



SANTA BARBARA

YACHT CLUB

Edward J. Marini, 1993

I caught up with Ed Marini just as he and his wife Karen returned from a 23-day cruise from Sydney to Hong Kong. Nice part of the world to visit (who doesn't enjoy shrimp on the barbie and Chinese food?), but I know I always enjoy returning home to Santa Barbara. We can claim a rather impressive corner of the world, too, don't you think?

Since moving here with my family in 1993, I have been enthralled by the history of Santa Barbara, so fortunately for me, Ed was very forthcoming about growing up and filling me in on just how much some things have changed. For example, Ed was "born and raised in Santa Barbara near the intersection of Hollister Avenue (now de la Vina Street) and Constance Avenue. At the time, State and Chapala Streets dead-ended at Constance Avenue. Until the mid-1950s, the land west of Constance Avenue was all farming and orchards. Who knew?

After attending Garfield School (now the Schott Center) and La Cumbre Junior High (where there was a crossing guard at the 101 Freeway near Oak Park to cross the highway!), he went to Santa Barbara High School. Upon graduation, this future commodore "didn't have a clue as to what I wanted to do." At the time, the oil industry looked promising, so Ed studied and graduated with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Geology from UCSB. He then went to work for Santa Barbara County in the Roads Division (later known as the Transportation Division, and what we now know as Public Works). Soon after graduation, though, he learned that in order to make any decent money, he would need to further his education and become a licensed engineer. Always interested in learning more and moving forward, Ed took it upon himself to read through UCLA's Civil Engineering books and teach himself. His geology background qualified him for half of the degree requirements, and the other half he self-taught "and filled in the gaps." Right now, are you thinking what I was thinking? 'Here's another commodore who was not satisfied with just being middle of the road. Once again, here's a person who wanted more and was champing at the bit to work to get it.'

As impressive as all that was to hear, this story is about Ed and his involvement in boating and the YC. When I asked Ed how he got into boating, I expected to hear something along the lines of, "I learned how to sail before I could walk!" So, he surprised me when he responded by telling me he did not get into boating until college! "A friend in college had a Lido 14 and wanted to sail the High Sierra Regatta at Huntington Lake near Fresno." This friend's girlfriend was too light for the heavy wind conditions, so recruited Ed as "rail meat." With more than 100 Silver and Gold Fleet boats, they "finished near the bottom of the Gold Fleet, but I was hooked."

But at one point, Ed's free time for sailing decreased. "I had quite a few friends that were sailing, but they were unmarried – I was just married – I couldn't seem to get away" and "with a career, I really didn't have the time." Eventually, Ed, Karen and their two young daughters, Andra and Sacha, renewed their sailing activities. The family attended a "party with the Zimmermans and a lot of their Sea Shell friends. I figured that if I was going to get into sailing, what better way than to get the kids involved. For the next eight years, the family spent Sundays on Sea Shell Beach or at other sailing venues. "When Andra and Sacha finished Sea Shells, Karen and I discovered a whole new world on Sundays!"

So far, we've learned that Ed and his daughters all enjoyed sailing. I wondered how Karen fit into all this. Was she, too, a salty dog at heart? As the story goes, Ed bought a Dragon, which was an Olympic-class sailboat before Soling replaced it. "Our first sail was uneventful until we came back to the dock. I told Karen to hop off and stop the boat. She hopped off, ran to the front of the boat and put out her hands to stop the boat. You can

imagine her surprise to see a 30' spear coming straight at her. Needless to say, the boat ran up and over the dock before settling back into the slip. What I had failed to tell Karen was to take a mooring line when she hopped off the boat and place it around a cleat to stop the boat. Our communication hasn't improved much since then..." Ah, it sounds like a classic Mars-Venus interaction! What happens when Karen asks Ed to throw in a load of laundry, I wonder? Anyway, next came a partnership with Andy Brownwood, Dexter Goodell and eventually, Grant Castleberg in a Ranger 33 called *Wings*. When the partnership dissolved, he bought a C&L 33 designed by Carl Schumacher and built by Dennis Choate of *Alchemy* fame, called *Strega*, followed by a Dencho 30 called *Raptor*.

With all his sailing experience, Ed was encouraged to join SBYC by Andy, Dexter, and neighbor Ted Schiefen. After having served on the board for several years, it seemed natural that he would continue on through the chairs. "We were down at Channel Islands and Ed Attlesey was going to be commodore. They were looking around, asked me if I'd be interested. It seemed right." This was actually the second time Ed had been approached regarding the task. He had previously been asked by Max Lynn, but at the time was too busy with work and family. This time, the planets were aligned. It was the dawning of the Age of Aquarius! His daughter "Sacha had decided she didn't want to continue with school, so Karen and I decided to make a change." He retired from the county as the Department of Public Works Director and became Rear Commodore.

Ed and Karen spent much of their long-awaited free time around the harbor. During his commodore years, "Karen and I enjoyed all the cruising, so we would go early and stay longer. Catalina was always an adventure. Usually, I would do the King Harbor Race with Dexter and Bill Deardorff on *Clockwork*, get home Saturday afternoon, finish loading up *Strega*, take a short nap, and then leave at 9:00 p.m. to get in the mooring queue at Avalon by 11:00 a.m." No one can say this man lacks energy.

When I asked Ed about his special contributions to SBYC, he told me that he supported the change to our bylaws that increased the age of Junior Flag Members from 25 to 35 years of age, making membership more affordable to young families. He also told me a little story. Percy Beck, a local townsman, had been to our Club and had seen our impressive trophies. He felt the location would be the perfect resting place for two model ships he had built. "I drafted the Deed of Gift for the two sailing ships, *Amerigo Vespucci* and *San Felipe*." Upon donating these gifts, Percy became an honorary member of SBYC. These intricate works are still on display at the Club - one in the lounge and one near the fireplace in the dining room.

All these years of experiences at our Club have given Ed "good and loyal friends, and very good memories." He is also "encouraged by the direction the Club has taken in supporting youth activities. When we first joined, kids were viewed as a nuisance and today I believe kids are viewed as an asset." Good thing, because the Marinis have a new, really small one in their family. Andra and husband Jeff brought a gorgeous baby girl to the family and SBYC this past February. Will Taylor Maree Escola follow in Grandpa's footsteps? She has sailing in her blood. Stay tuned!