

The final run to the finish was pretty dramatic. I had a hard time to find the finish line and, luckily, so did the others. We gybed right after the mark and everyone followed. We never let anyone below our course as we figured on a gybe at a later stage. We got to that point and did gybe, but we still couldn't see the mark. Finally we knew where it was and it was all boat handling and hustle from here and on.

There was some final confusion as we were about to cross the line. Normally, the committee boat is to your right and the pin (or the pin boat) is to your left. However, this time the larger committee boat acted as the pin boat and another vessel was to the right.

We won the race with a great bit of luck. Szabo / Iverson had probably sailed on to an easy victory if they didn't break down. I feel bad for them, but deep inside, I'll take any win, no matter how they come.

MacCausland / Delaney, did a fantastic job on the second run. They gained boats and distance to finish third in the race.

Top three:

1. Reynolds / Liljedahl
2. Szabo / Iverson
3. MacCausland / Delaney

Second race:

Wind strength: 4-6 knots
 Wind direction: 250 degrees
 Course: #3 (W-L-W-L-W)

It looked like a full hike race and wave-carving day on the Long Island Sound as we arrived to the yacht club in the morning. However, some forecasters called for light to medium breeze with a possibility of a thunderstorm which proved to be more accurate.

We figured that a port tack, all the way to the right, would lead at the weather mark, but the pin had a slight favor. We wanted the pin end start with the ability to tack right away. Howard Shiebler and Brian Sharpe won that battle. We ended up on their hip and unable to tack. The situation forced us to dip below their transom and become the furthest one to leeward. We were hoping they would tack, but they elected to hold on for a little while. We tacked as soon as they did and then continued all the way across to the right. Half way up the beat, we didn't look that good. Boats were crossing in front of us, but as we hung on port to well above a normal lay-line, we gained big at the end of the beat, to round in about 10th or better. The current was running with the wind and everyone who tacked early on

the starboard lay-line was very slow.

Kevin Hall and Craig Monk had hit a hard right from the committee boat and were way ahead. The same could be said for second place, Ben Cesare and David Curtis: they were "launched".

Mark and I tried a Graef / Ferreira style run and sailed real high on a port gybe. Trapper Lippincott and Barbara Vosbury did the same. We both seemed to have gained a lot, half way down the run, but at the gate, it wasn't that much.

In general, we would pass one or two boats on every leg, and we kept getting closer to the boats in front of us.

The second beat was a long port tack to the right. We had rounded the right gate marker and ended up on the hip of several boats that had rounded the left gate. It looked pretty good 1/3 up the beat but as the boats to leeward tacked, most of them still crossed us. The breeze was going left and it helped us, but the pressure came from the right.

Hall / Monk were still leading at the weather mark, the second time around. They went on to win and Cesare / Curtis remained in second throughout the race. We battled with Watt / Jensen, Maine / Murphy and the Schofield brothers. Brun / Peters and Szabo / Iverson were still a little further away.

The second run was good to us. We gybed and sailed a long, fairly heated, port gybe. Watt / Jensen were with us and did an even better job. Szabo / Iverson and Brun / Peters had taken the starboard route down the run and rounded the right gate, while Watt / Jensen led us around the left gate. We rounded ahead of Brun / Peters, but slightly behind Szabo / Iverson.

The last beat was very exciting and things really went our way. Mark was on the "ball". Nevertheless, sometimes it works out and sometimes it doesn't.

We tacked several times towards the end of the leg. Sometimes it was to cover Brun / Peters and other times Szabo / Iverson. Watt / Jensen were now within our reach. Each tack became crucial and the situation was tensed.

The finish line was totally, 100%, committee boat favored. As a matter of fact, it was hard to lay the left end of it. We needed a good, last tack, and the perfect angle, to be able to cross the line in front of Watt / Jensen and keep Szabo / Iverson out to the right.

We ended up crossing the line in third and we all finished, almost overlapped.

Top Three:

1. Hall / Monk
2. Cesare / Curtis
3. Reynolds / Liljedahl

First attempt at Race Three abandoned:

The race committee finally abandoned the race after 3 hours and 15 minutes. Howard Shiebler and Brian Sharpe were leading the race at the bottom of the second run when the race committee fired the gun.

Mark and I was in about 10th place when it happened. Szabo / Iverson had a good race going and were in second.

The race committee will attempt two races tomorrow.

Third race:

Wind strength: 4-6 knots

Wind direction: 210 degrees

Course: #4 (W-L-W-L)

Time: 3h

The race committee tried to get two races in today. The first start was scheduled for 10AM, which meant leaving the dock by 8.30AM. We sailed out in a northerly breeze, which the locals knew wouldn't last, and it didn't. It almost fooled us by picking up to about 10 knots, but then it died out completely.

Sailing can be a strange sport sometimes. Imagine a ice hockey player going to the rink only to find that there is no ice? That is how I've been feeling the last few days.

Anyway, by noon, the sea breeze had picked up enough to have a start. The first attempt was called back with a general recall, but the second start was good. However, the individual recall flag was flying and at the weather mark, a notice board was showing 7-8 sail numbers who had been over early and had to retire.

The bulk of the fleet wanted the right and so did we. Szabo / Iverson did the best job and were leading the group going right. Mark and I were hanging in on their, distant, hip, but we were struggling from early on. We tacked to leeward of the bunch, as they were coming in on starboard. We were close to most of them, but Szabo / Iverson had a small jump.

A big barge was now going through the racecourse. At first it looked like Szabo / Iverson would pass in front of it, but they didn't. They did the smart thing, they pointed real high, only losing some speed but gaining some height and they minimized the loss. The rest of us crossed behind the stern of the barge and only got some turbulent air.

Mark and I were going pretty slow. Usually we are high and fast and rarely ever does it happen that someone passes us to leeward, on the beat, but Whipple / Strube did that today. That hurts!

The current was running in the same direction as the wind. Subsequently, Szabo / Iverson disappeared, out front, after rounding the weather mark.

Sustronk / Finch and Shiebler / Finch rounded in second

and third, then it was Whipple / Strube, Vanderhoff / Perkins and us.

The run was a long port gybe. Brun / Peters started off on starboard and gained some by the time we all got to the leeward gate. Mark and I had a good, first half, run. We pulled up within a boat length of second place, but from there and on, it went downhill.

Szabo / Iverson rounded the right gate marker and so did we. The others picked the left one and it was the winner. Boats from behind were closing in fast.

The second beat was mostly right. By the time we got to the weather mark the second time around, Brun / Peters had passed us and Watt / Jensen and Fogh / Caesar were right behind us.

We were now on the run to the finish. We all started off on the long port gybe. Watt/Jensen sailed a little lower than us. We gybed simultaneously with Brun / Peters, on the starboard lay line. Watt / Jensen gybed on our inside. They were a little faster than us and crossed the line a couple of boat lengths ahead of us.

Szabo / Iverson won the race by huge margin. With the exception of race number two, they have been first or second every time (the practice race included). Nice job!

Top three:

1. Szabo / Iverson
2. Sustronk / Finch
3. Shiebler / Sharp

Fourth race:

Wind strength: 3-6 knots

Wind direction: 85 degrees

Course: #3 (W-L-W-L-W)

The starting time for today's race was back to the schedule noon slot. It appears as if the race committee has given up on the idea of having a six-race schedule. Most of us will be happy if we could get a fifth and final race in tomorrow. The one exception to that may be George Szabo and George Iverson. They are winning the regatta in grand style after four races. They did a fantastic job today and at this point there is only Mark and me that have a chance to beat them for the championship (in five races).

If you find today's report a little different from the previous ones, you are right. The reason being that Mark and I were pretty deep all day, and I couldn't really tell you what was going on there up front.

It was pretty light at the start. We had a couple of general recalls and then the race committee decided to go with the black flag (automatic disqualification for premature starters). Mark was extra cautious not to be over the line

early. With the wind blowing from the "wrong" direction, chances were that we would not complete the race within the time limit and it would be conceivable that we would not complete a race today and that some would return to port with a black flag disqualification. Mark wanted to make sure that it wouldn't be us.

We had a bad start, but so did many others. It is not an excuse in itself. Brun / Peters wasn't doing that great in the beginning either, but at the end, they finished third. They made a huge gain towards the end of the second beat by staying left and in general they gained all day long.

Szabo / Iverson do most things right. They are at the right place at the right time. They were up there all day and finally finished 4th. If they would have finished third, they would have had the regatta won (based on a five race series), but as it stands now, they will lose it only if we win and they finish 5th or worse in tomorrow's race.

George Iverson appears as the crew to beat right now. Together with Gavin Brady they were the runner up at the recent the world championship, in Holland. The veteran crew has come to life at a mature age.

There are a few boats that battle for the runner up position. Brun / Peters and Shiebler / Sharpe are only a couple of points behind us. Hall / Monk and Watt / Jensen are another few points back.

The 2001 Bacardi Cup Champions, Bromby / Siese, won today's race. They stayed right on the first beat and took the lead at the first mark. It was a tricky race. The wind shifted about 50 degrees on the last beat, but despite the challenges, they stayed ahead. Well done!

Shiebler / Sharpe had another good race. They were up there the whole day and sailed very well to hold on to second.

Hall / Monk were not looking a lot better than us in the beginning of the race, but as the day progressed their finish improved. Eventually, they would cross the line in 7th.

For as much as I want to win, I do feel happy when my friends do well even though it is aggravating when you are sailing together with someone early on, and they finish top ten and you finish 42nd (like we did today).

The 5th race is scheduled for 10AM tomorrow morning. There is a slight chance for some stronger breeze, in which case we may get two races in.

Top three:

1. Bromby / Siese
2. Shiebler / Sharpe
3. Brun / Peters

Fifth race:

The race committee seemed determined to run two races during the final day of sailing on Long Island Sound. A 10 AM start would make it possible, they thought. Using the black flag from the outset would help speed things up and it sure did, especially for Mark and me.

The concern that Mark had during the start of the fourth race jumped up and bit us today. We were over the line early. The black flag was up, and the start was a general recall.

We both knew that our bow number would be on the notice board at the committee boat, and there it was. We had been among 6-7 boats, all at the pin end, and we were all over the line early.

Our chances to win the regatta were not great, but we were the only boat that could have unseated the regatta leaders from the title. We would have had to win the race and keep Szabo / Iverson out of the top four in order for that to happen. Ironically, we went from being in that enviable position to not even finishing the regatta in top twenty.

We started to head back to port immediately. The very light air would give us plenty of time to ponder our mistake.

I did not get to witness the action on the racecourse today, but Rob Maine did. Following is his testimony of what happened during the last day of battle:

The second try at a start got off cleanly, with Bromby / Siese starting to leeward, tacking across the fleet, and leading by a large margin at the first mark coming out of the right corner. Perhaps 400 yards behind was a pack of about 8 boats that included Brun / Peters and Hall / Monk, with Szabo / Iverson behind this pack.

The fleet bunched up in the light conditions, bucking the current towards the bottom mark. Bromby / Siese still led, but only by about 100 yards, and they led a contingent of six or seven boats back to the right. Maine / Murphy and Lowe / Higgs went middle left, and found better breeze and led three-quarters of the way up the second beat. Szabo / Iverson also worked left, and got up to second when Maine / Murphy found a hole. Eventually, the right filled enough for Bromby / Siese and Brun / Peters among others to come back, but it was too late, as Lowe / Higgs were first at the top mark with Szabo / Iverson second, and Bromby / Siese third. These positions did not change as the fleet worked slowly towards the finish, and thus Szabo / Iverson were able to secure the championship. With little wind, the race committee wisely decided to cancel race six.

Top Three:

1. Lowe / Higgs
2. Szabo / Iverson
3. Bromby / Siese

Place	Sail #	Boat Name	Skipper	Crew	Fleet	# 1	# 2	# 3	# 4	# 5	Total
1	7775		George Szabo III	George Iverson	SDB	2	(5)	1	4	2	9
2	7956	Gigbee	Vincent Brun	Rick Peters	SDB	5	(6)	5	3	4	17
3	7933	If This Isn't Nice	Kevin Hall	Craig Monk	AN	7	1	(12)	7	6	21
4	8077	Nautica	Howie Shiebler	Brian Sharpe	WSFB	10	8	3	2	(bfd)	23
5	7988		Peter Bromby	Martin Siese	BER	9	(20)	20	1	3	33
6	7462		David Watt	Darin Jensen	PS	(22)	4	6	8	15	33
7	7876	Mother's Pickled Fish	Doug Schofield	Robert Schofield	AN	17	7	(19)	5	5	34
8	7938		Paul Sustronk	John Finch	LOC	6	13	2	21	(bfd)	42
9	8044	Kates	Larry Whipple	Mark Strube	PS	16	11	4	12	(37)	43
10	7905		Rob Maine	Kevin Murphy	WH	15	10	11	(22)	7	43
11	8038		John Vanderhoff	Rowan Perkins	NCB	20	12	9	(27)	9	50
12	7911		Jimmie Lowe	Andrew Higgs	N	8	28	(30)	14	1	51
13	8067		Mark Reynolds	Magnus Liljedahl	SDB	1	3	7	42	(bfd)	53
14	7626	Badger	James Freeman	Matthew Freeman	SL	13	16	13	(17)	11	53
15	7465	Kimmar	Ben Cesare	David Curtis	Mid	31	2	10	11	(bfd)	54
16	7986		William Allen	Brian Fatih	WH	4	(36)	26	19	12	61
17	7728	Hayaku	John Lombard	Keith Gardner	Mid	(30)	25	21	13	8	67
18	7802	Morven III	Thomas Fogh	David Caesar	LOC	26	24	8	10	(bfd)	68
19	7963		Jock Kohlhas	Chris Rogers	BisB	25	(33)	22	6	17	70
20	8056	Erin	John A. MacCausland	Sean Delaney	CR	3	22	23	23	(27)	71
21	8003	Cookie Monster	Bill Abbott	Scott Town	CAN	19	(35)	24	15	13	71
22	7836	Astro Toy	Iain Murray	Andrew Palfrey	Lmac	21	15	16	(45)	19	71
23	7444	Bingo	Fran Charles	Ron Sandstrom	BH	23	17	18	16	(bfd)	74
24	7621	Owl	Peter Costa	Ted Lavery	BH	18	29	(37)	18	10	75
25	7222	Vamos Nessa	Bear Hovey	Roger Sharpe	Mid	12	30	(ocs)	9	28	79
26	7425	Ice Blue	Trapper Lippincott	Barbara Vosbury	AN	24	14	(ocs)	25	16	79
27	7630	Highway Girl	Brad Anderson	Ryan Smith	LOC	28	19	14	20	(30)	81
28	8036	Treachery	Jack Rickard	Bob Carlson	WH	14	(32)	25	31	18	88
29	7847	Southern Cross	Jacob Fiumara	Joe Chambers	CA	29	9	(34)	32	22	92
30	7371	Man No Sober	Peter Cusick	Tyler Hadden	Mid	11	27	(ocs)	28	34	100
31	7970	No Sniveling	Nelson Stephenson	Terence Glackin	CLIS	39	23	17	26	(43)	105
32	7265	More Pressure	Josh Pypers	Dave Timberlake	CA	27	34	15	33	(45)	109
33	7565	Telluride	Jack Button	Chris Batchelor	Mid	38	26	39	(44)	14	117
34	6970		David Hoffman	James Rittenhouse	CLIS	35	21	40	(53)	32	128
35	7957		Claude Bonanni	Arthur Anosov	TaB	34	(42)	29	29	39	131
36	7163	Jindruik	Erik Rosanes	Jack Toomey	HB	36	(51)	31	36	29	132
37	8063	Easy Rider III	Bert Collins	Guy Avellon	AN	33	38	28	35	(44)	134
38	7332	Bel Ami	Thorston Cook	Mike Young	CLIS	44	18	(51)	40	36	138
39	6767	Foxy	John Fox	Deb Blodgett	BH	50	(52)	27	38	25	140
40	8052	Don't Look Back	Steve Braverman	Ron Rezac	BH	32	(43)	32	41	41	146
41	7835		Dick Atkinson	Duane Delfosse	Sun	51	31	(ocs)	34	31	147
42	7998		David Cutler	Nathaniel Cook	GrL	53	50	(ocs)	24	24	151
43	7930	Sonya	John Chiarella	Terry Fletcher	Sun	43	40	(46)	46	23	152
44	7512		Robert Teitge	Martin Calabrese	DR	41	39	(ocs)	52	21	153
45	7711		Jay O'Malley	Will Christensen	CA	(48)	41	36	43	33	153
46	7934		Karl von Schwarz	Ted Kaczmarek	AN	40	(46)	42	30	46	158
47	7554	Trojka	Emil Karlovsky	Chrisopher Dudley	Mid	(ocs)	55	49	37	20	161
48	7498	Fran	Josh Goldman	Eric Webster	CLIS	(dns)	49	38	51	26	164
49	7604		Richard Gordon	Mike Saari	CLIS	42	(53)	45	39	47	173
50	7614		Jonathan Marks	Robert Neehan	BH	(dns)	37	50	47	40	174
51	6759		Matt Christie	Phil Young	CAN	49	44	35	49	(bfd)	177
52	7964	Maria	Don Gray	Wayne Pierce	Mid	54	(56)	33	50	42	179
53	7475	It's Greek To Me	George Kalfa	Apostolos Koutoulas	HB	55	45	43	(dnf)	38	181
54	603		Robert Black	Sean Mansfield	HB	(57)	54	48	48	35	185
55	7724	Bittersweet	Joe Giunti	John Taylor	Mid	46	(dnf)	41	54	49	190
56	7047		Philip Haggerty	Michael Seringhaus	LOC	56	(57)	47	56	48	207
57	701	Found Goods	JR Maxwell	Joel Hanneman	Mid	37	47	(ocs)	dns	dns	208
58	6756	Suter's Mill	Steve Andrews	Ailene Rogers	HB	52	58	44	(bfd)	dns	216
59	6020		Jim Schumacher	Sally Schumacher	Mid	58	(59)	53	55	50	216
60	7785	Mistral	Davis Buckley	Clarence Baker	AN	45	48	(dnf)	dns	dns	217
61	7012	Impromptu	David Bolles	Alejandra Bolles	Mid	47	60	52	(dns)	dns	221

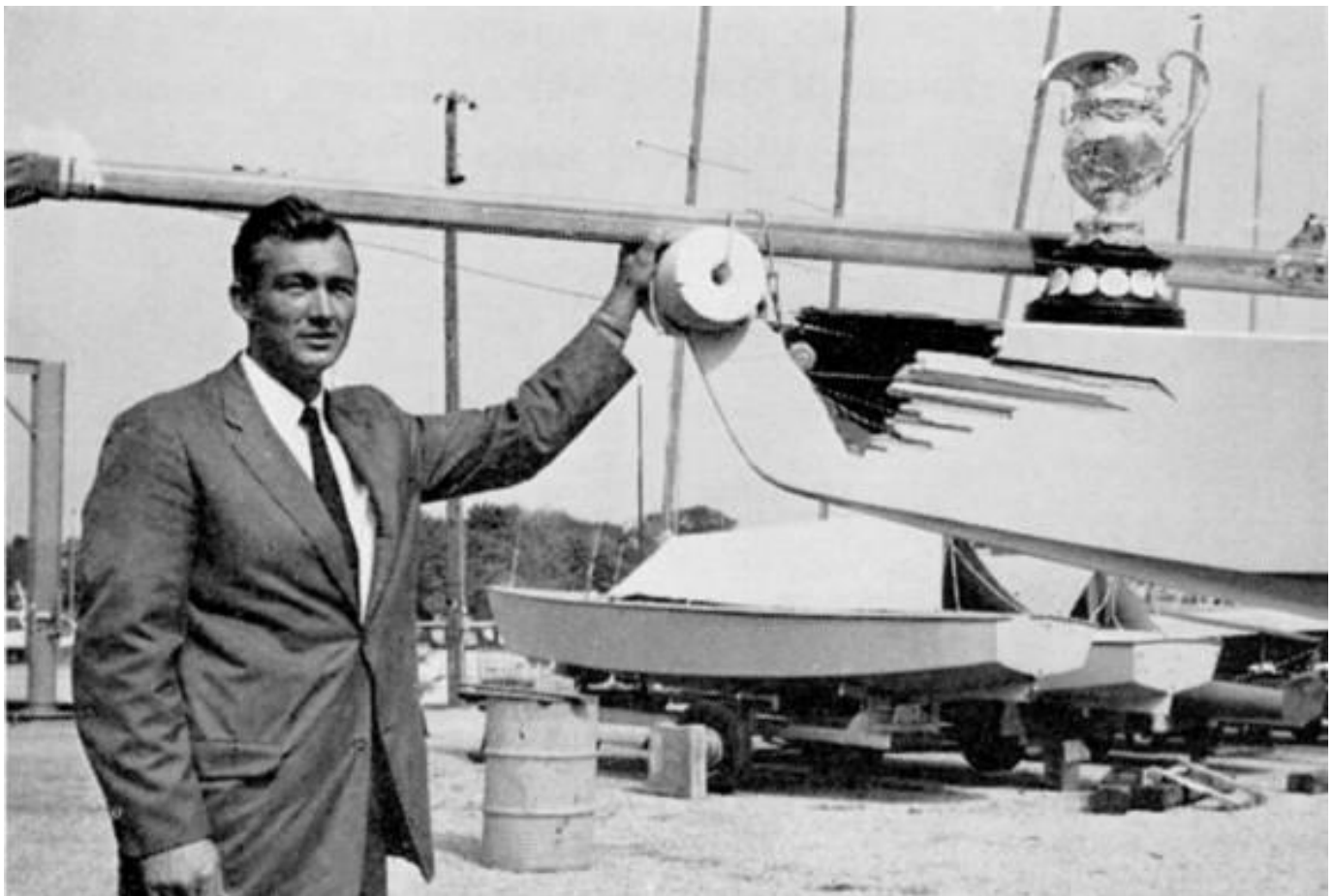
In Memoriam
MEAD BATCHELOR
1924-2001

Mead Batchelor died in the morning of Friday, August 24, just one day before he was to be honored at the Opening Ceremony of the 2001 North American's. The Mid-Connecticut Fleet was to present the Star Class with the Mead Batchelor Trophy which is to be presented to the winning crew of the series.

Mead was one of the founding members of the Mid-Connecticut fleet. He was also active in the Star Class by being a member of various Class committees, including the Governing Committee (today called the I.G.C.). His service to the Class culminated with being Rear Commodore for the years 1994-1998.

Mead was well known throughout the Class beginning in the 1950's. His fame was enhanced by a photo which appeared in the 1960 Log in which Mead is shown with his boat Kismet, Star # 3340, after winning the Bedford Pitcher in 1959. A slight problem with a port tackler perhaps?

To the right is another photo which appeared in the 1962 Log of Mead after winning the Ned Hay Memorial Trophy in 1961 with his boat Aquarius, # 4340. Doris Hay is presenting Mead with the take-home trophy.



Ode to Mead

By Chris Batchelor

My father was a sailor all his life.
 His mother was a mermaid
 his father was king Neptune.
 He was born on the crest of a wave
 and rocked in the cradle of the deep.
 His clothes were barnacles and seaweed
 his hair was hemp.
 Every tooth in his head was a marlin spike,
 every bone in his body a spar,
 and when he sailed he sailed a Star.

A TRIBUTE TO MEAD BATCHELOR

by Jack Button

Last year Mead retired from racing Stars ending an impressive 50 year career with the Class. If it wasn't for his "goddam" knees he would have been on the line to the last spanking competitors young enough to be his grandchildren. While Mead's sailing accomplishments were remarkable (which include working with Arthur Knapp in the Weatherly campaign in 1961) it is his Star experience which he counted first.

Mead won every major Star event in the First District, including the Atlantic Coast Blue Star Championship in 1983 and has often been a threat in the North American Championship. Although the Silver Star eluded him, he holds two silver chevrons as a daily first winner.

Mead was one of the few remaining active Star sailors who remembered the good old days when the boats were wet-sailed and the keels were removed each fall to facilitate storage and maintenance. Those were the days when the vang was a block-and-tackle connected to a deck pad-eye. When you jibed, it had to be eased, disconnected and reconnected on the other side.

Over the years some of Mead's fiercest competition came from two of his sons, Whit and Chris, and his grandson Whitlock. Whit won the Blue Star in 1982.

MEAD AND THE CASE OF THE STOLEN STAR

By David Bolles

Even though I began sailing Stars in the 5th District I knew about Mead. The photos in the 1960 and 1962 Logs shown above on page 6 were real eye-catchers and the name Mead Batchelor remained etched in my memory.

In 1997 when my wife Alejandra and I wanted to roll down out of the hills of New Hampshire to check out the sailing

scene at Milford Mead was the obvious choice for the person to call to see what was happening locally. And of course the answer to my question about whether we could come for a sail was "Come on down!"

After a year of sailing around in our woodie 3855 I placed an ad in the November Starlights asking for a freebie glass Star. Mead called up and said he had just the thing. So in April of 1998 we came down to Milford for a visit to check out "Mead's Boat".

This boat was sitting in a local yacht yard. It had been abandoned by its previous owner and the yard changes were way above the value of the boat. We set about cleaning out years of accumulation of leaves and debris and after getting the boat to the point where we could really look at it we were rather surprised to find that really it wasn't all that bad. Mead dropped by to see how things were going and I told him that we would be glad to be able to use the boat. So what was the deal?

"Well, what you are really going to do is steal this boat." Humm! That didn't sound too good! But then Mead explained that the state laws were very restrictive about yacht yards disposing of derelict boats and the yacht yard wanted this boat to be gone in the worse way. Our job was to get the boat out of the yard and down to the yacht club where we could set it up for the time being. This seemed reasonable enough and we followed his directions. After all, Mead was also the Harbor Master, an official position, and it seemed rather doubtful that the police would check out this unreported stolen boat.

When June rolled around Mead's boat pad up the river at the same yacht yard where we stole the boat from was open for the "River Rat" Star Fleet to use. Mead told us that it was time to move the boat up to the pad. After we got there we would see the yacht yard's owner from time to time and she would jokingly ask how we were doing with the stolen property.

Whether by design or not (that is, whether Mead purposely thought we were the right people to steal the boat because we came from New Hampshire) it just happens that New Hampshire is fairly relaxed about the registration of boats. In essence: pay your money and get your registration. So we registered the boat, got our bow numbers and had a nice summer sailing Mead's Boat at Milford's more important race weekends.

Recently we got a new boat and Mead asked what we were going to do with his boat. He had just helped set up a Sailing Foundation at the Milford Yacht Club, the purpose of which in part is to get people to try out Stars. We were more than glad to "give" the boat to the foundation. So now Mead's Boat is part of the Milford Yacht Club Sailing Foundation, all set up, registered, and ready and waiting for anyone who wants to try out a Star.

