front of our house. Marselis got out of the car and began to walk across the lawn. As I met him halfway and started to say hi, he launched into an apology saying that "he was sorry to interfere with my Sunday afternoon, but"...I immediately began to think about my work and news and wondered what could possibly be breaking on a Sunday afternoon. Marselis interrupted my train of thought and continued, "but my daughter is in love with your son and she insisted that I bring her over to see him this afternoon". We both smiled and laughed at the thought of two three year-olds running our lives this way and then he headed to the car for Susan and I headed into the house for Chris. The three year-olds spent the next twenty minutes on our lawn exchanging awkward smiles, looks and occasionally talking to each other. It was the beginning of long-lasting friendships for the two three-year olds, Div and I, and the Parsons/Leopold families. Over the years the two families celebrated and shared nursery school step-ups, trivial pursuit parties, dinners, school concerts, 8th grade and high school graduations and several weddings together.

Over the summers that followed Div introduced our family to LCYC and we enjoyed several Fourth of July fireworks with Div, Julie and Susan on the Parsons' first motorboat. In 1993 we brought the first Etchells to LCYC. Div loved the boat and thought it was one of the most beautiful boats at LCYC. In 1998 he helped to rescue the boat, *Man a War*, from the rocky eastern shore of Shelburne Bay. Early one June morning our telephone rang at 6 AM. It was Div telling us that he thought our boat was just off their shore and appeared to be grounded.

Jenny, several of our kids and I immediately drove to the Parsons and discovered the boat slowly working its way ashore in a freshening breeze. Div was already preparing his motorboat to help us and, with several of us in the water, we quickly freed the Etchells. Div towed the boat back to LCYC, helped us secure it on his mooring and then insisted that all of us come back to their house for coffee, hot chocolate and something to eat.

Although he loved sailing, Div had no interest in racing but he enjoyed watching Wednesday night races, especially from his motorboat. He loved sailing *Sandpiper* and looked forward each season to the occasional weekend that he spent cruising the Lake with friends. He usually sailed by himself but always enjoyed the time he spent taking others sailing on his boat. At the end of the 1998 season we sold our Etchells and began a year long search for our next boat. The following June, Div learned that we were still searching for our next boat and insisted on taking Jenny and I sailing on *Sandpiper*. He wanted to give us a full rundown on the boat so that we would feel comfortable using *Sandpiper* without him: "the boat sits and sits at the mooring, I don't use it enough. I want you and your family to use the boat." It was a generous offer and, after being pressed several times over the following weeks, Jenny and I sailed *Sandpiper* on several occasions during the season.

After being elected Commodore in the fall of 2011, then Commodore Jill Burley and I appointed a committee to develop a program for the celebration of the Club's 125th anniversary in 2012. In conversation with the committee chair, Bern Collins, the three of us decided that Div would be a terrific addition to the committee. When I asked Div to serve on the committee, he genuinely responded that

"he would do anything to support me and the Club" but wondered what he could offer to the committee. As Bern Collins attests, Div was an outstanding member of the 125th Committee making a significant and memorable contribution in helping to restore Family Day and ensuring that the day was an integral part of our anniversary program. One of



my favorite moments of our 125th celebratory year is the image of Div, sporting a prominent face painted LCYC burgee on his cheek, and Julie at Family Day.

Over the years, Div and I spent time standing on the docks or sitting on one of our boats talking about the news, politics, boats, the Club, or our kids. Not surprisingly he loved to tell a story about anything - the news, Vermont politicians, the newsroom, family, boating excursions. Div

could be very funny; he had a wonderful dry sense of humor. When it came to boating, he frequently was the butt of his own humor. Several years ago at Spring Work Day, we were each talking about the work we had to do on our boats. At the end of sharing his long list Div looked at me and said "of course we both know that not a bit of that damn work is going be done unless I pay Mary and the Shipyard to do it!" Div, we miss you.

Golden Dazy 15155



The End of an Era & The Golden Dazy Legacy Racing on Lake Champlain

The End of an Era: Golden Dazy Leaves Lake Champlain for Massachusetts Waters

by Bern Collins, LCYC Historian, November 2003

*At the Shelburne Shipyard, on September 10, 2003, **Golden Dazy** was loaded onto a truck headed for Massachusetts, leaving for the last time her homeport on Lake Champlain. The Hills, who had owned Dazy for almost a quarter of a century, were not at the Shipyard to take pictures or say goodbye. In a way, however, they had spent the summer saying goodbye, as they watched the new owners work on Dazy from their offices, which are adjacent to the Shipyard.*

As Bruce and Carol Hill reminisced later that day at the Lake Champlain Yacht Club, where Golden Dazy had graced the anchorage for so many years, they expressed surprise that she had sold soon after being listed on the Web. It is an unusual boat, with a distinctive history; they thought it might take several months. Fortunately, it was just the type of wooden boat that a young couple from Ipswich, Massachusetts was looking for.

Dazy's Fame

In 1978, when Bruce decided to sell his Pearson 28, *Synergy*, he at first thought of buying a one-ton. It was Steele Griswold, owner of the Shelburne Shipyard, who suggested that he take a look at *Golden Dazy*, a two-ton. Steele recalls seeing *Dazy* right after a Bermuda Race "powering by us, with blue smoke pouring out of the exhaust." At the time, he was racing his second *Mame*, a Hinckley 38, and had become friends with Dennis Connors' business manager, who also owned a Hinckley 38.

Golden Dazy was built by Gougeon Brothers of Bay City, Michigan. Designed by Ron Holland, she had won Canada's Cup in 1975. A few years later, when Steele saw her "power by," her name had been changed to *Tern* by her new owner. While Bruce was looking for a new boat, Steele got a call from Connors' business manager (who managed all of his America's Cup challenges) telling him that *Tern* was for sale. The owner had given the boat to a maritime academy in New York. Due to the "revolutionary" wood plus epoxy hull construction, Steele believes he may have had trouble selling her, which is how she ended up at the academy.

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"Well, it's plywood," Steele notes, "and people were concerned—no large boats were built like that—they were small. And, of course, the small ones were dry sail; they didn't sit in water all the time."

In 1975, when *Golden Dazy* raced in the Canada's Cup, she had the stiffest hull of any of the contenders; at 41'6" it is a combination of strips of Western Red Cedar, Okoume plywood, and teak, for a 1 1/8-inch total. Using these woods, Gougeon Brothers pioneered the Wood Epoxy Saturation Technique (W.E.S.T System). When she won, it was said that "the prettiest was the fastest."

When Steele and Bruce became co-owners, Steele says, “Bruce didn’t have to be talked into getting *Golden Dazy*. Primarily, we got her to do just what we did—go to the Bermuda Race.” They changed her name from *Tern* back to *Golden Dazy* and prepared to enter the Bermuda Race in 1980.

The Bermuda Race

Of Bruce and Carol’s three children, Jeff has been the one most identified as *Dazy*’s skipper when Bruce was not at the helm. He had to work his way up the “ladder,” however, beginning as chief cook and bottle washer on the Bermuda Race.

In preparation for this race, Jeff recalls, “There was a whole series of *Mame/Dazy* sea trials that were done on Lake Champlain, where we’d go out and sail the boats for a day race—match racing—do ‘crew drills’ and then come back to the Shelburne Shipyard. At that time, both boats were tied up on a special dock just north of the work dock. Then, in preparation for the regatta,

Jeff, Steele, and Bill Freeman took *Dazy* down the Hudson. “I remember sailing the boat down with them, and anchoring off New York Harbor, amidst the current. It was really something with those two. We went up into Long Island Sound, and did the Onion Patch Series, which is like a ‘feeder’ race series where you end up in Newport. The rest of the crew came down for those, and then we set off for the Bermuda Race.”

This was just after Jeff’s graduation from the University of Vermont. Terry Griswold remembers that he was denied entrance at one of the Long Island yacht clubs until they found a jacket for him. “The sleeves were much too short.”

“Those were the old days,” Steele recalls, “some of them are still like that—jackets required for dinner.”

Those were also the days before GPS. Plus, racers were not allowed to use their radios except in emergencies. Terry remembers, “We had to have enough food for two weeks in case you missed the island.”

“That’s right, because the next stop was the Amazon River,” and Steele knows of one racer from Lake Champlain who did miss Bermuda and had to “come in the back side, from the south.” (Although he’s no longer with us, he’ll remain anonymous—except to those who remember that race.)

As Steele notes, “Now you can take anything. You get the weather maps constantly, you have computers to tell you where you are, what’s going on, and right where you



want to go. You can get all the readouts of currents, current strengths, direction—all that. [When we did the Bermuda Race] we used a sextant—that was all. We figured out we were in the Gulf Stream by the temperature and we really didn’t know how fast we were going. I don’t think I would have gotten *Dazy* if Bruce hadn’t been the other partner. He was willing to be the navigator. He liked navigation.”

The 1980 Bermuda Race featured a lot of wind, rather rough conditions, with little need to fly a spinnaker. Bruce recalls that they “averaged 7.2 knots—a reach,” and thought they might win it. At the finish, however, an older boat, *Holger Danske*, won. For everyone, though, the highlight was meeting the wives and girlfriends in Bermuda after the race was over and sailing back.

Jeff's future wife, Dorothy, was among those who flew to Bermuda. They had known each other since high school days at Champlain Valley Union, and had started dating at UVM. Dorothy had just started her summer job at Bostwick Estate as a gardener and after working only a week, asked for a month off so she could go to Bermuda and sail back. Fortunately, they granted her request. Dorothy has been part of *Golden Dazy's* history from the beginning. A fierce competitor, she also skippered *Dazy* to several first place finishes on Lake Champlain.

Dazy's Winning Ways

Once *Dazy* was back in Vermont, she immediately started winning races. At Bruce and Carol's home on the shores of Lake Champlain, one wall is covered with framed awards, a cabinet is filled with trophies, and the record books are filled with *Dazy* wins in races in which she participated from 1980 on.

In 1980, she won the first of four Ladies Cup Regattas. For Bruce, "the Lake Champlain Race [which started at Malletts Bay on a course that usually took at least two days] was most rigorous." As noted earlier, these were the days before GPS, when skippers used to have to "deal with dead reckonings and unlighted marks."

Since Steele had *Mame*, he sold his partnership to Michael Caine; but Bruce eventually became *Dazy's* owner. He credits much of her success to a very loyal crew who remained with him through the years.

Bruce disliked the task of putting a crew together, so he usually left that to Jeff. For most of the races, the minimum crew number was five or six; often, there would be eight. For Wednesday Night Races at the Lake Champlain Yacht Club, "the word was that the first seventeen could crew." There were over twenty life jackets onboard, and *Dazy* was always popular with young, energetic types who liked to be on a winning boat. One of the teen-agers who came aboard as crew was Gene Cloutier (his father had won a ride on *Dazy* in a raffle), who Bruce says "became a great sailor." Two other young crew members who became regulars were Kere Baker, from Just Sports in Malletts Bay, and Sam Cutting, from Dakin Farm. They were among the core crew who would come to the Shipyard on Wednesdays and Sundays a month before the boat



was launched to get it ready for the season. Jeff recalls how everyone would work religiously year after year to get this beautiful wooden boat in shape: sanding the bottom, varnishing, and cleaning.

Dazy's winning ways included more than coming in first and collecting trophies. There are fond memories of the hard work, the camaraderie, good food, good drink, and great company in good weather and bad. Among those memories is the "beer ball," a sphere-shaped mini-keg which "resided" for a while in the Y-shaped cockpit. Dur-

ing a lull on one of the long Lake Champlain Races, after a long spell at the helm, Bruce went below to get some rest. It was a light air night, rather cold, and the rest of the crew remained on deck. When Bruce came back up, saying, "I'm ready for my breakfast beer," the ball was empty. He says, "They were wearing Cheshire Cat grins." There is good-natured contention over how the ball lost its beer—Jeff and Dorothy insist there was a certain amount of "leakage that even soaked some of the sheets, giv-

ing the boat an 'eau d'beer ball' flavor. Spilled beer just seemed to add to the boat's patina."

Kere finally made a varnished drinks holder that could hold eight. Jeff says it was beautifully made, and saved crew members from having to wear leather cups around their necks—Bruce's suggestion for solving the spilled beer problem that seemed to occur every time he said, "Ready about." (The skipper got his own holder.)

As is true of most racing boats, the major chore of care and feeding of crew falls to the skipper's wife—in this case, Carol. One of her "staples was a 'Mung'casserole," her version of goulash. Another requirement was making at least sixteen sandwiches. *Dazy's* ice chest is so huge that Carol decided smaller coolers made more sense. Crew members contributed as well. For example, for the overnight races, Sam Cutting would bring breakfast.

Remarkably, over the many years of racing, there were no crew injuries. Although one guy almost fell over the side, he grabbed one of the stanchions at the last second. Carol says that several people were brave enough, or foolhardy enough, to dive from the spreaders. The record is a dive from the second spreader.

During one of the overnight Commodore Macdonough Races, they ran over a spinnaker, which got tangled around the keel and prop. Mark Shearer dove in and had to cut it away. And, of course, there's the time that Dorothy, according to Bruce, "left a blooper at Juniper Island during a Lady Skipper Race. She was in the lead and didn't want to stop to retrieve it." (Dorothy's version appears later in this article.)

Sails, Sails, Sails and the Dazy Staysail

No one seems to know exactly how many sails were on *Dazy* in the beginning or how many went with her to Massachusetts. Maybe forty-five. One of its unique features is the "*Dazy Staysail*." Jeff says that, "It is the type of sail that originated on *Golden Dazy* and is made by sail makers to this day. Made by North Sails, it is a lightweight staysail, but can be flown under the spinnaker very effectively, or on a broad reach. Also, when there is very, very light air, it is used as a 'wind seeker' with no other headsail. It's smaller than a genoa, but when there is no wind and you are trying to first get the boat moving, if you put that up, it will fill with wind and get the boat going. What was differ-



ent about it was the high clew. Due to the boat's weight, once you got it moving, it would keep going. It would coast through a hole and get to the other side, and sort of build its own apparent wind as it goes faster."

As other competitors know, *Dazy* always seemed to "find" the wind. Steele, however, comments that "after the Canada's Cup, the guy who bought her and changed her name to *Tern* reduced the rig by two feet. I don't think she ever performed the way she should have [because of that]." He believes that the rig was shortened for ocean racing, and had it been left alone, "she would have gone over the horizon!" In spite of the reduction in the rig, Dorothy remembers the crew would say, "C'mon *Dazy*, make some wind." Bruce would say, "C'mon *Dazy*, make your special wind." And, she did.

Jeff says there was a whole set of original sails that were made for the boat, all of Dacron. That inventory was outdated when the boat was purchased, but some of it in usable condition. "We would, as the years went by, get the 'new/old number one' out and as a certain sail became more worn out, another sail would look better."

Dorothy said, "We had a lot of nicknames for the sails. The old one would become the practice chute. They would get new names. Dorothy recalls, "The older sails were definitely usable in lighter air, which we have a lot of around Lake Champlain. We didn't have a lot of new sails with *Dazy*, so we were continually trying to make the most out of what we could with the sails we had."

Jeff lost a new Kevlar main on a Mayor's Cup Race in Plattsburgh a few years ago when the wind gusts reached fifty. Since one sail can cost thousands of dollars, he noted that it's important to keep the sail inventory going as long as possible.

Then there was the time that Jeff and Sam Cutting were doing the Lake Champlain Race double-handed and lost a spinnaker. This race went into the Hill Family Book of Racing Lore.

Sam and Jeff's Double-handed Adventure

Jeff begins: "One year Malletts Bay decided they were going to do a double-handed Lake Champlain Race. Sam Cutting and I entered. It was a different course from the normal long course they used to have. Basically, we started at Stave, sailed to Sloop Island, and came back up. We had put up the ounce and a half spinnaker [a big chute, with lots of sail area]. We sailed down to Four Brothers, took the spinnaker down, reached across with the number three around Juniper, and then set the spinnaker again to go to Stave. The course was to leave Stave to port, Jones Rock to starboard, round Crab Island, and return to finish off Stave. As we were approaching Stave, we were dead downwind and the boat was tending to oscillate, and only the two of us aboard at around 2:30 a.m.

"We had been struggling [having been awake for many hours] because it was windy and we had been pressing the boat hard. When we went into our maneuver to take the spinnaker down, there were only the two of us. I was at the helm, and Sam was trying to gather that large spinnaker in [under the boom], and it was very windy. We had the #3 [genoa] up under the spinnaker, the main up, and the boat was rolling back and forth."

At this point Dorothy comments, "It makes me shudder to think of it, because I know what they were doing."

Jeff resumes, "When we went to put the spinnaker down, a little bit of the foot got caught in the water and then scooped in under the bow, and the boat stopped and sort of. . . we were 'shrimping' or whatever. With the sails up, we rounded into the wind and we were pointing directly at Stave Island, and no way to stop the boat. We couldn't get the sails down quickly enough to stop until we were on the rocks, on the east side of the island, right near Susie Hazelett's summerhouse."

(A bit of irony: Susie had been Jeff's sailing instructor. Although she undoubtedly heard the noise and racket on the beach, she did not come out.)

Jeff says that, "We found ourselves there, dropped our sails, and the boat was taking a horrible beating—bang!bang!bang! It was very rocky. We tried to back the boat out with the engine and couldn't move it. So, I ended up swimming the anchor out [although it was summer, the water temperature was not warm]. The conditions were very rough for swimming the anchor out. . . Sam was quite amazed that I could swim the anchor out."

Dorothy comments again, "Sam said that Jeff performed a superhuman feat: he stripped off his clothes, grabbed the anchor and line and just jumped off the boat. There's no way he could have carried all that and swum out there in those waves, but he did it!"

"So, anyway," Jeff continues, "I was able to swim that anchor out, set it, take tension on the main winch, and with the tension and the bouncing of the boat, we worked our way off on the anchor line. We came off, stern to, with the anchor holding us and . . . obviously, we retired from the race. We motored her home and pulled her out at the Shipyard."

Another amazing aspect of this incident is that many of Dazy's core crew showed up the following night. They worked on just the keel, which had sustained quite a lot of fiberglass damage. Jeff recalls that, "We spent the night in the travel lift and repaired the keel ourselves. The next morning the Shipyard came in and launched her back. There was damage to the keel, and the sail, of course, was gone."

(For some more vivid details of this memorable race see "In His Own Words" by crew member Sam Cutting at the end of this article.

Dorothy Lost the Blooper—Who Won the Race?

Dorothy always wants to go on the Lady Skipper Race, and is amazed that more women don't take advantage of the opportunity to "drive the boat."

"I love to drive," she says, "I only feel like I win if I beat everybody on corrected, no matter what class."

Dorothy won the Lady Skipper Race before marrying Jeff, and again [several times] after marriage. So, both her maiden name and married name are on the trophy. One of her main competitors wanted to accomplish the same thing, and on the day of this particular race appeared close to realizing her goal.

"We were going downwind; we had the light half-ounce blooper up. *Dazy* had sets of half-ounce chute with matching blooper, a three-quarter-ounce chute with matching blooper, and so on. So, she had more than one blooper, to go with the spinnakers. What happened was we were going along and [the crew] had taken down the blooper. It was on deck [unsecured] and somehow slid off. It just fell off the boat. The next thing we know, we looked back and it was in the water and I still had the chute up. We're going downwind—doing at least four or five knots.

"I said, 'You guys, if we are going to go back and get it, we have to get the spinnaker down. I can't just turn the boat with all these sails up, going downwind. I can't do it! I'm on the wheel. . . you guys take the sail down and I'll turn the boat around'. . . and, nobody took the sails down.

"Bruce, even, was looking at me, sort of incredulous, but he wasn't saying, 'We have to go back.' He [the owner of the boat!] was onboard and saw what was happening, but he didn't say, 'Oh, we've got to go back' I don't know what we were all thinking, but when we thought about it afterwards, it's: What were we thinking!?"

So, did *Dazy* win?

"YES!"

Racing Over the Years

Everyone agrees that the racing scene on Lake Champlain has changed over the years. For Bruce there were a number of years when *Golden Dazy* "was top dog." Even in later years, however, when lighter and faster boats were winning, *Dazy* "kept

them honest.” At the Lake Champlain Yacht Club’s annual awards dinner in October, *Dazy* was among the recipients every year.

Dorothy notes that, “The nice thing is that when *Dazy* was here, we had, for the most part, an excellent racing program. There was a strong A Class in the 1980s and into the ‘90s. It made for some very exciting racing. There were so many more races: there was the Conference series, the Isle St. Michel, Valcour I & II. There used to be two races sponsored by each club around the lake—Valcour, Malletts Bay, and LCYC—two long distance races, two-day races, two weekend two-day races. It was neat! We were out there for all those races. Now it has all changed. The LCRC [Lake Champlain Racing Conference] is now inactive.”



Jeff remembers, “There were a lot of big boats of similar size and ratings to *Dazy* during those days. Frequently, there were ten boats in A Class. That was really good racing—exciting. For us sailing is also racing. We’d go out on the Wednesday Night Races right up to the end of 2002. The classes have been restructured for the 2003 season, taking scratch boats out of B and putting them in A Class, so the number is up slightly, to five or seven.

“It used to be the weekend races that were the important ones, whereas now it’s the Wednesday Night Series at LCYC when people really turn out. When *Dazy* was first on the lake, those [Wednesday races] were just to Proctor [Shoal, just beyond Shelburne Point] and back, and no spinnaker. It really has changed.”

As far as race preparation over the years, Jeff says, “It’s more about getting the boat set up with crew. We aren’t at the point around here where we’re changing the sail inventory due to weather conditions. That definitely happens in other places, but we pretty much would have the boat set up for all conditions. But, we would definitely go through the process of organizing eight to ten people, getting the sandwiches made and the food organized. My mom did that for years. She had a great system for doing that—you develop systems for race preparations over time.”

And, as Dorothy notes again, “We were very lucky from the beginning with *Dazy*. We had a core crew that stayed through twenty plus years. That’s huge.”

***Dazy* and Family**

As noted before, Jeff worked his way up from being cook on the Bermuda Race to being a skipper on Lake Champlain.

“I went through a whole range of roles, jobs, and obligations—from being a cook to becoming captain. My father hated organizing the crew, so that responsibility fell to me. Then he would step in and call the tactics and drive the boat. That didn’t always work for me, but in the end, looking back on it, it was great. He has a very subtle way of handling suggestions from the crew—all in all, being able to sail with my dad for so many years has been incredible.”

For Jeff, twenty-five years is a long time, “I was right out of college when we first got the boat. It was very difficult to get permission to use the boat in those days.”

Dorothy remembers that they used to play hooky on nice days in the spring and fall and go sailing. Some years ago, Bruce started letting Jeff take *Dazy* to the Mayor's Cup Race in Plattsburgh.

"In those days, it was a smaller race. My father didn't want to travel over. I would get a gang together. We would go spend the night at Valcour, and show up the next morning and have a great time doing that race. We had great success—it was just a blast. That race has grown and is a big event now."

In addition to all the other jobs Jeff has had on *Dazy* he remembers doing a quick sewing job toward the end of one of the Lake Champlain Races: "During the final beat, with the number one up in heavy wind, it became so stressed that a clew pulled out. That sail was taken down and the number two went up."

A J-35 was "crunching down" on *Dazy*, when Jeff went below. With needle and thread, plus some sail ties, he managed to sew and put the cringle back on the #1. It went back up and the spinnaker was set. *Dazy* won the race with a seven-second differential—thanks in part, or due to, Jeff's handiwork.

Another example of Jeff's handiwork involved "recycling" the tails of two dead raccoons to use as telltales on *Dazy*. These were "flown" only once—in very heavy weather. Working as a team, Carol remembers that Bruce and Jeff got to the point where they could varnish one side of *Dazy* in twenty minutes. Jeff says, "Of course, varnish work is all in the preparation—putting the varnish on is really the fun part. Once you get to the point where the boat is ready to be varnished, you can lay it on. We had a great system where I would roll it out and my father would tip it off, or vice versa. It goes very fast, and we had good results in the end. Over time,

The challenge was dealing with the areas that were getting a little worse on the topsides so they looked good. Then, you'd put on the final coat and the whole boat looked good."

Bruce is quoted in a recent Wooden Boat article: "The topsides have lots of little dings from altercations through the years, so she's no longer pristine. But, my eyesight's going at about the same rate, so I don't see them. We've had a lot of fun. She's still pleasant down below, for cruising as well as for racing, although we don't cruise as much as we'd like to."

Grandchildren John, Catherine, and Silas have been on *Dazy* since they were infants. The car seat would be tied to the mast, and they were ready for cruising or racing.

Jeff says, "When they were infants, they would fall asleep down below and that would be pretty easy. After they got older, it was more complicated. When we had two kids, we could manage it, but when we had three, we used to say we didn't have enough hands. We've done cruising as a family—over to Willsboro, for various overnight trips. Also, down to Essex for a few trips. We were lucky in that they were comfortable on the boat. When it got windy, they would go below and hop into their bunks, be as happy as can be."

Dorothy did a Lady Skipper Race shortly after John, the oldest, was born. "My mother was a trooper. She took him and let me go on the race. I did the race every year, preg-



nant or not. I didn't miss it." All three were in LCYC's Junior Sailing program this past summer.

The Decision to Sell the Boat

Bruce recently realized that there were certain maintenance items that needed attention, plus old age—the sails, that is, which needed replacing. And, for Bruce and Carol, getting older also had a bit to do with the decision to sell. Carol says that when just the two of them wanted to go out for a short sail, putting the sails up was a chore. It is, after all, a big boat with heavy sails.

Jeff says that it was his father's decision that it was time. "We were given the opportunity to purchase the boat, and would have liked to. But, recognizing the work that the boat needed and with our schedule, we weren't ready to do it right now.

"[The decision to sell] was a difficult choice, but as time went on, I was sailing the boat more and my father was not as able to sail it, because it takes a certain physical skill to put the sails up and down. The boat is not set up with roller furling or to put the main up easily."

Dazy is not a "short-handed boat" to take out, particularly for racing. At one time, there were lots of people to crew. Over time, the people who had been the core crew for so many years were getting older as well, getting married, having families, finding their schedules busier as their lives progressed.

Looking back, Dorothy says, "During the time that *Dazy* was here, we had incredible racing—the program was at its peak as far as the competitive factors, the number of participants and the races that were scheduled. In the past, the question was when is there a free moment? We were racing all the time, and it was great. It was a great wave to ride."

Jeff and Dorothy's daughter, Catherine, put it this way: "I love you *Golden Dazy*, you will always be number one on my Christmas List."

***Dazy's* New Owners**

About a year ago, Carol looked out of her office window and saw a "slim young woman climbing up a ladder to get onto the boat." She thought since Bruce and Jeff were showing *Dazy* to this young couple, she would wait to hear details when they came back into the office. When they returned and she asked what the potential buyers were like, Bruce's only reply was, "He knows boats."

In fact, both of the new owners "know boats." Geoff Rand and Anne Grimes have a combined sixty-five years of sailing experience. They met at Dartmouth when they were sailing against one another on Lake Mascoma. Geoff sailed in the co-ed division and Anne in the women's.

They grew up sailing: Anne in Maine's waters off Southport, and Geoff on the Chesapeake Bay. At Dartmouth, Geoff majored in English, and Anne developed a special Maritime New England Studies major. She is currently Deputy Director at the USS Constitution Museum in Boston, and Geoff is Director of Cruising at the Boston Sailing Center.

They became interested in looking at *Golden Dazy* after seeing it listed on the Web. One of Geoff's responsibilities at the Sailing Center is acquiring boats, so they had been looking at boats as they came on the market. When they saw that *Dazy* was for sale, and perhaps affordable, they were intrigued with the idea of getting a wooden boat, recognizing that it would need work.

Anne says that “Geoff likes to work on boats and has a lot of skills to bring to that. Certainly, the concept of wood is something that I love. And, *Golden Dazy* is a boat with lots of character.”

“Conveniently, Geoff’s dad lives in Brandon, Vermont, so we had a home base not too far away. It seems like there might be a note of fate when you have a babysitting set of grandparents just an hour away from where we could go up and look.”

The first time they saw *Dazy*, Anne says she was “excited and perhaps overwhelmed by the possibility. When you see this beautiful boat up on the stands and out of the water—certainly, it does look like a BIG boat.” One of the things that made an impression “was just seeing the pride of craftsmanship in everything. For instance, in mounting a winch—okay, you have to bolt it—but, they cut out interesting shapes of wood with contrasting colors of wood. We had it surveyed. . . it seemed sound.”

Although more of Geoff’s experience has been on fiberglass boats, one of his pet peeves is they usually have a headliner which makes working on them difficult. Looking at *Dazy*’s more or less “stripped-out space” means that they can think about creative ways to use the space that’s there. They will not race *Dazy*, but hope to do a lot of cruising with their daughter, Martha, who is almost three. (They plan to add netting to *Dazy*.)

Geoff has been at the Boston Sailing Center since 1990, maintaining its fleet, teaching courses, and in the past five years taking four to five students on five-day advanced cruising courses to Nantucket and around Cape Cod. At the Sailing Center, “the idea is instead of everyone owning a boat at a yacht club, people living in the city may sign up for day sailing or cruising memberships.”

Dazy is the first boat they have owned. After fifteen years of being able to sail a variety of Sailing Center boats out of Boston, anything that can be sailed within a week’s circuit they know pretty well. Anne says that they plan to keep *Dazy* at Salem Harbor this summer, but hope to eventually moor her in Portland, Maine, where “her nice deep seven-foot keel will be very happy in those waters.” With Portland an hour and a half away from their home in Ipswich, they are looking forward to exploring the Maine waters and are comfortable with the idea of sailing her by themselves. Anne says Geoff prefers sailing with one person who knows what’s going on to having four or five confused people onboard—shall we tack or jibe? Although they had hoped to sail *Dazy* on Lake Champlain and bring her down the Hudson, they weren’t able to get all the needed work done and take the time off. Anne says they hope to entice the Hills down for a sail next summer. She has friends who work at the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, whom she looks forward to seeing in Vermont. With her background in maritime history, she is also looking forward to learning more about local history and exploring the area.\

In His Own Words: Sam Cutting’s Crew Memories

In the Beginning: “Back in 1980, I experienced my first race on *Golden Dazy*. It was a very windy, wet day. It was blowing hard, raining and wild. I had a flimsy raincoat and no sailing gloves. I remember being soaked to the bone, freezing cold. I was trying hard not to let my teeth chatter, my hands were raw; I didn’t know what I was doing, but I gave it my all. I had loved to sail all my life; however, I had never experienced sailing like this. I was completely hooked. I must have shown some promise as crew, because Bruce Hill later invited me to become part of the permanent crew.

"In those days, there was no wife, no kids, and work was pretty casual. Sailing on *Golden Dazy* (and other boats) became my first love. My typical schedule would be to sail on *Dazy* on the Wednesday Night Race [at LCYC], sail in Malletts Bay on Thursday night, race both days on the weekend and try to get another sail or two in on off days."

Memorable *Dazy* Stories:



The Lake Champlain Race. "In the beginning of my racing career, the Lake Champlain Race was a huge deal and was well-attended by the majority of the fleet. We typically would have a large crew and have enough people to have more than one watch. Later, interest in the race began to diminish. One year, in the late '80's, Jeff Hill and I found that we both wanted to do the race; however, we had no other crew. Therefore, we took on the Lake Champlain Race double-handed.

"We were very comfortable with the boat and everything started out fairly normal. Winds were moderate and we were comfortable flying the spinnaker when conditions were right. During the night the wind began to increase. We rounded Sloop Island and set the ounce and a half spinnaker. The wind and waves increased to the point where we had several broaches. At this point, we definitely were aware that we were way over our heads, and we began to think about how we could get the chute down in all this wind with only the two of us. The decision was made to carry the chute past Colchester Reef—then go for a douse. Earlier in the evening, Jeff had been able to lock the helm and help me with sail changes. At this point, locking the helm was out of the question. My task would be to release the halyard, then gather the chute all by myself in 30 knots of wind. I coiled the halyard and laid it neatly on the deck. I began the release and played it down a way, and then I had to go to the rail and gather like crazy. The chute came down quick and I simply could not keep up with the gather. The chute went under the boat and stuck in the rudder.

"At this point, the helm was useless, so Jeff began to help me lower the main and try to work on the spinnaker which was caught in the rudder. No matter what we did, we could not loosen the chute from its position wedged in the rudder. The next thing we knew, Stave Island was looming in the darkness a short distance ahead.



"I remember telling Jeff in a panic, 'We're going to hit the Island, you have to steer away.' He calmly reminded me that there was no steering the boat and that we should not panic. Eventually, the inevitable happened and we grounded on Stave at 3:00 a.m. with the winds blowing 20-30 knots. When we hit, it was one of the most sickening feelings I had ever experienced in my life. After a few minutes, however, there was a feeling of calm and almost relief. I realized that we were not going to die, that the boat was not going to break up and that we were going to get out of this situation one way or another.

"After we had settled down, Jeff announced that he would swim an anchor out 30 yards or so, and we would attempt

to kedge off the shoal. Before I knew it, he had stripped naked and jumped over the side with a big Danforth anchor. He swam into the waves and dropped the anchor. Minutes later he was hoisting himself up the side of *Dazy* and over the lifeline. On the way back, he had also released the spinnaker from the rudder. To this day, I don't know how he could have swum into those waves with the big anchor. He was just a great natural athlete and had plenty of adrenaline to keep him going!

"Once the anchor was set, we put the lead on a primary winch. I winched like crazy while Jeff started the motor and tried to back off the reef. Again, our efforts were futile and again, Jeff told me to just settle down and relax for a few minutes. As we set there with tension on the anchor line, Jeff suddenly said, 'I feel the boat has freed itself due to the tension and the wave action.' We were able to pull the anchor up and begin the depressing motor back to Shelburne.

"Around 6:00 a.m., Jeff called his dad and told him what had happened—that we were not taking on any water and that we would meet him at the Shipyard around 7:30 a.m. When the boat was later pulled, there was no structural damage to be found. The Hills and the crew went to work with fiberglass and began to fill the nasty gouges in the keel. This process went as quickly as possible so that we could have the boat back in the water and ready for the Wednesday Night Race that week."

Mayor's Cup. "Another time in the late '80's, Jeff had taken the boat to Plattsburgh to do the Mayor's Cup. I was recently married and had decided to spend the weekend with my wife. When I awoke on Saturday morning, I could see it was sunny and warm and that the wind was blowing. I regretted not joining Jeff and company on the race. As I lay in bed, I began to hatch an idea.

"At the time, my father had a Lake Amphibian Airplane. I first convinced my wife I needed to go sailing, then convinced my father that I needed to hitch a ride to Plattsburgh. We promptly took off from our grass strip, and were soon flying over Plattsburgh Harbor. We located *Dazy* and realized they were already in the starting sequence. We quickly picked a landing path and brought the plane down onto the water. Jeff had the crew drop the jib and slow the boat down. We taxied over to within 20-30 yards of *Dazy*, I flung open the hatch of the plane, walked out on the wing, and tossed a plastic bag of clothing toward the boat. I dove in, swam to the boat and climbed aboard with my dry clothes in the plastic bag. My father taxied away and took off. We raised the jib on *Dazy* and started the race moments later. We quickly gained the lead and kept it the entire race."

"It's been fun reliving these memories". . .

Sincerely,

Sam Cutting IV, President, Dakin Farm

November 24, 2003

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*Written by Bern Collins, Past Commodore & Club Historian, Lake Champlain Yacht Club, Shelburne, Vermont, in February 2004, based on interviews with Bruce & Carol Hill, September 10, 2003; Jeff & Dorothy Hill, October 2, 2003; Anne Grimes at her Boston office, October 13, 2003; Steele & Terry Griswold, November 20, 2003; and Sam Cutting's e-mail response to my request for crew memories. Additional sources: **The Gougeon Brothers on Boat Construction (1979); and Wooden Boat.***

In response to a renewed interest in the Golden Dazy "legacy," this article is being re-published in 2015, with additional pictures from Jeff Hill.

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The *Golden Dazy* Legacy Picture Scrapbook Carol & Bruce Hill and Their Loyal Crew Wednesday Night Race



Dave Terwilliger, Kere Baker, Pam Baker, Carol and Bruce Hill, Glenn Parker, Jeff Hill (with one unidentified)



Running with Full Sail and Blooper
Circa 1990



Dazy, in the lead under spinnaker, ahead of *Intrepid*,* LCYC Ladies Cup Regatta. At the helm: (Former Vermont Supreme Court Justice) Fred Allen with Skipper Bruce Hill, standing.

Left to right: Jeff Hill, Dorothy Hill, Bruce Hill, Fred Allen, Pam Baker (seated), Bill Cimonetti, P. Corbett, Kere Baker, Gene Cloutier.

**Intrepid*, three-time America's Cup winner, later purchased and raced by LCYC member Judson Babcock. Jeff recalls that they had just "rounded Quaker Smith well ahead of *Intrepid*, the 12-meter. Dad turned over the helm to Fred with instructions to hold off the 12 for as long as possible." *Intrepid* went on to win the Ladies Cup in 1987 and again in 1988. (*Golden Dazy* won the Ladies Cup four times: 1980, 1981, 1983, and 1998.)

Scuttlebut (Editor's notes)

Each time I read an obituary or hear a remembrance of a member of the club who has passed I recognize a different side of them than I had known of them at the club as a sailor. Perhaps this is as it should be;-we remember them as a sailor, not as an artist, or an activist or veteran.

Yet there is a part of me that regrets conversations not had with the very interesting "other side" of members known only as sailors.

There is also a sense of admiration at seeing those whose bodies are beginning to fail them find ways to make it out on their boats for one more sail. And a sense of pride in those members who sometimes help them, and at other times just keep a weather eye out for them when they know they are out sailing alone.

This Edition of the Binnacle grew out of the realization by a number of people that there were club members they wanted to remember as club members. I always worry that we will forget someone or intrude at a difficult time. If at any time you feel that there should be an article about a member or any topic that may have been overlooked or forgotten, I know that Marc Gamble and I would appreciate hearing from you. We might ask you to write something for us, but if you are not able or comfortable, we will try to find a way to make it happen.

I hope you have a joyful holiday season.

Peace,

Tony Lamb