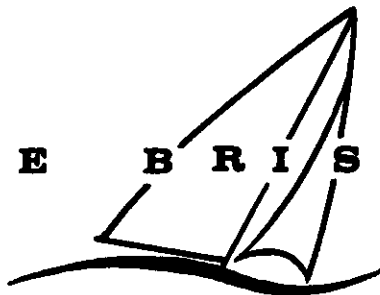




C H E S A P E A K E B R I S T O L C L U B

VOLUME 22
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MAY 1996

BIRD CALLS, heard on a lovely crisp April evening in Mill Creek

"Hereyeyam, hereyeyam, reddyorknot, hereyeyam"

Bill & Beryl TALISMAN birds..after a short flight from Whitehall

"Howde do, howryuuuu , gudtseeyuuuuu"

Art & Fran HALLELUJAH birds, visiting everyone by dinghy.

"Ladybirds, ladybirds, hadda stay home"

A call from Jim of LOON and Steve of HERON; mending from her wounds, but rapidly so.

"Sailor lady, sailor lady, three three three... !"

RUSTY RIG BIRD, settling into the nest *backward* with mamma bird Natalie steering. The fledgelings have grown up and Allison bird has become one very competent dingy driver!

"Dusty, dusty, visitors from Rusty..."

Andy & Kathy, The HARMONY birds, with the tiny 4 legged Dusty bird.

"Sniff, sniff, sniff, yum yum yum....."

Mike bird, on a HIGH ADVENTURE, cooking for fine feathered friends.

"downeast, downeast.....Maine downeast...."

The PUFFIN is headed north with the Susan and Cliff birds behind. We'll miss them and hope the three have a great flight north.

"work oven work work wire and fiiiiiiiiiiiiixed..!"

Large PAVANE bird with Ned bird and Fayla bird, singing praises of consulting engineer Bill Bird who performed magic on an ailing oven.

"Pokey, pokey, pokey but hereweare..."

BROAD ARROW bird.. last to roost alongside the Pavane birds.

"seabeesea dooooyoooooread..seabeesea dooooyoooooread.....OHFOO OHFOO"

Shirley bird and Hunterbird flapping about on the Cantlers' dock, and finally flying away

"hitcharide, hitcharide, gottagetthere..."

Malbird and Louisebird....(with the gentle bribe of a late dinner at Cantlers)via motor launch were early birds too!

It was one terrific gathering of Bristol birds, some in their summer plumage and some still a bit moulty, but the bird calls were happy and grazing was plentiful and the nests comfy and snug.... and the early birds really did get the goodies!

IT WASN'T MARCH BUT IT CAME IN LIKE A LAMB AND ENDED LIKE A LION !

Reports from around the Bay: weekend of May eleventh and twelfth

Early Saturday morning TALISMAN got a call from HIGH ADVENTURE to advise that after a careful weather watch Friday night and a forecast of strong winds both Saturday and Sunday from opposite directions, 9 (almost 10) intrepid adventurers decided that, wisdom being the better part of valor, Cornfield Creek looked like a better rendezvous for the blustery weekend.. A storm was forecast and the wind speeds of 20-30 knots might mean scarce swinging room in Harness Creek. Beryl hopped to the radio, using both channel 9 and channel 16, and tried to contact as many boats as possible to tell them of the change in plan. Ned and Fayla had planned to head for Harness Creek, but Ned was called in to work. Won't be long until they won't have to worry about that any more ! RUSTY RIG came with the captain and his three girls... and Allison and Pamela were thrilled to see their friends, the very grown up Katie and Chris from HERON. HARMONY arrived with Andy, solo, as Kathy was home nursing an ailing Dusty, and a soloing Mike tied his HIGH ADVENTURE alongside. This was a real bachelor party as CHANTEY, with Joel and Tom aboard, and another bachelor arrived on BROAD ARROW. Art & Fran Bertapelle came up from Back Creek and had valiantly tried to help the new LIVELY LADY(a lovely Pearson 34) off the bottom... to no avail. More about the trials of Adam and Elizabeth later... with some good advice from them. George and Clary Thomas came in with L. B. QUEEQUEG and tied alongside their buddies on CHANTEY & HALLELUJAH. Our Commodore, Louise, checked in by *telephone* as as the Mellingtons' boat was still out of the water. (What a strange sound to hear on a boat !)

Saturday was a gorgeous T-shirt and shorts day, and the kids even took a dip. The raft was entertained by a Mothers Day show featuring Yo-Yo Man, Chris, a poem recited by Katie, and some wonderful dance routines performed by Allison, Pamela, and Katie. Then it was time for a wine and cheese party with the adults on board RUSTY RIG and the kids on board HERON. The party featured red, white, and blush wines and an array of cheeses including Cheddar, Muenster, Jalapeno, many cheese spreads, and various crackers including butterfly ones for the kids. all too good while it lasted. After about half an hour the wind picked up and the rain started and everyone scuttled back to their boats. It rained and blew most of the night leaving RUSTY RIG aground in the morning.

What a wild ride back to home port for everyone the next morning.. ! Joel reported making 6.5 knots downwind with only a tiny piece of his job flying, and surfing down 6' waves. Getting into Mill creek was a real challenge even under motor. TALISMAN would rather forget the event as an unexplained engine overheating problem forced Bill and Beryl to call "Sea Tow" to get off a sand bar at the entrance to Whitehall Creek and then try (with 25 knots gusting 35-40... from the North) to put them in their slip. It was certainly a memorable birthday for Beryl. Bill did his best to cheer her up.

The Canalungos had to cough up better than \$300 to the tow boat to get back home! Ouch! It seems their impeller had shattered and been ingested in pieces into their engine. It certainly makes you decide to add on that towing insurance to your list of requirements!

.....and now.....HERON'S ON THE BEACH. (No, not the birds.!) A report from Steve .

"With winds clocking 30-35 knots from the NW it was a sleigh ride home for HERON. With 1/3 of the jib out and the wind off the stern quarter we saw 9.6 knots at times, surfing off 6'+ waves on our way to Swan Creek. This was pretty exciting, but got even better upon making the turn North at the end of Swan Point Bar. With sail control difficult, we lost a jib sheet. Unfortunately it was found almost immediately by the prop. With two miles to go, no power, poor sail control, a nearby lee shore, falling tide and 35 knots of wind, our day was not looking up. We clawed our way up the coast, hoping to make Swan Creek where we could find protection and attend to the problems. It was not to be. After several difficult attempts to gain some ground to windward, we ran hard aground between Swan Creek and Rock Hall Harbor. "

(continued on next page)


"We dropped the hook quickly but there was not enough water to round up and HERON hung on the sand with her Port side to the 3-4 foot waves and wind. The only option was to go over the side to free the prop. After an hour in the water and some time recovering from Hypothermia, we powered up and attempted to get off the shore with the tide continuing to fall. After over an hour of full throttle powering and raising the main to reduce the draft, we managed to bump free. 15 minutes later, safely in our slip, damage free, Susan and I agreed, that after sailing the Bay together for 18 years, this was probably our most exciting day (right on up there with the snake incident !!) The kids wholeheartedly agreed, but are wishing for a kinder, gentler sail to Chestertown. See you all there !"

AND FROM HARNESS CREEK...

TWO boats actually made it to Harness Creek! Tom Carey and his new bride, Peggy, dropped JUST RIGHT's hook and spent the night in lonely but rainy splendor (not unwelcome to a pair of honeymooners)... Congratulations to our newlyweds, who were married in Winchester, VA on the 20th of April. Don't know yet how *they* made it home.

Tom reported that a new Bristol 35.5 anchored there too... but he was unable to find out her name. We hope she wasn't a new member who will think we aren't a very active outfit. Perhaps this report will change that perception!



We are sorry to report that the beloved Corgy "LIZZIE" died peacefully in her sleep. She had lived a long and happy life and brought cheer to many nursing home folks as well as her folks Mal and Louise. She truly deserves her place in doggie heaven. 

A request from our Commodore:
**"DOES ANYONE KNOW WHERE
THE COMMODORE'S CUP MAY
BE RESIDING NOW?
MIKE?"**

please call: 410/992-8207

MARKETPLACE INFORMATION SCUTTLEBUTT CONDOLANCES

"Sailboats are the slowest form of transportation on Earth with the possible exception of airline flights through O'Hare. Sometimes I suspect that sailboats never move at all, and the only reason they appear to go from place to place is continental shift." Dave Barry

Ed: except on May 12.

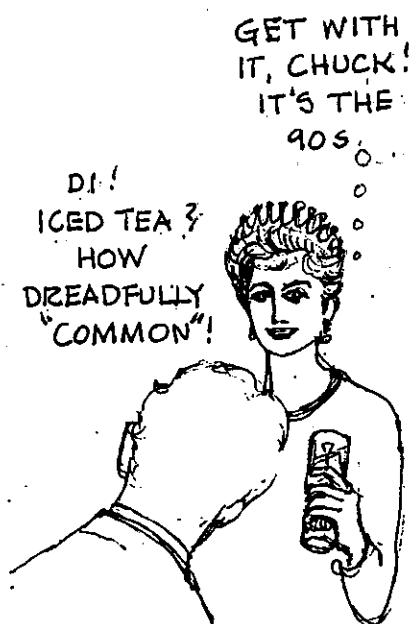
Adele and Hak Kauffman (BRAVO !!) want to know:
**DO YOU REALLY WANT TO EXPERIENCE
ANOTHER WINTER LIKE THE LAST ONE?**

Their lovely 2 bedroom/2 bath condo on Florida's East Coast is for sale. Tarpon Bay Yacht Club has beautiful deep water docks on a very protected cove that rent to unit owners only for \$1.00 per ft. per mo. Several large sailboats, including a Bristol 41, are there now. Tarpon Bay has all the amenities: large heated pool, saunas, tennis courts, clubhouse, billiard room, cardroom, library with puzzles & videos as well as books, a workshop, etc. etc. It is close to several golf courses and Club Med and is located on 20+ beautifully landscaped acres, with a citrus grove where oranges and grapefruit are free for the picking. We are moving from this paradise to a house because professional photographer, Hak, wants his darkroom again and though the unit is large, there's just no place for one. The unit is selling for 75 K. Contact us during the summer / fall at Bowley's Marina on the Middle River at 335-3533 (leave a message) or catch up with them at a raft-up. They hope that one of you will have a better winter this coming one... as they will... back in Florida!

Memorial Weekend Cruise & Gala Tea Party

May 24, 25, 26 & 27.

On Friday night, for those of you who can leave port early, there will be a get-together in Queenstown. The channel in is narrow, but well marked. With red nun N 2 astern proceed into the channel leaving green #3 to port. Continue straight in leaving #5 between 10 and 20 feet to port. Line up red marker #2 inside with the left edge of the white house on shore, and go all the way to red #2 before turning to port. Swing wide, avoiding shoal on the port, as you enter Queenstown Creek. Pass old pilings to starboard and favor this side 'til you are well up the creek. Drop a hook or join a raft!



Saturday, meander up the beautiful Chester River to Chestertown. Your overnight stay can be either at anchor or dock. The river is calm and wide and anchoring out is a real pleasure and a public landing at the foot of High Street makes a dinghy ride ashore easy. The town is proud of its Colonial heritage and has many restored 18th century buildings and homes. CALLISTO will have copies of a walking tour, with map, available at her boarding ladder. There are fascinating things to see, some very good restaurants, and we may form a group to enjoy a meal ashore! Sunday, sleep late or rise early and enjoy more of Chestertown and an easy trip back down the Chester to the Corsica River. We plan to raft-up at the mouth of Emory Creek, but monitor Channel 9 in case that spot is too crowded and the location changes. The Emory family still occupies a brick home on the left bank of the creek, which is the oldest United States home east of the Mississippi that has been continuously owned by one family.

Now come to the Chesapeake Bristol Club version of the "Boston Tea Party! At 5:00 PM on Sunday evening the "Tea Party" will begin aboard CALLISTO and her adjacent rafted boats. Please bring your own version of "Iced Tea," which may be **spiked** (YEA!), or **plain** (NAY!), and what ever "tea cakes" and "crumpets"* tickle your fancy. Bob and Nancy will provide a couple of different versions of iced tea and cups and ice for all. A judging of the "tea cakes" will be held and prizes will be awarded for the best: "The Lady Di", and the worst: "The Chuckie".

* **crumpet**, n- 1. a flat yeast cake for toasting. 2. (Col.)sex, or a girl available as a sexual partner. There are many vaudeville sketches around this double entendre, typically with a white-moustached colonel sitting on a colonial verandah saying that now he's had his tea, he feels like some crumpet. (definition from the British / American Language Dictionary)

Monday morning get set for the big race! Check with the Race Committee and follow the directions on your race instruction sheet. Good Luck! Have a wonderful sail to your home port!

THE COMMODORE'S CUP RACE

MONDAY, MAY 27, 1996

START LINE: Between the Committee Boat's mast and N 16 off the mouth of the Corsica River.

COURSE Leave to starboard C 1 at entrance to Reed Creek.

Leave to starboard C 1 at entrance to Langford Creek.

Leave to starboard Green & Red "LC", at the y of the Chester River and Langford Creek

Leave to port N 14 at Boxes Point

FINISH LINE: Between the Committee Boat's mast and flashing red 4 sec R 12 at start of u-turn in the Chester River, approaching Queenstown.

DISTANCE: 7.5 Nautical miles

TIME LIMIT: 3 Hours. One yacht finishing within the time limit makes the race valid for all yachts.

STARTING SIGNALS:

	1000 - white flag raised - 3 horn blasts
NOTE: Hoisting of flag takes	1004 - white flag lowered
precedence over horn and	1005 - blue flag raised - 2 horn blasts
time of day.	1009 - blue flag lowered
	1010 - red flag raised - 1 horn blast

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS:

1. State your intention to race by sailing past the Committee Boat's stern prior to starting, and make certain to get any last minute instructions from the Race Committee.
2. Fly a white flag (approx. 12" x 12") from the backstay.
3. Working jibs and genoas only. No spinnakers, drifters, flashers. etc. No foresail combinations; one headsail only (except cutter rigs.)
4. Racers must give way to commercial shipping. Violators are subject to disqualification.
5. Racers must keep their own elapsed time, to the second, from the start. Make note of yachts finishing ahead and astern of you.
6. Yachts over the starting line early will be hailed. Early starters must return to restart around either end of the line.
7. If you are ahead and time is short, please notify the "trailers" that you did or did not finish within the time limit. Don't make them sail on and wonder while you motor to the party.
8. Submit your PHRF rating to our Commodore, Louise Mellington or the Race Chairman, Tom Carey, at any time before the race. (They will be at the raft-up on Sunday night.)

COME RACE FOR THE ELEGANT CHAMPAGNE COOLER !

WYE? WYE NOT!

ON JUNE THE EIGHTH THE BRISTOL CLUB
WILL MEET DOWN ON THE WYE.
THE BOATS WILL GATHER BEHIND DRUM POINT UNDER (WE HOPE) A
CLOUDLESS SKY.

FARR AWAY WILL DROP A HOOK AND BE CENTERPIECE OF A RAFT,
SO SAIL ON DOWN AND SNUG RIGHT UP TO SUZANNE'S
LOVELY CRAFT.

IT WOULD BE GREAT IF ALL YOU FOLKS COULD BE TIED ALONGSIDE
BY FIVE,
BECAUSE THAT'S THE TIME THE RENDEZVOUS WILL REALLY COME ALIVE.

WE HOPE EACH SAILOR AND HIS MATE WILL DON
A CHAPEAU UNIQUE
(IN FACT THE BETTER ONES SHOULD CAUSE MANY A
RAUCOUS SHREIK !)

EACH CRAZY HAT SHOULD BE ACCOMPANIED BY A CRAZY
HORS D'OEUVRE TO MATCH.
JUST B.Y.O. BEVERAGE, WHATEVER YOU LIKE, TO WASH THEM
"DOWN THE HATCH".

BEFORE THE SUN FADES EACH WILL BE JUDGED TO SELECT
THE MOST GRANDIOSE,
BY A TOTALLY CORRUPTABLE, BRIBEABLE GUY WHO GOES BY THE
NAME OF JOEL GROSS.

WE 'VE HEARD THAT PHOTOS WILL BE TAKEN
TO PROVE WHAT REALLY ENSUES
(AND TO KEEP OUR JUDGE FROM STRAYING FROM HIS
FRAUDULENT REVIEWS)

ALIEN CRAFT ANCHORED NEARBY MAY QUESTION
OUR LOONY CREW
BUT THEY'LL ENVY ALL THE FUN WE HAVE
AT A CBC RENDEZVOUS.

MAY THE WEATHER BE FINE AND THE BREEZE BLOW
GENTLE AND FAIR
BUT WHETHER OR NOT, THE WYE IS THE SPOT, AND WE EXPECT
ALL OF YOU THERE.

Drum point is up the West arm of the Wye river. There is a beautiful open basin for
rafting just around Drum point at you turn East and there is a great little r & r spot at the
point for our four legged members.

Remember to monitor channel 9 in case there are last minute changes or emergencies.

THE CONTINUED SAGA OF A HIGH ADVENTURE

Marcia quickly took charge of dousing our smartly flapping awning while I reluctantly, but automatically pulled on some sneakers and shorts, and donned my safety harness. Equipped with a personal strobe and whistle, and clipped onto the starboard jackline, I went up on the foredeck to deal with the tangled bent mess that our short handed quest for speed offshore in the night had produced. With the foredeck light switched on, things looked even more complicated than I anticipated. My first concern was rescuing the twisted chute, but I couldn't get near the head stay with the pole out of control. After tripping the outboard end to release the afterguy, I proceeded to lower the topping lift and detach the inboard end from the car on the mast track. However, after trying several possible temporary positions, it became clear that the bent pole wouldn't fit on deck. I quickly concluded that the horse had to be shot, and pulled the bent section back into line, which promptly broke a two foot section off the outboard end. Twenty four inches sounds like a lot to lose off your pole, but life has taught me that everything is relative. With the pole sections lashed together, and both securely lashed to a lower life line, it was time to dance the chute around the forestay so it could be formally doused.

Twenty knots of apparent wind and an eight foot following sea brought the degree of difficulty of this proposed stunt to a "7.4" in the opinion of the afterguard. But my safety harness gave me confidence that if the chute filled and lifted me off the deck while I was holding on to it, I would still be attached to the boat even if I didn't actually land back on the boat. Besides, the water was warm and large fish probably sleep at night anyway, I reasoned. My main concern was whether I going to be able to unwrap the chute and it's halyard from the forestay, so that when I released the halyard, gravity would be able to do it's thing. It's a very disconcerting experience to release a spinnaker halyard and have nothing happen, and then realize that even a knife won't solve the problem. Been there, done that. Reached the turn for Still Pond around 01:30 earlier in the summer after getting a late Friday start, and sailing single handing up from Annapolis in a warm 20 knot SW breeze. The chute and halyard had wrapped themselves securely at the top and bottom of the headstay during a previous jibe. Detaching and re-attaching the sheet and guy had freed the bottom, and allowed the chute to refill, but I didn't appreciate the magnitude of the situation at the top of the headstay until I was ready to douse the chute. Thought for sure that *High Adventure* and I were going to end up in Philadelphia. We both got lucky that time and only had sail back up wind for about a mile. We a had lot more sea room left this time.

I was also very concerned about yanking too hard on the 1.5 oz. spinnaker material, and the possibility of the chute getting torn up on the standing rigging. Once again, we got lucky. After recovering the chute on deck and intact, I stuffed the twisted soggy beast back into it's bag, and secured the damp bulging package to the dorade guards forward of the mast. Having endured enough indignation for one night already, I was particularly mindful not to straddle the tether of my safety harness as I retreated purposefully to the safety of the cockpit. After clearing the afterguy and sheet from the water, we wearily unfurled the genoa. Boat speed climbed back to a lumbering six knots and low change as the genny alternately filled and collapsed on a course with the wind below 120° apparent. As I elbowed my way in between two zonked cats sprawled out in the bunk that they were supposed to be sharing with us, I couldn't help begrudge the time we were losing, and contemplating whether or not we had enough tube left to repair the pole. We should probably bring our course a little closer to the wind to fill the genny, and invest in a real spinnaker pole I mused, but first some sleep.

Thirty minutes later I gently pushed two unconscious cats off my legs, and was back on deck for my mid-night watch, deciding to wait for some daylight to untangle the chute and fly it again. The pole repair would have to wait until we reached Nantucket. The broken piece was lodged firmly inside the outer tube. Hacksaw surgery was necessary. Old rivets needed to be removed and new holes needed to be drilled. We had all the tools, but this operation was going to require electricity. Marcia plotted our position on the chart, brushed her teeth, pulled on her jammies and hopped into the bunk. Tuck and Jazz sat politely on the dining table waiting for her to get comfortable before flopping down on her chest and nuzzling up under her chin. The lights went out below. I took the helm from Alfred and jibed the genoa. With a large but comfortable following sea, we ran down the wind wung out with the main wing fixed, the forward wing loose but filled with a robust 15-20 coming over the transom.

04:00. Lots of fishing trawlers. Marcia's watch. Thankfully, I don't remember any of it.

08:00 Sunday, August 27th. Overcast and mild. Wind SSW at 18 true. Seas six feet. Course 075° magnetic. Still trying to wake up. We were past Block Island and I watched from the cockpit as commercial fishing trawlers appeared from out of the sea mist ahead. They were dragging south against the current one after another, booms out, doors open, nets scooping whatever swam in their path. Sport fishers running to the canyons would appear from out of the waves to port, slow down briefly to inspect the trawlers up close, take an obligatory sounding on the fish finder, and then disappear in the waves off to starboard. The cats, happy to have Marcia in the bunk with them, and

Marcia happy to be off watch, were all snuggling with each other below. I went below, warmed up a cranberry muffin and made a power cup of hot coffee. The combination of watching the sport fishers, being off Block Island, the caffeine jolt, and especially the thought of stocking the fridge with some nice fresh tuna to grill, motivated me to put out a long hand line with a double hooked red rubber eel. Then I decided to try to untangle the chute and really get going again. I figured that at 7+ knots, any tuna or a blue we hooked would have to be real healthy to catch our lure in the first place, and that our speed and the hefty test of our hand line would take some of the fight out of them before I would have to get my hands near their face. Chute went back up using a running tack set by reeving the would-be afterguy through a snatch block snapped onto a stainless eye welded to the outboard tip of the bow roller. Had to bring the apparent wind just forward of 120° to keep it full, which gave us a course of 080° magnetic. We were a little high of our course to destination, but the increased VMG was worth it. Seven knots and low change again. The boat and skipper were happy. Everyone else was sleeping, and no bites on the tempting red rubber eel streaming along just below the surface 60 yards behind us. It was a Sunday. The fish were probably still asleep too.

11:00. Six miles to the right of our rhumb line. I decided to jibe back onto port. My scampering over the deck to rearrange the blocks for the spinnaker sheet and guy woke Marcia long enough for her to encourage me to douse the chute for the jibe this time. "Not necessary. Go back to sleep." I said reassuringly, and thought she had. The jibe went smoothly. No wraps. "Nyah ha ha!", I chuckled to myself out loud. "I *heard* that.", drifted up from below.

16:00 Sunday, August 27. R "2" at Mutton Shoal abeam. We were behind schedule on our float plan by exactly the amount of time we had laid over in Cape May. I called Kathy on the cellular to let her know we had made it safely out of the ocean, and not to worry about us until we reported our leaving the Vineyard for Annapolis.

We had reached Muskeget Channel, a deep, narrow, shoal-lined passage which runs in between Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. It's both eerie and majestic to pass close aboard waves breaking on exposed sand bars more than a mile off shore, but we had used this passage before, and felt confident about our position on the chart. I had replaced the chewy red rubber eel with a nice juicy-looking red-feathered flasher. But still, no bites. The current was a strong 2.5 knots against us, and the wind had veered to the northeast- right on the nose. Low dark clouds about two miles to starboard were moving off fast to the southwest, dragging heavy sheets of rain beneath them. We donned our foul weather jackets and closed all the hatches and ports, warding off any threat of rain from passing over-head. It worked, and we stayed dry. Once we had motor sailed our way into Nantucket Sound, we were able to crack off, unroll the dacron genny, and enjoy a beam reach with 12 true and two foot seas, running a course of 112° magnetic. I changed back to the delectable looking chewy red eel. Our course threaded the narrow passage between Muskeget Island and Tuckernuck Shoal, and took us straight to BW "NB" outside Nantucket Harbor under brightening skies to the west. Still no bites- Island Sea Food Market beckoned. We were to become regular customers for the next week.

After sailing 422 nautical miles from Annapolis, we finally had Brant Point Light abeam, and we entered crowded Nantucket Harbor at 19:00, Sunday, August 27th. Just before sunset, we motored past *Shamrock V*, the awe-inspiring 130' English J Class America's Cup Challenger, whose restoration to racing condition was organized by Elizabeth Meyer, a renown Annapolis sailor, yacht restorer, construction contractor, writer, journalist, and fund raiser. The Newport Museum of Yachting has since maintained *Shamrock V* in beautiful condition and fittingly enough, we noticed a graceful wooden Concordia moored nearby.

Marcia nosed *High Adventure* into the wind, and as soon as we had dropped the main, Tuck immediately sprang up onto the boom for a better view of the comings and goings in the harbor. As I began to flake the main over the boom, Jazz joined Tuck to explore the large folds I had made in the sail. Meanwhile, Marcia and I, while busy trying to take stock of our favorite destination in the fading light, and looking for a spot to anchor, exchanged exhilarated yet relieved glances. We knew that we were where we wanted to be, and that the entire crew had done their part to make it a safe and enjoyable passage. The evening was cooling quickly as we dropped our trusted 45 lb. CQR in 12' of water on the quiet Monomoy side of the harbor. After letting out plenty of scope, we backed down hard, and when our sightings steadied, we secured the running rigging for the night, set out an anchor light, and went below for hot showers and a lite dinner. WCOD, the local FM station that serves the Cape and Islands was announcing a James Taylor & Carlie Simon reunion concert, forecasting great weather for the coming week, and playing all of our favorite oldies from the sixties and seventies. We felt at home. Then after giving Tuck and Jazz far more than their usual ration of cat treats, we turned in early and slept soundly through the night in the calm harbor under a pile of blankets and thankful cats.