
LMVYC AFTERNOON BREEZE

Issue 4

November 2006

From the Bridge

Vice Commodore Tony Musolino

Capri14.2 National Association Annual Regatta, Mission Bay, San Diego

September 16-17, 2006 (by Tony Musolino, Fleet Captain)

Lake Mission Viejo Yacht Club Sailors went at it again this year. Competing with others from Arizona Yacht Club (AYC), Mission Bay Yacht Club (MBYC) and San Diego Yacht Club (SDYC) were:

Allyn Edwards & Willi Hugelshofer
Randy Tiffany & Graham Newman
Robert Van Pelt & Arnold Christensen
Tony Musolino & Horst Weiler

There were nineteen entrants for the seven race, two day Regatta; nine in the Gold Fleet and ten in the Silver. The AYC was prominently represented by having seven entrants. Kudos to the Arizona sailors for coming all that way. They really helped make a difference in both the turnout and competition.

Sharing some experiences that Horst and I had as Silver Fleet Entrants:

We faced a standing rigging problem from the onset. It didn't become mission critical until the second race, so more on that later. Although we finished the first race the result was not as expected. As we sailed on a starboard tack toward the finish line and outside the layline to the left end, two boats already had finished. Another was sailing also on a starboard tack toward the finish line inside the layline on the Signal Boat end. About two boat lengths ahead of the finish line, we tacked and had I followed through with the maneuver, another quick tack would have brought us across the line in fourth position. Two boats behind caught up and finished ahead of us. The boat held up to the mission, however the Skipper didn't and let the opportunity slip.

It was pretty hard to take at the time and the sting still lingers a bit.

While checking the rigging before the first race, we noticed that a few wire strands separated from the starboard shroud conformed at the lower thimble. Having no spares nor success in quickly finding any, we made the decision to sail and watch things closely. During the break, after another futile attempt to locate a spare, we rigged a braided nylon rope (Randy's spares bin) in parallel with the shroud as a safety measure to keep the rigging standing. While we were on a starboard tack headed for the windward mark and the winds continuing to blow at about 15 –17 knots, the shroud separated! The safety measure worked, however our sailing for the weekend ended. Plans to use the first race as a throw out, do better in the remaining three races and fix the rigging problem before Sunday's races, weren't in the cards. (I diligently inspect my boat before and after each outing, however the week before some of us left our boats at MBYC after sailing in their September Series Regatta. I didn't make the inspection afterward and the rest is history.)

Adding a little humor, the Race Committee Chase Boat came to the rescue, however they temporarily cut us loose from the towline, since one of them lost their hat out on the water. It must have been a really important hat!

The Silver Fleet First Place Trophy was awarded to the Gerstofts, a Father and Son team representing MBYC. They sailed fantastically in seven races with five bullets and two 2ds. With the throw out, they

Calendar of Upcoming Events:

November 19 th	TurkeyRegatta/Annual Meeting
December 10 th	Christmas Parade of Lights
January 20th	Annual Awards/Installation Banquet

scored seven points! The Mayalls from AYC and Johnson and Hamby team from MBYC finished in that order.

Our sailors and others who entered in the Gold Fleet were up against some stiff competition in a field of nine entrants. Class champion Scott Finkboner and Jennifer Lyon, Kevin Laube and his Dad, Tom (Fleet 2 Captain), both entrants from MBYC, Rex Cameron and his Dad –SDYC, all scored 11 points each and finished in a three way tie. They were awarded 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place trophies respectively through the tiebreaker scoring system rules. There was not much room for error or unforeseen circumstances. Unfortunately, Randy and Graham did not start the last two races on Sunday because of an oversight. Things do happen.

There is some good news to report however. Allyn Edwards was the recipient of the Master Award, which is presented to the Sailor who enters as a Senior, does not trophy in competition, however finishes first among his peer group. Congratulations to Allyn and his Crew Willi.

Principal Race Officer Scott McKay, and his Race Committee did an outstanding job in race management for this year's Nationals. MBYC Commodore Gregg Hansen presided at the Awards Ceremony and our LMVYC sailors hung in there with others to applaud the Trophy Winners and the "Master Award"

recipient. There was a great show of sportsmanship by all.

The 2007 Nationals should be better!

Anyone interested in all the results can visit <http://www.mbyc.org/regatta/race.htm>



LMVYC Skippers and Crew
(Graham Newman holding Michael Boggess who was a "stand-in" for Horst at the Awards Ceremony.)



All trophy winners

29th Annual Regatta

Rick Quick

We got boats! And a nice day to sail them to boot. Three crews in LMV Capris and a Condor added to 4 Thistles, 3 Wayfarers and a Finn, 3 Lidos and 4 Capri 14.2s. The wind was too Westerly for perfect windward-leeward races, but South enough to keep us out of E mark and let us get up to the end of the lake to G.

Everyone has their favorites and G is mine. I think it is the most peaceful and serene of the race marks. There is shade on the water from large trees on the bank and the houses are very nice there. It never seems like there is even a sniff of a breeze, but the boats glide up to G like ghosts on silk sheets. Dinghy nirvana. Getting away from G often takes patience and you should not round too tightly in order to carry as much momentum away from the mark as possible.

RC scheduled 3 races with 4 starts each. With this many boats and lots of breeze, there was not much time between flagging the starts and calling the finishes. As usual, they were spot on. These folks ought to hold clinics. The breeze, though shifty like usual, held for the entire regatta and we were done on time. Kudos to all of the crews for keeping their heads out of their boats on a very crowded day. Fishermen, party-boats, kayaks and paddle boats made for a day of patience and pylon racing.

Only two incidences of note: Before the 1st race, Arnold Christensen, single-handing his woody Thistle (challenging in calm breezes), was surprised by a violent "swirly." Only quick reflexes and years of experience kept him from capsizing. Even so he spent quite a while bailing maybe 30 gallons that came over the rail. He was done in time to start and he completed the entire regatta on his own. Woof.

And in the "you had to be there" category, ace Wayfarer crew Linda Schaffner decided the water off the end of the East Beach dock looked too inviting to pass up and took a dip to cool off – I guess. At least that's my story and I'm sticking to it.

2006 Fall regatta

Rick Quick

When you show up an hour before an LMVYC regatta and the marina flags are blowing towards the dam, one thought comes to your mind, "Uh-oh." At best you are going to be sailing the short way, E to F, which spells "ick." At worst is 20 knot Santanas. Well we lucked out and got the former, and shifted more to the South than we had earned. Somebody must have made it to confession on time. Thank you very much.

A medium turnout, 4 Thistles, 3 Wayfarers, a C-15 and Finn, 3 Lidos, 2 Capri 14.2s, a Condor and a rental Capri. 4 races scheduled. As usual, RC was spot on. Everyone was expecting the wind to stay Westerly, and the line reflected that. The wind remained a tad south which kept the pin end slightly favored. You had to be a bit careful that you could still fetch the pin if you decided to start over there, but at least there was breeze on that end. The restaurants were shielding breeze below the committee boat.

The four races were over before we knew it. I did not hear any musings from the other fleets, but at least 2 Thistles took water over the rail. Don and Linda Schaffner were hit by a stiff puff mid gybe leaving G mark. I saw it and am still amazed they did not capsize. It looked like the Joey Chitwood Circus of Thrills, when they used to drive cars around on two wheels.

Then in the last race, on a beat to G, my feet slipped from under the hiking strap and I slid out of the boat backwards. My calves were left trying to hang onto the rails; Cathy had me by my right ankle. I had the main sheet and the tiller in my hands as my only leverage keeping me attached to the boat, so I could not loosen the main or turn the boat into the wind without falling further out. A puff hit us and tipped the boat to leeward. This tipped me up and into the boat, but now the leeward rail was under water and we were close to going over. Out of the frying pan ... as it were. We managed to dump the power and re-hike hard enough to save it. The only real effects were losing the lead of the race, getting our shoes wet, and listening to the admonishments by the crew. But hey, I found out that the suction bailers work.

Kudos go out to Ced Fields for rating out to win in B Fleet

A tale of Ten Birds (One of Which was a Turkey)

Rick Quick

Now that might be a bit harsh, for while not being quite fleet, turkeys are rather noble in their own way. Ben Franklin lobbied for the Turkey to be our National Bird, arguing that the Bald Eagle was more of a preening opportunist; as likely as not to eat carrion since it would not have to work hard for the meal. But he was dealing with politicians after all so the outcome was a bit forgone. Though I digress.

The 2006 LMVYC Top Skippers Regatta is a competition among LMVYC series regulars. Ten of the top ranked skippers of each Class and Fleet are invited to participate in a five race regatta using 10 equal boats. The Lake Rental Capris are tuned up, and polished up, for the event to even the field as much as possible. This year they were also outfitted with all new main sails, thanks to LMV Facilities Manager Chris Graham graciously agreeing to let us play with them for a day. That was a huge benefit and the results reflected the difference from previous years. The boats were much easier to sail and they gave the skipper feedback as to sail trim that the older full battened mainsails never did.

Alas, one boat missed the hull cleaning cycle and suffered from a bumper crop of algae below the water line. Boat #3. The poor girl came in last in every race and was the subject of much derision during the day. Five of us would suffer the handicap. In an attempt to lift her self esteem (not to mention having to saddle the wretch in the last two races), Doug Sheppard and I attempted to wipe off some of the scum by “flossing her bottom” with the longest section of line we could scrounge off of the cur. We keel hauled the line back and forth amid roaring jeers from the other competitors. It took quite a bit of concentration to work the line along the bottom while thumbing our noses at the seething mob, but we did our best. In the end, the effort benefited only the rest of the skippers by the hapless craft at least keeping the fleet in sight as she waddled up to another set of last place finishes.

Now to the good stuff. With such even boats, the cream really rose to the top and ace Thistler Arnold Christenson had it all going on that day. Even perennial favorite Horst Weiler could not even make it a close call. Arnold made five competitive starts and was either leading or with the leaders at the windward mark in every race. Take note, because that is how you win sailboat races, especially on LMV. Arnold put on a dingy clinic, and the rest of us were mere pupils.

That said, Horst came in a valiant 2nd, and the rest of us were somewhere else. Doug Sheppard gets a nod for coming in 3rd having suffered through a race in Boat #3, an automatic last place; As did Frank Fournier in 4th place and the winner of a new award of the Masters Class trophy for the highest placed competitor over 70 years of age.

Even with the one odd boat, this was the best run, most competitive Top Skippers Regatta in years. Thanks to Port Captain Frank Fournier for the fastest rental fleet in recent memory, and special thanks to Rod Simenz and the race committee for the always professional race management.

Notes from Missouri

Rick Quick

While visiting Cathy's relatives in rural Missouri, I took notes from time to time with the intent of writing an article about the trip. The notes turned out to pretty much spell it out on their own. Here they are:

Glasgow Missouri sits above an eastern bank of the Missouri river. A busy port town 130 years ago, today it exists to serve the area AG industry and commuters to larger cities nearby. The main street lies below parallel streets of several hundred houses, the oldest of which is 169 years. Under a foot of asphalt lay brick streets laid in 1912. Bricks are exposed every so often near gutters where the weather and vehicles have bested the tarmac. Current population: 1263 within city limits.

There are scores of trees that are too big; Bigger than houses; Bigger than streets. Trees so big that you feel like you are sitting under a green freeway overpass.

On a limb sits a red squirrel gnawing on a black walnut. It's taking him a long time, but what else does he have to do. I expected to see his buddy standing next to him with a hyper-sweet ice tea discussing the progress at length.

Hail damaged cars look like wheeled golf balls

Pecans, black walnuts, apples, cherry sized wild plums.

Your family name defines your tribe; such as "He is a Moberly." Family inter-relationships can seem complicated, but that is because the degrees of separation are small and there is context for understanding the patterns; Patterns that would be improbable in a larger environment. It is entirely possible that your next door neighbor's daughter could be married to a guy that your son-in-law's sister used to date.

Humans are programmed for pattern recognition. In small towns, non-locals are like things out of place. That is why locals stare at them. In the urban world, it is impossible to know everyone you see on the street. Strangers are not the things out place, they are the norm.

Babe is a farm dog. She decided to stay with her new friends 6 weeks ago. They treat her well and feed her reliably. She has room to move around, chickens to chase if she pleases and ponds over the hill if she wishes to swim. It is warm now. Winter will bring its own decisions to make but for now she is happy.

"I tell you what."

You can break a setting hen in about 3 days.

Two pumps Coca Cola syrup , 1 pump cherry syrup, 10oz of soda and some ice makes a perfect cherry coke.

If you own a horse and intend to ride it, you should do so regularly. If you do not, it can become difficult to convince the horse of whose opinion carries more weight at any given moment.

It is far noisier outside at 1am than at 1pm. You have to talk above the cicadae to be heard at all.

The Lewis cemetery is maybe 20yds wide and 80yds deep divided left and right the long way with a lane down the middle and surrounded by a black wrought iron fence. The oldest headstones are of marble and ante-bellum. You can no longer read them. For some, even dedicated family historians cannot tell you their place in the litany. Someone loved them. No one alive today knows who. Marble is the geologic equivalent of a Sharpie - with only the perception of permanence.