

# SHIELDS MASTHEAD

Official  
Publication  
of the  
Shields Class  
Sailing  
Association  
January, 1990



## Special National Championship(s) Edition — Part 3

**“The Regatta of the Invisible Hulls”** is the way the 1989 National Championship series may well be remembered by the Shields sailors who competed in the big event in Chicago, September 10-15. As our cover photo shows, for much of the time you couldn't see other hulls, let alone turning marks, hidden in the troughs behind the sometimes-huge waves. With the creative accuracy which always distinguishes Shields mariners, the descriptions of those waves ranged from “pretty big” through “massive”, “enormous”, and “gigantic” to “absolutely humongous.” Details of the 1989 Nationals, with pictures, start on the next page.

**Also in this issue:** “Speed Wrinkles” more tips on making your Shields go faster. ☞ The now sharply focused “professional/ringer” controversy. ☞ Are some boats being illegally modified? ☞ Another Profile of a veteran Shields skipper. ☞ A warm Toast to go with warmer spirits. ☞ News and notes of the Class of Classes.



# Chicago



**A**t the rollicking awards dinner which capped the 1989 Nationals Friday evening, September 15, a battered and weary contestant seeking spiritous solace was commenting that it had been a heavy weather regatta. A judiciously considered rejoinder came from Reid Tomlin (he crews on #26 out of Larchmont YC).

"Oh, it wasn't so bad," he said. "It really blew hard only twice: once for two days, and once for three more."

Only a few blocks off Lake Shore Drive (our photo here suggests it was little more than a few yards) the waves, at times, were so towering it made the devout who'd brought their breviaries aboard pleased about their forward planning. Even they, nevertheless, along with the rest of the fleet, were supplementing their prayers with passionate application of buckets and pumps. And it was abundantly clear that God speeds those who keep their bilges dry.

Like the Dow Jones of September, however, the pluses added up nicely. Neither boats nor crew were lost, only a few sails were torn, and there was lots of exciting sailing, along with a magnificent display of yacht racing skills by Ched Proctor and his crew. It was a top-drawer regatta, with grade-A planning and execution by Messrs.

Higgins and Crookall (Jay and David, National Regatta Committee Chairman and Fleet #3 Captain respectively) and all their faithful committee members of the Chicago fleet.

The adventure began on Sunday, September 10, when early arrivals were welcomed, registered, assigned housing, inspected borrowed boats, and had sails measured. This was followed, for some, by such esoteric and metaphysical pursuits as boat hauling and bottom cleaning.

*(Continued, next page)*

# The Championship Challenge in

---

**The 1989 National Regatta brings blustery breezes, big waves, splendid sailing, a brilliant (perfect score) performance — and stimulating, healthy-for-the-Class discussion about championship competitors and the boats.**

---

**Plus, a first-person, race-by-race account by new champion Ched Proctor.**

---

*Cover photo and  
this striking view  
by Katie Farrell.*



Monday saw the procedures repeated for later arrivals. Starting at noon, the serious business of the regatta got under way, with the Skippers' Briefing. Then, for the only light-air day of the series, the scheduled practice race was sailed, starting at 1400. The sailors came back to join those who had remained ashore, for a neat all-weather welcoming cocktail party at the colorful Columbia Yacht Club "clubship" (see photos, pages 10 and 11.)

The official racing, and the breezes, began in earnest the next day.

---

*The following account "gets you into the head" of a truly top-notch sailor, and is, therefore, especially valuable reading. It's by our new national champion, who sailed a perfect series: he won every race he started, including the practice race! (Coming into the last race, with nothing but firsts under their foul-weather belts, and the last contest to be their throw-out, Skipper Proctor and his team elected to sit out Race 6.)*

---

### Views From The Windward Rail: A Report on the Racing

by Ched Proctor

#### Practice Race,

#### Monday, September 11

Wind SW, 0-5° knots. We started on port tack since it was the closest tack to the mark. Eventually we got a header and tacked across to the middle of the fleet. We covered from there, extended our lead, and held on to win. Upwind was trying because the tacks were very costly in the light air. Downwind was fun since it was necessary to sail fairly high to get good vmg. The jibes were not as costly as the tacks, so there was more playing of the shifts than upwind.

#### Race 1, Tuesday, September 12

Wind between 350° and 0°, 15 knots, Olympic course. The weather mark was set slightly right of 0°. We had a third row start at the favored weather end of the line. We tacked to port to clear our air as soon as possible. Tacking back to starboard after about two minutes, we initially looked good on the majority of the fleet that had gone to the left. Coming across on starboard, we not only got headed, but it became apparent that the boats on the left side were sailing in more wind that was considerably backed from what we were getting. We tacked two boatlengths to leeward and abeam of Nick Burke. This was as far as we could go without allowing four or five boats to consolidate on us. As we sailed on port tack,



*More of those "invisible hulls," hidden by those impressive Lake Michigan waves. It wasn't that way through the entire regatta, however. As demonstrated on the opposite page, observers saw the entire boat(s) at times, happy reminders of the sleekly beautiful Shields lines.*

the boats to weather of us seemed to have more wind and lift while the boats to leeward had less. A pattern was developing. The left side of the course seemed slightly favored for all races of the regatta. We rounded the weather mark a close second behind Nick with Martin Plonus and Vic Onet close behind. We were right on Nick's transom after we pulled a quick

spinnaker set. We tried to pass him to weather, but this was a futile attempt and allowed Martin and Vic to gain an inside overlap at the jibe mark, putting us back in fourth place. We rounded the leeward mark in order: Nick, Vic, Martin and ourselves. Onet tacked to starboard right away and we tacked on his weather quarter. Martin and Nick went right. We were on Vic's weather hip and appeared to be going higher and faster. Vic tacked as soon as a small header allowed him to clear us. We tacked to port 100 yards further. At this point we were lifted nearly to the mark and clearly ahead of Vic. Martin came over and we crossed him by a good two boatlengths. It seemed we were in a control position with Vic and Nick put away to leeward.

Because we got headed, Martin, on our weather side with a lift and more wind, gained rapidly. Nick came across close behind us and tacked to weather, in more wind also. We tacked to starboard near the lay line only 100 yards from the mark. It was safer to understand the mark in order to force Nick to tack early or take our stern. If we overstood, it would be likely that Nick and Martin would both beat us around. We either got headed or tacked a little early, but in any case we were not laying. We had to make two quick tacks but still rounded with a comfortable lead over Nick but second to Martin. They both jibe-set while we did a bearaway set. This worked well and at the leeward mark, we rounded overlapped with Martin. At the mark, both jibsheets went through the blocks. Oops! We hadn't put knots in the end. We were able to round up on Martin's stern thanks to quick finger work by John and Dave re-leading the jib sheets. Great team work allowed us to tack to port first. The wind was now a bit lighter. This was to our liking as we powered up the sails.

We eased the backstay, the outhaul 4", and the jib halyard eased so there were wrinkles in the luff. We sailed higher and soon Martin was in our wake. We just covered to the finish, protecting the left side fairly carefully.

Most of the race we had the outhaul eased 2" to keep the bow pointed up in the waves. The wind seemed a bit too light most of the time for real flat sails but the puffs had a lot of punch in them. Having the mainsheet a little on the eased side let the boat accelerate in the puffs rather than rounding up.

#### Race 2, Tuesday, September 12.

350°, 12-15 knots, Olympic course. This was the lightest air of the series and the wind was full of holes. We got the pin



end start with Rick Tears and Vic Onet to weather. There was a flat spot and we shifted into the mega point mode, backstay eased to almost slack, mainsheet trimmed on hard, and traveller set with the mainboom centered. When the wind eased, we tacked over and the fleet was in the main window. Vic found some wind to our right and was ahead briefly. We recovered from the left side which was becoming more reliable. We led around the triangle with Vic a close second. On the second beat, the light spots were becoming more dominant. We sailed to stay in the puffs, with the sails powered up basically in a reach mode to keep footing to the next puff. This worked well, as we opened up a large lead. Vic lost Martin Plonus and Al Meril on this leg. On the last beat, Vic abandoned the parade to the left. Since the left side of the course had been paying off so handsomely, there was a tendency to go to that side. Vic's move paid off. He passed Al to gain a third.

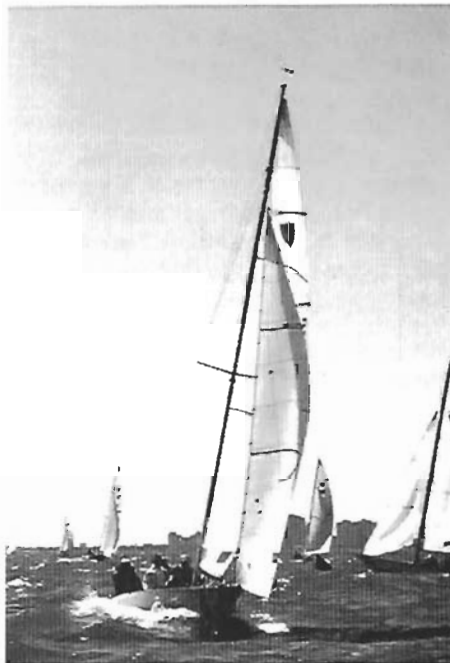
So at the end of the first day of real racing, we were feeling fairly confident, but Plonus was only 2½ points behind with four races to go.

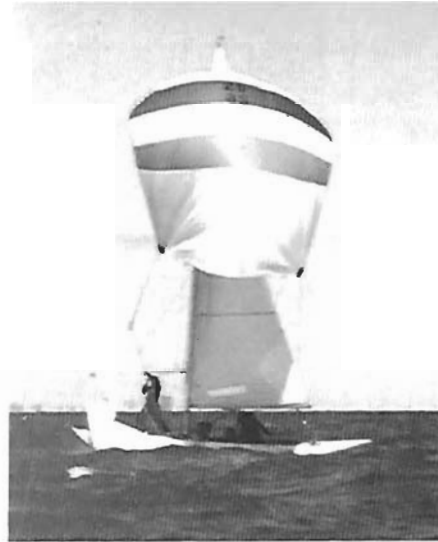
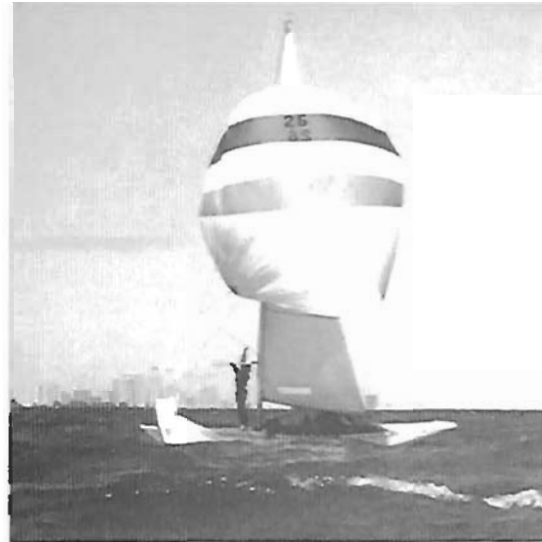
### Race 3, Wednesday, September 13.

Wind 10-15°, 15 knots steady. The first attempt at a race failed because the weather mark was set late to leeward of the fleet. The race committee wisely aborted this one on the second beat. This didn't happen without some trouble for us. While dousing the spinnaker, we caught it on the end of the boom and tore it in two places. While the race committee was reorganizing, we were trying to make ripstop stick in the rain. John Hardy was under the deck with a needle and thread sewing ripstop to the spinnaker. The job was finished thirty seconds before the start and at the start he was still packing the spinnaker for the set.

Plonus got a good burst of speed to roll over us about one minute after the start. We tacked and Rick Tears tacked on our wind. We tacked back and crossed behind Martin and two lengths behind Al. Somehow all of this took a while because when we went back onto port tack we were nearly laying the mark. Tears and Plonus both crossed ahead of us to tack on our weather side. This was the greatest break of the regatta because now we were left alone to sail fast which is exactly what we did. We were a little higher than Al but just as fast. When we got close to the starboard tack layline, the wind started to head us a little. Al tacked and we could nearly cross. He waved us ahead and about two boatlengths further the

*(Continued, next page)*





*"Up, up and away." Or "Going, going, gone," if you prefer. Heavy air made for interesting jibing exercises.*

wind headed 20°. This not only enabled us to lay the mark when we tacked to starboard, but to easily cross the whole fleet.

We rounded first with a comfortable lead. This had been the most exciting beat of the series. It seemed we'd spent most of it gasping for breath and were as surprised as anyone to come out on top. The spinnaker went up and we all agreed that John's sewing job was worthy of the nickname "Betsy". Onet and Meril rounded close together. While we were able to do a loose cover for the rest of the race, these two had a close battle for second with Onet finally getting the upper hand.

#### **Race 4, Wednesday, September 13.**

Wind 10°, 18-20 knots steady. We started to weather of Meril and Onet. Graham Quinn was on our weather hip and moving well initially. We went nearly to the layline and tacked to port ahead and to weather of Onet and Meril. Nick Burke had gone the other way and looked good initially, but as usual, the wind favored the left side which left us in the better position. Quinn, who had stayed with us and sailed fast, crossed us by two lengths. This was the strongest wind of the series to date and he seemed to be really liking it. He tacked to port, to weather and even with us. We started a drag race to the mark. Eventually we got in gear and when we tacked onto starboard at the layline, Quinn was unable to cross or put a good safe leeward on us. He tacked to leeward where he was unable to lay the mark and had to tack twice more. This gave us a comfortable lead from which we could cover and watch the rest of the race. Defending National Champ Onet got it in gear to gain second place. With Plonus falling to a sixth and seventh, our lead in the regatta points was somewhat comfortable. Vic now had

seven points, and Al and Martin each had ten with a drop. With our three points, assuming Vic won, we needed to finish fifth or better to wrap up the regatta and not have to sail on the last day.

#### **Race 5, Thursday, September 14.**

Wind 0°, 22-28 knots, waves huge. Each day the wind got stronger and the waves bigger. In fact I don't think I've ever seen a race committee that could run a race in such huge waves; usually they can't anchor the committee boat! It was difficult, but Alan Teske and his dedicated team did an excellent job to get a race off. The first attempt failed when the weather mark drifted about a half mile. The race was abandoned and restarted. All this took a couple of hours, so it seemed that we spent most of the day reaching back and forth trying to find a trim and angle to the wind which would minimize the flogging of our sails while keeping Lake Michigan outside the boat, and us in the vicinity of the starting boat. We tried for a conservative start, wanting only to be on the line and a boatlength away from anyone else. We ended up starting near the committee boat with only Don Tomlin and Martin Plonus to weather. Don was a little early and when he was recalled, we had clear air to go fast.

With Vic and Al to leeward but well clear, it was a good opportunity to concentrate on going fast. With the large waves and strong wind, it seemed necessary to have the sails set flat and sheeted with a large amount of twist. Plonus seemed to have his main trimmed a bit harder. This helped him to point higher, but with the waves, his tight trim made it hard to keep up top speed. As a result, with a few difficult waves, we were able to get more speed, and after a while worked higher. The jib halyard, cunningham, backstay, and outhaul were all pulled on harder than

we'd had in the rest of the series. I felt that if we could have pulled the cunningham harder, we'd have had more speed, but the blocks were bottomed out. The jib was trimmed 3"-4" outside the spreader and the top main batten pointing perhaps 20 degrees to leeward. As usual in a breeze, I played the traveller with each wave, but generally it resided about half way to leeward. Whenever it felt as if we were going fast, I'd pull it in to point higher. This kept the boat easy to steer. To go really fast, I'd watch every wave and try to hit it at just the right angle. If I tried to look around, we'd hit waves the wrong way and not go as speedily.

**N**ow back to the race tactics. Vic and Al both tacked first and crossed two or three lengths behind us. We were unable to tack right away because of Martin on our weather quarter and he seemed to want to stay there. I felt that with a good tack we could cross Martin, but in the large waves it was a bit risky. If you hit one wave wrong coming out of the tack, the boat would park. So in keeping with our no-risk policy, we decided to stick with it until Martin let us tack. We worked right up in front of him when two big waves came through and we tacked. We stayed on port tack out to the layline with Martin set up to weather, Vic and Al to leeward of us. We seemed to be going fast once we settled down on port tack, with our main set with super twist and super flat. The wind was increasing and the waves becoming bigger. The trim seemed right for the conditions. We decided to be conservative on judging the layline, since two tacks in these waves would lose more than overstanding the mark by a small distance. We expected that the waves would push us to leeward considerably, and we made an extra allowance for it. We had

300-400 yards to go on starboard tack, and it should have been fairly easy to get the layline about right, but we oversteered by a lot. The amusing thing was that Martin, Al, and Vic all made the same mistake, so we didn't lose any distance. We rounded with a comfortable lead over Martin, and he was well ahead of Al and Vic.

When we steered down to the calculated compass course for the jibe mark, it appeared to be an easy spinnaker carry. However, we couldn't see the mark in the huge waves, and nobody else was setting, so the prudent thing to do was wait until either we could see the mark or the others set spinnakers. As it turned out, nobody did set on either reach even though it would have been an easy carry for both legs. John stood on the deck to look for the mark. When I looked back, someone on every boat was standing up to look for the mark. It would be a clear giveaway when he got down, that the mark had been spotted. When we saw the mark, we were half way down the first reach and it was 20° high of the course. Also, it was right in line with the John Hancock building. This made it too tight to carry. On the second reach no one seemed moved to set, so again we sat tight in order to avoid a snafu. On the second beat, Martin immediately tacked to starboard. We delayed covering for a while because Meril and Onet continued on port and they were the closest boats on points. Meril tacked after a couple of minutes and we tacked at the same time. Onet tacked on our stern so we had all the key players well covered. Martin, as the man with the local knowledge, always

favored the left side of the course more than anyone else, perhaps even too much. At one point, the wind headed us on starboard tack, and Martin being left started to look pretty good on us. In retrospect, I think that if he'd tacked at this point he'd have had a good chance of getting close to us. But he held starboard tack almost to the layline. We tacked sooner because the wind headed. We were set up in the same pattern as on the first beat. Al and Vic tacked earlier than we, and this put them to leeward and behind. Martin was out to weather on our hip looking threatening as the wind was in the left hand phase. But it came back after a while and we were able to cross Martin with a few lengths to spare. Vic started to have trouble as Al, Nick Burke, and Graham Quinn all gained by staying to the left. The tricky part of the beats was that although the left side was favored, you had to be careful not to get mesmerized by that factor and forget to play the shifts. By using the left hand shifts, when they occurred, to come back to the center, your position would be enhanced greatly.

So much for the upwind dissertation. On the run, we set immediately and held a bit high for control. Martin didn't set for a long time but sailed lower with his jib wung-out. I expected that with the spinnaker, we'd have been enough faster to make up for the higher angle. This did not prove to be the case as Martin seemed to be making as good speed at a more direct course to the mark. And this without a spinnaker! We jibed over about a third of the way down and

started to go for the low, scary track, a-rockin' and a-rollin', square and even a bit by the lee. This seems to be the fastest course on the run in these conditions. It's a matter of how close to the hairy edge you dare sail. This worked well and we rounded with a substantial lead and had an easy time protecting to the finish.

On the run there was considerable excitement on Vic Onet's boat. Just to prove that even a well practiced team can make basic mistakes when under pressure, they made their bid for the "Take-a-Bow" award and hoisted the chute sideways. In the process of taking it down to straighten things out, it became a sea anchor and developed a large hole. This caused them to lose two places without enough time to recover.

Before the last race, the scores looked like this:

Boat	Points	Drop Race
Proctor/Hardy	3.75	
Onet	12.0	7
Plonus	12.0	7
Meril	13.0	5
Burke/Kennedy	16.0	5

We were in a position where we couldn't improve our score, so it seemed wise that we leave the others alone to the race for second place. As a result, though, we missed the best sailing day of the series. I can't give you details of Race 6 other than the results. It was a great day for the Texas sailors. Al Meril won, and Rick Tears was second. (This was proof that Tears sails better with a hangover.) The top five were rounded out by Don Tomlin, Onet, and Burke — 3rd, 4th and 5th respectively. *(Continued, page 14)*

## Final Standings, 1989 Shields National Championship Regatta

Position	Skipper/Co-Skipper	Sail#	Bow#	Fleet#	Race 1	Race 2	Race 3	Race 4	Race 5	Race 6	Points
1	Proctor/Hardy	245	10	2 (Manhasset)	.75	.75	.75	.75	.75	(DNS)	3.75
2	Meril	28	16	11 (Dallas)	3	4	3	(5)	3	.75	13.75
3	Onet	80	15	5 (Seawanhaka)	5	3	2	2	(7)	4	16.00
4	Plonus	130	06	3 (Chicago)	2	2	6	(7)	2	7	19.00
5	Burke/Kennedy	231	11	4 (Marblehead)	4	(5)	4	3	5	5	21.00
6	Quinn	145	12	10 (Marion)	9	(10)	5	4	4	6	28.00
7	Fix	45	01	3 (Chicago)	7	6	(10)	9	8	8	38.00
8	Tears	51	14	11 (Dallas)	10	12	9	6	(DNS)	2	39.00
9	Higgins	88	03	3 (Chicago)	(12)	9	12	8	6	10	45.00
10	Tomlin	26	08	1 (Larchmont)	6	(15)	7	13	9	10	45.00
11	Mallonee	90	07	6 (California)	13	(14)	8	11	10	13	55.00
12	Donahue/Lewis	79	04	8 (Edgartown)	8	13	11	13	(DNS)	11	56.00
13	Werblow	25	02	1 (Larchmont)	11	8	15	12	(DNS)	12	58.00
14	Nowak	178	17	1 (Larchmont)	15	11	13	15	(DNS)	9	63.00
15	Perleman	130A	05	3 (Chicago)	14	(15)	14	14	11	14	67.00

Notes: Bow #08 penalized 8 points in Race 2; Bow #04 penalized 3 points in Race 4; Bow #08 penalized 7 points in Race 6. Bow #03 and #08 tied (tie breaker: #03 beat #08 three times, #08 beat #03 two times). DNS = 16 points. Score shown in parentheses indicates throwout race.

**I**t's finally happening. We're getting active input on such interesting matters as who should sail in the National Championship Regatta; what modifications of our boats are permissible; when does sail "credit hoarding" get to be an abuse; how much policing do we want to have to do to keep it a "level playing field" — and related concerns.

We've spent a lot of time, and more effort, trying to get Shields sailors to sound off on these subjects. We've had about as much success as an outside starboard-tacker claiming room at the leeward mark: practically none.

The discussions have been going on for years, in sporadic and desultory fashion. There's been talk, sometimes grumbling and more, about bending and/or breaking the rules on things like improper treatment of keels and the like — and, almost constantly, the problem of "ringers."

Now, the dialogue is live, vigorous, occasionally even approaching a slow boil. And we think that's great, because it helps to refocus our awareness of the Shield as a truly (almost uniquely so) one-design Corinthian Class. It also underscores the clear desirability, for most of us, of that position.

And it forces us to reconsider, and restate, what kind of Class we *want* to be.

We hope the discussions will continue, and expand to include more members of our great Class, and to cover more ground.

It takes no inspired, scientific analysis to recognize what precipitated this new response. The catalyst, obviously, was the overwhelming achievement (we described it as "perfect-score performance" in our lead story) of Ched Proctor and his team aboard *Hawk*, #245, at the 1989 Nationals in Chicago. Never before, so far as we can establish, has there been such decisive domination at a Shields Nationals: *the gun to the same competitor for every single race* he and his crew sailed!

Now Ched and John Hardy (*Hawk's* owner) have the same problem as Raquel Welch and Marilyn Monroe: they didn't invent those things; they just made them look better. So they're getting all this attention.

We all know there have been many "ringer"/pros aboard many boats in many prior Nationals. There have been other sailmaker/"ringers" who have skippered boats they didn't own. None of them, however, had ever done it before with the same dramatic sailing efficiency. Ched and John have discovered there may be such a thing as too much success.

# How Level is the Playing Field?

---

The one-design and "ringer" controversies heat up

*John Hardy's high-flying Hawk triggered occasionally-disputatious discussions.*





Their shut-out tour de force certainly got people thinking, talking, and writing. At the formal request of one contestant, the winning boat has been inspected (please see the Measurer's Report, page 12). As we get ready to go to press with this issue of your *Masthead*, the Class Technical Committee is preparing its evaluation report. Class President Don Tomlin advises us you will have received a copy of that report long before this *Masthead* gets to you. (Incidentally, for those who seem to be misinformed on this detail, there is, and has been in place, an expert, functioning Class Technical Committee.)

Our own position? To borrow the phrasing of an ex-President (of the U.S. this time), "we'd like to make several things perfectly clear." Ched Proctor is a good friend. John Hardy is a good friend. John has long been a valued, faithful member of the Class. We want to see — indeed, we're delighted to have — top sailors like Ched racing a Shields. (Yes, Virginia, you do learn more and sail better against tougher competition.)

We also want to see those ace skippers enrolled as genuine, 24-carat members of the Shields Class. We think it's more important that everyone who races with us truly be "part of the family" than that they merely meet the *technical* qualifications for participation in our major regattas.

And, without question, we want to be very hard-nosed about maintaining the rigorous one-design requirements established for our yachts and our racing. (And, as some of our correspondents have observed, those requirements should be clearly enunciated and updated as necessary.) We hasten to add too, that this view is in no way intended to inhibit *improvements*, modest measures to make the boat easier to sail. This department, for example, enjoys the blessings of having as crew several women of exceedingly pleasing design. They happen *not* to be of the weight-lifting persuasion. Excellent sailors though they are, they would not enjoy coping with the original backstay, outhaul, and traveler arrangements, especially in heavy air.

**O** bviously, any changes should be discussed, carefully considered, and approved by the entire Class membership.

The rules and regulations and all the guidelines must be set by the National Class, of course. We feel strongly, however, that the practical dynamics require policing at the *fleet* level. Each

fleet knows who may be stretching rules, who may be doctoring boats, and who is or is not an authentic, participating member.

We should also recognize that there simply does not exist a set of perfect conditions. Those who wish to do so can find ways to beat the rules and still, technically, be in compliance. It comes down to what the *intentions* of the Class are, what we *want* the Class to be — and then enforcing, to the maximum extent possible, the *spirit*, as well as the letter, of those intentions.

We've had some stimulating suggestions.

"One of the basic reasons that many of us are in the Shields Class is because of the purity of the Class."

That's from a very thoughtful letter from another friend, Ken Casser (*Resolution*, #166) of the Manhasset Bay fleet. Here's what Ken goes on to say. We think it's extremely worthwhile reading. (And, although he requested we present his thoughts in shorter form, what follows are Ken's words, obviously heartfelt — and unedited.)

**I** honestly believe that any Shields, no matter when it was built, can win the National Regatta if tuned properly and sailed correctly. Many 'dogs' in our fleet have won races when sailed by talented people, which proves to me that the boats are basically created equal. When we work so hard to maintain the one-design aspects of our equipment, we should also concern ourselves seriously with maintaining the Corinthian intent that makes our Class both unique and fun. I believe that this is where our strength lies.

Other classes made a basic mistake, in my opinion, by increasing the stiffness of the hulls as newer boats were built, and by allowing multiple sail purchases that enabled those with deep pockets to establish an edge. Some classes may be strong today, but I feel that people are going to get discouraged with these conditions and they will go the same way the Solings and Etchells have gone.

We, however, have the opportunity to prevail, to grow, and to develop into a class of major strength if we're careful and if we pay attention. It would be criminal if we allowed ourselves to be compromised in our Class standards.

There was an article on fleet building in the *Masthead* a while back which was written by Brian McSweeney which basically said that we should not focus our recruiting efforts on the top sailors, but instead we should encourage those who want to participate and add depth to our Class. These people are those

who will come out week after week for the joy of competing, and will give us strength. The great sailors will come out because we are a strong, active Class thereby giving us balance. This depth is needed in order to survive, and it must be nurtured.

I feel that allowing professional sailors to compete in our National Regatta, and also in our local fleet racing, is a basic marketing error that will hold back our efforts to develop the strongest Class possible. Why would anyone spend several thousand dollars and a week or more of their time to go to a competition that they haven't a prayer in doing well in? Or, to turn that concept around, how many people would we attract if all the skippers knew that they would be sailing against others of similar experience, means and devotion? I know I would feel much happier if the top finishing positions were won by people who were in the Shields Class because they loved it, supported it and contributed to it, rather than because they stood to gain from doing well. I would be happy, personally, with a 35th out of 35 under those conditions.

I do think it is important to get sailmakers on the boats during races to trim, or to drive, so that they can go back to their lofts with practical knowledge and ideas on how to improve our boats. But, I think they should not be scored. They should come out to instruct and guide us to help the fleet grow and develop. In doing this, they will eventually reap the most reward because as more boats are purchased and sailed, more will buy sails every year.

**M**y proposal, therefore, is simple. We can't provide for every situation, but because it seems to be the sailmakers who are the most prevalent, let's just rule that any boat in any race will not be scored if a sailmaker or other professional deemed overqualified by the local or national Class officers is on board during the race. This is relatively easy to enforce, and clearly illustrates what our Class should stand for. Putting the decision in the hands of the officers will prevent those who read the rules carefully from circumventing the object of the rule. The result should be more participation in the Class over every level by amateurs, and should also encourage all sailmakers and professionals who might benefit from the growth of the Class to get involved in a positive way without the stigma of unfairness being attached to them. The

(Continued, page 16)



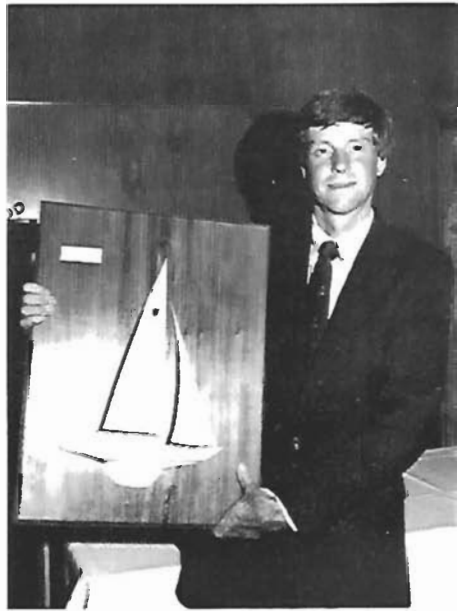
*Columbia Yacht Club  
Welcomes You!*



# Regatta Reflections

*This page. Above: Outdoors or in, the operative word was "welcome" to National Championship Regatta contestants from Fleet #3 and the Columbia Yacht Club, housed in its comfortable "Clubship." Below: The 1989 championship crew of Hawk, #245. Left to right, owner John Hardy, Dave Mack, (Regatta Chairman Jay Higgins), John Brendel, Skipper and Chief Mugger Ched Proctor. Opposite page. Top row, left: Runner-up Al Meril, left foreground, with skilled crew Phil Audet, Greg Ellis, Bonnie Shore, Bill Hartnet. Top row, right: Third-place honors went to Vic Onet. Center row, left: Smiling crowd salutes fourth-place winner Martin Plonus. Center row, right: Another view of the Columbia YC "Clubship." Bottom row, left: Regatta Chairman Higgins presents symbol of appreciation to Race Committee Chairman Alan Teske. Alan and his gang did an award-winning job in trying conditions. Bottom row, right: Chairman Higgins on the receiving end; Jay's solid sailing earned him the Cornelius Shields Memorial Trophy.*





# Measurer's Report

Since this will be my last report as Class Measurer, I would like to submit a short statement as to where we are in terms of the "one-design" aspects of the boat, and also address what I trust will be a soon-disposed-of nuisance detail on sail legality.

To dispose of the latter first: I would call your attention to the accompanying letter from Fred Fix, who was kind enough to measure sails for the wonderful National Regatta in Chicago. (The text of Fred's letter is reprinted here in its entirety.) At the Annual Meeting Fred made what I, as Measurer, considered to be a rather alarming statement. Referring to reinforcing patches, he said most mainsails were illegal. It turns out he had encountered the same puzzle that has bedazzled most of us — sailmakers and measurers alike — who have tried to unravel those hidden truths contained in Rule 8.3. This covers "Reinforcements (at the corners of sails), Stiffening Reinforcements and Additional Reinforcements." In order to clarify this statement, and as well, to purge himself of all kinds of reinforced and additionally stiffened frustration, he consented to address the matter in some detail. In so doing, his thoughts speak rather eloquently for themselves.

About Rule 8.3, there is good news and bad news. The good news: the rule was abolished at the Annual Meeting. The bad news: there was a procedural error with respect to the ballot process, and, as a result, 8.3 is still with us (although, happily, almost all members voting at the meeting or by proxy, agreed that the archaic details should be eliminated). I am told there will soon be another, parliamentary-correct action to put this monster to rest. Even though my measuring days are over, I would urge you to vote appropriately so we can all kiss this thing goodbye. For me, incidentally, this is the convincer: every leading sail-maker we have consulted has recommended we amend 8.3 to allow adequate flexibility. Each one has gone on record with the assurance that they can build better, more durable sails, *at lower cost*, without compromising our strict one-design standards in any way.

On an important, fundamental matter: Occasionally the "one-design" question pops up, usually like a volcano come to life. Inevitably, this entraps

many of us, particularly the Measurer, in the fall-out and the lava flow.

We have recently experienced such an eruption with respect to four specific items on Shields #245. (The eruption was sparked by the dramatically convincing, winning performance of the boat, beautifully sailed by Ched Proctor in the 1989 Nationals.) In question are the boom vang, a jib lead (car) control, a jib halyard tensioning arrangement, and the fairing strips on the aft end of the keel and deadwood. I have inspected the boat, and have submitted a report of my findings to the Governing Board. The Technical Committee meets on October 29 to conduct the judgemental phase of this process. It will, as well, go beyond this particular matter to review the "specs" and to consider whatever changes to them (if any) might make sense. I'm sure you will have the results of this review as soon as they can be distributed.

In my view, we are surprisingly one-design. We aren't perfect, in that varying fleet rules as to sail purchases create unfairness at the National level. For instance, fleets/yachts which give themselves credits for "unbought" sails can often have an advantage over yachts which are on a strict rotational purchase program. This is to say a German shepherd can arrive at the Nationals with only a qualifying series (now ten races) on his or her sails, while a poodle will arrive with 25 or 30 races on tired rags. Obviously the shepherd has an advantage but, technically, has done nothing in violation of the rules.

It may be the best kept secret in the world that we have been developing a wonderful measurement (hull shape and lines) data base. Since about 1982, ten to 15 boats have been professionally surveyed by Mr. John Koopman of Propulsion Data Systems in Marblehead. Those computerized measurements have become the basis for a modern, meaningful control of hull shapes. Last year, John measured three or four boats in the Chicago fleet, in response to a question regarding observed speed differentials. Happily enough, each boat was indeed found to be a Shields. I'm sure this program will be continued, and perhaps expanded as time goes on.

I'm pleased we have addressed the dilemma of professionalism in the Class. I think the new wording for the

Blue Book, as adopted at the Annual Meeting, will discourage pros from "jumping in" for the National Regatta, while at the same time that wording will encourage them to become full-time, full-fledged members of the Class.

I have, believe it or not, enjoyed my bit-part as Measurer. It is to the great credit of the Class that I have been called upon to make only an occasional cameo appearance on the Shields set.

Respectfully submitted,  
Victor M. Onet, Jr.

---

*(Fred Fix served as Measurer at the 1989 National Regatta. This is Fred's letter referred to by Class Measurer Onet in his report.)*

---

Dear Vic:

My statement at the annual meeting that 13 of 15 mainsails would not measure in was perhaps an overstatement of the fact, and I would like to clarify that statement here. It was made more to illustrate a point of personal contention than to characterize the actual measurement results. That contentious point had to do with the reinforcement patches on many of the mainsails submitted for measurement at the National Regatta. In those particular sails, the construction of the clew patches was such that it was virtually impossible to tell where "reinforcing" ended and the normal body of the sail began. I chose to approve those sails on the basis of a visual common sense approach, although I still feel one could argue the point. Therein lies the reason for my ire and my statement. I do not feel that it is fair for an amateur measurer to be saddled with such a question of interpretation. Either the rule should be more specific and identify exactly what constitutes "reinforcement," or the instructions to sailmakers must be clarified.

Other than that I observed no flagrant problems with the sails measured for the regatta. We stretched one jib a little bit and two or three spinnakers went to the dryer.

I do feel however that the definition of "clew reinforcement" on mainsails must be resolved before the 1990 National Regatta.

Sincerely,  
Frederick D. Fix







*It could also be titled the "All-Smiles Regatta." There wasn't a dour look anywhere in the crowd at the awards festivities.*



# Speed Wrinkles



more  
go-fast tips  
for  
Shields sailors

*Editor's note: Our friend Ched Proctor is Manager, One-Design Operations, at North Sails East, Milford, Connecticut. We're happy to report that he's becoming increasingly active in Shields racing. These brief notes are based on Ched's experiences at the '88 Nationals at Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, on Long Island Sound. Obviously, he's been doing his homework; witness his runaway victory at the '89 Nationals.*

*Coming up: we've asked Ched to write a lot more, and tell us what he learned in Chicago. His useful comments will appear in an upcoming issue of your Masthead.*

By Ched Proctor

**O**n Long Island sound we race in a lot of light air during the summer months, and have many extremely breezy days during the spring and fall. Combine this with a large variety of wave conditions, and it becomes clear that our sails must be able to develop a wide range of shapes to accommodate all those different conditions. At the Seawanhaka series, for example, we sailed four races in under 12 knots, and two breezy races on the middle day. Here are the specifics of what seemed to work best there.

**In very light air** (we had about 2-6 knots on one day of the regatta):

1. Be flexible in your game plan. Don't forget that in light and variable winds what seems hopeless one minute can be right the next. (I'm still trying to learn this one!)

2. Keep the number of tacks to a minimum. The boat takes a long time to accelerate in these conditions; you lose

five lengths when tacking in such light air. It's often better to lay off and try to drive through a boat which tacks on you than to make two tacks. The optimum situation is to always be fast and point well enough so that you're never forced to tack.

3. As a corollary of #2, keep tiller movements to a minimum. Let the boat roll along, and don't try to point *too* high.

**In light air** (the breeze ranged from about 6-10 knots the first day):


1. Keep the outhaul tight enough to close the lens foot.

2. Set the traveler to keep the boom 4" - 6" to leeward of the centerline.

**In more breeze** (like the 14-20 knots we enjoyed on the second day of the series):


1. The boat needs to be steered up into the waves. Trying to drive off to gain speed in this much wind is really slow. Keep concentrating on pointing. I felt I had to push the tiller slightly into each wave. Don't let the waves hit the weather side of the bow. The boat won't go over them and only gets pushed to leeward.

2. In sloppy conditions, keep crew weight low. If not needed on the rail to keep the boat flat, crew should be down low on the cockpit sole to reduce pitching movement. Try it: moving two people from the rail to the sole results in a noticeable reduction in pitching movement. And be thoughtful; if it's light, a little reading material is in order for the down-unders.

I hope to be able to offer a lot of helpful suggestions in the future, after I've spent considerably more time in the Shields. I think it's a great boat, and a great Class. with a bunch of wonderful people. 

## We're Hungry

We're hungry for news and pictures of Shields sailors and their doings — from every fleet, in all parts of the country. We want to make sure your *Masthead* is much more than just a local diet; to make it a national menu, we need notes

from *your* fleet. Don't worry about style, grammar, or spelling. We'll do the editing and accept full responsibility for any mistakes. Send material to Turner Scott, Class Secretary, 122 Touro Street, Newport, RI 02840. 

**O**ur week in Chicago was thoroughly enjoyable. The fleet did a wonderful job of making sure all our needs were met, and keeping us up late at night to max out our fun meters. Also, doing well was a large factor. As to the question of why we were so successful, I'd say that boatspeed and teamwork were the overriding factors. Although different Shields go almost the same speed, the key word is "almost." The differences are small, but they are really devastating to the slower boats. With an even start, a minor speed advantage part of the time can make you look brilliant. The conditions in Chicago favored a boatspeed advantage since the wind was fairly steady with no surprising shifts. The game plan which we stuck with was to be conservative, play the odds by staying in the middle of the fleet, and avoid getting to the laylines early. This would leave us free to take advantage of any small shift and let our boatspeed put us in front. I'm sure everyone will be working hard to prepare for next year's Nationals at Manhasset Bay. I'm sure it will be a very competitive regatta, and I look forward to seeing you there.

*Editor's Note: Since Ched and his team were lazily lolling about on shore during Race #6, his blow-by-blow account necessarily had no details on that contest. Fortunately, we were able to get the following, informative summary from Mike Neff, who sailed with 1988 Champion Vic Onet.*

*"The last race was an exciting challenge, a true championship event," Mike wryly observed. "This was for the championship of the 'B' fleet, Proctor and his gang constituting the 'A' fleet, of course."*

On the last day, the remaining top spots were to be decided between Onet, Meril, and Plonus. These three were separated by just *one* point (allowing for one drop race). At the start, Meril and Plonus were near the committee boat, with Onet closer to the middle of the line. Off the line, Tears and Onet went left, while most of the fleet went right. Seeking to avoid the same error that almost cost him the '88 championship, Onet tacked back to the right to check in with Plonus and Meril, leaving Tears alone on the left. On the right, the breeze moved into the east, giving a big advantage to the boats that had gotten out here early. Interestingly, however, Tears was still doing well on the left

side, so well that he rounded the top mark first, with Meril and Plonus close behind. Meanwhile, Onet, having committed to the right too late, was far behind the leaders.

By the second beat, Meril had started to grind Tears down, while Plonus, Burke, Quinn, and Tomlin were in a tight battle for the other leading places. Onet went back out to the far right where, again, the breeze moved into the east. At the windward mark the top seven boats were quite close together. Meril had now taken the lead, with Tears and Tomlin closest behind him.

When Plonus rounded, he set his chute on a port tack, only to encounter several starboard tackers. This slowed him considerably, enough in fact, that Onet was able to move ahead of him on this downwind leg.

On the last beat everyone worked to protect their positions, while favoring the left side. Meril finished first, followed by Tears. Tomlin was third, but was penalized seven points (alternate penalty) for an earlier infraction. Onet held his fourth place position, as Burke slipped in front of Plonus to finish fifth.

**I**t was, in sum, a dramatic series, in a regatta which will long be remembered for its rough on-the-water tests as well as its smoothly run shoreside attractions. In the latter category, a cardinal feature was the presentation-of-the-laurels ceremony. Since Shields sailors defer to no others in either the presentation or receipt of laurels, this was another winner.

### The Awards Festivities

The colorful awards dinner on Friday evening was a glittering affair, where even the bright silver was outshone by the good cheer of the attendees.

Top billing, of course, along with the handsome sterling silver Chippendale tray emblematic of the national championship, went to the crew of *Hawk*, #245: Ched Proctor, John Hardy, John Brendel, and Dave Mack. (It is always pleasing, especially for those of sentimental bent, to remember that the championship trophy was presented to the Class by Cornelius Shields himself.)

Repeating his distinguished second-place finish of 1988 was Al Meril of the Dallas fleet, with skilled crew work by Bonnie Shore, Phil Audet, Greg Ellis, and Bill Hartnet.

The third-place award went to Vic Onet of the Seawanhaka Corinthian YC fleet (Long Island Sound) and his crackerjack crew of Woody Glenn, Michael Neff, and George Perreten.

Local ace Martin Plonus, assisted by



*More smiles: Jubilant Joyce Lewis (Fleet #8, Edgartown, MA), shows why she's an asset at any regatta.*



*And still more: Darrell Mallonee, left, (Fleet #6, Irvine, CA), receives Withers Trophy from Chairman Higgins.*

the dexterous Aggelos Katsaggelos, James Raff, and Chris Shirey, took the fourth-place trophy.

The special awards recipients were also saluted with appropriate acclaim.

**The Cornelius Shields Memorial Trophy** went to Jay Higgins of the host fleet. Jay was ably assisted by Rick Hay and Monica and Jeff Berry. The trophy is a lovely half-hull model of our boat, which was donated to the Class by Larchmont Yacht Club and Fleet #1 in 1982, in memory of our founder. It is awarded each year "to that skipper who improves his or her standing the most from the previous National Championship Regatta."

**The Senior Skipper Award** (the Moore Trophy) went to Vic Onet, a repeat of last year's performance. This award, a pretty pewter tray donated in 1981 by Jim Moore of the Manhasset Bay fleet, goes "to the skipper with the

best score of the five oldest skippers at the National Championship Regatta.” (For more about Jim, don’t miss the *Profile* in this issue.)

*The Junior Skipper Award*, a Chippendale pewter tray also donated in 1981 by Jim Moore, was won by Nick Burke of Swampscott, Massachusetts. Nick, as the skipper “with the best score of the five youngest skippers at the National Championship Regatta,” received expert crew support from Wayne Kennedy, Will Kraft, and J. Lonergan.

*The Shields Class National Championship Institutional Trophy*, more succinctly known as the Withers Trophy, went to another repeat winner, Darrell Mallonee of the Univ. of California, Irvine fleet. Darrell’s adept crew were Carl DiStefano, George Greenhof, and Jim Condon. The graceful pewter Revere bowl, donated in 1984 by Captain Chris Withers, USN, Ret., is awarded annually “for the best performance by an institutional crew in the Shields National Championship Regatta.”

**T**hen there’s the *Take-A-Bow Trophy*, that unique prize which, in only a few short years, has earned a place of rare distinction in yachting’s Hall of Infamy. Even those who are less than impressed by such baubles as the America’s Cup, the Herreshoff Trophy, or the Mallory Cup regard this “honor” with a certain awe and wonderment, if *not* (surely) admiration or respect.

We note, with carefully measured strokes of the pen, the formal terms under which this badge of opprobrium is presented. It is “awarded by a select committee to an individual or individuals *for dubious achievement* during the Shields National Championship Regatta.” (Emphasis added.)

(This department is moved to express its [occasional] regret that the trophy is not available to a broader universe of candidates. With such flexibility it might have gone to that inspired group who built a nuclear reactor astride California’s San Andreas Fault, or the marketing team responsible for the Edsel automobile. We might even have given consideration to the credentials of the inventor of the income tax, or the several courts involved with the current disposition of the America’s Cup. It is staggering to contemplate the possibilities.)

**E**qually implausible are the events, indeed an entire chain of notable happenings, which earned the “Bow” for this

year’s legatee, Rick Tears. Frankly stated, it was no contest; no other contenders were, or could be, given serious consideration. We present here the barest of outlines in explanation.

1. Widely known for his invariably reflective and prudent behavior (the kind usually associated with archbishops, university presidents, and officers of national one-design sailing associations), Rick made carefully-charted plans for the trip to the Nationals. He determined, for example, that the overland mileage from home-base, Dallas, TX to regatta-site, Chicago, IL is 917 miles. Driving in his accustomed, conservative manner, this would have been little more than an afternoon’s jaunt. With admirable restraint, however, Rick programmed five full days for the trip.

2. Despite this seemingly generous cushion (or perhaps because of it) his faithful crew arrived in Chicago one day late.

3. Rick’s trip was punctuated by a series of cordial visits with those forces of law and order charged with the maintenance of posted highway speeds. Those of us who have towed a Shields on an over-the-road trailer are aware that it makes for a spectacle that is at once both interesting and distinctive. On at least three occasions (we couldn’t get a precise count) our hasty hero was noticed by uniformed troopers who invited him to halt his caravan, and desired him to explain his precipitate progress. His explanations were fastidiously appraised and judged, like some sail reinforcements, to be unacceptable. Thus, Rick arrived in Chicago definitely poorer, presumably wiser, and with pockets luxuriantly lined with speeding tickets.

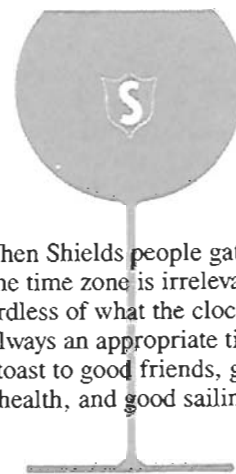
4. The origins of the final episode in this engine-driven odyssey are not clearly understood. It has been suggested that some sympathetic soul reasoned that Rick had had enough, for a while, of his now-famous wheels. That thoughtful person then came up with an elegantly simple treatment: *Rick’s van was stolen.*

Those automotive adventures give new meaning, as well as firm fortification, to that ancient truism, “I’d rather be sailing.” To Rick we say we know you have been severely tested, we trust you have fully recovered, and we approvingly repeat that none can question you have truly won the right to *Take-A-Bow.*

It is with more solemn admiration, appreciation, and applause that we salute the exemplary crew of Fleet #3 which did such a praiseworthy job of

(Continued, next page)

## A TOAST to SHIELDS SAILORS



When Shields people gather, the time zone is irrelevant; regardless of what the clock says, it’s always an appropriate time for a toast to good friends, good health, and good sailing.

**May you work the  
inside of every lift,  
be inside at every  
mark, and arrive  
inside the bar first  
in your dreams.**

---

We raise a glass to  
**KEN CASSER**  
of Fleet #2, Manhasset Bay, NY  
who contributed this toast.  
(Ken skippers Resolution, #166,  
out of Manhasset Bay YC.)

---

What’s YOUR favorite toast?  
Share it with the other members of  
the Class. Those that are used will  
be properly credited in print.  
In addition to the resulting fame,  
you’ll also receive one of those  
handsome Shields pins. Send to:  
Cheers Dept., this publication.



# The New Afterguard Comes Aboard

putting the entire regatta together. These are the people "without whom it couldn't have been done." That's trite, and in this case, most positively true. Sincere thanks, then, from the entire Shields Class, to: Chairman Jay Higgins, National Championship Regatta Committee; Fleet Captain David Crookall; Treasurer Chris Shirey; Chairman Alan Teske, Race Committee, and his committee members George Brown, Sally Jelin, and Maggie Sennott; Chairwoman Gail Higgins, Meals & Entertainment Committee, and members Monica Berry and Laura Schramm; Chairman Fred Fix, Sail Measurement Committee, with members Joe Graziano and Sig Nelson.

Registration/Housing matters were handled by committee Chairman Chris Shirey and members Ann Harrison, Mary Goodkind, Fred Fix, and Laura Schramm. The jury consisted of Al Henning, who served as head judge, and Bob Sargent. The Borrowed Boats/Temporary Moorings Committee was headed by David Crookall; the Boat Launching Committee by Chairman Dominic Gatto, with assistance by Marty Becklenberg, Monica Berry, and Mary Lou Elson; and the Communications Committee by Chairwoman Amanda Onyon.


Others who helped make the 1989 regatta such a successful hoedown (including some who doubled in brass) are Chairman Jay Higgins, Awards Committee, and members Monica Berry and Mike Melko; Chairman Nate Swift, Spectator Fleet Committee, with Gene Bernadoni. Gene did yeoman work also as chairman of the Sponsor/Media Coverage Committee, with Gary Ropski.

**T**hese are the good folk (along with those others whose names we did *not* get, and to whom, therefore, we apologize) who helped make it a top drawer regatta.

Just how good may have been indicated by this brief exchange overheard in front of the Columbia YC Clubship, when several visitors were making their farewells.

"My wife says I've got to quit making these long trips to the Nationals," one of the Long Island sailors grumbled. "She said she'd leave me if I don't cut it out."

"That's awful," one of the Chicago hosts exclaimed.

"Yes," said our protagonist, "I'll certainly miss her." 

**T**he Chicago agenda also included, as it customary, the election of new national officers.

We're fortunate to have another sterling team taking on the governance of the Shields Class. Despite scurrilous rumors to suggest differently, this carefully selected crew was *not* dragged kicking, screaming, or otherwise resisting, to their new posts. And, unlike others elected to parallel high positions, our freshly-minted choir-masters were firm in their unanimous declaration that they would neither request an increase in pay nor accept if it were offered.

Leading the team is President Chris Withers, assisted by Secretary Turner Scott, Treasurer Howard Burdick, and Measurer Gary Lash. All seasoned Shields sailors and veteran members of Fleet #9, Narragansett Bay, they are assuming their duties with the same genuine enthusiasm as that which marked their election.


Chris has already enunciated his hopes and expectations that there will be constant input from all Class members, to any and all officers. Here's where to reach them.

Chris Withers, President  
50 Bliss Mine Road  
Middletown, RI 02840

Turner Scott, Secretary  
122 Touro Street  
Newport, RI 02840

Howard Burdick, Treasurer  
608 Walcott Avenue  
Middletown, RI 02840

Gary Lash, Measurer  
14 Commonwealth Avenue  
Newport, RI 02840

We salute you, Messrs. Withers, Scott, Burdick, and Lash; we pledge you our undiluted support; and we wish you fair winds, fortuitous lifts and headers, and every kind of good luck in your challenging endeavors on behalf of the Shields Class. 

## Level Field (from page 9)

sailmakers should then be more comfortable, and so should we.

I welcome any comments from you or other class members, and ask that if the decision on professionals is still up in the air, you present (in shorter-form!) my theories and ideas to the class as a whole. I feel that if a proper resolution has not been passed on this issue, it should be addressed, discussed and concluded prior to next season so that we can all get prepared for the next National Regatta in an appropriate manner.

P.S. On another front, I also feel that boats being used in the National Regatta should be given a brief visual inspection by the measurer or his committee to determine that the boat conforms to the rules regarding mechanical advantage, required equipment and the like. Although surveys would be ridiculous, an educated glance to check for magic boxes in the leach lines and hiking boards might prove illuminating."

**T**here was another animated dispatch, this one from a leading spokesman for the impressed seamen of Buzzards Bay. As you will see in a moment, Barry Tirrell (*Jetstream #173*), Captain of Fleet #10, is, like Ken, clearly and unequivocally, a concerned Shields sailor.

While stopping short of recommendations for capital punishment, punitive fines, or banishment to a power boat squadron, Barry wrote, "As a result of the negative feedback which I have received from the recently completed 1989 Shields National Regatta, and being the representative of a Fleet of some 30-plus Shields, I am obligated as Captain of Shields-Buzzard Bay Fleet #10 to formally file my strong objections to several alleged violations."

Here is the bulk of Barry's long letter. (We exercised the editorial privilege of cutting some of the references to essentially-procedural matters, to focus on the important conceptual content.)

"Some of these alleged violations," Barry continued, "are as follows:

1. The use of sails in the 1989 National Regatta that did not meet Class measurements. (Numbers have varied between 9 to 13 illegal sales.) (*Editor's note: again, please see the Measurer's Report and accompanying letter from Fred Fix, Chicago Fleet Measurer for the Regatta.*)

2. A Shields whose hull was modified, namely the keel and rudder fairing strips, giving it a decided speed advantage over the rest of the Class.

Taking each of these and assessing how they would have been dealt with at the local Fleet #10 level for any fleet sanctioned race are addressed below:

1. The sails which did not meet Class measurements would have been rejected

(Continued, page 18)



# Profile of a Shields Sailor



The world recognizes that Shields sailors are some of the most interesting, accomplished, and colorful people anywhere — in or out of yachting. Here's a good example.

---

## James B. Moore, Jr.

Fleet #2, Manhasset Bay, NY

---

**H**e was all of nine years old when the sailing bug bit, and a pontoon canoe was the improbable craft in which Jim Moore first learned to sail. This was just a few years ago; 69 to be precise. He's been a sailing leader, innovator, and winner ever since, and we're proud that Jim is crowning his lustrous career in the Shields Class.

The "innovator" label fits neatly. Look at a few of the entrepreneurial things Jim has done.

In 1921, now a seasoned veteran at the age of ten, Jim took his father's rowing dinghy, hung leeboards and a rudder on it, stepped a mast, and was ready to go sailing. One critical problem, however: no sail. "It may not have been the most efficient solution," Jim wryly observes, "but I figured I could swap one form of transportation for another. I sold my bike to buy the sail."

In the same pattern, several year later (in 1928) Jim bought a wrecked Star, #35, for \$35 ("The price was *not* determined by the sail number," he assures us), rebuilt it, and renamed it *Starlight*. After a few years of local fleet racing to get to know his handiwork better, Jim took *Starlight* across the Sound to win the Atlantic Coast Championship at Pequot Yacht Club in Southport, Connecticut (in 1930).

More innovation: also in 1930, Jim founded the Dartmouth Corinthian Yacht Club. The following year, he started the Intercollegiate Yacht Racing Association, with friends at Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Cornell, and Williams. More than simply an organizer, Jim took runner-up honors in the first Intercollegiate Regatta, sailed in Atlantic Class sloops at Seawanhaka Corinthian YC.

Still more founder/leader activity: Jim started the Resolute Class at Manhasset Bay YC in 1956. Seventeen years later, with the boats in winter storage, a tragic fire swept the yard and destroyed the entire Resolute fleet. Not one to leave sails luffing unnecessarily,

Jim was a prime-mover in bringing his fellow sailors together to buy a fleet of beautiful new Shields Class yachts. This, of course, was the start of Fleet #2. It was expectable that he would be selected to serve as first Fleet Captain. It is more admirable that now, fifteen year later, Jim is still serving as Fleet Captain! He was, literally, Fleet #2's first and *only* captain.

His Shields contributions extended beyond fleet limits: Jim served a two-year stint also as National Class President, in 1984 and 1985.



That "winner in many classes" comment in the first paragraph of these notes belongs in the Dept. of Understatement. How's this for winning history:

For two years, starting in 1923, when he was twelve, Jim crewed on *Star #61, Little Bear*, with World Champion Jack Robinson. Jim remembers fondly that he skippered when Robinson was not aboard. "We raced only on Saturdays, and at different clubs each week. The 'round robin' was sailed at Bayside, Port Washington, Manhasset Bay,

Knickerbocker, and Larchmont YCs."

He won that Star Atlantic Coast Championship in 1930, and, in 1932, bought *Star #964*, "the first of my *Lure's*." (All of Jim's boats since then have carried that name with distinction.) Two years later, racing *Lure* in a 106 boat fleet (!), he was tops at Larchmont Race Week.

It was about this time (1933) that Jim started his long and winning career in dinghy frostbite racing. To date, he's taken the season championship *eleven* times (in B-Os, Penguins, and ICs). He also won the Penguin Nationals in back-to-back trimumphs in 1947 and 1948.

After the 1935 season, Jim switched to the MBOD (Manhasset Bay One Design) Class, in which he competed until 1941, winning the championship three times. He left that year to help win a truly important contest, when he served in the U.S. Navy, until 1945.

Jim returned to the MBOD Class in 1945, racing actively through 1955; he won the championship five more times in that span.

The Resolute period followed (1956-73) during which he took championship honors only *twelve* times! It was in this stretch, in 1965, that he also won the Hipkins Trophy, for the Men's Championship of Long Island Sound.

Sailing in the Shields Class from 1974 right up to today, Jim has clearly retained his winning touch: he's carried off the fleet championship in Manhasset Bay *nine* times already.

The list of laurels runs on and on. Some of the other awards: the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound's Ned Anderson Achievement Award; Manhasset Bay YC's Cow Bay Perpetual Trophy, and the Fraser, Alker, and Black Jack Trophies; and the YRA's Dyer Trophy (twice).

In addition to the heavy racing schedule, Jim has served yachting in many roles. He was Commodore of the Dartmouth YC, and Manhasset Bay YC, and is currently Treasurer of the Storm Trysail Club. He's captained most of the MBYC team races with Bermuda, Norway, and in many events on Long Island Sound. He's also done a lot of distance racing, in such offshore fixtures as the Block Island and Bermuda Races.

It's a remarkable record. He's a remarkable guy. And it's no surprise: he's a Shields sailor.



---

*Which Shields sailor would you like to see a Profile on? Please send suggestion(s) — with brief bio — to: Dept. of Esteemed Sailors, this publication.*

## Level Field

(from page 16)

by the Fleet Measurer and their use disallowed until they were corrected, re-measured, approved, and properly signed by the Fleet Measurer. If the boat competed with illegal sails it would have been disqualified. The rules were made to be met and enforced without any exceptions.

2. If this occurred in Fleet #10 the boat would have been required to be taken to Cape Cod Shipbuilding and inspected by them (as they are the only sanctioned builder of Shields) in the presence of the owner and Fleet Measurer for compliance with Class Plans. If the Shields was determined to be not within Class Specifications it would be prohibited from participating in any Shields races. Furthermore, if it was found that the modifications were performed willfully by the owners, as Fleet Captain I would propose to the Governing Board that the boat owner/s be barred from the Shields Class Association for a minimum of 5 (five) years.

It seems to me that all the reasons for which I left the costly, competitive, and ever changing IOR and PHRF racing circuit to join a seemingly "rock solid" Shields Class are in danger, and I see reasons for which Cornelius Shields established this class gradually losing the intent of One-Design Sailing.

Maybe the time has come for the Shields Class to adopt the type of rules used by the J/24s and the J/22s where hulls are measured with templates and surveyors transits and the sails are damn near inspected by a microscope and micrometers before sanctioned races. I saw this in Marion in the J/24 Qualifying Regatta for the North American Championships and decided that's not for me. However, if members of our Class choose to bend and manipulate the Shields Class Association rules, I believe that unless immediate steps are taken to end this nonsense, the Class will have to take drastic action if the Shields Class is to survive!

For more than two years now I have heard all the rhetoric about the "Corinthian" intent of the Shields Class. Well, there's nothing Corinthian about the actions that took place in Chicago!!! It seems as though we are talking like "Corinthians" out of one side of our mouth but we are not "big" enough to "talk" to the *Blue Book* rules out the other side.

Most Shield owners and sailors want a relatively simple boat to race for 'fun'. If the Class Association allows the boats to be 'gimmicked' up with 'go-fast', high-tech type sailing equipment we

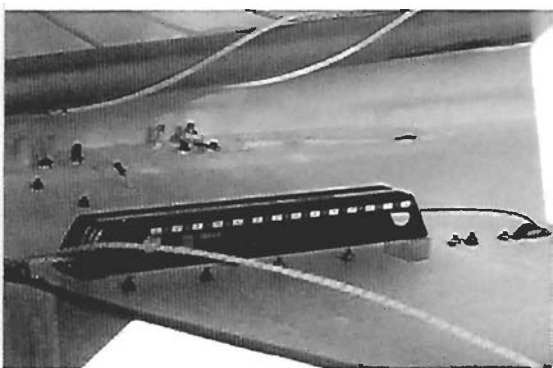
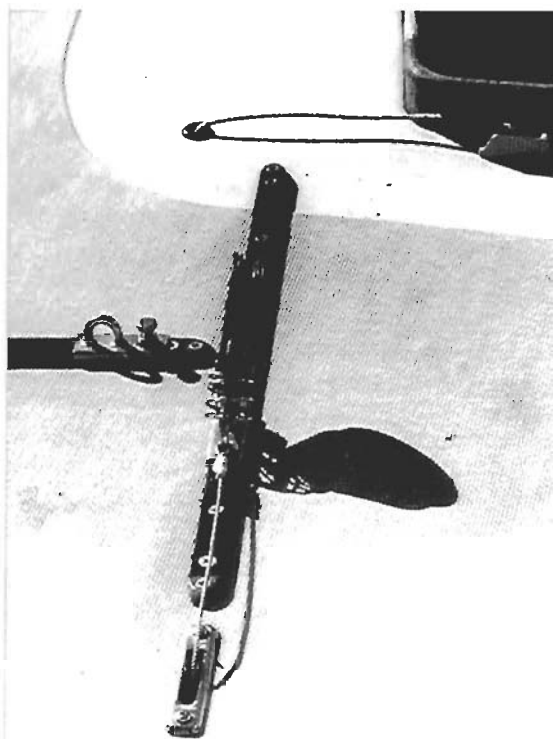
will soon have 100 plus Shields for sale in a year or two."

It is not unknown that racing sailors who finish deep in the fleet sometimes make (strictly unemotional) reference to the manner in which they were fondled by what they euphoniously label the fickle finger of Fate. In much the same way, editors of Class newsletters not infrequently offer the familiar disclaimer, "The opinions expressed by our guest commentators are not necessarily those of this department."

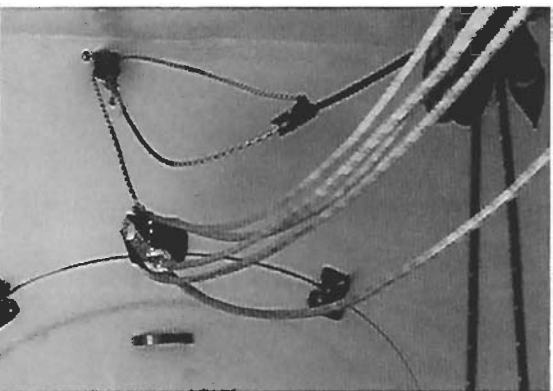
In fact, this bureau thinks both Ken and Barry are very much on target. We might, however, question some of the *degree*. It is our firm opinion, for example, that *Hawk's* spectacular display in Chicago was not the result of significant equipment advantages (although we feel, just as firmly, that the challenged equipment does *not* belong on a Shields.) It seems clear that Ched and John, with teammates John Brendel and Dave Mack, looked like Laurence Olivier, Henry Fonda, and any two Barrymores: they really had their act together, and put on a superlative show of splendid sailing. We suggest, further, that the Class is nowhere near a "survival" crisis. Indeed, it is fair to say that we are, overall, in very healthy shape — and building. We've all seen other classes enjoy relatively rapid growth histories followed, in many cases, by even more rapid declines. Our growth, by contrast, has been solid and steady. One illuminating reason: it's particularly persuasive — and gratifying — that, unlike other classes, our oldest boats remain absolutely competitive with the newest ones into the water. Another vital reason, of course, is the subject of this discourse: the careful maintenance of our strict Corinthian and one-design standards (and, again, supplemented by sensible, equally-carefully considered improvements to our beautiful yachts to make them easier to sail — with the clear understanding that such improvements must never be allowed to be either expensive or of a type to render older boats obsolete).

These meditations could hardly be considered even near-complete without comment from one of those sailing right at the center of the storm. We talked at length with John Hardy about his views.

"I've got to tell you I'm flattered by all the talk about the supposedly new gear on my boat," he said. "How do I respond to being tagged as a creative



Some of the challenged gear on Hawk.  
Top: Above-deck view of jib sheet lead control. Line leads through deck to "magic box" mounted below deck (photo above), permitting adjustment of sheet lead from rail while under way. This arrangement and jib halyard tension addition (photo below) were judged to be illegal by the National Class Technical Committee.



genius when, in reality, I'm guilty of gross plagiarism?"

"After sailing in the Nationals for the last ten years," he explained, "it became very evident, to me at least, that the way to become the national champion was to mirror the individuals who were at the top year in and year out. So, very frankly, I copied. The boat had to be the best on the line. We accomplished this by duplicating the best equipment we saw on the fastest boats, and then refining some of it to my own tastes."

**J**ohn sounded like the kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar. "About this I'm guilty of not reading my Blue Book and getting permission from the appropriate Class officials. What I really should have done, though, is questioned the skippers I was copying as to the source of *their* permission to install new equipment. I missed the boat on that one."

"My second requirement was that the skipper and crew be the best available, while," and John leaned on this, "adhering strictly to the National rules."

"And we *worked*. We logged long and exhausting hours on the boat, the kind of time and effort which could only be expected from people whose resumes included world-class, 12-meter, Olympic, and top-rank big-boat racing experience. This will tell you something about the commitment: no other Shields crew in the National Regatta spent as much time practicing on Lake Michigan prior to the first race, with the exception of the locals from Chicago, of course."

John sounded content about the big picture when we said goodbye. "I think the outcome of this situation is very healthy for the Shields Class. Once again, the outside sailing world can only be impressed with the truly one-design concept espoused by the entire membership."

And that brings us right back to where this tract started: *what do you think?* What do you think about Ken's ideas on scoring? Barry's concern about "high-tech type sailing equipment?" John's obviously efficient approach?

Your own opinions, suggestions, and recommendations are solicited, desired, and valuable. *They're essential*. So today, put down the tiller and pick up a pen — and tell us. It's a great way to help launch new Class President Chris Withers' administration. Write directly to Chris, at 50 Bliss Mine Rd., Middletown, RI 02840.



# Quick Hitches

**T**his informal anthology of miscellany has, heretofore, been offered under the heading of "Short Tacks." We recently saw a copy of a yachting publication of much larger, but far less select, circulation than your *Masthead*. To our chagrin, we found that this designation (which we thought we'd invented) was in prior use in that other magazine. Since it is unacceptable that the Shields Class be seen in other than its customary leadership position, the title is changed herewith.

**On the subject of leadership positions**, this is the time to express the Class's appreciation, inadequate as it may be, to outgoing President Don Tomlin for his indefatigable advocacy and advancement of the interests of that very special band of sailors who make up the Shields Class. This part is penned in the first-person-singular, because I saw, first-hand, the astounding commitment of time, energy, talent, emotion, and other resources Don gave to the job. It was a clear illustration of truly unselfish devotion. And, typically, even when the tasks were in the Nuisance Department, they were always tackled with warmth, zest, and great good humor. That loyal son of North Carolina knows what I mean when I tell him he's OK "even though you do talk funny." Again, for the entire Class, thank you, Don, for the tireless, dead-honest job. It was championship performance.

**Two footnotes.** 1. I said "other resources" above. That big sigh of relief came from Don's partners when he finished his Shields stint. Our thanks for your patience, understanding, and support, to Steve Ely, Colin Ferenbach, and Dennis Turko. 2. Everyone should know Don's lovely assistant, Susan — Blessing by name and precisely that in fact. She was, literally, an undisguised blessing in the countless ways she helped get the Shields work done. Don is the first to say it couldn't have happened without her thorough and unfailingly cheerful follow-through.

**Sincere thanks also**, of course, to the other national officers: Measurer Vic Onet (about whose vast contributions you've already heard so much), Treasurer Dick Jordan, and Secretary Fred Werblow. It was a privilege to serve with that celebrated group.

**Another "thank you"** is in the form of an epilogue to the "How Level is the Playing Field?" story which begins on

page 8. (The article was completed before Vic's august corps met to deliberate on the findings of the inspection of *Hawk*, #245.) As you've already been advised, the Committee, after thorough analysis, has judged that some of the challenged modifications are, indeed, illegal. These were: 1. Use of "magic boxes" for jib sheet car control (see photos, page 18); 2. Use of multiple block-and-tackle arrangement for adjustment of jib halyard tension (see photo, page 18); 3. Use of wire extension on boom vang; and 4. Installation of turning block for backstay pennant (bolted to hull bottom in aft compartment). It was, by definition, a disagreeable job, and a time-consuming one, but it was completed wisely, and punctually. For which, our thanks to (in alphabetical order) Tim Bryan, Woody Glenn, Mike Grinnell, Vic Onet, Dick Ronan, and Bill Stiger.

**Another addendum** to that article, where there was brief discussion of the Class's state of health. We're delighted to report it's so sound that the seed has been sown for a potential *new* fleet, in Portland, Maine! Then-President Tomlin had been working with an interested sailor up there, and the efforts have produced rewarding results: new owner, Eric Fischer, recently bought *Havoc* #41. Now we hope to attract many more Shields to that beautiful nautical center. Eric, obviously a redoubtable soul, tells us in an enthusiastic letter that "Kristen and I managed to sail the boat quite actively through mid-December." Sounds like the start of a new *frostbite* fleet. Welcome aboard, Eric and Kristen. If you have questions or suggestions, write to Eric at 40 Portland Pier, Portland, Maine 04101.

**More in the "thank you" category:** every photo in this issue of your *Masthead* (excepting only Onet's three on page 18) was taken by the skilled Katie Farrell of Fleet #3. Our hats are off to you, Katie, for the creative and valuable accomplishment.

**Finally, a note of special gratitude** to these gifted people for their skilled help in putting the *Masthead* together: Ken Casser, Scott Conover, Helen Cinnante, and Marianne Pardal. After I had the fun of scribbling, fiddling with picture arrangements, etc., they did all the onerous work of setting type, cutting, pasting, and assembling final mechanicals. What a great group! Naturally. It couldn't be any other kind with Shields people. ... *Bill Rich*

## Unflinching in the face of massive waves and monster sharks,

competitors at the 1989 Nationals steadfastly sail the assigned course. As it turned out, all the sharks were ashore in nearby downtown Chicago (that's some of the city skyline in the background); the awesome "fin" proved to be simply an inflatable turning mark. Details of the Championship Regatta inside, starting on page 2.



Shields Masthead  
c/o Bill Rich  
37 Mulberry Lane  
New Rochelle, NY 10804

