

2016 DPMYC Sunday Regatta 7/10 - Deception Pass State Park, Bowman Bay, Fidalgo Island, WA.

Pls	Skipper	Sail	City	Hull	Score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
1	Joe D'Amico	86	Sequim, WA	Kantun SMX-ZJ&RG	19.0	1.0	2.0	1.0	2.0	1.0	1.0	2.0	1.0	2.0	1.0	2.0	3.0	1.0	4.0	3.0	2.0
2	Jerry Brower	42	Lk Stevens, WA	Kantun SMX-ZJ&RG	24.0	2.0	1.0	2.0	1.0	3.0	2.0	1.0	2.0	1.0	3.0	3.0	4.0	3.0	1.0	2.0	3.0
3	Mike Doherty	142	Anacortes, WA	Glam Rock-B Gibson	30.0	6.0	3.0	4.0	4.0	2.0	4.0	4.0	3.0	4.0	2.0	1.0	1.0	2.0	2.0	1.0	1.0
4	Ray Fielder	80	La Conner, WA	V8- I Vickers, Eldred	47.0	6.0	6.0	6.0	5.0	4.0	3.0	3.0	4.0	3.0	4.0	4.0	2.0	4.0	3.0	4.0	4.0
5	Jack Pulliam	60	Anacortes, WA	Pikanto-G Bantock	58.0	3.0	4.0	3.0	3.0	6.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0

Hosted by Deception Pass Model Yacht Club. Wind: Westerly about 5 MPH. Kantun designed by Robert Grubiša and Zvonko Jelačić.

[Excel](#)

Besides the totally unoriginal “What a great day” pronouncement all around, the conversation drifted to the use of exponential. Heads nodded yes and most agreed it helped smooth out the nervous twitches when you find yourself leading at the top mark.

Mr. Short Rudder held out his shaking hand with fingers extended, “I get that too sometimes.”

“And it’s good for Parkinson’s too”, I exclaimed wanting to contribute.

Steve did a big eye roll and said, “Jerry you are so sensitive.”

“I know, I get that all the time,” I replied wanting to take advantage of the sarcasm.

Mike was trying to break the tack too early syndrome he had developed over the years. Then Joe felt the righty kicking in and tacked way below the typical layline.

“Joe if you make it without tacking. I am going to puke!” Mike was betting all in.

Later after Joe pinched to make it around, and we gathered after sailing, “OK Joe I.O.U a bucket of puke”.

“Anybody want some SALSA?” I thought to ask appropriately.

Joe kept complaining over and over about his boat looping up like the rudder wanted to just keep turning after he centered the stick. He did lots of stuff like changing all his radio gear and lubing the rudder linkage. It was getting very annoying when Joe would hail, “Look at that! There it goes again,” as he rounded nearly ever mark. I decide the problem was Joe’s thumbs where going crazy. So every time Joe would distract us with, “look at that!” I would add, “It’s crazy thumbs Joe.” This went on and on for more than two regattas and eventually Joe began to think it was a problem with his thumbs. So finally last Sunday we would run a test with Joe and I trading transmitters. At the first sign of crazy thumbs we traded and I smoothly sailed his boat around for two races without a single problem. Joe looked serious, bowed head and shock it no. It was his thumbs. Crazy thumbs. It was a somber moment for us all. Then out of the blue it was my voice, “Look at that! There it goes again.” Joe looked so relieved. His thumbs were OK.

Jack said, “I’m confused. If it’s not his thumbs, what is it?”