

December, 2020

Ray Mitchell,
Editor, Cub Reporter

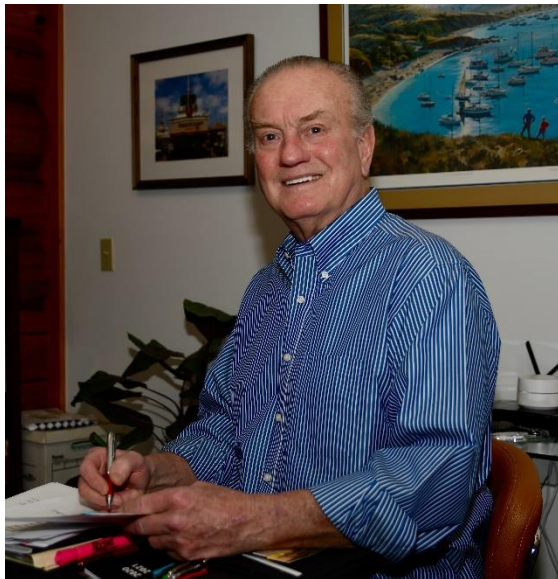
<http://sequimbayyachtclub.org/news/>



Scuttlebutt

Newsletter of the Sequim Bay Yacht Club

Commodore – Jerry Fine



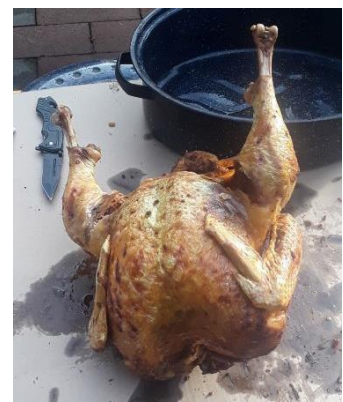
Hello dear SBYC friends,

2020 is drawing to a close very quickly now, and 2021 just has to be much better! It looks like we will still have the same restrictions for the foreseeable future due to Covid-19. But we will get through it and someday soon get back to some great club activities, yes we will!

Marian and I have 9 new family members at Fine Farm now, Plymouth Barred Rock chickens, 6 hens and 3 that look like chicken tenders of the future. Yeah, 3 roosters is two too many. But as you can see, I have them eating out of my hands, ha-ha-ha.



I had a taste for “deep fried turkey” so I found the peanut oil needed and got to Work! I did check with a couple of neighbors and ended up frying 5 nice turkeys, yummmmm, Turkey sandwiches for a while. I shall vacuum pack the slices in small packets ready for a nice turkey sandwich any time. So good!



Thanksgiving was rather quite for all of us this year I know, not the big gatherings that we are all accustomed to in years gone by. I had a nice call from Ann Elliot and Mike McDonald checking in for the holiday. It was very nice to chat with them both. They said they were calling all the SBYC members, how very nice is that?

Rudy Heessels was up again working hard on the chase boat. There were a spots where some epoxy work was needed and Rudy was on it like a pro. Grinding and filling and fairing, this guy knows his stuff. Thanks a lot Rudy, I know the sailors, rowers will appreciate your work next time they can get on the water.

Well folks, time to get the pumpkins put away and get the Christmas decorations out of the attic and start decorating. I will be putting my 200+ Santa Clause collection up again this year, it's like seeing old friends once a year. If you feel the need to see ole St. Nick like I do, swing on by and I'll show you the way to Santa's Grotto!

I miss you all very much and long to see you, until then.....



few
out

FYI!

Editor.

I don't think I need to say that it has been tuff going and it looks like it' going to continue and a lot of people are needing assistance. If you need assistance with something around the house or shopping but are reluctant or unable to get out, please give me a call and we can help out. It's just me and maybe one other and will be 100% anonymous.

During the middle ages they celebrated the end of the plague with wine and orgies. Does anyone know if there is anything planned when this one ends?

I use Himalayan Salt and it is one of the oldest minerals on earth. It's from the Himalayan Mountains where the raising mountains trapped primal seas when the earth cooled. Think about how old all salt is. The salt we use is over 4 billion years old and is still edible. Yet, the label on my salt bottle says "Best if used by 2022" ???

Rear Commodore – Anna Richmond



As we think of new ways to celebrate the holidays, I thought you might enjoy a boater's rendition of a Christmas classic. Wishing you all a happy holiday season.

A Boater's Night Before Christmas by Charlie Long, December 24, 2013

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all
through the lake
not a wave was stirring, not even a wake.
The dock lines were wrapped 'round the cleats
with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their vests,
while visions of wakeboards danced in their heads.
And mamma in her 'kini, and I in my board shorts,
had just settled our brains for a ride in the jet boat.

When out on the lake there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the bow I flew like a 557hp motor,
Pulled out my binoculars and looked for other boaters .

The moon on the waters of the still winter lake
Gave the luster of a mirror with a large shiny face.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature red boat, and eight tiny reindeer.

With a little old boater, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.
More rapid than jet skis his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!



"Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid!, on Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the bow! to the top of the hull!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

As warm waves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.
So up to the hull-top the coursers they flew,
With the boat full of Toys, and St Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the lake
the prancing and pawing of each little hoof to the wake.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Mounting port side St Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed in chinos, board shorts and flip flops,
And his clothes were probably from Tommy Bahamas.
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler, just opening his pack.

His eyes-how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was smiling his best,
And the beard of his chin was as white as a wave crest.

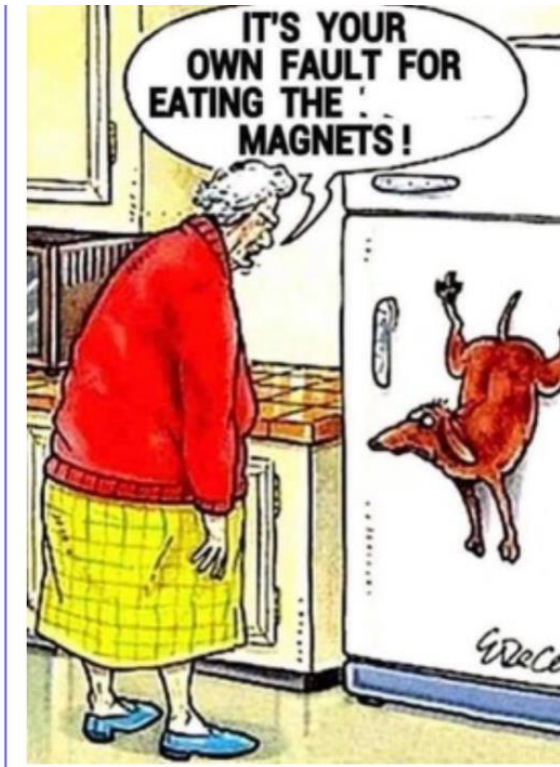
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself!
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the storage, then turned with a jerk.
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, off the port side he dove!

He swam to his boat, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all jetted like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

From the Membership Desk – Ann Elliot, Margaret Schwarz



Margaret and I want to wish each one of you a very Merry Christmas!

Your membership team,
Ann Elliot & Margaret Schwarz



Happy Birthday

Happy December Birthday to the following SBYC Members:



12-02 Peg Phillips

12-03 Nell Clausen 12-03 Pam Carrier

12-04 Breck Cassidy 12-04 Kathi O'Rourke

12-05 Deb Carlson 12-10 John O'Keefe

12-11 Linda Carlson 12-11 Myrna Chase

12-11 Mike Harris 12-15 Alan Clark

12-15 Elizabeth Wickert 12-19 Ray Mitchell

12-22 Doug Price 12-24 Lauren Doyle

12-28 Jim Fitzpatrick

Nominating Committee – Doug Schwarz

I asked you all last month for your indulgence in suspending our Bylaws this year in regards to the procedure for nominating and voting for officers to serve our club next year. This request was made due to the impact Covid-19 has had on club meetings and events. Since there was no negative feedback, the Nominating Committee would like to announce the following slate of officers for our yacht club for 2021.

2021 SBYC Board Members (No SBYC activities since April)

Commodore – Jerry Fine
Vice Commodore – Jerry Oden
Rear Commodore – Anne Vanderspek Richmond
Secretary – Diana Leibrich
Treasurer – Lisa O’Keefe
Immediate Past Commodore – Doug Schwarz

Assistant Secretary – Judy Shanks
Assistant Treasurer –

Trustee – Jim Fitzpatrick (first year of a 3 year position)

Agreeing to remain on the board as Trustees:

Ray Mitchell (completing the 3rd year of a 3-year position)
Diane Froula (completing the 2nd year of a 3-year position)

Thank you all for your understanding and cooperation during this most unusual year.

Doug Schwarz, Past Commodore and Chair of the Nominating Committee for 2021.

Introduction to “Torben's Travels”

Last year I was thinking about all the firsthand stories that so many of our members could tell. One member came to the top of my list, Torben Blichfeld. But being the procrastinator that I am, I never got around to it. It just sat there until last month when Diana Leibrich told me that Torben had written an article for the NOSPS “Straitlines” Newsletter. Well, that got me off my Butt and I called Torben and he agreed to give me all of the articles he had written back in 2011-12. Following is the first one of the series that will be published every month over most of next year. No plagiarism involved. I have Torben’s blessings and have discussed it with NOSPS and they have no problems.

So enjoy Torben’s stories and if you have one that you would like to share, please send it to me.

Ray Mitchell
Editor

“Torben's Travels” Torben Blichfeld



As always, when a year comes to an end, my thoughts go back in time. What came to my mind this year was a Christmas at sea in 1959. I was a cadet on board the Tove Maersk, a small tanker en route, in ballast from Liverpool to Baton Rouge. Christmas on board any Maersk vessel was a very special occasion. We had a real Christmas trees and decorations in every mess room. On some vessels, a Christmas tree was hoisted aloft on one of the masts. You may wonder how we arranged gifts for Christmas to be sent to our families and friends. The radio operator had a catalog from a company called Soegave (ocean gifts). For a low cost, you could order gifts like an ordinary mail order catalog. You went up to the vessel's accounting department (the radio operator) and via telegraph he/she would place your order. On Christmas evening we had the traditional Danish Christmas dinner and what a feast it was! Roast duck and roast pork, red cabbage, sugar glazed potatoes, and for dessert risalamande (a delicious fluffy rice pudding with almonds). Red and white wine was served with the dinner along with a good glass of port wine with the dessert. Christmas Day found us at the table again, as the chief steward and our cook would set up a buffet that could easily rival any buffet one would find on any of today's luxury cruise ships. On this particular Christmas, the North Atlantic was kind to us and the plates stayed on the table without the usual wet table cloth. For voyage remaining towards the USA, the seas were also blessedly calm. On our voyage back to Liverpool it was a different story.

Once the cylinder head was red hot, you hand cranked the fly wheel and prayed the engine would not run backwards. Our sails were heavy canvas and nasty to pack when iced, like folding a piece of plywood. The —head|| was the old fashioned type, a board with a hole and the bucket below, all housed in a small structure placed on deck. Needless to say, at times when the sea was rough, you had a built in bidet. The only navigation instrument we had was a good marine compass. The skipper had a battery operated (tube) radio, so he could get the latest weather forecast. Since there were only 3 persons to take the watch when at sea, it was hard to stay awake at the wheel after a long workday in port. Since WWII all waters around Denmark had mine swept routes which you had to strictly follow, and again we had a good compass. The 2 crew members lived below deck in the forecabin with a pot-belly stove, a small bunk on each side, a small table with wooden storage bins to sit on, and for light a small oil lamp. In the same room you had the paint locker and cargo gear in the storage bins. With the chain locker below the floor, we had the pleasure of listening to the anchor chain rattle when in rough seas. For fresh water a 100 gallon tank on deck aft. This water was for cooking and a —Liverpool wash only. To get a bath we used the long shore bathroom when in port. I served 4 month as a Deck Boy. Then it was off to seaman's school for 3 months. At that time I had applied for a job with Maersk as a cadet. In those days jobs at sea were scarce, so the skipper on Svalen took me back as the Best Man. This job lasted almost a year. Then Maersk called, and I signed on the tanker TOVE Maersk on July 4 th, 1959 berthed at Ellesmere /Stanlow, England. I left Maersk in 2007

SBYC Auxiliary Members

Here is a picture of Mike and our 2 furry babies, Luna (on the left - Great Pyrenees Mix) and Maggie (on the right - Pembroke Welsh Corgi).

We decided we needed to have dogs when our son became a teenager so someone was happy to see us when we got home!

Diana & Mike Leibrich



Send me, (capttray@bellhill.net) pictures of your pets. We would love to meet them.

Percy (Anna) Richmond growing up.



2 Months



5 Months

Mitchells

Over the years, all but one dog have been rescue, total of 13 or 14. All lived long and happy lives. You met Kassie a couple of months ago but I forgot about Midnight, our 4 year old cat rescued when she was 4 months old from a neighbors landscaping project that left her an orphan. While born a feral, she grew up to be a beautiful kitty. Our latest is Tiger Lilly, another feral kitten we rescued from a Blackberry covered abandoned building on our way home from California when she was 3-4 weeks old. While a feral who perhaps had never seen a human, she immediately took to us and especially Kassie! She's now 2 months old. Neither one has ever shown any signs of ever being feral.



These are our Koi fish. We had them for 28 years but with the price of rebuilding our pond and transportation, it was going to cost about \$45,000 to bring them with us to Sequim so we decided to donate all nineteen to the Japanese Tea Gardens in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. We raised most of them in our own pond.





A politician visited a remote little rural village and asked the inhabitants what the government could do for them.

"We have two big needs," said the village leader. "First, we have a hospital but no doctor." The politician whipped out a cellphone, spoke for a while, and then said, "I have sorted it out. A doctor will arrive here tomorrow. What is your other need?"

"We have no cellphone reception in our village."

[Update for 2020 Reach and Row for Hospice - Susan Sorensen](#)

Scheduled broadcasts on KSQM 91.5 FM in December 2020

Interested in learning more about your health and our community? Tune in to listen to some special KSQM 91.5 FM broadcasts that you might find interesting!

1 December at 1PM- Living Healthy with Diabetes with the topic "Preparing for the Holiday Season: Physically and Mentally". Due to CoVid restrictions, the in-person diabetes support group usually held at the Shipley Center is on hiatus but but the show must go on! Monthly support group presentations are on the first Tuesday of the month at 1PM, with each one hour session focused on diabetes. Send any topic suggestions or questions to starlady@olympen.com.

8 December at 1PM- Listen to Sequim author Sandy Frykholm as she discusses her book "The Drive in '65", written under her pen name of Sandra Lynne Reed. This is an entertaining memoir of a 14-week, 22,000 miles adventure of traveling from Alaska to the east coast of the 'lower 48' and Mexico City. Factor in the detail that Sandy was 13 years old at the time and one of eight relatives (mom, aunt, grandmother, siblings and cousins) who traveled in a nine-passenger non-air-conditioned van in 1965. It is entertaining and takes you back to the days before cell phones, when gas was \$0.30/gal, dinner for eight cost \$15 and the entire family enjoyed a day at Disneyland for less than \$50! I will be interviewing Sandy by phone and learning more about the backstory and formation of this narrative of life in the 1960 era. Signed copies of the book are available locally at Forage, in downtown Sequim.

15 December at 1PM- Bainbridge author Rosalys Peel will be on a phone interview to discuss her book 'Mike & Me'. I was captivated by her book; the chapters include dealing with the often hushed topic of Alzheimer, describing in a sequential manner the gradual decline of her husband's health and sharing 'lessons learned' on how they dealt with those changes as a couple. The framework of the book grew from the 10 years of journals that Rosalys kept to initially ventilate her feelings and also record both challenges and victories that she and Mike faced.

Starting with general observations of 'something is not right', the book continues with the medical diagnosis of Alzheimer and ends with Mike's death at home with his family. It is a love story from start to finish. At the end of each chapter, Rosalys gives a thumbnail of 'lessons learned' as a summary of that chapter. Overall, it gives a roadmap for those who may be traveling on a similar journey!

Rosalys has generously offered to contribute 25% of the purchase price of each book obtained from the Rotary Club of Sequim (\$5 donated for each \$20 book) to the Rotary Club of Sequim. This offer does not apply to books purchased on-line. Copies are already in Sequim and can be purchased by sending an email to sequimrotary@gmail.com (preferred communication) or phone 360-683-1444. Payment and book exchange details will be arranged for each purchase.

I hope that this will help entertain you for the upcoming month. Stay healthy and safe.

Susan Sorensen, RN

KSQM Public Relations 91.5FM

