

# e-MASTHEAD

Shields Sailing Enters its  
56th Season

Spring 2019



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April 26-28**
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The Next Generation of Shields Skippers  
- Coming to a Fleet Near You-

# 2019 Ocean - Great Lakes Challenge Returns to Monterey



**2018 Ocean-Great Lakes Champs: Tiburon #191**  
Shown Above - Jon Dean, Rob Vann, Randy Shore, Todd Greene  
Photo Credit - Eric Anderson

**2019 OGLC Logo - artwork by Dan Green**

2019 OGLC  
April 26-28  
Monterey Peninsula Yacht Club

[View NOR Here](#)

Registration open to visiting  
crews through 4/1/2019, one  
crew per fleet



## 2019 Shields Class Officers

President

Eric Anderson - Monterey, CA

Secretary

Steve Mettler - Edgartown, MA

Treasurer

Jay Dayton - Oxford MD

Measurer

Kim Roberts - Newport, RI

Vice-Presidents

Richard Robbins - Marion, MA

Ron Oard - Newport, RI

Chris Wick - Mystic, CT

Sam Veilleux - Chicago, IL

Pete McWhinnie - Larchmont, NY

Rick Hendee - Greenwich, CT

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Also see the class website [www.shieldsclass.com](http://www.shieldsclass.com)

On the Cover: Avery Brubaker on Charlotte #94, Monterey, CA Nov 2018

Cover Photo by: Scott Brubaker

## President's Message

We begin our 2019 Shields Season with the Ocean-Great Lakes Challenge in Monterey next month. We swing back to the east coast for the New England Shields Championships in Newport and Edgartown Regatta, both in July, followed by the Buzzard's Bay Regatta in August. Then its on to Chicago for our National Regatta.

2019 also marks the return of Fleet 18 from Macatawa Bay, Michigan to active status after a few years hiatus.

I am pleased to announce the creation of the Shields Class store to be hosted by Team One Newport. In the near future sailors from around the class will be able to easily purchase high quality apparel featuring our iconic class logo with a just a few clicks. When the store is launched we'll do an e-blast to class subscribers which will include a link.

I am grateful and very impressed with the continued strong attendance and active participation of the class officers and fleet captains during and in-between our monthly meetings. This dedicated group has brought fresh ideas, new initiatives and energy to our class. My job has been made much easier due to their efforts. Be sure to thank them and buy them a drink when you next see them.

This past winter our class lost two of its legends. Cornelius "Glit" Shields Jr. passed away on December 18th and Michael Deland on January 9th. Beyond their impressive yachting resumes, both men were national figures with numerous, noteworthy accomplishments. Glit was a world champion sailor and America's cup defender while Mike Deland, Shields National Champion in 1980 and 1987, was an avid defender of the environment and outspoken advocate for persons with disabilities. Both Corny Jr. and Mike Deland were especially proud of their association with the Shields Class throughout their lifetimes. It is with a heavy heart that we bid farewell and following seas to two of our finest.

**Eight Bells for Corny Jr. (Left) and Mike Deland (Right)**



With the Utmost Respect for our Skippers and Crews Everywhere,

Eric Anderson #191 Tiburon  
Shields Class President  
Monterey Peninsula Yacht Club





# Photo Gallery



Top: Bit-O-Honey, Meritage, Stillwater, Rascal  
Left: Black Pearl on the Tred Avon River  
Right Middle: Edgartown Start 2018  
Right Bottom: Mason's Island Yacht Club



# 2019 Shields National Regatta



2019 SHIELDS NATIONALS

★ ★ ★ ★  
**CHICAGO**

Chicago Yacht Club



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2019 Shields Nationals  
Chicago Yacht Club

September 19th thru 22nd

- NOR's, housing data, entry forms, all available at '[chicagoyachtclub.org](http://chicagoyachtclub.org)'. See tabs 'passion', 'regatta calendar'.
- Bringing your boat? Free use of our cranes and free trailer storage in club parking lot.
- Need an added incentive? We'll help with a \$325 check for anyone traveling over 400 miles...for the first six registries.
- Early Registration will save you \$\$\$. Do it today!
- Free parking during the regatta for each team.
- Baseball fans check out '[mlb.com/cubs](http://mlb.com/cubs)'. Wrigley Field is an easy 1.2mi from Belmont Harbor.
- Bar Life? Gourmet dining? Try '[rickbayless.com](http://rickbayless.com)'. Bar Sotano just voted #1.

Click [here](#) to view the NOR





# Fleet 18 in Michigan is Back

Shields Fleet 18 of Macatawa Bay Yacht Club, Michigan is reconstituting beginning in 2019. Located in Holland, Michigan, home of the Chris Craft manufacturing facility, the fleet was originally chartered in 1998 when Cahoots #124 and Cluny #173 joined a few other Shields which were in the local area. The following year Circle #69 and Dawn #98 came onboard and in 2000 #152 joined as well. The boats sailed from three yacht clubs on the lake with the racing being hosted by M.B.Y.C. "Macatawa Bay Yacht Club".

Current boats within Fleet 18 include: #22 "Sambuca", #40 "Avie", #132, #170 "Chaste", #193 El'Bandito.

New to the Lake Macatawa fleet are #22, #40, #170.

The fleet expects to have 4-5 boats on the line for next season with the possibility of another 2-3 joining by 2020.

Shown below are a few of the Fleet 19 boats - The class is thrilled to welcome back Fleet 18!



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# Twenty-Something Grant Looks Like 20/20 in Hindsight

The following is a special to the Masthead from 20-Something Grantee Zachary Grover



Shown at left clockwise: Matt Elliott, Maya Hoffman, Zach Grover and Lily Robnett. Not shown: Alex Wilibanks

It all started in April, on a Wednesday night at the club. I was approached by Eric Anderson and he made me aware of a very special program. After the last Shields Class meeting, he and Ken Deyett devised a plan to get more young sailors involved in the Shields fleet at a high level. Ken is the captain of the Marion, MA fleet. The Governing Board approved their recommendation to allocate some of the class funds to cover the entrance fees (\$750) to the Shields Nationals for two crews whose members are all under the age of 30. He mentioned the Shields Nationals would be in Edgartown, MA on Martha's Vineyard, an incredible destination for a classic sailing regatta. He encouraged me to take advantage of the opportunity by putting together a crew of youngsters, and I told him I was in.

A few weeks went by and Eric followed up with an email. I decided it was time to take action and began recruiting young sailors from the club. I immediately went to Alex Wilibanks, a friend and fellow crew member of Meritage. Alex has years of experience sailing on the East Coast. He grew up in Connecticut sailing out of the Cedar Point Yacht Club. He and I have raced One-Design together many times on Meritage here in Monterey.

Beyond Alex, I really didn't know who else to ask as most of the people we sail with in Monterey are over 30 or were already heading to Edgartown to sail on Stillwater. After discussing with Commodore Dino Pick, he threw out the idea that I reach out to some of juniors from MPYC and make this team a true group of youngsters. With guidance from Dave Morris and Sharron Frey, I selected the foredeck team; Matthew Elliott, Lily Robnett, and Maya Hoffman. I approached the three of them drinking their root beers on a Wednesday night after sailing. All three of them were immediately elated to join and the dream was becoming a reality.

The process of putting this thing together transpired perfectly. Commodore Pick recommended I seek funding from the Monterey Peninsula Youth Sailing Foundation for our travel expenses, so I wrote a proposal. They generously agreed and sent a check. Eric Anderson worked with Ken Deyett to help us secure a boat for the event, and Alex agreed to take a couple extra days off work to help me sail the boat from Marion to Edgartown,



roughly 22 miles across Buzzard's Bay. Jerry Stratton, without second thought, allowed us to borrow the race sails from Meritage. We secured housing through the Edgartown Yacht club, and Ken agreed to put us up for our first night in Marion. The night before leaving for MA, I woke up in the middle of the night in a reality check. I was certainly nervous but also very excited. I knew the trip was going to be something special, but also knew there was a lot of responsibility on my shoulders.

The flight from SF to Boston was long, but I enjoyed reading some of "Endurance", the story of Ernest Shackleton's voyage to the Antarctic. His voyage went terribly awry after getting stuck in the massive sheets of ice. They survived by rationing their food stores and shooting seals and penguins. Depending on the morale and occasion, meals consisted of seal and penguin pemmican, nut food, and powdered milk. Shackleton's leadership and the crew's food rationing would soon become a theme entwined in our trip to Edgartown.

We had finally arrived in Massachusetts at Boston Logan airport. The sails conveniently fit into surfboard bags, a longboard bag for the mainsail and spinnaker, and a short board bag for the jib. When our Uber driver pulled up, we popped open the back of his brand new Acura SUV and began jamming the bags into the vehicle. The driver, Jiung, who barely spoke English went into a frenzy and shouted "No, no, no... too big!". We insisted they would fit and with some coaxing he allowed it. He was defeated once again when he discovered we were going all the way to Marion, 60 miles away.

After a wonderful dinner and nights rest at Ken's place, he took us down to the Beverly Yacht Club in Marion and introduced us to our boat, The Grinch, hull number 248. We were happy to discover the boat was in near perfect condition. It is owned by Dan Goodwin, a family member of the founders of Cape Cod Ship Building, where today's Shields have been produced. We threw the sails on the boat and headed out for a 22-mile double handed sail across Buzzard's Bay, through Woods Hole, across Vineyard Haven Sound to the beautiful town of Edgartown. The air was 85 degrees and the sun was beaming all day long. The wind varied from 15 knots down to as little as 5 knots and picked back up again before our arrival. It was extremely pleasant all day long and we arrived in 4 hours and 15 minutes.



That night we were hosted by Tim Bryan a long time local of Chappaquiddick Island. We stayed in his palatial home up above the Edgartown Harbor Bay. The sunset that night was mesmerizing, and we were awe-struck by the beauty of the place around us. In the morning we ran some errands and prepped the boat for a long week of racing. The foredeck crew arrived that night and the following day we took them out for a practice sail in warm weather and light wind. We took turns jumping off

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the stern and swimming in the water which was a very different experience from swimming in the Monterey Bay. The water was warm and beautiful. On Wednesday, the following day, there was a practice race in light air and we were glad to see our boat perform well against the fleet. The welcoming dinner followed and the talk around the club was that the wind was predicted to switch behind a cold front, bringing a significant change in the weather pattern.

Thursday was the first real day of racing. The forecast called for 20 knots and we knew we were in for a long day on the water. By the time the first race got off it was blowing more than 20 knots with bigger gusts and it didn't settle down the entire day. Thankfully, the wind was from the southeast which kept the surface conditions relatively flat. The oncoming weather front was approaching and sucking in air. The sun was gone, and the pleasant scene of Edgartown had disappeared into a windswept race course. Boats were crashing and losing control as they flew downwind at speeds difficult to manage on a Shields. Our combined weight of the 5 of us was about 780lbs, roughly 200lbs less than most of the top boats. We were also under-gunned in terms of muscle, but everyone did an excellent job. We were always in control and communication was impeccable. After a long day of battling the conditions, we ended with a 15-11-15 out of 17 boats. We were exhausted but happy. Each individual was awarded 2 rations of pemmican for a job well done.

The second day, Friday, was much lighter but the wind was kicking up waves as it was blowing from the north and the storm front had passed. We were warned several times by other sailors that there would be "big waves" when the northerly wind blows. We came to learn that 2-3 foot was considered "big" on the east coast. Coming from Monterey, where we sail occasionally in 10 foot waves and even larger, we were unintimidated by the waves. As the racing began, you could see a visible exhaustion on the faces of every sailor out there after the brutal beating we took the day before. Once again we sailed very well and communication and execution of maneuvers was excellent. We ended the second day with a 9-9-10 and bettered our standing significantly. I awarded the crew a double ration of whale blubber and seal pemmican, but unfortunately all we had was peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

The third and final day of racing began with a light northerly breeze and small waves. The sail out to Cow Bay, where the racing took place was very pleasant. There would be only 2 races held on the final day and we went into it with expectations of slightly increasing pressure. The first weather leg of the race blew 10 knots. We rounded the windward mark, set the kite and within 20 seconds, and it was blowing 25! We were immediately reminded of the grueling day we suffered on Thursday. I could see an exhaustion on the faces of our crew as we knew we had a lot of work ahead of us. At some point, Lily broke out into song and within seconds the whole boat was singing "Country Roads" by John Denver while beating through waves to weather in strong breeze. There was an immediate uplifting feeling and the big breeze was suddenly less intimidating. We sailed incredibly well once again, and had an 11th and 10th place finish, solidifying our place of 12th overall. We were very satisfied with our performance and even surprised ourselves at times as we kept the boat in control with other boats "death rolling" on either side of us. At every critical, high-intensity moment, rather than yelling, shouting, or cursing... one of us would simply say our themed phrase of the trip..." Jiminy Jonkers!".



After playing some Pickle ball at the YC tennis courts with the Commodore, the awards ceremony proceeded. The Monterey Bay boys won the first annual Pickle trophy for an exceptional performance on the court. The trophy was a giant jar of pickles. The entire event was wonderful and the ceremony was a reflection of all that had passed. The Edgartown Yacht Club's history, and its deep rooted connection to the Shields Class was explained. The trophy was awarded to the crew of Maverick from Ida Lewis YC. Drinks followed, and the last mention before closing the night was that the launch boat would be running extra early in the morning so those who needed to sail their boats back to their respective homes could leave early as the breeze was expected to be strong again. We made plans with Ken Deyett to leave by 8am to make it to Woods Hole by 11 as to have some light current flowing with us through the gap. All five of us planned to join for this final departing sail.

One more time we found ourselves rigging The Grinch for a day of sailing. It was 8am and the breeze was already 10-12 knots. This time, all of our luggage had to come aboard. We had no less than 3 duffel bags, 2 rolling suitcases, 5 backpacks, 2 surfboard bags, and Alex's incredibly enormous red bag. We filled the air compartment of the stern to its absolute max and stuffed more bags into the bow. The Grinch became a low rider and we set off for Marion. The first two hours was quite pleasant as we reached our way past the island. When we hit the Vineyard Sound, everything changed. It was immediately blowing 20 and the current between the islands was colliding with the chop from the wind. We were surfing down steep waves in what seemed to be the middle of nowhere. The stern was so low, the back deck would frequently disappear completely under water and then reappear as water sloshed away. It was right on the brink of sketchy, but there was no turning back at that point.

We finally arrived at the hole, and we were happy because Ken had mentioned the wind forecast was predicted to be lighter on the Buzzard's Bay side of the crossing. We got sucked right through the Hole with no issues and upon entering the bay, we once again collided with confused seas. The wind was not any lighter, it was in fact a little stronger. It was impossible to steer the boat in a way that didn't allow repetitive waves to flow over the deck and into the boat. We switched off on bailing duty, but it was a continuous job. After an hour and a half of that tough weather beat, we made it to the Marion inlet, and sailed just above the windward mark of a J80 race. When we finally moored, got all the gear off the boat, and headed to the Beverly Yacht club, we were soaked to the bone and soggy. Juli Alexander, who was visiting a friend in CT, and was there waiting for us upon our arrival with big hugs for everyone.

**Shown at Left: Alex with the Shields sails in surfboard bags at Logan Airport**



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We were happy to see her and thankful for the ride she gave us, first to Ken's house and then all the way back up to Boston. Maya was staying in MA to begin her sophomore year of college, so we said goodbye to her. We immediately realized this wonderful adventure was coming to an end. We weren't just a crew, we had become a family. It really was tough to say goodbye and a sadness lingered. Our flight left at 9pm eastern time and arrived in SFO at 1:30am PDT. We then lugged the sails through the airport and out to Matt's truck. We said our goodbyes to Alex in SF as he headed back to Davis to finish up his master's degree. Once again, the reality of the real world sank in further. Matt drove Lily and I back to Monterey and we arrived at my place at roughly 4am. I said goodbye to the two of them and gave them each a big hug. Matt handed me a card and said, "Thank you". I dragged the sails down my driveway and went directly to my bed where I opened the card from Matt, Lily, and Maya. The card's printed message had some words crossed out and rewritten. It read: "Jiminy Jonkers. You have zonked our feisty little hearts with gratitude". There was then a message written from each one of them thanking me for putting this thing together. They clearly had enjoyed the trip as much as I had. It was 4:30am and it could have been my sheer lack of sleep and exhaustion, but a tear came to my eye.

This whole thing that seemed to be such a burdensome task to put together, that required coordination and assistance from so many people, that almost gave me a heart attack the night before... was now complete. This crew of juniors had accomplished amazing things and worked together better than I had ever seen on a sailboat. I originally thought I'd be babysitting these youngsters and keeping them out of trouble but was continuously shocked by their maturity and positive attitudes. We all took so much away from the experience beyond just heavy-air Shields racing. We acquired new friends from Marion and Beverly YC, from Edgartown, and a new perspective on the east coast as a whole. We learned and gained an understanding of just how good Massachusetts Lobster can taste. We developed a deeply rooted connection to the Shields Class, which we will take with us throughout of lives as sailors. We built an incredibly awesome relationship between each one us on the team.

We are truly grateful for every bit of help and encouragement we received from a multitude of individuals in both CA and MA. We could never have imagined the event would be so incredible. The experience will be remembered for a lifetime.

Zachary Grover  
Monterey Peninsula Yacht Club

[Alex, Zach, Matt, Maya and Lily](#)

[Surfers, Sailors & Pickle Ballers](#)

