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Y-FLYER EXPANSION COMMITTEE FORMED

Terry Fraser

The Chicago Boat Show was held in mid January and the Y-Flyer Class was there! US Sailing arranged for One Design classes to set up a boat at the show and to promote the class for free.

The show went from Wednesday through Sunday and Stephen Spoonamore (Chippewa), Scott Kingan (Mattoon), and Terry Fraser (Saratoga) tended to the display for most of the week. Help also arrived from Canada when Richard and Colin King and Jim McKenzie chipped in on the weekend along with Paul White who arrived on the Indianapolis Sailing Club bus.

Other One Design classes present were the Lightning, Flying Scot, Buccaneer, JY-15, and Melges Boat Works showing the MC and a couple other boats.

We were busy most all the time and had quite a few great GREAT discussions with a lot of people. We were able to make some new contacts.

One of the contacts was an officer of the White Lake Yacht Club in Michigan. The home of the Y-Flyer.

Many visitors came from the Lake Geneva area and consensus was that the Y-Flyer would be a good fit for that lake.

When the show was over, we were all pretty excited about the future. So much so that we asked President Mark Barton if he would appoint some of us to an ad hoc Y-Flyer Expansion Committee.

Mark agreed and appointed me to head up the new committee. Doug Kinzer (Bloomington), Steve Spoonamore, and Drew Daugherty all have agreed to serve on the committee. We've started work and have been communicating nearly daily.

Stephen started the ball rolling by assembling an editable list of all the Y-Flyer Fleets, present and past. We've already started to reach out to old fleets like Mohican (Ohio) and Glendale (Pennsylvania) looking for boats and sailors. Once again we've developed new contacts that could bear positive results.

Getting the home fleets stronger is our prime goal. In the meantime, the committee has been discussing ideas to find and get boats back in service and to get more membership on the regatta trail.

I would invite anyone who might be interested in serving on the Expansion Committee with us to contact me at elfraser@hughes.net



Seated Dave Irons Y-2802 and standing (L - R) Paul White, Terry Fraser, Richard King, Colin King, Scott Kingan, and Jim MacKenzie. Absent is Steve Spoonamore. Richard, Colin, and Jim are representing our Canadian Y sailors.

A•Y•F•Y•R•A

AMERICAN Y-FLYER YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION

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PREZIDENTIAL-Y STATED

by Mark Barton, Y-2688

We are starting a new era for 2015 with a new boat builder. The molds have been obtained from Chet Turner and delivered to Jibe Tech, thanks to the effort of Terry Fraser, Doug Kinzer, and Paul White. Chet has been very helpful with the change and is retiring from building boats hulls, but not from the Ys. We hope to see him continue to be active in the Ys and see him on the start line. Jibe Tech is going to build the hulls and Doug Kinzer (Even Keel) is going to do the rigging. We have one new Y in the works, and potentially a buyer for a second one. We should have new Ys racing this summer.

I would like to thank Stephen Spoonamore for heading up the effort on the Y-Flyer display this January 2015 at the Chicago Boat Show. Special thanks to Scott Kingan for helping Stephen, David and Jan Irons who let us use their boat at the show, and Paul White, Terry Fraser, and Doug Kinzer for their help. I also understand that Colin and Richard King and Jim McKenzie from Canada helped man the display. The space at the show was provided by US Sailing for free to promote One Design Classes. I could not make it to the show but from all accounts it was a success. The Y-Flyer Class was well represented. If I missed anyone who helped, I apologize, this was a great effort to promote the Y-Flyer class.

To continue from the boat show, we have established an Expansion Committee with Terry Fraser as Chairman with committee members Stephen Spoonamore, Doug Kinzer, and Drew Daugherty. Drew has been in contact with Rush Creek (RCYC), Dallas, Texas about establishing a Y fleet. We are planning to go to their open Regatta on May 9 and 10 and race to promote the Y-Flyer, and would like to have as many Ys there racing as possible. It looks to be a great year and hope you can make it to Midwinters at GMSC, Little Rock, Arkansas, on March 14 and 15, to start the year, racing the best 2-man centerboard there is! Pure, Affordable, Fast!

Y CLASS JUNIOR MAXIMUM AGE FOR JUNIOR COMPETITION

The maximum age of Y Class Junior competitors for the Junior National Regatta remains at less than 19 years.

There were no Junior age competitors at the 2014 Junior National Regatta. Business conducted at the 2014 Class General Meeting voted to increase the maximum Junior age from less than 19 at the time of the Junior National Regatta to less than 22 years. The age of the Junior competitor, as defined in the Y Class By Laws is in a 'protected Article' which requires a change to be confirmed (Accepted) by 2/3 of those responding by a mail vote on the issue. Mail vote cards were included with the 2015 Dues statements that were mailed to Active (boat) members in December 2014, and required that the returned vote card be postmarked on or before January 31, 2015. Of the 43 cards received, 27 votes were to increase the maximum age, 16 cards were not to increase the maximum age. The age change is NOT supported by sufficient votes (failed by 2 votes) and the maximum Junior age does not change. Although it was not stated as a requirement on the vote card that the vote be made by Dues paid members, 11 of the votes in favor of the age change were made by members who have not paid their 2015 Dues. All of the 'Do not change the age' votes were from Dues paid members. If the 2/3 requirement is based only on the votes from 2015 Dues paid members, the age change fails by 5 votes. Our thanks to Paul Dovey of the Thistle Class who received and sorted the vote cards.



Randolph (Randy) Smith, former president of Atlanta construction company Smith-Cothran, Inc., died October 22 at home after an illness. He was 87.

An Atlanta native, he was the son of Dr. Randolph Smith and the former Jean Douglas. He attended grammar and high school at The Marist School. Smith began college at Georgia Tech but joined the Army Air Corps after the first semester. WWII ended before his pilot training was complete. After an honorable discharge, Smith completed his engineering degree at Tech in 1949. He was a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity.

Following construction experience with McDonough Construction Company, Nat Harrison and Associates, and the Barge-Thompson Company, Smith returned to Atlanta. He started a construction company with partner John Cothran in 1963. Smith-Cothran, Inc. built new construction, renovations, and additions in the metro area. Some of its projects were the Fulton County Jail, Georgia Tech's Harrison Dormitory and Baptist Student Union, Morris Brown College's Fountain Hall, the Cathedral of St. Philip, St. Jude's Catholic Church, High Point Elementary School, and multiple tenant spaces in the Atlanta Merchandise Mart and Atlanta Apparel Mart.

For over 30 years, Smith's home was in Roswell, GA on a 40-acre horse farm. He coached his son's basketball, softball, and football teams in Roswell's recreation leagues. Smith's morning commutes into Buckhead included pre-dawn stops at the Northside YMCA's "Ys and Shiners," a fitness and fellowship group.

Smith was 51-year member of the Atlanta Yacht Club. He was its commodore in 1968 and, over the years, served as fleet captain and regatta chairman multiple times. He sailed competitively in the Y-Flyer class and was a former president of the American Y-Flyer Yacht Racing Association. Smith raced at his home club and in

regattas around the southeast. He co-founded the yacht club's Junior Week sailing program, which marked its 40th anniversary this year. His boating ventures included bareboat sailing in the British Virgin Islands and canal barge trips in England.

Smith honed skills in painting throughout his life. He was a self-taught artist who once considered painting as a career. Using oils, he painted portraits, landscapes, airplanes, and sailboats, for both commission and pleasure.

After retirement in 1988, Smith flew remote-control WWI and WWII aircraft. His 1/4- and 1/3-scale model planes were built from scratch, from his own hand-drafted plans. Due to his meticulous work, Smith was recognized as a master builder. He traveled to fly-ins around the Southeast to show and pilot his "war birds."

Smith's family admired his work ethic, quick humor, enthusiasm and energy. He lived in the moment with an easy confidence.

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The Atlanta Yacht Club hosted club members, retired club members, old friends and family who gathered to remember the joy of having Randy Smith in their lives. Every table was full, as were the benches alongside the windows of the ballroom.

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His first wife, Betty, died in 1995. He is survived by his wife Charlene; brother Dr. Douglas Smith of Atlanta; children Tara Smith Whitworth of Alexandria, VA, Dr. Amanda Smith Hodges of Musella, GA, and Kevin R. Smith of Roswell, GA; stepson Charles Webb of Atlanta; and 11 grandchildren.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be sent to the Salvation Army, where Smith tutored adults for the general education development (GED) exam.

On the race course, Randy wasn't afraid to "bang the corners" in search of an elusive wisp of wind and he enthusiastically "went for all the marbles." When he invested time and effort into the club, he always felt he got more out of it, than he had put in.

Good advice for us all!



When Randy smiled, you had to smile back. He was just that kind of a guy.



Dad, Tara, and me sailing a Thistle and winning the Club Championship.

Dad and Tara winning a Y regatta.



*Randy Smith Family — No place else could have been a better venue for Randy's memorial.
"I miss Dad. But I will always feel him around me when I am at the lake." —Tara*



MY FIRST RIVIERA REGATTA... FROM MY POINT OF VIEW...

By Drew (Circa 1991)

I had always marveled at the name, "Riviera". Remembering my fifth grade geography I was almost certain Neoga, Illinois was nowhere near France. Nor was it in any proximity to my own beloved "Redneck Riviera" which stretches from around New Orleans to Panama City (and includes more than its share of giant plastic dinosaurs along the roadway). But the name Riviera is derived from the word revere and I figured I could come to revere this part of the heartland as long as there were good friends and good racing. I had also cut a deal with Chet promising to come to his regatta if he came to mine, so I was kind of obligated. With that in mind I loaded up my purple and pink plastic boat and headed north.

My jet-setting and corporately important crew, the amazing Clif, was doing business in the area and flew in to meet me on Friday afternoon. Clif received great pleasure relaying this story to anyone who would listen how he was the only person in the world who had flown to Mattoon, IL. for a major yachting event. Clif is easy to bring to regattas. He gets along well with others. In fact he is the Muhammad Ali of getting along. I swear if you dropped Clif into a platoon of Iraqi soldiers with a six-pack, by the end of the day they would all be laughing and admitting that George Bush is not really a bad guy after all. You can count on Clif to have a few beers, work the crowd, and make some new friends.

Lake Mattoon Sailing Association is not easy to find. As one travels down increasingly unimproved roads you begin to suspect that this is some sort of cruel joke. Like they are sipping cold beers somewhere while the foolish southern boy is getting an agri lesson in cornology. I was told to take a left at the hog processing plant. Boy that helped a lot. The closest I had ever been to a hog plant was browsing through the bacon section of Kroger. I did however alertly spot what I later found out to be two signs nailed very close together that kind of read, "CHEESEBAIT TURNER MARINE" I followed the arrow musing that perhaps Chet was moonlighting, or simply picked up a new nickname. This strategy was successful and as I rolled into LMSA I was greeted by 'Ol Cheesebait himself-- bringing me a cold one! My first good tack of the weekend.

The clubhouse at LMSA is modest but cozy. The unusually cold night in June was warmly greeted by a nice fire. I settled in to a comfortable spot and watched the wonderful, typical regatta scene unfold like so many times before. The kind of scene that makes you forget the eight hour drive and only appreciate being there. First there are the locals, stewing around making sure everything is going smoothly: The beer, registration, the food. Then you spot the old timers who are close and dear friends even though they only see each other a few times a year at these rituals. Some of them have been sailing for thirty years and this is a major part of their lives. You see the cocky young bucks circling each other two stray dogs bragging and psyching. There's the confident champion smiling, he knows how to win. Then there are the administrators, the people who have chosen to govern our fleet. They have serious looks on their faces, not thinking about tomorrow's races. But most of all you see people who like each other and love sailing, having fun. And of course you see, "The Amazing Clif" working the crowd, making new friends.

Saturday's festivities were highlighted by an enormous bonfire crowned by an old wooded Y Flyer. Joe Whitesell, whose love for wooden boats is legendary just couldn't resist. He climbed to the top of the bonfire and had his picture taken in the old vessel. Later on that night the burning bonfire was ringed by about one hundred crazy people wearing togas. For those who forgot their togas, the local hotel was a fertile source of white sheets. I suspect the "Sailor's Tailor" sewed their own professional, tight-fitting tailored outfits, because Sandy Rowland looked really hot in hers. Ed Bigus, (who did not look hot in his toga) capped the night off with his usual rendition of "Pop-a-Zit".

The Golden Sow award which is earned by doing something stupid was given to Chet Turner, but could have gone to a number of people. Pat Passafiume, while leading the race let Gerry Callahan talk him into going around the buoy the wrong way. Jeff Rodgers almost earned the Sow by getting stopped by the Neoga police at 3:00 am. They searched his car and found a mysterious tube of epoxy glue which they figured he had been sniffing. (If you had seen Jeff that night you would have thought the same). Jeff's quick-minded explanation of epoxy and its many uses on sailboats allowed him to avoid arrest and stumble into his hotel. Chet's first Sow was for breaking his rudder in the last race with a certain win in sight. He blamed shoddy workmanship and promised to investigate a possible lawsuit with the manufacturer. Bigus took the case. Chet was a great sport about it and may now point the finger at the next lucky recipient.

After the trophies were distributed I loaded up my boat and headed home through the cornfields with a better understanding why it was called the Riviera. For it was a truly exotic place. A land of bonfires and men dressed in sheets. Of glue sniffing and weird songs about acne. But more than anything it was about racing boats with good friends. That is what makes the long drive worth the effort and keeps me coming back next year.



BOB SCHULTZ

1921 - 2015



Bob Schultz was a member of Y-Fleet 25 at Hueston Sailing Assn. After beginning his sailing career in a Rhodes Bantam, he soon found the Y sailors were having more fun and obtained Y-2592 - Miss Hepzibah. Later he owned and sailed Y-2587. He was Commodore of HSA in 1988 and again in 1993. He sailed until his mid 80's on Acton Lake and at many Y regattas in the Midwest during his life.

Bob was a dear and unique soul on this earth. He brought much joy, song, storytelling, intelligence and laughter to make the world a better place.

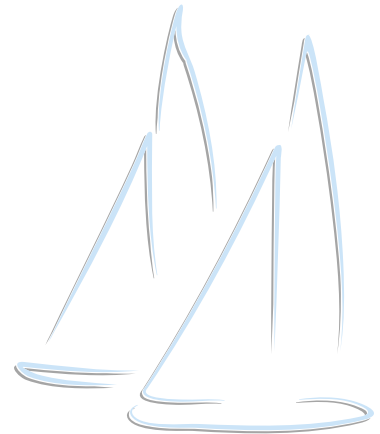
Born in Indiana almost 94 years ago, he was his high school valedictorian (Batesville) and went on to Purdue University. WW II interrupted his formal education but he went to officer's school before being sent to Europe to fight, eventually participating in the Battle of the Bulge. Upon his return home, he resumed his studies at Purdue where he completed his engineering degree in 1948. He met Loraine while in the lunchroom at Proctor and Gamble. He marveled at how much she could eat and still look so good. They were soon married and moved to Maryland where Bob taught radar at the Aberdeen Proving Ground Army post during the Korean conflict. They returned to College Hill in Cincinnati where he continued at P&G while Loraine worked at IBM.

Both have been active in their church there. Bob began sailing and racing in the 1970's and that sport and classical music were two of his favorite things. All of us will fondly remember Bob. He was not only a member of the "greatest generation"... he was a man for all generations.



“ Sad news, indeed. Bob was probably one of the nicest guys our class ever had. Always in an upbeat good mood, win or lose. He kept right on camping in his white van, too. Lorraine didn't crew in the Y, but she traveled to regattas with him all the while. Bob frequently had young people crew for him and they entered junior races as well. Of course, Bob would find a crew his age for the Internationals so he could win the "old Salt" trophy. :)

RIP, Bob.”



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THE TELL-TALE HEART OF THE Y-MAN

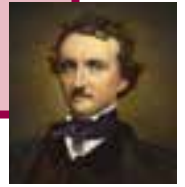
Captain Terryble

One dark and dreary night I awoke in a cold sweat. I was shaking. My mind was racing. I screamed out in terror!

A story I once was told...so abhorrent, so revolting, so alarming, so frightening...awakened me.

A story of Edgar Allan Poe proportions. Perhaps I shall never sleep again.

*“ TRUE! -nervous -very, very
dreadfully nervous I had been
and am; but why will you say
that I am mad?
Edgar A. Poe*



And so the story goes:

I tell this tale because it must be told. I tell this tale to you as we are gathered at this fireside on this regatta night very close to where it all occurred. I don't wish to frighten you. But I must relate the story...for your own good, for your own wellbeing, for your own preservation. Hark! Did you hear that sound??

There once was a sailor of another class who fell in love with a beautiful young woman who long had been the darling of the Y-Flyer fleet.

This mariner... He was so in love, so smitten with the beautiful young princess that he committed his life, dedicated his soul... to convince this woman of his dreams..... to become the woman of his reality.

So he obtained a Y-Flyer by the name of "Hooligan." A boat of ill repute. A horrible boat to sail. A boat almost human in its infamous ability to turn goodness into badness...and to deliver misery to its skipper. A devil boat!

And thus, the love bitten man enrolled his name to join the Y fleet at a regatta.....with the intention of winning all the races! His dream of holding the trophy high above..... and in the ensuing joyful triumphant celebration he would propose to the love of his life: And she would become his love forever.

But first...alas...he must convince the director of the races to allow him to sail alone. He must sail alone to accomplish his dream.

The director called the secretary of everything boating to see if this could be, should be, would be allowed.

The secretary of all things on the water decided to allow the young dreamer to carry on. After all, a regatta of this magnitude has never been won singlehanded. The decree..."Young man: So be it."

Oh, that fateful day:

It was cold and foggy that morning. Ah...so foggy! The committee had laid the marks before the eager fleet of scows. And then it was!... That a gun blast announced the start of the event.

The young man gave it all.....beating his Y, pinching the wind, pounding the waves,...an aggressiveness never seen before or since.

This trooper took the lead! Alas, the love of his life would be so amazed, so impressed, so proud. She certainly would agree to become his cohort, his comrade, his partner for life!

The joyous man was rounding the final leeward mark with a lengthy lead. A lead of legendary proportion. Such a lead that he was out of sight in the fog. Not another person alive on the surface of this world could see him.....or Hooligan.

And then the sadness, the predictable.....the end of all the young sailor's dreams.

Presumably, and it is generally agreed: When rounding this final mark the young sailor missed his foot strap and flipped over backwards out of the boat.

He fell overboard and was lost. His body was never recovered.

Rumor is.....he swam ashore in a deep painful sorrow.....some believe he disappeared into the thick woods. In agony for eternity!

Hooligan crossed the finish line without sailor. Without a soul on board. Yet there was a noise. A vibration of sorts. From within the hull....."Thump-thump. Thump-thump." As the boat sailed by the committee at the line the judges looked at one another in horror! "Did you hear that?

Could that sound from within the hull be the sound of.....a heart beating? At first faint....Then louder.....and louder. A tell-tale sound. That vessel is alive!

And so now. A new story begins:

He's been spotted in the nearby woods now and then again. Always from a distance but close enough for those who witness.....to observe some very disturbing behaviors.

It is said that the man had been injured...cut...laceratedin the fall from the high side of the devil's vessel. Perhaps by the centerboard, perhaps by the standing rigging of Hades' scow. It is said the wounds of that fateful fall on that foggy day carved a scar shaped in a letter "Y" on the chest of the lost sailor.

Alas: There are no photographs but the few people who have caught glimpse of him describe a wild eyed, disheveled figure.....a man of irrational hateful behaviors .

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A man with that distinguishing characteristic.....the letter "Y" etched into his chest. The scar he has long carried since that fateful day when he was taken from his fair maiden.

This man,....this crazed creature of the wild woods has become known by all...as.....The "Y-Man"

Fear him, oh, fear him, yes. Wait! Was that a crackle of the raging campfire? Or was it a snap of a twig underfoot in the nearby woods? Was that a zephyr of wind easing by us....or was that the sound of a body moving stealthily in the thicket yonder?

At night you can sometimes hear a call in these darkened woods....."Hooooooo--li--gaaaaan" in a moaning forlorn call. Hear it? Yes!

Oddly, some campers, some regatta participants have never been seen again after spending a night like this: Out in the darkness...had they gone to the comfort of their warm safe homes and foregone the final day of the regatta???

Or have they been taken.....taken from this world....by "The Y-Man."

HARK!!!

Do you hear that noise? Thump-thump. Thump-thump. Faint....now louder.....Louder.....LOUDER!!

Perhaps....."It is the beating of his hideous heart!"

2015 SCHEDULE	DATE	REGATTA	LOCATION
	March 14-15	Mid Winter Regatta	Grand Maumelle Sailing Club
	April 18 - 19	Harbor Island YC Spring Open	Harbor Island Yacht Club Nashville, TN
	April 25 - 26	AYC Open	Atlanta Yacht Club
	May 2 - 3	Keowee Cup Open Regatta	Keowee Sailing Club
	May 9 - 10	Dinghyfest Regatta	RC Yacht Club Dallas
	May 23 - 24	Hawg Wild	Grand Maumelle Sailing Club
	May 29 - 31	Hospice Regatta	Lake Norman Yacht Club
	June 13 - 14	Riviera Regatta	Lake Mattoon Sailing Association
	June 22 - 23	2015 Junior National Championship	Indianapolis Sailing Club
	June 24 - 26	2015 Senior National Championship	Indianapolis Sailing Club
	June 24 - 26	2015 Senior National Challenger	Indianapolis Sailing Club
	July 25 - 26	Midsummer Madness	Chippewa Yacht Club
		Carolina Open	Carolina Yacht Club
	August 1 - 2	Kenyon Cup	Lake Lashaway Sailing Club
	August 8 - 9	Beer & Boats	Carlyle Sailing Association
	September 5 - 7	Lake Norman Labor Day	Lake Norman NC
	September 12 - 13	Indy Outty	Indianapolis Sailing Club
	September 19 - 20	Whale of a Sail	Carlyle Sailing Association
	September 26 - 27	Lake Lemon	Bloomington Yacht Club
	Indian Summer Regatta	Saratoga Lake Sailing Club	
October 10 - 11	Gilbert Beer's Memorial	Atlanta Yacht Club	
October 16 - 18	Hospice Open Regatta	Western Carolina Sailing Club	
	Midlands Open Regatta	Columbia Sailing Club	

(A thank you note from an AYC member who borrowed Brad Beebe's boat)

Hi Brad,

Thank you very much for letting Charlotte and I borrow your boat. We had a great time and really enjoyed it. Ended up 13th out of 31...but had much more fun than that score might indicate.

Highlights:

- 1) At the end of the first race, Charlotte announced "the Thistle was now for sail and we should get a Y-Flyer"
- 2) On Sunday she heard a bunch of the sailors laughing and having fun and said, "Gee, you never hear Thistle sailors laughing"
- 3) Sunday night she asked if we could borrow a Y Flyer and go to Florida sometime this winter to practice.
- 4) At breakfast Monday morning she said that "if we were 13th having never sailed a Y Flyer before, and it being her first regatta ever, we should try to win the regatta next year".

This all from the kid that really did not "like" sailing.

By Doug Kinzer Y-2788

DOUG AND TERRY'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE



Seriously? Brake lights as far as the eye can see? It's Wednesday, for cryin' out loud!

After 12 hours of driving while staring at "Code Blue" and all the places it's been, one night in a hotel room and only 3 hours from our destination, we hit a traffic jam in Connecticut? Sheesh. This isn't what I had in mind when I thought, "I'm about ready to stop for the night." Oh well. No major complaints since we got this far without incident.

Oh. I'll bet most of you don't know what I'm talking about. There's nothing like a Flyer article to let everyone in on what I've come to call "Doug and Terry's Excellent Adventure".

A couple of years ago, our long-time Y-Flyer builder, Chet Turner, decided that he wanted to stop building Y's. He had done it for 40 years and it was time to let someone else take over. The Y class embarked on the search for a builder and, fortunately, Terry Fraser had

a great solution. His brother-in-law, Andrew Pimental, is a boat builder in Rhode Island and after some discussion, he agreed to take over the building of Y-Flyer hulls. Andrew is the owner of Jibetech, a composite fabricator of Snipes, Finns and assorted foils for other boat builders. His shop is in Portsmouth which is right in the middle of active sailing territory. Andrew has been in business for over 30 years and his Snipes are well-built and quite popular in their class.

The molds for the boat are now owned by the Y-Flyer class, so our new situation is a win-win. The class has a new builder who is ready to build boats, and Jibetech can get in with a low upfront investment.

After a trip to Neoga for mold purchase and logistics analysis, it fell to two crazy volunteers to get the molds from Illinois to Rhode Island at a low cost and without incident. Terry and I decided we were perfectly qualified.

Terry hooked up the legendary Code Blue trailer and headed toward Neoga. I made arrangements for a U-Haul trailer here in Bloomington. And the adventure begins!

(Sound effect of a needle being scratched across a vinyl record. You know the one.)

It's worth mentioning at this point that the first attempt to pick up the molds had to be aborted. Seems nobody got a hold of Chet to see if he'd be there. He wouldn't...and he wasn't going to leave the key under the mat. So Terry went back home from Pennsylvania. I cancelled the trailer.

Take two. The second attempt was better timing anyway. The sailing season was completely over and time was a little freer, so we began again. Once again, with more confidence and assurance of Chet's presence, we re- began our adventure.



We met at Turner Marine around noon on Tuesday. I got there first and Chet gave me the 5-minute crash course on what all the pieces and parts were for. Most of it was pretty obvious, but there was plenty of stuff I didn't realize. It gave me a new appreciation of what Chet went through to build these things. We loaded the cockpit mold and some of the jigs in my trailer and with impeccable timing, Terry arrived with Paul White and we loaded Terry's trailer with the other molds.

Once we were loaded up, we bid Chet farewell. One era ends and another begins.

We headed east with a brief stop in Indianapolis to drop Paul off. Then we began the long drive, staring at "Code Blue" and singing my way through almost every CD in my truck. With a first-night stop in Ohio and running the toll booths

(I love Terry's EZ Pass!), we made it to Connecticut at around 6 pm...and our first traffic jam. Pretty lucky if you ask me.

See ADVENTURE on page 10



After a second-night hotel stop, we were but 1 ½ hours from Jibotech. Of course, we got detoured around some road construction and had a cop get cranky at me with his horn as if I can just get out of the way in morning traffic, but after all of that, we arrived at our destination. I knew I liked Andy as soon as I saw him. After all, he was wearing resin-stained clothes and was covered in gel coat dust.

We unloaded the molds, which arrived damage-free. We spent some time discussing what went where and a few ideas and questions. Then I got a nickel-tour of the shop...which takes about 2 minutes. Jibotech isn't big, but it looks to be efficient. There is a loft area where they were in the process of building Laser dagger boards. It looked like a well-organized process and everything looked pretty seamless for a small boat shop. The main part of the shop was taken up by a Laser 27 owned by Ed Adams. Jibotech keeps good company!



After about 45 minutes or so, it was time to head home.

Terry let me keep his EZ Pass for my trip home. The trip back was uneventful. I stopped near Harrisburg and picked up a Force 5 owned by a guy from Delaware. I'm trying to spread my market. After a night in a hotel, and a stop in Ohio for gas and 2 cases of Yuengling beer, I made it home in time for dinner on Friday, even after returning the trailer.

Thus, the future begins. Jibotech is looking forward to working with the Y class to build high-quality boats. They will be building the hulls and I plan to do the rigging. Chet will likely still play a role for us as well. He's still very much in business and wants to help in any way possible. As this is written, I'm looking for trailers, masts and booms and parts dealership opportunities.

It now falls to all of us in the Y-Flyer class to make the future bright. I know I plan to do whatever I can to keep the class growing and moving into the future. We need to reintroduce the world to the coolest two-man non-spinnaker boat in the world. With a new hull builder and new energy from everyone in the class, there's every reason to believe that the future will see more success, more growth, more fun and great racing in the Y-Flyer.



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LAKE LEMON	PLACE	BOAT	SKIPPER & CREW	R 1	R 2	TOTAL	PLACE	BOAT
	1	2688	Mark Barton & Lisa Parker	1	5	5.75	1	2688
	2	2664	Steve Roeschlein & Michele Carruthers	6	1	6.75	2	2664
	3	2798	Drew & Evan Daugherty	4	3	7	3	2798
	4	2752	Kevin & Wanda Black	8	2	10	4	2752
	5	2791	Jeff Rogers & Barbara Hunter	5	7	12	5	2791
	6	2788	Nile Hatcher & Susan Hanfland	2	11	13	6	2788
	7	2736	Doug & Lauren Kinzer	3	10	13	7	2736
	8	2681	Pat Passafiume & Charlie Bohn	11	4	15	8	2681
	9	2783	Dave & Carolyn Shearlock	7	8	15	9	2783
	10	2757	Anthony Passafiume & Andi Bueckle	12	6	18	10	2757
	11	2680	Marty & Kim Schilke	10	9	19	11	2680
	12	2623	Mike Stewart & Robin Waterbury	9	12	21	12	2623
13	2584	Paul White & Carol Gebhardt	13	13	26	13	2584	

Notice of Race: 2015 Y-Flyer MidWinters

March 13-15, 2015

Hosted by Grande Maumelle Sailing Club, Roland, Arkansas



♦ Rules

- ♦ The regatta will be governed by the Rules as defined in The Racing Rules of Sailing 2013-2016, the prescriptions of US Sailing Association, and the Rules of the American Y-Flyer Yacht Racing Association.
- ♦ There will be a maximum of 5 races, with no more than 4 races on Saturday. One race will constitute the regatta.

♦ Eligibility

- ♦ Skippers and crews who are current members of the American or Canadian Y-Flyer Yacht Racing Associations may be entered by completing registration with the regatta organizing authority.
- ♦ AYFYRA membership can be obtained at the regatta. Also, forms are available at http://www.yflyer.org/YFlyerInfo_Membership.aspx

♦ Entry & Fees

- ♦ Registration is available via the form below.
- ♦ Registration Fees:
The entry fee is \$100.00 US, with a \$5.00 discount for members of US Sailing or Canadian Yacht Association.
After Feb. 20, 2015 the late entry fee is \$120.00 US.
Entry fee includes all meals for skipper and 1 crew.

♦ Schedule

♦ Friday, March 13th

- 6pm-7pm Registration at the clubhouse
- 7pm Welcome Aboard Dinner at the clubhouse
Cajun feast provided, BYOB

♦ Saturday, March 14th

- 8am-10am Light Breakfast at Clubhouse
- 8:30am-9:30am Late Registration at Clubhouse
- 10:00am Competitors meeting at Pavilion
- 10:30am Harbor Gun
- 11am Start of race 1 with subsequent races to follow.
- Lunch break at or before 1pm
- Races following lunch, time tba by Race Committee at start of lunch time
- 18:30 or after racing, dinner and music at the Clubhouse

♦ Sunday, March 15th

- 8:30am Harbor Gun
- 9:00am First Race of the day.
- No Race will start after 10:30am on Sunday
- After Racing – Lunch and Awards at the Clubhouse

♦ Courses

- ♦ Courses will be Modified Olympic or Modified Windward/Leeward. Courses may be discussed and adjusted at the Competitors Meeting.

♦ Prizes and Scoring

- ♦ Prizes will be awarded to skippers and crews First through Third in the Gold Fleet, and First and Second in the Blue Fleet if there are at least 3 Blue Fleet Competitors.
 - ♦ The official AIFYRA scoring system will apply with no throw-out races in the series.
- ♦ **Sailing Instructions**
- ♦ The Sailing Instructions will be available during the Competitor's Meeting. Spectators are welcome to join the RC as space allows.
- ♦ **Housing**
- ♦ Hotels about 25 minutes from GMSC include the Hampton Inn on Maumelle Boulevard, the Holiday Inn West on West Financial Parkway and several others.
 - ♦ There is camping available about 20 minutes away at Maumelle Park 501-868-9477. Please note, camping is not permitted on GMSC grounds.
 - ♦ We have limited housing with GMSC members. Please contact eparkermk@hotmail.com or call an old friend.
- ♦ **Disclaimer of Liability**
- ♦ Competitors participate in the regatta entirely at their own risk. The organizing authority will not accept any liability for material damage or personal injury or death sustained in conjunction with or prior to, during or after the regatta.
- ♦ **Further Information**
- ♦ Directions to Grande Maumelle Sailing Club from I-430 – Take Hwy 10 West for about 15 minutes. Turn right at the driveway with signs for GMSC and Jolly Rogers Marina. The GMSC gate is to the right.
 - ♦ We plan to meet out of town boats Friday evening to greet you and find a place for your boat trailer. Email me to schedule this if you plan to arrive earlier than noon Friday.
 - ♦ Questions? Contact Lisa Parker, eparkermk@hotmail.com, 501-952-1659
 - ♦ Please notify the organizing authority of your intention to compete as soon as possible.
- ♦ **Changes to the NOR**
- ♦ Changes to this NOR may be made by the Organizing Authority. Check GMSC.ORG EVENTS MARCH for any updates. NOR revised 22 Jan 2015.



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Y Go East?

The **2014 International Y Flyer Championships** were held in late July at the Saratoga Lake Sailing Club, New York. I was not planning to go. Why make an 8800km round trip to sail when you can do it at home? My home is in Lethbridge, Alberta. I sail at St. Mary's Sailing Club in the Alberta foothills at the western end of the prairies within sight of the Rockies.

Alberta has a rich history of Y Flyer sailing. In the 1950s and 1960s there were several clubs with active Y fleets and some regattas sometimes had 50 Y Flyers in attendance. The Edmonton fleets included wood and fiberglass boats built by John Booth and Son ("Boson" boats) while the Calgary boats were home-built woodies. But by the mid '70s the Y flyer fleets were in steep decline, falling prey to mass-produced fiberglass classes and new single-handers such as the Laser. By the late '80s they had disappeared from the competitive sailing scene in the province.

I sailed Y's as a teen and young adult until our Y 248 died of dry rot. I continued to sail in Lasers and Fireballs but always missed sailing the Y and wanted to find one. Last winter I finally tracked down an old Y in good shape and decided I would restore it (see restoration article) and sail it in the western Y Flyer Regatta in Manitoba. I just about had the trailer hitched when I heard the regatta was cancelled. Now what? Well...I realized I could leave home at the same time and just drive a little further to New York for the Internationals. My wife said "that would be crazy" and refused to crew for me. John Smith, the regatta chair, offered to find me a crew. Bob Somek, the Canadian Y class secretary encouraged me to come.

I left with a new trailer and 3 spare tires. Alberta has great highways – smooth with wide paved shoulders, and the motoring was easy. Saskatchewan was a bit more of a test for the suspension in my new trailer. But it was still divided highway with the bonus of seeing native grasslands rolling to the horizon. Driving the next morning in Manitoba was bumpy with the past winter's frost heaves but still on a divided highway. The scenery had changed: as my 8 year old son said years ago when we were passing through Manitoba "who decided Manitoba is a prairie province? I've never seen so many trees". Ontario arrived in the middle of day two. Whereas the Trans Canada Highway is a big deal in the west and gets the designation #1, in Ontario it's called #17 and seems to be given about that level of maintenance priority. Upon entry to Ontario the road becomes a narrow snake of two-way traffic in narrow lanes, bounded by skinny and sloping soft gravel shoulders. But the scenery is unique. I love the long stretch between Thunder Bay and Sault St. Marie, with red and green Canadian Shield and appealing glimpses of Lake Superior. So I just settled down, reduced my speed, put on my favourite tunes and enjoyed the ride. On my second day I slept on the north shore of the world's largest lake. By midnight of day three I was back in the rat race on Toronto's 401, but that brought me to my friendly Kingston in-law's Sara and Chris's house at 2am. After a day of rest I set off on the final four hours to Saratoga Springs. The US customs agent was interested in my boat but when he saw my license plate and asked what I was doing he stated in an authoritative tone: "you must be crazy". I asked him if he had been speaking with my wife. He grinned and waved me through.

I arrived to a friendly welcome from Saratoga's young sailing instructors Piotr and Drew. They helped me step my mast and then commented on my trapeze rig. They had been unaware of the more enlightened and permissive nature of our Canadian Y rules. Regatta chair John Smith arrived shortly afterwards and gave me a grand tour of the lovely old Saratoga S. C. clubhouse and spacious club grounds. My rudder had not yet arrived (Doug Kinzer brought me one of the "new" design the next day) so I jumped at the invitation to go with local new Y sailor Mark Czajkowsky (Piotr's dad) on an evening sail around Saratoga Lake.

The night slumber was interrupted at 4AM by the first of several thunderstorms of the week. I got up early to watch the sunrise and then finished my rigging to the rhythm of squirrels dropping acorns onto a

tin roof. Around noon several other sailors arrived including my crew, Dirk Nieuwdorp. He had crewed with John Smith in the Y a few times and prior to that raced J24s. Dirk and I got on well and did as much prep onshore as we could. We were keen to hone our skills in the practice race, but alas, another thunderstorm led to it's being cancelled. The evening was pleasant with our first regatta meal, tapping of the first keg, and the opportunity to meet other CAN and USA Y Flyer sailors for the first time.

Dirk and I got our first sail together in the first race on Tuesday. My spinnaker rigging is sort of unique and was hindered by a halyard that wouldn't run freely. The jamming became worse as time wore on. Eventually we learned the hard way that it had been catching on a frayed wire jib halyard. In the first race we were in the upper half of the fleet at the windward mark but slipped back as the race wore on. In the second race our finish position was much the same, but Dirk was getting the hang of the spinnaker and I was pleased to see it was starting to make a difference for us against the whisker-pole encumbered US boats. But to counter that I had made some poor tactical decisions and was also getting frustrated by noticing we lacked upwind boat speed. Our first breakage happened on a general recall when the jib fairlead track snapped in half, leaving the jib car dangling in mid air. We did a quick repair, then a more permanent fix at lunch. After lunch we got in one more race in dying winds. Dirk and I were starting to sail as a team by that time and got our first top ten finish. It was a good social evening as folks were happy to have completed the first day of racing and loosened up a little.

The next day was frustrating. There was no wind. A few of us went out but just chased zephyrs. We hung around waiting, but the wind only came in time for an evening club race. A few Y's sailed in that (non-scoring) race. I joined a small group of Canucks – Bob Somek, Rich Hart, and Carl Swail, with my New Jersey crew Dirk as DD, and we took off to town under the leadership of our international hosts. Peter and Anne steered us on a direct course to the Saratoga Brewery for an upstate New York beer tasting session, spiced with a late evening meal of Thai food.

The final day started with strong "John Smith coffee" and a hearty Saratoga Sailing Club breakfast. My old crank-up halyard system had been annoying me because I couldn't get my jib luff tight enough. So I had the forestay pulled while I turned another circle with the crank. That worked and gave us much more speed upwind and for the first time we could also point our half-century old boat like the newer Turner boats. Our Y was finally flying! We got a decent finish mid fleet amongst other boats. Then in the fifth race we were holding at third or fourth all the way around, well ahead of boats that we had previously only got transom views of. Then on the second upwind leg we heard "SNAP" - the fray on the jib halyard had parted, throwing the jib into the lake. The whole fleet sailed by while Dirk carefully retrieved the jib to avoid it tearing. Meanwhile another thunderstorm was rumbling in. We limped to the shore and later learned the race was abandoned anyway - just as the leaders were approaching the finish! I gather the abandonment affected the top positioning in the regatta. But race committee members, including Peter and Anne, along with American Y Flyer Secretary Paul White, had made the right decision under difficult circumstances. They had been making good race management decisions all week in challenging conditions.

Closing ceremonies were informal and fun. At one point us northerners were prompted to be patriotic and belted out a rousing rendition of "Oh Canada!" A quieter rendition of "Dixie" was reputedly heard coming from the Georgia/Arkansas corner of the clubhouse. Some of the northeasterners were mumbling some other tune about rockets and stars and bombs, but we couldn't quite make out what it was.

The next morning we pointed cars and boats homeward. I left with a bottom cover, generously gifted from John and Terry Fraser to help me avoid tar and rock chips on my cross-continental drive. The 8800 km round-trip was the culmination of my living a dream of restoring a vintage Y and then sailing it in a major regatta. A big "THANKS" to Saratoga Lake Sailing Club and the American and Canadian Y Flyer Associations. It was great fun and I hope I'll cross tacks with cross-continental Y flyer friends again soon.