



Lake Townsend Yacht Club
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Tell Tales

Issue 8 August 2008

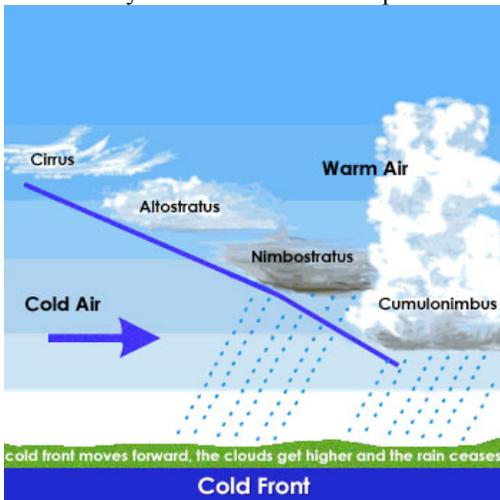
Schedule of LTYC Events

EVENT	DATE	TIME	LOCATION
Saturday race - Harvest Moon	6 September 2008	10:30 hrs meeting 11:25 1 st signal	Lake Townsend Marina
Sunday race - Harvest Moon	7 September 2008	10:00 hrs meeting 10:55 hrs 1 st signal	Lake Townsend Marina
Board of Directors Meeting	4 September 2008	17:45 hours	Greensboro College Campus in Room 226 of Proctor Hall West

ANNOUNCEMENTS Saturday/ Sunday series continues with the Harvest Moon series.

Analysis of a cold front or swimming at Lake Townsend. Weather lessons from the Lake Townsend Yacht Club.

Nancy Collins and John Hemphill



A cold front occurs when a cold air mass moves to a surface position which was formerly occupied by a warm front. Cold fronts advance at average speeds of 35 -50 km/hr compared to an average speed of 25 -35 km/hr for warm fronts. Friction between the advancing cold front and the warm front leads to cold fronts being twice as steep as warm fronts. **The increased speed and steepness of slope are responsible for the more violent nature of cold front weather.** The intensity of precipitation is much greater at a cold front, although it is usually short in duration. The weather behind a cold front is dominated by a relatively cold air mass. Clearing usually begins at the surface position once the cold front has passed.

Saturday - 0-40 mph in less than a minute. Ok – maybe it was like 25-30. But it was exciting.

(The blue is from the PRO & Commodore John Hemphill)

On Saturday, August 2nd, the summer weather taught us a how quickly it can change and put sailboats at risk.

Here's how the weather event unfolded from the race committee's pontoon boat: The first race was sailed in a

light breeze, then, during the second race, the surface of the lake turned glassy and calm. The air hardly moved as boats drifted upwind. We discussed abandoning the race. One committee member advocated ending the race and towing the racers to shore. The two lead boats had rounded the upwind mark and were moving, ever so slowly, downwind. As PRO, I suggested we shorten the course at the downwind mark. I was reluctant to abandon a race that could be finished and scored.



Enthusiastic new racers

It was a tranquil beginning. Sailing along in little puffs of less than 5. This was the weekend where the jr sailors were going to be out and compete. The boats out were 3 Pico's with their jibs, 2 Capri's (Adam and Ellen), a 16.5 Catalina (Mike and Andy), a Scott (Us and Dan), a lightning (Ken), 3 Isotopes (Joleen, Eric and David) and (Chris) a daysailer. This was Scot weekend on the race committee. Wendell and Fred were on the scat boat. John, David Young and Scott were on the committee

boat. John Hemphill was the PRO. It really was pleasant wind for the first race. We had Dan skipper our Scot. There were 2 starts, the open fleet and the jr. sailors. At the competitors meeting, John explained that flag sequence for the jr. sailors.

The count down is 5 minutes. At the beginning of the 5 minutes the flag that is decided upon at the competitors meeting is raised and the horn sounded. At 4 minutes the next horn is sounded. And the P flag is raised. The blue with the white square in the middle. At 1 minute the P flag is lowered and the horn sounds again. At the start of the race the last/class flag is lowered and horn is again sounded. The isotope flag was flown today because there were 3 isotopes and one Scot. But there were 3 isotope sailors and 3 Scot sailors. So I don't know who would have come out ahead in that squabble.

Not really sure who won the first race it was W1 course. We just had a good time sailing around and got to practice flying our spinnaker. Surprisingly Fred and Wendell weren't over on the committee boat rolling with laughter as we got it up in a nice hourglass shape. Maybe they missed that bit.

The first race went so well that they made the next race a W2. The wind didn't seem to want to cooperate and died to a faint hint of a breeze. We did see to the west that there were some dark clouds building. But the way the storms just sort of pop up here and there, you can't really predict that they are headed your way.

Joleen does not like to sail in no wind and drifted back to the ramp. One of the Pico's had left shortly before the beginning of the first race.



All appears serene...

As the safety boat moved to the leeward mark, we noticed a dark cloud north of the lake that didn't look

immediately threatening. The lake warden had my cell phone number to call if she noticed threatening weather on the radar. The NOAA station on the VHF radio reported a thunder storm warning for Alamance County and counties eastward. It's going around us, I thought.

With ripples on the surface of the lake, Eric Rasmussen's Isotope finished the shortened course. He rounded the mark and turned upwind toward the committee boat. The wind turned from the west to the north and picked up. I noticed Ken Warren's Lightning and Uwe Heine's Flying Scot approaching the finish but struggling to get there – not from lack of wind, but by a brisk breeze on their nose. The ripples had become waves. Eric's Isotope was flying a hull as he zipped past the committee boat. The wind out of the north cove of the lake sent rolling waves across the course. A committee member on the safety boat called out times over the radio as Ken and Uwe crossed the line. Both skippers were trying to get their boats under control. Somehow, Ken – who was sailing single-handed, managed to turn his boat into the wind and was taking down his jib sail. Uwe turned in the other direction, off the wind and toward the marina.

In what seemed like less than a minute, the wind lifted from almost dead calm to a strong breeze. White caps appeared on the surface. I don't remember any specific conversation on the committee boat. For several seconds I tried to decide whether to abandon the race or give other boats a chance to finish. Before the committee could discuss the conditions, the conditions decided it for us.

As the dark clouds drifted overhead we hoped for a little breeze. And for those who ask, it shall be granted. Each dark cloud that passed overhead had little bits of wind associated with it. We passed round the first mark in a small puff. We could see Ken picking up in a small puff. We sailed toward the leeward mark, which incidentally was now upwind. Since it was upwind we weren't going to be flying the spinnaker. And the breeze picked up some more. Even though it was evident that the race committee was shortening the course. Eric crossed over. We were coming up high from the mark and the scat boat, which was now marking the finish line. And the breeze picked up some more.

Uwe traded places with Dan to sail back to the marina. And the breeze picked up some more. (did I say this before???) About the time we reached the end of the point closest to where you can see the dam, the wind that we didn't have at the beginning of the race, which I believe had been sucked up by the approaching cold front, hit us with a vengeance. What had been drifting conditions had now gone to flat-out wind shear. We think

it was blowing from the north at 25-30 mph. It was very fast. We broached and took on water, but managed to let out enough or get high enough that we semi-righted. We came at a glancing scrape across the dirt that sticks out at the end of the point. Dan pulled the centerboard up in time. The rudder was kicked up. Since the jib was not going out far enough I untied the jib sheets. And it proceeded to escape and just flap around. The main had gotten over on to the shroud and now had a small rip. So with out jib and on a down wind run in the screaming breeze we sailed into the marina. Byrd and Hudson Baker were there to help us tie up to the dock, after we tied up we went to see what else was going on.

Large waves rocked the pontoon boat from side to side. Wind howled and white caps filled the lake. Four boats were over, at least two capsized – a Capri that was a couple of hundred yards in front of the committee boat, another Capri off to our right, an O'Day near the marina jetty, and a Catalina behind us.

We quickly counted boats. Ken Warren and David Duff had gained some shelter from the trees on the northeast shoreline. Uwe's Flying Scot and two Picos with junior sailors were at or near the marina jetty. We got the two anchors aboard the pontoon boat and started plowing through the waves toward the closest Capri. It was turtled. I could see its crew, Emily Duff, hanging to the side. The safety boat, a Carolina Skiff, motored toward the other capsized Capri. The capsized O'Day was relatively near the marina jetty.

Joleen had sailed in before the wind, Eric had made it in with some excitement. There was a pico on the far jetty. Ken had sailed around to the lee of the some trees. David Duff had sailed to a lee, but had blown out his jib. The second pico had capsized but made it to the ramp. Everyone else was turtled. 2 capri's, the day sailor and the 16.5 catalina. Chris had almost made it in. He managed to get it uprighted enough to get to the bank to allow some of the water to come out.

As we approached Emily Duff, she confirmed that she was okay. The safety boat left the other Capri that had been sailed by Adam Zahand, and headed toward the capsized Catalina. They had either picked up Adam or had determined he was okay. The wind was still blowing very hard, creating high chop and white caps. It was apparent that we couldn't safely get the pontoon boat too close to the capsized boat. I thought about leaving Emily in the water until the skiff could fetch her, but if the storm brought lightning I wanted everyone off the water. We positioned the two boats about ten yards apart and had Emily swim to us. After some considerable effort, we drug her through a gate on the side of the pontoon boat.

With Emily aboard we motored to the shoreline and checked on Ken Warren and David Duff. Both indicated they were okay for the moment. A fisherman in a powerboat was lending assistance to boats near the jetty. We went back to Adam's Capri that was in danger of being blown onto the shore at the golf course. With the boat turtled, I was afraid the mast would be jammed into the lake bottom and broken. There had still been no rain or lightning and the wind seemed to be subsiding a bit. From the pontoon boat, we got a hold of the Capri's bowline and tried, without success, to move the boat a significant distance away from the shore. The wind was still blowing pretty hard and maneuvering the pontoon boat and a capsized sailboat was impossible, so we abandoned that effort and took Emily back to the dock.

By the time we returned to the lake, the wind had fallen to pleasant breeze. For the next hour, committee members and two wardens righted the turtled boats and towed them to the marina. Amazingly, no one was hurt and only minor damage was done to the boats – a cracked centerboard and a couple of torn sails.

Joleen commandeered a bass boat and had them get her to the other jetty so her and Adam could get the pico and the 2 girls. Joleen and Adam derigged the pico, carried it over the top of the jetty to the waiting bass boat, and then hauled the pico hull over the top of the jetty and it was pulled across the marina. The boys on the pico brought their hull around from the beach. The pontoon boat had pulled Ellen and Adam out of the water. The scat boat had Mike and Alan.

The Marina folks, Bonnie and Robert went out on their boat. I went back out with the pontoon boat. First to check on Fred, Wendell, Mike and Alan. They were righting one of the Capri's. We dropped Adam off there. The pontoon boat isn't really functional or maneuverable enough to get the boats up. So we checked on the Catalina which appeared fine. Then we went to check on Bonnie and Robert. There were still struggling. Not much we could do to assist. We did see that the scat boat had gotten the first Capri out, we took the Capri from them and motored it back to the marina.

By this time Chris was swimming his boat back to the marina. He said he didn't need assistance. And he took it over to the dock. We decided that this was a new Olympic/triathlon sport – boat pulling. As I helped Chris bail out his boat, a bass fisherman walked by, knowing he would have a comment I told him, "We heard there was a drought, we are just contributing to the water supply".

At the social, everyone was in great spirits. No one complained about race management or decisions. Everyone had a story to tell and was pleased to have survived the challenges of wind and waves.



Bringing in the casualties

What we should do the next time. Watch.... We knew it was a cold front coming in. Since these tend to be more violent/windy in the beginning we should have been watching for the wind. We were preoccupied with getting to the marina and were caught off guard by the biggest blast of wind that knocked us down. The lack of lightning gave us a false sense of security. Had there been any thunder we surely would have abandoned the race earlier. The boats that turtled had tried to change direction. Ken's advice was keep moving. When you turn/ try to turn, when you are not moving, is when you lose control. I untied the jib sheets from each other in the center of the boat. It is a good way to have them in moderate wind. I should have tied a stopper knot. If the jib had been functional, we could have dropped the main and gone in with just the jib. Always.... Wear your life jacket, have a life jacket with you. If you don't have it on and the weather looks even a little threatening, grab it and put it on.

What we did right. Ken, went to the lee of the trees out of the wind. He dropped both main and jib and waited it out. Eric went to the safety position. And was still scooped up on to the beach but didn't pitchpole his isotope.

At a competitors meeting before Sunday's race – for which almost every sailor returned – we discussed the windstorm and the lesson's learned. From my view, as a novice PRO, all the sailors responded to the conditions according to their experience, knowledge and ability. The major lesson that we all knew, but perhaps had not faced, was that hot summer days can bring quick changes to the weather – dramatic changes that occur within a few

minutes, so fast that, as on this day, sailboats becalmed in the middle of a lake cannot dock before the force of the wind hits. A sailor could spot a potentially dangerous cloud or hear a warning but not have enough time to reach shelter. All the basic rules of safety must be applied: wear life jackets, put the boat in the safety position, reduce sail, head for the closest lee of a windward shore; if the boat goes over stay with it until help arrives. For those who enjoy sailing, it is not a matter of if, but when.

A shoreman's perspective

Joleen Rasmussen



The calm before the storm

A women's intuition? Maybe, maybe not. Perhaps just a sailor's strong aversion to trying to race in no wind. At the warning signal of the second race, the winds were pleasant. By the start, they had lessened. I was following Eric towards the golf course. Eric tacked towards the weather mark, and I followed his course. I could see a wind line below the Golf course, meaning better wind closer to me. I was intending to tack while still in the band of wind. I tacked and went nowhere. The wind had shifted and I was headed. I tacked again, and ... went nowhere. The wind had shifted again, and I was still headed. What in the world? Was I messing up my own apparent wind? I waited. There was no wind. I waited, still no wind. Was I going backwards? No, but I wasn't going forward either. I've gotten pretty good at moving in light wind. This was unusually. Absolutely nothing. Darn it. Eric was moving, slowly, every so slowly to the weather mark. Darn it, he was able to round the mark. That wasn't right, he should have gotten stuck round the mark. We always get stuck round the weather

mark in light, fluky wind. Double Dag nab, Eric was still moving downwind. Yes definitely very slowly, but moving nonetheless. Were the other boats moving? No, everyone seemed to be standing still, well maybe one other boat was moving. Ok, what is this proving? That Eric in an Isotope can move when no else can. Well, we already know that. Is this a fair race? Is this the kind of race I want to participate in? As Eric was halfway back to the committee boat, and I still had not moved a bit, I pulled out my center board and started to paddle to shore. Would RC take the hint and abandon?

RC motored over to check on me. I said "paddling with a smile." Need a tow? No thank you. You guys considering abandoning? We've discussed it.

I kept paddling to shore. As I got in the cove by the marina, there was a slight breeze, and I was able to sail and paddle. Still no wind out on the course. As I got close to shore, the wind freshened, and I look back and saw Eric flying a hull back up towards signal. Darn it, so much for an abandoned race. Oh well. I pulled up on shore, then I looked towards the dam. Oh Oh. It was real dark over there. The winds picked up. I hustled to get my main down as I knew that I would have trouble if the winds got heavier. I got the main down, just as Hudson got to my boat. "Help me roll up the main!" Hudson and I tried to roll the main, the winds were lifting the main and trying to bend it over backwards. I told Hudson to keep the sail down. If the winds get it, I will have a mess of broken battens. A couple of times, we nearly lost the main. Hindsight, I should have take the three seconds to turn the sail sideways, so that the wind was helping rather than hurting. Maybe next time. We go the main rolled up, and I picked it up to carry it to put under the trailer. As I hurried up the ramp, I looked back out the lake. I saw the two picos in the marina cover along with the Day Sailor. I thought, Good! The new sailors had headed in early. Smart Decision!

I stored the main under the trailer and headed back to help the docking boats. Alas, two of the boats were over, and the third boat was up against the breakwater on the golf course side. I waded out to help the boat closest to me. Chris, the father, had righted the boat, the son was in the boat, and Chris was swimming the boat to shore. I helped bring the boat to shore. I looked out and saw two more boats over out on the course. I looked out to the boat on the rocks, the girls had the nose in the wind, and were standing up. They seemed OK. After we go the boat to shore, I ran up to the Wardens and asked them to get a boat out on the water. We had several boats over. Bonnie said they were heading out. I ran back to the beach. Chris was trying to walk the boat around the breakwater to get to the dock. I said no, we can port this boat over the ground. By now, Bill Byrd was also on shore. And Uwe and

Nancy were at the docks. They had taken a guest sailor out with them, Dan Shuee, and with the three of them on board, had been able to make it back to shore.

I headed to the docks. I saw a fishing boat come in and dock. I saw a fishing boat pulling out of the water. The next fishing boat I saw coming in I hailed and asked if they could motor me across the breakwater to the boat on the rocks. The husband and wife said sure, no problem. I got in, and we tried to leave the dock. Another fishing boat had motored in, a rather large one, and was taking up all the water space. We could not get away from the dock. While we were waiting, the wife described the difficulties they had making it to the marina. They were very happy to be able to help us out, as we were all in this together. They even grumbled about the other boat getting in our way. It was weird having the fishermen on our side grumbling against other fishermen. After the boat finally got out of the way, we motored over. I was able to get to shore, and the fishing boat was able to go aground enough to stay. The girls were fine. RC on the pontoon had also just motored up. Adam was on board. I asked Adam if he would stay with me to help the girls, and we could let RC get to the next boat. Adam and RC said sure. Adam and I got the mast of the pico. I then asked the fishing boat captain if he was OK taking the girls back to the dock. (four people in a small boat...) and then coming back and getting us. He said yes.

While the fishing boat was gone, Adam and I carried the boat over the breakwater to the protected side. When the fishing boat returned, I asked if they were OK towing the pico back to the dock with us. Sure, no problem. We put the mast on the pico, and we put the pico along side us, and motored back to the dock. By now there were a few people on shore. Uwe and Nancy had made it to shore. No idea who helped McCurty carry the boat to the dock. I turned the pico over to those on dock and ran to the beach. Eric was just in the cove, but he was head to wind not moving. I later found out that Eric was in the safety position. I looked out to the lake, and counted boats. Two boats, Ken on the Lightning, and Dave on the Isotope were on the shore on the other side of the cove. I could locate all boats except the Catalina 16.5. I got my cell phone from the car, and called John on the signal boat. I told John that I had all boats located except the Catalina. John said it was around the bend, on shore, totaled. Everyone was OK. I hung up. "Totaled?" Uwe suggested maybe he said "Turtled". Could be, hope so. Mean while, Eric was sailing to the beach, I waded out to assist Eric in stopping before he hit land. Turns out that Eric had to head to wind to not get overpowered, and only when the winds lulled was he able to sail. Eric had to repeat this maneuver several times to make it to shore. We got Eric's main down and rolled up, then David sailed in.

David's jib was in tatters. Picture Time! I got out my camera. By now the winds were light. I got a few pictures, then went up to the boat box, collected our spare jib, went back to Dave and handed him the jib. Merry Christmas, just give me back the sail bag. I looked back out over the lake. Was that Chris Stark in the water pulling his boat? Yes it was. Meanwhile, Ken had his sails down, and was paddling back. RC was trying to right the turtled Capri. The Wardens were trying to right the turtled Capri. More photo ops. All of us on shore, were now watching the attempts to right the turtled boats. Everyone waited, no one left. As RC was towing in the Capri, they met up with Chris Stark still swimming his Day Sailor in. What a photo. As Chris got to shore, he asked about his rudder. I told him it was on the dock. Nancy helped Chris bail. I continued to take pictures. The smiling faces were abundant.

RC headed back out to collect the Catalina 16.5. By now the shore team were ready to head to the social (& beer). But alas, everything was locked up and the key was on the signal boat. The Wardens were still out on the lake so we could not check for a second key. We took a few minutes to check out Uwe's main. It had gotten caught up in the shrouds, and torn. Uwe had his old main, and I said I could repair it and have it back to him at the board meeting. I saw that the Wardens were on shore, I left Eric and Uwe to roll up the main and get it in the car, while I ran over to the office. I met Bonnie coming out and I said I wanted to look for a key. Bonnie said she was getting the bilge pump, to lock the office behind me. I ran in, sure enough there was a spare key. Grabbed it, left the office, closing the door behind me, and headed to the equipment shed. I handed the key off to happy faces.

By now, RC was coming in with the Catalina. There was No damage to the Catalina. John had said "turtled". I pointed out the fishing couple that had helped us out, and John walked over to express his thanks from the club.



Mike King and his Catalina – not "totaled"

Everyone was smiling and telling stories at the Social. The young sailors, there were seven of them out on Saturday, all of them had all responded well to the situation. As the initial four boats went over at the same time, the Scat boat first motored to each boat, verified that the crew were ok. Advised them to stay with the boat, then went to the next capsized boat. Adam was the last of the four for RC to check on, and RC got Adam on the boat. Leaving the turtled Capri behind, and took Adam to signal. By then Emily had swam over to signal and gotten on board. The Scat and Signal then went to get the others out of the water. By the time everyone was out of the water, the winds a lessened, and boat recovery could begin.

On Sunday, during the competitors meeting, there was discussion on RC's decision on collecting people. Everyone approved. There was discussion on why the day sailor and Catalina had gone over. The Daysailor had been going downwind, tried to turn upwind and sail towards the marina, and the wind just sent him over. The Catalina skipper had lost his tilly hat overboard, and had turned down wind to collect it, and the wind just carried him on over. Ken Warren said that you need to keep the boat moving. When you stop, the wind just sends you right over. There was also a few joking comments about Joleen's inside scoop, and following Joleen's lead in the future. Truly, I had no idea that it was the lull before the storm. I really and truly do not like to race in no wind.

Sailing Incentive, part 2.

Uwe Heine

My dad and I had sailed 242 miles from San Mateo, Florida to Savannah, Georgia. Now it was time for the first crew exchange. My mom picked up my dad and suddenly I was faced with the task of being skipper of a boat that weighed more than ten Flying Scots. Nancy dropped off Bill Byrd and my son Andrew to help with the second leg of the trip. We would go as far as we could by the following weekend – hopefully the northern coast of South Carolina.

We had all met at the dock of my dad's old friend, Gillie Wertz. He has a beautiful home on the Wilmington river in Savannah with a substantial dock. After a great evening of food and fellowship we turned in for the night – Andrew and I in Gillie's guestroom while Bill insisted on sleeping on the boat.

July 9, Day 6: The next morning we were up before dawn and had a quick breakfast before shoving off. The weather was perfect and we motored up the ICW until we reached Port Royal Sound, where the open water and breeze allowed us to shut down the motor and sail. As we made our way up the Beaufort river I was remembering that the cruising guide said that there were strong currents

at the Beaufort City Docks and it was advised to radio ahead for assistance. This was going to be my first docking as skipper. It turned out that the current was not too bad and the docking went smoothly. Beaufort is a beautiful waterfront town with great marina facilities, restaurants and shopping. We had traveled 53 miles to ICW mile 534 for a total of 295 miles.



Bill Byrd and Andrew Heine

July 10, Day 7: Ate breakfast at Blackstones – famous for breakfast of shrimp and grits with cheese. We made the 9:00 am opening of Ladies Island Bridge. This bridge does not open between 7:30 am and 9:00 am due to rush-hour traffic. It was a choice between making the 7:30 opening or having breakfast at Blackstones, and we decided that food was the priority. We passed by the Beaufort Marine Corps Air Station and were treated to an up close and personal air show of F-18 Hornets training.



F18 Hornets training

We were heading towards an anchorage in Church Creek. As we got near the anchorage the typical afternoon thunderstorms started brewing. Shortly after we set anchor a very ominous wall cloud approached and the wind started to howl and whistle in the shrouds. I prayed that the anchor would hold while the wind pushed the boat one way and the current the other. By nightfall the weather had calmed down and we had a peaceful sleep under the stars. We were at ICW MM 488 and had traveled 46 miles for a total of 341 miles.



We could see the pilots.



The first ominous storm approaches

July 11, Day 8: We motored out of the Church Creek anchorage, Andrew was strumming his banjo as the sun rose. We stopped at lunchtime for fuel and ice at Charleston City Marina, which is huge. We continued on towards the Harbor River anchorage and the afternoon thunderstorms started to develop. Before we could get there an intense lightning storm overtook us. I was counting the seconds between the lightning and the thunder (five seconds for each mile). We found a spot in between two private docks and dropped the anchor as the storm came overhead. Soon multiple lightning strikes were within 1000 feet (one second between the lightning and the thunder). One was even closer than that. We kept waiting for one to hit the mast. Slowly the storm moved away and we continued on. We reached the Harbor River anchorage at ICW MM 436 ~52 miles. At the anchorage

Andrew swam and dolphins played around the boat. We had traveled a total of 393 miles

July 12, Day 9: We got an early start. This was the day for our final crew exchange and we had to find a marina where it would be easy to get to by car. We decided that Georgetown was the best option. As we motored north we saw a lot of birds including an immature bald eagle and lots of wood storks. "The ditch" opened up into the



Wood Stork



Immature Bald Eagle

broad Winyah River. There was a good breeze filling in so we shut down the engine and sailed up the river towards Georgetown. We were passed by a much larger Island Packet also under sail. We pulled into Georgetown and met Adam Zahand and Nancy, who had just arrived minutes before. We tied up the boat and the five of us had dinner at a waterfront restaurant. Georgetown is not as nice as Beaufort or Charleston, but they are working on upgrading their waterfront. Andrew and I took the car back to Burlington and left Nancy, Bill, and Adam to finish the last leg of the voyage. I had lived on the Incentive for 9 days and traveled a total of 426 miles.

Continued next month...

SAILBOATS FOR SALE!

(Saleboats for Sail?)

20' HIGHLANDER Sailboat #678 (1970),

See photo below, the "Cordial", Durabilt in Winston-Salem with Long trailer, 2 sets of sails and spinnaker. This is a Sandy Douglas design (of Thistle and Flying Scot fame). Boat is fiberglass in good condition, wood strip needs re-varnishing. Trailer in need of paint job. \$975 or best offer. Gerald Donnelly 336-282-3453.



1981 Isotope - \$2500 with sails and a galvanized trailer. Crossbar, dolphin striker, and trampoline have been replaced and an extension added to the righting bar. Good boat for a beginning racer or someone looking to get back into racing. She won the 2005 Governor's Cup and continues to give challenge to the fleet leaders. Eric and I have owned this boat since 1998. She's gotten us hooked on Isotopes, so much so that we are upgrading to a 2006 model.

Boat specifications at <http://www.intl-fiberglass.com/isotope.html>.

Fleet Activities -

<http://www.intl-fiberglass.com/Isotope%20Nationals%202006.html>

Call or email if interested: 919-732-5410;
joleen.rasmussen@bowebellhowell.com

12'2 ft. Howmar daysailer/racer for sale in Greensboro. (don't know year) Designed by Sparkman and Stephens. A great boat for kids, very fast and tippy. 90 sq. ft. of sail with jib. Beam 4'10". 86 long trailer. \$1500 for both, includes both sails, etc. Appraisal done in 2004. Call Carole Drexel - (336) 274-4789 or cdrexel@triad.rr.com

14 Force 5 sailboat with trailer - \$550. Ready to sail. Excellent boat for single-handed daysailing and racing. Contact David Layton at 336-643-0282.

16-foot Isotope- \$3000 These boats are built for speed and race regularly on Jordan Lake as well as other local regattas. They have been built locally in Durham and New Bern, NC for over 30 years: <http://www.intl-fiberglass.com/boats.html>

This particular boat is vintage 1981 (see pictures below). It is in very good condition, with trampoline replaced a few years ago. Includes:

- Furling jib
- Righting bar (just in case)
- Trailer
- Catamaran sailing book

The boat is very light and can be pulled by any vehicle (including a car). It can be rigged by one person in about 30 minutes and sailed by one or two.

Contact - Phil Herold [pherold@nc.rr.com]
<http://raleigh.craigslist.org/boa/584349841.html>

Lake Townsend Yacht Club Help Lines

<p>Commodore: John Hemphill 336 632-0864 R jmhemphill@gborocollege.edu</p> <p>Races: Joleen Rasmussen (Vice Commodore) 919 732-5410R joleen.Rasmussen@bowebellhowell.com</p> <p>Education: Steve Raper (Rear Commodore) 336 288-3762 R Steve.raper@greensboro-nc.gov</p> <p>Finance: David Raper (Treasurer) 336 6432-7071 R Gwynedd22@bellsouth.net</p> <p>Publicity/History: David Young (Secretary) 336 545-1655 dwyoung@triad.rr.com</p> <p>Property: Fred Lupton 336 288-4284 lupton4@aol.com</p>	<p>Cruising: Starling Gunn 336 939-2508 R justbgunn@bellsouth.net</p> <p>Membership: Kim Kirsh 336 851-5229 R kkirsh@triad.rr.com</p> <p>Social: Sonja Hughes, smhuges@infonline.net Sam Reichelson, reichelson@cs.com</p> <p>Junior Sailing: David Duff 336 282-7773 R David.Duff@analog.com</p> <p>Mayor's Cup Regatta:</p> <p>Newsletter/Directory: Uwe and Nancy Heine 336 585-0951 R heineu@bellsouth.net</p> <p>Webmaster: Steve Raper Steve.raper@greensboro-nc.gov</p>
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Call People. Go Sailing

In an effort to involve more sailors in the Club's Sailing Events and Racing Programs, this "Available to Crew" list is published in each newsletter. The people listed have taken our Learn to Sail class or have other previous sailing experience and are looking to get more time on the water. So, if you have a boat and would like to participate in the Summer or Frostbite Race Series, why don't you call one of these folks for your crew? Alternatively, if you need a cruising partner on your boat or would like to team with someone on one of the city sailboats for a day sail or a race, contact someone on this list. If you would like to add your name to the list, contact Uwe Heine, Newsletter Committee (See the Help Lines box located in this newsletter).

Available To Crew

Name	Home Phone	Work Phone	E-mail
Bill Byrd	336-635-1926	N/A	
Chip Cromartie	336-601-0464	336-274-3559	cromartie@triad.rr.com
Paul/Jean Leslie	336-668-2874	336-272-7102 x276	lesliep@gborocollege.edu
Cynthia & Sam Reichelson	336-540-1279	336-273-2511	reichelson@cs.com
Catherine Clark	336-315-0414		
Mike Bianco	336-299-4461		mfbiano@aol.com
Keith and Kelly Francies	366-292-9042	336-362-5335	keith.francies@davey.com

Summer Series
 April-October
 Flying Scot

Skipper	Class	Sail #	Sat Total	Sun Total	August			
					13	15	16	
Griffin	Jack	FSCT	5818	7	0			
Gundlach	Wendell	FSCT	4416	3	6	rc 3	rc 3	rc 3
Gunn	Starling	FSCT	1104	0	0			
Heine	Uwe	FSCT	3801	15	21	3	3	3
Hemphill	John	FSCT	4043	12	16	rc 3	rc 3	rc 3
Jones	Wayne	FSCT	4088	0	0			
Lupton	Fred	FSCT	3638	15	12	rc 3		
Moates	Bob	FSCT	2595	4	7			
Morris	Steve	FSCT	3500	20	6			
Raper	Steve	FSCT	4051	0	0			
Young	David	FSCT	2252	9	12	rc 3	rc 3	rc 3

Summer Series
 April-October
 Open Portsmouth Multi

Skipper	Class	Sail #	Sat	Sun	Aug			
					13	15	16	
Duff	David	ISTP	2450	15	16	3	6	4
Duff	David	ISTP2		0	0			
Meldau	Frank	ISTP	100	6	0			
Moore	Gene	ISTP	1776	6	0			
Rasmussen	Eric	ISTP	U235	29	26	5	5	5
Rasmussen	Joleen	ISTP	199	10	14	4	4	6
Zehand	Adam	ISTP	199/102 7	8	6		3	3

Summer Series
April-October
Open Portsmouth Monohull

Skipper	Class	Sail #	Sat	Sun	Aug			
					13	15	16	
Andrews	Phil	LASE	185542	12	0			
Bageant	George	TNZ16	690	0	2			
Barker	Hudson	CAT142		0	2		ret 2	
Bouknight	Robert	ST		0	7			
Burchfield	David		8351	6	11			
Cecil	Erica	LASPC U		2	0	dnf 2		
Duff	Ellen	CAT142		7	0	7		
Grossie	Bill	BCN		15	6			
King	Mike	CAT165		6	2	6		ret 2
Leverich	Kent	LASE		10	0			
McGorty	Chris	LASPC U		2	0	dns 2		
McGorty	Jacquelyn	LASPC U		7	0	5		
Moore	Gene	ISTP	1776	6	0			
Morton	Scott	BCN	1178	0	0			
Raper	David	TNZ16	1585	7	0			
Rasmussen	Joleen (TZ)	TNZ16	232	8	8			
Stark	Chris	DS		14	6	8	4	ret 2
Thorn	Pete	TNZ16	2000	0	13			
Warren	Ken	LI	10386	25	24	10	5	5
Zahand	Adam	CAT142	0	9	7	9		
Zehand	Adam	AQFN		4	0			