

# ISLAND YACHT CLUB'S MAINSHEET

Alameda Marina Volume 31  
August 2002 Issue Eight

**COMMODORE**  
Dan Laramie  
(510) 583-9323

**VICE COMMODORE**  
David Hand (925) 820-5637

**REAR COMMODORE**  
Diane McClure (510) 490-1524

**STAFF COMMODORE**  
Janet Frankel (415) 387-5807

**PORT CAPTAIN** Bill King  
(510) 538-3322

**SECRETARY** Jane Laramie  
(510) 583-9323

**TREASURER** Bob Naber

**RACE CHAIR** Carol Hess  
(510) 728-5080

**CRUISE CHAIR** Malcolm Sowers  
(510) 537-2377

**MEMBERSHIP** Pam Krawiec  
(510) 339-9451

**BAR MANAGER** Peter Linehan  
(415) 552-8386

**PUBLICATIONS** Janet Frankel  
(415) 387-5807

**SHIP'S STORE** Molly Blair  
(510) 538-8333

**HISTORIAN** Pam Richardson  
(510) 724-1371

**ASSN. LIASON** Ted Crum  
(510) 654-7301

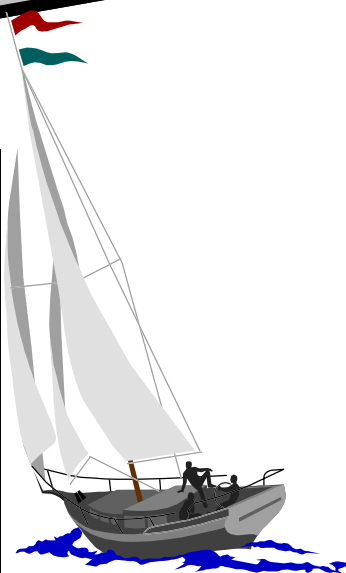
Inside:	Page
<i>Editor's Corner</i>	2
<i>Cruz Nuz</i>	3
<i>Nacing Rews</i>	4
<i>My First IYC Cruise!</i>	4
<i>Vice Commodore's Report</i>	5
<i>Women's Sailing Seminar Report</i>	5

**DON'T FORGET !**

Aug 24th—Pig Roast and Awards 1800 hrs  
for the Silver Eagle Race  
and for Summer Friday Night

Aug 16th—Friday Nite Races 1825 hrs  
Summer Series Continues!

Sep 7-9—Cruise-out to Half Moon Bay



## The View From Here

By Dan Laramie, Commodore

One of IYC's traditional big events is coming up shortly—the famous pig roast on Aug 24th. This year it will have a little added spice as the trophy presentation for the new and improved Silver Eagle race will be held that same evening. I understand that a large contingent of the J 105 fleet members will also be joining us and furthermore that the J 105 fleet has agreed to buy the guest of honor—the pig—for IYC. Please join us to applaud the Silver Eagle winners and thank the J 105 fleet for their generosity.

It appears that cupid has struck IYC members George Kevorkian and Molly Blair with his arrows and the two will be married Sept 14th with a reception

> *Cupid on the Loose!*, page 5

## Aloha from a Tropical Island

By Ben Mewes

Aloha Readers,

Since my last trip to Kauai (as a racer in the 2000 Singlehanded Transpac), I have taken a great liking to the place. So, when SSS was looking for race committee volunteers, I thought a nice vacation over there would be really cool.

I left one week after the start of the race, on June 22nd. Since a lot of pre-planning is not my style, I found myself at Lihue airport without transportation. I finally got together with a San Jose guy who gave me a ride to Princeton to the race committee condo, which is near the Princeton hotel.

> *Race Committee Afield*, page 2

## Diane the Dismasted

By Janet Frankel, Editor

Some of you may wonder, after watching *Hobbit's* performance in our Friday Night Beercan Series, what actually goes on aboard my boat during a race. Those of you who do not wonder should feel free to skip the rest of this article. There are plenty of other things in the Mainsheet; you can read about IYC's terrific turnout in the Lipton Series Regatta, or about our upcoming Pig Roast, or about our Labor Day Cruise to Half Moon Bay, or about IYC's preparations for the Women's Sailing Seminar in October, or about Tony and his grandson Henson and myself aboard *Jabberwock* with David and Devon Hand on the Angel Island Cruise.

Or, now that I'm thinking about other things you could read about, you could read about Diane the Dismasted, right here in this very article, right now. The mystery behind the astonishing performances of *Hobbit* can wait. Sorry, Glen, I know you were anxiously hoping to learn.

So Diane the Dismasted wasn't always so. Once upon a time, Diane had a mast. Not only the stick itself, but also those handy little cables floating down from its tip to various strategic locations around her hull, holding the stick firmly, or so she thought, in place. Along then came a gentle puff in the Slot between Angel Island and the Cityfront, an audible yet peaceable Snap, and the stick plunged from its home aboard *Misty* into the Bay. Helpful Coast Guard and other personnel aboard emergency vessels decided that safety dictated setting the mast free (together with sails, boom, and those handy little cables), free to swim to the depths of the Shipping Channel. Snip, snip, gone. Thus Diane the Dismasted came to be.

This reminds me of my favorite bit by Kahlil Gibran, which I will recite for you now:

You ask me how I became a madman. It happened thus: One day, long before many gods were born, I woke from a deep sleep and found all my masks were stolen—the seven masks I have fashioned and worn in seven lives—I ran maskless through the crowded streets shouting, “Thieves, thieves, the cursed thieves.”

Men and women laughed at me and some ran to their houses in fear of me.

And when I reached the market place, a youth standing on a house-top cried, “He is a madman.” I looked up to behold him; the sun kissed my own naked face for the first time, and my soul was inflamed with love for the

> *Madman Unmasked, page 3*

## Race Committee Afield

(Continued from page 1)

What a place! There are two large bedrooms, 2 baths and a superb view over and across Hanalei Bay.

My partner in crime, Don Blood, arrived in the evening and we kept house for almost a week since the racers did not show up until the end of the week. As a matter of fact, the first one arrived at the same time I was picking up Gisela at the Lihue airport. I missed the first one coming in.

After that, I ran out with the inflatable to meet the arriving racers, jumped aboard with other race committee members. The protocol calls for a drink of the racer's choice (ordered before the race began), and a lei which is to be handed to him as soon as he finishes. Then we helped them take down the sails and anchor. The racer, of course, calls in on VHF 2-3 hours before, so all of us ran around Hanalei and Princeton with our handheld VHF's hanging off our belts. When the call came in, no matter where we were, we chatted like a bunch of Secret Service agents on our walkie-talkies. Fun!!!

While I was on the Island in 2000, I noticed a bunch of really sweet looking sailboats anchored in Hanalei Bay and moored in Nawiliwili harbor. I found out that all of these boats were designed and built by a local builder, Gene Wells. I never got around to looking him up then but wanted to do so this time. So Don Blood and I asked around and finally found him. He is well into his seventies, lives in a beach house with a shop attached to it, where a young boat builder is building his last – or latest – design, a very narrow 40-foot design with the same sweet lines that I admired so much. He very much appreciated our visit. I suggested that he meet up with John Guzwell, of *Trekka* fame, a racer in the 2002 SSS Transpac. He remembered meeting John years ago. After John arrived I talked to him about sailing a Wells 34 (one of Gene's designs) and about visiting Gene Wells. And what a meeting it turned out to be. The two swapped boat stories, design suggestions, etc. I just stood at the side, taking pictures and listening to two old-time boat professionals who had been there and done it all. What a privilege!

By the way, Gisela got her wish of eating fish. As a vegetarian, she has abstained up until then. I picked her up from the airplane at 9:30 a.m. At 10:00 a.m. we were at the Fish Express store in Lihue to get a couple of pounds (yes!) of Poke, which is fresh, raw Ahi, pickled and spiced. At 11:15 we sat on a bench at the Nawilili harbor, where she promptly dug into this delicious stuff. So did I.

For our trophy party, we barbecued Ahi kabobs for

> *Poke Makes Delicious Fare, page 3*

## CRUZ NEWS (Half Moon Bay for Labor Day!)

By Malcolm Sowers, Cruising Chair

**ANGEL ISLAND'S CRUISE-IN AUGUST 3-4** has done come and went. Four boats and happy cruisers arrived on schedule. Marilyn Bruner arrived Friday night from Redwood City and moored *Fantaseas* fore and aft to two buoys in Ayala Cove. Your cruise chairman arrived Saturday in *Sinaloa* and rafted up to port. Rumor has it David Hand called *Sinaloa* in late afternoon but ye olde cruise chairman was taking a two hour snooze. Other eager hands helped David, in *Jabberwock*, and also the McClures in *Misty*, raft up on the other side of *Fantaseas*. A casual pot luck was arranged and good fellowship characterized the evening's get together.

The next morning *Jabberwock* and *Sinaloa* tied up for a few hours at the docks and did a bit of walk-about on the island. Fortunately *Jabberwock* left early and a strange boat took its place. "Fortunate" because when we backed out of the berth and put the tiller to port and the motor in forward, Janet Frankel's Pterodactyl, "Ptery", took a nip out of our gear shift linkage. *Sinaloa* obediently declared itself a boomerang and remained in reverse. By the time we figured the boat wasn't behaving we found ourselves frantically attempting to fend off the neighboring boat. Result: we completely destroyed our *neighbor's heavy-duty stainless steel* outboard motor bracket. (Better a stranger than a fellow member of IYC??)

That same morning (we learned later) "Ptery" had landed in *Misty's* rigging and took a nip out of a crucial piece of the McClure's stays. Their entire rig and racing sails are now in Davy Jones Locker near the S.F. Bay Bridge. Our sympathies, Ron and Diane.

JANET, will you *STAY HOME* when we go on the **Half Moon Bay Cruise Labor Day Weekend**? *KEEP YOUR MISCHIEVOUS DAMN "BIRD" ON HOBBIT* (preferably with a leg tethered like a parrot to one of the stays, and a nearby cup full of steel ball bearings to munch on.) Warning! Ben Mews has a shotgun aboard if "Ptery" shows any more interest in dacron.

Mystified readers: If you come to the IYC PIG Roast August 24th get Janet to explain what all this B.S. (as in Bird S\_\_\_) is about.

Malcolm Sowers, Cruise Chair

\*\*\*\*\*

From the Editor:

If you think that I have the power to control Ptery, you have been misled about my persuasive abilities! Ptery is, without a doubt, his own Bird.

## Poke Makes Delicious Fare

*continued from page 2*

about 40 people and I think she had enough fish after that.

The last days of our vacation were spent sightseeing – the canyon one day, the Napali coast on the last day, with many other interesting places in between. Gisela, in particular, was in awe of the mountains, the green, green, green vegetation and the very colorful flowers. What a superb vacation that was. It was absolutely gorgeous, even the second time around for me. Now Gisela wants to live over there!

Mahalo, Ben and Gisela

## Madman Unmasked

*continued from page 2*

sun, and I wanted my masks no more. And as if in a trance I cried, "Blessed, blessed are the thieves who stole my masks."

Thus I became a madman.

So, the story of *Hobbit* in a race. Briefly. First, everyone comes aboard with something to drink, a tidbit, a trifle, something to eat, a few jackets, the usual. Beer. Fizzy water. Then we begin assigning jobs, everything is done by committee. Would John like to hoist the sails? Thank you John. Mark is coming by to help. Oh, maybe Betty can pull on the mainsheet. Devon, and Mark, you can tie knots in the ends of the jib sheets. Janet and Mark and Devon will alternate grinding and sail trim, etc, on an ad hoc basis. Very polite, all, definitely a kinder, gentler non-competitive approach. John stays on the foredeck, carefully avoiding the chaos in the cockpit. Peter will be at the helm, for now, until he has to jump below and get a cigarette, and careful of an accidental jibe because Peter might be distracted by some bright and shiny object on a houseboat off the port bow. Discussions about the number of wraps around the winch also may distract the skipper. Most distracting of all is the opportunity to harass Ben on *Georgia*, to sail close enough to shout out something and then – oh my, was that a gun? Which start are we? Does anyone have the race instructions? Janet forgot her sailing watch again. There's a flag flying on the race committee station, should we look at it? Can anyone see it from over here? What time is it? Oh so many questions.

And thus *Hobbit* begins a race. I will leave the rest to your imagination.

Janet Frankel  
Mainsheet Editor

## Nacings Rews

By Joanne McFee, Racing Reporter

Oops, short article this month as I have been beset by some prehistoric disease, so all my ideas left in a fever. More *bon mots* next month, including thoughts about the what turned out to be best Silver Eagle in years. This is big stuff!

History Lesson: In August of 1998, IYC fielded three boats in the Lipton Series. It was a Mewes regatta, as all three boats were owned by Ben Mewes. *Georgia*, skippered by Ben, entered the Big Lipton. *Mirage*, skippered by Mike Faber, competed in the Larry Knight. *It's Jazz*, skippered by Joanne McFee, was in the Little Lipton. *It's Jazz* had the best finish, fourth in the Little Lipton. The races had their share of excitement; Glen Krawiec almost went overboard on *It's Jazz*, badly bruising his arm. Trust me, seeing someone disappearing over the side is something I Never want to see again (and neither does Pam!). Oh – *Georgia* broke a lot of sails.

Present Day: The Notice to Race came to the club. I asked Rear Commodore Diane if I could try to get some boats. After some phone calls, a fleet came together. Dan & Linda Newland's *Redhawk* entered the Little Lipton. Mike Mathiasen and Bill Pritchard's *Dulcinea* entered the Admiral's Cup. Ben relented and *Georgia* was in the Big Lipton.

I was on the Race Deck both days and Dave Hand and Ben Mewes joined me on Sunday. I called the line both days and on Saturday had to call both *Dulcinea* and *Redhawk* over early on one race. They both learned their lessons; they went on to win their divisions!!! Unfortunately *Georgia* tore two sails on Saturday and couldn't compete on Sunday, hence Ben's and Dave's much-needed help on the race deck.

*Redhawk's* win was awesome, and *Dulcinea* is the only boat other than one Santana 22 to ever win the Admiral's Cup (they've won it eight years in a row! They asked me, who are these guys?).

So, many kudos to *Redhawk*, *Dulcinea*, *Georgia*, and their crews (lots of IYC members involved) who made our "little" club big winners.

Malaprop: I was watching the Food Channel. They were reviewing a fancy restaurant. What she said: "The rooms are ostensibly furnished." She meant: "The rooms are ostentatiously furnished." I'll buy a drink for the first person to tell me the difference. I get to choose in case of ties.

Fair winds, following seas,  
Joanne McFee

## My First IYC Cruise!

By Janet Frankel, Cruising Novice

Last month I went on my very first IYC cruise! Tony and I were invited to join David and Devon Hand aboard *Jabberwock* on the cruise to Angel Island. The Hands even bravely invited Tony's 8-yr-old grandson Henson to join us! So, David attached his partially deflated dinghy to the foredeck, and off we went.

It was quite windy so we reefed the main. Young Henson didn't have a chance to get bored, and in fact was a little frightened by the boat heeling over more than 15 degrees. We explained how boats like to heel over, and sail better when tilted at an angle, but nothing appeased him until he sat in Tony's lap. Then he was quite brave.

We finally arrived at Ayala Cove (sans a few boards from the partially deflated dinghy) and rafted up next to Diane and Ron McClure's then-masted *Misty*. On the far side of *Misty* was Marilyn Bruner's *Fantaseas*, complete with guests Portia Pollner and Marilyn's friend John, and next to *Fantaseas* was Malcolm and Helen Sowers' *Sinaloa*, with special guest Veronica Cockledge. Much climbing from boat to boat, no trips ashore until the next day, great food, alcohol and carryings-on resulted in great fun to be had by all. There was alcohol as well, wink, wink. I highly recommend a cruise. Especially if you carry your dinghy in deflated form and can inflate it easily upon arrival!

Janet Frankel



The Royal Cork  
Yacht Club  
in Ireland  
is the oldest  
yacht club in the  
world.  
It was established  
in 1719.

## Coming to Grips with Vice

By Dave Hand, Vice Commodore

Our speaker at last months dinner meeting was Betina Werner of the Marine Mammal Center. Betina is a long-term, dedicated volunteer in the Center's job of helping sick or injured marine animals and in educating the public about these animals. She showed us slides of numerous animals and of the sophisticated facilities at the Marin headlands and told us that we're always welcome.

The cruise to Angel Island on the 3rd of August proved to be a lively event. On the way over my inflatable, which was partly inflated on the bow decided to flap about (I'm not sure if it would be correct to say it was luffing) and I had to scramble to get it under control and save the boards. I read somewhere that it's a good idea to carry a partially inflated dingy as a back up to the life raft, not so, partially inflated, it is difficult to lash it down properly. Any way it's all fixed and back together again now. On a more serious note I heard that Diane had the misfortune to dismast on the way back, I don't know the details but I hope she gets her boat fixed up again soon.

Apart from that we had a very enjoyable time socializing with four boats rafted up in Ayala Cove, and on Sunday morning Devon and I together with Janet, Tony and his grandson Henson enjoyed a short hike on the Island.

Next month we have probably our longest sail in of the season, down to Half Moon Bay on the Labor Day weekend. Let's have a good turnout. I'm not sure if we will go into the marina or raft up near the Half Moon Bay Yacht Club, talk to Malcolm for the details. But either way I will put my dingy deflated in a locker, or tow it behind.

Also this month is our annual Pig Roast, on the 24th. August of course, PLEASE call in to me (925)820-5637 with reservations as our biggest problem with our monthly dinners is predicting the numbers.

As an added attraction the Silver Eagle trophy presentation will take place just before dinner. This year Diane and Joanne pulled off a major coup by getting the J-105 fleet to enter as a one design, congratulations ladies. In addition I believe Molly is planning a fashion show of her new additions to the ship's stores.

Meanwhile our Friday night beer can race series continues, so if you can't make the race course give Diane or me a call, we can use you on race committee.

David Hand  
Vice Commodore

## Cupid On The Loose!

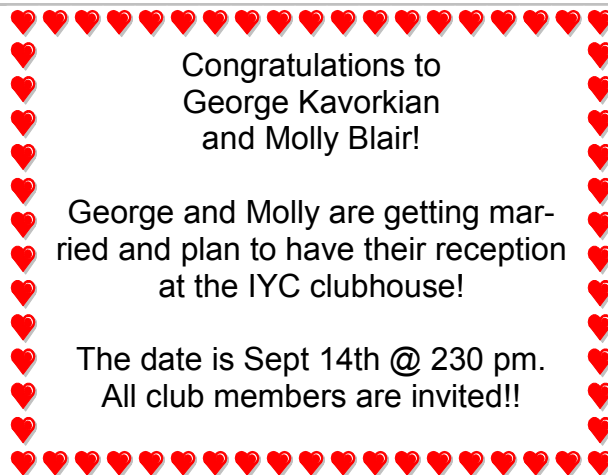
*continued from page 1*

at IYC afterwards. I want to congratulate both of them and wish for nothing but the best and many years of happiness.

The tall ships are returning to San Francisco Aug 28th to Sept 2nd and there are various activities open to IYC members that are interested. These range from participating in the parade of ships from aboard one of the vessels to a sunset cruise again aboard one of the tall ships. You can even sign up to be aboard the Hawaiian Chieftain or the Lynx for a mock battle in the Bay. More information is available at [www.sailsanfrancisco.org](http://www.sailsanfrancisco.org) or by calling Louise Lumb at 415-447-9822.

I look forward to seeing you at the pig roast.

Dan Laramie  
Commodore



## Women's Sailing Seminar

By Sally Richards, WSS Chair

We are in the final planning stages for The Women's Sailing Seminar. The classes are selected, the instructors are committed and we are poised to start the enrollment.

Please pick up a few of our handsome posters, available at the club this weekend, and start distributing them - at marinas, marine businesses, other yacht clubs, community centers - wherever you see an opportunity to spread the word that we have a great event planned.

Sally Richards  
Women's Sailing Seminar Chair

---

**MAINSHEET**

Island Yacht Club  
Alameda Marina  
1853 Clement Avenue  
Alameda, California 94501

**B**oard **M**eeting at IYC Clubhouse  
August 21, at 1830 hours.

**Upcoming Dates to Remember**

~~~~~

- Aug 16**    **Friday Night Races (#2 Summer Series)  
Flat-water Estuary Sailing and BBQ**
- Aug 24**    **PIG ROAST and Awards Ceremonies for:  
SILVER EAGLE LONG DISTANCE RACE**
- Sep 6**      **Friday Night Races and BBQ (#3 Summer Series)**
- Sep 7-9**    **Half Moon Bay Cruise-Out**