

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

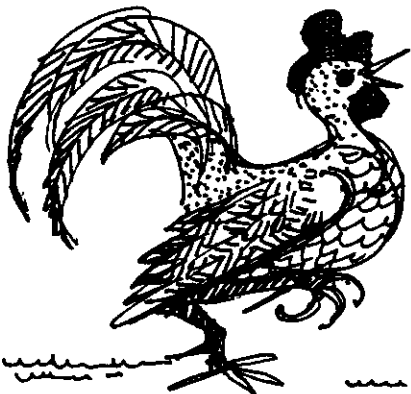
VOLUME 18
ISSUE 4

JUNE 1992

IF C.B.C. members had listened to the weather report on Friday, May 8th, they would all have stayed in bed on Saturday and missed a great Bristol weekend. On Saturday the wind was 15-25 knots from the SE which gave everyone a brisk sail to our first C.B.C. rendezvous. While it was overcast and cool the predicted rain stayed away. PAVANE put her hook down in the muck of Swan Creek first, and soon HIGH ADVENTURE and SOLSTICE tied alongside. MARIPOSA and DAPHNE were close behind. Dick Boecker Jr., representing RUSTY RIG, was aboard DAPHNE. Joel brought along a guest, Mark, aboard his salty CHANTEY, and we all hope he will join us again! Our Commodore piloted WHIM alongside and SAVOIR FAIRE brought the raft to completion.

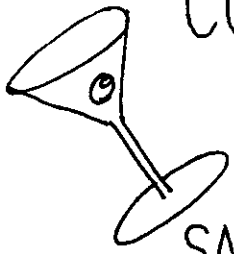
1630 was set as the appointed time for the Hors d'Oeuvre contest, and PAVANE was the locale, where Fayla had the already elegant boat decorated with ribbons and bows, a truly cheery setting! Entrys came on platters or on trays, each wonderfully prepared and beautifully displayed. Each person received a ballot and then the testing began. Yum! Scoring was 1 up to 5 (tops!). When each one was tasted and then tasted some more... the tally was made. The unanimous sentiment was that the decisions were very difficult as every entry was so great.

Fayla produced some wonderful prizes! Kitchen (galley!) towels with the club logo and "Appetizer Award" embroidered on them: Blue for first prize, Red for second, and white for third... and the delighted winners in the Cold category were DAPHNE, first; SAVOIR FAIRE, second; RUSTY RIG third. PAVANE pulled off a first in the Hot category with WHIM a close second and MARIPOSA in third. It was a happy crew.. full of good food and enjoying great company. Aren't you sorry you didn't come too?

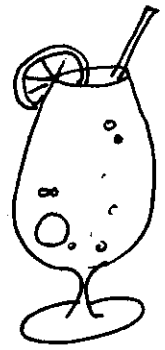


MY COCK TAIL IS PRETTY
IMPRESSIVE - - - -
HOW ABOUT YOURS ?

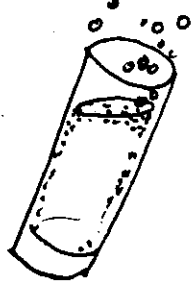
JOIN ME IN HALF MOON BAY
ON THE RHODE
JUNE 13TH



COME ONE, COME ALL TO OUR FIRST COCKTAIL BALL



SATURDAY, JUNE 13th AT 5PM ON THE BEACH
AT HALF MOON BAY ON THE RHODE RIVER



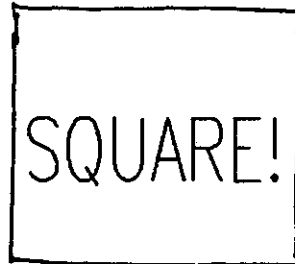
Enter the West River past Can #1 and Daymark #2, then head west to Daymark #2 at the mouth of the Rhode. Pass Daymark #3 and look to your left – the party will abode. Drop your hook close to the beach, there's ten feet or more to show, then grab your dingy, bring some friends and onto the shore we'll row.



Bring a jug of your favorite libation, with a dozen or more dixie cups to share, some munchies to 'cleanse' the palate, all your Bristol drinking buddies will be there. Formal attire is optional – a bathing suit will do, as this is just a beach party, not a big to-do. Bring a blanket or a towel, the swimming should be great. The party starts at 5 o'clock – remember, don't be late.

Some prizes will be awarded for concoctions most unique: Drinks most colorful, drinks most tasteful, the strongest one, the weakest one, and the most aptly named one you can think. Alcohol is optional, beer and wine is welcome too – anything you like to drink and share with friends, old and new. And if you want to stay and eat, bring a grill or barby with you.

BE THERE OR BE SQUARE!



P.S. – Rafting may not be recommended depending upon skiers. See you at the beach – just give a blast if you need a ride to the shore.



FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST...

If the club had plenty of wind for the first get-together the same could not be said for the second! It was a beautiful sunny day, not too hot, not too cold.. but not a whisper of wind! That proved no deterrence at all to our intrepid sailors, who chugged and putted their way to Granary Creek off the Wye, where they found that familiar catamaran, BRAVO, at anchor near the DNR compound under the trees as the mouth of the creek. What a wonderful setting! The creek rapidly filled up with rafts of all sizes... some Bristol rafts, Easport Yacht Club rafts, and some "interdenominational" rafts. It was a wonderful turn out for what was a really great "first time" event, a joint Pot Luck Barbecue and Beer Bash for the two clubs. The food that was spread upon the table was just fabulous.. and steaks, chicken, hot dogs, hamburgers and even ribs sizzled on the charcoal grills. As promised, our Commodore produced a dinghy full of ice, and ice cold beverages for all tastes. What fun it was to meet another bunch of dedicated sailors. One EYC member arrived in a truly unique craft, a Pilgrim 41, complete with "smokestack" and screened veranda on the fantail! We were all impressed! Seems the owner is a sailor too and has his sailboat on the west coast. He entertained us with a terrific demonstration of knot tying, and when dinner was over and night had fallen, pulled out a mandolin or ukelele and led a great sing-along. Les Long, come join us again!

The Bristol Club craft that bobbed gently in the creek that night were ECHO, SEA WITCH, PAVANE, SOLSTICE, RUSTY RIG, BONKERS TWO, SAN SOUCI, EASTING DOWN, BROAD ARROW, HIGH ADVENTURE, WHIM, CHANTEY, BRAVO, SAVOIR FAIRE, SUMMER SONG and HIBALL II. We were all delighted to see MAGIC DRAGON with Fred, Linda, and Jonathan. Mal and Louise Mellington were there in their new 38.8 with a name at last ...DARK STAR.KELLY ANN came from afar!

At the appointed hour of ten on Sunday, a truly motley crew of brigands gathered ashore for some dastardly doings. The Jolly Roger was flying high on buccaneer Mike's mast and the motto of the day was tattooed everywhere.. "Why work when you can plunder!" Captain Hak and his Matey Adele gathered the unruly group together with promises of buried treasure and there was a scramble for the map and a scurry for shovels, but the clues were too much for the battle scarred old pirates.. and the younger crew members overcame the treachery of the old guys and Jonathon Hixon dug up the treasure! He generously shared the "gold" doubloons with the other treasure seekers.

The youngest pirate was Jake Wilhelm, resplendent in headscarf and bright sash, but this reporter will not risk naming the eldest buccaneer as she doesn't relish walking the plank. Blunderbusses were tucked into belts, swords were brandished; boots, eyepatches, sashes, three cornered hats and stilletos adorned the rag-tag crew.. A toothless hag with long scraggly tresses fenced with a flamboyant wench in bright sashes and gold ornaments and the Frightful Fayla became the female pirate of the day while Captain Kid Norman was the best dressed buccaneer.. resplendent in the chains and attire of a rock band.

The tug-o-war was a relatively brief affair, as we all know that brigands are notoriously un-trustworthy and that Big Brigand Boecker pulled off a dastardly trick that threw the enemy completely off balance. The long-boat race was also marred by a few sneaky tactics..such as unexpected double knots in painters..and a rather messy fracas at the turning mark as the mis-matched oarsmen battled for control of their unwieldy craft. A very wet Marge Kavanaugh was tossed overboard by her captain and found the cool welcoming. The trophy was awarded when a winning pair had managed to sink a ball through a basketball hoop.. The resulting melee resembled a rugby scrimmage.. with Mike Nathans on the bottom...That old salt, Dick Boecker and his daughter Jane managed to out maneuver the other undisciplined sailors and won the prize! By the time everyone had finished laughing it was time for lunch, and eating under the trees was wonderful. Tom and Judy Taylor had driven over from the Eastern Shore to join us, and Natalie and Allison Boecker drove in from Baltimore to join the eight Boeckers that were on board RUSTY RIG. Cathy and Todd Pekell drove in to join the Outerbridge clan

In the evening, after another wonderful dinner ashore, the pirates gathered in the shelter, out of the rain, and told tall tales of derring do. "It was a dark and stormy night..."

Monday was cold and raw, but there was wind for the trip home.. and the Pirate Ships set sail from their Treasure Island with a "Yo-ho-ho and a Bottle of Rum", and their Jolly Rogers flying.



FOR SALE

As a result of having sold "Imagine," and subsequently purchasing "Serenity," I have the following items for sale:

1. Raritan Lectro San Waste Treatment System
Boat U.S. price: \$695.95
Mine is new, in the box.
2. Canvas bosun's chair
M & E Marine price: \$49.95
like new; used about 6 times.
3. Jim-Buoy Horseshoe Buoy with bracket
M & E Marine price: \$41.95 + \$11.95
4. Lifesling man over board recovery system
M & E Marine price: \$106.95
5. Sails
One Yankee, hank on, off of "Imagine", a Passport 42
One 85% jib, hank on, off of "Serenity," a Morgan 38
Both sails in very good condition.
6. Magma Barbecue grill, charcoal
Boat U.S. price: \$72.50

All reasonable offers entertained.

For information, call Jerry Cureton, (home: (609) 829-8386;
work: (609) 779-3602)

JUST
IN
TIME
FOR
THE
JUNE
CRUISE



A TALE OF DARK SHIPS AND BLACK HEARTED MEN

And as it is told, during the period of the English Wars with the French, about the men who danced at sea to the song of the raven and fingered their booty and swilled their rum by the cold pale light of the moon, as it shone off the decks and spars of their dark ships and played crystal-like reflections off the crests of ocean rollers. These black hearted men, renegades of their times, were most feared by captains and crews, and merchant ship owners of all nations. Approaching stealth-like, they would appear out of the distant mist, running down the coaster and ocean trader alike. All of a sudden it seemed, they would be there. As a shadow. "There ! Off the port quarter !" Panic striking deep as the cry came down from the crow's nest... "PIRATES !"

This account recalls the vengeful pursuit of retribution by Issac Mendelson alias John Dunn, ex-watch mate of The Kingdom's Royal Armada who served under Captain Hanrod Blythe, aboard the swift top master, HMS *Dolphin Stryker*.

Thirteen days out of Cowes, laden with three hundred thousand gold bullion, teas, and spices and bound for trade in the Colonies, Dunn turned *Dolphin Stryker* to a dark ship off the coast of the Marquesses in the sultry heat of a tropical night when he and the crew put Blythe along with his first mate to death in their own berths as they slept. Their bodies discarded at sea.

The mutiny perpetrated by Dunn that night was born out of a star crossed combination of a crew's discontent under the task of a pompous and overbearing captain, along with Dunn's deeper rooted misfortunes of origin. Beginning with the Kingdom's conspired murder of his father, a Sephardic merchant grown too successful in the eyes of the Arch Duke, his mother and sister perished too in the fire set to their trading store and home on Water Street. Away at the time, Dunn escaped his probable fate and changing his name signed on as a deck hand aboard a newly found oceanic trader. Dunn vowed to avenge his family's horrific end at the hands of the State. Working his way up the ranks, he learned and mastered the skills of seamanship and navigation until he attained the level of mate and the confidence and respect of his fellow crew, who were for the most part down trodden unfortunates like himself and in some cases criminals. The first opportunity to set his plan in motion was quickly seized.

Although not originally drawn as a Man-O-War, *Dolphin Stryker* made for the perfect renegade vessel. With 122 feet of waterline under load of cargo, she had proven herself to be the fastest tall ship of her day on all points of sail. Free, and high on her lines however, her speed was blazing ! Utilizing the proceeds and wealth gained from her mutiny, Dunn promptly augmented the *Stryker's* original defenses which consisted of only four each port and starboard 8 pound midship cannons, to include four sighted 12 pound foredeck cannons, all of which could be trained either to port or starboard, or split in any combination utilizing a single magazine compartment located on center just aft of the forepeak. Four aft facing 12 pound sighted cannons were mounted as well. Steel plates were fitted and faired to the turn of her bilges. Thus the *Stryker* could now attack, stand fire, and retreat fighting rear guard action on any point of sail.

Making their home port among the Caribbean Islands in any deep water cove offering a nearby source of fresh water, Dunn and his crew made a practice of banking their ill gotten treasures in sandy vaults. And so began six years of plunder at sea. Dunn's *Stryker*, preyed upon her victims under the dark stars, skull and crossed bones. Of the thirty two trading vessels which fell to Dunn's *Stryker*, sixteen flew the colours of the Kingdom. Stepping out as the night stepped in, Dunn's *Stryker* would display false lanterns and mock fires to lure unsuspecting passing ships to their deaths. And the lesson was taught: Under pursuit by the Dark Ship fell pretty girls, young men, old men... booties and rum. Pillars of smoke. And rules do not apply.

No ship taken by the *Stryker* was of remainder value. Thus, stripped of her stores and valuable cargo, including any half way attractive women who happened to be aboard, the victim ship was routinely burned to her water line with all hands tied aboard. Within months, most women taken off such a victim ship, regardless of age, became as if a tired and worn woman. The 'plank' being their final walk. The *Stryker's* crew under Dunn was assured of a warm bunk several nights a month in the mean time, as well as properly cleaned and tailored clothing. Abandoning the customary merchant marine's uniform, Dunn's crew took to wearing brightly coloured and fancifully tailored outfits made from the fine fabrics and threads captured in their raids. Actually, aside from their greedy, blood thirsty habits and rude manors, it could be said that these were just regular guys of their times, **who liked to dress up!**

Between sorties, the rum flowed freely, and the rhythmic Island music along with the warm climes and indigenous herbs became preferable to the cold waters of the North Atlantic, traditional tobaccos, and the old salt chanteys. However, as the years passed, the hiding was becoming risky in the Islands, which were proving a popular trading and playing ground for the Europeans. As the numbers and frequency of their patrols increased, Privateers were becoming evermore of a threat to the *Dolphin Stryker*.

Dunn decided to go north to the enchanted islands of the Maine Gulf. The morning of June of '23 found the *Stryker* lying-to in the fog off Jeffreys Bank just north of 43 30. Reports had been obtained that HMS *Pintail*, one of the Kingdom's gold ships was making for Nantucket to purchase whale oil and ivory. When she broke through the mist, *Pintail* was forereaching on a medium northwesterly, sitting low in the water and gently heeled. The *Stryker* came broadreaching down on her at twice the speed, simultaneously firing all of her foredeck cannons at *Pintail's* windward water line. Two of the four twelve pounders found their mark. "Rapid reload!" shouted the artillery officers. "Only this time load up with the bar and chain!" And then, **KA-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!** Four volleys to the rigging and down came fore and mizzen masts. With this, *Pintail* bore off into an accidental jibe and continued to round up with the wind coming abeam until her sails flogged uselessly, and she slowed to a stop. Dead in the water. Now standing upright, *Pintail's* holed starboard water line began taking on sea water fast. *Stryker* was on *Pintail* in moments running down her own path of hot lead from cannon grape and pistol alike. Alongside, made fast, and boarded *Pintail* now revealed her secret to Dunn and his crew. Nary trace of a living soul to be found. *Pintail* was a **GHOST SHIP!** "To the holds! What have we got?!", commanded Dunn. "Stone ballast!", came the reply from below. "AWAY!", howled Dunn. "Step lively mates or it'll be our lives!" No sooner had they cast off from *Pintail* the **GHOST SHIP**, when **whoosh-splash-splash-splash... WHOOSH-CRACK!** Deck splinters flew in all directions. *Stryker* was under attack from three of the Kingdom's fighting naval schooners. "DAMN! A TRAP!", realized Dunn as a hot chill flashed over him.

The wind had veered to the west, and the crew of the *Stryker* bent on full rag reaching for their lives up Muscongus Bay chased by the Kingdom's three attack ships. As dusk approached, the breeze faded and the fog returned. Ghosting dark and silent, *Stryker* carefully crept away and out between the shoals and ledges of The Muscongus and Metinic Islands into the Penobscot Bay. Here, they slipped east in the dawn mist, under the guns of Fort Castine, and now riding the out going tide, they eased down along Isle au Haut to a secluded deep water cove surrounded by tall and dark pine.

It was here in Seal Cove under the Owl's Head where judgment on the pact with the Dark One was executed. Knowing full well the walking liability of living witnesses, Dunn poisoned the lot of his crew in their evening splasher of rum, and taking to shore in a long boat, he left *Dolphin Stryker* under a pall of black smoke as she burned to her water line. And to this day it is told, Dunn himself still lives. However now, it is the life of a seeming gentleman yachtsman for him, taking young female wharf rats for nocturnal boat rides, and making occasional withdrawals from his sandy vaults for rum money.

**So ye that ply the briny blue, keep a watch eye out for that old skull with crossed bones.
That Dark Jolly Rodger might be gaining a bearing with a water balloon for YOU!**

COME ONE, COME ALL !!

SATURDAY
JUNE 27

BODKIN

JOIN THE BIG
SENDOFF !!

JUNE 28

FAIRLEE CREEK

JUNE 29

STILL POND

JUNE 30

SASSAFRAS FREDERIKSTOWN

JULY 1

BOHEMIA RIVER

JULY 2

HAVRE DE GRACE

JULY 3

WORTON CREEK

JULY 4

WHITE ROCKS

JULY 5

HOME PORT



PACK YOUR CARES AWAY AND HOP ON YOUR BOAT
AND TAKE A WONDERFUL VACATION AFLOAT.
OUR LEADER, NED, HAS PLANNED A CRUISE
GUARANTEED TO CHASE AWAY BLUES:
A RELAXED TRIP TO LOVELY SPOTS
WHERE YOU CAN ANCHOR OR RAFT YOUR YACHTS
AND JOIN GOOD FRIENDS FOR A FLOATING PARTY
OR GO ASHORE FOR A MEAL HOT AND HEARTY.
IF YOUR MOTOR QUILTS OR YOU'RE STUCK IN THE SANDS
YOU'LL FIND LOTS OF HELPING HANDS.
SO CALM YOUR FEARS AND CHECK THOSE CHARTS,
JOIN THIS EASY TRIP TO NORTHERN PARTS.
IF YOU WANT ADVENTURE, FRESH AIR AND SUN
DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE! JOIN THE FUN!

Chesapeake Bristol Club
4011 Thornapple Street
Cherry Chase, MD 20815



CBC MEMORIAL DAY NOTICE



ON SATURDAY NIGHT, MAY 23, THE EASTPORT YACHT CLUB AND THE CHESAPEAKE BRISTOL CLUB WILL HAVE THEIR JOINT SHORE PARTY AT THE DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL RESOURCES LODGE ON WYE ISLAND. THE OFFICIAL GATHERING TIME WILL BE 6:30 AND THE CLUBS WILL HAVE AT THE READY FOR YOU: BEER AND SOFT DRINKS, ICED DOWN AND INVITING; MUNCHIES TO CRUNCH ALONG WITH YOUR DRINKS; CHARCOAL GRILLES WITH THE CHARCOAL LIT AND READY FOR YOUR OWN GRILLABLES; AND ALL OF THE NECESSARY PLATES, TOOLS, CUPS AND NAPKINS FOR A GREAT PICNIC! OUR COMMODORE ASSURES US THAT HE WILL HAVE ON HAND AN ENTIRE DINGHY OF ICE!

PLEASE BRING ALONG A DISH TO SHARE: SALAD, DESSERT, VEGIE OR ANY OTHER FAVORITE GOODIE; YOUR FAVORITE MEAT TO GRILLE; AND THE SMALL SUM OF \$5.00/ PERSON TO COVER SHELTER RENT AND ALL OF THE ABOVE GOOD THINGS FROM THE CLUB.

SUNDAY WHEN WE GATHER FOR A TREASURE HUNT, BRING ALONG YOUR LUNCH AND SOMETHING TO SHARE, SO WE CAN HAVE ANOTHER FESTIVE MEAL ASHORE. THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF ICE TO COOL THINGS DOWN UNTIL LUNCH TIME. THE CLUB WILL HAVE THE SAME GOOD THINGS AVAILABLE AS THE NIGHT BEFORE AND THE SAME ASSESSMENT OF \$5.00/PERSON WILL COVER ALL.

AFTER LUNCH WE WILL HAVE ALL OF THE YO-HO-HO AWARDS AND CONTINUING PIRATE FESTIVITIES!



Chesapeake Bristol Club
4011 Thornapple Street
Chevy Chase, MD 20815

BRISTOL CLUB

MEMBERS:

READ THIS

P. D. Q.

