

BLUE WATER LOG

THE SEASON IS UPON US!

Commodore's Corner

By Carl Kramer, Commodore

It is early April, and Mary Ann and I are in Naples, Florida. A day trip to Key West, a little tennis, a visit to the zoo, a late breakfast...maybe today we will go swimming in the Gulf..."If only spring would last a thousand days..."

Yet something is stirring. A guilty feeling comes on as we pass a West Marine. We hear a siren drawing us to the local boat yard for no apparent reason...

Why? It's that time. In a few weeks for some or in a month for others, the tempo of this life quickens. Things to buy, lists to make, remembering what should be repaired and what must be repaired. How are we going to be ready for the Spring Regatta? Launch Date is coming! Launch Date is Coming!

Gentlemen, prepare to sand your bottoms!

French Riviera Cruise In 1999? Ooh La La!

John Dieselman and Cathryn Griffith are planning a two-week Nice/Hyeres area cruise in October 1999. Moorings or Sunsail are likely to be the charter companies considered. Details are being worked out, but there will be many lay days, with organized trips by bus for sightseeing. If you have an interest in participating, please let John or Cathryn know as soon as possible.



The world is getting smaller, as this BWSC burgee in a bar in Tonga proves (see Russ Kingman's story, p. 5)

Spring Dinner Features Around the World Racer

Raconteur, adventurer and perhaps madman, Brian Hancock regaled the members of the club at the Spring Dinner held April 6th at the Peabody Museum in Salem. Each time Brian finished an Around the World Whitbread Race he vowed "never again." After a few years the vow is forgotten and Brian goes at it. His adventures, told in breath-taking slides, gripped the members: Massive icebergs, the Southern Ocean fury, boat failures, smelly Russian crews were all part of the stories he told.

'Rivers: A Southern Experience' Starts July 25 in Marion

The Southern Cruise will rendezvous on Saturday, July 25th at Marion Harbor at the head of Buzzards Bay. The cruise will begin with a race to...

Cuttyhunk the following day, which is an excellent jumping off spot for our next destination... *Newport, RI*. With so much to do in the sailing capital of New England, a lay day is planned with a dinner at Christie's Restaurant on the evening of arrival. An early departure from Newport will take us along the Rhode Island coast through Watch Hill Passage to the town of... *Stonington, CT*. After an overnight stay in this popular harbor, a short sail up the Thames River to...

New London takes us to the home of the Coast Guard Academy. A self-guided tour of the academy and the maritime museum is planned. Further West along the Connecticut coast brings us to the Connecticut River with our next destination upriver to... *Essex, CT* and the scenic anchorage of Hamburg Cove. Consider dinner at the famous Griswold Inn, a two-day exploration of the river or a visit to Gillette Castle upstream. Then it's time to head across Long Island Sound through the infamous
(continued on p. 2)



It won't be long now. The countdown has started.

'Rivers: A Southern Experience' Starts July 25

(continued from p. 1)

Plum Gut to the secluded...

Ten Mile Harbor in Gardiner's Bay, where if weather permits a Sunflower raft may be attempted. We will have an additional day to explore East Hampton and relax prior to our race day to the Bermuda of the North...

Block Island. The beaches along Block Island are worth the extra day we will spend here with an eye to rest and relaxation before heading East towards our final river destination of...

Third Beach at the mouth of the Sakonnet River. Sakonnet Point with its beach and nature walks is a prelude to the end of the cruise which will be at...

Padanaram, with the Commodore's Dinner being held at the New Bedford Yacht Club on Saturday night, leaving Sunday for return to home port.

We are looking forward to your participation to make this a successful club event!

We are also looking for volunteers to help with various cruise activities. If interested, please contact:

Michael & Janice Mathias
Cruise Chairpersons
Tel. No. (508) 339-8143

1998 Volunteers Start Early

Volunteers stepped forward early for nearly every forthcoming 1998 Club event. By December 1997, we had a full slate. This was unprecedented! Thank you early birds:

Michael & Dorothy Martindale/
Spring Regatta

Paul & Mary Beth Goldberg and
Jack & Cindy Dumser/*Maine Cruise*

Michael & Janice Mathias/
Southern Cruise

Steve & Lisa Ellis/*Spring Dinner*

Ron & Jean Tracy and John

Quarles & Linda Allen/*Fall*

Regatta

Dick Freeman/*Mass Maritime*

Safety at Sea Seminar (canceled by
Mass Maritime)

Bob & Cindy Gould/*Labor Day
Weekend, Provincetown*

Stuart and Betty Lehman/*Fourth
of July*

Colin Richardson/*Hands-on Diesel
Seminar*

Colin & Melanie Richardson/*Fall
Dinner Meeting*

Open

Columbus Day Weekend

Dan Kostishack & Barry

Steinberg/*Sails and Race Seminar*

Sue La Voie/*Sailing Ladies*

Maine Cruise Focuses on "Off the Beaten Track"

The two-week cruise from August 1 through August 16, 1998

concentrates on areas along the coast of Maine that we "often seem to rush by in order to get down east."

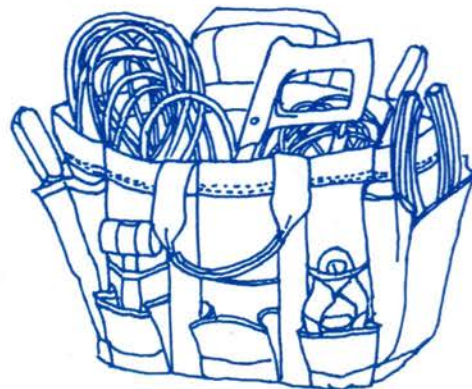
Our initial "all fleet" rendezvous will be at Sebasco Harbor at the east end of Casco Bay on Sunday afternoon, August 2nd. Boats coming from Buzzards Bay, RI, CT and others wishing to do so will rendezvous at an intermediate spot on Saturday afternoon, and join the rest of the fleet on Sunday. The objective is to insure that no boat that doesn't choose to will have to travel alone.

Two lay days are planned to allow time to get ashore, explore, walk, and just relax. Sailing legs will average 24nm with no legs over 33nm. There will be races on the shorter legs. The cruise will extend as far east as Butter Island in Penobscot Bay, and will end with a Commodore's dinner at the Portsmouth, NH Yacht Club on Friday August 14th, leaving two days for the return trip to home ports.

An optional evening windjammer cruise and chowder-fest is planned for Rockland ME. Special activities are planned for kids on the cruise.

Any suggestions for other programs? Volunteers? Both will be appreciated. Contact:

Paul & Mary Beth Goldberg 603-645-1351 or Jack & Cindy Dumser 978-456-8219.



BIG BIRD flies south for the winter

by Anna and Louis Sebok

Wow what a flight it was! This not so moody MOODY got her name from the nice, but klutzy Bird from Sesame Street after trading the very frisky BLUE BIRD for the conveniences she offered. Two heads - no bumping Captain and Mate - queen master bunk, lots of closet space, etc. Whether or not she wins races was immaterial as long as she gave us a comfortable home for living aboard.

Well she surprised us. Between Oct. 15, 12:40 P.M. and Oct. 19, 4:40 P.M. (4 days and two hours) she flew our wonderful crew to Bermuda. And in comfort too. Except for the last 14 hours when winds built up to 30 knots, and per Herb Hildenberg's good advise we pushed toward Bermuda with engine as well as sails to arrive ahead of the coming 3-day gale force winds, the trip was wonderful. Lots of reading, sleeping (single person watches among 5 people gave everyone more than enough sleep) starry skies, plenty to eat (thanks to great American supermarket provisioning) and the attitude of super sailors that never needed to be adjusted.

A tourist attraction

We took a 12-day vacation in Bermuda filled with activities. The first few days we kept watching the damages that boats incurred limping into St. George's Harbor in the storm. *Big Bird* was a sightseeing attraction for the cruise ships that poured their guests out of their cabins. Most of them were season's-end saving-conscious natives of Cape Cod, so our homeport, Falmouth, made us instant family to a lot of people. Then we took dinghy excursions. The beaches of the fanciest resorts became our playground. Castle Harbor, the unoccupied Club Med, Ross Perot's summer mansion, etc. all just a dinghy ride away.



Endless cocktail hours brought a great variety of people aboard, old and new friends.

Next stop: Jost Van Dyke

The next voyage of this not so klutzy "Bird" to Jost Van Dyke in the British Virgins, about 800 miles, took 5 days and 16 hours. The heeling angle was very convenient for the quarter berths occupants, being on port tack all the way, the starboard bunks never needed the assembly of leecloths. Sleeping for the Captain and Mate was another story on that famous queensize aft cabin bed: a 30-degree angle across half standing position. Not described in any "Joy of Sex" book positions. Talking about positions: acrobatic cooking is the new way of cooking on the *Big Bird*. When the hanging fruit and vegetable baskets spewed out the green peppers, zucchini, and tomatoes and all went flying, the cook did not need to cook, as everything instantly turned into a ratatouille.

But on the occasions the cook needed a potato or two, the apples and onions out of an overhead hammock landed one after the other on the cook's head before any potato did. The galley became an aerobic classroom. Kneebends, fannytuck, elbowlifts, chinups, tummypulls were needed just to keep things from flying. One thing learned: when cooking tiny Ancini noodles on a boat, they tend to shoot up into every crack of the cabin as the cover jumps off the pot of boiling water. By the way, cleaning that up is more than an aerobic exercise. Sailing all the way without engine, because the trade winds were so wonderfully even, made us lousy housekeepers. We kept charging the house batteries, because refrigeration was important, but forgot about the starter batteries.

Lights out at landfall

As we approached Jost Van Dyke, we found that the juice went out (continued on p. 8)

August 1-16

Passamaquoddy Bay Cruise/Race To Bay of Fundy Is Scheduled

There will be a less demanding multi-overnight cruising boat race from Scituate to Campobello (240 miles) followed by a cruise in the somewhat remote and beautiful waters near Passamaquoddy Bay. There will be an engine allowance for the race. The start will be the morning of Aug 2. The course will have one mark, Matinicus Rock Whistle and finish off of Campobello Bay. Details will be published as part of the sign up brochure.

After the race the group will proceed to St Andrews which is the starting point for the cruise. Starting with a shore party and dinner in St Andrews, we will cruise to such harbors as Digdeguash and/or Maguadavic River in Passamaquoddy Bay,

Federal Harbor in Cobscook Bay, Harbor de Lute on Campobello Island, and North Head Harbor on the island of Grand Manan. Re-enter the U.S. at Cutler, proceed to Northeast or Southwest Harbor with stops at Roque Island, the Cows Yard, Trafton and others, depending on fleet size.

Guest boats are welcome. More details will be available in May. Contact Wally Feldman now if you are interested. It will give Wally an idea of how many boats may participate and help with his planning. Contact:

Wally Feldman
Phone 518- 563-3892, Fax 518-
562-0812, or email
Feldmanw@splava.cc.
plattsburgh.edu

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** New Member BOG

Crews Wanted?

Dave Neelon 216-932-4901 or email:Dneelon@AOL.com sent this letter from his new home in Ohio, announcing "my availability as supplemental crew for those who are shorthanded making longer passages. I have crewed to and from Bermuda, one way and round trip. I have made overnight sails to Maine, and trips on the intercoastal and offshore legs between Florida and North Carolina. My schedule is flexible."



Kids onboard makes a cruise more lively

Traveling light to the South Seas

This trip by Sib Reppert and Chris Vezetinski and family has been discussed previously in the Log and was presented at a seminar this winter. All aspects of the trip were very interesting. The following detailed list of equipment was given out at the seminar and is reprinted here as it may be of interest to others:

Monitor windvane-\$2500
 Performance Marine boom vang-\$550
 ICOM M810 SSB \$2700
 Switlik 6-man life raft-\$5245
 Two watermakers: a Powersurvivor 35 electric version and a manual Power-survivor 06 for "abandon ship bag"-\$2195
 One pair Steiner binoculars-\$695
 New halyard stoppers-\$369.80
 Avon 3.15 dinghy, 8hp Evinrude-\$3150
 Questus backstay mount for the radar antenna and other antennas-\$1454
 Navtec backstay adjuster to fit in the Questus mount-\$704
 Forespar davit to lift the Evinrude-\$166
 Powermax 150 amp HD alternator-\$269
 Two flexible solar panels, Hamilton Ferris water generator, regulator for same-\$1281
 Two Prevailer gel cell batteries, 225AH 8D and 105AH-\$593
 New foam bunk cushions-\$652
 New mainsheet system-\$322.70
 Inflatable life jackets-\$315
 Two sets of dive gear(Scuba) and snorkel gear for four-\$2675
 Hitachi hi-8 videocam, accessories-\$1903
 Charts from the Turks and Caicos Islands to New Zealand-\$750
 Replacement for steering quadrant-\$289
 Used Forespar adjustable whisker pole-\$418
 Repair and rebuild the stove-\$315
 Litton 406MHz Epirb-\$815
 Groco replacement toilet-\$131
 Four big fenders for Panama Canal-\$156
 Abandon ship bag, emergency food-\$203
 Tricolor masthead light with strobe and anchor light-\$182
 Asymmetrical spinnaker, 1.5oz-\$2315
 Mylar/dacron roller furling genoa-\$2087
 Astra #3B sextant after trade-in-\$297
 A Seasat Comsat C satellite Communicator with installation-\$5582
 Custom bowsprit, nav table, fiddle, plus others-\$2837
 Two Laptop Computers-TI 4000 and a Toshiba 3400 plus other goodies-\$6432
 [Whatever happened to the simple getaway? - Ed.]



Speaking of the South Seas...

Kingman Delivers Burgee To Tonga

by Russ Kingman

On April 27, 1998 the Blue Water burgee shown on page one was hung in Ana's Cafe, Neiafu in the Vava'u island group, Kingdom of Tonga.

Responding to an ad in *Cruising World* for one of its "Adventure Cruises," I along with 65 other Americans and Canadians flew to Tonga for two weeks of sailing on 13 boats in the South Pacific paradise.

Tonga is the only Polynesian culture that was never colonized or invaded, and therefore is thought to be the purest remaining example of Polynesia as it used to be.

Friendly people, beautiful trade wind sailing and over 50 islands in the Vava'u island group alone. To get there, we did a 180-mile overnight passage from the southernmost island of Tongapatu. As designated captain on a Beneteau 405 with three other people, I and my shipmates not only sailed under the Southern Cross but participated in three days of feasting and dancing to celebrate the Crown Prince's 50th birthday.

While I haven't yet sailed to paradise, I've now sailed in it, and God can take me anytime.





*Birds Of A Feather
Flocked To Good Times
During Last Year's
Southern Cruise*

Eric and Jackie Pierce and Martin and Barbara Owens co-chaired the 1997 Southern cruise, "Birds of a Feather," which featured onboard parties, picnics, kids events, bicycling, camaraderie and all the other ingredients that make sailing together such a delightful summer experience -- as this photo montage of smiling faces clearly documents.



CHRISTMAS AT SEA

by Robert Louis Stevenson

This poem is copied from William Bennett's *The Moral Compass*. It's a great poem even though this is not the Christmas season.

"Often it is hard to leave but we go knowing that home and hearth make a point on our compass for the rest of life's journey":

*The sheets were frozen hard, and
they cut the naked hand;
The decks were like a slide, where
a seaman scarce could stand,
The wind was nor'wester, blowing
squally off the sea;
And cliff and spouting breakers
were the only things a-lee.*

*They heard the surf a-roaring
before the break of day:
But 'twas only with the peep of
light we saw how ill we lay.
We tumbled every hand on deck
instantly, with a shout,
And we gave her the maintops'l,
and stood by to go about.*

*All day we tacked and tacked
between the South Head and the
North;
All day we hauled the frozen
sheets, and got no further forth;
All day as cold as charity, in bitter
and dread,
For very life and nature we tacked
from head to head.*

*We gave the south a wider birth,
for there the tide race roared;
But every tack we made we
brought the North Head close
aboard:*

*So's we saw the cliff and
houses, and the breakers running
high,
And the coastguard in his garden,
with his glass against his eye.*

*The bells upon the church were
rung with a mighty jovial cheer;
For 'tis just that I should tell you
how (of all days in the year)
This day of our adversity was
bless'd Christmas Morn,*

*And the house above the
coastguard's was the house where
I was born.*

*O well I saw the pleasant room,
the pleasant faces there,
My mother's silver spectacles, my
father's silver hair;
And well I saw the firelight, like a
flight of homely elves
Go dancing round the china-plates
that stand upon the shelves!
And well I knew the talk they had,*

*"All hands to loose topgallant
sails!" I heard the captain call.
"By the lord she'll never stand
it," our first mate Jackson cried.
"'Tis one way or the other, Mr.
Jackson," he replied.*

*She staggered to her bearings, but
the sails were new and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward
just as though she understood.
As the winter's day was ending, in
the entry of the night,*



*the talk that was of me,
of the shadow on the
household and the son that went
to sea;*

*And O the wicked fool I seemed, in
every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen rope
on bless'd Christmas Day.*

*They lit the high sea-light, and the
dark began to fall.*

*We cleared the weary headland,
and passed below the light.*

*And they heaved a mighty breath,
every soul on board but me,
As they saw her nose again
pointing handsome out to sea;*

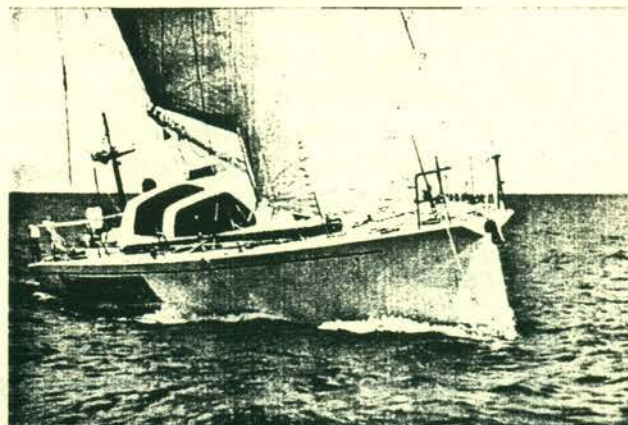
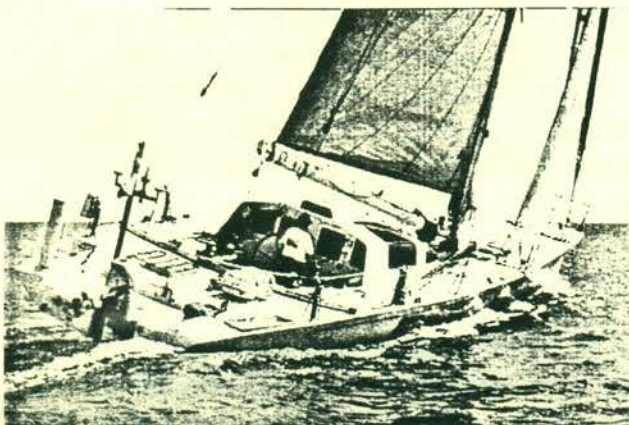
*But all that I could think of, in the
darkness and the cold,
Was just that I was leaving home
and my folks were growing old.*

BLUE WATER SAILORS

ARE ANY OF YOU INTERESTED IN A TRIP OF A LIFETIME?

'I would rather be ashes than dust! I would rather that my spark should be burned out in a brilliant blaze than it should be stifled by dry rot..... the proper function of man is to live, not to exist. I shall not waste my days in trying to prolong them. I shall use my time.'

JACK LONDON (1867-1916)



Great Circle under sail in Jamaica

As far back as I can remember I had a dream to circumnavigate the world. I had visions of sailing past Cape Horn in a full gale. I once saw a poster that read: "Goals are dreams with a deadline", and adopted that phrase for my own. I have now sailed around the world three times, each time accepting the challenge and enjoying the passage. I am now planning the biggest sailing adventure of my life – a solo circumnavigation, starting from Charleston, SC in September, and circumnavigating via Cape Horn. In order to qualify for the race I need to sail 2,000 single-handed miles. The beautiful Azores islands are exactly 2,000 miles away. I will sail back from there alone, however in the meantime I am looking for crew for the trip over. A trip of a lifetime for two people. If you have always wanted to cross the Atlantic, or sail on board one of the fastest fifty foot sailboats in the world, now is your chance. It will be a fast fun, downwind slide. You will have the chance to feel what it is like to go 25 knots down the face of a wave, and a chance to support my Around Alone campaign. For more information please visit my website at www.greatcircle.org, or call me direct at 781-631 5876, or call Carl Kramer at 781-272 5676. I look forward to hearing from Blue Water sailors looking for adventure.

Brian Hancock

"GOALS ARE DREAMS WITH A DEADLINE"

THE LURE OF OFFSHORE SAILING

An essay by Brian Hancock

Isak Dineson might have said it best. "The cure for everything is salt water – sweat, tears and the ocean." I agree, but add to it. I say simplify your life and add healthy dose of fresh air to your daily routine. Ocean sailing provides it all. More than the beauty of the open ocean, more than the challenge of demanding weather, and more than the satisfaction of getting there, my addiction to ocean sailing lies in its simplicity and the heady feeling I get breathing in all that clean salt air.

There is a latent desire in all of us to reconnect with simpler times, and to realign ourselves with the natural rhythms of the earth. For many there is no better way to do so than spending time "messing around in boats." It is an uncluttered world on the water, and a purely honest one too. What you see is what you get, and what you do with it defines not only the passage you are making, but your spirit and character as well. It is an opportunity to look inside your head and see what's in there, warts and all. It is a chance to get away from the trial traffic and jams of an overcrowded world.

My childhood dreams were filled with a longing to escape from the constraints of growing up, and I yearned for the weekends when I could get away to the yacht club. Boats gave me wings and I craved the freedom and independence I felt when sailing. The moment I cast off I felt the intoxicating feeling of being in control. On the water I was in charge of my own life, and the magical properties of wind and waves combined into an addictive potion. The same feelings carried into adulthood. They are spiced with the need to be different and a desire to challenge myself, and inarticulated wish to be someone.

Perhaps trying to define the lure of the ocean is too difficult, and maybe I am using lofty thoughts to mask a more basic motivation. Sailing is fun, and the open ocean is a beautiful place to be, especially in the early morning when the light is soft and the sleepiness from a long night fades into the anticipation of another day on the water. There will be challenges ahead, and maybe another day like the one just finished. There will be the vagaries of a new weather system to deal with, and hazard yet unmet. The snow might fly again and the Southern Ocean may kick up into a gray angry cauldron tossing spindrift high into the air and flinging it across your bow.

More likely though, low swells from a distant storm will nudge your boat towards the next landfall, the monotonous slapping on the hull gradually connecting with your inner beat. You begin to notice an eerie silence in your head as the constant slapping replaces advertising jingles and your thoughts become clear and uncluttered. It's an addictive feeling, far from any of the physical aspects of sailing, but somehow a part of it. It's the reason I keep going back.

BIG BIRD flies south

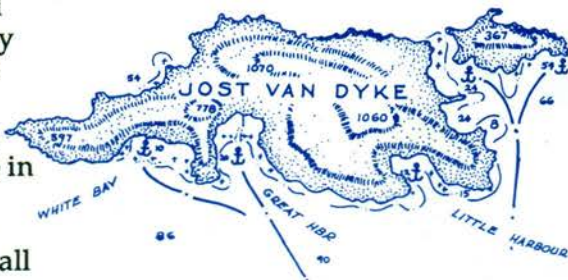
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of the batteries, so we sailed into Great Harbor at 2:00 A.M. and dropped anchor just like dinghy sailors do. Of course our juices were flowing in place of the batteries. Next morning a little Whaler's battery charged us up in a few minutes.

After a few days trying all the painkillers and sundowners in all the famous bars of the British Virgins (Foxy's, Willy Tee's, The Soggy Dollar bar) we sadly bid farewell to our marvelous crew -- Terry Cullen, John Dieselman, Paul La Voie -- and began our twosome voyage for the winter.

Many destinations

The voyage included a month in the Virgins, a month in the Renaissance Islands (St. Maarten, St. Barts, and Anguilla). Then we

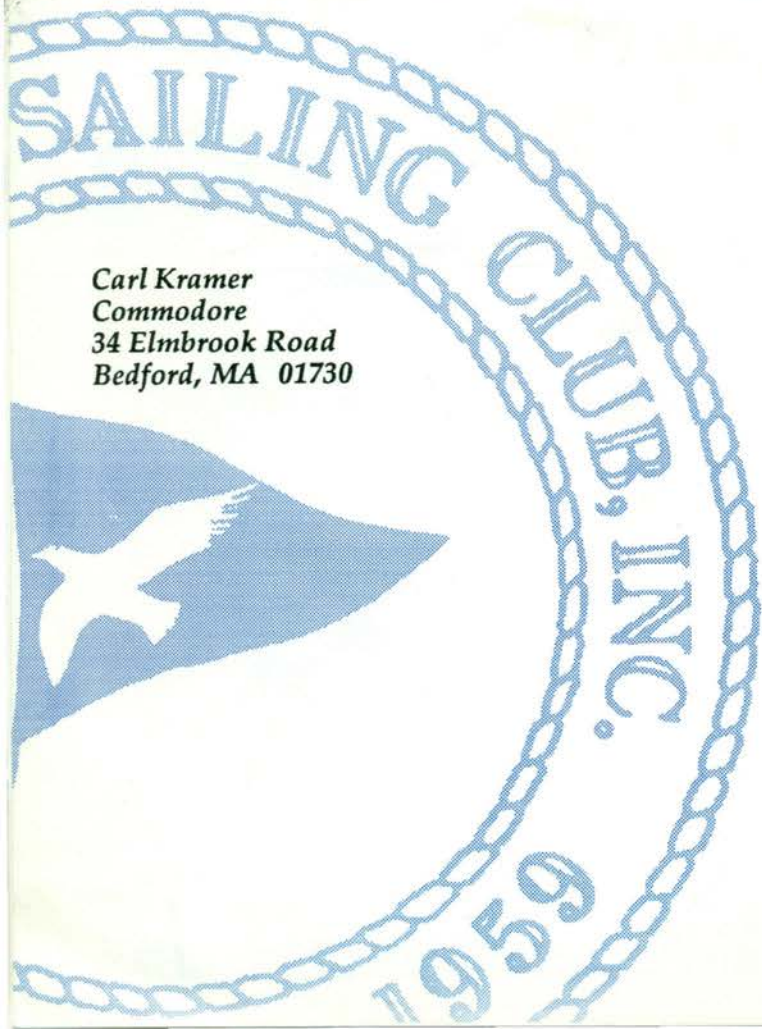


spent three weeks in the Leewards (Nevis, Guadeloupe, Les Saintes, Dominica) and two weeks in the Windwards (Martinique, St. Lucia). We went for another month in the Grenadines (Mustique, Canouan, Mayreau, the Tobago Cays, Union Island, Petit St. Vincent, Carriacou) then on to Grenada, where we turned back

up north -- an unforgettable winter. Lots of books were written about this area, the best sailing grounds in the world. To write about them would take another book. We had perfect weather: 15-20 knot easterlies, 80 degree water, 80 degree air, and sunshine every day. It was dry all the time, although it rained a few minutes every night, enough to wash the decks. There was wonderful volcanic island scenery, waterfalls, rainforests, different cultures in every island, different foods, fruits, anchoring next to exclusive resorts, or alone in tiny gunkholes.

A new and different venture

We made friends, picking up cruisers on the way with the same itinerary, or others touching on our lives for a short couple of days. Always something new, something different, while being at home on this not so klutzy "Bird" is what cruising is about.



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