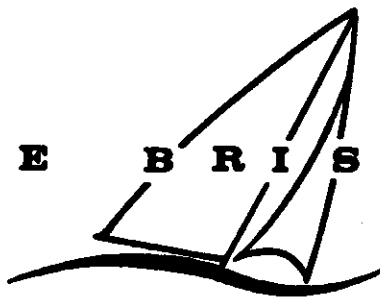




C H E S A P E A K E B R I S T O L C L U B

VOLUME 15
ISSUE 7



SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER
1989

On August nineteenth in Whitehall Bay
Seven sailing craft to one anchor lay.

The raciest boats of our Bristol fleet
Who felt that they could better compete
With the aid of some tips of those in-the-know
So they'd sail their best if any wind blow.

"Professors" Tom Daugherty and Randy Morris
Spoke wise words to the attentive chorus....
Telling them how to navigate
(As each one sipped cold beer and ate..
the Hors d'Oeuvres which were just terrific!)
The assembled crews felt most beatific!

As darkness fell over the bobbing craft
Atlantic's neat yacht left the raft.
Randy and Tom said "As we depart,
Don't forget to be EARLY for the start!"

With the bay just a bit too choppy for ease
Bill Flynn, the "Pied Piper", said "follow me please!"
And he led his "children" on a route oblique,
One by one, carefully, into Meredith Creek.
With all that beer and goodies to devour
They whooped it up until a wee hour.

It was late next morn when all were awake
With a tummy twinge or a slight headache..
And they suddenly knew there was really no way
They'd get to the start and race that day.
The radio crackled with apologies galore
And the revellers, like ravens, quoth "Nevermore!"

The crew of DAPHNE were quiet that day
As they got set to sail up the bay.
CHANTEY's chantey didn't sound quite right
As Joel weighed anchor and sailed out of sight.
Mike Nathans and Marcia, as noon drew nearer,
Said goodbye to a rather subdued crew, Sherrer.
The Webers and Kavanaughs with a bit of chagrin,
Bade farewell to Beryl and "Piper" Flynn.

To Atlantic Yachts our thanks truly hearty!
Next time we'll give YOU a seminar on PARTY!

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A BOAT

BY THOMAS DIXON, JR.

If I had exchanged my New York brownstone house for a log cabin in the woods on the shores of the Chesapeake it would have been a good trade—if the boys could have had boats.

A boy who learns early to handle a boat has achieved more in education than he who graduates at the head of his class in the city high school.

A boat teaches him the first lessons of life—Law and Obedience—in vital ways. You can talk about Law to a boy hours and hours. It goes in at one ear and out at the other. The fact is, few of us ever learn things in the abstract. We rarely learn anything until Nature raps us over the knuckles and calls our attention to it.

A boat says to him: "Keep in harmony with the Law and I am your swift and willing servant. But if you take your hand off that sheet in a gale or forget to ease my sail to that rapping flaw in the wind, I'll dump you overboard."

A boat never talks for the pleasure of hearing her own voice. She means it, and it is not necessary to repeat it.

One ducking is enough.

The love which a boat inspires in a boy is not quite like any other. It is more complex and broadens his mental and spiritual horizon in proportion to its complexity. He may love a horse, or a mule, or a dog simply for its own sake.

A boat inspires all this and more. He soon learns that a boat has a soul born of the union of Labor with Nature. Though a boat is made of wood and nails and rope and cotton, the putting together of those pieces by human hand and brain gives it the press of character which reveals itself the moment she is afloat. Boats are good or bad, tricky or true, just as animals and folks.

Sailing on the river one day with my ten-year-old in his boat, we passed another boy in a narrow cranky-looking craft with a big ugly sail. He was a poor youngster, a cook for some carpenters near by. But the salutes between them were given with all the deference of two ocean captains in mid-Atlantic. I asked my skipper what was the name of his friend's craft.

"*Hell*", he answered.

"What?"

"Yes, sir, *Hell*—she's so tricky."

A boy learns to love or hate a boat for its individuality just as he does man or animal. This love for the boat rouses in him reverence for Nature in her larger life.

He learns that winds and tides have souls. He must study their temper and moods. The face of the water is ever changing from laughter to tears, from joy to anger, and with each breath speaks a new message. He must listen. The boat compels him.

The tides speak with authority and eternal mystery. With never a break they ebb and flow twice each day. He must know their hours and plan his life in harmony with them. The fish and crabs obey their laws. He must know whether it will be ebb or flood when he starts home from a day's outing, or he will miss his supper. He must figure the height of the tide to cross a bar and get back to his channel, and must know the hours of high water and low water, the day he hauls out his craft to scrape her bottom and paint her with copper.

FROM "THE LIFE WORTH LIVING"

The tide is his ship's railway and the beach his dry-dock. He must study the humors of the tide and interpret them. When the tides run unusually low he knows the wind is blowing strong offshore outside and a storm is brewing from the land. When the tide comes rushing in and piles up its flood to normal reach two hours ahead of time and keeps on rising higher and higher, he knows an easterly storm is sweeping in from sea and makes things snug for its coming. Their ever-lasting mystery tantalize him with a thousand vague questions about the Power back of their measureless tons. Early he learns the lesson of Reverence in the presence of Mystery.

A boat is a specific for conceit. When a boy reaches the massive age of thirteen and begins to instruct his father and mother on the conduct of life and the meaning of things, give him a boat and turn him loose in tide-water. He may get wet, but he will be saved early from many afflictions.

I told my boy one day not to venture too far in the wind and tide of the hour from the yacht in his little boat. He waved his arm to me in lordly gesture and informed me he could sail her anywhere in sight and get back all right. I said nothing and let him go. An hour later, I came out of the cabin and went ashore in the naphtha tender for supplies. The wind was blowing a spanking breeze and the tide was running with the wind like a mill-race. I saw my omnipotent young navigator off to the leeward a mile, anchored, and a distress signal flying. I ran the launch and quarter of a mile of him but paid no attention to his frantic gestures for help. I passed on to the shore and an hour later returned. Again I passed him waving his arms and bellowing for a tow. But I pretended not to hear him and pushed on.

When I got back to the yacht, I took the megaphone and asked him why he didn't come in to dinner. The wind was against him and no words from him, of course, could be heard, but the rapidity of his pantomime explanation of the impossibility of lifting his anchor in the terrible tide, or making headway against it, would have been luminous to a wooden Indian. I allowed him to think another hour and then sent the launch to tow him in. He was quiet and humble for twenty-four hours.

Last summer that same boy brought his mother home through a wild, stormy night, over miles of coaming seas in a naphtha launch. He sat quietly in the stern, ran the engine, and steered the boat without a compass over twelve miles of black, crooked, foaming channel without once running ashore. He was only fourteen and his mother is a good sailor, but more than once the winds heard him say with quiet authority:

"Come, come, Mamma, don't be silly; there's not the slightest danger."

Next morning his mother looked at him long and tenderly with softened eyes. She had not met him before.

There is nothing like a boat to develop a boy's executive ability, and his self-reliance within the limits of reason. Watch him skillfully beat his craft to the windward, and you know he is learning one of the first secrets in the deep seas of life. Then see him round the bend in the channel, ease off her sheet, and lean back with a smile as he flies before the wind taking his girl home, and you know he has felt the thrill of the harmony of Nature and her laws. He has come into a heritage no calamity can imperil and no panic ever destroy. †

PUBLISHED IN 1907.



" BAY RIDGE
HERE I COME!

I WEIGH IN AT 1 1/2 LBS &
I'LL BE ACCOMPANIED BY
SOME GREAT CLAMS AND
SHRIMP!

IN PERFORMANCE ONE NIGHT ONLY
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

BE ON TIME! I'LL BE READY FOR YOU AT 3:30 PM
YOUR TICKET AT \$16.00 PER PERSON WILL
INCLUDE MY PERFORMANCE... AND COLD BEER,
SODAS, PLATES, CUPS, UTENSILS... AND THE GRILLES
AND CHARCOAL TO GET THE POTS BOILING.

DON'T FORGET YOUR COOKING POT
AND 'CRACKERS' AND PLEASE
BRING A DISH TO SHARE.

JOEL GROSS WILL HOLD AN AUCTION
FOR THOSE ITEMS YOU NO LONGER
NEED.. SO BRING THOSE WONDERFUL
THINGS FOR HIM TO AUCTION OFF!

NOEL PATTERSON WILL PROVIDE
WATER TAXI SERVICE FROM
4:00 PM to 5:00 PM ONLY.
HE WANTS TO ENJOY THE PARTY
TOO! THE TAXI WILL RUN FOR
A LIMITED TIME ONLY AFTER
THE FEAST! DON'T SAY YOU WEREN'T
WARNED!

"DON'T MISS IT" MIKE NATHANS

★★★★ "SENSATIONAL!" DICK BOECKER

"A SMASH HIT" BETTE MACINTYRE

The Lake Ogleton Entrance is N. W. of Tolly Point. Be sure that
#1 and #5 flashers stay lined up with your fore and aft stays.
Don't let the tide carry you out of the channel. (EASTING DOWN
draws 5' and goes in and out with no trouble)

"GOOD!"
HENRY & ALICE

To reach the Bay Ridge Civic Association Clubhouse by land, head
East on Forest Drive (rt. 665) from rt. 2 at Parole. through 9
traffic lights at which time you will be on Bay Ridge Road. Pass
Gates and turn left onto East Lake Drive. Bear right and go .4 mile
to the sign on the left. There is plenty of parking.

FAYLA SHERRER MUST HAVE YOUR RESERVATION BY
SEPT. 20TH TO ORDER THE LOBSTERS. SEND IN YOUR
CHECK (MADE OUT TO CHESAPEAKE BRISTOL CLUB) TO HER
AT 1049 RIO LANE, SEVERNA PK. MD 21146

"HERE IS MY CHECK FOR _____ LOBSTER DINNERS
SEPT 23. AT \$16.00 EACH"

OR CALL HER: 301/647-6783 *

IF YOU CALL, YOU'VE COMMITTED TO A LOBSTER!

You are cordially invited
to attend an elegant dinner at
the Inn at Perry Cabin
on October 14, 1989

for the benefit of
those Bristol Club Members
and friends
who attend!

Come by boat or by car
dress: casual

There is plenty of dock space, but it will be
first come - first served. If you drop anchor
out and have no dinghy, someone will get
you to the party.

there will be a cash bar
with nibbles
and

a BUFFET in the GAZEBO
\$ 32.00 each.

COCKTAILS 4:00

DINNER 6:00

to come by water: Up the Miles River, turn East to St. Michaels.
Inside the Red Marker, but before the Museum, turn North
into Fogg Cove. Plenty of anchorage room, but there is
6 feet of water at the dock.

to come by land: Take route 50 toward Easton, route 322
bypass to route 33. Continue on 33 through the town of
St. Michaels to the Perry Cabin sign on your right, North
of town. There is plenty of parking.

Reservations MUST be paid for by Sept. 29th for Dinner
so call Fayla Sherrer NOW at 301/647-0404* and
make a reservation - then ASAP send her your check
made out to Chesapeake Bristol Club for _____
dinners at \$32.00/person. Mail the check to:
1049 RIO LANE SEVERNA PARK MD. 21146

If you think your check may be late call Fayla!

THE NEXT ISSUE WILL CONTAIN THE COMPLETE, UNCENSORED, X(?) RATED REPORT ON THE GREAT LABOR DAY WEEKEND IN THE CHESTER RIVER. IT IS A STORY TO MAKE YOU PROUD, MAKE YOU LAUGH, MAKE YOU REMINISCE, AND MAKE YOU SORRY IF YOU DIDN'T MAKE THE PARTY. WATCH FOR IT!

1989 RENEWAL MEMBERS

EISENHART, FRANK J. & KATHLEEN B.
 Jamie-21
 26 Collinson Lee Lane RES: 301/956-6373
 Edgewater, MD 21037 (FRANK) BUS: 202/626-3306
 "SISTER KATE" (KATHY) BUS: 703/974-5577
 Bristol SIZE: 35
 RADIO: WZF 7270 POWER: 1/3/Full LP: 150% COLOR: White
 Liberty Yacht Club, South River, Edgewater, MD

MC CLATCHY, RICHARD A., JR. & MARIANNE G.
 647 Heatherwood Road RES: 215/525-8651
 Rosemont, PA 19010 (DICK) BUS: 215/525-7915
 "MORNING STAR" (MARIANNE)
 Bristol SIZE: 45.5
 RADIO: WYS 8050 POWER: 1/3/Cbd LP: 150% COLOR: White
 Sailing Associates, Sassafras River, Georgetown, MD

PETER, WALTER G., III & FRANCES M.
 2101 Connecticut Avenue, NW RES: 202/483-0611
 Washington, DC 20008 (WALT) BUS: 703/321-8610
 "GRIFFIN" (FRAN)
 Bristol SIZE: 31.1 SAIL: 84058
 RADIO: WSY 8749 POWER: 1/2/Fin LP: 150% COLOR: White
 Hartge Boat Yard, West River, Galesville, MD

ROLLO, REED T. & PATRICIA
 Steven-1
 P. O. Box 10380
 St. Thomas, USVI 00801 (REED) BUS: 809/774-1823
 "SEA URCHIN" (PAT)
 Bristol SIZE: 32 SAIL: 120
 RADIO: WYP 5013 POWER: 1/2/Cbd LP: 150% COLOR: White
 St. Thomas Yacht Club, Benner Bay, St. Thomas USVI

YOUNG, WILLIAM L. & DIERDRE GRIFFITH
 John-18, Chuck-17
 3349 Keswick Road RES: 301/889-3148
 Baltimore, MD 21211 (BUCK) BUS: 301/681-9400
 "FINE ART" (DEE)
 Bristol SIZE: 27
 POWER: 0/3/Full LP: 155% COLOR: DkBlu
 Bay View Marina, Patapsco River, Baltimore, MD

NO DIRECTORY IS COMPLETE WITHOUT THESE

SAVE!

OCTOBER 28 TH AND 29 FOR A GALA TRIP TO BALTIMORE'S INNER HARBOR.

1989 NEW MEMBERS

GEORGE, HANK & SEALE
 3518 Leland Street RES: 301/656-6615
 Chevy Chase, MD 20815 (SEALE) BUS: 301/652-9444
 "SUNDANCER"
 Morgan SIZE: 38
 POWER: I/3/Fin LP: 150% COLOR: White
 Chesapeake Harbor, Annapolis, MD

LEWIS, ANDREW D. & KATHERINE D.
 10917 Golf Course Terrace RES: 301/350-7419
 Mitchellville, MD 20716 (ANDY) BUS: 301/350-7259
 "SOLSTICE" (KATHY)
 O'Day SIZE: 31
 POWER: I/2/Fin LP: 150% COLOR: Cream
 Best Jabins Yacht Yard, Back Creek, Annapolis, MD

BEACH, FOSTER J. III & CHERYL L.
 Jaimie-14, Meredith-12
 12308 Michaelsford Road RES: 301/666-9615
 Cockeysville, MD 21030 BUS: 301/823-8070
 "QUINTESSANCE"
 Sabre SIZE: 42 SAIL#: 014
 POWER: /2/Cbd LP: 150% COLOR: White
 Anchorage Marina, Inner Harbor, Baltimore, MD

MCGREGOR, ROBERT A. & BONNIE S.
 Jeffrey-14, Scott-9
 2223 Regina Drive RES: 301/831-6624
 Clarksburg, MD 20871 (BOB) BUS: 301/590-7836
 "SCOT FREE"
 Bristol SIZE: 40/Y SAIL#: 49
 RADIO: KUS 933991 POWER: I/2/Cbd LP: 150% COLOR: White
 White Rocks Yachting Center, Rock Creek, Pasadena, MD

MOSCHELLA, MICHAEL D. & DEBORAH E.
 710 B Cedar Street RES: 609/786-8532
 Riverton, NJ 08077 BUS: 609/764-8886
 "MARIPOSA"
 Lippincott SIZE: 30 SAIL#: 79
 POWER: I/2/Fin LP: 155% COLOR: White
 Cedar Point Marina, Prospect Bay (Marshy Creek), Grasonville, MD

*Just what you've been waiting for!
 THE COMMODORE'S CUP!*

corrected time
 1:53:10
 2:19:50
 2:19:55
 2:28:40
 2:31:40
 2:38:30
 2:44:00

elapsed time
 2:17:57
 2:56:25
 3:02:24
 3:11:09
 3:07:25
 3:09:46
 3:06:25

HIGH ADVENTURE
 EASTING DOWN
 DAPHNE
 LIMERICK *
 BROAD ARROW
 THEOPHIS
 ECHO

*LIMERICK, a newcomer, singlehanded in this race! Wow!

NORM BOGARDE WANTS YOU ALL TO
KNOW THAT SANDRA HAD A BIT OF CUT
& STITCH DONE ON SEPTEMBER 8TH
AND IS NOW BACK HOME AND RECOUPING
WELL! THE DOCTOR ALLOWS THAT SAVOIR

FAIRE
MUST
DO
WITHOUT
HER
FAVORITE
CREW

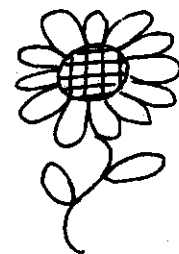
RICHARDSON, EDWARD F. & MURIEL T.

Route B, Box 39 RES: 804/985-3587
Standardsville, VA 22973 (ED)
"SUELLEN"
Bristol SIZE: 29.9/Tall SAILS: 140
RADIO: KUS 609495 POWER: 1/2/Fin LP: 150Z COLOR: White
Cooks' Landing Marina, Perrin River @ York, Gloucester Point, VA

SHENELD, GHERET D. & JEFFIFER W. DRAVES
SHENELD, ROBERT D. (313 E. Nelson 22301, 683-6415)
3700 S. Eighth Street RES: 703/521-5588
Arlington, VA 22204 (GERY)
"PINAFORE" (BOB)
Bristol SIZE: 27 SAILS: 97
POWER: 0/4/Full LP: 150Z COLOR: White
Blue Water Marina, Rhode River, Mayo, MD

WOOD, DONALD C. & J. LYNNE

132 Brent Road RES: 301/647-7294
Arnold MD 21012 (DON)
"MERLIN"
Bristol SIZE: 38.8 SAILS: 2
RADIO: WTC 4485 POWER: 1/3/Cbd LP: 150Z COLOR: Black
Residence, Mill Creek off Magothy River, Arnold, MD

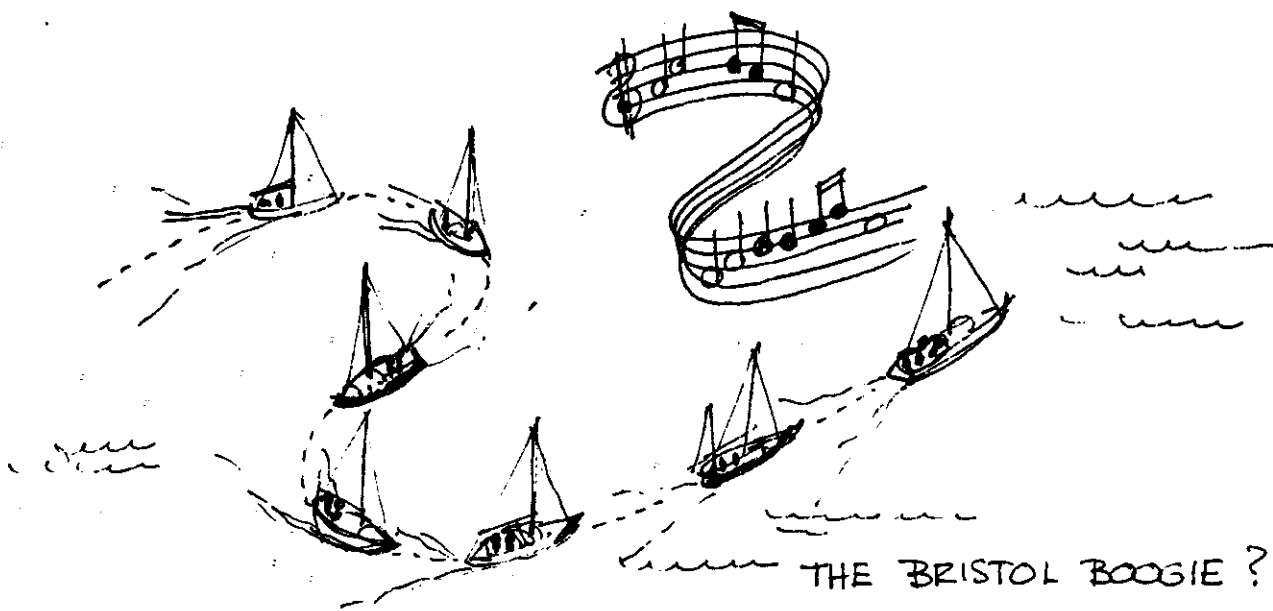


HERE'S A
POSY
FROM
ALL OF
US.

GET
WELL
SOON!

WE
MISS
YOU!

Chesapeake Bristol Club
4011 Thornapple Street
Cherry Chase, MD 20815

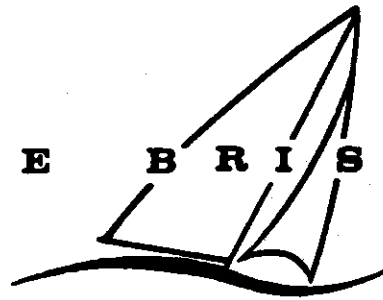


THE BRISTOL BOOGIE?



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

VOLUME 15
ISSUE 6



SEPTEMBER
1989

JUST FOR YOU WHO

FEAR YOU'LL FLUB THE START
HAVE ROUNDED THE WRONG MARKER
TAKE TACKS TOO LONG - OR TOO SHORT
TRIM YOUR SAIL WITH SCISSORS
THINK RACING RULES ARE SPEED STICKS . . .

AND ESPECIALLY YOU WHO

HAVEN'T DISCOVERED THE FUN
OF RACING !

COME TO THE ATLANTIC SAILING & MOTOR YACHTS' RACING CLINIC

AUG. 19: RAFT-UP IN WHITEHALL BAY. BE EARLY, AS THE
1600 WORKSHOP WILL START SHORTLY AFTER 1600

WORK SHOP OUTLINE:

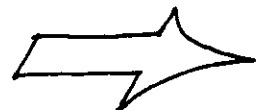
AUG. 20: ROUND THE
1000 BUOYS TO SEE
WHAT YOU'VE
LEARNED!

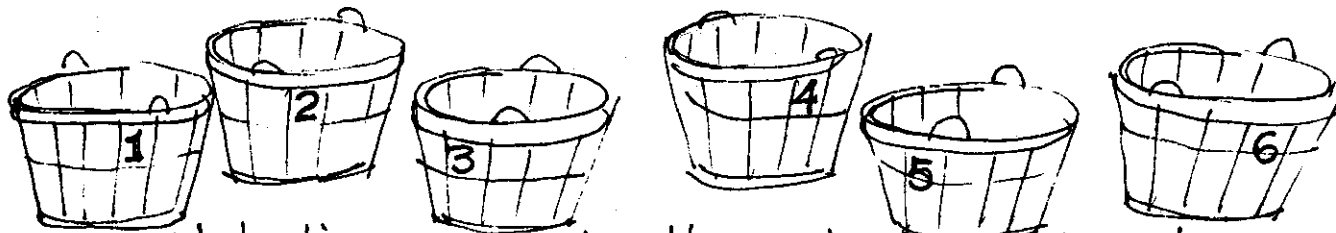
1. PRE-RACE PREP
2. NAVIGATION
3. RACING RULES / BOAT HANDLING
4. THE START
5. TACTICS
6. SAIL TRIM FOR SPEED

YOO HOO! NON-RACERS COME ALONG
TOO . . . YOU'LL SURELY LEARN A THING OR
TWO.

COLD BEER AND HOBS D'OEUVRES
COURTESY OF
ATLANTIC SAILING AND MOTOR YACHTS

READ ON





I can't believe we ate the whole thing!

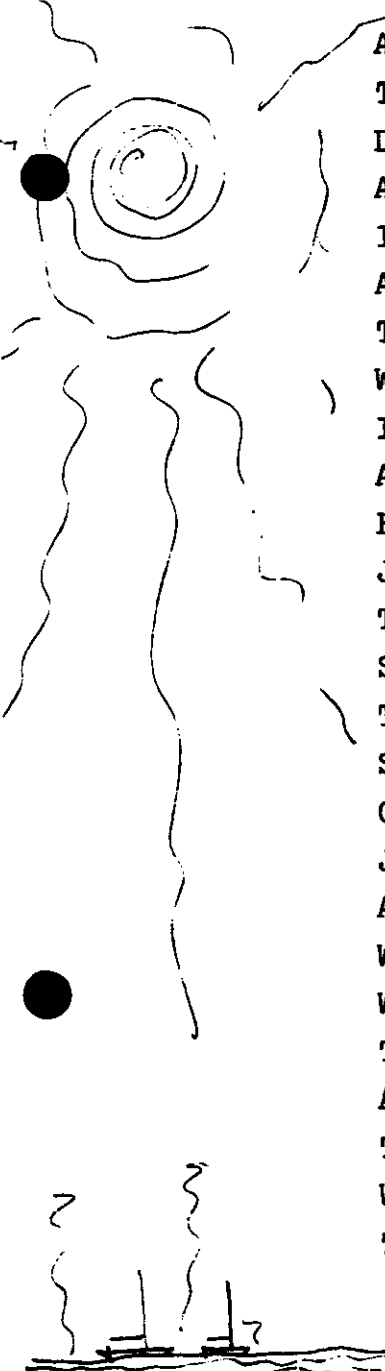
On the afternoon of the 22nd of July eleven Bristol Club boats joined our resident Lake Ogleton Fleet of EASTING DOWN, NANSEA, WHIM, and SERENITY. Afloat in the lake were BROAD ARROW, DAPHNE, CHANTEY, HIGH BALL, HIGH ADVENTURE, KELLY ANN, COMPROMISE, THISTLE, PAVANE and MARIPOSA. Diane and Ralph Snelson drove all the way from Warren, Ohio to join the fleet in their GOLDUST. The thought of all those fat, fragrant crabs and special goodies from our gourmet galleys brought a slew of members by land yacht to the feast. From Baltimore came Art and Herta Baitch, Mal and Arlene Druskin, Jerel and Dee Katz, Richard and Bette MacIntyre. Al and Helen Powell and Gene and Alma Ehrlich drove from Silver Spring Joe and Jay Heidel from Emmitsburg, the Freymeyers from Pasadena, Andy and Kathy Lewis from Mitchelville, and Norm and Sandra Bogarde from Lount Airy. Thomas Dougherty from Atlantic Sailing Yachts joined the folks consuming copious quantities of crab.. and the Michael Moschellas too. They have just bought the Cureton's MARIPOSA.

We have it on good authority that there was a particularly yummy diversity of desserts this year and the crabs were especially fat.

On Sunday, Atlantic Yachts manned a committee boat to set seven-craft-a-racing (?). It seems that the thing doing the most racing was the tide which had a slight edge over the wind. Bert Shoemaker with superb sailing skill and crew.. (and local knowledge) managed to slip away from the fleet, out of the tidal flow and pick up a little shore breeze. NANSEA crossed the finish a good half hour before second place winner HIGH ADVENTURE. DAPHNE, drifting backwards and looking at the long trip home, was the first to drop out of the race. EASTING DOWN stuck it out for another hour with KELLY ANN, PAVANE, and BROAD ARROW.... but the wind was totally uncooperative and none of them finished! We need to devise a "wind ritual" with encantations.. to be performed on the evening before each race. (With our luck, however, it would scare up 40 knots!)

In the meantime.. inbetweentime... ain't we got fun!

RESERVE THE 14TH & 15TH OF
OCTOBER ON YOUR CALENDAR!
THE PERRY CABIN DINNER AT THE INN
IS VERY SPECIAL! DON'T MISS IT! WE
MUST MAKE OUR RESERVATION A MONTH
IN ADVANCE SO CALL NANCY WEBER OR
FAYLA SHERRER TO BE INCLUDED.
(THE COST WILL BE BETWEEN \$27.00 AND \$32.00
PER PERSON)



AUGUST FIFTH DAWNED HOT AND HORRID.
THE BREEZELESS BAY WAS TRULY TORRID.
DAPHNE'S ENGINES DRUMMED AWAY
AND BLUE HERON'S TOO, AS THEY CROSSED THE BAY.
IN QUEENSTOWN HARBOR THEY DROPPED A HOOK
AND BROAD ARROW JOINED THEM IN THEIR NOOK.
THE ANSWER FOR EACH HOT AND FEVERED BROW
WAS A LEAP IN THE WATER..... RIGHT NOW!
IN AN HOUR OR TWO THE SWIMMERS WERE COOL
AND PRUNE SKINNED PEOPLE WERE THE RULE.
EVEN HEIDI, THAT LOVELY MINISCULE PET,
JOINED THE GROUP AND ENJOYED GETTING WET.
THEN SAVOIR FAIRE, WITH SPINNAKER SAGGING,
STAGGERED IN... BUT SANDRA WAS DRAGGING.
THE HEAT AND HUMIDITY HAD DEALT HER A BLOW
SO NORM TUCKED HER IN SAFELY BELOW.
ON SUNDAY IMAGINE WHO THEY FOUND?
JERRY AND JONI JUST LAZING AROUND.
A WALK IN THE SHADE OF QUEENSTOWN'S TREES
WAS ALMOST AS WELCOME AS A BREEZE.
WITH SUN AND NO WIND TO GIVE RESPITE
THE HUMIDITY ONLY INCREASED THEIR PLIGHT.
AS DAPHNE WENT HOME ON THE GLASSY BAY
THE WIND THEY'D HOPED FOR CAME DOWN THE WAY.
WITH VENGEANCE IT BLEW AT A FEROCIOUS PACE
THEN DISAPPEARED IN TEN MINUTES... WITHOUT A TRACE!

DO NOT WEAR ON BACK

As "good consumers," I'm sure that we've all looked at that warning on our throwable cushions. You may even have tried the cushion out in the water - no doubt, "wearing it on your back" wouldn't work! The "backpack" position immediately throws you face forward into the water.

But what WOULD? I've always assumed that not wearing it on my back meant wearing it on my front. Instead of a backpack arrangement, a "frontpack" might serve. I've tried it, and it doesn't work. The straps floated off my shoulders. I could keep it on, but only by clasping my arms over the cushion - I might as well have been holding on to a crab-pot float.

But Stearns has come to the rescue! There is a better way to "not wear on back." As detailed on the label of the Stearns bouyant cushion, put one LEG through one loop, and either your head, or opposite arm through the other.

I tried it, and it works! In fact, it is more comfortable, and allows freer motion than a life jacket. It's not obvious though, and it would be a good idea to show any guests on board how to best use a bouyant cushion.

Happy Sailing!

Mark Fisher, Ayesha

TAKE A WEEK IN JULY... AND HEAD NORTH !

The great Bristol 15th Anniversary Cruise took off from the Bodkin Creek rendezvous on Sunday, July 2. The fleet of thirteen boats sailed, motored, and drifted.. as weather permitted or dictated.. across the bay to the Sassafras River and up to Turner Creek. A quiet night in Turner Creek was enjoyed aboard AT LAST, BLUE HERON, CHANTEY, CILLE III, HIGH ADVENTURE, HIGH BALL, KELLY ANN, MICKEY, PAVANNE, SANS SOUCI, TALISMAN, WILD ROVER, and WINDSONG..... after the first timers negotiated the tortuous passage under the guidance of the experienced.

On Monday the fleet split, and AT LAST, CHANTEY, MICKEY, SAN SOUCI, TALISMAN and WINDSONG went up to the Elk River, Back Creek and Chesapeake City. CILLE III went as far as the Bohemia and BLUE HERON, HIGH ADVENTURE, HIGH BALL, KELLY ANN, and PAVANE stayed in the Sassafras and went on to Georgetown. At Chesapeake City the Eatons and the Ehrlichs in WINDSONG's dinghy towed the Mac Intyre's and Joel Gross in AT LAST's dinghy across the canal to Schaefer's Canal House for dinner. It was an adventurous voyage with the little outboard just able to make headway against the current and the confused wakes of passing power boats. The return trip, although made in the dark, came at a time of slack tide and was considerably less hairy.

Tuesday the Chesapeake City Flotilla headed South and everyone but the Ehrlichs anchored in Fairlee Creek after a passage under heavy clouds and through intermittent showers of varying intensity. MICKEY joined BLUE HERON, HIGH ADVENTURE, and PAVANE in Worton Creek.

Wednesday, after taking on supplies and consulting the marina mechanics, the Worton Creek boats joined the others in Fairlee Creek. The weather forecast was unfavorable and it was decided to spend the rest of the day in Fairlee. A succession of showers verified the wisdom of the decision. Wet sails, clothing and crews did not, however, dampen the spirits. HIGH ADVENTURE came through the anchored fleet to bring the waterlogged sailors to BLUE HERON for a social hour. PAVANE ferried the Webers, McCabes, Joel Gross, the Eatons, the Ehrlichs, the Sherrers, Joe Heidel with crew Guy and Dave, and Mike Nathan with crew Andy Lewis to shore to Fair Oaks for dinner.

Thursday CHANTEY, MICKEY, SANS SOUCI, and WINDSONG went on to Rock Hall for fuel and ice and then around the corner to Swan Creek. As the Eatons weighed anchor in Fairlee Creek, they actually raised two anchors and WINDSONG is now equipped with two danforths. Bob Eaton's local knowledge permitted the other boats to cut a few corners in the Rock Hall-Swan Creek area. The portion of the fleet that elected not to go into Swan Creek went on to enjoy the Chester. The Swan Creekers enjoyed the chance to swim, do a bit of boatkeeping and attempt to dry out.

Friday the Swan Creek flotilla loafed around with more swimming, boatkeeping, and drying as well as some fine heron watching. SANS SOUCI and MICKEY carried the rest of the sailors to Fin, Fur and Feather in Rock Hall for dinner while the Chester River flotilla continued to do their thing.

AND THE CRUISE CONTINUES

Saturday came the fabulous anniversary sunflower....a wonderful end to the 1989 big cruise... after some good sailing, some enforced motoring, some good and some not-so-good weather, a few adventures, much fine camaraderie and mutual helpfulness. The velvet-gloved guidance of co-chairmen Joel Gross and Ned Sherrer did much to make it a success. What can we do now for an encore?

ALMA

(This account is based on the keen observation and copious notes of Jean Eaton.)

Notes from another cruise diary:

July 3: At LAST had to return to Baltimore with a water pump problem.. and HIGHBALL had to return home .. to work... alas!

July 4: MICKEY arrived under sail into Worton Creek... all the way! without an engine! Rain and more rain.

July 5: Fairlee Creek... More rain.... eighteen people for cocktails under the super big awning on BLUE HERON... PAVANE a fancy dingy taxi for dinner at Great Oaks!

July 6: Rain and Fog and Smog all departed! KELLY ANN heads for Chestertown while HIGH ADVENTURE, PAVANE, BLUE HERON and TALISMAN raft in Langford Creek.

July 7: PAVANE , sadly, returns home so Ned could do his weekend duty to our country,.... and the rest of the folks went to Chestertown to sightsee and have lunch at the Old Wharf Inn, where they found KELLY ANN docked.

Back to Queenstown. "Nice Sail" said Eric, as BLUE HERON barreled along the wide part of the Chester. HIGH ADVENTURE raised her Jolly Roger Flag and attacked with water balloons. BLUE HERON counter-attacked with her wash down hose. Mike Nathans won the skirmish by accurately launching balloons with a Lacrosse stick!

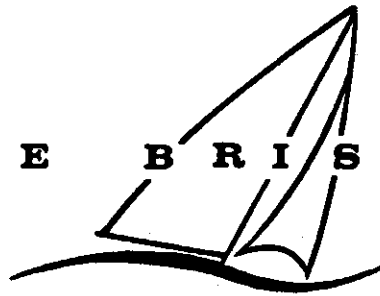
July 8: Happy Anniversary! NANCY

P.S. MIKE NATHANS HAS A WOW OF A PICTURE OF OUR SPECTACULAR SUNFLOWER ! HE TOOK IT FROM THE TOP OF ARPEGGIO'S MAST DURING THE PARTY

MIKE WILL BRING HIS ENLARGED COPY TO OUR FALL DINNER AND TAKE ORDERS IF YOU'D LIKE ONE



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



BRISTOL YACHTS

&

THE CHESAPEAKE BRISTOL CLUB

PRESENT

BRISTOL YACHTS COMMODORE'S CUP CHALLENGE '89

PAST WINNERS

1975	ANTIGONE	J. CASWELL
1976	DAME MAME	E. PLITT
1977	DAME MAME	E. PLITT
1978	QUEST	R. F. MCINTOSH
1979	POWHATAN	J. BROWN
1980	POWHATAN	J. BROWN
1981	DAME MAME	E. PLITT
1982	POWHATAN	J. BROWN
1983	KRISDE	K. BROMAN
1984	DAPHNE	R. BOECKER
1985	HIGH ADVENTURE	M. NATHANS
1986	HIGH ADVENTURE	M. NATHANS
1987	HIGH ADVENTURE	M. NATHANS
1988	HIGH ADVENTURE	M. NATHANS

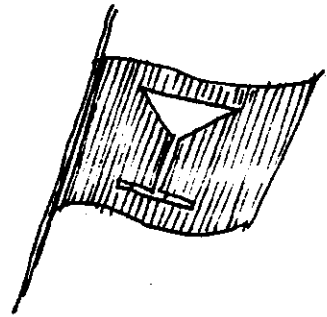
THE CHESAPEAKE BRISTOL CLUB IN CONJUNCTION WITH BRISTOL YACHTS, AND ATLANTIC SAILING YACHTS, PROUDLY INVITE YOU, AS A BRISTOL YACHT OWNER, TO CHALLENGE FOR THE COVETED CHESAPEAKE BRISTOL CLUB'S COMMODORE'S CUP. THIS WILL BE THE 15TH RUNNING OF THE EVENT.

CORDIALLY,

MICHAEL G. NATHANS
COMMODORE, CBC

(DETAILS ATTACHED)

COME, EVERYONE, FOR A WEEKEND OF
LUXURIOUS LAZING
ROUSING RACING
PEERLESS PARTYING
AND A
TERRIFIC TIME



SEPTEMBER 2ND & 3RD 1989

THIS YEAR BRISTOL YACHTS WILL JOIN THE CHESAPEAKE BRISTOL CLUB IN SPONSORING THE COMMODORE'S CUP RACE IN THE CHESTER RIVER. OUR COMMODORE'S LETTER OF INVITATION HAS BEEN SENT TO BRISTOL OWNERS AROUND THE BAY AREA WITH THE RACE INSTRUCTIONS AND A DESCRIPTION OF THE WEEKEND DOINGS.

WE HOPE THAT WE CAN WELCOME LOTS OF BRISTOL BOATS THAT WILL JOIN US FOR THE FESTIVITIES AT OUR ANNUAL LABOR DAY RENDEZVOUS WITH RAFT-UPS IN THE CORSICA RIVER ON SATURDAY AND IN LANGFORD CREEK ON SUNDAY. IT WILL BE ANOTHER TIME TO MEET OLD FRIENDS AND GREET SOME NEW ONES!

SEE YAWL THERE!

FOR OUR VISITORS :

REGISTRATION AND A SKIPPER'S MEETING FOR THE RACE WILL BE HELD ON BOARD *HIGH ADVENTURE*, AT THE RAFT UP SEPTEMBER 2ND IN THE CORSICA RIVER AT 18:00 HOURS.

FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD PLACE TROPHIES, AS WELL AS THE 1988 FIRST PLACE KEEPER TROPHY FOR THE COMMODORE'S CUP CHALLENGE WILL BE PRESENTED AT THE CHESAPEAKE BRISTOL CLUB'S ANNUAL FALL BANQUET, HELD AT THE BAY RIDGE INN, ANNAPOLIS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

*YOUR RACE INSTRUCTIONS
ARE IN YOUR DIRECTORY
DON'T FORGET THEM !*

WE WILL MISS ONE WELL LOVED MEMBER THIS YEAR
POOCHINI DIED IN JULY AND BONKERS IS WITHOUT HER
FAVORITE CREW. ♡

LIGHT OUT EARLY FOR HOLIDAY
ADJUST YOUR COURSE FOR THE CHESTER
BRING YOUR BUDDIES TO JOIN THE FUN
OPEN A COLD CAN OF BREW
RELAX!
DINE AL FRESCO
TRACK THAT RACE WITH GUSTO
FIELD TO THE SPELL OF THE BAY!

Chesapeake Bristol Club
4011 Thornapple Street
Chevy Chase, MD 20815