Above right, the J/80 fleet enjoys a swift downwind run in favorable currents and a building breeze.

Right, Christine Nelson’s crew on the J/29, Slick, in PHRF Class 5 get into the spirit of Pink Boat Day.

Below, Friday’s band Gertrude’s Hearse and the day’s Pink Boat theme brought out staunch supporters, including bra pong, at the evening awards party.

Bottom right, competing against Friday’s water and skies, the J/90, Eye Eye, vies for blue bragging.

Left, Penn Cove’s iconic Red Barn is a mecca for plein air painters.

Left below, the on-the-water judge boat and Jan and Skip’s photography boat keep their eyes on the J/105 fleet as it rounds the windward mark.

Below, holding on to a tight reach on Coupeville’s dock, Dan Randolph’s Farr 30, Nefarious, rounds the jibe mark off the Coupeville dock.
This page, including hosting daily field trips to sights around the island, CSR Kids Camp and the MY SAIL multihull youth sailing foundation also introduced the young sailors to the joy of the trapeze. By week’s end they were up and flying.

Below left, while other kids are asking for keys to the car, Jennifer ‘JJ’ Hoag has always preferred her folks’ boats. Here she is at the helm of the Hoag’s Shrek. At the age of 2. She’s on her way to earning that spot on a more regular basis after skippering the Hoag’s S2 7.0, Chinook, to pickle dish territory during this year’s Whidbey Island Race Week in PHRF Class 5 with her ‘Team Shrek Youth’ crew, four of whom are summer instructors at Seattle’s Sail Sand Point. By the way, original owners Dean and Shelly Conti first brought Chinook to race week in 1988. That was 31 years ago. JJ’s now just 19...

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Whidbey Island
Race Week News
Saturday, July 27, 2019

SAILING’S FUTURE IS IN GOOD HANDS

W
ill be missed. The bovine aroma off Blowers Bluff signaling a solid westerly. Hearing crew exclaim, “The mountain is out!” while passing through the channel from Oak Harbor into Saratoga Passage when Mt. Baker emerges over the eastern horizon. Knowing with confidence that if that marine layer burns off over the straights beyond Penn Cove’s west head, the breeze will indeed fill in. Port tacking the fleet to hitch the elevator up the cove’s North Beach. Coupeville’s Red Barn. And those garlic shrimp. Ice cream at Kapaws. Wishing there was time for beer and fish & chips at Toby’s. Setting crab pots on the way out to the race course. Eavesdropping on the Oak Harbor Yacht Club members’ entertaining banter as they swap stories, strategizing the next day’s volunteer duties and catching up on how the kids are doing. Hawaiian shirts. Your 22-year-old daughter who’s been to 24 race weeks. Do the math. Tent city. Camp Canada. Hot tubs. Toga night. Tents that tumbled away in opening night windstorms, like Ken “Kowloon” Chin’s Sui Mui. Pete’s. The sound of freedom. At 6am. Protest hearings in the wee dawn hours. Bowling night. Go karts at the Blue Fox Drive-In. Werner. BBQ Thursday at the Navy’s Crescent Harbor Marina. Watching the International Space Station fly over before finally turning off the tent’s twinkle lights and turning in. Lines for the show-ers. The volleyball sandpit. Sausage & gravy and biscuits at The Coachman while watching the Tour de France on TV. El Cazador’s tableside guacamole. An actual tent at the party tent. The tune of the day blaring through overworked loud speakers as the red RC boat leaves the marina in the morning. Walking the dock. Doctored boat names. The old windmill. Fraser’s. Wondering who all those people are when the inevitable drive or delivery is made back to civilization. Kelly. Planning for next year.

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