

# J/30 JOURNAL

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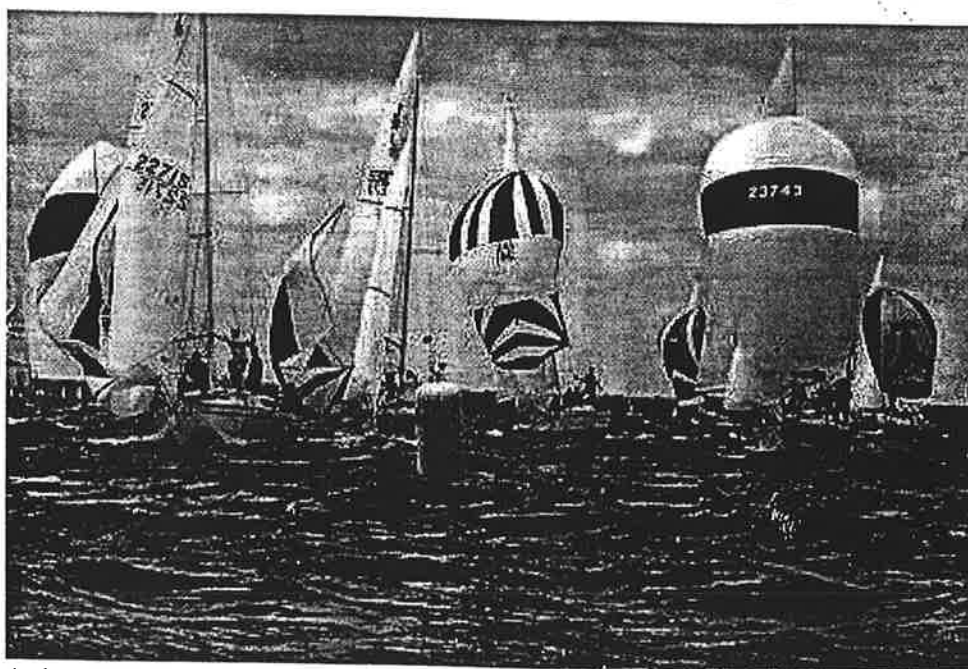
Bob Rutsch, P.O. Box 7579, Silver Spring, MD 20907-7579 (301) 565-2300, Fax: (301) 589-0130

## A North American Swan Song *Turbo Duck Wins in Annapolis*

**B**odo von der Wense and the crew of *Turbo Duck* came into the 1996 North Americans with high expectations, but little pressure. A year earlier, in Bridgeport, Connecticut, two brilliant victories were offset by an equal number of premature starts. Dropping to fifth in the regatta was hardly the worst of it. Getting underway for the return delivery, the boat ran aground on Black Rock reef and had to be towed off. "We knew we were as fast as anyone," noted Bodo. "But you can't make those kind of mistakes and expect to win."

What a difference a year can make. Patiently playing the percentages in shifty conditions, *Turbo Duck* racked up three seconds, a fourth and a bullet for a runaway victory in the 1996 J/30 North American Championship. *no respect* made certain they would remain runner-up in the regatta by shadowing third place finisher *Bear Away* throughout the final race. After finishing second the past two years, *Sea Biscuit* won two races, but had to settle for fourth. *Cannonball*, a winner in the 1993 NA's in Annapolis was fifth, while *Scat V* posted a bullet in the final race for a clean sweep for the Chesapeake Fleet.

The regatta was held September 13-15, in Annapolis, Maryland. The Annapolis Yacht Club and the Chesapeake Bay J/30 Fleet hosted twenty-four J/30's, including three teams from Long Island Sound and one each from Ohio and Minnesota on loaner boats. The fleet assembled



At the mark left to right: *Scat V*, *Fat City*, *Bebop*, *Tiger*, *Twilight Zone*, *Sea Biscuit* & *Gunsmoke*  
photo by Jerry Atwell

Thursday for a day of measurement. J/30's lined AYC's dock off-loading gear, tuning rigs and trading stories with old friends. Inside the club a new ritual was emerging. Skippers attempted to maximize live, movable ballast (otherwise known as crew) within the class limit of 1400 pounds. Nearly all boats sailed with at least seven crew, a couple had eight, while *Bear Away* carried nine. While most sailors stripped the boats, some shed shoes and clothes as to make the weight limit. Late that afternoon, sailors gathered under a tent on the 'grassy knoll' across Spa Creek from AYC's clubhouse. After a skippers' meeting, sailors enjoyed the first of three nightly parties.

Friday morning dawned overcast and calm, but racing got underway on time with a six mile windward-leeward in light easterly breeze. A general recall did little to relieve first race

jitters. At the restart seven boats were over the line early and called back. *Gunsmoke* and *Encounter* had to set spinnakers to get back to return and start properly. Early on, *no respect* led *Jaguar*, as both crossed the fleet on port before setting up on the starboard layline. *Bebop* stayed right early and tacked in between *no respect* and *Jaguar* as the three rounded the windward mark. Next in order came *Shuger Blitz*, *Lazy Duck*, *Twilight Zone* and *Insatiable*. The

breeze was stronger to the south, so the leaders either jibe set or quickly jibed to port after rounding. Dark clouds and a brief shower heralded a change. In a northerly phase, *Bebop* inherited the lead to leeward. It's hard to be sure what happened next, if the breeze backed or clocked, but it filled from the west. That forced most boats into fire drill mode dousing chutes and setting genoas to fetch the mark.

Aboard AYC's mark boat the "C" flag was up, but the committee had the unenviable task of choosing a course. Numbers were flipping like a race track tote board at post time. They picked 290° with the mark set in shore between Thomas and Tolly Points. It was so far in I was afraid to look at the depth sounder," commented *Gunsmoke's* Mike McGuirk.

Continued on page 2



## Turbo Duck, no respect & Bear Away Tops at Annapolis NA's

Continued from page 1

**Bebop** tried to cover as **no respect** and **Jaguar** went left. **Twilight Zone** stayed on port going north and gaining as more breeze came down the Severn River. **Scat** moved into contention on a southerly zephyr,

but nobody was making any real progress toward the mark in the flat calm. About the time it looked like the race committee would abandon, chutes appeared out of the northerly pack and a nice breeze filled from the west. Sure it was a crap shoot, but it was a fair one. **Bear Away** had popped out from the pack on the right while **Scat** rounded second coming from the left. Next came **Turbo Duck** from the right and **no respect** from the left. Moral—when it gets fluky don't get caught in the middle.

Over the final two legs **Bear Away** stayed in front, while both **Turbo Duck** and **no respect** moved ahead of **Scat**. The changing conditions saved the boats that had restarted: **Tiger**, **Gunsmoke** and **Encounter** finished fifth, seventh and eighth respectively. **Twilight Zone**, who at one point stood third, ended up sixth, while **Bebop** dropped to twelfth.

The day's second race was another short four leg windward-leeward. With the wind still light and westerly, the mark was set at 305°. There was more battling on the line as three boats were pushed over. **Turbo Duck** won a nice pin position and punched out left into a persistent port windup. **Smiles** rounded second with **Jaguar** third and **Sea Biscuit** fourth. Over the next two legs, **Sea Biscuit** worked the puffs to perfection to take over the lead. **Bear Away** moved into third behind **Turbo** after finding another payoff on the right side of the course. The three leaders held those positions to the finish. **Cannonball** gained ground on each leg to take fourth, followed by **Gunsmoke**, **Tiger** and **Avita**.

After two difficult light air races, **Bear Away** emerged as the surprise leader by a quarter point over **Turbo Duck**. Under the tent that night when the race awards were presented **Bear Away** received a rousing round of applause from the throng. Unfortunately, skipper Bonnie Sue Schloss missed the moment of glory as she had rushed off to celebrate the religious holiday with her family.

Saturday was the first of two days of nearly perfect racing conditions. The breeze filled in solidly, but uncharacteristically, from the west. There were some complaints about local knowledge and the difficulty of spotting the

weather mark near the shore. But it could be argued that the breeze brought classic regatta conditions. No side of the course was consistently favored. The offshore wind had plenty of oscillations and puffs, to easily gain or lose a couple of boats on each leg.

**Gunsmoke** burst into the early lead of the day's first offering a four leg windward leeward. They rounded the weather mark followed by **Sea Biscuit**, **Avita**, **no respect** and **Turbo Duck**. Downwind, **Sea Biscuit** seized the lead while **Turbo** moved up to third. **Turbo** continued to charge on the next beat, rounding in second behind **Sea Biscuit** but ahead of **Gunsmoke** and **no respect**. Those four kept their positions to the downwind finish. **Cannonball** again made impressive gains, passing five boats on the beat and one on the final downwind leg to take fifth. **Twilight Zone** was sixth, with **Bear Away** seventh.

The next race was a similar four leg sausage. **Jaguar** won a perfect pin end start. From there, skipper Al Schreitmuller acknowledged, "It was no brainer. We were headed twenty degrees, tacked and crossed the whole fleet." **Bear Away** was second after the first leg ahead of **no respect**, **Big Kahuna**, and **Blitz**. The breeze continued to build. As J/30's surfed downwind, crews scurried to change to smaller headsails for the second beat. By the second windward mark, **no respect** had passed **Bear Away** but never seriously challenged **Jaguar** for the lead. **Turbo** advanced to fourth followed by **Big Kahuna**, **Bebop** and **Cannonball**.

The final race of the day was a full Olympic triangle. Many boats stayed with blades or 140% genoas. **Turbo Duck**, **Scat** and **Shuger Blitz** set their big genoas and their sights on a pin end start. The left side paid again as the breeze weakened briefly and backed to the south. A couple of skippers recognized the diminishing breeze and changed sails, but most slogged it out with small jibs. At the weather mark, **Turbo** had the lead ahead of **no respect**. **Tiger** was third followed by **Shuger Blitz**, **Scat**, **Twilight Zone** and **Cannonball**. Over the two reaching legs the leaders held their spots except that **Cannonball** swapped positions with **Twilight Zone**.

During the parade, the breeze returned with a more southerly trend, so AYC signaled a course at the leeward mark. **Turbo** and **no respect** were satisfied to cover and hold onto first and second over the next three legs. **Shuger Blitz**, **Scat**, and **Cannonball** each gained a place at the expense of **Tiger**, who dropped to seventh behind **Sea Biscuit**. **Big Kahuna** made the comeback of the day. "We were over early and restarted," reported skipper Larry Christy. "Downwind there were puffs rolling in from the right. We caught a few boats but ended up

outside on a wheel at the jibe mark." Standing twenty-third at the end of the triangle, they focused on playing the shifts, finishing a respectable ninth.

After a long day of racing sailors were tired, but happy. AYC's Protest Committee was able to settle all infractions with voluntary penalties. At the annual class dinner, the beer and Mount Gay's flowed freely. **Sea Biscuit's** Dorsey and Gail Owings had donated a couple hefty hogs which were barbecued to perfection with all the trimmings. The sun was shining and all was right in the J/30 world. When the awards were presented and the scores posted, Bodo von der Wense and the **Turbo Duck** crew suddenly realized they had clinched the title. With one throwout available in the six race series, they elected to stay, enjoy the party and spectate during the final contest.

Sunday morning there were still four trophies up for grabs and plenty of breeze to decide the final race. Less than three points separated **no respect** and **Bear Away** who stood second and third respectively. "We sailed with a mission," declared Scott Allen on **no respect**. Skipper Rich Harrison noted, "Coming off the western shore there were bands of wind maybe fifty yards wide. Two boats could be side by side and one would pull away from the other." At the windward mark, **Bear Away** had the lead, pursued by **Scat**, **no respect**, **Shuger Blitz** and **Big Kahuna**. As **Bear Away** and **no respect** battled, **Scat** and **Shuger Blitz** moved to the head of the class and went on to finish in that order. On the final beat, there were enough boats close to **Bear Away** that she tried to maneuver to put the two boats they needed between themselves and **no respect**. But **Big Kahuna** sailed over both to take third. **Encounter** fouled **Twilight Zone** taking a penalty and putting both boats out of contention.

As for the NA champion crew, there is nothing like going out on top. They watched the final race from a different **Turbo Duck**, a Mumm 30 which arrived in August. Bodo, Nick and Gero von der Wense have traveled from Pennsylvania to race in the Chesapeake Fleet for the past six years. The crew of Russell Burton, Chris Humphreys, Bruce Nairn, and Brent Allen have been with the program for many a regatta. "We joined the J/30 class to race one-design," Bodo noted. "We would not have even considered the Mumm 30, except that it has the same two things that make J/30's so great—one-design racing and a strict owner driver rule." There had been speculation prior to the regatta that **Turbo** would sit this one out. But, Bodo would not think of it. "Unless the boat had already been sold, we were definitely racing." And winning. —report by Bob Rutsch



## From the Class President

**Bob Rutsch**

**C**ongratulations to *Turbo Duck*, no respect, *Bear Away* and all the competitors in the 1996 J/30 North Americans—look on the next page you are all there. The Annapolis Yacht Club led by Principal Race Officers Chip Thayer and Wayne Bretsch ran a great regatta. Thank you to all our sponsors (logos appear below) who added a little extra to our shore side gatherings.

Nearly everyone in the Chesapeake Bay Fleet pitched in to help. I thanked many in our Fleet Newsletter, but some deserve a second mention. The Fleet officers, especially Larry Christy, Joe Ruzzi, Gary Swangler, and Sara Mahood handled the regatta with panache. My parents Bill and Jody Rutsch took care of all the details I could not, from registration to shirts to baking brownies. Tad Hutchins of Quantum Sail Design Group, made up the bow numbers and Alan Drew of UK-Allan Sailmakers measured most of the sails. Gail & Dorsey Owings provided the Eastern Shore's finest hogs for the class dinner. Jerry Atwell did a marvelous job photographing the regatta and offered prints at loss leader prices. His pictures are featured throughout this issue. Jerry also shot video tape which Bonnie Sue Schloss has edited into a nice ten minute compilation. Loaner boats are special in our class allowing us to have a national event without hauling or sailing boats across the country. Thanks to Ron Bower—*Easy Virtue*, Ned Johnson—*Jack Rabbit*, Herb Pearson—*Long Tayle*, Chip Devine and Rob Lundahl—*Dreamboat Annie* and Doug Ensor—*Deck Works*.

It's not too early to begin thinking about next year. The North Americans return to Newport, RI, after a decade's absence, August 13-15, 1997. This will be the first time our championship will be held as part of an established event, the Newport NOOD. Start making arrangements now if you are even thinking about going—lodging can get tight.

### The Budget

An owner called me soon after the North Americans. While most class members are satisfied, he did not feel he was getting a reasonable return from the class. He was disappointed that there is so little one-design activity on Long Island Sound. He wondered who got to keep the profits from his \$400 entry fee at last year's NA's in Bridgeport. After explaining it to him, I concluded there must be others not directly involved in running the class or the NA regatta who are also in the dark. So where did the money go?

I do not know exactly what happened in 1995, but I am certain it was similar to this year. Our budget was about \$13,000. Seven extra entries helped to spread the fixed costs, so we dropped the entry fee to \$350. The biggest expense was Saturday night's Class Dinner, a full barbecue with free beer, wine and Mount Gay Rum. (Last year it was swordfish and steak.) Each skipper received eight dinner tickets; we sold extras for \$15—that's worth \$120. Each entry came with seven \$14 T-shirts, one for each crew—\$98. Thursday, Friday and Sunday, we had free beer, wine, sodas, and hot and cold hors d'oeuvres. If seven crew and two significant others each had two happy-hour priced drinks over three days that's another \$135. Total retail value, as they say on the game shows, \$353. The goody bags, gift certificates and door prizes, courtesy our sponsors were a bonus.

Our costs were less, of course. But, a competent race committee on three boats with sandwiches and drinks is not cheap. We also gave exceptional awards, five hand-carved hull models (\$200 each) for overall winners and plaques for the top five in each race.

The goal is to break even. Income from sixty extra T-shirts, 135 polo shirts, and a few belts left over from 1993 helped. I believe we came out ahead, but if we had not had one last minute entry, we would have been lucky to break even. The host fleet keeps the profit, but also takes any loss. So far I have only heard how much everyone enjoyed the regatta, not why it cost \$350.

### Fleet Building

Many people in the class continue to contribute a great deal of their time without pay, myself included. But we can and will do more. This year I cut off people who did not pay dues after just one issue of this J/30 Journal. Some people felt it was not up to previous standards and it took a while to get the second and third issues completed. I will try harder to stay on schedule and make each issue worth reading. You can help too, by submitting something others will enjoy reading.

Our web site has been a very successful, thanks to the efforts of Joe Ruzzi. It has attracted new members we would not otherwise reach. It is an incredibly cost effective way to disseminate information—much better than printing and snail mail, plus the pictures are in color! Still, many people don't have access to the Internet. Next year there are plans to create a handbook containing a directory of members and the class rules.

Many Districts could have more one-design racing like we have on the Chesapeake. Existing owners hate to hear it, but a decent J/30 now sells for \$20-25K. That is a more realistic price for a young family than the latest thirty foot one-design. The Mumm may be faster, but its no weekend cruiser like the J/30. Our target market is sailors who want to race one-design, on a budget and still be able to go cruising.

One fleet capitalizing on the opportunity is in Newport. Next year's NA's should generate additional interest. It's probably no coincidence that Newport is also the metacenter of another thirty foot one-design, also near and dear to my heart, the Shields. Though pre-dating the J/30 by decades, it is still going strong in Newport.

There is great potential for growth of one-design activity on Long Island Sound, which probably has the most J/30's in the country. I wrote a pretty stern letter to the owner who called me about the NA entry fee, challenging him to get involved. He surprised me by calling back after talking up nearby J/30 owners and trying to set up a regatta at his home club.

Western Great Lakes does a fine job within a large geographic area and there are other fleets with potential, North Carolina, New Orleans—maybe even Lake Pepin! I'll do anything within my power and budget to assist you. Post your events here or in the Web Page. If you want mailing labels or extra J/30 Journals, I'll send them, but the rest is up to you.

Best wishes during the holiday season and for a Happy New Year. *Bob*



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# Everyone is a Winner

## Skippers & Crew in the 1996 J/30 NA's

**Boat, City & State, Club, Skipper and Crew**  
**Avita**, Alexandria VA, Annapolis YC,  
 George Watson, Dan Watson, Paul Nassetta,  
 Tom Watson, Chris Mason, Robert Brian  
 McPherson, Eben Block, Brian Livingston,  
 Dean Lands

**Bear Away**, Silver Spring MD,  
 Severn River YC, Bonnie Sue  
 Schloss, Christine Wilson,  
 Jonathan Bartlett, Ray Wulff,  
 David Barns, Vicki Ehrhardt, Mike  
 O'Brien, Pam Doty, Sandy  
 Gallagher, Mary Iliff

**Bebop**, Chevy Chase MD,  
 Annapolis YC, Bill Rutsch, Bob  
 Rutsch, Nancy Rutsch Costello,  
 Mike Costello, Alan Drew, Greg  
 Lange, Jeff Hamilton

**Better Mousetrap**, Greenbelt  
 MD, Magothy River SA, Potapskut  
 SA, Bob Putnam, Mary Grealy,  
 Richard Griffin, Elmer Ferguson,  
 Cathy Cotell, Tad Hutchins,  
 Matthew Davis, Gary Sullins

**Big Kahuna**, Crofton MD,  
 Annapolis YC, Larry Christy,  
 Patricia Christy, Sara Mahood,  
 Todd Zoph, Mitch Gardner, Patrick  
 Twomey, Matt Beck

**Blitz** (on *Deck Works* loaned  
 by Doug Ensor), Shoreham NY,  
 MSSA, Damian Emery, Doug  
 Ensor, Allison Marron, Larry  
 Emery, Bill Johansmeyer, Will  
 Eiseman, Paul Rosa

**Cannonball**, Annapolis MD,  
 Annapolis YC, Bill Wallop, Bill  
 Wallop Jr., Doug Wallop, Chip  
 Carr, Earl Chambers, Ralph Riddle,  
 Clarke McKinney, Chris Wolf,  
 Thomas Wohlgemuth, Dave  
 Eckels, Doc Hoyle

**Encounter**, Arnold MD,  
 Magothy River SA, Drew Dowling,  
 John Amy, Bill Richards, Clent  
 Lowe, Gary Austin, Jack Syme,  
 Bruce Empey

**Fat City** (on *Jack Rabbit* loaned by Ned  
 Johnson), Waterbury CT, Cedar Pt YC, Carl  
 Sherter, Steve Froebel, John Etter, Dave Etter,  
 Tom Etter, Steve Etter, Allen Bemus

**Gunsmoke**, Bel Air MD, Round Bay SA,  
 Michael McGuirk, Richard Dallam, Terry  
 Siciliano, John Dallam, Bob Griffiths, Suzanne  
 Griffiths, Tom Erickson, Ernie Martelli

**Hush Gully** (on *Dreamboat Annie* loaned  
 by Chip Devine & Rob Lundahl), Edina MN,  
 Lake City YC, Don Sullivan, Patsy Sullivan,  
 Peter Sullivan, Jill Ewald, Lloyd Heim, Carolyn  
 Heim, Cathy Nichols, Mark Nichols

**Lazy Duck**, Annapolis MD, Severn SA,  
 Severn River YC, Wick Keating, Jody Keating,  
 Jay Marquez, Gary Collins, Dave Watson, Paul  
 Wilson, Peter Geitz

**Mondial**, Alexandria VA, Eastport YC,  
 Joe Ruzzi, Billy Johnson, Tom  
 Hood, Dave Dodson, Susan Pope,  
 Jon Pope, Cullen Kowalski, Steffi  
 Schiffer

**no respect**, Chester MD, Swan  
 Creek SA/Annapolis YC, Rich  
 Harrison, Brett Harrison, Cheryl  
 Cook, Jenifer Smith, Mike Jones,  
 Philip Smith, Mikē P. Frank  
 Crouch, Scott Allan

**No Spring Chickens** (on *Easy  
 Virtue* loaned by Ron Bower),  
 Maumee OH, Jolly Roger SC, Kent  
 Gardam, Chris Hastin, Peter Mooney,  
 Andy Phillips, Helene Weber, Cathy  
 Szary, Ron Bauer, Bill Bavin

**Scat V**, Annapolis MD,  
 Annapolis YC, Andy Schoettle, Eric  
 Dennis, Ole Haaland, Doug  
 Vancitters, Charlie Duvall, Michelle  
 Gillette, David Kim, Sarah Grovesnor

**Sea Biscuit**, Millington MD,  
 Rock Hall YC, Dorsey Owings, Gail  
 Owings, Tony Rankin, Betsy Prout  
 Lefler, Mitch Grieb, Joe Krolak,  
 Will Keyworth, Chris Conway

**Shuger Blitz**, Springfield VA,  
 Severn River YC, Marty Hublitz,  
 Larry Martin, Dave Johns, Steve  
 Swenson, Jay Hornick, Mike Buler,  
 Julian Flores

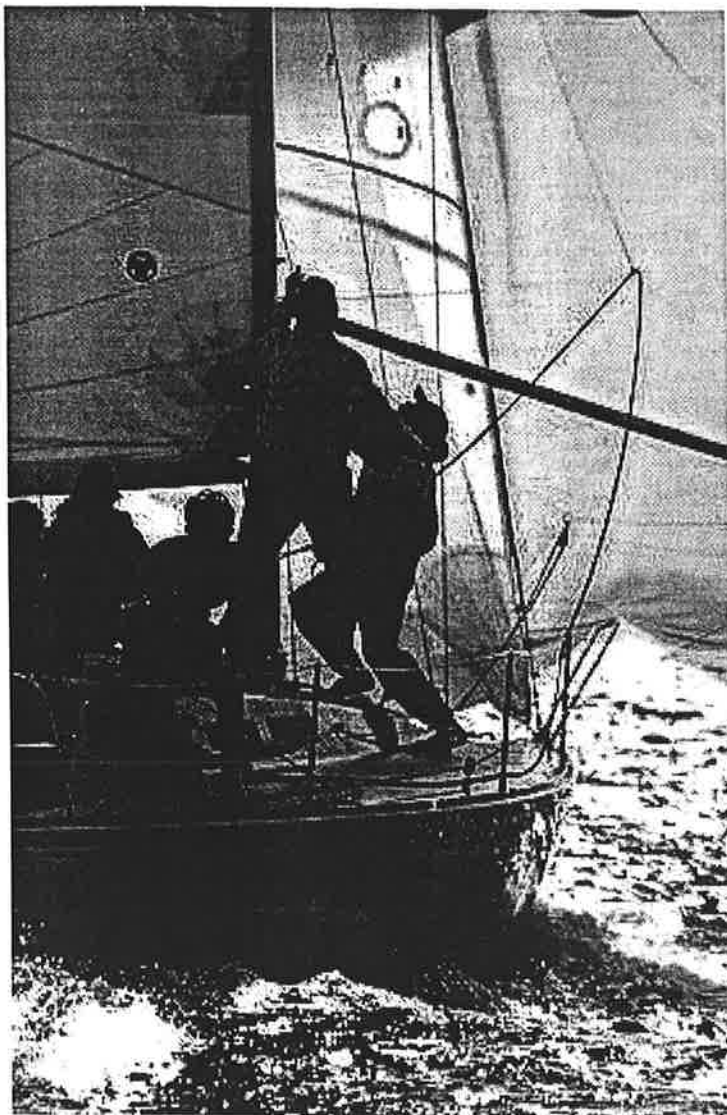
**Smiles**, Stratford CT,  
 Fayerweather YC, John McArthur,  
 Sandy McArthur, Ray Callan, G.K.  
 Johnson, Jens Miller, Patrick Strang,  
 Russell Dunleavy

**Tiger**, Falls Church VA, Severn  
 SA, Tom Donlan, Jim Cullen, Chris  
 Moll, Jerry Luttrell, Tom Stout, Tara  
 Weekes, Jeff Burns

**Turbo Duck**, Wayne PA, Swan  
 Creek SA, Bodo von der Wense, Gero von der  
 Wense, Nick von der Wense, Russell Burton,  
 Chris Humphreys, Bruce Nairn, Brent Allen

**Twilight Zone**, Yardley PA, Riverton YC,  
 Gary Swangler, Kathy Swangler, Leo  
 Kowalski, Chuck Breuer, Doug Finke, Alan  
 Howlett, Donald Rea

**Long Tayle** was offered for loan by Herb Pearson.  
 Apologies for missing or misspelled names.



*Sea Biscuit's crew in action--photo by Jerry Atwell*

**Insatiable**, Annapolis MD, Annapolis YC,  
 Ron Anderson, Scott Miller, Paul Stahl, Robert  
 S. Bond, Kathryn Christmas, Michael  
 Christmas, Bill Villiers

**Jaguar**, Annapolis MD, SC of  
 Chesapeake/Annapolis YC, Al  
 Schreitmuller, Betsy Schreitmuller, John  
 Avis, Dave Flynn, Richard Duvall, John  
 Hilbert, Barb Ewing



# The Year the North Americans Came to Town

By Bonnie Sue Schloss

In 1995 I bought my J/30, named it *Bear Away*, spent a lot of money on gear and new sails and went racing. I thought I knew how to race and all I needed was a boat that didn't depend on a PHRF rating. Well, I got it half right.

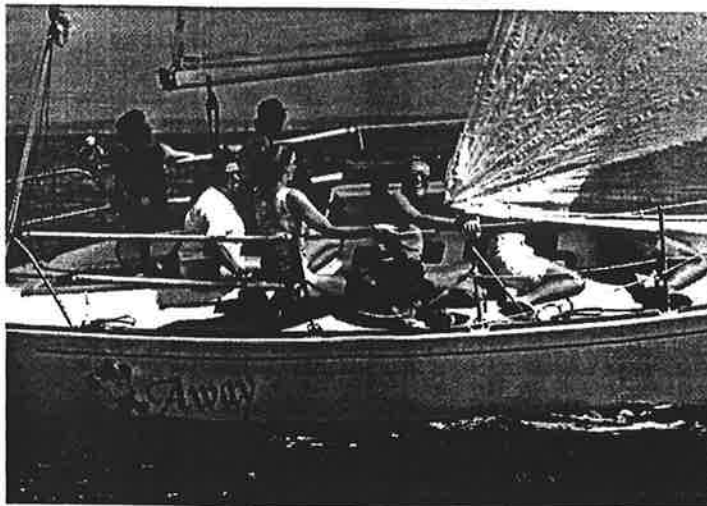
It didn't take long before I learned that I had much to learn. My first lesson was that one design was the only way to go. It was wild, harrowing, and exciting. The starting line was unlike any I had seen in PHRF—everyone else was exactly where I wanted to be, when I wanted to be there. Port tack was a constant stream of tack, duck, or "Oh god, what do we do now". The mark roundings were a like a rioting mob. In other words it was a blast.

As for my accomplishments, they left much to be desired. Sometimes we started out great only to blow it on the last leg. Though inconsistent, we made progress. When we finished fifth in the last race of the season, I was ecstatic. The boat could do it and so could we. My hopes carried me through the winter.

My goal for the new season was to qualify for the North Americans and to make a creditable showing. My first step was to put together a crew. Sandy Gallagher trimmed the main. Without her, I'd feel lost. Vicki Ehrhardt does pit and is our resident Buddhist—downwind she goes below to sit on the keel and chant. David Barns is our blonde on the foredeck; he gets more impressive each race. I met Chris Wilson and Pam Doty this spring and took them aboard because they were young, bright, and eager. I also figured I could use them to attract susceptible, knowledgeable male sailors. This was my core crew. If I could get a great trimmer/tactician for each race I figured I was in good shape. All went well and we were improving against the fleet. It was best put by fellow racer, who said they no longer felt they were doing badly just because they were near me on the race course.

For the NA's I needed some professional help. I had ordered three new sails the previous year when I bought the boat, but unfortunately my former sailmaker had decided to get a real job. I went to my new sailmaker, who really didn't have any obligations to me, and begged. Jonathan Bartlett, from the North Sails loft, was a friend of friends, and a terrific racer. I went to him at the beginning of the year and invited him on for one of our qualifying races. We finished fourth in that race. Yup, he was a great choice. I timidly asked him to do the NA's. "Maybe,"

he answered. In the meantime Ray Wulff, who had also done a qualifier and helped us to a third place, agreed to come along. Then Jonathan said yes too, and I was ecstatic.



With all this great crew, I needed a great Genoa. Mine was only a year old, but it wasn't going to be good enough for the NA's—the middle telltales had the droops. Lead forward, lead back, they just hung there. The big question was should I buy a 3DL. Personally I thought it would be really cool to have one, and North was now making a Mylar 3DL which was class legal. I was ready to spring for it, but Jonathan said that the one available was too heavy. Maybe if Jim Allsopp raced his J/30, he could get a lighter one built (there are advantages to owning a sail loft) and I might get one too, so I held off.

It was about that time that the issue of crew weight surfaced. I had eight people which I thought was plenty, even though five of us were women. Jonathan wanted 1400 pounds on the rail. So I wrote down names and took numbers. According to what everyone said we had 1200 pounds, 200 pounds short. I asked Ray to find another trimmer he could work with. He got Mike O'Brien who weighed about 180. The week before the regatta I began to suspect some people had lied about their weight. When I asked no one answered; they all had their mouths taped shut so they couldn't eat. Everyone ended up doing a terrific job of starving themselves the week before the regatta and we ended up ten pounds under the limit. I think the difference was the weight I sweated off worrying.

The next surprise was that I had the wrong halyards. The whole class had snuck around buying ultra-light halyards to keep weight out of their mast, and I had missed the boat. I spent

an entire day at work, talking to everyone I knew about halyards. By this time the regatta was two weeks away and there was not going to be an extra light weight 3DL in my future. I went with a not a not-quite-so-cool but hopefully-equally-as-fast North racing genoa. That saved about \$600, which was immediately spent on three new, half-naked halyards. The rope makers go to the trouble of wrapping the core of Spectra®, Technora®, or whatever® in a colored Dacron® cover. Then the riggers remove the cover to keep the weight out of the top of the rig. The real reason for this, is to totally confuse the foredeck crew, because with the covers stripped off all the halyards look exactly alike.

Hurricane Fran arrived the weekend before the NA's. Thank you Gustav and Hortens for not following in her footsteps. We ransacked the boat, to lighten her up, taking away all the creature comforts of my weekend home. This was very difficult, especially finding a place to store it all. Out went the storage bins with all my changes of clothing. I had to decide what I was going to wear to the parties ahead of time. Next went the spare dock lines and bumpers. Off went six hats, three pair of gloves, extra hardware, half of my already small tool kit, extra flashlights and their spare batteries, five tubes of suntan lotion, a sewing kit, seven clothes pins, two chart books, dividers, boat cleaners, spare bungees, old cookies, most of the Ockam cards, one winch handle, rum bottles, gin bottles, hand held loran, boom box and tapes, papers, pens, PHRF flags, stomach pills, sleeping pills, cold pills, aspirin (I did keep a few of those on board for after party use) hand lotion, all the extra toilet paper, Band-Aids, and telltales, plus three teddy bears, and a partridge in a pear tree. (I hadn't even known they were there.) If we could race without it, I took it off. I did get severely chastised for having removed the "tunes" and too much beer, a mistake I will never make again.

When the crew arrived for practice the next day, they took one look and excused themselves for getting on the wrong boat. But they were beginning to realize how serious this was getting. When Ray arrived with a whip in his hand they knew for sure. This was to be a day mostly of foredeck practice. All went fine for the first 10 minutes until we got the sails up, and then I

*Continued on Page 6...*

# **Bear Away's North American Dream**

*...Continued from Page 5*

thought there would be a mutiny. Everything we had been doing all year went out the window and we learned a whole new game. I mostly kept my mouth shut and let Ray run the show. I had done forward drops on other people's boats, but had never considered doing it on mine. I wasn't crazy about changing the way we did things at this late date, but I was willing to try anything that would make our roundings more efficient. We practiced hard—tack sets, jibe sets, windward drops, leeward drops. All the drops went down the forward hatch. Then we jibed and jibed some more. We dropped the chute, tacked a few times, set the chute and did more jibes. We even did a few crash tacks. After the crew got picked up out of the water a few times, they caught on and learned to fly across the deck without a moment's notice. At the end of the practice session I knew one of two things would happen. The crew was either going to murder Ray or they were going to go out the next weekend and be brilliant. Ray is still alive.

We dropped the boat off at Bobby Muller's yard to be hauled, not because I thought the bottom needed work, but just to have a quick look-see and make sure. I was right, the bottom was still quite beautiful, but at least we knew it was now scum free. That, of course, did not keep me from hiring a diver for Friday morning. Everything had to be perfect.

The last Wednesday night race before the NA's, we were a little short of crew. The weather cooperated by not blowing too hard. As we were closing in on the finish line our bow was just ahead of *Valhalla's*. We got to the line and Stevie stuck his bow up. I stuck mine up and we heard our sail number called followed by the most magical sound in yacht racing, the gun. Just when I thought everything was going to go my way that week, I was hit from behind and protested. The protest was eventually thrown out and I did get my first official win in the fleet. A little voice in my head said, "See what happens when you get too cocky."

Thursday consisted of prep work, helping with the safety gear checks, worrying about the weight limit, buying food, moving the boat back and forth to AYC, a skipper's meeting, and the first party. Before things settled down, we had added Mary Iliff from *SpinSheet* magazine to Friday's crew. Pam's new boss wouldn't let her have the day off. We were very lucky to find a last minute replacement who was a great sailor and weighed only about forty-two and a half pounds.

As Friday dawned, I was scared to death. I had been waiting and preparing for so long. On the way out to the start line Mary told me that she had only come because Ray told her we would win. So we did. OH MY GOD, WE WON THE FIRST RACE IN THE J/30 NORTH AMERICANS! I was ready to go home right then and there. I had already surpassed my highest expectations in the first race! It had been a fluky air race. Jonathan had seen air up the river. He sent us in that direction, overstanding the mark, before setting the chute and letting the current work for us. That win was definitely more a test of Jonathan's tactics than my sailing abilities, but at least I was smart enough to have him on the boat.

We were soon racing again and this time the wind was much steadier without 180 degree wind shifts. We crossed the line third and sailed toward home. This was not happening to me. Third place was about as well as I had conceived of doing in any race. Here it was the end of the first day and not only did I have a third, I had a first place too, and we were leading the regatta. It was awesome, it was unbelievable, it was scary. It was also Rosh Hashonah. Although I am not a practicing Jew, I am a practicing member of my family. If I wasn't home for Rosh Hashonah dinner, I was dead.

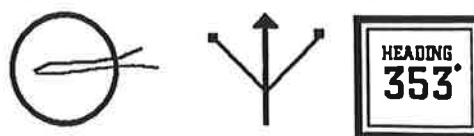
*no respect prepares to round the weather mark*



I drove to Baltimore, walked into the house and tried to tell my mother about the awards ceremony I was missing for her sake, and how well I had done in the races. She said, "That's nice, dear, help set the table." Boy, do I envy the racing families in this fleet. I did get a good meal out of it. I washed the dishes and the minute the real Jews left for temple, I raced back to Annapolis. I got there for the tail end of the party. Although I missed awards and the thunderous applause when they called out "*Bear Away*" (I wasn't there, so I can imagine any kind of applause I want) the warmth of the congratulations I got from so many of the people I sail against made the excitement that I already felt, that much more incredible.

After a quick stop at Marmaduke's to find my gang and my trophies, I headed out to do some shopping. I had to get food for the next day's race, and lots more beer. I had to schlep the sleeping bag, pillows, sleep shirt, towel, toothbrush, toothpaste, soap, electric light, electric cord, alarm clock, and probably a dozen other things I can't remember at the moment and put them back on the boat so that I could take them off again the next morning. But mostly I needed to put myself to bed early. It was supposed to blow hard the next day and there would probably be three races to sail. Worst of all, now the pressure was really on. We had been the dark horse, the boat nobody expected to have to watch out for. But now we had to defend our honor, prove that the day's racing had not been a fluke and that we weren't just going to disappear into the bottom of the fleet for the rest of the weekend.

Saturday there was a nice breeze blowing at the start of the morning and it continued to build. Driving the boat is a real test of my strength (of which I have none, just ask to see my muscles) in anything much above 15 knots. It was at least 15 knots all day long. I can't give you a blow by blow description of the racing that day, or tell you where I was or who was around me, because all I can remember seeing all weekend was this:



All I know is that we finished seventh in the first race, which I would have considered a fabulous finish if it hadn't been for the day before. The

*...Continued on Page 7*

## 1996 J/30 North American Championship

Annapolis YC, September 13, 14, 15

6 Races 1 Throw-out

Boat Name	9/13			9/14		9/15	Score	Skipper	District
	1	2	3	4	5	6			
1 Turbo Duck	2	2	2	4	3/4	DNC	10 3/4	Bodo Von Der Wense	Chesapeake
2 no respect	3	11	4	2	2	5	16	Rich Harrison	Chesapeake
3 Bear Away	3/4	3	7	3	10	4	17 3/4	Bonnie Sue Schloss	Chesapeake
4 Sea Biscuit	13	3/4	3/4	14	6	9	29 1/2	Dorsey Owings	Chesapeake
5 Cannonball	14	4	5	7	5	10	31	Bill Wallop	Chesapeake
6 Scat V	4	21	11	17	4	3/4	36 3/4	Andy Schoettle	Chesapeake
7 Tiger	5	6	8	25	7	11	37	Tom Donlan	Chesapeake
8 Big Kahuna	16	10	12	5	9	3	39	Larry Christie	Chesapeake
9 Gunsmoke	8	5	3	18	12	14	42	Mike McGuirk	Chesapeake
10 Jaguar	10	8	16	3/4	19	8	42 3/4	Al Schreitmueller	Chesapeake
11 Twilight Zone	6	9	6	11	20	12	44	Gary Swangler	Chesapeake
12 Shuger Blitz	18	13	22	14	3	2	50	Marty Hublitz	Chesapeake
13 Bebop	12	15	10	6	16	7	50	Bill Rutsch	Chesapeake
14 Avita	20	7	9	19	13	15	63	George Watson	Chesapeake
15 Blitz (Deck Works)	9	17	14	8	15	19	63	Damian Emery	LI Sound
16 Better Mousetrap	11	18	15	12	14	13	65	Bob Putnam	Chesapeake
17 Fat City (Jack Rabbit)	19	20	13	10	17	16	75	Carl Sherter	LI Sound
18 Smiles	21	17	17	16	11	17	78	John McArthur	LI Sound
19 Encounter	7	23	21	22	18	18	86	Drew Dowling	Chesapeake
20 Insatiable	17	14	20	23	20	20	91	Ron Anderson	Chesapeake
21 Mondial	22	16	18	24	23	21	100	Joe Ruzzi	Chesapeake
22 Hush Gully	23	22	19	20	21	18	100	Donald Sullivan	W. Great Lk
(Dreamboat Annie)									
23 No Spring Chickens	15	24	24	21	24	22	106	Kent Gardam	E. Great Lk
(Easy Virtue)									
24 Lazy Duck	24	19	23	25	22	23	111	Wick Keating	Chesapeake

(Loaner boats)

+ indicates 20% or 50% penalty points

**Bear Away's NAs**, from page 6

next race started and we were out and flying again near the top of the fleet. The way I could tell we were leading was that nobody was watching too closely for starboard tackers (though we almost got T-boned by a cruiser). This was the windiest race and we sailed the entire race with the number 1. I was blessing Jonathan for making sure that I had 1400 pounds on the rail. It was a great race. We finished in the money, third. While I was down below between races trying to find the energy to do a third race, there must have been some serious gusts. They called for the #3 on deck. My arms gave a sigh of relief but my brain was a little worried. By the time we started racing, I knew we had the wrong sail up, but there wasn't much to do about it. The wind lightened inside and we just didn't have the oomph that the boats with the bigger sails had. We wound up tenth. Then the celebrating began. We hadn't fallen apart. Jonathan kept pointing us in the right direction,

and our trim and sail handling work had been pretty damn terrific. We were no longer leading the fleet, *Turbo Duck* had sailed extremely well both days had locked up first place. Rich Harrison's *no respect* had moved into second. We had settled into a very respectable, fairly secure, third place and could do no worse than fifth for the regatta. I was getting a trophy no matter what and I was going to the party.

There was still Sunday's race to sail and I wanted to be brilliant and hang on to third place. There was also the possibility of coming in second. Sunday was still breezy but a little more manageable than the day before. We were in the front row from the start. *Cannonball* and *Sea Biscuit*, who were my competition for third were behind as was *no respect*. We came around the last mark third with *Big Kahuna* and *no respect* close on our heels. It didn't look like we were going to put the boats we needed between us and *no respect*, so we decided just to try and beat them for the race. *Big Kahuna* split

off and we had a tacking duel with *no respect*. Holding off Rich Harrison, who had been so impressive all year and especially in this regatta, was particularly rewarding. *Big Kahuna* snuck by both of us to finish third, (yeah Larry!) and we finished fourth. Another plaque for my wall and an absolutely amazing third place finish for the *Bear Away* crew.

I can't explain how I felt. It was probably the biggest high of my life. I've been racing my own boat for seven years and although I have won a couple of big races, nothing has ever come close to the thrill of my third place finish in the J/30 North Americans. I am still floating on cloud 10 (cloud 9 is just not high enough) and everyone's congratulations and kudos have been wonderful. I love this fleet and the people in it who have made me feel like part of the family. And now I have been able to show everyone that I can organize a campaign, drive the boat, and when it all comes together, do well at the one thing that I love most, sailboat racing.

# Chicago NOOD: Western Great Lakes Championship

by Tex Hull

August 6, 1996—For the eighth consecutive year, the Western Great Lakes J/30 fleet piggy-backed its championship event on the Chicago Audi/IBM/Jeep/Sailing World NOOD Regatta. The reasons are pretty simple — there is no single substantial J/30 fleet in this area which could sponsor such an event. The Chicago Yacht Club has the race management expertise to stage a first class regatta. Over the years, the size of the J/30 section in the NOOD has increased from six to thirteen boats. In attendance this year were a core group of eight from Chicago plus visitors from Waukegan, Milwaukee, Muskegon, and Detroit.

While the competitors were a rather disparate lot of PHRF warriors, the fleet came close to the spirit of the J/30 one design rules:

- There were lots of family members on the crews — husband/wife, father/daughter, mother/son, father/son, husband/wife/son/daughter, etc.
- The hulls and rigs are all class-conforming. Most were measured at the Nationals two years ago. No running back stays, relocated winches, carbon fiber poles, etc.
- Because we are all equipped for racing PHRF, we agreed on no sail cloth limitations except on spinnakers. Just the same, the top four boats used class conforming sails. Things would have changed had the wind brought out the 3's — Kevlar seems to pay for itself there.
- There were premature starters in most of the races.
- Four different boats won the five races.
- On at least two mark roundings, the boat which eventually finished thirteenth in the regatta was ahead of the boat which eventually finished first. These boats were evenly matched.
- There were no (like zero) sailmakers on board. They all seemed to be sailing on IMS rocket ships in this so-called one design regatta.

The five race regatta was held in late June, and we had to deal with light, somewhat fickle winds. As one of the smaller boats in the Chicago NOOD, the J/30's have typically drawn a small committee boat with a skeleton crew — ideal for quick decision making to match the changing Lake Michigan conditions. Somehow, this year, we managed to draw Chicago's largest committee boat complete with what seemed like a cast of thousands — less than an ideal situation.

Students of history will notice that Dan Darrow's *Salacious* has won the Chicago NOOD in every odd-numbered year while Tom and Marilyn Edman's *Pronto* has won in every even-numbered year. The first race went according to form. It saw a light, shifty wind, and *Pronto* took advantage of every shift to win convincingly.

The second race was delayed for almost two hours while the race committee tried to figure out where the wind was coming from. When they finally got the race started, a young scow sailor on Tex and Sue Hull's *Hullabaloo* (this was the husband/wife/son/daughter entry) saw the hard right shift coming before the race committee could react, and *Hullabaloo* led from start to finish. At the end of Friday's racing, *Pronto* and *Hullabaloo* both had a first and third while Dennis Bartley's *Planxty* had two seconds. It was looking like a tight regatta.

Saturday's conditions matched Friday's, although somebody must have gotten to the race committee, and decisions were made a good bit quicker. The third race was close to a replay of the second with the scow/dingy component helping *Hullabaloo* to another first by anticipating a substantial shift.

The second race on Saturday was agony with the wind nearly dying while shifting drastically. *Salacious* figured out every nuance of the conditions and led from wire to wire. From a race management

point of view, the race illustrated that the race committee is powerless to move the windward mark when they have seventy boats in seven sections on a windward/leeward course with one mile legs. By the last lap, the boats were flying spinnakers on what had formerly been the windward leg. Had they adjusted the course, *Salacious* would have won by a larger margin — they weren't making any mistakes.

Coming into the final race on Sunday, *Hullabaloo* had 6.5 points, while *Pronto*, *Planxty*, and *Salacious* were grouped from 10.75 to 11.75. Finally, we saw a

respectable wind on the order of ten knots. *Planxty* sailed fast and smart and proved unbeatable. However, *Hullabaloo* managed to salvage a fifth place finish to win the regatta by a quarter of a point. In the end, the standings looked like those of most regattas — a fairly tight group at the top and another tight group of boats that couldn't quite break into the top four positions in any race. Just three points separated the sixth and tenth place finishers. What those numbers mean is that every boat was involved in tight racing in almost every race. We look forward to more of the same next year.

## Western Great Lakes Report

by Dennis Bartley, District Governor

The Chicago to Mackinac race this year wasn't particularly kind to the J/30s participating. Light breezes following a frontal passage doomed them to finish several hours behind the fleet leaders. *Unicorn*, owned by Marek Witkowski, was the first J/30 in fleet, beating *Pronto* by a bit over 5 minutes — after 333 miles of sailing!

The Verve Cup is a five race, three day series run by Chicago Yacht Club. Similar to the NOOD, there are over 200 boats participating. Unlike the NOOD however, it's mostly a handicap race, with PHRF and IMS sections. There were six J/30s sailing in a twelve boat PHRF section along with the likes of a J27, S2 9.1, Soverel 30, etc. *Unicorn* sailed with a 155% jib and a three second credit compared to the other J/30s. Marek Witkowski sailed consistently, posting two firsts. Marek is a relative newcomer to the Chicago J/30 fleet. Though he has sailed two Macs on *Unicorn*, this was his first time Marek matched up against other J/30s around the cans. In the last race of the series, their bowman slipped off the foredeck and was hanging on desperately to the pulpit. The next time I looked over they were still right with us...who are these guys? Marek hails from Elk, Poland and he and his crew did quite a bit of club sailing on the Baltic.

Scoring just J/30s:

1 Unicorn	3 1 3 2 1	9.5	Marek Witkowski
2 Planxty	1 3 4 1 2	10.5	Kate & Dennis Bartley
3 Pronto	2 5 1 4 3	14.75	Tom & Marilyn Edman
4 Circus	4 4 2 3 4	17.0	Mike Bird
5 Awesome	6 2 6 5 5	24.0	Bill & Vivian Smith
6 Painkiller	5 6 5 6 6	28.0	Alice Martin

The MORF Open at the end of the season in Chicago is also a PHRF regatta against much faster boats, including Mumm 30s, Mumm 36s, Express 37s. The trophy for this event is a case of rather decent champagne. *Pronto*, for what must be the 6th time, won it pretty handily. Dick and Shirley Newman's *Dickens* took first place in the jib and main division.



# Long Island Sound Report

Bonnie & Scott Paige, District Governors

## Long Island Sound 1996 District Championships

Unfortunately due to very stormy weather the LI Fleet was only able to have two of three regattas. The September event was canceled due to extreme winds.

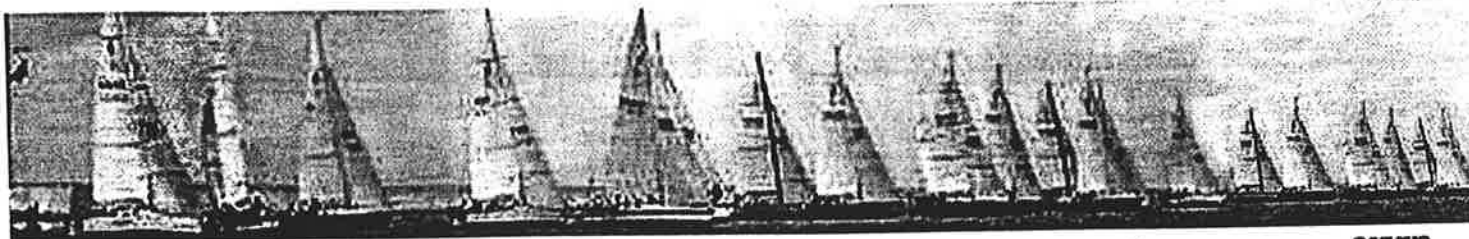
1	Fat City	Carl Sherter	2.25
2	Blitz	Damian Emery	5.75
3	Smiles	John McArthur	8.0
	Air Apparent	Paige/Harrington	8.0
5	Dow Jones	Seth Shepard	17.0
	Nordic Star	Rob VanName	17.0
7	Anticipation	Ed Veprosky	19.0

The class was saddened learn that Ken Johnson passed away in the spring. Ken was a member of the Long Island Sound fleet for a number of years and was on the race committee during the 1995 North Americans

## North American District Qualifier Series at Cedar Point YC

1	Fat City	Carl Sherter	3.5
2	Blitz	Damian Emery	6.75
3	Air Apparent	Paige/Harrington	8.0
4	Smiles	John McArthur	12.0
5	Dow Jones	Seth Shepard	17.0
	Nordic Star	Rob VanName	17.0
7	Anticipation	Ed Veprosky	19.0

in Bridgeport. *Ornen* was competitive member of the Long Island Sound fleet and traveled to Annapolis for both the 1985 and 1986 North Americans.



## Cannonball Wins Season High Point Series on Chesapeake Bay

Posting nine races in the top six, including two bullets, three seconds and a third, *Cannonball* was the top scorer in the J/30 Class for the Chesapeake Bay Yacht Racing Association's High Point Award. Nineteen J/30's qualified in a series which scored fifteen weekend regattas. Second went to last year's winner *Better Mousetrap*, who retained their Distance

Challenge Cup title, outpacing *Skua* over six point to point races.

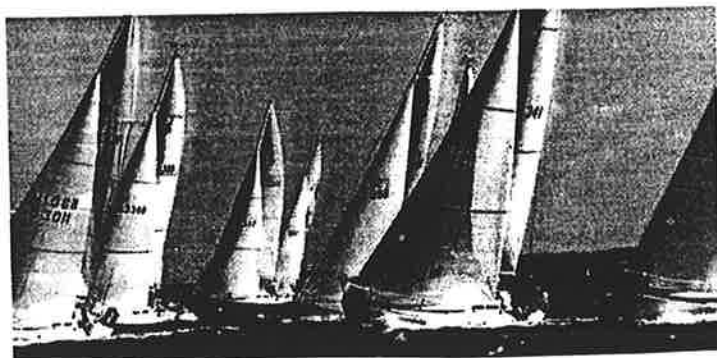
For the second year in a row, *Turbo Duck* finished third in the season long tally. *Scat V* was fourth, winning three races, the most in the fleet. *Shuger Blitz* finished fifth in their inaugural season in the J/30 class, while *Jaguar* was sixth.

The Fleet Captain's Award, was won by *Bear Away*, as they moved up eleven positions from last year to finish twelfth. The Most Improved boat award went to *Mondial*.

## Newport **Jeep 1996 REGATTAS SAILING WORLD NOOD**

August 3-4, 1996—There were over 250 boats in eight classes. The winds were up, 30-40 knots Saturday and 20 -25 Sunday. One owner learned how to handle a death roll at 13 knots! Three races were held, with only one breakdown in the class, a broken boom. All had a good time at the parties

1	Bill Riggs	3/4 Rig	3-1-1	4.5
2	Mike Alves	Sundance	2-5-2	9
3	Wayne Iurillo	Rhapsody	6-2-3	11
4	Rod Butlin	Blitz	1-7-4	11.75
5	William Kimelle	Crescendo	5-3-5	13
6	Jim Del Bonis	Vixen	4-4-6	14
7	Rich Hitchcock	Dragon	X-6-7	22
8	Charles Stoddard	Falcon	7-8-8	23



*Cannonball left at the NAs; Starts center and above in a breeze—photos, Jerry Atwell*

## North American Notes

### A Word For Our Sponsors

The class received considerable support during the regatta from a host of sponsors. Mount Gay Rum kept glasses full one evening and distributed some of their prized hats. Quantum Sail Design Group fabricated the bow numbers and with UK-Allan Sailmakers contributed staff and facilities to measure sails. Quantum, UK, Banks Sails, North Sails, and Fawcett Boat Supplies contributed a grab bag of gifts for sailors—duffels, can cozies, hats, T-shirts, Patagonia gear, and discount coupons. *Tiger* won a Man Overboard Module donated by West Marine, while *Sea Biscuit* took home a new tiller courtesy Jay Herman and Annapolis Rigging.

### Stormy Delivery

Only one boat was delivered by its crew for the regatta. John and Sandy McArthur who ran the 1995 NA's, sailed *Smiles* to the regatta from Bridgeport, CT, to the Chesapeake Bay over Labor Day weekend. That was pretty remarkable given hurricane Edouard was churning the waters off the Atlantic coast at the time. They had been tracking the storm and actually departed earlier than planned to stay in front of it. John reported that seas built to over ten feet Saturday before they took shelter in at Atlantic City. After a white knuckle ride surfing the waves into the narrow cut, they stayed in the safe harbor Sunday as winds reached forty knots. The delivery resumed Monday in sloppy seas but diminished winds.

### The Blitz crew on Deck Works



### Mount Gay Annapolis



### Rigging QUANTUM Sail Design Group



### Weighty Matters

For those stuck on the heavy weight fad consider that *Turbo's* crew was among the lightest in the fleet, at 1276 pounds. That didn't preclude them from setting the big genny when others in the fleet flew #2's and #3's, so maybe this recent trend will be replaced by a more rational one — selecting crew for their knowledge and skill instead of bulk.

### Burgee Traditions

Don and Patsy Sullivan's *Hush Gully* crew, who sailed on the loaner boat *Dreamboat Annie* during the NA regatta, presented a burgee from Lake City Yacht Club to AYC at the awards ceremony. It now hangs with those of many other clubs over the AYC's Skipjack bar. The Sullivans hope to generate enough interest to build a one-design J/30 fleet at their home club, which is located on Lake Pepin, a reservoir on the Mississippi River, south of Minneapolis.

## West Marine

We make boating more fun!

### New Boat, Old Ways

After performing so flawlessly at the J/30 NA's, how did the new *Turbo Duck* do a month later in the thirty-three boat Lewmar Mumm 30 Cup, otherwise known as the 'Inter-Galactics'? "A DSQ in the first race and a PMS in the last of a four-race, no throw-out series," Bodo von der Wense had to sheepishly admit. When not self destructing, *Turbo* was in the hunt against the likes of Gary Jobson, Mark Ploch, US Sailing's Dave Irish, and winner Jack Lefort (with Ken Read on board).

### Tom's Trophy

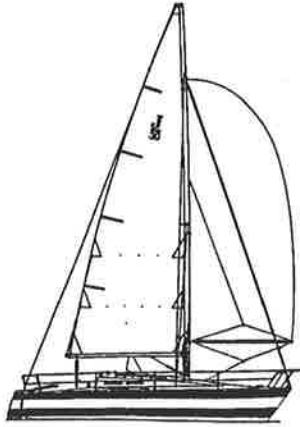
Tom Harrington, a former president of the J/30 Class and NA champion with Scott Paige in 1995, deeded a perpetual trophy to the class. The trophy features a hull model and the names of all the past winners of North Americans. Unfortunately *Air Apparent* didn't attend the regatta this year, but we look forward to seeing them when the NA's return to Newport, Rhode Island in 1997.



*Lazy Duck and Insatiable, photos by Jerry Atwell*

### Leave a Message... I'll Call Back After the Regatta

The *Annapolis Capital* did a feature on Bill Wallop and the local favorite *Cannonball* crew Thursday before the regatta. It was probably as much of a jinx as being on the cover of *Sports Illustrated*. *Cannonball* had all single digits—after placing 14<sup>th</sup> in the first race.



## District Governors

### Northern New England\*

*Open, please call if you wish to volunteer*

### Southern New England

**Andrew Coutu** 150 Riverfarm Dr East Greenwich, RI 02818  
(H) (401) 884-6343 (W) (401) 732-1123

### Long Island Sound\*

**Scott & Bonnie Paige** 197 Stanwhich Rd, Greenwich CT 06830  
(H) (203) 861-1146 (W) (203) 629-1139 x 218 (Bonnie)

### Carolina's

**Henry Mallard** 1848 Wake Forrest Rd, Raleigh NC 27608  
(H) (919) 489-2202 (W) (800) 542-5463

### Southeast

**Dave Berg** 9325 Balada St, Coral Gables FL 33156  
(H) (305) 665-2324 (W) (305) 379-1414

## Officers & Committees

\* Denotes recent changes

### Class President & Chesapeake

**Bob Rutsch** P.O. Box 7579, Silver Spring MD 20907-7579  
(H) (301) 656-1013\* (W) (301) 565-2300

### Immediate Past President & Measurer

**Terry Rapp** 309 Berkley Ave, Palmyra NJ 08065  
(H) (609) 786-8958

### Web Site

**Joe Ruzzi** <http://www.paw.com/sail/j30>  
(H) (703) 671-8343 (W) (703) 358-9090 x 6786

### Rules

**Mike McGuirk** 636 Thomas Run Road, Bel Air, MD 21015  
(H) (410) 734-0230

### Gulf Coast

**Scott Tonguis** 2301 Killdeer St, New Orleans LA 70122  
(H) (504) 282-3331 (W) (504) 524-7681

### California

**Shawn Ivie** 5425 Senford Ave, Los Angeles CA 90056  
(H) (310) 641-8778 (W) (310) 419-9121

### Pacific Northwest

**Don Leighton** 1139 NW 52nd St, Seattle WA 98107  
(H) (206) 284-6497 (W) (206) 781-0699

### Western Great Lakes

**Dennis Bartley** 1144 South Gunderson, Oak Park IL 60304  
(H) (708) 848-2819 (W) (312) 329-3517

### Eastern Great Lakes\*

**Mike Foley** 26 Linden St. Livonia, NY 14487  
(H) (716) 346-5084 (W) (716) 229-4149

**J/30 JOURNAL**

J/30 Class Association  
P.O. BOX 7579  
Silver Spring, MD 20907-7579

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