

Issue 6

September 2001

CIYC

Member PRYCA

Boat/U.S. Accord
#GA83611Y

C O B B I S L A N D Y A C H T C L U B N E W S L E T T E R

Americanae Agonistes... When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just Powers from the consent of the governed.

That whenever ANY Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to ABOLISH it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. *Thos. Jefferson*

In Requiem... remember man, that thou art dust... and into dust thou shalt return...

Lux Aeterna... and may the perpetual light shine upon them...

Where have all the flowers gone?...

When will they ever learn?... For the growing number of events we have inscribed in memory: Pearl Harbor, Dallas, The Challenger Disaster, we have a new milestone. Where were you when the world went insane? When can we smile again? Laugh out loud? A while longer, we suspect. But the time will come, a time for smiling and laughing and building and growing and for an accounting. Perhaps not with the power and the clarity of say, Thomas Jefferson, or the imagery of a Bob Dylan, but in our own little ways, each of us, coming to an understanding. In the final analysis, that's the best we can hope for... an understanding.

John Dos Passos (the author of *Manhattan Transfer*) said, "Those who do not study history are condemned to relive it." Shakespeare as usual, was more succinct: "What's past is prologue." The author of last week's tragedy failed to take into account the indomitable spirit that drives America. Like prior victims of history, from Messada to the London blitz, Americans will resolve to overcome anything its enemies can devise. Ultimately, our tormentor will learn the difference between a martyred patriot and a dead pipsqueak.

Mahatma Gandhi (1869-1948), when asked what he thought of Western civilization:
"I think it would be a good idea. "

"The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing. "
Edmund Burke (1729-1797)

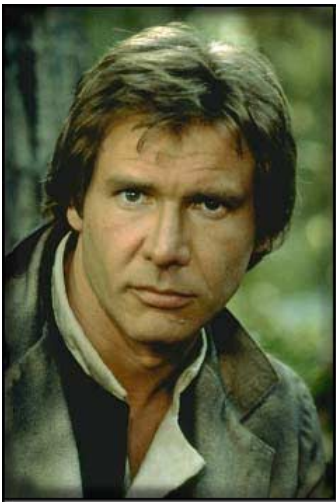
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View From the Bridge.



Chuck, the commodore we have. Everyone has a Walter Mitty fantasy now and then. I caught myself daydreaming the other day about how it would be to penetrate the Osama Bin Laden organization and bring about its downfall. If you could only... Flash! Get away from there! You know you're not supposed to touch that! Sorry, he needs constant supervision... now where was I? Oh yes, you'd need a special sort of operative... someone who could... Flash! Put that down! Does someone need a time out? Someone who could create constant turmoil... who could disrupt the day-to-day oper... Flash! You know you aren't allowed in there! Sorry. Where do you find someone who could penetrate and demoralize the enemy on an otherwise unimaginable scale? Flash! Stop that! A special person... a person who... hey! Wait a minute! Ladies and Gentlemen! I believe victory is at hand! Flash! Get in here!

Vice Commodore's Wardroom.



Bob, the commodore we *could* have.

The PRYCA end of year "party" at Tantallon held on September 14-15-16 can be described as subdued and lightly attended. While no CIYC boats attended, Paul & Susan Malloy, Nancy and I attended by land. I'm glad we did.

The United States Coast Guard had closed the Potomac River above the Woodrow Wilson Bridge to all watercraft traffic. Approximately 50% of PRYCA membership is docked in the immediate Washington DC area. This restriction prevented many members from choosing to attend.

By the way, Tantallon Yacht Club announced their intention to refund fees, without request, to all who did not check in at the on site registration table.

There were events, the cocktail hour, dinner and music. But it was different. Because of the terrorist actions the nature of our free society is changed.

Fleet Captain's Hailer

The cruise to Horn Harbor on the Great Wicomico was very delightful. When we left Shymansky's the water in the Potomac was rather bumpy. It made us wonder what the bay was going to be like. But by the time we got to the bay it had calmed down considerably. After entering the Great Wicomico it was like glass and remained that way for the rest of the trip. Upon entering the Great Wicomico we cruised to Reedville for lunch. You have never seen such a large fleet of fishing boats in one place. Actually they looked like Navy ships! The café was small, but the food was good.

From there we went on up the river to Horn Harbor. Much of that cruise gave you the feeling you were traveling the ICW. It was very peaceful.

The restaurant at Horn Harbor is fantastic! The food is so good that if you get there after 6:00 p.m. you'll stand in line to be seated. They also have a very nice gift shop. All this for a slip fee if \$15.00 regardless of LOA!!

Our cruising season is coming to a close, so if you have any suggestions for a last minute cruise let me know and I'll be happy to spread the word.

Nancy Jackson
Phone: 301 259-4557
E-mail: JckNnc@aol.com



New member Bill Fallin clutches his side in agony as he realizes he has just joined CIYC. Dick Blohm, who bears the scars of a long association with Fallin, plugs his ears to block out the impending scream.

Plans for the Great Zantzinger Barbecued Chicken Feast proceed apace. Here is a correction to the directions included in last month's newsletter:

Chuck, Please amend the directions to our home. Rt. 234 to Chaptico blinking light, Rt. 238 turn right. Continue about 2 miles to Manor Rd. and turn left. Go about 2 miles to house. Address is 37260 Manor Rd. Come in main drive. I just don't want anyone who isn't familiar with the area to get lost. Sue

Scheduled for September 29th at 3:00 PM, the club will provide the chicken, the beer and the soft drinks (plus a lot of other stuff), YOU provide a dish to share, and any special beverage requirements.



Why do I listen to these guys? On our way back from Baltimore last month, the boats ahead warned of a US Navy Aegis Cruiser making waves in the Brewerton Channel. But if you look at the familiar Bleu, Blanc et Rouge flag, you realize it was a French Frigate. Oh well, both of them make a fair-sized wake.



(Top l) Bob and Nancy Jackson cut a rug at Colonial Yacht's Dog Daze. (Top r and bot l) CIYC Chowder Society tries it indoors and out. (Bot r) Marshal Bartholow waves \$200.00 plus he won in 50-50 drawing. Below, some of Pam Mudd's many friends gather to wish her Happy Birthday!



Poetry Corner... we have printed some poetry in the past. The events of September 11, 2001 suggest that more is in order, along with some selected prose.

History teaches us that men and nations behave wisely when they have exhausted all other alternatives.

Abba Eban

We need the whole world as a friend.

Herbert Hoover

Friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and the dividing of our grief.

Cicero

If tears could build a stairway,
and memories were a lane,
I would walk right up to heaven
to bring you home again.

No farewell words were spoken
no time to say goodbye
you were gone before I knew it,
and only God knows why.

My heart still aches in sadness
and secret tears still flow,
what it meant to lose you,
no one will ever know.

Unknown.

Rights of the Child - United Nation's Pledge

We accept responsibility for children
who put chocolate fingers everywhere,
who like to be tickled, who stomp in puddles
and ruin their new pants,
who sneak popsicles before supper,
who erase holes in math workbooks,
who can never find their shoes.

And we accept responsibility for those
who stare at photographers from behind barbed
wire,
who can't bound down the street in a new pair of
sneakers,
who never "counted potatoes,"
who are born in places we wouldn't be caught
dead,
who never go to the circus,
who live in an X-rated world.

We accept responsibility for children
who bring us sticky kisses and fistfuls of dandelions,
who sleep with the dog and bury goldfish,
who hug us in a hurry and forget their lunch money,
who cover themselves with Band-aids and sing off-key,
who squeeze toothpaste all over the sink,
who slurp their soup.

And we accept responsibility for those
who never get dessert,
who have no safe blanket to drag behind them,
who watch their parents watch them die,
who can't find any bread to steal,
who don't have any rooms to clean up,
whose pictures aren't on anybody's dresser,
whose monsters are real.

We accept responsibility for children
who spend all their allowance before Tuesday,
who throw tantrums in the grocery store and pick at
their food,
who like ghost stories,
who shove dirty clothes under the bed and never rinse
out the tub,
who get visits from the tooth fairy,
who don't like to be kissed in front of the car pool,
who squirm in church or temple and scream in the
phone,
whose tears we sometimes laugh at and whose smiles
can make us cry.

And we accept responsibility for those
whose nightmares come in the daytime,
who will eat anything,
who never have seen a dentist,
who aren't spoiled by anybody,
who go to bed and cry themselves to sleep,
who live and move but have no being.

We accept responsibility for children who want to be
carried
and for those who must,
for those we never give up on and for those
who don't get a second chance.





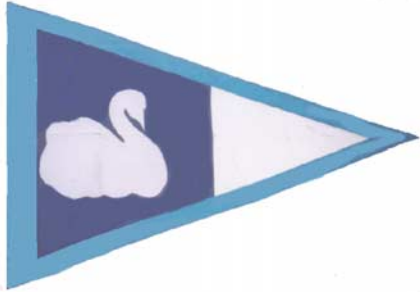
In a scene reminiscent of the marines raising the US Flag over Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima during World War II, New York firemen establish a symbolic beachhead in lower Manhattan, site of the World Trade Center disaster.

Special announcement. Both Ken Semler and Bernie Williams have announced that they will retire from their current club positions as of Dec 31, 2001. Ken is the Treasurer and Bernie has been Secretary for as long as anyone can remember. While we hate to lose the talents of these dedicated members, it does fit in with a proposed change to the bylaws that the Commodore has been considering: term limits. (Vote the rascals out!)

While the nominating committee filled its slate by offering positions for a term of two years, the bylaws set a limit of one year on terms with no limit on the number of consecutive terms. Since we will have two vacancies as of January 1st, it would seem logical to institute a two-term limit at that point, thus staggering the terms of two members of the Executive Committee and thereby providing continuity.

With this in mind, the Commodore will propose such a change at the October General meeting, currently scheduled for October 20, 2001. This proposal would then be voted on at a subsequent meeting, in accordance with the bylaws. Note that a complete version of the bylaws can be obtained at <http://ciyachts.tripod.com>

We thank Ken and Bernie for their unselfish service and their support of the club.



COBB ISLAND YACHT CLUB Membership Application

I would like to join the Cobb Island Yacht Club.

Captain _____

1st
Mate _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

E-mail _____

Boat Name _____ Power or Sail

Length _____

Location _____

Manufacturer _____

Enclosed, please find our one time Yacht Club membership fee of \$30, as well as my annual dues of \$25.

Total Amount Enclosed \$ _____

Please make checks payable to Cobb Island Yacht Club and mail to:
Ken Semler, Treasurer
4410 Lady Trisha Court
Pomfret, MD 20675-3248

Address any questions to Chuck Johnston (301) 259-4628

Acceptance of the applicant recommended by two current members.

Member's
Signature _____

Member's
Signature _____

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P.O. Box 295
Cobb Island, MD 20625



The Mission:

Boating Safety
Education in seamanship
Partnering with the community
Sail and Power events
Organized cruises, raft-ups and gunkholing
Monthly newsletter
PRYCA events and
so much more...

[HTTP://ciyachts.tripod.com](http://ciyachts.tripod.com)

Join us! For information:
www.cejays@erols.com