



SANTA BARBARA YACHT CLUB

Stan Los 1988

Staff Commodore Stan Los was born in Brooklyn in 1942. He and his family lived there until moving to Queens when he was around eight years old.

There are many waterways winding through and around the metropolitan New York area in which he grew up, so it was only natural that he began his boating career as a youngster. “My father always had a boat of some kind; small fishing boats. I used to go fishing with him and some of his fireman friends.” In high school, he extended his experiences by crewing on sailboats at Long Island yacht clubs. “When I went to college near Chicago, I began crewing on sailboats on Lake Michigan.” After graduating college in 1963, he “bought a half interest in a sailboat on Lake Geneva, WI; a Dunphy Condor named *Seaduce*.” It was 18 feet long, “with a centerboard, similar to a Lightning with a curved hull instead of the hard chine.” Okay, so anyone who has been reading these articles knows exactly what all that means to this author. I’m picturing a sleek and pretty sailboat that caught Stan’s eye, lured him in like a siren, and seduced him into buying it. It sounded good to me, but then I learned that the affair didn’t last long. Stan sold that boat after a couple of years. He continued to race, however, on Lake Michigan, participating in roughly six Chicago to Mackinac Island races. In 1967, when he was assigned to New Orleans with the FBI, he crewed in races on Lake Ponchartrain on Star boats and Cal 40s. He continued racing Cal 40s when he moved to Los Angeles in 1968, crewing on them in two Transpacs, in 1969 and 1971.

When Stan came to Santa Barbara in 1971, he began crewing on SBYC boats. He always enjoyed spending time at yacht clubs throughout his crewing years and had decided that once he could afford it, he would join our Club. Roughly two years later, Stan bought a Pearson 28, *Chabuka*, which he kept in Marina One. The timing was now right to join the yacht club that would not only prove to be a great place for enjoying friendships but had a parking lot that was really conveniently located near Marina One!

Over the next few years, he sold *Chabuka*, bought a quarter interest in an Erickson 39 called *Sunrise* with Staff Commodore David Latta (1980) and two other people. They raced it for a few years before he sold his interest to buy an Islander 36, *Meridian*, with Dr. Glenn Bradley in 1977. “In 1983, Glenn and I got intelligent and bought the trawler *Quengailic*, a Bluewater 40. In 1988, I bought the rest of *Quengailic* [and] began living aboard. In August 1989, *Quengailic* was lost in a fire off the coast of Santa Catalina Island while en route to LA Harbor.” As the sea is clearly in his blood, Stan lost no time replacing it with “a Hatteras 41, initially named *QII* and in 1999 renamed *Phoenix*. Still have her.” He also has a 16-foot Carolina Skiff at his home in Virginia.

I asked Stan to fill me in on the events surrounding his decision to become more involved in the Club and go through the chairs. He told me that in 1978 there was a vacancy on the Board of Directors at SBYC. The rear commodore at the time, Dave Latta, asked Stan if he would serve out the rest of his term. “I agreed and later got elected to two Board of Director terms of my own. At one time, I was the senior Board of Directors member.” In 1985, he was asked to take the position of rear commodore for 1986. His primary motivation was the ongoing rebuilding of the Club after the disaster of March 1, 1983. He had already been quite involved in the clean-up and planning. “I felt I could continue to contribute, plus, I thought it would be fun as well as work. It was both!”

Along with his contributions to the physical aspects of the clubhouse, Stan was responsible for hiring a face that would greet members and guests for years to come. Dotty Takis became as much a part of the Club as our

burgee, seeming to know everyone and just about everything that went on within its walls. He was also responsible for arranging for the America's Cup to be brought to SBYC.

Stan did many things for our Club, and he received much in return. "It gave me a place to go. It has also been a source of friendships, camaraderie, and fun. It's a great place to be." Mostly, though, it gave him his wife, Connie, whom he met at the Club on December 28, 1990, which happened to be her birthday. The two were married exactly one year later. Happy 17th Anniversary, Stan and Connie. We look forward to seeing you at the Club!