

TELLTALE

Austin Yacht Club

September/October 1996



**AYC Members...Looking For a
Place to Launch**

The Keelbump Cruise--Part II

By Arnold Romberg

Saturday night we anchored in a small steep-sided cove at the north end of the Turkey Bend (East) Wilderness Area (an LCRA park) just at the upriver end of Muleshoe Bend. The cove is on the west side of the lake (which is the north bank here) and makes a very good anchorage. We were able to moor by the bow from an anchor in the middle of the cove and step ashore from the stern of the boat, which was in six feet of water. We were moored inside the outer point creating the cove. By climbing twenty feet we could have dinner overlooking the lake on one side and the boat and cove on the other.

We fired up the camp stove to boil water for cooking fresh corn on the cob and built a charcoal fire in the small brazier to heat roasted chicken and later roast marshmallows. The dinner, which also included salad, was delicious. I'm afraid our manners would have dismayed the Queen, but by the time we were ready to eat it was so dark, so no one could tell. After dinner we lay around on the ground--some of us on cockleburrs--for a while, and then Tom and I sang a selection of the old songs we learned from Daddy many years ago on similar campouts. Tom did "My Grandfather Clock" and we continued with "The Streets of Laredo", "Boon Companions"

and "Waltzing Matilda" among others. We sang a couple that we learned at home from Mother, too. In due time the moon rose--it was one day past full--somewhat obscured by low lying clouds, but overhead we could see a lot of stars.

Sunday morning we got up under a fairly heavy cloud cover and a moderate southeast wind. We

decided the cove is one we need to remember. It is not very long, but it has a nice curve at the entrance, and plenty of water behind the point. During the night we had some wind from the east, which caused the boat to bump the shore a couple of times, but a readjustment of the mooring lines solved that problem. The cove can be reached by road--there is a gravel road cul-de-sac right up from the point--but wasn't very popular this weekend. There were several camping groups down on the south end. Being in a wilderness area, presumably it will not be built around and won't have a boat dock in it.

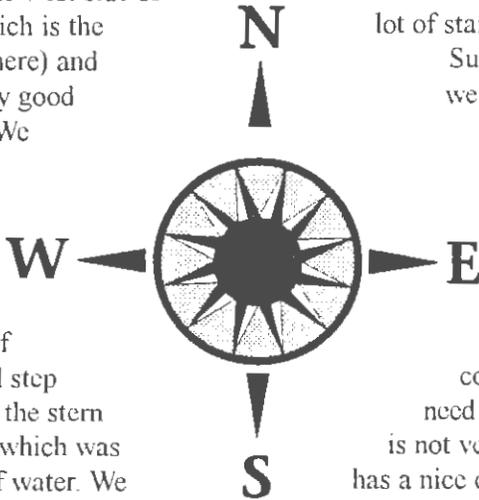
After a breakfast of orange juice, tea, bacon, fried eggs and fried toast, we gathered and washed all our cooking gear, which we had left on shore overnight, and set off down lake again. The wind seemed a bit fresher than the night before. We made good time and had some nice tacking stretches. Larry's

sailing lessons were resumed, and the other three of us all agree that he has a nice feel for the helm.

When we got to Cow Creek, we sailed in to see what it looks like. Larry conned us nicely in around three bends and then out again. Tom and I remember camping there in the '40s and '50s numerous times, and we were able to identify the place where we usually stopped, which will always be associated in my mind with accordion music and potato soup. We sailed on up the creek a bit to have a look. We didn't remember ever having gone any farther up the creek than just inside the point. Even with the lake at its currently relatively low level, Cow Creek is satisfactorily deep and wide for the best part of a mile from its entrance. Since it is also twisty and has steep sides it looks like a good anchorage at any lake level. Seeing the steep sides--in fact, on the outside of the bends they are vertical--we realized why skippers used to have trouble with anchors dragging in Cow Creek. Without some angle to the bottom, the anchor lines don't have enough angle to let the anchors dig in.

On the way out of Cow Creek we touched bottom again--keel bump number 5. This wasn't Larry's fault since he was following the course directed.

Matt and Larry sailed most of the subsequent legs, and on the long reaches Tom and I researched the problem of the intermittent operation of the cabin lights and the depth finder. After a lot of poking around on the wiring, we finally realized



that the problem was in the ground side of the circuit. It developed that the wire from the engine, where the battery ground cable terminates, to the negative terminal strip for all the accessories was loose at the engine. We simply connected it directly to the battery and all was peachy keen. The depth finder had been fairly reliable when the motor wasn't running and very dicey when it was running--we concluded that the vibration made for an intermittent contact.

About 3:30 we stopped at Lakeway Marina to put Matt ashore. He needed to get back to Houston this evening, so he called Lucia and asked her to come out and pick him up. She drove out and we invited her to make the rest of the run with us on the boat, while Matt drove her car back to the house.

Halfway between Arkansas Bend and the entrance to Hudson Bend, we ran rather suddenly aground again. We were a hundred yards or more from the east shore. According to the Highland Lakes map we had, we should have been in the middle of the channel. However, we could clearly see a broad shelf four to five feet under the surface. The transponder was reading between four and five feet, and we were pretty well stuck. We rotated on the keel to head back west toward where we could see deeper water--we were about ten feet from the drop off. The main and jib were sheeted in hard, Larry and I hung in the lee shrouds, and Tom went up the mast to add to the heel. For about fifteen minutes nothing happened. There was a steady brisk breeze, and the boat was heeled to about only three inches

of lee freeboard, but nothing was happening. We could see the bottom well enough to know we weren't moving. We continued to hang until the wind, continuing almost south, freshened some and gave us some more heel. We made it over the edge of the shelf, ending keel bump number 6, our last. The rest of the way back we had good fresh wind. We skirted the south shore of Hudson Bend, keeping a close eye on the depth finder. Some of the shoals run surprisingly far out into the lake. We kept at least ten feet of water under the keel, but the depth would vary from 10 or 15 feet to 40 in not much more than a boat length.

At Rattlesnake Island, we ran under some pretty heavy cloud cover and the temperature dropped noticeably. The wind continued fresh, and we made the Yacht Club in about four tacks. We found that the dock where Swan Road berths had been moved out near the entrance. We had to use a captive dingy to get from the dock to the shore.

On the way home we stopped at a pizza place in Lakeway to celebrate the end of the cruise. All agreed it was a big success, bumps and all. Swan Road is certainly a comfortable cruiser, and has sheltered accommodations for five, or maybe a sixth who is willing to sleep on the cabin floor. There is lots of stowage and she is still well stocked with tools and hardware. I found myself imagining how it was for Dad and Alice going from Galveston to New England.

(See pages 10-11 for the inspiration for this story.)

Keelbump Cruise Cont. 10-11

Keelbump Cruise Cont.

The following letter received from Daddy prior to the cruise was part of the inspiration for this account.

April 28, 1996

Dear Arnold:

I hear you and Tom and Matt and Larry are planning a Lake Travis cruise next weekend. This letter is to ask you, if by any chance you should write a narrative of the cruise, if you will let me have a copy of it.

I recall naturally that you and I have had a lot of fun on that lake. The most vivid to me still is the time you and I, sailing in Divine Lily, camped for the night in Devil's Hollow. In the night a norther blew up and threatened to blow your covers off you. Next morning we had a clear run home--it wasn't really cold. But I resolved then that we should have a cabin boat. Thus Alison was engendered, designed and launched, and we put her to good use.

Before that I became aware that Hughes' harbor was vulnerable to a five-mile fetch of chop, and arranged to keep her at Dickard's. You sailed her alone from one harbor to the other. There was an easy south wind and it was not a complicated assignment, but while you were sailing and I was driving around to meet you, I thought of all the things that could happen and nearly went pitch-poling until you made the harbor--and none of the things had even threatened to happen. I don't think I ever asked you how you had felt.

Oh yes, and there was that time we camped with Powell Stuart and Dick Hamilton in a cove just downstream from Anderson Bend. Next morning, after we got under way--them in Suzette and us--the two Virgils with us, in Alison, Hamilton signaled to us; since Alison had the icebox it was plain what he wanted. You and Young Virgil filled a beer bottle with icebox water--good and cold, and spiced with label glue. Hamilton took a hearty swig, and then...! After he calmed down I eased the sheet again and assuaged his agony with a true bottle.

Tom may remember the time Alison's rudder gudgeon--a galvanized eye-bolt--quit and we had to steer home--to windward, too--with an oar, thus demonstrating the origin of the word "starboard." Once, in Estrith, Tom and Peggy and I had got a lead in the race from Pace Bend back home, by reason of the former lead having steered under the windward shore--it was closer, but he lost the wind--our spreader bent and we were dismasted. We made up for this the next year in another such race (these were the successors of our Bluebonnet cruises.) Upstream we were third, behind two little centerboarders who beat us in the light winds. Coming back we were beaten by two heavy keel boats in heavy winds, but the centerboarders didn't have a show. So we won overall.

One time Tom will remember from British Columbia, in the 48-footer Gabrielle II, there was a strong southeaster. This suited us fine, and we put out from Nanaimo for Rasmussen's Cove, which we had bought but which only I had seen. The wind was strong and then was getting stronger, so I wanted to get the jib in. Tom observed, "Well, you're the skipper, but if the wind gets too strong we would have an easier time if we had got the main in first." His suggestion was logical enough, so we brought her to and doused the main. It was better than 65 sea miles to Rasmussen's and we made it in 8 hours! That tells you what the wind did!

Well, anyway, you will enjoy Swan Road. May you all have the kind of winds that are blowing here today. There is a comfortable cove for anchoring halfway between Pace Bend and the Pedernales.

Love,
Dad

I append also the parts related to sailing in the letter that I wrote in reply to Daddy's letter:

April 30, 1996

Dear Daddy,

I very much enjoyed your letter with the reminiscences. I remember, with considerable pleasure, the incidents you mentioned at which I was present. Some others that I remember are as follows.

There was the time we were flat becalmed--I think it was up Cypress Creek--in a dense fog, and we rowed Alison all the way back to Dickard's, one of each oar as I recall it. It wasn't fun but it built character and muscles.

This afternoon coming home from Austin, I was listening to the radio and they played a rendition of the Too Fat Polka. That reminded me of the time we towed in a stinkpotter in something of a chop, with you playing that song on the accordian to our amusement and the stinkpotter's disgust. (For those who don't know the song, the chorus says, "I don't want her, you can have her, she's too fat for me!")

I remember sailing the Lily across alone--it was a piece of cake, and I enjoyed it.

The campouts that I remember best are the one's in Cow Creek, with a north wind and a big fire and accordian music and singing and roasted marshmallow.

I hadn't thought of keeping a log on this upcoming cruise, but now that you mention it, I will. I am debating about whether to take my computer or not. You may have read that William Buckley uses his for writing on his sailboat. I think there was a picture of him afloat with it in Time Magazine many years back. If I can find a waterproof container to keep it in when I am not using it I think I will. I have two batteries that give about three hours of usable time, which ought to be more than enough. I don't find writing by hand onerous, but I would want to transcribe the manuscript and I would probably have trouble finding the time to do that after we get back.

Love,
Arnold

CORK '96

Ravi and Eric's take on Road Trips, Canada and How they Kicked Canadian Butt (errr... Kicked Butt in Canada).

By Ravi & Eric

(That's Subramanian & Faust for those not on a first name basis.)

It's been said that the joy is in the journey. After more than 4,000 miles in less than two weeks we suggest that this statement is not meant to be taken literally. Needless to say, this thought did not enter our heads when we decided to drive to CORK - the Canadian Olympic Training Regatta at Kingston.

We arrived in Kingston, Ont., Thursday night, 1800 miles and two days after leaving Austin. After unhitching the boats our first stop was the Portsmouth Tavern, across the street from the Portsmouth Olympic Harbor. Eric summed it up best when, halfway through our imperial pints of local beer he said, "Hey, Ravi, we're in Canada!"

The site of Olympic Yachting

for the 1976 Olympic Games, Portsmouth Olympic Harbor is situated on the northeast corner of Lake Ontario just as it feeds into the Saint Lawrence Seaway. The organizers of these games knew sailors to be crazy and sometimes dangerous and this located the site between a penitentiary and a mental asylum. Bad planning, in retrospect, as escapees from either side could quickly blend into a regatta crowd and reach freedom.

CORK was first organized in 1969 to bring international level competition to Canada and has grown into the world's largest freshwater regatta. The largest fleets this year were Lasers (150 boats), Laser II (100 boats), Laser Radials (70 boats), and Bytes (more than 50 boats). Other active classes were

Fireballs, 470's, Europes, Tornados, Finns and Mistral sailboards. Somehow this little town absorbs this annual influx of over a thousand visitors each year. A number of motels are available but we took the lower budget (and probably more social) option of camping at Lake Ontario Park, just on the other side of the mental hospital.

Activity filled the regatta site as we unloaded and washed our boats Friday morning. Some of the people were arriving for CORK, as registration began at 10:00 today, but most of the sailors were finishing the Canadian Youth Fest Regatta, a week long event that includes clinics taught by many of North America's best young sailors and coaches. This event brought several hundred boats to Kingston, and though many were leaving that day, most of the Lasers, Radials and Bytes were sticking around for CORK.

Throughout the day people and boats arrived, requests were shouted for duct tape and help unloading boats and acquaintances from past regattas caught up with each other's stories. Many of the junior sailors had spent the summer travelling to regattas and traded stories about the last event and the most recent road trip.

By the end of the day we'd registered, unpacked, rigged our

Mattia D'Errico (of San Antonio) and Eric relax while waiting for the wind.



boats and gotten in an hour or two of practice in the dying afternoon thermal breeze. Still somewhat giddy from the magnitude of this event we explored downtown and some local music that evening at a bar near Queen's University.

The racing began Saturday morning on schedule in a light to medium southerly breeze. The fleets were spread over half a dozen different courses with two or three classes on each course. With only 70 boats in the Radial fleet they decided not to split the fleet and the RC managed to get off the first three races of the 12-race series. Lasers and Laser II's, however, spent Saturday sailing three qualifying races to split their numbers into Gold & Silver Fleets.

The following day copied the first, with the Radial Fleet getting another three races off but only two for the Lasers. Eric was holding his own in the Laser Gold Fleet with a low teen finish but used up his one throwout in their ten race series with a "Not good to be caught on the outside of a shift" in a 85 boat fleet.

Ravi, still learning the radial rig, was improving steadily, from a high twenty finish in the first race (you gotta setup on the starting line early with that many boats) and a couple of high teens on the first day to low teens on the second.

If he would only learn to not lee bow twenty boats on the starboard layline coming into the weather mark he could have stopped doing 360's and moved up in the standings.

You could look up and see the giant "H" in the sky as we spent Monday waiting out a no wind on shore postponement. Eventually, the sea breeze filled in and the radials got off two races and the Lasers one.



Millions and millions of sails (o.k., so a lot of sails). Note the penitentiary in the background.

Despite Eric's 195 lb fears about light air and flat water, this day brought his best finish - a top ten. Ravi, too, did well. In the first race he found himself first at the weather mark with a 10 boat length lead and questions as to whether he had checked the course board. Ultimately, the boat speed of the top sailors ground him down to a fourth. A definite high!

Tuesday, finally brought the heavier winds CORK has been noted for. Nothing extreme, just a lightly capping 15 knots out of the southwest with several foot swells. Eric had been looking forward to the wind and was rewarded with two low teen finishes. Ravi, who after having sailed full rig Lasers at 140 lbs thought he didn't like heavy air, but was rewarded with three top-five finishes. Not hitting weather marks also helped.

Wednesday, the last day of the regatta, brought the light air back but the chop from the previous day remained. Fortunately, the Radials had only one race left as Ravi had not yet figured out how to keep the boat going fast. A mid-twenties finish dropped him a place but kept him in the top ten with an 8th overall. The full rigs had several races to go but could only get off two. Eric, too, dropped a place, but a 13th in a 150 boat fleet, the top fourth American, still left him happy. All in all, a couple of boys from Texas were proud of our finishes.

After a week of camping and sailing you would think we were eager to get home. And we were. But once you've driven 1800 miles a 450 mile detour to New York City doesn't seem like such a bad idea. We left after dinner,

...Cont. on Page 17

Ever Tripped Over a Sailboat?

By Dianne Bartlett

Jet skiers plow through your race course. Party barges drift between you and the leeward mark. Cigarette boat-generated swells drench your crew and slam your bow away from that beautiful windward lift toward the ominous low-water buoy in the middle of the lake. Sound like typical sailing obstacles? Add another one to the list.

You may have tripped over several sailboats (that's tripped, not tipped) on the first day of the Saturday Evening Series. If you tried to launch your boat early to beat the crowd, you probably noticed boat stands, lawn chairs, ice chests and a throng of people hogging the rigging dock in the Pool Canyon Cove. As you navigated through the ever-narrowing cove, you may also have dodged miniature sailboats darting across your path. The remote skippers of these sailboats (the guys on the dock, leaning

back and forth, demonstrating the body English maneuver with their radios) want to thank you for your patience in enduring one more obstacle on the lake as they competed in the 1996 Texas Championship Regatta for Model Yachts.

The One Design 39" Radio-Controlled Sailboat Fleet hosted the event for racers from all around the state. Currently, the 36-600 class sailboat represents the largest model yacht fleet in Texas, so the Championship event was held in that class. Local One Design 39" racers competed in their own heats, which rotated with the 36-600's. Members of the Keelhauler Model Yacht Club of Houston, whose motto is "bad air is slow," and the Grapevine Model Yacht Club, travelled to Austin to compete in thirty races for the state championship.

Three to seven miles per hour

winds and flat water provided near perfect racing conditions with the exception of frequent wind shifts, typical of cove racing. Astute shift-readers and those blessed by the Wind Gods placed best, and in some situations, racers came from last to first (or from first to last) in a single leg. Incoming rolling waves tested boat surfing skill and provided several photo finishes for the cheering observers.

Despite the amicable racing conditions, the regatta was not without some drama. A giant, high velocity dust devil swooped across at one point during a 36-600 heat and caused major chaos and collisions. Luckily, no boats suffered permanent damage. Most collisions resulted from radio glitches or simple port-starboard encounters, made even more interesting due to the fact that all mark rounding were starboard tackers flopped over, thinking they had no rights due to the reverse direction of the race course. This strategy did little to improve my overall standing, and I don't recommend it.

Typical of model yacht racing, the regatta consisted of multiple heats for both classes of boats. Courses ranged from single triangles to double windward leewards to gold cups. Having sailed multiple and varied race courses, several competitors let go of the helm (the rudder control stick) thinking they had finished the race, only to discover



they had another windward leg.

"Aren't you going to write down my sail number?" several competitors inquired as they passed through the start-finish line. "What? This isn't the finish? Oh, ##*@#!" Fatigue and sunburn also contributed to faulty judgement at times. Hey it's hard work standing on a dock all day and pushing those levers with your thumbs.

"Sure is dry here," commented one Houston racer. "I drank everything in the cooler and I'm *still* thirsty."

As J's and Catalinas launched and the 36-600's finished their final race on Saturday, the two miniature fleets scooped up their sailboats and headed for the shade. Most local competitors stowed away their One Design 39's and took up the helm of larger toys to compete in the Saturday Evening Series. Some folks just scampered for the air conditioning. Anyone not exhausted after 12 to 20 races met at Carlos 'N Charlie's for dining, conversation and note-comparison on the two classes of radio-controlled sailboats.

On Sunday, the 36-600 fleet completed 10 more races to decide the Texas Championship for Model Yacht racing. (See chart for results for both fleets.) Both fleets received trophies, and the three top finishers in the Texas Championship also won green chevrons, stickers for their boats which signify a top placement in a state event. Handshakes, thank-you's and promises of future regattas sent our 36-600 guests on their way home after an exciting, competitive two-day event.

Competitors wish to thank several people who made this event possible. Thanks to Dick Rutledge, of Houston, who organized the event, and Matt Bartlett, who served as the race



committee. Special thanks to the AYC Board for granting permission for cove and rigging dock use and also to Nancy Boulmay and Johnny Wesson who facilitated cabin use for out-of-town guests. Appreciation and sympathy to Todd Barnes, builder of the 36-600 model yachts in Houston. The event was dedicated to his brother, Tommy Barnes, a One Design 39" fleet member who passed away last summer.

Finally, the 36-600 fleet and the One Design 39" fleet wish to thank all Austin Yacht Club

members for their patience during this regatta. All participants in this model yacht racing event also compete in larger sailboats and understand the many obstacles faced on the lake. After all, even in our races, pontoon boats ramble between us and the leeward mark, giant swells swamp our bows and we even had a radio-controlled motor boat plow through our race course once. We've tripped over boats and tipped over boats, but we haven't sunk one yet!

Race Results:

Texas Championship Regatta

- 1st: Jerry Spencer (Grapevine)
- 2nd: Bob Blackwell (Grapevine)
- 3rd: Mark Ralph (Grapevine)
- 4th: Dick Rutledge (Keelhauler)
- 5th: Pete Edgar (Keelhauler)
- 6th: Jim Dieckow (Keelhauler)
- 7th: Nancy Rutledge (Keelhauler)

One Design 39 Regatta

- 1st: Matt Bartlett (Legomaniac)
- 2nd: John Kuk
- 3rd: Pat Bartlett (Patman)
- 4th: Deke DeKeyser
- 5th: Ken Rourke (sailed Vicki's Pink Floyd)
- 6th: Mike Bartlett (Puff)
- 7th: Dianne Bartlett (Mad Hatter)
- 8th: Greg Cox

New Faces

Meet AYC's Newest Members

Scott Smith & Bonnie Coleman

They've been racing at AYC since '87.
Welcome aboard!



Jay & Janell Hargrave

They put it most simply when they said in their application for membership their reason for seeking membership was, "to race."



Laura David & Raymond Yin

They have two sons, Andy and David, ages 12 and 16, respectively, and are wanting a family sport. They also have a South Coast 21, "Das Boot."



Les Henderson Jr.

Les is returning to Austin from the Killeen area (do they have water there? Just kidding.) and plans to be a boat owner as soon as possible. So, anyone that's looking for a buyer might want to look Les up.



Bruce Uphaus

Bruce also owns a South Coast 21 and brings a racing resume that says "Chicago" all over it. We think he might find Lake Travis a lot more pleasant than the windy (and cold!) city.



Gonzalo Gonzales

A self-proclaimed "racing fanatic" Gonzalo (already a familiar face around here) will add his Catalina 22, "Absurd Ruse", to the AYC fleet. (Psst, you can call him Gonzo.)



Stephen Piche & Catharine Echols

Stephen's a scientist and Catharine's a professor at UT, so whenever you're searching for a rocket scientist (we seem to need a lot of those around here) you have a new place to look.



Kicking Butt at CORK cont.

about 2300, and while waiting to go through customs we realized parking Fred's double deck Laser trailer, with our Lasers on it and all our stuff in my Land Cruiser, in Brooklyn was not such a hot idea. So instead we drove to Ravi's home state of new Jersey, did laundry at his friends house, and took the train into the city. Much better plan.

The several day vacation in NYC included catching up with friends (Eric's in Brooklyn and ours in Manhattan - Ryan Minth and ex UTST teammate of ours), a little sightseeing (The Metropolitan Museum of Art & Central Park), and the Regatta from Hell. The venue was great-- west of Manhattan in the Hudson River and a leeward mark near the Statue of Liberty, but no wind in 3 knots of down wind current combined with a disorganized and belligerent crew took most of the fun out of the masthead-rigged J/29. We didn't want to win anyway (although we almost did till that shore breeze filled in)-- the Brut Race for Cerebral Palsy left us with fears that a first place finish would leave us afflicted. Ain't the English language wonderful?

Three days in the Big Apple left us ready to depart so Sunday we took the train back to Jersey, packed up the truck, and hit the road. 1750 miles and 30 hours later we were in Austin ready for a shower.

So returning to the opening paragraph, was the joy in the journey? We have to admit, there were the good times--stopping at the National Corvette Museum in Bowling Green, Kentucky and dropping in on Ravi's relatives in Ohio for great Indian food and leaving with more strawberry pastries than we knew what to do with. Dropping Ravi's Radial lower section off the trailer six hours out of Austin and eventually tracking a replacement down in Toronto definitely left us with a few stories to tell. The drive-thru cashier responding "I'm sorry, we have no apple fritters" to our question "is \$3.74 Canadian close enough to \$3.75 to avoid converting US dollars?" (She was speaking through a microphone to another customer). Right up there with Eric converting Fred's "Canada or Bust" vinyl stick-on letter slogan to "Nada or a Stub." The former was just too self explanatory.

Yes, part of the joy was in the journey, but mostly, attending one of North America's biggest regattas was worth the driving time. Canada started this regatta so that their sailors wouldn't need to go to Europe. Texas sailors, particularly juniors, would be smart to take advantage of this opportunity. You'll never find out how good you really are until you go up against the best.

Sunfish Fleet 70 News

Of all the Wednesday nights in July and August, all but one was heavy air. Very unusual for summer sailing on Lake Travis. Winds ranged from 15-30 mph, with local storms blowing in all kinds of squirly winds creating havoc all over the lake. There was every flavor of wind for every flavor of Sunfisher.

We continue to have an average of 27 boats on the line each week! Our biggest start was 33 boats on July 17th! Where else can you get that kind of action?? Join the fleet and find out, we're already up to 78 members and always looking for more. We have run 75 races so far this year anticipate having over 100 run by the end of our season. That makes for some great experience on the water, not to mention lots of fun.

We have had four championship race nights so far and here are the standings: (It takes a minimum of 15 races to qualify and these folks are the only ones so far who have completed that many or more.)

1. Jim Shelton
2. Vic Manning
3. Bonner Cordelle
4. Pat Manning
5. Larry Hill
6. Cynthia Casto
7. Nick McKenna
8. Tim McKenna
9. Paul Brandner

It will take the last race of the championship night to figure out our overall champion. A lot of racers are just shy of the 15 qualifying races required. So stay tuned...



More news...we have 3 Sunfishers amongst our elite group that have qualified for Sunfish Worlds; Pat and Vic Manning and Vicki Palmer. Good Luck to all of you in the Dominican Republic in October, I know you'll make Sunfish Fleet 70 and AYC proud!!! For more information on the Sunfish fleet, don't forget our newsletter in on the website - <http://www.ba.com/dkern/ayc.html/>.

Recently I wrote an article for the Windward Leg, that's the official newsletter of the International Sunfish Class Association. Basically, the Austin Sunfish fleet wants to know what kind of set up other fleets have around the country; i.e. how big the fleets are, how often they race, what their formats are, etc. If you haven't noticed yet, Sunfish Fleet 70 is a proud fleet and we like what we have here at AYC and wanted everyone to know it! I'll let ya know what kind of responses we get back.

That's it for now...Sunfishers keep an eye out for the fleet T-shirt coming out in mid-September, details to follow in the newsletter. And, the end of year fleet party will probably be October 25th or 26th, so put that in your vaults and I'll let ya know via the newsletter

Happy Sunfishing

Cynthia Casto
Sunfish Fleet 70 Captain

Socializing after the races!



Look at all those boats on the line!



More Socializing

Rounding



O'Day Finals

United States Singlehanded Sailing Championship

By Fred Schroth

The rest of the country cares a little more about the O'Days than the folks in Area F. This means that some areas send their very best sailors. Area F sends Fred Schroth. This is the fourth year in a row that we have sent Fred Schroth as the best singlehanded sailor that Area F could find to represent us in the National Finals. If our object is to send a friendly guy who sails pretty well and won't come in first or last we have been successful four times. If we are trying to find out who is the best singlehanded sailor in the country, or better yet, prove that the Austin Yacht Club is the home of that person, we need to re-organize.

So, what happened at the finals this year? The collegiate national champ (Senet Bishoff) and the representative from South Carolina, who is the current Sunfish World Champion (David Loring), had it out for the championship. The AYC representative was in the hunt in the first race. Fred actually spent a lot of the time winning the first race but he blew a tack 100 yards from the finish and the collegiate chap squealed by for the bullet.

Oh yeah, the wind was about 15 in the first race and they were sailing on Lake Michigan. The waves had about 160 miles to build and that means it didn't look like Lake Travis.

In the second race Fred was way ahead and dumped his laser. He dumped two more times that

race and still managed to finish fourth. Fred also smashed his shoulder on the centerboard during one of those dumps and lost the use of his right arm for the rest of the regatta. Score a bullet for the Sunfish world champ.

In the third race Fred led until half way down the first reach. Mattia D'Errico said, "I thought, look at Fred, weather heeling in 25 knots and BIG waves." Fred was weather healing for about 100 yards as his hull slowly washed out to leeward. The sail was out too far and with one arm it just came in too slowly and the boat eventually slammed its mast over to weather.

Fred dumped at least a half a dozen more times that race and finished ninth. The collegiate champ won the race and Fred struggled in for a ninth place.

In Tuesdays light air morning race, Fred squealed out a second place behind the Sunfish world champ and the regatta was a two guy contest with Fred leading the also ran bunch.

The wind picked back up a bit and Mattia D'Errico showed how well he can sail in it and started his chain of bullets. Last day- last race. Fred port tacked the fleet and led for a leg or two before he was run down by the speedy sailors. Meanwhile the collegiate champ forced the Sunfish World Champ half way to Chicago and held him there until the clump of sailors lined up to finish. Senet Bishoff

finished in from of the pack and David Loring lost to three of them. If nobody else signs up and bears Fred in 1997 he will go to Seattle and represent Area F for the fifth straight year.

Author note: Thanks for the great vacation. Milwaukee was great. Lake Michigan was great. The racing was great. The trip home with Jay (of J-24 team Double Trouble) from Chicago was a fun time.

Editor Note: In case you didn't catch all that...Senet Bishoff finished 1st (23.25 points), David Loring 2nd (24.25 points), and Fred came in 8th (65 points). The next competitor behind Fred was 20 more points back. Also, junior sailor Mattia D'Errico of San Antonio finished a fantastic 3rd with 37.5 points. Rumor has it that Mattia will be attending U.T. in the spring so you should be seeing a lot more of him.



AYC Calendar

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Sept. 15, 22, 29 (1:30)..... | Fall Series #'s 2,3,4 |
| September 29..... | End of Fall Series Buffet |
| October 5-6..... | AYC Team Championship |
| October 12-13..... | Fall Regatta |
| October 20, 27 (1:30)..... | Winter Series #'s 1,2 |
| November 3,10,17 (1:30).... | Winter Series #'s 3,4,5 |
| November 17..... | Winter End-of-Series Buffet |
| November 23..... | Wild Turkey Regatta |
| December 5..... | Annual Membership Meeting |
| December 7..... | Annual Banquet |
| December 14..... | Children's Christmas Party |

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