



A GOOD LONG START

Race Day One By Richard Blair



Race Day 1 in Kuah Bay got off to a 9 knot breeze on the same cigar-shaped course used during practice runs. All classes except the cruisers got off cleanly on a tough beat up-wind lead by **Matahari** who got off to a good start. But on the down-wind leg **Jelik's** huge spinnaker pulled ahead of them all by the time **Running Cloud** started the multi-hull race.

Beginning with a southwesterly down-wind leg, the Cruisers and Ocean Rovers couldn't decide what to fly. **Image Asia** charged past the others on just her jib and main while the others were fussing with their kites and then even dropped the jib with a clear advantage. This apparently looked like a good idea to **Rusalka** who followed suit. And some game lads on the ancient gaff-rigged **Eveline** with Tunku Soraya aboard brought up the rear as the Sports Boats flew past on spinnakers.



Eveline

Tacking back up the three nautical-mile course to the top mark again, the Fireflies, led by **Mamba**, were nipping at **Jelik's** streamlined tail but one sweep of it at the last turn left them behind in her wake as she came down to win fleet honours. **La Samudra** led in the IRC-1 class and the **MYCG team** the Platu Sports Boats. Meanwhile, the first multi-hull, **Running Cloud**, scalped the line at 1130 hours and the Fireflies all slid gracefully in under spinnakers.



Fireflies start race two

Quickly into 2nd Series

A few boats were left unfinished in order to start the second series, on a course spaced out to 3.5 n.m., by noon. By then the wind at Mark 1 had built to about 12 knots and the tide was on the point of turning. It was a tight start to race series two with **Jelik** pulling only feet ahead of the racing class contenders. The Fireflies got off cleanly but the **Singapore** team aboard one of the Malaysian Navy's Platus suffered a bad start which compounded their problems for the day.

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A 'spinnaker type of day' as Racers run down to the finish

Race Day One cont'd

The cruising boats got off in a confused clot down-wind with **Image Asia** pushing to the fore on its foresail again and **Sofa So Good** got its kite so tangled with its jib and main sails that at one point it was losing way sideways! By this time the Fireflies, led by **Mamba**, were rounding westernmost Mark 2 and the wind was blustering around 14 knots per hour. About an hour into the series **Jelik** was again seen with a trail of Fireflies tacking back up to the last turn. This time the Racing Multi's were responding better to the stiffer breeze and the tight order at the finish was **Jelik, Mamba, Twin Sharks, Moto Inzi** and finally a bit further back, **The Frog**.

Surprisingly **Sofa So Good** led the cruisers in and it was **Image Asia's** turn to get its knickers in a twist as it sported the finest hour-glass kite ever seen at the Regatta. And this time the Malaysian Navy got in first with the **Thai team** playing caboose for the sports class.

An Exciting 3rd Series

An enthusiastic task master, the PRO let only the cruisers turn in while all other classes were rallied for a third series in still hopeful winds. **Jelik** led off the line again but **Quantum** took the lead briefly on the up-wind leg and the Fireflies started: **Mamba, Moto Inzi, Twin Sharks** and **Frog** in a tight clutter.

The **MYCG** sports boat team was declared OCS at the start and had to cross the line again, leaving them trailing. And the late afternoon got more exciting for the committee as **Mas Ayu II** had a very near encounter with the Start Boat and **La Samudra** nearly took out the Pin Boat before tacking across.

Again **Jelik** took over the race on the down-wind leg and led the fleet in for the third time in the day followed by **Moto Inzi** for the Fireflies. All other classes finished at the upwind Mark 1 with **Sail In Asia** leading in the sports boats.

R.B.

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EDITORIAL

Editor:

Tim Wight
eagle@langkawiregatta.com

Contributors:

Richard Blair,
Graham Castle,
Jane Clarke,
Tom Scottt,
Tim Wight

Editorial Assistant:

Roberta Nesbit

PUBLISHED BY

Royal Langkawi International Regatta

Lat 6° 18.2' N, Long 99° 51.1' E
VHF Channel 69
Tel: +60 4 966-4078
Fax: +60 4 966-5078
Web: www.langkawiregatta.com

Regatta Coordinator:

Shikin Fauzi
office@langkawiregatta.com

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Image Asia with its knickers in a twist

BEHIND THE BUOYS

David Brooks, assistant race officer, is a lucky man. Not only has he been part of the Royal Langkawi International Regatta for the past three years, and has known Mark Pryke for twenty-five years (lucky?-ed), but his full time job is working for the Hobie Class Association.

David hails from Brisbane, Australia. His involvement in sailing both as a competitor and race official has taken him all over the world.

He's competed in regattas for the past thirty-three years with a number of state and international titles to his name. Most recently he was Principal Race Officer at the Asian Games in Doha, where he co-ordinated 180 participants over five courses!

The next Hobie Cat Worlds (World championships) are to be held in Fiji in October. There he plans to don many caps – Principal Race Officer, as well as Chairman



(and sole member) of the organizing and race committee. He reasons that it makes for very short meetings as he generally agrees with himself!

David claims this is the first Royal Langkawi International Regatta where he has experienced more wind on the course than off!

J.C.

WHERE'S THE GEOPARK?

You are looking at it!

Langkawi is the first Geopark, not only in Malaysia but in S. E. Asia.



On the 31st May 2006 Kedah Government officially declared Langkawi a Geopark and in mid 2007 Langkawi will be listed under the UNESCO banner of world geoparks. This means that the islands of Langkawi have been classified as a world class geological asset.

Langkawi has been identified for its geological, archaeological and ecological heritage. This includes both mangrove forests and rock formations such as Machinchang (where Langkawi Cable car is located).

Machinchang is said to be the oldest mountain range in the world at 550 million years and the Chuping Limestone at Pulau Dayang Bunting dates back 280 million years.

Hopefully with this new status will come the realisation of the need to sustain and nurture this geological heritage - and not only for tourism purposes! Effective conservation and eco tourism practices are the responsibility of all who visit Langkawi and especially for those who call Langkawi home.

J.C.

More information: www.langkawigeopark.com.my

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

The traditional Anglo-French spirit of competition is apparently alive and well. A recent English Channel race featured two very fast racing cats. Contrary to a report in the "*Birmingham Yachtsman*," it is definitely not true that both cats were drowned shortly after the race started, although the RSPCA is investigating the alleged incident. At a post-race press conference, the event's organizers claimed that both cats set new cross-channel records and were thoroughly enjoying well-deserved saucers of milk. Plans are in the works to repeat the event in 2008 with dogs. "Cats are just too unstable," said the spokesman, apparently referring to the cats' tendency to frequently stop mid-race and lick themselves.



Two mark boats observed yesterday fighting over who gets to carry the big yellow balloon!



Reports from the **POOP DECK**

In Full Flow

Your devoted reporter enjoyed the hospitality of the RLYC at the Pool Bar last night. The beer was indeed flowing freely as a consequence of the new open bar policy, which replaced the previous years' beer coupons. It was a very generous gesture on the part of the RLYC, and a challenge to the regatta's participants.

The challenge is how to drain the yacht club of its beer supply in the allotted three hours (7-10pm). As we all know, the yachting community loves a good challenge. We may rest assured that many will do their utmost.

Be of good cheer, sailors! No longer will participants be forced to hoard their coupons over the course of the regatta, painfully doling them out when thirst becomes overwhelming. No longer will they live in terror of running out of beer chits before the event is concluded. No longer will semi-sobriety be enforced through well meaning social engineering. Thank you, RLYC!

Sometime near the end of my investigation of the new policy's implementation, I chanced to overhear a British colleague extolling the virtues of the English class system. "It wasn't sho bad, ole boy. At leasht everyone knew hish place. And, during the raj, a gentleman really was someshing. Do you know that it shakes three generations to make an English gentleman?!"

"Yeah," responded his friend, "Maybe so. But it apparently only takes about three beers to unmake one."

Fiat Lux

After the party I found that my cockpit light had developed a persistent and very annoying flicker. It was time to fix it. I changed the bulb. I bent the socket walls slightly to get a better contact. I resoldered the power leads. I got no joy. The light continued to flicker.

I was becoming frustrated and may have used some colorful language to describe the bulb, socket, wiring, electricity, and the nature of the world in general.

At this point my Malaysian neighbor at the Royal Langkawi Yacht Club spoke, "I see you are having a problem. Maybe I can help?" "Sure," I said. He came aboard and I handed him the offending light assembly. He looked at it for a bit, wiggling bits and pieces as I had done. I didn't hold out much hope.

After a few minutes of inspection and probing he looked up at me and said, "Please, hold the base here with your right hand and the socket just here with your left." This I did while he pulled downward gently on the power leads with one hand and inserted the bulb, twisting sharply, with the other. I was astounded when the light flared to life, bright and strong, without the slightest hint of its previous flickering. I was overjoyed!

With a sly smile my neighbor looked at me and said, "Its like you say in your country: Many hands make light work."

Yacht Maintenance

One of the cruising participants recently arrived after hauling out at Rebak for a paint job. The skipper had decided to do the job himself. It did not take long. A week and a bit later the vessel was re-launched with new paint on her bottom and topsides.

She looked quite nice as she sailed out of the small harbor. As sometimes happens, on the way back they encountered a brief rain squall. It was no big deal, the skipper simply shortened sail a little and continued along.

When she arrived at the RLYC, a neighbor hustled over to take the dock lines. Safely home, the skipper was pleased: the painting exercise had gone smoothly from start to finish. He cleaned up the foredeck and decided to head off to Charlie's Place for a well deserved beer or two.

At the head of the slip he yielded to the irresistible temptation to have a look at his handiwork. He turned to look at his boat, and he was horrified. Glazed-eyed and slack-jawed he looked at the disaster. He stood there, dumbstruck. The topsides had huge dirty brown streaks and, in many places, all that was left of his new paint job were glimpses of undercoat.

It was just then that the skipper of the neighboring yacht stood up in his cockpit. He stood tall and skeletal, and his expression was grim. He pointed a long, crooked finger at the skipper and said, "Repaint! Repaint! And thin no more!"

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