

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.





















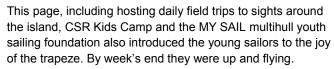


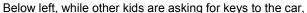
SAILING'S FUTURE IS IN GOOD HANDS

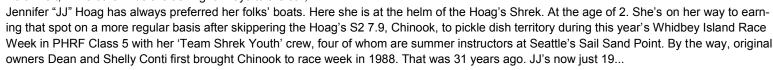
















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WHIDBEY ISLAND



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 showers. 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.