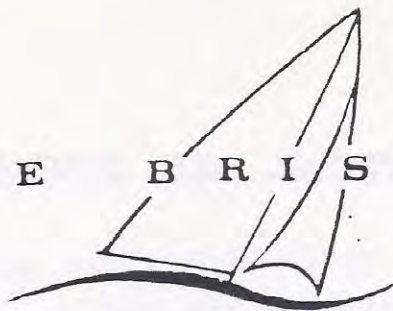




C H E S A P E A K E B R I S T O L C L U B



FEBRUARY- MARCH 1982

SEE PAGE
TWO !!!

1982 TENTATIVE CALENDAR OF EVENTS

March 20	Spring Kickoff Dinner - Bay Ridge Inn 1981 Participation Awards Presented
May 15	**Race & Cruise - Galesville
May 29	**Race & Cruise - Tred Avon/Choptank River
30	Novelty Race - Choptank River
31	Sail back to home ports
June 12	Annual Cove Point Overnight Race
June 26	**Race & Cruise - Wye River Wine & Cheese Party - Sunflower Raftup
July 10	Galley Gallop Race - Corsica River Sunflower Raftup
July 24	**Race & Cruise - Fairlee Creek
Aug 7	Class Races (32s & 29.9s) N of Bay Bridge (round-the-buoys) Rendezvous - Bodkin Creek
Aug 21	**Race & Cruise - Baltimore Inner Harbor Piers 5 & 6 - German Festival Weekend
Sept 4	Rendezvous & Milbur Shore Party - Magothy River
5	Commodore's Cup Race (N of Bay Bridge)
	Rendezvous - Swan Creek
6	Sail back to home ports
Sept 18	**Race & Cruise - S of Bay Bridge Lake Ogleton Crab Feast (Bay Ridge)
Oct 9	**Race & Cruise - St. Michaels Oktoberfest - Longfellows
10	Rendezvous and/or sail back to home ports
11	Sail back to home ports
Nov 13	Fall Awards Banquet - Gibson Island Yacht Club

**Races count toward High Points Award.

Mark your calendars now. Memorial Day, Labor Day, and the Oktoberfest are 3-day weekends. Big plans are being made for each. Don't miss out on these good times with the Club. The Galley Gallop and Baltimore Inner Harbor weekends are the most popular.

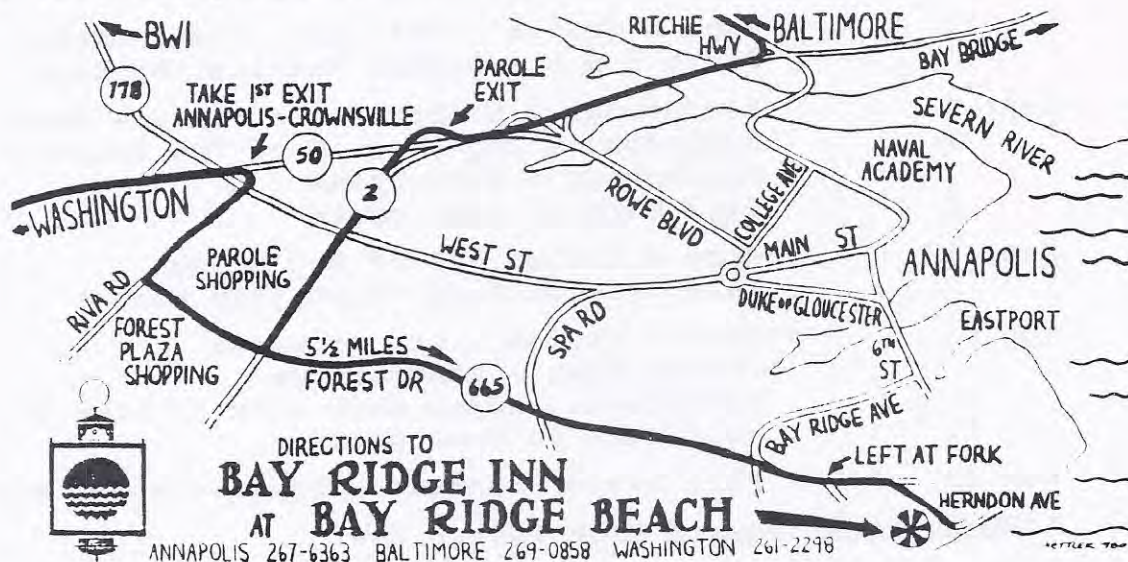
IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING!!...

Spring arrives March 20th along with the Bristol Spring Banquet - the beginning of the CBC season. The Banquet will be held at the Bay Ridge Inn in Annapolis. The cash bar will begin with cocktails from 6:30 to 8:00 P.M. and dinner from 8:00 to 9:00 P.M. Bring your friends!

Menu: Steamship Round of Beef
Veal Steak Casino
Barbeque Spare Ribs
and, all the accompanying vegetables, etc.
through dessert.

Jim Holechek, Boating Feature writer for the Baltimore Sunday Sun will entertain us after dinner. Some of his past articles on the Club and its members are included in this newsletter indicating his continuing interest in CBC. It will be a very exciting, informative evening. We will turn winter blues into spring epics.

Directions: From Rt. 2 at Parole Plaza, turn east on Forest Drive. After a couple of miles, Forest Drive becomes Bay Ridge Rd. Continue ahead until you enter the community of Bay Ridge where you bear right and a sign directing you to Bay Ridge Inn will soon appear on your right. Mark your calendar now, fill out the form below, and send it with your check to Jan Birely by March 10th. The price is \$15.50 per person. Make all checks payable to "Chesapeake Bristol Club."



YOU WILL FIND YOUR RESERVATION FORM ON
THE LAST PAGE. SEND IT IN P. D. Q.!

By JAMES HOLECHEK

On many Wednesdays, four women sail out of Annapolis for wherever the winds take them.

"We don't fight it," says the skipper. Betsy Plitt, on whose 29-foot Dame Mame the group takes to sea. "One day we'll go toward Kent Island; the next, under the Bay Bridge to the harbor at Gratitude."

It was there several weeks ago that Ms. Plitt and her companions, Millie Baughman, Mary Warden and Harriette Davis, came upon locked doors at the Gratitude Landing Restaurant. "We figured no one would want to turn us away after they learned how far we came to have lunch so we called the owner. He graciously opened up and served us."

Over their soup and sandwiches, and a storm-delayed return cruise, the women sailors suggested that they bring the rest of their friends — maybe 150 persons — to an Eastern Shore-style Octoberfest. The idea made a hit with the proprietor so the date was set. "We had sour beef and dumplings, turkey with oyster dressing, fish in dill sauce, red cabbage, potato salad and lots of German beer," she says. "Some of us didn't get back to our boats until 1.30 A.M."

All made by Bristol Yachts

Ms. Plitt is rear commodore of the Chesapeake Bristol Club, a floating social group organized in 1974 and made up of over 100 yachts from 24 to 35 feet all manufactured by Bristol Yachts at Bristol, R.I.

The sailor's Octoberfest may have been a first on the Chesapeake. Over 100 persons, some from as far away as Morristown, N.J., attended the race, raft-up parties and shoreside banquet.

Normally such a gathering would be called a rendezvous. Many clubs and class associations get together and sail for a particular port. By making it a race, it adds a little zest and seems to put everyone in a party mood.

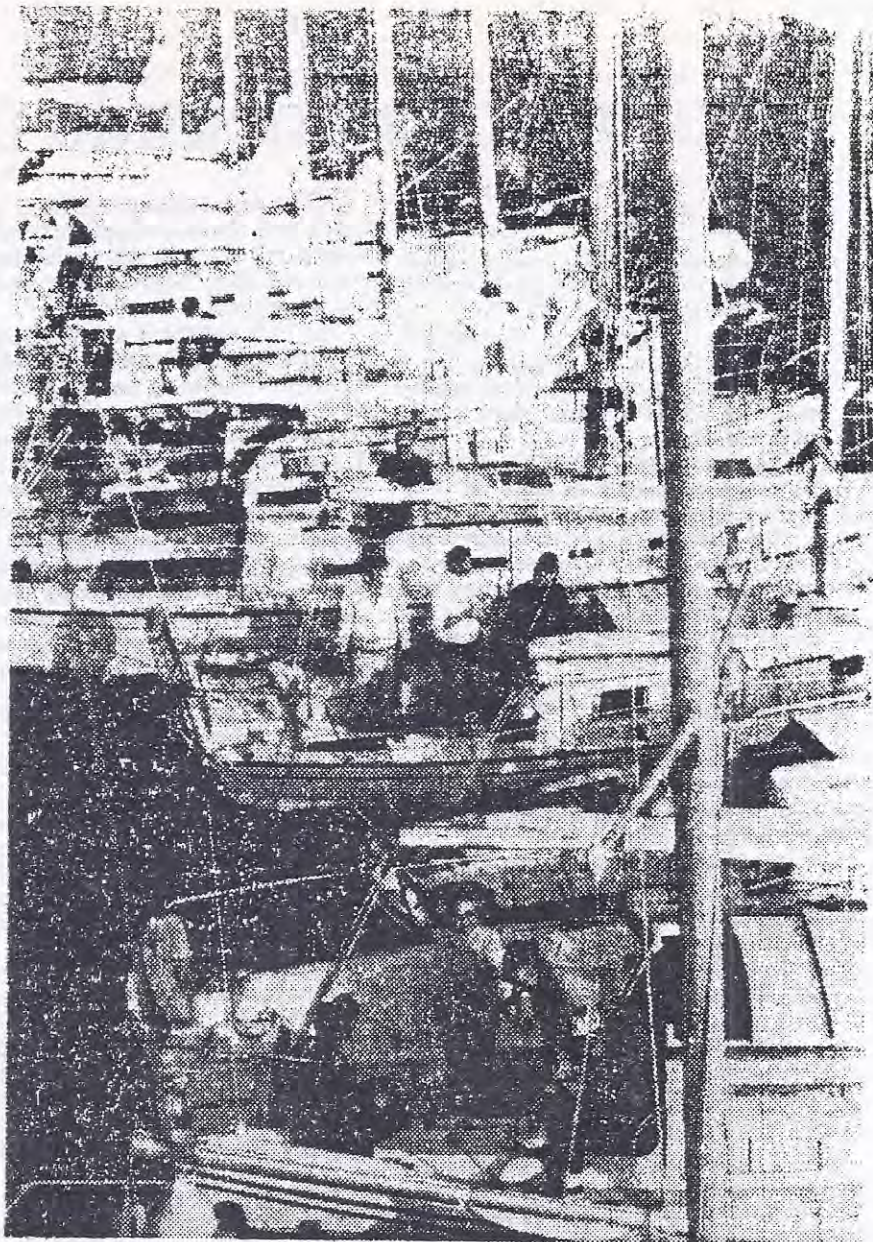
When the Bristol fleet came to the Baltimore harbor earlier this year, they labeled it a "highlight weekend." Ms. Plitt and her husband, Ed, a Baltimore lawyer, had never seen the new harbor before sailing in on an easy southerly breeze one Saturday afternoon in August.

"We had a block party on Pier 3," says Ms. Plitt. "Dancing, music and a lot of fun. It's a beautiful place and we were given a great reception by the city people."

"At 6 P.M., it was suggested that we all go for dinner so I called Velleggia's and asked for a reservation for 8 P.M. 'For how many?' came the reply. 'Forty-four,' I say. 'You're kidding,' she says. Finally, we were given the biggest half of one room and had a wonderful time. On Sunday morning, many of us had a hot cakes and sausage breakfast in Market place. The great feature of the Inner Harbor is that so much is available within walking distance," she says.

"The club," says Ms. Plitt, "has no pretensions to be a formal yacht club. We have no ambitions to own shoreside facilities and no plans to be something other than a waterborne social club."

In a typical season, seven races are run, some round-the-buoys, some point-to-point. This year, Ms. Plitt organized a race for the women who must be at their



Young Dick Boecker, Jr., took this masthead photo during the Octoberfest raft-up of the Chesapeake Bristol Club. Typical of many class sailing clubs, the Bristol organization has over 100 large yachts which rendezvous, race and socialize throughout season.

helm's over the entire course. Husbands and children are crew members. The first ladies' Galley Gallop took place in the Magothy River with each boat flying, not club burgees, but white panties. Twelve women took part.

Ms. Plitt says that in all her 10 years of sailing she finds that women behave more pleasantly when in command. "We don't yell and we still get where we're going. Men sometimes have problems communicating, like screaming at their crew to pull that thing in. That just isn't necessary," she says. "Some men don't listen very well either. On our women cruises, there's no hustle. We never knew sailing could be so much fun."

Jerry Caswell, the organizer and first commodore of the Bristol Club, led six other yachts on an ocean cruise to New England this summer. Skippering the boats were Ken Ketcham, Steve Finlayson, Jim LeClair, Wayne Tucker, Jeff Connelly and Jack Brown. Extended cruises such as this also win recognition during the club's annual awards banquet. This year's is scheduled for next Saturday.

The Long Cruise Award will go to Bill and Bettye Delanoy who cruised from the Chesapeake to the Bahamas and back in their Bristol 32. Another award, the Blue Water Trophy, will go to Fred and Lynn Hixon for their voyage to Bermuda aboard their 34-footer. Three racing trophies, Highpoint, Commodore's and Cedar Point, go to the Plitts. "We'll retire next year and just have fun," says Ms. Plitt.

Cruising — Bristol fashion — is a family affair. The children entertain themselves by rowing and sailing dinghies or go ashore to explore. When Steve and Anna Grant couldn't sail to the Octoberfest, they brought their family down in their station wagon, tied it up to the parking lot with mooring lines, put rubber fenders next to the doors and hoisted the club burgee on the antenna.

Only one complaint was registered during the weekend. Dick Boecker's son spent much of the time up the mast taking photographs and his wife wouldn't tend the deck chores. She was too busy below writing a term paper for her course at the University of Baltimore.

Sailing to a dockside party for 120

By James Holechek

An armada of boats recently visited Baltimore's harbor, all built by the Bristol Yacht Company of Bristol, R.I.

Probably the most active sailing association of the bay, the Chesapeake Bristol Club has been throwing almost weekly water and shoreside parties since it was formed in 1974.

The first of the Bristol Club members roared up the harbor on the front of a steady 25-knot southwester.

Dick and Ruth Boecker figure they were about fifth to tie up to the southwestern corner of the brick bulk-heading. The Boeckers have been sailing Bristols (a 26- and 32-footer) for nine years and are sold on the quality of the boat.

"We probably couldn't be happier with anything else," says Dick. "They are beautifully built and are superb cruisers and can even be raced."

Bill Flynn took one to Bermuda this year and won the 753-mile passage over 18 other competitors.

The Bristol Club, like the Erickson, Alberg 30, Catalina and Dickerson Clubs, manages to get in a half-dozen or so informally run races. They are fun because most of the boats are similar and those that aren't are judged by a handicap system.

The Bristol's Baltimore Harbor rendezvous incorporated a short race, but the heavy winds and varying arrivals at the starting line limited the competitors to seven. Joe and Glennie Brown were pronounced the winners. Says Betsy Plitt who helps oversee such things for the club, "The first place may help the Browns win, the big perpetual punch bowl."

Plitt, a past commodore of the club, remains very active although there are always people ready to help in planning the social activities. "That's the way we do it. No one gets paid," she says.

The club had made arrangements for 28 yachts for their Baltimore assemblage. Actually 40 showed up creating a real hassle for last minute arrivals and for the "regulars" like the Baltimore Defender. The operator of the sightseeing boat was obviously perturbed at the close quarters.

There was some disappointment among the Bristol visitors that they weren't "up next to the Constellation." Others were happy for the somewhat isolated area at the base of the Science Center. "At least we didn't have to worry about people flicking cigarette butts at us," said one

Boating

participant.

Most of the socializing took place in the cockpits of the yachts, all parked stern to the bulkhead and held by several anchors tossed out front. "Mediterranean-style, they call it," said an observer of the neat row of side-by-side boats.

Once over the blustery morning, the weather couldn't have been more favorable to the Bristolites. The sky was radiantly blue as the sun started to roll between the McCormick building and the skeleton of the new Hyatt Regency hotel. You could see so clearly, even the old smudged power house on the northern shore had a warm glow.

Ruth Boecker was passing out pina colodas, beer and other mixed drinks with more ease than a party hostess. She said

everything had been prepared ahead of time including the cheese spreads and other choice hors d'oeuvres.

The Boeckers weren't the only ones entertaining. Along the row of boats, we could see the Mattinglys, Kauffmans, Browns and Hixons. Some members chose to come by car because of the earlier weather. Two of the finger piers were also pressed into service for the gala get-together.

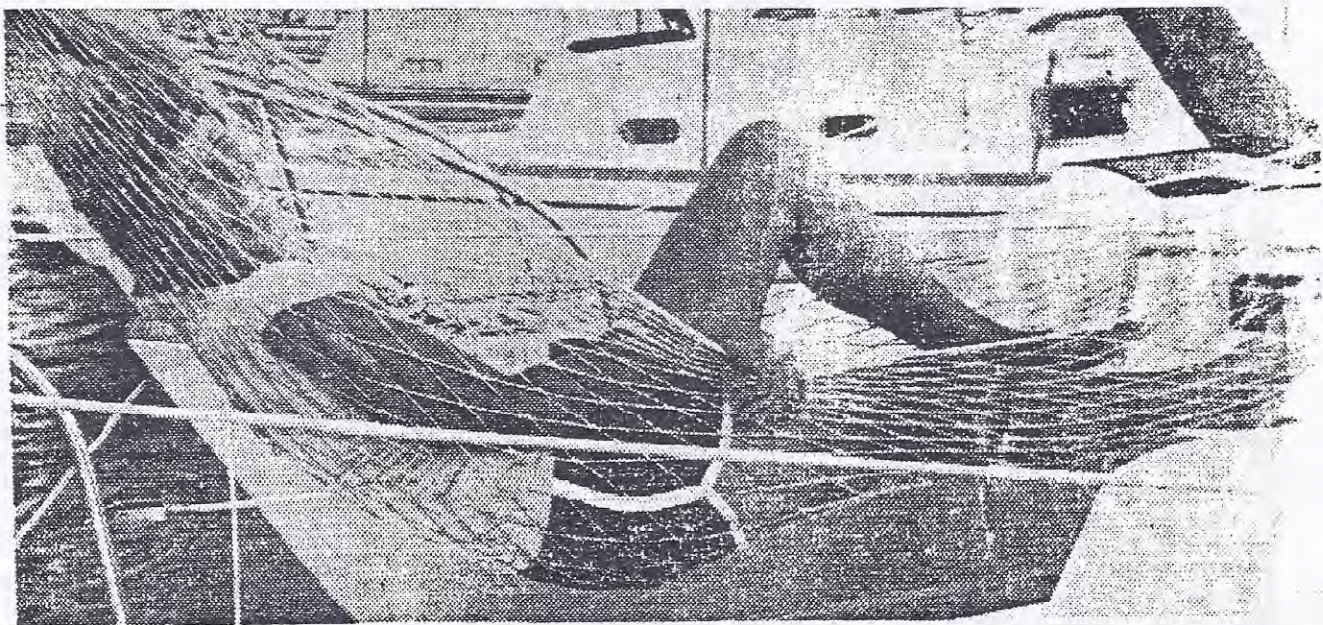
Not being able to find a restaurant in Harborplace to accommodate the 120 members, the group had to walk to Little Italy to Sergi's Ice House.

"They were fantastic," says Boecker. "We had crab balls, pepperoni and baked chicken, all served family style. I guess it cost each of us about \$12, but the food was plentiful and excellent."

This year over 100 organized groups of power and sail boats have rendezvoused to share the growing activities of the popular Baltimore waterfront.

Dockmaster David Edsel says that most visitors can be accommodated. Eighty percent of the boats are cabin cruisers from outside the area, according to Bill Flohr, manager of the Inner Harbor Marina.

THE SUN, Sunday, August 31, 1980



Nancy Mattingly rests in a foredeck hammock during the recent rendezvous of the Chesapeake Bristol Club at the Inner

Harbor. Forty yachts of varying sizes—all made by the same company—parked Mediterranean-style along the bulkhead.

Doctor-skipper awaiting first cruise in 29.9 sloop

By JAMES HOLECHEK

Getting out in a boat may be the best remedy for the inflation-squeezed executive. For Art Baitch, it's just what the doctor ordered.

Baitch is an orthopedic surgeon, and for four years he's been offering excuses to himself why not to buy a sailboat. Last November he bought a used Bristol 29.9, and now is sure it was the right choice.

"Her first owner was a NASA engineer," he says, which may account for the name, Moonraker. "He was an Air Force colonel who actually worked on the moon shot, and after a lot of thinking and a contest among our friends we decided the old name was great."

Moonraker is the first boat the Baitches have owned. Both Art and his wife, Herta, had some experience on friends' boats, but the prospect of maneuvering their own 30-footer still has them apprehensive.

"We're waiting for the perfect day to take her out, and our palms are sweating," laughs Baitch. "When the boat is your own and it's your family, suddenly sailing takes on a new dimension."

Almost every weekend the Baitches make the 42-minute drive from their Stevenson home to the Ventnor marina to work on their boat. They've polished and cleaned everything and run up the three Hood sails which came with the boat. It's even provisioned ready to sail.

The first cruise undoubtedly will take the Baitches through the narrow mouth of Bodkin into the bay, but not far beyond. "We're going to play it very conservatively until we get used to the boat," says the skipper. "We'll favor the larger tributaries like Ridout Creek, the Severn and lower parts of the Chester."

Although Baitch is new to sailing, he's gone about it in a sensible fashion. In 1976 he enrolled his family in a basic Power Squadron course, and two years ago took the two-day sailing instruction offered by the Annapolis Sailing School. Last year he and his wife chartered in the Virgin Islands with two other couples of the Bristol Club.

He claims he never thought of buying a power boat, but stresses he really didn't expect to buy a sailboat either. "Two of my friends have 29.9s and one, Mal Druskin, was selling his to move up to a 36, so I went to Atlantic Yachts in Annapolis to look at it.

"There were two sister yachts there at the time, and while I was debating the situation Druskin's boat was sold. That was all it took. I bought the other one. The family couldn't believe it," says Baitch, who claims it's one of the nicest things that's happened to him.

Being a busy physician and with active youngsters, Baitch wasn't seeing as much of the family as he would have liked. Now the boat is the place they all enjoy going to, and it's a common subject for discussion during the week.

Once the decision was made to buy, Baitch arranged for a survey inspection by Peter Hartoft. "He was extremely thorough and helpful. There were about six minor discrepancies, including a steerage adjustment and bubble in the fiberglass deck," he says.

Bitch has nothing but good things to say about his boat buying experience. "The Atlantic people and the crew from the Hood sail loft couldn't have been more pleasant," he says.

The Bodkin was picked as home port because of the light road traffic on Route 100 and several nearby Bristol cruising friends. "Also," adds Baitch, "we didn't want to get involved with the Severn and Spa Creek traffic, nor Baltimore because it's not as attractive as further down."

Herta Baitch, like many women sailors, is at home in the galley, pulling sheets or on the helm. "She actually has more enthusiasm for sailing than I do," says Baitch.

The Baitches, like the rest of us, are counting the hours until that first "perfect" day.

H 2

THE SUN, Sunday, April 6, 1980



The Baitches (Dr. Art at left, Herta at right, daughter Karen and son Danny between them) prepare their newly bought Bristol 29.9 sloop for that first perfect sailing day.

... TO SAIL THE WINE-DARK SEA ...

Decision time is at hand for those who would like to join the CBC folks in the Greek Islands this fall. The Flotilla Charter will begin Oct. 1, 1982 and run until Oct. 14. The cost per boat (not including plane fares) will be \$2,260.00. The individual costs will depend on the number of people per boat, for example: for a Maxi 95 for the two weeks 4 @ \$565.00 each, 5 @ \$452.00 each, 6 @ \$376.67 each. (These figures are converted from Pounds at the Jan. 17 rate of \$1.92)

As an inticement please read the exerpts from an article printed in the New York Times, Jan. 17, 1982 and reprinted in this newsletter. Anne Seiling has copies of the entire article and also has the 1982 Island Sailing Brochures for all who want them.

Those interested in this trip who want to get together before deciding are invited to meet at the Seilings on Sunday, February 28, 1982 at 2 p.m. They will have booking forms and information available.

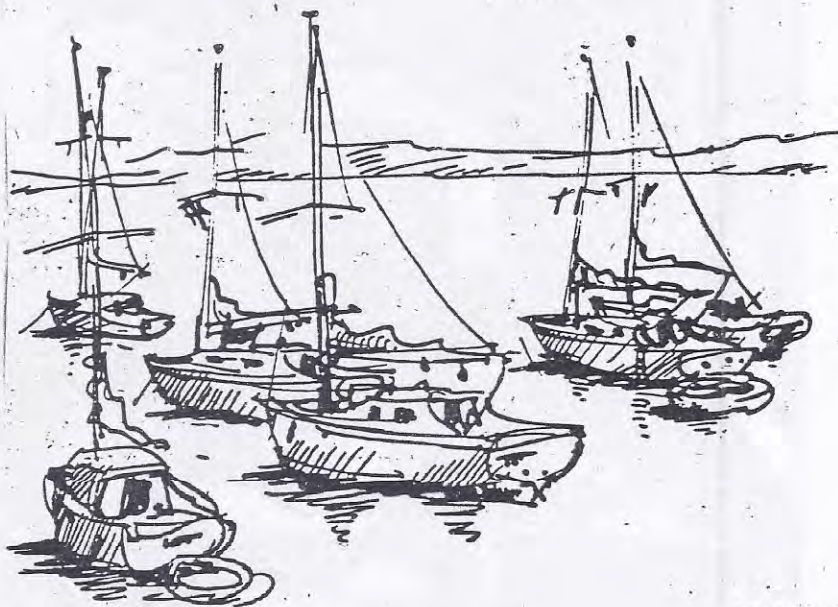
Anne's phone number is (301) 269-1604. The Seilings are located in Bay Ridge, 26 Farragut Road. Take the same route as you would to the Bay Ridge Inn. When you enter Bay Ridge's brick gates, you remain on Farragut Road. Go straight for three blocks (past Herndon, Hull, and Wainwright). Opposite the first left hand street (Eastlake) you will see Seiling on the mailbox in front of a green Anne Arundel County bungalow.

Please call Anne if you are coming so they will know how many to expect.

By JOAN GOULD

There's Fiberglas all around me. I'm lying on a 22-inch bunk — really a platform, a plastic sarcophagus — the forward sail locker of a 25-foot sloop bobbing at its mooring in the Saronic Gulf, in Greece. I pop my head through the hatch, expecting to smell brine. Instead I smell flowers, out here on the bay, and for a moment I think I've gone mad; later I learn that I'm smelling the flowers of the linden trees that bloom all over this part of Greece in May.

My two sailing companions are off visiting the ancient theater of Epidaurus, along with the shrine of Asclepius, but I saw those sights last year when I cruised these waters. Right now I'm content to watch the sunlight climb over the red rooftops, over the church tower, over a herd of goats nibbling their way up the flank of the mountain, before I turn my head to check the 11 other sloops just like ours, still nodding at rest, many of them with quilts and sheets draped over the booms to freshen in the morning air. Our mothership, Merlin — only 28 feet long herself — is still quiet. There'll be no skippers' meeting this morning until the sightseers return.



Hank Blaustein

We're on the first leg of a two-week sailing voyage around the thumb of the Peloponnesian peninsula with a British sailing organization, a voyage that I, as a day sailor and racer (and, let's be frank, as a middle-aged suburban woman) would never have dreamed of undertaking before I encountered the phenomenon known as "flotilla sailing," or "cruising in company."

Although I've skippered my own racing boat for more than 20 years on Long Island Sound, and know a fair amount about jibing spinnakers, I know next to nothing about navigation; I can't repair an engine; I'm not on intimate terms with a stern gland greaser; before my first voyage, I'd never parked a boat under power, nose to the dock. In Greece — where the meltemi can blow up at any time from a clear blue sky, turning a mild breeze into a Force Seven wind that sends waves as high as the pulpit — it would be downright foolhardy for me to take out this cockleshell alone. Besides, there are harbor formalities that I couldn't handle, since I neither speak nor read Greek.

Flotilla sailing in foreign waters — an idea as simple and yet as long delayed in its coming as the sloop rig (a sloop is a boat with one mast, a mainsail and jib) — was invented in 1973 by a group of British day sailors who wanted to do a little cruising, without the expense of either owning or chartering yachts in warmer waters. Forming a club known as the Yacht Cruising Association (which became affiliated with the Royal Yachting Association), they bought a group of identical small boats, easy to sail and cheap to maintain, and chose Greece as their location. With a single experienced member leading the group in a pilot boat, the first flotilla of a dozen boats set sail in April 1974 to cruise in the area of the Peloponnesus.

That initial group had already established the three prerequisites for flotilla sailing: each member was in command of his own boat for two weeks, choosing his own crew. The boats themselves were identical, so that it was relatively easy for them to stay within sight of each other while out at sea. And the whole flotilla was led by a professional skipper, assisted by a bo's'n who took care of repairs and maintenance.

The concept, when I first heard it several years ago, struck me with the brilliance of Aegean light refracted from a whitewashed wall: I could go sailing in those "wine-dark seas" where barren rocks stand forth as clear and compelling as the columns of the Parthenon — but I could also go sightseeing, to places like the beehive tomb of Agamemnon, where an insect buzzing in that pinnacle of darkness would sound in my ears like the hum of death itself.

JOAN GOULD, a contributor to the *Hers* column, is working on a book called "Spirals," a personal account of a woman looking at her life.

I could skipper a small boat, not so different from my own day racer, in the Mediterranean, but I could rely on a sailing master to see to it that I didn't get stuck forever in some uninhabited cove because I didn't know how to get my anchor line out from under a rock. I could mingle Britain and Greece, sightseeing and sailing, solitude and security — all of this at a cost of \$465 for two weeks, including my round-trip airfare from London and bus transportation to the small fishing port in Greece where the boat would be waiting for me.

Nightlife doesn't exist. After sailing and drinking and dining and drinking and perhaps rowing, not to mention scrubbing decks and setting sails and stowing them, we don't go out looking for entertainment — unless we count singing around a fire after a barbecue on an uninhabited island, moored in water so clear that in the morning we see our anchor chain, stretching out on sand 20 feet below us like a water snake heading for shore.

It is morning, we're heading down the coast to Poros, and Merlin breaks out her red genoa jib as she leaves the harbor. We do the same. There's no race but it's irresistible all the same to push our old tub a little and refine our tiller hands; we discover that each day the same boats lead the flock as we come into the next harbor, one at a time like a string of ducks. But this is the day that something else happens. This is the day that, for some reason, a school of dolphins chooses us, and only us out of the whole fleet, for a playmate, and leaps alongside us. By the time we reach the tip of Poros, once known as Poseidon's sacred island, and at the end of the harbor see the town itself — the tumble of white walls, blue walls, red roofs, roses that Lawrence Durrell called "an arrangement obviously designed by demented Japanese children with the aid of Paul Klee and Raoul Dufy" — we have somehow been baptized, accepted, into the true order and belief of the sea.

This is, however, no trip for sailors whose experience amounts to a couple of afternoons on a borrowed Sunfish. Even on the days when we're supposed to stick together as a fleet, Merlin is out of sight a great deal of the time, and we have no radio contact, only sealed transmitters that broadcast a distress call to be used in a dire emergency.

And we had adventures: I remember a blowy afternoon when we scooted wildly but safely into port — only to find out that it was the wrong port that we were in, and we'd have to spend hours clawing our way out, against a head sea, with rocks to leeward.

And all of this, of course, is nothing more than material for anecdotes at the drinking hour, slightly exotic, even a mild shock to our taste, like the raw cucumber sprinkled with pepper that we take with our ouzo, another proof that we're not where — or even what — we were a few weeks ago. Full of a sense of our new selves, we proceed to dinner on land, in a taverna along the shore, or in a restaurant, if we're in a tourist spot like Hydra or Spetsai. In any case, the cost of our meal of souvlaki or moussaka or lamb, or maybe that new national dish, pizza, with the inevitable Greek salad and wine (which we insist must be non-resinated), almost never comes to more than \$6 a person, including tip.

But of course that's what you expect — that's even what you seek — when you go sailing, some test of how much you can achieve or endure, just as serious tourists go to historic sites in search of what a civilization can achieve or endure. Besides, late in the afternoon, Merlin came out to check that we were all right, like the conscientious nanny she is. In eight years, while escorting more than 20,000 sailors, the Yacht Cruising Association has never suffered a serious accident.

It's that double experience — of beauty, but also of challenge — that gives this trip a strength under tension that seems more authentically Greek than any bus tour of the Acropolis. Voyaging from one small port to another, we discover for ourselves why Greek history was founded on city states, and how Odysseus felt when he saw still another blue island off the port bow, where all his previous ideas about his world might prove to be unfounded, and monsters might wait, and his well-proportioned home might seem to him more distant than ever. ■



BULLETIN BOARD

CBC continues to be a cooperating group member with BOAT/US. If your dues are coming up for renewal or, you would like to join, the annual dues are only \$8.50 rather than \$17.00 to CBC members. Fred Hixon will have BOAT/US membership applications and background information at the Spring Dinner. Or, contact Fred at (301) 266-0790, 902 Dreams Landing Way, Annapolis, MD 21401.

BOAT/US



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Balto., MD. 21221 (In Essex, off Hopkins Crk. in Middle River)

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\$550/mo. plus utilities negotiable, year lease.
Call Tom or Monica Drewniany 215-754-6054 or write
P.O. Box 163, Frederick, PA 19435.

FOR SAIL AT SPRING DINNER

Binders for Directory	\$ 1.50 ea.
X-tra Directory copies	\$ 1.00 ea.
CBC Burgees	\$15.00 ea.
CBC Name Tag orders taken	\$ 1.50 ea.
(Each yacht gets 2 free-x-tras additional - or, return enclosed order blank with your check to Jan Birely.)	



SEND NOTICES
TO SHIRLEY KENNARD
4011 THORNAPPLE STREET
CHEVY CHASE, MD. 20815

DEFINITIONS: DEFT & DAFFY

YACHT: Any recreational craft whose owner or user is not responsible for her upkeep, or whose owner recognizes sufficient tax benefits from his ownership to defray all operating expenses. Also commonly used to describe any boat prior to its purchase, and by many boat owners to describe their vessel to persons who have never seen it and are never likely to do so.

FITTING OUT: Series of maintenance tasks performed on boats ashore during good-weather weekends in spring and summer months to make them ready for winter storage.

FIX: 1. The estimated position of a boat. 2. The true position a boat and its crew are in most of the time.

from: "SAIL'ING (sa'ling) 1.n.

the fine art of getting wet and becoming ill while slowly going nowhere at great expense.,

by Henry Beard & Roy McKie

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NAME TAGS

I have not received my name tags and would like them printed
as follows:

Name

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I would like addition name tags printed as follows @ \$1.50 ea.:

Name

Name

Name

Name

Please make checks payable to "CHESAPEAKE BRISTOL CLUB" and
return to Jan Birely, 302 Sudbury Road, Linthicum, MD 21090.
CURRENT ORDER DEADLINE: MARCH 20, 1982. Tags should be
available on or about May 1st.

SPRING KICKOFF DINNER

Detach and mail with your check payable to "CHESAPEAKE
BRISTOL CLUB" to Jan Birely, 302 Sudbury Road, Linthicum,
MD 21090. DEADLINE FOR DINNER RESERVATIONS - MARCH 10TH

Name: _____ # of dinners @ \$15.50

per person: _____

Total enclosed: _____

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Name _____
I would like addition name tags printed as follows: \$1.00 each.

Name _____

Name _____

Please make checks payable to "CHESAPEAKE BRISTOL CLUB" and
forward to the Club, 101 Academy Road, Lincolnton, NC 28089.
CURRENT DUES DEADLINE: MARCH 15, 1990. Your checks are
available on or about May 1st.

CHESAPEAKE BRISTOL CLUB
4011 THORNAPPLE STREET
CHEVY CHASE, MD. 20815

SPRING KICKOFF DINNER

Reservations and mail with your check payable to "CHESAPEAKE
BRISTOL CLUB" to the Club, 101 Academy Road, Lincolnton,
NC 28089. RESERVATIONS FOR DINNER SEATING - MARCH 15TH

4 or dinner \$ 212.00

Per person:

Total enclosed:

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