



US FINN CLASS

May 2019

[www.finnusa.org](http://www.finnusa.org)

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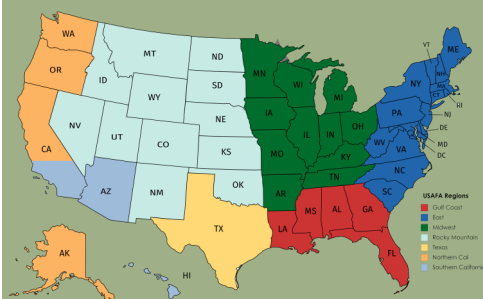
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# SOLO Newsletter



## Greetings from the President!

First, I would like to thank everyone for their confidence and for giving me the honor of being National President of one of the most prominent sailing classes. I promise to do the best I can to serve the people in the class in a professional way. During the past 10 years or so that I've been sailing Finn's, I've met some amazing people who have become great friends.

Also like to thank Joe Chinburg who has devoted countless hours to the class, not only sailing single-handed but for a while ran the class single-handed! Glenn Selvin has done a great job of fixing the financials and Rodion Mazin who has stepped up to the plate for Secretary.

I am encouraged by the support I have received and by the number of people willing to donate their time and energy to the class. The passion exhibited by the average Finn Sailor over past generations makes it clear that we have something special and I would hate to be the generation that doesn't pass this legacy along. It's clear we need to develop a plan for adapting to our new environment that promotes and grows the class. The Star class, for example, has increased its membership and participation after the Olympics. Likewise, the OK Dinghy class has done a great job of creating their outline for growth. Although I cannot promise success, I do hope to work with other officers and regional VP's to develop a strategy with specific actions for insuring the future of the class.

We have strengths which can be leveraged to fuel this growth:

- For the athlete, the Finn is recognized as one of the world's most physical boats to sail.
- The boat is also recognized as being one of the best vehicles for advanced training. If you can sail a Finn well, you can sail any boat well.
- Internationally, the depth of competition and opportunities is unparalleled.
- The culture and community of the Finn sailors, both nationally and internationally, is welcoming and supportive.

## Upcoming MAJOR Regattas

### Great Lakes Championship

July 6-7

North Cape Yacht Club, LaSalle, MI

### CORK OCR

August 16-20

Portsmouth Olympic Harbor, Kingston, ON

### North American Championship

August 23-25

Mission Bay Yacht Club, San Diego, CA

### Gulf Coast Championship

October 5-6

Buccaneer Yacht Club, Mobile, AL

### Pacific Coast Championship

September 14-15

San Diego Yacht Club, San Diego, CA

### World Sailing Cup Miami, Round 2

January 26-February 02, 2020

US Sailing Center, Miami, FL

### USA Finn National Championship

June 25 -28, 2020

CCYC, Corpus Christi, TX

- I was pleasantly surprised by the amount of help I received when I started sailing the Finn.

Please read the letter from the OK Dinghy class to World Sailing. They have not given up the fight for the Finn to stay in the Olympics. We need to do our part and are developing a plan to move the USAFA forward. Once the plan is in place, then we can ask US Sailing to do theirs. No matter the outcome, the effort will make us stronger.

The Finn is one of the world's most illustrious one design classes and I hope we can all find the path forward so future sailors will have the opportunity to race the boat and develop the comradery that we have found so enjoyable. Please feel free to call or email me if you have any ideas or can help in any way. If you are happy, tell your friends; if not tell me!

Peter Frissell  
US Finn Class President



## Southern California

The Southern Californian Region was well represented at the Finn Nationals in Sarasota, Florida, in March, and the Master Finn North Americans, hosted at Buccaneer Yacht Club in Mobile, Alabama, in April.

San Diego Yacht Club member Lee Hope, attended both Regattas and had some fine results.

Restless Henry Sprague, Veteran Finn Sailor and Gold Cup Winner, is entered in the Finn World Masters, to be sailed in Copenhagen, Denmark, in early June. Henry is trying for his third title. Good Luck Henry!

California's native Caleb Paine finished 11th at European Championship and secured USA, possibly, the last Olympic Finn spot ever! Congratulations !





## 2019 SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SCHEDULE

June 2	MBYC	Single Hand Series
June 15-16	CYC	Small Boat Regatta
June 23	MBYC	Short Course Regatta
July 6	MBYC	Single Hand Series
July 13	SDYC	One Design Regatta
July 21	MBYC	Short Course
August 11	MBYC	Single Hand Series
August 17-18	MBYC	Fall Invitational
August 23-25	MBYC	NA Championship
August 31-September 1	ABYC	Labor Day Regatta
September 7-8	SDYC	Olympic Class Regatta
September 14-15	SDYC	Finn PCCs
September 28-29	SDYC	One Design Regatta
October 5-6	CYC	Fall Small Boat Regatta
October 12	MBYC	Single Hand Series
November 9	MBYC	Single Hand Series
November 16-17	SDYC	Finn Fall Classic
November 22-23	ABYC	Turkey Day Regatta
December 8	MBYC	Single Hand Regatta
December 14-15	MBYC	Hot Run

# Republic of Texas



The Republic of Texas is already preparing for our 2020 Finn championship year. This will be an exotic set of locations for the USA Finns and is already attracting some international attention. The Olympic team trains in Corpus Christi.

The USAFA marketing development boat has been stationed at Austin Yacht Club to develop new Finn sailors from all over Texas with no restriction on age and is being professionally evaluated. Joe and Denise Chinburg dropped off the USAFA Finn on the way back from the North American Masters Championship in Mobile. I gave them a quick tour and they were impressed with AYC facilities. Thanks for the opportunity to host the development boat.

Let's make the 2020 Nationals and Masters true National Events with participation from all regions. The dates are firm and the NOR's are being written as we speak. The Championship Trophies are being displayed at CCYC and AYC. Texas is centrally located and there won't be any home fleet advantage with champagne conditions anticipated. Get your fleets tuned up and on their trailers. There really is no excuse for missing this once in a decade opportunity. All 'yall come now, y'hear!



### LUKE MULLER AFTER PLACING 3RD AT THE WORLD SAILING CUP MIAMI

Muller scored 53 points with the first finishes in the races 4 and 8.

- |                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Max Salminen   | 21. Kyle Martin    |
| 2. Oskari Muhonen | 22. Gordon Stevens |
| 3. Luke Muller    | 23. Eric Anderson  |
| 4. Tom Ramshaw    | 24. Quinton Gallon |
| 18. Caleb Paine   | 25. Rodion Mazin   |

### REPUBLIC OF TEXAS SCHEDULE

October 26-27	Austin Yacht Club	Centerboard Regatta / Finn Texas Blue Chip
June 20-21	Corpus Christi Yacht Club	Republic of Texas Blue Chip Championship - Nationals Tune up
June 25-28, 2020	Corpus Christi Yacht Club	USA Finn Nationals
October 8-11	Austin Yacht Club—Lake Travis	NA Masters Championship

WE HAVE 74 REGISTERED MEMBERS  
REMIND YOUR FRIENDS TO PAY DUES!

<http://www.finnusa.org/join-the-class/>

# USA Nationals

Sarasota, FL - On March 14, 2019, the thirty-three boat fleet from the United States, Canada, and Norway arrived at

Sarasota Sailing Squadron (SSS) to participate in the USA Finn Class National Championship. This was the first time SSS hosted the Finn regatta, and it proved to be the right choice for both the hosts and the Finn Class. The Finn Nationals were sailed in conjunction with One Design Midwinter Regatta. The organizers did a fabulous job separating the fleets and giving the starts in challenging conditions with the wind shifting forty to sixty degrees.

The growth of the Finn class in the U.S. is apparent; only three local Finn sailors registered for the competition, with most of the athletes traveling from as far away as Oregon, San Diego, Quebec Canada, and everywhere in-between. The first day of the regatta exceeded all expectations with wind ranging from 8 to 13 knots, despite the very light forecast. The fleet raced four 50-minute races proving the necessity of fitness in our beloved class. With the venue being inside the bay, we only had small wind waves to time our O flag pumps, but the good guys were surfing. The fleet behaved on the start line with only a couple individual recalls and no protests made it into the jury room.

Saturday started off with an on-shore postpone due to rain and lack of wind. After a couple of hours, we launched and waited for the wind to build. Unfortunately, the race committee had to postpone the racing for three hours; abandoning all the racing for the day right around 3 a.m. Once on shore, the fleet enjoyed the club sponsored beer and dinner. The US Finn AGM was held just after dinner.

Sunday was predicted to be a much better breeze, and everyone was excited to get out and race. The wind was shifty and unpredictable on the course. Once the race committee set the marks, the fleet pushed the starting line aggressively; as it was expected, the "U" flag was followed by the black flag, keeping everyone's temperament down. The wind continued to build to a nice pressure making a good race. The second race of the day, the wind started dying and holes started forming. The race committee continued to do their best and change course marks to keep the national championship going. The finish time limit for the regatta was hit with only two races for the day and six races overall.

These were very tough racing conditions for all, but the best will remain the best. Quinton Gallon and Rodion Mazin were pushing it hard, but it was not enough to defeat Darell Peck, who remained to be unbeatable in his ability to leverage the wide range of wind conditions. After one OCS Darrel was able to keep the first place with 11 points. Quinton Gallon finished second with 15 points and Rodion Mazin stole the third place from Derek Mess with 21 points.

The comradery of the Finn sailors is unmatched. Sunday afternoon was one of the things that we all love about the Finn Class. All the guys were helping each other to load the boats onto trailers, helping put on bottom covers, laughing at mistakes made on the course, and just being friends. This is a great group of guys that truly enjoy getting together, somewhere in the world, and being together. The problems on the course are handled on the water and they laugh about it back on shore. Finn will always be the premier single-handed dinghy in the world. We are looking to see more sailors joining the class and enjoying the hardcore Finn sailing!





# 2019 North American Masters



Mobile, AL - The 2019 Finn North American Masters Championships was held 11 to 14 April at Buccaneer Yacht Club on beautiful Mobile Bay. Twenty-seven competitors representing thirteen states from throughout the United States and the United Kingdom were treated to three breezy days of racing, as well as some breezy practices leading up to the event. Day one had the lightest breeze of the weekend at 12 to 16 knots from Southeast bringing in some nice waves. Robert Kinney from California won the first race with Steve Landeau winning the remaining two races over Derek Mess and Michael Mark who were second and third respectively. The day ended

with the top three competitors standing within 3 points of each other. Day two dawned with strong Southeast winds, 15 to 20 knots forecasted to exceed 25 knots. The waves had built steadily over the last two days and were now quite tall and steep in the relatively shallow Mobile Bay. Given the forecast, several the masters decided to stay on shore but those that sailed were treated to epic Finn conditions with a flag flying all day. While the top three remained unchanged, Landeau put a stranglehold on the first place with three bullets. Derek Mess and Michael Mark were second and third with only four points separating them. Robert Kinney and Scott "Red Rocket" Griffiths were tied in fourth only five points back.

A powerful front moved through the area Saturday evening leaving very strong and shifty offshore winds within 20-knot range. The first race saw a new race winner, Joe Chinburg crossed the line first with Scott Griffiths and Derek Mess close behind. Both Steve Landeau and Michael Mark sailed their throwouts so the podium positions were all still up for grabs going into the last race. Steve Landeau showed once again it was his regatta by winning the last race with Michael Mark in second thereby holding on to the third place overall.

It was agreed by all competitors that Buccaneer Yacht Club once again put on an excellent event with a top-notch race committee service provided by Ken Kleinschrodt and his assistants. Excellent breakfast, lunch, snacks, and dinner were served by Harvey Jordan and his minions. Beer and some great music Saturday night was provided by the organizers treating the Finn fleet a great time.



## FULL RESULTS

- |                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Stephen Landeau    | 13. Peter Frissell    |
| 2. Derek Mess         | 14. Hans Claesson     |
| 3. Michael Mark       | 15. James Bland       |
| 4. Scott Griffiths    | 16. Albert Reasonover |
| 5. Robert Kinney      | 17. Louie Nady        |
| 6. Joe Chinburg       | 18. Joseph Burke      |
| 7. Charles Rudinsky   | 19. Mike Woodhead     |
| 8. Lee Hope           | 20. Ernesto Burgeron  |
| 9. David Brockabank   | 21. Keith Beverly     |
| 10. Michael Entwistle | 22. Cesar Roca        |
| 11. Noel Miller       | 23. Paul Rees         |
| 12. Jim Hunter        |                       |



Five boats from US have signed for 2019 Finn World Masters in Skoshoved, Denmark. Good Luck to:

Charles Heimler, Henry Sprague, James Hunter, Kay Statz, and Michael Mark

# Rocky Mountain Fleet



It's May 5th and it's snowing here in Colorado so our season is starting slowly. Racing started on April 7 but participation has been low due to the 38 deg water temperature and fear of shrinkage. Joe Chinburg, former class president, travelled to nationals in March and managed a respectable 16th in a very tough field of 34 boats. He later managed a 6th at nationals and a first in his age group. Congratulations to Joe! We've added one to our fleet membership over the winter with Jeffrey Barrickman purchasing an old Newport to come out and race with but we're losing Remko Boot back to Europe where apparently, he's so valuable they pay him in 5 lb sacks of \$100 bills so he couldn't refuse. We are hosting the Rocky Mountain Finn Championships on Lake Dillon again this year. It will be July 13-14 2019. Lake Dillon is one of the most beautiful places to sail in the country. There are beautiful mountains, ski areas, and the continental divide to look at from the water. The water may be a bit cold and there is almost no oxygen but think of the great stories you will have. If you are looking for a challenging Finn regatta that is like sailing no where else, make sure that you plan to join us for a great time.

Have you sailed at  
9200 feet of elevation?

## Nor Cal District

Former USA Finn Association president and long-term member of the Finn foundation, Dave Branch is returning to action with a newly acquired Devoti. He wishes it was a Lemieux style boat but is happy all the same.

Silver Medalist, multiple North American, National, and Toilet bowl winner Brian Ledbetter will be jumping back in the boat for the San Diego event.

Brian is a former resident of San Diego, also a Star boat North American champion, and currently runs the Seattle Yacht Club. He sometimes vacations as a contract coach for Caleb Paine for the important events. Brian won the Silver medal in Barcelona and finished 2nd in the Finn Gold Cup a couple times. Another Seattle resident and multiple North American Championship winner, Mark Herrmann is looking to jump back in this summer. He campaigned full time in the 80's and 90's, finishing 2nd in the 2000 Olympic Trials to Radio-Russ Silvestri (who didn't need a lawyer for that one as he had US Sailing in his back pocket). The Pacific NW is offended by being labeled with the same color as Communist-fornia and wants to be changed to blood red. When any of the PNW sailors show up, the rest of the fleet will be left chumming the water. ;)



## USA Finn Class Rankings

The USAFA class rankings are now live on our website. Track your performance compare to other competitors in the U.S. and Canada!

We will update the points after every major regatta or at least once a quarter.

<http://www.finnusa.org/rankings/>

1	Caleb Paine	USA 6	339
2	Darrell Peck	USA 35	307
3	Luke Muller	USA 91	300
4	Rodion Mazin	USA 16	289
5	Quinton Gallon	CAN 15	231
6	Adam Nicholson	CAN 7	219
7	Chuck Rudinsky	USA 40	217
8	Joe Chinburg	USA 303	176
9	Derek Mess	USA 5112	153
10	Jeremy Pape	USA 5128	148
11	Adrian J. Pereira	USA 5132	143
12	Robert Kinney	USA 5088	141
13	Charles Heimler	USA 32	135
14	Michael Mark	USA 117	125
15	Scott Griffiths	USA 3487	121
16	James Hunter	USA 23	113
17	Lee Hope	USA 61	104
18	John Miller	CAN 1157	92
19	James Cameron	USA 5030	88
20	Eric Anderson	USA 5002	86
21	Stephen Fuccillo	USA 99	81
22	Pat Healy	USA 15	81
23	Pierce Hasler	USA 52	79
24	Stephen Landeau	USA 12	78
25	Dave Powlison	USA 5136	77
26	Rob Coutts	USA 9	68
27	Will Libcke	USA24	66
28	Nikita Mazin	USA 7	65
29	Greg Morton	USA 2426	63
30	Andy Kern	USA 5086	63
31	Michael Dorgan	USA 8	63
32	David Brockbank	USA 5024	60
33	James Buley	USA 18	59
34	John Reiter	USA 5139	55
35	Ernesto Bergeron	USA 116	54

# THE IDDJYSEY

(from the Patrick Weaver blog)

There is a state, a sandbar really, four day's drive east and south of here, where from all points, wheeling freely, we send our finest dreams each year and with our dreams we send the dreamers. Sunburned youths, immaculate pure Some in 'Burbans some in Beemers, some in 'Well, I'm not quite sure'. Made by God for youths to play on, windward of a shining city sheltered by a verdant key & overseen by the race committee of the auld CRYC. These youths (and they could be your neighbors; Healthy, strapping lads and lasses) Ask no compense for their labors but to be called "Olympic Classes."

Patching dings, removing rust, fairing the gleaming carbon Finn, inhaling stomach souring dust and God knows what carcinogens. Sanding, drilling, grinding, filling, and replacing aged rings and pins with one desire, to make a killing before the sub-Caribbean winds. They write agendas without leeway, leave their families, wives & husbands, ride the Eisenhower freeways, toss their day-jobs in the dustbin. Blow their credit all to shambles and bounce checks, default and miss their deadlines. All to support their crazy gambles based on making racing headlines. Humping weight machines and dumbbells till they're strung out on endorphins, Crunches, tai-bo, biking, tumbles (They'd be better off on morphine) Then from Penobscot, Houston, Brighton, & Minneapolis/St. Paul Roll forth the Valkyries & Titans in thralldom to the siren's call from the coastlines. From the great plains, some in sportscars, some in boxcars, with one dream; that for their great pains they'll gain the skills to be true rockstars From the OC and the Hamptons. Nursing calluses, sprains and blisters Would-be Jagers, would-be Framptons Wilson brothers... Wilson sisters!

Men unique in any nation with tree-trunk thighs and pearly grins; A loosely knit association with boats designed, but not built on the far west central coastline. Where white sharks do their deadly dances, a yacht club sits among the tall pines The venerable old St. Francis 'Twas that club, from near and far, blue blazered elders came and stood to discuss the MOCR (Miami Olympic Class Regatta). Behind huge doors of burnished wood, arrangements made and plans well layed, checks all signed by signatories; A final furious fusillade Of bons-mots from the dignitaries, "Gents", the Commodore resounded When his turn came round at last, "Our squad's connected and well-rounded, Also I think they might sail fast. We've sent the best of boats & coaches and to chance we've left no vestige. This regatta which approaches Will, no doubt, increase our prestige. We've sent the best team west of Khartoum surely, they will do us proudly. Let us retire now to the Chart Room, Drink Meyer's Rum & guffaw loudly." It was at that fateful moment they heard a young voice shy and tentative, "Sirs, I would no trouble foment, but have we no Finn representative?" The question brought a hush across the table where the great men gathered Silent, staring, at-a-loss, then all-at-one-time they blathered. "FINNS?!" cried one, "Shiver me timbers! This man blasphemes in the vestry! Is there a man here not remembers Bertrand, Peck and Russ Sylvestri?" "Oh aye," the Commodore intoned "The Finns are trouble that's for certain. Far wiser to not risk getting boned by bad sports like Peck and Bertrand. "Finns are wrong for the Saint Francis, Lowbrow, working class and yecchy. Anything with hiking pants is Not for Cayard & Kostecki. "We've had Finn guys on our staffs too, But Stars are a higher-class fleet. After all you shouldn't have to be strong and fit to be an athlete. "Please, no new flies in the ointment! Besides, our plan is great. It's primo! Finns have been a disappointment. Meeting adjourned. Shut up, Kimo." Down the staircase they went, smiling along broad carpets, gently groomed, led by aromas most beguiling to a many windowed rooms where they passed the evening drinking, spinning yarns in sonorous tones. But one, who sat in silence, thinking then rose up and strolled, alone, out to

35	Ernesto Bergeron	USA 116	54
36	Peter Frissell	USA 101	53
	Fabiano Vivacqua		
37	Junior	USA 44	52
38	Robyn Peter Culp	CAN 100	52
39	James Lawson	USA 84	50
40	Dariusz Iwanicki	CAN 1111	48
41	Fredrico Meira	USA 5110	45
42	Randy Benton	USA 100	44
43	Michael Entwisle	USA 27	43
44	Bill Smith	USA 5159	42
45	Jim Hecht	USA 5069	42
46	Joseph Burke	USA 111	39
47	Gus Miller	USA 975	39
48	Richard Freer	USA 49	38
49	Alfred Marshall	USA 1146	38
50	Isao Toyama	USA 3	36
51	Hamish Nicol	USA 688	35
52	James Bland	USA 88	34
53	Keith Beverly	USA 259	32
54	Ian Bostock	CAN 3	30
55	Tim Flemming	USA 78	28
56	Paul McMurtrie	USA 5109	24
57	Mark Teigo	USA 5167	23
58	Hans Claeson	USA 155	22
59	Richard Day	USA 5189	20
60	Eric Stiverson	USA 5164	20
61	Kay M Statz	USA 13	18
62	Kevin Mann	USA 5100	16
63	Scott Frissell	USA 405	15
64	Ed Salva	CAN 48	14
	Donald Green-	USA 22/	
65	field	USA5	13
66	George Baird	USA 613	9
67	Glenn Selvin	USA1066	3
68	Andrew Picel	USA 77	3



the seawall under blinking Stars, and fumbled with his phone. In a tavern with a tan that stopped at the spray top collar line sat a racer, a wild storm chaser. He was old, (old for dinghy sailing). Forty summers had he witnessed some might say his mind was failing. Though he maintained reasonable fitness (He spent the winter hours cycling the highways of the SF bay area, refreshed himself from roadside springs & caught giardia, and pyorrhea). He had sailed the east and west coasts, raced on Como, raced on Garda. He hiked to silence rivals' boasts; & when he was losing, he hiked harder. For he was strong, aye, like an ox, and he was as dexterous as a rhesus. Crafty as a forest fox, His name they say, was Id Djyseus. He'd spent his youth on hopes for medals. He'd spent his whole retirement too. And, like a flower that's lost its petals, he found himself in deep doodoo. For he was old, his eyes were crinkly. He thought he heard his swan song singing, but it was just a cell-phone ringing. But what cell phone? Whose phone? His phone! Who, at this hour, he thought, would trouble to call him? He was, he thought, unknown.

The C.I.D. was "W". The quiet man spoke with great insistence. He said a Finn sailor was needed. "The Club" would help with the expenses as the endeavor proceeded. "It's nice to hear your voice," said Id, "But my best races are behind me. What I might hope to do, I've done". With yellowed clippings to remind me "The winter days are short and sere, the highways long and sheathed in ice and I'm too comfortable here to entertain such sacrifice." "Id, this is a sacrifice you must make in the great Corinthian spirit. To refuse would be your greatest mistake make no excuse, for I won't hear it." "I hate to sound like a dissenter. Your kindness I would not disparage." "But my boats locked up for the winter, safe and cozy in the garage." "Dissent is not an option, Id. When duty calls we mustn't dodge. Think of the disappointed kids and fetch your boat from the garage." Id Djyseus put his phone away. Across his face a blank mask fell he knew of just one thing to say, and so he said it, "What the hell! "I'll race once more beneath the burgee of beloved auld St. Frank; Where, what a man may lack in courage, he can make up for, at the bank." "I'll cross the wild Texas plains, I'll ford the endless steaming swamps, I'll drive through Louisiana rains, and over Mississippi bumps. And upon Biscayne's snow-white sand I once again will lay my head, but first I'll fetch my boat & van out of the shed." He grabbed a battered old valise, grabbed his hiking shorts, his bar shorts, socks, T-shirts and dungarees, and went out and unlocked the carport. And then (or so the legend says) set out once more to joust with fate. He filled his tank in Martinez and rolled off down the interstate. South 'til sunrise (two lane blacktop), ancient asphalt, scored and creased, missed his exit, stopped and backed up. Made a left and headed east Across the great tectonic fault where proud Sierra Madre stand through smoking fields of black basalt down to a plain of stone and sand. The plain they call Zona Arrida (From the Spaniard, Coronado) Soledad, sin fin, sin vida , long on sun but short on shadow through the deserts, through the mountains into the long night without stopping, passing mile posts beyond counting, till he heard a clanking, popping. "Well", he thought "might be the fuel pump salvaged from that '60 Comet or perhaps the plug-nut from the oil sump, maybe it's that damned thermometer "Might could be the strut-bushing-fence or Generator mounting bracket Fan belt? Linkage? Brakes? Condenser? Christ, it makes a bloody racket"

He dreamed decades of other races he had sailed in. Quickly awakened, aching, scruffy, scratchy, his eyes were red, his skin was clammy, his thoughts dull, scattered, vague and patchy. Thirty hours later, he reached Miami. The morning glories were in bloom and the sailors met with jovial greeting and gathered in an austere room for the pre-race skippers' meeting. The usual caveats were stressed from the descriptions of the courses. "And now," the chairman said "an address, From the umpire". "Hold your horses." The man was dignified and serious (The place was quiet as a tomb.) He cleared his throat and, voice imperious addressed the sailors in the room. "I am here to discuss a practice honest yachtsmen find quite shocking. A form of cheating, more exactus, Involving pumping sheets,



and rocking. "It precludes fair competition; This evil practice, called kinetics is not for old people with heart conditions, the French and diabetics. "This, honest yachtsmen all resent, an offense of great weight and length would we, to win a sports event, Exploit superior skill, and strength?" "This was a crucial underpinning, At The I.O.C.A.G.M in Brussels: An equal chance at medal winning for Olympians without muscles" "Look around you, yachting agrees with groups and individuals diverse, We do not support policies that give more wins to faster drivers. As he glared from face to silent face, opened his mouth, stopped, and began again. "I'm here to tell you that this race Committee will brook no such shenanigans. "Any sailor who engages in this illegal propulsion or other such profound outrages will face immediate expulsion "I will be the race umpire, the final, unrestrained authority. In my heart burns the great desire to assert my own superiority." And as he stood before the room, each of the sunburned sailors saw great hideous tusks come sprouting from the corners of his lower jaw and it seemed his nose had been replaced by a hooked and rapier beak. A mask of loathing was his face; His voice, an ululating shriek. "I'll chew and spit you out like pips (I pray that you won't think me rude.) But if your masthead bobs or dips, if your boom rolls up, you'll be DQ'd! "I'll take the wind out of your sails! I'll wipe the smile right off your face! I'll smack you till yo mama wails! I'll throw you out the fucking race!" His breath was fetid as fresh poop. His horrid head spun 360 round. Corrosive vomit sprayed the group and splattered, smoking, on the ground. "This is my most sacred mission. I'm watching -let there be no doubt-. I'll hunt you down into perdition and if you cheat, I'll throw you out!" "Don't ask me to define cheating! I know cheating it when I see it. I can't hear your piteous bleating; You insignificant hunks of shee-it." "Hike all you want, that's not kinetics. (As long as windspeed doesn't change) Cut off your feet and use prosthetics, trepan yourselves, remove your brains, and fill the empty space with lead. All these ideas are not forbidden. Pump the sheet; you'll wind up dead, Dismembered, and the pieces hidden. I have the clout. To throw you out. You'd better listen for my shout. You'll be DQ'd Cause I'm who this event's about. Of this fact, you should have no doubt." He closed his notebook and walked out.

So Thursday came, the sun rose on the grove all set about with palms, and parrots gracing the sailors there all knew, push-come-to-shove they'd set themselves against the "best-in-racing." Affecting a rough air of confidence, exchanging greetings, jokes, and prophesizing. and each of them affected not to sense The martial fury each felt in him rising For each man understood the grand design The truth long years against the straps disclose as brethren on-shore approach the line, there they become the bitterest of foes Like Kern and Sprague, who drove across together (Drove right past Id Jisseus in his trance) though each had learned to tolerate the other, their bond was product of their circumstance. Like Ewe and Boyd, allies from other fleets who'd heard the tales and went out and bought boats, wished one-another well upon the beach and sailed out to cut each other's throats. Darrel Peck, who's nature was so sweet, no kinder hearted sailor drew a breath, but would have chosen, rather than defeat, Nausea, dizziness, vomiting and death. The yachting media were all represented sober experts all, brilliant and wise whom could predict the winners, it was hinted, by measuring the circumference of their thighs. There, judgment passed, the favorite to win depended who you asked. There were two camps; Some picking Clarke, Le Premiere Canadienne, Some Juan Amaungas. The Brazilian champ had arrived by plane the month before and had had his own container shipped filled-to-bursting with supply and store with which a sailor needs to be equipped. Each of the two had brought an entourage, Nutritionists, coaches, and psychologists, someone to do administrative garbage, someone to keep a list of shorter lists. On one thing all agreed, The US championships were ripe for taking by other-than-US Americans.

Like Ewenson who stood beside his Chevy, a stoic glower on his puss, wondered 'must I too, then, hire a bevy of sycophants and load them on a bus? To press my trousers while I am at sea and answer all my mail, draw my bath, wipe my nose, and make excuse for me and lead my sponsors down the primrose path?" In racing, living cheaply is rewarded with fortune colder than a witch's kiss. He may not be unanimous regarded a shoo-in for the gold, but I know this, whenever Juan Amaungas comes to town, we people in our old boats stare aghast. He is a champion from sole to crown, clean favored, and imperially fast. He speaks the secret language of the skies the clues that help him find the breeze. He likes brave men to drive down in terror when he cries "Give water!" He ripples when he hikes and he is rich—yes, richer than a Khan, and admirably schooled in every grace in fine, we find him just the sort of man the sport demands of them who seek first place. So we sand and patch in desperate fear to make old boats a little less 'old-boat-y" and Juan Amaungas shows up every year with a whaler, coach and custom built Devoti. He launched his Finn and stretched and shrugged his shoulders, trimmed his sail and headed for the course. The gentle morning breeze grew slightly colder and backed a bit and grew a bit in force behind him like a many winged beasts. The fleets all riding out to meet the day while the southeast trade was backing softly east, the distant eastern sky was turning gray. The chairman stood upon the flying bridge and braced his field-glasses at his eyes. He gazed west at the disappearing ridge of pressure, turned, and scanned the eastern skies. He muttered "I am not at ease this morning". He turned his glasses shoreward, palm trees beckoned "That pale haze on the Key may be a warning; Soft breezes can turn ugly in a second." These kids have worked so hard and come so far to test themselves today beneath the sun. I'd rather not to be the surly tar that throws a pipe wrench into all their fun. Each of them should have their chance at glory, whether, Laser, Euro, Byte, or Finn. His next words changed yacht-racing history, "We'll have one race today, then go on in." He set the shape and double checked the gun, surveyed the fleets, turned and surveyed the sea. The green bay tossed, dead calm beneath the sun and the tall masts of committee B, Neighbors, and friends at hook, three miles to weather. From their mastheads, pennants proudly streaming before his eyes, vanished, altogether. The breeze veered sharply south and woke up screaming. That afternoon, from the pool deck at the 'Reef, wives and employees gazing out to sea turned visages of shock & disbelief. To the horizon where the fleet should be,

the placid tropic skies were white as snow. Beyond palmetto thickets, Kelly green Key Biscayne quite hidden by the blow and nothing floating where the fleets had been then, all together scrambling for the slips and standing, helpless, heard a frightened call. A desperate howling torn from anguished lips "Oh God, my child is out there in the squall". One may sense the cruelest fear of all by being in Miami for the races, when children are lost sight of in the squall, and read the terror their mother's faces. For its wives & mothers, per the long tradition selected by the fates to bear the brunt and understand the meaning of "Perdition". When the breeze veers south across the front when voices on the radio recite Deadpan, sector by sector, on conditions beloved hearts slide darkly into the long night of regret regarding earlier decisions. One may not change the weather one addresses men's prerogative, but to trim the sails. But the indifferent might the sea possesses extends to regions where men's wisdom fails. Ever yet men find themselves called seaward to please their hearts, to hunt, to sport, to learn, many to enjoy adventures reward and many others, never to return. For hard won skills grow ever more in need in moments when inclemency approaches demanding wisdom, fearlessness, and speed in such proportions only found in coaches or on the decks of motor yachts. Abay which offer succor when the glass is shitty and rob Poseidon of his innocent prey. The sacred duty of the race committee and panicked tears are dried with cheers and whistles in anxious moments following the blow. For battle lines of support boats and officials, each with their rescues trailing in a row. They say that in the tropic's life is easy, mostly on the days it doesn't storm. But out around the race course when its breezy resolute heroism is the norm. It was tales of heroism shared or yet attained, sometimes at awful cost, that sailors would exchange in relieved greeting or soft in sorrow mourning for the lost. None more downcast than the great Canuck Who found no joy being closer to the trophy great enough to pay the cost it took to witness his opponent's catastrophe, who struggled with his answers to the press surrounding him when safely dry on shore. In frantic search of soundbites to express his viewpoint on the chaos just before, upon his face he wore a shell-shocked look his cheeks were pallid and the skin was slack. His shoulders trembled and his fingers shook and the rings beneath his eyes were pouched and black. The juniors gathered round to listen in as, in a voice that trembled, thin and frail Bonhomme Richard, le premier Canadienne mustered his resolve, and told his tale... "Laid level, stiff as corpses, dressed in black and coughing like hags, we cursed through flying spray 'Til on the weather mark we turned our backs and gasping, for the right wing, bore away. Men hiked like beasts, many had lost their shades but stiff-legged bloodshot; and all went lame, all blind. Drunk with fatigue, we surfed between the blades of shipwrecked Euro's, Bytes and 49's. Then wingmark and an ecstasy of fumbling and diving for the weather rail just in time but Juan Amaungas, crying out, stumbling and thrashing, as a man in fire. Boom in green water and green faced with fear across my bow, I see him rounding through all my dreams; each haunted, nightmare race. He cries out to me, tumbling... crashing... floundering... If, in some sputtering Zodiac, you could pace behind us as we flushed him from the fleet and see the red eyes writhing in his face, His soggy face, and hear his anguished bleat.. If you could see brine and oil and worse come gurgling from the froth corrupted throat obscene and vile and bitter as the curse of a proud man made a fool by a boat. My friends we would not sing with such high zest to children, argent for some golden thingy, our war cry, "Dulce et decorum est Pro patria dinghy".

Beside him at the bar Sprague turned to Boyd, His face a mask of confidence destroyed. "We oft forget and yet we always know. Great sailors come to Finns and are laid low." Great sailors come to Finns and are laid low are cast aside and thrown beneath the bus we who remain hike on, for well we know similar fates await the rest of us. The next day-break the glass had stabilized, the breeze was steady from the north and east. The waves were steep and medium in size, the weather was not threatening in the least. Id Djyseus was focused, fresh and rested. A sailor at the zenith of his powers and resolving not to be outfoxed or bested sailed out and won three races in four hours. Young sailors were downcast and discouraged, accustomed to more success than they had found. Team leaders made a show of not being worried Insisting this was only the "first round". Id received his friends' congratulation on trembling legs, each bone and sinew aching accepted with humble thanks the admiration of those whose hearts he was intent on breaking. He turned in early, barely sat through dinner, limped off while trying to radiate assurance of the sort that seamen expect of a winner. Of youth and strength and infinite endurance, Boyd and Ewenson sat with heads together discussing the day's events and their import. "What's needed," Boyd asserted, "is rougher weather. The race is long and his reserves are short" Perhaps the churlish wind had heard him speak, perhaps it was a mere coincidence but on each subsequent day that week The Biscayne breeze grew steadily more intense. Fresher legs redeemed their cost (Long hours at the squat machine) and many races won or lost by just how long those hours had been. Though Id fought to keep his place, Younger men were often faster as he struggled to maintain the pace, and all fought to avoid disaster. On the regatta's final day, battered but proud, they sallied forth, Peck caught the shift and sailed away. Id Djyseus finished fourth, His lips were cracked, his blisters burst, His eyelids caked with sodium, one race left. He would need a 'first' To stand atop the podium. He'd lost ten or fifteen pounds, He'd drunk his last sports beverage, His knees made scary grinding sounds, but offered little leverage. His mind was clouded and he couldn't clear it, his heart was sick with black depression. Turned inward, anguished, faced his spirit and bitterly made his confession. "I am a broken, empty vessel Naught left to give, who gave his best deplete of spirit, mind and muscle." Twas then he felt the vial hung at his breast, His eyes flew open. He sat straight up. His heart began to fill with hope "I yet", he sang "may claim this cup, with new strength from the witch's dope" He gripped the jarlet in his fist. He felt a tiny pinch of dread. He cast the cap into the mist, closed his eyes, threw back his head, and drank the ancient mixture dry. It burned like fire inside his sore neck. He threw the empty jar aside It shattered out across the foredeck. And a single shard, one jagged speck, (It couldn't have been any smaller) Rattled lightly across the deck & Stuck where the vang tag threads the collar. To this Id Djyseus paid no heed. He was waiting for the sky to crack, the sea to boil, his eyes to burn, but he was taken quite aback. For all remained as it had been, He felt no strength, saw nothing burning, no mystic maiden to be



seen. and worse, no succour for his yearning. No black sun, no falling star, no storm clouds rising or seas parting. Just the hooting, from afar, of an air horn. The final sequence starting. Id Djyseus gave a beaten sigh "This dish", he growled "is uninviting." Young men's dreams -old men watch them die. Give dreams their due; let them die fighting" He trimmed the sheet in to the block Layed back his head and arched his spine in desperate haste to beat the clock and not be last across the line. His eyes were like a hunted beast his hunger, indisputable, but the breeze was backing east and time and space immutable. The line was well to seaward and the time was growing short. Id was still ten lengths to leeward when he heard the guns report. He chased the whole fleet up the course and hiked with tendon tearing fury. He sought the tack of greatest force, His eyes were red, his vision blurry for the right course side he tracked (The right corner seemed well lifted). Surprised by a foaming bow, he tacked beneath it and the east wind shifted and the fleet were all caught on the far right. Id Jiseus was pinned down on starboard by a sailor with great foresight; A meteorologist from Harvard, or some similar clairvoyant who led a feat of some remark. Id Djyseus, with spirits buoyant One, two, around the weather mark Id trimmed the vang and rocked to windward, Eased, and stared in shock around him, At half a dozen many splendored, spectral sailors all around him. They shone like moonlight-on-the-mist. He'd never seen them, but he knew them, great grinning youths with massive wrists. Six jibed as one, and the booms passed through them, their eyes were fire, expressions vicious with ragged shorts & little else on Blackaller, Blackbeard and Oddyseus, Nimitz, Lysander and Nelson! Fire from ashes & flesh from dust the thread-of-myth's immortal tailors who lived and died with hero's lust brought briefly back as Finnboat sailors. Id Djyseus steered as he was forced. The fleet, he knew, was in a worse place. Six sailors hiked in six white hulls to close the gap on Id Djyseus. Geoff Ewenson with Clarke beside him, Boyd and Sprague, all neck and neck. Not one would see this chance denied him Nor Andy Kern, nor Darrel Peck. Not one would waive their hope of glory (Bright hopes fading to a glimmer). With all their great hearts sought their quarry and the gap grew ever slimmer. Id Djyseus looked back in panic He raged at all the gods, sidereal How could mortal men, organic out-surf these mythic ghosts, ethereal? But surf they did, swift as sea-lions Like heroes' toe-to-toe with fate pursued Id and his ghost companions stampeding for the leeward gate & Id Djyseus, who feared no demon, who surfed with spectres, (Didn't mind 'em.) Fought the impulse to collapse screaming as six Finns sailed up behind him and with seconds left as Clarke bore down with room, by overlap, in sight Blackaller exchanged glances with Nelson Drove down & jibed hard for the right. Clarke left with nought but to jibe and luff five boats behind him hit the brakes to avoid the collisions n stuff that can result from even small mistakes. Then trimming in and rounding up In line, pinned down on starboard tack, all hiked out, sucking air and driving. As the breeze began to back, Lysander and Nimitz held them down masters of tactics in tight spaces Sighed Boyd, "Why are these glowing clowns messing up important races?" Id jysseus, meanwhile, on port the ghost of Blackbeard on his ship found his course was high and short and victory within his grip. He hiked with all his heart and soul, in thralldom to the sacred fire that drives men mad, the lust for gold. That supplants natural desire That fills young men's hearts with the vision of glory very few attain. "Bang the corner tack with caution, put up with a little pain "Then a shortened leeward finish and this regatta's in the sack. Those guys could eat a ton of spinach and have no chance from that far back, so they sailed with careful steering heading on out to lay the line while the breeze continued veering as though by Id's own design. Id Jysseus hailed the Buccaneer With the layline at the bow he cried out "Can I cross or clear?" Laughed the Pirate, "Not just now!" "But now's the time. We're over stood with plenty weathering, In reserve." Called Id, "if you could be so good..." "Or not..." the pirate king observed "You see, Id" Blackbeard's ghost explained "I'm not here to help you win. I'm from the dregs you, careless, drained I've been sent up to bring you in. I'll never put my helm a'lee You're pinned and bound for Port o' Gaul. A champion you shall never be If I've a say (and it's my call) my mistress' will you have defied. Ill-used the wondrous gift she gave as earlier fools, who, one and all are paid in full. Beneath the wave tis to their regretful ranks you'll add never again set foot on land. Who scorned the best chance ever had defied my mistress' command and Id was seized with a lonely chill. An abandoned feeling, dark and sere, armed only with a sailor's will. 'Gainst forces evil, vast and queer a great wave struck him in his face. He swallowed salt and spit it back He asked himself, "Why do I race? Why hike and pump and jibe and tack, give my all until the end? Time, health, and money gone alone, without a single friend, and still keep calm and carry on? "And drive the lonely winter days, and glue and clamp and sand and buff and soak up carcinogenic rays? Oh God, why do I do this stuff? His head sank down in black despair He felt his life was null & void and no-one living left to care. Everything he'd built, destroyed he knew that he could never tack. He heard the pirate laugh with scorn, His one chance had slipped through a crack Leaving deep sorrow, badly borne. From leeward came a whispered voice to Id alone there in the middle reminding him he had a choice. If he could only solve the riddle '...Borne', the voice rasped, "as we bear beneath this harsh Miami sun fate, like an albatross, we wear and must wear for what must be won! The voice of Nelson down a'lee perhaps a biscuit's toss apart Id heard, hiked in and bent his knee and lay his nose abaft thwart. Having eased the vang & sheet, brought up the helm & rocked up hard and jibed. Still stayed on his feet He knew he'd played his final card. It wants precision, like ballet surprise, speed, seamanship, and grace. When pinned alee, to bear away and wear about, and hold your place. He crossed the Pirates wake and heard a great cry, like a wounded beast from hell. Then guttural incoherent words much like some ancient chant or spell. In the center of the course the bay began to boil & steam. A great Charybdean whirling force and from its dark center, a hideous scream then like a black volcanic cloud belched forth from beneath Earth's crust. In flame and smoke and shrieking loud as up into the light they thrust huge apes, a howling regiment (There may have been a whole division in all that flying excrement It's hard to count with much precision). With fiery wings, downwind, on strings that thundered their terrible heat and flashing rigid Kevlar slabs of lightning at their feet. They filled the skies with blood-thirsty cries. Through long yellow fangs, sharp as razors and a swarm of scrawny squealing imps... Oh wait... That was

just the lasers... And Id watched, transfixed and struck dumb as the terrifying scene developed. And the strings made high 'widows cry' kind of hum and the slabs on their feet were scalloped and they swooped, and they swerved across the course. At the speed of F-sixteens came thundering back in a long file, on port, they hooted their fell paeans "Ah, this could be trouble". Id Djysseus observed "These beasties are mortally fast, and they carve and they vault and they tumble and swerve and seem lighter-than-air, like a gas. "and now here they come, a great gauntlet of ghouls It's a terrible challenge I'm facing. "I'm on starboard!" Id jysseus cried, "Watch yer fouls responded the Ape King "Who's racing?" "We're not even in your miserable fleet. We're barely from your fuckin planet. We hate Miami's numerical streets, we come here when events demand it. "You couldn't follow one simple instruction that was your decision, Bunkie You could have been Champion; You had it! You fucked it, but you'll make a fine feast for a Monkey." With these last words, launched from the crest of a swell and his claws missed the masthead by inches and Id trimmed back in, and he sighed "That went well.. it's a good thing these boats don't have winches." It's good I remembered the sea lore I've learned through my habit of mnemonic rhyming 'Steer offwind by leaning away from the turn, keep the blade -in-the-shade when you're climbing', and each ape flew by, a bit more out of reach blown alee on their great wings of fire and they slashed and howled, and they raged and the screeched. the thund'ring heat drove Id still higher and Id thought to himself, "I might still be alright" If I can just stay hiked out and trimmed in the apes have the speed, but it's weathering they need & There is NOTHING that climbs like a Finn, but the pirate to weather had other ideas (He had tacked over some time ago.) And now he was driving to cover Id's breeze (This wasn't his first rodeo). He called to Id across the wind That's right lad, it's my voice you heard, but ye'll know yer adventure has reached it's sad end by the smell o' the smoke o' me beard though ye've the leeward line, for now sure. I've the weather to beat yer an' shortly me mast'll be over yer bow an' me kiteboarding mateys'll eat yer "That's as may be," Id called defiantly back "and the future, indeed, may be dark, but I'm a Finn sailor and on starboard tack, and yonder approaches the mark". Both of them hiking as hard as they could, the monkeys flew by again. Id and the pirate's ghost both understood that there's is no race that hasn't a loser. The tiller wants a steady hand. And Id could feel his spirits sink and his ligaments ready to bust 'If only' he thought, 'I were able to think or some wise council that I could trust'. It was Nelson who answered his unspoken prayer who brought him about with a hearty hail righteous heart roused up "So hike, me lad, to burn your knees supine upon the tropic breeze and give your all, nor take no ease but sing your cry of righteous rage. "The times long past for tears and fears we're asshole deep in buccaneers with shining swords and gleaming spears. "No sooner these words left his lips another Finn beside him and he saw the driver was himself. In the youth his years denied him but before he could get past this shock he saw his young self ease and rock and plunge into the monkeys' path. Exciting their incipient wrath and they howled and gave chase down the run Aye, all the fiery beasts, but one Riding the rising breeze's force back toward the center of the course. All crying for the steaming blood of young Id Djysseus where he stood and shouted rude taunts at their faces as young men sometimes do in races. So completely were they fooled they sailed straight back to the whirling pool pursuing the ill-fated Finn, and it seized them all and sucked them in. All shrieking and howling and rolling their eyes as the sailor shed his 'Id' disguise and they all sank down in a whirling mixture Apes, Finn, and Odysseus: The trickster and as Id considered this horrible scene It closed, and the bay rolled, smooth and green "Ancestor," he sighed, "Peaceful rest of sailors ever, Thou art best". But the great ape King was filled with fury he beat his great chest, black and furry from which there burst a mighty roar to see the foundering of his corps. His face was twisted up with hate. His heart beat at a frantic rate, but what really made his ape palms clammy was being stranded in Miami ("In essence," Conde Nast reports, "The Outer Boroughs in ugly shorts unless your idea of a treat is killing fish you'd never eat, or if you're one of those curious men

who sail in the Olympic Finn Compelled by ISAF's rules to race otherwise, Hell's a nicer place.") He sagged upon his furry bulk and sank into an ugly sulk his tiny brain became unhinged & he vowed that he would be avenged. He jet-tisoned all his extra cargo and blazed away on a close port reach way on out south toward Key Largo Till he couldn't even see the beach. He made a streaking, sweeping turn, his hairy paws were tough as leather and dug his edge in deep to earn his clawing, snarling way to weather and came thundering back. Now just a'lee Of Biscaynes great green sheltering ring

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well to weather of id djyse- -us, and Blackbeard's ghost, the Simian King And he carved a rooster-tailed arch and trimmed up hard on his fastest line and snarled "Ah, now we shall see what starch Infuses yon Finn sailors' spine. "His younger self has set me back his older self may well be wiser but if he holds his current tack I'll have his nuts for an appetizer". The Pirate, too, was closing in his board up slightly, to give him speed while Id reached as close as one might, in a Finn asserting his rights for the room he would need. Falling in increments into the shade advanced by the old buccaneer's expertise in most aptly exploiting the slightly back blade. His singular mission to stop Id Djyseus As just as Id was passing the pin. The mighty ape launched from a feathering crest and the old pirate's phantom drove down and hiked in and Id djyseus, with all of the strength in in his breast rocked up in a last wild bid for the win. The fair craft slipped down on the face and bore west, and she dove through the gap like a panicked chuckwalla and a bloody great puff drove her still faster yet.

From the great fireball that they heard in Ocala where the ape and the evil old buccaneer met and that night in the night club district dinghy sailors gathered round, libation intake failed to restrict, all crowned and drowned, on common ground. They danced and staggered, and laughed and fell from whiskey bar to whiskey bar to make this night, a fond farewell to yet one more MOCR. All conversations, without fail, at the agreed upon saloon were of the days historic sail beneath the great Miami moon. The Finnsters (naturally) met for dinner, steaks and malt liquor by the barrel. They rose to toast the weekend's winner and cried "Congratulations Darrel!" "To you and your co-medalists the mighty Clarke Ewenson you soared but learned from Daedalus and strayed not too close to the sun." The three were slumped behind their beers their eyes were blank, their faces ashen, each looked much older than his years, their hearts sucked dry of passion. "Another beer, another gin?" Sighed Clarke "My brothers, I am a wreck" Sighed Ewe "I'll never race again." "Remember this tonight." said Peck "Remember what we did this day to rise above our earthly stations. some shine, some fall. This is our way since God first spoke the constellations "We're portrayed on TV, I'm told as knights that seek the holy grail (By which I mean Olympic gold) But really we just like to sail. It's all been done for love and fun". But yet, mayhap some sailors son or grandson may recall our names. Mayhap some blessed bard escrit of our exploits on this day, in some future century; A quarter of a world away. That moment in the parking lot of the USSailing center, one lonely sailor stood in thought, In darkness, in the dead of winter. With practice born of repetition, he put his wounded craft away. He ignored his own condition. His facial skin was slack and grey lost inside his mind, remote as he worked beside the dumpsters laying to rest his noble boat surrounded by heartbroken youngsters. The vanquished hero of the west, a sad end to a glorious song "Id," one inquired, "you did your best, how could things have gone so wrong? "How could our anointed champion have come so close to fall so far... This sort of thing may spirits dampen around the St.FYC's bar. Id Djysseus spoke but kept on working. A sailors work is never done and many's the life lesson lurking on Biscayne Bay in winter sun. "For what was done was done for good and what occurred, occurred let not your footsteps follow missteps." The lad marked every word "If I have led you to the beach, you still must choose the course you sail. When to run and when to reach, when to cover, when to bail. "Many campaigns shall you see and many glorious efforts fail. By each failure, stronger be if with care you attend my tale. "The greatest ships that men have built proud monuments of brass and teak, all sleep in unmarked graves of silt Laid low by the smallest leak." Id Djysseus' eyes turned from his task He looked into the young man's eyes, "Build your church upon my ruin, hear my tale and analyze... "The weather mark alone I rounded In the lee of Biscayne, verdant, bore off , so loudly my heart pounded. These legends of the age, a'borning on history's heights they've made their mark Like signal fires they shine anew great, proud hearts to a man and true. My peerless comrades, Boyd and Ewe and Kern and Sprague and Peck and Clarke till, in my mind's eye I see them. Rampant on a field of azure, white crests en stampede beneath them, Visages transfixed with pleasure, across the broad green sound advancing, bluff bows through the bright spray, lancing, bottlenose en convoy jumping, and those mainsheets pumping... pumping... Not a mortal man among them & fortune's gimlet gaze upon them... ~Finn~

# Replacing the Halyard in a Wilke Mast

By Bryan Boyd, edited by Abby C. Dedick

I wrote this to help Mike Arrigo out, but thought it might be a useful thing to archive for anyone else wondering. I know I was lost until I got Darrell to walk me through this the first time. So here is my version of replacing a Wilke halyard lock.

The installation is fairly simple unless the old lock is corroded in the mast. If that is the case, there are a few tricks to go about. First, drink a beer while removing the halyard sheave and all the clevis pins holding the lock in place. Next, soak the lock with some penetrating oil through the clevis pin holes in the mast and pour a little down the masthead as well for good measure. Let it sit for 15 minutes and drink beer #2 and #3. Take a very small screwdriver or anything of the sort and try to move the lock around in the mast. If it is loose, go ahead and drink beer #4 because you're home free. Pull the halyard so that around four feet is protruding from the masthead and tie a large stopper knot about three feet from the shackle. Have a helper (I hope you brought enough beer to share) stand at the mast butt and pull the halyard gently to them until you feel the stopper knot catch on the upper orifice of the lock. Use the knotted halyard to pull the lock down out of the mast tip and it should fall freely after it moves a foot or so. If

you do not have success with this method, try bending a crappy screwdriver to fit down in the mast tip and beat on the thing for a while. Whether or not you continue with the drinking at this stage is a matter of personal preference. I have seen, as a measure of last resort, the technique of drilling a hole in the top of the mast directly in line with the vertical run of the halyard and a screwdriver or awl inserted to tap directly downward on the corroded lock.

You will use your halyard to chase the new lock into the mast, but first check the ball swage for corrosion or signs of the strands breaking. If all is well, simply pull the halyard all the way "up" and tape the halyard lock to the halyard such that once it is seated and pinned in place you can continue pulling the halyard through and the tape will come off the lock relatively easily. Essentially you want to put more tape on the halyard than the lock. Make sure the lock goes in right way up. The curved end goes up, and the flat side faces aft.

Remember, replace those OEM locks with an anodized one (or titanium from Dinghy Racing) before they get corroded and stuck to the carbon!

## OK Dinghy Class Letter to World Sailing

29 April 2019

President World Sailing CEO World Sailing

Dear Kim and Andy

I am writing in my capacity as President OKDIA, the International OK Dinghy Class Association, to express our dissatisfaction at the process and decisions taken by World Sailing last year to remove the Finn from the 2024 Olympics.

The International OK Dinghy Class celebrated its 60th anniversary year in 2017 and continues to grow in popularity around the world. Traditionally the class had been used as an intermediate step for singlehanded sailors prior to campaigning a Finn towards Olympic selection. More recently the class has seen former Finn sailors, and sailors from many other classes, choose the OK Dinghy as their racing dinghy of choice due to the one design nature of the class, the sophistication and availability of equipment, the world standard of racing including annually held World, European and regional championships and of course the social character of the class. The 2019 International OK Dinghy World Championship was held in February in Auckland, New Zealand with over 100 boats competing. The event was narrowly won by former Olympian and Finn sailor Dan Slater, from Olympic Gold Medalist and former Finn sailor Freddy Loof, with 17 year old World Youth Champion Josh Armit finishing third. While we are rightly proud of the OK Dinghy, equally we feel that the increasing popularity of the class benefits world sailing generally as an avenue for promoting our wonderful sport across many countries.

The Annual General Meeting of OKDIA was held in Auckland in conjunction with the World Championship in February 2019. At that meeting, the Australian Representative informed the meeting that the AUS association had written to Australian Sailing expressing disappointment regarding the decision of World Sailing to drop the event intended for the Finn class from the Olympics in 2024 in favour of a 2 person mixed keelboat. There was general consent within the room for OKDIA to express its dissatisfaction and unhappiness at the general direction of World Sailing, in particular the recent Olympic class decisions, which have and will affect many within the class and the options and pathways for singlehanded dinghy sailing in general. The meeting agreed that OKDIA should write to World Sailing and represent the views of the OKDIA member countries that reflect these views. I have personally sailed the OK Dinghy for almost 40 years since I was 16 years of age and am still enjoying sailing with and competing against both new and old friends from many countries. I have also recently joined the Finn Masters and have similarly enjoyed the level of competition mixed with great friendship. Like most sailors I have also had my fair share of offshore keelboat sailing as part of my lifelong involvement in the sport. With this experience I can personally echo the sentiments and concern of OK Dinghy sailors at the strategic direction of World Sailing, or it seems lack of it, and dismay at the decisions being taken. In my view this demonstrates a lack of leadership, both in honouring the past and building a shared vision for the future.

On behalf of the OK Dinghy Class I implore you and all at World Sailing to act in the best interests of the future of sailing and the people you represent.

Yours sincerely

Mark Jackson President OKDIA

