

THE ANCHORLINE

Harbor Island Yacht Club

GREATER NASHVILLE'S OLDEST YACHTING MONTHLY

January 2013

Volume 45 Number 10



The End



HIYC Quarterly Meeting

and

Change of Watch



Sunday, January 6th is the First Quarterly Meeting for 2013. Please join us for this ceremonious event where we pass the burgee and sword through the ranks of former Commodores and welcome in new Commodore John Robertson, as well as present awards to some of our members.

This year the festivities will begin with A Pot Luck dinner at 5:00 P.M., and the Business Meeting will begin at 6:00 P.M. It is important that we establish a Quorum, so if you are unable to attend, please fill out the Proxy Below and send it to Secretary Brandon or a fellow member.

PROXY FORM

I, _____ an Active member of Harbor Island Yacht Club, entitled to vote at the Quarterly meeting, do hereby constitute and appoint _____ as my proxy to attend the Quarterly meeting to be held on **January 6, 2013**, or the continuation or adjournment thereof, with full power to vote and act for me in my name, place and stead, to the same extent and with the same effect as if I were personally present. Any proxy or proxies I have heretofore given to any person or persons whatsoever are hereby revoked.

Signed _____ Date _____

Send to: secretary@hiyc.org

Beesley 50 K





Commodore's Comments



Greetings Friends and Fellow Sailors,

The time has come for me to say thank you for the most wonderful year of my many years in sailing. I don't have to tell you that Harbor Island yacht Club is a very special organization, and I would like you to know that representing you as your Commodore this past year has been an experience that will never leave me.

We started 2012 with a Summit co-hosted by PPYC (Percy Priest Yacht Club) and DIYRA (Dixie Inland Yacht Racing Association) that in many ways shaped our year. We started having meals after many of our races, and renewed a commitment to embrace younger adult sailors and small one-design racing. Thanks to Robert Mattix and his V-15 fleet; and to Bruce Richards and Hof in the Laser fleet, we now have more actively raced dinghies in the lots around the ramp than we have had in a while.

We've also continued to update and maintain some infrastructure areas around our club that were starting to show some age. New grills, kitchen appliances, and courtesy dock decking has been a welcomed addition to past year's roofing, painting and windows in the clubhouse.

In closing my tenure as 2012 Commodore, it's been a wonderful journey, but not my journey alone. A heartfelt thank you to the countless volunteers, all the committee chairs and all their efforts throughout the year. Howard Toole has kept our house running as only a laborer of love could do; Jan Mattix, our grounds have never looked better; Bill & Jackie Putnam — WOW, you guys came into Social Chairs far exceeding all expectations; Greg Theriot, you do so much as Harbor Master and youth sailing, our club would be lost without you; and Judy Netherton, as membership chair, you have this year grown our club by 22 new members and raised our membership numbers to an all-time record... Thank You seems to be such a short phrase to mean so much.

Fred Beesley, thank you for all you do. Your contributions and commitment behind the scenes is extraordinary. David Desforges, thank you for laying such a smooth path before me as so many have before you. I have called on you a lot this year and your wisdom has been critical. Senior Governor, Mike Birk, I have never sailed with a better tacticioner (and I'm speaking here of the board room). You have seemed to always have the perfect (calm) advice at just the right moment that was needed most. And thank you HIYC for the opportunity of being your Commodore and for your support throughout the year. You have had my unwavering commitment, as you will continue to have going forward from here. I'll now be handing over the helm to the capable hands of John Robertson knowing full-well that this club is in fair winds and smooth seas.

Thank you / Dynamite New Year!

Rick Smith, Commodore

NEW MEMBERS

Molly Leitch.



Hello, I am Molly Leitch. I grew up on the shores of Lake Erie in Cleveland, Ohio but never sailed till I moved to Nashville two years ago. I have been sailing with the Vanguard 15 fleet since April and am excited to expand my sailing knowledge and get more involved with HIYC. My time not sailing is spent working as a Process Engineer at the Fiberweb Plant in Old Hickory and running (my 5th marathon is this upcoming April). If you see me around, please say "Hello"!

Dustin Drumm.



My name is Dustin Drumm. I graduated from Michigan Tech in May of 2010 with a degree in Electrical Engineering. That summer is when I started sailing on a T10 (named Bee). I then moved to San Jose, California where I did some racing on a J29 in some Wednesday night races. I moved to Nashville last November and started sailing V15's. I currently work for Bridgestone in Clarksville.

Marc and Anne Dottore



Marc and Anne live in Franklin, KY on 10 acres with an extended family of dogs, horses, cats and chickens. Anne runs Bluegrass Canine, a unique training and boarding kennel focusing on training good pets and better owners. Marc runs an entertainment management company focusing on roots music in its many forms. Among other clients, Marc has managed Kathy Mattea for over 20 years and Marty Stuart for the last 8. When not working, Anne fills her time competing with her horses in 3 day events around the Southeast and serves as a dog handler for state and federal disaster teams. Marc is a stained and fused glass artist and volunteers often in his local community arts scene. Marc has a general weakness for old boats and can often be found either on the water or in the shop just goofing off.

Mike and Pam Scott



Mike has been interested in sailing since crewing on Joe and Maribeth Hagan's first sailboat, White Bird, in the mid 90's. Since then he has crewed on Wanderlust on several occasions, the most memorable being a 7 day cruise from St. Augustine to Marathon. Pam has been out for a few day-sails, her most memorable being her first time out on White Bird. The wind was strong and gusting, driving the gunwales under water frequently and making it difficult to stay on deck. To this day she refuses to believe that White Bird wasn't about to capsized!

Pam and Mike grew up in Tullahoma and had several mutual friends while attending high school there, but did not meet until several years later when they both happened to be visiting friends in Tullahoma. They were married in 1984 and have two sons, Aubrey and Evan, who are pursuing PhD's from the University of California at Davis. A third son, Owen, deceased in 2011, left them a grandson, Colby, who is now 4 and lives with his mother in Lebanon.

Mike and Pam live in Murfreesboro. Mike is a physicist working as a lead project engineer at Aerospace Testing Alliance, the operating contractor for the Air Force at AEDC (near Manchester). Pam is a registered nurse working in pre-op/PACU at United Surgical Partners, Inc in Smyrna. They don't know when retirement will be an option, but the nest is empty, and they figure its time to pursue the dream.....

From the Harbor Master

We still have boats and trailers in our lots and on top of the hill that we do not know the owners of. Please put your name on all property stored at HIYC. We remove items from the property that we deem abandoned. No name = abandoned. There is specifically a nice double-axle trailer on top of the hill that appeared in the last few months and may belong to a new member. There are also boats in the parking lots that may belong to non-members. Names on boats/trailers/dollies helps me police that. If something of yours disappears from the property, I may know where it went. Call me.

*Happy New Year,
Greg T*

REMINDER

The Gate code to Harbor Island has changed, the new code is **See Hard Copy**

The Contractors code remains unchanged and is **See Hard Copy**

It works between the hours of 5AM and 7PM. Please give this code out to non members that come out to work on your boats.

January 2013 Dock Slip & Mooring Waiting List

Wood Dock Adm: Allen Mirse		Concrete Dock Adm: Dave Desforges		Plastic Dock Adm: Neil Cunningham		Causeway Dock Adm: Randall Butler		Temporary Slips Harbor Master: Greg Theriot		Moorings	
Mbr since	Name	Mbr since	Name	Mbr since	Name	Mbr since	Name	Mbr since	Name	Mbr since	Name
7/16/1995	Smokler	7/16/1995	Smokler	2/12/2007	Andrews	7/16/1995	Smokler	2/12/2007	Andrews	4/9/2012	Fortune
8/15/1995	Asgeirsson	8/15/1995	Asgeirsson	5/11/2007	Martin D.	9/12/1995	Thomas	4/10/2007	Green		
9/12/1995	Thomas	11/11/2003	Hardesty	7/9/2007	Amos	10/12/1995	Osborne	7/9/2007	Amos		
10/12/1995	Osborne	11/13/2008	Latour	8/13/2007	Griswold	11/11/2003	Hardesty	8/13/2007	Griswold		
11/11/2003	Hardesty	12/12/2008	O'Dell	10/2/2007	Jordan	11/13/2008	Latour	9/10/2007	Knapp		
11/13/2008	Latour	2/12/2007	Andrews	10/3/2007	Grissom	12/12/2008	O'Dell	10/2/2007	Jordan		
12/12/2008	O'Dell	4/10/2007	Green	4/1/2008	Markey	2/12/2007	Andrews	10/3/2007	Grissom		
2/12/2007	Andrews	4/16/2007	Lovelace	4/3/2008	Putnam	4/10/2007	Green	4/1/2008	Markey		
4/10/2007	Green	5/11/2007	Martin D.	12/1/2008	Eubanks	4/16/2007	Lovelace	4/3/2008	Putnam		
4/16/2007	Lovelace	7/9/2007	Amos	4/26/2009	Carroll	5/11/2007	Martin D.	12/1/2008	Eubanks		
5/11/2007	Martin D.	8/13/2007	Griswold	5/4/2009	Brandon	7/9/2007	Amos	4/26/2009	Carroll		
7/9/2007	Amos	9/10/2007	Knapp	7/6/2009	Potter	8/13/2007	Griswold	5/4/2009	Brandon		
8/13/2007	Griswold	10/2/2007	Jordan	8/10/2009	Cerrito	9/10/2007	Knapp	7/6/2009	Potter		
9/10/2007	Knapp	10/3/2007	Grissom	9/14/2009	Koch	10/2/2007	Jordan	8/10/2009	Cerrito		
10/2/2007	Jordan	4/1/2008	Markey	4/20/2010	Netherton	10/3/2007	Grissom	9/14/2009	Koch		
10/3/2007	Grissom	4/3/2008	Putnam	3/8/2011	Cullen	4/1/2008	Markey	4/20/2010	Netherton		
4/1/2008	Markey	12/1/2008	Eubanks	4/11/2011	Haskell	4/3/2008	Putnam	3/7/2011	Cullen		
4/3/2008	Putnam	4/26/2009	Carroll	6/15/2011	Holcomb	12/1/2008	Eubanks	4/11/2011	Haskell		
12/1/2008	Eubanks	5/4/2009	Brandon	2/7/2012	Patin	4/26/2009	Carroll	5/15/2011	Iliev		
4/26/2009	Carroll	7/6/2009	Potter	3/30/2012	Barton	5/4/2009	Brandon	6/15/2011	Holcomb		
5/4/2009	Brandon	8/10/2009	Cerrito	4/9/2012	Fortune	7/6/2009	Potter	2/7/2012	Patin		
7/6/2009	Potter	9/14/2009	Koch	5/9/2012	Giarratana	8/10/2009	Cerrito	3/30/2012	Barton		
8/10/2009	Cerrito	4/20/2010	Netherton			9/14/2009	Koch	4/9/2012	Fortune		
9/14/2009	Koch	3/7/2011	Cullen			4/20/2010	Netherton	5/9/2012	Giarratana		
4/20/2010	Netherton	4/11/2011	Haskell			3/7/2011	Cullen				
3/6/2011	Cullen	5/15/2011	Iliev			4/11/2011	Haskell				
4/11/2011	Haskell	6/15/2011	Holcomb			5/15/2011	Iliev				
5/15/2011	Iliev	2/7/2012	Patin			6/15/2011	Holcomb				
6/15/2011	Holcomb	3/30/2012	Barton			2/7/2012	Patin				
2/7/2012	Patin	4/9/2012	Fortune			3/30/2012	Barton				
3/30/2012	Barton	5/9/2012	Giarratana			4/9/2012	Fortune				
4/9/2012	Fortune					5/9/2012	Giarratana				
5/9/2012	Giarratana										

Beesley 50 K Regatta

REGATTA Beesley 50 K
 PRO Mike Birk
 WIND m "L"= < 8, "M"=8-14, "H"=> 14

Fleet

Start Time (24 hr)

A	Hours	Minutes	Seconds
B	10	0	0
L	10	10	0
	10	0	0

SKIPPER	BOAT	FLEET	PHRF	Finish Time (24 hr)			Elapsed Time (sec)	Corrected Time (sec)	Place
				Hour	Min	Sec			
Bob Cotton	J-32 Spinnaker	A	123	16	57	25	25045	26050	1
Anne Beesley	J-32 Spinnaker	A	123	17	0	40	25240	26253	2
Greg Theriot	J-105	A	99	16	54	45	24885	26841	3
Chuck Konesky	C&C 99	A	102	17	12	7	25927	27836	4
Jim Waller	Northstar 500	B	228	17	12	27	25347	22806	1
Steve Vague	Northstar 500	B	228	17	20	50	25850	23258	2
Decho Tliev	Holby 36	B	152	17	2	57	24777	24706	3
Rick Fielder	J-30	B	135	17	16	56	25616	26177	4
Larry Boroviak	Beneteau 32s5	B	150	17	32	12	26532	26532	5
Tim Naeser	J-24 OD	L	168	16	56	7	24967	24341	1
John Collins	Corsair F27	L	36	16	31	2	23462	28026	2

Flotsam Jetsam Regatta

REGATTA Flotsam Jetsam
 RACE# -
 PRO Vauge
 WIND L "L"= < 8, "M"=8-14, "H"=> 14

Fleet

Start Time (24 hr)			
	Hours	Minutes	Seconds
A	11	0	0
B	11	0	0
L	0	0	0
J			0

SKIPPER	BOAT	FLEET	PHRF	Finish Time (24 hr)			Elapsed Time (sec)	Corrected Time (sec)	Place
				Hour	Min	Sec			
Chuck Konesky	C&C 99	A	102	13	19	17	8357	7779	1
Bob Cotton	J-32 Spinnaker	A	123	13	38	8	9488	8592	3
Anne Beesley	J-32 Spinnaker	A	123	13	35	27	9327	8446	2
Greg Theriot	J-105	A	99	13	33	21	9201	8599	4
Decho Tliev**	Holby 36	B	152	13	48	34	10114	8828	1
Rodney Beason **	Beneteau 345	B	135	13	49	15	10155	9055	2
Rob Hemple	Marshall 18	B	315	14	37	9	13029	9451	3
Andy Griswold	Pearson 30	B	174	14	18	50	11930	10135	4
Joe Ballard	Pearson 323	B	180	FIP					5
Tom Gillinham	S 2 8.5	B	192	FIP					6

ODE TO THE WINTER SERIES

COME ALL YOU HARDY SAILORS WHO WINTER SAILING GO

COME FREEZE YOUR DERRIERE OFF WHILE SAILING IN THE SNOW

YOU'LL NEED TO BE QUITE NIMBLE TO MAKE YOUR BOAT GO FAST

AND IF YOUR FIRST ACROSS THE LINE YOU'RE SURE TO WIN SOME GLASS

Thank you,, Kent Martin

Change of Watch Regatta

January 5, 2013

9:00 AM: Registration, Coffee and Donuts - 10:00 AM: Skippers' Meeting

11:00 AM: Warning Signal First Start - 3:30 PM: Trophy Presentation



Annual Pancake Breakfast

Before Winter Series Race #2

January 12, 2013 9:00 AM

HIYC Clubhouse

LASER FROSTBITE SERIES

Every Sunday at noon Laser sailors and those who would like to "give it a try" will "rig up" to race at one, weather permitting. We will not race if the weather forecast is for temperatures less than 35 degrees (WSMV). The Rob Schmid Award will be presented to the sailor with the lowest point total counting the best 60% of his/her scores, which places a premium on both participation and on performance. We typically gather in the kitchen or by the fireplace après race to warm up and to review the day's racing. As always, race committee volunteers are much appreciated (last season we relied heavily on Sail-or the Dog but we were not able to train her to switch Ollie off after the start and the incessant horn blowing grew tiresome!) If you would like to use one of the club's Lasers please contact Greg Theriot at harbormaster@hiyc.org.

I Stayed On Board During Sandy

By [Capt. Gary W. Cassidy](#) • Submitted by Fred Beesley

I've always been fascinated by hurricanes. My father's tales of the devastating effects of the hurricane of '38, and the subsequent witnessing of these tropically born monsters hitting the Long Island coast have drawn me ever closer to their fury.

Last August, when Irene came to Long Island, I drove to Smithtown where I keep *Windchaser*, my 30ft S2 center-cockpit sloop. As high tide approached, I hiked through the woods and over the dune, a mile or so to cross the flooded parking lot. There, I watched the gangways rise into the air like giant cranes lifted by the 4-foot surge. *Windchaser* was there, poised precariously between the pilings where I had diligently lashed her, swaying violently but weathering the storm. I climbed aboard and nestled into the starboard settee where I proceeded to nap through the height of Irene.

When Sandy came around this year, I was once again drawn to *Windchaser*. I recognize that plenty of advisors cautioned against this, but mariners have chosen for centuries to ride out storms aboard. Besides, my alternative accommodations were an 1833 carriage house with a 90ft rotting walnut tree beside it. The tree had been wired up after crashing into the cottage during Gloria in the early '80s and it looked awfully ready to give the cottage another whack.

Venturing down to my little ship, I replayed these thoughts in my head to rationalize my seemingly unwise decision to stay aboard. Radio reports of the doomed *HMS Bounty* foundering off the Carolina coast brought plenty of doubt, but I marched on through the wind, sand and rain, as if on a pilgrimage. I soon learned that the Smithtown Bay Constable, Charlie, would be riding out the storm on the second story of the adjacent Harbormaster's office, so I knew I'd have refuge if needed.

With all this in mind, I spent the evening along with George and Jimmy, two of my marina buddies, lashing and re-lashing the boats to pilings, the floating docks to the bulkhead and fenderboards to the sides, in hopes of beating Mother Nature. We removed all the sails and canvas, charged the batteries and calculated the tides so when Monday came there was nothing left to do but climb aboard, wait, watch and listen while Sandy rolled in.

But Sandy was no Irene. Forecasters predicted another "Perfect Storm," with potentially the lowest barometric pressure ever recorded in her eye as she approached the Northeast and collided with a Nor'easter coming in from the west. While only a category 1 hurricane, with sustained winds in the 74- to 80-mile per hour range, the storm was immense. "Sandy" had over a 500-mile radius. It would take a commercial airliner 2.5 hours to fly from one end of her to the other. The winds of this storm could last for over 16 hours and the tidal surge, due to the already astronomically higher-than-average full moon tide, was predicted to break records. Sandy would not soon be forgotten. Riding her out was likely to involve more than a nap in the settee. I needed to be prepared to hunker down for a rough ride, even if it meant abandoning ship.

Monday morning arrived with increasingly foreboding predictions of coastal doom. I had a morning business meeting that I could not miss, so I arrived at *Windchaser* in time for the first of the two high tides expected during the storm. Approaching the Long Beach entrance, I was confronted with several other ambitious salts attempting to get a view of Sandy as she built strength. One by one they turned back from the rising water's edge, mumbling "You'll need SCUBA gear to get anywhere near the boats," or "Forget it. You'll never get through."

Undaunted, I donned my foulies and started through the woods. With the wind building and branches cracking, I made my way over the dune, while others shook their heads in dismay.

When I reached the top of the dune, I could see the frothy white foam of Smithtown Bay on one side and the boats in the Head of the Harbor mooring field being tossed about like toys on the other. The wind was building at a steady 30 knots with gusts to 50. Off in the distance, seeking shelter from the East behind Crane's Neck, I could faintly make out a tanker through the rain and sea spray. I thought back to this hike last year during Irene, when I'd seen a small Piping Plover Tern struggling at the water's edge. I wondered if the little bird had survived. This year, the tanker seemed equally as vulnerable. I lumbered down the beach, wind, sand and salt spray pelting my face, increasingly exhausted, but all the more enthralled.

Crossing over the dune at Little Africa Park, I was met with the harrowing view of the marina parking lot flooded with three feet of water. Gangways were rising and boats were above the rail. I braced myself for the inevitable trek through the water to the docks to access the boat. That's when I saw another idiot. (I mean, who else would attempt such a foolish venture?) I had to meet this guy. We shook hands, discussed our boats' predicaments and exchanged phone numbers. Steve would call me later for an update on his boat, as he was not about to stay aboard in his cuddly cabin.

The tide rose and I climbed aboard *Windchaser* knowing full well the worst was yet to come. The evening tide would be the killer. I hunkered down and watched the tide lower enough to dry out the parking lot, but dead-low went no lower than an average high tide. I texted George: "Docks level with parking lot @ dead-low. Not looking good."

The building easterly winds were driving the surge into Long Island Sound and up Porpoise Channel right into the marina basin. The full moon was sucking the water to the shore like a vacuum. The lowering of the tide is usually 6 feet in this area, but today it had only receded 3 feet and high tide was at least 3 feet above normal. I was expecting the worst at around midnight when the surge would bring the floating docks over the poles if the lines we'd tied didn't hold.

Throughout the day the winds built to 40 knots, then 50 with gusts to 70. There were 3- to 4-foot white caps in the basin. Sailboats were heeled 10, 15, then 30 degrees. At dead-low I started the long walk back to move my car to the berm in Little Africa Park for the night. I was more concerned about trees falling on it than the tide rising that high, but I still wasn't sure it would stay dry. On the way, I ran across a fellow my age evacuating his home east of the marina. He stopped and asked, "Would you like a lift, sir?" Though grateful for the lift, I felt taken aback by the "sir" reference. We were the same age. Was this an expression of respect for my efforts or did he just think I was an old guy?

Back at *Windchaser*, the easterly wind whipped up the basin, churning the water as it steadily rose. I adjusted my lines and checked Steve's boat, too. His portside bow line, too short for the exceptionally high tide, was starting to pull his bow under. I feared it would rip out his bow cleat, pull his bow under or, worst yet, pull the piling out. I considered rigging a longer line, but refrained for fear of losing the boat under the force of the howling wind. I monitored the boat throughout the night. George's starboard fenderboard had let go and his toerail was chafing badly on the piling. I re-rigged a new line and braced against the pole with my feet to jockey the board into place.

Around 2200 hours, I decided to pay Charlie a visit in the Harbormaster's office. While wading around the flooded parking lot in the dark, unsuccessfully attempting to take pictures of the carnage with my cell phone, a searchlight from the office shone down on me.

"You're making me nervous," said Charlie, so I stomped upstairs soaking wet, where Charlie graciously welcomed me to dry off for a while. We chatted about the storm when Acting Harbor Master Gilligan called in to offer to relieve Charlie for the rest of the shift. Charlie explained that access was impossible and I ventured back to *Windchaser* in anticipation of the worst, as the docks neared the top of the poles and the winds howled even stronger. I checked the lines set to keep the floating docks from rising over the pilings and found them nearly taut as the docks reached within one foot of the top of the poles.

If they were going to work, the tide couldn't rise much higher and we still had an hour and a half before the tide was to max out.

I boarded *Windchaser* and settled into the starboard settee while watching the weather reports of continued doom. The boat heeled and tossed in her slip, but never touched a pole. The rigging shook, sometimes violently, but all held. Occasionally, exceptionally large waves would slap the port side with a smacking noise and lines would vibrate as the dissonance worked their tautness, but only the slack leeward starboard line chafed through, leaving the secondary to do its job. I struggled to stay awake for high tide to be sure to save *Windchaser* from demise, but the sea's motion gradually lulled me to sleep around 2245, at the height of the storm. I awoke the next morning to waning winds, receding tides and absolutely no damage to vessel nor cottage.

It's always amazing how Mother Nature selects her victims. Across the marina, a 40ft Irwin, ill-prepared for the storm, lost the furl on her jib, which flogged madly until it shredded. Other boats lost biminis. Yet the boat in the slip next to mine, a 35ft sedan motor yacht with fly bridge and full canvas and perhaps the loosest lines in the marina, barely heeled and suffered only minor damage from rubbing on the starboard piling.

It will be months, maybe even years, before Sandy's fury will be resolved. I don't know if it was wise to stay aboard *Windchaser* through the storm, but I couldn't stay ashore. As I get older, this "sir" is drawn more and more to the sea. I feel compelled to see through the wind and water. I feel most alive when walking against the wind, salt spray and sand pelting me in the face. I would not have missed the opportunity to meet Sandy aboard *Windchaser*.



Sea Scout News



Nineteen years ago Cathy and I were approached by the HIYC board to consider starting a Sea Scout Ship to be sponsored by Harbor Island Yacht Club. I had to think long and hard about this decision. Working with kids, getting out to the club at least once every two weeks, sailing many more times a year, doing overnights. Ok, so the decision was not hard. We were already fairly experienced working with youth. First as Sunday School teachers and then as Cub Scout and Boy Scout leaders. But we did not realize how it would change and sometimes even rule our lives.

One of the first things we had to do was come up with a unit number. I wanted 1851 because that was the year that the New York Yacht club won the America's Cup. But that number was already taken so we settled for 851. Next we had to recruit some youth. This was fairly easy due to many of the club's youth wanting to be involved. And we were soon on our way.

Shortly after getting underway we started looking around to see if there were other Sea Scout Ships in the area. Within a couple of years several other units had started and we would meet with their leaders on a regular basis. But as with many high adventure groups all the other units soon dissolved and we were left as the only unit in Middle Tennessee. Then around five years ago things got rolling again in the Middle Tennessee area. And we now have five active Ships and hopefully a sixth in the near future. Pretty exciting!!!

These ships are 156 in Cookeville, 360 in Lebanon, 851 at HIYC, 911 in Clarksville and 9851 in Hendersonville. We don't yet have a unit number for the new ship in Smyrna. And we still get together for joint adventures with these other groups which is always fun.

Like Boy Scouting there are ranks. The highest being Quarter Master. This is the Sea Scouting equivalent of Eagle. But unlike Boy Scouts, Sea Scouting is co-ed and for older youth. Thus we often lose our youth to college and work before they make it through all the ranks. But this winter we hope to be holding a Bridge of Honor at HIYC for Cory Walker for achieving the rank of Quarter Master. We are excited for Cory. As far as I am aware this will be the first youth in Middle Tennessee to achieve this Sea Scout rank since the 1950. Pretty cool!!!

Andy & Cathy Griswold

Ship's Store

CONTACT SUSAN VAUGHN

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(615) 424-4312 Cell

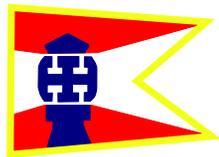
New shipment of burgees on the way, hats and visors available today!



Christmas Brunch



David Brandon
6016 Foxland Dr.
Brentwood, TN 37027



Harbor Island Yacht Club

Located on Old Hickory Lake

Visit us On-line at www.HIYC.org

2012 Officers

Commodore—Rick Smith
Vice Commodore— John Robertson
Secretary— David Brandon
Treasurer—Fred Beesley
Rear Commodore—Dave Desforges
Senior Governor—Mike Birk
Governor— Gene Lovelace
Junior Governor—Drew Griswold

TO:



Schedule of Events



JANUARY 2013

Sat - 5 Change of Watch Regatta
Sun - 6 Change of Watch Qtr. Mtg
Sun - 6 Frostbite Laser Race
Tues - 8 Board Meeting
Sat - 12 Pancake Breakfast
Sat - 12, 19, & 26
Winter Series Regatta
Sun - 13, 20, & 27
Frostbite Laser Races

February 2013

Sat - 2 Winter Series #5
Sun - 3 Frostbite Laser Race
Tues - 5 Board Meeting
Sat - 9, 16, & 23
Winter Series Regatta
Sun - 10, 17, & 24
Frostbite Laser Races
Sat - 23 Wine Tasting