



COMMODORE, Larry Sprague

We are well into the *dog days of summer*. This is the period from early July to the middle of August which got its name from the star Sirius - the dog star - in the constellation Canis Major which rises and sets with the sun during this time of the year. The ancient Romans called this phenomenon *dies caniculares*, which was translated as "dog days" in the first half of the 1500's. The heat and humidity that is associated with dog days gave rise to the connotation of this period being a time of lethargy, inactivity, or stagnation.

Life may be slow and sluggish due to the heat for the humans residing on land, but the slime and growth that clings to my

boat's hull are loving it. The antifouling paint works against the growth about as well as a COVID19 vaccination. That is to say, it does not prevent the infestation, but it does attenuate the virility somewhat.

So, there are the "dog days of summer" and the "dog star," so what is the "dog watch"? Most ships use a three-watch system of four hours on and eight hours off. The problem is how to periodically shift the watches so that the same crew members do not have to stand the midnight-to-four watch every night on a long voyage. The solution was the "dog watch," which was to form two two-hour dog watches, with the "first" dog watch from 16:00 to

18:00 (4 pm to 6 pm) and the "second" or "last" dog watch from 18:00 to 20:00 (6 pm to 8 pm).

The *Oxford English Dictionary* states that the word 'dogwatch' is a direct translation from either German or Dutch of a similar term. It originally referred to the night-watch on ships - that is, the time when (on land) all but the dogs were asleep. An alternative folk etymology is that the name arose because someone tasked with one of these 'half' watches was said to be 'dodging the watch', taking or standing the 'dodge watch'. This became shortened to 'dog watch'. Another variation is that those sleeping get only 'dog sleep' in this watch.

THE SPEAKER FOR THIS MONTH (AUGUST 8) IS MASTER CHIEF ERIC RISNER, OFFICER IN CHARGE, COAST GUARD STATION TYBEE

(Read about him on Page 5)



MEETINGS:

**Every second Monday of the month at Carey Hilliard's,
3316 Skidaway Rd.
Order dinner at 6:00;
meeting at 7:00.**

WEBSITE:

www.geecheesailingclub.org

EMAIL ADDRESS:

geecheesailingclub@hotmail.com

FACEBOOK:

Geechee Sailing Club

GEECHEE SAILING CLUB'S UPCOMING PARTIES & CRUISES

Socials:

**November 11 - Change of Watch,
Savannah Yacht Club**

Cruises:

**August 12-14- Daufuskie
(Formerly Marshside Mama's)**

**Sept. 3-5 - Safe Harbor Marina,
Beaufort**

Oct. 14-16 - Bluffton Arts Festival

COMMODORE, Larry Sprague (continued)

In the middle of August we have a great cruise to Daufuskie planned to take place over the weekend of August 12th to 14th. Shrug off the lethargy of the *dog days* and join the fleet anchoring off of the public landing on Daufuskie's western shore (where Marshside Mama's used to be).

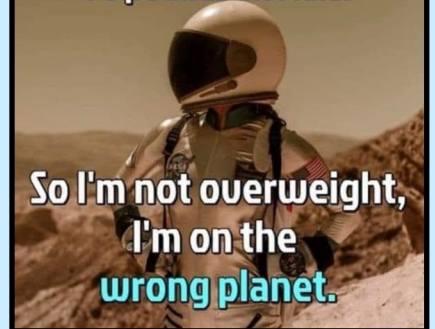
Fair winds and following seas,



**I finally realized it!
People are
prisoners of their
phones. That's
why they are
called cell phones!**



**A person that weights 200
pounds on Earth weighs
76 pounds on Mars.**



CRUISE CHAIR, Larry Sprague

Our next cruise will be to Daufuskie between Friday, August 12th and Sunday, August 14th. We will anchor in the river opposite (formerly) Marshside Mama's. There is a public dock where we can tie up our dinghies. Golf carts are available for rental and can be picked up near the landing. If you want a golf cart, I suggest you call early. The number is 843/842-9449 (Daufuskie Island Daily Golf Cart Rentals).

Mary Ellen and I had a wonderful overnight cruise to the South Channel of the Savannah River in the middle of July. We had anchored there last year when the club visited Bird Island to look for sharks' teeth.

We set out on Saturday afternoon. When I walked out of the cool of the Yacht Club dining room after lunch to get the boat ready, the flag was hanging limply from the gaff flagpole, seemingly exhausted from the heat. The tide ran out past the pillars of the pier, the water making a vee downstream. A seemingly endless parade of shadows reflected from the water ran down the length of the white hull of

Second Wind. The start of the regatta that was scheduled for Saturday had been put off until 1:30PM, when the sea breeze was expected to fill in.

I had opened up the boat and all of the hatches earlier in the day, so the interior was merely hot. I checked the oil and antifreeze levels, and opened the valves for the kitchen sink, bathroom sink and engine raw water intake. I filled the dinghy with air, put out the cushions, and took the covers off of the winches. By that time Mary Ellen arrived with the food, beverages, and personal items. After stowing everything below, we cast off.

Leaving the dock is always an adventure. This is because at the Yacht Club I have a boat in front and one behind me, and the space between the dock and the shore is less than two boat lengths. Also, I can only exit the dock downstream, because there is a low pier blocking the upstream exit. I always have a plan as to how I am going to get out, but it is always subject to immediate change.

Today, my bow was pointed into the outgoing tide, and the wind was lightly pushing me off of the dock. The plan was to put the engine into slow forward, run slowly against the tide and let the wind push me off the dock until I was clear of the other boats and then exit the birth with the boat in reverse.

We had help with the lines, but when we were pushed off of the dock, the bow started swinging faster than I anticipated. I immediately went to Plan B, which was to turn around in the slip and motor out bow first. This is trickier than it might seem because the tide was pushing me down onto the boat on my stern and I had to execute a tight turn before running onto the opposite shore. Fortunately, the tide was only one-third out and so we still had water beyond the channel. I put the rudder hard over and bumped the engine to help kick the bow over. The water level started to drop as the bow slowly came around 180 degrees. I held my breath as the depth dropped to less than a foot

CRUISE CHAIR, Larry Sprague (continued)

beneath the keel. Just before touching bottom, she completed the turn and I was able to power out of the slip. I hoped that would be the excitement for the day.

Once clear of the slip, we started heading towards Thunderbolt and the Causton Bluff bridge. The boat traffic on the Wilmington River seemed light for a summer Saturday. When we passed Thunderbolt Marine, I noticed a huge white-hulled ketch tied up there. Her masts stood at least 100 feet tall and each had several sets of spreaders to support the mast. I would love to see her under sail.

For the first time, we passed under the Causton Bluff bridge without having to hail the bridge tender and have him open the spans for us. The height of the replacement bridge is more than sufficient for us to get under. I was glad that we no longer had to stop traffic for my little boat.

Shortly after passing St. Augustine Creek, we turned to starboard into the South Channel. The water was just short of two hours before low tide and so we proceeded slowly along the south bank, near where the Rails to Trails ends. At one point the depth

gauge showed zero feet beneath the keel. I turned hard to port, applied some power, and reversed course back into deeper water. We then cautiously felt our way closer to the middle of the river until we found deeper water and then proceeded downstream. Once clear of the entrance, we were able to stay in 12-14 feet of water and easily motored about a half mile before dropping anchor.

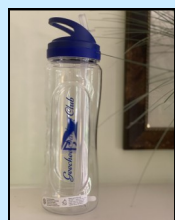
Now it was time to play! The dinghy was lowered into the water so that we could lower the boarding ladder. Out came the inflatable seats. I tied a long line to one of our fenders and let the tide carry it behind the boat to act as a safety line. The water, while warm, was still refreshing and we sat in the seats with our Gatorades in the pockets, thankful for being able to get relief from the heat.

However, after about a half hour, I started to get cramps in both my calves. I had played three sets of doubles in the morning, and the relatively cool water was now causing my muscles to cramp up. I was not only in great pain, but in a

great predicament. The only way to sooth the pain was to put pressure on the legs, preferably by standing up. I asked Mary Ellen to vigorously massage the calves, which helped some. I was then able to make my way to the boarding ladder where I could stand up and eventually relax the muscles. Well, the swim *had been* relaxing.

For a bath/shower we filled a bucket full of warm water from the sink. My goodness, it felt good to remove the suntan oil and salt water from the skin! Refreshed, we relaxed awhile and then prepared dinner which we ate as the sun went down. We had a great view of the ships as they slipped through the channel just across from Bird Island. Not too long after dark, we went below to read. There were some pesky mosquitoes buzzing about, so I dug through our equipment and found the mosquito nets to cover the door and windows. The little fans that we have replaced the buzzing of the mosquitoes with their own humming, but they provided a welcome flow of air over our tired bodies. I started to read, but after a few

I will be bringing some of each to our meetings. If you want to give me an idea in advance of how many, you can call or text me (Linda Howard, 912/658-7398). Everyone loves them, so you won't be disappointed. The bottles are \$10/each and the mugs are \$12.



CRUISE CHAIR, Larry Sprague (continued)

pages I was asleep, and another July day on the water was now history.

When dawn broke, the sky was full of dark clouds to the east, slowly making their way to the west, and to us. There was no coffee, but we did have tea and cider. About eight o'clock Mary Ellen fixed a breakfast of eggs, toast and sausage, which we ate on deck. Not long after we finished breakfast we could see grey lines extending down from the clouds, heralding the coming rain. As the first drops started hitting the boat, we ducked below, closing all of the ports and hatches and putting in the duckboards. While we were watertight on the inside, we no longer had air circulating from the outside. The fans helped to reduce the stuffiness, but what would have really helped would have been to put up the dodger, and

then we could have left the duckboards off. However, there is a tradeoff in that the dodger partially obscures the view forward, and it is not something that can be rapidly put up and taken down.

Around noon the rain cleared and we could weigh anchor. We were near high tide, and so we had plenty of water to cross the entrance of the South Channel and return south down the ICW. To our west we could see the clouds still dropping rain and occasionally sending down a bolt of lightning. The remaining clouds provided occasional shade from the sun as we motored down the familiar course back to the Yacht Club, taking us under the new span of the Causton Bluff bridge, past Bonaventure

Cemetery, Thunderbolt and Thunderbolt Marine. As *Second Wind* neared our destination, we broke out the fenders and prepared for a port-side docking, coming in against the tide. There was no excitement as *Second Wind* was brought along side and secured to the dock. We were now safely home, tired but refreshed, and looking forward to the time in the not too distant future when our cruising could be more than overnight.

SOCIAL CHAIR, Mary Ellen Sprague

We had a very successful "Cheeseburger in Paradise" social at our Tybee beach house on Saturday July 23rd. Twenty-eight members and prospective members showed up to enjoy the comradery and the cheeseburgers, baked beans, and a host of other side dishes provided by our members. Members also brought some excellent hors d'oeuvres to whet the appetite. We did not drink all of the box wine, so we will bring what was left over to the next meeting at Carey Hilliard's. Special thanks to Merry Bennett and Angela Margolit who came early to help with the set-up, and thank you to all those who helped with the clean-up.

Please put on your calendar the *Commodore's Ball* which will be held **November 11th** at the Savannah Yacht Club.

Until we meet again,



VICE COMMODORE, Linda Howard

Our speaker June 13 was Chantal Audran, the new Director of the Tybee Island Marine Science Center. Chantal not only educated us and got us involved, but she endeared herself to all of us.

We had our grandchildren with us that night and she invited us to the museum the next day for a private tour while they were closed (on Tuesdays). It is obvious that she loves her work and is totally involved with both adults and children.



AUGUST'S SPEAKER

Master Chief Eric Risner, the Officer in Charge of Coast Guard Station Tybee, will be our speaker.



Master Chief personal awards include the Meritorious Service Medal, two Coast Guard Commendation Medals, four Coast Guard Achievement Medals, two Military Outstanding Volunteer Medals, six Meritorious Team Awards, the Humanitarian Service Medal, Armed Forces Service Medal, and five Coast Guard Good Conduct Medals, among other personal awards. He has earned his permanent Coxswain Insignia, Advanced Boat Forces Insignia, and Officer in Charge Ashore insignia.

He has a presentation, but as usual, come armed with your questions.



SECRETARY/TREASURER, Dawson Long

Geechees be warned. All those who love sailing and everything about it, your secret desire for a bigger boat may already be out. My wife confronted me with, "If you get rid of that problem property in Atlanta, you can get that boat that you have been thinking about." Well, my catamaran dreams were exposed. I cannot imagine she read my articles in the past volumes of the Rhumb Line!

I have determined that it must be the body language. Seventy percent of communication is made through body language. I always checked, so I thought that my wife was out of ear shot. She may have noticed that when I spoke to others, I exuberantly spread my arms to express the width or length of the catama-

ran. We already know that women can read our minds. I just did not know that they were that good. I lost the secrecy battle, yet I won her acceptance of a bigger boat.

Hallelujah!



If liars' pants really *did* catch on fire, watching the news would be a lot more fun.

**Always make sure
SOMEONE in the
relationship has
good credit. That's
why it's called
SIGNIFICANT other.
Sign/if/I/can't.**

**Follow me for more
marriage tips**

COMMUNICATIONS CHAIR, Linda Howard

After hearing Chantal Audran, the new Director of the Tybee Island Marine Science Center, speak at our July meeting, I was all excited to see what she was talking about. So I told our grandchildren who were with us that night that we would go visit. Chantal heard us and invited us to tour the very next day - the day (Tuesday) that they are closed. She asked us to come around lunch time when they were less busy. So...that's what we did: Tommy, me, William (9), and Amelia (7).

What a treat! She explained how they are not there to keep animals as "pets," but to study them for maintaining healthy habitats, safe environments, rehabilitation, and public awareness. We were amazed at how much work goes into a day at the museum and how many people are involved. If you've ever had an aquarium, multiply that by at least 100!

Each animal had a story, and she even let us handle some of them, as you can see in my pictures. No, I'm not afraid of snakes. I have handled them since I was 2 and Daniel had quite a few - even building snake cages to sell.

The story of my 2-year-old self is: We lived in Miami. One day my brother, who is 2 years older than me, ran into the house yelling that "Linda has a big worm!" Of course mom figured out that I had a snake. She approached me very calmly and told me to put it down, to which I replied, "It's MY worm!" Mom responded that it might bite me, but I replied...ready for this?...It's ok. I already stepped on its head." So...the beginning of my snake handling episodes.

In addition to all the exhibits, we were impressed by the new building. There is a walkway that people take to the north beach that actually connects with the back of their building. So it's a great place to "people watch," and the beach views are breathtaking!

I suggest that you make plans to go, no matter your age. This is from their website:

This summer, we're open Wednesday through Sunday, from 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. So you have a bit of time to spend with us; admissions end at 4:15 p.m. Admission is \$10 per person, people four and under free. (keeps the lights on and the animals fed).



COMMUNICATIONS CHAIR, Linda Howard (continued)



MEMBERSHIP CHAIR, Georgia Byrd

Here's to the Serious Sailor!

Have you ever watched a sailing yacht pass by and wondered what it would be like to hitch a ride and become a part of the crew? In my industry, if you're well-versed in sailing, that's always possible!

What do I mean by well-versed? Have you ever operated a sailing yacht as a deckhand? Do you know and understand rigging? Have you ever served as a mate or captain? You might just be qualified for a space onboard a sailing yacht.

Each May, many yachts based in the Caribbean head either north for summers in New England or make the crossing to Europe for seasonal charters in the Med as hurricane season begins. From time to time, owners reach out seeking part-time guests/crew or volunteers who are boat savvy to help relocate the boat out of harm's way during the storm season.

Several years ago, a gentleman treated his son to first-hand ocean adventures aboard the sailing yacht, *Eros*. Through rough and gentle waters, the boat sailed non-stop from St. Martin to the shores of Newport, RI, with salty teachers who spent time with the pair, teaching them how to sail in all conditions at all times of the days and nights. The two were charged \$5,000 which included a berth for each and meals to enjoy as the task was completed.

(<https://sy-eros.com>)

If you're even more adventuresome, opportunities abound for volunteers who are sought to help sail tall ships. Tall Ships of America, based in Newport, RI, offers several opportunities for kids and adults to see the U.S. coastline and learn, first-hand, what it's like to crew on a tall ship.

(Email: Manager@TallShipsAmerica.org)

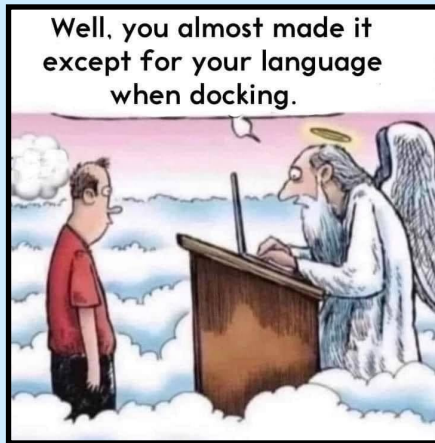
The organization is equipped to encourage character building through sail training, promote sail training to the North American public, and support education under sail. Additionally, if you're a serious sailor and wish to get a license, there's an amazing mentorship program that helps Tall Ships America members as they navigate the requirements needed for an original license, to renew for the first time, upgrade their license, or apply for a medical certificate.

The Tall Ships America Mentorship Program is a three- to four-month-long professional development opportunity for individuals. This year, mentees are paired with mentors who they feel are the best fit for them and will help guide them

through the licensing process and testing.

So, if you're interested in learning more, visit www.tallshipsamerica.com, or catch them in Erie, PA, for the Tall Ships Challenge Aug. 22-28 and see these stunning vessels in person!





Just be thankful that it's not snowing. Imagine shovelling snow in this heat!



RACE CHAIR, Angela Margolit

Due to high temps, low wind, and lots of rain, I haven't been able to get out on the water here. So I went to Italy!

I am still a member for SEAS (the Society for the Education of American Sailors) in New Jersey. The cruise leader organizes about four trips a year. Linda asked me to tell you about our latest one to the Amalfi Coast, so here we go:

On June 9th, I flew to Naples via Newark with two other couples - neighbors from my street! We met more from our sailing group in Newark, then had a fun flight to Naples (we were all sitting near each other), notwithstanding getting much sleep!

We garnered two taxis to take us all to Pozzuoli where the Dream Yacht Charter base is located. Did a lot of local sight-seeing and pizza-eating on Friday. On Saturday, we bought provisions, did the boat check-ins (I was a First Mate), and stayed overnight on our boats at Marina Sud Cantieri Pozzuoli.



RACE CHAIR, Angela Margolit (continued)

There were four boats in the flotilla: two monohulls (48') and two catamarans (42').

On Sunday, June 12, we went to Saint Angelo on the island of Ischia. Another name used is the Island of Well Being for its rejuvenating hot springs and thermal baths. A few brave souls got muddled at the local spa (I took pictures), but we all went in the natural saunas.

On Monday, June 13, we departed for Positano, a cliffside village on southern Italy's Amalfi Coast. It's a well-known holiday destination with a pebble beachfront and steep, narrow streets lined with boutiques and cafes. Its Chiesa di Santa Maria Assunta features a majolica-tiled dome and a 13th-century Byzantine icon of the Virgin Mary.



We obtained a mooring ball for two nights. That evening, we hired a private boat to take up to Stanley Tucci's restaurant, La Scoglio. The little town next to it was celebrating their patron saint with a parade and fireworks. There was a full moon which made the evening all the more enchanting.

Due to the very high cost of docking a boat at Capri, we took the ferry from Positano to Capri the next day. Capri, the jewel of Southern Italy, is a wonderful experience. Sheer cliffs, rocky outcrops, and high hills loom above the horizon as you approach the island. The center of the town is Piazza Umberto, a public square with narrow streets and alleys. We first visited the Blue Grotto which is an ocean cave eroded into the northwestern shore. It's big enough to take a boat (or dinghy) inside. Sunlight shimmers in the sea, coloring it in myriad shades ranging from azure to sapphire. We then got on a public bus to Anacapri and went up the single-person chairlift for spectacular views.

RACE CHAIR, Angela Margolit (continued)



That night, all the crews met on the organizer's boat for group photos. I took this one:



The next morning we sailed on the north shore of Capri then up to Ischia again. The Greeks anchored in the bays nearly 3,000 years ago. As you approach from the sea, the heights of Monte Epomeo soar skyward 2,582 feet. We had a reservation in Ischia in a slip at Forio. Yours truly had to do a stern-to docking in a space for a MUCH smaller boat.

That evening we had a "white attire" dinner at a local restaurant. And guess what: another parade followed by fireworks to honor the town's patron saint! Too funny.

The next morning we headed for the other (east) end of the island to visit Castello d'Ischia, an Aragonese castle built in 1438. Located on a small island at Ischia Point, you can climb more than 300 feet to witness the splendid views. We anchored our boats then headed to the castle!

RACE CHAIR, Angela Margolit (continued)



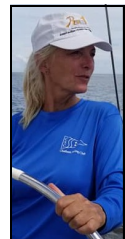
On Friday June 17, we first stopped at Procida Island. It has pristine white-sand beaches, excellent restaurants, eclectic shops, and the Old World charm of quaint waterfront villages – including another castle. We anchored just beyond the town. I stayed on the boat to keep an eye on things and the others went into town for lunch.



We then headed to Pozzuoli and our base where we could spend the night on the boats at the marina.

Every night I slept in the cockpit EXCEPT the last night because of the sea gulls(see first photo above)! The docks of the base were alongside the breakers made of rocks which the birds loved. They made noise all night long!

The day the boat returned, my husband Mike flew into Naples. We then joined a Globus land tour into the “boot” of Italy for another ten days. Mike posted everyday on Facebook, so check it out.



FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

Unscramble each word, then take the letters that are underlined and unscramble them to come up with the last name of one of our members:

W S I T T _ _ _ _ _

G N U T R S

N E E G R

E N T U

Answers to July's Scramble: J O N E S

EJECT

MINUTE

STONE

MISTAKE

SUPPORT FOR OUR MEMBERS

This column is for club members to support other members "in need" (phone calls, visits, prayers, meals, etc.). Let me know of anyone you want to add. I won't go into a lot of detail on each here, but you can call them. I will also get approval before entering any names into this column. Please text me at 912/658-7398.

- Linda Meyer - new cancer treatment.
- Georgia Byrd recuperating from hip surgery.
- Linda Howard with post back surgery issues.

2022 OFFICERS

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Vice Commodore Linda Howard
Secretary Dawson Long
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Social Chair Mary Ellen Sprague
Cruise Chair Larry Sprague
Race Chair..... Angela Margolit
Membership Chair Georgia Byrd
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For questions or comments, contact Linda Howard, Editor (912/658-7398)