



# *The Layline*

The Official Newsletter of the Stanford Sailing Program • #36

## Stanford's Growing Depth Leads To A Strong Fall Season!

### Joining The Stanford Sailing Team

By Anna McConnell

The transition to college comes with a clear and explicit obligation of responsibility. Although we all come from entirely diverse backgrounds, we leave home, high school, boarding school, or even, in my case, foreign countries, and attempt to somehow instantaneously "settle" into this overwhelming and unknown environment. While the undertaking is impossible, we have done our best and accepted the task with full awareness that everyone older than us had somehow survived (and maybe even accomplished) the feat. With the completion of first quarter and the privilege of retrospect, everything that happened this fall from the pre-season rafting trip, to our first college regatta, to the relief of thanksgiving break, well...it all seems to make sense. Throughout the chaos of the transition, we survived at the most basic level and are still breathing, studying, and sailing. We may only have one pair of clean socks left, but who cares about socks anyways?

Nonetheless, I would like to propose that in addition to surviving the simultaneous turmoil and extreme fun of our first freshman quarter, my teammates and I have developed a sense of responsibility far beyond what is required of a typical freshman student at Stanford. First of all, joining the Stanford sailing team has instilled a unique and essential notion of individuality. While learning how Stanford works, what classes to take, and everything from Big Game traditions to the most important concerns like what time Stern Late Night Dining closes, we have had to account for the intense time commitment of our sport. Not only have we scheduled morning classes, but we have made tutoring appointments for classes we missed, slept well on Monday and



Wednesday nights in order to wake up for workouts on Tuesday and Thursday mornings (with mostly flying colors), and we have made very serious and personal decisions about how much sailing means to us and our personal goals each and every day in practice.

Ultimately however, this notion of personal responsibility has developed and evolved into a larger and more demanding understanding of dedication to the team. While we have undergone personal development, this fall has revealed the immense importance of the duty we share to support each other and to work together in order to improve as a unified whole. While individually we work hard in our classes, make new friends, and workout to stay in physical shape, we know that there

is support from our teammates when we need it, and a reciprocal understanding that we will be there for them in return. In addition, there is an even more profound comprehension that as we commit ourselves to this sport, we do so with the awareness that everyday we are on the water we are there to directly improve each other. Joining the team has, for me, provoked a personal realization that I am part of something much bigger than myself and that the reason we work so hard in practice, and why we will continue to push each other this spring, is because of our obligation to each other.

Look for this and all future newsletters in electronic form on our website;

[www.gostanford.com](http://www.gostanford.com)

We will also email a full link. Please email Asst. Coach Ustach, [fustach@stanford.edu](mailto:fustach@stanford.edu), with your email address if you are not already in our database.

# From the Coach Boat

Dear Stanford Sailing Alum's, Parents, Fans and Friends,

Young, talented, freshman, expectations, these are all words used to describe our team this fall by Sail Groove and other college sailing media. I listen to the "Chalk Talk" on Sailgroove every Thursday and chuckle a little at the predictions and the recaps but mostly I chuckle at the fact that there is a mini "Sports Center" talking about College Sailing, wow we have come so far. I believe that Chris Love and Erik Storck, past Stanford Coach, do a great job every week but those would not be the words I would use to describe our team. I would use work, team, respect and passion. This fall we are all new and younger then ever, our Savoy veterans have new life and excitement and our young freshman rookies have wide eyes and swagger all at the same time. Together though we are a strong team that believes that no one is more important then the person next to you, we are a team that believes in opportunities and we are a team that believes in each other.

This fall season we saw lots of success, winning two of the three Conference championships, getting 3 sailors out of the 4 spots at Single-handed nationals, getting second at the Capt. Hurst regatta at Dartmouth and placing well in many divisions on the East Coast. The team worked hard in the gym two days a week at 7:30 am and worked hard at practice every week, but I think we all realize that there is so much more to come for this young group. We are all looking forward to a little time off to regroup and come back to campus to push forward in a long season. College Sailing coaches all know that the spring season is a marathon and not a sprint so we do our best to prepare our athletes for the long haul ahead.

It is so exciting to look ahead and realize we will be deeper then ever in every aspect of our sport. We will have two team race teams active this spring on both coasts, we will have five women's boats battling for starting roles



and we will have 12 boats on the starting line on race days. These are exciting times! This spring we will travel to the Mid Atlantic again for our spring break trip where we will practice with some of college sailing's best, St. Mary's and Georgetown. Sailing with these two top level teams will be so helpful and will really help us prepare for a run towards nationals in Oregon.

I am so thankful to all our supporters who help this team accomplish so much. Our Stanford Sailing family is much larger then the roster and every member of that family helps us whether it's housing, meals, money or just good old fashion cheering it makes the team better, so thank you all for your help.

Happy Holidays!

Your Coach,

John Vandemoer

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## Layline

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THANK YOU TO OUR TEAM SPONSORS  
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THANK YOU TO ALL WHO HAVE GIVEN TO BUCK/CARDINAL  
AND LISTED SAILING AS YOUR PREFERRED SPORT;  
WE TRULY APPRECIATE YOUR GENEROSITY NOW MORE THAN EVER

THANK YOU FOR HOSTING US, FEEDING US, AND BEING  
THERE FOR US.

The Ortell's - Housing at Women's Navy Fall

The Burrough's - Dinner at the Urn

The Lund's - Dinner at the Urn

The Mace's - Housing and world-famous pancakes at Singlehanded PCCs

Vargas' - Housing at Singlehanded Nationals

The Grimes' - Housing at Sloop PCCs

*(Spencer Allen Photo)*

## ANOTHER BIG SAIL VICTORY, 7 YEARS RUNNING!

### BIG SAIL

By Ben Pedrick '11

We decided to make Big Sail exciting this year. Our annual match race in J-105's against Cal was held on an ideal San Francisco fall day. We had sunny skies, warm temperatures, and a moderate westerly, which added up to perfect match racing conditions. Rolf Kaiser lent us his boat, Donkey Jack, for the event. The team had gone up to practice on a couple of afternoons, so we had the basics of boat handling under control. However, we had heard that the Cal team had been practicing a bit more than we had, so we expected their maneuvers to be a little bit better. We expected our advantage to be in tactics, since our skipper, Nick, had done more match racing.

From the first race, we were proven true on both accounts. We were solidly in control from the start. On the downwind Cal gained by gybing in shore of us, but we were able to luff them into a penalty. Unfortunately, our spinnaker got wrapped in jib during the douse, and Cal passed us while we were trying to get our sails figured out. By the second downwind they were well ahead, and the only thing keeping us in the race was the penalty turn they needed to complete. As they spun their circle, we were just

able to pass them and squeeze out a win right at the finish.

Going into the second race, we wanted to fix the problems that nearly lost us the first. Starting from the unfavored port end, our start was not as good, and we were about even with Cal for most of the beat. They led us around the first mark, but we were able to keep it close on the downwind and most of the next beat. Cal had separated away by a few boat-lengths going into the second downwind, but we sealed our own fate as we wrapped the spinnaker around the forestay in our first gybe. They were too far ahead to catch up after we finally got ourselves sorted out.

To Nick, McKenzie, and I, this was very familiar to the PCC match racing qualifiers we had sailed a few weeks prior, where our boat handling weaknesses lost us races we were controlling. Unlike match racing qualifiers, everything clicked going into our last, must win race at Big Sail. We lead from the start, and our boat handling was the best it had been all day. We won the last race comfortably, and with it the best-two-out-of-three series. It was a great feeling to arrive back at the dock victorious and see all of the current and past sailors who were there to greet us. We were glad to be a winning team for Stanford that day.



2010 Big Sail Team (L-R): Mateo Vargas, Kevin Laube, Hannah Burroughs, McKenzie Wilson, Ben Pedrick, and skipper Nick Dugdale.



This penalty drawn by Cal proved to be a game changer, as Stanford went on to win the race right at the finish line, despite being behind.

### 3 Fall PCCSC Championships: Men's Singles, Women's Singles, and Women's Dinghies!

#### Women's Singlehanded PCCs

By Sally Mace '14

My very first weekend of college and what do I find myself doing? Sitting on a plane headed home for my first college regatta! A tradition for Stanford sailors is to stay with friends and family whenever possible, and in that the PCCSC Single-handed National Qualifier was being held at the US Sailing Center in Long Beach, John Vandemoer had arranged to have our team spend the weekend at my parent's house. So Thursday evening when Frank Ustach picked up four of our Laser sailors, Hannah Burroughs, Eliza Richartz, Molly McKinney, and me at the airport and dropped us off at my house I wasn't quite sure if I had really gone off to college.

We woke up early Saturday morning to the smell of my dad's world-famous pancakes cooking on the griddle. After fueling for the day, we were anxious to get to the US Sailing Center in Long Beach, get our boats rigged, and head out to the racecourse, which was right off of the Belmont Pier. Despite our eagerness, the wind did not fully cooperate, and we spent a considerable amount of time waiting for a steady sea breeze to fill in. When it did fill, the breeze was rather light. Nonetheless, we were able to get ten races off in one day. A few times throughout the day, it seemed as though racing was going to be called for the day, but each time it managed to pulse back for a couple more races. The theme of the day was to get off the line in clear air and stay in the pressure! Consistency was key. Especially in a competitive fleet of fourteen, one bad race could hurt your scores.

Stanford ended up the regatta in a near sweep, taking four of the top five spots. Hannah Burroughs, our senior captain, finished fifth, close behind University of Hawaii's Hannah Tuson-Turner. Eliza Richartz ended up in third, barely missing qualification. I won the event, edging out Molly McKinney, my fellow freshman, in a tiebreaker. Anni Rossi, a sailor from CSUCI, sailed a great regatta, but was unfortunately disqualified because she was not an eligible sailor at the time of the event. After rescoring the event excluding her, Stanford received both



The Freshmen boys at Singlehanded PCCs at USC (L-R): Oliver Toole, Kevin Laube, Mateo Vargas.

PCCSC berths for the College Single-handed Nationals! Thanks to Frank for coaching us through some tough conditions and to my parents for housing the team and getting boats to and from the event.

#### Men's Singlehanded PCCs

By Oliver Toole '14

As I boarded the plane for the short flight to Long Beach, I wondered what to expect from my first college regatta. It was only two weeks into school and I was on my way to compete in the PCCSC single-handed qualifier in the one-person Laser, along with my teammates Kevin Laube and Mateo Vargas. Our coach, Frank Ustach picked us up at the airport and we drove the short distance to the grocery store to stock up water, Gatorade, and power bars. I grew up sailing in Southern California, and have raced out of Long Beach countless times. The conditions are usually great for sailing, but judging by the forecast, it was going to be a light regatta.

We were woken up on Saturday morning with the smell of pancakes coming from the kitchen of our host family. As it turns out, Mr. and Ms. Mace (parents of team member Sally Mace) make the world's best breakfast. We left their house with full stomachs and made it to the sailing center around 8:00am. With the temperatures in the 90's, it was hard to believe that it wasn't closer to 12 noon. The wind was light and shifty all weekend but the race committee did a great job and got 14 races off. A lot of shifts went my way and I ended up winning the event and qualified for Single-Handed nationals. Mateo Vargas and Kevin Laube finished 3rd and 4th respectively.

I was thrilled to be back in Southern California. We made sure to stop at our favorite burrito restaurant after racing on Saturday. Also, my parents were able to make the short drive down from my home in Santa Barbara to watch the racing on Sunday and brought us enough brownies to last the six hour drive back to school. We played just about every car game and fully exhausted our iPods's by the time we arrived back at Stanford. It was an awesome way to start the year and I look forward to going back to Long Beach for future regattas.



2010 Women's Singlehanded PCC Reps (L-R): Eliza Richartz, Hannah Burroughs, Sally Mace, and Molly McKinney.

# FALL 2010 REGATTA REPORTS



## Bryson Women's

By Eliza Richartz '13

As most Stanford events start out, the team of Sally Mace and Yuri Namikawa and myself and Alysha da Souza sat upstairs in the boathouse stretching, listening to the Rowing Teams' sometimes sick jams and pigging out on delicious food while we waited for the wind to fill in. Around 12:30 a nice breeze set in. Both divisions sailed out, as there were only 7 boats per a division. The racing proved very much the same every race. The start meant a lot as well as the ability to tack or lead the fleet to the left corner of the course.

Conditions steadied out at about 10-12 knots. I think both Alysha and I were feeling the pain of hiking. Being able to keep the boat flat brought success but it certainly was a challenge. Downwind, it became apparent how important it was to sail the correct jibe to the gate marks or finish line. At first, in A division, I found UCLA and Hawaii to be the more formidable opponents. As the breeze picked up, UCLA fell back into the mix and ceased to be a problem. I think once they flipped on top of another boat on the starting line, it was over for them... USC's

Kelsey Rupp made it up there on occasion but wasn't giving me as much grief as Hawaii. Hannah Tuson-Turner, Hawaii's skipper gained my respect as she pushed me to fight for my first places. I am happy to have one sailor in the PCCSC who can push me in the west coast events (this is the second time I have finished behind Tuson-Turner and yes I am starting to get annoyed). The B division was commanded by my teammates Sally and Yuri who scored a slew of bullets. If not for their inspiring victories, who knows if we would have won the regatta? There were some definite horizon jobs done on that course.

As the sun went down and the rotation was finished, Alysha and I sailed in relieved; it had been a day full of many races and tons of hiking. It definitely proved why having stamina to get you through a day of racing with no breaks is important. It was a gorgeous day as almost always at the boathouse. All was calm and happy. Sometimes it is these little West Coast regattas that make me enjoy Stanford sailing the most.

## Danmark Trophy

By Rebecca King '13

My second year as a member of the Stanford sailing team was kicked off by a trip back to the Danmark Trophy. This regatta at the Coast Guard Academy in Connecticut was my favorite last year, and again lived up to expectations. We arrived in Providence early Friday morning, got our luggage and the six of us piled into the van. Frank asked what we would like to do with the morning; it was between a stop at Crackerbarrel and a drive down to Newport, RI for lunch. We ended up doing the latter, spending the

morning taking a driving tour of the city, passing the beautiful old mansions, New York Yacht Club, and the best surf spots (much to Mateo and Kevin's delights), and a walk around the Newport Shipyard, which ended in a tour of the very cool 100 ft Maxi, Speedboat. Then it was time to make the drive down to the academy and go out for a short practice to get a feel of the boats and the venue.

The sailing center at Coast Guard is one of the best in college sailing, with a fleet of both 420s and Fjs and plenty of indoor space to watch the racing, both the coaches and sailors are happy. The practice day was very breezy with winds in the upper teens/lower twenties, as we lined up with the Coast Guard sailors we felt comfortable and fast. The conditions for the regatta itself were again breeze but a puffer and shiftier kind that made the sailing tricky and mentally tough. The two freshman skippers were very excited to see the highest level of competition college sailing had to offer. Each race they took something away. Mateo even learned that John and Frank weren't lying when they said boots were a must, as he went flying out the back of the boat on a wind to reach transition luckily he was still holding on to the tiller. Pretty soon Mateo was back in the boat and we were flying towards the leeward mark, the incident only costing us a boat and Mateo's warmth.

At the end of 16 races, the cardinal were 10th overall. Kevin Laube, with crews Kelly Ortel and Hayley Tobin, had worked their way back up to 14th in A division. Mateo Vargas and I finished 4th in B division with 11 single digit races, leaving us satisfied with our performance, but wanting more east coast events.



Danmark sailors on the Cliff Walk in Newport, RI.

## Navy Fall Women's

By Sally Mace '14

Navy Fall Women's regatta is historically one of the biggest women's intersectionals of the fall season, and this year was no different. All of the top women sailors from the East coast, including numerous All-Americans, gathered in Annapolis, Maryland for the weekend. This event is a three-division regatta with A and B fleets alternating racing between CFjs and 420s, and the C division is sailed in Laser Radials. My crew, Katie Riklin and I represented Stanford in the A division, Hannah Burroughs and Tally Buckstaff competed in the B division and Molly McKinney raced in the C division.

Friday morning all of us girls and John Vandemoer headed into Annapolis to check out downtown and the Naval Academy. One really neat opportunity that comes about with travelling to the East Coast is that I have gotten to visit all of the sailing meccas: Annapolis, Newport, and several others. I give John a lot of credit for putting up with our giggly selves in the car; I think we were all a little sleep deprived after our red-eye flight...

Before practicing that afternoon, we picked up some lunch at John's favorite spot, the Big Cheese. When we finally rigged up and got on the water, we had a great practice, fine-tuning our boat-handling and running drills with the Boston College girls.

We would all like to give a big thank you to the Ortel family for providing extremely comfortable housing for the weekend! After a good night sleep, we got up early Saturday morning and headed to the classic Navy breakfast spot, Naval Bagels, where we bumped into several other college teams. John may have made fun of us for the excessive amount of hugging, but it was really fun to catch up with old friends who are now all sailing for different colleges. This was my first East Coast college regatta and I had no idea what to expect. Everyone had been telling me how tough the competition would be and to be honest I was extremely nervous. The wind Saturday morning was pretty light and I was anxious to get sailing and see how I stacked up against the competition. The breeze quickly steadied out, and we started our first race.

Katie and I quickly learned two important lessons; First, how to manage the massive amounts of motorboat chop that interfered with our race course, and second, the importance of the current on the Severn River. After the first couple of races, Katie and I felt really confident in our abilities and knew that all of our hard practice was paying off. After getting off the water on Saturday, Katie and I were proud of our finishes from that day and were eager to finish off the regatta strong. The forecast for Sunday did not look promising, but around noon, the breeze filled in and we had a nice day of steady wind. Stanford really went out with a bang; in the last race, I got a second, Hannah got a fourth, and Molly finished with a bullet. Go card!

Ending up in seventh place overall, we definitely earned respect on the water in all fleets. Molly finished third in the Radial fleet, Katie and I ended up fourth in the A division, and Hannah and Tally, who alternated skipper and crew positions, finished in twelfth. I think that we were all pleased with our results, and showed the college sailing community that we are serious contenders.



*Blue Onesies! Freshmen Yuri Namikawa and Helena Scutt on the east coast for the first time.*

## Moody Trophy

By Yuri Namikawa '14

The Moody Regatta at the University of Rhode Island was the first college regatta I had ever sailed on the east

coast. It was a very different experience from anything I had ever had for sailing but I enjoyed it very much. First off, I was not used to leaving on a Thursday night red eye to catch a flight. We were all pretty tired after having been to class in the morning, then practice, then having to pack to get on the flight. However, it was really fun hanging out in the airport with my teammates. By the time we had arrived in Rhode Island, we were all very tired so we went straight to the hotel to do some work, relax in the jacuzzi for a little bit, and go to bed so that we would be ready for the first day of the regatta.

The next morning was really chilly and I knew that we weren't in sunny California anymore. We drove to the venue and started getting our boat together to sail out. I was in A division so we sailed out first. The venue was under a couple islands and Frank and B division sat and watched the racing from one of the islands. The venue was extremely shifty and puffy, something I now realize is like most college sailing venues. John had told us many times about how different college sailing is, about how aggressive everyone is on the starting line, and how everyone's boatspeed and boathandlong is the same so tactics is key in succeeding. This was very true for the Moody Regatta.

In one race on the first day, Oliver Toole, my skipper, and I got a great start off the boar and tacked out to the right while the rest of the fleet kept going left. We saw really good pressure coming down on the right and tacked back onto starboard on a lift. We were the first boat to get that pressure and we ended up rounding the windward mark in first and were able to keep extending that lead until the finish. It was definitely the play of the weekend and we were both really excited to get a bullet in our first east coast intersectional with a lot of good sailors. We also ended up with a few top 3 finishes at the end. Although our team did not do as well as we had hoped, this regatta was a very good learning experience and I was able to take many things from this and apply it to other ones in the future. I also had a great time seeing some of my friends that I knew from junior sailing who I had not seen in forever. It was fun being able to sail against them again and seeing them with their teams. I had a really good time and I think it was an awesome way to start the season.

## Stoney Burke

By Tally Buckstaff '14

I woke up at seven on a Saturday morning to the beeping of my alarm and rolled out of bed. My Stanford Sailing gear was in a neat pile, ready to wear. Next to it was my sailing gear bag and then down the hall outside my dorm were my sailing boots (because they smelled so bad). The night before the Stoney Burke regatta I had laid out everything I needed to try to not wake up my roommate and to maximize my sleep. After about an hour in the sailing excursion with the half asleep team, people started to wake up when we drove over the Bay Bridge. We looked out at the bay sparkling in the sun and up at the city skyline. Treasure Island is definitely one of the most picturesque venues in the bay – well worth the early wake up time for a full day of sailing.

When we pulled into the parking lot the wind was light but coming from the right direction, the west. This meant that we could expect a steady sea breeze all day. We rigged and changed quickly and sailed around the cove before racing. I overheard a sailor on another team say, “Oh look, Stanford’s going out sailing, we should probably start unloading our boats.” After the whole fleet (almost) joined us on the water, we began racing. The wind built from seven knots in the morning to fifteen in the afternoon. The shifts were long and it was important to be in phase. Starting midday we could hear the music from the Treasure Island Music Festival. It was fun to hear upbeat techno music that grew steadily louder as we sailed the upwind beat to the windward mark. Overall, the Saturday was a great day of racing with consistent wind and live music.

Racing the second day didn’t start till later because of a wind delay. Sunday wasn’t nearly as nice weather-wise – it was grey and not quite raining, but definitely misting. When the wind finally built to just enough to sail in we went out on the water. Despite the conditions, it was much better than sitting in the car. The Coed team ended up fourth overall and the Women’s team finished seventh overall out of twenty-seven teams.

A few days later, my dad called to talk about the regatta. He asked me if I knew who Stoney Burke was. I had



Hannah Burroughs and Tally Buckstaff showing good upwind form.

no idea, but I suspected he was probably some famous sailor or longtime coach – the type of figure regattas are usually named after. Rumor has it that when Cal created the regatta they needed a name so they decided to call it Stoney Burke after a homeless street musician on Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley. I wonder if Stoney Burke ever knew that a regatta was named after him, or even if he knew what sailing was.

## Capt. Hurst

By Nick Dugdale '12

The Captain Hurst Bowl at Dartmouth was a classic New England intersectional, with 20 teams and 14 races completed in each division. The Stanford squad consisted of Nick Dugdale '12/ Anna McConnell '14 in A division, Mateo Vargas '14/ Rebecca King '13 in B, and Michelle Yu as alternate. We left sunny California on Friday morning and landed in Boston the midst of a full Nor’ Easter, then drove through howling wind and rain out to New Hampshire that night.

Saturday morning brought slightly less extreme conditions, but proved to be an extremely challenging day on Dartmouth’s Lake Mascoma. The combination of shifty and very puffy breeze put a premium on sailing consistently and minimizing risky decisions, as teams that

sailed all the way to a side could either come out miles ahead or dead last depending on the shift. The majority of A sets were very breezy, with massive puffs rolling through the course and flipping any boats that were unfortunate enough not to see them coming. One of these puffs proved to be our undoing in race 8A, when Anna and I were caught mid conversation by a solid 30 knot puff at the windward mark. As we rounded, Anna

pointed out that a large puff was on the way down the course. I was midway through asking “how bi--” when we found ourselves catapulted into the icy waters of the lake! Thank goodness for drysuits.

Other than this unfortunate mishap, we felt we sailed a very solid event given the challenging conditions and finished 8th in a very competitive A division. Mateo and Rebecca dominated B, winning their division by 23 points and only finishing out of the top ten once all weekend. Their impressive performance put the Cardinal into second place overall, behind a very experienced Harvard squad. Sailing on Sunday continued right up until the time limit, so despite our best efforts we ended up missing our flight back to San Francisco and spent the night in Boston. However, we all agreed that this was a small price to pay for a truly excellent weekend of college sailing and one of the best performances at a major Intersectional by Stanford Sailing in several years!



Nick Dugdale and Alysha de Souza working on accelerations at practice.



## Match Race PCCs

By McKenzie Wilson '14

In a rare fall weekend at Stanford, it rained. But for the match racing team, the weather was warm and sunny in Newport Beach and the hospitality at the Grime's house even warmer. Of course, we had a nice seven hour van ride to get there, but with coach Molly, Nick Dugdale, Ben Pedrick, and Hayley Tobin it was bound to be a fun ride. Having had so much fun on the ride down and at the regatta, it is a little embarrassing to admit that I was intimidated to be the only freshman, but everyone on the team made me feel like I had been on the team with them for years. And that was how the rest of the weekend was--even though we did not see the results we were looking for, we all maintained a positive attitude throughout, which helped make the event a rewarding experience.

When we arrived at Balboa YC on Saturday morning, after running into Ned Jones at the local coffee shop, we were all psyched to get out on the water--we had all read the rather hefty match racing packet that our skipper, Dugdale, had sent us and were feeling confident in our match racing abilities. And by the time we were out on the race course we were even more read to race--we just had to practice our boathandling. Unfortunately, it was our first time in the Gov Cup 21s, the boats traditionally used in the annual Governor's Cup youth match race, and we did not quite nail our maneuvers in time for the first half of racing that day. With a single round robin, it was difficult for us to come back from our first few races to make it into the finals round, even with our improved boathandling and acquired expertise at avoiding the floating kelp death traps!

Even though we didn't make it to the final round, we still got to sail a couple really fun and competitive matches on Sunday against our friends from UC Irvine. And our friends over at Cal Maritime won the event...so we know who we have to beat next year! We're already signing up for match racing clinics and events in preparation for next year, and with an expert coach like Molly on our side we're



*The raging rapids...*

super excited to work hard over the next year!

A special thanks to our awesome coach Molly who threw chocolate at us on the water to cheer us up and the Grimes for being amazing hosts!

## Hoyt Trophy

By Kelly Ortel '14

On a cloudy weekend in late October, we headed cross-country to Rhode Island for the Sherman Hoyt Trophy. The group of us already had a few east coast regattas under our belts that fall, so the traveling itself flew by with no surprises.

The first day of the regatta was characterized by a chill westerly breeze with gusts to 20 that brought with it bitterly cold conditions. It was no doubt a



*Coach Vandemoer, Nick Dugdale, and Anna McConnell at Dartmouth for the Capt Hurst.*

time for dry suits. I knew that this would be a day to remember because it just so happened to be the very first time some of our teammates would zip into these uncomfortable Michelin Man-esque suits. It made my entire weekend when I found my skipper, Kevin, standing

uncomfortably by the side of the road just outside of the boathouse. He was fully dressed in his lifejacket, penny, boots, puffy winter hat and sunglasses, all ready to go. The best part of this picture was that despite his serious and relatively put together look, his dry suit was still completely inflated. He had puffy shoulders, hips, cylinders for legs and all; we clearly had a dry suit pro on our hands. He started to waddle towards me when I couldn't help but burst into laughter.

The Stanford Cardinal finished that day in 9th. Due to lack of breeze, the following Sunday was unfortunately spent on the docks. And, while every one of the other 17 college teams powered through schoolwork, the Stanford Sailing team wasted no time and set up a game of poker. For a cold day in the boathouse with no sailing, it turned into a great team bonding experience. Yuri cleaned everyone out before we eventually set out for our return home to Palo Alto.

## Stu-Nelson Women's

By Helena Scutt '14

While the sun was beating down on the perfect emerald-green grass at Stanford, all the leaves were turning fiery reds and yellows and cluttering the ground in Connecticut. Apparently this could only mean one thing - drysuit time! Here are some highlights from the Stu Nelson Women's regatta at Connecticut College in late October.

Friday morning in Newport was blustery - whitecaps crashed on the rocky beach and teased us to get out on the water. We went to Ft. Adams and ran around chasing seagulls just like the good old days! You know you're a sailor when a fresh breeze just makes you giddy. Coach John gave us a quick tour of St. George's School in Middletown, RI, where a substantial portion of our team hails from. In the afternoon we all practiced at Brown University since we traveled with our teammates who were competing for the co-ed Hoyt Trophy there that weekend. It was so windy that one big puff took 5 boats down on one downwind leg! It was Sally's first time in a drysuit (those SoCal sailors!) so that in itself was

an adventure.

Yuri and I went to the pains of packing two of the bright blue fleece onesies that Stanford Sailing owns. We found that they are way to hot to wear under a drysuit, but they took up so much space in our bags that we were not about to leave them in there to go to waste. After the cold practice, the all-encompassing fleece suits (complete with hand pockets!) seemed like a fantastic idea. But wearing them in the team van just wasn't enough, so we walked into Outback Steakhouse for dinner in bright blue fleece glory. It was quite a statement. If only they were Cardinal red...

The racing at Conn College was difficult, mainly due to the shifty conditions and strong current (As a Brit, it was strange thinking that I was racing on another Thames River!) Saturday was a tough day as we adjusted to the conservative style of racing but Sunday we showed improvement. Unfortunately it was so light that we only got a few races off on Sunday. Here's one ridiculous example of the windshifts: Sally and I were in 2nd place around the windward mark after our first upwind leg when all of a sudden the wind died and the current took over. Before we knew it, we were making more progress to the windward mark behind us than to the offset mark ahead. The whole fleet started going backwards in a magnificent clump between the marks. Then the wind filled in 30 degrees to the right and almost



Mateo Vargas and Rebecca King in boat 11 with a strong boat-end start at practice.

instantly everyone was going downwind to the offset mark, meanwhile the boats in last place went around the outside of everyone. We just about gained our spot back after the fleet inversion. Fortunately most of the races were not quite so dramatic!

Overall, we sailed well (especially Molly and Rebecca in B division) but being over early a few times in A division and an unfortunate protest in B division hurt our numbers and we learned from that. The Connecticut College Camels won the regatta and the Cardinal finished 12th overall.

We debated wearing the fleece onesies on the plane home - but we decided that comfort would have to be sacrificed for preservation of team dignity in public places.

## Victorian Coffee Urn Trophy

By Hannah Burroughs '11

On Halloween weekend

the women's team headed to New London, Connecticut for the Women's Victorian Coffee Urn, the women's fall championship for New England. It was a trip back home for most of the team with four of the five sailors hailing from New England. Sailing in A division were Eliza Richartz '13 and Katie

Lund '13, both from Connecticut and in B division were Hannah Burroughs '11 from Rhode Island, Michelle Yu '14, our only native Californian, and Anna McConnell '14 hailing from Maine.

Friday was a day of great eating with a little bit of sailing. We began our day (after a reeye from San Fran) with breakfast at a bagel shop in the Washington Dulles Airport, with the featured item of square bagels smothered in cinnamon sugar. Upon arrival in Providence, Frank determined that second breakfast (early lunch)

at Cracker Barrel was required. In early afternoon, we joined the Conn College team for a chilly, breezy race day on the Thames River in New London and upon our arrival on shore we were treated to some much appreciated hot chocolate and brownies courtesy of the Lund family. To top off our extraordinary day of eating we had a delicious dinner in Mystic featuring pumpkin bisque (which tasted like pumpkin pie... who says you can't have dessert for dinner). Thank you to Mr. and Mrs. Lund for a great meal!

Saturday morning started off on an unusual note when the Conn College coach told us to meet in a cemetery near the sailing site for the competitors meeting. I was expecting a spooky ghost story in the Halloween spirit, but instead we were enlightened about the irreverent former residents of the property and their 300-year-old conflict with nearby Quakers. On the water, the conditions were very tricky with quick shifts, big puffs and current. We started off with some ups and downs but learned the tricks of the venue and finished off the day strong and in 6th place overall. Saturday night, very much in the spirit of Friday, we had an excellent meal at Paul's Pasta Shop where we dared to try fried cookie dough with hot chocolate fudge and vanilla ice cream (for dessert, this time). Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Burroughs (or Mom and Dad, as I refer to them) for dinner!

Sunday morning we were greeted by glassy water and a postponement, but once the breeze filled in, it built quickly and we were forced to hike hard upwind and pray downwind. With the shifty conditions and big breeze there was some dramatic carnage but the Stanford team was able to keep their boats upright



Molly McKinney and Katie Riklin getting into the groove downwind.

and sail fast. We had some great races on Sunday and finished off the day in 7th overall, just one point out of 6th. Thanks to our epic cheering squad of Eliza's parents, brother and dog, Anna's parents and brother, Katie's parents and my parents! We all appreciated your support and we enjoyed visiting you on the east coast (briefly). In sum, it was a challenging and rewarding weekend of



*Kevin Laube and Kelly Ortel coming out of a tack at practice.*

sailing (and eating) for the Cardinal.

## **Frosh Intersectional**

*By Mateo Vargas '14*

Freshman intersectional, the regatta of all regattas, the Americas Cup of college sailing.... Alright, while it may not be the biggest regatta of the year, we were certainly excited when we learned we would be attending the one regatta of the year where we would have the opportunity to sail exclusively against other freshmen from throughout the east coast. On the other hand, we were slightly less excited that we would have to travel to the sub-arctic region known as Connecticut to freeze...I mean, compete. In the end, however, our excitement outweighed our dread of the cold and we left on a jet plane, not knowing if we'd be back again.

When we arrived on Friday morning it was, as expected, rainy and cold. We had spent many hours strategizing for conditions such as these and immediately put our planning into action and headed to the nearest Cracker Barrel to fuel up. After a hearty 'Momma's Pancake Breakfast' and some hot chocolate, we packed back into our van and headed towards the hotel and venue. After a short power nap at our 'home

sweet home', the Springfield Suites, we drove to the Conn College sailing facility to go for a short practice sail with the Camels (Conn's mascot). Although it was quite cold, there was a nice breeze and we got some good quality practice and team racing in before it got dark on the Thames. To end the day and put ourselves in the right mindset for a day of success the next day, we headed to the local cinema and

caught what we thought might be a funny movie, *Due Date*, before heading back and hitting the sack.

Saturday morning looked very much as we had expected it to: grey, cloudy, and, you guessed it...cold. Nonetheless, there was a nice breeze out of just about as steady a direction as they come on a small river, and

I feel safe to say that the whole team was excited

and ready to sail. We got down to the venue, immediately donned our dry suits and headed out for the first start of the regatta. This regatta works differently in the sense that, rather than having the two divisions (A and B) sail separately, both divisions sail together and then the results are broken down into divisions at the end of the event. Initially we were unsure of our stance on this very foreign format, but we quickly realized the opportunity we were being given, the opportunity to instill fear into the hearts of all the other freshmen in the nation. With this mentality, we went into the first race ready to perform and finished in first and second place, ahead of the rest of the fleet. As the day went on, we continued to sail at the top of the pack, learning from our mistakes and gaining a greater and greater grasp of the conditions and how to play them. We ended our day by watching Stanford dominate on the football field while eating some amazing Italian.

Sunday morning was almost identical to

Saturday with a brisk breeze and cold filtered sunshine. Due to the number of races we had gotten off on Saturday, we knew that Sunday would be short day, a day to solidify our lead and take home the win for Stanford. After six quick races we were back on shore, stripping off our drysuits and beginning the thawing process. Collectively we won the regatta by over 20 points, winning both A and B divisions in the process.

Freshman intersectional was a really fun and beneficial event. We learned a lot about sailing in conditions common at many major intercollegiate venues and were able to apply what we learned in the process. Being a part of what we can now call the best freshman sailing class in the college sailing nation is something that I'm sure the whole team is proud of, and is a great motivation to keep improving in an effort to continue to rise in the eyes of the college sailing world.

## **Rafting Trip**

*By Hayley Tobin '11*

After a week of preseason practices, the team jumped in the excursions for the traditional team-bonding trip. A lengthy road trip delivered us to our campsite by the American River. The camping wasn't too rustic, as we were able to drive into town to grab some pizza for dinner, but it certainly was entertaining. There were some stories around the campfire, and we made some new friends who had interesting stories about traveling and psychopathic murderers.

However, the real fun began the next morning. We were bussed up the river where we donned spray tops and



*The team on the pre-season rafting trip on the American River.*

lifejackets before launching the rafts into some freezing cold water. Despite our river guides best efforts to knock us out of the rafts, most of the team managed to use their hiking skills to stay in. Of course, the occasionally team member or coach got pulled in by the crew on another raft. In between the rapids we had some great downtime to go swimming and get to know the new freshmen a bit better.

All in all, it was a great weekend for everyone to get to know each other.

## Preseason

By Alysha de Souza '12

After a summer with very little sailing, I found myself eagerly anticipating being back on the water. I missed the proximity to the elements, the salty sea breeze, and the team. I was incredibly excited to sail, and even more excited to see everyone again.

While the preseason is practically designed to get us into shape, to spend focused time on sailing tactics and techniques before classes commence, the preseason also serves the critical purpose of introducing and bonding the team.

Within the first minute of our returnees meeting, smiles quickly filled the room as everyone excitedly reunited, exchanging stories about summer adventures. Rejuvenated and pumped for a new year of sailing, we discussed goals and plans for the team. During preseason practices the whole team ran drills and raced together for the first time. I don't think we've ever had anywhere near this many freshmen recruits (a full dozen). The increase in our numbers made practices much more like regattas. We had a full starting line for practice races, and were able to run drills smoothly. The new team proved, even over a few days of preseason practice, to be incredibly driven, hardworking, and cohesive. In the evenings, following practice, both the returnees and the freshmen had the pleasure of preparing dinner for each other. I distinctly



Eliza Richartz and Helena Scutt getting into the hiking straps after

remember one freshman announcing, "I can do toast..." when informed that he would have to cook. Although some rather interesting concoctions were created, and some makeshift utensils fashioned in the process, I must admit, I was quite impressed with the final product of our labors. Laughter seemed to project from all rooms of the boathouse, as the team bonded over some spectacular homemade guacamole and a hearty dose of cooking chaos.

The preseason created a foundation for this year's team, not only establishing a work ethic for practice, but also creating memories and friendships.

## First Time Coach

By Iris Clayter

"What are we going to do today?"

"Sail."

"For how long?"

"Until lunch."

"When's lunch?"

So began a typical day of



Oliver Toole and Yuri Namikawa port tack the fleet off the starting line.

Stanford Learn-to-Sail Camp, where twenty-something kids came for two of the eight weeks the camp ran. The kids would arrive, we'd play games and do warm-ups until there was enough wind to sail, then we'd rig up the 420s, do some simple drills and games, come in for lunch, go sailing after lunch, and finally wrap up each day with 4 pm pick-up. Routine as it may sound, each day of every session was filled with surprises that no one could have prepared me for.

Take the beginners of session one for example, when one boat of kids approached me to complain that the seven-year-old on the main sail would not stop jumping out of the boat. Oddly, it was that same seven-year-old who had complained that his asthma made it very difficult for him to swim in water as cold as where we sail.

On mornings without wind, there was always sailing jeopardy to pass away the time, as well as to reward kids who retained the most knowledge about parts of the boat, tacks and gybes, and points of sail. I was impressed at how much some kids learned in such a short period of time. For some of the youngest kids, however, jeopardy was more like a chance to shout out every boat-related word they could think of in attempt to answer questions. Take one eight-year-old for example, who thought the forestay was called "the fourteenth boom reach."

Somehow, it was the older kids who managed to pull the most stunning shenanigans. Close-calls with crew shells, channel markers, and port-starboard collisions were just the top of the list. I'll never forget yelling, "PULL UP YOUR CENTERBOARD!" at the top of my lungs to my own twelve-year-old brother, as his boat coasted into the mud.

Despite all the craziness I encountered on a day-to-day basis, I don't think I could have asked a better summer job. I spent every day in the sun and on the water, with co-instructors who were fun and easy to work with. On top of that, I gained a lot of appreciation for those who had the patience to teach me how to sail.

# Women 1st And Coed 2nd At Fall Championships!

## Women's PCCs

By Katie Riklin '13

UC Irvine are dressed as cows, Hawaii are super Mario characters and San Diego are pirates. As for me, I'm wearing a dress and heels strutting around the boat bay as one of the five spice girls. It's Sunday morning at the Stanford boathouse and the women's teams of the PCCSC are gathered in sailing bay. Clearly however, sailing is not the only thing on the agenda at this meeting. It was in fact the morning of halloween and we'd planned a little costume contest to keep everyone entertained and in spirit; plus it wasn't a bad way to kill a bit of time before the morning breeze began to fill in.

Halloween weekend marked the annual women's fall PCC championships hosted by Stanford. With only 7 women's teams in our conference at the regatta, the feeling in the fleet was definitely different and having competed in a women's regatta at the naval academy only a couple weeks earlier, the new feel definitely took some getting used to for me and my skipper.



Women's team in costume for Women's Fall PCCs at Stanford.

Conditions were fairly standard for our venue, but despite our home turf advantage we didn't have quite the lead we were expecting by the time racing ended on Saturday. With such a small fleet, little things like being over at the start were a lot more consequential which meant that as the day went on and especially moving into Sunday, we went for a more conservative approach and strategy. With only a small gap in points between us and Hawaii, Sunday was essentially a two boat regatta for us, just trying to finish above them wherever possible. This whole mindset of caring about one boat and one boat only was again very different to what we'd been used to especially coming from a 20 strong fleet where you just want to stay in that top group. This in combination with some great racing from Hawaii's A division skipper meant it all came down to the final B division race. With a gutsy last race from Stanford (unsure whether Molly actually knew how close it was.. ) we ended up inching Hawaii by a single point for the win.

Overall it was definitely a successful weekend for all of us. We learned a lot, had some fun along the way and although Hawaii won on the costume front, we came away with all important victory on the water, continuing the streak of west coast successes. It's also safe to say that that's the first and last time that you'll ever see a couple Stanford sailors wearing heels while rigging boats.



Ben Pedrick and Iris Claytershortly after rounding the windward mark.

## Coed PCCs

By Kevin Laube '14

Stanford's last event of the fall sailing season was upon us; the Pacific Coast Championships in Santa Barbara. On Friday afternoon, two excursions, a minivan, two packed trailers and a car-topped laser began the five-hour drive. We sent over twenty sailors, making it our biggest event of the season. Southern California welcomed us with temperatures in the mid 70s, blue skies, and enough wind to get off two full days of solid racing.

This was one of the few regattas a year most of the team goes to, and it was a great bonding experience. Oliver enjoyed a weekend in his own bed, while the rest of us stayed in a nearby hotel. Sailing took up most of our time both days, but on Sunday Oliver and I made time for a quick surf session. It was great to get out; we hadn't had much time to go surfing up on campus.

The racing itself was somewhat tricky and unpredictable. With two FJ divisions and one Laser division, this was a big test of team depth. It soon became apparent that only us, Hawaii and UCSB had the three strong divisions necessary to be in the running. In the end, the home team took 1st place, with us in second in Hawaii in third. Of course we were a little disappointed to come up short, but it just gives us more determination to prove ourselves in the spring. The season definitely ended on a high note, with a united and determined team ready for spring.



Crews McKenzie Wilson and Michelle Yu having fun.

# 3 Freshmen - McKinney, Mace, And Toole - Represent Stanford At ICSA Singlehanded Nationals In St. Petersburg, FL.

## Singlehanded Nationals

By Molly McKinney '14

John, Sally, Oliver and I left campus on a Wednesday night for Florida. When we landed in the Tampa airport it hit me that I had truly returned home. I am from Sarasota, Florida, about forty-five minutes south of St. Petersburg, the host of the 2010 ICSA Singlehanded Nationals Regatta. We left the airport and headed towards St. Pete Sailing Center in downtown St. Pete. Going into the weekend, the forecast was for a cold front that would bring heavy winds. I could immediately see the strength of the wind by just watching the palm trees while we drove through town. Of course our team couldn't practice the day before the event started, but it was nice for us to get to see the venue. When I got out of the car I could feel the humid air being whipped around me. We checked out the boats and then decided to explore the pier, where the spectators could watch during the regatta. We parked pretty far away from the end, and when it was time to leave we definitely regretted it. Florida is known for storms; of course I should have known best that it was going to pour after



*Sally Mace*

seeing the cloud covered gray sky. I guess that is why everyone made me go get the car, and also probably because I was wearing my Stanford rain jacket. After that little adventure we went to the Vargas's home on Treasure Island to get settled in and prepare for the next three days of hardcore racing. I want to personally thank the Vargas family for being such warm and welcoming hosts.

Generally every event has a competitor's meeting on the first day of racing and so on Friday we had our memorable meeting. First, Mr. Commodore of St. Petersburg Yacht Club, Teto Vargas (Mateo's dad), started off with a traditional welcome to all the sailors. However right before Teto introduced the PRO he energetically said, "And I just want to add one thing, Go Stanford!", while throwing a punch in the air. Of course I was the one all decked out in Stanford gear, with my red jacket, pants, and fear the tree t-shirt, so everyone looked over at Sally and me. At that moment I felt proud to represent the cardinal and to have such an enthusiastic supporter.

For the weekend we were privileged to have two spectacular coaches, one our own John Vandemoer and the other Brad Funk, an accomplished laser sailor. They both did a great job coaching and making sure we got enough good food for our



*Oliver Toole*

bodies during the long, strenuous days on the water. Every time I finished a race I would cruise on down to the pier so I could talk with John and Brad and get a mini cliff bar and some water. Talking to the coaches and refueling was no ordinary task at this venue. They were so high up that they had to grab the top of our masts to hold onto us. Not to mention the windy conditions and chop along with other sailors trying to talk to their coaches. It took some skill to throw/catch everything; let's just say a couple water bottles sank. Each day after racing we were spoiled and got to debrief in the Jacuzzi. This was perfect to relax our muscles and stay warm after a long day of racing which exhausted all our energy. Also, all of us made stretching a key component of our routine on and off the water. Thanks to Keith, our trainer; we knew how to properly stretch our tight, cramped muscles.

The race committee got a solid four races in Friday and for Saturday the cold front brought some cooler weather through. I must admit Saturday was a long day, with a warning signal at 9:30 a.m. and finishing up around 4:30 p.m. This left just three races for Sunday. Saturday night we were lucky and got to switch our clocks back for the time change, giving us sore sailors an extra hour of sleep to heal and rebuild our muscles.

On the last day we finished up the regatta strong. In the Women's Division I placed sixth and Sally ninth. While in the Men's Division as the only freshman, Oliver placed thirteenth. We all definitely learned a lot and next year the cardinals look forward to having four sailors qualify for the Singlehanded Nationals.



*Molly McKinney*

# Spring 2011 SCHEDULE

Dates	Event	Location
1/8-9	Rose Bowl	USC
2/12-13	North #1	CSUMB
2/26-27	Bob Bavier TR North #2	Charleston CAL
<b>3/5-6</b>	<b>McIntyre TR</b> Graham Hall TR	<b>Stanford</b> Navy
3/19-20	Truxtun Umsted St. Mary's Womens	Navy St. Mary's
3/21-25	Spring Break	Annapolis, MD
3/26-27	Aaron Szambecki TR Admiral Moore TR South #5/Designate	ODU NY Maritime UCSB
<b>4/2-3</b>	<b>St. Francis Intersectional/North #5</b> Dellenbaugh Womens Southern NE TE	<b>St. Francis YC/Stanford</b> Brown Coast Guard/Conn
4/9-10	PCCSC Dinghy Champs (q)	USC
<b>4/16-17</b>	<b>PCCSC TR Champs (q)</b> Wick Shrew Womens	<b>Stanford</b> Coast Guard
<b>4/23-24</b>	<b>PCCSC Womens Champs (q)</b> Admiral's Cup	<b>Stanford</b> King's Point
4/30-5/1	ICSA Semi-Finals**	USC
5/23-26	ICSA Womens Semi-Final & Finals*	Cascade Locks, OR
5/27-29	ICSA Team Race Nationals	Cascade Locks, OR
5/30-6/1	ICSA Coed Dinghy Nationals	Cascade Locks, OR

q=Conference Championship; a qualifier for a National Championship or Semifinals

\*\*=National Championship Semi Finals, top half moves on to finals

\*=National Championship Finals, must qualify

Home regattas are in **bold**; please come out and support the team. We need your help in running these regattas.

## Stanford Varsity Sailing Team Roster – Fall 2010

### Seniors

Hannah Burroughs - Capt Peace Dale, RI  
Alex Dunlap Newport Beach, CA  
Ben Pedrick - Capt Newport, RI  
Hayley Tobin Rye, NY

### Juniors

Alysha de Souza Hillsborough, CA  
Justin Doane\* Nokomis, FL  
Nick Dugdale Madera, CA

### Sophomores

Iris Clayter Pacifica, CA  
Rebecca King Santa Monica, CA  
Katie Lund Riverside, CT  
Eliza Richartz Old Lyme, CT  
Katie Riklin London, UK

### Freshmen

Tally Buckstaff Belvedere, CA  
Kevin Laube San Diego, CA  
Sally Mace Newport Beach, CA  
Anna McConnell Boothbay, ME  
Molly McKinney Sarasota, FL  
Yuri Namikawa Palos Verdes, CA  
Kelly Ortel Annapolis, MD  
Helena Scutt Seattle, WA  
Oliver Toole Santa Barbara, CA  
Mateo Vargas Treasure Island, FL  
McKenzie Wilson Rowayton, CT  
Michelle Yu Laguna Niguel, CA

\* Abroad for the fall

# The 2010-2011 Stanford Sailing Team



*First Row (left to right): Michelle Yu, Molly McKinney, Hannah Burroughs, Katie Lund, Tally Buckstaff, Alysha de Souza, Iris Clayter, Katie Riklin, Eliza, Richartz, Kelly Ortel. Second Row (left to right): Head Coach - John Vandemoer, Yuri Namikawa, Helena Scutt, Nick Dugdale, Ben Pedrick, Kevin Laube, Oliver Toole, Mateo Vargas, Rebecca King, Anna McConnell, McKenzie Wilson, Asst. Coach - Frank Ustach. Not Pictured: Hayley Tobin, Justin Doane, Alexandra Dunlap.*

*Happy Holidays From Your  
Stanford Sailing Team!*

**S Giving To Stanford Sailing S**

**Buck Cardinal Donations**

<https://giving.stanford.edu/give/home?pgnTPC=75&cturl=close&colc=06304&gdso=17&pgOrg=ung>

**Young Alumni Challenge - Win \$10,000 For Stanford Sailing**

<http://www.gostanford.com/ycc/>

**Any other Donation opportunities please contact John Vandemoer,  
vandemoer@stanford.edu.**