

# THE COYOTE'S BAY

Issue 2: February, 2018



## COMMODORE'S LETTER

Greetings, Friends!

It was requested that I share a print version of part of the speech I gave at last month's Commodore's Ball, but considering that I didn't have my notes with me at the time and that fabulous evening is now kind of a blur, I guess I will just have to wing it again! So – for those of you who don't know my yacht club story, here goes...

Almost exactly 10 years ago in 2008, I purchased *Liquid Kitty* (my Santana 525) with a friend of mine who was supposed to teach me how to sail. He was looking for a boat anywhere in the Bay Area, and since I live about a mile down the street from Coyote Point I told him that I would go in on it with him if that was where he found one. Shortly thereafter, he moved to Florida leaving me with what I liked to call "my floating backyard."

## IN THIS ISSUE

Commodore's  
Letter pp. 1-2

Membership  
Chair's Letter p. 3

Cruise Report p. 3

Featured Article:  
"Crossing Over to  
the Dark Side" p. 4

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### COMMODORE'S LETTER (Cont.)

For the next two years, I often could be found “slip sailing” in the marina – reading books, sharing drinks with friends and generally working on my



tan aboard the *Kitty*. After a couple of unsuccessful attempts to find a replacement boat partner, I finally wandered into Coyote Point Yacht Club in 2010 during a Chili Cook Off. There, I met Steve Basuino, who was Commodore at the time, and he assured me that the way to learn how to sail was to show up at Wednesday Night races.

Finally, in 2011, after a post-tumor removal epiphany, I showed up on a Wednesday night. After a lovely evening out on the water on *Vita e Bella* (thanks, Jack!) and a convivial post-race dinner in the Regatta Room, I was hooked! It was at Wednesday night dinners that both Aaron Swerkes and Mark Bettis overheard me telling others that I owned a boat that I did not know how to sail, and these two guys made it their mission to right that wrong.

I was soon smitten, sailing multiple times a week and crewing in races anytime a skipper would have me. I became semi-regular crew on *Sweet Grapes*, and late one Wednesday night, in my second season, Mark Green shoved a membership application in front of me. The rest, as they say, is history.



It truly is such an honor to be the Commodore of the yacht club that literally changed my life. I am so grateful to Steve Basuino for his hospitality on



that day in 2010, and his unwavering support ever since;

to Jack Verducci, for allowing me, and countless other newbies, to ride along on *Vita e Bella*; to Aaron Swerkes, for being a fantastic “Sailing Significant Other;” to Mark Bettis, for demanding that I start sailing the *Kitty*; to Mark Green, for insisting that I become a member; to my bestie, Luther Izmirian, for the countless hours aboard *Paradigm* teaching me to be a better sailor; to all the great friends I’ve made at the Club; and to everyone who has raised a glass with me at the bar and/or attended one of the dinners that I’ve cooked, I plan on doing the very best I can as the Commodore of CPYC because I owe it to all of you!

## MEMBERSHIP REPORT

*Billy Rinehart*

William Rinehart (addressed by colleagues, formal folks and this bio) as Billy, is excited to be joining the Coyote Point Board of Directors in 2018 as the Club's membership chair. I have been a member of the Club for only one short year, but it what a year it has been. Last April, my fiancée, Abby, and I, purchased a Cal 29-2, named "TBD." Since then, I have enjoyed captaining the vessel all over The Bay, including CPYC cruise outs, and other mostly overly optimistic shenanigans. On many Saturday nights, you'll find me at the CPYC bar, engaged in a rollicking game of dice or chatting with my favorite CPYC members (hi, Colin!).

It started in Assawomen Bay on a Hobie. My father would take me out from time to time, and once I hit double digits, I became a lot more interested in my late grandfather's prized possession, the 28 foot Mako with twin 200's. My last sail was in 1992, and it wasn't until 2015, when I sailed with college friends from Long Beach to Catalina; I had no idea that would be the weekend that I would fall in love with sailing. During the trip to Catalina, a friend turned off the engine, and let the wind do the work. Once the boat was under sail, and my sailing story begins again. I had found something I loved as much as surfing or finding a lime in my *cerveza*. Sailing has since been one of my first passions.

If you find yourself on TBD, cancel your plans because getting me back in port is like getting your boat out of the harbor during a negative tide.

As membership chair, my main focus will be bringing in more members and ensuring 2018 is a fantastic year for Coyote Point Yacht Club. See you out on the water (or at the bar!)

## UPCOMING EVENTS



CALLING ALL SEA DOGS!  
Celebrate the Year of the Dog

**AEOLIAN YACHT CLUB**  
**CRUISE OUT**  
February 16-18, 2018

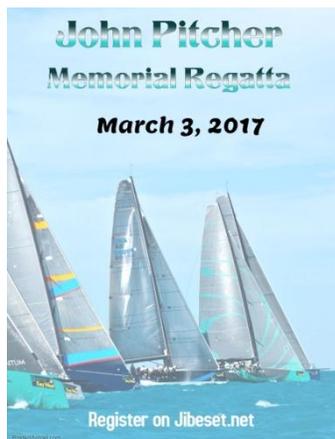
Music Jam Session Friday night

**\$40.00 per guest**

Includes:  
Dinner Friday &  
Saturday night  
Sunday Breakfast

Register by February 9

<https://cpyc.com/sailing-at-cpyc/2018-cruise-schedule/#Aeoliaelion>



**John Pitcher**  
**Memorial Regatta**  
**March 3, 2017**

Register on Jibeset.net

## Winter Rabbit Race Series

**February 11, 25**

**March 10, 24**

**Skipper's meeting**  
**12:30**

## CRUISE REPORT

*Mark Bettis*

For more than thirty years, it has been a tradition to cruise to Oyster Point Yacht Club for brunch the day after the Commodore's Ball. January cruising is always iffy, as Mother Nature has the last word. This year, the weather held, and 7 boats, including new-comers Christian Short on "Windmill" and Alex Houlton on "Stella Maris" arrived for a delicious brunch catered by Dominic's. The 2017 Tauscher and SeaCwest awards were handed out, given to the club member who attended the most cruise outs, and to the cruise leader with the most boats. This year's winners were Gary Edwards (Power Cruiser) and Mark Bettis (Sailboat Cruiser) and Colin Lindberg for leading 19 boats up to Marin Yacht club.

If you missed the fun, we will be cruising to Aeolian Yacht Club over President's Day weekend (February 16-18). Bring your instruments for a music jam session on Friday night, and your appetite for a Chinese New Year Dinner on Saturday night. Sign ups are now open.



## CROSSING OVER TO THE DARK SIDE

*Catherine Miskow*

There is no love lost between power boaters and sail boaters, each having their own reason for their preferred vessel. Sailors love the sensation of the wind on their faces, and the sound of nothing more than the wind and the waves, while power boaters enjoy the luxury of speed, comfort, and being the first to reach the cruise destination.

I grew up sailing the Bay on my parents' Freeport 36 (which is still in the marina, just under a different name). And while I loved going on weekend cruises, I always groaned at just how long it took to get anywhere--4 hours to Angel Island, 3 hours to the city, and a 24 hour trek up to the Delta. And then, there was the dreaded 'wake.' Many times, we would be sailing along, and I would hear my Dad yell from the cockpit, "Wake!" Not long thereafter, I'd look up and see a huge Bayliner, or some other powerboat, breeze by us, leaving us to rock-and-roll like a Tommy Tippy cup. "Those \*#\$% power boaters need to learn some courtesy," I'd hear my Dad mutter as we returned to a vertical state. As I watched the huge offender diminish in the distance, a tiny part of me wished I could be on that boat, cruising along at 25 knots and never once saying "Are we there yet?" My parents sold the sailboat in 2005, and I was "boatless" until last year, when I bought "*Cardinal Rule*," a SeaRay 280 Weekender cuddy cabin. I had officially crossed over to the Dark Side.

Coming from the 'Other Side' has taught me skills that I have been able to transfer. I have found that I am more aware of the effects of the wind and the current on my boat, and after years of reading the wind, can figure out just how to trim my engine for the smoothest and most efficient ride. When out on the Bay, I tend to give sailboats as wide a berth as possible, sometimes even slowing down as I pass; if slowing isn't feasible, I stay as far away as possible, so that when my wake does reach them, they don't rock as much.

As much as I love the speed, I haven't forgotten my sailing roots. I still sail every so often, whether on Wednesday night beer cans, or cruising on a friend's boat. And while I love the serenity of hearing just the wind and the waves, it's still nice to be able to zip up to the city to catch a Giant's game, or spend a day at Angel Island, and be back in time for dinner. So come on over to the dark side. I have cookies, or, at least a great cockpit for having cocktails.



*Sailing "Chizumi," 1982.*



*Aboard "Cardinal Rule," 2017.*



*Each month, we will feature an article written by a club member. If you would like to submit an article, e-mail your submission to [secretary@cpyc.com](mailto:secretary@cpyc.com). Please submit any accompanying photos as well. Articles may be edited for length. Submissions must be received by the 25th of the preceding month in order to be printed in the following month's news letter.*