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## IYC Celebrates Opening Day on the Bay with *Finding Nemo!*



Photo: Dave Bloch

*The Decorated Boat team meets for the first time to choose an idea for the boat. As reported here in Mainsheet: "Puff the Magic Dragon!" A few days later, "Finding Nemo" bumped the flaming reptile who lived "by" the sea, not "in" the sea.*

**ABOVE:** The photo by Tony Orser was taken from the St. Francis Yacht Club. You see some of our crew in the cockpit, the merman and clown waving (tail and hand, respectively), our bubble-blowing treasure chest, glistening coral everywhere, and the huge replicas of Dory, Marlin and Gill all fastened onto Mike Simpson's *Cygnus*. Swimming furiously from his perch attached to the end of the spinnaker boom is our Nemo! He's being operated by two crew on the deck. Read more, and see lots more photos, in this issue of *Mainsheet!*



Photo: Janet Frankel

*Merman Dave and Clown Jocyie wave (hands and tail) to the judges!*



Photo: Joyce Brack

*Glen Krawiec and Kathe Welch lay out Nemo on the carpeting.*

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- ...and then **MORE PHOTOS!**

**MAY EVENTS CALENDAR**

- May 1                    Island Nights Friday Night Race #2
- May 2 & 3            Great Vallejo Race
- May 4                    PICYA Decorated Boat Awards and Delegate Dinner
- May 9                    InterClub Race Series #2
- May 12                  IYC Board Meeting
- May 15                  Island Nights Friday Night Race #3
- May 23-24            Cruise-out (possibly Sausalito YC but contact Cruise Chair Marilyn Bruner for details)
- May 30                  Monthly Membership Dinner and Speaker

**OPENING DAY ON THE BAY**

By Janet Frankel, Publications Chair

Were you there, Dear Reader? Did you see? What a Day!

**Opening Day on the Bay** (Sunday the 26th) dawned bright and still. I pried open my eyes, drove to pick up friend Pele (age 10), and got to the club before 8am. We were NOT the first ones there: Loretta Sheridan was resting on the sofa. I turned on the heat, and then people started arriving in clumps and groups and noisy bunches. Speranza Avram and Dave Bloch showed up bearing coffee and sweet rolls. Joycie Brack came in a clown suit with lunch fixins, Lucie and Ben were just waking up on *Georgia* berthed nearby. From across the room, sharp-eyed Pele spotted bubble gum in a rolled-up bag on top of the microwave behind some napkins in the corner of the bar. Did he smell them, I wondered? How did he see them? Amazing. Tomi Smith, one the many who helped build *Finding Nemo*, came to see us off, as did Ted Crum, freshly returned (just yesterday!) from their trip to Rome. ("How was it?" I asked. "Fantastic!" said Ted.)

And there was **Finding Nemo**, Mike Simpson's transformed *Cygnus*, looking totally ready to go. And there also was David Shea's *Starshine*, coquettishly flapping flags and streamers at me like fake eyelashes. The motley group of sleepwalkers jostled down the STE-E-E-E-E-E-E-E gangway (very VERY low tide!), boarded boats, and readied for departure.

On *Finding Nemo*: Kristen Soebitier, Kathe Welch, Cindy Wagner, Dave, Speranza, Joycie, Mike, and me and Pele.

On *Starshine* were Ben & Lucie Mewes, Nancy Jensen, Dick Vandenberg, Loretta and of course David. Not sure if Sweetpea was aboard.

Ken Viaggi, on his Aphrodite 101 *Galatea*, escorted us out the Estuary and through the parade. Ken had help from Chris Viaggi and Kristine Pereyra and three grandchildren-type persons who were romping aboard Ken's boat, entertaining themselves and us, and trying to squirt us with mercifully short-ranged water pistols.

I'm sure you'd like to know what goes on aboard a decorated boat. First of all, there is the traditional failure of the engine to start. This is an absolute must for Opening Day. Er-er-er-er-er click. Er-er-er-er-er-click. Er-er-er-er-er-whirrrrrrrrrrrr zoom click. Etc. But start she did, and we were off – except for the few moments when someone leaned on the ignition

*Continued next page*



Photo: Janet Frankel

**NO CARDBOARD CUTOUTS** for IYC! Wood and carpeting form the main set pieces. (Arms: Kathe)



*Nemo* watches as Janet Frankel puts finishing touches on his dad, Marlin.

switch – also traditional – cutting the engine. In short order, the switch was pulled back to the “on” position, the starter pressed and whirr! – we continued on our way.

As we motor out the Estuary, the requisite admiration session must occur. This is the part where we are quite taken with our own creation. Ooooooooooooooh! Aaaaaaaaaaah! Beautiful! So cute! This year aboard *Finding Nemo*, we murmured textbook sounds of gratification. Then, Pele wanted some root beer, and before we knew it, we were into the donut holes and coffee. (For some, coffee *with* Baileys, the early morning beverage of choice.) So far, these are fairly traditional events. This is usually followed by the – also traditional – blood sugar chaos created by too much coffee and sugar, and the need for an early lunch. I went below and made a few sandwiches for the needy. (Some of us switched from the early morning beverage of choice to a steady stream of beer. Others stuck to red licorice vines with a water back.)

**Nemo the ClownFish** was securely rigged – over-rigged, we all most approvingly agreed – to the boat, and set up on the end of the spinnaker pole with lines to make him dance. Dave went below as Dave, and came back out as Merman, wearing a bright blue skin with a tail. Do you speak Mermish? It’s all in the tail. Dave flapped his tail. What did it mean? Laughter and debate, spurred on by the chill air, too early morning, coffee, sugar, the Baileys-to-beer one-two punch for some, and general excitement for all.

[*Editor’s Note:* for more information on Mermish, visit <http://www.santharia.com/languages/mermish/mermish.htm>

Absolutely hysterical memorable remarks were made, and I committed them to memory so I could share them with you, Dear Reader, but unfortunately my memory is not reliable. So you just have to imagine:

- Imagine Kathe refusing to eat any chips unless delicately delivered by hand, one at a time.
- Imagine Pele declining a sandwich but preferring to receive one slice of cheese at a time, handed up from belowdecks.
- Imagine Dave having a special rubber mat for his repose in order to avoid slipping around in his Merman suit.
- Imagine Joycie dressed as a ClownFish herself, with three pairs of glasses, and counting, and purple hair, an orange suit, and superhuge clown shoes. “Wanna clown around?” she kept yelling at other boats. “They didn’t answer me, did they?” she then would say to us.
- Imagine a treasure chest opening and closing, with Cindy behind it, counting, “One-one-thousand, two-one-thousand, three-one-thousand, four-one-thousand, five-one-thousand,” over and over again to make the lid look like it opened and shut automatically, on a timer.
- Imagine bubbles floating steadily up out of the treasure chest.
- Imagine Kristi working Nemo, making him dance at the end of the spinnaker pole.
- Imagine much screaming and yelling and jumping around in the bright sunshine, and Pele and I waving noisy “clappers” as we passed by St. Francis, then Golden Gate, then the PICYA Committee Boat, then Aquatic Park, then Fisherman’s Wharf.
- Imagine us performing a few loops along the cityfront to try to find *Wuvulu*, with Dawn Chesney and John New.

*Continued next page*



Photo: Janet Frankel

*Almost ready. Nemo himself is fastened down for the trip out to the staging area near the Golden Gate.*



*Mike Simpson’s Cygnus, rechristened Finding Nemo, heads down the Estuary and is photographed from flag-decorated Starshine.*



Photo: Janet Frankel

*Pele gets really comfortable under the boom, with Marlin’s fin dropping down behind him.*

- Imagine Tony Orser at the St. Francis YC, camera on a tripod, taking photos of it all!
- Finally, imagine Glen Krawiec, mastermind of past award-winning creations, waiting for us at the edge of the docks, enthusiastically greeting us with double thumbs-up upon our return from the parade.

Have you got it all in your mind? There are lots of fun photos to help you along. Enjoy, Dear Reader, and next year, if you weren't there, be sure to come and join us! We definitely will have an extra PFD for you. And maybe a donut hole. 🚩

There are LOTS more photos from Opening Day on their own pages of this *Mainsheet!*



*On the return trip, champagne! A toast to a job well done, and a really fun day.*

### COMMODORE'S CORNER

By Dawn Chesney

#### Let's Go Sailing!

Hurrah, Opening Day is here and the race season swings into full gear!

We start the month of May with what is reputed to be the largest inland regatta in the US, with more than 300 boats participating — the **Great Vallejo Race**. The race starts on Saturday near the Berkeley Circle, rounds one mark near Alcatraz and then it's (hopefully) a long spinnaker run all the way to Vallejo. The Vallejo YC dredged and expanded their marina, so we won't have to worry about getting stuck in the mud while trying to raft up for the night.

Of course, no big race is complete without a party, and party they do with a live band and lots of enthusiastic racers telling their tales of glory and recounting their close calls. And, there is the fun of seeing old friends from around the Bay that you only run into at these big events.

Sunday is a reverse start (the slower boats go first) from the Vallejo YC to the Richmond Bridge. This day can be a lovely sail, or more commonly a big fight upwind in large seas. Either way, by the time this weekend is over, you know you've been sailing, and I personally will have the boat bites to prove it!

The Club has been a busy place this last month getting "Nemo" and his pals ready for the Decorated Boat Parade. Joyce Brack and Kathe Welch have done a fantastic job creating and designing the boat decorations. Steve Bayles has been our construction manager, and lots of Club members have stopped by to help out. As predicted, Glen couldn't stay away, so we've also had the benefit of his creative ideas. If you weren't able to be involved, I know you'll get a good idea of what it was like from the photos in this edition of the *Mainsheet*.

**Island Nights**, our Friday Night races, started in mid April and had a good turn out, especially considering it was the same night as the boat show. Kathy Pickup and crew did their magic in the galley and all were well fed. And, the Racer Chicks are back out there again on my J/24...so watch out!

Our Cruise-Out to Horseshoe Cove in early April was a lot of fun with beautiful weather and good company. Mark and Joel Sailer sailed *Duval* (Joel's Hunter 30), Dave (Bloch) and John sailed *Wuvulu* and I had the pleasure of sailing with Marilyn and Speranza on *Fantaseas* (Marilyn's beautiful Morgan 462 ketch). Saturday afternoon we took a leisurely stroll and stopped for a drink at a very nice bar. Low and behold, Janet surprised us when she learned our whereabouts and

*Continued next page*



*Our Commodore displays another of her many talents on Pizza Night March 28.*



*Viewing photos on Pizza Night!*

sought us out. It's always fun to run into more IYCers when you are out exploring other parts of the Bay.

On Sunday John and I had the pleasure of sailing *Wuvulu* all the way from Richardson Bay via spinnaker in 8-10 knots of warm breeze! How many times do you get to sail across the slot in shorts and a tank top? What a treat!

This is going back a ways, but our March dinner was a blast! We had a "make your own pizza" night. Devon was indispensable in helping to prep all the goodies and figure out how to make the whole event flow....thank you Devon! Each person got their own mini-pizza dough with sauce and cheese and then topped it and baked it themselves. Joan even said it was one of the best pizzas she's ever had! The secret: Trader Joe's pizza dough. In addition to our guest speaker, Doug McVae of Svendsens, our special treat for the evening was a visit by Joyce and John Logan. Oh, the stories they can tell!

Next month the racing continues and we have our Cruise-out (destination TBA). I hope many of you will join us, either by boat or black top. Let's have some fun and enjoy the year together!



Photo: Janet Frankel

Beautifully-flagged Starshine heads up the Estuary.

**AT THE EDITOR'S DESK**

By Dave Bloch

What a month this has been! I'm writing this on April 30, so this *Mainsheet* isn't quite late yet!

Speranza and I moved from the Sierra to Alameda on September 3, and until this month had not been out on the water even once. (The SF/Alameda Ferry doesn't count.) That all changed big-time in April.

We started with the Cruise-Out to Horseshoe Cove which Speranza writes about elsewhere in this issue. Our first time ever helping sail a boat the size of Marilyn Bruner's *Fantasea*, and all around a really great time.

A week later, we crewed on John New's *Wuvulu* for the first race in the 2009 Interclub season. Thank John, for taking on

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these two tenderfoot racers on your boat--an actual timed race was *another* first for us.

After returning from that race, I spotted a boat for sale in the marina. (Uh-oh....) New Era Yachts is right there at Grand Marina and he showed the boat to us briefly. It was in pretty poor shape, but then he showed us a beautiful Hunter also there for sale, and the bug bit hard. Web research into boats for sale around the Bay started that evening.

Next day, April 12, we got our little 14-foot West Wight Potter *Bayview* into the water at the Grand Street ramp for the first time. We got her out into the Estuary and had a good time sailing her around. But she felt really small, especially as we watched one of those big tugs coming at us. Even though Potters are built to sail across oceans (and they have), she did not feel like she was the right boat for us anymore.

I'll skip the next few days because you know where this ends up — Dave and Speranza are now the proud owners of *Dream Catcher*, a 1979 Bombay Clipper 31. Ours is one of the last (if not THE last) of these boats built before the New Bombay Trading Company went out of business. She is a heavy, full-keel cruiser, and that weight felt just fine as we motored her across the Bay yesterday in a strong crosswind. (The boat wasn't blown away, even though we are.)

You can see pictures of *Dream Catcher* at <http://virtualameda.com/bombay> or, if you have a key at Grand Marina, she's safely nestled in slip C-36 (which I got her into without hitting anything — no small feat for a newbie in that same strong crosswind).

As Speranza said on the boat coming over, "I guess we really live here now!"



Photo: Speranza Avram

Dave with *Dream Catcher*, just after tying her up in her new home.

### Sailing Around the Bay

By Lucie Mewes, Staff Commodore

Everywhere I go, sailors tell me how they got their “start” at our Club. Maybe their dad was commodore some time ago. Perhaps they joined so they could skipper — as a woman: some clubs only recently allowed “women” to join. It might’ve been the **Womens’ Sailing Seminar**. Often, these folks have moved along and joined other clubs, remembering their early days at IYC fondly. I wonder why they left. Maybe they forgot how their membership at IYC gives them the great camaraderie of our club. It also gives them the “key” to the best waterfront restaurants and their showers around the Bay: the **PICYA member yacht clubs**.




Over the past couple of weekends I’ve been reminded of how much I enjoy my yacht club membership, and how much I get out of it when I’m sailing and racing the Bay. Ben and I have been sailing a lot. We missed cruising to Horseshoe Cove — a favorite destination with charming **Presidio Yacht Club** — when we chased *Astraea* to Clipper Cove instead. Lo, there we were, anchored near *Nanaimo*.  
Lynn and Joy, training for a marathon, wanted to go to Saualito but couldn’t figure out where to shower after their  
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training run that morning and stayed closer to home (and a known shower) instead.

The Butlers chose to move their home office to a waterfront location by sailing *Nanaimo* to Clipper Cove. While there Bethany worked on her “rebuilding” skills, too. Imagine waking up (almost) under the Bay Bridge!

Last weekend we raced our “anniversary” race, the **Single-handed Sailing Society’s** Corinthian course. Afterward we sailed to Ayala Cove to meet up with our IYC Galley Manager and sous chef, Kathy Pickup and Chuck Johnson. Again, where to spend the night? Why not enjoy the hospitality of the lovely **Corinthian Yacht Club**?

Have you visited some of these great destinations lately? Why not give them a try? You might want to all to make sure there’s a slip if you plan to stay overnight. Always remember to check in. Most of all, remember that your membership gives you not only the great fun at “home” but the best of the Bay! 

### HISTORICAL HAZE

By Helen and Malcolm Sowers

#### IYC THIRTY YEARS AGO:

In January 1979 the stairwell connecting the upstairs and downstairs was installed. The downstairs area was sufficiently completed for use during the Super Bowl weekend. The February *BULL\*E\*TIN* reported, “It really is quite exciting to see the club full of people looking in various directions at television sets placed in strategic locations in the club house.” However, in June there was still work being done to finish the downstairs and in October installation of the bar still needed completion. The difficulties of a volunteer organization!

Crash boat problems are not confined to this year. In the May 1979 *BULL\*E\*TIN*, “One 16 foot crash boat is missing and reported stolen.” In September a crash boat still had not been purchased though the club was investigating several options. Finally by November, the crash boat had been replaced. [See the 1979 *BULL\*E\*TIN* on the next page.]


The year was fraught with resignations from the Board. First in March the popular Commodore, Mike Barrett, was transferred to Southern California and replaced by Paul Frederick.  
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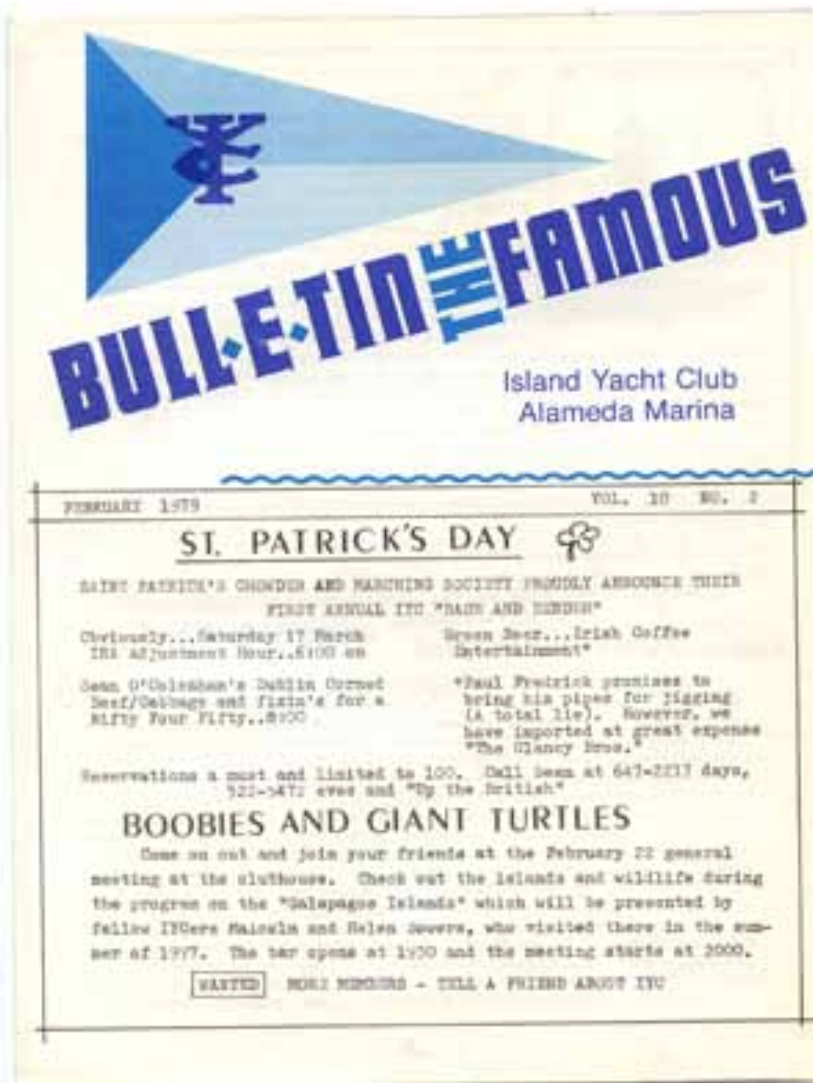
This resignation was followed by that of the Membership Chair, Vice-Commodore, Treasurer, and *Bulletin* Chair. These were all duly filled. It pays to have a membership of over 400!

We were surprised to find that in February the program was on “Boobies and Giant Turtles” by Malcolm and Helen Sowers about their two-week sailing trip in the Galapagos Islands.

1979 was also the year of the IYC trip to the Virgin Islands. The September Bulletin had this report:

“IYC TAKES THE BVI’S BY STORM—REALLY!!”

Take 18 boats, 78 members and guests, warm clear water, a wedding, and put them all together and what do you have? An IYC cruise, that’s what! Needless to say, a good time was had by all. Especially memorable was toasting Stan and Betzy Cole at the **Bitter End** on Virgin Gorda; seems they found a magistrate to certify their vows. A Virgin marriage, O! Stan has class. (Who can forget Stan’s flasher doll-Sherman?) IYC heaven, that’s sitting in **Stanley’s Welcome Bar** on the beach at Cain Garden Bay and watching the IYC burgees fluttering in the warm trade-wind breeze....Oh the hell with work! Let’s go back to the Virgins.” (That storm headline wasn’t kidding—we ended the cruise with **Hurricane David**. We know—we were there outrunning the wind.) 



February 1979 issue of The Famous BULL\*E\*TIN with “Boobies and Giant Turtles” as the next membership meeting main event.



Malcolm with a friend.

### Cruise-Out to Horseshoe Cove

By Speranza Avram

For beginning Bay Cruisers like us, the weather for our April 4-5 cruise out to Horseshoe Cove was perfect: sunny, warm, a bit of wind (but not too much!). Dave and I were very excited to finally be out on a boat in the Bay since our move down from the Sierra foothills last fall. Marilyn Bruner generously offered to let us help her crew her 46' Morgan Ketch, *Fantaseas*. John New and Dawn Chesney joined the expedition on *Wuvulu*, and new club members Joel and Mark Sailer, on *Duval*, a Hunter 31', rounded out the party.

Saturday day started out magically for me, as I watched a large flock of geese fly by *Fantaseas* as we were getting ready to shove off. And when I say “large,” I mean that I have never seen this many geese flying so close to water, right in front of me—it was hundreds of geese! I was the only one who saw this

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*Wuvulu, Duval and Fantaseas (and that big bridge) at Horseshoe Cove*

magical sight, and I took it as a good omen for our voyage.

Saturday's crew configuration was Marilyn, Dawn and me on *Fantaseas*, John and my husband Dave Bloch on *Wuvulu*, and the Sailors on *Duval*. This was a good arrangement, because it gave me a chance to learn my way around *Fantaseas* along with two much more experienced sailors, and gave Dave a chance to learn from John. *Fantaseas* had a lovely and uneventful ride over to Horseshoe Cove, motoring until we got under the Bay Bridge into a bit more wind. We all arrived at our destination around 1:00pm or so.

For those who might not be familiar with this fabulous area, Horseshoe Cove is just east of the Golden Gate Bridge. It is the location of Fort Baker, built in 1850 as part of the naval defense system that was developed up and down the edge of the Bay Area. It is one of the best places to see the Golden Gate Bridge up close, as well as drop-dead gorgeous views of the City unimpeded by big tour buses and gobs of tourists.

Dave and I had just discovered this area by land a few months back when we took a road trip to explore Sausalito and other points across the Bay. We drove by Horseshoe Cove and noted the marina with interest. We were very happy to spend some time there. In addition to the marina (whose docks do need a bit of work done to them—big holes in places and quite rickety in others), there is an informal restaurant and bar near the marina, and then a lovely up-scale restaurant at the new conference center and hotel.

Our arrival to the Cove was a bit of an adventure, as *Fantaseas* was larger than the space at the dock we had been assigned by the harbormaster. Dawn had already called ahead to make sure Dave and John would be there to help with docking. But alas, they couldn't get into the locked gate at the dock entrance! We couldn't figure out why John was just sitting on a grassy knoll relaxing, while Dave was conversing with Joel and Mark on *Wuvulu* as we clearly needed assistance! Luckily, some nice strangers were available to help us get tied up (no easy task, given the condition of the dock, the size of the boat, and the proximity of *Duval*.) After a bit, John and Joel were able to get back into the dock and help us tie up.

The first order of business, of course, was lunch and a congratulatory toast to arriving at our destination! After that it was off to explore. I was looking forward to wandering around the Fort area a bit and stretching my legs, but we quickly got sidetracked into exploring the nice bar at the new **Cavallo Point** development that opened recently. The restaurant, **Murray Circle**, looks delicious (it made the *Chronicle's* 2009 "100 Best" list), and while we did not eat there during this visit, it quickly made our own list of "must go back and eat there" places we are very quickly compiling.

A fun surprise was running into Janet Frankel and her entourage at the bar! She was hanging with some friends in Sausalito and had come over to Horseshoe Cove just to check things out. Who knew she would see us! Laughs all around. After our afternoon cocktails, we did wander around the development a bit and watched the sky turn glorious colors as the sun set over the ocean.

Dinner was another bit of an adventure. Dawn had made arrangements in advance for us to eat at the marina restaurant, essentially a burger bar, even though there was going to be a private party downstairs. However, at the last minute, the party expanded into the upstairs, and we almost were unable to eat at all! But Dawn convinced the harbormaster that he really needed to let us stay at least to eat, and he agreed that if we ordered very quickly, kept a low profile, and left right away, we would be fed. We

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Photo: Dave Bloch & Speranza Avram; montage by Dave

*Speranza, Joel, Dave, Dawn and Mark after researching the Murray's Circle bar.*



Photo: Dave Bloch

*John, Speranza, Dawn, Mark, Joel, and Marilyn upstairs at Horseshoe Cove*



*Speranza and Marilyn enjoying Sunday morning coffee at Horseshoe Cove Marina.*



Photo: Dave Bloch


*Cavallo Point Conference Center & Murray's Circle Restaurant*

complied on all accounts, except that Dawn and I decided to try to liven up the party by boogying out through the crowd while the band was playing. We thought Marilyn was right behind us, but when we turned, she was not to be seen! I went back in to find her, and made new friends as folks from the party wanted to know who I was and congratulated me on my dancing prowess!

Dave and I slept quite well on *Fantaseas*, which really is laid out nicely for cruising. We woke up to another beautiful day and had a leisurely morning eating breakfast, drinking coffee, and soaking up the sun. Joel and Mark prepared some fabulous gourmet sausages that were a big hit. A highlight of the morning was spotting a large pod of dolphins, close to two dozen we think, cavorting in the water just east of the Cove. Dave and I have never seen dolphins in the Bay that close, so it was a real treat.

For the journey home, we swapped crew and Dave joined Marilyn and me on *Fantaseas*. We had a smooth sail across the Bay toward the City, and then down the waterfront, under the Bay Bridge, and home to Alameda.

What a fabulous day! Light breezes, sunshine, lots of other  
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boats out with beautiful spinnakers. It got us so inspired that we ended up buying our own boat three weeks later, but that's a story Dave tells elsewhere in this issue. Stay tuned for whatever stories our new boat will bring! 



Mark and Joel Sailer Sunday morning.

**RACING REPORT**

By Dave Bloch and John New

The first race to report on this month is the first **2009 InterClub** race on April 11.

Two IYC skippers were entered in the Interclub race, although only John New's *Wuvulu* was entered under IYC.

*Wuvulu* was one of seven boats entered in the Monohull-Spinnaker division racing the 6.8 mile "South Bay #12" course.

*Wuvulu's* crew posted a **third place** with corrected time of 1:48:27, exactly

13 minutes behind the winning *Crinan II*, a *WylieCat 30* skippered by Bill West of Encinal YC. In second place was Robin Ollivier from Oakland YC in the Merit 25 *Double Agent*. John's crew included John & Debby Ratto, Joel Sailer, and Dave Bloch and Speranza Avram in their first real race ever!

The race opened with very light wind. In fact, *Wuvulu* found herself being pulled backwards by the current into the South Bay. Captain John ordered the anchor dropped to maintain the boat's position (thus also giving her the right of way advantage of an anchored vessel). Complicating the situation for all the boats was a large anchored freighter just to the

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*Popeye & I Cal 9.2 skippered by Ruth Summers, westbound just upwind of Wuvulu.*

west (shown in the adjacent photo of *Crinan*). The current was pulling all the boats toward that freighter with no wind to counteract it.

Although not the first boat to change course, *Wuvulu* gave up fighting the current, turned around and made for the south end of the freighter. As all the boats came around her stern, the wind suddenly picked up to 10-15 knots and we all took off for San Francisco. The winds continued to blow nicely the rest of the afternoon and all 25 boats who completed the race did so in under 2:30 actual time.

The second boat was *Dominatrix*, the *Santana 22* skippered by Heidi Shmidt. Heide took fourth place in the Monohull-Non Spinnaker division on the same course with a corrected time of 1:29:48.

*More photos on next page.*

**Bullship Race**

By Lucie Mewes

While many sailors bravely attempted the Rites of Spring, Ben Mewes competed in the 56th Annual Bullship Race this past April 18.

This photo shows two cowhands rounding up Ben's bull as it tried to escape The Slot. Rob Tyron and his guest Tim from Vancouver Island were the wrestlers.



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Sailed in El Toro's, the course runs from Sausalito Yacht Club to San Francisco's Marina Green. Cowships herd the Bulls and Lucie Mewes skippered *Georgia* to pick up several errant sailors under the Golden Gate.

Then there's the matter of returning to the corral, Richmond YC.

## Friday Night Races

By Janet Frankel

Our first Friday night race was April 17th. It was an incredibly beautiful day! I was invited to sail on *Wuvulu*, John New's Islander 30. I've just decided to call and interview him about the Friday Night Races.

Ring ring. "Hello, Janet!" said John (thanks to Caller ID). "Hello, John!" I said. "You got a minute? I thought I'd interview you about the Friday Night Races for the Mainsheet." "Oh, sure, OK," he said, "interview me. Here we are coming up to our second race this week. We have Glen signed up as PRO. Thom will do the scoring, and Dick Vandenberg and others will help out on the race deck. *Wuvulu* is short on crew because the Rattos are out of town. You know anyone who wants to crew? Otherwise we'll be on the race deck."

"What do you remember about the first race?" I asked. "Well, the first race had a few holes in it. *Wuvulu* finished in pretty good time, better than some, anyways! It is still getting dark in the evenings, we have to remember that."

Then John remembered about setting the marks. "I screwed up after the last race and we didn't pick up the marks until a couple of days later! On Sunday, I had a brain flash and I thought, I bet nobody picked up the marks!" "Well, who put them out," I asked? "I did," said John. "David Ross went out on Sunday to pick them up for us."

"What else do you remember?" I prodded John's memory. It worked! He said, "At the start, we went in close to the docks to start on a port tack. *Shadowfax* started with us and called starboard on us. I yelled back, 'OK, I'll tack to starboard, but then I'm going to have to call for room!' In the end, it turned out to be a little bit slow for us at the start. When you're on port tack you want to hit the start at speed or you have to duck all those starboard tackers!"

"Speaking of *Shadowfax*, she was scored in Division A. Sorry, Mark. Check the website soon for updated and corrected results, showing *Shadowfax* properly placed where she belongs in Division C.

"We were ahead of Lelo Too for 1/2 of the race, until the last downwind leg, when I mis-judged the mark up at Zazoo's and we had to throw in a tack. Lelo Too came in at the tack and sailed through our lee (which is impossible to do, but he did it - no-one can do that but Emile!) and he came out ahead of us at the leeward mark, and we couldn't catch him! But we had a great time and the food after the race was really good. Thanks to our galley crew!"


And thank you, John, for the skinny on the April 17th race. See you at the next race! 



Photo: Speranza Avram  
*John New leans out to see forward past the jib.*



Photo: Dave Bloch  
*Sometimes crew just has to be ballast! Joel Sailer (joined in a moment by the Mainsheet Editor) moves forward and port to help balance the boat.*



Photo: Dave Bloch  
*Debby was kept busy repacking the spinnaker every time we turned into the wind again.*

### More Opening Day Photos:

All day Saturday April 25, IYC members hauled, screwed, tied, drilled and taped fishes, streamers, flags, bubble machines, beads and flags to *Cygnus* and *Starshine*...





Ken Viaggi and family escort us out the Estuary on his Aphrodite 101 Galatea. (Check out those costumes!)



Photo: Cindy Wagner

Mer-Dave and Speranza as we return home.



*Kristen, Joycie, Michael, Nancy, Dave and Debby near the end of the day Saturday.*



Photo: Cindy Wagner

*Kristen and skipper Mike, champagne in hand.*

**Editor's note:** there were so many photos that came in from so many places that I lost track of which came from whom. My apologies and **Big Thanks** to everyone who submitted pictures!

**Yes, there were other boats out there as well!** (All photos by Tony Orser)

Best Overall: Kraken Sea Monster, Oyster Point YC



Best Decorated Sailboat: Moby Dick, Richardson Bay YC



Decorated Sailboat Second Place, Pirates, Vallejo YC

