

## 2014 Deceprion Pass MYC Sunday IOM - Bowman Bay, Fidalgo Is, WA - July 27

pls	Skipper	Sail	Home Port	Design-Designer	Score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
1	Jerry Brower	42	Lk Stevens, WA	FRAKTAL-G Bantock	19.0	1.0	1.0	2.0	2.0	1.0	2.0	1.0	5.0	1.0	1.0	2.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	3.0	1.0	1.0
2	Julian Lee	40	Fidalgo Is, WA	V8-Ian Vickers, Proto	35.0	2.0	2.0	3.0	3.0	2.0	3.0	3.0	1.0	3.0	3.0	1.0	2.0	2.0	2.0	3.0	2.0	1.0	3.0	3.0	
3	Dave VanAmburg	71	Anacortes, WA	Ericca-M Firebrace	35.0	3.0	3.0	1.0	1.0	3.0	1.0	2.0	2.0	2.0	2.0	3.0	3.0	3.0	3.0	2.0	4.0	2.0	4.0	2.0	
4	Rich Cushing	118	Anacortes, WA	Vector-Bantock, SE	60.0	4.0	4.0	4.0	4.0	4.0	4.0	4.0	3.0	4.0	4.0	4.0	4.0	4.0	4.0	4.0	3.0	4.0	2.0	4.0	

**Wind: Avg 4.2 mpg; max 8.5 mpg - - Roll-your-own Scoring.**

Folkes,

I arrived to see no chase boat or trailer in the lot and wondered if this was really Sunday (still a rookie at this retired stuff when all days feel almost the same). After his extended fishing trip (not catching), Julian arrived with the RIB in tow. Later he admitted not being entirely happy about the earlier start time (11AM). And with Julian's return we where all reminded that the I flag is back up.

A gorgeous morning at Bowman Bay and with a soon to ebb tide showing an extended beach and with the warming sunshine, there were wisps of steam rising in a gentle breeze.

Julian set a twice around course on the South side of the pier that worked well with the cooling Westerly. This was different than the North side sailing that must deal with the tall pier wind shadow after each start. We all enjoyed a steady 5-6 mph Westerly breeze that backed near the end to send starters away from the pin end and saw more than one port tack starter.

With the flooding tide came more Crabbers and fisherpersons to nearly fill both sides of the long pier railing. Dennis arrived by sea to take video and photos. Other visitors arrived looking for Larry or Vic. The hoard of little Screamers stopped by to cheer for the winning boat, but seeing as all the boats had the same letters, they settled on a chant of USA-USA.

As the race count grew into the upper teens, we played an interesting game of musical transmitters. It was educational to find how much room the inside boat needs when it's rudder throw is turned down. We ended up scoring the boat, not the skipper and the end result for second place came down to guest skippers sailing the V8 better than the Erica.

After the last race with the marks gathered and the RIB stowed back on the trailer, all hands helped down some beers and munch on chips. Sneekers especially liked the mild ranch flavored chips. JWB

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