

2011 GLSS King's Cup Race Recap

From Dirk Kruger, Race Chair

Good group, winds, and temps, no rain, storms or bugs not too bad of a race. I hope that you all enjoyed the course, scenery and conditions as much as I did.

If any of you would like to share any experiences and/or challenges that you and/or your boat had during the race I would like to hear them...

The height of excitement for me was when I hoisted the spin sock in 13 knots, launching only moments later unknowingly in 23 to be greeted with an immediate broach while on the foredeck strapped to a jack line. Getting back to the cockpit and getting the boom out, releasing more spin sheet was a bit of a fire drill with yet another broach or two for good measure. I'm sure I looked back at the 4 mile crib more than once during these. After a minute or two I got things under some sort of control and noticed that I was doing 12.0 knots. Whoa, I thought it was 13 knots but it was 23! Yikes, the chutes limit is 25! Looking at the GPS I saw that the Wilson Ave crib was 50 degrees to the left and that I was sailing 160-155 TWA...it was past time to gibe. My previous experience was that the limit jibing solo was in 18 knots since the boom will wipe out the boat in more wind (with waves). What the heck, I was 2 miles back from the lead and had nothing to loose so go for it! Lock the wheel, bring in the main sheet, grab the spin sheets, pray and look with relentless enthusiasm as to the outcome and credit card bills to follow. The boom jibed nicely, and I blew out 30 ft of main sheet. The chute went ok and then it filled..... yeehaa Sea Raider was still on its feet! Apparently the tears of joy filled my eye sockets so full that I didn't know how to drive again and a broach followed a minute later. It was the quick rodeo round-up type. When I got the boat pointed in the right direction I noticed that the bow sprit retracted into the boat resulting in the tack of the sail being 5 ft higher in the air with a very unstable chute. I was determined to get it to fly but after some struggles I determined that this fiasco would only end when something broke so I decided to take it down. Socking the chute and ditching it in the fore hatch went well. After getting the jib out I needed something to drink. Going below was I was greeted with a most unusual smell which was a broken bottle of unopened rum. I entered into an emotional disbelief. This has never happened before.

I hope to see you all next year!