

July 2017

SPLASH



The Ventura Sailing Club Newsletter

Welcome to the July 2017 newsletter of our water sports and recreation club. This publication is issued when we have content, but approximately every two months.

The content is, as always, dependent on contributions from you, the members. We welcome all submissions.

Officers:

Commodore
Vice Commodore
Rear Commodore
Port Captain
Fleet Captain
Multi Hull Fleet Captain
Communications Officer
Sergeant at Arms
Secretary

Will Yount
Richard Sharpe
Norbert Hirsch
Mike Holbert
Jimmy McWaters
Bob Martinez
Guy Skinner
Mike Adams
Paula Sharpe

Content:

Commodore's Corner**William Yount**

Frenchy's Rum Run.....**Richard Sharpe and Bill Mattson**

Milt Ingram Ocean Race.....**Richard Sharpe**

The R2AK Race.....**Stephanie York**

COMMODORE'S CORNER



by William Yount

AKA - Happenings from the May/June Meetings

Current VSC Vital Statistics

**As reported by the Commodore*

- Paid members of SCYA, US Sailing Association and ASBCYC w/ Regatta Ins.
- Paid members for '17 – 36
- ✓ *Keep sending in those dues for this year, send your \$60 check in the mail to:*
Ventura Sailing Club
4500 Antigua Way
Oxnard, Ca. 93035
- May/June; deposited \$550.00: 3 memberships and FRR entries
- Paid out this period: \$10.71 for Awards; \$205.00 Donation to Sistership; \$223.80 for giveaways and prizes; \$100.00 to AYC for hosting FRR
- Current Bank Account: \$4,532.06 w/ outstanding debt for 2017: ASBCYC membership and regatta insurance

And Other Official Business....

- Hats and Burgees, on sale now at VSC meetings for only \$20!
- Business Cards – Pass them out to anyone interested in the best Sailing Club Ever
- Website Updates – Rear Commodore Norbert Hirsch is on it, check out the Website!
<https://venturasailingclub.org/>
- Splash – Well you must be reading it now... Thanks Paula!

Recent/Upcoming Events Reported by Guest Speakers

**Big thanks to these fearless souls who come up to the microphone and entertain the crowd!*

- The Frenchy's Rum Run 2017 was huge success in great conditions – see full report this issue of Splash!
- Next Event – The Prison Break September 9-10th – Mark your calendars!
- Thanks again to everyone who comes out for the monthly meetings, and especially to Mike Holbert and the staff of the most excellent club house ever, the Victoria Pub and Grill!

FRENCHY'S RUM RUN

Views from different points of the race



From Richard Sharpe.....

The day looked overcast and cool to begin with, as 12 boats arrived at the start line for the 13th annual Frenchy's Rum Run.



The wind though, had different ideas, as it started to increase and blow away the murk. Boat speeds started to increase and when boats arrived at



the Frenchy's buoy, apart from the slow pace caused by the lee of the island, we could all see that it would be a wild ride back to Mandalay. With the big cat Wahoo leading the way, followed by the Monohull, conditions were perfect.

The beach cats, shepherded by the two RIB chase boats, started to revel in the conditions with the comfort of knowing that, if they pitch poled or capsized, they had help on hand.



The RIBs had need of all their speed as the cats sustained speeds of 18 knots and exceed 20 knots at times. They were drenched, but wearing smiles from ear to ear.

Taking first place in spinnaker was Fleeboflam a J22, who picked up the increasing breeze back to the shore and first in non-Spinnaker was Velero, who averaged 6 knots for the complete course, quite a feat for an old girl. In ORCA, Shorty managed to get home and take 1st place after breaking a rudder blade tie down, beating Wahoo by a healthy



margin. In the beach cat class there were dramatic scenes as Sailbad the Sinner missed the Mandalay mark on the return leg, leaving Cheap Thrill, a Hobie 18, to scoop up 1st place. Bob Martinez, skipper of Sailbad was philosophical after the event saying, "well at least I had the sail of my life", a thought shared by all the beach cat drivers and crew.



From Bill Mattson.....

Bob Martinez was reminding me about the upcoming Frenchy's Rum Run Race. As a Hobie 18 sailor, I was sort of interested. It had been over 15 years since I did any real racing, having spent the nineties class racing Hobie 16s around the buoys with my son. Then, in 2002, we got the crazy idea to enter The Milt Ingram Race on a Hobie 16 on a 30 kt day. We finished that race on a Coast Guard boat, and I have unwittingly carried that legacy ever since.

Yeah: I'm that guy.

After that race in 2002, determined on successfully sailing the Santa Barbara Channel, I started contemplating a crossing to Santa Cruz Island. During a fun sail in Long Beach, I met fellow catamaran sailor Gary Friesen, who coincidentally shared the same ambition. After months of planning and preparation, we made our first crossing to Scorpion Anchorage on "Whisk", his Mystere 6.0 beach catamaran. In the following 10 years we would explore the Channel Islands National Park on 3 and 4 day camping trips, landing on over 23 beach locations around the perimeter of Santa Cruz Island, and on 3 locations on Santa Rosa Island. I also made trips with my son on "Cheap Thrill" my Hobie 18, landing on the north shore of Santa Cruz Island, as well as the back side at such places as "Coches Prietos" and "Willows".

Now, I know the channel. I've done 2 hour crossings in perfect conditions, 13 hour crossings landing at the islands in the dark, and one particular day with winds gusting over 40 kts during which I probably muttered "I want my mommy" at least once. In well over 30 trips to the islands, I only required assistance once on a return leg, receiving a tow after we found ourselves becalmed in the dark at 8pm, 12 miles out of Ventura.

Bob reminds me again about The Rum Run.

I need a good ocean race under my belt. What the heck. Let's do this.

I contact my son, but find him unavailable that weekend. (His weekend availability to crew for me was so much easier back when he was 13.) I put out requests to potential crew, but nobody is free. The night before the race, I am at a party and find a willing candidate with no sailing experience. But I check my phone and see that the forecasted Small Craft Advisories are still there. I decide that is no place for a beginner, so I figure I will need to do the race single handed.

I get to the harbor early, and find fellow sailors Bob Martinez and Lance Inoue rigging their boats. Soon the race committee is assembling at a picnic table. Since all my prior competition has been class racing, I am completely ignorant on PHRF ratings. I turn in my entry form with no rating, and inform them I simply don't know what it is. I'm on a Hobie 18, but with an aftermarket square top main and sailing single-handed. The recipient takes my form and money and says, "We'll figure it out."

It has been over a decade since I have raced. I vaguely remember the flags, and horn sequences. I just know my start time by the clock, and when I dug out my sailing watch that morning I found the battery had died. So I am running totally blind as far as the start. I figure I don't really have a chance against Bob and Lance anyway, so I'm not looking for a stellar start.

I sail to the start area and hang out well below of the line. The first start of the monohulls was scheduled for 1100. I look to my GPS and see a time of 1110, so things are obviously delayed. I have not heard one horn. At some point I notice

quite a few monohulls on their way to Anacapa and realize this thing is being run with no sound signals. I look to the GPS again and realize I have the destination set to the Mandalay buoy and I am not looking at the current time, but rather my ETA to the buoy!

Oh yeah... This is going well.

I scramble back down to the start area and keep an eye on my competitors. With no watch, and an unknown amount of time to fiddle with the GPS clock, I am forced to just follow their lead. Once I see them on their way, I get to the line and follow.



The wind is already up and I am on the trapeze. Both Lance and Bob are running way lower than me, but I continue on my heading to Frenchy's. The wind and seas continue to increase, and I would just love to be giving direction to my crew right now. More outhaul, more downhaul, more mast rotation. But by myself, I would have to come in off the trapeze and virtually stop the boat to do these adjustments. I decide to just stay where I am at and carry on. Lance is doing a "horizon job" on me and Bob is a bit behind and running way lower than me. It seems nearly an hour that I have been on the trapeze, and start feeling

it my feet as I stand on the narrow deck lip of the Hobie. The seas are getting rougher. As I near the shipping lanes, I lean my head and look under the boom to check for traffic. Sure enough, there's a freighter a few miles out. I've been doing a decent job of dodging the larger waves up until now, when a brief respite from the wind lowers the windward bow just as a large wave is coming. I drop to the water level just in time to catch the wave square on to my thigh with a force that I seriously thought would leave my leg bruised. The combination of the trapeze wire and safety tether keep me on the boat. (I always use a safety tether and jack line when single handed). Over the next several minutes, I occasionally check for the ship and find it on pretty much the same bearing every time. It's obvious we are on a collision course, so we get closer, I sheet out, come in off the trapeze, and wait. While waiting, I increase outhaul, downhaul, and mast rotation to get some power out of the mainsail. Then I wait some more for this oversized seagoing parade float to get out of my way. It's an agonizing delay, but allows me to take a break. The freighter passes, and I am back to work.

Beating to heavy weather is easy on a beach cat. If you feel a capsize coming on, you head up a bit or sheet out. It's the broad reach in a blow that can be a handful. And as I am looking at the increasingly heavy wind and seas, I am thinking, "At some point, I have to turn around and run in this stuff."

As I reach the lee of Anacapa Island, I come in off the trapeze, and see Lance coming up the coast of the island. Bob is approaching from behind. We all come within shouting distance, asking each other where the mark is. I knew Frenchy's from a prior trip, so I just navigated to it and figured I'd see a buoy. But Frenchy's is a relatively large anchorage. I spot a monohull to the West of us, sailing towards the island. Near where he is headed, I see a chase boat, then see the mark. The three

of us all try to sail towards the mark in the light air. I tack back out to sea to find more wind, then tack back to find it was the right decision. I round the mark just a few feet before Mitch Yount's triamaran "Shorty", then set course for the mainland. I take advantage of the momentary light conditions to depower the mainsail even more, and look at the white capped laced, hacked up channel before me.

As I exit Anacapa's lee, the wind and waves expectantly increase and the boat accelerates. I note that keeping the bows above water is far less challenging without another person and 100 lbs of camping gear and provisions on the boat that I usually have during island trips. Still, it takes a bit of concentration and quick steering to prevent stuffing a bow into a wave. On a broad reach in heavy air, you have to maintain speed to keep the apparent wind down, Stuff a bow into a wave, and the apparent wind goes up, usually resulting in a pitchpole and capsize. Both Lance and Bob pass me with crews on the trapeze. Both become clear ahead of me, and Bob is running way higher than Lance and I. With both my competitors on different headings, I am not sure who to follow. I briefly cleat the main sail, take my attention off the waves, and look down to my GPS on the trampoline to check my heading to the Mandalay Buoy. While confirming I am on course, I feel the boat shudder, decelerate, and have a rush of spray fly into me. It was a close call, but I recovered and averted capsize. I took a bearing on the mountain contour in front of me.

I never looked down at that GPS again.

The radio on my PFD crackles... "Cheap Thrill, Cheap Thrill....". Someone is hailing me. I've got a hand on the tiller, a hand on the main sheet, and all my attention focused on the bows and waves. The radio is on my PFD, inches from my cheek, but I just can't deal with it right now. "Cheap Thrill, Cheap Thrill...." Oh man.

Do they think I am missing? "Cheap Thrill, Cheap Thrill....". In a sequence I complete as rapidly as I can between wind gusts, I cleat the main and drop it, key the radio on my PFD, yell "This is Cheap Thrill!", and then grab the main sheet yanking it out of the cleat. The next transmission appears to be an inquiry as to whether I can see another boat, but with the noise from the wind and waves, I can't hear specifics, and I can't take my hands off anything. I cleat the main again. "I'm single handing and really busy right now!"

Lance is still far ahead of me. Bob is so far to the Northwest I start speculating that he may have the confidence to stop in Santa Barbara for lunch, before coming back to finish. After a few minutes, and getting closer to the mainland, the wind starts to decrease and I find myself closing in on Lance. My crewless lighter weight that hurt me in the heavy air is now starting to pay off in the lighter air. Closer... Closer.... As Lance rounds the buoy, I am a mere 50 feet or so behind him. After rounding the buoy, I am able to get windward of him. After nearly 30 miles and 3 hours of racing, we are close enough to converse. "Well... This is getting exciting.", I say.

With its rocker hulls, Cheap Thrill loves to surf. It is a close reach to the Harbor, but it looks like I have the room to surf some waves slightly towards the beach and still lay the entrance. This has me quickly pulling ahead of Lance, and there is no sign of Bob.

I continue towards the harbor entrance, and look back to see Lance WAY higher than me. Something isn't right. On the radio, I now hear what sounds like either the RC or a chase boat make a reference to "The Whistle Buoy". My eyes dart out to the buoy, then back to Lance. I guess I am supposed to round that buoy before going for the harbor. If I thought I would have had a snowball's chance in hell in this race, I would have paid more attention at the skipper's meeting. I am now far below the

buoy. I go close hauled and pinch my way up to it, watching Lance victoriously round it first. Once I finally round the buoy, he is far ahead of me again. But the air is light and Cheap Thrill is now on a direct line to surf waves, so I start closing the distance. Closer and closer as we reach the harbor entrance. I end up finishing about one minute behind Lance, and it is an honor to finish so close to such a skilled catamaran sailor.

Bob? Apparently, he forgot to round the Mandalay buoy. It was a “gimme” to Lance

and I, and gave me a small sense of pride to get at least one out three buoys correct.

Thanks to the Ventura Sailing Club for putting on such a great event and providing me some redemption for my newbie performance in the Milt Igram Race 15 years ago. I promise to pay much more attention to the Sailing Instructions next year, and will be “all ears” at the skipper’s meeting!



Frenchy's Rum Run Final Results

Orcas

Boat name	TCF	finish time	Elapsed time	Corrected time
Shorty – Mitch Yount	0.9872	15:07:31	3:55:31	3:52:30
Wahoo – Bill Gibbs	1.1867	14:50:33	3:38:33	4:19:21

Beach cats

Skipper	Type	DP-N w/HC	Start Time	End Time	Elapsed Time	Decimal Time	Converter	Corrected Time
1 st Bill Mattson	H18	68.91	11:12:00	14:49:07	3:37:07	3.62	361.86	5.25
2 nd Lance Inoyue	P19	66.4	11:12:00	14:48:05	3:36:05	3.60	360.14	5.42
DQ Bob Martinez	D18	75.91	11:12:00	14:51:58	3:39:58	3.67	366.61	4.83

Spinnaker

BOAT	TYPE	SKIPPER	CLASS	RTG	ALLOW	START	FINISH	ELAPSED	CORRECTED	PLACE
Fleeboflam	J22	Mathew McGrath	spin	186	1:36:06	11:00:00 AM	16:07:11	5:07:11	3:31:05	1
Boomerang Love	Columbia 43	Garrett Baum	spin	102	0:52:42	11:00:00 AM	15:27:54	4:27:54	3:35:12	2
Fat Tuesday	Shock 30GP	Carlos Brea	spin	105	0:54:15	11:00:00 AM	15:31:26	4:31:26	3:37:11	3
Buena Vista	Olsen 40	Dwight Rowe	spin	51	0:26:21	11:00:00 AM	15:12:33	4:12:33	3:46:12	4

Non Spinnaker

BOAT	TYPE	SKIPPER	CLASS	RTG	ALLOW	START	FINISH	ELAPSED	CORRECTED	PLACE
Velero	Islander 29	Brent Swanson	non-spin	234	2:00:54	11:06:00 AM	16:05:35	4:59:35	2:58:41	1
Wild Flyer	Pearson Flyer	John Roland	non-spin	138	1:11:18	11:06:00 AM	15:43:14	4:37:14	3:25:56	2
SpitDog	Del Rey 24	Chuck Manley	non-spin	258	2:13:18	11:06:00 AM	DNF	#VALUE!	#VALUE!	DNF

MILT INGRAM OCEAN RACE



Frenchy's Rum Run is the first of the 3-race VSC Multi-Hull Ocean Series. The second is the Milt Ingram Ocean Race held by PBYC. Conditions were vastly different for this race:

By Richard Sharpe



Flat seas and little wind greeted the sailors for this year's Milt Ingram Trophy Race. There were 22 boats on

the line, including some fast sleds from Santa Barbara.

The Santa Barbara boats took home a ton



of trophies. Dr. Laura's WARRIOR not only won her class, but the overall Milt Ingram Trophy, the A-Class perpetual, the Woman Skipper perpetual, and the First to



Finish perpetual. Local boats also did well. JADED, sailed by Deke Klatt and Claudia double-handed, won her class and the Mates' Trophy. PANGAEA won her



class and EPIC, from Santa Barbara got 2nd in that class as well as the Endurance award as the last boat to finish. There were



many DNF amongst the competitors as the wind never really go going

After several hours of racing, the 5 Beach Cats were spread out across the course which made life interesting for the 3 chase/safety boats provided by Ventura

Sailing Club. Thanks go to Will Yount and Guy Skinner for their great assistance and loan of their boats. As the last Beach Cat was not going to reach Grace oil platform in good time, it was decided to shorten at

Gilda, allowing them to round the oil platform and return to the Whistle Buoy. This allowed them to finish in daylight. (Beach Cats don't have lights!)



And from Tom McDonald of Nine Lives. This was sent to Richard and Susan countess of PBYC:

I wanted to first off thank you for hosting a great race this last Saturday for the beach cats! I really appreciated the safety boats out there – they did a fantastic job. Sure was light wind, but still a great day of sailing, in large part due to your guy's organization and making it fun.



Milt Ingram Final Results

MILT INGRAM TROPHY RACE 7/8/17

Distance = 42

SPINNAKER A	TYPE	SAIL #	SKIPPER	CLUB	RTG	CORRECT ED	PLAC E
WARRIOR (W)	J-125	7125	Laura Schlessinger	SBYC	-6	#REF!	1
ROCK N ROLL	J-111	7311	Bernard Girod	SBYC	33	#REF!	2
SUNDOWNER	MC31	7403	Dirk Freeland	SBYC	27	#REF!	3
UHAMBO	Fast 42	56134	Dave Chase/Anne Fitzgerald	VYC	39		
BUENA VISTA	Olson 40	97620	Dwight Rowe	VYC	48		
SPINNAKER B							
TROUBLE MAKER (W)	Schock 35	97570	Roxanne Vitesse	AnYC	75		
FAT TUESDAY	Schock 30GP	87904	Carlos Brea	VYC	105		
UNCLE BOB	Schock 35	87694	Larry Leveille	SBYC	75		
EPIC	Laser 28M	87646	Vance Newell	SBYC	132	#REF!	2
PANGEA	J-30	18770	Mike Leary	VYC	138	#REF!	1
SPINNAKER C							
MAGIC DRAGON (M)	J-22	56780	Mike Hopper	PBYC	186		
ECLIPSE (M), (W)	Moore 24	77417	Katelyn Dembowski	VYC	156		
VELERO (M)	Isl 29	17141	Brent Swanson	ChIYC	252		
GALENE	Cat 320	56648/	Ken Recla	PBYC	166		
JADED (M)	J-24	1982	Deke Klatt	VYC	168	#REF!	1
ORCA	TYPE	SAIL #	SKIPPER	CLUB	TCF	CORRECT ED	PLAC E
SHORTY	L7	4	Mitch Yount	VSC	1.0144		
WAHOO	47' cat	27070	Bill Gibbs	PBYC	1.1588		
BEACH CAT	TYPE	SAIL #	SKIPPER	CLUB	DPN	CORRECT ED	PLAC E
NINE LIVES	Nacra F-18	842	Tom McDonald		0.642	#REF!	1
KODAMA	Prindle 19	266	Lance Inoue	VSC	0.664	#REF!	2
OLD BLUE	Prindle 19	111	Hall Stratton	VSC	0.664	#REF!	3
COSMO	Nacra 6.0	230	Tim Hunter		0.616	#REF!	4
SAILBAD THE SINNER	Dart 18	USA 100	Bob Martinez	VSC	0.763	#REF!	5

Minus 4:12 allowance

NS
NS

16.3 nm course

Competing for (W) = Woman Skipper Trophy, (M) = Mates' Trophy

PERPETUAL TROPHY WINNERS

MILT INGRAM TROPHY WINNER - Warrior
WOMAN SKIPPER - Dr. Laura Schlessinger
FIRST TO FINISH - WARRIOR
CRAIG ASHBY MEMORIAL - not awarded
MATES' TROPHY - JADED
A CLASS TROPHY - WARRIOR
TOM SPURGIN MEMORIAL - not awarded
CATAMARAN CLASS - NINE LIVES

R2AK RACE TO ALASKA

By Stephanie York



Paula had asked me to do a quick write up for the splash about the R2AK experience. I am not sure if I can sum it up in a short story but I will try. Looking back I realize there is no prep or equipment or planning that can prepare you for everything. I don't have hardly any experience racing compared to so many in this club or those in the race. You get what you can, you get out there and you go



Some stats, these numbers may be off a little. 74 boats signed up, the auditorium was packed in Port Townsend for the skipper crew meeting. Maybe 65 boats started, some were not finished so they went right back in the harbor to bolt down what they needed to. You have 36 hours to finish the first leg to Victoria. I can share my experience which is the same as 20 some odd boats. We were just 5 miles out of Victoria, pulling out dock lines and bumpers. Then, the current shifted. Within 1 hour we were over 10 miles away. The winds built to 25, 30, 40, 45. We ripped our screecher and pulled it down. Seas had built to 8 to 10 feet. A jib sheet let loose and flogged the heck out of our jib ripping off pockets on the sail. I had to jump on it

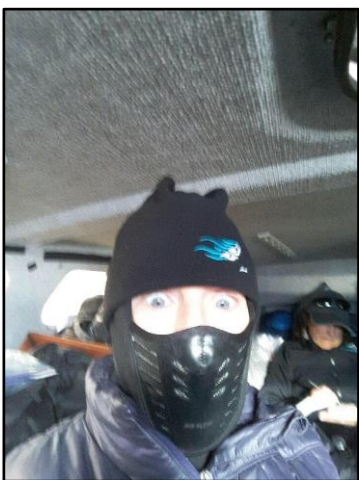
and tie it down with sail ties, cause I'm foredeck?! Trimarans are hard to sail with no headsail. We were pushed south of Discover Islands and tried to get to any beach we could. With little steering, no head sails and winds now being recorded at 50 knots, unbeknownst to us, we just tried to point towards anything to drop anchor and reassess. All around us we heard pon pons, emergencies. Coast guard vessels were going past, rescue helicopters heading to sinking vessels, turtled cats. We were ok but it was a holy shite moment. We limped it at sunset to a bay, dropped anchor and said what can we do? 2 hours later, fed and warmer we started rowing. We rowed for 8 hours. Got all the way to the mouth of the marina and the current shifted against us again. We dropped anchor in view of



the marina mouth and slept for 4 hours. That next morning we rowed into the dock around 6:30 AM. That was the first leg, the proving ground. One very experienced man was single handing a small craft, He had on a dry suit. He rowed so much and sweat so much that when the wind hit he developed hypothermia. He never thought

that would take him out but it did.

I'm not sure of how many boats started leg 2 three days later. I think around 35. Many of my friends and family watched our daily struggles. No wind, shifting currents up to 12 knots against us. Strategies that worked great or failed miserably. After we hit a rock, damaged our center board and had to get towed backwards, all while two boats were finishing, it was no longer about the race, placing, competition. It quickly became about what did we want from this? What were we willing to do, put up with, endure? One crew member got off at this point. For the rest of us it was a thought but not really an option. A man down we charged up through tough winds. Got stuck in another storm pattern where we could not get out of a harbor. All the while the pack was way ahead of us. We rallied once again and made it to Seymour Narrows. Once we were there it felt like we were a third of the way, we dialed in as a team and were able to get our heads around the next 2/3rds of the race. Reading currents, rowing whenever we had to we caught and passed some boats. We pushed for a 100 mile day. We gave food to two



fellow boats, comradery. Then we got up after 3 or 4 hours sleep and pushed on. Twice we dropped anchor for rest and said, nope. The current is in our favor, let's go! Two solid days of rain, Getting hit full blast from an inlet with all of our sails up, hitting almost 20 knots of boat speed. Learning to steer when you are being pushed backwards in a surging tide. Rowing for 8 hours in a 24 hour period. Getting sick, discouraged, exhausted. In the end it was not about us as individuals. It was about our world on our boat and the collective push to finish this thing we said we would. We came in at sunset, after rowing for hours and hours. We fought current once again and almost did not make it in but dropping anchor one more time outside a marina was not an option so we made it. We completed our race. There are other incredible stories from the course, Karl Kruger finished two days after us on a stand up paddle board. Our story was one of many. 4 Gale force events, days of rain, broken masts, bodies everything. It is well worth a read to go to the website and get inspired by the people who do this race, r2ak.com. The reasons why are varied. The 17 year old captain who built the boat in his garage. The man whose girlfriend broke her wrist days before and he went solo, waking up with his bow in a waterfall. The 71 year old man who felt his life had become stagnant and this race would bring him back to excitement. It's all there. I feel lucky to have been a part of it all. Stephanie



2017 VSC RACE CALENDAR



The Prison Break
September 9-10, 2017



Wild Turkey Classic Plastic
November 25, 2017



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Brian can be reached at 805-827-5782

brian@neptunediveservice.com



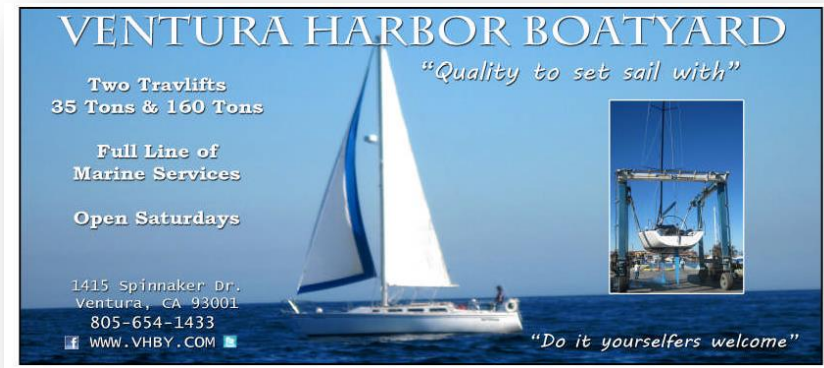
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VSC Newsletter contributions.....

. Please email to Paula@intelligentwt.com.



Membership & Sponsorship

.....and don't forget to pass along the Membership and Sponsorship information to all your friends, family, acquaintances, business partners and anyone you pass on the street



Submit Contributions to:

Paula Sharpe Paula@intelligentwt.com

Deadline for contributions...The 1st of each month

We need content from you, the members, along with suggestions you may have for articles.

Club Location:



Victoria
Pub & Grill



Established 1988

1413 S. Victoria Ave # F
Ventura, CA 93003
805-650-0060

www.venturasailingclub.org

Meetings:

Second Tuesday of every month
6:30 PM...or approximately thereafter...or
sometime after everyone finishes dinner

Gatherings:

Fourth Tuesday of every month...
somewhere near 6:30 PM

Newsletter Sponsorships:

Business card sized advertisements
\$20 for 3 months or \$70 per year