

# TRULY AMAZING RACE — SML STYLE

## SAILING CLUB COMMEMORATES THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF SML *By Pete Phillip*

May 21, 2016 the Blackwater Yacht Racing Association (BYRA) and Pelican Point YC hosted an amazing 32.5 mile sailboat race that raised \$12,875 for the National Kidney Foundation. 15 competing sailboats began the race at 10:15 am on Saturday, May 21st and sailed until the last boat finished around 3:43 am on Sunday. The weather provided all the variety anyone could have asked for and pushed many to their limits. The tales of skippers and crew recall endurance and grave concern in the face of frustrating light wind followed by severe storms.

The final score sheet is posted below showing the corrected handicap times plus the adjustments which include donations to the National Kidney Foundation (NKF).

Congratulations to the Dark Horse Team of Dale Kovach, John and Bob Fourqurean for capturing the NKF trophy. Their third place finish combined with \$3275 in donations put them in first place by many hours. Actually 9.4 hours.

Now, turn the clock back over a year. Recall that Vicki Gardner, Director of the Smith Mountain Lake Chamber of Commerce, encouraged local clubs to design memorable events to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the lake. The expectation for a unique on-water event fell on the local sailing clubs but especially the Blackwater Yacht Racing Association (BYRA). This club has been sponsoring sailing competition on Smith Mountain Lake since 1985 and is the most prominent keelboat racing club in southwest Virginia.

In October, 2015, the BYRA Commodore approached the owner and management of Pelican Point Yacht Club of Union Hall, VA to partner in staging a 50 kilometer yacht race. A race of this magnitude had not been done on the lake in decades so this would require help from many resources. We wanted to provide GPS tracking so the race committee and spectators could follow the race on line and

we wanted to select a charity to enrich the event and gather national appeal. We also wanted a race organization that raised the bar on safety and preparation for vessels and crew alike.

US Sail and Power Squadron District Governor Randy Stow learned of a website [www.marinetraffic.com](http://www.marinetraffic.com) that was available to all boaters and worked through the smart phone app. The US Coast Guard will provide a marine identification number that allows for tracking the position of boats in the race. This was a huge feature for the organizers and would allow them to know where competing yachts were on the course. The Bayview Yacht Club of Detroit has run the Port Huron, Mich. to Mackinac Island Race for 70 years provided the framework for a detailed Notice of Race and a yacht inspection that would require participants to insure their boats were seaworthy, equipped with safety gear and their crews were prepared for potential severe weather. Participants would be required to carry a cell phone and call-in to the RC at prescribed intervals during the race.

The National Kidney Foundation was selected to sponsor this event with BYRA and PLYC. We hoped this partnership would bring wide regional and national attention to our event and help raise awareness of kidney disease and the need for lifesaving kidney donors in Virginia and across the nation. Two kidney donors participated in the race and several others living with one kidney were connected to the event. Susan Herzick of The NKF provided a website that is used for their regional Kidney Walks (<http://donate.kidney.org/goto/aroundthelake>). The website was modified to allow race teams to set up their own link allowing supporters to donate directly to the foundation on behalf of the boat. The website posted an instantaneous update of donations by boat and an honor roll of donors. The event also commemorates the driving spirit of our SML Chamber Director Vicki Gardner. She

was seriously wounded in the tragic events last fall when two young journalists were murdered while taping an interview about the 50th Anniversary Activities. Vicki has recovered but lost a kidney from the gunshot wounds.

### The 50K Around the Lake Race” NKF Award

Sailing competition among different classes and sizes of boats is governed by a national performance handicap system. This levels the playing field for boats with varying speed potential by providing a time allowance for the slower boats. The SML 50 K Race contained a provision whereby a team could obtain an additional handicap allowance of 30 seconds for every dollar donated to the foundation. This special feature could inspire competitors to raise \$300 to \$600 to improve their chances in the race. We established a beautiful grand prize lead crystal vase for the team with the fastest time adjusted for team donations. What transpired was way beyond our expectations.

Local media was enlisted to support the event through TV, radio and print to spread the word. Magazine articles were run in Lynchburg, Danville, and Smith Mountain Lake. Then there were the hundreds of emails sent to friends, family and work associates to encourage donations to the foundation.

Finally, thanks to the help of ten great sponsors the club was able to cover the cost to put on this race and support the National Kidney Foundation. Event sponsors included: PLYC, Sea Tow SML, La Trattoria Restaurant, SML Sailing School, Gobble & Associates of Merrill Lynch, SML Getaways, SML Chiropractic Center, Hot Shots, El Toreno Mexican Restaurant and the Allstate-Gillespie Agency.

Running a sailboat race of this magnitude would normally require a large race committee team. This event was officiated by a mighty trio of Judy Phillip, Brandyn Price and Susan Herzick with help from Marcie Zahn and Ted Killingsworth. Judy Brandyn and



Race Sponsors: (l to r) Pete Phillip, Jim Schaible, Mark Gobble, Chuck Tunnell, Marcie Zahn, Ted Killingsworth, Warren Theis, and Bill Gillespie. Not Present: Jeff Shots, Capt. Rick Ellett, and Rodolfo Rueda

By Scot Podosek



Gamut: noun. The complete range or scope of something. The 50k Around the Lake Yacht Race ran the gamut of the potential sailing experience at Smith Mountain Lake. There are multiple reasons people sail and countless adjectives to describe the endeavor. Any one of them were satisfied and could be expounded upon by those who participated in the 50k. Sailors will regale audiences for years to come of tales from this event.

There will be tales of danger beginning with an onslaught of cigarette boats passing through at high speed sending up wakes that had us spinning in circles and wondering if we would wind up washed ashore. The rain in one storm so was fierce that helmsman could not see past their masts. The electrical storm lit up the sky with lightning strikes at close range.

There will be tales of challenge and competition. The S curve proved to be a great equalizer bringing the fleet back together. The upper Roanoke was quite a challenge requiring incredible focus on wind direction and sail trim and when to tack in a tight channel. Focusing on sail trim for 10 hours or more takes stamina. There were several lead changes in this portion of the lake proving for great competition, but perhaps the greatest competition was the fundraising efforts that took place before the race giving some boats enormous advantages and allowances for error. More importantly it helped a great cause and will fuel conversations for years to come about money donated by fans sailing vicariously and negative finish times up to over 17 hours!

Hopefully there will be tales from onlookers as well. Imagine rounding a bend in a boat at 50+ miles an hour and realizing you are heading into a fleet of sailboats. Imagine cruising through the S curve on the Virginia Dare watching several sailboats raising and lowering spinnakers trying to determine the ever changing wind direction. Imagine being at the bridge and the sight of multiple spinnakers headed your way and watching the boats round the mark and sail off again.

The stories will go on covering the gamut of the experience. The 50k was quite an adventure that made quite an impact both on and off the course.



Susan Herzick of NKF receives the BIG CHECK from race sponsors Marcie Zahn (PPYC) and Pete Phillip (BYRA)

Susan manned the phones and monitored the website during the race and welcomed the race teams at the finish line. A pre-race skippers meeting pizza party was catered by La Trattoria Restaurant and Vice Commodore Chuck Tunnell and a post-race award party was held on Sunday afternoon catered by Hot Shots Restaurant. Awards were presented to the top five finishers based on standard handicap finishes, fleet champions, and to all who participated in the event and supported the National Kidney Foundation. The Grand Prize went home with Dale and Judy Kovach from Team Dark Horse.

**The Course:**

The race began early on Saturday, May 21st off Pelican Point on the Blackwater River. The course lead competing boats up the Roanoke River to the Bridgewater Marina near the Hales-Ford Bridge, back down the river and east to marker R-1 near the SML dam. After rounding Dam Island and Bar Island, sailors continued back to the Blackwater River, sailed around the Lucky Islands near the mouth of Gills Creek and return to finish off Pelican Point.

The fleet endured the entire spectrum of wind from barely a breeze to over 30 mph gusts when three separate storms blasted the fleet. Monsoon rain and lightning pounded the boats on the upper Roanoke, near the dam and again near Pelican Point. Then the sky cleared, the full moon peaked out and the breeze died. Boats remaining on the course after 10:00 pm sailed in only one mph breeze and took several hours to cover the last two miles. This event offered a true test of skill and endurance rarely offered to inland sailors.



Mark Gobble and Gil Miekina on "Always Something"

Race Co-Chairmen  
Pete and Judy Phillip  
Blackwater Yacht Racing Association



# BYRA 50K RACE

When I was first asked to put together an article about my thoughts on the Smith Mountain Lake 50th Anniversary "50K Around the Lake" Sailboat Race, the first thing that came to my mind was that I didn't think I would live to see my first wedding anniversary!

After weeks of preparation of stocking the sailboat with required safety gear and things to endure anything that could possibly happen during a 24-hour race, for some reason, I was reminded of old episodes of Gilligan's Island's two-hour tour because I wanted to be prepared for possibly living the "island life." Little did I know just how accurate that premonition was! Due to the extra weight of all the precautionary gear the sailboat actually was an inch deeper in the water at steady state than my normal racing weight. That accidental ballast I would find to come much in handy later on.

I had worked hard raising nearly \$1,000 for the designated recipient charity, the National Kidney Foundation, in anticipation of the SML 50K. For the three weeks leading up to the race, I was obsessed with the event. I was constantly raising money along with preparing and stockpiling the sailboat. My wife, Nancy, will tell everyone that if I do something, it is usually an obsessive focus and I always give nothing less than 100 percent. I would tend to agree, except when it comes to racing, it's nothing less than 110%!

For the record, I do claim to have been a racer for over 18 years, but those years were all racing automobiles. As a confessed junkie for competition I believe going fast, creating horsepower and tight racing gets in your blood and is a disease that, I feel, has no cure. The irony is that when I'm racing cars, it is always just about going faster. Sailboats are different. Sure, speed is important. Yet it is so, so, very much more than just how fast you can go.

Last year, I witnessed my first sailboat race through sheer luck. I happened to look outside and sailboats were racing right in front of our new home! I had experienced and always enjoyed the pleasure of bareboat sailboat trips before, but I had never mixed it with my passion in racing. So imagine my excitement when I put them both together in my head! When a neighbor finally caught my hint that I would love to crew for him on his sailboat during a race, I immediately jumped on the opportunity when he asked. A few months later he traded sailboats with another man and sold me his old one. Since then, I renamed the craft to Always Something...., our family motto, and life has never been the same.

The SML 50K race started out just like any other summer sailboat event with everyone excited and talking 'race smack' during the captains' meeting.

I knew who my primary competitors were and we all played the game of keeping our strategy close to our chest. This was a race of endurance, skills, preparedness, and later we would find: tenacity or stupidity - depending on who you asked.

After six hours and forty-four minutes, we had sailed from Pelican Point on the Blackwater to Bridgewater Marina where we were to make a U-turn and head toward the dam. The skies were darkening and we knew that the forecast for a thunderstorm was likely to come true. Initially, this was a welcoming thought as it was a hot, humid day with very little wind. As we made the turn and headed upwind toward the dam, the skies continued to darken and we knew things were going to get interesting. The first two storms were nothing unreasonable - hard rain, increased winds, some lightning and thunder in the distance, all followed by the most beautiful double-rainbow I have ever witnessed. In all seriousness, we could see both ends of the rainbow touch down at the water between our sailboat and the shore. I would have loved to have sailed to that very spot and found the 'pot of gold' but doing so would have cost us precious time and we'd be far "off-course", as we sailboat racers call it.

My fellow crewmember was Gill Mikeina, the original owner of my boat since it was bought new 30 years ago! He knew the boat better than the back of his hand and I was so fortunate to have convinced him to join me. The amazing thing about sailing is that, unlike race cars, it is not so much a young-person's sport! I'm in my early fifties and Gill's hit his early seventies and as he says, "Sailboat racing is like chess on the water. You always have to think ahead and outsmart your opponent." I have learned to respect that, with age and experience, comes success. The plan was to have Gill crew the first half of the 24-hour race, and then have my second shift crew, my wife of eleven months, Nancy, be ferried out to our boat by her father, John Layton, to do an "exchange" and have John take Gil back to the comforts of home around dusk. At least that was the "planned" strategy, until the third storm raised its ugly head just as it was getting dark and the exchange was about to take place.

Winds were really picking up and we knew a serious storm was brewing in the clouds above. Of course, the best sailing is always right before a storm, so we were actually enjoying an incredibly close race with the second place boat in our class. It might be hard to believe, but after ten hours of racing, the two of us we were racing, stern to bow, rails in the water, standing on the gunnels with only three boat lengths between us! It was at that point when we were basking in the moment that all hell

broke loose.

The heavens opened up with torrential rain. Suddenly, there was lightning coming down all around us from sky to sea; we were near the dam with nowhere to hide. (Besides, even if there had been a dock near, hiding out there would have not helped our elapsed time one bit!) At this point it seemed our visibility had gone down to less than 100 feet. My wife and I were trying to talk on the phone to abandon our previous crew change plans, but it was too late. She had already left our dock to meet up with us and she too was caught within this incredible storm along with her father. Between the wind, noise and water, communication by cell phone was simply impossible. I wanted to try to text her, but when you have one hand on the tiller and another on the lifeline, texting is not an option. We thought the storm would be brief, and maybe it was, but it seemed to just go on and on. The lights on our competitor's boat three lengths behind earlier had disappeared. He later confessed that he dropped his sails and motored home. Gil's phone was ringing from his wife calling in to check on us so his phone was less waterlogged than mine. We tried to relay a message through her to my wife that we were OK and that they should abandon our plans for exchange and go back home instead to seek safety and shelter.

At mile-marker R1 our course was set to round the two islands guarding the entrance to the dam. At this point visibility was only fifty feet or so but we knew we were approaching a very large boat going in the same direction. We recognized it as another hopeless fool in the race and decided to follow them because we figured 1.) The sailboat was large enough that it should have a GPS and 2.) If it ran aground off the island and we saw the lights stop moving, maybe I'd be able to steer clear! Do you have any idea how hard it is to see an unmarked island against the dark backdrop of Smith Mountain late at night? Sure, it was a full moon night, but with such thick cloud cover and blinding rain, a single Christmas tree light would have seemed brighter than any light from the moon.

At last! With the help of a flood light and the stern lights of the boat ahead, we found the island and rounded to port as directed and headed upwind. The winds had increased further as the storm passed through and we knew we would be over-power at this rate. In an instant, while I'm hanging on for dear life, Gill jumps up and proclaims, "We need to SWITCH SAILS!" At this time, I'm ready to 'drop sails' but not for 'Seaman Gil!' In a flash, he is at the bow pulling down the large genoa and hanging on the smaller jib head sail in the pitch black of darkness. With the smaller head sail, things seemed to calm down a bit, or at least became

more predictable. We were still heeled over with the port rail fully in the water and making great time. It wasn't long before the wind gusts had subsided and we could start to make out the lights of Bernard's Landing. All of a sudden, the first thought of "we survived" came to mind. That incredible adrenaline rush you get after doing everything that needed to be done all became very real. It took another hour for our heart rate to return to normal, change into warm dry clothes, and connect with our loved ones who were safe but extremely wet and full of anxiety over our safety.

We were back in open water headed up Blackwater where we could make out the shore's silhouette and the finish line! Of course, the finish line was just a tease at the point. The course called for us to PASS the finish line and continue up Blackwater before making a U-turn and returning back to the finish line in the opposite direction at Pelican Point. About this time, the wind completely died. In three hours, we went from being a cork in an ocean to a sitting duck in a still pond. The only nice thing we can say is that the heavy cloud cover began to break up and we caught a glimpse of the night's beautiful full moon. As soon as we could stare out and enjoy for a few minutes, it was gone.

At this time, it was still very dark and the last turn was around three islands up Blackwater. We were passing the sailboat with the presumed 'GPS-aided' navigation and were close and slow enough to converse with the crew. After thanking him for steering us clear of the islands at the dam with his electronics, he replied "What do you mean electronics? We had two crew on the bow with flashlights!"

I had forgotten I had packed my iPad with a navigation app for such situations, but with all the earlier excitement, I had forgotten all about it. When you are traveling at less than one knot in a sailboat you have a lot more time to 'think' than when you are acting in survival mode! Thanks to one or two puffs of wind and the iPad we were able to circle our last mark without running aground and finally headed toward the finish line. Our instructions were to call the organizer's cell phone upon crossing the finish line to record our finishing time. Oh, how I was wishing they had forgotten to put their phone on silent mode as it was 1:25 a.m. and I wanted to tell the world we were finishing! We had done it! 50 kilometers, 33 miles, three storms, lightning, wet clothes, heavy winds, no winds, rainbows, a full moon, and lots of excitement later - we had finished the 24-hour race in 15 hours and 15 minutes.

After crossing the finish line, we immediately started our motor and crossed the channel to where Gill and I lived. Thank goodness we live so close to the finish line because we were both spent, done, finished, and ready to go to bed. After docking and saying our goodbyes, I walked to the house and in the door. I was greeted by my wife who also had been in the middle of the 'mother of all storms' along with her father of 76 years. It was not the greeting I had envisioned. There was no champagne, no high fives, no "Booyahs!" and no congratulations. She hugged me around the neck and immediately burst into tears. "Oh my God, you are alive!" were her first words. "I thought you, Gil, Dad and I were all going to die out there in that storm!" Honestly, at one point in the middle of the storm, I was thinking the same. Being the optimist, and knowing she was right, all I could whisper back for comfort was, "But, we didn't."

It was about 3:30 in the morning when Nancy and I finished recapping the night's traumatic excitement and settled down. Her anxiety turned to relief and then to anger, and finally the feeling of solace and gratitude for the entire event. Emotions were abundant and broad that night. As for me, I can only say it was one night I will never forget. I was so happy I had the chance to participate in the event to learn more about sailing, to make a small difference to the American Kidney Foundation, and ultimately come out on top for the fleet's class with a first-place finish due to our "tenacity or stupidity". Whichever you decide to call it.

# BYRA 50 K MEMORIES

By Chuck Tunnell

I have many memories of the 50K Around the Lake Yacht Race. I was lucky enough to crew on John Breckenridge's Harbor 20 "StressLess". John is a LEGENDARY sailor around BYRA and when I learned that he was looking for crew for the upcoming "Around the Lake Yacht Race" I shot him an email". I had ulterior motives like learning all I could about the Harbor 20 sailboat that he races. I have just bought a Harbor 20 this year and race against John. Racing in the same fleet as him is like playing golf against Tiger Woods. At best you are sailing for second place.

We were the smallest sailboat racing. I did learn a lot during the 12 hours it took us to complete the race. One thing I learned is that in a 20 foot "open cockpit" sailboat we had nowhere to go during 3 storms that hit us that day/night. The race started with very light winds and it was a struggle to get to the bridge (especially through the S curves).

On the way down the Roanoke River toward the Dam the rain caught us, but soon afterward, gave us a gorgeous double rainbow. Onward we went only to have the 2nd (more intense) rain storm get us.. We were

battling with 2 other sailboats nearby as we negotiated the 2 small islands at the Dam with strong wind making it exciting... In the middle of the last and worst storm (complete with Thunder and Lightning) I asked John if there was something wrong with us and he assured me there was...

Now we start up the Blackwater River and are looking at storm number 3 and this one was complete with serious Thunder and Lightning! By this point we had been sailing over 10 hours and it was dark and visibility was next to nothing. Luckily this is our "home waters" so we felt good about not running aground etc...John and I discussed our options and decided we would regret not finishing so we pressed on.

After 12 hours of racing we finished around 10 p.m.. Everyone met back at Pelican Point Yacht Club for the Awards ceremony on Sunday afternoon. We traded war stories of how grueling the race was but how great it was to be a part of the experience. The BYRA/PPYC 50K race raised over \$12,000 for the National Kidney Foundation and that along with finishing that tough race is something I am really proud of.



# 50K AROUND THE LAKE RACE

By John Breckinbridge

In 60 years of coastal and lake sailing, I've seen a lot of different weather conditions. Last weekend was my first time seeing them all on the same day. My boat is a Harbor 20, a nice sailing, 20-footer with an open cockpit. Whatever the weather, the crew gets to experience it first-hand. There is no "below deck."

Chuck Tunnell, another BYRA Harbor 20 owner, sailed with me. The race started at 10:00 am and was a drifter and a little hot. We didn't make the turn at Bridgewater Plaza until 3:30. We started making decent time back down toward the dam once the first storm hit with lots of rain and a little wind. Chuck and my main concern was keeping rain from running down our necks. Our choice was to turn west towards home if the weather was too bad or turn east and keep on

racng. The wind picked up into the teens, then 20's with higher gusts as we got closer to the dam. We could see the boats ahead working hard to stay on their feet. The sailing was good and our necks couldn't get any wetter, so we turned east.

The second storm hit just after we rounded the islands near the dam. It rained so hard visibility dropped to 1/4 mile, winds gusting into the high 20's, fortunately it was behind us and we were in the widest part of the lake. The GPS was reading 7+ knots and we just steered to a heading until we could see some landmarks. It reminded me of flying on instruments except 160 knots slower.

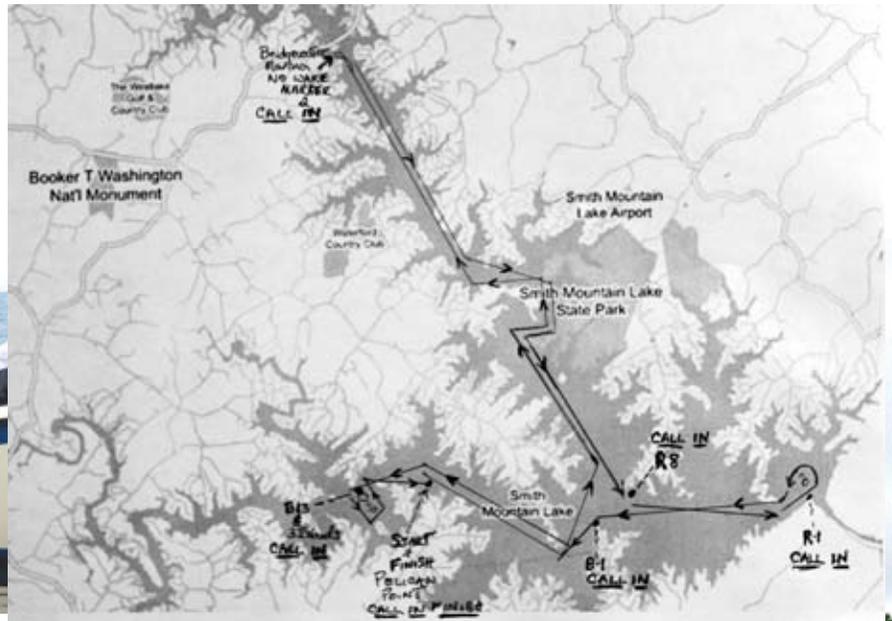
When we got into the Blackwater, the third and worst storm hit with 20+ knots, gusting. By now, it was dark and we could see air to ground lightning strikes that were way too close for comfort.

The rain was so hard that the visibility dropped to 1/4 mile (again), making it unsafe to try and find a hidey hole - so we just kept on. Two geniuses holding a 28-foot aluminum pole aloft in a severe thunderstorm. (After the fact, a little research indicated that the odds of a small sailboat getting hit by lightning is pretty remote.)

Things got better with decent visibility and 10 knots from the time we passed PPYC until we rounded three islands and finished back at PPYC. We finished around 9:30, good for fourth place overall. My GPS track showed that we travelled 56km total.

Fun wouldn't be a good descriptor, but it sure as hell was exciting and a race I'll never forget. I'm looking forward to the 75k race on SML's 75th anniversary in 2041.

"S' Go" with Tim Gardner and crew Dave.



Race Committee members Susan Herzick, Judy Phillip and Brandon Price



Photo by Gary Conover

# TEAM DARK HORSE, WINNER OF THE SML 50K AROUND THE LAKE RACE

It was the summer of 2015 when Pete Phillip of the Blackwater Yacht Racing Association (BYRA) first approached us about supporting the 50th anniversary of Smith Mountain Lake by participating in a 50 kilometer sailing race. With SML being known for light or no winds during summer months our thoughts immediately went to baking in the sun for two days while drifting around the lake. However, calmer heads prevailed and we immediately agreed to participate in the race to support the 50th anniversary of SML while knowing we generally do not know what we are doing one week to the next. Time passed, plans were made and during one of our spring series races we were informed that not only were we going to sail in the 50K race but BYRA and Pelican Point Yacht Club (PPYC) were going to stage a fund raiser to support the National Kidney Foundation (NKF) and that for every dollar donated in our team's name we would receive 30 seconds off our corrected race time. This was a totally new twist and a totally new game. We had donated too many other charity events but had never solicited donations that would not only help a charitable foundation but help us in the race. At first there was some trepidation of the unknown, would anyone want to contribute? Would we lose the race before we started? However, we thought we could start it off with some contributions that would keep us in the race and help the NKF.

At our next racing weekend and much to our surprise we found that one of our competitors, another J/24 sailboat named Boogie Board had set up their donation web site had already collected more than a \$1,000 in donations. This was a game changer, we were already more than eight hours behind and the race was still five weeks away! What to

do? That evening we set up our web site with our picture, names, and that "we need all the help we can get". After our initial donations the quest was to get the word out. We wanted to make the donation process easy, informative and interactive with those that had no idea the race was going to take place and that we were looking for their support. Our first e-mail to friends and family contained a photo of our smiling faces sailing Dark Horse with a short overview of the 50th anniversary of SML, race information and the details of the donation process. To make it as easy as we could we included a direct link to the 50K NKF web site with step by step instructions to make a donation. To keep interest up we included a link to the Marine Traffic web site explaining how during the race everyone could follow our progress and that of our competitors. Response was tremendous, within minutes we had our first donation of \$200 followed by an e-mail asking about the 30 seconds off our time for every dollar. We explained that while you could theoretically win the race before it started, other boats were already in the lead and we were now competing not only in sailing but in contributions and further explained that our goal was to at least start the sailing part of the race even with our closest competitor.



"Dark Horse" and crew Dale Kovach, John and Bob Fourqurean...and the 50th anniversary balloon.

Donations started coming in with more questions. After a couple weeks it was time for another e-mail. This one included a thank you for contributors, update on donations to date, \$1,900, photos of the boat that many friends and family had never seen and a map of the lake showing the race course. They were also informed that we were still in second place but only 40 minutes behind. More donations rolled in including our largest donation of \$500 from Anthony and Phoebe Patterson. With only a week left we sent out our last e-mail reminder that it was everyone's last chance to support Team Dark Horse and reminding everyone to follow the race on their computers.

When the contribution window closed we had collected \$3,325 in five weeks for the NKF and were tremendously surprised that we had collected more than three times our original optimistic goal. We were also embarrassed that we would start the race with about a 10 hour lead on our nearest competitors. During the race we moved from near the back of the fleet to first at times and then finished third. While passing the leading boat racing off to finish ahead of us we reminded them they had better hurry because we had a 10 hour lead on corrected donation time. They smiled back and reminded us that we still had to finish the race and we could still run aground. As it turned out we sailed right by the finish line and almost missed it as lightning and thunder storms had entered the area with high winds and driving rain cutting visibility to only 50'. We did finally find the finish line and want to thank all our contributors for their generous support.

Dale & Judy Kovach, and John & Debra Fourqurean



## BYRA 50 K RACE FINAL RESULTS

| Skipper       | Boat Name        | Boat         | Finish Pos. | Corrected Time (min) | Donations \$ | Donation Minutes | Final Adj Time (min) | Final Adj HRS |
|---------------|------------------|--------------|-------------|----------------------|--------------|------------------|----------------------|---------------|
| Phillip*      | Rascal           | J/24         | 1           | 570.81               | \$2,040.00   | 1020             | -449.19              | -7.5          |
| Cliborne      | Bandit           | J/24         | 2           | 585.12               | \$690.00     | 345              | 240.12               | 4.0           |
| Forqurean     | Dark Horse       | J/24         | 3           | 586.99               | \$3,275.00   | 1638             | -1051.01             | -17.5         |
| Breckenridge* | StressLess       | Harbor 20    | 4           | 614.89               | \$250.00     | 125              | 489.89               | 8.2           |
| Evans         | Severence        | C&C 25       | 5           | 625.37               | \$445.00     | 223              | 402.37               | 6.7           |
| Maloney       | Boogie Board     | J/24         | 6           | 644.92               | \$2,255.00   | 1128             | -483.08              | -8.1          |
| Schiabe       | Catch 22         | J22          | 7           | 657.30               | \$550.00     | 275              | 382.30               | 6.4           |
| Gobble*       | Always Something | Hunter 23    | 8           | 787.38               | \$965.00     | 483              | 304.38               | 5.1           |
| Gillespie*    | ie ie Bang Bang  | Hunter 365   | 9           | 855.13               | \$70.00      | 35               | 820.13               | 13.7          |
| Perdue        | Miss Virginia    | Hunter 23.5  | 10          | 916.08               | \$135.00     | 68               | 848.08               | 14.1          |
| Theis         | Gotcha           | S-2 6.7      | DNF         |                      | \$400.00     | 200              | DNF                  |               |
| Schraw        | Second Wind      | Ericson 23   | DNF         |                      | \$740.00     | 370              | DNF                  |               |
| Gardner       | "S" Go           | Compac 19-2  | DNF         |                      | \$615.00     | 258              | DNF                  |               |
| Johnson       | Felicite         | S-2 27 IB    | DNF         |                      | \$145.00     | 73               | DNF                  |               |
| Gearhart      | More Mischief    | Beneteau 285 | DNF         |                      | \$150.00     | 75               | DNF                  |               |

\*Fleet Champions



DALE AND JUDY KOVACH RECEIVE THE GRAND PRIZE NKF AWARD FROM SUSAN HERZICK (NKF) AND PETE PHILLIP (BYRA)