

MAIN SHEET

Sailing Singles of South Florida

Newsletter



Up Coming Events

Mardi Gras Masquerade Ball at Carol Rappaport's (Costumes not required) Page 5 RSVP Now

Dismal Super Bowl Game Can't Keep Us Down! Page 2

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Winning Limerick

A Limerick about Love and Sex,
What will Debi think about next,
To fit bolts and Screws,
Sexy wine names to choose,
Could this little ditty be best.

Jane Haughian

LAKE SYLVIA RAFT UP! Games, Fun & A Christening!



SSSF MEMBERS get challenged in many ways! We, not only have to remember when our events are happening and what we need to bring, we have to prepare for our events. Some of our members take this preparation more seriously than others. It paid off for them. In this month's raft up, with the Valentine's Day theme in mind, we had games to challenge our skills at a variety of levels. Debi Hallmark and her crew set up games on various boats for participation by all members. It certainly got many of us moving from boat to boat as we searched out our perfect match.

Ladies were given a nut and the men were given bolts. (Being a woman and blond, I called them screws.) We had to search out as many matches as possible to accumulate a point if the screw fit. Some were obviously too thin or too large! It kept conversations interesting.

Holly took the prize on a ball toss! She managed to get them all to stick to her Heart. We had to write a limerick and had a singing contest with members giving a rendition of "Cupid,

Draw back your bow!" Janet Pogozelski won, with the Deerings coming in second place. We also had a contest with appropriately named bottles of wine for Valentines. Monogamy Won!

On a more serious note we all participated in christening Captain Patrick O'Brien's new mainship trawler, aptly named, "Irish Rover."

Congratulations Captain!

See list of Winners on page 4

[Go to our website to view all the pictures](#)



SAILING SINGLES OF SOUTH FLORIDA

Super Bowl Party At BuckMaster's



The game wasn't the greatest, but SSSF members had a great time at a Super Party hosted by James Buckmaster and Kathleen Eppler. Our members always manage to bring an incredible variety of food, enough for an army. We had in-door and out-door large screen TVs where we could enjoy a game, if only they could have played as we expected. While the players were having trouble in the super bowl unfortunately Jim was having trouble with some bowls too. Blocked toilets! You would think with a bunch of boaters we would have learn to use less paper. It was more than just a simple block. A plumber had to be called out.



The Board decided to cover the costs of the plumber who had to respond to the super bowl dilemma, but Jim and Kathy declined the offer saying they would just as soon donate the cost of the plumber to the cause. So Jim Buckmaster and Kathleen Eppler will now be added to our next month's Spinnaker Sponsor List. Congratulations! AND Thank you Jim and Kathy for your incredible hospitality and patience.



SAILING SINGLES OF SOUTH FLORIDA

Adventures with Captain Bizarro by Karen Foster

A Storm Sailing Expedition (Part 1 of 2)

The Roaring 40's

People looked at me like I was nuts when I told them I am turning 50 in August but I'm headed to the "Roaring 40's" in May.

I left the security of downtown Anchorage, my "cushy" job as a Realtor (Just kidding about that! I really worked my butt off.) and I headed to Auckland, New Zealand. I boarded a 47 foot sailboat along with 7 others and we sailed through the guaranteed 30 to 40 foot waves and 40 knot winds. It's on the 40th Parallel, thus the name "The Roaring 40s."

It's a "Storm Sailing Class" that took us across the South Pacific covering over 2,700 miles. Although, we would be stopping in to visit various tropical islands on the way, the expedition was to prepare us for handling rough seas. What an incredible adventure it turned out to be. We sailed from April 29th to June 6th.

The "instructors" we will call them, Captain Bob and his lovely wife, Captina. They have taken people on sailing expeditions for more than 10 years at this point. The application process took over a year and was very detailed. They want to make sure they were not letting any "nut cases" on board their boat. After all the quarters are tight and it's a 4-5 week adventure. I didn't let them know any of my issues. I usually will admit to being A.D.D. squared (Attention Deficit Disorder to the power of two). Self diagnosed, of course!

The packing for the trip was really difficult since they were very strict about how much you could bring. Maximum 40 pounds per person; that includes your storm gear, harnesses, sleeping bags, towels and shoes. The real anxiety that I was dealing with was having to leave my coffee behind. We would not be allowed any coffee. I live on coffee; two triple Americano's a day. Wine is out too! They won't have either on board their vessel. I thought that would probably be the hardest challenge for me.

So they suggest you start drinking a lot of water, which I rarely drink, AND cut out coffee and wine two weeks prior to departure. It's suppose to help alleviate sea sickness, which was also, almost guaranteed. I even tried some motion sickness drugs, compazine, before I left to ensure that it wouldn't have any side effects or an allergic reaction.

We couldn't have any issues since we would be handling every position/job on the boat from the Head Cleaner, to Cook, to Helmsman. We would have all our abilities tested to the max, from mental, physical and spiritual especially when the power of the seas tossed us about. The instructors would also be tested when they realize how dyslexic I am. Their patience would also be tested.

We would learn to rescue a man over board using a Lifesling, read the weather charts and deploy a galerider (which helps slow the boat down as it goes racing down the waves) and the life raft. We would get the skinny on checking our rigging, checking our engine, checking electrical power systems and the watermaker. There would be lessons in celestial navigation, radar operation, and knots. But the biggie and the true test was to be the storm tactics. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 7)



MARCH BIRTHDAYS

Join us at our Thursday Night Social at Lauderdale Grill at 6:30 pm on the March 27th to celebrate our MARCH Birthdays. Pam Angel & Stan Dekiel 3/1, Monica Salis 3/2, Andrea Malow 3/4, Margaret Stefanides 3/5, Jerome Wasserman 3/7, Renee Wylie 3/9, Ben Nahabedian 3/9, Jim Price 3/9, Sheila O'Neil 3/10, Vincent Giudice 3/12, Jeanie Burke 3/13, Christine Kling 3/15, Gina Heimbach 3/24, Marialda Cabral 3/24, James Siefkas 3/24, John-Henry Falk 3/26, Tom Crawford 3/29.

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SAILING SINGLES OF SOUTH FLORIDA

Our overall Winner and SSSF 2014 Lover of the Year:

Janet Pogozelski with 25 points! Great job Janet!

The Winners for the Individual Games are:

Karen Foster for gathering the most matches in the Nuts and Bolts game - 8 points



Holly Griffin for the Ball toss game (What an arm!)- 15 points

Janet Pogozelski for the Wine Label game and singing the Cupid song 25 points

Jane Haughian for the best limerick - 20 points (See Front Page)



Spinnaker Sponsors

There are now four levels of donation: Platinum: \$100.00, Gold: \$50.00, Silver: \$35.00, Bronze: \$20.00. If you see your donation is up for renewal, please rejoin (and upgrade if you can).

    Platinum – \$100.00     	
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Rudy and Arlene Sprenger – July 2013	Mollie Meyers – September 2013
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To become a Spinnaker Sponsor, donate \$20.00, \$35.00, \$50.00 or \$100.00 to the club which allows the club to provide more activities for its members. **WE NEED MORE SPONSORS.** As you can see, a lot of memberships have expired. Please join or rejoin!

SAILING SINGLES OF SOUTH FLORIDA

MARK YOU CALENDAR!

CAROL RAPPAPORT'S MARDI GRAS MASQUERADE BALL!!!!

Saturday March 8th 7pm.

[113 SW 85th Terrace Coral Springs 33071](#)

Please RSVP TO Denise Lush so Carol can ensure enough seating and adequate supplies.

SocialDirectorsssf@sailingsingles.org

As we've always done in the past, this is a BYOB (bring your own beverages) and a dish to share. The dish you bring will be assigned alphabetically by last name.

A-E.....Appetizers

F-K.....Desserts

L-O.....Side

P-Z.....Main Dishes

Traditionally, masks and beads are worn for Mardi Gras but they are **not required!!!!** Let's just have some fun!!!

Please contact Denise Lush if you are available for set up 6:30 pm or clean up after the party for 30 minutes.

Be Styling!

Check Out Our Line Of SSSF Products!
We Have An On-Line Store For Our Product Line, Where You Can Purchase Various Items With Our SSSF Logo. Please Visit: [Http://www.Cafepress.Com/Sailingsingles](http://www.Cafepress.Com/Sailingsingles)

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Schedule of Events March

March 1st & 2nd Circle Raft Up in Boca Lake Captains get your crews together Raft Up Starts at 11:00 am Ceremony at 5:00 Break up at 11:00 am Sunday

March 2nd Riverwalk Sunday Jazz Brunch 11:00 am – 2:00 pm Downtown Fort Lauderdale on the Riverwalk. Bring a dish to share!

March 6 General Meeting Universal Palms Hotel. 7:30 pm
Your tool for being in the know.

Your board is here to serve YOU!!! Have your voice heard.

March 8th Masquerade Ball hosted by Carol Rappaport starting at 7:00 PM

March 13 Weekly social. Lauderdale Grille 6:30 pm 1901 Cordova Rd, FLL

March 15 St Paddy's Day Raft Up
Make Sure You Let Captains Know if You are interested in Having the Luck of the Irish and joining us!

March 20 Weekly social. Lauderdale Grille 6:30 pm. Enjoy Their Bloody Marys! Best in Town

March 27 Weekly social. Lauderdale Grille. 6:30 pm Come out and celebrate March birthdays.

Schedule of Events April

Several Captains are planning a trip to the Keys! Watch for information and join in on the fun. Do the whole trip or just part of the adventure!

SAILING SINGLES OF SOUTH FLORIDA

Your Board of Directors wants to ensure all have a fun, safe and adventurous year. We are volunteering our time to serve you, as members of SSSF. We invite you to contact us with suggestions. Don't hesitate to submit articles or stories of your sailing adventures to our news letter, contact Denise Lush if you'd like to host an event or party. Captains, contact our Sailing Director Dave Martin or Boat Owner's Rep James Bradford to plan sails or trips. If you have guests you think would benefit from joining SSSF make sure you introduce them to Ben Nahabedian, our Membership Director.

Please if you, or someone you know, are experiencing trouble receiving emails please don't hesitate to contact Dave Caulkett our Internet & Social Media Producer. Have a great March!



YOUR 2014 BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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SAILING SINGLES OF SOUTH FLORIDA

At home our family and friends could check up on our progress by going to a website. They were supposed to give updates of our trip. Some of my friends said they live vicariously through me. Others thought I was crazy. If I wanted to impress all I would have to say is I'm sailing from Auckland, New Zealand to Tahiti then going to Bora Bora! Doesn't it sound so romantic! That's something most people would love to do. Then the truth is told and they know I was nuts.

Going without my coffee for 30 days wasn't so tough after all! This 2,799 mile sailing adventure from Auckland, NZ to Tahiti was a test of dealing with weird personalities. One in particular; The Captain. What a psychological adventure and learning experience!

Now, I'm not a professional and don't want to get sued for practicing medicine without a license, but my diagnoses of our Captain: Anal Retentive, Obsessive/Compulsive, Controlling and Neurotic with Borderline Personality Disorder. These were just a few of our crew's consensus.

It certainly would have been wise for us to ask a lot more questions before we made our payment of \$6,000 each for our 30 day sentence. There were 6 crew members for those of you doing the math that's \$36,000 for 30 Days. There was a "lack of disclosure" on the Captain's part, as well as a little "false advertising."

Captain Bob and Captina, sold this trip as a "Storm Sailing Expedition." We all wanted to learn how to handle heavy weather, trim the sails, and learn about weather and safety issues. For some of us we looked at this as the experience we would need to circumnavigate around the world. It's not the type of sailing you usually would seek out. In most circumstances you wait for the weather and sail when you know the seas will be in your favor. But we were heading out in a storm season to seek out experience while we had Captain Bob and Captina with their mega experience.

Captina was the strong sailor. She tried to keep the Captain mellow and less obsessive. She was a great cook and the one we could all trust and count on. She grew up on a boat. Her Kiwi parents had her sailing across oceans as a kid. She has been on racing sailboats, done rigging, and sail making; she was the "Renaissance Woman." I loved her and thought how horrible it must be for her to put up with this "froufrou" man with all his neurosis. No sweetheart like her should be stuck with such a weirdo.

Captain Bizarro's Neurosis

WATER ISSUES

Again, remember, we had been limited to 40 pounds of luggage. Nothing with wheels; it could only be a backpack and duffle bag. Included in that 40 pounds were our Heavy Weather Gear, a safety harness and tether, a sleeping bag, one sheet, one pillowcase, and a pair of "never-before worn shoes". That didn't leave a lot of weight for other clothes. We had been told we would be weighed in prior to boarding. That didn't happen. It was just a threat.

Of course we didn't find out until our briefing aboard the sailboat that we weren't allowed to do laundry on the boat. We were only allowed to do it ashore. However, at the first stop, after 16 days at sea, we were discouraged from trying to do laundry. The Captain said he had complaints about his crew from some islanders on a previous trip. He said the islands didn't have much fresh water and we needed to be sensitive to the Islander's water needs.

Well, sleeping on the same sheet in the tropics, especially when you've been sea sick and sweaty, is a little too much for me. We ignored the captain's concerns and took our laundry to a little hotel with a fresh water swimming pool and they were glad to do our laundry. They didn't seem to have any concern over a lack of water.

I haven't even mentioned our unmentionables. Undergarments. No, we weren't even allowed to wash our panties. Okay, I disobeyed the rules. In the wee morning hours, while the motor was running I would wash out the crotch of my panties. I'm so evil. I had to be super careful because the Captain would hear the water pump come on if I used more than a cup or two. One to two tablespoons of water to wet the crotch, soap it up, then about a cup to rinse. I would then sneak them into my cabin where I had to hide them to dry. I dreaded getting caught. Who knows what would have happened. I feared I would end up pantiless by at least one pair if caught.

Laundry was just one of the issues. Although the literature had proudly talked about three showers on board Captain Bizarro had disconnected the one in the main cabin and the one in his cabin. The only functioning shower was out on the swim deck.

He proudly announced that "We generally have showers at least everyday or two, weather and water supply permitting." His idea of a shower was that we would have to sit out on the back deck in our bathing suit.

He would dunk his 5 gallon bucket on a rope into the ocean water then pour it over our heads. We then were to shampoo and soap up. When we were ready he'd get another bucket of cold sea water and pour it over our head. Then we could rinse off with fresh water from the shower nozzle on the back swim deck. That shower was extremely limited.

I refused the first shower opportunity. It was going into winter months in Auckland and the water was very cold. The thought of trying to clean my crotch while wearing a bathing suit, sitting on the deck, was perplexing to me. This captain thought it was possible. Well, he should be cursed with a period!!! That type of cleanliness would certainly curtail any romantic adventures on the seas. Nothing could be worse than smelling like an old dead fish.

Even the luxury of that kind of shower didn't continue through our trip. The next opportunity the captain just expected us to jump off the boat and then get back up on the swim deck, soap up, jump back in and crawl back up on the swim deck. Then we were handed a liter bottle of fresh water. It's still really cold; the sun isn't out, I don't want to do it. I'm pissed.

I'm a wuss about the cold. Give me any other kind of challenge and I'm in. I'd rather sleep in a pup tent with lions circling around outside than deal with cold! I get cold very easily and stay cold until I get into a hot tub of water. I can get cold in Mexico in June. My body just can't handle the cold. I get nasty.

Okay, so at this point I'm washing my crotch in the head during the wee morning hours. I also would wash my hair in the sink. Imagine paying \$200 per day and sneaking dribbles of water for basic body hygiene. The boat is heeled over and crashing through the waves. I'm not going for the dreadlock look! I pour one cup of water over my head trying hard not to bash my teeth in on the edge of the sink. Shampoo the hair and rinse with my liter bottle of water that I was suppose to drink that day. Then there's the matter of cleaning up all the evidence and sneaking from the head to my cabin without anyone seeing the soaking wet hair.

Maybe I'm the crazy one. I wonder what grief, confrontation and demands would have resulted if busted. I shared my clandestine activities with Caroline, the only other female crew member. She followed suit. She wasn't as sneaky but the Captain didn't catch her. CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)

SAILING SINGLES OF SOUTH FLORIDA

You may be thinking our captain was just being cautious about our water supply, but we had a brand new watermaker on board that made plenty of water.

Our personal water intake was being monitored by our captain also. On the first day he presented us with a chart and a liter bottle for each of us with our names on it. We were supposed to mark our chart daily. The men were supposed to drink three liters a day. The women would have to do two. Well, I don't drink 4 ounces a day normally. This isn't ice water either. It's terrible, warm water that has sat in the tanks for days. I tried at first because the Captain told us we would be more sea sick if we didn't. I quickly learned how much you pee when you try to drink that much and since peeing was difficult I slowed down the consumption quickly. I still got sea sick. I never marked his stupid chart. I felt like we were being treated like kindergarteners.

By the way, water is the only liquid we were given for the first 5 days. We had been told that there would be no coffee but I expected more than water. Jim asked if there was any tea on board. So after the 5th day we started having tea too. When I inquired about Gatorade, or anything else, the captain said there was Gatorade on board, but that I would have to be severely sick and dehydrated before I would be allowed to have any. We weren't allowed to bring any food or drinks on board ourselves, either. The Captain was afraid we could bring bugs on board. Or that if we had food in our cabins that it would attract bugs.

HEALTH ISSUES

One time, while Jim and I were swimming back to the boat after snorkeling, just as we are getting to the boat Jim starts rolling upside down in the water and looking up towards the sky and is frantically pointing. Confused, I snorkel onto the boat, only to learn that I just came up through shit. Human excrement! 40 acres of it floating around the boat. While the crew was out snorkeling Captina had emptied the holding tank!

I climb on board and quickly grab the shampoo and soap up from head to toe. I grab the shower nozzle and while I spray off and Jim is soaping up the captain yells from off in the distance.

"NO, NOOOOOOOOOO! Don't use the fresh water."

I'm laughing at this point knowing how Jim is not the type to take this lightly. I yell back, "You don't understand! We just swam through shit."

The captain, in a panic, is rapidly swimming back to the boat. Jim points out the shit all

around the boat and the captain brushes some aside through the water with a limp wrist and says, "A little poo won't hurt you."

All the other crew members are looking at the "poo" in the water in amazement, cringing at the thought of what we just swam through. Jim is still on the back swim deck with soap bubbles all over him. The Captain is telling him he will have to rinse off in the sea, and then use a liter of fresh water for the final rinse. After a couple of minutes the foul water has moved off and Jim jumps back in. In a real concerned tone the captain chides Jim, "Jim, don't ever do that again." From that point on our only remaining shower nozzle is removed. It's NOW in the Captain's CONTROL. This just happened off the Island of Rurutu, which is now affectionately known to our crew as Rupoopoo. We've got 14 more days to go. We can't wait for our escape from the Captain's world.

OTHER NEUROSIS;

SALT AND SAND – NOT GOOD FOR A CAPTAIN

"A little poo won't hurt," according to our captain, but salt or sand would!

Human excrement can cause Hepatitis A, dysentery, ecoli and other shitty infections, but that doesn't concern our captain. He, however, makes us remove clothing worn on deck before sitting or lying down below. He calls those clothes exposed to the sea air our "salties." "Salties" will destroy his boat!

The Captain believes the salt from the air gets on our clothing and if we were to wear the same clothes below we will ruin the cushions and bunks. "Salt crystals attract moisture turning items damp thus making them corrode, smell bad (unlike poo) or feel damp."

We always had to remove our foul weather gear and harnesses before going below too. Harnesses were really, really bad because they could dent or scratch the woodwork. It meant changing about 20 times a day. That's frustrating at the best of times. I don't even change that much trying on clothes during a Nordstrom's Sale. Imagine changing 20 times while the boat is heeled over and pounding through the 30 foot waves. Not fun.

Sand was another dreaded evil for our Captain. We had to purchase "never-before worn" shoes to wear on the boat. Our shore side shoes were to be removed before stepping on the boat and clapped together a couple of times to knock off the evil dirt and sand. Same goes for the inflatable dinghy. "Remove the shore shoes before stepping into the dinghy." The sand would wear away

and scratch surfaces on his boat and he couldn't have that happen.

No, the boat is not new! It's almost ten years old

SAFETY ISSUES

It's one thing to have a neurotic captain but I have this thing about "Safety First." Our captain did not. He would never allow us to lower the life lines while docking, or getting on or off the boat for fear that someone would drop the line and the clasp would nick the wood on the toe rail. We'd have to hike up over the lines which I figured put the crew at risk considering the captain would never have the boat right up against any dock. (Fear of cockroaches and other insects coming aboard.)

The bottom companion way panel (going down into the boat) was also never removed because there would be less chance of salty water AND DIRT getting below. On one occasion we had a visitor aboard and he just about killed himself falling down the companion way steps when he tripped because his foot hit that panel. But we never had any water below. We nearly ended up with the blood and brains from our guest.

Man over board drill – we went through a week of rough seas, white squalls, 30 foot waves, 50-55 knot winds, a near knock-down where the port side windows were below the water line without ever getting what I consider the most important safety briefing. We did the man overboard drill the second to last day on calm waters in a cove. We didn't actually put anyone in the water just threw out something and threw the life sling in the water after it.

By the way, that near knock down we had, Captina took the helm and never had time to get her harness or tether. Her harness was always stored below; all of the crews' harnesses and tethers were stored inconveniently under a lazerette, in the cockpit, in a bag. They were totally inaccessible, but they wouldn't hurt the wood anywhere. (During shift changes with four of us in the cockpit it was a real shuffle to get everyone geared up.)

While Captina took over the helm in the commotion of our "near-knockdown" the captain went out to the back deck without a tether or vest to remove the Preventer and whisker pole. Times like those are the most important times to have your safety harness and tether on. Afterwards we got in trouble for "Not seeing it coming." It was a white squall.

(Continued PGE 9)

SAILING SINGLES OF SOUTH FLORIDA

No one had briefed the crew on what a white squall looked like. I had yelled down to the captain TWICE saying that the winds were changing and that they had picked up to 24-26 knots with gusts to 30. We had our full sails up and the genoa out 125%. WE SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT COMING? He had the weather maps too!

Another time Caroline was in the cockpit when I mentioned she was tethered but her harness didn't have a floatation device. She said she had one at home but that with our weight restrictions she had decided to leave it there. The Captain quickly said there was a life jacket for each of us in our lockers. I went and got one for her. I was a little nervous because she had just learned to swim before this trip.

As she was putting the life vest on over her foul weather gear and harness the Captain told her that it had to be worn underneath her jacket. "It will get wet and salty and then turn black from mildew," said the captain. Gosh golly gee-whiz! This is like a jaw dropper to me. Just unbelievable. Imagine a life vest getting wet!

With our frustrations from taking things off and on constantly and struggling for balance while we were heeled over pounding through the seas, Caroline, not wanting to unbuckle her harness, take off her jacket, put on the life vest, put on the heavy weather jacket, put on her harness and buckle it back up opted to forget it. (All this while juggling the Rubbermaid bowls that we were given to throw up in.) So, totally exasperated, she just removed the life vest and I returned it down below where it stayed safe and dry in the locker. That was fine with the captain.

Sunscreen was discouraged. If you HAVE TO wear it other than on your face use a minimum as "it transfers and damages the cockpit cushions, interior varnish and upholstery." If applied to areas other than your face you were to cover up or wash it off before sitting anywhere.

We were not allowed to open our hatches or port holes most of the time. At sea, water could get sprayed in the window. At anchor, if we were close to shore, insects might come through the port holes. I don't understand why those pesky bugs never came through the companion way.

DUTY ROSTER

Every day we would be assigned duties to complete after breakfast. This boat was to be vacuumed daily. Cockpit and windshield were

to be washed. Toe rails cleaned to remove the salt. Dinghy was to be cleaned and pulled from the water each night. Head was to be cleaned twice daily. The six of us shared these duties, although it seemed like I was always the one cleaning the toe rail.

CLASS TIME and SHIFTS

Every day from 9:00 am 'til noon we had class. We would start with a weather report from the person assigned that daily task. Then we would have to sit down through a class which could become incredibly difficult to stay awake in.

We had two hour shifts where we would be at the helm for half an hour while our shift partner would watch the seas, horizon and log our course. Then we'd switch off with our partner and we'd do the watch while they took the helm. We had to show up for our shift about 15 minutes before and get into our foul weather gear, harness and tether. So if you had two shifts off you were lucky to get 3 1/2 hours sleep.

I had a 2:00 am to 4:00 am shift, would get back to bed by 4:30 am, sleep until 7:30 am so I could be ready for my 8:00 am shift. I'd be given my breakfast at the helm and try to do my chore, then sit through class. Once class was finished I'd have to eat lunch then head straight to bed until about 3:30 when I had to get ready for my 4:00 pm to 6:00 pm shift. I'd get dinner at the helm. Sometimes my shift would finish before dinner, which meant I could actually sit down for dinner. I'd be back at the helm from 8:00 pm until 10:00 pm. I'd get to crash then until 1:30 am so I could be ready, once again, to start my day. You never got enough sleep. Then because you are sharing a tiny little cabin with your partner you'd be disturbed by their alarm waking them. Jim and I shared a little bunk

that was about 30 inches wide. We would end up crawling over each other to get out of our "coffin."

Somewhere in that schedule I was suppose to study and learn my knots. I got tested on reefing one day when I was about to attempt, for the second time to do my chore. So I woke thinking I could get dressed for dinner. As soon as I walked out of my cabin the Captain inquired if I had cleaned the cockpit even though he knew I hadn't. I explained that I had made two attempts, but hadn't gotten to it because of testing and people eating breakfast in the cockpit.

"Well, you can clean it now." said the Captain in his voice that means NOW..

Looking up at the cockpit where four crew members were currently eating their dinner I said, "Now?"

"Yes, now."

Seething with anger I head up the companion way as I hear the Captain say, "Are those your salties?"

I made a 180 degree turn back toward my cabin and proceeded, like a two year old having a tantrum, to change into my "salties" slamming his cabin door just to make sure he was fully aware of my level of frustration. I cleaned the cockpit, said "No thanks to dinner and stayed in my cabin until the next shift for fear I'd squeeze that weasley little man's neck.

The teaching was a real demeaning process sometimes. It wasn't like you ever had time to study and the Captain was making it clear that on the final day we would be tested.

Sounding like fun yet! (Continued Next Month)

PLEASE, PLEASE SUBMIT YOUR STORIES FOR US TO SHARE! KAREN



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