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Islander 36 NEWS

SUMMER/FALL 2025

VOL12 ISS 2

islander36.org

36 Love



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ISLANDER 36 NEWS SUMMER/FALL 2025 VOL11 ISS 2

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On the Cover

Dana Smith's 1972 Islander 36, Barnacle from Alameda, California is pictured anchored off Paradise Beach in Tiburon

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The Islander 36 was designed by Alan Gurney to be a fast racing boat with a good IOR rating as well as comfortable to sail and cruise. The boat has proven to be very well-suited to San Francisco Bay conditions. The mast is stepped on the keel with double spreaders and inboard chainplates to provide minimum sheeting angle. The deck plan offers unusually wide walkways which provide added safety and ease of sail handling. The T-shaped cockpit provides an efficient means of sail trimming and allows the helmsman an unimpeded view of the sails and foredeck. The extreme beam in relation to length combined with the deep draft and long waterline gives tremendous room below decks as well as stability and speed. The all teak interior is standard with a roomy galley, unique folding table, settees and chart table. The boat sleeps 6 comfortably. Many features are available to make the boat very comfortable for cruising. The Association promotes and sponsors both racing and cruising. We welcome inquiries and new boat owners. For information, contact any fleet officer.

Islander 36 Association Mission Statement

“To promote ownership and use of the Islander 36 via a one design racing fleet, cruising group and to provide valuable resources for the Islander 36 owner.”

While we are an Islander 36 association, we welcome other Islander models and their owners.



Lead, follow or get some new thinking

Summer greetings to our intrepid Islander fleet. When I last wrote to you, I was anxiously awaiting the successful repair of my trusty Perkins which needed a leaky high pressure fuel pump removed, rebuilt and reinstalled. I am pleased to report that the mechanic was successful and that our little Perkins is running like a top. Being criminally optimistic I have even calculated that the cost of the fix will have a payback period, due to the savings in fuel and oil absorbent pillows, of 27 years. Still a better deal than a new engine! I salvaged my sailing season and even made it to the Vallejo Race the first weekend in May!

Kapai is getting lots of use this summer with numerous day-sails to Angel Island, a raft up in McCovey Cove for a SF Giants game, the Sailstice Rally and the downwind race to Redwood City known as the West Point Regatta.

We bought Kapai 20 years ago and at that time enjoyed having our three sons race with us providing lots of grinding power on the upwind legs and good balance and dexterity on the foredeck as we poled out our jib downwind. Grandkids and careers happen, and the Admiral and I now find we are most often short of crew and no longer in

contention on the race course. That said, if one reimagines the definition of winning, one can still have a pleasant day circling the buoys.

A win for Kapai these days means we had a good start and could still see Rich Shoenhair, skipper of Wind Walker, rounding the first mark without binoculars. A win these days might mean briefly getting ahead of Dan Knox and Rob Blenderman skippering Luna Sea. The trick is to simply change the rules of winning. It's all in your head and I don't mean the Jabsco. As motivational speaker Zig Ziglar famously said "You got to get rid of that stinkin thinkin'."

Perhaps our meaning in sailing life is to provide a following. Celebrities and pro athletes develop a following. We provide a following to Windwalker. We provide a following to Luna Sea. See the nice images of Kapai providing a following to our fellow Islander 36 racers.

If you are thinking of joining the Islander 36 fleet for a few races than we might be able to provide you with a following as well. The San Francisco Bay Area is known as a progressive place where novel ideas take hold. Instead of reaching out to the winners and saying congratulations on a nice race, perhaps the winners should thank you for providing them with a following. Let's try this at the Nationals in a few weeks.

In the meantime, enjoy your Islander and always take as many young newbies as possible out for a sail. They might just join your crew, and you will be thanking some other Islander for providing you with a following. Cheers Commodore Egan

Rick Egan
 Kapai - 1978 Islander 36
 San Carlos, CA



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Blood, sweat, tears, and a bit of tooth

A summer of getting into, and out of, precarious situations

Late last season, we had a new addition to the racing crew on Felucca - James, a young pilot who had moved to Thunder Bay while his girlfriend was attending law school here. With a friendly, outgoing personality and a passion for sailing, he fit in perfectly with everyone and promptly became a regular member of the crew. With slips at our local marina readily available, James was keen to get a boat of his own and over the winter purchased himself a Tanzer 26 named Precarious.

Being such lighthearted smart alecs as the Felucca crew is, the running joke this

season has been to refer to any situation that could be remotely sketchy as "precarious." Rough spinnaker takedown..."that was precarious!" Bad docking of the boat..."that was precarious!" But reflecting back on the summer, we actually did find ourselves and Jubilee in a variety of situations that actually were precarious!

Our yacht club has been upgrading the electrical system in the storage yard which has involved excavating some trenches to run new cabling. While it is certainly convenient to have an electrical panel and plenty of outlets right next to

our boat, there was a trench beside our cradle that we had to make sure was filled in before we got hauled out in the Fall. Come this Spring when we were hoisted up in the travel lift, the additional weight of Jubilee hanging from the slings caused one of the lift wheels to sink as it compressed the dirt in the backfilled trench. As the operator tried to drive forward, the wheel just spun in the soft soil - the tires are more like racing slicks than all terrain tires! He had to drive back and forth a few times to get enough momentum to get out of the soft rut which resulted in Jubilee swinging back and forth in the slings!

An Islander 36 pendulum is rather... precarious!

In late July, we spent a Saturday night at Tee Harbour rafted up with our friends on Danu. As all the mooring balls were occupied, we had dropped our anchor instead. Saturday was a beautiful, sunny day with nine boats in the anchorage, including a power boat that had set out two anchors, one holding its stern towards the beach for easy access. Late Sunday morning, half of the boats had left to go back home to Thunder Bay. With the forecast calling for thunderstorms near noon, we had opted to stay put, which turned out to be a wise decision as it ended up being a long wall of storm cells that swept across the northwestern end of Lake Superior. We had plenty of rode out, so I wasn't concerned about our anchor dragging, but we should have unrafted from Danu and each gone to one of the vacant mooring balls or separate anchors. Instead, as the thunderstorm rolled over us, I had to watch Jubilee precariously riding up and down against Danu. Thankfully the fenders did their job and we got through unscathed.

But things again got precarious when unexpectedly the stern-in power boat ended up right against Dan's port side. Turns out their bow anchor had actually been set pretty close to where we had dropped ours and they just had a small mushroom anchor holding their stern. When the storm hit, it wasn't enough to hold their position and they swung around on their bow anchor and ended up in a precarious position against Danu. Quick reactions by everyone prevented any scuffs or scratches and the violent storm was soon over. At least we didn't have to sail through it like the boats which had left earlier!



Last fall, when I was up the mast removing our anemometer, the end of the cable had slipped back into the mast. With our 3-week vacation approaching, I got the Wednesday race crew to hoist me up Jubilee's mast so I could try to fish it out. Normally I use a climbing harness, but for my birthday, Cara had gotten me a bosun's chair so that I wouldn't be dangling so precariously at the top of the mast. My attempts to grab the end of the cable with a pair of small needle nose pliers was unsuccessful so the mast was going to have to come down.

Compared to our old single-spreader Mirage 27, everything about unstepping Jubilee's mast feels precarious, but after having helped with 3 other masts that

Spring, I was feeling confident with doing ours and getting it down went off without a hitch. In addition to rerunning the anemometer cable (now properly secured under its bracket), the burnt out incandescent anchor light, got replaced with a dazzling bright LED one that you just have to unscrew the plastic lens to change its bulb (far less precarious than trying to remove 3 bolts with nuts and washers while 50 feet in the air!).

When going aloft, not only is it precarious to get hoisted up on just one halyard, it's downright dangerous. But since Jubilee only had one jib and one main halyard, if a problem with one of those was the reason to go aloft, there was no spare to use as a backup. I had tried a couple of times already to feed the end of a spare halyard into the top



of the mast, but the awkward layout of things at the masthead had prevented me from successfully getting a weighted line up, back, and over the sheave at the top of the mast. So while it was down, I took the opportunity to run extra jib and main halyards.

The day we stepped the mast, the wind had to be blowing more than we would have preferred but we managed to up without incident. In order to get the crane line off the mast, I needed to get hoisted up to undo its shackle. Feeling confident now having two main halyards so I wouldn't have to pull the Genoa halyard around the shrouds to the back of the mast, I got myself tied on and the help started hoisting me up. A few feet below the lower shrouds, James yelled from down below that it was getting little hard to turn the winch with the starboard halyard. Another foot higher and neither halyard would bring me up...or down! The slack on the port "backup" halyard hadn't been pulled in quite

fast enough, and it had gotten pulled into the same sheave as the starboard halyard, jamming them both!

Thankfully, I was able to pull myself up enough to stand on the spreaders and tried to keep myself from panicking about how I was going to get myself out of this precarious situation! Though, ironically, it was a spare halyard that had caused the problem, we did now have 2 jib halyards to utilize. I had the very precarious task of untying the jammed halyards from my harness and replacing them with the other two. Once I was safely back on the deck, we were able to give the end of the jammed halyards a tug on a winch and they both popped free. Needless to say, I had a good shot of rum before leaving the boat that day!

During the repainting of Jubilee's deck, I had removed the salon hatch. While I thought I had used plenty enough butyl tape, when reinstalled it, of course, leaked in the first strong rainstorm we had. Compared to the Sikaflex I had

used the first time I installed that hatch, the butyl tape stays soft and pliable so I just had to remove the hatch, add some more, and bolt it back down. It's not a difficult job, just awkward - reaching up over your head holding the head of the bolt with as crewdriver in one hand while tightening the nut on the bottom with the other. The close proximity of the headliner to the bolts meant I was constantly switching between a socket and a wrench on the nuts, depending on which worked better for each bolt. As I was almost done, I left the screwdriver precariously balanced on the bolt head while I reached down to switch tools. I looked back up to see the screwdriver somersaulting towards my face. As it hit me, my tongue quickly determined it wasn't the screwdriver bit in my mouth, but a chipped piece of my front tooth. It's a good thing the marina's splashpad is on the pier over from ours or some young children would have heard how a sailor cusses! I had to endure a few days with an enlarged gap between my front teeth that made eating very uncomfortable but I was pleasantly surprised at how easily the dentist was able to fix, especially since it hadn't exposed the nerve.

The middle of the third week of our big summer vacation trip was forecasted for to have high winds for a few days, gusting into 35+ knots. But the north shore of Lake Superior has a variety of all-weather anchorages and we were close to one of our favourites - Loon Harbour. It actually has 3 beautiful areas to pick from for anchoring and we chose the one that has a fire pit on a small cliff that overlooks the channel between the islands where you can anchor in about 15 feet of water in good, strong-holding clay. The channel in this spot runs about NNE, and when we arrived with Boomerang, the winds were blowing south westerly with the strong northeast

winds expected shortly after midnight. Wisely, we didn't raft up that evening, with Boomerang instead anchoring far enough way that they had room to swing clear of us when the shift happened. While the wind would likely blow down the channel, another island would prevent any fetch from building.

It was a lovely evening with a clear, cloudless sky that gave us one of the few small disappointments of the trip. Despite what was supposed to be a very favourable forecast for it, we did not see Aurora Borealis, aka the Northern Lights. We constantly see people posting stunning pictures of them a few days after we've left someplace but we've never managed to see them ourselves. We went to bed about midnight, hoping we'd get a decent rest.

By 2am it was clear we that we would not be having a restful night. Environment Canada and PredictWind were both correct in their forecasts with 30-40 knots from northeasterly. As expected, there was little fetch, but the strong gusts and swaying of the boat roused us from our slumber. What was most unnerving was that after we swung 180 degrees around on the anchor, our starboard aft quarter was now...precariously...close to the cliff. Distances can be so deceiving in the dark, but it appeared we were about 15 feet away from it. I knew that the bottom dropped off sharply but the depth reading would vary between 6 and 12 feet (though I was conservative when calibrating it - there is more below the keel even if it says "6"). To make things even more "fun" the crystal clear evening was now blowing rain so I got wet every time I popped my head out the companionway to shine the spotlight on the cliff and confirm that we



were not dragging any closer to the shore astern of us.

Feeling reasonably confident that our anchor was holding strong, I managed to drift in and out of sleep the rest of the night. Cara did not have anywhere near the same feeling of security in our position and I was roused more than once to check our position again. While I would have preferred to have been anchored more in the middle of the channel, I was not wanting to attempt the move in the dark, the rain, and the wind when I knew that the anchor currently had a solid hold in the clay. Increasing the scope would have been good, but that cliff wall negated doing that! The best I could manage to allay Cara's worry was to assure her that at first light we would move the boat - doing it now would risk putting us in a more...precarious...position!

Shortly after dawn, the rain eased up, and we were able to raise the anchor and move ahead of Boomerang and drop where we would have plenty of room to swing in any direction though the wind direction and strength stayed

steady and strong for 2 days. Other than the restless night, the worst part was being cooped up in a cold boat while it rained all day. Even with the diesel heater running, moisture would condense everywhere in the boat, especially on the bronze port lights above our pillows, until it accumulated enough to drip on your head or face.

The winds eased slightly for the rest of the week, but we still had to contend with 20-25 knots coming from exactly the direction we needed to go to get back home. While not ideal, and far from how pleasant the first two weeks of our vacation was, the rest of the trip wasn't as unnerving as that blustery night. We're at the point in our season now where our sailing plans are being dictated by when we need to haul the boat out. Hopefully we can get in a few more weekends of pleasant sailing and with any luck, avoid any more precarious situations!

David Wadson
Jubilee - 1978 Islander 36
Thunder Bay, Ontario

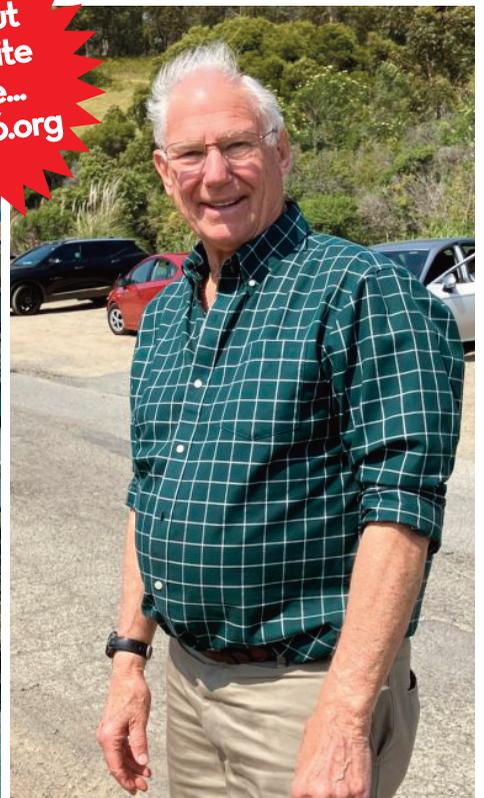


Though not racing Vanishing Animal, your Webmaster drove up to Pt. San Pablo to try to get pics of our fleet as they passed The Brothers into San Pablo Bay. Looking for a spot to shoot, Google maps depicted a "Sailing Goat Restaurant" at the end of a dead end road on the east side of the point. After check it out there was a good viewing place on the west side, when another photographer with serious camera gear was already set up. Turns out it was Steve Green who shoots photos for Latitude 38 and was kind enough to share some of his closeups, both of the race up at Pt. San Pablo, and at the start coming home. In a bit of a mea culpa, yours truly had stopped at KKMI to do chores on Vanishing Animal and, though all charged and laid out, had left my zoom camera at home, leaving only a cellphone for taking pics. Thankfully, Commodore Egan had a great race and





Check out our website for more... islander36.org



VALLEJO RACE



took more pictures to share and can be viewed on our website.

Four dedicated Islanders faced the ferocious forecast northwest winds gusting 30 - 40+ yet arrived on the starting line for a most enjoyable Vallejo Race. Light westerlies prevailed and after the short windward leg it was spinnaker time heading for Red Rock and on to San Pablo Bay. Yet mother nature wasn't ready to give up. Only the earliest starters made it to San Pablo Bay with chutes, but the wind died then filled in from the northwest to a delightful 12 - 15 knots. It was a power reach into San Pablo Bay with some great pictures along the way.

Our fleet included: Windwalker, Rich & Tom Shoenhair; Kapai, Commodore Rick Egan; Luna Sea, Dan Knox, but skippered by Rob Blenderman (White Horses) while Dan & Myphi were in Paris; and Windcatcher, Dan Throop - sailing single handed! They passed the Brother in that order and also finished in that order.

Report from Kapai:

Four boats signed up this year including Windwalker, Luna Sea, Windcatcher and Kapai. The Kapai crew included Bryce and Reanne Egan and my middle son Blaine who came down from Sacramento to do the Saturday race only. He took the 7:30 ferry back to SF and was back home by 10 PM.

The weather forecast called for a blustery day but on Saturday morning it was meek and mild. At the start it felt like we had around 10 knots of wind. Windwalker had a good start at the pin end which was favored to the first windward mark. Kapai crossed the line just behind but at the committee boat end. Luna Sea, skippered by Rob Blenderman, while Dan & Myphi were in Paris, crossed next followed by Windcatcher sailed by intrepid single handed sailor Dan Throop.

Windwalker was first around the windward mark, launched their spinnaker and the next time we saw them they were enjoying a drink outside the bar at VYC. Rich Shoenhair shared that they blew up a couple of kites on

the way up but basically sailed a very good race in a league of their own, finishing 2nd in the section of 9 boats. Congrats to Rich and the Windwalker crew! Luna Sea was third to the windward mark but soon closed on Kapai and launched their spinnaker.

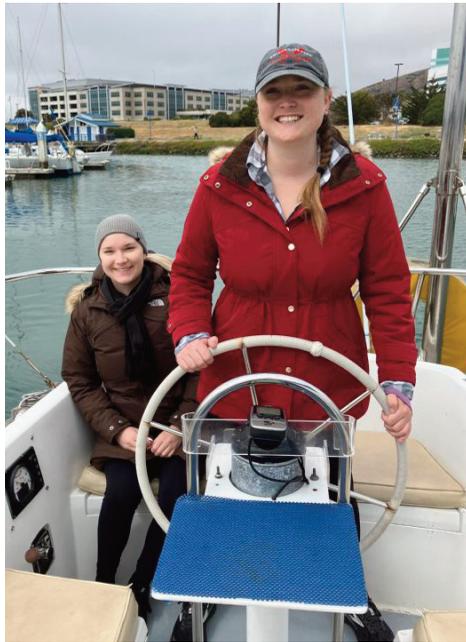
Kapai elected non spinnaker this race and watched Luna Sea take off on a light wind reach before getting stuck in a wind hole around Red Rock. We passed them just as the predicted westerly kicked in and we poled out our jib and managed to stay ahead of Luna Sea and Windcatcher all the way to the finish. 2nd place with no spinnaker felt pretty good.

The raft up at Vallejo was a fiasco as some boats got stuck in the mud blocking the entrance to several fairways. We were delayed about an hour circling around with 100 other boats. We finally got tied up and enjoyed the typical VYC hospitality. Dan Throop joined the Kapai crew for a dice game and some tall tales but all were in bed pretty early.

Sunday's race started on time with a steady 10-12 knot westerly. Kapai was first over the line and lead the other Islanders until about half way down the channel when first Windwalker and then Luna Sea passed us up. Windcatcher passed us about 10 minutes later and we DFL'd all the way to Richmond. Kapai simply could not dial in our sail trim on Sunday the way we had on Saturday and we basically lost track of our other Islander friends for the rest of the day. Congrats again to Rich in 1st place, Rob 2nd place and Dan 3rd place on Sunday!

All in all a very fun weekend with classic spring weather and good competition. Cheers to all!





Giants Game McCovey Cove

Super thanks to Dan Throop who initiated the idea of a raft-up in McCovey Cove for Saturday, July 7th to "watch" the San Francisco giants take on the Atlanta Braves! To guarantee a good spot, he anchored Windcatcher in McCovey Cove on Friday night. Typical evening "fog," technically stratus clouds, filled in after sunset and persisted into Saturday morning. The clouds and cool wind persisted until just about noon, but then cleared to a bright clear sky with typical puffy, gusty west winds.

Then Steve Kent, previously a long time I-36 owner, arrived early Saturday morning with his Catalina 42 Wanderlust. Next Rick Van Mell and Vanishing Animasl arrived and tied to Windcatcher, then Michael Doran on Happy Sisyphus tied to

Wanderlust. When Commodore Egan tied up Kapai outside Vanishing Animal around 1230 making it a 5-boat raft, we declared it lunch time. With 6 people aboard Kapai, and everyone else bringing their goodies to Vanishing Animal, we passed out hot dogs with personalized orders for ketchup, mustard, relish or onions, plus coleslaw for some. In addition there was Steve's Cowboy salad and assorted cold cuts and chips. Just as the first round of hot dogs was delivered, Rob Blenderman with Karen Kleckner as crew arrived with Luna Sea outboard of Happy Sisyphus and added potato salad, watermelon and both champagne (in true Luna Sea tradition) and rosé. Kapai had additional goodies and beverages to add to complete the fun. So in total it was 6 boats with 15 folks.

The game got off to a good start with the Giants taking a 1 run lead in the first inning. But, by the end of the second, it was Atlanta ahead 2 to 1. While there weren't any more runs in the next 6 innings, there was a crowd of action on the water in the Cove. In addition to our raft of 6, there was another raft of 2 sailboats, plus 3 more and 3 powerboats for a total of 14 boats anchored. In addition, multiple boats cruised through and about a dozen kayaks and at least one paddle boarder hugged the edge of the walkway hoping for a splash hit.

"Splash Hits" are fly balls that clear the right field wall and land in the water of McCovey Cove. Only fair balls - home runs - are officially counted, foul balls are not. Much to the crowd's delight, and the Giants' relief, the Braves managed to just get a foul ball to the water. A frenzy of paddling resulted in the paddleboarder being first to lunge and get his trophy ball. Just to illustrate how unusual this is, since the park opened in 2000, there have been 106 splash hits by Giants players, and 76 by opposing players for a total of 182. With 81 Giants home games per year over 24 years, that's 182 splash hits in 1,944 games, or about 1 in 11 games. At one stretch, it was two years between splash hits. So a wonderfully rare treat for us.

As the westerlies did their level best to huff and puff and blow the raft down, we did start dragging with only 2 anchors holding us all. Happy Sisyphus and Kapai peeled off about 1430, and though nervous, we remaining four lasted out the game. There was some fun watching a

powerboat close astern that started dragging. It pulled anchor then tried dropping three or four times until they were able to reset and stay put. This being San Francisco and Pride Month, the giant scoreboard was showing the antics of some super-sized Drag Queens while this was going on, so Mira calmly said, "Let's call that powerboat the 'Drag Queen.'" Everyone roared with the wit of it all.

As if all of this was not enough excitement, it all came down to the bottom of the ninth, Giants still behind 2 to 1. The first batter struck

out. Then a single; man on first. Next batter does a pop fly ball behind third base that was caught. Two outs. One more out and Giants lose. Last chance, and Matt Chapman steps to the plate. Facing a 1-1 count, he belted a home run just barely into the left field stands, and the crowd went wild as the giants had their 3 to 2, walk-off win!

So, shortly after 1500, as the stadium quickly cleared out, Vanishing Animal cast off and headed for home.



GIANTS GAME - MCCOVEY COVE





Summer Sailstice



Check out
our website for
more photos
and stories of the
Summer Sailstice
islander36.org





Westpoint Regatta

Kapai, Luna Sea and Windwalker represented the I-36 fleet

A nice breeze upwind to Harding Rock in the "fog", then a warming run and light air into the South Bay to Westpoint Harbor in Redwood city. 1st to Luna Sea, then Kapai, and unfortunately, a becalmed Windwalker in the shipping channel had to retire to get out of the way of a big commercial ship in the San Bruno Channel. Here are the stories from Kapai and Luna Sea.

Kapai

The West Point Regatta is a mostly downwind destination race from the Central Bay south to Redwood City 25 miles away. The start is off Berkeley with a beat up to Harding Rock Buoy which is left to Port commencing a long downwind run to the South Bay. 30 boats participated including Islander 36 stalwarts Windwalker, Luna Sea and Kapai. Kapai's crew included my wife Kathy, Son Bryce and daughter in law

Reanne who is our perennial photographer.

The start was breezy with about 15 to 20 kts out of the NW. The summer marine layer was firmly in place in the central bay. The Islanders were included in the first start and both Windwalker and Luna Sea got away cleanly. Kapai misjudged the 2 knot flood and had to take a second crack at the line. Windwalker took the Alcatraz side of the course with Kapai to leeward and Luna Sea favoring Angel Island for current relief.

Windwalker rounded Harding first with Luna Sea quite a way behind. Luna Sea and Kapai were within 50 yards windward of us approaching Harding in what was now a 3 Knot Flood. The current intensifies around Harding Buoy so when you think you are fetching the

mark suddenly you are not! It is not unusual for boats to make three attempts to get around Harding and in fact Kapai took an extra tack at the last minute which put us on port tack avoiding starboard boats upwind trying to fetch the mark.

We finally made it and had a nice reach until we were off SFO when the wind went light and backed forcing us to pole out our jib. We were one of only a few boats not flying a spinnaker which afforded us a nice view of the fleet heading for the horizon. No complaints as it was about 75 degrees which was quite a welcome change from the central bay. Simply a glorious clear day!

The West Point volunteers could not have been nicer as they assisted us in tying up and even took a couple of group pics for us. After tidying up Kapai



Luna Sea Crew

we walked down to Luna Sea to congratulate Dan, Myphi and their crew on a great race. Dan said that Windwalker dropped out after getting into some traffic with heavy shipping.

West Point hosted a delicious Taco Bar and even had some volunteers on the dock at 5am with coffee and pastries for boats that wished to beat the low tide and get back up to SF. Kapai left WestPoint at 5:15 am and was snug in her dock at South Beach at 8am. Great time had by all.

Luna Sea

I started thinking about this regatta on Wednesday when I looked at the tide book. Three knot flood at Harding Rock right after the start of the race. There have been times when Luna Sea could not actually get around Harding Rock when there was a three-knot flood. One time we tried for more than two hours before dropping out of the race and heading home. It did not help that the wind projections were all over the place. Some predicting gusts to 18 knots and others showing lows of three knots. For the next couple of days, I was having

trouble sleeping thinking about Harding Rock. Ouch.

Plus, we were going to have a short crew, and we had not been sailing much over the last few months. Then I looked at the boats we were racing against. Seven boats in our fleet and four of them were boats that beat us often and of course one was Windwalker and I just marked them down as finishing first. Not in pencil, but in a black Sharpie! The rest of us would be going for second.

So our plan at the start was to sail a long port tack up past Point Blunt and hope to go all the way up near Sausalito before tacking over for Harding Rock and maybe even tack toward Little Harding so we would make it around Harding Rock on the first try. And maybe even get some current relief. We have done this in the past and it seems like a reasonable thing to do most of the time. We have been ten minutes behind Windwalker at Harding when we had tried this. This effectively ends any chance to beat them by the first mark. Maybe a new strategy is something we should consider, but not today.

Since my timing was a bit rusty because of the lack of recent sailing, we decided we should just go for a mid-line starboard start and then tack on to port as soon as we could. Well, I screwed up the start and were blocked out at the start had to gibe around and were 30 seconds late at the start. However, it seems everyone had a bad start, so we were not far behind. Also, the late start left us right at the committee boat and so we could immediately tack on to port. So much for making it easy on the crew. Two tacks and a gybe in the first couple of minutes. I apologized to the crew, who seemed not to have been surprised by my screw up the start. (Wonder why that is.)

So here we were the boat leeward boat in our fleet and heading to Point Blunt. All along looking at our speed through the water and our speed over ground looking for the promised current relief. As we got within a few hundred yards of Point Blunt it was obvious we were going to have to tack and I asked the crew if they could be two short tacks to get us around Blunt and then back inshore next to Angel Island. At this



point in the course, we were actually in a counter current, and well that was very nice. That lasted for two minutes and then we were back in the ripping flood. I was hoping for better. That two minutes of ebb was great but we gave up so much for it. Anyway, we had to tack a few more times before actually rounding Harding Rock on the first try, although we definitely overstood the mark. Windwalker had taken a much more direct route, didn't get the two minutes of current relief, and took a few times to actually get around Harding Rock but they still beat us there by more than five

minutes! We would never catch them. Next time maybe we will just follow them and forget about the two minutes of current relief.

After rounding the mark the flood was now in our favor, and we were zooming. 7-8 knots on a beam reach with almost 10 over ground. We moved the sheets on the headsail to the toe rail and pointed downwind just enough to make sure we could get past the Alcatraz buoy. We have seen this movie before and were prepared, a few boats that were ahead of us found themselves struggling to get

around that mark. We did fine. It was nice beam reach all the way to the City Front and down to the Bay Bridge. As we got to the Bay Bridge the wind lightened and we put up the half ounce kite. This turned out to be a good decision for two reasons, first we waited a bit to put it up because we didn't want to blow it up and second the boats that rushed to put up a kite were rounding up! Never a good sign. After putting up the kite it was really nice sailing and we were pretty much in a parade. In conditions like these it is tough to pass anyone. We had lunch, enjoyed the wind on the beam and the still massive flood tide.

But of course, sailing is never without excitement. We were just gliding along in our position in the parade and boom, the after guy gave way and the kite turned into a big flag. The noise sounded something like a bomb. We got the kite back onboard and took out the headsail. At first, we thought we had ripped the kite because there was a nice puff right before the boom but once we got it onboard it looked ok. The clew was not ripped out. After a few minutes we decided to put it back. Fortunately for us not a single boat passed us in the parade, but a couple did get closer. Once we got it back up we were on our way. Back to champagne sailing. Our final guess as to why this happened is that the after guy had only two wraps around the second aft winch. It was light winds and I mistakenly thought two would be enough. Three would have been - two was not.

Once we got to the deep-water channel the wind backed off a bit and we were sailing deeper as the apparent wind had dropped a bit. Most boats wanted to continue in the channel as the current was better there. Windwalker had of course got there before us and had positioned herself exactly in the right

place to take advantage of the current. But unlucky for her she sailed right into a hole right as a very large bulk carrier was headed down the channel. I think it was the only time all day there was not enough wind to sail. She had no choice but to start her engine and retire. Just bad luck. We all felt very bad for Rich and his crew as they had sailed a wonderful race, but luck is part of every race and today it was not on their side. Still they showed excellent sportsmanship by doing what they needed to do. They continue to be at the top of our fleet, and this is just another example.

After that it was all pretty straight forward to the finish. We had to gybe a couple of times and did not screw any of those up too badly and we finished pretty much all by ourselves with boats way ahead and other way behind. After our finish we did have a very poor take down of our kite as it went in the water again! Maybe it just wanted to be cleaned. We motored into the harbor without any problems and got tied up to the dock waiting for Kapai and the other boats in fleet to finish. Turns out we were first to finish in our section but corrected out second. We were happy with that.

On another note I wanted to mention what a beautiful marina this is. It could very well be the nicest marina I have ever sailed in to. The facilities are all new and the Yacht Club club house is beautiful. There is even a nice restaurant that has an outdoor ice cream store. They had a band and had installed seating and a bar on the docks. Just wonderful. There is only one big problem, not enough water in the harbor. Saturday night we were again stuck in the mud and not a little in the mud. We were in three feet of water. We had planned on having a nice brunch at the restaurant in the morning and a



casual sail back to Marina Village. Instead, I had to get up at four am and motor in the dark to get out of the marina and back to the deeper water of the bay. This is not something I enjoyed. Not even a little. I am not sure how someone spends \$50 million dollars on a marina that is this nice and makes it only three feet deep. I can put up with The Vallejo Yacht Club having us all in the mud. It's a colorful place and they are always broke. But these guys at not the VYC. Still the staff is excellent, and

everyone was fine and very helpful. Did I mention they had a taco bar? On the docks! I'm not sure about coming back next year but that's the same thing I said last year.

Thanks to Kapai and Windwalker for showing up. It is just better having a couple of boats to race against. I don't even mind Windwalker always beating us. I'm just pleased to see them out there.

YRA in the Bay

Luna Sea

The predications called for wind from 3-9 knots with a few gusts in the upper teens. What we got was a steady 15-18 at the start building to 18-22 as the race went on. Gusts were as high as 28.

There were only three of us onboard, Rob, David and myself and we had some issues. Our plan was to cover Kapai at the start but we were both so late for the start we could not pull that off. We headed back to the line before them but the four minute sound for the next start was sounded before we even started. They started behind us. The Islanders were last out of the gate.

When we left Marina Village, we had rigged a lightweight kite. In the heavy wind we poled out the headsail on the downwind run from Little Harding back to the Berkely Circle, and actually lost a spinnaker sheet with an expensive shackle over the side. Ouch.

But we were successful in our primary goal and finished ahead of the other Islanders. Our overall results were poor, finishing eighth in a fleet of twelve in the first race.

After the first race we had had enough. More than 10 boats dropped out of the second race but a few of them did exactly what we did, started late under main alone to get the DNF instead of the DNC. Most of these guys were racing in the YRA Series so the points are important to them. We were the only Islander to start the second race. So, after starting under main alone, we radioed the race committee and



withdrew. DNF beats DNC and we just want to get the class win.

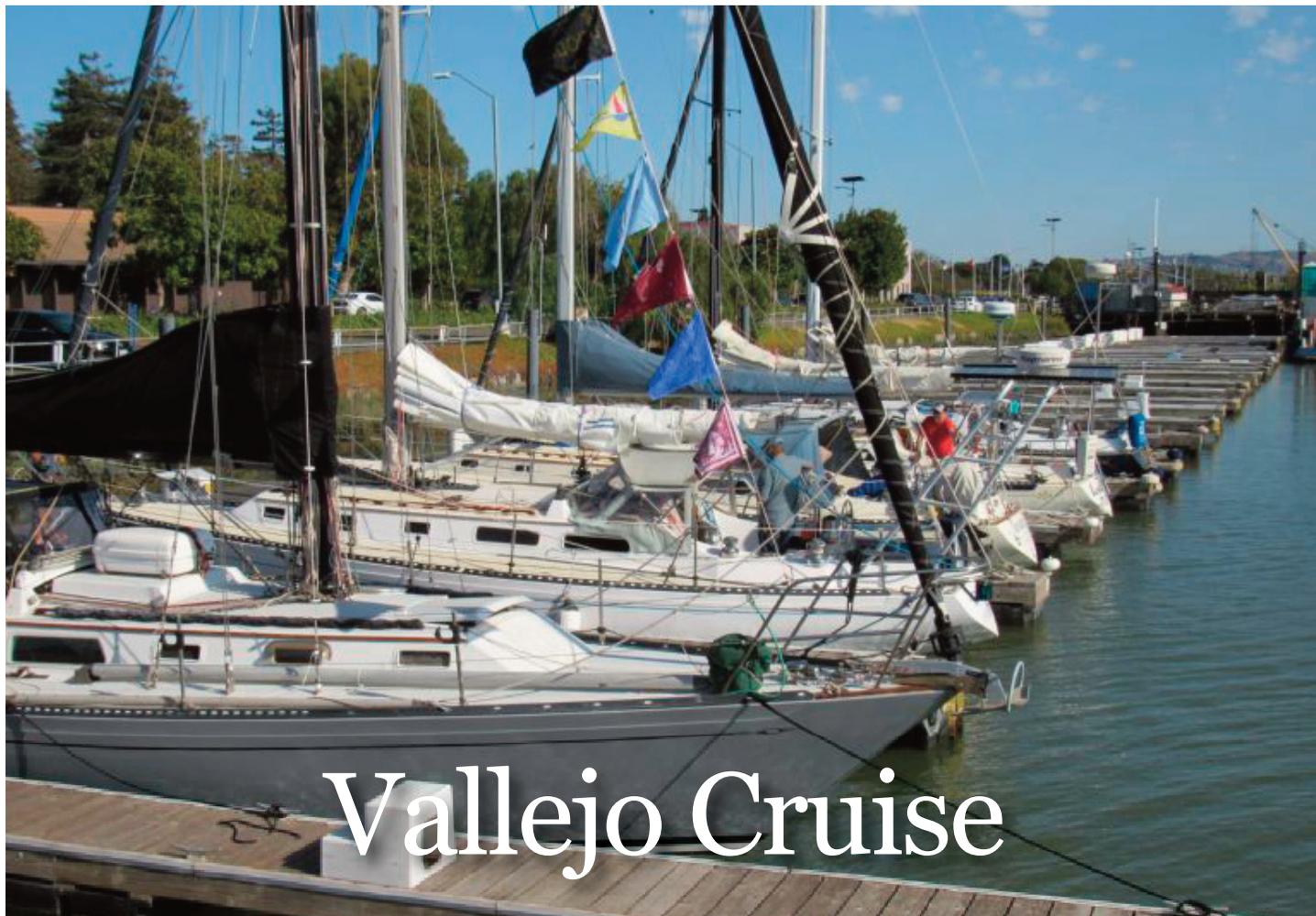
Kapai

Kapai started the race but was shorthanded and so late to the finish that we basically bailed out at the leeward mark and headed south. We notified the RC that we withdrew but for some reason they scored us as DNC rather than DNF I'm not going to sweat that. . (Webmaster note: For our I-36 results, they were scored DNF.)

With regard to the 2 race vs 1 race I did not realize it was two races when we added the two YRA "in the bay events" to the Race Schedule. That said, I viewed the YRA dates as an event to participate in and had planned to do both races had conditions been more docile and my crew not ready to mutiny.

Kapai generally enjoys the destination races like Vallejo and WestPoint as it is fun to meet other Islander's post race.





Vallejo Cruise

Everyone agreed it was one of the best cruises in years! Beautiful weather, 5 Islanders all docked together, cockpit socializing, two big dinners and a powerboat ride, and in all 8 I-36s represented by 23 people.

Bob Da Prato and Kerry Scott were our inspiration for the Vallejo Yacht Club (Mare Island Dock of the Bay Concert Cruise in last weekend. Big shout out to both for their enthusiasm and participation in making this happen! Our original idea was to sail up Friday afternoon, have dinner at the club and then anchor in front of the concert. As it turned out, one could hear the music pretty well from the shaded deck at VYC so no one summoned sufficient escape velocity to motor over to Mare Island for front row seats on their Islanders.



For Kapa'i's part, Kathy and I departed South Beach Harbor around 11am and sailed all the way to Vallejo from just east of Alcatraz. The weather was perfect and we had a beam reach and some flood nearly the entire way. Just past the Brothers we heard Luna Sea attempting to hail Rich Watters on Tacoma Blue, with Rob Blenderman aboard. We checked in with Dan and Myphi as they were just passing under the Richmond Bridge and we were within sight of each other for the rest of the trip. We discovered later that Tacoma Blue was a good hour ahead of us.

We were last to arrive at VYC and found Cali, Tacoma Blue, Hurulu and Luna Sea all lined up in slips next to the Club. Hurulu sailed by new association members Nancy Bison and Anthony Kleppe (and Dante their boat dog) opened their cockpit for an adult beverage session so that's where folks congregated. Rick and Sandy Van Mell arrived by car as did, Bob DaPrato and his wife Maria , and Ruby brought Rich Watters' wife Takae, and friend Carrie. Kerry Scott and Jennifer made up the quorum. Finally, our son Bryce and his wife Reanne arrived on the last ferry from SF and joined the party.

Dinner at the club was delicious and quite a good deal at \$20 for Lasagna. I must commend VYC for the fine hospitality from their volunteers.

Saturday most folks had breakfast aboard or at a local restaurant. Kerry and Jennifer had an errand to shuttle Jennifer's power boat to Benicia and Bob Da Prato and Bryce and Reanne joined them for the trip. Reanne took some nice shots of the crew with the Carquinez Bridge in the background.

The concert started at 1PM and most of the Islander group assembled on the



VALLEJO CRUISE



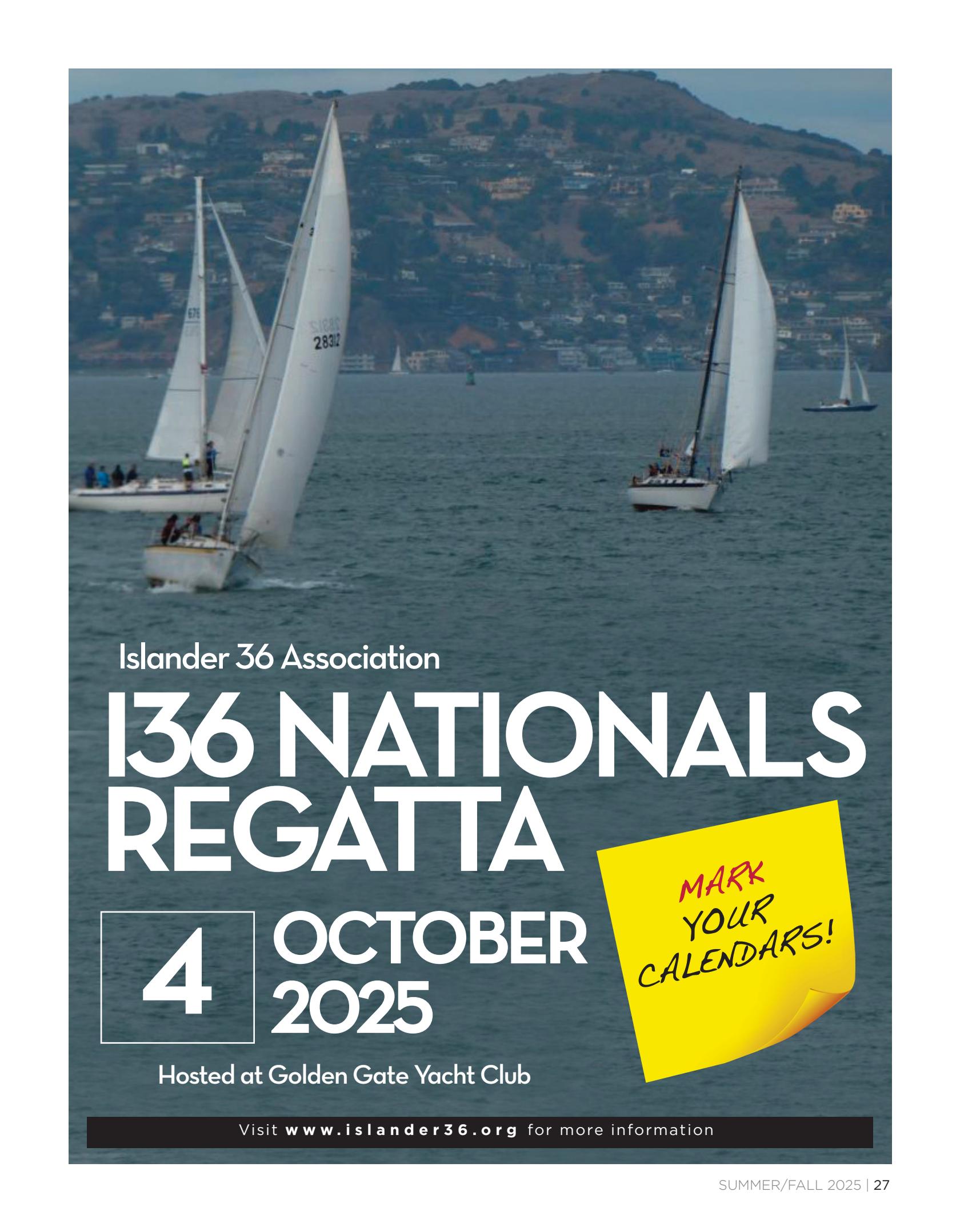
deck at VYC to hear the soul and funk band Confunkshun and a couple of rappers including Golden State Warriors official rapper E 40. Kerry commandeered a dinghy and took Bryce and Reanne over to his buddy's Irwin to listen to the music up close. Reanne and Bryce had a blast. Thank you, Kerry!

The Commodore made a 6:15 reservation at Manny's steak house for 14 which grew to 18 as Myphi and Dan invited some co-workers, Forouk and Ashley Fares and longtime crew member Jewel McLain and her

boyfriend Adam Henderson, aka "Boo." Bryce and Reanne enjoyed the dinner and made the last ferry to SF with minutes to spare. The balance of our group headed back to their boats and most retired pretty early.

Kapai, Tacoma Blue and Luna Sea departed for the central bay at around 7am in time to catch the last of the ebb. We motored until Pt Blunt on Angel and were in our dock by noon. Super weekend had by all and certainly one of the best attended cruises we have had in some time. Thanks again to Bob and

Kerry for making this happen. Let's do more of this! Commodore Egan



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DIY deck paint - worth it

Jubilee looks like a whole new boat with refreshed decks

Emboldened by last year's success at painting Jubilee's lower hull, we were looking forward to painting her topside before her 2025 season launch. Any gloss to the factory gelcoat was long gone and she had many epoxy "scars" filling the holes from removed hardware and the teak "eyebrow" we had taken off the first year we owned the boat. Painting the hull had amplified how dingy the topside was so we were enthusiastically awaiting Spring to get cracking on sprucing that up.

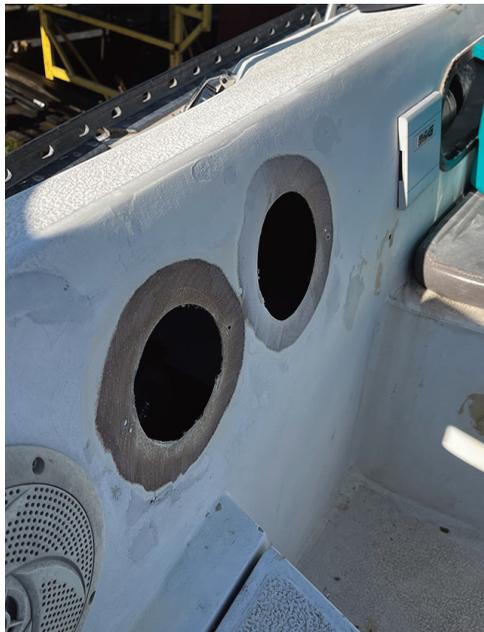
While the previous year had graciously given us weather that was favourable for getting an early start on sanding the old paint off the hull, this year was not so cooperative - winter seemed to just drag on forever with fresh dumpings of wet, sloppy snow into April. Unable to take the cover off the boat, we did at least finalize the paint choice.

As with the hull paint, we were going to use Interlux finishes as they were readily available at local paint stores compared to another brand such as Awlgrip. Another boat owner in Thunder Bay had painted their topside using the Toplac, the same we had used for Jubilee's hull, but while it looked very nice in their pictures, I knew I didn't want a glossy paint for the topside. I wanted neither a slippery surface under my feet, especially since I'm typically the one going forward while Cara helms, nor did I want a shiny surface that would reflect the sunlight back into our eyes.

Interlux's Interdeck paint, on the other hand, has both a matte finish and a slight texture to it, making it much better suited for the job. While we had seen owner's of other Islander boats had removed the moulded in non-skid texture and reapplied it using products

such as Kiwigrip, we had no intentions of going through that level of work! The existing non-skid was in decent shape and seemed to do the job just fine so we were content to leave it and paint over it. If anything, the fine grit in the paint would give it, and the rest of the deck, a little more grip. As with the Toplac, Interdeck is a one-part paint so while not as durable, it's easier for a non-professional to apply. The primer, PreKote Plus, was the same as used for our other paint job so we could also use up what we had leftover from the previous year.

The recommendation for painting a deck is to remove the hardware to eliminate exposed "edges" in the paint where it can start to peel. With handrails, stanchions, Genoa track, winches, cleats, and assorted other things, we were anxious to get started but it wasn't until



almost two weeks into May that we were finally able to uncover the boat and begin the task.

First to get “attacked” were the two teak handrails on the cabintop. Popping out the teak plugs to expose the bolt heads was pretty easy. You drill a small hole into the plug and then drive a wood screw in. When the tip of the screw reaches the bolt head underneath, the wood plug gets forced up out of the handrail. With Cara holding a screw driver on the bolt head, I popped off the nut inside the boat with a wrench. After that the job quickly became arduous and frustrating. For starters, the holes through the cabin top had been drilled with a minimal amount of clearance so each bolt needed to be unscrewed rather than simply prying the handrail off. Every one had a copious amount of silicone sealant all over it and they were all slot headed bolts so they were difficult to turn and the screwdriver was constantly wanting to cam out of the head. Using a power drill to unscrew them wasn't any easier as most of the bolts had gotten a slight bend in them when installed so the bolt head would now wobble making the driver bit constantly pop out.



Attempting to pry the handrail off wasn't any better. The tight clearance of the holes and the induced bend in the handrail to follow the cabin curvature made applying force difficult and the end result was cracking the rail more than lifting it off. Thankfully, we had already been considering replacing the teak rail with stainless steel as neither one of us were particularly fond of spending time varnishing. Destroying the rail while removing it finalized the decision to get new stainless rails.

After that ordeal, we moved on to the “simpler” tasks of removing the smaller pieces of hardware. The cabintop clutch and winch for the mainsheet came off easy enough, especially as the headliner was already out of the way from the handrail removal. Then we moved into the cockpit and started on the Genoa sheet cleats. Access to the nuts was no trouble thanks to the coaming boxes, but a few attempts to unscrew the bolt made it clear that the cleats were going to be harder to remove than the



handrails! Again, the holes through the fiberglass had minimal clearance so prying the cleat, bolts and all, wasn't going to work. It was likely that the cleats were aluminum and the stainless bolts had fused to them. Trying to break them free was most certainly going to result in more things breaking, including our sanity! Removing the Genoa tracks had also been on the list, but after counting out 30 bolts on each side, that became a "heck no" as well!

At this point we were realizing why getting your boat professionally painted is so expensive! A neighbouring boat in the yard had gotten quoted \$10,000+ to have his deck painted. The actual painting part is probably a much smaller percentage of that than the labour involved in removing hardware! So in spite of the

"best" way to paint, we made the decision then that we were not going to lose our minds trying to remove all the hardware. If something would come off easily, then we would remove it, otherwise it was just going to get masking tape and we'd deal with any premature paint peeling if or when it happens a few years down the road!

Our upgraded forward hatch, whose installation we covered in the Summer/Fall 2023 edition, did have one tiny leak, right over my pillow, despite the abundance of Sikaflex we used to bed it. So that was removed, along with the smaller hatch over the salon. After those were off, it becoming glaringly obvious that our working environment was going to be a far bigger challenge than it was when we painted the hull.

If there is one thing that I regret about this painting project, it is not removing Jubilee's mast when we hauled out at the end of the previous season. It is practically impossible to completely cover an Islander 36 from rain when the mast is still on and with inconsistent Spring weather, rain every few days was practically guaranteed. Without the mast, we could have rigged up some sort of shell with a big tarp and made the project a lot easier. Asides from not having water getting into the boat, we'd also have been able to continue working while it rained. Instead we were left having to plug holes, cover hatch openings, and deal with various drips and leaks into the cabin. We still got the job done, but things would have been greatly simplified!

With the easily removed parts removed (engine vents, instrument displays, etc.),



we did have a variety of holes in the boat that required fibreglass patches. While we weren't striving to obtain a baby's bottom smooth finish, there were a number of glaringly obvious spots to repair. A prior patch in the cockpit had been cracking a little more each season showing more clearly where two circular instruments had likely been mounted. There was a crack where the cabin met the side deck on the port side which had opened up many years prior when bringing Jubilee from Milwaukee to Thunder Bay. Not sure what wasn't tensioned properly in the rig that caused that to happen when the mast loaded up during the trip's one day of decent sailing, but it had only been roughly patched with some filler and needed a proper patch with fibreglass cloth and epoxy. A starboard stanchion had taken some excessive pressure on it, not only bending it a little but also cracking the

deck beneath it. I had relocated our shorepower inlet from starboard to port side so there was an extra hole left from that. There was also dozens of screw and bolt holes from hardware we had permanently removed - handrails, teak "eyebrow", etc. that needed filling.

Many of these patches were on smooth areas of the deck, but many were also in the moulded non-skid areas of the deck. This was another spot where not being too meticulous made the project a lot easier. We tried to minimize how much of the non-skid got ground away while prepping for patches, but we weren't going to spend hours and hours attempting to restore the non-skid pattern where it got sanded out or filled in with new epoxy. The previous summer's hull painting had shown us that small imperfections are hardly noticed, even by those who know

exactly where to look for them. Sure, if you get 6 inches away from the handrails, you can find the small flat spots in the non-skid where the old handrail holes were filled in, but otherwise they are impossible to see.

After a few weeks of grinding, filling, sanding, and repeating when we would find another spot that needed fixing, we finally had the deck to a point that we were satisfied enough to start priming. After going through a few rolls of masking tape, which doesn't seem to adhere very well to boat parts until you WANT to remove it, we finally started rolling on the primer. As with painting the hull of the boat the previous spring, we were blown away by how fantastic Jubilee looked with a uniform coat of white primer on her! After 4 years of drab, oxidized gelcoat and splotchy repair marks, a fresh coat was

BOAT WORKS



transformational! The first thing Cara and I remarked to each other was how bad the mast and boom now looked with their fading and chipping paint!



Other than getting suitable weather to put a coat on, the main challenge with the painting was making sure you didn't paint yourself into a spot you couldn't get out of. The primer did an excellent job of filling in the fine spiderweb crazing that some parts of the deck had and have not noticeably reappeared all summer. Coming back to the boat after it had rained confirmed that using the flat, grippy Interdeck paint was a great choice. While the suction cup mount for some of our drink holders would no longer work, the fine texture in the paint assured that we had firm footing everywhere on the deck. While the bright white paint makes the boat gleam, there is no glare when the sun shines on it. It makes the boat look so fresh that even a sailor whose boat was next to Jubilee in the yard for 5 years, didn't recognize her when he shared an anchorage with us!

We did rush painting the inside of the cockpit as we were quickly approaching the end of June and were anxious to get

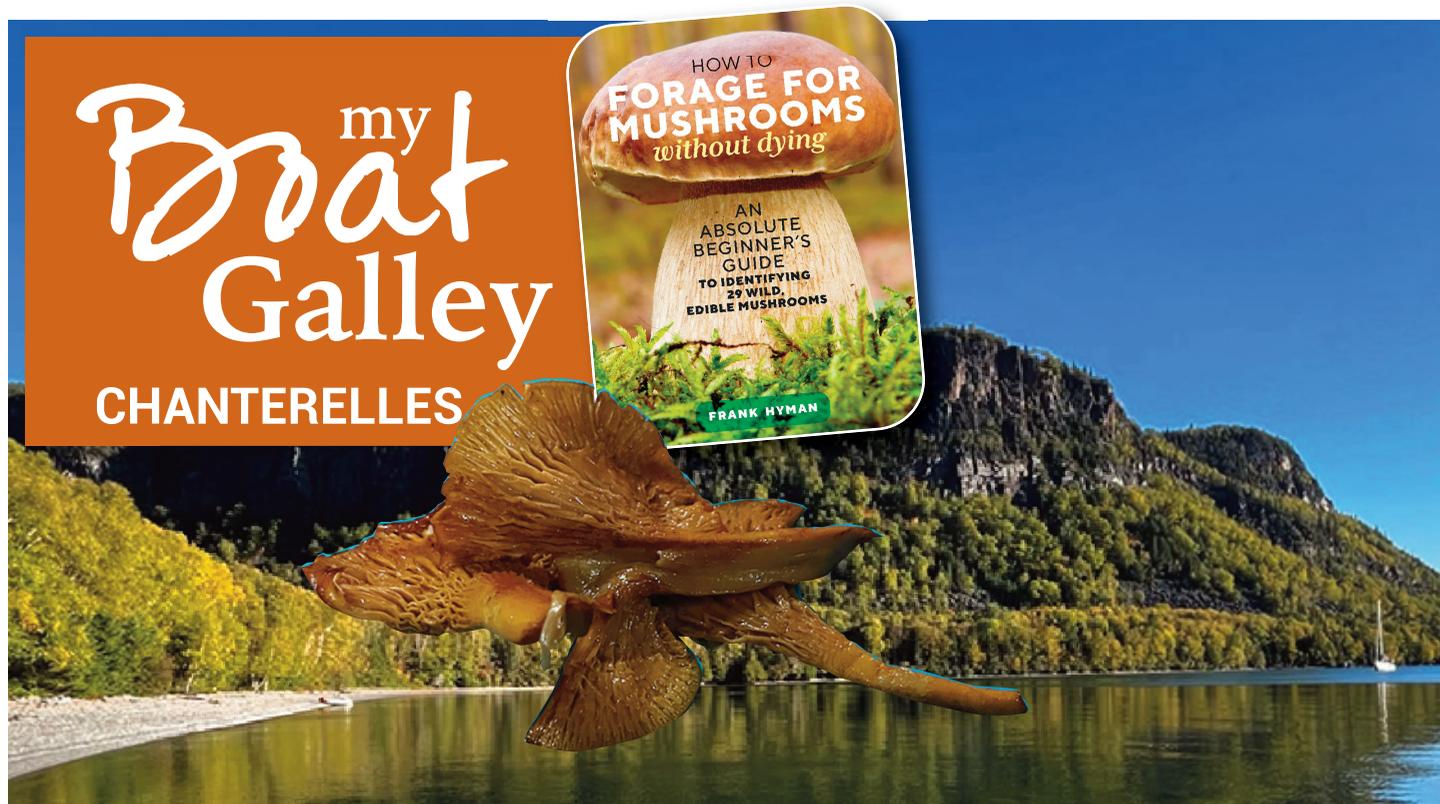


the boat into the water. We slapped a coat of paint on it and without bothering to mask out the non-skid areas of the sole, we used grey tinted Interdeck for that part. One downside of having a deck painted with grippy white paint is that it is very difficult to keep it looking clean. By using grey on the cockpit sole, we figured that would minimize it looking dirty where our feet (and paws) would constantly be. While I didn't want to have contrasting non-skid on the more visible parts of the deck, we were very pleased with how the cockpit area looked with the two-tone paint job.

As with when we painted the hull, everyone was amazed at how fresh

Jubilee looked and a few have remarked how it makes their boats look a little shabby next to ours! While the Interdeck does require some scrubbing to get dirt marks off, having a uniform finish on the topside hasn't ceased being satisfying all summer long. We've been even more proud this summer to have non-sailing friends on the boat now that she no longer looks worn and tired. Maybe we'll eventually do something with the mast and boom, but I think we'll be waiting a few years before we tackle another paint project!

David Wadson
Jubilee - 1978 Islander 36
Thunder Bay, Ontario



This summer, our three-week voyage up the North Shore with our friends Ian and Michelle from Boomerang began at one of my all-time favourite anchorages - Dawson Bay. The water was calm, the air carried that familiar northern scent of pine and possibility, and the adventure was already unfolding.

One morning, Ian and David set off to explore the island, their boots crunching over moss and fallen twigs. They returned with a handful of golden mushrooms, their caps fluted and fragrant - dead ringers for chanterelles. David, ever the cautious forager, flipped through his freshly acquired field guide "How to Forage for Mushrooms without Dying," cross-referencing every detail. But just to be sure, we called in the experts - our fellow cruisers Joe and Rachel from Danu. After a few nods and excited murmurs, the verdict was in: chanterelles indeed.

We sautéed them simply - just butter, garlic and a pinch of salt. The result was earthy and rich, a

taste of the forest that felt like a reward for paying attention to the land.

A couple of weeks later, Rachel worked her magic and created a quiche from chanterelles she had in her freezer. We shared it aboard Danu after a lively Friday night "around the cans" race. It was the kind of meal that lingered in memory - warm, savory, and made even better by the company. It tasted like victory, camaraderie, and the joy of summer on the water.

QUICK AND EASY CHANTERELLE MUSHROOMS SAUTÉ

- 1 pound chanterelle mushrooms, quartered, with rough ends trimmed
- 1 tablespoon of butter
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 1 large shallot, finely diced
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1/4 teaspoon of salt
- Pinch of pepper

Heat a large skillet over medium-high heat and add the olive oil. Once the oil is hot, incorporate the diced shallots. Sauté for about 4 minutes or until they become translucent, ensuring they do not brown by adjusting the heat as needed. Introduce the minced garlic to the shallots and cook for an additional 1-2 minutes until the mixture is aromatic. Transfer the shallot and garlic blend to a plate and set aside. If the skillet appears dry, drizzle in a bit more olive oil. Add the chanterelle mushrooms along with a pinch of salt. Allow the mushrooms to cook undisturbed for approx. 4 minutes. If they seem dry midway, add a bit more olive oil. Enhance the mushrooms with the addition of butter and continue to cook for another 2 minutes. Reduce the heat and reintroduce the cooked shallots and garlic to the mushrooms, stirring to combine. Season with additional salt and pepper to taste. Enjoy!



Blondie makes it happen

One year, one goal - sailing to South Farallon Island

On June 14, 2025, I finally checked off a goal that had been a year in the making: sailing Blondie, my Islander 36, to South Farallon Island. Lying 23 miles out into the Pacific from the Golden Gate, the Farallones are notorious for their conditions with strong currents, confused seas, and sudden weather shifts. For Bay Area sailors, reaching them is a badge of honor.

The trip began long before casting off. Over the past year, I upgraded Blondie with new rigging, safety gear, and countless small details to make her offshore ready. I also spent time learning to plan around weather windows, practicing in heavy weather, and refining navigation techniques. With no fancy electronics aboard, I relied on dead reckoning with plotted waypoints with compass headings, estimated boat speeds, and times. Timing was critical.

We needed an ebb tide to carry us out and a flood to bring us back in. I charted several options in May and June, but weather forced cancellations until I found the perfect window: June 14th, coinciding with a Farallon race. Knowing dozens of other boats would be out there gave me peace of mind.

My original crew couldn't make it, so my neighbors stepped in: John, an ex naval commander, and Jamie, a small boat racer and coach. We left Brisbane at 6 a.m. with 15 knots of wind and reached the Golden Gate 20 minutes ahead of my estimated arrival time. Advice from Sierra Point sailors had me planning a clockwise rounding of the south island, something I would later realize was a tactical mistake, as most race boats rounded counterclockwise to maximize off the wind sailing. The day was clear and warm as we tacked out of the

shipping channel, beating westward into long Pacific swells. The waves were the largest one's I had ever experienced, which certainly took some time to feel comfortable in. Both of my crew members almost immediately began to feel the effects of the large swell coming from the north mixed with the wind waves coming from the west. Both John and Jamie took turns at the helm to fight off sea sickness. The vibe on the boat was a tense one as the only thing we talked about was tactics and "what if" situations. I offered to make breakfast or coffee, but my hospitality was repeatedly denied as the two helmsmen fought off nerves, and nausea. The sea haze kept the islands hidden until we were about five miles away. Once close enough, John yelled the required "Land Ho!" as the island faintly came into view. It looked like a large triangular cloud floating on the ocean that would



disappear when we were in the trough of a wave. Then we could not only see them, but smell them, the unmistakable scent of decades of seabird guano.

We stood off a mile for safety, as the Farallons are surrounded with rocks and heavy currents. The tragic 2008 Farallon race, when a boat struck the rocks and sank, was on my mind. To play it extra safe, we sailed about a mile past the island itself, putting us about 1/70th of the way to Hawaii. By the time we reached our location to tack north around the island, we were an hour behind my projected schedule. After a quick crew meeting, we decided that pressing on to round the island would add too much time and risk. Disappointing, yes, but safety prevailed. Instead, we turned towards the island and jibed about half a mile away. The race boats were just making their way around the island which gave us the confidence to get closer.



SAILING GOALS



The sail back was glorious, a straight downwind run with Blondie steady and sure, colorful spinnakers from the race boats parading past us as they headed home. The mood immediately lit up as we made our way back home. (Finally, the crew took me up on my offers for food and drinks). I was still frustrated at first that we hadn't rounded the island, but as the miles ticked away, I began to reflect instead on what we had accomplished. Many Bay sailors never sail past the Golden Gate, let alone venture to the Farallons. Blondie proved herself in ocean conditions, my navigation plan held up remarkably well (if you remove the part about rounding the island), and our seamanship decisions put safety first. By the time we arrived back into the Brisbane Marina at 9:30 p.m., tired but exhilarated, I realized that the real achievement wasn't in rounding the island, it was in making the 90 nautical mile passage itself.

I don't feel the need to do this trip every year, but I'm proud to say we sailed to the Farallons. For me, it was a reminder of why we prepare so thoroughly, why we respect the ocean, and why sailing keeps us coming back. Blondie handled it all with ease, and I couldn't ask for more.

Kevin Cerini
Blondie - 1975 Islander 36
Brisbane, CA



A large advertisement for Hood Sailmakers. The background is a photograph of a sailboat deck with a white sail. The sail has two logos: a blue oval with 'HOOD' in white, and 'Vektron' in black below it. The text 'HOOD SAILMAKERS' is overlaid on the image. At the bottom left, there is a blue box with white text containing contact information for Robin Sodaro, Manager.

HOOD
SAILMAKERS

Robin Sodaro, Manager
466 Coloma Street, Sausalito, CA 94965
415.332.4104 ph • 415.332.0943 fax
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Cruising the west side of Vancouver Island - 2025

I was fortunate enough to sail out to the west coast of Vancouver Island once again for 2025, casting off the dock lines in Sidney on June 7th for the single-handed voyage out Juan de Fuca Strait to Barkley Sound and beyond. The challenge along the west coast is always the weather, sailing against the predominate summer westerlies through Juan de Fuca and further north. On our Islander Bahama 30 with it's 24 ft waterline and relatively light weight,

pounding against the strong in-flow wind is not a first choice! I was able to take advantage of a light-wind forecast and managed to motor out to Barkley Sound in a timely manner, meeting up with a friend in Ucluelet. Ben & I enjoyed a great week of sailing the pristine waters of the Sound. Seldom a second boat disturbed the quiet of any anchorage.

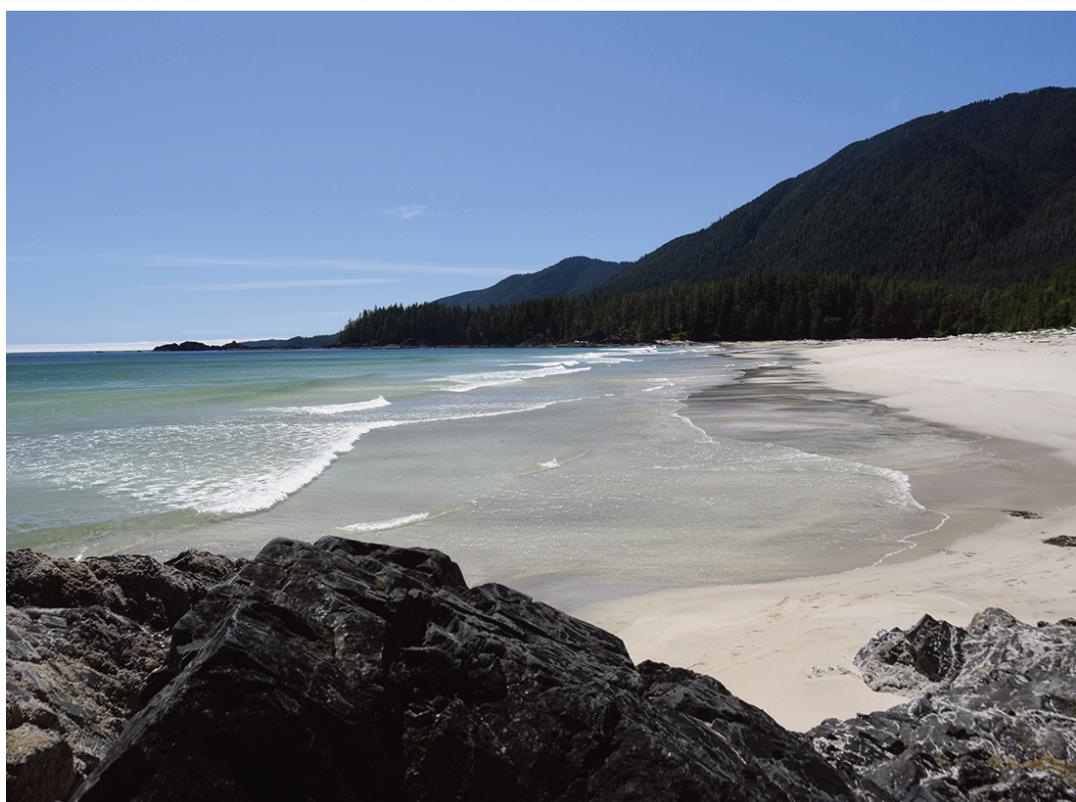
Eventually, Ben returned home and sailing buddy Paul arrived from

Clagary. We set off north along the coast with the plan of going as hard and as far as we could whenever the west wind eased. We had tried that before, and the wind Gods had frowned upon us. Fortune shone down upon us year and we powered over virtually calm seas. I say calm, but the swells and surface chop were always there. Over the years I have made four attempts to reach Columbia Cove at the south end of the Brooks Peninsula, a favorite



anchorage from years gone by. Each time strong westerlies and time limits have thwarted those plans. This year I was determined to make it! Paul & I covered the 120+ mile distance over three days, unheard of in this direction along the coast. We couldn't believe that we were already there!

Having reached our "goal" early we could then enjoy the leisurely "downhill" sail along the coast with the prevailing westerlies, exploring inlets and anchorages. We visited such destinations as Columbia Cove with its' spectacular beaches, the Bunsby Islands, a kayakers paradise, the village of Kyuquot, accessible only by air or boat, and many of the



CRUISING

other anchorages further south that had become regular stops for us.

On the sail from Tofino south to Barkley Sound the seawater went from dark blue to aquamarine green! Strange. We eventually learned that it was the result of a coccolithophores phytoplankton bloom that turned the water that color. It was a temporary thing. With blue skies and brilliant white clouds it was a tropical scene! Beautiful. The bloom extended all the way into Barkley Sound and as far as we could see to the west. Divers indicated that the bloom reached down about 20 ft and that it was not harmful to us, nor marine life.

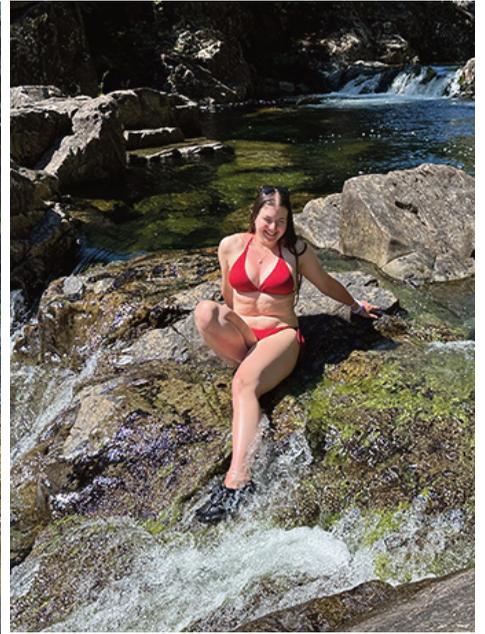
Young Natasha joined me for a week in Barkley Sound and during that week the algae started to die off, turning brown before sinking to the seabed. Natasha & I had great sailing and exploring in the Sound, visiting a favorite waterfall with swimming ponds near Pipestem Inlet. The weather remained perfect and she was back on the bus far too soon.

From Barkley Sound I sailed back home single-handed, always a long voyage whether sailing or powering. After 50 days on the boat, it was time to go home! But the summer is not over yet, a few more trips into the local Gulf Islands are still on the horizon!

With hours of recorded video yet to edit, the You Tube videos will be out some time later this fall! Enjoy the summer wherever you sail!

Bert Vermeer
S/V Natasha
Sidney, BC







My favorite Islanders

Luna Sea turned 45-years old this year. And this year we have been lucky enough to have her for more than half of those years.

The Association has seen the fleet change quite a bit, from expensive racers, with owners that spared no expense to get every advantage in our one design fleet, to racer-cruisers, to cruiser-racers and now to an inexpensive boat that people buy because they think it represents good value. She's been a good boat for us and in fact she has been my only boat. There are times when I was tempted to get another but I don't think I ever will. A few years back I had to promise Myphi I would not go sailing out past the Golden Gate Bridge by myself and shortly after that I implemented the 10-minute tack rule because it took me 10-minutes to recover from the last tack

before I could do another. But she still takes me out sailing and puts a smile on my face, so I plan on keeping her around for a while.

Oh, and I never reef. As Tom Newton once said, reefing is for wimps. One of the dumbest things I have ever done is to continue to buy new mainsails with reefing points. I always think I might need them, but I don't and probably never will. And they just charge extra for that.

Last week **Blockbuster**, once the pride and joy of Bill Higdon (for whom the Bill Higdon trophy is named for) was sold for \$16,000. I'm sure many members don't know what the Bill Higdon trophy is or who Bill was, and that's certainly most of our members, because it has not been given out of a long time. To get your name on the trophy you need to go

to every race and every cruise in an entire year. You would think that would be a bit easier now-a-days because there is nowhere near as many events as there used to be. In 2025 the club might have scheduled eight to ten events, not even one every month. No more than a handful of members will make it to half of them. And many will come by car. Not exactly a Bill Higdon way to get there. Back in Bill's day there might have been two or three times that many events each year. Many lasted a weekend. Bill never missed a chance to sail his beloved Blockbuster. Bill was not the first owner of Blockbuster but he certainly was the person that enjoyed her the most. And I like to think that she was happiest under her time with Bill. \$16,000 the new owner paid is just over twice as much as we paid for



our last haul out and bottom paint. It is not enough to buy a new set of sails. So she was likely a great deal, but usually a great deal needs a great deal of work. Blockbuster had been sitting around in a slip at South Beach Harbor and had not been actively sailed for years. I like to think Bill would be happy she is going to a new home, but part of me hopes that the new owners will be able to make her happy and take her sailing every week like Bill did. BTW Bill Higdon is the only person I have ever known that could walk into any yacht club and get a free drink. How he did this I have no clue but I saw it happen over and over again. He would just walk in and say I am Bill Higdon and I get a free drink and they would give him exactly what it wanted which was some crazy drink he would tell them how to make.

Zenith: The Jewelry Box Islander. Zenith has been owned by a few

people, but I will always associate her with Art and Betsy. They were wonderful and they kept that boat in fantastic condition. Zenith has docked by Luna Sea for a long time (and still is) and I remember once when someone commenting about how nice she looked. They said the varnish was the most beautiful they had ever seen. I told them it should be perfect because it was not wood. All the teak had been removed and replaced by plastic so of course it looked perfect. This of course was a big fat lie, and Zenith did have just wonderful varnish. I laugh pretty much every time I have retold that story. Zenith was also a racer, and Art took her out for pretty much every race. I think Art loved racing as much as I do and just like me, he finished pretty deep in the fleet (but usually way ahead of me). Art was also a member of the Oakland YC and one of my most memorable moments is when he was given a blue cap from an Oakland YC race.

Freedom Won:]Another racer. And cruiser. John and Nanci have had this boat for...well I have no idea how long. Longer than we have had Luna Sea. John can sometimes be a handful, but Nanci is a saint. Together they are just about perfect. When they purchased Freedom Won she was an unhappy boat and needed a lot of TLC, which she has gotten in spades for decades. And right now, I can say Freedom Won is in the best shape she has ever been. I guarantee she is in better condition now than when she left the boat yard for the first time. The entire inside of the boat has been stripped and revarnished. Everything has been taken out and put back better than new. John raced that boat hard but never put her away wet. Rail buried deep in the water zooming to Vallejo is how I always think of Freedom Won. That and helping me get Luna Sea out the mud after we were aground more than a few times. Remember that Bill Higdon trophy I was telling you



about. John's name is on that more than a few times. And when it wasn't he had sailed to Mexico.

Windwalker: Again, I have no idea how long Rich has had Windwalker. They are both a constant in the I36 Fleet. I am always happy to see them on the water. They show up and beat the heck out of us. They are faster than us on every point of sail and just are better sailors than we ever will be. The few times we have finished

ahead of them has been pure luck. But they are the first ones to be there to give a friendly wave before every race. They show up and have for years and years. Windwalker is a champion. Rich is a great guy. Oh, and for the record, one of his regular crew, Donna likes the color purple. She likes it a lot.

Captain Hooke: The Queen of the fleet and my favorite boat, not my favorite Islander 36 - my favorite

boat. She was a family boat owned by Newton's. Tom and David were wonderful people and great sailors. They had the perfect attitude towards sailing. Not a lot of people do, sure they wanted to win and they won a lot but if they didn't it was a bad day for them. People will think I'm nuts, but I have had actual conversation with Captain Hooke. I remember when she transitioned from full racer to something else. First, she got a roller furler, then varnish, then a dodger! She was not happy about any of those, and she especially was not happy when the America's Cup came to San Francisco Bay and she couldn't race. She was pretty upset at the Newton's. She may have even got a refrigerator, but I am not sure of that. One time when we were sailing, we traded them a bottle of Jameson's for a bottle of tequila. Yes, under sail. And yes, we didn't stop or even slow down to make the trade. There were many years they finished first and we finished DFL. They continued to spend a lot of time helping us get better. We would go out and practice with them. We purchased the same sails as they did. (We actually purchased sails at the same time and got a pretty good discount because of that. It was Tom's idea. More people should do that.) We would breeze with them and trim the sails exactly the way they did. We would get out binoculars and move the jib cars to exactly where they had theirs. Our crew sat in the same places their crew did. But some of their crew were bigger than we us. We changed our traveler and put on a hydraulic backstay because we wanted Luna Sea to be like Captain Hooke. One time in a race we fouled, and almost t-boned Captain Hooke and it was entirely my fault. Somehow, they



put up a spinnaker, I told him we didn't have one. They gave us one to use even though we were sailing in a non-spinnaker fleet. They told us to replace what was at the time our best crew member. They said we would get better if we did that. We did. They were right. We did get better after that. I remember the first time we finished in the top three at the National's. They had a gear issue and had to drop out of the last race. That made us third. They were happy about that too. They just wanted us to get better. Every time I go to Richmond Yacht Club I stop by and

talk to The Hooke, it has been too long since we have had a conversation, and I miss that. I miss Tom Newton, I miss David, I miss their crew, and I definitely miss Captain Hooke. BTW I have always thought Luna Sea looked up to Captain Hooke as much as I did.

Ok there are a few more but maybe we will save those for the next edition.

Dan Knox
Luna Sea - 1980 Islander 36
San Francisco, CA

were able to get out of our way. It was a miracle. We did a couple of turns but then retired because I was so stressed, I just could not continue. What did they say: "Don't worry, you will get better." A few races later we actually blocked them out at the start line I remember that day because it was the first I36 one design race we didn't finish last. It was a City Front race that started at the Golden Gate YC. We have been practicing starts there for the last couple of weeks before the race. I think we finished eighth, out of 11 boats. Even though they had to do a circle at the start I think they still won, but they were more pleased with our eighth than their first. We bought drinks for the bar after the race. The people at the bar thought we had won. When we told them we were eighth they thought we were nuts. Maybe they were right. Tom told us we need to

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Happy Hour
It's 5 o'clock
somewhere...

Rum under the stars

A Slate Islands tale

It was our first big sailing trip - three whole weeks on the water, bound for the Slate Islands, about 104 nautical miles as the crow flies (one way).

A milestone for us, since we'd never sailed longer than two weeks before. The excitement was real, but so was the learning curve...especially when it came to provisioning the boat.

Turns out, stocking up for cocktails is a bit of an art. David kept things simple with his trusty beer, while I danced between white and red wine depending on the mood (and the weather, of course). But every now and then, we craved something a little more special - a proper cocktail moment.

That's where Ian came in, generously offering up his collection of rums he was hoping to finish before the voyage ended. So, there we were, sipping mystery rums in the cockpit, wrapped in blankets, watching stars twinkle above the waves. It became our nightly



treat, a quiet toast to the day, a little warmth before bed. Dave and I especially missed our favorite: Bumbu, the smooth rum we featured in the Spring 2023 issue.

But as all good things go, the rum eventually ran dry.

Midway through the trip, we made a pit stop at Red Rock, a charming little town on the north shore. Their liquor selection wasn't quite the treasure trove Thunder Bay's is, but we were determined. Each of us picked out a bottle, only to realize we'd chosen the same one. It wasn't quite up to our sipping standards, but with a little ice and a splash of mix, it would still make for a cheerful toast.

Not every cocktail was perfect, but every night was. And that's the magic

of sailing: even when the rum runs out, the stars never do.

When we finally returned home, David had a brilliant idea: why not test the rum with a classic Cuba Libre? It felt like the perfect way to ease back into land life - simple, refreshing, and just a little bit celebratory.

Cuba Libre Cocktail

- 2 oz rum (whatever survived the trip!)
- Juice of half a lime
- Top with Cola
- Serve over ice with a lime wedge

It's easy, nostalgic, and surprisingly satisfying after weeks of sipping rum straight under the stars. A little fizz, a little citrus, and a whole lot of memories in every glass.

1972 I36 Pacific Dawn

Pacific Dawn is a meticulously maintained 1972 Islander 36 with many high ticket generational repairs completed. She's ready to cruise or race on the Puget Sound and beyond. I just went through the boat from keel to masthead to get her ready to sail home to San Francisco, but money and girlfriend's patience ran out, and I have to let her go.

I am the 3rd owner. Based on the records, all 3 of us in turn have loved and babied this boat and kept up with maintenance, kept work logs and receipts for all the work performed. I myself am an ABYC certified marine systems tech, diesel mechanic and electrician.

The boat is available for viewing on the hard in Port Townsend, WA. I would consider trading for a diesel truck, sprinter van, work truck, camper van. Other trades considered. Survey available by request.



SYSTEMS:

- Yanmar 3GM30F with only 400hrs, just fully serviced
- Keel bolts have been replaced, welded and encapsulated
- New cutless bearing, packing gland, stuffing box, shaft straightened, motor realigned
- New rudder gudgeon bolts in 2017
- 640Ah LifePo4 Lithium battery house bank just installed
- New Victron battery electronics including Smartshunt and Orion XS 50A DC to DC charger for charging lithium bank from alternator (which I had bench tested)
- 3 anchors and sets of rode - best bower is a Rocna 15kg main with 100ft of 3/8 chain and 500ft of 5/8 rode
- Sampson manual windlass, bowroller
- Force 10 propane 3 burner stove (gimballed, with oven)
- Walker Bay 8ft dinghy with mast and crisp sail, oars, outboard mount (no outboard)
- Composting head
- Updated Hella navigation lights
- 2024 Garmin chartplotter on articulating arm (for cockpit or cabin use)
- Analog depth sounder, knot meter, twin 4" Danforth compasses
- All running rigging is in excellent to good condition.
- 100W flexible solar panel for keeping the batteries topped up
- Noco Genius battery charger for lead start bank
- Victron Bluesmart battery charger for the lithium house bank
- New fresh water plumbing
- Fresh bottom paint last week
- Main winches just serviced

RIG:

- Mast resteped with new standing rig and chainplates in 2017
- New Selden boom and vang/kicker in 2017
- Large sail inventory including a new full batten main, 135% furling genoa and furling jib from Ullman sails
- Tidmarine mainsail track
- 2 symmetrical spinnakers - 0.75oz and 1.5oz
- Roller furler, wheel backstay adjuster

INTERIOR:

- Beautifully maintained oiled teak interior with all new overhead
- Resealed windows
- All new cabin lights
- Cole woodburner with circulation fan
- 6ft standing headroom throughout the cabin. Salon table completely stows away for an open, spacious layout. Cushions in great condition
- Upgraded dorade boxes for cabin and head ventilation

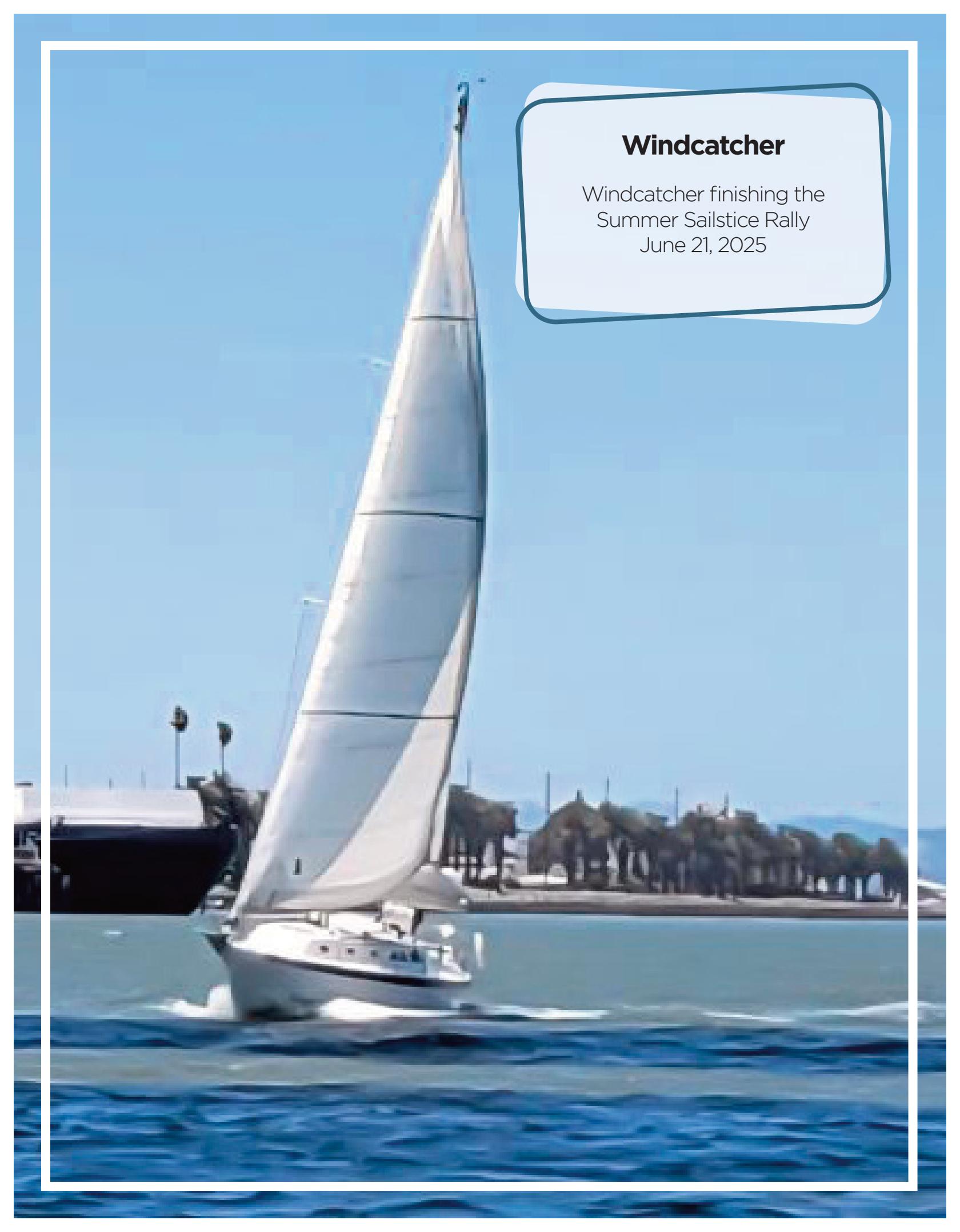
SAFETY GEAR:

- EPIRB with fresh batteries
- ACR ditch bag • Life sling

LASTLY:

- Coast Guard documented vessel
- All service records and receipts dating back to the original owner are on the boat and available for viewing
- I know this boat really well and understand all the systems. Do not hesitate to ask me questions!

Contact Simon at simonlion@protonmail.com for more information



Windcatcher

Windcatcher finishing the
Summer Sailstice Rally
June 21, 2025