

THE HIGHLANDER



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*Oliver McClean says
LSC's Bluegrass '08
Was a Real Whopper!*



Photo by Boyd Barnwell



The Highlander

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President's Corner

As I write this column Nov 30th I finally have to admit it, I have a sailing problem. We have a huge list of chores that need to be addressed around the house before the winter weather really sets in, plenty of items that needed attention on the work-front, and a myriad other items a more responsible person would feel compelled to complete before pursuing any leisure activities; not the least of which would be completing this column in a timely manner in order to reduce our Editor's stress level.

But alas, this past Friday and Saturday weather forecasts were for sunny days with temperatures in the low forties and 12-15 mph winds, so of course I persuaded Tanya that we really needed some "time on the water."

We'd just come home from two days on the river, none of my chores performed themselves and dozens of work-related e-mails are still awaiting a response, but I'm fine with that, as those things will still be there later and I now have that totally refreshed, recharged feeling that for me, only comes from spending time on the water.

We didn't even fly the spinnaker, but several hours of up-stream/downwind sailing wing-and-wing was therapeutic beyond words. The seemingly intense pressures of our hectic lifestyle and stressful jobs begin to lift as soon as we arrive at the marina, and any remaining issues totally evaporate as soon as the boat is pushed away from the dock. Sailing on the Friday after Thanksgiving has distinct advantages; not only is the boat traffic very minimal, but you don't even need ice to keep your favorite beverage cold.

At some point during this cathartic sail we became reflective, looking back at the past sailing season. I am certain that I am not the only person afflicted with this sailing sickness.

This belief is supported, I think, by the fact that our regatta participation increased by 14% over last year's numbers. This, in spite of trying economic times, not to mention that during the peak regatta season we had record fuel prices topping \$4 per gallon. Could it be that the tougher times get, the more we need our sailing fix?

Regardless of your motivation for

spending "time on the water," your HCIA board is working to ensure you have plenty of opportunities to do so during the upcoming 2009 season.



President, Jamey Carey

In addition to our regular family-oriented regatta season, the 2009 Nationals at North Cape Yacht Club promises to be a very special event. At our recent Fall Board meeting Ernie Dieball gave a presentation, detailing much work that has already been completed in preparation for hosting our National Championship event.

NCYC has experience hosting several National and North-American Championships. They also have experienced race officers, beautiful facilities, and everyone at their club is excited to be hosting the Highlanders.

Not only do they have an awesome venue for sailing, but non-sailing family members will be able to view the racing area from the yacht club's private beach, while enjoying items from the club's full-service bar and restaurant. For those who choose to adventure out to explore, both Toledo and Detroit are just short drives away. So please, mark your family's calendar for a Highlander vacation July 18-23.

As the long non-sailing months set in, I am excited by the knowledge that our first Highlander race of the 2009 season is a mere 18 weeks away.

It's never too soon to drop your class dues in the mail to our Secretary/Treasurer Bryan Hollingsworth. Your dues help sustain the class, support our parts availability, support this publication you are reading, and among other things ultimately protects the investment you have in your Highlander Sailboat. While you're sending in your dues, don't miss the opportunity to also make a "tax deductible" contribution to "your" new not-for-profit organization "HCIA Training Inc."

Doing so will hopefully provide the opportunity for others to experience all the benefits and cherished memories associated with time spent "on the water".



Magers Brothers and Kevin Hughes

Team Walrus Grabs Governor's Cup

By Kevin Hughes

Fo shizzle! Eagle Creek Sailing Club won the Governor's Cup this year. As opposed to years passed, this 2008 race committee decided to start fleets as soon as they finished. This gave a couple of the fleets four races on Saturday afternoon with good air.

Sunday morning brought light air as usual and we were able to get in one race before futility set in. Often times with multi-class racing it can become a long afternoon. But the fact that the race committee decided to push for more rapid start times that day; well, that made the day worthwhile. So, thank you Eagle Creek.

My old sailing buddies, John and Kent Magers and I spent the weekend together once again. It's usually a good time. When the three of us are in sync as a crew it's like watching a ballet.....of walrus.

Added to our natural talents, Ed Spengeman had done some rigging changes on my boat when he used it at an earlier regatta: that left about 250 feet of stretchy line criss-crossing the bottom of the boat. We "are" challenged.

The first race went okay; no blood. It was a windward leeward, finishing windward. The next three were set essentially the same. Jon McClean, Bryan Hollingsworth and I crossed paths most of the windward leg as we did throughout race 2, 3 and 4. The fleet tended to split either right or left on the downwind leg. It looked like left paid off until we went there. Ed and crew lucked out and finished first.

third but the S-10 from that starting kerfuffle in race two hampered his cause and left us two points ahead to take the weekend series.



Photo by Pete Ellefsen

John Magers and Kevin Hughes working the wind. This shot was actually from the joint Highlander/Thistle regatta held a week or so later over at Geist in Indy.

The second race was much the same, except Ed decided to start with the fleet starting behind us. It's a long story, but his late start did put a little kink in his scoring.

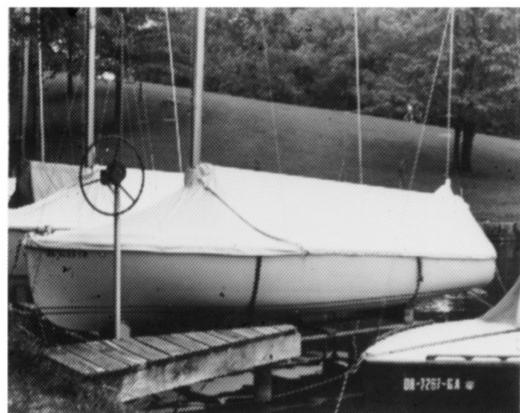
Tyler Andrews and Jamey Carey battled it out most of the race. Tyler claimed victory but his success was short lived. Throughout the rest of the day and Sunday consistency was not a part of anyone's resume.

Scores bounced up and down. Ed was most consistent with three firsts, a

After Saturday's racing, the Eagle Creek hosts had a tent set up, down on the lower quarters. They projected pictures taken throughout the day against the inside top of the tent. At about the same time, the "Karaoke Competition" started.

After about 13 beers, all the singing and all those pictures flashing against the canvas, made me think I was at a Joe Cocker concert.

As I said, Sunday brought light air. We got one race in and said our goodbyes.



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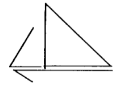
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The Bauers Were Busy But

MOJO Was Magic at Hoover

By Jamey Carey

When we arrived at Hoover Sailing Club on Friday evening the winds were blowing 12-15 mph straight down the lake, and we were hopeful that they would last. We were somewhat skeptical when Saturday morning dawned with a few "cat-paws" on an otherwise glass-flat surface. Fortunately, by race time we had decent wind, although it was blowing across the short axis of the lake, making for very shifty conditions.

Race #1 was a hard-fought "nip & tuck" experience. We managed to round every mark in first place, but as we all know they only write down your position when you cross the finish line.

The Aunt Ruby team of National Champ John Bauer with crew Rob and Joyce Spring stayed within striking distance the entire race, and got by us on the last leg to win the race. We were second with Steve Bauer close behind. We figured second was a decent start to the regatta. And, by the way, there's a reason John Bauer is our National Champion. If you're going to get whipped, it might as well be by the best the class has to offer.

Race #2 was an equally challenging and shifty race which was won by Steve Bauer. Did I mention there were Bauers everywhere? Bauer is a well-known name in Highlander, but there were Bauers in front of us, Bauers beside us, Bauers to the left of us, you get the idea.....they were everywhere. Steve was followed closely across the line by Ed and "Team Spengeman."

We drifted a bit in one of Saturday's races, but all in all it was a great day of sailboat racing. A lot of the success of the day's competition was due to the tireless efforts of the local Interlake fleet who was continually adjusting the courses to keep the racing fair in spite of the 50 degree shifts blowing across the lake.

After four great races on Saturday, we figured our scores of 2-3-4-1 were probably good enough to put us in about third place, possibly fourth when you considered the throw-out. When we saw the scoreboard we were pleasantly surprised that we were listed in first place, tied with John Bauer who had identical scores in a different order (1-4-

2-3).

We were surprised that the regatta organizers had opted to include a throw-out race for this series, which is very rare in Highlander regattas. The whole point of fleet racing is supposed to be consistency, and since utilizing throw-outs doesn't reward consistency most of us are not fans. In this, instance using them really tightened up the standings in an already close fleet.

We headed out to the race course in similar conditions on Sunday morning, with the top four boats within one point of each other after the throw-out, so it was anybody's regatta to win. With three boats within a point of us, our strategy was simple....we have to win the race.

Our simple strategy worked perfectly as we were able to win our second race in a row. As simple as that sounds, I have to admit that winning the race is our "strategy" in each of the more than 100 races we compete in annually; so it doesn't take a mathematician to determine that our strategic goal is very rarely reached. In reality it was actually Mother Nature and the fickle-winds of Hoover that determined the outcome of this race, and of the regatta overall.

On the second beat John's Aunt Ruby Team and us MOJOS had worked our way into a lead on the fleet. Then we were becalmed and about a boat length ahead of Ruby, but when we received an unexplainable "MOJO-only" puff of wind, we sailed away and by the time John got the same wind

we had a 150-yard lead on him. I'll never understand how one boat can get the wind when an overlapped boat is becalmed, but on the rare instance when you are the lucky one with the wind, you simply smile and drive on.

As it worked out, we needed 149.5 of those 150 yards as, true to form, John tracked us down and finished overlapped on us to take second place and set the stage for an exciting final race of the series.

Another reason I don't like throw-outs is that all the required extra math to keep up with it, gives me a head ache.

We knew our one-point regatta lead didn't really mean a thing to our competitors. After a lot of "ciphering" we determined that if we could manage to finish immediately behind Aunt Ruby then we would beat them on the tie-breaker provided they didn't win the race. If they won the race and we were second, then we would have the exact same scores, but they would win the tie-breaker.

After a very close race it appeared that Aunt Ruby was about to win the race when Hoover Reservoir stepped in to help Team Mojo again. John was approaching the finish on the port-tack layline to the pin. We were on starboard beginning to accept the fact that Aunt Ruby had taken the regatta from us, when we got a monster lift which enabled us to force John to tack. It wasn't enough to put us in position to beat them, but we were able to slow Aunt Ruby

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Regular Team MOJO crew Tanya Carey and Mike Shayeson relaxing.



Racing's Great; So's the Grub!

Bauer Best at Harvest Moon

By John Bauer

The Harvest Moon Regatta always begins with a fantastic welcome party on Friday night, which this year was no exception. With plenty of beer, pizza, hot dogs, and other snacks, they have all the stuff for a great party. This was definitely the start to a great weekend.

We woke Saturday morning to rain with a little bit of breeze, and because, I am not one to get excited about standing in the rain to rig the boat, I went inside the club house to enjoy a nice breakfast. With scrambled eggs, hash browns, and various bagels, this was the best free breakfast of the year.

After enjoying a nice warm meal, the rain stopped. It was time to start rigging

the boat and go sailing.

Mark Redmond was our PRO for the weekend, and was able to get four perfect races off in the dog leg of Atwood.

For those of you who have not been there to know what the dog leg is all about, I would recommend coming next year. It



Here are some of the cast of dozens that make the Harvest Moon a special place to race and to visit with other Highlander fanatics.



Harold Bauer at left with Dan Hopkins and crew heading downwind.

(Continued from page 4)

enough to allow Uncle Bob (Bauers...they were everywhere) to win the race. John was second and we followed him across for third place.

This meant the Mojo's four points for the day (1-3) were better than Aunt Ruby's four points (2-2) making us the regatta winners on the tie-breaker. We gave three cheers to Uncle Bob.

Actually there were many winners at this event. After the heat and light winds at several preceding regattas, it was awesome for all of us to have the opportunity to sail in decent Highlander winds and

cooler temperatures.

Also the newest Highlander sailors, Jon McClean with Boyd and Dan Barnwell in #906, were certainly winners as they conducted themselves like pros, earning three, fifth-place finishes in their first Highlander regatta ever. This is a team that we will be sure to see more of in future Highlander events, and we're proud to welcome them to the class.

Also, the Bauers were definitely winners as they showed the true meaning of "Bauer-Power" as they filled three of the top five positions, and this

is quite possibly one of the most unique places to sail, ever.

We had the standard 30 degree sustained shifts that are just expected on Atwood.

One more thing that this Harvest

Moon Regatta has down to perfection is its annual cocktail party.

The food spread is so large that dinner is not necessary (not that I pay much attention to that). The variety is so vast that there is something there for everyone. This is probably 'the' largest food spread of the year, or at least a close second to the Berlin Invitational (June 14-15).

Sunday morning we woke to no breeze at all. After eating another fantastic breakfast compliments of Atwood Yacht Club, (did I tell you about the food they serve here?) the breeze started to fill a little bit. We were able to get one more race off to complete a five-race series.

I'd like to thank Mark Redmond for his work in providing the great racing, and I'd like to thank each and every one of the regatta planners and helpers for all of that delicious food.

is not to mention all of the other boats that were crewed by members of the Bauer clan.

Thanks to all the people that worked so hard to put on a great regatta. Also thanks for the Hoover RC for letting us stay to enjoy the building afternoon breeze while racing in their club races.

This enabled us to really wrap up the weekend in style by winning the coveted "Budweiser-Cup," which as many of you understand, is truly the Holy Grail of Highlander racing. See you on the water.



Bluegrass Bash '08 Brings "Old Band Back Together"

By Ed and Erin Spengeman

Our Bluegrass regatta weekend officially started the Thursday night before the event when Jess Gerry hopped off his plane from California. Whether Jess has to fly in from CA or drive through tornadoes from CO, nothing can keep us from "getting the band back together."

This time was a special treat for Jess, because as he landed he was immediately greeted with a tall stack of boxes and a big white truck. That's right, Jess walked right into a moving party the day before the big regatta. While the move into our just-completed home was a one-time deal, this has become a tradition for the three of us to sail together for this weekend and one that I hope to continue for 'many' years to come.

The Friday night welcome party ended up getting to be as big as the Saturday night festivities. Several people showed up early to enjoy Joyce Ford's chili, beef stew, and cornbread - and of course beer. It was a family reunion of sorts with a few Bauer generations, the entire Gerry family, and a couple Feldhaus folk just to name a few.

The conversation and beer lasted for hours and lead to a few tired, sore, and slightly confused sailors Saturday morning. Due to the lack of wind and postpon-

ing of the races everyone recovered nicely.

We were able to get off two races on Saturday with a total of 23 Highlanders and five Thistles on two separate starting lines. The Sep 14, Hurricane (Ike) force winds that blew through Louisville a few weeks prior, left the region with multiple-day power outages, tremendous roof and tree damage, and Thistlers needing a 'new' weekend for their regatta. Given those conditions, we were more than happy to have them join us.

Some of the "boats to watch" or at least acknowledge included Joe Garret who made his first Bluegrass appearance in the Green Machine and the

"Dad Boat."

Earlier in the summer, back at the Berlin regatta, some plans were put together and they came to fruition the weekend of the Bluegrass. I think it had something to do with the lack of electricity from a Friday night storm at the Ber-



Photo by John Emmerich

Hurricane Ike's 'residual' 80 mph winds visited LSC's lower dock.

lin regatta, the overabundance of beer, and the wandering minds of Erin (Feldhaus) Spengeman, Harold Bauer, and Frank Gerry; but somehow Mike Feldhaus got a call in Louisville that night and agreed to crew on Boat 885 for the Bluegrass with Harold and Frank. It was great to have him back out on the water, and I think he might have even had a good time.

Once on the water, team Hollingsworth in 876 was nice enough to share with us that the first race would be a bow tie configuration. You know it's a good party when you put together the race instructions, make plenty of copies to pass out to competitors, but forget to grab a copy for yourself.

It was a back and forth race with some legs making sense and others leaving you scratching your head. But we made it through to watch Charlie Brehob get the bullet. The second race was another nail biter that wrapped up with Bruce Busbey taking the bullet to once again show that his light air skills must always be taken into account.

Once off the water, the cocktail party began and was followed by an incredible dinner prepared by the Hollingsworths.

(Continued on page 7)



Photo by Dean Edwards

L-r, up on the high side of 2002 is Erin Spengeman, Jess Gerry, and Ed at the tiller.



Bluegrass Regatta Part II

Oliver McClean Lands Whopper

By Jon McClean

Soccer and fishing have been a big part of my seven-year-old son Oliver's life so far. His grandfather, Alan Morton had taken him fishing in England, with great success, and when Alan visits with us in the US the three of us would sit for hours on Lake Isabella, off I-275 in Cincinnati watching and waiting to catch something. Anything would do. A little English boy just did not seem to be able to catch these wily American fish.

Oliver would bring along his fishing pole and life jacket when Boyd Barnwell (906) and I would be sailing Boyd's Highlander at Cowan Lake, and Oliver would sit happily trying to catch something from that lake.

So when Boyd and I decided to do the Bluegrass Regatta in Louisville, and my wife (Bridget) realized that you could actually see something of the racing from the sailing club, the whole family came for the day. Oliver automatically brought along three items; his life jacket (in case somebody would take him sailing), a soccer ball and his fishing net. Oliver's excitement had started early that day, as he learned that we would be driving past the LaGrange Reformatory on the way down from Cincinnati. To a seven year old boy, a penitentiary is a frightening and exciting place, and as I had told him that this is where naughty boys end up he was curious to learn more of where he might be sent.

We arrived slightly after Boyd who was towing 906, and the children helped us to rig the boat. With three willing helpers, a 20-minute job easily became a 40-minute job. Oliver started to play soccer, and soon he and I were kicking the soccer ball in the middle of Highlanders being rigged for racing. As usual

the Highlander sailors were all very cordial and all made my family feel very welcome indeed. Ellie (10) and Daisy (4) had quickly made friends.

As the boats were driven to the lower level to be hoisted into the river, Oliver automatically picked up his dip net and put on his lifejacket. He could now look forward to catching a monster that would be lurking just below the surface. I was less concerned about any of my children falling in, as Bridget has ensured that they are all strong swimmers, and they are conditioned to wear their life-jackets. I was more concerned about them being flattened by a Highlander being maneuvered up to the hoist.

Oliver was busy spotting places to fish, and dreaming of the monsters he would catch. Mostly he was trying to scoop up minnows with his dip net. Then, suddenly he spotted it; a large carp no more than six inches below the surface of the water, and about 18 inches in length. With hands firmly on the handle, he placed the net end at the fish's tail, to make it swim forward, and then quickly repositioned the mouth of the net in front of the docile fish, which obligingly swam right in. The fish was so large Oliver could not lift his dip net, and so seeing him struggle I was able to grab the handle and lift the fish from the water.

I am not sure who was more surprised; the fish or Oliver. A camera was

quickly summonsed and the evidence recorded for posterity. I heard more than one Highlander sailor shout "Carp sushi!", and I am sure I heard a knife being sharpened as we opted to 'catch and release.' The fish probably weighed 10 lbs, but this is a number that tends to



Photo by Boyd Barnwell

Oliver McClean and his first "big ole fish" at LSC.

go up with every telling of this tale. Oliver tells me he saw the same fish again that day, but it was more cautious around a boy with a fast net.

We enjoyed excellent racing and great hospitality; and Oliver caught his first fish in the US and was able to report to his grandfather in England that things really are bigger in the USA.

(Continued from page 6)

Everyone had a great meal and got to spend another fun night with their Highlander Family. And the topic of conversation once again went back to the fact that "you never race on Sunday at the Bluegrass" which lead to a few more cocktails for everyone. Little did we know that Sunday had one last race in store for us.

We stayed close to our competition for the last race of the event and were lucky to pull off a bullet for ourselves. With the constantly changing breeze our fairly consistent scores were able to clinch the victory, which was a first-ever, "win" for this long-standing 'band at the Bluegrass.'

We'd like to offer special thanks to all of the out-of-town boats who keep

coming back year after year to participate and of course to all of the local volunteers working behind the scenes who make this regatta one of the best, 'and friendliest' to attend year after year.

So lock it in, do it right now, go ahead and mark your calendars and save a spot for the Bluegrass on the first weekend in October 2009. We'd love to have you.



Highlanders, Thistles Join Forces at Geist '08

Make It A Mojo Weekend

By Jamey Carey

A beautiful September weekend welcomed seven Highlanders and a slightly larger fleet of Thistles to Indianapolis Sailing Club's Highlander/Thistle Regatta on Geist Reservoir. It was truly "champagne sailing" conditions, perfect for Highlander sailing as the reasonably steady winds were breezy enough to permit three on the rail most of the day while not being overpowering for the two person teams.

All four races on Saturday were two-lap, windward-leeward courses and the racing in both the Highlander and Thistle fleets was extremely close.

McDonald cross the finish line in first place with Kevin Hughes and the #1006 team close behind, and both of these teams were sailing with just two on board.

After Saturday's awesome sailing conditions, Sunday morning looked pretty bleak. There were scattered cat-paws showing on the water, and nothing more. The race committee wisely postponed and kept the fleets on shore. After a while several competitors began breaking-down their boats for the trip home.

Although it didn't appear that it would be a day for sailboat racing, we

crews chasing each other around the lake in the light breeze must've looked appealing from shore, as after about an hour of two Highlanders playing "connect the puffs," a few brave Thistles came out to play too.

A little later a light breeze filled in across the lake and we commented that, "if it would just stay like this we could have a real race." Moments later we were surprised to see the rest of the Thistle fleet, the RC boat and another Highlander coming out onto the lake.

The RC set up for a one-lap race, but by the time they were ready for the warning gun the wind was so nice that we were able to run another two-lap, windward-leeward of the same length and quality of the four races of the previous day. In spite of having only three boats for the final race, the competition was just as close and exciting as it had been all weekend.

Back on shore for the trophy presentation we discovered that it was a weekend for MOJOs to prevail, as not only were we lucky enough to win the Highlander fleet, but part-time Highlander sailor, Tyler Andrews and his Thistle (MOJO) also won in a competitive Thistle fleet.

Sailing in this weekend's conditions served as a great reminder of just how versatile the Highlander really is, a safe, fast, comfortable boat that you can sail in a moderate breeze with just two people, or still be competitive with four people in cruising mode.

All in all it was a great weekend of fun sailing with good friends and extremely close competition. Come to think of it, this is a recurring theme that occurs at every Highlander Regatta throughout the season.

One of the many benefits of our great class is our competitive, family oriented regatta circuit, and we'd like to encourage everyone to make an effort to attend just one out of town regatta during the upcoming season. But let us offer this word of caution, beware: you may just find that it's so much fun that it can be habit forming. Hope to see you on the water.

(Editor's note: We didn't get details on whether "Mrs. Dr. Bob" was able to be dropped off on shore before Sunday racing started or 'had to endure.' Maybe we'll get her story on the adventure in a future edition. We wish her well.)



Photo by Pete Ellefsen

Mojo crossing paths with some of the competitors on a great weekend of racing.

While Team Mojo was fortunate to come off of the water Saturday afternoon with a comfortable lead in the regatta, the scores do not reflect how close the racing actually was. Speaking to that competition level, nearly every Highlander on the water that afternoon got to lead the fleet around the buoys on more than one occasion, and in the majority of the races only a couple of minutes elapsed between the first and seventh-place finishers.

The best wind of the day was in race number four, which saw long time Highlander sailor and regatta host Jim

couldn't quite bring ourselves to throw in the towel. Instead we loaded up the cooler, and our 4th Mojo (Mike Shaye-son's wife, Nancy) and headed out for a "booze cruise."

Dr. Bob's Cowabunga team wasn't ready to quit either, and with promises that we really didn't anticipate any racing, was able to convince Annie (Mrs. Dr. Bob) to be the fourth person on Cowabunga.

We had a great pleasure sail in conditions in which it would have proven very frustrating to attempt to race. The Highlanders with their four-man



Secretary-Treasurer Notes:

Winter Wrap-up

By Bryan Hollingsworth

In real time as I am composing this column ...the leaves are falling, there is a light rain and tonight should bring the first snowflakes of the season. I just finished putting away my last boat with sails stored upstairs and covers buttoned down for the winter.

This is how I imagine that the season ends for most of you but as your Sec/Treas my next season is just getting underway. I am already receiving HCIA dues payments for 2009. For me, this opportunity to serve the class is a great way to "pay" for all the fun experiences sailing has brought to my family and it keeps me from getting bored during the winter months.

We will attend our local Louisville Sailing Club (LSC) annual banquet tonight and I wonder how we did this season since we sacrificed local club participation in order to hit the road and travel the regatta circuit.

On the other hand with our 'on-the-road participation, we did help recruit entrants for the Bluegrass Regatta which turned out to be a fun and well attended event again this year thanks to Team Spengeman and to us too.

(Real time the next day following Louisville Sailing Club's award banquet). I admire all of you skippers who were able to participate at home "and" on the road.

Neal Deaves with crew David Bauer

won the LSC Highlander fleet championship and also managed a second consecutive win in the Masters Division at Nationals. The Harold Bauer Family had another great season along with Team MOJO who also had a great showing at home.

I would like to thank Marj Bauer (whom I have yet to meet) for her continuing support. She has always presented her dues check so early that she is always my first entry of the year, and she also donates an additional sum for general purposes and I want you to be aware of her generosity and support.

I would also like to recognize new members, co-owners and juniors for 2008: Boyd Barnwell sailed #906 out of Cowan Lake with Jon McClean for an impressive first season; Parrish Cameron sailed #934 out of Indy; Brian Newman sailed #912 at Lake Norman, Yacht Club; Sebastian Hale, Isabelle



Photo by Anne Hollingsworth

L-r: Berkeley and Bryan Hollingsworth: From steaks to kabobs and chicken to chops these guys are kings of the Bluegrass Regatta grill.

Hale, and Elizabeth Chambers sailed as juniors in Nationals; Charles Smith (p-15) joined the class from Tucson, Arizona; and at Louisville, Brent Deaves, Greg Deaves and Paul Terrien are now co-owners of Charlie Brehob's #1008 for the 2009 season.

I will not pretend to be your economic advisor "but," paying your 2009 membership dues will be a wise investment in the future with immeasurable returns; here are only a few:

- 1) Great family entertainment.
- 2) Healthy stress reducer.
- 3) Enhanced sense of self-worth
- 4) Friendships to last a lifetime

THE BEST HIGHLANDER SAILORS ARE THOSE WHO RECOGNIZE A PERSISTENT SHIFT FIRST.





Talk About An Interesting First Sail

Bauer Bros 'n Rookie Rule Pipers

By John Bauer

You may have heard me mention in recent issues, how much I love the Pipers regatta at Lake Norman Yacht Club. The facility is one of the finest, the people are nice, and the weather is usually a few degrees warmer than back home in Ohio. All of this helps to make it one great regatta at which to cap off your Highlander sailing season.

Saturday morning my brother, Steve Bauer and I were rigging the boat and looking out on the water only to see more wind than two people could handle by themselves, and two-manning this event was just what we had planned to do. The wind was already blowing around 12 at this point, which was a little higher than the predicted 11 knots for the day.

After talking with some of the people who were also planning on going out with only two; like Ken Hopkins, Dan Hopkins, Skip Webb, and Gary Steinbach, we decided that we could do this with two people too. After all, all of these guys are really great sailors so the idea that they are only sailing with two people must mean that things are very manageable. However, we thought that if someone would just happen to fall in our lap, we wouldn't turn down the extra body.

That's when Carina walked up with her friend Andrea Broad. Andrea had never been in a sail boat before this, but she seemed eager to give this whole sailing thing a try. This could just be just the "lifeline" we needed, should the wind build beyond the day's prediction.

Once on the water we never saw this elusive 11 knots; or perhaps conditions changed so quickly that we didn't notice. The breeze was blowing 15 to 18 knots and as the day went on, we saw a couple of gusts in the low 20 range and that's a 'big wind' day on Lake Norman, and quite the change from the Nationals scene that we all remember, from this past July.

Steve and I were very thankful to have had Andrea on the boat with us at this point. She really was proving to be just the advantage that we needed as she hiked hard, moved quickly, and showed no fear of the windy conditions or being a first-timer on board in a race.

Maybe she was not afraid because of her roller derby experience. After all she is the "18 hour broad." (It's too complicated to explain).

With a quick lesson on the vang operation, she was running that control like she had been doing it for 15 years.

She really did do an incredible job in helping keep the boat upright, and that did prove to be a challenge.

Downwind, Steve and I decided that it would be easier to teach someone how to jibe a spinnaker pole on a day that had a little less wind, so we decided that Sunday would be a better day to instruct her about the pole and jibing.

In the meantime it was going to have to be Steve doing it all in 18-plus-knots of wind. Wow! That boy can really impress me sometimes. He was able to fly the spinnaker, jibe the pole, and rarely did the spinnaker collapse. I never thought all of that would've been possible in that breeze. I was beginning to think he may be Superman.

As for Sunday's prediction of less breeze; well, it was less but only by a couple of knots, maybe 15-18 knots. It became clear that on this second day of 'big wind' that we were not going to be able to comfortably teach Andrea how to jibe a pole. Steve would have to show his incredible Superman-like strength one more day.

In the first race we rounded the first mark just behind Yellow Fever. Upwind they were unstoppable with their 700 pound crew weight. At one point when they were crossing us it looked as though they didn't even have to hike. Man those guys were fast.

Later, downwind, we didn't want to set the spinnaker because that just seemed like a lot of work, even for Superman Steve. It wasn't until Moby Dick set their spinnaker and took off at warp speed, that we decided that it was time for us to do the same in order to hold on to the lead that we secured by that point.

Those who did set their spinnakers were at the leeward mark within a few, very short minutes and with a lot of distance ahead of those who were not able or opted not to employ their chutes.

After sailing a five-race series in that kind of wind I know that some of our sails have taken a little bit of wear. I think that many of the people who attended the Pipers regatta may now be ready for a new set of sails. It seemed like a lot of the equipment really took a beating on the starting lines.

This year's Pipers regatta was the perfect regatta to bring this 2008 Highlander season to a close. Thank you LNYC for a great event and I know that I am already looking forward to coming down for next years Pipers.



Photo by Dean Edwards

Actually this was at the Bluegrass '08. John is in #1959 in the middle of the action.



The Perfect Pipers

By Richard Rykens

The downpour that began as I crossed the border from Virginia to North Carolina did not bode well. I could just see it, a weekend spent wet and cold when this was exactly the kind of weather I'd left Ohio to escape. But, a promise was a promise, and I had agreed to come back for Pipers after having a great time sailing at the Nationals this year at the same Lake Norman venue.

Luckily, Saturday dawned cold but clear, and the forecast was as good as a Highlander sailor could hope for; 7 to 10 knots and topping out at a comfortable 60 degrees. Now 'this' was what I'd come to Pipers to enjoy.

On this Pipers weekend, I rejoined my Nationals ride, crewing for John Wigney on 879, *Cheers*, along with John Foster. We acquitted ourselves pretty well at Nationals three months earlier, and kept ourselves entertained with Monty Python quotes to boot. I seriously considered changing my name to John for the week too. John, could you pass me the guy? Sure, John, Thanks, John. John, where's the weather mark? I don't know John. Awesome.

Many Highlander sailors will know John Wigney as one of the many Brits that populate the Lake Norman fleet, but let me briefly introduce our ringer, John Foster. He lived and sailed in St. Thomas for a while, went to school at UNC Charlotte, and is one heck of a sailor. "The Johns," as I refer to them, tweaked 879 relentlessly. I think we can attribute a large part of our success to John Foster's focus on these details.

During the first race at Pipers, we picked up right where we left off at the end of Nationals. In a pretty stiff breeze, we got a decent start and kept the boat moving well upwind and downwind. John Foster constantly kept an eye out for breeze and he and John Wigney kept a steady dialog about tactics.

As for me, I focused on being the best rail meat that I could be upwind, and kept the chute filled downwind. Though the details are now fading from memory, I do recall leading the race at times, though Jamey Carey and John Bauer beat us to the line (in that order), followed by

Bruce Busby and Harold Bauer.

The breeze continued to come up for the second race, and though we didn't get a great start, we fought back to a solid sixth place finish. We crossed tacks with Jamey Carey several times during this one, and each time he was whoopin' it up, having a blast in the heavy air conditions.

Busby countered with a bullet in this race, followed by John Bauer, Jamey Carey, Dick Doyne, and John Gibbon. By this time, the wind was well beyond the forecasted speed and showing signs of blowing even harder, and the fleet headed for home without waiting for the race committee.

Sunday began much like Saturday, cold but clear, but the wind was still blowing hard. An early start meant lots of warm clothes and foul weather gear to start the day. For a few boats, Saturday was enough excitement for an entire weekend, and they did not go out. For the rest of us, however, the sailing was excellent once again. The breeze had freshened slightly but seemed to be more steady.

The three races seemed to go by in a blur: a windward-leeward course twice around, then once around, then twice around again. Sailing downwind was an absolute blast, popping up onto a plane several times with the foils humming, feeling more like a skiff than a big Highlander.

Again, the details are beginning to fade, but I do recall a bad windward mark rounding to start the day and a fight to finish seventh in the first race. The once-around second race was

almost over before we knew it: literally. The gun went off for John Bauer just as we were about to tack for another leg toward the windward mark. We quickly scrambled to tack for the line again, and ended up fifth. The last race was another twice-around affair, and we equaled our best finish of the weekend with another third place.

Congratulations, of course, are due John Bauer and his crew. They sailed well all weekend long, and on Sunday, they never let anyone finish in front of



Photo by Paddy Wigney

L-r: Richard Rykens, John Wigney, John Foster and daughter.

them. Likewise, Jamey Carey and Bruce Busby sailed well to second and third place, respectively.

As for our motley crew, a very patient skipper put up with incessant quotes from Monty Python and the Holy Grail while steering us to a fourth place finish overall. The top five was rounded out by Dick Doyne and his crew, nipping at our heels all weekend long.

Yes, the economy is still sagging. Yes, North Carolina is still a long way from Ohio. Yes, you can never be sure which Pipers you'll get: the warm, nice but ultimately calm Pipers; or the cold, wet but windy Pipers. Every once in a while, though, you get the perfect Pipers: warm, dry and plenty of wind. I, for one, enjoyed the sailing and if John and John will have me again, I'll be back for sure.



Klein Contest '08, Is a Squeaker!

By Mark Redmond

In the closest competition since it was first awarded, Jamey Carey fended off John Bauer by just four points to win the 2008 Larry Klein trophy.

The Klein Trophy is awarded to the skipper that beats the most boats during the regatta season. This year the competition went back and forth during the regatta season.

At the break for the Nationals, they were tied with 49 points each. Fueled by his victory at the Nationals, John had managed to open a three point lead after the Governor's Cup and Harvest Moon weekend in September.

Jamey sailed at the Indianapolis Regatta the last weekend of September, but John was in Sayville, New York representing the Highlander Class in the USailing, Championship of Champions. Jamey's six points from that weekend

put him three points ahead.

Jamey picked up another point in the final two regattas to clinch the vic-

Place	Boat	Skipper	Points	Number of Regattas
1	1002	Jamey Carey	112	11
2	885/1959	John Bauer	108	10
3	2002	Ed Spengeman	76	7
4	500	Bruce Busbey	64	4
5	450	Norris Bourdow	35	6
6	1008	Charlie Brehob	33	5
7T	989	Bob Bauer	32	5
7T	885	Harold Bauer	32	4
7T	333	Ken Hopkins	32	4
10T	1006	Kevin Hughes	27	3
10T	879	John Wigney	27	2

tory 112 to 108. Overall, Jamey competed in eleven regattas compared to John's ten.

Third place was taken by Ed Spengeman with 76 points and Bruce Busbey finished fourth with 64.

Bruce sailed in only four regattas meaning he beat an average of 16 boats in each regatta, by far the best average of anyone. The next five boats were within three points of each other with a

three way tie for 7th.

Congratulations to all of the "road warriors" who take to the asphalt each summer with their Highlanders to enjoy competing with others boats from other fleets. Hopefully, next year will bring the same high level of competition as this year.



Photo by Anne Hollingsworth

Stef and Harold Bauer on regatta trail.

Maintenance Tips: Or, Road Warriors Blow Wheel Bearings Too!

By Harold Bauer

Has this ever happened to you? You're all ready to take the boat to the lake or head out to a regatta and as you take that last look at the boat and tie downs, you notice that the trailer has a soft tire. So you say to yourself, "Ehh, I'll just stop at the gas station out by the interstate and put some air in that tire."

Then when you get to the station and start to inflate it, you notice that the tire has a lot of cracks in the sidewall and think to yourself, "How much air do I put in? Hope this old tire can handle that much pressure. How old is this thing, anyway? Wonder how much pressure it takes?"

Then as I'm down here at the fender

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Photo Anne Hollingsworth

Jamey and Tanya Carey and Mike Shayeson take 2008 Larry Klein Trophy.



Joining the Party!

New Highlander Owner's View

By Boyd Barnwell

I thought a Highlander was an SUV: For the longest time sailing has fascinated me. I remember picking up a book on learning to sail at a book store on vacation on the Outer Banks of North Carolina about ten years ago. It was like that for a long time. From time to time I'd check out a book, search the internet for sailing schools or mention my interest to someone.

We all have thoughts of things we thing we'd like to try at least once or even dreams from our youth that we wish we could finally realize. That's the way it was for me and riding motorcycles.

After 25 years off, I took up riding again a few years ago with a passion and discovered a yet unaware "need for speed." I don't mean going real fast in a straight line. I mean the adrenaline rush from leaning into a smooth sweeping turn that you dive into, braking and downshifting hard and then rolling on the acceleration power at the apex that stands the bike up again as you finish the turn. I thought there was nothing better.

Testing the Waters: I tested the sailing waters a few times while on vacation or on business trips. Still, sailing seemed like something far away that I could pursue once in a while if I could manage. It

was a relaxing interest that I hoped I could stay with until retirement when there would be more time; something my two sons and I could do together

club. Sailing at Cowan Lake? I had no idea.

I talked my son Dan (17) and Brad (24) into a ride up to Cowan Lake on the Saturday of Memorial Day weekend. We were welcomed immediately by gracious people as soon as we arrived. Not only did they sail at Cowan Lake, they raced. We were drawn to a bigger boat called a



L-r: Boyd and son, Dan Barnwell who've jumped right in to the Highlander family.

from time to time.

A friend that I ride with said he had an acquaintance that had sailed at Cowan Lake and belonged to a sailing

Highlander. By the way it was described as having plenty of room and a big sail area that made it fast. Fast? Speed?

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on my knees rubbing spit on the tire so I can figure out what the proper inflation pressure is, it also occurs so me, "When was the last time the bearings had any grease put in them?"

With all that we have to do in our busy lives, there are so many things to remember without having to think about the last time the boat trailer was serviced.

I came up with an idea that was fash-



ioned after the sticker that the dealer or oil change place puts on your windshield to remind you when your car is due for it's next service.

Write the date of and any information you want to keep track of on a label and place it near the front of the trailer where you will see it every time you hook up. I used a piece of white vinyl shelf paper but a piece of duct tape would serve the purpose just as well. I also wrote the recommended tire pressure on the fender right above the wheel to remind me to keep the tires properly inflated.



Travel safely and remember to keep your tow vehicle and your trailer service current and we'll see you down the road at the next regatta.



(Continued from page 13)

Excellent. Dan, Brad and I were immediately invited to crew with a very pleasant couple Bob and Terri Thobaben.

Another Highlander skipper named Jamey Carey and his wife Tanya offered to take Dan as the wind was up and extra crew was welcomed. It was an exciting day. The feeling of the wind powering up the sails and accelerating the boat in a way that I hadn't experienced before was thrilling. That afternoon changed sailing for me in a way I hadn't imagined. It had evolved in one day from a relaxing and peaceful occasional pastime on the water to the same intense emotional rush I get from riding. I was hooked.

#906: Even though I didn't have any experience, I knew I wanted to race. It might take years but, I'd get there. My years have taught me to have the confidence to tackle new things even if I don't know what I don't know. Eventually, with enough work and persistence, I'd get past not having any idea what I was doing. No worries.

I heard about a boat for sale at the club owned by Jamey Carey. Before you know it, I bought 906. How could you resist Jamey's addiction for sailing and Highlanders? His enthusiasm is contagious. My plan was to patiently learn how to sail and then race over the next few years.

Welshman in Ohio: A few weeks later, some visitors to the club on race day were making the rounds getting to know the club and the different fleets. Jon McClean had brought his entire family to check out Cowan Lake Sailing Association. Jon moved to the USA with his wife Bridget, Ellie (10), Oliver (7) and Daisy (4) from the UK four years ago for business. Jon spent most of his life sail-

ing and racing all over the world. After taking a break to raise a family, he thought it was time to see if Ellie was interested in sailing.

While visiting Cowan, he too,

soon fell prey to Highlander's greatest sales and marketing representative, Jamey Carey. Jamey figured that Jon's life long experience, my naïveté and 906 make a good combination. He was right. Along with my son Dan, we've since raced many times at Cowan and at regattas in Columbus, Indianapolis, Louisville and the Pipers at Lake Norman in Charlotte. I think we're committed.

Seize the day: In my short time sailing, I've found sailors to be more genuine, sincere and welcoming than most civilians. However, I think there's something more to Highlanders. There is a warm and comfortable feeling of familiarity and family even if it's the first time you meet.

I consider myself incredibly fortunate to have had this complicated set of circumstances thrust us together and to have met a friend and sailing mentor in Jon. It seems hard to believe how lucky we are to have everything this year to



turn out the way it has. I'm also thankful my son, Dan will have the experience of sailing with you, the Highlander family, while building strength of character and the real meaning of what it takes to be part of a successful team. Our 906 is now "Carpe Diem" (Seize the Day) and is in the garage getting its winter make over. We'll keep coming back and getting to know all of you better and hopefully win a race or two. How could we stay away?

On Tap For Our April Edition

Several contributors have already committed to helping with next quarter's issue and among those features will be Mark Redmond doing another installment of "Looking Back." That's one of the old editor's personal favorites each

(Continued on page 15)

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The Classifieds

#959: Customflex, 2 mains, 2 jibs, 1 spinnaker. New Sailor's Tailor mooring cover, fully race rigged. Trailer included. \$4,500. Internet pictures available. Ralph Heuschele (952) 884-5944; r.heuschele@earthlink.net.

#838: '77 D&M yellow hull, copper racing bottom, light yellow deck, aluminum mast, boom, centerboard, racing fittings, full deck cover, main, jib and spinnaker, Sterling trailer (2,000 lb rtng). Stored inside. \$4,900, obo. Call Harvey Schach at 216-319-6615 or email at: jschach@ameritech.net.

#396: Built approximately in 1965. Disassembled and partially rebuilt with new plywood and fiber-glassed deck. Includes sails, spinnaker, hardware, mast, boom, rudder, tiller and paddles. Includes trailer. Has been garage stored. \$950, OBO, Bob Zednik 440 283-8332, 216 741-6440, or email to bobz@parmahobby.com.

#707: Crew leaving home. Good condition, lift & dock space at Cowan Lake, aluminum mast & boom, fitted cover, trailer, 2 complete suits of sails, winter storage under roof, \$4,000. Tim King (513) 646-6322, email, tking@jtking.com.

#26: 1953 wood D&M, very good condition, white hull professionally refinished with epoxy paint. Teak interior varnished 5 years ago. Aluminum mast, new standing rigging, 2 booms, 2 mains, 2 jibs, spinnaker. Recent trailer service: new wheels/new lighting. Newer 2 hp Suzuki outboard. \$3,500 obo. Gib Charles at GibSail@comcast.net or 970 412-0219.

#916: Customflex, excellent condition; red hull to waterline, white below; aluminum trailer; 2 sets of sails, one set competitive; bridle traveler, in-board jib leads, aluminum tiller, skirted mooring cover, trailer mooring cover, rudder cover. \$5,500. David Lies (317) 464-8255 weekdays or liesdavid@sbcglobal.net.

#317: Fiberglass hull, wood deck, good condition, aluminum mast and boom, trailer good condition - rewired, new lights, new bearings '07, mooring cover reworked '06, newer sails. New outboard engine mount included. Licensed through 2011. Zanesville, OH. \$2,800. Scott Lenthe 740 4542055, slenthe@columbus.rr.com.

See additional ads at: sailhighlander.org.

"The Highlander" Rate Card

"The Highlander" magazine is the official publication of the Highlander Class International Association (HCIA) which is comprised of over 750 Highlander sailboat owners. The publication is a 16-page, one-color quarterly, published and mailed to dues paid members each Jan/Apr/Jul/Oct.

Ad requirements:

One color, camera ready. Format: Page size: 7.5 x 9.25" Ad size: Quarter Page: Horizontal: 7.5" wide x 2.25" tall Vertical: 2.25" wide x 8" tall Half Page: 7.5" wide X 4.5" tall Full Page: 7.5" wide X 9.25" tall Horizontal format preferred, but any need can be accommodated

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(Continued from page 14)

year. John Bauer is going to give us a perspective on his participation in the Championship of Champions which we couldn't squeeze into this issue.

And Charles Smith, a.k.a., "Tucson Charlie" is going to give us an update on the major rehab of his



Charles Smith at the helm of one of his other, earlier craft.

Highlander out west. He's been sending regular updates to the editor. I thought we'd put all of those months of work together in one large photo spread in the April issue. I think you'll enjoy it.

We'll also have an updated edition of the "official" HCIA schedule for 2009. The one on the next page is only 'tentative' but is provided as a guide for

your regatta planning. We think most of the weekends will match up correctly but there may be some minor adjustments. As we always say, phone or email each regatta chair ahead of time to make sure you have the right weekend "before" you pull out of the driveway.

Have a great winter season, and join the Highlander clan whenever possible in season 2009. Happy New Year!

Classified Ad Policy

Dues-paid members: \$10 for inclusion in one issue. Non-paid owners get one issue for \$20. Make check to HCIA. Send with ad copy to, Mike Feldhaus, 7109 Green Spring Dr., Louisville, Ky 40241 or: mikefeldhaus@bellsouth.net. Forty words, with boat #, price, name, phone numbers and email address if applicable. Deadline: Dec,Mar,June,Sep 1st for following month's issue.

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As mentioned by our Sec-Treasurer the statements will be in the mail in a week or two and we hope you'll respond with your check quickly.

Ever wanted to do something special for a loyal crew member? How about making them an Associate member? What better way to show them that they too belong to our Highlander family?

Of course our dues revenue helps to pay for insurance and storage for our boat molds, critical to keeping us a true one-design fleet; and it helps to keep our web site and magazine going. Thanks!

<i>"Tentative"</i>		<i>Highlander 2009 Regatta Schedule</i>		<i>"Tentative"</i>
May	HCIA MidWinters			
May 16/17	Mayor's Cup	Eagle Creek	Charlie Brehob, cjbrehob@hotmail.com	
June 6/7	Mad Plaid	Cowan Lake SA	Jamey Carey, mojo906@hotmail.com	
June 13/14	Berlin Invitational	Berlin YC	Harold Bauer, hbauer494@juno.com	
June 19, 20/21	Multi-class events	Rock Hall YC	Mark Redmond, mredmond929@gmail.com	
June 20/21	Cleveland Race Week	Edgewater YC	Gary Vinicky, gsvh747@alltel.net	
June 27/28	Pow Wow	Indian Lake	Carl, cberger@woh.rr.com , or Norris, nbourdow1@sbcglobal.net	
July 4/5	Pymatuning Regatta	Jamestown, PA	rspring@neo.rr.com	
July 18-23	HCIA Nationals	North Cape YC		
August 15/16	Hoover Fling	Hoover SC	Sue Bauer, 989bauer@netwalk.com	
September 12/13	Harvest Moon	Atwood YC	Mark Redmond, mredmond929@gmail.com	
September 12/13	Governor's Cup	Eagle Creek	Charlie Brehob, cjbrehob@hotmail.com	
September 26/27	Highlander/Thistle Regatta	Indianapolis SA	Jim McDonald, James.A.McDonald@att.net	
October 3/4	Bluegrass Regatta	Louisville SC	Erin Spengeman, redsailor876@hotmail.com	
October 17/18	Pipers Regatta	Lake Norman YC	John Gibbon, yellofev@aol.com	
<i>"Tentative"</i>	*** Always email the listed contact in advance to confirm regatta information. ***			<i>"Tentative"</i>

Nationals 1,2,3
Midwinters 1,3,5,6
Pipers 1

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