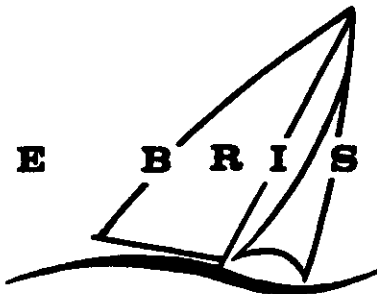




C H E S A P E A K E B R I S T O L C L U B

VOLUME 21
ISSUE 2



MARCH 1995

WHADDAYA KNOW! - - - - PLANNING CAN BE FUN!

The day was truly remarkable for February... and many of us remembered the terrible cold and ice of February 1994. When folks arrived at the Bay Ridge clubhouse they found tables all set for the festive occasion, and Tom Finnin at his post in the galley tending the beer, wine, and other beverages which awaited us. Each "boat" was represented by a goody on the buffet tables, but everyone set about the wonderful task of catching up on the winter's news and travels before settling in to serious chowing-down. Dick Boecker, Jr. and the group of sailors he shepherded to the Virgin Islands were just back, sporting healthy tans and the laid back attitude of the islands that lingers on. Dave and Rebecca Burka were still thrilled over the trip. Joel Gross, one of our temporary bachelors that day, brought along some marvelous panoramic photos of the trip taken on the "throw-away" cameras. We all looked at them with more than a tinge of envy. Chuck and Rena Beers were attending their second planning meeting... but hadn't joined any of our events in between. We sure hope that they'll come sail with us in 1995. Ron and Janet Benrey weren't around too much last year either but they were there with gusto looking forward to the new year. Two more "bachelors" were Bert Shoemaker and Bill Flynn whose spouses (spice?) were off on family visits. Bill was stand-in for the membership chairman and exhorted those late folks to "pay up!" The Bay Ridge contingent was well represented: Bill and Anne Sieling with two guests, Noel and Carol Patterson, Andy Talarico, and Tom Outerbridge, with Michelle and little Mike in tow. Has he ever grown! Dick and Ruth Boecker were in their usual great spirits, and Art and Fran Bertapelle brought along a map of Italy (to study in a quiet moment...) They have had a couple of trips there and have fallen in love with the country, even more so since Art discovered some relatives there! The only canine at the meeting was "Holly" (for "Holiday Spirit"), the Mellingtons' newest Corgie. She's #3! The CBC Architects were out in force: Will and Logan Hottle, Eric and Leslie Svenson, and Hunter and Shirley Kennard. There seems to be some deep correlation between that esoteric art and the one of sailing. Mike Nathans and Marcia drove all the way from New Jersey, as of now they haven't found their waterside pied-a-terre in the Annapolis area. Patience and fortitude, guys! Bob Lehner and Nancy Warner are still reluctant owners of two boats... but with spring coming, can a buyer be far behind?

Fried Chicken came forth from the galley... aromatic, steaming, and yummy.. and the assembled crew **very** promptly queued up to load up their plates with the magnificent goodies that had come from each represented boat. To top it all off were lots of terrific desserts, including one very special **no-fat** orange/chocolate cake from Louise Mellington. She is taking really good care of Mal! When we were all settling back after a real feast, Commodore Mike, brooking no nonsense (?), called us reluctantly to order to accomplish our assigned chore; advising and consenting on the 1995 CBC schedule. The officers had done their homework well, and the schedule was approved, with a minor modification or two, and a couple of to-be-confirmed events. Our esteemed Treasurer, Andy Lewis, reported that the club accounts were solvent... so what more could we ask! Bill Sieling, and our other Eastport Yacht Club emissaries, Brooke Perkins and Marilyn Henderson, have arranged for the great **Wye Island Long Weekend** again this year, and we will share one night with Eastport. It looks like **will be a Wow of a Luau on Memorial Day!**

Our Commodore adjourned the meeting, and the Table Troopers and Mop Squads set about bringing the clubhouse into shipshape "Bristol Fashion" and removing all the trash from the area. Everyone went homeward with a sense of anticipation and excitement. Our CBC season is underway!

Remember the Chesapeake Checkoff at Tax Time! . . . If Sailors aren't concerned we should be ashamed of ourselves!

2% to 3% of Maryland taxpayers check line 63 to contribute money to help clean up the Chesapeake Bay, protect threatened species and support other wildlife related activities.

Nevertheless, a steady \$1 million in contributions in four of the last five years has convinced Maryland officials that the five-year-old check-off is bucking a national trend and will remain a fixture on the state tax form.

"In virtually all other states after the first year or two there is a dramatic dip in contributions," said Marvin Bond, a spokesman for the Maryland Comptroller's Office. "There was a recessionary impact in 1992. No one is denying that, but the participation rate has hovered at 2 to 3 percent. We're unique in that we have not seen that fall."

Though the number of contributors has dropped slightly, the average contribution has gone up- from \$11.54 in 1989 to \$15.33 last year, when the taxpayers contributed \$1.054 million to the checkoff. Montgomery County led the way in donations with Prince George's County second, but Howard County has the highest participation rate.

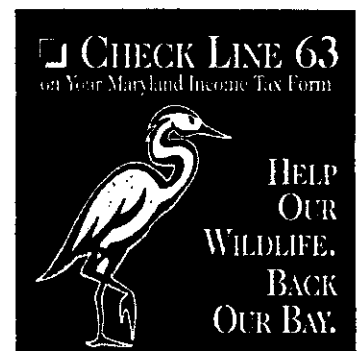
Contributions to the fund are divided equally between the Chesapeake Bay Trust, a non-profit organization that funds community groups doing bay restoration projects, and the Maryland Department of Natural Resources.

The Department splits its funds between the Natural Heritage Program, which works to protect threatened species, and the Non-Game and Urban Wildlife Program, which used last years' funds for such projects as monitoring colonies of water birds, producing a Maryland Public Television program on the timber rattlesnake and

promoting back-yard wildlife areas. Other projects studied barn and saw-whet owls, the Delmarva fox squirrel, least terns, marsh birds, the peregrine falcon, and urban bats.

The Natural Heritage Program used its money for studying nesting loggerhead shrikes, piping plover populations on Assateague Island and maintaining a database on Maryland's rare, threatened and endangered species. Additional projects studied rare species of toads, frogs, fish and dragonflies.

This article was condensed from The Washington Post, Feb. 23, 1995



THE SPRING DINNER: AT THE RUSTIC INN, 103 WEST STREET, ANNAPOLIS

TO REACH THE RUSTIC INN FROM WASHINGTON: Rt. 50 to Parole/Rt. 150 exit. Stay in the left lane on the exit ramp. At the bottom of the exit ramp there is a traffic light where you will turn left. Go to the 3rd traffic light (approx. 1 1/4 mi.). The Rustic Inn is on the right hand side at this 3rd light.

FROM BALTIMORE: Take Rt. 97 to Rt. 50 east (Bay Bridge) Exit. A short way on rt. 50 take the exit Parole/rt. 150. Stay in the left lane on the exit ramp. At the bottom of the exit ramp there is a traffic light where you will turn left. Go to the 3rd traffic light (approx. 1 1/4 mi.). The Rustic Inn is on the right hand side at this 3rd light.

FROM THE EASTERN SHORE: On Rt. 50 cross over the New Severn River Bridge and in approx. 1/2 mile take the Parole Exit. Bear left to Parole/Rt. 2. At the first traffic light turn left. Go to the second traffic light (approx. 1 mi.) The Rustic Inn is on the right hand side at this second light.

NOTE: Honda of Annapolis is across the street and Tate Dodge just before you reach the restaurant.

The Chesapeake Bristol Club invites you to join them on
Saturday, the 25th of March for

REVELS at the RUSTIC INN

Cash Bar, 1830
Seated Dinner 1930

Hors d'oeuvres

YOUR SELECTION OF ONE OF THE FOLLOWING ENTREES:

DEEF

Petite Filet Au Veau: Twin petite filet mignons stuffed with medallions of veal, served with a Diane sauce (a hearty brown sauce with dijon mustard and crushed peppercorns.

POULTRY

Chicken Chasseur: Boneless breast of chicken prepared in a sauce of brown demi-glaze, beef stock, white wine, chopped tomatoes, mushrooms and tarragon.

SEAFOOD

Scallops Champignon: Tender scallops baked in Marsala wine, laced with fresh mushrooms and grated cheese.

Each entree will be served with:
Salad Armond, Douquettiere of Fresh Vegetables,
& Crowned Duchesse Potatoes,
Freshly Baked Rolls & Butter,
an extra special Dessert &
Coffee, Hot Tea, or Iced Tea.

\$27.00
Per Person

PLEASE MAKE YOUR SELECTION OF ENTREE WHEN YOU MAKE YOUR RESERVATION
FOR THIS FESTIVE AFFAIR

YOU MUST CALL TOM FINNIN BY SUNDAY, MARCH 19.

TOM'S PHONE IS: 301 / 926-3589

A TERRIBLE TALE FROM THE SKIPPER OF SERENITY.

BY JERRY CURETON

"Galesville, MD". That's what is lacquered in yellow -gold over navy blue on Serenity's transom. At this moment I wish I was there, peacefully bobbing at anchor in the West River. Instead I am here sitting in "Gale"sville, ninety miles into the Atlantic, Northeast of St. Augustine, Fla., and racing before the wind, the rain and the thunder.

At 10:00 P.M. on Thursday, November 10, and one hour into my watch, I turned off the engine to preserve fuel. The gauge read an eight of a tank and I wanted at least that to negotiate the St. Augustine inlet and harbor. I would have preferred to have at least a quarter of a tank, but we had burned considerable fuel in light airs since we left Beaufort, North Carolina two days before. We were 100 miles or so north of St. Augustine, Florida entering our third day offshore.

SERENITY, a Morgan 382 designed more than a dozen years before by Ted Brewer, drifted until the speedometer read double zero. For two more hours I stared at those double zeros. Fred relieved my for his midnight watch, and I stumbled down below and fell into the settee for yet another fitful sleep. After being on the boat for almost a week, sleep came in short doses. We had pushed hare, being under way in the ICW before 6 A.M. each day, and then spending the last 2 1/2 days in the ocean.

At three o'clock our final crew member, Bob, began his watch and at 3:30 A.M. I decided to keep him company in the cockpit. Bob's previous sailing experience was limited to a crewed charter and a day sail with me. This week long excursion was more sailing than he had ever done. I was pleased to have won over another convert to sailing, as we had an ideal Indian Summer cruise down the Ditch.

A slight breeze had filled in from the north, and we were now ghosting along at just over one knot. This was encouraging, as the weather report foretold winds from the north building to 20 knots. This would push us at a nice clip to St. Augustine where we would crank up the engine and motor on in to our marina. For over six hours we had waited for the welcome breeze. We would soon learn that "welcome" would be a misnomer.

Five minutes after I joined Bob in the cockpit the wind suddenly screamed in like a jumbo jet on final. Gusts of over 50 miles per hour roared down on us and pinned the boat on a drunken heel. Rain pelted us and the seas erupted. As all hell broke loose, we tried to maintain control of the boat. I hoped that the gusts would quickly abate and we could put a reef in the main and continue on with our predicted 20 mile per hour winds. It was not to be. The gusts and rain poured down and over us. Fred cranked on the starter, but she would not turn over. Apparently the rolling had induced air into the fuel system, and it needed to be bled. Finally, I eased the main sheet and the boom swung out.

I crawled to the mast on my stomach. Hand over hand, I dropped the sail, but it was too late. Unable to turn into the wind, I had to lower the main with the wind behind us and the full battens driving into the mast track. The sail flogged as I tripped the mainsheet and the boom swung over the rail. Like chalk on a board, the sound of the sail tearing itself to ribbons was merciless. The flogging decimated the main, but with the reduced pressure on it, down it came. We surfed along at times topping 8 1/2 knots. The wind continued to howl and the seas continued to build and we blasted along in the dark. These were no twenty knot winds; the Coast Guard later reported sustained winds at 30 to 35 knots. The USCG was far too modest.

At daylight we were able to see what we were into: white caps and spray crowned the confused seas. We kept running all morning and into the afternoon. Bob, who had never seen anything like this (nor had any of us), stood his watches like a pro. His good spirits were a source of energy. At one point just before morning he asked me, calmly but in earnest, "Is is appropriate to be terrified?" I assured him that he was not alone.

The decision to detour to Jacksonville was easy: it had a better harbor and could be reached in daylight. Twenty miles out I contacted the Coast Guard to discuss conditions in the channel. I gave them my loran coordinates, and we maintained contact every ten minutes. At about 3 P.M. I counted down our lat./lon. until the quarter mile alarm sounded on the loran. I scanned the horizon in every direction to find the sea buoy which marked the entrance to the channel, but it was not there. Very soon it was clear we were nowhere where the loran put us. In waves that were at least fifteen feet, we knew it would be difficult to pick out the sea buoy, but now we had a different problem: the loran had been giving us a false reading. We tried to obtain another fix from the handheld GPS, but it took forever for the damn thing to bring down the satellites; when it did we realized that we were tow miles below the sea buoy. The only way to get into Jacksonville now was to try to climb upwind against thirty to thirty five mile per hour winds on a reefed jib only. We immediately decided that it was impossible.

With no engine and no main, Jacksonville became a memory over our stern. We ran south along the coast, and would see what it was like at St. Augustine, 45 miles away. One thing for sure, it would be dark and nasty.

Although we were alone in the ocean, we were not alone over the airwaves. Folks along the coast were listening in, and talking to us. DRIFTER was a friendly voice who talked us down the coast. Then came MILLER TIME, and others in the St. Augustine area. The cellular phone allowed us to call marinas in St. Augustine to get information about the channel. The reports we received were positive: the channel should not be a problem. However, the choice we had was not encouraging: darkness was approaching and we had never been into this channel before. At 7:00 P.M., long after last light, we found the St. Augustine light and then the sea buoy which marked the entrance to the channel.

continued on next page

A TERRIBLE TALE

Fred bled the engine and it started. We entered the channel and with the sea buoy about 200 yards to stern, we listened in stupefied horror as the engine quit. The big rollers hissed around us, obscuring our view of the next channel marked. Feeling our way along with only the jib to control the boat, suddenly felt SERENITY drop like an elevator and crunch onto the bottom. The concussion blew a cabinet door off its hinges in the saloon. Gear gushed over the floor as it spilled out of cabinets and bookshelves. Within a heartbeat, Fred, at the helm, said in words that I will never forget and in a voice I could not hope to describe: "We're dead!" Bob and I, down below, could only hear the chaos above. Fred, harnessed in, was washed halfway out of the cockpit, but managed to hang on. The boat shuddered and ground to a stop.

In what seemed like a very long second, I contemplated what would happen in the next few minutes: waves would wash us further up on the sandbar from where there would be no exit. The boat would be pummeled in the surf where we would perish or alternatively, we would be forced out of the boat and into the raging sea, over a mile offshore in the darkness. In either case, our chance of survival was next to nothing. I grabbed the mike for the VHF and for the first time in my life, I informed the Coast Guard that we were in serious trouble. Of course, there was nothing they, or anyone, could do.

My thoughts were surprisingly quiet. Faced with imminent death, there was nothing to do but play the next card the sea would deal us. There was no cause for wringing of hands, shedding tears of crying out. I gave a silent prayer for my wife and kids.

And then a miracle saved us. A wave hit the boat and spun her around. Fred yelled that she was pointed back out to sea. I exploded through the companionway like a missile launched from a submarine; I grabbed the winch handle and cranked with everything I had; Fred hung onto the wheel. Fred and I fought the flapping Genny, drew her in and the bow rose over the waves as we slowly gained sea room. Second by second she gained speed and we gained real estate as we moved out to sea. I saw the sea buoy on our port beam and knew that we were in deeper water and that we were, for the moment, out of peril.

I told Fred I wanted to take in a little more sail. I eased the roller reefing line off the cleat, but kept it bent on. I began to pull on the reefing line, but the force of the wind on the sail was too great. I lost an inch, and then another, and then six inches. The sail was coming out, not going in! I envisioned the genoa coming completely out and driving the boat around to a jibe pointing us back toward the inlet, and losing our precious sea room.

With my left hand clasped on the line ahead of the ratchet block and my right hand on the line after the cleat, I had no more hands left to get this job done. "Fred, grab the line!" Fred, inches away, was fighting the wheel. He told me so. "Fred, you have to take this line or I am going to lose this sail." Fred reached over and grabbed the jib sheet. "no, not that one." "Which one? Where is it?" "Under my hand." Fred reached again, and this time his hand found the reefing line and we pulled together, and the line moved, and inch by inch the sail came in. The flogging sail quieted down and the boat slowed. I secured the line and allowed myself to feel very tired for a few seconds.

Regardless, we were still in high winds and high seas. I did not know whether structural damage had occurred as a result of the grounding.

"Coast Guard Mayport, this is SERENITY."

"SERENITY, this is Coast Guard Mayport."

"Coast Guard, can you contact a commercial tow and have them bring us about 10 gallons of fuel. I want to restart my engine and follow them in the inlet." My crew did not want to spend another night out here. We were tired and wet and cold.

"SERENITY, this is Coast Guard Mayport. We copy that, Captain. Sea Tow has been monitoring your transmissions and is underway. They will report at the mouth of the inlet."

Twenty minutes later we learned that Sea Tow could not get out the inlet. A commercial tow boat with more horse power than twenty sail boats could not get out. What the hell was I doing trying to get in?

"Coast Guard Mayport, this is SERENITY. I am concerned that after the grounding we may have suffered structural damage. Do you have a plan?"

"Captain, do you have an EPIRB on board?" "Yes."

"Captain, how many are in your crew and what are their ages?" asked the voice on the other end. I provided the answer to his question.

"Captain, are you taking on water?" "Negative. But we hit pretty hard, and I want to know my options. It is pretty rough out here. If this boat comes apart, how long will it take to scramble the chopper?"

"Our nearest helicopter is located in Savannah, GA. It will need to refuel before it could reach you. We estimate two hours."

"Coast Guard Mayport, I don't think I will share this information with my crew."

Alone again, we had no choice but to run before the seas. I further reduced the jib to the size of a large postage stamp and we moved down the coast.

continued on next page

A TERRIBLE TALE. . . .

Now we had another interesting problem: <y last chart ended just below St. Augustine and now I had no idea what to expect. Seas and winds continued as we marched down the Florida coast. We attempted to monitor our distance from the shore by maintaining at least 60 feet of water under the keel and trying to make sure that the shore lights did not loom any larger. I gave our loran coordinates to the Coast Guard over the VHF which quickly placed us two miles inland. I was pretty sure that we were not inland, given the sounding of our depth meter and the spray from the last big roller. I offered to sell the loran to the Coast Guard, cheap, but had no takers. We once again attempted to get a fix from our GPS but it took forever to line up the satellites.

"Coast Guard Mayport, this is SERENITY."

"Go ahead, SERENITY."

"I do not have a chart south of St. Augustine. I am proceeding on a course of 180 degrees in about 60 feet of water. If I maintain this heading, will I converge with land, or stay in deep water?"

"Captain, we are not permitted to give you that information."

Great.

Coast Guard Auxiliary Mobile 4 had monitored our progress and tried to help us obtain a fix. Of course, they could not see our running lights, and we could only see scattered lights along the shore. At one point, they raced to a bridge and aimed a [spotlight into the sky, hoping we could see it and then calculate a fix. We never saw the spotlight.

"SERENITY, this is Coast Guard Mayport. Your transmissions seem to be weakening., We suggest you turn off your running lights to preserve your batteries."

Great.

Exhausted after his battle with the breakers, Fred found a corner of the settee uncluttered and napped. When he emerged an hour later, I went below, stripped off my soaking wet clothes and climbed under a wet blanket and tried to sleep. After awhile I awoke when Fred came below. Jealously, I watched Fred climb into dry long johns and a fresh pair of slacks. Dry clothes looked so good that I went rummaging through my gear and was both surprised and grateful when I found dry socks, dry long johns and remembered I had a pair of khakis hanging in a locker. I found a sweater and suddenly felt like a new man. I took another turn at the helm and then went below. After 24 hours it was difficult to stand watch for more than an hour.

At about 3 A.M., Fred announced that the wind had shifted to the west and suggested that we turn and run back to St. Augustine. At this point the hotel lights of Daytona Beach were clearly visible on our starboard beam, and very attractive. The thought of beating 45 miles to the north had no appeal whatsoever to me. I told Fred that we would slow the boat and wait until dawn and try to get in a Daytona. I then took another turn on the helm. Fred and Bob (who had done yeoman's work on the helm) sacked out below. Sure enough, the west wind knocked the hell out of the waves and after a bit there were no more white caps. The west wind subsided to between ten and fifteen knots and for the first time in almost 24 hours there seemed to be a little bit of peace in the air. At 4:A.M. the Daytona SeaTow operator said he would try to come get us but he would first drive down to the sea wall to check on the status of the inlet. Twenty minutes later he came back on the air and told me it was too rough and he would have to wait. We agreed to check at first light. An hour later we spoke again. It was still dark but the waves and the wind had subsided to such an extent that I told him we had a window of opportunity and we should take it. He agreed.

For the first time in 24 hours I felt relieved. With my crew sleeping I was alone at the helm and beginning to relax. I visually monitored the coast and the various bursts of lightening to the west. The radio crackled and I went below to talk once again to the Coast Guard. Several minutes later when I came back on the deck I almost had a heart attack. The lights of Daytona Beach were gone. Finito. We had sailed smack into a fog bank. I found myself talking out loud to no in particular "What else? What's next?" We had seen everything, and now we were enshrouded in fog. It was the darkest hour before dawn made darker by the obliteration of each and every land light and I felt totally and completely alone.

At 5:30 A.M., pale light filtered through the fog and I could see the rollers devoid of their gray beards. By 6:30 I heard the funny fog horn and grumbling of twin one-fifty outboards and then saw the garish yellow of SeaTow's twenty four foot tow boat. Paul, the SeaTow operator, expertly towed us through an eye opening channel. An hour later we were tied up at Lighthouse Boatyard in Daytona Beach. I made my feet very happy by quickly stepping onto dry land.

The boat had been marvelous. Other than losing the main and fraying the sheets and main halyard, SERENITY was undeterred. SERENITY relaxed casually at the slip as if she had just taken the family for a day sail. The crew was not so easy going. Bob, new to sailing, vowed he would never drink water again, much less sail on it. Fred was exhausted and I was contemplating taking up golf. Mother Atlantic had offered me religion, and I had been converted. One thing I was sure of: my next vacation would not be to "Gale"sville.

We are grateful to Jerry for such an exciting narrative. I think there are many lessons that we can learn from the incredible ordeal of SERENITY and the three sailors who endured such a terrible trip. What would or could you have done differently?

MARK THOSE CALENDARS.... NOW!

CBC SCHEDULE OF EVENTS FOR 1995

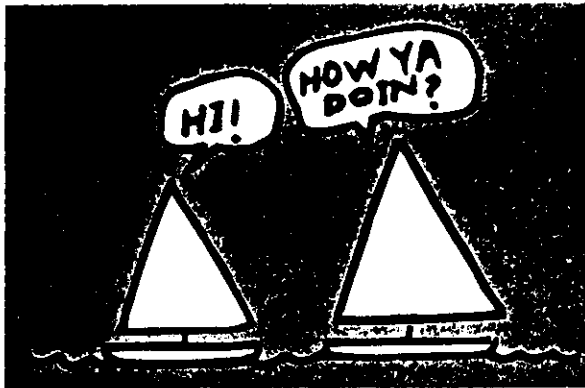
February 19	Planning Meeting, Bay Ridge Clubhouse
March 25	Spring Dinner, Rustic Inn
April 29 & 30	Early Outing, @ Mill Creek
May 13 & 14	Appetizer Contest, Swan Creek - Steve Schwing, Coordinator
May 27, 28 & 29	Hawaiian Luau, Wye Island - Bill Sieling, Coordinator
June 10 & 11	Broad Creek @ Magothy River - Norm "The Pineapple" Bogaide, Coordinator
June 24 - July 4	Annual Cruise: Ned Sherrer & Joel Gross, Coordinators
Sat 6/24	Annual Cruise Week "Send-Off" @ Rhode River
Sun 6/25	Manadeer Creek, Little Round Bay,
Mon 6/26	Langford Creek, Chester River
Tues 6/27	Chestertown or Corsica Rvr., Chester River (Opt. Lay Day)
Weds 6/28	Dobbins Island, Magothy River
Thurs 6/29	Baltimore Inner Harbour, Patapsco River - Serious Party Night
Fri 6/30	Worton Creek - Serious Recovery Night
Sat 7/1	Turner Creek, Sassafas River
Sun 7/2	Bodkin Creek, Annual Clean Out the Cooler Cook-Out
Mon 7/3	Open for suggestion
Tues 7/4	Sail Home, Wash Boat, Wash Crew, Wash Captain!
July 22 & 23	Hunting Creek @ Miles River, First Annual "No Apparent Reason" Raft-Up
August 5 & 6	Worton Creek - swimming and sailing seminar (informal) - open for suggestion on topic(s)
* August 26 & 27	Crab Feast, Lake Ogelton @ Bay Ridge Clubhouse
September 2, 3 & 4	Gipes Shore Party, Maxmore Creek @ Tred Avon River
September 16 & 17	Commodore's Cup Race Weekend, Bay Race off Gibson Island
September 30 & October 1	1300 Start - 9/16 followed by raft/party @ Holland Point in the Magothy River - Dick Boecker, Sr., Coordinator
October 6 - 9	Harness Creek @ South River
October 14 & 15	Annapolis In-Water Sailboat Show
*October 21 & 22	Drum Point @ Wye River, East Branch
November 11	Lobster Feast & Halloween Party, Bay Ridge Clubhouse
	Annual Dinner, Kent Manor Inn, Kent Island

***please note:** Events at Bay Ridge are tentative pending Clubhouse availability.

YOUR DIRECTORIES WILL BE READY FOR DISTRIBUTION AT THE SPRING DINNER. DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE TO GET THE SCOOP ON ALL OF OUR MEMBERS! YOU'LL ALSO FIND SOME BOUTIQUE BOOTY AVAILABLE... AND IT IS PRETTY SPECIAL!

We have lots of new members this year. I hope that all of you new folk will join us at the Spring Dinner at the Rustic Inn, as it is a wonderful chance to meet other members, and for us "old timers" to meet you and make you feel at home!

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Sails Talk

Paul and Marge Kavanaugh and Mal and Louise Mellington were comparing notes after the first of the year and discovered to their great surprise that they had both found new slips at the same marina in Mill Creek, off Whitehall Bay. In fact, side by side!

IF ANY OF YOU ARE CONTEMPLATING A CREWED CHARTER IN THE CARRIBEAN.. SEEK OUT NED AND FAYLA SHERRER WHO INDULGED IN THAT GREAT LUXURY WITH TWO OTHER COUPLES THIS FEBRUARY. THEY'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT. THE ONLY REAL DRAWBACK IS THAT BOTH OF THEM THINK THEY MAY HAVE TO DO A BIT OF DIETING, AS THE FOOD WAS PRETTY SPECTACULAR!

P. S. The younger Sherrers are going to take a year's sabbatical from the Club this year and EMERALD is moving north on the Bay. Kyle and Sara are going to have a new sibling, and daddy, Curt, is in the throes of Law School! He's doing spectacularly well, we hear, but isn't going to have much time right now for a lot of laid back cruising. We'll miss you folks.

*HOW ABOUT THOSE
GALS? MIGHTY MARY
IS PRETTY IMPRESSIVE.
ALL OF THE DISTAFF
CAPTAINS OF CBC ARE
WISHING THEM WELL.
MAY THEY DO US ALL
PROUD!*

* CRIBBED FROM AN ADWE GOT
IN THE MAIL - (DON'T TELL !)

It's almost time to start scrubbing the teak, and polishing up the topsides. Our first rendezvous on the water will be here before you know it, - - - - - April 29, in Mill Creek!