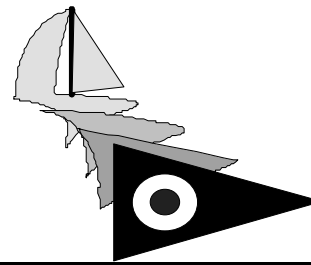


# TELL - TALE



## Officers and Board:

- Commodore**  
Gus Williams III 727-3456
- Vice Commodore**  
Chuck Baird 724-6173
- Rear Commodore**  
Lenny Beckett 779-3024
- Secretary**  
Sally Wakefield 725-1726
- Treasurer**  
Ken Kirk 777-3590
- Directors**  
**DockMaster** Floyd Bryan 724-5335  
**Membership** Faye Bitzer 728-8841  
**Youth** Scott Bell  
**Fleet** Bob Sowden 727-1809

- Newsletter Editors**  
 Brent & Laurie Saunders 725-8199  
 myc@dataflowsys.com FAX 725-6074  
 Sherry Becket 779-3024  
 myc@dataflowsys.com FAX 727-9497

## Event Calendar:

### June

- 14 Distance Race
- 19 Rum Race
- 24 Board Meeting

### July

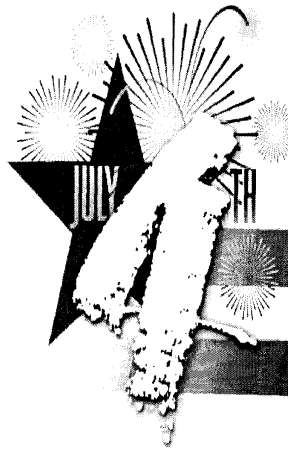
- 1 General Meeting 7:30
- 4 Family Cookout
- 12 Burn-It
- 24 Rum Race
- 25 Shipwreck Party

## TGIF, June 12 Burn-it

Vivian and Alan Payne will be hosting this event.

If you are new to burn-its, it means bring something to grill and for a nominal fee side dishes, dessert and paper goods will be provided.

*P.S.: If you are not in the Bahamas, be sure to attend to make up for those who are. We'll be thinking about you all and wishing we were with you — NOT! (Rachele)*



## MYC Annual Family Cookout Saturday, July 4

Bar opens 5:00 p.m.

Cookout served at 6:00 p.m.

\$4.00/adult – \$3.00/under 12

Menu includes grilled chicken, baked potatoe, tossed salad, watermelon and dessert

*There will be activities for young and old and then its time to watch the fireworks.*

Reservations requested by Wednesday July 1. For reservations and information, call Carole and Ed Hakkila – 984-9479 or Sally and Paul Wakefield – 725-1726

## Shipwreck Party

### Saturday, July 25

Bar opens 6:00 p.m./Dinner 7:00 p.m.  
Price TBD

Menu (so far) to include grilled fish and maybe roasted pig, sweet potatoes, salad, fruit and dessert.

Rachele will provide her usual fun and games. (Brush up on your Gilligan's Island trivia.)

Steel drum music provided by Frank and friend.

Put this date on your calendar and watch for more details in upcoming newsletters.



*Wow! A shipwreck party at MYC.*

*Well I'm ready to go, now if I only had a ride.*

*Come dressed as Robinson Crusoe, his pal Friday, Fletcher Christian or his friendly wahines, or any of those other famous castaways, Skipper, Gilligan, the Howell's, Ginger, the professor or Maryann!*



Greetings from the Bahamas! Island Time is anchored at Double-Breasted Cay along with Dreadnought and a couple of cruising friends we met in the Caribbean several years ago. Gus and Mary on Windward are somewhere south of us in the Abacos. The crossing to the Bahamas from Ft. Pierce, on Memorial weekend, was one of the best we have ever had. We even got to talk by VHF to the MYC party crew assembling in Sebastian as we were going out Ft. Pierce inlet.

We met up with Dreadnought and Windward, who had crossed a couple days earlier, at Double-Breasted. Ask Lenny at the bar some day why Island Time, with only a 3' draft, went aground twice on the way in to the protected anchorage

there (and thanks, Gus, for getting us off). Since our arrival, we have been relaxing, snorkeling, and partying with good friends. It sounds like there will be more reunions in store for us. We heard via SSB this morning that several more old cruising buddies are on their way to meet us. Plus we are waiting for Jerry and Rachele on Sleighride, and their entourage, to arrive next week.

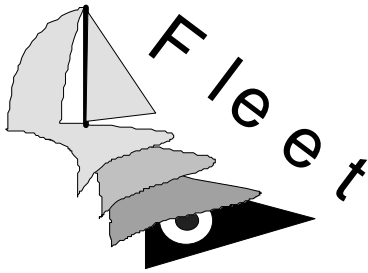
The Seafood Raft-up last month went off (almost) without a hitch. The wind blew like stink on Friday night and Sunday, but on Saturday, the winds (for once) cooperated with us. While Island Time was busy picking the anchor spot and setting our 45-lb hurricane anchor, most of the rest of the fleet had a nice 'race' for the prize bottle of wine. Unfortunately, we were too busy partying to pay attention to who won, so I can't report that here. Other boats just enjoyed the sail.

One unnamed boat was enjoying the sail so much that they didn't notice the approach of 'Sadie's Reef' (the sandbar about due east of Mkr 6). Once aground, they gladly accepted the assistance of a nearby powerboater, who promptly pulled them harder aground. It took Sleighride and a couple others (sorry I didn't get the names) about an hour of hard work to finally get them off. The MYC-ers aboard the unlucky boat want to thank all their friends who cared enough to forego happy hour to help out (as well as those who were 'there' by adio, too).

I would like to pass on thanks to Hasty Miller and his committee (Jack Bibb, Ned Buck, Bob Sowden, Harry Stapor, and Bill Burton), for the great raft-up party. The dinner was super, as was the party after.

See you in a couple of weeks.

***Lenny Beckett***



MYC ! MYC ! Thank You MYC ! The Club did it again. We put on another great REGATTA The Spring Regatta was such a success we will have another regatta on JUNE 14. Thank you members for your contributions that made this work. Race committee was lead by Mike Huck with Dave Champagne and Gerry Moores assisting. One-design Race Committee was headed by Jack Bibb with Marty Bibb and Hasty Miller assisting.

Jack Leahy once again provided chase boat service. Karen Knockel performed registration Friday night, Saturday and Sunday Morning. (Thanks

dinner. Read her input elsewhere for the dinner crew. WOW ! Thanks everybody. We did good ! Now the results.

Regatta Results		
A fleet	B1 fleet	B2 fleet
1 Greg Kowalski	Rick Crockett	Dick King
2 Duncan Mackensie	Tom Carter	Ed Harrison
3 Gary Smith	Stu Shadbolt	Ralph Billings

Sweetly!) Dave Noble manufactured First Class trophies of Half Hulls. Rachele Ross provided T-shirts and Ned Buck with Paul Wakefield cooked hot dogs on Sunday. What a crew. Of course the regatta would not have been a success without Barb Ehnert providing a fantastic

Next race is June 14 and is the Distance Race. Skipper's meeting will be Sunday at 12:30 PM. See you there!

**Bob Sowden**  
*Fleet Director*

## Ile de Sebastian

If you can't go the the Bahamas or Cuba, where do you go for a great Memorial Day weekend. To the tropical mystical island of "Ile de Sebastian" (Sebastian Inlet for those of you with no imagination). That's exactly what Laurie and I on "Swept Away" and five other MYC boats did. What a marvelous weekend of sailing, swimming, shelling, eating and general carousing about. How fortunate we are to have such a ideal place to get away from it all. We even got to sail half the way home.

The party moved from boat to boat with the crescendo to the weekend being the Saturday night shindig on Mike & Pat's trawler "Sea Owl". If you gotta be on a power boat, that's the way to go! Copious amounts of good songs, great food and bad jokes rung out til the wee hours.

### Quotable Quotes:

Whose potato chips are those in the cooler.  
Whose sail is that on the river bottom.  
Whose boat is that floating away  
Who put the pepper in the Vaseline  
Can you use steak grease to oil teak  
Try and find a lawyer

### Floatable Boats:

Jack & Jackie on "Rainbow Chaser", Jack & Marty on "Majak", Jerry & Rachele on "Sleigh Ride", Rick & Vera on "Mavrick", Ned & Diane on "Sinbad" and Pat & Grant on "Almost Swept Away"

**Brent Saunders**  
*"Swept Away"*

## How Top Minner Became a Bottom Feeder

Here is the story of Grant Palmer's great adventure. Grant was a MYC member for several years and then moved to Georgia a while back. He took his boat, "Top Minner", with him and launched in on Lake Lanier.

First, a little background. I've been sailing since I was 15, which makes it a bit over 25 years. I bought a wing keel Capri 22 new back in December of 1989 down in Sarasota, Florida. I trailered it all around Florida for races and cruises from my home in Melbourne, FL - east coast, west coast, keys, Lake Sanford, even a couple of races at Lake Lanier (we won the Barefoot open in Oct '93). I put nearly 3000 nautical miles on the boat in almost 7 years (no telling how many trailer miles), a fair amount in the open ocean. In April '96 I moved to Atlanta, joined the Barefoot Sailing Club, sailed around for awhile, and then sold the boat in Sept '96 to Mark Munson (also of the BFSC), figuring to eventually buy an A fleet boat (still in progress - a long story ...).

Anyway, I have been crewing sometimes for Mark and his brother Todd since I sold the boat, and it has been a fun change racing from the bow instead of the stern, and also walking away from all the expense and upkeep at the end of the day. Mark and Todd were experienced catamaran sailors, but they have been learning the art of monohull racing since acquiring the boat, and I must say they have learned very well, and at a rapid rate. As the experienced reader knows, it takes only a day to learn to sail, but a very long time to become good at both seamanship and the finer points of racing. To make things much more pleasant, these are solid men in general, and enjoyable to be with for a day of sailing.

Well, to the story at hand. On Saturday, May 2, we went a-racing. Mark, Todd, their Dad from the coast (Dick), and myself made up the crew. The weather was partly cloudy, with the wind on the parts of the lake we were on being about 10-14 knots average much of the time, with the usual wide and slow variations, and numerous quick gust periods that might have reached 18-20 knots sometimes. Not a casual day, but nothing like the rough conditions we have been racing in all of this past winter. We were fairly relaxed, all-in-all. To dispell the inevitable question, none of us had any alcohol to drink, and never do before or during a race. It's not that we had strong discussions on the topic, it's just always worked out that way - a habit.

So, we had completed most of the race, and turned on the final leg, which was downwind. We were not overly pleased with our performance at that point, as there had been several upwind and reaching round-ups during gusts, and they seemed

odd - it did not seem like the conditions merited losing control. Perhaps our weight displacement was wrong - the wing keel Capri 22 is a bit squirrely, with a narrow groove for a boat that can not be called an ultralight (2300 lbs, 22' LOA, 8' beam, 2.5' draft, ~2' wide lead wing). Nevertheless, we were not in a bad position on the last leg. The two S2 boats that we had been having a very hard time beating in the last few races were well behind, and owing us time (not much). I remember after rounding the reaching mark that we paused for a bit while sailing downwind with the pole up, looking at the wind and deciding if we should fly the chute. It seemed obvious that the conditions were more than good enough to try it - and indeed I still believe that.

We had life cushions in the cockpit as usual, in case anybody fell overboard. None of us had life jackets on, and the companionway boards (one on this boat) were not in the hatch. The jackets and hatch had been different during the rough weather races of the winter, but the day seemed so benign that it didn't seem overly necessary. Todd was dressed in light clothing, but the rest of us were dressed warmly and with bibs for the cold spray. The leg wasn't all that long, and we had one of those aggravating twists in the spinnaker that took a while to work out, so that by the time we were set and flying we were far enough down the leg that we decided to just leave the genoa up, since we would immediately need it after the finish to work back home to windward. So, we looked around, saw the S2's behind, slapped a high 5, and settled down to an uneventful run down to the finish line. When we were about 300 yards from the finish, a gust came down the lake, and the boat began to round up. We fought it for a bi, and then as the bow began to swing around and the boat lay over, I let the chute sheet run about the time I saw the pole hit the forestay as Todd lost his grip on the guy. About three minutes later according to the boats around us, the 'Minner would be on the way to the bottom. It seemed like at least 30 minutes.

The gust put the mast all the way down to the water, but this had happened many times before, and the boat always righted immediately. This time, the boat lay over just parallel to the rolling waves and wind sweeping down the arm of the lake we were on, and it just stuck there - kept on its side by the pressure of the waves and wind on the hull bottom, the wing up in the air. We freed the sheets and spinnaker halyard as the boat went over, and then we sat there for moments on the high side, waiting for the expected roll back up. When it didn't, and as I was losing my grip, I dropped into the water/cockpit, and checked to make sure the lines were free - I remember seeing the sails laying loose in the water, and wondering what was holding her down. I slid the companionway top hatch shut, as water started coming in the open vertical part. Todd had crawled down to the keel and was standing on it, and Mark

was moving to it as well. I started to swim to the masthead and unsnap the halyards from the main, jib & chute (I couldn't reach the main/jib halyard stops, as they were under water on the port side), but upon seeing the sails laying loose and free, I swam around to the bow to work my way to the keel also, and from there saw how the wind and waves were pushing the hull over. In retrospect, I wish I had gone to the masthead - perhaps the chute halyard had jammed, and some unseen part of the sail was holding the mast down. Things were happening really fast. As I got to the bow, the boat started rolling over, and we all scrambled to the bottom as she went almost completely turtle. I had thoughts of trying to keep her like that, so as to trap the air inside, but the mass was too much, and the underwater surface area (the sails were still up), and she rolled back on her port side. I saw air pressure and spray shooting from the seams in the forward and aft hatches as the water forced it out, and the boat sank quickly. I found myself right at the companionway as she went down, with my gear in my bag just inside on the starboard bunk. I had thought of this situation many times over the years, and I was always so sure I would take the few seconds available and just go in and get my stuff. But as I looked at the water rushing into the maw of the hatch, and the dozens of lines snaking everywhere, and the boat sinking fast into the water under my feet, nothing was ever so clear as the fact that I was not even going to consider going into that hole. I remember being surprised at the revelation - I was wrong all those years. The boat disappeared under the water still mostly on its side, with part of the chute being last. I watched the fully rigged boat sinking into the depths through the fairly clear water (for Lanier), sails waving as it went. It was ~115 feet deep there.

We were all in the water now. We were clothed as described earlier, and so all except Todd found that all the clothes soaked up water and became about 40-50 lbs on our backs. However, we weren't too cold as a result, though the water was cold. I have always been real comfortable in the water, and I found myself quite calm. As best I could tell, Mark and Todd were doing very well also. The wind and waves were more noticeable now, and I heard Dick say "help" as I saw boats from the race work towards the area. I had grabbed a floating cushion, and I saw that Dick was in distress - I think the weight of the clothes in the waves was too much for him. I swam as hard as I could upwind towards him, thinking to give him my cushion, but I could make no headway against the wind and waves in the clothes. He looked bad off at this point, and when I asked if he was all right, he emphatically said "No". So, I released the cushion, and spent maybe 30 seconds swimming as hard as I could towards him. I made maybe 5 feet of the 10 yards, and used up most of my reserve energy. Somehow he got a cushion - I think Todd (in the light clothes) swam one over to him. About that time a boat came into reach, and we all went for it. It was drifting just out of my reach as the others grabbed on, and I spent several aggravating moments with my fingers just touching the hull, but unable to grab on. As it

drifted away I managed to grab the last trailing inch of the rudder, and hang on. A ladder was put over the stern, and I waited as Dick and the others got on board, getting a rest with the solid feel of the rudder in my hand. Someone said that we should drop a marker, and I saw a cushion floating by the stern. I let go of the rudder and grabbed the cushion, intending to use it for the marker. Immediately the boat drifted away, and I couldn't catch it. I released the cushion and swam for the boat as hard as I could for awhile, using up much of my remaining energy, but it was gone. Now I'm swimming free again, and I'm thinking boy I am getting pretty tired. I thought I could take off my mesh deck shoes and bibs, but I would sink 10-15 feet by the time I got them off, and I didn't relish that thought (it took strong and constant swimming in the heavy clothes just to keep my head above water). I was considering this when along comes this cushion, and I grabbed it. It felt real good, I'm here to tell you. I think maybe one of the boats to windward threw things overboard so they would drift by, but whatever it was, it was welcome. Meanwhile, Deborah and crew is maneuvering her boat to me, which looks like a battleship from the water, and it looks pretty damn good too. After several minutes, I'm on board, my wet clothes are off, and I'm in somebody's foul weather pants, well taken care of, and wondering could it be real that just about 15 minutes earlier I had the spinnaker sheet in my hand, and all seemed fine. Well, they took me all the way back up the lake to the Aqualand dock, and were generally what people were supposed to be when a fellow needs help. I'm grateful.

In retrospect, life jackets would have been a good idea. Having the companionway board in would have bought a minute or two more, and might have made the difference - but I don't think so, as it didn't seal very well, and I think it would have just taken a bit longer. Still a good idea, anyway. If I had swam right to the masthead and freed the halyards (they all had snap shackles), maybe it would have helped - maybe, if I could have pulled the jib and main down - maybe. It happened pretty fast. Overall, I'm just glad we all kept our heads, and other sailors came to help, so we all came through alive. I've seen a couple of boats sink in races out on the ocean, but I never thought I would be on one sunk on a moderately brisk day on a lake. As the old sailors say, unexpected things happen on the water.

By the time you read this, Top Minner will probably be salvaged and floating I imagine. She will probably be back in the races before too long. Say, meanwhile, I need a ride ...

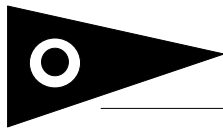
*Grant Palmer*

# 1998 RACING SCHEDULE

June		
Sun	14	Distance Race
Fri	19	MYC Rum Race
Sat	20	ECSA Summer #3
July		
Sat/Sun	4-5	CBYC Firecrack
Sat/Sun	11-12	IRYC Wom.Chal
Sat	18	ECSA Summer #4
Fri	24	MYC Rum Race
Sat	25	ECSA Summer #5
August		
Fri	7	MYC Rum Race
Fri	21	MYC Rum Race
Sat/Sun	22-23	CBYC Ocean Challenge
September		
Fri	4	MYC Rum Race
Mon	7	EGYC Labor Day
Sat/Sun	12-13	IRYC Fall Challenge

September		
Fri	18	MYC Rum Race
Sat	26	ECSA Fall #1
Sun	27	MYC Mermaid Regatta
October		
Fri	2	MYC Rum Race
Sat	3	ECSA Summer #2
Fri	16	MYC Rum Race
Sat/Sun	17-18	MYC Fall Regatta
Sat	24	ECSA Fall #3
Sun	25	ECSA Women's #6
Sat	31	ECSA Fall #4
November		
Sun	1	MYC Rum Race
Sat	7	ECSA Fall #5
Sat/Sun	14-15	Cern. Cup Challenge
Sun	15	MYC Rum Race

**MELBOURNE  
YACHT CLUB**



1202 E. RIVER DR. • MELBOURNE, FL 32901

*The Tell Tale is the official newsletter of the Melbourne Yacht Club. Deadline for submissions is the first Wednesday of the month. All MYC members are encouraged to submit articles or notices of interest to the Club.*

**FIRST  
CLASS  
MAIL**

