

DPMYC Sunday IOM Regatta

Wind W Aprox 2-4 MPH

9/11/2016

Hosted by
Deception Pass Model Yacht

Pos	Skipper	Sail	Home Port	Design-Designer	Score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	
1	Kelly Martin	77	Bellingham, WA	V8- I Vickers, Eldred	14.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	2.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	2.0	1.0	
2	Larry Stiles	64	Sedro Woolley	britPOP!-BG Astbury	28.0	2.0	3.0	2.0	3.0	2.0	2.0	2.0	1.0	3.0	3.0	2.0	2.0	2.0	2.0	2.0	3.0	1.0	2.0
3	Dennis Pittis	57	Clinton, WA	Alternative-BG	46.0	7.0	4.0	4.0	4.0	3.0	3.0	3.0	4.0	5.0	4.0	3.0	4.0	3.0	3.0	3.0	2.0	3.0	3.0
4	Joe D'Amico	86	Sequim, WA	Kantun SMX-ZJ&RG	61.0	3.0	2.0	6.0	2.0	7.0	4.0	5.0	7.0	2.0	2.0	4.0	3.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0
5	Steve Bechtold	180	Anacortes, WA	Ericca-M Firebrace	76.0	7.0	5.0	3.0	6.0	4.0	5.0	4.0	3.0	4.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0
6	Ray Fielder	80	La Conner, WA	V8- I Vickers, Eldred	88.0	4.0	6.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0

Folks:

I bet that you can remember where you were 9/11/2001.

The wind was undecided the whole day, never filling in but never going completely dead. The direction was fairly consistent though and we had some very good tactical racing.

In 2001 Maggie and I were out camping in south central Oregon in the Westfalia. I had just been laid off from Northern Marine and Maggie said it would be a good idea to get away.

Steve Sutton came down with a V7 but it was a non-starter because of electrical problems. So he went into tire kicking mode and sailed just about every boat there. Trish Bechtold called the line and kept score which was very appreciated.

We had just broken camp to get an early start and headed for Malheur. Near Burns, on our way to Frenchglen, we stopped to get gas. The gas attendant did not appear.

Nobody seemed to be worried that we were missing what turned out to be a rather good football game which was decided in the last 30 seconds! No, we were out in the sunshine swapping boats, learning and having fun.

I found him in the back of the convenience store with about ten other people crowded around a TV set. At first I couldn't see what they where looking at. All I could hear was someone saying over and over "Oh My God! Would you look at that?"

"What's happening?" I said in a light hearted way thinking it was some sort local football game going on. The man who turned out to be the gas attendant motioned be to come closer and the group parted so I could see. And then I saw, but I did not understand. I could not comprehend. My eyes saw the Twin Towers, the left Tower engulfed in flames and smoke, and just as I was beginning the equate what I was seeing as some sort of reality a large plane came in from right and buried itself onto the right Tower and immediately burst into flames. When I heard the news person speaking, it all started to become a little more real.

In one of the races I sailed Kelly's V8. Wow. My BritPop! is a very capable boat, but sailing his boat showed me that when it comes to tuning I've still got a few things to learn.

I don't remember how long it was but after a bit the attendant turned to me and said "Let's get you on your way"and we both headed out to the gas pumps. Without words he pumped the gas, I gave him the money and he gave me the change.

In silence, trying not to believe that what I had seen was real, I started up the old Westy and pulled out of the gas station.

Maggie, having watched this pantomime, and being able to read my face like an open book, demanded "What's wrong? What Happened?"

"Something Horrible" I said.

Sometimes the price of freedom is vulnerability. Thanks for your patience. Larry