



Internet: <http://www.iyc.org>

ISLAND YACHT CLUB'S

MAINSHEET

Issue Eight

Volume 32

Alameda Marina

August 2003

COMMODORE

David Hand
(925) 820-5637

VICE COMMODORE

Diane McClure (831) 689-9141

REAR COMMODORE

Peter Linehan (415) 552-8386

STAFF COMMODORE

Dan Laramie (510) 583-9323

PORT CAPTAIN

Shirley Ahlf (925) 672-2514

SECRETARY Veronica

Cocksedge (510) 583-9323

TREASURER

Rich Ahlf (925) 672-2514

RACING CO-CHAIRS

Ben Mewes (510) 352-4863 and
Joanne McFee (925) 254-5384

CRUISE CHAIR

Malcolm Sowers (510) 537-2377

MEMBERSHIP

Devon Hand (925) 820-5637

PUBLICATIONS

Janet Frankel (415) 387-5807

BAR MANAGER

Joan Wetherell (925) 837-9408

HISTORIAN

Pam Richardson (510) 724-1371

ASSN. LIASON

Ted Crum (510) 654-7301

DON'T FORGET !

Aug 23—Auction !! 1700 hrs

Bring your items early: 1000 hrs

Followed by the Silver Eagle

Race Awards Ceremony 1830 hrs

And then: The PIG ROAST! 1900 hrs

Aug 01—Labor Day Cruise to

Sep 01 Half Moon Bay

Aug 02—Board Meeting 1830 hrs

Sep 05—Friday Night Race #3 1825 hrs



A Word About Membership

By Janet Frankel, Staff Commodore (2001)

Island Yacht Club is truly an amazing entity. With minimal annual dues we somehow are able to have a nice and roomy clubhouse in a prime location in Alameda. One of the key aspects of IYC's success, in fact THE key aspect, is YOU, Dear Reader! The member! You are extraordinary. You come from all walks of life, ranging from sophisticated socialites (you know who you are!) to the saltiest of salts (do you know who you are?) to accountants and sailmakers and engineers and lawyers (notice I included the lawyers, best not to get in trouble with them). To name but a few.

Our ability to offer bargain membership dues means we need to maintain a goodly pack of members in order to survive. Insurance rates are climbing, the rent is due every month, we have to pay to place ads and send flyers and mailings about our races and social events in order to continue the tradition of enthusiasm for our quality events. Member participation is crucial.

In this time of continued recession, Island Yacht Club provides the full package of yacht club benefits at the best price going. You would think that people would jump at the chance to join such a club. In fact, I believe that it is TRUE – but for the fact that most of them don't have the information they need in order to join.

Inside this newsletter you will find a Membership Application. I hasten to add that I am doing this with our Board's approval and blessing, as part of our Membership Drive. Remember, any new memberships get the last three months of 2003 AND all of 2004 for the price of the membership alone – the \$100 initiation fee is waived! (For those who insist on paying an initiation fee, who simply cannot abide the thought of joining a club without this particular "perk," please be sure to tell them that we can make an exception and they

> Member Participation Crucial, page 5

Look Inside:

Page

Cruz News.....	2
A View From the Rear Seat.....	2
The First Year of Living Wet.....	3
Portside.....	4
A Letter from the Atteberrys.....	4
Women's Sailing Seminar.....	4
Molly & George Wedding.....	4
Ben Attends PICYA.....	5
Welcome John & Peggie Davis.....	5
The Pterodactyl Adventure.....	6
Letter from P. Peters & D. Finley....	6

Cruz News

By Malcolm Sowers, Cruising Chair

Our cruise to Treasure Island Yacht Club Aug. 9th and 10th was a success. Pleasant weather, full-ish moon over Yerba Buena as promised. Our nine members on *Water Witch*, *Jabberwock*, *Cutty Sark* and *Sinaloa*, plus Rich and Shirley Ahlf and Joanne McFee who 'black-topped,' stretched TIYC facilities to the max but the Club served a plentitude of barbecued ribs, a great dessert, and fellowship. Helen opined that a short overnight cruise with dinner at the club and just the two of us on our boat was "her kind of cruise." Why does every other 30 footer seem to have more room than our *Sinaloa*? (With guests aboard we have to put an amazing pot-pourri of stuff in the cockpit each night to create sleeping space for our guests.)

HALF MOON BAY CRUISE Labor Day weekend. Depart Saturday Aug 30th. Return home on Monday the 1st. Received an email from Terri Johnson, Cruise Chairman of BAMA (Bay Area Multihull (racing) Association) asking if they could accompany us. I replied: "The more the merrier." Who knows, some of them might even join our club!

Expect mild seas and relatively fog-free conditions. Same navigational tips as in last year's August Main Sheet. However, **START EARLY** in order to catch the tail of the ebb at the Golden Gate. I plan to be at the GG between 0930 and 1000. If fog at the Gate, call Vessel Traffic Service on Channel 14 for alert about incoming traffic. Let's try to exit the Gate as an identifiable blob to give large commercial vessels a break. (The GG Bridge fuzzes out ships' radar in that area. On our approach to HMB leave all green buoys to your port. Also, try to bunch up our IYC boats at HMB like we did last year. Berths are assigned on a 1st come basis by the Harbor-master, who may have trouble finding enough berths, especially for the Multihulls. You-all have a great time on our cruise to the south. You hear?

Eating at HMBYC Sunday the 31st? (marinated pesto chicken - \$15, 7.50 children; music of Blue Juj). Email **HEAD COUNT** to hsowers@csuhayward.edu If you prefer to eat uptown, reservations are also definitely in order on this busy weekend. Let me know early if you want us to make a group reservation.

FUTURE IYC CRUISES: (BAMA PLEASE NOTE.)

September 13 –14th - I've committed IYC to a weekend cruise to Coyote Point Yacht Club. Those of us planning to attend Molly & George's wedding Sunday at 1600 will have to leave CPYC at the crack of dawn or earlier on the 14th. Warning: You may have to come to Helen and Malcolm's **60th** Wedding Anniversary Saturday Oct. 18, (Provided the clubhouse is available.) Plan to bring a pot-luck dish. NO gifts, please. Hilarious video of our **50th** will be shown.

October 3rd – 4th - I've made reservations for us to cruise to Benicia Y.C. They have dredged their harbor. Lots of interesting stores and restaurants within walking distance.

—Malcolm Sowers, IYC Cruise Chairman

A View From the Rear Seat

By Peter Linehan, Rear Commodore

Hello all, First of all I'm happy to report the progress on Hobbits motor has been great. After much consideration a choice was made to replace the aging Atomic 4 with one rebuilt by Buck Anderson. He works out of his shop down in Barstow (yes, it's the middle of the Mohave desert). Now you may wonder what a guy from Barstow could know about A4s, but the man knows his stuff. 30 years of experience putting in and working on motors. So, after talking to him on the phone and being reasonably sure that I could at least pay someone to fix anything that really went wrong, I started to remove the old motor from it's 33 year home. The wires were the first to go, all of them tagged and marked as to their function. Next the motor controls, fuel line, and alternator. Wow, things kept going smoothly, I sawed thru the exhaust pipe with the ever-useful hacksaw. Then I removed the 3 bolts from the shaft coupling and slid the shaft back a tad. Just 4 motor mounts to go!! The first one, the second and third and then.... just one more. Only this last bolt was happy living under the water pump and didn't want to leave. A day later and armed with the big set of vise-grips, a can of penetrating oil, and an 18 inch piece of pipe. I returned the do battle with the reluctant rusty bolt. The oil and the extra leverage did the trick. So I turned my sights to the lifting out stage of the repowering adventure. 2 2x4s lay atop the companionway and a 3-to-1 block and tackle got the 382lb pile of rust into the cabin. The main halyard was used next instead of the 2x4s and a line was run between the two winches, making a big V, with the halyard creating the point of the v. First I raised the motor then cranked in on a winch, which pulled the motor backwards into the cockpit. With the help of a 3rd line I swung the motor over the rail and then walked it forward and lowered it to the dock. Well, Buck wanted the old motor for parts so I rented a pickup and drove down to Barstow. His place was easy to find, the only place in the desert with a sailboat in the yard. He had the new motor ready to go, it looked like the one in the manual, all painted and perfect. Two hours later I was headed home with a wealth of knowledge and a spiffy clean motor. When I got back I started looking at the engine compartment, I thought I'd clean it up while I could. As I washed it out and wiped off all the old grease and grime and realized, paint was needed. So off I ran to Pagaino's (the best little hardware store in Alameda) there I found a new no prep, no primer, paint for plastic and fiberglass. Just shake and spray. Putting the new motor in was easier than getting the old one out, I replaced the one rusty motor mount bolt and had the exhaust pipe welded back together, re-wrapped it with heat shield tape, slid the shaft back into place and everything worked! I may have to splurge on a minor shaft alignment, as there is just the slightest bit of wobble. But all in all, things went pretty well.

So, go out there and fix something on your boat. You'll feel better.

Peter

The First Year of Living Wet

By John Huetter, aboard S/V *Quo Vadis*

March 31, 2002 to April 2, 2003

Turks & Caicos Islands: In Transit, Anchored, & Docked

Beth and Caroline told me Mr. Rogers had died when they came to cruise with me last week. At the time, I felt a little older. When I read his "Appreciation" in the journals they brought me, I wept slowly for a while. Not like when Jim Henson died: I went into a funk for days. If there is a God, she wants us to rely on ourselves a lot more than most think. I hear there was another war started by a non-elected, non-combat politician who made it to President. Anybody know how that went? The only visibility in this part of the world is fuel prices increasing. Apparently, Bush promised Putin they wouldn't go down, even with lots more oil available. Surprisingly, fuel costs for this voyage of discovery have been a fraction of the amount budgeted. Dock fees: more than double. But this is a local, not a global, perspective. And from that narrow; personal perspective, a year has passed since I bought this vintage Prout catamaran and made it my home. Which leads me to ask: How are all of you doing? "You never write! You never call!" Well, there are notable exceptions. I just caught up with Dave and Devin's misadventures since strolling innocently onto the Bahamasair flight from Deadman's Cay. I knew that was a poor choice of names for any kind of port (air or sea). As we used to say in the Air Force (eg, MAC): "Time to spare? Go by air." We'll try and make it up to you, guys. Spanish or British Virgins, on your schedule? Mona Passage bookings are also still open, though I can't promise anything on ice storms.

At the end of this first year, I look at all the charts and cruising guides already retired: Chesapeake, Intra-coastal, So. Florida, Near Bahamas, Exumas, Far Bahamas, Turks & Caicos – and, I'm already going through the national courtesy flags: Next – Dom. Republic. I also remember and reflect on the (mostly) unsolicited comments of other sailors; non-sailors too. When I was cruising on Chesapeake Bay, it was "Wait 'til you get out on the ocean. It's a whole different world." Did that. Also, most of my sailing experience has been on "the Ocean," so what's with that? We were advised the Intracoastal waterway was long and perilous and boring, to the point where Meredith was, again, questioning my judgment and abilities. Did that. It was only long: about 1200 miles. From the Chesapeake through to So. Florida, it was, "Wait til you get to the Bahamas" – like, that was really scary. Did that. At Nassau (Capital of the Bahamas), "Capt. Larry" admonished, "you're going to have to really get better and ready for down the Exumas." Did that, with M., who had never sailed offshore before. At the end of the Exumas, I was told repeatedly, "90% of the boats don't go any farther than Georgetown." What? Even their motors aren't stolen? So, faithful crew of Dave, Devin and Dan helped me through the "Far Bahamas" to Mayaguana and, beyond, to the Turks & Caicos. Yes, the air and water temps are in the 70s (°F) but it's still winter

North Atlantic conditions – for which the Plimsoll line was created. Big swell, waves, and wind 30-40 knots, all the way down to the Dom. Rep. I have the advantage of not knowing it should be any different and I deal with it – or not. What have all these other, mostly cautionary, people been doing? I'm expecting SE tradewinds all spring and summer.

Sometime in the last month I finished reading all of the "Voyages of Joshua Slocum," a Bonvoyage present from Irv and Patricia. Most of you will know he was the first to circumnavigate alone: Done in the 1890s. His vessel, the *Spray* is about the same dimensions as *Quo Vadis* though *Spray* was a hand-built monohull and *Quo Vadis* a factory-built catamaran. He treated himself to a hot meal daily, as I do, being mostly alone or underway with 1-2 crew. It took him 3 tries to get through the straits of Magellan as it did me to go from the Bahamas to TCI. He whined and complained when treated unfairly in a foreign port that didn't speak English and had guns; then wrote a protest letter to the President of U.S. – Grover Cleveland. Whoops, I didn't do that last part. I'm pretty sure Grover Cleveland isn't Prez, though I've been off shore for a while. Plus, I can deal with no English and guns. As it turned out, the complaint and protest letter netted him – nothing! Duh.

Well the writing and transmittal of this first year report has been languishing for many reasons, not all worthy, so we'll proceed directly to what you've NOT been waiting for:

Best New Beer: Presidente, Dominican Republic.
#1.25/24 oz.

Best New Food: Bahamas Conch Salad, especially as prepared by Bahamian entrepreneur, fisherman and Q.V. crewmember Dan Cartwright. Chesapeake Bay oysters were not a "new" food; so not qualifying this category.

Best Anchorage: Red Shank Cay. Despite the hype, or because so many spurn it, this home of the Red Shank Yacht & Tennis Club looms large as the best for all the right reasons you anchor out. Too many "Honorable Mentions" to mention with white sand bottoms and starry skies. You had to be there. Why weren't you? You were invited.

Best Personal Experience: Cruising south through the Exuma Cays with Meredith McCullough.

Best Personal Experience Publishable in a Family Magazine: Beth and Caroline Huetter on Board Q.V. in the Caicos Islands during Spring Break 2003. We partied like it was 1999! And more.

Best Shore Leave: Late November/early December 2002: California family birthdays all 'round and Thanksgiving Dinner by Chef Giovanni.

Best Personal Progress: At the helm of my home: Especially under power; everybody except Meredith tells me I'm getting skilled at driving and navigating. Under sail? Hey! It's what skippers do. "Yee-haw! Look: 10 knots @ 45° apparent wind." No, I'm not crazy; just loving' it!"

Best Bread: Miss Mable's in Abraham's Bay Settlement,

> John's "Best of" List, page 4

Portside

By Shirley Ahlf, Port Captain

I hope everyone has a hearty appetite, cause guess what's coming up? You guessed it, the Pig Roast and Auction! It's August 23rd. The Auction will start at 1700 followed by dinner at 1900. Please bring your articles to be auctioned to the club Saturday morning starting at 1000. We need time to label and sort every thing before that night. It's a good way to clean out your dock box or whatever and pick up a little money at the same time. The club gets 25% and you keep the 75%. Pretty good deal if you ask me. Plus as you've always heard "one mans garbage is another man's treasure" (somehow that doesn't sound right, but you get the drift).

Anyway, **please let me know if you plan to have dinner.** It really is going to be good and Rich is planning on getting an 80 pounder (anything over has a tendency to be tough) so first call first served. My number is 925-672-2514. So let me hear from you real soon and I'll see ya on the 23rd.
—Shirley

Molly and George Wedding Planned!

Molly and George invite all of you to celebrate their wedding at the Pittsburg Yacht Club on September 14 at 4:00pm.
RSVP Required 925-439-8883.
Docking space is available.

CONGRATULATIONS!

Dave and Judy Blumhorst welcome their new arrival, Joseph Franklin Blumhorst, born April 23, 2003. Judy says, "Welcome to the newest and youngest foredeck monkey!"

A Letter From the Atteberrys

(Sent to John and Joyce Logan)

Frank and I haven't heard from you since you went to Las Vegas. I hope you are both doing fine. Are you getting closer to departure? We saw Dave and Jane Crenshaw in San Diego while we were there. They are thinking of buying a house in Florida. How is everyone at the club? We visited all the Yacht clubs on the way even the Giggling Marlin beach yacht club(the bay of dreams) in Ensenada de Los Muertos.

The cruisers here in La Paz just love it here, some never leave. It takes a while to get accustomed to the 100 degrees temperature, but when you do it's wonderful. La Paz is under developed, but I guess that's why everything is so cheap. I don't cook very much any more because it's cheaper to eat out. I am taking Spanish lessons 5 days a week. The Spanish here in La Paz is different then the US. We are still completing projects that we didn't finish in Alameda. The first of July we will head further into the Sea of Cortez.

—Ellen, on Hot Ice

John's "Best Of" List

(Continued from page 1)

Mayaguana given with love and 10 gallons of diesel – siphoned from a 55 gal. drum in the shed behind her house! Still don't know ingredients (of the bread, not the diesel).

Best Meals on Board: Dan and I cooking from Long Island to TCIslands.

Best Dive Spot: No one best, because some you could take sea critters to eat and others, not. So: Northwest Point, Mayaguana; Smith Reef, Providenciales; Big Sand Cay, Turks Islands. We must go back to the D.R. as we did NO diving on those shores. Sailing quickly, both times.

Most Exotic: Tangier Island, Virginia. Cornish in middle of the Chesapeake.

Most Expensive: Turks & Caicos Islands. Combination of tourist economy, EU subsidies, off-shore banking and probable drug money laundering.

Least Expensive: Dominican Republic: need to check this out in detail.

Most Frustrating Sailing Experience: Trying to head south from the Bahamas, 35-40 kt. winds on the nose – several times.

Most Frustrating Personal Experience: Mer is not on board.

Best Thing That Didn't Happen: Did not sink or even wreck on a reef.

Next Best Thing That Didn't Happen: No shark stories. Everybody else who has put a hull in these waters has one. I don't and glad of it. Unless you consider photographing them in the water at Compass Cay, Exumas.

Best Time Going Nowhere: Pompano Beach, Fla. With John and Dixie Blake, waiting for the Gulf Stream to get tolerable for a crossing to Cat Cay. It never did. But we were cool.

Best Religious Experience: Skipping directly over the "Oh, God" type expressions: singing and hearing praises of the lord at Mt. Olivet, Staniel Cay (just after diving Thunderball Grotto) to the locals' accompaniment of organ, drum and tambourines.

Best Thing I Didn't Expect Or Even Think About: Losing 25 lbs and being very healthy the whole time, though brown and skinny.

Most Profoundly Unexpected and Sobering Sight: Ship-

> Q.V. Heads East and South, page 5

Woman's Sailing Seminar #11

By Pam Krawiec, WSS Chair

Check to be sure you've marked the dates of October 11 and 12 for the 11th annual Northern California Women's Sailing Seminar, held at our own IYC. We will need lots of volunteers to help with EVERYTHING, including setting up, cleaning up, herding crowds, making signs, and eating lots of great food — so please contact me, Pam Krawiec, at 510-339-9451. Anything you can do to will make the seminar an even great success, and will be greatly appreciated. Give me a call!

—Pam

Ben Attends PICYA

By Ben Mewes, PICYA Representative

I attended the PICYA meeting at the Sausalito Yacht Club - nice location and nice dinner.

Among points brought up at the meeting:

- * The State Safety Report is available. There were 911 accidents with 53 fatalities, up from last year. The breakdown of motorboats and sailboats is available in the report. 38% of the accidents were caused by operator inattention.
- * Coast Guard: funds from the Homeland Security gave us a new District 11; Admiral Eldridge will be given a reception on October 14th at the Oakland Yacht Club.
- * Race Activities: The Wheelchair Regatta is coming up on September 27th. Volunteers are needed. Those who volunteered before came away with a whole new outlook on life.
- * IMPORTANT TO THOSE WITH BOATS IN ESTUARY: The Oakland fire boat has been decommissioned due to lack of funds and a breakdown of negotiations between the City of Oakland and the Unions. Efforts should be made to contact the City and Unions as the safety of our boats moored in the estuary is directly affected.
- * A bill to stop tax-free offshore delivery is being moved through the legislature in Sacramento.

—Ben Mewes

Welcome John & Peggie Davis

Welcome to new members John and Peggie Davis!

John writes the following biographical note:

I've been sailing on the Bay since 1983 when I bought my first keel boat, a Lancer 25. A year later I got a Merit 25 called *Green Green*. The boat name came from a poem my son used to like in school. I raced *Green Green* one design for 5-6 years. Got tired of that and decided to try racing on other boats. I raced on an Express 27, Express 37, C&C 41, J-29 and Laser 28. I really liked the Laser 28 and decided to buy one in 2000, called *Peggy Sue*. The boat name comes from the Buddy Holly song "Peggy Sue" by Jerry Allison, Norman Petty and Buddy Holly in 1957. My wife doesn't like the song very much and doesn't care for sailing too much either although she is very supportive of my sailing and meeting me at the end of races and helping me prepare the food and drinks for races.

I enjoy Friday night races and winter series races in the estuary. I race in the SF30 HDA series and the Inter-Club series this summer. Last year I sailed the OYRA races and really enjoy sailing in the ocean. Someday I would like to do a Pacific Cup or Transpac, but not necessarily on my boat—although that would be nice too.

> *Peggy Sue Goes Sailing*, next column

Member Participation Crucial

(Continued from page 1)

can send the money to me, I'll put it to good use on my boat.)

Every one of you should think about inviting your sailing buddies to join IYC. Don't forget your comrades from the bar at those other clubs, the guy working on his boat next door, and your neighbors at home who watch enviously every time you take off for yet another exciting and gratifying IYC event. Bring them along! Invite them to join. Explain to them the joys of membership in IYC – the best "Bang For Your Buck" Yacht Club in the Bay. Keep your missionary zeal to a discreet roar.

—Janet

Q.V. Heads East & South

(Continued from page 4)

wrecks. Some very new, with sails still flapping, and some not. All the way.

Best Bet: This should only get better, as Q.V. heads east and south.

Other notable events of the past month included helping "River Rat" bring his 32 foot Irwin from Provo to Luperón, D.R. This was done via the northern route around the Caicos Islands and involved 2 longish night passages: one unplanned and one planned. The latter was in significant wind and sea state which made me appreciate having a 37 ft. cat. Small monohulls heel and are bouncy. Only comfortable position I could find was lying down. Still, the sailing was not sloppy and we beat 38 and 40 foot Island Packets that left 2 hours earlier down to Luperón. I flew back to the TCI, after scurrying around to get cash for the ticket at Puerto Plaza Int'l, to meet my excellent children. Beth and Caroline flew into Providenciales over Spring Break (from UC Santa Cruz and Cuesta College, respectively). I had a fantastic time hanging out with them around Turtle Cove, snorkeling, and sailing up to Lizzle Water Cay to see iguanas and rays; then over to the western Caicos where French TV Game Show participants drowned. Celebrated Beth's 21st at the Erebus overlooking all of the Northern Reef. Those kids are better all the time.

Peggy Sue Goes Sailing

(Continued from previous column)

I keep the boat in the dry storage #324 in Alameda Marina and sail or come down to sit on the boat most every weekend.

Peggie and I also enjoy hiking in the High Sierras and weekend trips to Santa Cruz and Monterey. We live in San Ramon and I run my own business doing Accountaxxe Professional Services Ltd, providing bookkeeping, payroll, and income tax preparation for individuals and small businesses.

—John

The Pterodactyl Adventure

By Janet Frankel, *Mainsheet* Editor

Dear Readers: You may recall, at last reading, I was explaining my absence at a few of our recent events when a surprise story about a nude vandal squeezed me out. My excuse is preposterous, yet credible. See for yourself:

June's *Mainsheet* left me astride a giant Pterodactyl, wearing my IYC cap (complete with silver stars and Hornet pin), escaping from a myriad of Important Things To Do and embarking on a journey into the Land Of The Fantastic.

I asked the Pterodactyl if he was the same Bird who had visited the IYC Friday Night Races, long ago when *Hobbit* still was operational. The Pterodactyl shushed me and delivered what I am sure was intended to be a withering look, but for his lack of the mouth muscles required to deliver such a look. I dutifully withered, and I pondered whether the entire memory was my own invention. *Hobbit* operational – the very idea! I giggled to myself.

Up, up we flew, over the Golden Gate Bridge, and quickly over a giant collection of bird droppings atop the Farallons. Then, a dense fog engulfed us and I could not tell if we were still continuing East, rising up to the roof of the sky, or descending towards the sea. (Roof of the sky? Oh come on now.)

With a burst of light we emerged into another land, lush with green vegetation near a deep blue sea with gently rolling swells. There was an incredible beach, white sand stretching out into the round and foamy breaking waves, and not a person in sight. "I must remember to bring Tony here," I thought, "He will LOVE this surf!"

It was then that I noticed a longish tongue depressor poking into the sea, lying flat with supporting grey-brown beams underneath. I wandered out to the end of the pier, and climbed down a long ladder towards the water. There was a dock at the bottom, and there was *Hobbit!* Her new rigging sparkled, a beautiful sail lay meticulously flaked on the boom, and a pretty new jib was hanked onto the forestay. The Pterodactyl alighted gracefully on the stern pulpit, and bobbed his head in the direction of the cabin. I climbed inside.

Imagine my surprise when I saw the lovely new upholstery, the new carpet, a totally spotless galley. I wondered who had disposed of all of the tools, fishing gear, unusable old sails, spare batteries and water pumps, odd bits of line, spare clothing, and the vacuum cleaner. And then I saw it, *Hobbit* had a brand new Atomic 4 engine, freshly painted and gleamingly eager to be off to a distant port.

In the faint distance I heard a chiming, it sounded a lot like my grandfather clock. Perhaps it was a lighthouse? I quickly dashed above decks and was immediately swooshed up by the Pterodactyl onto his back and then before I knew what was happening, we were flying away. "No!" I cried, "I want to take *Hobbit* out for a sail! She's so perfect! Don't take me away now!"

But my silent transport merely continued, carrying us into a murky fog bank which appeared as if from nowhere. The Pterodactyl was undeterred by the zero visibility, and I experience no fear even though I did not know where we were headed next. Suddenly, IYC appeared close at hand and I was gently deposited in front of the clubhouse. The Pterodactyl nodded his big head at me, and with a gurgling "Raaaaaaaaawkkkkk," he vanished as mysteriously as he had come.

I felt certain it was not a dream. I ran down to Hobbit and sure enough, there was a brand new, gleaming motor, eager to be off. And so, off we went.

What's that, Glen, you are dubious? You too, Ben, you think I've made this all up? Well, go on down and see for yourself!

—Janet

Aloha from ... Novato?

A letter from Paula Peters in Novato to the Logans

July 29, 2003 — Novato, CA — Do you ever get songs stuck in your head? I was using "Scrubbing Bubbles" to clean the bathtub last week and started humming "Tiny Bubbles". I'm still humming it. I guess that means it's time to return to Hawaii. So yes, August 2nd Dale and I will depart for the land of Don Ho and tiny bubbles.

It won't be much of a vacation for Dale. The only diving he'll be doing is to clean the bottom of the boat and check the zincs. He'll make sure all the systems aboard are functioning properly and then Monday he'll be flying back to San Francisco and returning to work Tuesday.

Not so for P. Peters. I'll spend the first week cleaning and polishing, the second week entertaining my sister Jackie & brother-in-law Rich who will be staying with me, and then the last 2 weeks I hope to do some hiking, snorkeling, and sightseeing. I won't have time for the surfing and hula lessons this summer after all, as I'm flying back to CA August 27.

Up until January, when we bought the cheap non air-conditioned Toyota in Oahu, we hadn't owned a car since October 2000. Well, now we have two! Dale is riding the bus to work in SF but he wanted a car for the weekends, and he knew I would be turning in the rental car that my office got me, this Friday. Being the frugal accountant type I recommended that he buy a good used transportation vehicle (in other words, something cheap that runs). Dale took my advice into serious consideration (ha!) and ended up buying a sexy black 1998 Mustang GT convertible. We picked up our friend Mary in Sonoma Sunday and cruised over to Calistoga for the day to meet friends. We had the top down, the air conditioner on full force, and a "world-beat" Hawaiian CD blaring away. Don't tell Dale but I'm glad he didn't take my advice.

Well, it's my last week of work (I may work a week or two in Sept/Oct) and I've got some tax returns that I have to get finished up so I had better sign off.

Our warm regards,

—P. Peters (Writer) & Dale (Editor & car owner) Finley



Next Board Meeting:
September 2, 2003 — 1830 hours

Upcoming Dates to Remember

- Aug 23** Annual AUCTION and PIG ROAST!
- Aug 30** Labor Day Weekend Cruise to Half Moon Bay
- Sep 05** Friday Night Race #8