



ISLAND YACHT CLUB'S MAINSHEET

Alameda Marina Volume 32
March 2003 Issue Three

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DON'T FORGET !

Mar 15—Double Handed Lightship Race 1000 hrs

Mar 22—St. Patrick's Day Feast, w/Guest Speaker 1800 hrs

Apr 01—IYC Board Meeting 1830 hrs

Apr 18—Friday Night Race #1 1825 hrs

Apr 25—IYC Open Every Friday Night!



A Brit at the Helm

By David Hand, Commodore

This year's Crab Feed went off exceptionally well with more people in attendance than I have seen since I have been a member, I believe we exceeded our official capacity. It was also a privilege to have the Blue Gavel members to fill our ranks. So thanks and congratulations to Shirley and Rich and their team of helpers for a job well done.

Another successful event was the idea of Joanne McFee and was the first Island Yacht Club Clam Chowder cook off. We had about eight or ten entries comprising both New England and Manhattan style chowders and there was even enough left over to provide lunch for the industrious members who showed up on club clean-up day.

> IYC Open Every Friday Night, page 7

A Tip from the Top

Passed on to you
from your Commodore
David Hand

I just got word from Don Hughes of the Coast Guard Auxiliary that they have arranged with Alameda Marina Harbormaster Wayne Milani to be in Alameda Marina on Saturday 10th May at 0900 hrs.

They will be in the area of the guest berths and of course give free safety inspections to anyone interested. If your boat passes you get their decal affixed to your mast, it is I am told unlikely you will be boarded by the Coast Guard proper with that.

Cruz News

By Malcolm Sowers, Cruising Chair

THIS REPORT IS SNEAKING IN JUST BEFORE THE DEADLINE AS WE JUST RETURNED FROM A BIRD WATCHING/plant identifying/cultural trip to CUBA. In the 2nd week of the trip my broken thumb was sufficiently healed to remove the splint. As some of you know, I'd tried to poke my thumb through ICE skiing at Bear Valley. The flop on the ice-hard "snow" evidently took something out of me. Dragged and drooped my way across Cuba, feeling my chronological age for the first time ever. Good thing I wear a skiing helmet as I evidently banged my head. Bruised a couple of ribs. Still haven't had the energy to plan specific dates for some of the Cruise-ins. End of excuses.

Memorial Day (three day) Weekend is FIRM. We go to Coyote Point Y.C.

Fourth of July is also FIRM. We observe Fireworks from the comfort of the Vallejo Y.C.

Fifth of July we go to Benicia Y.C. FIRM. Good restaurants and shops near by.

Sixth of July those who wish may venture further into the delta. For Newcomers we guarantee a guided tour – past mud and Middle Ground – by those of us familiar with the area; altogether an appealing 'playground'. So much so that some yacht owners have been known to keep their boats in the Delta for an entire season or even a year or two.

Labor Day (three day) Weekend FIRM. The 'usual' trip to Half Moon Bay Y.C.

Other Cruises? How about a bird-watching/photography tour of Brooks Island? China Beach with a luncheon stop at a recently upgraded Point San Pablo Harbor just past the Brothers' Lighthouse? We'll pick a date when the tide is right. Overnight Cruise to Ayala Cove. Ditto Clipper Cove Y.C. Ditto Sequoia Y.C.

Forward me your preferences and suggestions. Via: hsowers@csuhayward.edu.

Malcolm Sowers, *Sinaloa*, Cruise Chairman.

Nacing Rews

By Joanne McFee, Racing Co-Chair

Wow! IYC has such a talented membership! March 1, after the Sadie Hawkins' Race, we held our first ever chowder cook-off. Three intrepid judges [Rich Ahlf, Ron McClure and me] tasted and re-tasted eight entries. It was a tough job, but we did it. And the winners were: John New, red chowder; Joyce Logan, corn & shrimp chowder; and Jane Laramie, white chowder. Jane's chowder also won best overall. The appreciative crowd

> *Janie's Chowder Best Overall, next column*

Janie's Chowder Best Overall

(Continued from previous column)

ate well, with yummy hors d'oeuvres by Janet, and with Betty Sleeth's Famous Beer Bread.

But I digress. I keep forgetting that this is a racing column. And we did have a race that day. It was a big, wonderful estuary day with a brisk estuary breeze. The spinnaker winner was Lucie Van Breen on *Mirage* and the nonspinnaker winner was Sarah Wert on *Peg-O-My-Heart*. This was Sarah's first race as a skipper. We'll be sending them framed photos by Rich Ahlf. The race committee had a lovely time sitting in the sun and being warm.

I found Bill King! He's racing in OYC's Sunday Brunch series along with Roger English and John New. They're all in third place in the respective divisions.

Alameda's midwinters conclude March 16, way after deadline, so we'll see how *Dominatrix* and *Mirage* do next issue. Ending on March 15 is EYC's Jack Frost series. In a hot contest for first place in their division is John New on *Wuvulu*. Dawn Chesney is foredeck on *Wuvulu*. Stay tuned!

As you read this, our Double-Handed Lightship race will be a (hopefully) pleasant memory. Did *Hobbit* make the start? Did *Hobbit* make the finish? The answers will be in this space next month.

John New will be representing IYC in Berkeley's Wheeler Regatta March 22-23. Thanks, John! Sail fast and steer small!

Many Nautical Things Break

By John Huetter

11 November 2002

SUBJECT: Many Nautical Things Break but We Head South Anyway

TO: All My Friends on Shore

FROM: John Huetter, aboard S/V *Quo Vadis*, currently docked at Pompano Beach, FLA.

The two months since the last report on this crazy trip called my life can be summarized as One Month of everything breaking and trying to fix it and One Month of a 1200 mile cruise from the Chesapeake to South Florida. (Or, for Dr. Seuss readers, Month One and Month Two.) Which Month could possibly be more interest? Here: you decide.

Month One began on a happy note with a weekend of shore leave at Meredith's. Returning to my nautical abode, I noticed that the reefer and freezer weren't working. I discovered a short at a burnt connector after removing just one panel. (You boat guys and gals will appreciate that you usually have to remove all panels to

> *Electrical Short Found Quickly, page 4*

Adventures Keep Coming

By Janet Frankel, *Mainsheet* Editor

Adventures keep coming at IYC in 2003!

Tony and I were out of town at my cousin's wedding in Southern California for the crab feed. I wouldn't mention my cousin's wedding, except that it was such a *spectacular* extravaganza, complete with roses, candles, music, dancing, food and wine all night long on the beach in Santa Monica! My thoughts did wander to our Crab Feed once or twice, though. Upon my return I heard a few reports:

Near the end of our crab feed, helpful Dawn Chesney was seen (or perhaps NOT seen?) dumping leftover ice out of Peter's cooler. I'm not sure about the exact sequence of events, but soon Peter's cooler was floating in the Estuary, Dawn somehow stayed high and dry on the docks, and *Rosemary* the El Toro, still parked in her customary and annoying berth blocking the men's room inside our clubhouse, was commissioned to assist the gallant Ward in a rescue mission. Apparently all that could be seen, at one point, was *Rosemary's* transom and name, glowing white and red, floating underneath the clubhouse in the dark estuary waters. No photographers were on hand to capture the moment; luckily, Yours Truly has commemorated it here for you.

Devon Hand reported that some of the crabs bit her and that it took a few days for her fingers to recover. She said, "Now I know what you meant, Janet, about the dangers of the Crab Feed!" It sounds like the crabs were feisty this year. Although I'm sad to have missed it, I am glad I was spared injury. I am SUCH a wimp! My fingers are grateful.

David Hand and Joanne McFee reported that after most of the guests had departed and the remaining crab sold off, an entire box of additional crab was discovered! I'm not sure what happened to it, though. I just checked my freezer, and, nope, I didn't get any.

We had several groups converge on the club for the Feed; the International Order of the Blue Gavel honored us with their presence. Also, BAMA had a good turnout. And then there were more than the usual IYC members in attendance! I heard we had 123 people there; we had some seated downstairs. Were you there, Dear Reader? Please feel free to write about your experience at the Crab Feed (did YOU have to wear Band-Aids after?) and I'll print it in our *Mainsheet*.

I was there on March 8 for our Club Cleanup Day. I took out a couple of loads of trash, but mostly I prepared and organized tax and other returns with Treasurer Rich Ahlf. As a nonprofit we have certain reports we are required to file ... very tedious work, rendered much more

> *Volunteering is a Group Sport, page 7*

Portside

By Shirley Ahlf, Port Captain

Lots of good stuff been going on since last we chatted. It all started the Sunday before the Crab Feed. A bunch (actually a big bunch) of us got together at the club to decorate for the Big Event. In my estimation the Crab Feed was a big event! Those of you who couldn't make it not only missed out on some great food but missed seeing a lot of our old timers. It was so good to see some of our friends we haven't seen for a while. We also felt honored that the Blue Gavel chose IYC's Crab Feed to hold their installation of new officers. To those of you who don't know what the Blue Gavel is, it's the International Organization of Past Commodores. IYC has several active members in this organization, as a matter of fact, one of our members is the Secretary Treasurer, Rich Ahlf (who also happens be the treasurer of IYC). Too bad this isn't a paying job! At last count I think we served 115 people. A few more than we had reservations. We would really appreciate it when you call and let us know when we ask for reservations. We've been over this many times but it keeps happening, so if you want me to shut up about it.... just do it. The main reason it was such a success was because so many people helped me. Diane and Ron McClure, Glen and Pam Krawiec, Mary and Jim Tantillo, Janice and Bob McPeek, Manya Guignard, Joanne McFee, Peter Linehan, Joan Wetherell and my one and only Rich. If I've left anyone one out, please forgive me. There were so many people pitching in and with my ever increasing "Senior Moments" please forgive if I didn't get your name in. You all know who you are. In preparation for our next BIG EVENT (March 22nd, St. Patties Day), we had our annual clean up. It's amazing what 14 people can do. Dawn Chesney got the bar and frig, sparkling, Gisela Linder totally transformed the pantry, Diane McClure performed miracles on the freezer, Glen Krawiec, among other things, put up lights, Scott Tipper fixed our Hot Dog Machine, Betty Sleeth and Joyce Logan washed windows and they do shine. As if Joyce hadn't done enough, she went into the kitchen and worked another four hours, Rich Ahlf and Janet Frankel were doing taxes, AGAIN, David Hand was fixing our door, among other things, Joanne McFee was cleaning out the infamous race locker, Peter Linehan and Ben Mewes were working on the ever needy crash boat and Ron McClure on his 4th day of recovery from brain surgery, was giving orders to everyone. If you didn't see your name mentioned, you missed out on a lot of fun. The best way to remedy that is to volunteer. In all seriousness, thank you all.

As afore mentioned March 22nd is our St. Patties CORN BEEF & CABBAGE NIGHT. The cost is \$10.00. It'll be a lot of fun so please make your reservations by calling me 925-672-2514. Reservations cut cost, cut down on food lost, make planning a lot easier and it's just the right thing to-do. As I told Rich when he asked me to marry

> *Do you have a Reservation??, page 7*

Electrical Short Found Quickly

Continued from page 2

find the fault.) Buoyed by my ability to fix the reefer, I jumped in the water to clean the algae off the drive leg and scrape some barnacles. Much to my surprise, the yoke holding the drive leg was snapped in two with one piece dangling. I also was forced to admit to myself that the bottom paint was flaking far worse than I had hoped, or noticed, even a few days earlier. Things did not improve. After a fairly difficult exercise with my baffling cell phone, I finally got hold of Sonic Sillette in Surrey, U.K., who make this outdrive for catamarans. Allan was very cavalier about the whole thing. "You're going to tell me you didn't hit anything. They all do." (We hadn't or somebody on board would have noticed.) "Yes, we have about 1500 units in service and we ship about two of these a month as replacements. It's really supposed to break to protect the pricier bits." (Since this chunk of cast aluminum is costing me 350 pounds, I shudder to think of pricier bits. Is this sacrificial part which renders the unit unsteerable another British design coup?) He then started giving me verbal instructions for repairing it in the water from the dinghy. "You've got your mate to put a line on it and now you've got your bowl floating on the water to catch the oil." I stopped him right there, agreed to pay shipping charges, and started calling boatyards to see if any could haul twin hulls with 16+ beam. Sue (bless her) scheduled me for the only one in this part of the Chesapeake that could handle it. The good news is that it was close enough that I'd risk the passage with the broken steering yoke by lashing the drive leg in place and steering with rudders only. The bad news is ... well, everything got expensive and messy. Including me.

The colorful royal blue anti-fouling paint now cost \$178/gallon. (People who haven't done boats really don't believe this.) By the second day of scraping and sanding the bottom, the yard workers were calling me "Papa Smurf." Yes, I was very blue. Sniff. While the boat was hauled, lots more stuff got done until a couple of boat units later (\$1000 bills to you landlubbers) it had a working knotmeter, new drive leg parts, electrical system readout and calibration, drained and repaired rudders and a bright blue bottom. One very positive aspect of this episode is that I really appreciated the hydrodynamic design and hull shape of this boat. Prouts can look somewhat dowdy and not as impressive as the new French cats when in the water, but the hulls and rudder arrangement give some confidence in both the sailing manners and seaworthiness of Quo Vadis. For future reference, I never want to do another bottom job. Nor should you.

During this process, Dave Schoonmaker confirmed that he could sail for a week during the passage south and the incredibly good news was that Meredith decided she would go with me. I was overjoyed and still am. Dave is quite an optimist in this arena as his previous experience

> A Nice Bon Voyage Dinner, page 5

Interclub Racing Starts 4/12

By Glen Krawiec, Interclub Racing Representative

Interclub racing is a series of six low-key races in the central bay and the south bay. Race dates are 4/12, 5/10, 6/7, 7/12, 8/2 and 9/13. All local clubs participate and the \$35 cost is a bargain. Awards are high-quality embroidered jackets and vests. Each yacht club hosts one of the six races, so you often get to meet your competitors socially after the race.

This is the perfect series for novice racers to get some experience in races outside the estuary. Fire up your crew and enter by calling Glen Krawiec at 510-339-9451.

Opening Day on the Bay 4/27

By Glen Krawiec

It is time to plan our design for the decorated boat parade. The theme this year is The American Spirit, Stars and Stripes Forever. We have been promised use of Rich and Shirley Ahlf's Newport 30. We would also like to have a power boat entry. We need a power boat volunteer.

We will have a planning session following the March general meeting at the yacht club. If you want to express ideas or volunteer a boat or just feel lonely and need an ear, call Glen Krawiec at 510-339-9451.

Ahoy from the Emerald Coast!

By Chuck and Martha McMahon

Ahoy Island Yacht Club!

Greetings from the Emerald Coast in the Florida Panhandle.

Where did those McMahons go you ask, well we are right here on the Gulf Coast of Florida about 3.5 hours from New Orleans on the Redneck Riviera as it's commonly called. We have lived here for a year now and seem to be adjusting. It is beautiful with long stretches of white sandy beaches and water that is the color of sparkling emeralds. Our house is about a half mile from the beach and we are about five minutes from the bridge to the barrier islands. Also we have plenty of room and invite any brave souls who venture out of California to "Come on down ya all!"

Okay, okay enough of that stuff lets get to the really important question ... How's the sailing? After putting our boat on the big truck ... we were not inclined to sail around ... and dropping it here at Brown's Marina (which is no Svenson's I might add), we managed to get a slip at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola. This was indeed fortunate as the cost is about one third of Grande Marina and it is an excellent "hurricane hole." It is also the

> Lovely and Lazy Sailing, page 6

PICYA Update

By George Kavorkian, PICYA Representative

This month's PICYA message is to encourage all boaters to increase their boating awareness by being aware of the many new laws and changes coming up for homeland security. There will be 22 agencies involved. Coast Guard ban is now in affect. So we need to keep our distance. Most are posted, but if in doubt, stay 100 yards or more away. Also be alert of bridge piling and arches, making sure you have 25ft clearance.

The list of things boaters need to know goes on and on. So it is suggested we bone up with the literature. Suggest reading includes Recreational Boaters of California pamphlets, Pacific International Yacht Club Association and National Boaters Federation. They all have web pages and e-mail. They are there, not just for our safety but for our pocketbook.

I will miss the Sacramento meeting but, perhaps, Lou or Ted will attend. Wheelchair Regatta will be coming up. See announcement in the Mainsheet. They are looking for volunteers and boats. Your roaming delegate seeking updates for!
George Kavorkian

(Where to find information):

PICYA – www.picya.org
Wheelchair Regatta & National Boating Foundation – www.homestead.com/picyaregatta or mybhb@aol.com
Coast Guard info. 1-800-368-5647
RBOC – www.rbo.org

A Nice Bon Voyage Dinner

(Continued from page 4)

aboard Quo Vadis on the Chesapeake had been wet and windless. Meredith overcame the advice of experienced sailors that the IntraCoastal Waterway was both boring and dangerous as well as her continued skepticism about my sailing abilities.

Bob Hemphill continued to avoid actually boarding Q.V. but gave us a very nice Bon Voyage dinner and some presents, including some inspirational reading entitled "A Voyage for Madmen" or something like that. Continued working on understanding and upgrading the electrical system, got more ICW guides and charts, and began provisioning for an expected 20 days/2 crew and 7 days/3 crew. We set October 9th as the planned departure date from Solomon's Island with a targeted 5 November arrival in Ft. Lauderdale. On October 8th, we finished the boat work about 1830, got Meredith on board about 2230 and everybody to sleep about 0130. The effect was about six hours sleep for a planned 0800 cast off to catch an ebbing tide and make anchorage by 1630. So much for Month One. It was more a character-building and cash depletion experience.

A Fine Experience Aboard Q.V.

The next stage of the adventure now begins and, I won't spoil your fun by telling, it was one of the finest experiences of my life. Twenty-five days underway, four of them sailing, and three days in port: two of them unplanned.

With Meredith on board, we cast off at 0855 with a hand from Alan Reese of *Gringo*, slipmate at Solomon's. Destination: Ft. Lauderdale, with a first anchorage in the Great Wicomico River on the Western shore of the Chesapeake. We set sail at our last passing of the green "Patuxent River 1" marker, headed almost due south. M. did a great job at the helm in anchoring, following hand signals only, as she would continue to for the rest of the voyage. For our first night's anchorage double-handing, we had seared tenderloin on arugula salad, clam chowder with fresh lemons, and a Chilean chardonnay. I added a half-quart of oil to the diesel. The next morning, I raised the mainsail before pulling up the hook and we fell off in 10-15 knots and intermittent rain all day. M. set an aggressive course on her GPS going over some shallows, which worked out fine a Q.V. draws 3 ft.

We docked in Fishing Bay to take on fuel, beginning a pattern of docking for fuel and pump-out every second or third day and anchoring out when we could. Another pattern that seemed immutable was my ability to dock at the slip furthest from essential shoreside amenities and still be in the same marina. This makes for some long, dark but rapid walks. We left Fishing Bay under power but I determined we could go faster under sail, so we set them all. The wind kept building. We went from 5-6 knots to 7 knots with waves at 3 ft, and flying foam. Max observed was 7.8 knots but conditions were deteriorating with heavy rain and limited visibility. We passed another legend of the Chesapeake, the skipjack *Claud W. Somers*. We hit all M's waypoints which were very useful in reduced visibility. I didn't like the weather after about six hours and reduced sail. I was glad to see the channel markers for the Salt Ponds and less glad to surf between them on a four foot breaking wave, avoiding the rock jetty and markers. M. did a great job of docking us in pouring rain but I was tired after fighting the helm for nearly 7 hrs. This weather was the northern edge of Hurricane Kyle which was later announced as arriving in Hampton Roads at noon the next day, just as we were scheduled to. We decided to stay in port after enjoying a dinner of turkey sausages with sun-dried tomatoes, black beans and rice, with fresh red peppers and onions. I drank shiraz; M., skim milk.

I discovered the wonder and benefits of a rest day after three sailing and felt very good heading across Hampton Roads with the goal of going through the Great Bridge Lock into the ICW and meeting Dave somewhere around North Carolina. I punched Mile "0" of the ICW into my brand new knotmeter/log where one of the guides said it was. This never matched any other readings for the rest

> Nicholson Adrenaline Rush, page 6

Lovely and Lazy Sailing

(Continued from page 4)

home of the Navy Yacht Club Pensacola. (Check out our web site: <http://NAVYPNSYC>, and please note newsletter and editor's name ... some people are just a glutton for punishment.) So, after some clean up etc. we went out for our first sail here. As we were going out a guy coming in shouted to us "Great wind out there!" We were pretty excited to hear that but his great wind and ours were a little different because when we got out the winds were 8 to 12. Since then we have found the sailing to be lovely and lazy with infrequent gust of 15 to 19. Now this is on nice sunny days that have warm to hot temperatures. The days before hurricanes can be very treacherous and we try not to get caught out in that. But there is lots of bay sailing and out to the Gulf is not far and a lovely ride. There is a problem with shallow water (good thing we got that depth gauge) and the sand moves around a lot so we have to be on the lookout but so far we haven't run aground.

There was no Women's Sailing here yet (not much Liberation either) but I have made an attempt to get it going (see our newsletter). So I'm sending a special invitation to IYC women to come down and sail and help get these women going!

We do like it here but we miss all of you and delight to read The Mainsheet to see how everyone is doing. It sounds as though everyone is having a great year.

Our Best Wishes to Everyone but especially Joan of the Bar.

Chuck and Martha McMahon

Nicholson Adrenaline Rush

(Continued from page 5)

of the voyage. About halfway across the Roads, I am regaling M. with yet more tales of my childhood in the area when I look over my shoulder to DD-982, the *Nicholson* bearing down on me at 20 knots on the same course. I'm sure they do this all the time but it definitely got my adrenaline flowing.

We got docked at Pungo Ferry Marina approx. 1645. Dave Schoonmaker arrived at 1710 after a long diversion but equipped with the new, spare alternator and lots of goodies (fresh bread, fruit and wine). Daughter Elizabeth had bravely pressed on the extra 2 hours to deliver her Dad and turned around to go home. We determined to sail off to Albemarle Sound.

High winds closed the swing bridge at the entrance to the Alligator River so we headed for anchorage in Broad Creek and were on the hook by 1430. This was the scene of Meredith's continuing love affair with boat dogs. Buck, a standard poodle, came on board with his crew, Sandy and Ann from *Windwalker* and nearly got shang-

Good Eating Aboard *Quo Vadis*

haied by M. The next morning we headed south with the goal of making 65 miles. We set sail in the channel and saw 5.7-6.8 knots, entering Albemarle Sound at 0830. One reef in the main and the genoa fully deployed provided 7-8 knots across on our intended course. The max recorded boat speed for the crossing was 9.8 kts. We anchored out after a long but satisfying day in the Upper Pungo with dusk falling, along with heavy rain. My version of the sausage/onion/oregano red sauce on linguine, after Italian greens in lemon and olive oil was well-received. The week cruising with Dave on board was outstanding, marred only by one little incident. I elected to start the engine on the start battery one morning, which is recommended to make sure it still works independently. No problem until about two hours out, when I observed smoke from the engine area; then smelled electrical overload or meltdown. The start battery was the problem: it was cooked. We lost instruments. Engine stopped; sails set in zip-for-wind. After some considered analysis of what went wrong and why, decided to go with another battery bank, after isolating the "bad" battery. It worked and we proceeding to complete 60 miles across the Neuse River with Dave at the helm under sail. The search for a replacement gel cell battery took another two days and a lay-over in Beaufort. The agony was eased by excellent company retaining their good humor (even after all those days on board with Capt. Mean), a very good dinner ashore and M.'s selection of Beethoven's cello concertos for the evening's music.

We finally had to let Dave ashore near the South Carolina border. Son Devin provided return transport to American Scientist mag and family, even as Meredith was left with me. All had been warned the floggings would continue until morale improved.

The new regulator was still regulating, the new battery stayed charged, and the engine ran. Brave Meredith would stand almost 2 more weeks aboard Q.V. Well, some of it wasn't so bad, including meeting Jeff and Candy, former crew, for dinner in Charleston and touring that well-preserved city. Getting Halloween costumes and Mexican food in St. Augustine after checking out the ancient fort and old Spanish quarter. Quiet anchorages all to ourselves at sunset. Seeing our first alligator in Florida sunning on the bank while M. was sunning on the foredeck.

Actually, her sunning on the foredeck in parts of that black bikini were some of the best times of the voyage from my position—at the helm.

As we got further south, the sailing opportunities diminished to zero, the powerboats' wakes got bigger and the operators ruder, and the weather noticeably warmer. There were also a lot more bridges to contend with as well as 3-5 knot currents. I thanked daily whatever God

> Calm Excursion in the Atlantic , page 7

IYC Open Every Friday Night

(Continued from page 1)

With the recent good weather I have already had the varnish can out, done some touch-up work to my bright work, and treated some of my gelcoat to a touch of wax polish. Daylight savings time starts on April 6th and along with the start of the sailing season come some events we all look forward to. Next weekend is the Double Handed Lightship Race and on April 18th we have our first Friday night beer can race. This summer we plan on having the clubhouse open every Friday night with hot dogs, cheap beer, and possibly a nautical movie on the box. So come along and join us starting April 25.

On the April 27th we have Opening Day, and we await with baited breath to see what Glen can come up with this year to dazzle the judges of the decorated boat parade. Perhaps this year if they have any more old boats we can talk them into giving it as second prize.

The Coast Guard Auxiliary is going to have their vessel inspectors in the marina sometime in April. As you all probably know they give voluntary boat inspections and if everything is OK you get their sticker on your mast which I am told is a get out of jail free card if stopped by the regular Coast Guard. They are at present finalizing a date with Wayne and I shall post it in the club when I get it.

See ya in the bar or on the water.
David

Do you have a Reservation?

him, "The best things I make are reservations".

In closing I have a few things people have asked me to pass along as well as a few of my own. Do return any flower vases, date and label anything thing you put in the freezer. Check the outside door upon closing to be sure it's locked, rinse any glasses you use from the bar and turn them upside down to drain, make reservations when asked (have I mentioned this before?) pick up after your self, this is your home away from home, so treat it as your own. Do not bring your unwanted articles (junk) and leave them. If you want to rent the club, do not just put your activity on the calendar. The calendar isn't always current so please check with me and when we have a definite date I'll post it.

My husband has just informed me that I'm not rewriting the declaration of Independence and the newsletter does have a weight limit so without further ado, I will sign off until next time.

Have fun on the water and did I mention MAKE RESERVATIONS.

—Shirley

Volunteering is a Group Sport

(Continued from page 3)

enjoyable by all the others who showed up to help work on the club! Truly, volunteering is a group sport. Our hot dog machine is spic-and-span thanks to Scott Tipper, the downstairs refrigerator is gleaming and beautiful thanks to Dawn Chesney. Gisela organized the upstairs pantry, locating many useful items we didn't know we had, as well as many useless items which we now know we no longer have. Diane Duey headed up the team cleaning out the freezer, and there was a flurry of excitement over the distribution of fresh-frozen albacore, blue-fin and yellow-fin tuna, courtesy of Peter. Shirley Ahlf lined the drawers with fresh new paper, and Betty Sleeth, Joanne, Ron McClure (and I'm sure many others) were upstairs and downstairs helping with a myriad of chores, and it was all beautifully orchestrated by our dedicated Port Captain Shirley. Thanks, Shirley!

I'm watching the storm reports closely — can Hobbit safely participate in the Doublehanded Lightship Race? Peter and I agree it's no fun when things break. We'll see what Saturday brings, weatherwise.

Any of you interested in modern art? I'm almost done (two more weeks!) with my training to be a children's docent at SFMOMA. Ask me for a tour! And I won't even make you pretend to be a child.

—Janet

Calm Excursion in the Atlantic

(Continued from page 6)

or goddesses were looking after us that most of the currents were in our favor and nearly all the bridge tenders were courteous and opened when they said they would. We only dragged anchor once, in an exposed spot with a North wind. We recovered in the dark with no damage or injury; good for both of us. I may have even got some extra points for getting us back on the hook. M. didn't want to sail out into "The Ocean" but it was so calm during most of our passage I had to tell her after we had made our excursion in the Atlantic that she had been sailing in "The Ocean."

I planned for our last night before Ft. Lauderdale to be at a secluded, quiet anchorage about 50 miles north. The guidebooks and charts apparently had not been updated in a while. There was major construction plus a shiny, new condo building overlooking the mangrove swamp. Well, it was Florida waterfront property, sort of. We survived.

Our last day featured 17 bridges, big wakes, a tricky docking at Sands Harbor Marina, a hot shower and, finally, a great dinner with friends Steve and Geri. They are definitely not candidates for crew in the Caribbean as they are leaving next week on a cruise of their own in the Gulf of Mexico, aboard something considerably larger than 37 ft.

I look forward to seeing the rest of you on board Quo Vadis.



Next Board Meeting:
April 1, 2003
1830 hours at the Clubhouse

Upcoming Dates to Remember

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- Mar 15 Double Handed Lightship Race**
 - Mar 22 St. Patrick's Day Feast
and General Meeting**
 - April 18 Friday Night Races Begin!**
 - April 26 General Meeting and Dinner**