



Photos: Bob Harkrider

Masters North Americans

By Don Sherburne
Fleet 262, Nashville, TN



(l to r) Don Sherburne, skipper, and Bill Hofmeister, of Harbor Island Y.C. and John Rogers, Fleet 118, Hamilton, Ontario.

The Tuesday practice race prior to the official start of the Masters Championship was very important to us. I had my long time friend and rival skipper from Nashville, Bill Hofmeister, in the boat with me but we were joined by a last minute substitute from the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club, John Rogers, about whom neither of us knew a thing. John came loaded with local knowledge and also a healthy sarcasm about the value of local knowledge on this particular body of water. This skepticism was tested and borne out on Tuesday and stood us in good stead for the rest of the week.

Wednesday's breeze was a medium westerly. According to John Rogers, local knowledge said go left hard in these conditions and besides the pin was slightly favored. But down the course the right was experiencing a bit of a lift - we all three thought it over and with one voice chanted "The hell with local knowledge." So there we were with a pretty good start at the uncrowded committee boat as the herd obviously heeded local knowledge and piled up at the pin.

A short port jog out to the right and we came back on starboard feeling pretty good. But darn, the good news was that Carl Eichenlaub was out there with us, confirming our judgment. The bad news was that he was able to slip into a safe leeward position that soon was feeding us dirt. Here I made a decision that I was afraid was going to cost us any chance at the crown, peeling out from behind Carl on what I originally saw as a short port jog for clear air, I noted that we seemed to be on a bit of a lift. So I held on and probably went 150 yards further out. We still looked good for a minute or two as we went back on starboard, but suddenly the boats up ahead on starboard rounded up on a huge lift from the right and that lift didn't reach us until I was on line with Carl's transom but 150 yards back. Our strategic instincts had been good at the beginning and we noted that Carl got the full benefit of the play rounding with the top two or three boats while we dragged in to the mark a very disappointing twelfth or thirteenth.

At this point Stu Anderson, Joe Dissette, Cal Schmiede, David Bull, Dick Hallagan and Sandy Huntsman were looking pretty good while it appeared that Tom Allen, the Gonzales boat from Chile, and a few others who might be expected to be in competition had been caught out on the left when the shift from the right came in. The next few legs were pretty routine but at the bottom of the run

(Olympic Course) Dick Hallagan had to swing wide at the takedown to avoid a junior just coming off the triangle. As he hardened up to follow the junior around, both Joe Dissette, who had shown real good speed in the tuneup race and Cal Schmiede, who had a super tactician on board in the person of Anne Allen, had no way of avoiding hitting Dick amidships. Cal salvaged a seventh, but Joe was not so lucky and fell back to 12th.

The last windward leg was crucial for us, by working gently to the left on some small, but wonderfully timed shifts, we managed to pick up several boats. The crew was responsible for catching Bruce Goldsmith. Just before the finish we sailed into one of those crazy, squirrely little shifts that throw you over on the other tack. John and Hof were across the boat in a flash and we never lost momentum, while Bruce flapped just enough to enable us to squirt out and cross him at the line.

We finished ninth and the good news was that Allen and Goldsmith were behind us. Stu Anderson hung on to win, followed by Eichenlaub, Bull, Huntsman and in fifth the ever dangerous Dick Hallagan.

Thursday was another westerly, but this time the breeze had picked up. Our hope was that the new wind conditions would flop the fleet standings rather dramatically, which they did. Local knowledge again said go left, so of course we started near the Committee Boat and hung to the right of the fleet, with clear air and no worry of crossing boats. When we came back to the fleet on our final starboard tack, Allen was leading the pack and had us by a few boat lengths. Hallagan tacked under us just short of the mark and we rounded the mark neck and neck. His inside position held us up until he set the chute and took off.

And then it happened! A couple of hundred yards down the leg, on a plane, we suddenly heard a lot of flapping and hollering behind us. A real wall of air was hitting the main fleet at that vulnerable hoisting moment and it was heading our way. It was Star Trek - we went from a comfortable plane to warp speed! The jibe mark was coming up unbelievably fast. With a quick glance I saw Allen jibing, but Hallagan just kept going straight past the mark. We went for it, and when John Roger's 180 pounds got up on the deck my heart was in my mouth. But Hof handled that raging elephant, stampeding us along, like it was a rather small handkerchief. We never lost an ounce of air, never got off our plane and found ourselves overlapped under Tom Allen as he refilled his chute and climbed up on a plane again.

I'll never forget that jibe nor the screaming second spinnaker leg as long as I live. Nor will some junior skipper! The juniors had started just a few minutes before this and one boat had hung on starboard a ways. As Tom and I came flying down the course the junior was positioned to cross our path at point X at exactly the instant we were going to pummel point X to frothing foam. From his position we must have looked like two railroad locomotives that had jumped the tracks and were rolling down the

main street of town at one hundred miles an hour! I was starting to bear off a couple of hundred yards away, figuring Tom would need room too, when the kid, probably recalling the spinnaker-out-of-control rule, abandoned his rights and tacked out of there like a scared rabbit.

When we arrived at the takedown, I looked back quickly and Bruce Goldsmith was all alone in third fully two hundred yards back. This race was already history. Tom put a lid on us, we wiggled for a while, but then Goldsmith demanded attention and the cover went all the way down.

The fleet had indeed turned upside down. Allen's first was paired with a sixteenth; Goldsmith's third with a tenth; and Gonzales's fourth with a seventeenth. Likewise, Stu Anderson's first now had to absorb a tenth, Eichenlaub's second had to live with a twelfth, Bull's third was paired with a fifteenth, and Huntsman's fourth stood alongside an eighth, but Dick Hallagan recovered sufficiently well from his extended ride on the first spinnaker leg to match his fifth place finish from the first race, so the score going into the final race was Hallagan low at ten, Stu Anderson tied with us at eleven, Huntsman and Peter Sulman right behind tied at twelve, and Goldsmith still in striking distance at thirteen. Friday would be interesting.

Friday had us back with a easterly, but this time it was blowing steady and hard - mid twenties. Great! I'm not what anyone thinks of as a heavy air skipper, but I sure had a heavy air crew and these were exactly the conditions we wanted to battle it out.

Left seemed favored again, in spite of local knowledge, but with a nice square line we elected to start at the Committee Boat so we reduced the risk of getting buried and run over. Another good decision, as we were able to work over Jim Carson and a couple of other boats and keep our air clear. After a couple of hundred yards the crew got busy locating the key competition. Hallagan was the first we found, as he had gotten himself badly buried and became visible as he tacked and started taking sterns in a bid to get clear. As we got past his line we went over on port with him for a ways as a mark of respect for his talent, but Dick was sailing light this regatta and not moving terribly well, so we left him and went back over left to join the rest of the fleet.

The lead boats hit the mark at the same time. We went down the first spinnaker leg pretty much overlapped with Sandy Huntsman and Stu Anderson. We had to beat Anderson, who was tied with us, that was open and shut. But the Huntsman relationship was more complex. Ties in this regatta were to be broken by the number of firsts, number of seconds, etc. If Sandy beat us, but no one got in between, we would win the tie breaker with our 2nd place finish provided that a couple of boats were ahead of us.

The second windward leg almost did us in as some fouled rigging made it imperative to stay on port for awhile when all the conditions indicated we should be going left on starboard. But we got back over fairly well and were still clustered up with Anderson and Huntsman. The run put our boat under a bit of a strategy strain: Hofmeister likes to jibe downwind a lot and I feel that in most conditions I get there fastest going the shortest distance. Stu took off to the right a fair ways and then jibed back while we went straight

down. This time my style worked and we picked up on Stu but, Sandy arrived at the take down just ahead of us.

So it all came down to the last leg. We had to cover Stu like a rug but go fast enough to stay right with Sandy so no one could get between us. Stu went way left, so over we went and over came Sandy. It was lightening up and Stu's older wooden boat began to fall back, so half way up the leg we could let him go and focus on Sandy. The rest of the fleet was to our right and getting lifted, so it was clear and welcome news to us that Pelosi, Gonzales, and Carson were going to finish one, two, three. The only way we could blow it would be by fouling Huntsman in an unnecessary attempt to get by him. So we laid back and crossed the line overlapped with Sandy, in fifth immediately behind his fourth, which is exactly what we had to do.

Meantime, as the air lightened up, Hallagan began to move up, finishing eighth in the race, which gave him third in the regatta. Peter Sulman finished seventh in this race to put together a remarkable consistent set of finishes (6,6,7) good for 4th overall. 5th in the final standings went to Carl Eichenlaub, who finished this last race right behind us in sixth.

And so ended one of the most exciting and enjoyable sailing weeks of my life. I sailed with two friends who are not just great sailors, but thoughtful players in a team sport, players who know exactly what a skipper needs to know at every critical moment. The background for all this wonderful sailing was the attentive hospitality of the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club; the crisp businesslike race management of Larry MacDonald, Sr.; and the wonderful energy and esprit of the local Lightning Fleet, the Flying Beavers. My crew and I thank them one and all.

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1994 MASTERS' CHAMPIONSHIP

22 boats, 3 races

Don Sherburne, William Hofmeister, John Rogers	9	2	5	16
Sandy Huntsman, Jack Huntsman, Bill Clausen	4	8	4	16
Dick Hallagan, Len Teidemann, Darby Webster	5	5	8	18
Pete Sulman, Paul Sulman, Dave Campbell	6	6	7	19
Carl Eichenlaub, Jean Eichenlaub, Peter Wood	2	12	6	20
Stu Anderson, Bill Neal, Paul Niederlander	1	10	10	21
Bruce Goldsmith, Sherry Goldsmith, Tryg Jacobson	10	3	9	22
Manuel Gonzalez Bas, Manuel Gonzalez Mas, Alberto Gonzalez	17	4	2	23
Jim Carson, Lal Burrige, Joe Buczkowski	11	9	3	23
John Pelosi, Bob Harkrider, Walton Usher	13	16	1	30
Joe Dissette, John McCree, Tom Niles	12	7	12	31
Tom Allen, Sr., Bob Chambers, Dan Reichelsdorfer	16	1	dns	40
Dave Bull, John Atkins, David Cunningham	3	15	dns	41
Bob Mathers, Jim McCoy, Jim Schofield	8	11	dns	42
Cal Schmiede, Anne Allen, Bob Starck	7	13	dns	43
Dave Gorman, Dick Spurlock, Julie Weaver	14	ret	11	48
Neal Smith, Eva Smith, Andy Smith	18	19	13	50
Crit Currie, Audrey Matteson, Jeff Schall	15	14	dns	52
Joe Anderson, John Hart, Allen Clark	19	17	dns	59
Bill Hunter, Richard Buckley, Ron Earl	20	18	dns	61
Terho Aromaa, Pentti Laitinen, Patti Beamsley	22	20	dns	65
Chris Graf, Janet Graf, Michou Braun	21	ret	dns	67

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1994 WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP

8 boats, 6 races, 1 throwout

Sue Rogers, Alison Jones, Cheryl Day	3	3	1	1	1	1	7
Lori Foster, Sandi Schrader, Tammi Jamison	1	2	2	2	dns	4	11
Jennifer Eldredge, Deanna Gronke, Maura Power	6	1	3	3	3	3	13
Joan Hurban, Lois Rudden, Maud Lindsay	2	5	6	5	2	5	19
Mandy Hofmeister, Linda Morris, Kathryn Connell	5	6	5	4	4	2	20
Jo Ann Jones, Suzanne Hebbler, Kim Browne	7	4	4	dns	dns	dns	33
Teresa Bouchard, Elyse Ritter, Betty McDonald	8	8	8	6	5	6	33
Judy Walker, Tiffany Krihwan, Jen Jones	4	7	7	dns	dns	dns	36



(An excerpt from a letter received from Kathy Connell - Nyack Lightning Fleet 75, Nyack, NY)

Dear Audrey, Here are a few photos that we took at the Women's NAs. Last time I went to the Women's - in Rochester - I had no kids. This time I had two. Gee, I wonder why I had better photos last time? We, of course, are especially fond of the ones with our new baby (4 months at the time) and the other kids in them, because kid logistics for two families was a big part of being there. I don't know if you have any feedback with the Royal Hamilton Yacht club; but I have to say they were absolutely the best hosts I have ever seen. Not many "yacht clubs" let 2 year olds climb on their lawn anchors, or 4 month olds sleep on their pool tables. We had a blast - and can't wait till next year!

Junior North Americans



By Andy Horton
Fleet 301, Burlington, VT

The 1994 Junior North Americans were held in Hamilton, Ontario. The Royal Hamilton Yacht Club did a wonderful job hosting the 19 junior boats competing.

The Juniors were characterized by a variety of different wind and wave conditions. This made it a very enjoyable and eventful regatta. The high point for our boat was definitely running with the chute in the second day's 30+ knot Northwesterly.

My crew, Tobi Heisler and Joe Dayton, did a great job keeping me and our boat out of trouble all week. Together they were by far the best crew I have ever sailed with and deserve all the credit.

Our boat had been looking forward to this regatta for weeks. We wanted back to back championships, but most of all we wanted revenge from the Junior Worlds.

So arriving early the first day we went out to check the breeze. We sailed upwind for a few minutes, after two auto-tacks and three 30 degree shifts our ill fated game plan was revised. We would play this first race very conservatively, always leading the fleet back to the middle.

We barely pulled off an eighth while consistently sailing the lifted tack. What had we done wrong? Instantly our

strategy was changed for the rest of the series. Now convinced the shifts were very geographic and were not far enough apart to tack on in the middle, we committed deeper to the sides. It worked, by consistently digging a little further in and not always leading the fleet back to the middle, we pulled off a 1, 1, 1, 4, 1 and won the regatta. Marty Essig, recent Junior World Champion, was second and Chad Atkins was third.



The team from Fleet 77, Newport Yacht Club, 5th in 1993 and third this year - (l to r) Jim Barnash, Gunnar Richardson, and skipper Chad Atkins, who will be back next year.

Photo: Sally Atkins

1994 JUNIORS' CHAMPIONSHIP

19 boats, 6 races - 1 throwout

							Total
1. Andrew Horton, Joe Dayton, Tobi Heisler	8	1	1	1	1	4	8
2. Marty Essig, Kate Nelson, Nicole Pellegrin	2	3	2	5	4	1	12
3. Chad Atkins, Gunnar Richardson, Jim Barnash	6	8	3	2	2	6	19
4. Beau Samuelson, JennyWalton, Jamie Ewing	13	2	8	6	3	2	21
5. Chris Arner, Harold Herbert, Gerard Kinzel	1	10	4	3	5	11	23
6. MikeThomas, Andy Paullin, Charlie Wardwell	3	9	6	dsq	7	5	30
7. David Clausen, Latham Pali, Travis Freund	15	6	7	4	6	8	31
8. Sean Carroll, Ditton, Jeff Schwartz	14	12	5	8	12	3	40
9. Mike Buczkowski, Kelly Armitage, Gina DeSantis	4	11	dnf	7	9	9	40
10. David Young, Jeff Pugh, Doug Young	9	7	12	9	10	7	42
11. Matthew Ward, Chris Bone, Patrick Hylant	5	14	15	10	13	12	54
12. Gabe Crowder, Adam Dunn, John Vickers	11	13	13	dsq	8	10	55
13. Scott Whitman, Ryan Dunn, Ginger Cutaio	7	4	9	dns	dns	dns	60
14. Pete Orlebeke, Jenny DeBaker, Nicole Semph	16	5	16	dns	dnf	dns	77
15. Kris Potzman, Kristy Nickels, Traci Nickels	19	17	17	dnf	11	13	77
16. Brian Short, Molly Ward, Meredith Bone	10	15	14	dns	ret	dns	79
17. Garret Mayer, Dave Roach, Adam Burns	12	dsq	10	dns	dns	dns	82
18. Steve Roseberry, Todd Murphy, Bryans	18	16	11	dns	dns	dns	85
19. John Sulzbach, Cara Kapur, Will Rowbothan	17	18	dnf	dns	dns	dns	95