

Saturday morning was a cold, wet, and discouraging for a day of racing. Ducks and Snagglepuss had moved up to Duck's Landing Friday evening. Everyone else spent a few quality hours in the rain Saturday morning. But by the time the committee started the sequence, the rain had left the building.

The first race was to the NW up the main channel of the Magothy. The Catalinas started last. We followed Ducks to the line and snuck in behind them as the fleet started down the river. Everyone headed left, but then Catawampus, Snaggle and Ducks tacked toward the North Shore. Jim took 'wampus up north with the locals while Ethel and Swell stayed on the giant banana boat to the south. Ducks and Snaggle tried to cross north, but got caught in a downdraft that had us close hauled 180degrees apart. By the time we got to weather Swell, Catawampus and Ethel all rounded ahead, with Ducks close astern.

About 2/3<sup>rds</sup> of the way down long downwind, we were able to squeak over Dotty. Ducks caught her at the leeward mark. The RC shortened to 3.4 miles at the starting line and it was Swell, Catawampus, Snaggle, Ducks and The Lazy Ethel like beads in a string.

Then the wind changed, the committee prevaricated, we took a lunch break, and about 2 hours after finishing we started a 7.5 mile race on a north – south axis. Snaggle took a port tack start crossing Swell and well to the right of the other 3. Having one less tack and holding our own we were first around the top mark, with Ducks close behind. We set off on another 2 mile downwind leg, with the breeze piping up to 15. Duck's pulled alongside, but we were able to jibe away and round ahead. The course required us to honor the pin to starboard, and we made out when Ducks was picked off by a downwind racer. We again made it to the top mark ahead, but Ducks and Catawampus were close behind. We decided to stay deep on starboard, and held that as the wind topped 18 with gusts to 20. Those twing things do work! Meanwhile Jim and Tom were moving left together, with Ducks (reportedly – I was not allowed to look) having at least one “chute event”. We had a difficult jibe to the mark but no permanent damage was sustained by the foredeck boy, and we rounded ahead and headed upwind to the finish. Then, of course, the closely bunched fleet split behind us. We covered Ducks until headed, then went the other way. Finally, #1 son reminded us that Ducks, still headed to the right, was the closer boat, so we tacked to cover, they tacked, we crossed and tacked on top. That would have been it except that knowing it was our first day on the water since October, Ducks decided to initiate a tacking duel. As an early Mother's Day present the boys came through, and after 4 tacks we were lined up for the finish. The race was twice as long, but the string of Catalina's – Snaggle, Ducks, Catawampus, Swell, and Lazy Ethel was less than half as long as the first race. A fine showing for Fleet 8, and a happy (early) Mother's Day for Penny, who knew where all her boys were that afternoon at the party at Duck's Landing.