



CHANNELS

THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF THE
SAILING CLUB OF WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 2020

SUPER SIZED SEPTEMBER

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PLEASE SEND YOUR ARTICLES
FOR FUTURE CHANNELS
NEWSLETTERS TO:
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COMMODORE'S LOG

BY RICHARD KAISER



I hope this issue of ChaNNels finds you and your family well.

It's hard to believe that it is already September. We've missed many days on the water this year, but still have time to get out and sail together. Our boats are ready for you - are you ready for them? SCOW's Covid-19 Task Force modified some of its guidelines last week, trying to make our sailing summer somewhat more normal. Here are the main points:

- As local marinas are now open for transient boaters, SCOW Skippers can now dock at local marinas;
- We recognize that there is little to no risk being around your own household members, so up to 6 can sail together, if you're from the same household; and
- Finally, we are getting some traction with our on-the-water sailing classes. Both Basic and Cruiser on-the-water instruction has begun on a limited basis, based on student and trainer preferences.

While it's not like pre-Covid times, things are certainly looking up.

Hail and Farewell is our black tie (optional) year-end dinner party where we thank our many volunteers; welcome our new Board members; and wish our out-going Board well. Unfortunately, it looks like this year's gala may have to be cancelled. With the pandemic, we just don't seem to have the right venue to make this safely happen for 100 revelers (that's another word for sailors) getting their sea legs on the dance floor. This will be the first cancellation in over 50 years for SCOW, but it's just not worth the risk at this time.

We've scheduled **SCOW's Annual Meeting** for the 2nd Monday in November, tentatively scheduled for Zoom. In addition to hearing from Board members updating the Club on official activities, it's also time to tally election votes for our 2021 Board of Directors. Keep an eye out for more information about our Annual Meeting and SCOW's upcoming election. If you want to toss your hat in the ring for a position on the 2021 SCOW Board, send me a note (commodore@scow.org) and I'll pass it along to the Nomination Committee. This is your chance to take a turn at the helm of our all-volunteer Club.

Many thanks to **Jan Rivas** for creating this jam-packed issue of ChaNNels - and thank you to all of our contributors for September!

A TASTE OF THE POTOMAC

BY BERNARD "BERL" COOK

Before sailing we always check the weather. But what about the water? Getting wet, sometimes very wet, is part of the game. Just how clean or polluted is our river? Opinions on that diverge.

On the polluted side of the question is the 19th Century legacy of the DC combined sewer and storm water system. When a rain storm is strong enough, the system backs up so that the sewers overflow directly into Rock Creek, the Potomac, and the Anacostia. Overflows average 80 times a year.

Alexandria also boasts a combined sewer system. The sewer outfall on Oronoco Bay at the foot of Pendleton Street discharges an estimated 70 million gallons per year of sewage and stormwater into the river. River conditions change daily due to these overflows. River quality drops when it rains hard.

Fecal contamination is tracked by measuring levels of *Escherichia coli* (*E. coli*). Strains of this bacteria are found in the environment, foods, and intestines of people and animals. Most strains are harmless, but some cause diarrhea, urinary tract infections, respiratory illness, and pneumonia, among other illnesses.

Besides sewage, there is garbage, oil and gas runoffs, and lots of plastic, plus Polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs), which accumulate in fish and cause cancer, and Endocrine disrupting chemicals (EDCs) which can affect body reproduction, growth, and development. The top river pollutants, however, are nitrogen, phosphorus, and sediment.



ABOARD A RENTAL SOUTH OF THE WILSON BRIDGE ARE TWO SAMPLES OF FLOTSAM RECOVERED FROM THE POTOMAC INCLUDING AN APPEARANCE BY WILSON.

Because of all of this, DC prohibits swimming in the Potomac, but permits have been granted for special events such as triathlons. In the past few years, local health authorities and volunteers began monitoring testing sites along the Potomac and Anacostia weekly. And, at some test sites along the rivers, results are coming in within the limits that the Environmental Protection Agency considers safe for swimming. Along with your weather app, you can see the results on a swimming app: [Swim Guide](#).

That swimming and paddle boarding are even thinkable raises the clean side of the question. River quality has improved over the years. Since 1972, environmental protection laws and investments in wastewater treatment have reduced the waste flow and major pollutant levels have dropped. In 2007, the Potomac Conservancy graded the river as "D-plus". By 2017, the grade had moved up to a "B". The increase in wildlife such as eagles and dolphins is another sign of improvement.

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TRIP REPORT

BY SCOTT MCCONNELL

With the way the world has changed, travel has been limited. What was once one week to anywhere in the world is now impossible. I have been itching for an adventure in the void of any and have been dreaming up a trip for years now. I had heard stories about if the wind was coming from the east the whole day that it was possible to sail as far down the Potomac as you dared and then turn around and come home.

Bad ideas make for good stories. A bad idea planned well is an adventure. I had surmised that a wind blowing from the north and then turning east later would be the best forecast. The south blowing winds would help push the water out with the tide and give me a better chance of making a longer distance. The easterly winds would help me run a beam reach with no upwind the whole way home. There was no choice but to go with the tide. I needed a tide leaving in the morning to make good of a whole day's light. I consulted the tide chart and found the date August 15th to be my best bet.

The previous night I packed my bag, keeping it light. The forecast was for rain and anything that accompanied me would be subject to nature. I packed a spare USB battery to keep the phone charged as a safety precaution but nothing else out of the ordinary. After waking up late the next morning I went by my local 7-11 and procured two bags of powdered donuts and two liters of water. I set the boat up at the marina and pushed off at 7 in the morning. A fellow SCOW member was on hand to see my graceful but late exit.

The wind was from the north at 10 knots but the trip downwind to the bridge still took almost an hour. I had planned to drop the sails and motor under but the current and the wind were both favorable to crossing the bridge under sail. A mile after the bridge the wind

picked up and helped me down the river past Belle Haven and I made it to Fort Washington at 9 in the morning. So, as the crow flies, nine miles in two hours. It's a good time, but not great. As I rounded the point and lost sight of the Wilson Bridge, the rain started. If I was going to make it I'd have to go as fast or faster. I made the decision to put up the spinnaker.

I began to rig the spinnaker underway. I would spend two minutes or so running lines and running tapes before I would return to the helm to adjust course. There were a total of four sailboats and sixteen power boats that I made contact with all day so the true challenge was not watching out for other traffic, but being mindful the whole time that there was even traffic out there. I cleared Hallowing Point on Mason Neck and looked over the vast expanse of water before me.



SAILING UNDER THE WILSON BRIDGE

My original plan was to sail to Tim's Rivershore Restaurant. Tim's used to be a place where bikers, fishermen and racing boats got together and made merry till all hours of the night. The road into Tim's was a windy, twisty, hilly, wet mess and anyone with more than five beers in them was lucky to make it out alive. Tim's was really in the middle of nowhere with no one to tell you what to do but Tim himself.

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LEFT BEHIND ON THE SHORE

BY GABRIELLE PACANA

To love a sailor is to accept that there will come a time when you will be the one left behind on the dock to wait and worry while your sailor literally sails into the sunset towards an adventure without you.

Now it's my turn to continue the sad sailing tradition of distance and separation between loved ones. The longing that has been passed down for centuries by anonymous faces like mine came back to me a week ago.

My partner has just sailed out of the UK with a motley crew of three strangers (all competent sailors) that he recruited from the internet. They are heading south for the coast of northern Spain. Then they will sail down the coast of Portugal before finally dropping anchor inside our secret Spanish bay in the Canary Islands. If the weather conditions are consistent with what I see on the WeatherFax, he should be sailing across the infamously fickle Bay of Biscay as I write this. It is his maiden voyage with *Rosetta*, our 33-foot ketch.

The sea calls to my partner. Salt is in his blood. Both his parents raised him and his two siblings on a 33-foot sailboat in the UK, France, and the Balearic Islands. The name of their boat, *Moorglade*, was taken from a Yes album cover of a mythical pirate ship that glided through outer space.

His family line comes from Ireland and Sicily, island people who have been surrounded by water and cut off from the continent. My genes come from island people too, the Philippines. Magellan, the Portuguese navigator who tried to sail around the world,

was killed by a poisoned arrow in the Philippines.

The sea calls to me as well, but I can only wait alone even though my spirit yearns to follow. Choices we made before we met each other and choices I make for the future keep me anchored to land.

If every dream must have a curse, then to dream of freedom of the seas with a sailor is to accept the maritime tradition of separation. This is the side effect of the decision that we accepted together in our grand plans to pirate around the world.

He is in Europe and I am in America to work and earn money to exchange for boat equipment that will form a strong foundation for our dreams. Laws of the land (foreign work visas, immigration regulations, borders) keep us apart for the majority of the year. The same ocean where we discovered freedom together now separates us.

I remember all the times we've managed to be in the same country. For a period of three years, my memories only need one of my hands to count.

We saw each other once this year in Wales, where I met our boat *Rosetta* for the first time. Once last year in Dublin, where eBay made us boat parents for the second time to *Rosetta*. Before that were two trips to the Canaries three years ago when I didn't know that it was the last time I would see *Dacha*, our first boat baby.

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RACING NEWS

BY DAVE BECKETT, RACING DIRECTOR

Some racing updates as we head toward the... that's right, the end of the season.

PRSA Presidents Cup Regatta

I've been in contact with the PRSA Commodore and he informed me that PRSA plans to conduct the Presidents Cup Regatta on 19 September. They will modify the format so that it is a one day regatta; Saturday only. There will be no after party or awards ceremony. Skippers sign up for the event on the [Race with SCOW web page](#). After you get a boat assignment, you can register at the PRSA Regatta Network site.

SCOW Directors Cup Regatta

Our end of the season, one day regatta is on the calendar for 3 October and has not been cancelled yet. We'll see how things are looking as we get closer. Registration is open on the [Race with SCOW web page](#).

Wednesday Night Racing (WNR)

Only a few nights left for the year. WNR ends at the end of September so get out there if you can. This week will be the last one I'm at for the year.

SCOW Racing Director for 2021

I'll be stepping down as Racing Director at the end of this season after four really fun years of serving you, the sailors. As normally happens each year, the nominating committee is looking for some new Board members. If you are interested in serving as Racing Director for 2021 or want to know more about the job, email me at Racing@scow.org.



KEEP CALM AND DON'T BREAK THE WINCH.

HOW TIGHT IS TIGHT ENOUGH?

BY DANA HOWE, SCOT MAINTENANCE DIRECTOR

Hello shipmates! Long time, no see!

Recently I've noticed that when some boats are put away, the trailer winches are super taught. Were we to hit the open road with a Flying Scot in tow, I'd say the winch needs to be tight, but our Scots aren't going anywhere, so I might suggest we go a little easier on the winches.

Same holds true for the belly bands. There is a tendency to take up all the slack in the belly band prior to closing the clasp. If you find it difficult to secure the clasp on the belly band then you probably have it too tight. These nylon straps can probably take the tension but if one of these straps parts under a heavy load, it could be ugly. We don't need to work this hard and it's safer for you to just go snug rather than taught.

The snug vs. tight concept applies to halyards as well. I've seen people go bananas on main winches trying to get the wrinkles out of the main. The truth is it can't be done. No matter how hard you cinch that main halyard you aren't going to get all of the wrinkles out.

We are slowly but surely working our way through winch handles. Our winch handles are intentionally made out of cast aluminum and are designed to break off if too much pressure is applied. When too much pressure is applied, something is going to break – better to break a winch handle than the sheave at the top of the mast, or break the winch mechanism itself. That would ruin your day and take the boat out of service.

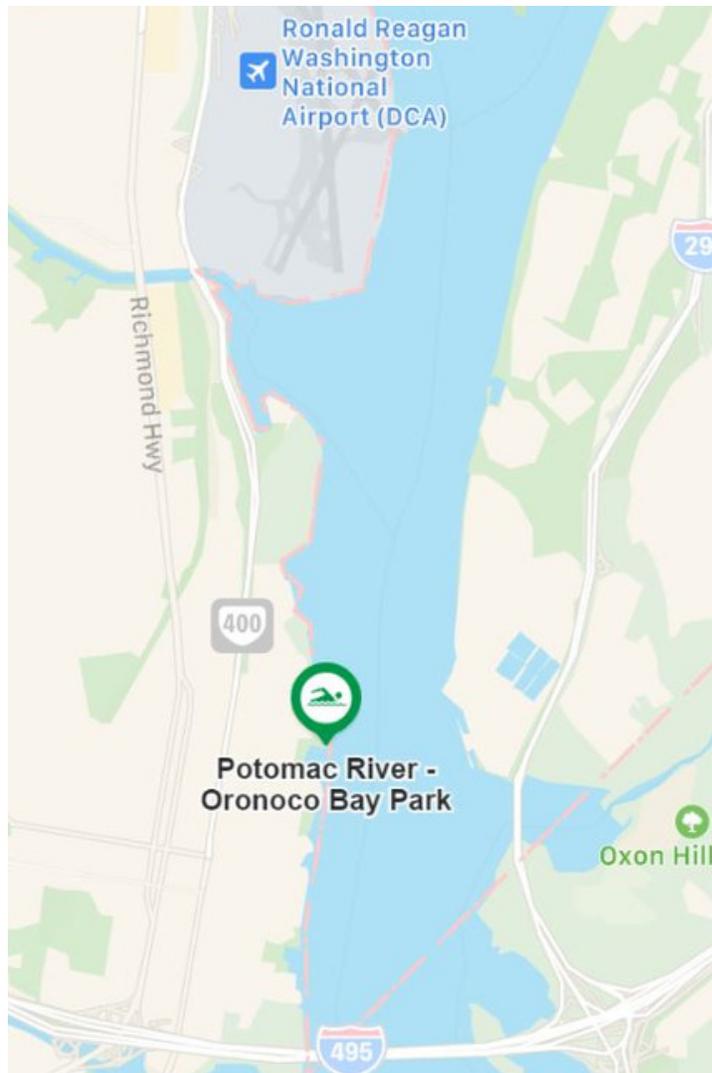
When I raise a main on a Scot, when it gets difficult as the main is going up those last few feet, I shift my hand on the winch handle so that I'm twisting the whole handle around rather than just pushing on the crank handle. And I always make sure the winch handle is in all the way.

So there you have it; most things do well with snug. Some things do have to be tight but moderation is key to a happy boat, sailor, and maintenance director!

A TASTE OF THE POTOMAC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

And in the near future, river quality will continue to improve. DC is working on the \$2.7 billion Clean Rivers project: 18 miles of tunnels deep underground designed to capture overflow where it can be held until pumped to a treatment plant. The first tunnel, online in March 2018, keeps 90 percent of sewage overflows out of the Anacostia. A final tunnel will be complete in 2030 keeping 600 million gallons of sewage out of the Potomac each year (see map). Alexandria is working on a similar tunnel project.

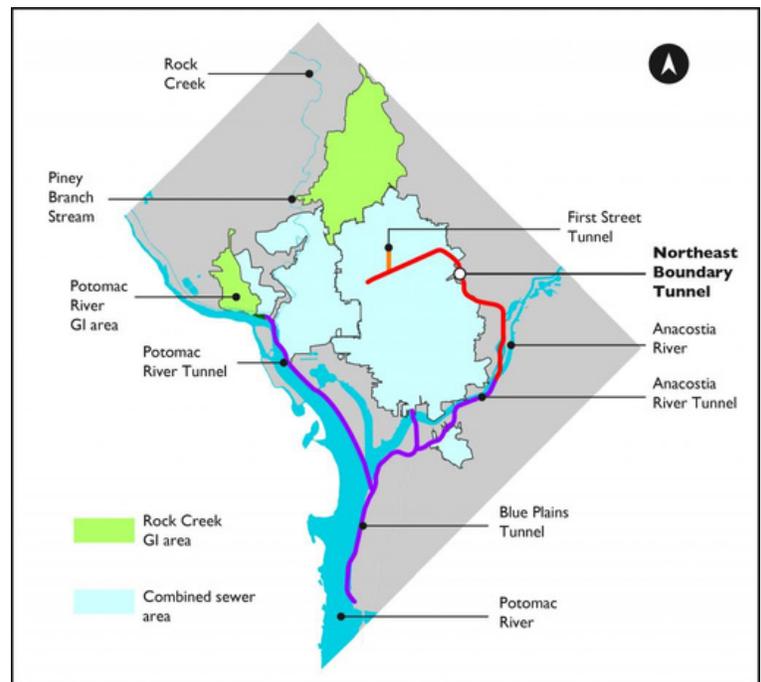


THE GREEN ICON ON THE SCREEN SHOT INDICATES THAT IT'S SAFE TO SWIM (THAT DAY)!

In the meantime, the Interstate Commission on the Potomac River Basin advises:

- Do not enter the water for several days after a significant rainstorm. Storm flows spike bacteria levels, which decrease with time.
- Do not swallow water.
- Do not enter the water if you have cuts or open sores. These are pathways for bacteria to enter your body.
- Wash after swimming.
- People with immunosuppressive diseases should avoid direct contact with the river.
- Avoid algae blooms (brightly colored water) and trash in the water.

Check the weather, check the water, assess the risks, and enjoy your sail.



SYSTEM OF THE CLEAN RIVERS PROJECT.

TRIP REPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

My dad and I would watch Sunday football at Tim's in the winter when it was not busy. Sometimes we were the only people there all day. I spent a birthday down there shooting at a derelict car from the deck. Things have changed since then with houses built all around, but Tim's still has not changed. I sailed onward looking at where Tim's should be, but only seeing the oil tanks right around where I thought Tim's was.

At this point, with the rain and not really seeing the destination, I should have turned around to go home. The tide was changing in an hour or two and the wind was really picking up. I still had the spinnaker up and was surfing waves the whole time. The wind had picked up so much that I had started to worry about how I was going to take the spinnaker down. I kept flying toward where I thought Tim's should be, but time kept flying by, too. The distance from the point to Tim's was about nine miles. Eighteen miles round trip and the weather was getting worse. I made it almost a mile from Tim's and I remembered that it gets a little shallow before there and the wind was blowing directly at it. I made a plan to bring the spinnaker down. I ran up front to drop the spinnaker first and pull it in. I had every intention of returning to the helm if things got weird, but the spinnaker dropped and stowed away. I dropped the jib and secured it. The wind was blowing 15 knots over a long distance, creating waves and breaking right on the beach in front of Tim's.

I made a pass by the docks at around one o'clock and I could see the diners looking at me like an idiot. Upwind the waves were so big the boat was half leaving the water and landing. I told myself this is stupid and went into their little harbor. I surfed a wave into the harbor and turned around.

I tacked and made my way to the place on the dock that was empty and upwind. I landed and tied the boat, then dropped the main. I had planned to eat a big lunch and drink some beer but the rain and me being behind almost two hours cancelled that plan. I went inside with my vest still on and ordered a Jameson double, laid some money down and started my journey back home.

I made it home at 7 that evening. The ride home was either upwind or a beam reach, so I was lucky. I had one tack that was an hour-long upwind. The rain had let up a little and I dined on powdered donuts the whole way home. Making it down there and back was six hours each way. Fifty miles total as the crow flies. The wind was kicking so hard after I left Tim's, I had to put the jib up just to keep the front of the boat from leaving the water with every wave. When I returned to the marina I put the boat away in a manner not befitting a SCOW member and promised the boat I will return the next day to store her properly. I went home and slept the slumber of a real sailor.



APPROACHING TIM'S RIVERSHORE

LEFT BEHIND ON THE SHORE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Most of my friends have never met Jay. His absence has turned him into a bit of an urban legend when I talk about our adventures. We hitchhiked across the South Atlantic from South Africa to Brazil on a sailboat. He's rubbed the belly of a wild whale with his bare feet. The first Christmas we spent together, he pushed me out of an airplane at 36,000 feet while the sun set over the sand dunes. And the story of how we acquired *Dacha*...

"Doesn't it bother you to spend so much time apart? How do you do it?" It took me awhile to understand that mystery, especially in a lover, is unsettling to people. Passing the majority of the year apart does draw out some ugly emotions. Sometimes they threaten to get as strong as a wave rearing up to turn into a storm. It's not what he doesn't tell me or what I don't know about his daily life that bothers me.

Negative feelings surface when I listen to Jay talking about unfurling the sails for the first time on our boat or the first time he surfed our boat through huge seas. I hear the excitement in his voice and feel more conscious of how much time I spend caged between four walls, unable to feel the sun on my skin or the wind in my hair for the majority of the day. I am missing all these fundamental steps in the development of our dream as Jay gets to raise *Rosetta* for their first forays into the wild.

How can I explain to people that we are like albatrosses? Those majestic birds spend most of their lives crossing oceans away from their mate. After a year at sea, the pair bond by going back to the same remote spot of land to reunite. But what of the birds whose mate passed away at sea?

How long do they wait until they realize that the other one isn't coming back?

Two months ago, I was in Ukraine for a work trip. Each random coincidence that happened to me had a nautical connection. It felt like the sea kept reminding me of the unpredictable power she has over my life. I was randomly assigned to the seaside city of Odessa. My Dutch work partner who I met for the first time in Kiev was a diplomat on Monday through Friday and a sailor on the weekends. He had just finished sailing around Scotland on the same model of boat that Jay and I have.

Odessa is a port city. Cranes as high as skyscrapers loomed over the water like the tentacles of a steampunk kraken striking back at the city for extracting money from the sea. I got the sense that if I stopped any local on the street, they were either on their way to work on the water or depended on someone who earned from it.

The license plates of cars sitting in front of us in traffic had Neptune's golden trident proudly planted in front of a blue shield. The shape of the mythological symbol that the country chose for its coat of arms is so similar to the Danforth anchor I have tattooed on my left wrist.

I was walking down the boardwalk in Odessa with two young Ukrainian women. Both were daughters of sailors. The heat of the summer air made our noses wrinkle with the smell of fish, salt, tourists, and commercial shipping. You could feel the sunny smiles in the merry mix of Russian, Ukrainian and English voices from the crowds ambling past us.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

LEFT BEHIND ON THE SHORE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

I was the only person who stopped to look at a statue that stood quietly on one side of the promenade, facing the entrance to the port.

"The monument to the sailor's wife," Irina said thoughtfully, her voice tinged with the longing I felt in my heart. Irina's father was working on a ship in South Korea. Like many of Odessa's residents, she could understand how divisive the sea can be. The statue's bronze face had an expression that was deceptive in its simplicity. It seemed to me that being left behind was expected of this unnamed sailor's wife. I wondered if her stoic face was hiding the possibility that she might never see her sailor again.

At her shoulder was a small child standing on the railing. Her arms protectively held up the child while one of his little hands waved to the sea. The woman's belly had the soft curve of a half-buried shell, putting to rest my question of whether she was watching a ship come or go. I pointed towards the statue's feet.

"What does the plaque mean?"

"It is a fact that in the difficult hour of sadness, when the ships leave, all remains on the pier, near the seductive land."

I stared at the monument of a woman I do not want to become. She will wait on the dock forever until the sea reclaims the land. What about the women who do not want to remain on the pier? The statue has no name because she is as common and expected as the goodbyes that these women said to their men.

Shackleton. Nelson. Heyerdahl. Moitissier. Magellan. Drake. I could go on reading off the

endlessly masculine names that line the tombstones of sailing history. These legendary men left their lovers and families behind to explore. To conquer. To take action. What of the women and children they left behind? Who cared about their feelings when discovery was on the horizon?

While my partner joins the league of men who choose the thrill of danger on the unpredictable ocean, I sulk in silence with the other women who have been left alone with their feet planted firmly behind the safe borders of land. I hate feeling left out. But for me, distance from the risks and rewards of the sea give me as much sadness as being apart from my love.

To heck with tradition. What a 17th century relationship problem to have in 2019. My warrior woman, he calls me when we talk on the phone. I cannot feel this way while my spirit is marooned inside the safety nets of a sterile city.

We have Brazil in our sights. The country where we met six years ago has a culture that is strongly influenced by the miles of blue that roll against its coastline. On New Year's, it is traditional for Brazilians to dress in white and take a dip in the ocean to commemorate Iemanjá, the Yoruba goddess of the sea. Flowers are thrown into the sea for her and float on the waves alongside little handmade boats that have her black-haired image framed inside. A mãe d'água, many Brazilians sing about in their traditional and contemporary songs. Iemanjá. The mother of water.

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LEFT BEHIND ON THE SHORE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

In the Portuguese language, there exists a feeling called "saudade." It is a word invented by the women and families left behind by the Portuguese explorers who left Europe by ship to sail west. Saudade is a wistful smile. One is happy to keep the memory of someone who gave life and joy, but sad at the possibility they might never again see the person who made them happy or never experience the same happiness they felt with that person.

We spoke for one last time before he left. I could sense his trepidation and excitement as he ran through the never-ending checklist that skippers tick off in preparation to leave port. His voice turned as calm as the doldrums when he arrived at the subject that both of us dreaded, but needed to be realistic about.

"If you don't hear from me in a week, call the Coast Guard."

Jay has passed down saudade to me. I check the weather and news every day for stories about shipwrecks or Coast Guard rescues. No news is good news, but it is also frustrating to hear nothing but the imagination of my worries. One day, we will break the long established tradition that has been kept alive with the salt of blood and tears. One day, we will leave together.

Come back to me, Jay.

Não quero ficar sozinha com as saudades que tenho de você.



SEPTEMBER EVENTS

14 | SCOW BOD MEETING | 7-9PM
ONLINE

2, 9, 16, 23, 30 | WEDNESDAY NIGHT RACING | 6PM
PLEASE [CLICK HERE](#) FOR SPECIFIC RACING PROTOCOLS DURING COVID

17 | SCOW ONLINE SOCIAL | 6:30PM
ONLINE VIA ZOOM

19 | PRSA PRESIDENTS CUP REGATTA

ANYTIME & FREE | THE STARBOARD PORTAL FROM US SAILING

THE STARBOARD PORTAL IS A NEW VIDEO CHANNEL THAT KEEPS SAILORS CONNECTED TO THEIR SPORT WITH RESOURCEFUL VIDEOS AND LIVE CONTENT FEATURING A VARIETY OF KNOWLEDGEABLE EXPERTS | [WATCH HERE](#)

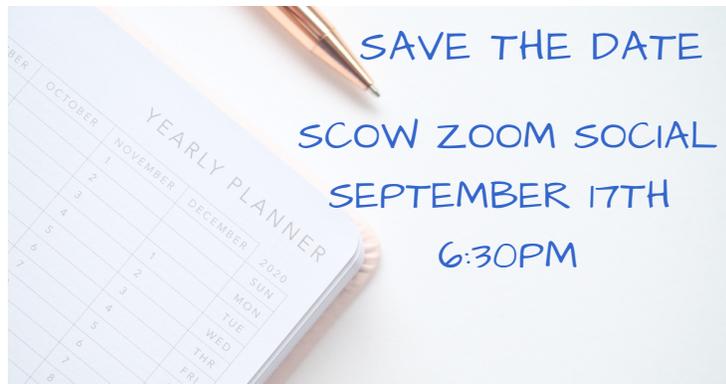
ANYTIME & FREE | SPINSHEET HAPPY HOURS

TUNE IN TO A LIBRARY OF PAST FACEBOOK LIVE HAPPY HOUR DISCUSSIONS; LOTS OF GREAT TOPICS | [WATCH HERE](#)

SOCIAL SCOOP

BY N. MARIE BRENNAN, SOCIAL ACTIVITIES DIRECTOR

It's hard to believe the summer is over and we haven't had a social sail! I know the majority of our members were supportive of the decisions we had to make in order to keep our members safe and healthy, and we appreciate the support. Personally, I miss hanging out with you all, as well as meeting new members. For me, and for most, Social Sails are the first point of contact in the club. Big shout out to **Esther Petrilli-Massey** for doing some Thursday night Zoom socials while I adjusted to the whole zoom social idea. In that spirit, I would love to invite you all to a special zoom "social" on **September 17th at 6:30pm**. This will be a wonderful way to catch up with many of you, with an emphasis for new members and helping them meet some board members and ask some questions to get to know our club. Some of you have been asking about *Hail & Farewell*. We did a lot of research and had several discussions. After dealing with venue restrictions, budget concerns and overall member safety and health, we realized it just wasn't in the cards for 2020. Don't worry though- we are working on something special as a way to thank all of our members of 2020 that stuck with the club, paid their dues, and supported us during this hard time even though your sailing time was reduced! I look forward to seeing many of your faces on Zoom, September 17th!



MEMBERSHIP

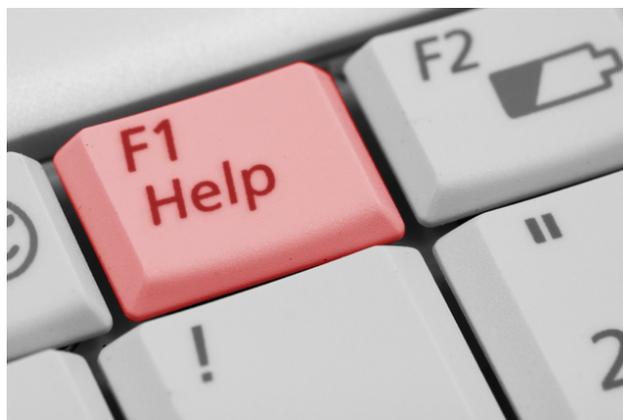
BY TONI COLE, MEMBERSHIP DIRECTOR

Ahoy!

Welcome new members! New members this month include **Clifton Fernandes, Anastasia Pestova, David Chaplin, Nancy Estrella Chaplin, Steven Lewis, Gabrielle Pacana, Thomas Watson, Kevin Stull, Nicholas Linn, Siroos Sekhavat Tafti & Farnaz Namdarian!**

Renewal season is officially closed. All members that did not renew by August 1 have been archived and removed from our database. Members, if you have friends that are wondering why they are no longer receiving emails or being invited to our fun, please let them know to reach out to me, membership@scow.org, and get their status reinstated by paying their dues and signing our MA.

Happy Fall Sailors! We look forward to events coming soon!



~~HELP WANTED~~ NEEDED (KINDA DESPERATELY)

Somewhere among SCOW's 376 members is a tech-savvy person that would like to volunteer to take responsibility for maintaining the SCOW boat reservation application. Desirable skills include: Ruby on Rails, HTML, CSS, Javascript, GitHub and Heroku. If at all interested, please contact Richard Kaiser at commodore@scow.org.

SKIPPER'S CORNER

BY CHIP LUBSEN, SKIPPER CERTIFICATION DIRECTOR

New SCOW Skippers

Congratulations, **Kristy Stephenson** – Cruiser Skipper! Thank you to tutors **Becky Cole** and **Greg Prather** and to Checkout Skipper **Joe Leoncio**.



KRISTY...CRUZIN...

2020 Skipper Counts

As of August 31, we have 113 individual skippers certified for 2020, up 2 from a month ago. 102 of them are Scot skippers and 52 are cruiser skippers, while 41 are certified for both. In 2019 we had a total of 133 individual skippers.

And congratulations, **Brian Hopkins** – Scot Skipper! Thank You to tutor **Tim Bliss** and Checkout Skipper **Joe Leoncio**.



LARRY ON A PRE-CHECKOUT RUN THROUGH WITH TIM

New Tutor

Thanks to **Eric Schmidt** for stepping up to help with tutoring of those knocking at the door for Scot skipper certification. Eric is a new SCOW skipper, an avid sailor and very effective communicator of the ins and outs of sailing with SCOW at the WSM. Candidates please bear with us as I try to match the few active tutor resources with you in some logical sequence.

Flying Scot Rigging Change

A recent Board vote approved the conversion of 5 Flying Scots to utilize 2:1 jib sheeting. (*Andiamo* came to us with 2:1 jib sheeting installed). This involves adding two blocks at the jib clew through which the jib sheets run, from the fairleads, then back through the fairleads and existing blocks and cleats. The jib will be slightly more complicated to rig, but easier to sail with, especially as wind strength increases. Stay tuned for more information on the details which will soon be distributed to Scot skippers via email.

LEUKEMIA CUP REGATTA POSTPONED

BY NANCY BROWN

As with so many other events in 2020, the *Leukemia Cup Regatta* has been postponed until next year because of covid-19. The current plan is to hold the LCR in early June 2021 in conjunction with the GEICO Cup.

Despite the pandemic, we know that every day 5,000 people are diagnosed with cancer. In addition to a grueling battle against cancer, patients now face the threat of a virus to which they are all the more vulnerable. SCOW has been a big supporter of the **Leukemia & Lymphoma Society's** (LLS) fundraising for research and in support of patients with blood cancer through the LCR. Last year, the three-race regatta - including the poker run for power boats, junior regatta for youth sailing classes at the marina, and the regatta for sailboats -- raised over \$155,000. In 2019, boats skippered by SCOW members raised more than half of that money. Our own **Team Tartan** is always the top fundraiser here in the National Capital Area regatta and also among the top fundraisers nationwide. Even without the regatta this year, some who would normally be on the teams are fundraising for this worthy cause.

Please consider contributing to LLS this year if you are in a position to do so. It's not for any specific team, it's for the patients. Many of you have been donors in the past. Whether you bought a \$20 raffle ticket or wrote a nice check, our club's strength always comes from many of us participating in some way. If you are able to give something this year, it will help keep the tradition of SCOW donations alive. The easiest way is to donate online. Or you can write a check to the **Leukemia & Lymphoma Society**. Please put "National Capital Area 2020 Regatta" in the memo line and mail it to:

The Leukemia & Lymphoma Society
3601 Eisenhower Avenue, Suite 450
Alexandria, VA 22304

Cancer hasn't taken a break and if you are in a position to support LLS, we hope you won't either!



TEAM TARTAN AGAIN CAPTURED THE FIRST PLACE FUNDRAISING AWARD IN 2019. L TO R: GARY MCGRAW, MOE MCGRAW FAITH RODELL, AMY BARLEY, CHRIS MCGRAW.



LAST YEAR PIED PIRATES CAME IN THIRD FOR FUNDRAISING. L TO R: MOLLY REDICAN (LLS), NANCY BROWN, KELLY KENT (LLS), JIM TALLEY, DICK VIDA.

WHO'S WHO IN SCOW

2020 OFFICERS

Richard Kaiser, Commodore | commodore@scow.org

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2020 BOARD MEMBERS

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scotmaint@scow.org

Wayne Williams, Maintenance Director (Cruisers) |
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Dave Beckett, Racing Director | racing@scow.org

Antonia Cole, Membership Director | membership@scow.org

Chip Lubsen, Skipper Director | skipper@scow.org

2020 BOARD APPOINTEES

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Vacant | Chair, Investments Committee | investment@scow.org

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