

Wednesday Night Race

June 23

Wednesday Night had a bit of everything, exhilarating sailing, less than exhilarating drifting, quotes of the Dread Pirate Roberts, a Post-Covid first, and proof that DNF is not the same as did not DNQ or TMGTQ.

But, there must be a beginning to any story. And to tell this story properly one must begin with Trevor Bishop. Asking Trevor before the race where he thought we should go, he answered, looking up at the flags snapping in the fresh breeze, Batt Rock.

What could I say? That I would rather lay naked, slathered in honey, on a colony of angry fire ants? That I don't think I have ever completed a course that included Batt Rk as a mark? That I despise it, and everything about it? (Just ask Sam, she has been subjected to my rants). But I asked, so Batt Rock it was. And so my record remains unblemished: Batt Rock 12, Greg 0.

We started the race with our first Post-Covid on dock Skipper's meeting where the gathered skippers were briefed on a new program that will provide opportunities for adult and Junior sailors from April's programs to crew with us on Wednesday nights. April, supported by Matt and Mia, will provide us with a list before the race. Mia will work with the FCR to allocate crew to boats. We will do this one on one as much as possible. Skipper's, as always, have the final say. As there were no dissenters, or questions asked, the program will begin next Wednesday night. To accommodate the extra time this will take, the SKIPPER'S MEETINGS WILL BE AT 4:20 FROM NOW ON.

Back to racing. Your FCR was pleased with his start for once. Over the line near first and to weather of all. And it helped, it kept me in the game. Too bad the game lasts more than fifteen minutes, or three tacks, whichever comes first. I was even ahead of Oasis for awhile as she unerringly sailed into the only hole on the course. One she found on the left side, off the spit. I was also ahead of Evangeline for awhile. *(It did take awhile to figure out how to set his timer before he got to the boat – see below)*

The race out of the harbour was relatively quick. Thank you to Pturbodactyl for sailing Point, warning us of an ugly deadhead off Ganges Shoal. But once out of the harbour, the wind settled into a steady (I am guessing) 8 – 10 knots from the south. We all tacked out towards Welbury Reef, before tacking towards Batt Rock. For once, I laid the mark almost perfectly. Looking at Batt Rock, I snarled, 'gotcha'.

The broad reach to Welbury was quick. None of us wanted to deal with a spinnaker on such a short leg in that breeze. I was following Cool Runnings. Behind me Star Gazer and Thing One were into the new wind and doing very well. Rounding Welbury I could see Cool Runnings was catchable if I sailed a hotter angle. But then noticed she was sailing slower because the wind was dying. Looking further up, the others had spinnakers up, or going up, but were going nowhere fast, or even slow.

So impatient, as always, I sailed the broad reach as I unfurled my spinnaker, then gybed into – nothing. Cool Runnings, cool cat that he is, patiently staggered along the Chain Island shore, until finding a bit of breeze, he slipped across the line with under four minutes to spare before the 20:00 cut-off.

From sailing at close to seven knots previously (at least for a few seconds here and there), I was now pleased to see zero.point seven. Meanwhile, Star Gazer and Thing One roared up to the harbour gates, and stopped.

It was now that Doug quoted Dread Pirate Roberts from the Princess Bride, referring to the still oncoming Thing One. The three of us, with coaching from Bob on Oasis, began talking of having a beer. And anything else that might distract us from our inevitable fate.

And to add insult to injury, Tony, with his newly buffed bottom, happily motored by those of us haplessly drifting up the harbour, telling us over the radio that he would join us at the picnic table.

I cam within a couple of hundred meters of the finish before the bell tolled (my lack of patience earlier and determination to defeat, instead of flowing with, current conditions plagued me once again), and I quit.

And it was a bit later still that Nicky proved her DNF might be better shown as DNQ (*Did Not Quit*) or TMGTQ (*Too Much Grit to Quit*), saying, 'First Wed. Evening race that I made it across the finish line, although it was at 8.30.'

Other comments on the evening were:

*Interesting race.... Full heel and 7.4 knots boat speed to drifting backwards. I guess crossing the second sister finish line doesn't count....
If it does my time was 7:08 for the front half of the boat, and about 7:30 for the stern*

Star Gazer

Thanks for a great race yet again. We had an abortive start due a to setting a timer which I was expecting to produce at alarm at zero seconds. However it turned out it was set for 1 hr 5 min not 5 min and so the alarm never came. In spite of seeing everyone crossing the line around me, I promptly did a 360 at the line and started rather late, before realizing what had happened. After that we had a pretty good race with some favourable patches of wind on the way out the harbour and a spanking beat to Batt Rock. By that point we had Shingebiss close in front and perhaps two other boats ahead. Things slipped when we got to 2nd Sister. Like everyone else we found a sudden disappearance of wind. We had deployed the asymmetric just before the turn past 2nd Sister and managed to keep it aloft but at the expense of some serious downwind tacking. Oasis happily passed us with just a jib as did Imp flying a symmetrical spinnaker. I was left wondering yet again exactly what I the point of an

asymmetrical spinnaker is. I know somebody knows! (I hope they tell me too. And to make you feel just a bit better, Bob, before the race, told me that with Peter absent, he had no intention of flying his spinnaker on the night – FCR)

All in all it was a beautiful evening with some great sailing and a lot of variety.

Evangeline

So for some reason tonight I thought the course was Batt rock, u62, welbury all to port and then home. We were delighted to see Greg peel off for Welbury, but this fairly quickly turned as we saw the rest of you all doing the same thing. Oh dear. Anyway we got down there, got the chute up, just made it along the left edge of the dying air and clawed back Greg about half way down the harbour.

Another glorious evening out. Matt was on the helm and I think may have been converted to the dark side.

Pturbodactyl



Nicky heading home after a well deserved beer on the dock.

And, this is what our Club Handicapper gets up to on the Wednesday Nights he is not sailing with us....



Cool Runnings in the breeze



Club			Finish	Corrected		Rating for
Rating	Boat	Skipper	Time	Time	Place	Next Race
83	SORCERY X	Slakov	18:44:44	01:52:54	1	74
33	PTURBODACTYL	Tulip	18:40:04	01:57:37	2	27
143	SHINGEBISS	Keating	19:06:38	02:04:09	3	140
138	IMP	Leitch	19:19:44	02:18:02	4	138
267	COOL RUNNINGS	Clark	19:56:22	02:25:40	5	270
143	OASIS	Jones	19:29:48	02:26:52	6	149
157	EVANGELINE	Sutton	19:33:42	02:27:34	7	166
381	STAR GAZER	Manton	dnf		8	381
315	THING ONE	Arnoldus	dnf		8	315
271	SKEENA CLOUD	Taylor	dnf		8	271