

SNSYC- SISC Regatta
First Race Series of the Two Series Competition
July 31 – August 1, 2021

Six SISC boats journeyed to SNSYC this past weekend to compete in the first of two regattas with SNSYC. The second will be held at SISC this fall. It was a fantastic weekend for all who attended. The host club did a phenomenal job organizing the event, hosting a dinner Saturday night and distributing some great prizes to individual and team winners, and raffle ticket holders. We have our work cut out for us in preparing for the return event in the fall when SISC hosts SNSYC.

Oasis, Shingebiss, and Skeena Cloud (who had shanghaied Shingebiss's Mia Cahill for the event) arrived Friday night and stayed through Monday morning. Firefly with family also arrived Friday night, staying through Sunday afternoon. Radiant Heat and Pturbodactyl arrived before the regatta Saturday morning and left after the awards. Actually, Pturbodactyl left before the awards, but lucky for them, Mia snagged the bottle of rum they had won, and somehow got it home to him unscathed.

I will have to hike some extra miles this week to burn off some the calories eaten and drank. Whom am I kidding? I would have to power hike Mount Maxwell four times a day for the next month to have any chance of coming close to breaking even. What with Mia's breakfasts aboard Oasis, the bag of her home made cookies that evaporated on Skeena Cloud during the racing, three stellar dinners at the SNSYC clubhouse (complete with deserts of home made ice cream and pies), and evenings spent on Oasis sipping fine whiskeys, listening to smooth jazz, and recounting the days events; it was a hedonists dream.

We began with a breakfast of champions prepared by Mia and Bob aboard Oasis



And ended it with fine dinners and after dinner socializing



But we were there to race and represent SISC, so I should get on with describing it. Although, in all honesty, we better represented ourselves in the food, drink, and socializing elements of the event. If only they were giving out prizes to who had the most fun, told the best stories, ate the most cookies, or had the best host boat.

SNSYC, like us, are a diverse fleet with very competitive, low rated boats with young teams aboard, to older higher rated boats sailed, for example, by a couple who have been racing for 40 years, and everything in between. It was a dream event for Skeena

Cloud as there were boats like Bonita, Hina, and Zanzibar who were rated close to Skeena Cloud's 189. In fact, there were unconfirmed reports after the last race of a chant rising from Skeena Cloud, 'We weren't last! We weren't last!'.

Much of, scratch that, all of, Skeena Cloud's success is due to Mia's performance and some terrific coaching by John and Terry off Pturbodactyl at Saturday night's dinner. Mia's brilliance was in following my orders perfectly. My primary order was, 'if you see something I am doing wrong, could be executed better, or a tactic that should be abandoned in favour of a better one; speak up'. She executed the order perfectly, and often.



The winds for Saturday's race were intermittent allowing for some fun upwind and close reach work at times, interspersed with lots of drifting. And like racing at home, we found lots of current, finding the places we really didn't want to be when the wind turned light. Most of the fleet had converged on the first mark when the breeze died. Shingebiss and Zanzibar, another blue hulled boat, drifted around so close, you couldn't tell one, from another. Sam said Zanzibar kindly finally gave them a shove in the right direction to help Shingebiss around.

Saanichton Barge mark



Once finally around the Saanichton Barge mark, after a few tense moments of watching the current set us towards a rapidly approaching beach, the breeze returned, swung 180 degrees, and we were off towards the James Island spit, hard on the wind, with Firefly just ahead.

Many of the boats that rounded ahead of us had drifted towards the Sidney shore, outside the new wind. Approaching the spit, my tactic was to get close to the beach, and tack. Mia's tactic was to tack well before the beach. Firefly, who hadn't given his crew similar orders to the ones I gave mine, stalled near the beach. Within minutes, we had increased our distance on them by 2/3 of a kilometer.

Tacking for the final run to the finish line, we excitedly found ourselves on line for a very good finish. We dug down and put everything we had into sailing well. Firefly, our team mate, finally spat out of their hole, was close again. Our team was going to place well, when Mia looked over and said there goes Radiant Heat, and he's under power?! Crushed, we found out the race was called due to time.

Two pictures, both of them of our guys passing, or ahead of, My Thai. There is no doubt My Thai is the best, and most lauded, boat in the fleet. And it is always feels good (so I am told) to be ahead of her. Dallas, the owner and skipper, was one of the organizers of the event, and is a gentleman through and through. It is almost makes you feel bad to beat him (again, so I am told)



Sunday looked like it might have similar conditions to Saturday. Two races were planned, with the first start at 11:00. There was a desultory start to the first race, which was to Sidney Spit and back. Paul would have hated it, as the race to the spit varied between hard on the wind, and slightly off. Getting to the mark, the wind faltered,

causing a bit of a traffic jam, with Skeena Cloud turning the mark inside of Oasis, Zanzibar, and others. But the wind that filled back in had us returning on a fast close to beam reach. Mia was brilliant, and brilliantly happy (as you can see) on the helm.

The second race was more interesting. Two long tacks, that had to be judged well, to James Island, off the wind to Kerr Island, and a final tack back onto the wind to the finish. We had about 6 to 8 or 9 knots of wind for most of it. It was exhilarating racing where John and Terry's teachings, and Mia's application, came to the fore. Skeena Cloud was sailing as faster than she ever managed before, while being well balanced and responsive. Looking around, we were in the mix with the entire fleet, other than the fastest boats. Coming down to the mark, we were a bit below where we wanted to be, but the wind veered, allowing us to gracefully follow the shift, up and around the mark.

Then came the decision, whether to fly Skeena Cloud's larger spinnaker with the breeze quickly picking up again after the rounding? Many were under white sails, but the boats who rated close to us were just ahead. So, no guts, no glory. The spinnaker unfurled almost flawlessly alongside the genoa. Furling the genoa, we quickly picked up speed, passing, one, two, who knows how many, boats. The wind softened a bit and shifted so that we had to sail hotter, a bit away from the mark. Those who gybed earlier appeared to be hurt a bit by this. As we neared the time we had to gybe, the wind freshened, and shifted a bit back for us. Those who gybed earlier, now trying gybe down to the mark, appeared to be struggling. With Mia on the helm, we roared down on the mark, I furled the spinnaker, as Mia let go of the furling line on the genoa. We had the spinnaker in, and the genoa out, immediately alongside the mark as we turned on it, now on course for the finish line.

I knew we were doing well. We had to cross a line between a green and red buoy outside Sidney. I could see the green one, but not the red, it being hidden behind the genoa. I asked Mia where the red can was, to which she accurately replied. I then asked about fifty more times. The last getting a reply as to exactly where it was, and exactly where it might fit. We crossed the line without further ado, whereupon the aforementioned chant was reported to be heard.

We topped off the weekend with a phenomenal return sail to Salt Spring, mostly under spinnaker, on Monday morning, accompanied by Shingebiss and Oasis.

Thank you so much to the organizers at SNSYC, Dallas Ross and John Windas, Daryl Homan, and Vanessa (who was like our den mother at the club. One that served us meals that were worthy of a five star restaurant with service to match) and to all the SNSYC and SISC sailors who made this such a great event.

We look forward to hosting our SNSYC colleagues in the fall.

Team Results (out of six)

Placing	Boat Name
Third	Firefly and Skeena Cloud
Fifth	Oasis, Radiant Heat, Shingebiss

Individual Results: Overall (out of seventeen)

Placing	Boat Name
Tenth	Radiant Heat
Eleventh	Firefly
Twelfth	Skeena Cloud
Fourteenth	Shingebiss
Fifteenth	Pturbodactyl
Sixteenth	Oasis

Individual Results: Second Race (first race terminated due to time)

Placing	Boat Name
Ninth	Pturbodactyl
Tenth	Shingebiss
Eleventh	Firefly
Thirteenth	Skeena Cloud
Fourteenth	Radiant Heat
Seventeenth	Oasis

Individual Results: Third Race

Placing	Boat Name
Sixth	Radiant Heat
Seventh	Skeena Cloud
Eighth	Firefly
Fourteenth	Oasis
Fifteenth	Shingebiss
Seventeenth	Pturbodactyl

More pictures below...



Shingebiss at speed on the second day



Theo, on Firefly, incognito



Poor My Thai. Here is
Pturbodactyl picking on him



We wish we had enjoyed this view more often:
Firefly looking back on the pursuing fleet

