



ILYA Scowlines

Publication of
Inland Lake Yachting Association

Volume 11, Issue 59

August 9, 2016

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ILYA Announces New Foundation Account

Harry Melges IV and Finn Rowe Form Melges- Rowe Sailing



Two very young men are watching the Rio Olympics with an eye to 2020. Finn Rowe, left, and Harry Melges IV have been invited to join the Olympic Developmental Program by coach Leandro Spina. The ODP is a long-term



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[Spring 2016](#)



initiative to help young sailors build complete skill sets in order to achieve success in high-performance sailing and at the Olympic level. The ODP provides significantly improved (and US Sailing funded) training to youth athletes looking to increase their skills at the highest level. High level training camps, called ODP Training Camps, are being held in a wide variety of locations around the country. Most camps are held in the Laser Radial and 29er classes, as well as other ISAF Youth Worlds classes. World-class coaching is provided at ODP Camps. These camps are invitation-only. Participation in one camp does not guarantee any future participation. Invitation to camps comes from demonstrated ability, desire, attitude, and commitment at a series of regattas listed on the ODP Master Schedule, along with other factors such as age and size. The primary purpose of the ODP Youth Travel Team is to provide high-level coaching, free of charge, to a manageable number of sailors/teams at major events. Travel teams will generally be selected 8-12 weeks prior to the event(s), and involve regattas that sailors at this level should be planning to attend anyway, such as class world championships.

Melges and Rowe approached the ILYA Foundation to establish an account for the next quaddrenium. Here are their words as they applied for acceptance:

The first time we got excited about pursuing the 29er was right after we won the E Blue Chip in 2014. That regatta was an amazing experience for us and the wind conditions were nuclear. Everyone knows how fast an E boat sails in heavy wind and after that weekend we were more stoked than ever to pursue sailing at the highest level we could reach. The 29er is a super fast boat and we wanted to get into a class that we could sail year round and that has a path that eventually leads to the Olympics.

The following spring, as soon as the lake thawed we began training in the 29er. We trained on our own Spring through the Fall and then went to our first regatta which was the International Orange Bowl Regatta that December in Miami. Since we had never sailed against another boat, we were not sure what to expect.

After four days of sailing we ended up in 5th. At that time, we didn't know about the ODP or that there were coaches from this project paying attention to these results. About a month later, we got an email from Leandro Spina the Olympic Development Director stating that he was impressed that we were able to achieve a 5th place for our very first event and invited us to be a part of the ODP.



[Donate to ILYA or Support your Olympic Contenders](#)



Join the ILYA

[Register for Dues](#)

August

10-13 WMYA - Spring Lake, MI
12-13 X Blue Chip - Cedar, WI
17-21 ILYA Champs - Geneva

September

10-11 Maxinkuckee Fall
Big Waters C- South Shore
George Dorn MC - Beulah
10-11 USODA Midwest Champs
- Pewaukee
17-18 C Blue Chip - Okauchee
North Lake MC Fall
Lake Fenton C Scow Event
22-25 E Blue Chip - Pewaukee
24-25 Lotawana C
Beulah C Challenge

October

1-2 Polar Bear - Davenport, IA
8-9 C Worlds - Delavan

2017

TBD WI MC Champs -
Nagawicka

July

20-23 MC Masters Nationals -



Harry and I have been fortunate to be around many people who have reached top levels in the sport of sailing. We think that we have an idea of what it takes to get to the top. In order to be competitive and start winning events we need lots of time on the water, as well as in the gym. One of the most important things that we can do well is to have the right state of mind, and keep learning. We will continue sailing until the west end of Lake Geneva freezes. Our next regatta is in November at the Miami Yacht Club.

The regattas we are going to be doing until the 2017 worlds are listed below:

*Miami Skiff regatta
International Orange Bowl
Midwinters West
Youth Champs
Gorge Skiff Regatta
Nationals
North Americans*

There are also several ODP camps along the way that we will be attending

We have a preliminary budget of \$65,000. So far, our parents have been funding us and we have also been doing odd jobs together to contribute, such as painting

Cedar, WI

piers. We think that if we want to move to the next level we need to start fundraising. Finn and I both have the Olympics in our sights, and we both believe that we can get to that level. Please consider helping us reach our goals. Please consider supporting us for our present and future efforts. Thank you!

We thank the ILYA for doing such a great job to support youth sailors. We are very thankful for the endless support we have received from all the enthusiastic ILYA sailing families we know, the LGYC community, and the GLSS/BMSC staff. We are eager to continuing working hard, learning from every sailor we encounter, and improving our sailing skills daily. We are very excited about the future.

To donate to the Melges-Rowe Sailing account, send a check to ILYA Foundation earmarked for Melges-Rowe.

ILYA Foundation
PO Box 662
East Troy, WI 53120

Or check out our website in the next couple days when we add the account to our credit card collection process.

2-1! Deadline for Social Tickets - August 10th

[Click here](#) for Last Two Days to Get Meals

Lunches - three options.

1 - **This option expires Wednesday** Upscale lunches again provided by Toothpicks. These were generous quantity and of great quality last year. **This is your fastest option on site.**

Lunches arrive at 8:30 but are also available at lunch time.

2- Eat at the delicious upstairs restaurant. The selections are meant to be speedy to allow sailors to dine inside comfortably.

3 - The Craig Parker Cantina is the place to wait in line and harass boats going past. It is \$5 for a sandwich, chips and a drink. The youth packages include this as an option. Meet your favorite sailors as volunteers. The Commodore manned the Cantina for a couple days last year. Never know who you might meet there. This is your cheapest option.



Dinners - available until we reach limit.

Wednesday - Dinner at the club while you watch the A's first races of the series. This is not included in the social package.

Thursday - Bilge Pullers for those members. It is a free night for others. Try Gage Marine, one of our sponsors or travel to Lake Geneva, Fontana or Delavan. Gordy's in Fontana is a sponsor - support them, please.

Friday- **Wrist bands will be distributed each night to one person from your boat. No worry about leaving in car or hotel or boat.** Dinner at the club. This is our Sail it Forward evening where we honor your club's volunteer of the year. Please join us in applauding the efforts of the volunteers. We would not enjoy sailing without their efforts. Videos of the volunteers will run throughout the event.

Saturday - Trophy presentation for some of our fleets - A's and MC's will definitely be awarded that night. The C's may have completed the requisite

number of races, weather permitting. This is a bit more upscale so enjoy the evening.

All tickets with the exception of Bilge Pullers and Wednesday night are available online. If you want to write a check, send today to

ILYA - attention Candace Porter
PO Box 662
East Troy, WI 53120

Notes from Rio - Julie's Jottings

Those of you who do not know Julie Haeger are missing a real treat. She is honest, fair but oh so funny! She is the organizer in the family and keeps a great balance of real and "is this reality?" Hope you enjoy excerpts from her daily notes.

Day One notes

. . . we were off to visit a fort in Niteroi to see if the racing circles could be viewed from it.

The ride to the fort is about an hour and thirty minutes. Nothing in Rio moves fast - traffic is thick and the drivers are not too motivated even if the traffic is moving at a moderate pace. Once we arrive at the fort, using our best Portuguese (nonexistent other than 'thank you') to talk our way into the military area. Huh, how'd that work Kent? Our pal pointed his machine gun toward a glass building which your travel geniuses decided was a ticket booth and voilà, 30 Reais later we were in. Luckily for us a young man visiting from Boston who was fluent in Portuguese and English ended up as Kent's personal translator. The military guy giving the tour ended up being humored by the bribes by Kent asking to be able to watch the sailing from the fort. Ultimately it was 'no.'

Annie had messaged me earlier in the day inviting us to the Olympic Village for a tour. We jumped on the chance to catch up with her. After driving 45 from the fort to where the driver thought the village was, we eventually hopped out of the van and took the 931A bus. The 931A is a rustic piece of transportation. You hop on, pay the fee, then go out again and reenter through the back door. Let me tell you, those old buses can fly. Not really sure where we were going, and, the good Americans that we are, we got scared and asked to be let off, much to the amusement of our driver (we think...) about 200 yards before the actual stop. Enough said.

Annie was a great hostess. We entered into the processing center where our passports were taken and our passes were put around our neck. Boy, were we proud. The Americans have a whole 'condo' building to themselves. Other 'condos' house three, four, even five countries in one. On the elevator ride up to Annie's room, I struck up a conversation with a nice young man. He happens to be the anchor on the 4 X 100 track event. Such a nice young man, I think he said his name was Marvin. Annie's suite - which really isn't quite finished as there is sticky paper still on the floors, the toilets aren't flushing quite right (smells a bit) and there are not blinds - is shared by five other women sailors. Annie has a private bedroom, which is nice. Not remarkable in any other way, it would remind you of a dorm suite. We then walked the perimeter of the village,

gawking at the size of the gymnasts (Chinese), the height of the Dutch rowing team and the Chinese women's volleyball team and the various size and shapes that surrounded us. Annie showed us the workout facility which is mind blowing in the sheer number of pieces of equipment it has, yet says it's tough to get a cardio machine because of the demand. She's quite taken with the boxers and their escapades. We saw a few of them sparing out in the middle of the common open space. Quite a bunch of brutes. She saw Michael Phelps and Serena and Venus, along with some basketball players earlier in the day. We visited the game room, the Olympic shop, and the track. Annie is in great spirits and seriously ready to compete. We left her at 6:30 and got back to the condo about 8:00.

The Opening Ceremonies are tomorrow from 20:00 - 24:00. The outfits aren't that bad (Annie showed us hers. Cute white jeans!) How am I supposed to stay up that late? I'm tired and off to bed. There are mixed emotions swimming in my head. What I DO know is that she's going to compete, is ready to compete. I'm nervous as all get out for her. Keep her in your prayers. ---- Julie

Day Two

Shopping is always a good idea. Just ask Kent.

Day two I wake up way too late - 8:15. Our gal, Diusa, has a very nice breakfast waiting (and waiting, in my case) but I choose coffee and to stay in my pj's to properly unpack. It takes too long according to Kent. At 10:00 we head out to find a wine store. Yup, we have priorities. Walking down the main drag of Copacabana beach is a trip. The throngs of people are annoying at times (Annie says we don't know how to stroll) but captivating. You talk body parts hanging out, well, we saw it in spades today. I'm thinking the thong bikini is in my future - ouch, bad visual there, sorry. Funny enough, the wine store, which was in a basement of a mall, wasn't open. Alrightly then, on to Plan B, shopping at an official games store. We walked along the beach sidewalk for about 45 minutes. There were people handing out swag, blow up torches, visors, Brazilian flags, some weird faced thing (we got the latter two) and we thought, hey, this is pretty cool. Arriving at the shop, wait for ten minutes to get into the shop and while in line I strike up a conversation with the young lady behind us. She has studied at UofI Champaign so her English is awesome. She tells us the Olympic torch is coming by sometime today. Aha! That's why there are the throngs of people. After spending as little time as possible in the shop, we head back to the apartment. Lo and behold and bless the heavens above, on the way back as we're deciding on whether to cross the street or not, darned if the torch doesn't come on by. There was no way it would have happened that way in the good ole US of A. Security was where? We were going to cross the street!

Our hopes were dashed again. We were then to meet up with the US Sailing support team. Bless their hearts, don't think they trusted us to find our way to the stadium. Not one to question my husband's intentions, I asked if he had the tickets. Hmmm... Panic struck his face. Nope, he forgot them back at the apartment. Quickly my math skills kicked in (please hold your comments!) and there was no way we could make it from Point A to Point B to Point C in an hour and 15 minutes. I'll refrain from letting you know my thoughts at that particular moment. Seriously, I had the most magnificent guardian angel - it was dicey getting to the hotel but on the way to the US hotel we somehow were in a police motorcade that got us there with a minute to spare. The group of 18 walked to

the subway, hopped on the train and away we went in a sardine packed car. Being armpit height to a Kazakhstan man holding onto the overhead bar was no bonus. Ruined the appetite. Everyone spilled out at the same stop and were driven like a herd of cattle going to slaughter to the stadium. I'm just going to reiterate that nothing is easy here. Disappointingly the longest wait was in the beer line. Seriously 35 minutes but soooo worth it. Cool cups, too. Our seats are pretty high up but we are here, excited for the festivities to begin. There's 30 minutes to go. Some famous (and 'quite versatile') actress is warming up the crowd. Poorly I might add but perhaps that's because my Portuguese is non-existent.

There were countries I didn't know existed - Barbos and Benin and many more. The crowd was enthusiastic for all! Our hearts leapt when they announced USA. It's funny, we were sitting around the other 29er parents and all the dads whipped out their binoculars. Spotted! She and Bri were waving flags, shakin' it and their smiles were ear to ear. She and some random US guy went walking the track only to be escorted back to the USA base. Naughty girl. Sweden gets worst dressed by a long shot, the Italians well, enough said. ---Julie

Day three



Swimming center

The apartment we're staying in is directly across from Copacabana Beach. The hustle and bustle is continuous and I'm sure at some point I'll get used to it.

Last night's update was sent early this morning after we arrived back from the Opening Ceremonies and my treat to myself was to sleep in until at least 8:00.

Blasted helicopters were circling in spades at about 7:30 and woke me up after four hours of sleep. Seriously unhappy. Kent was a darling and went to Starbucks to grab coffees (our gal, Deusa has weekends off) and when he got back we discovered that the ruckus was Joe Biden driving by the apartment. Glad he got his visit over with before we got into the van to go to watch swimming.

Have I mentioned the traffic issue in Rio? Sweet mother of pearl, it tries one's

patience. We left for the venue in plenty of (American) time to settle in and watch our hometown heroes in the first day of qualifiers. Wrong again. Roads were closed and our motely crew ended up walking two miles in 90 degree temps to get to the venue. Wawawa... The Olympic Aquatic Center is huge. It's made up of six or seven buildings housing basketball, tennis (two stadiums), water polo, swimming, diving, some type of cycling, and Lord knows what else. Photo attached. Our tickets, purchased through US Sailing, tend to be with our US parents of athletes. Today I sat with Allison Schmitt's family. A lovely (and beastly tall) group from Michigan. The oldest son is the swim coach at ASU and was giving me the skinny, ok, I was bugging him for answers, on how the swimmers qualify, doping, who's suspect (the Chinese WR holder in the IM), etc. He moved about halfway through the event. His sister did quite well.

The whole Portuguese language immersion thing isn't going as well as planned. One thing is consistent, though. If people don't know what you're saying, they answer loudly and with tons of gestures. Proudly I can say no one has given me the 'read between the lines' salute - yet. I think the driver, Carlos was dangerously close, though. I won't bore you with the details but it involved running into McDonalds and a parking ticket.

After swimming it was back in the van and on to women's soccer at the Olympic Stadium, an easy and extremely scenic ride. Carlos drives us to a sketchy corner and drops us off at a gas station (this is where the McDonalds was). He gestures to go down a side street - it's now 5:30 and dark - no street lights). Um, really? We can see the stadium at the end of the residential street (about a five minute walk) and decide it's worth a go. Clutching my shoulder bag to my chest the brave Americans maraude down the street, passing elderly women and men sitting in lawn chairs, ready to do battle at any minute. Oh, and there were a ton of armed police, too. After entering into a very cool stadium, our treat is to watch the South African and Chinese women do battle. Titilating match. There was an incredible Brazilian presence that was continuously entering the stadium and we thought to ourselves, what a great bunch of soccer fans, coming out to support other teams. Wrong again. There were TWO games - the next one was Brasil against Sweden which started at 22:00. I tapped out, was spent, had had enough. We left at 21:09 without too much protest.

One last thing to mention before I turn in. The food at the stadiums is beyond bad. Hamburgers, which I'm convinced is horse meat, hot dogs the size of your index finger served on a humongous bun, stale popcorn and ice cream are in EVERY stadium. Now, I'm not a picky eater but seriously, folks, can there be an attempt at something in vegetable category? French fries would qualify at this point (hence the McDonald's trip).

No word from Annie today. She had a blast last night, sent me some adorable photos and is resting up for the racing which starts on the 10th. One very cool thing happened yesterday that I neglected to mention. Annie's coach, Dave Ullman, qualified for the Olympic games in 1980 but they were boycotted by the Americans so he never had the opportunity to walk in the Opening Ceremonies. Well, last night the US gave him a special pass and he walked in with all the athletes. Annie says it was an incredibly touching moment for him and all of US Sailing. A good way to end. --Julie

Day Four

Sometimes a plan is set so firmly in your mind that when it doesn't work exactly as thought, frustration sets in. The DiBiase clan plus Kent was to be up and out by 7:30 to watch handball. Yes, you saw that correctly, handball. Failing at the Starbucks run, Dede (my younger sister) made expresso for all five of us which took longer than planned. We left the apartment about 8:00 for the 45 minute ride to the Olympic Aquatic Center. Having only had two sips of a coffee that I shared with Kent, visions about a dark roast venti coffee with cream danced in my head and it occurred to me that the van drops us off for our 45 minute walk to the venue a block away from a Hyatt. Do I chance suggesting we stop for coffee and possible breakfast there and incur a possible tongue lashing? Yes. Long story short, we get to the drop off point 15 minutes earlier than anticipated and I get my coffee for free after my BFF, Angelina, the concierge, finds out Annie is competing. I swear I said nothing - she asked about a shirt I was wearing with their logo on it. Happy wife, happy life :-)

If you're like me, you think handball is a one on one sport played inside an enclosed space with wooden floors and a line on the wall. Kind of like a racquetball court, right? I had a hard time wrapping my head around how to spectate but, hey, I'm not one to question. The queue to get into the event was nearly null, but it WAS 9:30 in the morning on a Sunday. Well for those of you Americans who were as ignorant as I, handball is a team sport, played with six men on a court similar to a basketball court, a goalie and rules that we sorted out were between basketball and hockey. Google it. Quite a fastpaced game and rather fun to watch. The first match was Croatia vs. Qatar. Qatar ran away with it. Wish there was a slaughter rule - the poor Croatians were humiliated. The next match was Sweden vs. Germany. Apparently this sport is quite popular in both countries - the crowd was nervous, flags were waving and the chanting and cheering deafening at times. It was a physical and well played game with Germany winning by two goals in the end.

Okay, so now it's lunch time and Captain Kent is on the march to get to the van to go onto yet another soccer match, Portugal vs. Honduras. Ya, you're probably as excited as I was. I had not eaten anything and was now quite hungry. From what from my wondering eyes should appear - a grocery store! No more stadium food for me! Convinced Kent popping in and everyone picking up two to three items for 'lunch' was a good idea on we went! Kent came out with nuts, raisins and a Gatorade. I came out with two apples, an orange, a water and a package of cookies. The cookies and water are gone.

Portugal beat Honduras 2-1. On my honor, I wasn't going to ask Kent to leave after the first game. It really was his idea this time. He's quite a smart man.

It was dusk when we started heading back to the apartment. On the side of the highway (speed limit of about 40) the hills on both sides were dotted with favelas. Three flat brick and stucco buildings with windows missing, and graffiti everywhere. The van went slow enough that you could glimpse down the sides of the buildings, sandy streets in between, and spy people lined in the streets, the glow of an errant lightbulb illuminating their shadows. At one point there was an attempt to erect a wall between the buildings and the road. It is partially complete. The plan for the Olympic revenue and building material is to help the people in the favelas. We can hope.

Dinner tonight is going to be civilized - at a proper restaurant and perhaps a

vegetable will be served. Volleyball is still being played on the beach, there are happy sounds all around. We are blessed. Is it bad to want to shove the whistle down the throat of the person who is blowing it incessantly on the beach?
 ---Julie

How to watch Olympic sailing

Annie Haeger begins Aug 10th

Follow here:

<http://www.ussailing.org/olympics/rio2016guide/>



ILYA Champs - Interview with the Champs #1 - 2



Eric Hood

What is the most distinctive thing about your team?

I think we will have the newest MC on the course. Excited to sail a brand new boat.

If you were a professional athletic team, who would you be and why?

Either the 88 car of Dale Earnhardt Jr or Hendricks Racing. No fear and the need for speed are always drivers for racing /winning.

Superstitions related to sailing a race?

No real superstitions . I get a little unsettled if I don't do a full beat and full run before first race of each day. Everyone in MC Class knows I am always on that one. Irv Burdick thinks I am superstitious because I place an extra tell-tale on

my starboard transom . Have done that since day one. Maybe that is superstitious 🍀🍀

Team movie or song

Groundhog Day

Your one sailing tip.

Give away everything you know to help others in the sport improve and have fun!

If you could have anyone in the world as your heavy air crew, who would it be and why?

Not sure but Buddy probably had one of the best big guys ever in Bill Allen.
Clone a young Bill Allen and that would probably be the best heavy crew one could have.

Why do you attend the Inland Championships? What is one of your most memorable Inland Championship races?

Probably last year, last two hundred yards , one shift that had not been there all day. 6 boat loss and championship in last 90 seconds. That is what's so exciting about ILYA Championship Racing and that is everyone brings their A Game. Also, last year at the all new Buddy Melges Sailing Center was special for all of us !!!



Commodore Steve Schmidt

What is the most distinctive thing about your team? Other than Marty Barr we are usually one of the last ones off the pier.

If you were a professional athletic team, who would you be and why?

I would like to say Bayern Munenchen FC (German precision and commitment) but we are probably more like the Jamaican bobsled team.

Superstitions related to sailing a race? Never answer questions like this...

Team movie or song ?Top Gun hands down. The most often quoted lines at any regatta.

Your one sailing tip Have fun

If you could have anyone in the world as your heavy air crew, who would it be and why? Right now I'd say my son John, why ruin a good thing
Why do you attend the Inland Championships? Or What is one of your most memorable Inland Championship races? Easy, the last race of the 2006 Champs on Geneva. We were one point behind Sam Rogers (working for Melges at the time) and we chased him around the course and ended up in a tacking duel the last time up. I put him in to so many boats coming down wind I thought we'd scoot away. Instead he did things with his boat that aren't physically possible. It was amazing, (I had a great view). The good news was we got on top of him, the bad news was we got a big shift and we both had to bear off and reach into finish with me on his transom. He won the regatta, we won the Corinthian Trophy. Great moment.

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Thanks to Gill

Gill has signed on as a major sponsor of the 2016-17 ILYA Championships at Geneva. The quality is known; the style exceptional. Order now or purchase onsite. They will be outside for all to leisurely shop. Line Honors is our local representative. Stop to say hi to Bob Hillier.

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