



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

ISLAND YACHT CLUB'S MAINSHEET

Alameda Marina Volume 32
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December 6 1800 hrs
Change of Watch Dinner:

Menu
Appetizer:- Pate du Chef.
First Course:- French Onion Soup.
Main Course:- Choice of,
Filet of Beef, with Stilton Butter.
- or -
Seafood Strudel, with Salmon, Prawn
and Scallop.
Dessert:- Chocolate Decadence.
All prepared by chef Colin.
RSVP to 510-521-2980



Jan 31 Crab Feed - Save the Date!

A Brit at the Helm

By David Hand, Commodore

It's hard to believe the year has gone by so fast. This is the last article I shall be writing as Commodore so I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of those who have made this last year such a resounding success for Island Yacht Club. The enthusiasm that has been displayed by the membership has made the last year truly memorable and our success as a club is due entirely to the efforts of our volunteers.

> *Continuing Success for IYC, page 3*

2003 Wuvulu Season

Ghostwritten by a diehard *Wuvulu* crew using John New's scribbled notes.

Preface it to say that Joanne's cancellation of the first Interclub race (due to inclement weather) may have been prophetic, a sign for John to heed, a warning of the coming expense and toll this season would take on *Wuvulu* and his wallet..

Sequence of mentionable (ie: expensive) events.....hailed out for a complete bottom refinish before the season started.....then.....

- 5/2, IYC Friday night race: went through the finish line during the downwind leg. Reversed course to leave the finish area and continue
> *Mud Where Mud Should Not Be, page 3*

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Cruz News

By Malcolm Sowers, Cruising Chair

Helen and I just returned yesterday from a whirlwind tour of Thailand with a small, compatible group. Flew from one end of the country to the other. Visited Temples & Palaces. Visited Hill Tribes in the Golden Triangle, rode elephants, enjoyed brief rafting trips. Joggled along bumpy roads. Rested at a well-chosen variety of hotels, ate sumptuously, and oohed and aahed over the birds and other wildlife in the National Parks. Have been catching up on my sleep last 24 hours; now will try to sneak under the deadline for November's Mainsheet with my 'cruising' report.

Thought IYC members would be interested in the long-tail boats: On the Chao Phraya River that bisects Bangkok, about a third of the water-craft ferrying people about and offering rides to the tourists are slim canoe-like boats. They can pass each other in the narrow klongs (canals) that crisscross the delta on which Bangkok is situated. Each boat, formerly propelled by oars, has about a three meter long drive-shaft sticking out behind; motors are mounted on the small aft deck and coupled directly to these shafts. Clever system. Mostly four cylinder petrol engines, steered as you would an outboard. The boatman stands with his ears just in front of the motor. (Slowly going deaf from the decibels?) YOKE on motor allows shaft to swing UP for shallows, and for clearing water-weeds or whatever from prop. Motor readily accessible for maintenance. The PIVOT just below the yoke allows SIDE TO SIDE motion. No rudder--a nice feature--kind of like side thrusters, allowing maneuvering down river at slow speed. (No need to go faster than the current to maintain a rudder's bite on the water.) Also useful for nosing up against the dock to allow passengers to embark and disembark. A 180 degree turn on the pivot can even bring the prop in-board for any necessary maintenance.

We also saw these longtail boats in the area of Krabi, across from Phuket. (But nary a single cruising sailboat on the horizon.) Informant told me this system became popular about 30 years ago when Toyota flooded the market with cheap dependable little car engines. Now even some of the tiniest water-craft servicing the fish nets in the bays and inlets have this same system, using two meter shafts and powered by 6 horsepower Hondas. Up north, in Chiang Mai, we saw similar longtail river-boats servicing the tourist trade and equipped with HUGE mufflers. (Quieter, benefiting river-side property values.) Asked why the difference, informant said: "They like them noisy in Bangkok."

---Your Cruise Chairman, Malcolm.

WANT ADS

Elaine Wright STILL has foul weather gear for sale:

Description: Yellow pants, yellow and white jacket, West Marine brand. Size: small

Condition: Excellent (worn only about 5 times).

Price: \$50.00

Call Elaine 925-933-6463, how about a gift for your kid!

Nacing Rews

By Joanne McFee, Racing Co-Chair

Jack 'n Jill Plus One

November 1st was just another bright, breezy beautiful day on the Estuary. Skippers and crews met at IYC's clubhouse for coffee and muffins and a brief skipper's meeting. Peter and his friend Mike put out the marks and race was on. There was enough wind to send the spinnaker boats on the "long" (5.5 miles) course. Division A was won by Marceline Thierreu's Wabbit *Usagi*. Marceline also won the recent Berkeley Women's Skipper race. The Santana 20 match race between *Pipsqueak* (Nancy Blum) and *Lilssue* (Tina Adornato) went down to the wire with *Pipsqueak* winning by 6 seconds!. Non-spinnaker boats went on a shorter course (3.85 miles). The winner was Adelina Serna on *Fun Zone*. After the race everyone went back to the club for prizes, refreshments and hors d'oeuvres. Just another beautiful day on the Estuary.

There are no words.

However, I will find some. It's a given that IYC thrives and survives by volunteerism. There is a group of people who gave many days of their time all year. Race Committee, I salute you! Some were there for every race, others for as many as they could. I thank you from the very bottom of my heart.

David Hand timed every race and volunteered *Jabberwock* as committee boat for an Interclub race. Gisela Linder was indispensable. She transcribed race instructions and entries, scored every race on our sometimes recalcitrant computer and spotted, recorded and rose flags on the race-deck. Rear Commodore Peter Linehan, co-Chair Ben Mewes and Interclub Rep Glen Krawiec drove the chase boat and put out and retrieved marks. Glen and Ben did race deck duty at Golden Gate Yacht Club. Glen was even spotted rowing *Rosemary* out to move a mark when the chase boat refused to start. Rick Ahlf took marvelous photos for racers to watch in the bar, and Shirley helped on race decks. Max Richardson helped on race decks and volunteered *Cutty Sark* as committee boat for the stormy, cancelled, April Interclub race. Veronica Cocksedge was there when we needed her. Ted Crum and Dan Laramie lent their expertise. Pam Krawiec, Janice Greenberg and Carol Hess jumped right in to help. Janet came when she could and Rich's daughter Linda loved the GGYC race deck. Bill King's son Morgan entertained and helped us on the Friday nights.

Goodness, I hope I remembered you all. You made my year!

Remember, Age is only important if you're a piece of cheese.

Till next year,

Joanne.

Continuing Success for IYC

(Continued from page 1)

Traditional events such as the Women's Sailing Seminar were as well supported as they always have been, and our racing schedule saw as good participation as I have seen since I have been a member. Our "flagship" races such as our very own Silver Eagle and the Double Handed Lightship Race were well supported and run by our usual excellent management team. We of course also provided management for one YRA race and one of the races in the inter-club series.

Another event that brings the club prestige is our continuing incredible success in the Opening Day Decorated Boat Parade; over the past decade you get a much shorter answer if you ask what years didn't we win it rather than what years did we win it.

The year saw another successful season of cruises and Devon and I enjoyed pleasant weekends with friends in places such as Vallejo, Redwood City, and at Half Moon Bay.

Our year saw several fine speakers at our monthly meetings and some excellent food was served by our fine volunteer cooks. The crab feed was particularly well-supported and I believe we exceeded our numerical capacity for the clubhouse that night. Mention should also be made of our very well-run bar.

I am sure that everybody will support our new Commodore and next year's board just as they have done in the past, and I would like to take this last opportunity to thank everyone for the privilege of serving as a Club Officer for the past three years.

Leaving Britannia's Rule

The REAL 1st Year, By John Huetter, PART TWO

0900 the next morning, all the crew strolled into Cockburn Town, B & A to the Bakery and me to call customs again, so we could legally clear out of this British colony. Capt. Norris (the owner of everything "Seaview") called Tina (assume customs agent) and informed me she'd be down this a.m.? Yes. The bakery was sold out by 9, and I figured if I started scrubbing the bottom, customs would show up. After about 1 ½ hours in the water, I had the knotmeter impeller cleared, most of the barnacles off the center hull, and had seriously mutilated the strange black things. But no customs. I hoped B & A made good use of the time. Aynsley had the clever idea, after we'd waited 3 hrs, that I should go to customs. After what seemed a trek around the periphery of Cockburn Town, which is not very big, I arrived at the small but air-conditioned customs office @ 1210. Tina was there, her crisply pressed uniform unmussed with no apparent intention of leaving her domain which closed at 1230. She did give me a bureaucratic

> Customs Gives the OK, page 5

Mud Where Mud Should Not Be.

(Continued from page 1)

downwind correctly. Ran aground at the SE end of Government Island while the Estuary was ebbing. Pulled off the mud by Lelo after they finished their race. Unbeknownst to the crew, mud had been sucked into the engine fresh water intake, which would cause over heating and engine problems for the next month before the problem was figured out. (DNF)

- 5/17, HDA race: No wind, no engine (overheating problem), no start line, no race..... (DNS)
- 5/31, HDA: during spinnie take down, lost both spinnaker sheets and one guy while the shoot waved like a flag well above the boat. Took 3 crew on the one remaining guy to get the shoot back to the boat. 5th place.
- June: Built new spinnaker pole "just in case" as the existing pole had a slight bend....
- 7/26, Sat. HDA Bonita: took a good knock-down returning from Bonita while passing by the South Tower Demon with the big shoot up, followed by a few crash jibes, resulting in a bent boom. (6th place)
- 7/27, Sun HDA: Did a quick reinforcement job on the boom with some aluminum and pop rivets in order to make Sunday's HDA race. Raced short handed with Ben Mewes and George Lythcot. A mislaid spinnaker sheet (discovered after the attempted hoist) contributed to the spinnie going overboard and becoming a sea anchor, resulting in a bend in the new spinnaker pole as well as damage to the new 120 jib. (5th place)
- 8/9, HDA City Front: While heading upwind had a "brush by" collision, saw the mast head fly go flying. Thought that was all of the damage until we started sending someone up the rig to replace the fly, and saw the whole forestay was bent.....back to Svendsens. (4th place)
- 8/23, HDA Knox/Bonita: No damage, but spun out while returning through the gate with "Big Grey" flying. (6th place)
- 8/30, Jazz Cup: Great start, raised the shoot, or at least the halyard. Sent crew up the mast while racing to retrieve the halyard, learned afterwards he'd never been up the mast before! Oh well, no time like the present. In spite of this, 2nd in division, 5th in overall fleet.
- 10/18, Single Handed Vallejo: Great run up to the mouth of the river, then trouble revealed itself. During one of the many jibes, the spinnaker must have gone through the foretriangle. This wasn't a problem until trying to douse. Finally got the spinnaker on the foredeck, went to correct the steering and the spinnaker went swimming and became a sea anchor. Drove over the spinnie, resulting in a 90

> Poles that Should Not Bend, page 4

Poles that Should Not Bend

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- degree bend in the old spinnaker pole. (7th place)
- 10/19, Double Handed Vallejo: Borrowed a pole from Ben, didn't break anything, finished the race – DFL for the entire division and fleet, finished with less than 2 minutes before the 18:00 race cut-off. (3rd place – everyone else quit!!!)
- Hauled out the next week to fix a fast leak through the prop strut, cleaned up the bottom.
- 10/26, Great Pumpkin Pursuit Race (Sunday): very light to no wind, huge counter current at Alcatraz...got pinned by a Wabbit and went onto the Alcatraz rocks..... Hauled out the next week to patch and paint the bottom. (DNF)

The results:

- 2nd in Interclub
- 4th in HAD
- 2nd in Jazz Cup
- 5th in Spring, 3rd in Summer IYC Friday Night Series
- 3rd in Spring, 6th in Summer EYC Friday Night Series

The spoils:

- one fleece vest (Interclub)
- one trophy (Jazz Cup)
- IYC Friday Night award
- EYC Friday Night award

The costs:

- lots of engine work
- stitches in hand, result of engine work

Gone bad

- 3 haul-outs
- 1 forestay
- 2 spinnaker poles
- 1 boom
- 2 spinnaker sheets & 1 guy
- *amazingly*, the crew keeps coming back ... must be the adrenalin rush ...!!

--John New, (aka Principal Investor in Hogin Sails and Svendsen's Boatyard!)

Ghostwritten by *Wuvulu* crew member who prefers to remain anonymous.
[Ed. Note: But we all know who you are.]

Earth Gender Inquiry

By Janet Frankel, Publications Chair

Well this is a little strange, I'm writing to you, Dear Reader, from several miles high. I've faithfully peered into the darkness for some time now to see Yerba Buena Island and make my usual report. Unfortunately, my eyesight is simply not good enough to see through these skimpy little airplane windows into the murk of the night to the next state. We must simply hope that the Island is right where I left it.



IYC's newest and youngest member, Judy and David Blumhorst's new son Joseph, conserves his energy so he can volunteer lots of time at IYC.

Earlier this afternoon I did have a close-up view of Yerba Buena, and she (He? It? Shall we pause to reflect upon the gender of an island? Well, let's see. If Earth is our mother than her offsprouts must be ... no, wait, that doesn't work, she could have offsprouts of either gender. OK, how about mountains. Hmmm. We have Mt. Edna, that sounds female for sure. Oh, but what, what about Mt. Vesuvius? That *sounds* male, and upon further thought, yes, it's DEFINITELY male. What's that, Dear Reader, you say my mind is in the dirt? Well, yes, you silly person, of course, that's exactly what we are doing here, using our MINDS to ponder the gender of DIRT. Oh, never mind – I can't decide. It's only an Island, for goodness sake, so don't let's be too upset ...) seemed just fine.

I'm on my way to Arizona, as I write this, to visit my grandpar-

> *Grandma Knows Best, page 5*

WANTED

New Members!

Tell a Friend—Tell a Boat Neighbor—Annual Membership Special! New Members save initiation fees, get the balance of 2003 and all of 2004 for \$240. Membership Applications available online and at the clubhouse.

Thank you!

New Refrigerator!

Or, used. The galley is still looking for that lonesome refrigerator. Our fridge is gasping louder and louder. Can you help us? We guarantee to keep it company.

Call Shirley at 925-672-2514.

Customs gives the OK

(Continued from page 3)

break by not making me walk back with crew passports so long as I left the info at "Seaview". Otherwise, it was 0830 tomorrow. The GPS told us it was 23nm to the Sand Cay waypoint as we cleared the trash dock at 1315 in 1-5 kts wind. So we motored over a near glassy 4 ft. swell at speeds up to 6.7 kts., which I'd never seen under power. I put the anchor down in 12 ft. over white sand by 1730. We had the anchorage, and the Cay, all to ourselves. I had some concern due to proximity to shore break in the north swell but we were ok in the probable worst case: low tide. Brian made great cheeseburgers, served with sliced avocado and celler red. Peaceful sunset and serious stargazing, as the swell dampened and wind came to NE. After a well-executed surf landing and launch in the dink next morning, we were back on board with a haul of beach glass and small shells. I made salad and pasta for lunch; checked fuel – twice. We were anchors up 1500 for the passage to Luperón, Dom. Rep. We spotted a small pod of pilot whales and, again, got some nice video of where they just were; also, underwater. About 1 ½ hrs later, dolphins started appearing ahead. I like this omen and the 1800 offshore weather doesn't contradict w/ NE 10 and seas 3-5 ft. However, as Dave will always remember, they've not always been accurate. Got the autohelm set for our 176° course after quite a bit of tinkering by me. Still, we had reasonably good performance from the ST 1000, which must have been the first widely available autohelm for civilian sailors. I

understand they're up to ST 6000 by now. We did 3-hr watches through the night, passing 2 cruisers on reverse course and avoiding a westbound freighter in the shipping lanes north of Hispaniola which I'd anticipated from my prior cruise to the D.R. By 0600, the mountainous coast was looming large, but friendly-like. We'd previously set sail on my midnight watch to good effect: Running at 6.6 – 6.9 kts. As the wind came up with the sun, it also came back on the nose w/seas increasing. B & A furlled the headsail and I was back on the helm from 0615. I recognized the cliff face, the beach hotel populated by Germans, and other landmarks from the March passage, taking Q.V. across the waypoint @ 0725, with 0730 predicted by the GPS. Negotiated the also-remembered trap floats and lots of small fishing boats within the channel

> See next column



Joseph Blumhorst proudly displays the IYC burgee. Every yacht club needs a cheerleader! Thanks, Jojo!

Grandma Knows Best

(Continued from page 4)

ents. For those of you who have been keeping careful tally, these are NOT the sailing grandparents, these are my other grandparents; my great big strapping plumber grandpa and my tiny, dynamic grandma who tells him (and everyone else) what to do, because, as we all have to admit, she knows best.

From up here I can objectively reflect on IYC's last women-skipped race of the year, our Jack 'n Jill + One. Aboard the freshly scrubbed *Hobbit* we had Yours Truly as skipper, the capable Devon Hand as crew, and Peter came as the Plus One. He also brought along his friend Mike who perched on the stern pulpit to enjoy the view and the ride, under strict instructions NOT to touch anything or help at all. With what must have been a huge exertion of self-control, he managed to comply.

Now, picture the scene: Peter, who usually drives or jumps about on the foredeck, was grinding, and occasionally chatting with friend Mike. Devon, usually on the jib sheets, was on the foredeck to assist when we tacked. I was on the malevolent mainsheet. It was a breezy and beautiful day on the Estuary, nothing broke, no major injuries.

I know what you're thinking, Dear Reader, you're thinking of course *Hobbit* won that race! Hey! Just then I heard something that sounded a lot like Glen falling out of his chair with a loud laugh! Hmmm. Well, we didn't win. Better luck next year!

Happy Thanksgiving, all!

--Janet

(continued from previous column)

between cliff and sandbar. They all waved. Well, not the floats. We could not get over the mud flat I had charted in March with a low tide, so anchored in 5 ft. of Bahía Blanco by 0800. Customs, immigration and public health guys were easy to work with when they came aboard with a new port captain, who was formerly C.O. of A.D.R. Navy Combat Vessel ("Un Canoñero" he proudly stated). I completed copies of documentation on shore (it's always a relief when the outboard starts) and treated crew to lunch at the arched windows café. Back on board by 1400 (siesta time): Aynsley doing watercolors, Brian reading.

Editor's note: Next *Mainsheet* will contain Part Three: "The Transition to Capitán Juan Begins."



Changeover Meeting
December 7, 2003 — 1030 hours

Upcoming Dates to Remember

Dec 6 **Change of Watch Dinner**
 Come and honor our Outgoing Board
 and Vote on the Incoming Board

Jan 31 **Save the Date for our Crab Feed!!**