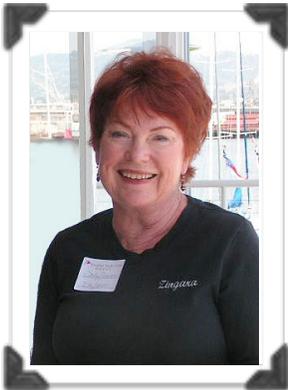


IT'S ALL ABOUT THE BOAT

Editor's Note: 2014 marks the celebration of the Association's 40th anniversary and a membership enamored with a sailing vessel design that just got it right the first time. With an editorial emphasis that "it's always been about the boat", this article celebrates the accomplishments of three of its sailors, all of whom are women. Each has earned her way to this most respectful acknowledgement. Each is an important part of our collective lore.

Jocelyn Swanson



the Racer

Karen Damsen



the Cruiser

Lorraine Weiss



the Crew Member

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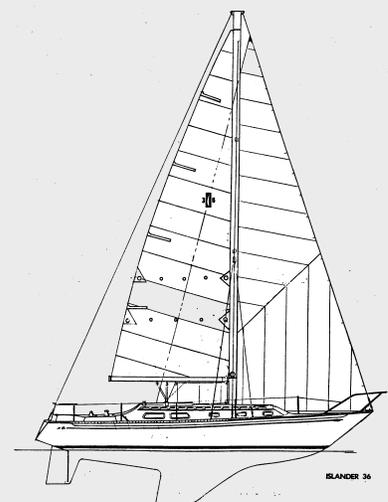
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THE RACER:

Jocelyn Swanson



In the beginning, Jocelyn and husband, Steve, sailed the waters of New York State. Not yet totally comfortable with sailing, Steve was always at the helm. From an initial 19' Lightning daysailer, the Swansons progressed to a San Juan 7.7 and then on to a Laser 28, which accompanied their move to the Bay Area. The Laser 28 proved to be the wrong boat for the Bay and after six years it was sold.

The decision to take sailing the Bay seriously and the need to develop the ability to handle the wind and the chop lead Steve and Jocelyn to join the Coyote Point Yacht Club (CRYC). Signing up for Wednesday night beer can races followed.



Properly attired with a new life jacket, gloves, and the newbie Gill jacket, Jocelyn's first beer can race aboard a San Juan 32 included 20+ knots of wind. That experience left her totally freaked out! It took the majority of the summer season for her to realize that sailing was fun. A reduction in the incidence of serious bruises provided a solid validation that her skill level was improving.



Following their purchase of an I-36, Jocelyn "manned" the helm every Wednesday night in the CPYC beer can races to learn how to handle the boat, read the wind, maximize sail trim, etc. During their second year of ownership, Steve and Jocelyn discovered that *Zingara* handled well in the club races so they committed to racing in those and the South Bay Yacht Racing Association (SBYRA) series.

Sailing is still Jocelyn's outward-bound adventure. Racing in 30 knots of wind is a challenge and when the wind drops to 23 knots she celebrates the calm! Steve has a different approach to sailing *Zingara* (reef is a 4 letter word to Steve). She strives to become a better tactician and is comfortable taking the boat out by herself. Motoring up to South Bay Harbor and the various venues is not a problem. Singlehanded sails rely upon using the headsail (the main is too heavy for her to flake back down onto the boom). She finds it very empowering to handle the boat on her own and being responsible for a crew.



Jocelyn eventually put together an all women's team for the CPYC's Commodore Cup and took 1st place! She also participated in the women's division in the 2013 Rites of Spring event where *Zingara* and crew earned a 3rd in class. One race leads to another and the Swansons alternate helmsman/woman position in the I-36 Series, the Interclub Series, mid-winter Corinthians, and several other events.

A citation of additional accolades is not necessary to establish the sailing credentials of Jocelyn Swanson; however, one last testament seems in order. Using a recent note from those who raced against her

".....had the best start non-spinnaker with *Zingara* trailing. *Zingara* took a tack straight ashore while the rest of the fleet struggled to go to weather. This would end up being the right thing to do as she caught the wind before the rest of the fleet and accelerated past the rest of the boats in the non-spinnaker division". (<http://cpyc.com/page/5/>).



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THE CRUISER:

Karen Damsen



Karen and Ron Damsen are retired now - all tucked away at Lake Almanor just southeast of Lassen Volcanic National Park. Their Islander 36, *Woodbine*, is presently a mere four plus hours away. "Back in the day" a five minutes trip would put them aboard with a broad smile on their faces and a week's labor relegated to the past tense. Operating a successful wholesale bakery with eight employees generated a strong

necessity to frequently refresh the spirit. *Woodbine* became their floating "Shangri-La".

The fast getaway to the boat on Friday afternoons was never long enough; abbreviated due to the need to return to the bakery on Sunday afternoons and provide the finishing touches for employees who worked over the weekends. The need to grab what you could, when you could was



essential. On-the-water time proved to be the true elixir that eliminated the boredom of routine. The decision to race, cruise, or remain in the slip was an easy choice for Karen. Leisurely sailing about the Bay, in no particular hurry to favored destinations, quickly blotted out the crises that required her attention at the bakery.



Karen's role aboard *Woodbine* involved most every facet of being aboard and sailing a boat with the exception of going up on the foredeck. That was Ron's domain. While serving as "first Mate", she was nonetheless actively involved

in sailing the boat. Taking the wheel when necessary or doing what was required to assist in the execution of a good tack were commonplace. Karen's planning and provisioning efforts balanced Ron's attention to the boat's mechanical needs and various systems. There were times when kicking back and being along for the ride easily fit the bill. Cruising was a team effort that both enjoyed.

Woodbine proved to be the perfect cruising boat. Capable of taking them where ever they wanted to go, Karen and Ron sailed "out the Gate" on numerous occasions to Half Moon Bay, Santa Cruz, and Monterrey. The challenge of dealing

with varying wind conditions, swells, and the presence of the shipping channel and maritime traffic were negated by the lure of the destination, the accompaniment of pilot porpoises, and an interesting mix of birds not normally found in the Bay Area itself.



Within the confines of the Bay, Clipper Cove was the favored anchorage. Their dinghy provided the means of getting ashore to enjoy the beach area and other amenities of Treasure Island. Once again, while not that far removed from the bakery in geodetic terms, the two locations, for all practical purposes, were on opposite sides of the universe. Relaxation here was not a tough sell.

Participation in the Association's various cruising events were eagerly anticipated and never failed to yield the important rewards of being in the right place at the right time with the right people.

The cruises to Napa and the thirteen-mile run up the river provided a high point on the summer's calendar. The challenges of water depths were lessened by games of "follow the leader" and the assurances of assistance, if needed, by other Islander types. In 2008, a total of fourteen I-36s made the trip.

Karen's status as the Fleet's Zen master of the cruise was on full display during the 2010 South Beach Cruise and Giant's baseball game against the Oakland Athletics. Relying upon a reputation well earned from previous gastronomic successes, *Woodbine* was the center of "nibbles" and the celebrated potluck dinner. Somehow all hands from five boats squeezed aboard. Updates to Friday night's game score were relayed to those in the cockpit by Karen, Ron, or Rick Van Mell who took turns watching *Woodbine's* HD TV down below. By the time the "Play Ball" announcement was made for Saturday's game, thirteen Islanders, thirty-seven folks, and a minimum of four dogs were in attendance. At the center of it all, *Woodbine* was the focal point of the event - under the capable tutelage of Karen Damsen. Of course!

THE CREW MEMBER:

Lorraine Weiss

2013 Recipient of I-36 Perpetual Crew Trophy



Winning the I-36 Perpetual Crew Trophy award is not a "walk in the park". The award's criteria, on first inspection, seem impossible to fulfill. Yet worthy nominees continue to vie for the honor. In 2013, that person was Lorraine Weiss.



What's not to like about Lorraine Weiss. A passion for places and cultures and enthusiasm for the outdoors has allowed her to travel the world and gain an environmental perspective that complements her successful design and development consultancy. An effervescent personality

makes for a complete package. Are you surprised she also has an obsession to sail boats?

Lorraine was born in the Bay Area, which provided an exciting and natural backdrop of water and boats. Her sailing career began at the early age of seven. Under the tutelage of her father, she first sailed Lasers and then honed her sailings skills with her family on San Francisco Bay, cruises into the Delta, and along the coast. Two years ago, she crewed on a Celestial 48 to Hawaii. She has chartered boats in several foreign destinations. From childhood through her university years and on into her professional life, Lorraine sought the "balance in life" that sailing afforded.

Sailing on the Islander 36 is not new to Lorraine. She has cruised aboard the I-36 for more than five years and actively raced as a crew member on multiple boats (*Zingara*, *Luna Sea*, and *Califia*) for approximately the same period of time. Her current crew affiliation with *Califia* began when she left a written note on Tim Bussiek's boat inquiring as to whether or not he might need crew. Tim contacted Lorraine, discussions ensued, and an invitation to join *Califia* was extended. That relationship is slated to continue into 2014 season.



The invitation to join the *Califia* crew was gratefully accepted and Lorraine has thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Her detailed knowledge of sailing on the Bay plus a skill in recruiting and managing other crew members allowed her to function in a manner beyond what might be the norm for "crew". Positioned in the cockpit, Lorraine is responsible for sail trim, timing, and tactics.

When queried about what she enjoyed most when crewing aboard the *Califia*, she was quick to note the "buzz" derived from the competitive spirit that racing requires, the camaraderie, and the thoughtful moments with crew members upon returning to the slip following a race. Lorraine was quite generous in her praise of the I-36. To her, the boat is comfortable to sail and crew on, has great proportions, and "points" particularly well into the wind.

Lorraine's sailing venues are varied, but her preference for the Bay is unmistakable. She explained how the Bay's physical attributes and cultural backdrop compliment the varied, always changing conditions one sails in and the interplay of weather, lighting, skyscape, and water. Her wish list included more places within the Bay like Angel Island and a bit more warmth. When not racing aboard an I-36, she cruises the Bay in a recently purchased Catalina 36 MKII.

The Islander 36 racing calendar will be a competitive one again in 2014, made so in part by great crew members like Lorraine Weiss.



NAUTICAL NOTES

by Skipper Wall

FATHOM:

Nancy & I learned this from a "Great Courses" DVD; "Secret Life of Words"; English Words and their Origins". Around 1300 this word meant "to encircle with extended arms".

Its progression goes as follows:

"to encircle to measure girth";

"to measure with a fathom-line;";

"to get to the bottom of, penetrate"

"as a noun is a unit of measure. 6 feet; Which we are all familiar and use "daily" on the water.

NAUTICAL:

From the Greek *nautikos*, pertaining to ships or sailors, which in turn is from the Greek *naus*, ship.

THE POOP DECK

The poop deck forms the roof of a cabin built in the aft part of the superstructure of a ship. The name originates from the French word for stern, la poupe. Thus the poop deck is technically a stern deck, which in sailing ships was usually elevated as the roof of the stern or "after" cabin. In sailing ships, with the helmsman at the stern, an elevated position was ideal for both navigation and observation of the crew and sails.

NOTES FROM THE COMMODORE

by Rick Van Mell

First, if you haven't signed up to attend our Spring Meeting, drop everything and do it now: [Spring Meeting Sign-Up](#). It's a wonderful way to officially kick off another Islander Association year, renew old friendships and make some new ones. In addition to details about the Racing and Cruising programs, we've got Golden Gate YC Vice Commodore & America's Cup guru Tom Ehman as our guest speaker.

Date: Saturday, March 14, 2014

Place: Golden Gate Yacht Club (<http://www.ggyc.com/> - cool website!)

Time: 1130 Attitude Adjustment; 1200 Lunch; 1315 – 1530 Program & Speaker

Second, I'd like to recognize and thank our 2014 Officers for all the hard work they've put into what's shaping up to be a Safe, Fun and As Fair As Possible ... season! Kit Wiegman and Lou Zevanov for their efforts on the racing program; Ruby Blenderman & Judy Bush for getting a handle on the cruising program; Gary & Pat Salvo for maintaining the database, mailing list and keeping the books; Bill Ray for our Newsletter, John Melton for getting Giants tickets, and Bob Knickerbocker for serving our members. You can thank them too at the Spring Meeting.

And third, it is most gratifying to read the supportive and welcoming emails our membership shares whenever there is a question or a new member. We are all delighted to have had nine new member boats join just since last fall. A big welcome to:

Dave Barclay, *Music*, Oakland, CA
Timothy & Linda Barnes, *Shalinda*, Pittsburg, CA with partners
Dave & Sharon Hanna, *Shalinda*, Martinez, CA
John Schubert, *Northern Starr*, [ex- *Snowflower*], Alameda, CA
Art O'Neal, *Intrepid II*, Carmichael, CA
Smokey & Laurie Stover, *Evanescence*, Fremont, CA (returning members)
Chris & Magali Roufousse, *Cayenne*, Huntington Beach, CA
Hugh Otterburn, *Sea Otter*, Oak Ridge, NC
Tim & Brenda Shippee, *High Hopes*, Baldwinsville, NY
Kevin & Brenda Harrison, *C'est La Vie*, Campbell River, BC



So, keep up the good work, and I'm looking forward to seeing lots of you at the Spring Meeting.



Suggestions and Contributions to improve the relevancy and quality of the Newsletter are always welcomed. The same is true if you wish to simply "stand on the soap box" and let us know what's on your mind. Together with the Association's website and the member-initiated emails on all subjects "Islander", your newsletter needs to be a useful resource in promoting the I-36 and the sport of sailing. That's where you come in.

We need news about you.

WE SOLD THE BOAT

a conversation with
Skipper and Nancy Wall

In a way, it all started in 1955 when Skipper Wall first set sail on Lake Hefner located northwest of Oklahoma City. From that point in time and space, Skipper and Nancy, his wife of 56 years and counting, shared a nautical history that surely ranks with the best and included a full 28 years aboard an Islander 36. The voyage of Skipper and Nancy culminated in the sale of their I-36, *Snowflower*, in January 2014.



One of the consequences of buying a boat involve being advised that "The best day in a sailor's life is when he/she buys the boat; the second best day is when it is sold". In Skipper and Nancy's case, that adage proved true. My initial response to their pronouncement was disappointing. I had expected notes of regret, sadness, resentment, etc. I really should have known better, because for all of us, life moves on. Yet, as they spoke about *Snowflower*, it was with a full measure of fulfillment, friendships, adventures, and each other. We all need to become that fortunate.

The decision to sell *Snowflower* was basically a consequence of distance and age. Skipper and Nancy reside in Carson City, Nevada, which required a four hour and fifteen minute drive to reach the Bay. The boat was berthed at Pier 39. Over the years, the mileage piled up and became a complicating contributor to the realities of one's senior years. As Skipper explained "It just became time to let her go. The time was right".

When the decision to sell was made who better qualified/fitting to sell her than Don Wilson. The I-36 that was to become *Snowflower* was first sold by Don in 1973 and purchased by Skipper and Nancy in 1986. They were the second owners. As a footnote, Don was instrumental in forming the Islander 36 one-design class on San Francisco Bay.

Searching for reflective moments and remembrances, I asked Skipper and Nancy four questions relating to their best sailing experience, best day aboard, and best story and why they selected the Islander 36.

Why the I-36. As is true for many of us, we move through a progression of boat up to the one we currently sail - basically, from smaller boats to bigger ones. The same was true for Skipper and Nancy. With a boat already available on Lake Tahoe, the trip to the Bay involved an inspection of a wide variety of vessels and a hopefully a move up.

In the traditional manner, a number of boats were considered and their search ended when they boarded an Islander 36, opened the hatch boards, took that first glance into the salon and stepped down for an up-close inspection. The boat just fit. When queried as to whether or not the I-36 is a relevant boat today, Skipper replied, "It was relevant then and remains so today. She sails well, handles all the Bay can hand out, provides comfort and sufficient space for a family of four, and takes us where we want to go.

Best Day Aboard. Skipper and Nancy enthusiastically agreed that every day on the boat was a good day. For better than twenty-one years, they would stay aboard for five to seven days at a time. Consequently, their effective boat time was well above the norm, even for avid sailors. Being berthed at Pier 39 and belonging to the Golden Gate Yacht Club meant considerable water-time and an active involvement in the Association's activities expanded their use of *Snowflower*. Enjoying potluck dinners on cruises was a favorite activity.



Best Story. Several experiences were offered in response to this question. On San Pablo, they once buried the bow up to the mast plowing through a swell. There was also that New Year's Eve when they packed seventeen onboard (inside) anticipating the arrival of a new year and where we learned to play UNO. Then there was that night they set sail for Tiburon. The sky was clear and with the approach of Alcatraz Island to port, a thick fog completely encapsulated them. Without the benefit of seeing what lay ahead, astern, to port, or to starboard, they shut down the engine to listen for the various foghorns. This, they hoped, would help them ascertain their position. As the night progressed, the fog bank broke to their relief. Immediately or shortly after *Snowflower* was secured in her slip, Skipper and Nancy proceeded up to the bar for an Irish coffee anxious to chronicle his battle with the night's fog. To which the bartender responded upon looking out over the Bay, "What fog!"

(continued on following page)

WE SOLD THE BOAT

(continued)



Best Sailing Experience. *Snowflower* carried Skipper and Nancy to many of the sailing destination afforded by the Bay and what awaits beyond the Gate. The 2008 Napa River Cruise, fourteen boats represented by thirty-nine people, provided a fitting backdrop to their 50th

wedding anniversary. *Snowflower* provided that emotional lift that accompanies not having a care in the world but the moment at hand. Contentment. No distractions. Friendships. Just the here and now.

Editor's note: *Snowflower* is in the process of being properly introduced to her new owner, John Schubert. John resides in Missoula, Montana but will spend considerable time in the Bay Area learning the mechanics and art of sailing an I-36 and earning his Captain's License. With those pursuits mastered, John has become an Association member and intends to sail her to a new home near Bellingham, Washington. When she leaves the Bay, she will carry a new name, *Northern Starr*. Rest assured, the boat will always carry its remembrances of Skipper and Nancy.

THE GUY IN THE YARD

by Bill Ray

Cedar Mills Marina is located on Lake Texoma. The marina is a full-service operation that was, until recently, also where the *Valiant*, a Bob Perry design, was built. The assemblage of craftsmen, technicians, and "yard" guys at Cedar Mills is insanely beyond anything anyone could ever conjure up for Gordonville, Texas; or for that matter, any other place on the map.



This past December, the marina had a retirement party for one of its employees, Ronnie Martin, who completed thirty years of service. As one might expect, thirty years is a long time at one place and Ronnie did a little bit of everything over that period. He never missed a day of work. His primary responsibility; however, was operating the two marine travel lifts (15- and 35-ton). His first work order was executed with a toss of the keys and a pronouncement "we've got to move that thirty-five footer after lunch, you do it". There is a first time for every thing. This was Ronnie's first. Confident in himself, he climbed aboard and completed the task.

Guys that work at marinas get paid to do a job. That's what they do. Much of their labor, if not all, takes place without the witness of the boat owner; consequently, a face or a name is often irrelevant. That generalization never applied to Ronnie Martin. For my money, Ronnie was the most important "guy in the



yard", the one person who was never allowed to make a mistake. And never did!

Ronnie was that person who hauled our I-36, *Exit Strategy*, out of the water, transported her to the work area, and carefully laid her to rest on terra firma without a fear of falling or being subjected to structural stress. Once a fresh bottom had been applied, he powered up the travel lift to make the trip back to the yard, gently raised her skyward, and proceeded back to be launched once again. He performed this ritual three times for *Exit Strategy*. That was his job.



Ronnie remains a master of his craft. His hands slid over the controls of the travel lift with the fluidity of a concert violinist. Deliberateness was evident in all he did. The merger of man and machine formed a cradle worthy of a newborn. The travel lift inched

along with a motionless load suspended below. Observant owners beamed with pride as their "baby" headed home.

When the production of the *Valiant* shifted to Cedar Mills Marina in the mid 1980s, Ronnie carried every one ever built there to the water for its initial "float test". From that baptism, many proceeded to sail to the far corners of the world. Together with a multitude of other sailing and power craft that passed through the yard, Ronnie was flawless in the performance of his job. Asking all the pertinent questions, viewing hull schematics, and consulting a library of technical specs always preceded the placement of slings and the manipulation of the controls required to "get it right the first time". It was, after all, his job.

I missed his retirement celebration but take this moment to applaud his legacy. There are a countless number of "Ronnies" who show up everyday and execute assigned work orders to perfection. At Cedar Mills, we are now one short. *Exit Strategy*, we've got a problem.

HEAD OUT THE GATE AND TURN LEFT

The Story of *Tacoma Blue*

by Richard Watters

Editor's note: Every *Islander 36* sailor has a story to tell about themselves and their boat. Such shared experiences contribute to an expanding I-36 anthology and provide a baseline metric for us all. We gain traction and a collective cohesion from each tale. Think about sharing your story with us. Richard and Takae did.

Part II



With the benefit of the calendar and the approach of an Indian Summer, our initial three-month cruise should enjoy a reasonable weather outlook. Balancing the excitement of finally getting underway, adherence to the merits of building our cruising capability in manageable increments seemed appropriate. Our cruise plan was carefully put together to take advantage of what the California Coast offered and required.

Our initial priority was focused on getting to Monterey, the jumping off point to all destinations south. From Monterey the trip was organized into two challenging legs: the first to Morro Bay and the second getting around Point Conception. Once we set the "hook" firmly at Cojo Anchorage, a more laid back approach was anticipated.

Safety and seamanship considerations required a "shakedown" of various components and systems aboard our boat. Takae and I left Emery Cove Marina on August 1, 2013 and, in short order, experienced some problems with the flux gate compass. Consequently, we dropped anchor in Clipper Cove after successfully navigating a distance of three to four miles. Congratulatory acknowledgements were extended to all aboard.

Sailing to Monterey:

This was an enjoyable experience. We took advantage of intermediate stops at Half Moon Bay, Santa Cruz, Capitola (Soquel Cove), and Moss Landing. Our stay at Capitola, a great town for walking around, shopping, or eating out, required us to anchor out and rely upon the dinghy to go ashore. We spent three days there.

Monterey is one of those towns you could spend a month in and not see everything. We logged six nights here, two at the Monterey Yacht Club guest dock and four in the harbor. Cannery Row and downtown were within easy walking distance and a bus ride to Carmel by the Sea provided a full day of window shopping and checking out the various galleries. While eating dinner at the Yacht Club, we discovered just how small the world was when we saw friends of ours from Davis who sailed their I-36 down for a few days. That was an unexpected and pleasant surprise.

Rick Van Meil joined us for a day of sailing and helped calibrate the flux gate compass, a necessary component to the autopilot. His counsel has been invaluable in helping Takae and I to prepare for our adventure. Once we bid our farewell, we felt reassured and full of anticipation with the task ahead.

Monterey to Morro Bay:

Most people I spoke with suggested leaving Monterey around noon and doing an over night passage to Morro Bay. With an estimated sail time of twenty to twenty five hours, this was not a good option for my wife and I. Takae is a novice sailor and I really did not want to stay awake for twenty-four hours. The solution was to day sail to Morro Bay by dividing the trip into two segments with stops in Stillwater Cove and San Simeon

Stillwater Cove is a beautiful anchorage approximately twelve miles south of Monterey. We decided not to tie up to a mooring



bouy. The Harbor Master, who we had met while shopping at West Marine in Monterey, greeted us at the entrance and guided us to an open spot where we confidently dropped the hook. Surrounded by Pebble Beach and its lavish residences, this short segment simply added credence to all the reasons we decided to go cruising in the first place.

The distance to San Simeon is about seventy-eight miles. This promised to be a long day; consequently, we left Stillwater Cove at 4 AM. After about three hours of motoring, the wind picked up and we motor sailed for another two hours. By 10 AM we cut the engine and sailed until we reached San Simeon. This was by far our best day of sailing. With northwest winds between fifteen-eighteen knots and swells out of the west of four to six feet, it was quite a ride. We reefed down and averaged six knots.

By the time we reached San Simeon the wind had kicked up to over twenty knots. Anchoring in that much wind can be "interesting". Fortunately, the anchorage was wide open with only one other boat at anchor. I drove the boat towards the beach into about twenty-five feet of water and dumped two hundred feet of chain. It is surprising how fast an I-36 can go backwards. My primary anchor is a 15k Rocha and I have been satisfied with its setting and holding capabilities.

Even though San Simeon is a beautiful anchorage with access to the beach and Hearst Castle, we only stayed one night before setting sail for Morro Bay.

Morro Bay is roughly twenty-four miles south of San Simeon, a leisurely sail compared to the day before. We left San Simeon at 10 AM under the cover of fog. Though we had sailed in fog coming down the coast this was heavy fog down to the water. It was not unusual to have fog close to shore and clear two miles off shore. I was confident we would sail out of the fog within the hour.

As we were motoring our way through the fog we saw our first whales. Very close! Within two hundred feet. They did not appear to be going anywhere as they breached and rolled about. This was a surreal scene as they disappeared as quickly as they appeared.

I had plotted a course on paper and built a route on my Raymarine chart plotter. Not having much experience with this chart plotter I did not realize at the time that if you start the route after you have past the first waypoint the autopilot wants to go back to the first waypoint to start the route. Long story short, I placed the autopilot on standby and attempted to hand steer us out of the fog. Bad move. I became disoriented, drove around in a circle, drove side ways, and then finally stopped. I took a deep breath, looked at the compass, looked at the chart, determined my course heading, and then headed out of the anchorage. Lessons learned:

- 1) Know where you are going before you start.
- 2) Fog is not your friend
- 3) If you decide to do something foolish, do it in the fog so no one else can see you do it.

Arriving in Morro Bay was a significant accomplishment for me in that it completed the first of two major legs of our trip. Further, after three and one half weeks we were in "cruise mode". An issue with the linear drive of my autopilot had been resolved and all the systems were working well. Morro Bay is

a tourist town with many restaurants and shops. We rented a car and decided to do some sightseeing and visit some friends in the area. San Luis Obispo about ten miles inland and a microclimate away is a great place with a small town feel. Nice town to stroll through and the Farmers Market on Thursdays brings out the locals. We like the laid back lifestyle and had the pleasure of meeting a whole neighborhood of locals at a friend's house. They were holding their annual best tomato contest. The food was good and the wine was flowing.

We took a day to visit Hearst Castle and afterwards had lunch oceanside in Cambria. We also drove down to Pismo Beach and Port San Luis. The Morro Bay Yacht Club hosted our stay at their guest dock and one night on their mooring buoys. Having to pay for guest docking was worth it and the people were helpful and friendly.

Morro Bay to Santa Barbara:

Morro Bay to Santa Barbara is about one hundred and ten miles. We decided to divide the sail into three legs. Our first stop at Port San Luis, a distance of twenty miles, provided a brief overnight respite before proceeding an additional fifty-two miles on to Cojo.

The necessity to round Point Conception did create some anxiety. The stories about this portion of the California coast are legendary. High winds, heavy seas, torn sails, broken masts! After checking the local weather and downloading the GRIB files, we decided to leave at 6:30 AM and estimated a sail time of eight hours sail at six knots.



We motor sailed for about three hours until the wind kicked up to twelve to fourteen knots. Knowing that the wind would build as the day wore on, the main was double reefed and we settled in for the ride. And the ride did come. Northwest winds with five to seven foot swells. As we surfed down wave fronts we hit speeds over ground of seven, eight and yes, nine knots. The boat handled beautifully and I never really had to fight the steering. The roughest part was rounding Point Conception into Cojo. At this point we were about a mile offshore and on a beam reach to anchorage. With twenty-five knots of wind and swells of five to seven feet it was rough and wet for about forty- five minutes.

With the most challenging of the two legs done, we ate Jambalaya for dinner and washed it down with a bottle of champagne. It was a good day.

Cojo to Santa Barbara was a forty-mile run but it was fun. For the first time we were in shorts and tee shirts. Warm weather at last. *(To be continued in the next issue.)*

“IT’S JACK’S FAULT”

a conversation with

Stan Walker

Part I



Big Brothers Big Sisters

Stan Walker was fortunate to have a big brother when he grew up in the environs of coastal Rhode Island. His big brother wasn't the sibling-kind: rather, "Jack" was the mentoring kind like in Big Brothers Big Sisters. They first meet when Stan was eight and "Jack" twenty-two. For those who know Stan Walker, the man, the early and continuing influence of "Jack" proved quite successful. Even his wife, Elizabeth, might testify to that fact in a "court of important opinions".

The great thing about "Jack" was that he loved sailing and he owned a variety of boats during his active life. From dinghies, to Hobie Cats, and on to the C&C, all were available for Stan to sail. And sail he did. While "Jack" was not particularly mechanically minded, Stan was. This proved to be a good complement. Throughout his adolescence, teen years, and later into adulthood, Stan always had a boat to sail: courtesy of "Jack", of course.

Years progressed and unfortunately, as is far too common for good people, "Jack" was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease. Eventually, as his condition progressed, he lost his ability to sail singlehandedly and eventually sold the C&C. No longer having access to a boat, Stan and Elizabeth faced the reality of having to purchase a boat of their own if they wished to continue to sail. They purchased a Pearson 28.

Facing the desire to name their Pearson 28, Stan and Elizabeth shared the "birthing" pains many of us have experienced searching for that perfect boat name. Flash! It occurred to them if "Jack" hadn't sold the C&C they would never have had to buy a boat in the first place. Brilliant, it was "Jack's" fault. And so the Pearson 28 would carry the name *Jack's Fault*.

Stan and Elizabeth sailed *Jack's Fault* for twelve years on Lake Champlain. The desire to actively pursue the dream of cruising required a search for a more suitable boat. Stan obviously required the seaworthiness of a larger boat and Elizabeth would benefit from the live-aboard amenities afforded by an increased beam and length. The search for the right boat scoured much of the East Coast and culminated in the spring of 2010 with the purchase of the I-36, *Yellow Bird*, in Annapolis.

Sailing *Yellow Bird* home to Vermont, Lake Champlain, was a memorable trip. The sail from Cape May to Sandy Hook was the first overnight, offshore cruise for Elizabeth. Their journey continued into the Atlantic to New York Harbor and then up the Hudson River to the Champlain Canal. Given that *Yellow Bird* was slated for a complete refit, having access to *Jack's Fault* allowed Stan and Elizabeth to continue to sail while work on *Yellow Bird* progressed.

During the one and one-half year refit, *Yellow Bird* lost her name and was rechristened *Dream Walker*. She was now the product of the Walkers' dream to seek out the adventures of cruising the waters off the Eastern Seaboard and on to the Bahamas. With *Dream Walker* off life support and sailing the waters of Lake Champlain, the time to sell *Jack's Fault* had arrived.

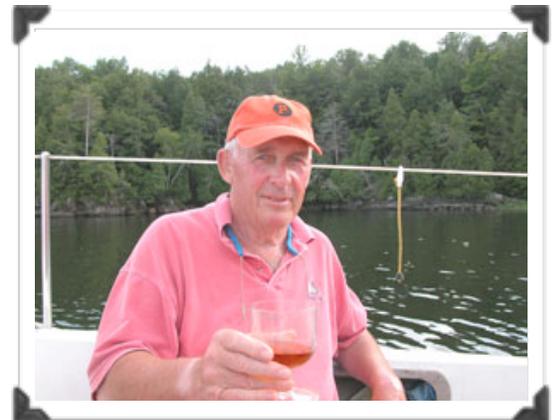
A young couple, with two small children, purchased *Jack's Fault*. During the sale transaction, the question of the boat's name was raised. With the story told, the new owners, with the insistent of their young children, decided to retain the Pearson's name. This was only fitting for Stan and "Jack". This was one case when "all good things don't come to an end".



Elizabeth, Stan,
Whoopi and Jack



Jack's Fault
in Deep Bay/
Lake Champlain



A Toast to Jack!

Part II
The Refit of *Yellow Bird*
(to be continued in the next issue)

THE MARKET PLACE

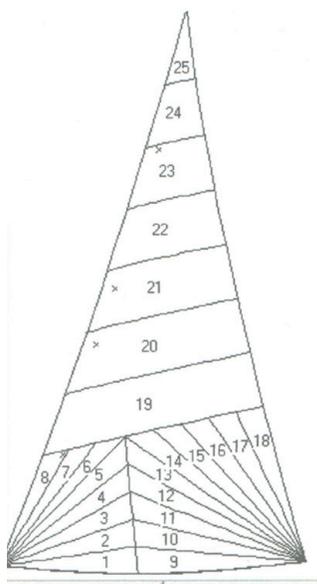
by Bill Ray

I was recently "required" to purchase a new headsail. The time spent researching considerations such as sail size, dimensions, design, fabric type, fabric weight, uv cover, etc. was an enjoyable experience. Balancing my "subjective" with the essential "objective" was achieved through consultation with several Association members and marina employees. Their practical and technical expertise proved invaluable and grounded the writer's wanderlust while waiting for price quotes from the lofts.

We all know and understand the adage, "You get what you pay for." Being a "smart" shopper who has always been constrained in the market place by frugality, generational values, and career choice, the writer has frequently raised the question as to just who exactly said that. And, is it true? Or, when and where is it true?

Once a decision was made about what the writer thought he wanted in a headsail, twelve lofts were contacted. Final specifications were provided and a quote requested. Quotes were received almost immediately, except those coming from Hong Kong. Having been out of the sail buying business for over eight years compounded the pain of "sticker shock" once the quotes came in. Wow! What more can be said?

The quotes were easily ordered into three categories. The first grouping included "named" lofts that are advertised widely; the second set consisted of two "oriental" lofts, and finally a lone quote from a domestic sail maker located back East (I love this guy - name available upon request). The price range was considerable even though the specifications were consistent. All lofts but one enthusiastically pushed a variety of upgrades that were not requested, thus adding significantly to their initial quote. If



"getting what you pay for" translates into buying the most expensive sail, game over.

While a trendy logo on the sail or the use of exotic fabrics / fibers might make for interesting commentary on the docks or at the occasional racing event, the many leisurely sails that the future holds leveled the buying field and allowed for some bragging rights as to how much was saved. That makes for good conversation at the dinner table.

Commuting to work can be accomplished driving a Prius or a Hummer. Both will get you there. One will certainly allow you to stretch your budget and make an ecological statement. The other can compete in a monster truck rally and survive a game of road rage. The same is true for headsails; they can be raised and trimmed and they can hold air. Rationalizing which one to purchase must boil down to "The eye of the beholder", "whatever floats your boat", or something like that.

I ordered the exact sail needed, received a quality product twenty-one days later, and SAVED a bundle. I didn't feel my money was split among stockholders, the bank holding the mortgage, sail brokers, or the kids' scholarship fund. Rather, I paid for the same brand-named fabric and design technology everyone uses, the hourly wages of those building the sail, \$50 for FedEx delivery, and a reasonable profit for the owner. I "got what I paid for" at a GREAT price. American-made, too! It's always nice to have a happy puppy aboard *Exit Strategy*.



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the Best Yacht Club in the
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The Refit of
Yellow Bird

Sailing the I-36 on
inland waters

Part III:
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