Island Yacht Club 40 1970-2010

MainSheet

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BROWSER EDITION:
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IYC Change of Watch 2010 Presents *An Evening at Bodrum*

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Come out Saturday November 20 for ***An Evening in Bodrum**,* our **2010 Change of Watch Dinner** featuring cuisine of the Aegean and Eastern Mediterranean region. Cocktail hour begins at 5:30; dinner served at 7:00. And somewhere in there, the election of our 2011 Board of Governors, passing of flags and gold star pins, and whatever other ceremonial pomp and flourish we can dream up. (Does anyone not know that Commodore David Ross' Catalina 27 is christened *Bodrum Sunset?* OK, didn't think so.)

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NOV-DEC 2010 EVENTS CALENDAR

Nov 20 **Change of Watch Dinner**
Nov 21 Breakfast/Calendar Meeting
Nov 21 Commodore's Cup Race
Dec 4 Lighted Yacht Parade (lightedyachtparade.com)
Dec 12 Island Days Race #2
Dec 14 Board Meeting
(See the **Racing Calendar** in this issue! The rest of our 2011 calendar will be planned out at the November 21 meeting.)

CoLog, November 2010

By David Ross

The furnace fires up in the mornings, you can see the Farallon Islands from the Berkeley hills, and **Island Days** entry forms for our midwinter series pile up on the race desk - it's NOVEMBER already!

The October membership dinner showcased the culinary talents of our very own Vice Commodore, **Dave Bloch**—everyone took delight in the two varieties of chicken and sides, and yummy apple & pumpkin pies! **Kame Richards**' engaging presentation covered topics ranging from sail trim (after polling the types of boats owned by those in attendance), his recent adventures—that morning!—on a new sailboat built to the **Class40 box rule**, and his thoughts on the prospects of San Francisco becoming the venue for the next America's Cup competition (in a nutshell, the bulk of the TV audience for this event is in Europe, and when it's race time here, they'd be asleep).

The following weekend featured funky frights at what has now become the annual **Halloween Bash** at the club. New member **Sandra Paz** enlisted **Bethany Smith** and fellow new member **Lynne Robertson** to help transform our humble club into a chamber of horrors (but with appetizers and blackjack tables upstairs). About 50 creatures came out in various garb, including costume contest winners dressed as **Jerry Brown and Meg Whitman**, complete with wads of cash peeking out of Meg's pockets and Jerry's receding (retreating?) hairline and moonbeams. Port Captain **Pete Butler** "spun the records" in a way that made it impossible to just sit'n watch - you had to get up and dance!

Oh, and the sailing! The following weekend's soggy Sunday didn't dampen the spirits of any of the Jills in the **Jack & Jill + 1 Race**. Ten boats with women skippers drove away the rain after the start for the race on the estuary. Prizes for first place Jills included a reusable pitcher (with which one could go up a hill), a bottle of Menage-a-Trois chardonnay, and a bottle of Sierra Nevada's Tumbler ale for the Jack (you know, for the trip back down the hill). New member **Deb Fehr** edged out **Dawn Chesney** in the spinnaker division, and **Nancy Hird** commanded *Wuvulu* to a gun blasting finish. Evidently IYC has the fastest women on the water!

Since this is my last article for this section, I want to take the opportunity to thank everyone in writing who came out to volunteer at all our events over the year. Looking back, it just amazes me what we've all done together: **Crab Feed**, the **Blind Sailing Regatta**, **Pig Roast**, **WSS** our **Cruises** — and of course all the fantastic **racing**!

There's one more big event on my horizon - the **Change of Watch!** I hope that everyone who's done so much for the club this year, especially in the galley, can come out, relax, and celebrate all our accomplishments over the past twelve months. It's been a truly terrific ride and I know that after the approval of Dave Bloch and his "crew" by your vote that night, they will carry on admirably well.

All our race photos in this issue are from ***Rich Ahlf**, taken at the first Island Days Estuary Midwinters on Sunday, November 14.*

Racing Notes

By John New, Racing Chair

The first **Island Days Midwinter Race** on Sunday was a beautiful day with some 27 boats showing up in light breeze and sunny conditions. We had **Glen Krawiec, Ted Crum, Thom Mantooth** and **Al Spector** on the race committee. **Rich Alf** came by to take pictures of the racers.

All classes started with a nice breeze from the South. C fleet 169 (PHRF and above) had the most boats, including four Columbia 5.5s reviving that Midwinter one-design rivalry. The 168 start was represented by two Merits and two J/24s with more planning to attend.

Wuvulu with the **Ratto's** on board brought up the rear of the C start and all went well to the first weather mark at Zazoo's; we were even able to catch up to **Commodore David Ross** on *Bodrum Sunset.* Then at the daymark the light breeze got even lighter…then very light….then drifting with no way… then with 20 minutes and no chance to finish we pulled the plug and fired up the iron jenny. **Greg Nelsen** on *Azura* and **Rui Luis** on in his Wilderness 30 in the A division and *Bewitched* and *Phantom* in the 168 start made a valiant effort to finish within the 2-hour time limit but to no avail. The closest boats to the finish at cutoff was **Ken Viaggi's** *Galatea* and the other non-spins. The good news is all starters tied for first place!

Notable celebrity entries include **Ben Mewes** on *Mirage*, **Bill King** (new owner of **Dick Vandenberg's** *Razzmatazz* Santana 525, **Roger England** on *Take 5*, new IYC member **Steve Ritz** in his Rhodes 19, **Mike Simpson** on his Ranger 33 *Cygnus*, and the **Racer Chicks** on *Dire Straits*.

Next race is December 12th.

The **Jack and Jill plus One** race was fun with ten boats and intrepid crews showing up on a blustery rainy morning. At 8 AM the Commodore and I were debating the possibility of rescheduling to a hopefully less wet day. But the racers wanted to race, so we set the marks. The **Hands** and **Commodore David** manned the race deck.

We started both non-spin and spin boats at the same time with the same reverse course, with all marks rounded to starboard! (Note to Self… add a "Jack London only" course to the standard courses), The rain abated except for a little rain squall at Jack London, then clearing and a little blue sky for the finish. *Wuvulu* with **Nancy Hird** driving and **Tom Mantooth** as the "Plus One" crew did non-spin, chasing **Ken Viaggi 's** *Galatea* around the Jack London mark and catching her at the Coast Guard ships to get the gun. *Bandido* with **Deb Fehr** driving got the spin class first place.

So it just goes to show you, if you don't like the weather, wait 5 minutes...

The incomparable and indefatigable Racer Chicks *out on* Dire Straits *Sunday afternoon*

2011 Racing Calendar

12/12/2010, 1/9, 2/13, 3/13: ***Island Days* Estuary Midwinters** Sunday afternoon beer can racing
Feb 26: ***Sadie Hawkins* Woman-Skippered Race** on the Estuary, full crew
Mar 26: **30th Annual Doublehanded Lightship** to benefit United Cerebral Palsy
Apr-Sept: **Spring & Summer *Island Nights*** Friday evening beer can racing on the Estuary
Apr-Sept: **Interclub Races**
July 9: ***Silver Eagle* Long Distance Race,** Classic Course and Shortened Course
Oct 1 & 2: ***Northern California Women's Sailing Seminar,*** "Capture the Power," with flatwater Estuary racing on October 2
Nov 6: **Jack & Jill + One** Woman-Skippered triplehanded race on the Estuary
Nov'11 thru Mar'12 - ***Island Days* Estuary Midwinters**, second Sundays of each month

Also in the racing world:

SSS Sailor of the Year

By Lucie Mewes

IYC racers have always had a strong presence in singlehanded sailing and once again two of our own walked away with **SSS Sailor if the Year** trophies!

For the second time in four years, **Ben Mewes**, sailing his Black Soo *Mirage*, finished the season in First Place.

George Lythcott, saliing the Express 27 *TAZ!!*, finished a close second. Only .0111 points separated them before the last race.

"George and I have been challenging each other for years, and that made this year's racing particular fun!" reported Ben.

Congratulations to Ben and George from IYC!

From the Editor's Desk

By Dave Bloch

Some of you are aware that this was the month of the annual Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association (PICYA) Awards Dinner. The event includes announcing the winner of the Wilder Award, given to the best organization newsletter. For the past two years, I've entered our *Mainsheet* into this competition, in hopes of possibly receiving some recognition for our scrappy and active club.

I'm happy to report that, although *Mainsheet* did not receive one of the three top awards, we did place in the Top Ten this year. However, the total number of entries in this year's contest was down to only fifteen entries, a rather poor showing when PICYA includes over 100 northern California clubs. Of course, not all of these clubs publish newsletters, but a large proportion definitely do.

I have some ideas about why this lack of participation in the Wilder Award may be happening, and decided to contact the incoming PICYA Commodore **Linda Breninger**. I was pleased to get a response from Linda the same day, letting me know she had passed my Email on to some other officers. I also received an Email back from the long-time manager of the contest, Jack Michael. It's been a while since the structure of the Wilder Award competition has been modified; during that time, more and more newsletters (like *Mainsheet*) have moved from print to online PDF format or made other changes.

That brings us to a big question, which I'll be asking you about this year: is the monthly newsletter an anachronism in this age of the Web, Email, Twitter and Facebook? Should we be taking the energy that goes into this publication and diverting it to more timely media like a more dynamic Website, frequent Emails, or social networking?

If you're reading these words (and I really have little idea how many of you are), then please give some thought to how IYC can best communicate with itself. If you look forward to the *Mainsheet* announcement showing up in your Email every month and enjoy it as a valuable service of membership, then it needs to continue. But if you look at the calendar (which also appears on the **IYC.org** home page) and toss the rest, then it's not doing its job.

And then after writing that paragraph, I read the ***Historical Haze*** article appearing in this issue, and think about how important it is to have something come out with that old name "newsletter," to give it a more permanent environment than a blog posting, and a much nicer presentation than a Tweet. It's not a decision to make lightly.

Change of Watch this weekend! A big evening for all of us, and Commodore David and volunteers have a great event planned. I do hope to see you all there!

Historical Haze

By Malcolm Sowers

My First Cruise to Half Moon Bay (1973)

May 19th and 20th were scheduled for the spring 1973 cruise to Half Moon Bay, about 17 miles south of the Golden Gate, a date picked partly because of the relative absence of fog. Our Islander 30, purchased in Newport Beach in "nearly mint condition," was delivered by flatbed truck in January. Finally, having spent several additional weekends attaching fathometer and racing gear we managed several short bay cruises, Opening Day, and a couple of races, which, though the winds were moderately strong, gave us no hint of how our new big dreamboat would perform OUTSIDE.

Thus the cruise to Half Moon Bay filled our cup of fantasy to the brim. Realistically, we knew the distance was no greater than that to Coyote Point, in the Bay. While we had gone north in smaller boats, there was something different about a new trip to mysterious and unfamiliar points. Then, too, going north one can generally anticipate being able to run back to the shelter of the Golden Gate if the winds get a bit strong, but going south conjured up the prospect of having to beat our way back against the wind. We knew that all kinds of boats and skippers ventured out in MORA, but then we read about the couple that was swept overboard from a 30-footer in the spring. Hence the feelings of adventure, testing our new boat in the great unknown.

On the morning of departure we elected to use the small 110 jib with the high clew, as the winds in the Bay were gusting up to 30 knots, with small craft advisories posted. The heavy winds and strong flood tide forced us to reef the main, and with decks awash we short tacked up the San Francisco waterfront, dodging the piers, trying to make our twelve o'clock rendezvous off the St. Francis Yacht Club. In the distance we could see other craft off the club, but at 1200 Hours they took off while we were still a half-hour away, tacking grimly and somewhat inefficiently with novice crewmembers at the winches. On one occasion a sheet got away and hit the block so fast that it unknotted the figure eight at the end. Mental note: TWO knots for heavy weather!

Finally we started out the Gate, with my wife politely muttering I was a fool to persevere in this kind of weather. But she said it amiably and *sotto voce,* out of the hearing of the novices who had put down their half of the money for the partnership, and had so trustingly bought into my wisdom and experience.

As we tacked out along the headlands and played the back eddies, we could still see one other latecomer ahead as she finally rounded Mile Rock and aimed south. We approached the bar in only moderate seas — barely big enough to bring on my usual Bonamine-modified *mal de mer*.

With Seal Rocks abeam, someone pointed to the fathometer reading of only 10 feet. I was feeling just queasy enough to declare that this was IMPOSSIBLE, and that we were HERE, and that it was PLENTY DEEP. None the less, keeping an eye to windward for waves that might toss us into shoal waters, I turned on the motor to get us past this potentially dangerous south channel area a bit faster. Actually, the fathometer had completed one full circle and was reading 10 feet over its maximum of 60 feet. We hadn't yet come to the shallow part of the bar, which I knew was at least 32 feet deep, but with friends like this I was glad to relax when we shifted to the fathoms scale, and the indicator rose slowly from 7 to 12 to 15 fathoms, and we were coasting south well offshore from the ticky-tacky rows of little white houses that march down to the sea in western San Francisco. Soon we were about to shake out the reef and our partner took over the helm and reached off toward Pedro Point, while I downed several pieces of chicken and a soft drink — thanks to the ambassadorship of Sir Bonamine.

It seemed prudent to plot a course, as Pedro Point was veiled in mist, though we could still see our one companion boat ahead of us and much closer to shore. We had some concerns about the buoys being moved at the approach to the Pillar Point breakwater, but the mist proved illusory, we had some 7 or 8 miles visibility, and the buoys were no problem. (After all, they are red and black, placed in a logical manner.)

We entered the harbor and proceeded as per directions to the "floating dock on the starboard side of the pier." But how do you determine which side of a pier is starboard—its or ours? Still, a floating dock surrounded by other cruisers and other familiar people shouldn't be a problem in a one-pier harbor. Would you believe that we couldn't spot even one other in our group? We dropped a stern anchor and eased up to a sort of floating dock next to our "leader," who proved to be a Cal 25 someone was delivering to Santa Cruz.

About this time we realized that we were the only boat that had made the trip. Predictions of 30-knot winds for three days had evidently scared everyone off! And we had had a glorious sail, with the winds moderating as usual as soon as we got away from the air tunnel of the Golden Gate. So, thankful for my sea boots, we crossed the "floating" dock to the quaintly decrepit Princeton Inn, where no one seemed surprised to see five windblown and slightly damp adventurers instead of the 50 yachtsmen promised. To the accompaniment of the raucous notes from a juke-box playing oldies, almost as old as the Inn itself, we had an excellent dinner of fresh salmon, then a quiet stroll through the little town, back to the boat, a game of cards, and the sack.

About 5 AM some mother squawk-box on the pier came on and licked all her little kitten boats into wakefulness with the weather and fish reports as fishermen lined the pier to embark for deep-sea fishing. The fish noise "abaited" and we were dozing off again when a prop wash from a charter boat loading fishermen sent the next boat crashing into us. We managed to get another hour's sleep after putting out more fenders and readjusting lines.

By mid morning, when the young people had explored the breakwater and I had finished putting marine seal into the newly-discovered leaks around the window, the fog finally burned off. We followed a little ketch out of the harbor, going about two miles offshore on port tack so that we could lay a course with a comfortable margin past points Montara and Pedro. Others took the tiller while the skipper dozed in the warm sun, lulled by gentle waves and moderate westerlies. As we approached the Gate the water was black with sea birds, mostly fulmars, rarely seen within the Bay itself. These birds gave way to floating patrols of cormorants, then whole squadrons of flying cormorants. Then, as we passed the shadow of the Golden Gate Bridge the wind picked up on cue, and we bowled along past Alcatraz with its pile of rubble to our home berth.

It was a great trip for those who would undertake the mystery of a new adventure, with a brisk beginning and a snappy ending. It brought feelings of competence, success, and satisfaction with our boat's ability to take us into the Unknown. La Paz and the Sea of Cortez next December? Yes! Dream on, fine boat, stir restlessly at your mooring lines in a sterile marina. You from your cubicle and I from mine shall join and sally forth to freedom.

December is Renewal Time

Just a reminder that 2011 IYC annual membership fees are due **January 1**. It saves our Membership Chair a lot of time and effort when you get your dues paid on time, instead of her having to send out Emails and make phone calls.

We have an increase this year, to $375 ($187.50 for Cruising Members). The Budget Committee recommended, and the Board approved, these new dues levels at their meetings this month. The Committee noted that a recommended increase for 2010 was not implemented, mostly because of the poor state of the Bay Area economy, but that it would not be financially viable to go another year at the current levels which have not been raised in several years.

(NOTE to those who joined at WSS or later: if your membership runs through 2011, then you are fine until 2012; you're not going to be billed another $50.)

The Board experienced a reality check this fall, when only by cashing in our $5,000 Certificate of Deposit was IYC able to pay the rent on the clubhouse. Although Alameda Marina is not currently contemplating a rent increase for us, that is far closer than our club should come to defaulting on a payment. Our primary goal is to avoid a sudden and substantial mid-year assessment to our members, like several clubs had to do this year.

The Budget Committee recommended other revenue-enhancing and cost-cutting changes as well, and the Board will analyze these and implement the best ideas as we go through 2011. Any and all changes will be for the benefit of all of us, the membership of IYC.

Your input and ideas are always welcome! **You** are Island Yacht Club.

PHOTO SECTION

Thanks to Gen du Lac for these great photos from our Halloween Party!

Rich Ahlf went out for the first *Island Days* Midwinters and shot these photos for us. Thanks!