

Three Sheets in the Wind

THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF THE LITTLE SHIPS FLEET YACHT CLUB
(ESTABLISHED IN 1937)
233 N. MARINA DRIVE, LONG BEACH, CALIF 90803



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Little Ships Fleet YC happenings for June & July

June saw racing activities for LSFYC and this month is celebration of the 4th of July at the shed along with a new racing program to be implemented. More on this inside...



July 3 Pot Luck and Big Bang on the Bay viewing at the shed. Leaving the lonely fire pit, Little Shippers vacated the shed to sit on the docks to watch the big show. See page 4 for photos.



Vice Commodore's Report

Chris Layne



What's up little shippers!

Happy 4th of July! I hope that you all got to spend some quality time together with family and friends. I am very excited to share with you the start of the LSFYC Race Program for 2023...and beyond!!

I'm putting together a LSFYC Sailing/Racing Program. The objective is to put our yacht club back on the water and hopefully on top of a few podiums. There was a time when our humble little yacht club meant something in the sailing world. I think its high time we bring some new trophies home to put in our case.

In order to get the ball rolling in this effort, I need to fundraise \$ to supplement the costs of racing. Both **Dick Martin** and S/C **Frank Franco** have each started with \$100 donations - thank you so much, guys. On that note, I have a few things in the works to earn some extra money:

First is a pancake breakfast. **July 29th** is my goal for this get together. I'll send out the flyer as soon as a few things get resolved.

Secondly, we have a silent auction on the books. If anyone has a donation or something we can auction off, please let me know.

Thirdly and most pressing, is we have some beautiful artwork that our Port Captain, **Tracie Ichikawa**, has put together. A flyer for that will be headed your way soon. I think its going to be a great success! Thank you Tracie for putting some awesome stuff together. See page 5.

If any of you would like donate any funding towards the sailing/racing program, please notate on the donation "SAILING PROGRAM". We accept PayPal, check, or cash.

Thank you so much for your support!!

We certainly welcome new LSFYC members:

Sam Heck...I don't know if any of you know Sam Heck. He is an incredible sailor and local legend. He works in the sailing industry. He is a coach, a mentor and a sail maker. I think he would be a great addition to our club.

Kate Tonge...I sail with Kate on a weekly basis. When Kate isn't on a boat she is out windsurfing. She is very excited about joining the club and getting involved. With an attitude like that, I don't know how we could say no.

Damon Ciarelli.... He expressed interest in the club in order to race his boat. He has a 25 foot trimaran he loves to race. Unfortunately, without a yacht club affiliation he is unable to race in certain regattas. I've sailed with him in a couple regattas. He and his wife, Boo, are a great couple and love the water.

Welcome also to:

David Chi

Ketty Citterio

Cheers,

Chris Layne

LSFYC Acting Commodore

Vice Commodore

Fleet Captain (yes, I'm a very busy little beaver)



Rear Commodore Report

Lara Arambula



Ahoy Little Shippers!...

This past month I was on board the committee boat for the *Reach to the Beach* race sponsored by LSFYC. It was a picture perfect day out on the water and this was my first experience participating in a sailing race. It was very interesting to learn all the ins and outs that happen on board the committee boat. First, you need a boat, and this time Scott, owner of Inflight Surf Shop in Seal Beach, generously provided and captained his large sport fisher for the day. Second, you need people with the right know how. On this day we had **Dick Martin** and **Chris Layne** to help us drop the start/finish pins, check in participants, develop a course route, raise flags, track times and determine the order of finishers. Lastly, it's a great time to take in the fresh air and beautiful scenery that our SoCal coast has to offer. After the race, we all met up at the shed for a delicious lunch put together by Chris and Ginger. A first place trophy was then handed out to the winning team.

I had no prior experience or knowledge and none was necessary. Our club is always looking for volunteers to help onboard committee boats and I would highly encourage anyone to give it try! I look forward to participating again to further my knowledge, reinforce what I've learned and interact with new and fellow members. I encourage new members to step in and participate in the club events. Getting involved is how you will get the best value for your membership!

July 3 was the Big Bang on the Bay in Alamitos Marina. To celebrate and watch the show, we had a Pot Luck with lots of chow for attending members and followed by the super fireworks display at 9 pm. See page 4 for photos.

“Sailing a boat calls for quick action, a blending of feeling with the wind and water as well as with the very heart and soul of the boat itself. Sailing teaches alertness and courage, and gives in return a joyousness and peace that but few sports afford.”

-George Matthew Adams

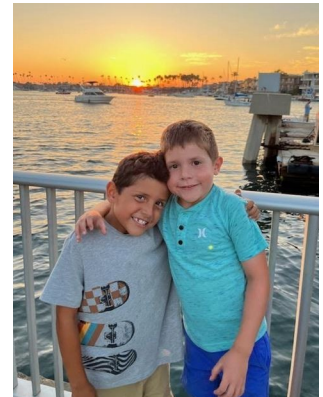
Lara Arambula
LSFYC Rear Commodore
"Carpe Diem"

LSFYC HAPPENINGS

Congratulations to the LSFYC team for placing second (in the 5 boat fleet of Catalina 37s) in the LONG BEACH RACE WEEK REGATTA June 23-25. Certainly a proud day for the club and a great kick start of the racing program for 2023.

The next LSFYC LBHHP Series # 5 is **July 15 Beat the Heat Race**. This is an opportunity for you to volunteer as Committee Boat crew and after race party. Come and see what this racing is all about!

July 3 was the Big Bang on the Bay fireworks display in Alamitos Bay marina and Little Shippers were there to watch the 9 pm show but not before indulging in a pot luck feast at the shed. Attending were: **Frank Franco & Lara, Moti Cohen-Doron & Jill, Lara Arambula & Lou** (who brought the super griller cooker) & daughter, **Frank Geiger and Gina, Robert Hughes & Reena** and the boys **Jackson & Lucas, David Chi, Geoff Vanden Heuvel & Darlene, Sharmone La Rose, Bob Bond** and others not shown. A great and memorable time was had by all.





Tracie on the Bay

By Tracie Ichikawa

Today I am writing about a painting that I recently put together. The painting is of a local family of seagulls in the Alamitos Bay marina near the fuel dock, just outside our Little Ships Fleet Yacht Club doors. Each year the same birds come to the same place to raise their babies. Each year folks from all over come to see them and love them almost as much as I do. When they are this close you learn their sounds and the meanings of those sounds. When I hear the sound of danger I pop out to see if I'm needed. For one moment please imagine me trying to chase off a pelican...no, don't. I'm laughing as I write that because I just love my birds and this year there are three babies.

One small one with an entire cheering team and two larger babies. When the babies hatch I get so excited that I have to paint them! This year our LSFYC racing team has grown strong as well because of the efforts of our acting Commodore, **Chris Layne**. Chris's vision is to bring Little Ships back to its original purpose...Racing. William "Cap" Walker was a founder of the club and created it way back in 1937. Cap would be so proud of Chris for the direction the club is going in. There was a time when all sailors came to race out of Little Ships and Chris is bringing that back around. I only know this because sailors come in to look at our book and trophies and tell me about all the memories they had from sailing here as a kid in the junior sailing team. We have member **Robert Hughes** with his kids and we would love to see that happen again with LSFYC.

In order for us to make more sailing events happen we are putting together an "Opportunity Sale" to raise money so that we can continue to enter into these highly competitive races. We are sailing with the best of the best out of the Alamitos Bay. The painting showcases the Catalina 37 and it's been framed and matted. As "the artist" of the painting, I am very proud of the piece. It feels really good when people see it and say, Wow! You did that!? I smile and say, Yep, I sure did!

Raffle tickets are \$20.00 and the drawing will be in Dec.1st just in time for Christmas. The painting is perfect for bird lovers, boat lovers, or folks that just love the area and like local made art. If you are interested please come to the shed on Friday evenings from 3:00 P.M. to 8:00 P.M. or you can just pop a letter in the mail box and I'll contact you. Our address is: 233 N. Marina Dr., Long Beach 90803. We sit just next to Fire Station 21.

You may see us around parts of Seal Beach and Long Beach showcasing the painting as well. Come say hello even if you aren't buying a ticket. We would love to meet you.



NOTICE TO BOAT OWNERS

Calif Governor Newsom's proposed 2023-2024 budget calls for a **300% increase in boat registration fees!** Although California boat registration fees have not increased in several years, BoatU.S. and the Recreational Boaters of California (RBOC), do not believe such a significant increase has been justified by the administration. Please contact your state legislators to request that they reject this proposal and engage with boating stakeholders to develop realistic fees that are dedicated to boating programs.

You can easily contact your state representatives using the prefilled form below. Feel free to add your own views to this message. [Take Action](#)

RBOC, BoatU.S. and other recreational boating stakeholders have been engaged in a two-year process to review the state's boating programs. While there was anticipated a modest increase, it was expected the state to recognize the significant contribution boaters already make, such as \$107 million in annual motor fuel taxes. It was also expected that the fees and taxes paid by boaters go to fund boating programs. Unfortunately, that is not the case with the current proposal.

Now is the time to speak up and request your state representatives stand firm in rejecting this massive registration fee increase. While boaters are willing to pay their fair share, this will be a barrier for many Californians to enjoy the state's waterways.

BOATIES

By Ray Zepeda

. The three of us sat drinking cold Red Stripe beer under the red canopy, out in front of a bar on main street of The Grand Exuma, down in the Bahamas, a hour's flight South of Nassau. The sky was as black as India ink, to the Northeast, and the boats were bouncing in the wind to the East, their rigging dinging and clanging. The hard rain popped on the canvas awning above us, palm fronds waved and snapped in the wind. I asked Harry where he and his wife were from. Harry was a little drunk.

"We're from Austin," Harry said. "I had a graphics business there for eleven years."

"I've heard good things about Austin," I said.

"It's a pretty good place. Good music. We were doing well there, you know. But I felt trapped. It was just going to work every day, I guess, but all that I could think about was leaving for somewhere, sailing to some great place where there's nobody to bug you. So I told Darlene, and she said, 'Sure. If that's what you want, let's go sailing off to somewhere nice and pretty. It sounds like fun.' She said, 'I guess that we can always start another business later. Somewhere'"

"So we sold the business for almost two hundred grand, put our four-bedroom house on that golf course up for sale. Just a week before we sold the house, we went on down to Galveston and looked for a boat. We ended up with that thirty-six foot Ericson that's lying out there. *Valhalla*. She's a pretty good boat, for the price. A little old, but roomy and sturdy besides. New sails. A strong diesel engine. Good boat, for twenty K. After we found her, we sold the house in just three days. Took out a bunch of cash for the trip, put the rest in the bank. That was a damn nice house we had in Austin."

"You're lucky that you got out of Texas," Bruce said. "You can always get another house somewhere without a hundred-and-ten degree days all summer, and bloody tornados all bloody winter." Bruce is a Kiwi, so he speaks Brit-English. Except for "Good on you," Auz talk.

The rain fell hard like a gray curtain across the harbor and over the white houses and red-clay roofs of the village. Harry stared off through the palm trees at the boats that lay at anchor off the coast of the big island now. He was there on the Grand Exuma with his wife, on their sailboat. I was visiting my friends Bruce and Diana, whose sloop was anchored beside Harry's boat. Ten other boats lay beside them, all bows into the wind blowing from the North. A giant storm was coming down the East Coast of the states and down across the Bahamas. Blizzards up in the Northeast, strong wind and heavy rain down to us.

We were all of us there on The Grand Exuma, a nice island with very few people. Another, smaller island lay two hundred yards across the strait, its palm trees behind the gray- gauze curtain of rain. All of the boats bobbed up and down in the chop and whitecaps. It was a bad and dangerous day to sail anywhere. Most of the people on their boats had planned to sail to the Dominican Republic, which was three days Southwest, in a good wind. The rest planned on heading north and home, but the weather just kept hammering. It had been raining since I'd arrived three days before, and they told me that it had been raining off and on for a month or so, with a day-long window, maybe, then wham, all over again, they said.

"How long have you been here?"

"Two months now. Bad weather for five weeks now. Hell, six weeks. So we're stuck here," Harry said. "One of these damn days we can go to the Dominican Republic."

"What's in the Dominican Republic?"

"Another harbor with a different bar, and some new people."

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BOATIES (con't)

Five hours earlier that day, the sun had come out for a while and the Boaties had spread a net between two palm trees and chosen up teams for volleyball. Harry had chosen himself captain of the team that I was on, and Bruce had taken over the opposing team. The game was tied, then Harry's wife hit the ball into the net, and Harry yelled at her, "Good job, *Darlene*, you lost the god-damn game for us."

"F** you, Harry," she yelled back. "This isn't the Olympics. It's just a friendly game of volleyball."

"I play to win," Harry said, "friendly game or unfriendly game."

Harry and his wife, Darlene, had been drinking rum and Coke all morning, for breakfast and brunch. Darlene then stomped off toward their dinghy and started it up and went back to their boat without Harry.

Then the sky started to get blacker and blacker and the storm that we all were expecting started to roll in, rain pelting us, and everyone grabbed their bags and purses and towels and headed back to their boats. We gave Harry a ride back to his boat in the Zodiac, then came back to Bruce's boat, *Saline Solution*. Everyone around us began to haul up their anchors and then head to the other side of the channel so that they could anchor into the wind, in the lee of the big island.

When we got on *Solution*, Bruce started the engine and his son, Shane, hauled up the anchor. All of the boats made their way across the channel, and Bruce looked over at Harry's boat.

"Where'd Harry go?" Bruce said.

"He's probably talking to his wife," Shane said. "She was pretty mad."

"Pretty drunk as well," Bruce said.

The boats that had left began to drop their anchors across the channel, and had their bows pointed into the coming storm. Shane got our anchor all the way up and Bruce started to go across, all of the time watching to see if Harry was coming up on deck. Bruce steered *Solution* out into the channel, but then he turned and started circling in the deep water. We watched as Harry's boat began to swing on her anchor, the stern circling toward the sand and beach on shore.

"They're heading for trouble," Bruce said. "We'd better check on Harry." Bruce wiped the rain off his face and put his hat down onto his balding dome. "Go over and see what's going on, Shane. He's not even up on deck." Shane hopped in the Zodiac and motored through the chop and the white caps over to Harry's boat to see what was going on. Harry's boat started to drift around even further, so that the bow pointed Southeast. She was in danger of going aground in shallow water and flopping onto the beach. We watched as Shane climbed aboard Harry's boat to see what was going on. Bruce went back and forth in the deep water of the channel, while we waited for Shane to figure things out, and then do something about it. The wind pushed through the palm trees and they rustled like straw rubbing against straw.

"We need to get going across, where it's safe," Bruce said. "Soon."

We both watched the wind as it blew from the North, and we waited. Bruce's wife Diana was down in the cabin putting something away. I could hear her opening and closing cupboards. Then Shane waved at us and climbed off of Harry's boat and back into the Zodiac, started the engine with a yank, then wove through the wind chop back to *Solution*. When he got back on board, Shane said, "Harry was down in the cabin with Darlene and they were going at it. They're both pretty doggone drunk."

"They picked a bad time to get drunk and argue," Bruce said.

"I heard his wife yelling from down below. 'I want to run this f**ing boat onto the beach, in the f**ing Grand Exuma,' she yelled.

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BOATIES con't

Then she yelled, ' I just want to go home and take a hot, f**ing bath''

Bruce and I laughed at that, as we all watched Harry begin pulling up his anchor, hand over hand. Harry's wife, Darlene, had come up on deck and she was at the wheel, her blonde and wavy hair shining and snapping in the wind. She backed their sloop up some into the channel and then she pointed the bow into the wind of the coming storm.

"Jesus. They damn near went aground," Bruce said and he laughed his deep, Kiwi laugh.

Harry was out on deck and he looked as if he was all right. He raised his right arm and waved a broad, drunken wave at us, as if he was heading to a place thousands of miles away, far beyond the Dominican Republic. They were pretty drunk all right.

Bruce steered the boat to point her bow across the channel, then Shane got out on the bow and stood, waiting. Harry seemed to be all right, so we headed across some rough water in the channel toward the palm trees that whipped and rustled in the wind.

When we got into a place where there was calm, behind the larger island, Shane dropped our anchor, letting the anchor chain run out between his hands as it rattled out of the hold. Her bow was pointed into the Northeast wind, and we were sheltered by the larger island that stood only a yard or so above sea level, like all islands there.

Harry and his wife chugged over through the choppy water in their boat to where we were anchored, and they got in the lee of the island, just as we had. Darlene was still at the wheel and she pointed their boat into that Northeast wind, like we had, and then stopped by shifting into reverse, as if she'd done it a thousand times. Their boat was to our port side. Harry was out on the bow and he dropped their anchor with a rattle of its chain right beside us, and beyond them there were a dozen other boats at anchor and pointing in the same direction into the approaching storm.

"Well, at least Harry didn't fall into the drink," Bruce said. "These storms are driving people nuts."

"They'll probably stop soon," I said

"This could keep up until April," Bruce said. "Maybe three more months."

"Harry and his wife had better go somewhere before April," I said. "They're ready to kill each other."

"Maybe they'll leave their boat behind. Sell it to some villager."

"Do the villagers want a boat like theirs?" I said.

"Probably not," Bruce said. "They all have motor boats. Sails are old hat . . . We'd better go and get Harry and take him ashore, before he kills his Darlene, or vice versa."

Bruce and I hopped in the Zodiac and motored over to Harry and Darlene's Ericson.

"Come on with us, Harry," Bruce said. "Darlene, we're taking Harry ashore for a beer."

"Take the drunken bastard. Please!" she yelled from below. "He's all yours."

"Do you want to go ashore?" Bruce said.

"No, I'll just stay here out of the rain and take a nap," she had said, the boat bobbing in the wind waves.

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BOATIES con't

"No, I'll just stay here out of the rain and take a nap," she had said, the boat bobbing in the wind waves.

Now, as we sat in the bar drinking our beer, *Solution* moved and bounced in the wind as did Harry and Darlene's boat, *Valhalla*, and the eight other sailboats that lay anchored in a line, like ducks. Thick rain started to come down in a slant toward the boats anchored there off shore and onto the road in front of us.

"There they lie, all as safe as lovebirds," Bruce said.

We sat and watched as the water churned up and got choppy with white caps and waves from the thirty-five-knot wind, and beyond the palm trees to the North, mountains of black clouds as big as the Himalayas, lay on the horizon and rolled toward us to fill the sky above, and it looked as if there was no end to it.

"I just have to go the Dominican Republic.," Harry said. "That's all that I want."

"There are worse places to get stuck in than The Grand Exuma," Bruce said.

"Probably so," Harry said. "Probably so. But it'd be damn nice leaving, wouldn't it?"

Editor note:

LSFYC member Ray Zepeda is a recently retired professor at Long Beach State who taught Creative Writing. This contribution to the newsletter is simply a means to share a story with fellow members and to promote the opportunity to invite and encourage members to contribute something as well.

If you have a sailing story, adventure, a trip or anything that would be of interest to the members, please send it in to this email.

TRACIE ICHIKAWA

Tracie is LSFYC's inhouse artist and the most enthusiastic promoter of the club in some time. A talented and skilled artist in creation of portraiture and sculpture, she has brought to the shed many attractive examples of her work. Much of her current subjects are fauna in the marina such as seagulls and seals, but also objects and activities around the marina as well. We have encouraged her to expand her activities to a more commercial endeavor....perhaps to a showing of her work in the shed as a gallery.

Regarding inspiration, Tracie says:

"Most Artists have an artist or few who inspires them. I recall the very moment when I walked into a Robert Wyland gallery in La Jolla California and saw the whale tale that moved me. I'll always remember it and how it made me feel. Many years later he had a television program where he was showing people how to paint an underwater painting. I thought to myself I can do that! So I did and I kept going. That was back in 2014 so it's been a while. Then one day I saw the most beautiful sculpture by Kobe called, The Kiss. It wasn't the kiss that captivated me. It was his hand on her leg that created a dent in her skin that expressed deep passion in that moment. It was brilliant! I thought to myself, I can do that! So, I purchased clay and I did my Surfer Girl sculpture (below) . At first I struggled until one day someone said, you need a reference. I began asking neighbors if they would be my model. I wasn't having much luck so I thought to ask my daughter who was living in Washington D.C. at the time. She sent photos the very next morning. What my eyes saw come out of my hands and it truly was like magic. I often refer to myself as a tool in which I am used to create art that moves people. What I hope to accomplish is just that, to move people to feel warmth or maybe a little laughter inside. All my works are so different from one another. One painting may be clean and quirky while another may be sloppy and thought filled. They are just things that come to me in my day to day life. Some come to me while looking at something, some come to me while sitting in stillness and others are life forms I may see in the beautiful Alamitos Bay. If you ever see me, I hope that you'll stop to say hello. Who knows, you could end up inspiring me in one fashion or another."

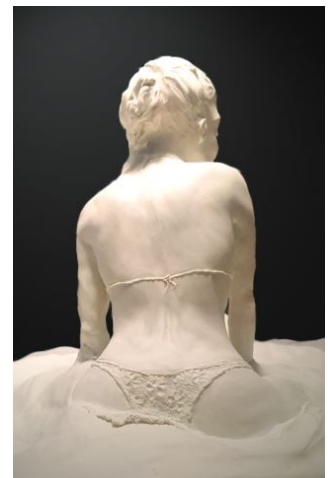




Photo by Lara Franco

After 3 hard days of competition in the Long Beach Race Week in the field of 5 one design Catalina 37's the LSFYC sponsored team of Chris Layne, Allie Tsai and LSFYC team had battled it all out and were handed the trophy for 2nd place! Congrats to the Little Shippers...

JULY 2023



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LSFYC
presents



BEAT THE HEAT

LBHHPS #5

July 15, 2023

please join us after the race
for food and drinks
register online @ lsfyc.org

2023 LSFYC Bridge

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Rear Commodore: Lara Arambula

Treasurer: Dick Martin

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