

**May 2006**

Dear Sailors:

During our April elections, the following slate of officers were elected (only after a hard-fought battle) to office.

COMMODORE:	Gheorge Nemes
VICE COMMODORE:	Deena Kirkey
SECRETARY:	Martha Robinson
TREASURER:	Connie Trowbridge
MEMBERSHIP:	Evelyn Hoop
CRUISE COMMITTEE	
SPOKESMAN:	Wyatt Evers
DIRECTORS:	Ron Mueller
	Ann Lieberman

Thank you, everyone, who contributed your efforts to help make our club and our sailing season a success this year. Special thanks go to Wyatt Evers, who was called upon to step into the role of Commodore unexpectedly and threw himself into it wholeheartedly. Each one of our officers, committee heads, directors, etc. are owed our gratitude also. This is a volunteer organization, and it runs on people choosing to put their time and energy into it. This year it ran well!

### **REPORTS BY COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSONS**

Joan Ketchel of the Telephone committee reports that Darlene will be making Joan's calls this summer. Chuck will take over Sonia's people beginning in June.

Evelyn Hoop, Membership, reported that we still have 81 members.

Martha Daigler, Photography, and Darlene Kittinger are doing a fine job of keeping our albums.

Ken Schneider of the Communications Committee asks that you tell him if you are unable to get your newsletter electronically. Our website is [www.sailing-singles.net](http://www.sailing-singles.net). Ken is always looking for submissions to it.

Jan Hladik, Social/Entertainment, is looking at booking some floating entertainment palace for our Christmas Dinner. She is also researching Windjammer cruises for those of us interested in taking a sailing vacation together. If you are interested, she has a signup sheet waiting.

Joy Hansen is doing Refreshments.

Connie Trowbridge, Treasurer, last reported we have \$1,187.78 in our treasury. Connie did a basic audit that was placed in the minutes.

### **CRUISE CORNER BY DEENA**

We sailed to Venice March 31 to April 1. Three boats departed Friday morning for Venice. We had "Snafu III" with Capt. John, Ron and Joy, Bountiful with Capt. Bob, Martha and Ken, Brightstar with Capt. Mary, Deena, George, Darlene and Mike. The day was sunny and warm with light breezes. Bountiful and Snafu III sailed up the Intercoastal to Redfish Pass, where they entered the Gulf for the rest of the journey. Brightstar sailed the Gulf with winds on the nose which switched to the South later in the day. Capts. John and Bob took slips in Venice that night. Capt. Mary anchored just North of Boca Grande Pass in the Gulf. It was a beautiful night with just a sliver of a moon shimmering on calm waters.

Saturday morning brought very light winds. We motorsailed on to Venice and arrived at 1115. The water was a fantastic turquoise blue color and very clear. It was hot, so Mary and I motored in for a swim. It was so refreshing. The marina was located just inside the pass. They had courtesy bikes available, so we all took a bike ride to the beach. Upon returning, we jumped into the dinghy to explore the waterways. The rest of the group had a backgammon game going at the picnic table under a pine tree by the docks. As we were leaving in the dinghy I heard "Mom-Mom" and looked up to see my daughter Kerry, who had driven up to join us for the rest of the cruise. Upon return, it was time to shower for dinner and cocktails. Dinner was at 1900 at the Crow's Nest at the marina. As we all were dressed in our finest ship clothes we had the best table in the place. Our waiter was very patient and even picked the captains out of the group. Amazing?

After dinner (much to the waiter's relief), we went downstairs to the bar where a talented young man was doing jazz, pop or whatever the crowd desired. He was very entertaining. And we wore Mike out as he had to dance with us all.

We awoke to another warm, beautiful morning. The water was so clear that you could see the fish below. George had been fishing but "No Luck". On the Gulf, many groups of birds were feasting on schools of swirling, jumping fish and it seemed the biggest fish were doing the same. They just were hungry.

We took another bike ride to explore town and get ice. As we were pedaling down the sidewalk, through an outside café, Mike reached out and grabbed a patron's piece of toast out of his hand. Mike - that wasn't nice of you! He promptly ate it (getting rid of the evidence, no doubt).

Upon return to the boat we cast off to sail to Pelican Bay. Capt. John decided to spend another night at the docks and Capt. Bob and crew also sailed to Pelican Bay.

Fair winds from the North today. We sailed broad reach tacks to our destination. Schools of fish were still swirling and jumping in the waters. George got out the fishing pole again. Wasn't long before - zing - out went the line - was that pole bending! And SNAP. Nothing. That was one big fish that got away with that lure.

Another lure on the line and George had a determined look on his face this time. Wasn't long before - zing - went the line. What a battle this turned into. This fish did not tire out easily. After the second trip to the top, and after the line catching the dinghy, George finally got him beside the boat. Now what? No net and he's BIG. All I could see were teeth. George decided to just lift him up on the line, over the lifelines, and drop him into the cockpit.

Now don't forget we're still under sail. Everyone jumped up on the seats including the helmsman and fisherman. With one mighty heave, up came this gigantic fish into the cockpit. He certainly was not tired by the looks of things. He continued to pound the floor, sides of the seats and jump all over that cockpit well. Our hearts were pounding. Finally he quieted enough for George to get a hold of him in the gills and remove the lure with long needle-nose pliers. What teeth this guy had! Pearly white, small, pointy and numerous. He still wasn't happy and proceeded to jump around some more. After we gave him a drink of rum, then last rites, he went to the happy fishwaters in the heavens above with a final shudder.

What a fish he was. A king mackerel, 41" long weight, HEAVY. George and Mike proceeded to clean him. What a mess. Blood, scales, gunk covered the cockpit well. No one could step onto the floor. It was so slimy. Our Capt. Mary was being very tolerant of this behavior and was still smiling. After the chunks of meat were washed, they were put in plastic bags and refrigerated. The cockpit well, seats, etc. were washed down with buckets of saltwater.

Now, back to sailing and fishing. Zing - goes the line again. ANOTHER battle. Man against beast. After about the same procedure and with help from Mike on the boat hook, trying to gaff this fish, another king mackerel was jumping in the cockpit but heavier than the first one. After he was subdued - it was decided to just let him lie in peace on the cockpit floor and continue fishing and sailing. Zing! Goes the line AGAIN.

We were getting used to this and continued sailing our course. Plus, George thinks maybe by keeping our speed up, it might help tire this fish more. Finally, George gets him to the side of the boat. Another big king mackerel. With the mightiest heave over the life lines comes this monster and right down into the cabin on top of Darlene, who

was standing on the companionway steps. As I said - was! With a shriek she came up into the seat beside me and this fish is making a lot of racket down below. George's eyes were huge. I was doubled over with my head on the dodger laughing. I couldn't even see Capt. Mary's expression through my tears of laughter. Well, let me tell you, that fish had a mighty fine time smearing the cabin and slapping everything below as if to smash it all. Eventually George was able to get down into the cabin with Mike holding the pole and bring that fish back up into the cockpit. And he still wasn't tired. What a fish!

I was still doubled up in laughter. Mary wasn't smiling any longer. Darlene went down into the cockpit laughing and immediately began cleaning up.

Back to more fishing and sailing. And this continued until we reached Boca Grande Pass at sunset. By now we had five king mackerels in the cockpit, had caught a total of nine, and had released the rest. As we felt our way into Pelican Bay, standing on the seats after dark (our spotlights had failed), the guiding light from Capt. Bob at anchor helped us and we dropped anchor nearby.

Everyone is starving and the boat was a mess. First things first. Clean fish, bag fish, clean cockpit. Now the grill is fired up and fresh fish wrapped in foil with lemon and butter is cooking. Along with side dishes, we feasted and then hit the sack to rest for another day.

Upon awakening to another beautiful warm day, we began to plan this day's activities as we ate breakfast. The crew decided they would like to dinghy to shore at Cayo Costa State Park to enjoy the beach and grounds. The water was still so clear. I watched a stingray on the bottom beside the boat as I sipped on coffee.

We went ashore (took two trips as there were 6 of us) and walked the trails to the other side. We also checked the shower houses and found a bag of soaps, shampoo, etc. Great - we'll stop back for a shower. Walked the beach finding treasures along the way and took a swim. What a great time, but time was going quickly. Back to the shower, then to boat and on to home. We were also able to get ice for any more fish along the way.

Capt. Bob had left that AM to travel the Intercoastal back to St. James City. Our crew decided they wanted to sail the Gulf even though it would be late before docking tonight. We put up sails and began our trip out through Boca Grande Pass again. Winds were very good today, 12 to 20 knots from the Northwest and we had a broad reach home.

At 39 feet of water out came George with the trusty fishing pole. I think I heard Mary groan. But George was having a ball. If you all could have seen the look on his face yesterday! He was in fisherman's heaven and looking forward to going there again.

We decided to have a nice cold beer and watch the action. Wasn't long before action started. Released the first one - kinda small - only 36" or so. Hit #2. That's better. Up with feet and in came another 39" fighter king mac. As the lure went out again, I heard Mary say, "Isn't this enough?" Not for George. It wasn't long before he had one on that fought twice as long and refused to come to the top. What was this? A shark? Finally

George got him to the top and managed somehow to get him into the cockpit and not the cabin. It was a little blue tuna. Hardly little. Fat and heavy! George was now planning sushi tonight. And the action continues!!!

George finally quit fishing off Sanibel and we again had a total catch of nine fish and five in the slimy cockpit. It was getting dusk. We still had a way to go. Sandwiches and potato salad were served. We arrived at Mary's slip about 2300 after getting through the canal at very low-low tide with a flashlight. Wasn't easy.

Again, first things first. Clean the fish out of the cockpit and hose it down. Fish went into black plastic bags and on ice. Then we could download the boat of gear, food and packaged fish. By the time this was done, everyone stumbled to their cars to return home. Wasn't a lot of small talk tonight. But in the morning we all agreed this was the "Best Trip Ever". Capt. Mary had the patience of Job and we hope she will forgive us for trashing Brightstar. Thank you, Mary. You are the Best Captain Ever for providing my daughter with a wonderful time on her first cruise and the crew the most memorable time of our lives. I was crying with laughter again as I was writing about the fish in the cabin!

From what I hear from the other boats they all agreed it was a fantastic trip and everyone loved Venice. Martha tells me that they had four porpoises who gleefully escorted them into Venice. Also, that Ken thought he was Ben Franklin with the kite and had a lot of fun flying it while sailing. The order of their boat was Bob was captain, Ken was autopilot and Martha was galley slave. Hopefully, we can do this again next year.

Editorial Note: There was a time when Brightstar was teasingly called "The Martha Stewart Boat". Those days are gone, and "Scalystar" is the new name of choice. Capt. Mary showed exemplary tolerance and patience in allowing Ernest Hemingway Nemes to turn her boat of beauty into the slaughterhouse of the seaways. Word is from the neighbors, Mary was uncomplaining right up to the minute she tried to sponge off that little sou'wester her seagoing teddy bear wears, and then convicts would have flushed at the phrases that flew around! You are a really good sport, Capt. Mary.

And here is a Thank You from Kerry Wright, Deena's daughter, for the great time she had.

I just wanted to say Thank You so very much for all the fun and one of my most memorable vacations ever. Who'd a Thunk?? Who needs a trip to Croatia anyway and who, may I ask, needs a Deep Sea Fishing Trip? Swim with the dolphins, you say? Not a problem for the Sailing Singles, I see. Comedy? Included with the package, some of the best. John, I'm still contemplating some of those job opportunities we discussed. Gibber and Mary, if only you knew....words just can't describe, but I will add this little story to the person who undoubtedly deserves the biggest Thanks of all. I think you all know, and sometimes "crazy and wild" as she is? She's my mom!

Love To All, and thanks again for making my trip so special.

Kerry Wright

## **HALF FAST RACE “2006”**

This year’s Race Weekend began on Saturday afternoon with Appreciation and Bright Star with crews, doing coastal sailing...planning race strategies and ogling markers and course lines set by chairman Wyatt Evers. The race was scheduled for Sunday at 1 PM just off Sanibel.

Near evening on Saturday, the two boats rafted up close to Sanibel and started “Happy Hour.” Soon Island Hopper, Len Ebright’s power boat with Len, Carol Burns and Darlene Kittinger aboard arrived with fresh PIZZAS....!! Wyatt soon joined in with Samba and the sunset feast of yummy pizza began. This was all followed by a lovely full moon evening with quiet seas, enjoyed by all.

The crews were lulled to sleep early as everyone was awake just after 7 AM...ready to roll! (Race time not til 1 PM!). Coffee time first, later followed by a great breakfast of Joy’s special scrambled eggs, fruit bowl, and lots of bagels with cream cheese. With the crew’s tanks now full, with lots of energy, we’re going to GO! Oops....not now....it’s only 10 AM! Not time! So after lots of “pre-race fidgetting” going on...at last Pegasus arrived with Capt. Bob Hollander and Bill Bent, his crewman (who, by the way, made it possible for Pegasus to race by welding the mast which was damaged in Hurricane Charley’s path!). Samba arrived and it was decided that the race would start at 12 noon, an hour early. “LET’S DO IT” was initiated!

Committee Boat Island Hopper, with club photographer Darlene Kittinger aboard, positioned at the starting line and set the timer. Four race boats then began the traditional nervewracking maneuvering tactics, circling around, nearing and backing away to position themselves near the starting line. At last....the START HORN! And away we go!

It was Pegasus off to a quick lead, Bright Star, Samba and Appreciation. After rounding the first marker, #6, it was still Pegasus, Samba and Appreciation heading to #3. After passing #3, the long leg to the outer marker began, passing one other marker. Pegasus reached the outer marker and was still in the lead, with Appreciation at his heels. As the two approached and circled the last marker, tripod #6, Appreciation overtook Pegasus and raced to the finish line for the victory of first place!

A great race and CONGRATULATIONS to the winner and all the boats and crew who participated!!

A SPECIAL THANKS goes to Len Ebright and his crew for not only delivering the great PIZZA but also for being the Committee Boat. They circled the whole race so Darlene could get some nice camera shots that we can all enjoy!

## **FINAL RESULTS**

- 1<sup>st</sup> Place: APPRECIATION--Capt. Gheorghe Nemes, crew Deena Kirkey and Gladish
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Place: SAMBA--Capt. Wyatt Evers, crew Barb Rumpolt and Ken Schneider

3<sup>rd</sup> Place: BRIGHT STAR “Beedle Bom”!!! Capt. Mary Burch, crew Joy Hansen, Ann Lieberman, Bob Hammer, Barb O’Leary and Joan Katchel (we needed A push!)

Pegasus withdrew before the finish of the race.

### **AWARDS NIGHT**

Race awards were presented at the May monthly meeting.

In appreciation of their participation in the race, each captain received an 8 X 10 color photo of his boat in action (taken by Darlene Kittinger from the committee boat). This was encased in a handsome folder, nautically designed by Commodore Georghe Nemes along with an inside list of captain and all crew members.

All participating crew members received duplicate 5 X 7 folders. Appreciation cards were presented to Island Hopper’s captain, Len Ebright and Carol Burns, his crew, for their outstanding efforts in being the official Committee Boat. Great job, Len and Carol!

An appreciation card was also presented to Darlene Kittinger for her excellent race photography. Copies of her pictures were available in a lovely album she had compiled for members to enjoy. Darlene also conducted a slide presentation of these pictures. She narrated the race via a TV set for our club members, who fully enjoyed it. Our thanks again, Darlene!

And thanks to Special Correspondent Mary Burch for this article.

### **UPCOMING SAILS**

May 27-28-29- Memorial Day Sail has been cancelled.

No summer sail list is available; we will be sailing by gosh and by golly instead of by schedule. More about our summer activities down the page.

### **MAY ACTIVITIES, LAND-BASED**

Happy Hour will be at the Matanzas Inn, first Friday of the month.

We will keep meeting over the summer on the third Thursday of every month. We will be experimenting with meeting at various member’s homes. Our next meeting is scheduled for June 18 at Carol Burn’s home. Every member is encouraged to attend. A lot of our members leave in the summer or go on vacation. This newsletter will be off on summer vacation also.

If you are one of our members who will be here all summer, be sure to call Barb Sharkey (489-4696). Barb is in charge of keeping track of who is available for summer participation.

## **NEW BUSINESS**

Shirts and hats with our club logo are available at Fred's Award World. The club will pay \$10 toward each item you wish to purchase (once only).

Darlene made up some really neat packets with little cards on them to advertise the club. She also came up with some excellent charts of local waters she came up with. Thanks a lot, Darlene, for taking the initiative and going to all that trouble.

The late Stu Sturman's 32' Freedom is for sale. (Stu's '92 Honda station wagon and his 1991 18' Sea Ray with motor are also available). Deena is in charge of this, and can give you the number of Stu's family members who are handling the sale.

Rick Peavey has been busy making major changes in his life. He is now a college student (as of May 8<sup>th</sup>), has given up his cleaning business, and does his studying during his night shift as a security guard. Hopefully our Rick is mature enough to handle the college environment, and won't be covered in tattoos and body piercing next time he slips out on a sail. Best of luck, Rick, and no purple hair, either!

## **Who's Who**

Commodore:	Gheorghe Nemes	(941)623-2838
Vice Commodore:	Deena Kirkey	437-8787
Treasurer:	Connie Trowbridge	573-0248
Secretary:	Martha Robinson	(603)591-5837
Membership:	Evelyn Hoop	573-0140
Directors:	Ann Lieberman	415-3544
	Ron Mueller	(314)791-9939
Telephone:	Joan Kachel	
Newsletter Editor	Bonnie McLaughlin	765-5450
Webmaster:	Ken Schneider	458-9573

## **HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!**

Joan Kachel	5/3
Julie Richardson	5/12
Barb Sharkey	5/19

Sincerely yours, Bonnie McLaughlin  
Sailing Singles