

The **Lady** and the Tramp Regatta

It was a cold and stormy night. OK, it was cold, but a bright, sunny day. Race Committee crew Bob Backer, Gary Preston, and Karen Preston offer this extra-perceptual version of the amazing events. All conversations occurred in the minds of the Race Committee, but the **Ladies** and the Tramps said pretty much the same things at the dock party (well, sort of....).

Introducing the Intrepid **Ladies** and their Scruffy Tramps:

Barbara and Todd Craig: highly experienced and accomplished—the team to beat!

Stacy and Mark Werder: first time the **Lady** skippered and endured an entire regatta!

Kirsten and Kerry Johnson: the 18 year old wonder (weighing in at 48 pounds soaking wet) under the calm tutelage of her proud papa!

Race 1 Course: A5 Wind: Lots (white caps galore)

No one is at the start line when the horn sounds. Looks like the **Ladies** are taking their time getting the feel of their boats and the conditions. Kirsten makes a daring port-tack start while the others stick with starboard. Despite the late start, gusty winds, and enduring several headers that led to lots of tacking, mark 1 is reached in 9 minutes and all competitors round within one minute.

“Raise the spinnaker, you scurvy Tramp!”

“M’ **Lady** ‘s wish is my command and I desire to comply as quickly as...!”

“Just get it up today, will you?”

Uh oh! Kirsten and Stacy have nice spinnakers, but where is Barbara’s? Is her Tramp attempting a mutiny?!? Or being a slacker?!?

Kerry failed to maintain complete control of his spinnaker as Kirsten adroitly handled an impressive round-up.

“Dad, get that sail out of the water NOW! That is not how you drop it!”

A mere 35 minutes after the start, Barbara crosses the finish line, followed by Stacy and Kirsten.

Race 2 Course: B5 Wind: Still have white caps

The **Ladies** are feeling more confident at the start line. Barbara and Kirsten duke it out at the start. Barbara pinches Kirsten out and almost drives her into the Kayot. Bad Barbara! Stacy keeps out of the fray and starts third.

The Race Committee men take a break to “check the marks”. While back out on the course:

“Woo hoo, dad! We’re first to the windward mark!”

“Whew, we made it to the mark without Kirsten and Barbara killing us or each other!”

“Dang, we’re last to the mark! It must be karmic payback for pinching off the kid!”

Kirsten keeps the lead around the reaching and leeward marks.

“Hey, Kirsten, we are pretty far ahead, so let’s stay on this tack and see if they follow us. Besides, I’m getting tired of this foredeck work with all the tacking.”

Hmm, poor advice! At the next crossing, Barbara has gotten ahead of Kirsten. Bad Kerry! Stacy splits off from the ensuing tacking duel and is able to cross the finish line between Barbara and Kirsten.

Race 3 Course: AA5 Wind: Yep, still white caps

All 3 boats are neck-in-neck approaching the start at the stern of the RC boat. Stacy almost pinches off Barbara, but graciously gives room.

“I’m keeping my karma clean!”

Kirsten rounds the windward mark first, with Stacy trailing last.

“So much for karma! Raise the spinnaker Tramp!”

The others wisely refrain, and Stacy relents shortly.
The Race Committee starts to get distracted.

“Why did we give them such a long course? Let’s talk about Bob and Betty traveling across the Pacific later this year.”

The competitors have gotten spread out as the wind becomes shifty and variable. The gusts, however, do not subside, and the white caps persist.

“Dad, my arms are killing me!”, shouts a white-knuckled Kirsten as she mightily uses both arms to control her tiller for the 4th consecutive hour.

“Hang in there, **Lady!** We are going to correct out over Stacy!”

The races are over by 1:30 after three exhilarating battles! The **Ladies** beg for another, but their **Tramps** beg for mercy. Onward to the Castle, er, Clubhouse, to eat and relive this most exciting day!

	Race 1	Race 2	Race 3	Finish Place
Barbara Craig (S20)	1	1	1	1
Stacy Werder (S20)	2	2	3	2
Kirsten Johnson (S23)	3	3	2	3