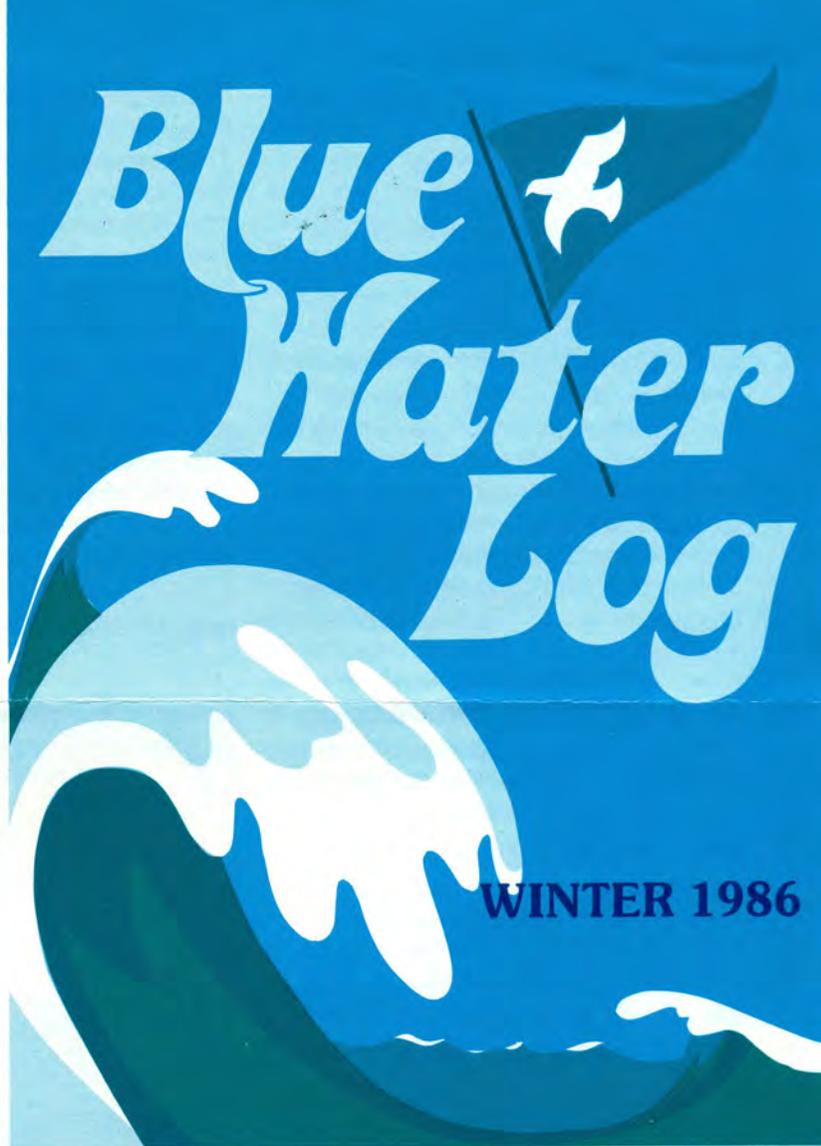




Left to right: Don Ellis, "Rusty" Everdell, Romyn Everdell, and Helene Ellis sunbathing in Nova Scotia.



GASPE '86 EXPEDITION

THE LONGEST BLUE WATER CRUISE ADVENTURE

by Wallace Feldman

On June 28, seven Blue Water boats departed Massachusetts ports heading for Nova Scotia and the beginning of the Blue Water Sailing Club's longest and most ambitious group expedition. ANNA (Dave and Anna Pomfret), ARIEL (Bob Daviddoff and Davida Carven), BOUNTY (Jim and Nancy Storey), BRIGHT STAR (Wally and Cecily Feldman), CORIOLUS (Ira and Betty Dyer), GANNET (Joe and Rhoda Fantasia) and LIONESSE (Don and Helene Ellis) with assorted crews including some children, set out on a pleasant Saturday for Cape Sable and points east.

RENDEZVOUS IN THE BRAS D'OR (Or: IS getting there half the fun?) Friday, July 4th, found four of the fleet anchored in Damion Cove in the St. Peters Inlet;

Saturday was spent exploring the ghost town and abandoned quarry at Marble Mountain and meeting up with GANNET. Sunday, yet another cold, grey day featuring a 25-30 kt northeast wind, saw the whole fleet of seven rafting in Maskell's Harbor. This rafting of the whole group became a feature of the cruise which continued for the whole five weeks whenever we lay at anchor.

The next three days saw leisurely exploration of the Bras D'or. The climax of this first leg of the cruise was a party at the Inverary Inn in Baddeck. Wednesday, July 9th, farewells were said to ANNA and GANNET, who could not go farther. Five boats headed out the Great Bras D'or passage to waters new to all of us.

Continued on page 2

MARION-BERMUDA RACE PROGRAM AVAILABLE TO YACHT CLUBS

The Blue Water Sailing Club, one of the sponsors of the Marion-Bermuda Race, has available a 40 minute program which includes spoken and video experiences of the 1985 Marion-Bermuda Race. The video has been prepared by Geraldo Riviera and Hugh Downs of ABC Television and does an excellent job of capturing the spirit of this biennial important off-shore event which starts at Marion on June 19, 1987. The speaker will be a member of the BLUE WATER Sailing Club who has participated in past races. This program is available at no expense for winter meetings of yacht clubs and other interested organizations.

To make arrangements for this program, contact Dan Johnson at (207) 787-4823 or (207) 782-1953.

GASPE '86 EXPEDITION

(Continued from Page 1)

A MILLION DOLLAR DAY

A fair wind moved us down the 20 miles of the Great Bras D'or toward the Cabot Straits that separate Cape Breton Island from Newfoundland. Passing out the narrows, we emerged into a scenic world that we all found utterly breathtaking.

To the north, Cape Smoky rose 1,100 feet straight up at the end of a line of sheer cliffs. A nearby set of rocky islands give sanctuary to uncounted birds, and behind the cliffs, hills rose higher than 3,000 feet. A reefing-strength northwest breeze gave us a lusty sail toward Cape Smoky and the town of Ingonish. At 1830 hours, we entered the inner harbor at Ingonish and rafted together near a few fishing boats in the small cove. It was our "Million Dollar Day", the kind you hope to get once or twice a season.

THE CURIOSITY FACTOR . . .

There probably never have been five such sailboats rafted together in Ingonish; and quite a few of the local folk came down to look at them from shore. The next day, after a hard beat, to Dingwall. Folks stopped alongshore and photographed our raft.

ON TO THE MAGDALENS

At dawn on Saturday, July 12th, we exited Dingwall and headed for Cape North, the extreme northeast corner of Cape Breton Island. A rough 12 hour passage fighting the remains of the northwest gale brought us to the unusual Magdalen Islands. This windswept Quebec outpost, a series of islands rising 300-400 feet, connected by dunes and lagoons, is home to some 14,000 people, for whom fisheries and some tourist activity provide the only economic base. French-speaking, very friendly and accommodating, the locals helped us tie up in the marina, gave us rides into the village of Cap-A-Meules nearby. The only way to reach the islands is a once-a-day ferry ride from Prince Edward Island or a flivver airline. Despite this, hundreds of Quebecois vacation there.

The local denizens trouped down to the marina in large numbers to inspect the fleet of "Les Americains", making friendly conversation in accented English. Two really good French restaurants we found there, we'd match up against any French

restaurant anywhere. As you might expect, they both operate summers only. The crews spent Sunday in explorations, via rental cars, bicycles, and even dinghy trips. We could have spent more time in these islands, but it was time to make the long passage to the Gaspé itself.

ON TO THE GASPE

On Monday, ARIEL, BOUNTY, BRIGHT STAR and LIONESSE left Cap-A-Meules and headed northeast for Gaspé Bay. Approximately 24 hours later, we entered Gaspé Bay accompanied by a few local whales, and proceeded to the town of Gaspé.

Cape Gaspé is spectacular; the drive around the Cape in Forillon National Park is punctuated by stern vistas of cliffs and

aft cabin. Other skippers and crew drifted over, and it was balloons, champagne, and steaks. Enjoyed the affair. The next night we wound up at the Auberge du Fort Prevel. The restaurant serves as a Quebec government-sponsored cooking and hotel management school.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Having reached the farthest extent of the cruise, we began our return on July 18th, heading south for Prince Edward Island. The St. Lawrence Gulf coast of Quebec and New Brunswick is quite inhospitable. We stopped on the first night on the southern side of Chaleur Bay at Miscou Harbor. The next day we decided to move out early. At dusk we all opted to continue on a moonlight passage overnight



"Bright Star", "Lionesse", "Ariel", "Bounty", and "Gannet" rafted in Nova Scotia.

rocks assaulted by breakers, and interrupted by small fishing villages that are clearly indicative of the hard-bitten life led by the residents. The often-photographed Perce Rock, on the other hand, turned out to be a disappointment, at least from shoreside.

SPEAKING IN TONGUES

Relatively little English is spoken in Gaspé. Parisian French it isn't. The marina managers, friendly and helpful to a fault, spoke some English and a French that Cecily could manage.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DON . . .

A highlight of our three days in Gaspé was the surprise birthday party staged for Don Ellis' 65th at the marina. Don and Helene were invited to BRIGHT STAR's

to Summerside, Prince Edward Island. And a lovely night it turned out to be; we entered the well-marked approaches to the harbor at 0400.

PEI turned out to be one of the unexpected high spots of the cruise. We spent Sunday and Monday tied up at the nice marina in Summerside, touring the island in rental cars and enjoying the lovely greenery and sweeping beaches. The place looks as green as Ireland; the weather IS much warmer than south-coast Nova Scotia, and as always, the people are welcoming.

HOMeward BOUND

We left Summerside on Tuesday, July 22, spent that night in Pictou, Nova Scotia, went through St. George's Bay and

the Straits of Canso and Chedebucto Bay, all the way to Canso Harbor on a very long Wednesday; and had a pleasant sail from Canso to Liscomb Mills that Thursday.

We went five miles up the Liscomb River and tied up at Liscomb Lodge. The next day the forecast calling for SW winds of 25-30 with fog. Better to hole up at a pleasant sheltered resort than a small isolated fishing village.

Two lazy days up the river allowed the worst of the weather to pass; July 27th we departed making a long day of it with fog, rain and 20 kts of wind on the nose, arriving at the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron just at dusk around 2100 hours. Tuesday the fleet split. The rest of BRIGHT STAR's trip home was marked by a really foul and sleepless night spent in current-swept Port Hebert, a day of miserable fog and rain; we got as far as Shelburne. Then weather finally changed for the better, a pleasant 40-hour passage from Shelburne to Plymouth, MA, arriving August 2nd at midnight. The other two boats had better weather, being a day ahead of us; and both headed for Northeast Harbor, Maine from Port La-tour without incident, joining the Blue Water Maine cruise for a few days.

FINAL IMPRESSIONS

It was a long and fascinating cruise with many high points. The consensus seemed

to be that while the Gaspé was nice to have done once, we'd skip it the next time. Everyone was enthusiastic about returning to the eastern side of Cape Breton Island, the Magdalens, and Prince Edward Island; and surely the Bras D'or Lakes need no boosting from anyone.

In terms of boats and equipment, having five boats of approximately the same size and speed potential made fleet cruising feasible over these long distances. Good speed under power is a necessity. A functioning autopilot made the short-handed passages more comfortable; those whose pilots failed had to work a lot harder. Services are few and far between in the waters we travelled; and one has to be reasonably self-sufficient in parts and mechanical survival know-how. Canadian Coast Guard and radio personnel having far less pleasure boat volume to deal with, were uniformly more friendly and helpful than we are used to seeing from our hard-pressed local services. And the old axioms about not scheduling a cruise too closely certainly held up here. We spent at least 6 days laying over for weather considerations or almost one week of the five.

Would we do it again? Absolutely. Join us next time!

CLUB BURGEES

"Chapman" says: "To be rated a 100% boat man, in other words a Seasoned Skipper, the owner or Captain must know flags, what they mean, and how to fly them."

The B.W.S.C. Burgee is flown at the masthead only on single or two masted yachts.

We all feel a sense of appropriateness in any situation affecting our boats. In general, we want to look well. We would like to convey the impression that we do things "right". In recent years we have seen frequently even among club officers, a tendency to fly the B.W.S.C. Burgee from a spreader. This is not only wrong, but sets a poor example.

From time to time, there are murmurings that the burgee can't be flown from the masthead because of wind instruments. This is a non-operative comment. We have looked diligently in the past few years for . . .

1. A Cruising Club of America member flying the burgee from the spreader.
2. A Hinckley built boat flying its burgee from the spreader.
3. A "Swan" flying its burgee from the spreader.

Know what? We found none! All fly their burgees properly at the masthead. Mastheads of these boats are festooned with antenna, whirling anemometers, lights, and wind direction indicators. The burgee is at the masthead though. Does this say something about the skipper? Are we less loyal to our club than others? Let's take a little more pains and fly the burgee properly.

As an added note, the Blue Water burgee is to be flown only on authorized events and rendezvous. At other times it is expected that members will fly the burgee of their "other clubs", if any.



BILL SHEEHAN — Editor
CAROL SIEGEL — Associate Editor
Contributing Editors:
Wallace Feldman
Joe Fantasia
Tony Hyde

moving out of state. Not Wally! Our yearbook chairman will continue to maintain his data base of membership information and, in consequence, will continue to publish the yearbook.

We are doing what we can at this end to introduce Wally to our sailing friends in the Burlington area.

Last spring Wally and Cecily masterminded the cruise to the Gaspé. Their enthusiasm and attention to detail made this the great success it became. It's difficult to realize that the distance is as great as going from Boston to North Carolina. Their voyage is detailed on Page 1.

DR. WALLACE FELDMAN

Sailor, Statesman, Adventurer, friend of man, the Ted Turner of The B.W.S.C. has moved on — sort of!

Wally is the first Dean of the School of Business and Economics which was created last fall in a move toward achieving accreditation from the American Association of Schools of Business.

Our Wally, Dr. Feldman, has been confronted with the challenge of launching this school right from the pad. We often little realize the talent that exists among us.

So many men would automatically resign their extracurricular duties when



TO THE VIRGINS VIA BERMUDA

by Tony Hyde

It seems that the worst part of the trip is always that 600 mile stretch from Cape Cod to Bermuda.

Tony writes:

As you may recall, we had a rather annoying problem upon reaching Bermuda. The last two days, 4th and 5th, out of Salem it blew pretty hard — 30-35 k., but generally from the Northeast. With the wind pretty well astern, we had rigged a preventer as well as the vang to control the boom. The main was double reefed, and it was raining off and on. Generally, stinko weather.

We sighted a light off Bermuda after dark, the wind shifted a bit so the preventer was no longer needed. It was tied off, but obviously got loose. As we approached the light, there was some discussions as to how far off it was. I thought 5 miles; my brother-in-law who had been a seaman in the Coast Guard thought a mile or less. Not wanting to take any chances, I did a quick about-face and started the engine to put as much distance between me and those reefs as I could. So in 4-5 foot seas, raining, pitch dark, the engine stopped.

Well we tacked offshore and examined the situation. The sudden jolt of wrapping the line around the prop had disconnected the drive shaft — a pressure sleeve and cone fitting with no keeway. So the engine ran fine, but that was about it.

By pulling on the line and rotating the shaft inside the hull by hand, we were able to free the line. But to re-connect

the shaft securely required tools we did not have. We spent all day fiddling with it and beating our way towards Bermuda. Finally we managed a connection that might work in forward, but would probably come apart in reverse.

When we sighted Bermuda again, it was dusk and the wind blowing 25-35 directly into St. George Harbor. I certainly didn't want to go in there with a questionable engine at night, so I attempted to heave to for the night. Well, I need lessons in heaving to, because dawn found us out of sight of Bermuda again; and it wasn't until 4 that afternoon that we were able to motor slowly into St. George. As I suspected, the first attempt at reverse disconnected the drive shaft, and we drifted down on the pilot boat, but were saved by numerous spectators sending off.

We spent 3 days in Bermuda putting NEVROICA back together again. The bail holding the main boom had broken; it had to be welded; a torn sail mended, and, of course, the drive shaft re-connected.

The trip on south to Virgin Gorda was uneventful. Warm days, moonlit nights. I had spoken with a number of "delivery skippers" in Bermuda, and they told me to expect on the 5th day a calm. Would probably motor all day, but then we would hit the trades and would finish the passage on a beam reach with a glorious sail. Well the day of calm arrived on schedule, but no trades. Instead, a gentle southerly, 8-10 knots right on the nose. What should have taken 2 days took 4, tacking leisurely 100 miles in one direction then 100 miles in another. We arrived off the Virgins at night — at least I thought that's

where we were, as all my navigation had been celestial; and I certainly didn't want to approach Anegada in the dark. So we tacked East and came in through the Anegada Passage in sight of a lighthouse on Sombrero Island. The Caribbean was absolutely calm — no wind whatsoever, so we motored west sighting Virgin Gorda around noon. A wonderfully trip — I would do it again in a minute!

We left NEVROICA at Bitter End on Virgin Gorda, where Andy Syska had already left his boat RUNNING FREE.

Ronnie and I returned to Bitter End from New Hampshire on December 17th. We spent 3 or 4 days getting NEVROICA in shape, washing and oiling teak, cleaning the insides and rearranging stores. We then sailed to Road Town, Tortola to do some marketing and visit Harriette and Joe Goldman. We found them in fine form at the moorings getting ESCALES ready for a trip to the Windward Islands. Joe was a little down in the mouth because the local rigger had determined the fitting at the top of the headstay was suspect and should be replaced. This meant a new headstay and some parts for her roller furling.

Harriette was in fine form and was happy with the way the boat had survived its summer on Tortola. Not a cockroach in sight. She attributes this to, addition of some cockroach traps, filling every drawer and locker with mothballs. Tortola had a dry summer and there were a few dust storms. So I guess it took them awhile to get ESCALES really clean, but by and large, everything was fine.

We later saw them at Bitter End. It was their last stop before heading south and east.

NEW OFFICERS

COMMODORE	W. Dennis Moran
VICE COMMODORE	L. Gerald Marcus
REAR COMMODORE	James E. Hayes
SECRETARY	Peter Van Roekens
TREASURER	Jules J. Siegel
CLERK	Louis S. Sebok
OFF SHORE CHAIRMAN	Louis S. Sebok
RACE COMMITTEE	John C. Dieselman
RACE SECRETARY	J. Raymond Gaffey, Jr.
MEASURER	Dieter K. Empacher
HISTORIAN	Wallace C. Archer
YEAR-BOOK CHAIRMAN	Wallace Feldman

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Harvey Goldfarb
Paul T. Hodess
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Jerome Margolin
Duane Marshall
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William Montalto
Ronald A. Spinek
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FOR SALE

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Mary Jane says "It's mint!"
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Tel. 944-0284

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Contact: Bill Sheehan
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