

Vol.3 No.4

## THE NEWSLETTER

JULY and AUGUST

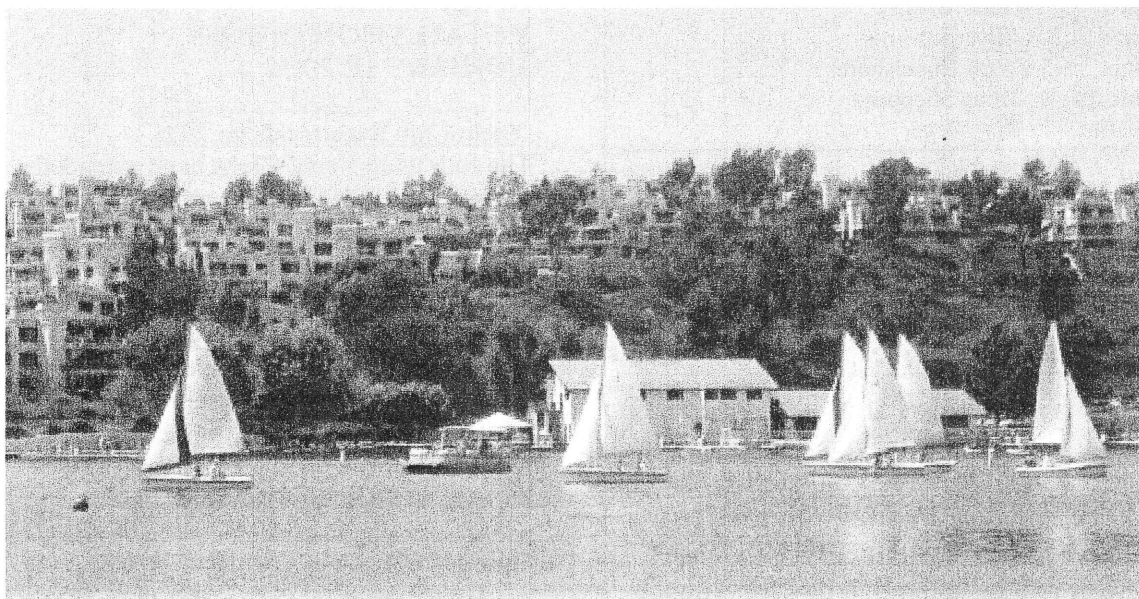
2005

### LAKE MISSION VIEJO YACHT CLUB

Member SCYA

Member AOCYC

LAKE FEST: AUGUST 13, 2005



LAKE MISSION VIEJO YACHT CLUB SUPPORTED THE "LAKE FEST" BY INTRODUCING NEOPHYTE SAILORS TO THE JOYS OF SAIL BOAT RACING. DOUG SHEPPARD, WHO CO - CHAIRED THE EVENT, RAN THE RACES WITH HELP ON THE RACE COMMITTEE BOAT, FROM (L-R!), S/C FRANK FOURNIER, JACK MCCOLLUM, S/C RICK QUICK, RANDY TIFFANY.

### Flag Officers

Acting Commodore V/C Vivienne Savage  
Vice Commodore Vivienne Savage 830-6695  
Rear Commodore Tony Musolino 457-0899  
Jr. Staff Commodore Rick Quick 598-0469

### Officers

Race Chair: Jack McCollum 305-2374  
Fleet Surgeons; Chuck & Annmarie Seymour  
586-9153

Treasurer Willi Hugelshofer 582-8350  
Secretary S/CAudrey Simenz 462-0838  
Port Captain S/C Frank Fournier 462-3282

### Board Members

Quartermaster Horst Weiler 714-402-4439  
Web Site S/C Roger Robison 855-8094  
Sunset Reg. Chair Doug Sheppard 347-9346  
Trophy Chairs: Susan Christensen 768-5653  
Newsletter Audrey Simenz 462-0838  
Measurer Horst Weiler 714-402-4439

### Fleet Captains

C-15 Horst Weiler  
Capri 14.2 Allyn Edwards  
Finn Willi Hugelshofer  
Lido 14 Doug Sheppard  
Thistle Ron Meyer

For YC membership information call:

- Rear Commodore Tony Musolino  
457-0899 or Club Secretary Audrey  
Simenz 462-0838

For regatta information call Race Chair:

- Jack McCollum 305- 2374

## MARK YOUR CALENDAR

The Yacht Club's 28<sup>th</sup> Annual Regatta will be sailed on **Sunday August 21** followed by a Western BBQ Rib feast. Orders will be taken that day for Annual tee shirts to mark the occasion. Our popular Friday evening sailing, rafting, and picnicking continues until the end of the month. The Fall Regatta will be on **September 25**. Afterwards we'll enjoy a great Oktober Fest prepared by Horst and Cecilia Weiler. The Fall Invitational takes place on **October 8**. Sunset Sailing continues until Daylight Savings time ends on October 13. All Yacht Club members are invited to these events.

### Sailing Schedule

Midwinter Regatta	February 19/20
Opening Day Regatta	March 20
LMVYC Invitational	April 2
Sunset sailing begins	April 6
Spring Regatta 1	April 17
Spring Regatta 11	May 22
LAKE SAFETY DAY	
JUNE 11	
Summer Regatta	June 26
Friday Night Sunset Sail	July 15
Friday Night Sunset Sail	August 5
Annual Regatta	August 21
Fall Regatta	September 25
LMVYC Invitational	October 8
Sunset sailing ends	October 13
Top Skippers Championship	October 23
LMVYC ANNUAL MEETING	
NOVEMBER 9	
Turkey Regatta	November 2
CHRISTMAS PARADE	
DECEMBER 10	
INSTALLATION DINNER	
JANUARY 14, 2006	

### Yacht Club Reciprocity for 2005

The following Yacht Clubs have extended reciprocal privileges to the members of LMVYC for the year 2005. If you visit be sure to have your current LMVYC membership card with you and sign in at the front desk. Not all clubs have food and/or beverage service and those that do may only offer bar and/or restaurant service on weekends. Calling ahead to find out when they're open is a good idea. Check out the bulletin board in the Club Room for additions to the list which may have come in after this was printed.

American Legion YC	949 - 673-5070
Anacapa Yacht Club	805 - 984-0211
Balboa Yacht Club	949 - 673-3515
Channel Islands Naval YC	
Corsair Yacht Club	908 - 803-1343
Cortez Racing Assoc.	619 - 685-7717
Huntington Harbor YC	562 - 592-2186
Lido Isle Yacht Club	949 - 673-5119
Hollywood Yacht Club	310 - 326- 4553
Pierpoint Yacht Club	805 - 644- 6672
Sea Gate Yacht Club	714 - 840-8049
South Shore YC	949 - 646-3102
Sunset Aquatic YC	<a href="http://www.sayc.org">www.sayc.org</a>
Westlake Yacht Club	818 - 889-4820

### **From the Editor**

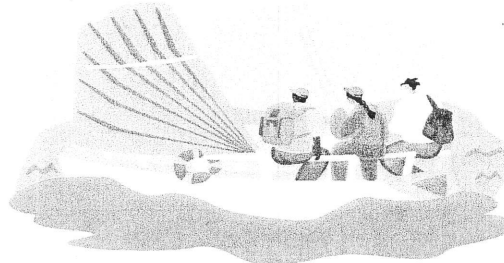
The days are still warm but there's no doubt that summer is drawing to a close. And what a summer the Yacht Club has had! We sailed challenging regattas in May and June and our 28<sup>th</sup> Annual Regatta will take place this Sunday. Not forgetting our popular Wednesday night Sunset Series for more casual racing, which continues until the end of Daylight Savings time in October. As long as there's some daylight and a little wind we're out on the water. We enjoyed some other informal sailing and racing in July and August at our Friday night rafting, sailing and picnicking events: it will be getting just too dark to continue these enjoyable weekend starters much longer. This summer many of our members also competed off the Lake, at Westlake Yacht Club, Dana Point Yacht Club, Mission Bay Yacht Club, and in the Twilight series at Balboa Yacht Club. Farthest traveler has to be former LMVYC junior member Matt Beatty who sailed on his first Transpac race to Hawaii aboard BYC member Craig Fletcher's "Bolt". Way to go, Matt!

### **Time for the Fall Regatta, Oktober Fest, and More Sailing**

When you're a sailor and an LMVYC member every season has its own special joys. One of our favorite celebrations at this time of year is Oktober Fest, celebrated authentically in late September with bratwurst, German potato salad and sauerkraut; all cooked by our own Horst and Caecilia Weiler, after the Fall Regatta. Quickly following on the heels of this event, on October 8, LMVYC hosts an Invitational regatta. Typically this regatta brings a number of visiting sailors who compete with our members, and unfailingly express envy at the beautiful surroundings we are privileged to sail in here. And then the highlight of our racing season, our Top Skippers Championship Regatta on October 23. Ten of our top skippers are invited by the Commodore to participate. The winner's name is added to a plaque on the permanent trophy displayed in the Clubroom. These races are sailed in the Lake rental boats with

the skippers changing boats between all five races; not sure who has more fun, the sailors or the spectators!

### **Lake Fest and LMVYC**



A dedicated and untiring Doug Sheppard co-chaired the sailing event part of the Lake Fest on August 13. Organizing several races for sailing neophytes and juniors was no small challenge and that everyone had fun too was evidence of his skill and commitment to the cause. Helping out on the Race Committee boat with Doug were S/C Rick Quick, S/C Frank Fournier and Race Chair Jack McCollum.

### **Welcome Aboard**

SINCE THE LAST NEWSLETTER THE CLUB HAS BEEN PRIVILEGED TO WELCOME SEVERAL NEW MEMBERS: ROBERT & JEANNE GIBBS WITH DAUGHTER JESSE AND SON MATTHEW; DENIS & JEWEL KAMITA; COLIN & SUSAN MARSHALL; BOB & JEAN MATHER.

WE HOPE TO SEE YOU ALL AT OUR SAILING EVENTS AND/OR AFTERWARDS FOR FOOD AND REFRESHMENTS AT THE CLUBROOM. DON'T BE SHY, WE'RE A FRIENDLY BUNCH!

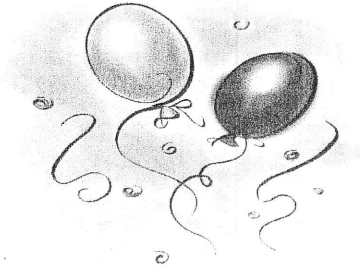


### **Special Thanks**

Special thanks go to super sailor Horst Weiler who has volunteered his time and talent to coaching any new members who wanted to learn to sail or to brush up on their skills this summer.

High fives, Horst!





## I REMEMBER WHEN ...

As Lake Mission Viejo Yacht Club celebrates its 28<sup>th</sup> Annual Regatta. August 21, we have several long time members who share some reminiscences with us of the old days when the water was bluer, the wind was better, but the members sure weren't any nicer!

**Sailing veteran Ced Fields** remembers buying his Condor V at the Boat Show on the Lake in June of 1978. He writes,

Construction around the lake was minimal, so the wind was more consistent. (what did I tell you!) And at the second regatta in 1979, held in February, all boats started at the same time.

Following the Regatta, prizes were awarded in each fleet at the Awards ceremony along with refreshments. Can you believe, HOT SPICED WINE AND DOUGHNUTS – that's a far cry from what we do now. And by the way the fee for "Sail Club Members" was \$3.00

The Condor and I are still afloat for now and hopefully will enjoy many years to come, sailing with great friends!

**Long time member (she started as a junior) and new Mom, Carina Henricks** remembers sailing her Sabot on the Lake as a little girl when her family first moved here.

And where have all the Sabots gone??

Well one that we know of, courtesy of **Staff Commodore Milly Thomas**, belongs to a Bob McLean who's sailing his Sabot at

Newport now. Milly recalls that she bought her Lido from him and that he was one of the engineers responsible for building the Lake Mission Viejo dam... and also that the Lake was designed by a pro bass fisherman! There got to be more to that story!

As our members know, life is not all about sailing at LMVYC; we enjoy many other ventures including our leading role in the annual Christmas "Parade of Lights".

**Club Treasurer Willi Hugelshofer** sheds light on the history of LMVYC and the Christmas Parade on Lake Mission Viejo, telling us that ...

The Christmas Parade on Lake Mission Viejo has changed quite a bit over the years. In the early days, when only a few custom homes were built in the Tres Vistas community, few electric party boats were seen on the lake and the Christmas Parade consisted primarily of decorated sailboats with the LMVA lifeguards decorating the maintenance boat which then served as the lead boat pulling the sailboats.

Electric inverters apparently had not been invented at that time so we had to come up with another method of powering the strings of lights on all those sailboats. We placed a big gasoline powered generator (supplied by Horst Weiler's company) in a rowboat and then ran the 110V from it to the sailboats that were connected to each other and the rowboat by 10 foot PCV pipes with the electric cords running inside the pipes. We probably had at least ten to fifteen boats all connected to each other in one big chain! I am still amazed that nobody got electrocuted!

I remember one of the sailors who built a very elaborate lighted scene of reindeers pulling a sleigh which brought him top honors and in those days, LMVA presented trophies for the best displays. My chance came at the time when the LMVYC membership numbers had declined and

the simple star on top of my Finn mast got me a 1<sup>st</sup> place!

Aside from the logistical challenge of launching and coming back to the dock with this long chain of boats I remember some exciting moments one year when the fog rolled in and we got lost! With no houses built on the east side of the Lake, the bulkhead looked the same no matter where we were.

Eventually, more and more electric boats started to show up and LMVYC members started looking for a more elaborate display. Former Commodore Chris Davies developed a beautiful design of a schooner. The standing rigging was going to be built out of PCV pipes and it all came together just fine while lying on the ground.

The problem started when we attempted to raise the mast: the weight of the PVC pipe and light strings bent the mast and even our attempts at using stays to keep it straight proved unsuccessful. Eventually, we went to plan "B" and borrowed an aluminum mast from an old rental boat. Plan "B" has served us well over the last few years!

So there you have it; a bit of history to talk about next Sunday when we celebrate our 28<sup>th</sup> Annual Regatta.

My very special thanks to all who helped put this article together by writing about the early years of our Club.

Your editor.

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## **THISTLE FOILED IN HEAVY SEAS.** BY MARTY AND JENNIFER FLINN

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This report is respectfully submitted to the Lake Mission Viejo Yacht Club Newsletter that it might be included as a humbling experience for those who may go down to the sea in ships.

Jennifer and I have been alternating our seldom sailing between the "Lake of the Ever-Shifting Winds" and ocean sailing out of Dana Point. Our boat is Thistle #781 "Green Eyes." She is a 1959 Shock Thistle woody with original wooden spars and foils. Many of you know that we have spent more time working on her than sailing her. Such is the lot of wooden boat owners.

Yesterday, July 13<sup>th</sup>, we met daughter Heather and her new husband Ryan at the Dana Point launch ramp for an afternoon of sailing. Heather has crewed with us a few times and seems to have a natural talent. This was to be a first outing for Ryan. We all vested up and I gave Ryan a few safety tips about ocean performance dinghy sailing. I could tell he was just tolerating my safety speech as typical parental over protectiveness. We pushed

away from the dock at about 1PM and made the entrance to the harbor on a single tack. As we rounded the jetty and headed seaward, we faced 4-5 foot seas and spanking 12-15 mile per hour winds. They sail Thistles in the Great Lakes in gales, so I thought we would be fine. Whoopee, we were off!

I headed us straight out to sea for the buoy that lies about three miles out with intention to round it and head back. While playing the tiller and mainsheet against the gusts and swells I gave instruction to Heather and Ryan about their coming turns at the helm. Jennifer was performing forward duties with her usual aplomb and was watching astern as the coastline grew farther and dimmer.

As we held the groove of our initial, tack three of us rode the rail. Jenn cranked up our little GPS thingy and got a reading of our speed as just over eight miles per hour. All was right with the world and the exhilaration coursed through my getting older veins. I began to sense that the wind



was rising and the swells were rising as well. I informed the crew that I would be tacking short of the marker and heading back. After we had completed the course change and were steady on the new course, I would turn over the tiller to Jenn, then the kids.

I sheeted in and came up into the wind for a bit to slow our approach then threw her over and came about. It was a good, slow, smooth, and controlled tack in spite of the weather. We were on the new course and under control. Then disaster hit.

I felt a thud/crack through the tiller, and then it canted over on a most unnatural angle. *Houston we have a problem*, I thought as I crawled on my knees back to look over the transom. A good third of the rudder was missing. The lower gudgeon had pulled out of the rudder. The rudder was hanging on by only the top gudgeon, and slanted at about a forty-five degree angle in two planes. I grabbed the top of the rudder in my left hand and pulled the tiller across my chest with my right. This awkward position with me on my back at the transom was holding us sort of on course back toward the harbor entrance. I knew she had just minutes before the rudder would sheer off entirely. There was no time to speculate on what we might have hit.

I shouted forward for Jenn to get on the cell phone to the harbor patrol; declare an emergency, tell them where we were, and that we "had no rudder," only a slight exaggeration at this point. No time for macho considerations here. The wind and the sea were continuing to build and I knew we would broach soon and likely all be in the water.

Jennifer found the phone in the watertight sea bag and dialed up 411. She was connected to Dana Point's Sheriff /Harbor Patrol and calmly stated our emergency. She gave them all pertinent information and they responded by dispatching a boat.

The rudder was taking its toll on my shoulder. We needed to power down the boat, but continue to have steerage. I shouted to Jenn and with her help and that of

Heather and Ryan, they were able to lower the mainsail while under way. This is a dicey procedure at the dock; let alone underway at sea with this much wind. They got all but about five feet of the main.

Of course, without tension on it, the boom end dragged in the water and pulled itself off the gooseneck. Jennifer caught it just in time and jammed it back on. I was able to grab the sheets at the transom end and pull it back over the stern.

The fight for the boom lasted just a few seconds, but in that time we had almost rounded up and the jib was beginning to luff. I shouted to Heather to fly the jib and get it full. We needed the steerage and forward motion to steady the boat against the quartering swells. With the roar of the sails and with wind, Jenn thought I had said to lower the jib.

Still on my back with my arm over the stern, I looked up and saw the jib begin to come down! I shouted forward, "Jib back up. Raise the jib and quick."

Jenn immediately responded and back up it went. Heather worked the sheet and filled the jib enough to turn us toward the harbor and keep us going. As we all four peered through the haze, still no patrol boat.

Now each swell was cresting the rails sending water into the boat. I hollered forward to Jenn to toss back the bailers we kept in a bucket at the bow. She got to these and tossed them back. Heather began to scoop and toss.

We were headed straight in. We were making a little way, but I knew this was only very temporary and that we needed help quickly. Ryan sensed this too and he told Jennifer that she should call back and find out where the rescuers were. It seemed like hours since our first call. It probably had been about fifteen minutes. Jenn dialed back and they said they were just clearing the jetty. We could see the boat head towards two other sailboats before coming in our direction. We frantically shouted and waved to get their attention.

Another eternity passed before the boat cut the distance to within a few dozen

yards. I could see its significant wake. This did not look good. The deputy at the helm knew his stuff. He gently circled us and came up our stern. Then he barely passed us and kept pace with us with his stern to our bow. The female deputy came to the swim step to hand off a towline to Jennifer at our bow. She wanted Jenn to clip the towline to our painter fastened to an eyebolt in our stem.

I remembered reading that Thistles should be towed with the line attached to the grate as the strongest point. I shouted to Jenn to belay the deputy's request and to take their towline around the complete forward grate. Jennifer accomplished this with Heather's help and we were now "safely" under tow. Once under tow, Jenn dropped the jib and pulled it down into the bow.

It was some comfort to know that we were sure not to drown now, but it still seemed likely that we might lose the boat.

Because of the slightly mid-ships towline attachment, the building sea, and the distance to the towboat, our boat began to slew back and forth behind the patrol boat kind of like a drunken water skier. Sometimes we came abreast of the bigger boat then the line cracked like a whip and swung us around to the other side. Gallons of water began to come over the side with each of our windward swings. The dramatic yawing would have made lesser folk green.

I leaned over the stern, with some struggle, removed what was left of the rudder and brought it into the boat. Ryan deployed the small electric pump to the lowest part of the deck. Heather and I began to bail fulltime. Things were working. We were flinging more water out than was coming in. Occasionally Heather would throw her water over her shoulder into the wind and it would slide down her back into the boat. Occasionally Ryan's pump hose would slither back inside and squirt the water into Heather's shorts. It was sort of a cross between Raging Waters and Wild Rivers there for a while.

Jenn alerted me to what was happening up front. The towrope with its

big steel carabineer was sliding back and forth across the grate. With each slide, the buckle was scraping the wood of the grate. *Oh well, just a little reshaping and varnish*, I thought. Then I noticed that with each swing to windward, the rope was pounding the forestay where it attached to a pigtail at the bow-plate. If this severed the stay, the mast, with its potentially deadly wire diamonds, would likely come down on us in the boat. I shared this with the crew and Ryan was pleased that I had found just one more contingency to deepen his building terror.

It seemed like an eternity, but little by little, we closed the distance to the harbor entrance. "I am really sorry about all this," I said to Heather and Ryan.

"You know your party really sucks, Dad." Heather said with a mischievous grin on her face.

At this, we all started to laugh. Of course, the deputies looked back at us and scratched their heads at our raucous laughter. Once inside the harbor, we transferred the towline to the bow-ring and steered truer up to the dock. The boat driver put us against the dock with just a kiss. We tied her off and all high fived.

All I could think of at that moment was a phrase from an old sailing movie, "All the young men were valiant." We all kept our heads. We all did our jobs. We all got home safe, including Green Eyes.

Afterthought:

Much later as I lay on my bed, in the quiet of the early evening, taking my own blood pressure, suddenly it came to me. I had, what I hoped will be, my once-in-a-lifetime chance to fire the signal flares in our emergency kit! I muffed it. Oh, well.

Marty Flinn

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*You can sail for one day, can't you? That's all it is --- one day after another.*

Harry Pidgeon, three-time single-handed circumnavigator.

LAKE MISSION VIEJO YACHT CLUB

# 28<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL REGATTA

SUNDAY AUGUST 21

SKIPPERS MEETING AT 12:30 PM

1<sup>ST</sup> WARNING SIGNAL — 1PM

REFRESHMENTS AND BBQ AFTER THE REGATTA

**ORDERS WILL BE TAKEN FOR  
LMVYC 28TH ANNUAL REGATTA  
TEE SHIRTS!**