



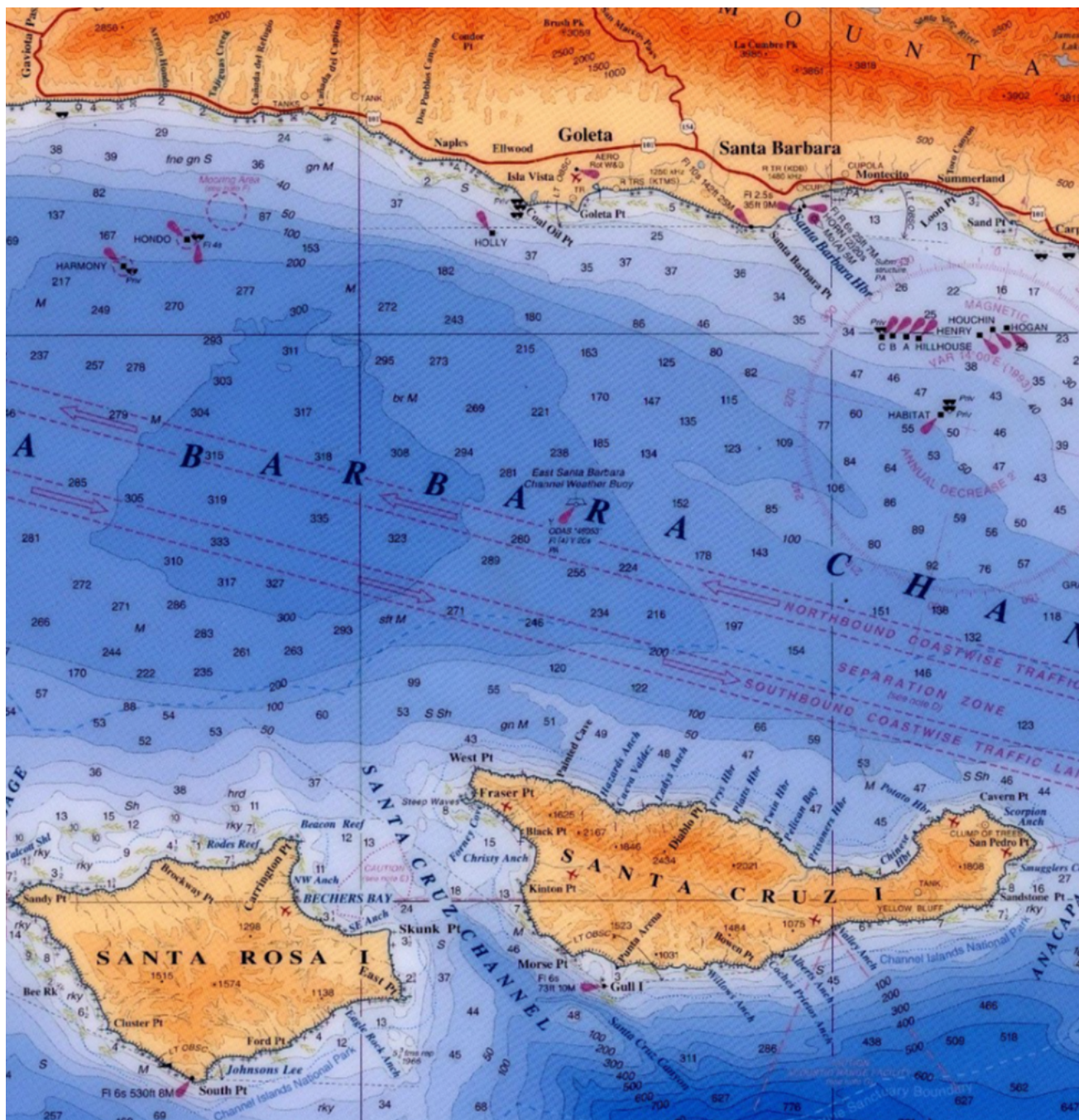
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# Signal Hoist



## Santa Barbara Sail & Power Squadron

### Monthly Newsletter September 2021





## COMMANDER'S MESSAGE

**Cdr. Virginia Johns, P**

Our September 2<sup>nd</sup> meeting is a Business meeting. The Executive Committee will be meeting in the Waterfront Classroom at 7:30pm. Any interested members are welcome to join us.

The following two months are Fun and Entertainment meetings. We have some great speakers lined up for you.

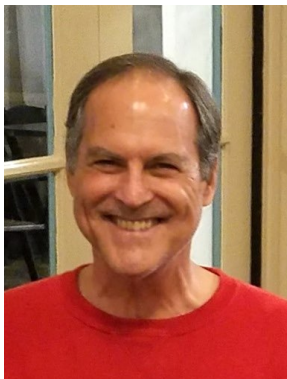
- Thursday, October 7<sup>th</sup> 7:30pm Waterfront Classroom
  - **Medical Preparedness Aboard**
  - **Dr. Mary Louise Scully** (a Santa Barbara squadron member) is the Director of the Travel & Tropical Medicine Center of Sansum Clinic in Santa Barbara, CA, the recent past Chair of the Professional Education committee of the International Society of Travel Medicine (ISTM), and an Associate Editor for the Journal of Travel Medicine. Dr. Scully enjoys boating and has a boat in the Santa Barbara Harbor. She served as expedition team physician for Jean-Michel Cousteau's Ocean Futures Society during their 2007 filming of "Return to the Amazon." Her talk will start with some geographic risk overview for things like malaria, dengue, and yellow fever, and include some fun boating stories from the Amazon expedition.
- Our speaker for our November 4<sup>th</sup> meeting will be Dr. Brian Fagan, well known Emeriti Professor of Anthropology at UCSB, but even better known to many of us boaters as the author of *The Cruising Guide to*

*Central and Southern California: Golden Gate to Ensenada, Mexico, Including the Offshore Islands.* We have a copy on *Libertad* and I know many of you do as well.

It has been so wonderful to see us holding some of our normal activities after so many months of hiatus.

S/V *Libertad* joined the Santa Barbara squadron fleet of three boats on the cruise to Catalina Island last month. It was a very enjoyable week on the water. Be sure and read the article about the passages, boat fixes, drama, comraderie, happy hours, water sports, and game time! We packed in the fun.

I'm looking forward to our Annual BBQ on Saturday Sept 11. It's been so long since we had a chance to visit together as a group. And the Treasure Auction is always lots of fun. Hope to see you there!



## **ADMIN OFFICER'S MESSAGE**

**Lt/C Dennis Johns, AP**

The August Catalina Cruise was supposed to conclude with our PCYC event, but as you probably heard, PCYC was cancelled and the dates for the Catalina Cruise were revised. Fortunately, the changes were advantageous to those who had shown interest in participating in the cruise. The Johns had just returned from an RV trip to Glacier National Park on August 8 and they needed more time to prepare *Libertad* for a weeklong cruise. Other potential participants needed to find crew. Ultimately we had three squadron boats head for Catalina on Monday, August 23. The event had its

normal nautical issues for all but overall the cruise was enjoyed by all. You will read more details and see many photos further in the *Signal Hoist*.

For September, we have three events. Hope we have a good turnout for the business meeting this Thursday, September 2. The squadron runs best with your input.

On August 19 you should have received the invitation to the annual BBQ from our Commander. This social event on September 11 has always been a highlight of our yearly activities and you shouldn't miss the fun at this new venue.

Finally, the last formal cruise of the season is coming up at the end of September 24-26. The weather will likely determine the destination and Scott will let us all know where we will be headed. If you haven't left the dock yet this year make a special effort to prepare your boat for this opportunity to test your boating and anchoring skills.

## Upcoming Activities

**Thurs, Sept 2  
7:30PM**

**Business Meeting**

**Waterfront  
Classroom**

**Sat, Sept 11  
12PM - 4PM**

**Annual Meeting/BBQ**

**Clubhouse  
Rancho Santa  
Barbara**

**Fri, Sept 24-  
Sun, Sept 26**

**Last Cruise of the Season  
Destination TBD  
(Scott Burns — Point Person)**

**SB Harbor**



**PLEASE NOTE: WE NEED YOUR RSVP ASAP FOR PLANNING PURPOSES!!**



**RELAX RECONNECT ENJOY**

**It's time for Santa Barbara Sail & Power Squadron's Annual Meeting/BBQ/Auction**  
**Saturday, Sept. 11, 2021**  
**1200 - 1600**

**At the Rancho Santa Barbara Mobile Home Park**  
**Clubhouse Patio, 333 Old Mill Road, Santa Barbara**

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**BBQ Chicken, Tri-Tip and Garlic bread provided by the Squadron along with plates, napkins, & cutlery.**  
**Please bring a salad or dessert to share along with your own non-alcoholic beverage.**  
**Bring Friends and family.**

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**Treasure Auction (after we eat)**  
**Please bring all your white elephant items well wrapped and for fun!!**

**Please RSVP by 9/8 to Betty at [betty.koch@gmail.com](mailto:betty.koch@gmail.com) or 805-729-3386**



## **SEO's MESSAGE**

### **Lt/C John Profant, SN**

Wow, it is September. I must apologize for not making much happen in the Education Department. We had been talking about getting a Weather Seminar going if not an actual class. I am feeling with this Covid Delta variant still being a problem we may just revert to a virtual Seminar. Since I haven't done anything, we don't have a scheduled date. When I get off my butt and do something I'll send out a special announcement so people can sign up.

We didn't do any Vessel Safety Checks this month. We are happy to check over your boat to make sure it complies with Coast Guard requirements for safety. If it complies you will receive the 2021 VSC sticker. Just let me know if you want to do it and we can set up a time.

Contact information is [johnprofant@cox.net](mailto:johnprofant@cox.net) or (805) 455-9173.



## News from Alaska

*The following is an email received from cruisers Alyssa Lewis and Patrick White, now cruising in Alaska.*

Hello!

Just an update to let you know we're doing okay and made it safe on our trip from Hawaii to Alaska.

The passage was great as far as we can remember.

Admittedly we are pretty lucky and seem to have a hard time remembering bad memories.

The days grew longer as we travelled North, and colder also! For the last 10 days we were in a constant grey fog.

A day and a half before arriving to the Shumagin Islands on the Alaskan Peninsula, we got a text from my mom:

"Sweetie, you need to put your life jackets on. There's going to be a tsunami."

WHAT?! The second largest earthquake to hit the US in 50 years occurred 150 miles from where we were sailing.

Luckily, the tsunami was cancelled and we made it at dawn to Popof straight, with a light breeze, just a few ripples on the water, the air cold and so full of humidity it felt like it was sprinkling. Under Genoa and full main, we began our passage to Sand Point protected between islands from the ocean swell, moving 2.5 knots, with 1/4 mile of visibility, into dense fog.

Around 7am we sighted a small line of slightly darker looking fog along the horizon to port.

We heard the crashing of waves in that direction, and not so far in the distance.

Tentatively we called out our favorite line after a long passage:

"Land Ho!"

For 7 hours we sailed into the bay.

About half way, keeping a good distance from the charted "Egg Island", the fog lifted for a half hour or so exposing a small, emerald colored island, hundreds of sea birds and 2 giant fin whales playing in the distance. We tacked over to the whale show, and they surfaced again and again right next to us. Shortly after the fog filled back in and the whales headed out to sea. We continued on our way to Sand Point.

The wind started to pick up, so we pulled down the headsail, reefed the main, and entered the bay outside of Sand Point.

All that was left was to get into the harbor, tie up and voila! Landfall!



The only problem was the engine starter had gone “kaput”. For the first time in the history of having our beautiful Althea, our trusty 3 cylinder Isuzu engine really and truly wouldn’t start. And we didn’t have a spare! The harbor entrance was exactly upwind, the only direction our sailboat cannot sail. We tried and tried, different sail configurations and approaches. Finally we decided to go for it. We’d get Althea going with as much speed as possible, sailing towards the entrance. At the last minute, we would drop the sails, drift directly upwind with enough momentum to make it past the jagged rock lined breakwater, hoist the main up again lightning fast, backwind it until we’re back on a starboard tack, get the jib up and tack into the slip. We would either make it, or we would have a problem much bigger than a busted starter motor.

After several dry runs, and at the very last moment, we chickened out and made a plea on the fisherman channel of the vhf radio, “All vessels in the vicinity of Humboldt Harbor, this is the sailing vessel Althea.

Are there any kind souls out there listening with a small boat or tender who would be able and interested in towing a 35’ sailboat into the harbor?”

Immediately a fishing boat responded. Within minutes a crew of salty fishermen pulled alongside in their 56’ working fishing boat. It was a purse seiner, complete with 1/4 mile of net stacked in piles of floats and leads. They were throwing out lines about as thick as our mast, kicking fenders the size of our “steering wheel” over the side, the Captain giving orders from the bridge, the crew smoking cigarettes hands-free as they tossed us lines, heaved and pulled and got Althea nestled alongside. We were soon through the breakwater.

We tied up to the transient dock, about 2 miles long and I immediately stepped onto a pile of dogshit, nice and soft from its time sitting on the dewy, moss covered, wood planked docks. I didn’t notice, and immediately set about dragging it all over Althea.

When Patrick noticed, he was beside himself, really? Really?! Alyssa it’s the only thing on the dock! Look, it’s the Only thing on the dock! (There wasn’t even another boat). Don’t you look where you’re going? This is so gross.

Hahaha I couldn’t stop laughing, it was just too unfortunate!

Then the crew of the fishing boat came back with two fresh silver salmon, and asked if we’d like them to fillet it for us. Ummm, yes please!

So we went onboard their boat and they filleted the fresh catch, gave us samples of their homemade jerky, and lots of advice about Sand Point.

We went back to Althea, cooked up two giant fillets of salmon and ate them piping hot. What a treat!



Off to the office to meet the harbor master "Douglass". We checked in and got all the scoop about town. We learned where the 2 grocery stores and the single washer laundromat were. That was it. Sand Point is a very small town.

We spent quite a bit of time chatting with the Harbor Master Douglass, and made our way to "town", visiting the 2 grocery stores, the hole in the wall liquor store, the 6 table Chinese restaurant overlooking the cemetery. We met the family who owns the brand new walk-up, take-out pizza parlor. We found the "Lounge" and the Bar and that pretty much concluded the tour. It's so nice to breathe fresh, cold, crisp air! There are wildflowers everywhere, and Salmon berries which I have been given instructions to collect and make jam with.

Walking back to the boat, we realized that we really needed to buy a heater to dry the boat out. The incessant cold mist would make air drying impossible, and Althea has a lot of drying out to do.

We found a plug in electric heater, the only one in town, on sale for \$80. We asked the cashier if we could return it if there wasn't any power on the dock, or if we couldn't get the power to work onboard, he advised that we check before buying the heater.

We walked back to the dock and Alas!

We were tied up to the only dock in the harbor without power!

No no no! This would never do! Alyssa would not stand another cold wet night, please, no!

So we went back to the harbor office where the night watch was on duty. Did he know of anyone with a small tender who could tow us to a slip with power? Indeed!

No less than a half an hour later, his brother-in-law walked into the office with his family. He had just purchased a used aluminum tender and hadn't even started the motor yet. So, while his wife and youngest kid went to collect salmon berries, Patrick and I, the night guard, his brother-in-law and 2 of his children walked down to the tender. He knew it needed starter fluid to start, but none of us could find the air intake on the fancy 4 stroke Honda. We looked and looked, made some unsuccessful calls to some smart people, searched on google, dragged a local off the walkway and asked for his two cents. We were about to give up when the brother-in-law saw that "Pastor Scott" had just docked his private boat. He came right back with Pastor Scott (a gift from God perhaps?) who introduced himself and handed us a freshly caught and filleted "sockeye" salmon. He immediately found the air intake. They went about starting the outboard. They sprayed and pulled, sprayed and pulled and sprayed and pulled and Finally got the damn thing going!

The whole dockside gang piled in for the family's maiden voyage on their new dinghy and made it over to the other side of the harbor. The brother-in-law took one look at our boat and realized, no no Althea is too big a girl for his little tender. My heart sank.

But then he told a nearby fisherman to tow us with his 15' jet engine dinghy. Yes!

Turns out the nearby fisherman was an employee and probably new to driving tenders, or at least towing with them. He clearly hadn't heard the old "slow is pro" adage which is the most successful speed for moving big heavy boats in tight spaces.

He tied up to us and started Speeding down the harbor.

We kept saying, "She's heavy! She needs time to slow down!" But our pleas fell on deaf ears.

At full speed we went plowing down the finger, eventually coming to a crash landing, slamming into his tender and a pilling and the dock, generally making a loud and slam bam entrance. We were 4 slips down from where we were hoping to berth the boat. Oh my! But no injuries, no damage, just some bumps and dings and really fast heartbeats.

We said Thank You! and No No! We don't need anymore help, thanks so much, this finger is fine.

Once everyone left, we spent the better part of an hour hand-lining her around to our proper slip.

Back to the store, the amazing cashier whom we had spoken to about the heater stopped us outside and said,

"Wait here, we have a surprise for you"

Out from behind a pile of unpacked merchandise appeared, a heater.

He said, "Here, you can have it. I had it in my house, it works but it's too loud for me"

What?! You're kidding! Okay! Oh my goodness. This is the town of angels.

Now the sun was going down, it was about 11 at night, still raining mist.

The boat was tied up, the heater running down below.

We went and took the longest hottest showers of all time in the unspeakably dirty fisherman shower, wearing flip flops and not touching anything.

We cleared the bed to let the heat dry it out while we baked 2 more giant salmon fillets, topped with pads of butter and Herbs de Provence.

The perfectly baked fish was served on a bed of hot rice and drizzled with Hollandaise.

With clean bodies, full bellies and 3 more salmon fillets keeping cold in the cockpit, we crawled into our warm bed and slept 15 hours,

We are very happy to have made it to Alaska!

(This email was written a few weeks ago but we hadn't been able to find enough internet to send it until now.

Since then we have put a new starter in and stowed a spare in the bilge. Our cupboards are hiding 20 small jars of homemade Salmonberry jelly. Our icebox is full of salmon, cod and venison from a conglomeration of friendly people and Patrick's fast growing fish "catching" skills. We are thinking very seriously of investing in an onboard diesel heater. After a few unforgettable stops, we have made it to the lovely town of Kodiak and are preparing to make the jump across the Gulf of Alaska to Glacier Bay.)

Miss you,  
Alyssa and Patrick



# Sailing Catalina 2021 (the yin and the yang of it)

Lisa Burns

Yin & yang is not a sailing term, but a Chinese philosophy of expecting that there will be a balance between the bad with the good, and so it goes with the Benchmark. The good was Smuggler's Cove with only 4 boats at anchor: Libertad, Benchmark, Westerly & Ecco Bella. All from Santa Barbara, heading to Catalina. More good (from Lisa's perspective) light winds allowed the



Benchmark's autopilot to steer a direct course to Two Harbors, passing Santa Barbara Island in the distance.

However, light winds & following seas didn't allow Libertad to hoist their spinnaker until well past Santa Barbara Island. The Westerly, leaving at 5am, wavered such that they joined the 3 of us as Catalina came into view.

Westerly continued on to Avalon. Ecco Bella was on island time, having set

their wake-up alarm for 6pm, not 6am and showed up just as Benchmark moored.

Upon arrival at Two Harbors, Scott, captain of the Benchmark, dropped sails while stiff winds blew his Tilly hat into the ocean. Upon the Harbor Patrol's greeting Benchmark for mooring assignment, they sped off in search of Scott's hat and with good fortune, returned with it. Good Karma!





After an uneventful mooring, Scott proceeded to ready the dinghy lashed to the stern. A stiff crank broke cutting his right hand. First mate, Lisa found the largest bandage available as Scott smoothed out the flap of skin on the top of his hand that had been shaved into a large "V". That he is left-handed and hurt his right hand was in fact, lucky. He iced it and waited. Virginia Johns invited 'da Burns' to share a home cooked dinner, featuring pork roast, potatoes & green beans.

The next morning, Lisa & Kira (the Johns' granddaughter) snorkeled the point in Two Harbors, while Scott worked to get his dinghy motor finally going.

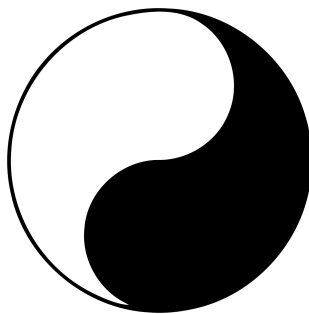
The relaxing part of the vacation promised by Rich Ciolino started with a blast of boat horns in the harbor at 5pm and "painkillers" on the Ecco Bella. The next morning, Rich & Peggy graciously ferried Scott & Lisa to the Isthmus & showed Lisa the essentials ('best showers' take quarters, trash disposal, store). The Ciolinos led the Johns with Kira, and da Burns on the



trail to Cat Harbor; their daily regimen while at Two Harbors. Together, we decided to take the 45 minute speed boat "Cyclone" to Avalon to meet Guy Smith, owner of the Westerly, for lunch. All is well.



Getting Benchmark ready for its return to the mainland on Saturday, Lisa & Scott took it over early to fill the diesel tank & empty the holding tank. Upon returning to the mooring, the Johns in their dinghy were ready to assist. All seemed fine until winds pushed the stern, such that Lisa was directed to punch the engine in reverse, accidentally catching the mooring rope. Benchmark was secured and Lisa snorkeled underwater with her video camera to assess how badly the mooring line was fouled around the prop. Turned out that Scott had to engage a scuba diver to unravel it, but fortunately, there was no damage. In the future, we will consider purchasing "Spare Air", a product with 5 breaths that with a weighted BC that would enable a competent snorkeler enough breath and neutral buoyancy, time to dislodge a fouled prop or maybe retrieve a stuck anchor.



# What a Cruise! Catalina 2021

Lt/C Rich Ciolino, JN, Peggy Ciolino, P

Three Santa Barbara Sail and Power Squadron sailboats participated in our annual cruise to Isthmus Cove at Catalina Island: Virginia and Dennis Johns with grand-daughter Kira aboard *S/V Libertad*, Lisa and Scott Burns aboard *S/V Benchmark*, and Peggy and Rich Ciolino aboard *S/V Ecco Bella*. Another sailboat, a friend of the Burns from Marina 4 aboard *S/V Westerly* accompanied us to Catalina but sailed on to Avalon instead of tying up at the Isthmus.

*S/V Ecco Bella* was the last to leave the Santa Barbara harbor on Monday morning at about noon after taking on fuel. We could see *S/V's Benchmark and Libertad* about two nm ahead and learned that *S/V Westerly* was a bit ahead of them. We were all headed to Smugglers Cove on the south side of Santa Cruz Island for an overnight stay before the 60 nm passage to Catalina.



*Ecco Bella* leaving Santa Barbara under staysail and mainsail as we await new genoa replacement for worn-out and torn genoa.





*Two cargo ships passing ahead. Note orange life boat launcher on stern of each, a new innovation we hadn't seen before other than on a YouTube video.*

We were the last to arrive at Smugglers and took our position at anchor in about 30 feet of water with about 150 feet of chain out.



*View from Ecco Bella shortly after anchoring looking at (L-R) Westerly, Libertad, and Benchmark.*





*It wasn't too long before the wind shifted and turned us all around, our orientation for most of the night.*

We left the following morning for Catalina and had a lovely, warm motor-sail since the wind was in the 4 kt range and the seas were small for most of the trip. As is usual the wind picked up as we neared Catalina but to only about 10 kts which is not quite enough for Ecco Bella to make decent speed without the gennie so we continued all the way with the engine helping us along. Libertad however took advantage of the wind and set their spinnaker for the last few miles into the Isthmus.



*Libertad under spinnaker approaching the Isthmus with Bird Rock and Westerly and Benchmark to the left.*

When we arrived at the Isthmus and radioed the harbormaster for a mooring assignment we were told that *S/V's Benchmark and Libertad* had just picked up their moorings and that we would be next to each other so we proceeded to pick up our mooring next to *S/V Libertad*.



*From right to left: S/V's Benchmark, Libertad, and Ecco Bella*

The first order of business was to get our dinghy in the water. We had just bought a new one to replace one we had for about 10 years that gave up the ghost during our last trip here a month ago. Having a dinghy is crucial here to go back and forth to shore or just do some sightseeing. Peggy and I stayed aboard this first night, had dinner, and got to bed early after a long day. A not so critical item to ready was our Stand Up Paddleboard (SUP) which we inflated the following day.





*Richard boarding Ecco Bella after launching our new dinghy.*



*Being close to each other makes communication easy. "Virginia! Peggy's making guacamole, see you at 5:00."*

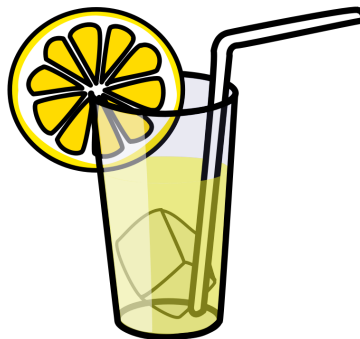
Peggy and I took a walk each morning before breakfast. It's a nice pretty level dirt road trail with gorgeous hillside, harbor, and ocean views from one side of Catalina Island to the other that's about one mile each way. We roused the entire party for the second day's walk.

Overall, the weather was great with warm sunshine every day. However, on most days an off-shore westerly ocean breeze would blow in the afternoon just enough to make ripples on the water and cause a cooling effect in the air. Sitting in the cockpit behind a dodger with the bow facing into the wind provided protection from that cool breeze.

On Wednesday night we gathered on Ecco Bella for some drinks, "pain killers" and appetizers. Note, NO MASKS, it's nice to be somewhat normal again!



*All aboard Ecco Bella enjoying drinks and appetizers after the apparently traditional "blowing of the horns" throughout the cove at 5:00PM.*







*A nice activity in the cove is SUPing amongst the moored boats and along the shoreline, especially before the wind comes up.*

Just for kicks we all took a day trip to Avalon aboard the Cyclone speedboat. For \$30 you get a round trip ticket from the Isthmus to Avalon that takes about 35 minutes or so. Speeding along the scenic coastline at 26 kts with thumping music playing is quite a kick. Their schedule is such that you only get 2 and a half hours in Avalon before catching the return trip, but that's enough time to casually stroll around and grab lunch. And that's exactly what we did, meeting up with Scott's friend from S/V *Westerly* that traveled to Catalina with us and a friend of his who came up to Avalon from San Diego. The nine of us had a nice lunch at the Bluewater Grill, and some of us followed lunch with an ice cream cone or a frozen chocolate covered banana.



*The Cyclone delivers a shipload of passengers to the Isthmus.*

Richard had a fright when we returned to the dock to pick up the Cyclone for the return trip when he couldn't find his return ticket. After searching his pockets several times and asking Peggy to search her fanny pack and pockets he moved up the line to ask the Cyclone crew what he should do without a return ticket? One of the crew reached into his pocket and pulled out a ticket, looked at it, and said "Are you Richard?" Wow, he found it on my seat after we disembarked from the boat! Oh, what a relief that was!

On Thursday night we all got together aboard *S/V Benchmark* for pot-luck appetizers with Lisa providing enough delicious cheese and bean quesadillas to fill us up that we skipped dinner.

On Friday we all gathered on *S/V Libertad* for a delicious tri-tip dinner with side dishes provided by Peggy and Lisa. The John's grand-daughter Kira, with help from Virginia, made a tasty dessert cookie to top off the dinner. *S/Vs Libertad and Benchmark* were planning to depart for home in the morning so we couldn't hang out into the night, but we were able to get in a few rounds of Mexican Train Dominoes before breaking up the party.



*Libertad's dining saloon. The dessert tray in the center has been picked creating happy smiles for all.*





*A quick few rounds of Mexican Train Dominoes in Libertad's cockpit , where it was turning a bit cool as the sun was setting, before breaking up the party.*

Well, *S/V Benchmark* left for home early Saturday morning with a stopover in Channel Islands Harbor and *S/V Libertad* left later with a stopover in Paradise Cove. *S/V Ecco Bella*, not having any pressing reason to rush home, stayed one more day and departed early Sunday morning for home with a stopover in Smugglers Cove on Santa Cruz Island.

Saturday turned out to be a lovely day with more walking, SUPing, reading, a quick dip in the 71° water, and readying the boat for a 6:00AM departure. When we awoke on Sunday morning we noticed the neighbors on either side of us were awake, with lights on and looking busy. The motor boat on our starboard side had three men on but right now only two were there and their engine was running and their navigation and running lights were on. On our port side was a couple on a sailboat who were standing in their cockpit, a light on, and drinking coffee. The motor boat departed slowly and headed out to sea. As I started our engine to warm it up I told the couple on the sailboat that we were leaving at 6 o'clock and one of them said, "Oh, that's when the race starts." Race, what race? "The paddle board race" she replied.

Let me back up a bit: It turned out that the guys and gals we had seen the past few days, including one guy from the power boat next to us, that were

scooting around the cove on these incredibly thin paddle boards, just wide enough for a body to lie on, with their hands paddling like crazy to move really fast in the water, were here for a race across the channel! No sooner had I realized what was happening, I heard an announcement from the direction of the beach, and a signal, gun or horn, I can't remember, and the race began! I could hear lots of splashing and yelling as the racers were headed in our direction. I quickly grabbed my video camera and tried to film the approaching crowd of racers and was able to get some out-of-focus dark footage before I zoomed out to get the image in focus just as they came by our boat, yelling and splashing in between the moored boats. The best shot I got was after they passed our boats.



*The paddle board racers slip by our boat heading out to sea.*





*We left shortly thereafter and got this picture of part of the string of support boats, including our ex-mooring neighbor, accompanying the paddle boarders.*

EPILOGUE: After we got home I found some information about this race. It turns out that this race is 26 nm to Manhattan Beach, their destination from the Isthmus, and it has been going on for 42 years. I also found the results of this particular race and here a couple of key highlights: The cutoff for finishers is 9 hours so the last racer getting in under 9 hours placed 75<sup>th</sup> out of over 100 male and female racers in 8 hours and 58 minutes or so. The winning time was about five and a half hours! That seems amazing that a person can keep up a pace of nearly 5 kts for that long; others not so fast.

The rest of our run to Smugglers Cove was not nearly as exciting as being in the thick of the paddle race start. With an overcast sky, a bumpy sea, and cold headwinds most of the way, we motor sailed the entire way. The sun burned through as we approached Smugglers and we anchored in about 30 feet of water and let out 150 feet of chain, pretty much as we did earlier in the week on the way to Catalina. The wind and sea were quite calm all night and we left Smugglers about 11:00 in the morning. We meandered along the north coast of Santa Cruz to enjoy the sights and finally turned for home about 12:30. Again, conditions were not conducive to sailing so we motor sailed all the way home. Along the way, about half way home, the sea went super calm. We haven't seen it so calm. The sea had ripples interspersed with huge, like tens of hundreds of square feet, areas where it was like glass. It remained like this until we got about three miles off shore.

As we neared Santa Barbara we took note of a beautiful, very large, yacht heading out to sea. It had a similar appearance to Steve Jobs' yacht that we had seen in Mexico in that the two upper decks were separated by fairly flat rooftops that, on Jobs' yacht mimicked an iPad and an iPhone. As we got

very close to Santa Barbara we noticed a strange looking vessel at anchor close to shore. It was gray and had kind of a military look to it. We circled around it and took some pictures of this huge catamaran, now known to be non-military as we saw some civilian deck hands on board. On deck we recognized a helicopter and a few RIBs and dinghies of various sizes. As we sailed into the harbor we noticed that it had weighed anchor and was moving out to sea. Peggy noted the name of the yacht, Hodor, and began researching it as we moved into our slip. What she found out was the catamaran was a 216 foot support ship for the yacht we had seen earlier, a 285 foot yacht named Lonian! This support ship carries all the "toys" for the "mother" yacht Lonian owned by Lorenzo Fertitta, the former CEO of the Ultimate Fighting Championship (UFC). He also has ties to some Las Vegas casinos. Boy, what incredible excess, gut pretty interesting to see. This turned out to be an unexpected surprise to our Catalina cruise - you never know what you might come across when cruising.



*This photo showing the Lonian was not taken by us but was copied from an on-line issue of the Santa Barbara Independent that covered the appearance of these two yachts last week.*



*This photo shows the Hodor catamaran support ship to the yacht Lonian.*

## **Photos from Catalina Sail**

Cdr Virginia Johns, P



*Benchmark at anchor at Smuggler's*

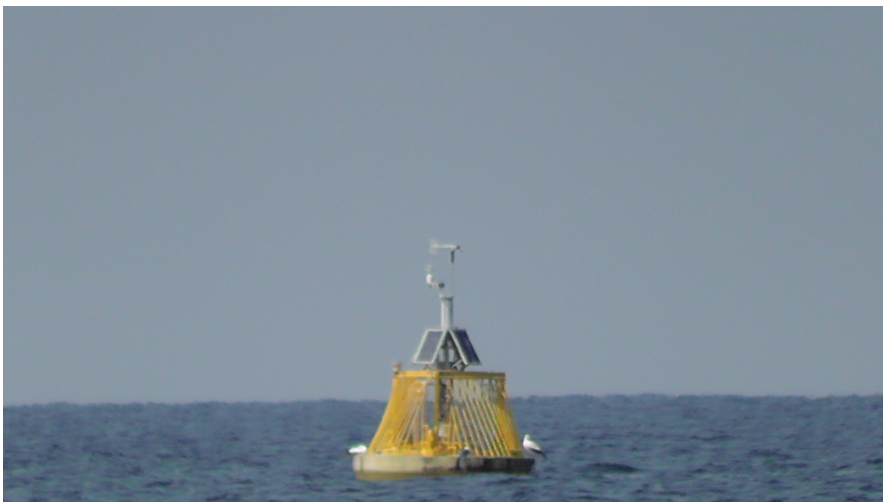




*Captain resting after arrival at Smuggler's*



*Arch at east end of Anacapa*



*Weather buoy enroute to Catalina*





*Catalina in sight*



*Libertad at sail*



*Kira and Lisa swimming back to boat after snorkel*



*Kira checking out a potential snorkeling spot*



*Morning walk to Cat Harbor*





*View from Cat Harbor towards the Isthmus*

# **Jargon — How the Club is organized**

Cdr Virginia Johns, P

This month I want to explain a bit about the current organizational structure of America's Boating Club as there is a potential change to this structure under consideration.

There are three levels: National, District, Squadron.

## **Squadron**

We are all most familiar with the organizational structure at the local level. We have an Executive Committee to run our operations. It is comprised of

- Our bridge officers: Commander, Executive Officer, Administrative Officer, Secretary, Treasurer, Education Officer
- Plus three members-at-large

## **District**

Squadrons are grouped into districts. Santa Barbara Sail and Power Squadron is in District 13. In general the squadrons in a district are in geographical proximity. D13 is generally central California squadrons, but has several geographical outliers such as Hawaii, Tokyo, and Las Vegas. The District has the same organizational structure as the squadron, including a bridge with the same six officers. Their titles include the district designation, e.g., District Commander.

## **National**

All districts report to National - the top level of the organization. National has a bridge with the same officers too. Their titles include the national designation, e.g., National Education Officer. The one exception is that the Commander at this level is the Chief Commander.

## **Roles**

As an example of how these three levels work together: National develops the Curriculum for our courses. Squadrons teach the courses. Districts



serve as the communication conduit between the squadrons and national and facilitate networking between squadrons through conferences and such.

### **Under Consideration**

A reorganization of the middle level of the organization has been proposed by National where 5 Regions would replace the 31 Districts. My simplistic understanding is that National sees the value in a middle conduit level, but given modern day electronic communication and the number of members in the organization, 31 Districts seems like too much overhead. I will keep you posted as the discussion continues. If you have thoughts on this proposed change, please don't hesitate to pass those on to me or another of the bridge officers.



The Signal Hoist is the official publication of the Santa Barbara Sail & Power Squadron. Articles of interest to the membership should be forwarded in writing via email to the Editor by the 20th of the month in order to be included in the next issue. We solicit the submission of your articles on safety, boating, cruising, racing, and squadron activities. Accompanying relevant photos are appreciated. We encourage articles by our members. Send us your true or tall tales. Articles, opinions, and advertisements published herein do not necessarily reflect squadron policy or endorsement unless so designated.

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