



photo by Jim Davis



# Private Ear

NEWSLETTER OF PRIVATEER YACHT CLUB  
 Lake Chickamauga  
 Pete Snyder, Editor  
 Chattanooga, TN  
 September 2018  
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## VIEW FROM THE HELM – September 2018

### The Best Is Yet To Come

While we have had a lot of great socials, races, regattas and more, so far this season ... some of the best is yet to come. So hold off on winterizing your boats for another month and plan on participating in these upcoming events.

The Month of **October**: The Saturday PHRF Races and the Sunday Dinghy Races stay in full swing in October. Use these last few races to get your fix for the season. Make notes after your races so you can have a checklist of things you may need to work on before next spring.

October 20, 2018: **PSEF** (Privateer Sailing Education Foundation) will be hosting an **Opti Regatta**. Come on out and see these young sailors strut their stuff on Lake Chickamauga. **Coach Spencer Wiberley** and his young PYC athletes have been working hard going to out of town regattas and Saturday team practices. So come sit on the “Million Dollar Porch” and watch as your very own club team proves why they are favored to win.

October 27, 2018: Keith Harper is planning the **Halloween Regatta**. He promises it will be a worthwhile race, or series of races. Following the regatta will be a Spooky Social of course. I’m betting there will be quite a few costumed sailors competing not only on the race course, but also on the dance floor.

November, December and January: The **Frostbite** Racing Series returns. Paul Healy has the dates set for this series of races. If you haven’t

given this a try before make this season be the one you find out what it is really all about. Not only do racers get to challenge themselves by sailing in maybe not the most comfortable of conditions, but they also get to treat themselves to different themed pot lucks afterwards.

So as Frank Sinatra crooned, “The Best Is Yet To Come and Won’t That Be Fine?”.

*Get out and sail!*  
*Guy, Commodore 2018*



# COMING EVENTS

Check the PYC website [CALENDAR](#) for more info.

## OCTOBER

6-October-18	Power Squadron Advanced Piloting Class	9 am Saturday
6-October-18	PHRF Racing	1 pm Saturday
7-October-18	Dinghy Racing	2:30 pm Sunday
8-October-18	PYC Board Meeting	6 pm Monday
13-October-18	Power Squadron Advanced Piloting Class	9 am Saturday
13-October-18	PHRF Racing	1 pm Saturday
14-October-18	Dinghy Racing	2:30 pm Sunday
20-October-18	Opti Regatta	TBD Saturday
20-October-18	PHRF Racing	1 pm Saturday
21-October-18	Dinghy Racing	2:30 pm Sunday
27-October-18	Halloween Regatta	TBD Saturday
28-October-18	Dinghy Racing	2:30 pm Sunday

## NOVEMBER

3-November-18	PHRF Racing	1 pm Saturday
5-November-18	Power Squadron Weather Class	5:30 pm Monday
10-November-18	John's Pig Regatta	Saturday
12-November-18	Power Squadron Weather Class	5:30 pm Monday
12-November-18	PYC Board Meeting	6 pm Monday
13-November-18	Power Squadron Meeting	5:30 pm Tuesday
19-November-18	Power Squadron Weather Class	5:30 pm Monday
22-November-18	THANKSGIVING	Thursday
26-November-18	Power Squadron Weather Class	5:30 pm Monday

## A TRIP OF A LIFETIME - FLORIDA TO NOVA SCOTIA

by Sandra Vanden Branden

**Our trip** began in Port Canaveral, Florida on *Flamingo*, a 45 ft, 2014 Oceanis by Beneteau. The goal was to deliver *Flamingo* to her new owner, Rob Emory in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada. **Jack Everett**, fellow Privateer Member, and I flew to Orlando and received a warm welcome from our captain, **Mark Woods**. Mark is a licensed captain, and an Irish native, with an array of certifications, raised in Ireland and Wisconsin. I immediately recognized him as one of those people, you just “can’t not like!” Mark and Jack had previously sailed together in San Francisco Bay and the Pacific. Jack also remotely weather routed Mark’s delivery of a Santa Cruz 50 from Hawaii to San Francisco; A boat which Jack then raced back to Hawaii. So, Jack with his navigational and sailing skills had been asked by Mark to help him make the delivery. After providing a resume to Mark, I was allowed to come as an extra set of hands. As it is with sailing vessels, flight arrangements and travel, the trip began with a few issues: my lost luggage and nonfunctioning air conditioning on *Flamingo*.

After a few phone calls, a trip to Wal-Mart to provision the boat, and some expert work by Jack with advice from Mark to fix *Flamingo’s* air conditioning, we were ready to depart on July 29th, 2018 at 9:30 am. The Florida temperatures were warm, in the 80’s, the wind from the SSE at 9 knots. The sun shimmered over the deep blue hues of the Atlantic Ocean and created a sparkle of diamonds on the water. The light air

required we “kick the donkey” (an Irish term for starting the diesel) and power sail for the beginning of our excursion.

As the day progressed, we worked our way to the Gulf Stream where the wind velocity increased and we were able to travel by sail power alone. By fishing off the stern, Mark highlighted the afternoon by hooking a Barracuda. Fortunately, we were well provisioned and the fish was quickly returned to the ocean.

The evening approached and night watch duties were assigned. Mark and I would take the first shift from 8 pm to midnight, Jack the second, from midnight to 4 am, and then Mark would be on again at 4 am. I was treated like a queen and given the V-berth sleeping compartment to accommodate my “stuff” and have my own head.

Doing night watch with Mark offered me an opportunity to get to know him. He was moved from Ireland to Wisconsin at the age of 12. But, he returned to Ireland every summer where his family lived on a small island. A love for the sea was instilled by his father. And, sailing was a genetic implant he inherited from his ancestors. At age 52, he had retired from the corporate world and had begun a second career in Boat Transport. He was a racer at heart, and currently called Sausalito, Cali-

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# RACE COMMITTEE ASSIGNMENTS

## Josh Landers — Race Committee Chairman

Date	Day	Start Time	PRO	Asst PRO	Assistant
<b>OCTOBER</b>					
10/06/18	Saturday	1:00pm	K & B Kindervater	Chett Tschetter	Nan Brooks
10/07/18	Sunday	2:30pm	Corey Blair	Stewart Cofield	Eric Brooks
10/13/18	Saturday	1:00pm	Josh Landers	Frank Hughes	Michael Campbell
10/14/18	Sunday	2:30pm	Monty Humphreys	Barry Klein	S VandenBranden
10/20/18	Saturday	1:00pm	Steve Sherman	Kevin Gersch	Chris Brockman
10/21/18	Sunday	2:30pm	Paul Healy	Mike Rasbury	Mary Bricker-Jenkins
10/27/18	Saturday	TBD	Halloween Regatta	Keith Harper	PRO - TBD
10/28/18	Sunday	2:30pm	David Bergevin	Bob Rupe	John Barnes
<b>NOVEMBER</b>					
11/03/18	Saturday	1:00pm	Corey Blair	Josh Sneideman	Bob Bissell
11/10/18	Saturday	<b>John's Pig Regatta</b>		Rob Fowler	PRO - TBD

**RC's be sure to fully identify boats & skippers when recording race results. List name of skipper, type of boat and sail number for each boat.**

**IN CASE YOU CANNOT DO YOUR RC DUTY, BE SURE TO GET A DEPENDABLE SUBSTITUTE.**

**NOTE: IF YOU DISCOVER A PROBLEM WITH ANY OF THE COMMITTEE OR CHASE BOATS, PLEASE NOTIFY TOM BUMGARDNER ASAP (423-838-1977)**

If you would like to crew on a race boat, or if you have need for crew, go to the PYC website **CREW NEEDED** page: <http://www.privateeryachtclub.org/racing/crew-needed>

## WOMEN'S FLYING SCOT NORTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

by Rob Fowler



photos by Jim Davis

**On September 14, 15 and 16,** PYC was host to a great group of women competitors for the Scot class's very first independent **Women's North American Championship**. Fourteen boats from seven states hit the water in search of **The Joan Burnside Memorial Trophy**, given annually to the winner of the women's race which is usually held a day before the North American's racing gets underway. The 2017 event in Sandusky, Ohio saw too much wind for the women to get a race off, so the organizers came up with a back-up plan, and held a make up race in Dallas, TX. After the regatta, several of the attendees got together and formed a committee to study the possibility of creating an independent NAC for the ladies. Women are the fastest growing segment of the sailing population here in the United States, and they make up a large percentage of Flying Scot teams across the country. The Class agreed and supported this idea, and bids were requested from Scot fleets across the country to host the event.

A little less than a year ago I received a phone call from **Bill Vogler**, Flying Scot Class president. Bill said that he thought

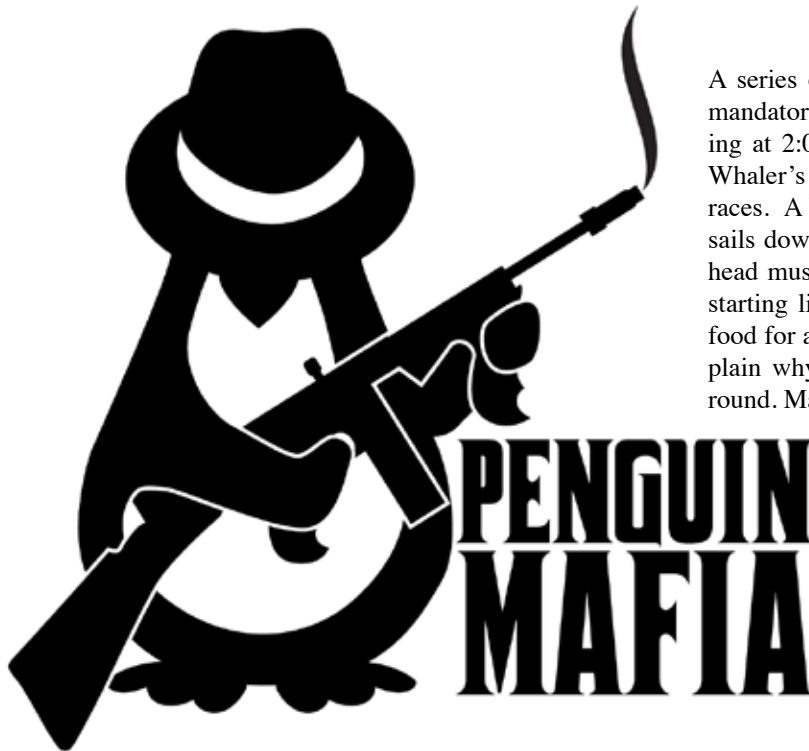
PYC would be an ideal site for the newly minted event, and would I be willing to promote this at PYC, and put in a bid for the regatta? I couldn't have been more excited to have an opportunity to show the Scot Class what Privateer Yacht Club can do. Some months later I made a presentation to the executive committee at the Mid-winter championship in Sarasota, FL., and officially pitched PYC as the site for the regatta. Two other locations were discussed, but PYC won the right to host! Now the hard work would begin.

It takes months of preparation to pull off a big event like a national championship regatta. Lining up race committee, judges, entertainment, charter boats, housing, awards and most importantly, food, take a lot of phone calls, emails and meetings. Fortunately, the membership at PYC is no stranger to pitching in and volunteering to work a regatta. As usual, our members were extremely supportive of the NAC, and everything came together by the first week in September. My only concern was, would there be wind? This summer has been hot and windless,

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# FROSTBITE 2018-2019

## THE PENGUIN RETURNS



A series of 7 Winter Races (Pursuit Format) followed by a mandatory dinner. All races will have the scratch boat starting at 2:00 p.m. In this year's series we will introduce the Whaler's Start for two races and Downwind starting for two races. A Whaler start is a start between two bouys at anchor, sails down/fully furled. In the downwind start the spinnaker head must remain below the gooseneck prior to crossing the starting line. All participants are required to bring a themed food for after the race and are further invited to the bar to explain why they lost. The winning captain may buy the first round. May is the key word.

The Original Gangsta (OG) Mac Daddy Penguin is back from Oakland, and once more we're running these races strictly for my enjoyment, I don't care what you think or want. It's all about the meal after the race and telling lies around the fireplace. Feel free to fire me and take over. My deepest respect to Josh, Corey, Katie, and Maggie for taking this to an entirely better level than what I started. Now leave, and let me crash this thing. Stay tuned for more details !!!

### Schedule:

December 02, 2018: Downwind start  
Dinner theme "Chili"

December 16, 2018: Whaler start  
Dinner theme "Afro-Caribbean"

January 01, 2019: Dinner theme "Soups"  
Polar Bear Plunge

January 20, 2019: Dinner theme "Canadian Food"

February 03, 2019: Dinner theme "Heart Attack Food"

February 17, 2019: Downwind Start  
Dinner theme "Grandma's Favorites"

March 03, 2019: Whaler Start  
Dinner theme "Penguin Pizza"

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### WOMEN'S NAC - continued from page 3



and I had a feeling that this trend would continue. As the week before the regatta passed, however, it became clear that **Hurricane Florence**, spinning away in the Atlantic Ocean south of Bermuda, would impact the weather in Chattanooga the following weekend. For some reason, fortune smiled on PYC, and the effect of the storm was a steady north-east breeze at 8-12 mph throughout the weekend. Not a drop of rain fell on the fleet until the last race on Sunday afternoon! The ladies were blessed with perfect sailing weather, and got in all five races.

After the regatta was over, and the last boat had pulled out of the parking lot, I had the opportunity to reflect on what had happened. I don't usually enjoy the regattas that I've volunteered to organize while they are underway. There is just not enough time to sit back and relax. But I think I enjoyed this

one afterwards as much as any regatta I've ever been involved with. It's great to work with friends toward a common goal. The teamwork, the shared challenge, the success (or failure) always strengthens the bond you have with fellow club members. You get to see what people are capable of when they are under pressure, and you learn who you can depend on. That's what makes running a regatta so satisfying, at least to me. Seeing the big smiles, hearing the laughter of the competitors during the awards ceremony was the cherry on top, and something I will remember for a long time.

Next year's Women's NAC will be held at **Massapoag Yacht Club in Sharon, Mass.**, and I hope they are as fortunate as we were this year. I hope more boats show up to compete, and that the regatta continues to grow over time into an event that celebrates the impact women have on our sport.

# WOMEN'S FLYING SCOT NORTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIPS



## DELIVERY - continued from page 2

fornia, home. His bright blue eyes and effervescent personality highlighted the entire trip.

Although we were tethered and wearing life jackets at night, the auto helm provided freedom. We sailed on a broad reach, the boat heeling to port at 30 degrees, while the winds lifted us northeast up the gulfstream. Our watch ended at midnight. The radar was clear, and *Flamingo* was sailing nicely through the open sea. The stars and moon shone above us and I looked forward to a good night's rest. Exhausted, I went below and was lulled to sleep quickly by the swells of the ocean and the sound of the water passing under the hull.

I woke suddenly to footsteps beating on the upper deck, and hard pellets of rain hammering the boat. I immediately rose to shut the hatches. As I reached an open hatch, the boat pitched on a hefty wave and dumped a pail of water on my head! Unsecured items flew! The galley was smattered with remnants of a broken coffee press, clothing, dishes, potatoes, onions, and anything and all things that had not been securely locked into place. This storm had come out of nowhere. I cursed myself for not securing items better.

I worked my way to the cockpit where lightning was sending electrical bolts, thunder was roaring, and Mark and Jack were working, diligently reefing the sails as 40 knots of wind were driving us forward in a heavy downpour. Jack and Mark proved to be first class sailors. *Flamingo* was under their control. Mark was at the helm, and Jack labored over the sheets, furlers and lines. They worked together, synchronized like two hands on a clock. Mark had wakened when a cold blast of air came into the cabin. He immediately went to the cockpit to help Jack reef the sails. But, this little storm had no mercy and no warning. It lasted only forty five minutes, but seemed like two hours. It was over at 3 am. I had the luxury of returning to sleep while Mark and Jack remained on deck watchful of any further storms.

As morning approached, coffee became a necessity. So, on a 30 degree heel, with a pan of hot water, a paper towel for a filter, and a few coffee grounds, a poor version of European coffee was provided for my heroes! Combined with a big breakfast of bacon, eggs and toast, we were ready to begin a new day. As we ate, food balanced in our laps, *Flamingo* sailed on. Several dolphins joined us. They playfully dove under the bow, traveled along our port side, and provided each of us with a feeling there would be a splendid day ahead.

While I was cleaning up the galley, I was excitedly summoned to come back to the cockpit and assist in the catch of the day! Mark was reeling in a beautiful yellow, blue and green four pound Mahi Mahi. What a striking fish, so colorful and lively, jumping in and out of the water as he was brought into the boat. He wasn't as fortunate as the barracuda; he was dinner! Now, completely worn out from the battle of the storm and the



long night watch, Mark and Jack went below for sleep. The auto helm kept us on course with the assist of AIS (Automated Information System) which Jack had been programming and monitoring on a regular basis. The motor was working with the assist of the sails for a course 30 degrees NE. At 1:30 pm, we were moving at 8-9 knots, on a 30 degree heel, in a water depth of 1900-2300 ft, and were 105 miles off the East coast of Jekyll Island. The temperature was in the mid 80's and the water temperature was 85. The breezes were consistent from the SSE at 15 knots. We continued on a broad reach.

After Jack and Mark came back on deck, we killed the donkey, and enjoyed the sounds of the winds, the sails and the seas. Our evening meal was delicious with a pasta salad and fresh Maui Maui. Afterward, while sitting on deck and relaxing, we noticed an Anvil cloud forming to our east. Based on the prior nights' experience, Mark decided to adjust our course out of the Gulfstream to avoid potentially bad weather and head east to deeper water.

Leaving the benefits of the gulfstream, we power-sailed through the night with winds driving us at 8 knots, under a plethora of stars and a nearly full but waning moon. Jack began the first night shift from 8 pm to 12 am, Mark would have the 12 am and I would relieve him at 4 am.

At 4:10 am I was wickedly tossed head first into the port side of the V-Berth. Crawling out of the V-berth, I went straight to the cockpit knowing I was ten minutes late for my shift. Mark was at the wheel, helming the boat through 6 foot waves coming at us from the North, the South, the East and the West! Expertly, he controlled the boat from one wave into the next. *Flamingo* was the agitator in the center of an oceanic wash machine. Jack was retrieved to help on deck and gradually, with newly adjusted sails and several jibes, we worked our way through these swirling seas to calmer waters. Maintaining a speed of seven to eight knots, we set course again for Nantucket.

Our excitement wasn't quite over. Suddenly, the fishing reel

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**DELIVERY** - continued from page 6

went spinning out, a large fish jumped at the end of the line, and once again, Mark had a Mahi Mahi on his line. This one wasn't quite as easy to reel in. With Jack at the helm, Mark on the reel and me as the "gopher," we were all actively moving about to bring this trophy fish aboard. Approximately four feet in length, brightly colored in turquoise, blue, yellow, and green, and weighing at least 10 pounds, she was hauled aboard. Did you know that a Mahi Mahi mates for life and travels with its individual mate? Learning this from Mark, I was glad to see her go back to the sea.

After breakfast, Mark retreated to the V-berth for sleep, while Jack and I remained on deck enjoying a beautiful day with clear blue skies, a deep blue ocean, and winds at 18 to 19 knots. Auto-helm allowed us the luxury of relaxation and an opportunity for Jack to teach me some navigational skills with AIS and the electronics. It was a sunny, quiet, calm afternoon as *Flamingo* stretched her sails, and we traveled in a broad reach toward Nantucket. Jack is truly an expert in his navigational skills and a great teacher to boot!

Late in the afternoon, Mark arose from slumber with a terrible toothache. In order to continue, it became evident that Mark would need immediate dental care. We changed our heading to a course for a harbor in Moorhead City, North Carolina. Mark felt certain we could temporarily dock and find a dentist to resolve his problem.

With our newly adjusted course, dinner was prepared and served. We watched the sunset, and I was allowed the luxury of sleep while Jack and Mark kept watch. Around nine in the morning we arrived at Moorhead City, NC where the harbor master was friendly, and immediately assisted Captain Mark in locating a dentist. Jack and I stayed back to take long showers, shop for a few items and do laundry. We cleaned up the boat, and I prepared food in advance for the next leg of the journey. I had learned my lessons about cutting vegetables and food preparation on a boat that was forever heeling at 30 degrees and rising and falling through the seas! I would have as much as possible cut, cleaned, cooked, prepared and secured before we left the dock!

By 3:30 pm, the tooth is extracted, Mark is on pain meds, and we are leaving the harbor. It is low tide. The winds and seas are directly on our nose as we follow the narrow channel out to the open sea. We forced our way out under the power of the engine. And the waves swelled and forced their way over the bow and into the cockpit, drenching us with salt water.

After a long ride through the channel we worked our way back into the gulfstream. The winds and seas had calmed to seventeen knots and three to four feet, respectively. At last, it was time to "kill the donkey" and unfurl our sails. As we attempted to unravel the mainsail from the mast, we discovered it was jammed. Mark and Jack worked the boom at different angles to free it without success. Mark went forward to the mast, jury rigged lines, and eventually was able to bring the mainsail out the boom into position. It was determined that the block guiding the mainsail out the boom was not functioning prop-

erly, so Mark climbed onto the Bimini and replaced the block while *Flamingo* sailed northward. Jack and Mark practiced every safety precaution and exchanged such a high level of knowledge regarding the workings of the boat that I never felt any type of fear or discomfort. I was fortunate to be with them to learn from their knowledge and experience which they willingly shared.

After the block was replaced, with winds at 17- 19 knots, *Flamingo* found her "sweet spot." She soared on a broad reach excelling at 12 to 13 knots. She drove through the four foot swells of the ocean making it her domain. Under the direction of auto-helm we began to enjoy a pleasant ride.

Mark took the first watch from eight to midnight. I sat with him until about 11 pm enjoying the sounds of the sails, the surf of the boat, and the ominous night sky. We continued at a speed of 12 - 13 knots. Under a three-quarter waning moon, one could see the stellar, celestial sphere of the constellations: the big dipper, the little dipper, Orion's belt, Southern Cross, The Milky Way, shooting stars and so much more. The night filled my senses and touched every fiber of my mind and body. Then, going below, I slept soundly with the rising and falling of the seas, the sounds of the winds in the sails, and *Flamingo* sailing contentedly towards the Nantucket Harbor.

I woke to Jack and Mark in the Cockpit sharing stories of their races in San Francisco and the race around the Island of Ireland. The seat cushions were wet, and I was informed I had soundly slept through a short squall during the night. How the ocean weather can change on a moment's notice! It was a perfect morning. The sun was shining, the winds were at 17- 18 knots and lifting us northeast at 7-8 knots of SOG (speed over ground). The morning and afternoon were a series of naps, small talk and relaxation. We shared stories and learned about each other's lives, loves, interests, children, and families. Jack and Mark worked with me on knots and navigation. A broad reach continued to take us toward our next destination, Nantucket Sound. We anticipated our arrival time as early evening August 4th, 2018.

As the dinner hour approached, I went to the galley to prepare the food. Soft foods were planned to accommodate Mark's recent tooth extraction: pork loin, apple sauce, mashed potatoes and coleslaw. While we continue to heel at 30 degrees, Mark's homemade applesauce rocked and rolled on the gimbaled stove. And, I discovered no fresh water will come out of the tap. We double checked all the switches. Everything appeared in order. We looked at the gauge for the fresh water. Empty! Jack and Mark completely dismantled the V-berth to double check the fresh water tank. Once again, the contents of the V-berth were construed into complete disarray throughout the boat! Suddenly, in this chaos, the reel of the fish line went screeching out! That one got away. Yes, our fresh water supply was completely depleted. We had filled the tank in Moorhead City, NC. What happened? We could only surmise the tap in one of the heads must have popped open when we were coming out of the channel in the high seas and howling winds.

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We would be in Nantucket in three days. We had ice, a few bottles of drinking water, and a variety of carbonated water and beverages. The dishes could be washed in salt water and we would just be three foul smelling people for a few days! Fortunately, the daytime temperatures had dropped to the mid 80's and the nights were cooling to a more comfortable 60's and 70's Fahrenheit. There was no rain in the forecast, but that didn't mean we wouldn't see a storm! Everyone just kept a grand attitude, and we continued on a broad reach up the gulfstream. We enjoyed a delicious dinner of pork loin, fresh applesauce, mashed potatoes and chocolate chip cookies with a wonderful sunset.

Nightfall approached and we began leaving the benefits of the gulfstream and venturing eastward into deeper waters. My watch would be from 12 am to 4 am. The nautical night is mesmerizing with its magnificence. The winds fell off to seven knots, and motoring was required. We were 236 miles from the Nantucket channel and 140 miles off the coast of Chesapeake Bay. There were no boats or storms visible on radar or AIS. I am enamored with the scent of the sea, the sensation of the winds, and the sway of the ocean.

The sun rose a bright red. Mark cooked a full pound of bacon. Jack was still on deck. These guys really were amazing. They taught me about EPIRB. We discuss and review placing the boat into a "Heave-To" in the event of man overboard or an imminent storm. Again, we do a full review the man overboard procedure. Mark talked about using flares and other safety devices on the boat. We checked them out and had them readily available. Both Jack and Mark shared their many racing stories in the Pacific and talked about people they had known, still knew, and some who had died in those race events. It was easy to understand why they were very safety conscious.

By 2 pm that afternoon, we were 165 miles from the channel entrance of Nantucket Harbor. Our boat speed was 7.3 knots and a broad reach carried us northeast with winds at 12 knots. The sun was shining. We had lost the benefit of the gulfstream but continued along our course. Mark made everyone a delicious Chicken Curry for dinner. I made more chocolate chip cookies. Again, I had the 12 am to 4 am shift with Jack. My body had by then taught me to sleep when time was available. The days had begun to roll together from one to the next with

out a true sense of day or night, weekday or weekend. Dates and times had to be thought about to be determined.

Jack and I rose at 12 am and began our watch. Mark went below. At 2 am the motor died and with very light wind, we were challenged to keep the boat moving at a reasonable speed. We determined it was time to switch the gas tanks. It turned out it wasn't a simple process. The switch was not conveniently located and it took about 30 minutes to make the adjustment. But, soon all was well. The beauty of it was the complete silence under the starlit sky while we had no motor and no sails. Drifting along had its own advantage. To our west we

could now see the loom of New York City. We were still over 100 miles off the east coast.

My shift with Jack ended at 4 am and I rose at 6:45 am. Mark and Jack were reviewing charts, radar and AIS. The winds were about 11 knots and the seas were 2-3 feet. Looking over the port side of the boat I noticed two large dolphins coming toward the boat. Playing, diving, flirting, they joined us. Soon, they had sent their sonar signals to their companions and we were joined by another five of their pod. Sleek and graceful, they seemed to offer their blessings and good wishes for our journey.

Nantucket was taking a bit longer than we expected. Mark was quite anxious to arrive. He had another delivery from St Thomas to Annapolis scheduled for August 13th. We pushed forward under power with light air at 7 knots. Mark fished, Jack rested, I knitted. A bit bored, I made another small batch of chocolate chip cookies. This always seems to liven up the group. At 3:30 our course heading was 000 North. The distance to our destination (the channel entrance) was 33.8 nautical miles, and the outside temperature had dropped to 68 degrees. It was Saturday, August 4th, 2018. Under power and sail, we had averaged 7-8 knots and 100 nautical miles a day. Some course adjustments had been made to shorten our journey. Our hopes of an early afternoon arrival were extended to an arrival time of 8:30 pm. At 5:30 pm I began preparing an early dinner of scalloped potatoes and ham with a spinach and Romaine salad. By 6:15 pm a dense fog descended upon us, and we became completely dependent on AIS and Radar to guide our way to the channel markers. The sails were reefed. Rain suddenly fell in torrents; the temperature plummeted, the winds increased to gusts of 30. Darkness had completely descended upon us with the setting of the sun. Visibility was nil. The motor sputtered and died.

Having maintained some sail power, we continued into the channel under the guidance of our electronics. No boats were visible on AIS or Radar. Mark and Jack sought out the reason for the interruption of the motor. We held a quarter of tank of fuel. Yet, it couldn't seem to feed the engine. They worked industriously to determine the cause and restart the engine. The

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# WINGIN' IT WITH TRISH & ALAN WINGER



It is September 13, 2018. We are on-board *Magic Moments* at a dock in New London, CT. **Hurricane Florence** has lined up to hit North Carolina. We arrived here 3 days ago. Earlier last week, we were afraid Florence would impact us more directly so we skedaddled from Scituate, MA through the Cape Cod Canal and Buzzard's Bay to this Hurricane Hole in New London. The weatherman had promised wind and seas within our safety & comfort margin—but he lied. I have a voodoo doll of him with no room for more pins. None of the pins are placed in a lethal way—I don't want to kill him—I just want him to feel our pain! The seas were much rougher and the wind higher than predicted. We are made of strong stuff so we weathered through it all, but we are a lot older now and we are feeling the effort!

At one point, Alan, caught a "rogue" wave out the corner of his eye and called out "**HANG ON!**" as the boat rocked and water flooded over the stern and into the cockpit, soaking him to his knees. **THIS** is **VERY** abnormal for our boat! The only explanation was we had just been passed by a submarine.

Imagine the amount of water a sub pushes as it moves around just under the water. A similar "rogue wave" hit us around the same area about 15 years ago and we actually saw the submarine. These are sub training grounds, with a submarine military base nearby, so it is well within the possible!

Sadly, we have decided to sell *Magic Moments*. It is a very difficult decision, but the last week has confirmed it is the right one. *Magic Moments* is a great, blue water cruiser. We bought her 26 years ago, when

we were relatively young. We have maintained her in pristine condition and installed many upgrades. Upgrades we have not installed are those that would make her more kindly to sailors our age. We did not expect to get older! Now, installing those upgrades would be a questionable investment given the health issues confronting us both. The decision is even more difficult because it is making us face our own mortality. There is much we still want to do! We have already signed on for a cruise to Cuba at the end of October, and a trip to the Baja Peninsula the first part of December. The adventure WILL continue! *Magic Moments* will go on, too, perhaps making the trip of which we dreamt around the world!

After 3 days of waiting, watching, and planning, we decided today to make the 2 short day sail up the Connecticut River to Portland, CT and leave *Magic* on the hard there for the winter, then return and sail her to Annapolis, MD in May.

We will list her at the Marina and with the broker with whom she was listed when we found her 26 years ago.

Click (or copy and paste) the link below to see where I am located. [http://fms.ws/\\_8het/41.34841N/72.09805W](http://fms.ws/_8het/41.34841N/72.09805W)

If the above link does not work, try copy & paste this link:

<http://maps.google.com/maps?f=q&hl=en&geocode=&q=41.34841,-72.09805&ll=41.34841,-72.09805&ie=UTF8&z=12&om=1>

To see photos of *Magic Moments* interior and exterior, our home for the last 26 years, copy and paste: [https://www.dropbox.com/sh/8ywkg0wa1hayfh/AAArUK8pN\\_gRoQdv8UY-9ZAia?dl=0](https://www.dropbox.com/sh/8ywkg0wa1hayfh/AAArUK8pN_gRoQdv8UY-9ZAia?dl=0)



**DELIVERY** - continued from page 8

winds continued at a gale force and the fog refused to lift.

Because of his safety consciousness, Mark contacted the Coast Guard with a "Pan-Pan" (the international standard urgency signal that someone aboard a boat, ship, aircraft, or other vehicle uses to declare that they have a situation that is urgent but, for the time being at least, does not pose an immediate danger to anyone's life or to the vessel itself). With the coast guard making contact every fifteen minutes, we persisted under reefed sail towards the harbor. The rain continued to hammer us. We had slowed the boat to three knots and the motor continued to refuse to function. We informed the Coast Guard we would anchor outside the Nantucket harbor and attempt to start the motor and enter port in the morning.

We determined a good position to anchor, clear of other stationary vessels, with a water depth and location suitable for a safe evening on the outskirts of the Harbor. As we had no auxiliary power, Mark put the boat into a Heave-To, and reduced the vessel to zero speed. The electrical current to the windlass was incapacitated and Mark and Jack went forward to manually drop the chained anchor line to the bottom of the ocean. It took thirty minutes to get the anchor established. Then, the sea calmed, the fog lifted, and the winds dissipated. Exhausted, our position was documented to ensure the anchor held, and we went to our respective berths dead tired!

Morning brought sunshine, pleasant breezes and a discussion of options regarding the best options for entering the harbor. After breakfast and some deliberation, Jack read the manuals and Mark dismantled the mechanisms to the fuel tank and its' feed line. They discovered a piece of hose was missing which allowed the last portion of the fuel to be suctioned to the engine. Using the hose from the swim platform, Mark created the required piece and soon the diesel was sputtering and ready to assist us into the harbor. Unfortunately, the anchor windlass was a more difficult fix. With 250 feet of anchor chain extended, and only human arms to raise this heavy monster, no one was looking forward to bringing it back into the boat. We all enjoyed a swim off the back deck prior to beginning this ordeal.

Jack took the first shift. Exhausted in less than 10 minutes from the heavy weight, he turned it over to Mark. He struggled with the lifting for five minutes and came up with a better idea. Once again, jury rigging, he created several knots and attached them to the anchor chain. This would bring the chain to the electric winches in segments allowing us to raise the anchor using the push button winch. Ingenious! In segments of three knot tying events the anchor was back in its cradle on the bow of the boat. At 9:30 am we were in Nantucket harbor acquiring fuel and water for the next segment of our journey. We enjoyed an afternoon, an evening, and a day in Nantucket before heading out at 6 pm August 5th to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada. A very light Fog followed us out of the long channel. Unexpectedly, it would lift, then reappear. The night passed in a soft mist, requiring warm clothing and full rain

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## PYC BOARD MEETING MINUTES — September 10, 2018

**Board Members Present:** Adam Ankers Tom Bumgardner  
Guy Campbell Rob Fowler  
Keith Harper Gary Harwell  
Bob Ives Josh Landers  
Tom Prevost Bill Robertson

**Visitors Present:** Carl Dyer Jack Everett  
Paul Healy Pete Snyder

The meeting was called to order by **Commodore Guy Campbell** at 5:59 pm.

**Secretary's Report (Tom Prevost):** The August 13, 2018, PYC Board minutes were approved unanimously, and appreciation was expressed to **Pete Snyder** for having written them in Prevost's absence.

**Commodore's Report (Guy Campbell):** After announcing that the next **PYC Annual Meeting** will be January 19, 2019, at the **Chattanooga Golf and Country Club**, he thanked **Carl Dyer** for arranging it. A nominating committee will soon be named for PYC Board positions to be open in 2019.

**Treasurer's Report (Gary Harwell):** The report reviewed new member initiation fee progress, accounts receivable, monthly profit & loss vs. actual, balance sheet, and a cash flow projection for September 10-December 31, 2018.

**Vice Commodore's Report (Josh Landers, Racing):** The **Dog Regatta** was a huge success. We had 12 dinghies and 15 keelboats take part in the annual single hand regatta. The RC led by **Brainard Cooper** did a marvelous job cracking off 3 three races. The brisket cooked by **Eric Brooks** and crew was fantastic. Congrats to dinghy winners **Adam Ankers - 1st, Scott Cline - 2nd, Tom Clark - 3rd** and to keelboat winners **Josh Landers - 1st, David Bergevin - 2nd, Ed Buiel - 3rd.**

The last Wednesday night race is September 12th. Congratulations to **Tim Chambers** for winning the August 5 alive challenge. Three skippers raced all five races (**Tina Campbell, Bobby Thompson, and Tim Chambers**), and Tim won the reverse draw during the hot dog cookout.

**The Flying Scot Women's North American Championship** (FS NAC) will be hosted by PYC, September 14-16. Members were urged to contact **Rob Fowler** or **Linda Lind** if they

MINUTES - continued on page 11

 <p><b>CRSA</b> CORAL REEF SAILING APPAREL 888-224-6641 or www.coralreefsailing.net</p>	<p><b>PRIVATEER YACHT CLUB SHIP'S STORE</b> available through Coral Reef Sailing Go to this website: <a href="http://www.coralreefsailing.com/index.php/privateer-yacht-club.html?__store=pryc">http://www.coralreefsailing.com/index.php/privateer-yacht-club.html?__store=pryc</a> Check back later for member discounts during promotional sales on all types of apparel and gear, even outside the range of customized pieces.</p>
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can help out in anyway. **TVCC** will be at **Concord Yacht Club** on September 29-30. This anticipated event has promise for PYC bringing home the trophy, but non-spinnaker boats are still needed for participation.

**Rear Commodore's Report (Keith Harper, Membership):**

After discussion, the Board supported rescinding the membership of Pete Gregory and discussed the removal of Hershel Pollard's boat. **Jack Everett** was voted in as a Family Member. This brings official counts to: Associates: 17, Family Members: 150, Out-Of-Town: 19, Junior: 21, and Honorary: 5.

**Past Commodore's Report (Bill Robertson):** Beginning in 2018, regattas involving non-members will be administered through the **Privateer Sailing Education Foundation (PSEF)**; this will mitigate insurance costs. Josh Landers will develop a template for hosting the regattas, including waivers of liability from participants.

**Building & Grounds Director's Report (Adam Ankers):**

There is heightened need for security in light of the recent theft of a boat motor from a boat in the J Lot. Members need to be watchful, and the gate needs to be left open only during events involving out-of-towners. There was some further discussion about clean up and safety for the upcoming FS NAC (see Vice Commodore's report above). There was a reminder for those using water hoses to be sure to turn them all the way off, especially when using spray nozzles. Rob Fowler recommended the purchase of new, more commercial grade, ovens in order to accommodate the increased crowds for meals; Board opinion was favorable, but action was delayed for further research into specific options,

**Social Director's Report (Rob Fowler):** The September social will be the September 14 welcome party for the FS NAC (see Vice Commodore's report above), led by **Linda Lind**. The October social will be part of the **Halloween Regatta**, and November will feature the annual **Pig Regatta**.

**Dockmaster's Report (Bob Ives):** D dock refurbishing by Chattanooga Dock Builders is almost complete (decking and fingers done, with ramp and some details lacking). Future work on B Dock was discussed, as well, including anticipated action in 2019. There is a waiting list for wet slips that led to a review of options for moving inactive boats.

**Club Boat Director's Report (Tom Bumgardner):** Biminis are being replaced on the skiff and the 16-foot RIB. All boats are running. Upon request, Bumgardner explained the circumstances of his recent accident in being thrown from the skiff; he emphasized the importance of keeping the kill switch lanyard attached to the driver and wearing a PFD.

**Old Business:** **Pete Snyder** reported having made little progress in finding a replacement for himself as editor. Ideas were shared about qualifications.

**New Business:** **Paul Healy** introduced the dates for the upcoming **Frostbite** season, a series of 7 Winter Races (Pursuit Format) followed by a 'mandatory dinner.' Themes for the meals and special instructions for starts will be forthcoming.

The scheduled dates are December 2, December 16, January 1, January 20, February 3, February 17, and March 3.

Unanimously approved, adjournment was at 7:06 pm.

**Respectfully submitted, Tom Prevost**

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**DELIVERY** - continued from page 10  
gear.

For the next three days, the fog rolled in and the fog rolled out. Temperatures ranged in the 60's and 70's. Unexpectedly, the sun would shine, and then disappear. We scanned the waters in hopes of spotting whales, sharks or any oceanic wildlife. We reviewed charts, shared stories and good conversation. The winds played with us, ranging from 11 to 17 knots. We ate the remains of our food. When the fog lifted in the night, an array of stars, a waning moon, and shooting meteorites provided spectacular views and first-class entertainment.

Bets were taken as to time of arrival at the dock in the Yarmouth harbor. Jack, expert navigator, and forever optimistic, placed his money on an arrival before 11:30 am. Mark chose a time of 12:30 pm and I chose 1:20 pm. Jack won! In a dead fog we arrived in Yarmouth, blowing the fog horn every two minutes and flying the international yellow flag just before 11 am on August 8th, 2018.

Special thanks to **Jack Everett** who helped to get me on this trip. I will forever owe you, Jack.

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**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

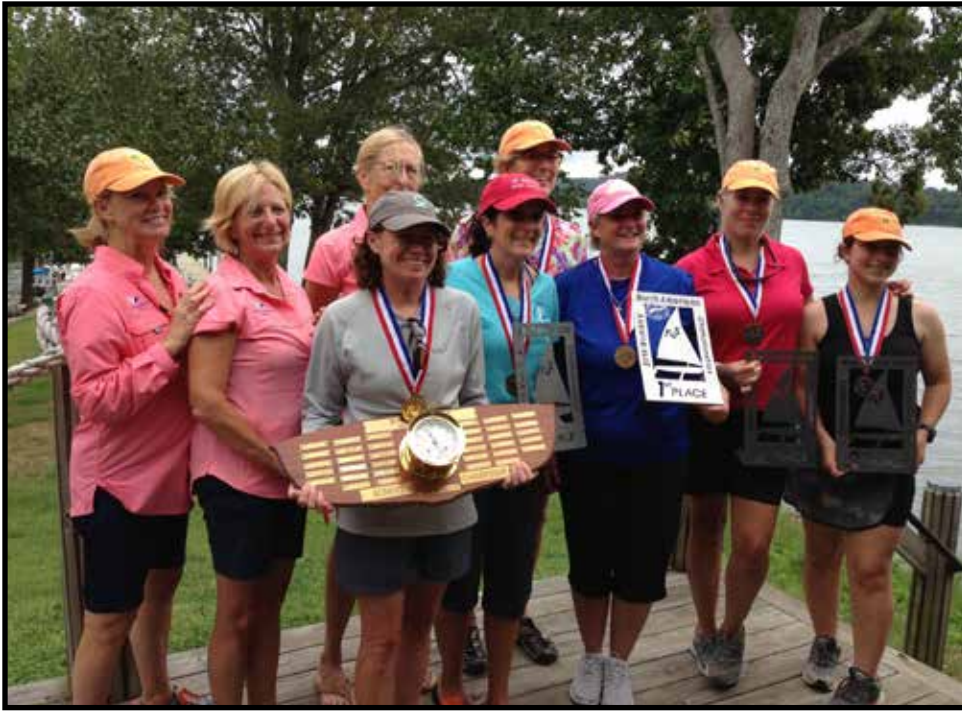
If PYC is going to have a newsletter beyond December, there needs to be a volunteer, or more than one, step up and express interest. I know there's a lot of talent out there. So, come ahead, Matey's! ***Aaarrrgh!!!***

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**CONTACT YOUR BOARD MEMBERS**

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## Privateer Yacht Club

was organized on July 25, 1940, in order to promote sailing in the Chickamauga Lake area and particularly in Chattanooga; to teach its members to talk the language of the sea and build up a marine tradition for “The Great Lakes of The South”; to help promote water safety and a code of ethics for the waterways; to form a social and activity nucleus for people in the area interested in sailing; and to develop an active relationship with other sailing and boating organizations to promote racing and other boating activities.

Group photo of the winners in the Women’s Flying Scot North American Championships, above. Photo by Mike Rasbury. See article on pages 3-5. And, for more photos, go to the PYC Facebook page:

[https://www.facebook.com/pg/Privateer-Yacht-Club-209145285780039/photos/?ref=page\\_internal](https://www.facebook.com/pg/Privateer-Yacht-Club-209145285780039/photos/?ref=page_internal)

Beautiful sunset photo, below, by Trish Winger. See Trish and Alan’s story on page 9.

*Private Ear* NEWSLETTER

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

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September 2018