

# Van Isle 360 2020

By George – Jawz

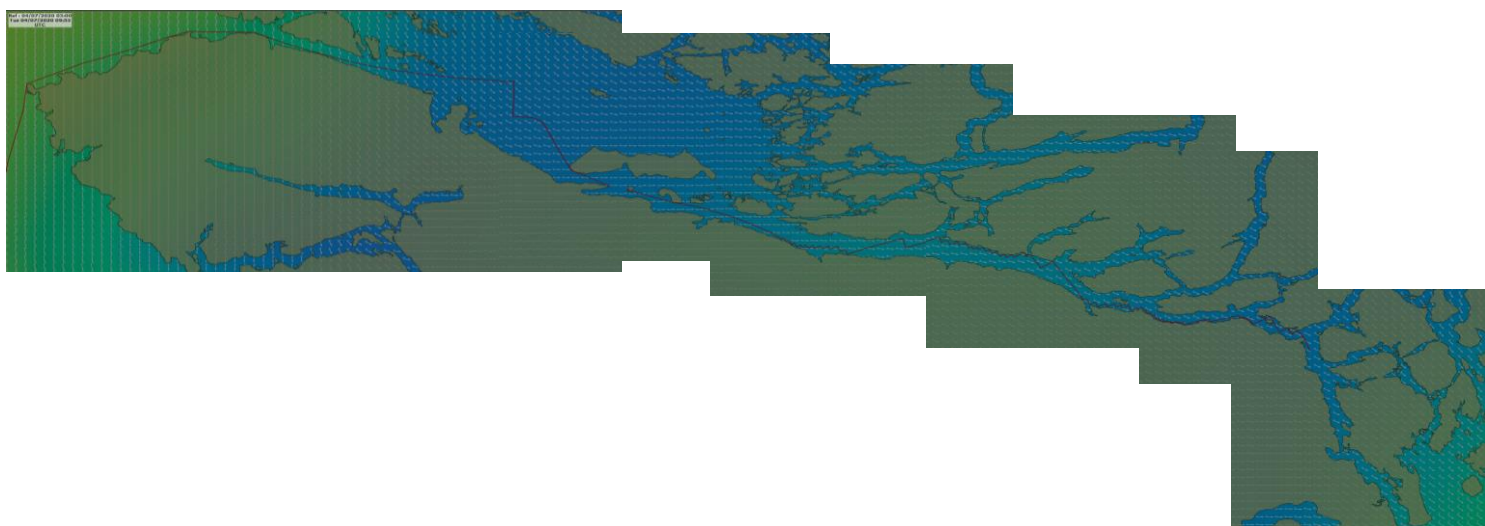
This just has to be one of my favourite races on SOL. It has a bit of everything, a bit like a good links golf course. Long distance for the pros, difficult tee locations, undulating greens and scary pin positions, terrible scrubby rough to catch the wayward shot, bunkers in all the right and wrong places and then there is the winds to contend with. Just like the Van Isle 360! Scary start and finish position, a gazillion SLI's to contend with, straits and waterways right, left and centre. Then you exit at Bull harbour and there is a new race, an ocean race. At the end of the ocean part lets chuck in another narrow channel shall we? Oh and dammit, if you are still not "Gatvol" as we say here in South Africa (How best to translate this? I just don't think there is any language that can express life as Afrikaans can. Lets put it kindly – **Constipated** sounds about right!). Still not had enough? Lets make the finish full of SLI's just to rub you up the wrong way!

So why do I enjoy it so much? I think there is a small masochist (Pervert) in me somewhere ☺ Honestly though friends I love the challenge of this one. That and the fact that both Henrys (My brother) and myself have a level of tenacity that allows us to prevail where others fall by the wayside.

Below is a montage of screenshots that I captured from QtvIm that shows a minimum of 107 – That's right One Hundred and Seven tacks and gybes I made along the straits over the 2 or so days it took us to navigate this channel. Not one BBQ! Not very many sleeps during this period and what sleeps I did have were catnaps of no longer than an hour and a half and only where the boat ran true without any need for a turn. Look at the picture, there was only 2 of these long stretches! Two sleeps of one hour in two days the rest short 10 minute catnaps!!!

Still, I did screw up a tad on the ocean leg and had two really good sleeps of 5 hours each on Monday night. My routing said I could run straight from the midnight run and that was my mistake. I should have stayed awake and stayed with Hirilonde, Henrys and company. It was this leg that pushed Rhoderunner out the pack and brought in Dingo and Rafa. I fell off the bus a bit and dropped from position 3 to 5 and try as hard as I could I just could not make up enough ground to pass any of those ahead of me.

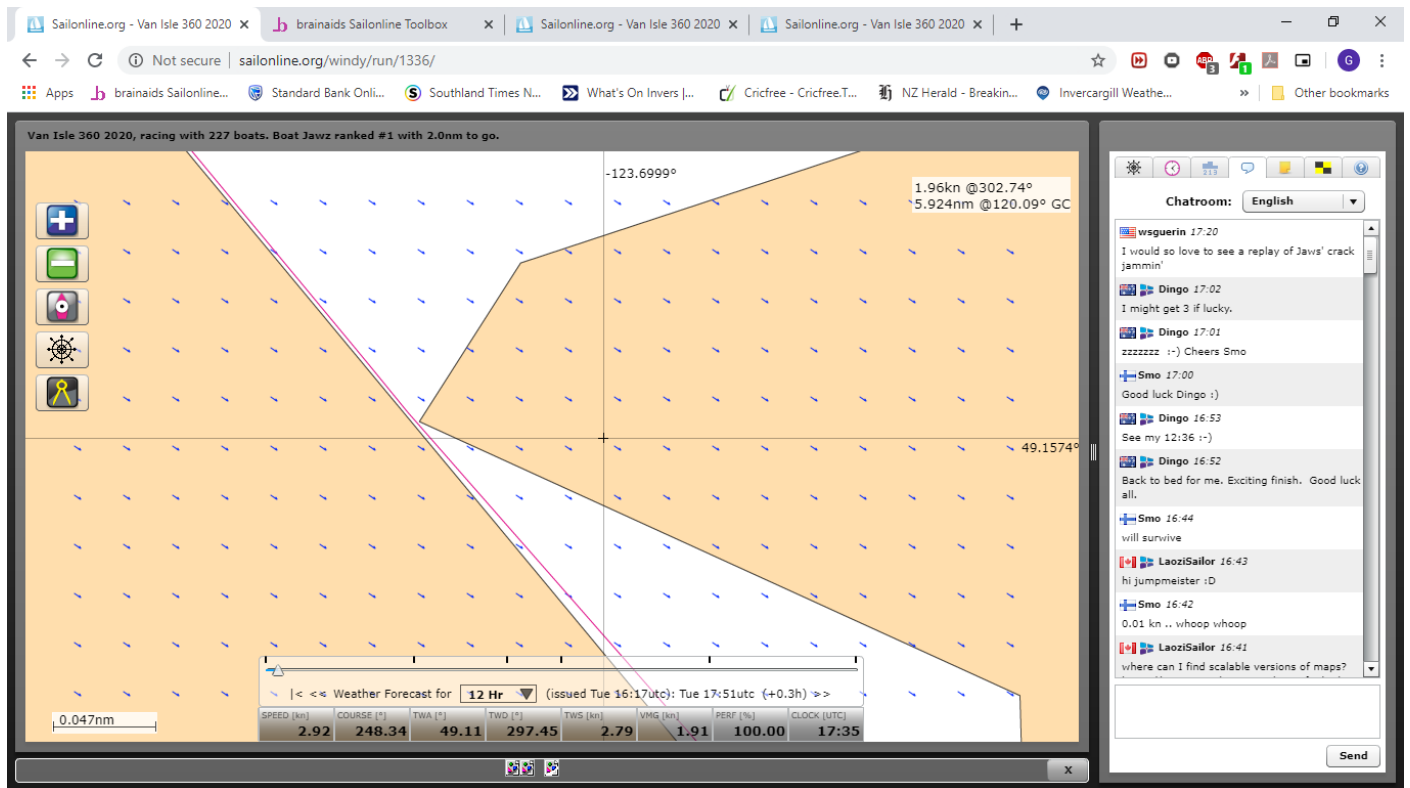
The final "leg" from Victoria to Nanaimo was a procession. As things stood I would finish number 5. I decided to investigate the islands at the Vancouver Yacht club and noticed the tiniest of gaps...I wonder? So when we passed the Gulf Islands I aimed for those islands 332 degrees whereas the pack sailed 336. I was on edge thinking my path would give the game away! Later I saw Dingo had seen the gap but didn't react to it. My aim was to beat Henrys, with luck pass Rafa. As it turned out I beat them all!!! A rare win for Jawz! Very chuffed with the result considering the effort put in since the start.



And here is the crack I sailed, sailor wsguerin. Maximum zoom in and that gap is about 1mm wide! I was so tense making the update jump here and was fully expecting a full jump of 43 yards rather than a half one and Jawz beaching but no I made it and the fun began!

I guess next year that gap will be closed by the race committee or everybody is going to give it a go! 😊

And yes, those lines across my screen are because the screen is dud.



*One ship drives east and another west  
with the self same winds that blow.  
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales  
which decides the way to go.*

*Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate  
as we wander along through life  
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal  
and not the calm or strife*

**Ella Wheeler Wilcox**