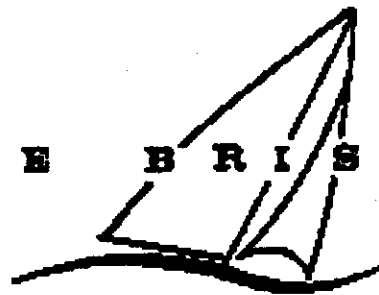




# CHESAPEAKE BRISTOL CLUB

VOLUME 28  
ISSUE 5

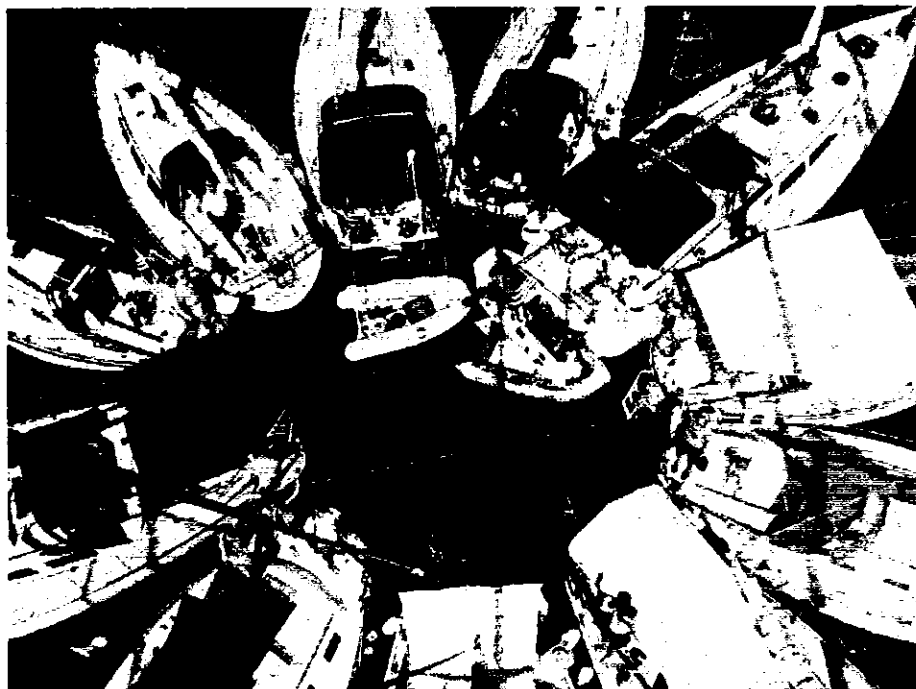


JULY, 2001

Eleven boats braved the entrance to Bodkin Creek in some of the best weather we've seen all year. Unfortunately, we could have used more wind; but that's the Chesapeake. BROAD ARROW and SAVOIR FAIRE were first on the scene to set up anchor and control boat duty in an empty Jubb Cove. The Jubb filled quickly and several boats had to be warned off including a couple celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary. A quiet evening at anchor was not on the CBC agenda. Rich and Ann Segermark on LAST RESORT were next to arrive and graciously agreed (again this year) to be the Party Boat and host the goodie competition. (LAST RESORT, by the way, has the most well equipped helm station ever, complete with a full set of instruments, VHF, GPS, rearview mirror, fly swatter, back scratcher, and sound effects machine!) The Flynns on TALISMAN made their usual seamanly arrival quickly followed by ACOMES with Will and Logan as crew and Commodore Tom and First Lady Peggy in command. Commodore Tom is Lookin' Good, and was in serious need of Bay Therapy; it will take a lot more than a simple heart attack to slow down (body by JNU) Tom Carey! ACOMES probably came the greatest distance and managed not to get lost this year. Bill and Ann Sieling Sieling aboard TARKA with (pseudo) son, Midshipman Brian, aboard, arrived fresh home from their long trip south with many a tale to tell. Tom and Elinor Adensam aboard MERIDIAN joined their first sunflower with the CBC and were attached to Sister Ship, HIGH ADVENTURE with Vice Commodore Marsha and Captain Mike aboard. By the way, Mike, there are two legends that a seaman must abide by; *never* kill an albatross and *never* change the name of a vessel. SAN SOUCI gently carried Joe and Jay Heidel on a much needed sail followed by CHANTEY with our favorite Past Commodore twosome, Joel Gross and Tom Finnin. Last to arrive, probably due to the length of the voyage, was the RUSTY RIG, crewed by Dick, Natalie, and Pam Boecker and Pam's friend, Molly Williams, with a new fuzzy, four legged crew (in training) member.

Paul Kavanaugh and I, raft master du jour, assisted by Sandra on the control line, managed to twist and turn, tighten and ease eleven boats into a near perfect flower shape - that's a record! Many thanks to Paul and Marge for their generous assistance, BROAD ARROW seems to have an endless supply of line; I hope it was all returned.

The whole operation was witnessed and photographed by two staff reporters from "Spinsheet" who promised to write an article for a future issue. We've heard that story before, but the more "Pepsi" we gave them the more pictures were taken and the bigger the article became - we're hopeful. The pictures on this page come from Mike Nathans who went to the top of HIGH ADVENTURE's mast with typical CBC and Mike Nathans enthusiasm and took this great shot.



The major party began at 1800 hrs. aboard LAST RESORT. Maybe it was the Fruit Cocktail theme (maybe it was too easy), but there were more fantastic entries than anyone can remember. The judging was difficult, at best, and the vote extremely close, but in the end, the "Fruit Pizza" by Jay Heidel took a well deserved first. The Pizza was followed in second place by Beryl Flynn's "Curry Chicken Fruit Salad" and in third by Bill and Ann Sieling's "Rum Fruit Punch". There was also an entry from CHANTEY that gave DeMonte Fruit Cocktail a whole new definition - refrigeration not required!

Although there was some awesome headgear out and about, the hands down, knock you out, first place fruit costume went to First Lady, Peggy Carey with her Fruity Kimono - Good job Peggy!

And finally, the Kids (all two of them) were challenged with making some kind of recognizable animal out of a bag of balloons. We identified a Chicken, or was it a Duck and a Mickey Mouse. Well done to Pam and Molly who shared fruity prizes.

Thanks to all who participated and helped - we'll do it again next year!

Norm

# A GREAT SATURDAY AT "SAILOR'S REST" June 16, 2001



Logan Hottle, Commodore Tom, Will Hottle, Payla Sherrer and Norm Dogarde in the lovely glazed porch.



Carol Patterson and Noel holding a seance ( a real family affair): Mary and Dave Severmark and Rich and Anne Segermark at rapt(?) attention.



George Thomas & Ned Sherrer inspecting their dinners.



Two fulfilled (filled full?) partiers: Bill Flynn and Noel Patterson

They say a picture is worth a thousand words... so I got lazy and decided to show you what a great party there was at Ted & Carol Reinhold's "Sailor's Rest" on the first night of our summer cruise. The weather report was pretty ominous so only four boats were anchored nearby: TALISMAN, who came up the night before, WIND DANCER that snuggled into the pond nearby, ARABESQUE and late arrival BONKERS TWO, which had left just late enough to meet 24K winds from the NW right at the Bay Bridge. It was a rough and slow trip up the Magothy, but they did make the party. Ted took these snaps with his wee digital camera.



John, Bob & Doc: Happy crew of ARABESQUE

# A cruise that was fractured but fun...

There were a few folks that escaped the camera lens but were really enjoying the party! Mike Nathans and Marcia, and Former Commodore Adam Canalungo, the Sherrer's granddaughter, Laurel, and their "Cleo", Peggy Carey (who was hidden in the photo of her hubby), the Kennards who were late, and our hosts Ted and Carol... who were behind the camera.

The next morning was bright and blustery and the boats pulled out for different destinations. John Hills was leaving on Tuesday on a Naval Academy sailboat with a group of Midshipmen headed for Larchmont Y.C., Bill and Beryl would head down the bay to North Carolina soon. DONKERS TWO pulled out, rolled out the Genny and sailed from Sailor's Rest to the Spider in Annapolis Harbor in 2 hours and 15 minutes! What a sleigh ride. They found their way into Luce Creek... latched onto a mooring...and saw no sign of anyone. A radio call on 9 brought an answer from TARWATHIE who was tied to her dock not 100 feet away. CARPE DIEM tied on alongside a bit later. The Sherrers hailed us from shore, at camp Lots-a-Fun. PAVANE was nowhere to be seen. She was too close to the bottom to leave her slip. SUMMER SONG arrived in mid afternoon and everyone went ashore to loll in the shade of big trees and sit at the "ship-bar" on high stools and laze away the afternoon. The atmosphere felt like a slightly ramshackle beach bar in the BVI... Noel anxiously waited for a radio call from LAST RESORT. Will and Logan somehow managed to find their way in by land yacht, as ACOMES was on the bottom in their slip. It was a small but delightful party and a wonderful chance to chat. At about 6:00 LAST RESORT pulled in. She had floated free of the bottom of their slip in Rock Hall at 4:00. The night was cool, there were no bugs, and we all left refreshed for a junket to Trippe Creek, up the Tred Avon. By radio we found that Tom and Peggy had sailed on down to the Rhode River, not wanting to battle the winds up the Severn, and were well ahead of the rest of us and planning to take a slip in Oxford. LAST RESORT and SUMMER SONG arrived early and rafted up... as CARPE DIEM, ACOMES, and DONKERS TWO engaged in a drifting contest up the river, trying to not be the first to fire off their engine. Will was last and when he pressed the starter nothing happened. Of course they drifted past the marker and tapped the bottom. Just as a friendly tow was being arranged, the engine fired off and they were freed of the bottom. The raft of three planned to join the others at dinner at the Robert Morris Inn, but the hour grew late as three dogs were chauffeured to shore and back. The Kennards piloted the taxiboat into town. Just outside Town Creek three teenagers in a motor boat waved for assistance. They were low on oil and would love a tow. The good samaritans towed them all the way down Town Creek to the end... and tied up at the bulkhead... (free) and set out to hike to the Inn. Miles! Logan had arranged to have some skiing acquaintances join us and hurried up the road. We discovered that the Inn would close in 5 minutes and we were much too far away! A gentleman on a bike roared up and told us that the restaurant would stay open for us and the stragglers arrived about 30 minutes late for our Great Crab Cakes! The Hibbs, Logan's friends, who live in Colorado and Oxford knew the owners...and pulled a string or two. Lucky Us! The early birds were just leaving as we arrived. We hitched a ride back to the boat, and at this time it was pitch black outside. The trip back to our anchorage was another of our great adventures! Captain Adams with a hand over a flashlight called out compass headings, Hunter had the helm, Will was lookout forward with the big flashlight (which refused to turn off) and the rest scanned everywhere for flashers, day marks, anything familiar.

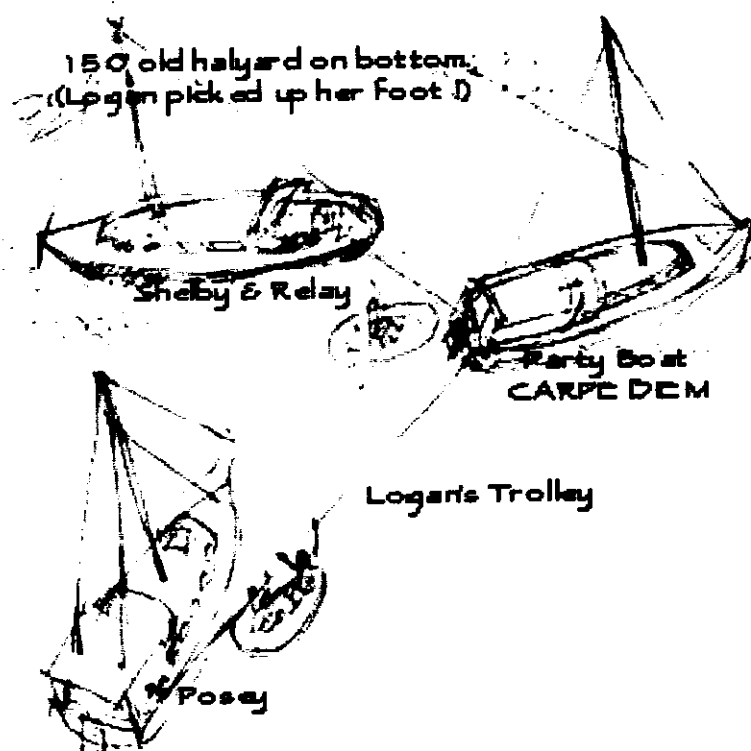
. Of course we all missed the unlighted green mark at the entrance to Trippe Creek and went a mile up the river wondering where in ---- we were.. After determining the number of a marker, some rather ripe language was followed by a 180 degree turn. A slight grounding and more creeping along and we spotted our anchor lights. Tying alongside about 12:30 we were delighted to accept our reward for tenacity... a nightcap of "Bermuda Gold" from the hold of ACOMES. Another wonderful night of coolth and no bugs!

The early birds left for Oxford to walk about and pick up some ice and fuel. A few hours later we three did the same.. and quickly headed out to catch a marvelous breeze that took us up to Broad Creek and then wing and wing north to Leadenham.

Dousing the sails and firing up the motor, we entered the creek and just shy of Caulk Cove, about 5:30 BONKERS TWO went hard aground on the edge of a shoal.

CARPE DIEM made several valiant attempts to pull her off and then went aground too! ACOMES tried all kinds of unsuccessful ploys and then tried to tip us with the main halyard. At about 45 degrees something went "boing" and the halyard flew out of the top of the mast. (Don't ask.) Suddenly Will noticed something strange with his engine and discovered that he had also gone aground and there was a wad of small line around his prop. A short swim took care of the line, and since he was there he got rid of a few barnacles as well. We noted that the tide was falling and called the other boats. Noel looked up the high tide for that area and speculated it would be about 2:00 a.m.. Anchors were rowed out and dropped, and, making lemonade out of our lemon, Logan rigged up a hand-over-hand line between boats and we gathered for martinis, manhattans, and cheese and crackers... as night fell. As our party broke up about 11:30 we found that one boat had swung around so we all were able to pull free and re-anchor about 12:30. What we all needed was sleep, not dinner, and we fell into our bunks.

## THE "LEMON" OF LEADENHAM



Tom and Peggy, who must get up at the crack of dawn, were on their way early to St. Michaels and the rest followed. Will and Logan were hoping to attend a concert in Baltimore that night so headed homeward. We contacted boat yards in Oxford and managed to find someone who said they thought they could reinstall the halyard if we could make it in by noon. A mad motor and we were tied up at Bachelor's Point Yacht Yard at 12:40 where we sweltered for 3 hours in an airless sauna 'til the guys showed up to help us. We took the sail off and got everything ready for them and in about 45 minutes they had us all fixed. It was a happy and glorious sail out to Dun Cove and the Adams were surprised to see us so soon! We flew!

The others were enjoying the town of St. Michaels, the museum, a picnic lunch in the park... and a very good dinner at the Carpenter Street Saloon.

The only day of motoring we had was the next day. As we headed through Kent narrows, and up Eastern Bay, we passed the Pattersons and Segermarks headed for the Rhode, a good swim, and then home for appointments the next day. That afternoon we met WIND DANCER in Tilghman Creek, where we joined some old friends in their classic Alberg 35... who discovered her bilge was full. Not wanting to deplete the batteries, they put on the engine and started the pump. Tom dinged over to visit and was just coming aboard when there was a very startled cry from Peggy who found our three boat raft was very slowly and deliberately moving toward WIND DANCER. The engine had been tipped slightly into gear and was riding right up the anchor rode. Peggy did a great job of fending off the bow sprits and there was nary a bump. Just a few frayed nerves! DARK STAR had been in St. Michaels too and dropped anchor nearby, but declined a cocktail invite, saying they had been having a "bad boat day". They also had a bilge full of water, and a couple of malfunctioning pumps.. but Mal used the engine to pump out most of the water and then the shower sump to take care of the rest. That evening they had "had it!" Retirement has been quite a time for them... with a trip to Florida, time in Antigua, and the purchase of a small house in Dewey Beach. Later this year they will be making an extended cruise to Alaska with a couple of side trips. After all of that they may find retirement is more work than work... but I doubt it.

The weather report was not so great the next morning, but Tom and Peggy headed for home... This had been a pretty ambitious trip for a guy who had been in the hospital a couple of weeks before. The Adams had to be home on Saturday so headed off to the Rhode River and had a fantastic sail up the Bay with big winds and big waves.. fortunately, behind them. The Kennards and their friends took a long leisurely sail all the way up the east branch of the Wye to Skipton Creek where they had a refreshing swim and a lovely evening. The next day a long sail up to the narrows, and then up and into Swan Creek where they indulged in a terrific dinner at the Inn at Osprey Point, returning again to the anchorage after dark.. (cheating death once again!)

Meanwhile, Ted and Carol hopped aboard RHYTHM and headed for Queenstown.. where they found no one! What a shame we couldn't have made some sort of radio connection! They had a couple of leisurely days up the Chester... and one glorious sunset

PAVANE, with two granddaughters aboard went into Rock Hall a few days earlier where they found a swimming pool for their two visiting mermaids, Sara and Laurel. Many of our cruise regulars were off on other interesting jaunts. Ruth and Dick Boecker went South with the aim of a little visiting along the ICW and then back. Bill & Deryl Flynn were headed that way also. The Raymonds were in Bermuda, and Paul Kavanaugh with Adam Canalungo as crew was on his way to New England. Frank and Sharon Arsenault spent the entire month exploring the Southern part of the Bay

It was indeed an interesting cruise... full of good sailing, surprisingly good winds, and amazingly good sleeping, and as the saying goes:

"There are good ships and there are wood ships: the ships that sail the sea.  
But the best ships are friendships, and may they always be."

# LOON : THE REST OF THE STORY

April 1, 2001

For those of you who are interested, the Turner's Cape Dory 31, Loon, will be migrating to the Chesapeake very soon. We have a deadline now - April 23. That is the day the trucker will arrive to take Loon out of our backyard and to Riverside, NJ. Here her long awaited flight south to the Chesapeake Bay will begin. As you may remember we had Loon brought to our home in Medford, NJ in the fall of 1999 and for the past 17 months she has been in our backyard undergoing repair and maintenance work. The convenience of having our boat trucked to our house was well worth the effort. We have completed most of our planned projects in spite of numerous distractions and interruptions (aka "honey do" list, land cruising, field hockey games, etc.).

In preparation for this article we compiled a list of all the renovations and upgrades we completed. I am glad to say that it is a very long list and fortunately for you I won't bore you with it all. Besides, I don't understand half the things Jimmy (& Jackie) did anyway. All I know is the boat projects kept them tinkering on the boat or in the garage for many, many hours. Most of the work however would go unnoticed by the casual observer. For example Jimmy and Jackie installed motor mounts, a new exhaust system, hoses, AGM batteries, bilge pumps, a head and some engine cables. All I could see of them were their feet sticking out of the cockpit lockers as they worked in those hard to get to places down below. I don't think there are many 13-year-old girls who have done this much mechanical work. Father and daughter made a great team! Jimmy also spent many hours refurbishing the windlass, winches, prop and pedestal to ensure that all was in good working order. Also he put in a new backstay and replaced a couple of swage fittings that were cracked.

The more noticeable changes made to Loon are the interior boat cushions and the addition of refrigeration. The making of the cushions was my job, which I labored over many Saturdays. It was quite an undertaking for my meager abilities at the sewing machine. The last serious sewing project I tackled was an apron in 7th grade. I couldn't have done it alone. My very patient mother was a great help and I think we did a pretty good job for a couple of amateurs.

Little by little we are getting to the end of our list. I've polished, cleaned and scrubbed everything I could. Jimmy is outside now scraping teak before it rains again. And if the weather ever warms up we will start to wax the hull and paint the bottom. Then comes the grueling process of putting everything we emptied out of the boat back in. Our garage and basement is full of odds and ends that go somewhere.

Looking back I can say it wasn't too bad missing a year of sailing. It gave us the time to spend on other worthwhile activities (yes, it's true we do like other things besides sailing). We didn't get everything done on our boat project list. There is just too much to do and too little time. A new dodger and cabin sole will have to wait until next year. Right now, we are very anxious to start sailing again and we are looking forward to having Loon in her slip at Lankford Bay Marina.

May 1, 2000.

We're BACK! Loon looks very pretty sitting in the water where she belongs. Thanks to Jackie, the hull got waxed before the trucker whisked our sailboat away. Every day after school she would come home to clean and wax another portion of the hull until it shined like new. I don't know what possessed her to work so diligently, if only I could get my teenager to apply the same effort to her room.

The trip down the Delaware River was the best one ever. For the first time in 10 years the wind was coming from the right direction. It was a perfect sail all the way down to the C & D Canal. As usual the motor through the canal was uneventful, but at least we knew that all systems were operating as we hoped. Things seemed too good to be true. It was a perfect day for sailing and everything was going so right. I guess we thought something should go wrong. After all this was like a maiden voyage for Loon. However, as we headed for Worton Creek to anchor for the night, we did have a bit of a scare.

Out of nowhere the smell of smoke wafted out of the cabin. Here, we thought our luck had changed and now disaster would hit. Immediately Jimmy and his crew scrambled below, fire extinguishers in hand, ready to put out an engine fire. To their relief the engine was fine, but the smoke that had filled the cabin had come from somewhere. But its origin had them stumped, at least until the next day. By chance Jimmy happened to notice a black spot on the fluorescent light behind the galley. Apparently it had malfunctioned and spewed the ominous smoke. The mystery had been solved and the rest of the trip continued without a hitch.

So, finally my story comes to an end. Loon is in Lankford Bay Marina and her crew is looking forward to a pleasant sailing season with all our boat club friends. Hope to see everyone real soon.

Jane, Jim and Jackie Turner

On Saturday the fourteenth of July this year  
 Set sail for the Magothy river.  
 If you can't board your boat, don't shed a tear.  
 Just hop in your trusty flivver.  
 For it's off to Milbur on Cornfield creek  
 for our rendezvous under the trees  
 And if a nice cool swim's what you seek  
 Take a dip and then take your ease.  
 The Grants, Steve and Anne, will be our hosts  
 Come ashore early they say.  
 When the heat of July is steaming the coasts  
 Come to Milbur and play.  
 Bring a goodie to share with all  
 Something special to pop on the grille,  
 And your favorite beverage, short or tall,  
 Will be sure to fill the evenings bill.  
 Our Commodore and some volunteers  
 Will have plates, tools, cups and ice all set.  
 We know from the past nothing interferes  
 With the party... not even getting wet!  
 This year another sailing group will be there  
 And we'll just meet and welcome the crews.  
 It's the first time the Bristol Club has had to share  
 So we'll just have a bigger, better rendezvous.  
 It's a wonderful place for a weekend stay  
 So come one, come all, and join your friends  
 For an outdoor feast on this summer day  
 And relax on the lawn till the evening ends.

M  
 I  
 L  
 B  
 U  
 R

# SHORE AND POOL PARTY

JULY 14, 2001

Loggies are non grata at the party site  
 But Fido can come ashore down below.  
 There are lights so you'll find the dock at night  
 And it's not very far to row.

BY SEA: From the Magothy River  
 to Sillery Bay and on N.E. into  
 Cornfield Creek. Follow the  
 markers on your charts. The  
 party is at the end of the creek.

BY LAND: Take route 100 East  
 to Mountain Road (177) toward  
 Gibson Island. Turn right into the  
 community of Mil Bur and continue  
 to Milburn Circle where you will  
 find the community center. Plenty  
 of Parking. Showers and dressing  
 rooms, too.

# ***Our Commodore's Annual Wine Tasting Contest and Rendezvous***



*Saturday, July 28,  
2001*

*4:00 p.m.*

*Bear Neck Creek*

*Your hosts for this gathering are  
Tom and Peggy Carey, and they  
will furnish wine for the tasting,  
cheese, fruit, bread and prizes  
and a festive scene for all.  
After the serious business, bring  
your favorite bottle of wine,  
cheese and crackers and settle  
down for a great party.*

*Bear Neck Creek off The Rhode  
River will be the spot for our  
gathering. Bear Neck Creek can  
be reached by going up the  
Rhode River,  
leaving Camp Letts to port. The  
anchorage will be just beyond the  
Rhode River  
Marina.*

**We are delighted to report that Joel Gross, after an inconvenient stay in the hospital has had some successful repairs made to his tummy and is now getting ready to set sail on the 13th, with Tom Finnin, for a trip to Newport on a humongous Island Packet . The ship is equipped with every known piece of electronic gear ( in duplicate) and has all the comforts of home.. including A.C. Now! We're all envious. We wish the two of them a real Bon Voyage!**