

# The Single-Handed Race

Ole Anderson broke his right arm recently (he's lucky that's all he broke!), but even though he truly was "single-handed", he chose not to take **Caliente** into the fray. Instead, he joked that he should protest the rest of us who all used two hands for the Single-Handed Race. Good point. There were other jokes, too, about absent skippers who couldn't find crew.

The "light and variable" forecast wasn't promising. An early morning thundercloud had previously dribbled a bit of rain, along with some faint and distant thunder. However, the sun shone on the fleet for the duration, and the wind remained light and variable.

The course – Batt Rock (P); U-62 (P); Welbury Spar (P); and back to Batt Rock (S) — was altered at the start because of a NW breeze. We elected to do a windward start, rounding the Grace Point mark (S) before we began the race course in earnest.

**Tigger J** had a fantastic starboard start at the pin end, which created an interesting situation: **Deryn Mor** elected to tack away to find some clear air rather than struggle to the Grace Point mark in **Tigger's** wake. This wound up to be a brilliant (admittedly unplanned) tactical maneuver because, as **Deryn Mor** tacked back, she was on starboard again, headed straight for the mark which the bulk of the fleet was also approaching — on port tack. Unable to keep clear, **Electra** dutifully completed her circles.

The fleet slowly proceeded down the harbour, either tacking back and forth on a broad-reach or wing-on-wing (the Single-Handed Race is a white sails only event). The "light and variable" conditions would briefly favour, then punish, one boat then another.

**Tigger J** extended an early lead, followed closely by **Imp**.

By the time the fleet arrived at the end of the harbour, it was noon, and all the power boaters decided it was time to zoom back and forth through the fleet. The resulting noise and wash was nearly constant, and made it impossible to keep sails trimmed, with the fleet bouncing, rolling, and pitching in the confused water. **Naru** abandoned the race in disgust.

By the middle of the race, **Tigger J's** lead seemed insurmountable... at one point, it looked like she might even be able to lap the back of the fleet on the second rounding of Batt Rock! However, if there was anything consistent about this race, it was the merciless vagaries of the elements, and what once might have been a hard-fought gain was turned into a frustrating loss. Positions changed constantly. At one point, **Electra** managed to catch the leaders and even beat **Imp** around Welbury Spar. **Boomer**, once at the back of the fleet, struggled ahead to lead the "chase group" home. But in the end, **Tigger J** let **Imp** slip by to eventually take line honours. A building SE breeze brought

the back of the fleet home, with **Arbitrage** bringing up the rear, the skipper no doubt with his nose in his *Chapman's Piloting and Seamanship* book.

This year's Single-Handed Race was a frustrating event by all accounts. However, a day on the water is always better than a day behind a lawn mower.

Here are the results (some surprises, thanks to the Club Rating scheme...)

<b>PHRF Rating</b>	<b>Club Rating</b>	<b>As Sailed</b>	<b>Boat</b>	<b>Skipper</b>	<b>ET</b>	<b>ToT</b>	<b>Place</b>
158	-21	182	IMP	Slakov	14:04:30	3:18:37	1
234	13	265	DERYN MOR	Vine	14:52:06	3:37:02	2
119	0	137	TIGGER J	Leitch	14:11:11	3:38:50	3
144	8	179	ELECTRA	Kibble	14:33:03	3:46:01	4
168	0	189	BOOMER	Simmons	14:48:05	3:56:36	5
69	41	128	ARBITRAGE	Schlenker	14:57:35	4:28:25	6
173	0	194	NARU	Toby		DNF	7