

Steve and Jill's Great Adventure

By Steve and Jill Hoffman

Forth E-mail

Hello from Costa Rica. Jill and I have been doing a bit of traveling since our last installment while we were in Mazatlan Mx. In addition, we now have a Web page at <http://pages.hotbot.com/sports/jshoffman/index.html>. The update below is the latest from our trip after we left Mazatlan to Costa Rica

Steve and I arrived in Puerto Vallarta December 3, 1998 after a 36 hour sail from Mazatlan. Puerto Vallarta is a wonderful city situated between beautiful beaches on one side and mountains on the other. We have now crossed from the desert region to the tropics! Our first couple of days here were hot and humid, but it "cooled off" to the mid eighties. Steve was FREEZING!

The Marina there is very nice, great restaurants and beautiful shops line the waterfront promenade, or malecon. Puerto Vallarta also has a rich colonial history which is reflected in the well preserved historic section of the city. The centerpiece of the historic section is the cathedral which is topped by a reproduction of the crown worn by some big old queen from Spain (not the San Francisco kind) during her coronation. The cathedral's other claim to fame is that it was the site of Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton's first marriage. The story goes that they fell in love with Puerto Vallarta

when they lived there (still married to other people!) while Richard Burton was filming "Night of the Iguana". Dick and Liz lived in separate homes, however they were connected by a pink bridge! (you can imagine Steve was thrilled during that part of our walking tour) I guess it caused quite the scandal. The movie was directed by John Houston who bought a residence further down Banderas Bay, located on a private cove accessible only by water. Steve and I spent a memorable evening there one night for dinner with our friends Dave and Becky from the sailboat MUD-SHARK (an Express 37 that beat the crap out of us during Baja Ha-Ha Race, they were wrongfully put in our division!). There is no electricity, torches and candles light the way. Our table was located on the beach, a truly romantic, beautiful setting with a near full moon.

Another particularly exciting adventure I had in P.V. was a swim with Pacific bottle nosed dolphins at the local "Delphinarian". My group of eight was in the water for about an hour with a 12 year old female and her five year old calf. It was really a terrific experience, a lot of interaction, touching, petting, and even participating in a couple of training exercises. The program came highly recommended as research oriented and dolphin friendly. Apparently they release

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Commodore's Comments

By Rick Van Mell

Wow! What a great start to the last season of the 1900s! Your officers and the whole membership have kicked off things at a terrific pace. Racers on the line to show the world that we still care and still compete. Cruisers off to a record pace - 11 boats for the Coyote Point Rendezvous; 13 for San Leandro.

The credit goes to everyone. Roger Milligan and Larry Terzian got boats to the starting line even without such regulars as Jim Robinson who is taking a two month cruising sabbatical with his family. New racers are our persistent statement to the world that a 25 year old design is alive and well -- and can compete with the best of them.

Tim & Rhonda Shea have taken cruises to a new level. This year each date has a theme! To paraphrase the old postal ode, "Neither rain, nor wind, nor rolling sea can keep an I-36er from the swift assembly at a rendezvous." The return of Bill Higdon to our cruises is a particular delight. Bill "traded up" by letting go of *Seaward* to acquire *Blockbuster* from Past Commodore and race winner Bruce Block. He damn near beat us all to San Leandro too! For those of you who don't know Bill, he's 84 and taught himself how to sail a few years ago. (I think we are going to print the next five excuses of those local Bay Area folks who say they can't quite get organized to join our next Rendezvous!)

You are digesting this simple perspective on our world because Gary & Pat Salvo

have hung in there and produced and mailed 4-5 Newsletters every year. Gary tried to let go a short while ago, (and it really is a lot of work to prod me and everyone else to get him copy; much less massage it into a Newsletter format) but here he is turning out one more outstanding communication to our members.

And speaking of "Members", the dynamic duo of Membership Chairman Skipper Wall and Treasurer Harry Farrell just don't give up! How else do you account for Harry saying to me at San Leandro, "With our new additions we are up to a total of 146 members." We've got to be doing something right!



Rick

So climb aboard. Gail Bowdish (Dr. Gail Bowdish to be more precise) joined us for the Coyote Point Cruise while in town for a convention. That's her second visit, and I hope the start of many more. We all invite each of you, as members of your Association,

to think about, plan to do, then actually arrive, in San Francisco (or San Jose) to come for a sail, share your knowledge and love of the *Islander*, and help us grow in every way.

I was copied on an e-mail, early in May, looking for members east of the Mississippi who want to get together for an event. Nothing can be better for each of us as *Islander* owners than to build a national spirit. Why not have regional events - even regional Officers!

We have grown to a membership from Alaska to Florida and even beyond our

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shores. There is a great momentum from Texas to Florida; to Alaska; and even those like Daphne and Mike on the Bay, who know and love the feel of an Islander, hull down and singing to the pulse of the wind. She shakes her head gently in the building breeze. She knuckles down to the course you steer. She works her way through the chop and chatter to climb to windward, then

reaches away with style and grace as the wind moves aft. This is the boat to love, respect, and count on, to bring us safely home at the end of our voyage. Here's wishing you a happy, safe and wonderful season for 1999.

Clear Sailing,

Rick Van Mell

The Leaking Rudder Post and the Benefits of Membership

By Art Fowler-Past Commodore

I would like to pass along an overdue thank you to Bruce Hallberg, Skipper Wall, Roger Milligan, Don Schumacher, Harry Farrell, and Timm Carpenter for the information you provided to me regarding the rudder post packing on the I-36. I would also like to pass this information along to as many of you as possible in case you encounter a similar problem in the future. Shortly after returning to the water following eleven weeks in the boat yard, my 1978 I-36 began to leak around the rudder post, primarily while under power. Not having replaced the packing in the previous ten years that I had owned the boat, I suspected it was probably time as was suggested by several of you. I



made an initial attempt to disassemble the packing gland held together by four bronze bolts but was thwarted in my efforts when I could remove only one of the bolts due to the restricted vertical clearance created by the location of the steering quadrant immediately above the packing gland. I

then enlisted the services of the Mariner Boat Yard and working with one of their mechanics, with me lying under the stern seats (of course), we disassembled the steering quadrant, which provided full and easy access the packing gland. From that point it was simply a matter of removing the four bolts, sliding the top ring upward, removing and replacing the old packing in both the top and bottom rings, and completing the reassembly. The whole job took about an hour and a half excluding the time to obtain the packing material, the exact dimensions of which I regret to say I do not recall. The significant point in the process was the necessity of the removal of the steering quadrant. I don't know if this would be required in all I-36's but if the clearance to remove the bolts isn't there, then it probably is. Thanks again for all your helpful information.

Happy Sailing, Art Fowler.



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the dolphins periodically but they always come back. The swim was an extraordinary experience, definitely the highlight of my trip so far.

So while I was out swimming around with a bunch of fish Steve came down with a cold that stayed with him for a week. We ended up staying in Puerto Vallarta longer than intended due to our mail not arriving within the planned four day period. In fact, it didn't come after 10 days of waiting so we left and headed for Bahia Tenacatita an overnight sail – overnight motor in our case. This part of the Mexican coast experiences the least amount of wind for the year during Dec. And don't we know it.

Upon our arrival at Bahia Tenacatita we met up with our friends from MUDSHARK and joined them on an African Safari trip up a river in their dingy. The river was covered with some thick banyan trees, that at times created a cave through which we proceeded. We saw many pelicans and blue herons and other types of birds. The water looked as if it was boiling with the amount of fish jumping out. The river works its way back to the sea coast where you can beach your dingy and enjoy an awesome meal at one of the many small restaurants. The next morning we motored down to Bahia Navidad and stayed at the newly opened Isla Navidad Grand Bay Hotel/Marina/Golf Resort. A superb recommendation by MUDSHARK. This resort is not yet on the cruising maps. It is by far the swankiest place we have stayed in to date. The marina can accommodate over 200 boats, but when we were there the most we saw was 16 boats. Each slip can plug into cable TV (we did), phone, electricity, and water. In addition, boaters have full access to the hotel facilities which are first class. The place was immaculate in every way and the food was delicious. The attention to detail in the way the gardens are maintained was extraordinary. It was a

delight to do laundry in the spotless, air conditioned laundry room, which was next to a very nice, air conditioned gym. The service was really spectacular, every time Steve went to open a door, someone appeared out of nowhere and opened it for him. This even given that it was obvious we were the poor scum from the marina, not the \$300 per night hotel guests. We enjoyed all that luxury for a mere \$38 a night slip fee –not bad!

After sucking up the good life for two days we went to another resort area a days sail south to Las Hadas. Steve and I enjoyed the beautiful view of the Moorish styled all-white buildings, while being the only boat anchored in the calm clear water mere feet off the swimming area of the hotel.

After two days of being pampered in Las Hadas we set sail (prepared to motor) for Ixtapa/Zihuatenejo, 190 miles to the southeast. Ixtapa is another nice resort place, but we only spent one night there to wash down the boat. The Ixtapa Marina was a former swamp complete with man eating crocodiles (we saw none) and mosquito's (we encountered plenty). Although the marina facilities were excellent, our stay there was uncomfortable due to the lack of breeze and temperatures in the mid 90s. So 24 hours after arriving we headed south six miles to Zihuatenejo. Z-town is ranked up there as one of the top sailing destinations in Mexico by many cruisers and the final word on all sailing matters - Latitude 38 Magazine. Jill and I had high expectations but found the place to be just "O.K." In the October issue of Latitude 38 they talk about jumping off your boat in 80 degree water and swimming ashore to have breakfast. We'd give it a second thought based upon what we saw floating in the water and getting a whiff of some of the river water flowing into the bay.

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For Christmas we headed 110 miles south to Acapulco. Acapulco has received mixed reviews at best from most sailing magazines/cruising books, but we found it to be a great place to stop. We stayed at the Acapulco Club de Yates that hosted the 1968 Olympics. The views from the marina, club restaurant, and swimming pool are incredible and the staff are a pleasure to deal with. We were fortunate to get one of the last slips available. Unfortunately, we were right next to the fuel dock. It was non stop activity from 7 AM to 7 PM. When we were not sucking down fumes, we were entertained by the boats jockeying to get into the fuel dock (waiting in line is truly an American/Canadian/British concept) and some of the scantily clad females sprawled out on the deck were always a treat for Steve (eye candy!). Arturo, the fuel dock captiano became our bueno amigo.

We had a great Christmas visit with my (Jill's) parents who flew in for the holiday. They even treated us to two nights off the boat to be with them at their hotel, a surprisingly lovely Holiday Inn just minutes from the Club de Yates. My parents had a wonderful patio with ceramic tiles and thatched roof that had a terrific view of Acapulco. It was a big sacrifice for Steve, but somehow he managed his AWOL separation anxiety. The first night we had dinner at a restaurant in what looked like a beautiful, old hacienda high on the hill overlooking Acapulco. The ambience and the view were spectacular. We enjoyed a great private tour of Acapulco which included watching the cliff divers from the comfort of a restaurant balcony, margarita in hand. Apparently the cliff divers are groomed from about the age of 14, which essentially precluded Steve's participation even though he brought his Speedo along.

After Jill's parents headed back to the states, Mike Glenn, made an incredible jour-

ney to join us for the trip down to Costa Rica. I say incredible because it took him three days of flying through different airports to meet up with us. We departed Acapulco under ideal conditions on New Years Eve for Puerto Huatulco Mx. We enjoyed a pleasant sail 240 miles to the south. At one point we were sailing with just the spinnaker alone under a moon filled night making about 8 or 9 knots. We pulled into Huatulco at the same time as a cruise ship. Not good. Prices seem to double on everything when a cruise ship pulls in. Fortunately, we hooked up with the only other boat at anchor in the beautiful clear bay. Mark and Lani aboard the 58' powerboat HALI KAI shared all the key bits of information necessary to get around in a new port. When one of the taxi cab drivers attempted to jack us around by tripling the price, we already knew the exact amount it was supposed to be. After a bit of hard balling by Jill, we only had to pay the standard dollar fare. One of the great things about the cruising community is that fellow cruisers are always willing to share their knowledge with the new boat in the anchorage.

Our main reason for stopping in Huatulco was to await an ideal time to cross the Gulf of Tehuantepec. This part of Mexico experiences almost constant windy conditions caused by its geography and by weather in the Gulf of Mexico. The valley of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec runs between two tall mountain ranges and crosses Mexico's land mass at its narrowest location. In fact, this location was once considered for a trans oceanic canal. Winds get funneled and then accelerate between the two mountain ranges sweeping out to the Pacific for several hundred miles. January is the single worst month to make the transit. Winds average Force 8 (30-40 kts) during the month with few breaks. We checked the weather forecast on our Single Sideband (SSB) receiver, looked at the weather fax

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provided by the Port Captain and made use of information that was provided by the powerboat HALI KAI (they have a weather routing service). After about four days of waiting we saw our break in the weather. Jill decided that she really liked Huatulco and wasn't up for the testosterone surge of crossing Tehuantepec. She stayed a few extra days while Mike and I made the 250 mile trek to Puerto Madero Mx. She would catch up with us later by bus.

While we waited for the proper weather window several other boats pulled into Huatulco. All decided to make the crossing within the same 12 hour window. We were the second boat to depart. Mike and I left on the evening of Jan 6. The first 50 miles were under ideal conditions and we made good speed over ground. As we approached Salina Cruz, the narrowest part of the isthmus, the winds started to get into the 20 knot range. Once we were abeam of Salina Cruz things became lively with winds staying consistently in the high 20s and low 30s. At one point we had a gust of 41 knots. The strategy is to stay close to the shore, "one foot ashore" as they say to avoid the larger swells that can develop once the wind goes over a large fetch of water. We attempted to do that, but the wind was mostly on our nose and we were doing a bit of pounding and making very little headway. I fell off to a reach and our boat speed went from 4 knots to over 8 with a reefed down main and a scrap of a jib out. The boat started to surf on the steep 6 – 8 foot waves that came in rapid succession. We were zooming along at one point doing 12.2 knots – a new record for AWOL! Despite the great boat speed we were doing, we encountered a counter current of nearly 2 knots that was impacting our speed over ground. Visibility was excellent even though it was at night. We had a partial moon and clear sky. We could see the white cresting waves stretching out several hundred yards looking both fore and aft as they approached us on our beam. We

didn't get wet by the cresting wave. It was the wave behind that one that got us wet. We were taking a fair amount of water across our decks and getting the fire hose treatment in the cockpit. I have read accounts of people who have been caught in storms and have resorted to wearing a snorkel and mask to deflect the amount of spray they were getting. That seemed like a reasonable idea at that point.

After about 8 hours the winds began to abate. The remaining portion of the trip was fairly benign. We were the first sailboat to make it into Puerto Madero in a few weeks. As with every place we have been in Mexico, the local people have been very friendly and a pleasure to deal with. Unfortunately, Puerto Madero is a complete arm pit. Garbage is piled in mounds or just randomly strewn about. After filling up with fuel and water and meeting Jill we were out of there late on Jan 9 after a little more than 24 hours.

Our next leg was from Puerto Madero to Playa del Coco, Costa Rica. We decided to skip Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua. Those countries don't have much to offer cruisers – or so the guide books suggest. The first part of the trip was excellent. We attached our asymmetrical spinnaker onto our forestay using the "Tacker". This configuration is ideal for light winds while on a beam reach. If you have 6 knots of apparent wind you get 6 knots of boat speed, which is pretty much what we had for the first 30 hours of our trip. It was comfortable sailing and we were even able to barbecue off the back of the boat. As luck would have it, right after dinner we caught a fish. Despite being full, Mike and I managed to nibble on a few bites of some fresh sushi anyway.

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Once we sailed past Guatemala and into El Salvador's territorial waters, we began to feel the effects of the Papagayo winds. The Papagayos originate in Costa Rica and reach up several hundred miles to the northwest. Although not usually as strong as the Tehuantepecers, they are not to be taken lightly. We reefed down the mainsail partially, furling the jib and hunkered down for three days of some not so fun sailing. It was on this portion of the trip that I realized that Jill was bilingual. While sitting behind the helm pounding to weather I heard Jill yell out several words from down below that I didn't recognize. I believe she was speaking in French, although a lot of the words sounded similar to American cuss words.

We arrived safely as the sun came up on Jan 13 at Marina Flamingo, Costa Rica. After resting a few hours, we found out that to do our check-in (entrada) to Costa Rica we had to back track 13 miles to the north. Once we completed our check-in we had to bid farewell to Mike. Mike was already considered "AWOL" from both work and spouse and he needed to get back before his business partners and wife decided to initiate legal action. Jill and I were definitely sad to see him go. Mike shared his knowledge about the stars and constellations and was a real trooper when things got rough. I'll never forget sitting behind the helm as we were crossing the Gulf of Tehuantepec making small talk as if we were taking a stroll through the park. Every now and then I would get a facial enema from one of the waves and the only comment Mike would make was "gee, that was a big one" or "hey, if you think that one was big, look at this one coming". Without skipping a beat he would

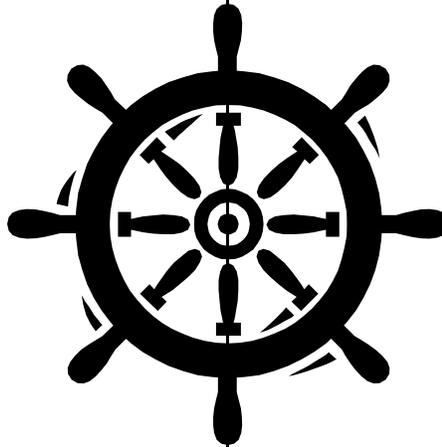
go right back to whatever topic we were talking about.

From what we have seen of Costa Rica we like. The sea life, water visibility and diving are a little better than Mexico. Prices on food and hotels seem to be higher. There are not as many Americans here and the trailer park style marinas that we encountered in Mexico seem to be behind us. It has been interesting to note the large number of Canadians here. We met up with a couple of guys (Wayne and Les) and took them out for a day sail. We also met several more through chance encounters.

Perhaps the neatest thing we have done since arriving here is go on a jungle canopy tour in the Rincon de la Vieja National Forest in Guanacaste Costa Rica. This tour goes to the interior of Costa Rica up along the side of an active volcano. You climb 75 to 80 feet up an 800 year old tree and clip on to a cable and slide from one station to the next (a total of 14 stations). It is a bit of an amusement ride, but at the same time you do get exposed to some of the jungle life (birds, monkeys, etc). It got two thumbs up from us.

We plan on working our way down south for the next couple of weeks and intend on making our canal transit at the end of Jan. That puts us about two weeks behind our planned schedule. Not too bad for cruisers. As always we are looking for crew to share in our adventures. If you are sane, able bodied, like warm sunny weather, can with stand our cooking and don't vomit on our furniture (from the rough seas or our cooking) please let us know.

Esteban y Jill



How's Your Compass?

By Rick Van Mell

What a silly question you might ask. Particularly if you usually day sail on San Francisco Bay or within sight of a local shore. But what about that small possibility that you find yourself in a fogbank you hadn't counted on? Or you really would like to sail to the Farallons or across Lake Michigan, a trip that's "out of sight of land". Knowing how accurate your compass is could be critical.

If you'd like to check it out yourself, there are several techniques. And, if a bit of a navigation exercise sounds like fun, read on. You probably are already well aware of magnetic variation – on San Francisco Bay it's about 16 degrees east. That's because the earth's magnetic north pole is not at the geographic north pole. You'll find magnetic variation printed on the compass rose of your nautical charts. If you lay out a course on your chart from point A to point B, the line's angle to the north/south longitude lines or east/west latitude lines will give you a **true** course. However you can't use that course when you go up on deck to steer, you have to correct it for the local variation. If you are on the Bay, and your true course is, let's say is 90 degrees (due east) (roughly parallel to the Bay Bridge), you would need to subtract the 16 degree variation and tell the person on the helm to steer a **magnetic** course of 74 degrees.

There is another factor to consider. A compass responds to the magnetic field around it – mostly from the earth itself. However, the magnetic field is also affected by metal objects on your boat. The biggest one is typically the engine, but many factors come

in to play. Compressors, propane tanks, autopilots, and possibly electronics. Though knives in your pocket, soup cans, metal coffee mugs and big belt buckles can play Old Harry with a compass, they should be ruled out as disturbances by awareness and simple precautions. These things of metal can distort the lines of magnetic force around your compass. And as the boat changes headings, these objects take up a new position relative to the compass and have a different affect on different headings. These changes are called **deviation**. Knowing these impacts on your boat for different headings and writing them down gives you a **deviation table**.

Developing a deviation table is good for two things. First, it gives you a sense of comfort that your compass is either very accurate or has a known deviation on certain headings. This may sound trivial, but those who have been in fogs can attest to that anxious feeling when you "know" you are headed in the right direction but the compass "looks wrong". Learn to trust your compass in the fog! Second, if there are headings with a significant variation (over 2 degrees), you will know that and can adjust your magnetic course accordingly. Again, you will have faith when the chips are down and rocks are near by.

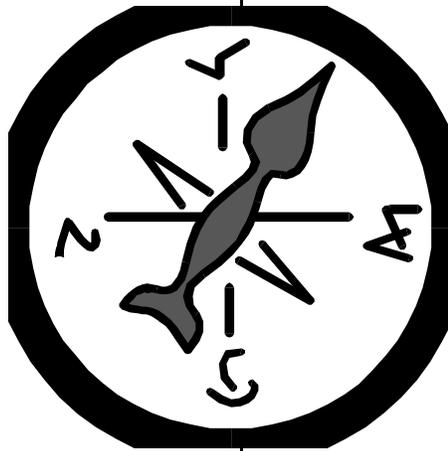
There are several ways to build yourself a deviation table. We'll present two here. The easiest is in a place surrounded by landmarks in many directions. As a good winter project, sit down with a chart and lay out courses between obvious landmarks that are

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at approximately 15 degree increments from north to south. That's 180 degrees divided by 15, or 12 courses. Running these courses in both directions will give you headings all around the compass. Make up a table with the two landmarks for each course, the true course between them, and the magnetic course corrected for variation. Try to only use fixed marks, not floating buoys, and the farther apart the better. Then, when weather permits, go out (it's easiest under power) and find those landmarks. Go each direction between them and write down your own compass heading and compare it to the table you have made up. Write down the difference. It should be a small number – 0 to 2 is fine. Deviations typically increase and decrease in a pattern in one or more directions. If you find more than 4-5 degrees, first check for that dreaded knife or beer can (not aluminium). Large deviations can be removed by going on the heading with the largest deviation and removing half of the error, then going the other directions with large errors and removing half again. You don't have to remove the error, knowing it is what counts.

If you'd like to try a touch of celestial navigation to check your compass, you can build a table of the sun's azimuth. That is the exact direction of the sun at a given time on a given day for your exact latitude and longitude. Take a look at your compass. Most have a pin sticking up in the center. The pin casts a shadow on the compass card, and if the sun is low enough, you can read the exact degrees where the shadow touches the edge of the card. This is exactly 180 degree



from where the sun is at that moment. Before you panic, this is not terribly hard. First, you can easily read from your chart the latitude and longitude of the spot where you are going to go out and meet the morning (or late afternoon) sun. Using the Nautical Almanac (or a canned computer program or celestial calculator) make up a table for the sun's direction (azimuth) and altitude (height above the horizon) for the day you plan to go out. Pick a time span of about one hour before the sun reaches 25 degrees above the horizon in the morning (or an hour following when it gets to 25 degrees in the evening). This is to make sure that the shadow of the pin is long enough to get a good reading at the edge of the compass card. We did this in late December on the Bay and could do so between 8:30 and 10 am. Of course, that's the shortest day of the year and to do the same in mid-June would be an early morning run before about 7:30 am. Mornings are usually better because there is a better chance of having a flat sea and little wind. Both make for being able to steer a steady course.

On the appointed day, motor out to your pre-chosen spot and go due north on your compass. Note the exact time and the degrees where the shadow falls. Swing to 15 degrees, steady down and take the next reading, again writing down the exact time. Continue on around the compass, making a complete circle, taking readings of shadow and time every 15 degrees. Motor around 4-5 knots, and go on to the next heading as soon as you get a reading. If your compass is perfect and there is no deviation, you

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would get almost the same shadow reading on every heading. If you've been fairly even in the time you spent at each 15 degrees you will have gone in a circle about a half mile in diameter and find yourself back where you started. You should have time to repeat the process twice more, for a total of three sets of readings in about an hour.

Subtract 180 degrees from each of your shadow readings, then correct these magnetic reading back to true readings by adjusting for the variation on your chart. (On the Bay, add 15.75 degrees.) Compare your numbers to the calculated azimuth of the sun for that exact time. Over an hour the

sun will have moved about 15 degrees, but you can interpolate for the exact time of each reading. The differences at each heading make up your **deviation table**.

So, now you have a winter project and something to increase your knowledge and confidence afloat. If you'd like a spreadsheet template and simple computer program to get the sun angles, e-mail Richard.Van.Mell@us.pwcglobal.com.

If you'd like a handy spreadsheet program to make this process easy, and an e-mail or phone call to Rick Van Mell (650-962-1515) will get it to you in short order.

THE RACE IS ON:

By Roger Milligan

The Vallejo opener was a great start for the 1999 race season. The winds could not have been better for the opener and for the Islander 36 fleet.

Saturday

The winds were strong all the way through the race, chutes going up, chutes going down, chutes going under the boat (Frank has a new way of cleaning the bottom with the chute). This is a long race and as you can see, two great skippers came in so close which shows how great these boats are for One Design racing.

ABSOLUTE	1 ST	13:54:06
BLUE STREAK	2 ND	13:54:45
TENACIOUS	3 RD	14:11:24
(Non Spinnaker and not a scheduled race)		
ISLAND GIRL	4 th	14:14:47

MISCHIEF 5TH 14:16:52
(Non Spinnaker and not a scheduled race)

SUNDAY

Sunday also had the wind Gods working overtime which gave us great wind and a fast race with the smart ones hugging the shore to stay out of the current. Tenacious got a great start leading the pack (a first) then went out to check out the current. Blue Streak was doing great until he hugged the shore a little too close and found the bottom.

ABSOLUTE	1 ST	17:07:40
TENACIOUS	2 ND	17:09:44
(Non Spinnaker)		
ISLAND GIRL	3 RD	17:18:33
MISCHIEF	4 TH	17:29:36
(Non Spinnaker)		
BLUE STREAK	5 TH	DNF

Islander Classifieds

To list your classifieds, please contact Fleet Secretary Gary Salvo at 916-363-4566 or via e-mail : grsalvo@pacbell.net

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Maintenance Tips

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