



WATERLOG

United States Power Squadrons
Sail and Power Boating - America's Boating Clubs



SAFE! SMART! FUN!



Photograph provided by P/R/C Louis Hohenstein

In This Issue

Commander's Corner	2
Meet...Cliff Clifton	3
Meet Cliff Clifton (continued)	4
Racing to Bermuda	5
Racing to Bermuda (continued)	6
May General Meeting	7
Racing to Bermuda (concluded)	8
A Photographic Ride Down Memory Lane	9
Commander's Corner (continued)	10
Pop a Top For Ronald McDonald	10
Welcome Aboard to Our Newest Members	11
Take "The Hamilton Challenge"	12
On a Sad Note	12
Welcome Aboard (continued)	13
For Sale	13
Bulletin Board	14
Calendar	15
AFTerthoughts	16

The Waterlog

The *Waterlog* is published at least eight times each year. It is published for the Squadron members by the staff of the Squadron Secretary and is mailed to the listed address of all current members and advertisers.



*Waterlog Editor
Lt Tim Tyson, P*

All members in good standing and approved non-member advertisers may submit articles and items for publication. They receive no gratuity.

The editor reserves the right to revise, change, or reject any materials submitted to the *Waterlog*, consistent with standards of accuracy, fairness, good taste, and available space, subject to the approval of the Squadron Commander.

On the Cover

This month's cover photograph was taken by P/R/C Louis Hohenstein during his 1976 Newport to Bermuda sailing race. The story is described in this issue and we know you will enjoy it!!! Thanks, Louis. Thanks a lot.

Commander's Corner

In this month's Commander's Corner, I wanted to share with you a photo of Georgia Governor Deal presenting a proclamation declaring May 17 - 23 "Safe Boating Week". I have had publicity photos taken with Governors before but this one was really special. Let me share with you in this month's Commander's Corner why this particular photo will always have special significance in my boating experiences.



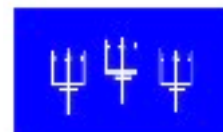
Cdr Douglas Townes, JN

First, it was an honor to represent all 235 members of the Atlanta Sail and Power Squadron. Governor Deal shook my hand and asked me to pass on to all of the members I represented, a big "THANK YOU" for the public service we provide. Secondly, it was an honor to get to stand with uniformed members of the Department of Natural Resources as well as fellow Power Squadron members Nan Ellen and David Fuller. As a 32 year member of the Coast Guard Auxiliary, my previous photos with governors have been in a blue uniform.

What really makes this photo special to me is that it comes just after the Georgia legislature passed the "Kile Glover Boat Education Law" and the "Jake and Griffin Prince BUI Law". As someone who has participated in several dozen Search and Rescues through the Coast Guard Auxiliary, you always come away with some "What if's". What if the person who failed to carry a distress signaling device had taken a safe boating course; what if the blood alcohol limits were lower so persons would not over indulge and put innocent people's lives at risk; what if the person had read one of the brochures we had in the marina store before they refueled their boat incorrectly; what if, what if, what if? I think you get the point.

As a Coast Guard Auxiliarist, I got the call in June, 2012 to go on a Search and Rescue mission known as a SAR patrol on Lake Lanier. This particular SAR patrol involved two young boys named Jake and Griffin Prince. The Prince boys were enjoying a late summer night's ride on their grandfather's pontoon boat when an intoxicated boater rammed through their pontoon boat at excessive speed. Nine year old Jake was killed instantly but his 13 year old brother Griffin was thrown from the boat on impact. During the patrol to search for Griffin, I kept playing back in my mind all of the news videos I had seen on TV that week of the search, as well as how desperately the Prince's wanted us to find Griffin, so the family could have closure. Besides the visions of the family, during the patrol I was also playing back my "what if's". "What if" Georgia had stronger BUI laws? "What if" Georgia had stronger laws for wearing life jackets? What if, What if?

This is the first time I have had the opportunity to come full circle with one of my "what if's". As a result of the tragic deaths of Jake and Griffin Prince, Georgia legislators like ASPS member State Senator Butch Miller stepped up and



(Continued on page 10)

FORThoughts

Meet...Cliff Clifton

Meet the youngest 100 year old person in the world!!!

When a **Waterlog** issue came back in the mail stamped "undeliverable at this address," your editor needed to know why. Leyman "Cliff" Clifton is a 43-year member with 26 merit marks, and if he moved, we wanted to know about it. After numerous calls we found out that he had simply moved into a different residence unit. After talking with his daughter Patsy, P/D/C Bob Leathers (an old fishing buddy of Cliff's) and I decided to pay him a visit. When Patsy met us in the lobby, we learned that this past February, Cliff celebrated his 100th birthday (pictured here in his Varsity cap at the big birthday party). He's the same age as the United States Power Squadrons!

When we walked in, there was Cliff, dressed in his Power Squadron white shirt, wearing an ear-to-ear grin, and asking, "Hey, Bob, when are we going to go fishing?" At that point we both knew that this was no ordinary individual.

Cliff was raised in Savannah by his mother (his parents separated when he was seven) and at the age of fourteen attended the Martha Berry School in Rome on a scholarship. Once the scholarship money ran out, he earned tuition by selling magazine subscriptions...in Florida. After visiting the Ringling Arts School in Sarasota, Cliff decided that he wanted to go back there, if and when he ever got the opportunity.

After selling enough subscriptions to pay for his tuition, Cliff returned to the Berry School, only to find that, as he was three days late in getting back, there were not enough beds for him. Not one to be put off by minor inconveniences, Cliff knew a few friends who were in the Civilian Conservation Core (CCC) in Georgia and joined up. With a salary of \$37/monthly, he stayed for two years, after which he hitchhiked back to Sarasota to attend the Art School. As luck would have it, the man who gave him a lift owned a dairy and gave Cliff a job and a place to live while he attended the school.



After one and a half years, Cliff landed in Atlanta via Savannah. Working for a pottery company (12 hours a day, 5 days a week, earning \$11 each week), Cliff met his future wife Winnie, who was living in the same boarding house.

Recognizing that he would never "get rich" working there, Cliff gained employment at a photography studio and he and Winnie were married. The studio moved them to Columbia, South Carolina, but he returned soon after to Atlanta to prepare to be drafted into the Army. It was World War II, but the government wasn't drafting men over the age of 30 who had children (they had one by that time).

For the next few years Cliff worked for several of Atlanta's large department stores (Rich's, Davison's, JP Allen) decorating window displays. Later he opened his own photography studio, nearly doubling his income. Later, he and a local doctor opened a children's play park (10 buildings, ponies, and a train), but as his daughters approached college age, he knew that he needed a larger income. Answering an ad for insurance salesmen ("Make \$500 a Week!") Cliff signed on. His trainer told the boss, "Forget about Cliff. He'll never make it." Au contraire. Not only did he make \$500 his first week, but he continued to lead the sales force for the next year. He opened his own insurance company and sold insurance for twenty years, retiring in 1984.

In 1970, Cliff and a few partners invested some of their hard-earned money in a 7,000 acre ranch in Venezuela. They had heard that, if you were willing to clear the land and farm it, the economic incentives could prove lucrative. But again, au contraire. There was *a bit of* corruption at different levels of government, and it was back to the insurance business. "We even hired the Georgia 'Peanut Farmer of the Year' to help out, but we ended up losing our money. I think that farm is still in use today," Cliff told us. He had told his minister "I thought that finally I'd do something that would last. Something worthwhile. I thought that if we operated a big farm we could feed people.

(Continued on page 4)



CONSOLIDATED CONTRACTING SERVICES, INC.

FOR ALL YOUR TREE CARE NEEDS
LICENSED AND INSURED

770.979.6116 (OFFICE/FAX)

770.617.7565 (CELL)

CCSINCTJ@COMCAST.NET

Ask for "The Cabin Boy Discount"



T.J. CONVERY

Squadron News

(Meet Cliff Clifton, continued)

That's why they wanted us down there. In my heart that was the thing that I was going to do that was worthwhile."

At this point in the interview I asked Cliff about the Power Squadron, and that's when the stories began to flow. Bob Bruhns, Bob Leathers, Odell Dubree, Dick Boger, Joe Sewell, the list went on.

There was a group of them who would go fishing in Florida together. "Oh, we rarely caught anything, but that wasn't the point. It was the camaraderie, the friendship. I remember going into a restaurant for dinner. It might have been, oh I don't remember who, but someone asked the waitress for a shrimp cocktail. Well, she was brand new, you see, and she pointed to the next room and said, 'sir, if you want a cocktail you have to go into the bar area.' We all got a chuckle out of that."



Cliff met us wearing a large smile and his Power Squadron whites.

Bob Leathers added that Dick Boger planned everything right down to the smallest detail. "He had a boat, 22 foot Aquasport or something like that. If he had a piece of safety equipment and knew it to be a good thing to have on board, he bought two. The one thing you didn't want to be asked to do was go below to fetch something. If the boat was rocking you'd get seasick before you could find it. He had a 2-door Caprice Classic that he bought just to tow the boat. By the end of the trip we knew how much gas the car AND the boat had used, the hotel costs, everything. Right down to the penny."

Cliff taught our Celestial Navigation course. This led to the story of the trip back from the Bahamas with Odell Dubree, Bill Gruber and Bob Bruhns. On the leg from Jacksonville and Savannah, "here we were, three Full Navigators and an AP. This storm came up and nobody could see where we were going. Odell said, 'we have a lot of smart people on board. Does anyone know where we are?' We had a little conference and decided that we hadn't passed Hilton Head. Celestial navigation didn't help because we couldn't see the sky. Anyway, we had gone too far, so we turned around and made it back through Thunderbolt."

Our day with Cliff included plenty of great stories. How he and Bob Bruhns went to Birmingham and bought "a slew" of halon fire extinguishers. "They bought them for practically nothing," said Bob Leathers, "then sold them to the membership and made \$700 for the Squadron." Cliff added, "I took one to the Heiskell School. I took a piece of plywood and soaked

it with lighter fluid and set it on fire. Man those flames must have been six feet high, but that extinguisher put it right out. I used to start all my classes by saying, 'Safety is keeping you people from drowning, losing life, limb, or property,' and I meant it all."

The stories went on, like the time they cancelled their trip to Paris at the last minute. That was the Orly plane crash that took the lives of 106 members of Atlanta's arts community.

And Cliff, a three-time winner of the Women's Auxiliary Chili Cookoff, was told that he would no longer be allowed to win. "We had to let other people have a chance," he smiled. Ah, the Women's Auxiliary. This article could go on and on with "Cliff stories", but one very important - and truly beautiful - chapter is about his wife. Winnie, who turns 97 on July 2nd, and Cliff have been married 72 years. "Winnie and Cliff were always the spark of every meeting," recalls P/D/C Leathers. "And Mother loved the parties, the planning. That was her cup of tea," said daughter Patsy.

Winnie was very active in the Women's Auxiliary, a group of women whose husbands were members when the USPS was a "Men Only" organization. When Cliff joined the Squadron, "the Women's Auxiliary had gone to practically nothing, but Nelle Moon, Nancy Leathers, Ruth Bruhns, Winnie, and others got it going again. They raised the party level," Cliff told us. "She has always been extremely proud of her work with the Auxiliary." Winnie even has a statue in the living room presented to her when she beat all the men in horse-shoes.

Winnie now suffers from Alzheimer's. Refusing to let go of her, Cliff recently moved into a two-bedroom unit (which is why his **Waterlog** was returned) where she has round-the-clock care. "Daddy lives to take care of her every need. He sits by her bed every day. He critiques her sitters and keeps them on their toes," Patsy told me.

Aside from family, "The best part of my life was the Power Squadron. If you love boating and you love people, man the Power Squadron is the way to go." And what was the most important day of his life? "Easy, the day I was born."



A fishing buddy, a daughter, and a lifetime full of wonderful memories. What more could a man ask for?

Squadron News

Racing to Bermuda

By P/R/C Louis Hohenstein

Except for the starting fog, the 1976 Ocean race from Newport, Rhode Island, to Bermuda was more like a pleasure cruise than a galewinds bash to Bermuda. And after we left the dock at Newport, headed for the starting line off Brenton Reef Light Tower, it was like working an Advance Piloting problem on a 1210 chart.

I was sitting in the stern of a C&C 61-footer, *Ranger*, to Starboard of the helmsman with the Newport Harbor chart, plotter, pencils and a carefully pocketed pair of dividers. The skipper was seated to port and manned the intercom to the bow lookout and foredeck leader for fast headsail operations when we shifted to sail.

I visually piloted off the Rhode Island shoreline to port when it suddenly dropped away in a thick fog patch. And the Brenton Reef Tower horn, once we identified it among the other horns in the fog around us, and depth soundings and DR, got us out to the tower.

The tower sprang out of the fog like a giant spider standing on the water as we first saw only the leg-like support girders. The tower top floated in and out of visibility with the passing fog patches. The sprinkled mass of the spectator fleet around the tower kept the lookout in the bow pulpit, forward of the genoa, busy as we tip-toed *Ranger* through the gaps and near-gaps left by the fleet of meandering yachts.

WHAM-MO! The concussion of the Coast Guard's five-inch gun simultaneously rattles your bones and cleans your ears. That gun was the start of Class B, and the preparatory signal for the start of our A-Class racing boats.

We moved out of the spectator fleet into the starting area, reaching down the starting line toward the Coast Guard cutter *Alert*, anchored 1000 yards due west at the other end, to time our start.

As we neared the end of the time allotted to sail the half mile to the other end of the line, the foggy outline of an anchored, gray shape sharpened into focus as we got closer. It became the cutter's steel bow, with its

five-inch gun forward, looking most business-like compared to our white sailboat.

As we got closer to the cutter, we tacked- four big guys cranked the two coffee-grinder winches, cross-connected by gears to the starboard ant-hill winch drum. As they cranked, the genoa jib stretched tight on our port side and the jib sheet groaned with the last crank that put it under final tension. With all that power they could have wound up the bow like a sardine can if that was where the genoa sheet was connected.

On our way to the start I was startled to see the other 60, 70, and 80-footers under sail pop out of the thick fog and sizzle through the water close aboard, along with us, to the bunched-up start now forming at the Brenton Tower end of the line. We counted the seconds to the start. Five-four-three-two-one. WHAM-MO!

We were racing. Hard on the wind. Course, 141 degrees True; speed, six knots; wind, southwest at 12 knots; finish line, St. David's Head Light, Bermuda, 635 miles distant; Departure, Brenton Tower close aboard; time, 1415 EDT, 18 June.

As the fog patches lifted, we'd see boats sailing along with us. The fog closed in again and we sailed along alone surrounded by water and white fog, completely on instruments.

According to the race rules, the controls on the Loran were taped in the "off" position so they couldn't be operated. I couldn't care less. I've watched my share of the green wiggly snakes on the scope in the middle of the night, trying to pull a ground wave out of the sky

wave, and all the while the blips of the other Loran stations march across the scope like miniature green soldiers.

We are allowed to use celestial positioning, depth soundings RDF and OMNI, but off

soundings there's no bottom,; the RDF is less than precise; and OMNI is good only within about 20 miles of the transmitter. In essence, when off the continental shelf of the U.S. coast, and until within 40 miles of Bermuda, you're on celestial. That's fine by me.

There would be no celestial sights Friday night or Saturday morning, due to the lingering offshore fog. I methodically plotted our DR based on the deck log maintained by the helmsman, double checking it with



(Continued on page 6)

Squadron News

(Racing to Bermuda, continued)

occasional depth soundings.

On Saturday, 19 June, I obtained our estimated position with the radio direction finder on Nantucket Lightship, 20 miles away. Later I was able to obtain sun and moon lines readily.

We headed for our planned entry point to the meandering Gulf Stream to pick up a favorable push. I used an overlay of the Gulf Stream's predicted position supplied by Wood's Hole Oceanographic Institute to plot it on my chart. We headed straight for the point of



expected maximum push. In the vicinity of the Stream, we were battered around a bit by thunderstorms imbedded in a line of squalls. But after exiting the Stream, the weather cleared to

cruise-ship conditions in tropical waters. With no tacking or sail changes required, the six-man watches came on deck and, except for the duty helmsman, draped around our racing machine sunbathing.

We needed more wind to give the big boat the tremendous power she was built to use. But we took the weather that was there. It was moderate...and beautiful.

Our 61-footer even had a zoo aboard - well, not a real zoo - but that was the name given to the three-berth compartment aft of the galley on the starboard side. Partitioned off from the rest of the boat, this sleeping compartment was about 10 feet long and six feet wide, and the three berths were used by six watchstanders, with six sets of gear. The zoo soon became knee-deep in personal gear. It was all taken in good humor by the six crew members for whom it was home for four days.

We were now about 200 miles from Bermuda. The wind was not flat, but it was down to 5-7 knots. Ultimately canceled due to lack of wind, the Tall Ships Race began in Bermuda headed back to Newport, the reverse of our course.

As we sailed toward Bermuda in the late afternoon, a small object rose over our southeastern horizon, becoming gradually larger, and finally turning into a small square white sail. The sail rose higher, and beneath it, another larger square sail, then another, and yet another rose as if each were pushing up the one above it. And below them was the unmistakable dark lump of a hull. A fully-rigged square-sailed ship was heading directly toward us, and we toward them.

As we both sailed steadily toward each other, the late afternoon became twilight and the twilight became dusk. Her red and green running lights glared at us dead ahead several miles away. Imperceptibly at first, she turned slowly to their right and clearly intended to sail down the left side of our sloop.

In the dusk we signaled a salute with our flashing light to the now-identified *Kruzenshtern*, the 375-foot Russian sail-training ship. Using her perimeter of decorative deck lights pointing upward, she returned our salute by switching them on, brightly illuminating her fully set sails like a large night-blooming flower of white. The light helped illuminate her distinctive black and white hull with simulated gunports like the sailing whalers used to frighten hostile natives.

The passing ship, slipping by silently in the night, and the simulated gunports, made it easy to fantasize back two centuries to June, 1776 and project the feelings of a Continental sailor. Was this the HMS *Rose*, the English marauder of the colonies? Were we not aboard the sloop-of-war *Ranger* of the small Continental navy? Were the gunports opening, and sinister black cannon muzzles rolling out, pointing at us across 100 yards of water? Were we about to be shot to hell with grapeshot and black powder?

As we clearly passed each other her deck lights were extinguished - more like dimming out by rheostat than by switching off - and the fantasy separated by two centuries, the vessels of two nations, and the extremes of warfare and ocean racing under sail, that fantasy dimmed out with the lights and was extinguished as well.

The calm swirling wake of the *Kruzenshtern* was now visible in the starlight as she sailed away toward Newport; she with her racing fleet, and we toward Bermuda with ours. Her one bright stern light became smaller and smaller and disappeared into the night.

The next evening a new light appeared in front of us from the southeast at sunset and winked brightly twice.

Previously I had made an altitude observation of the sun over our starboard quarter, just before it set, to get a distance off Bermuda. The line-of-position fell just outside of the visibility circle for our length-of-eye Gibbs Hill Light, along with a six-second flasher, up to the lay line of the port tack to Northeast Breaker Buoy. Once



(Concluded on page 8)

Squadron News



May General Meeting Was Full Of Fun!!!

Our May General Membership Meeting was held at the 57th Fighter Group restaurant at Dekalb Peachtree Airport (which begs the question, if it is the Dekalb Peachtree Airport why do they refer to it as PDK? But I digress). Our featured speaker was unable to attend due to a family emergency, and we would like to send heartfelt condolences to Julie Horne of the Carefree Boat Club on the loss of her mother.

But her absence opened up a door for both James Dennison and yours truly, Tim Tyson, to discuss projects close to their hearts. James discussed the upcoming Chesapeake cruise which he has been so conscientiously planning. Plans are still fluid, but so far the date of the cruise will be September 14-21.

The other subject discussed was our Squadron's upcoming plan to spend a day on the water with the kids from the Calvary Children's Home in Powder Springs. This offered our newer members an opportunity to hear what Calvary is all about. Cdr Douglas Townes is checking the temperature of our members to find out a date that is most conducive for this event. Any and all interested members are asked to contact either Cdr Townes or me, Tim Tyson. This promises to be a fun and rewarding day for all who attend. So far the Saturday following Labor Day looks the most promising (September 6th).

Lt/C Eric Ringwall, our Squadron Education officer, posed for a photo with the "Class of Spring, 2014", and presented Marine Electronics certificates (sharp-eyed readers will note that, in lieu of certificates, **Waterlogs** were used) to Lt/C's Beth Guler and John Holland.

P/D/C Bob Leathers won the "kitty" of money from drawing sales and donated it - plus something extra - to the Calvary project. Bless you, my friend.

All in all, it was another terrific meeting.



SUBARU of Kennesaw

905 Ernest Barrett Pkwy NW, Kennesaw, GA 30144 • 770-419-9800



troncalli

CHRYSLER



Jeep

Think. Feel. Drive.

SUBARU

818 Atlanta Highway, Cumming, GA • 678-244-4100 • www.troncalli.com

"Where Customers Send Their Friends"®

Squadron News

(Racing to Bermuda, concluded)

around the northeast end of the island we would finish offshore of St. David's Head Light on the south side of the island.

Using the intercom from the steering station to the navigating station below, I got periodic bearings off both lights from a shipmate topside, plotted them, found the ETA to the lay line, overstood slightly on purpose (due to a shifting wind and a known current), then tacked on schedule and raised Northeast Breaker Buoy. After that it was eyeball piloting.

We were now close to the end of the race. As instructed, we made a preliminary finishing report on Channel 6 VHF:

- ⊗ "Bermuda Finish Line Committee, this is *Ranger*, sail number 7000, at Northeast Breaker Buoy."
- ⊗ "*Ranger*, this is Finish Line Committee, Roger."
- ⊗ "This is *Ranger*. Whiskey Hotel Zulu 3948, clear."

Whiskey, hotel, and a hot shower was more like it, and I had hoped that we would soon be doing just that. It was a long race. Four and a half days instead of three, and it was cutting into our party time.

And now to Channel 9 to report our finish.

- ⊗ "Bermuda Finish Line Committee, this is *Ranger*, finish time : one hour, three minutes, 35 seconds."
- ⊗ "*Ranger*, this is Bermuda Finish Line Committee. Roger, and welcome to Bermuda."

Circling around the eastern end of the finish line marker, between the marker and the anchored British warship *Eskimo*, we headed for St. George's Harbor to moor until dawn for the trip through the shoals to Hamilton Harbor.

Powering into the cut through the 50-foot rocky cliffs with no cut. It's guaranteed to keep the navigator awake, anxiously glaring at the depth sounder, and pointing his flashlight down into the water with a hard stare following the beam of light.

But the world is round, and the charts are right, and the cut was there. We throttled back and nosed into the dock at the St. George's Dinghy and Sports Club, observing *Rattler* and several other competitors we had hoped were still at sea.

We moored at a vacant buoy and I decided to sleep on deck. The missing boat motion, the quiet harbor, the bright stars overhead, the vividly remembered experiences, and the cordial welcome to Bermuda by the

Finish Line Committee, and now, on-rushing sleep, ended the race.

And tomorrow, Whiskey, Hotel, and a hot shower...and dancing too - maybe the foxtrot and a tango or two - we're here, race committee.

Ranger is off and clear.



Waterlog would like to thank P/R/C Hohenstein not only for this article but for the photographs he sent (including the picture that appears on this month's cover). We might not always print the articles right away, but they are always appreciated.

Please feel free to send in your articles - or suggestions for articles - on topics you feel will be of interest.

If they seem entertaining and educational to you, they will to others as well.



HARWOOD
WEALTH PARTNERS

- ◆ Retirement Planning
- ◆ Wealth Management
- ◆ 401k Rollovers
- ◆ Life Insurance
- ◆ Disability Insurance
- ◆ Holistic Financial Planning

Jeff Harwood

Office: 404-565-1505

Cell: 678-794-5200

"We Partner With You, To Create and Preserve Wealth"

Representative of and securities offered through OneAmerica Securities, Inc., Member FINRA, SIPC, a Registered Investment Advisor. Insurance Representative of American United Life Insurance Company (AUL) and other life insurance companies. Harwood Wealth Partners is not an affiliate of OneAmerica Securities and is not a broker-dealer or Registered Investment Advisor.

Squadron News



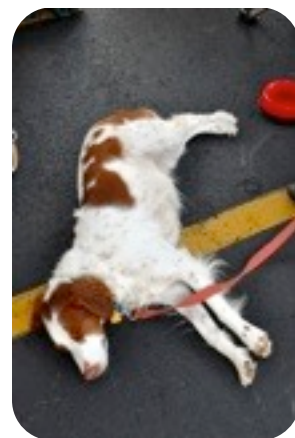
A Photographic Ride Down (Some Of) The Past Month's Memory Lane

Our Squadron was back to their old tricks...serving the public and having fun at the same time! First up, National Marina Day:

Executive Officer Lt/C Woody Williams secured some prime real estate at Bald Ridge Marina and, along with his wife Jade, Bonnie Fried, Cdr Douglas Townes and his bride Elaine, passed out copies of Georgia's Boating Regulations, ASPS pamphlets, and (of course) copies of the **Waterlog**.

Tom Gastio and his crew, T.J. Convery and Jack Oliaro, performed twelve Vessel Safety Examinations (as this was Jack's first venture into VSE-land, he qualified! Way to go, J. O.!!!).

The photos above show: Bonnie leaving the tent to greet a boater; Woody preparing to examine a complicated watercraft...NOT; Jade handing out Georgia Boating Regulations, and Cointreau, tucked out after a long day of supervising.



Our May raft-up was a huge success. with thirteen boats and 28 people in attendance. Xix boats had so much fun they decided to spend the night.

Mucho gracias to the Troncallis Patti Price, and Scotty Randall for the raft-up info and photos, and to the Townes's, Williams's, Bonnie Fried, Jack Oliaro, T.J. Convery and Tom Gastio for their hard work at Bald Ridge Marina for National Marina Day.




Gordon Biersch
BREWERY • RESTAURANT

PRIVATE DINING ROOM ♦ OUTDOOR DINING ♦ SATURDAY AND SUNDAY BRUNCHES ♦ HAND CRAFTED BEER ♦ DAILY DRINK SPECIALS ♦ SERVING PREMIUM

LIQUOR ♦ TEN LUNCHES UNDER \$10 (INCLUDING BEVERAGE) ♦ PASSPORT REWARDS PROGRAM ♦ STEIN CLUB MEMBERSHIPS

Member's Quarters

(Commander's Corner, continued)

wrote legislation for strengthening Georgia's existing boating laws. Here is how my "what ifs" came full circle: I got to be a part of the Coast Guard Auxiliary patrol that searched for Griffin Prince, I got the opportunity to be the commander of Atlanta Sail and Power Squadron when Butch Miller and his family joined

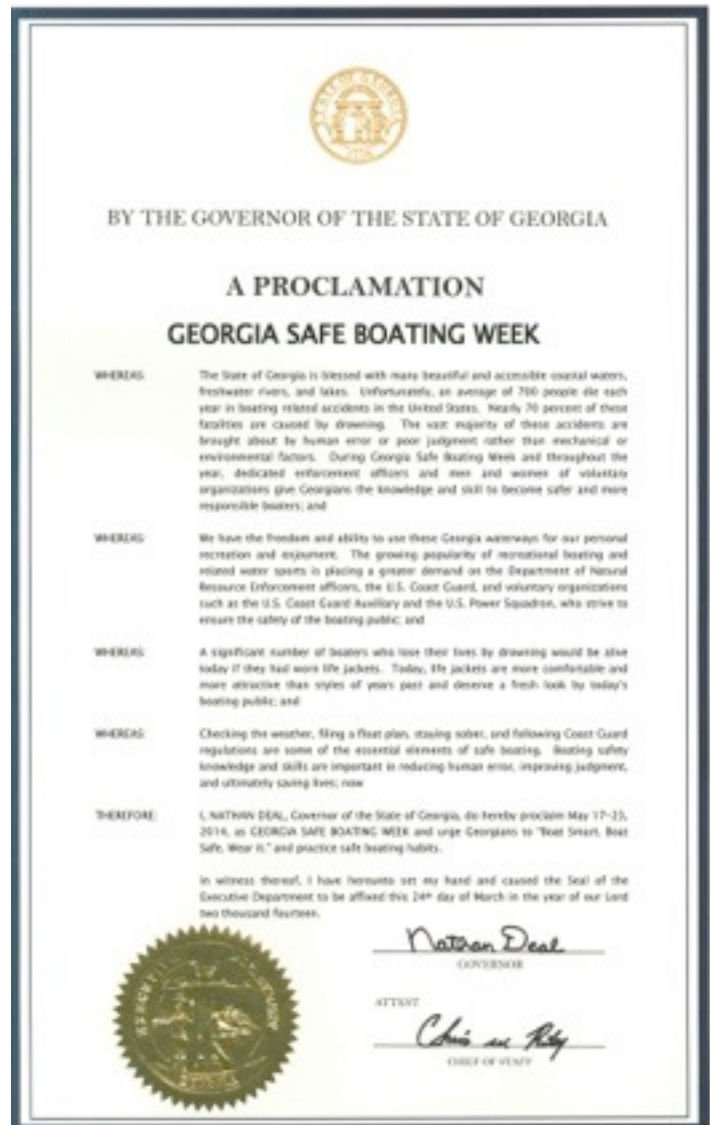


ASPS because of the reputation of the ASPSP for being a "safe" boating organization and finally I got to shake hands with Governor Deal and thank him personally on behalf of the Atlanta Sail and Power Squadron for signing into law the Jake and Griffin Prince BUI Law.

While I know the Prince family will never be able to replace the memory of their sons, I can say that the tragic loss of the Prince brothers **DID** result in legislation being passed to make Georgia a safer place for all of us to boat.

Let's Nail It In 2014!!!!

- Douglas -



CAREFREE BOAT CLUB Now Located at Aquamarina Lazy Days

- ✓ Unlimited Boat Usage
- ✓ Top of the Line Fleet of a Variety of Boats
- ✓ On-the-Water Training & Instruction
- ✓ Boating at Lake Lanier and ALL Carefree Boat Club Locations!

We Provide the Boats... You Provide the Fun!
www.carefreeboats.com/lake-lanier
 (888) 439-8757

✓ **And NONE of the HASSLES!**
 The Club takes care of Maintenance, Cleaning, Storage & Insurance.

Pop a Top For Ronald McDonald



A couple of months ago we announced that it would be kind of neat to have a "group collection" of pop tops from aluminum cans. You see, the Ronald McDonald houses take these tops and recycles them. At the June General Meeting Maureen Oliaro brought three baggies of these aluminum gems, about a year's worth!!!

You will be seeing this vase at future meetings and raft-ups, just to remind you...ASPS Cares!!!

Thanks a bunch. And XXOOXXOOXOXO, Maureen.

Welcome Aboard

'Welcome Aboard' To Our Newest Atlanta Sail and Power Squadron Members!

JEFF AND TAMMRA BAKER and their children Tyler (16), Ryan (15), Devyn (12), and Alexis (10) are excited to join the ASPs. They have lived in Georgia and boated on Lake Lanier since 2011, after relocating to the area from Detroit. The Baker family is very active in the Children of the American Revolution, with Tyler being President of the largest C.A.R. society in Georgia, and Tammra is Senior President. Tammra is also Librarian for her Daughters of the American Revolution chapter, and she chairs the Webb Bridge MS (Alpharetta) School Governance Council. Ryan and Alexis are competitive cheerleaders, the Stingray Allstars. Devyn enjoys soccer and tennis. Jeff is a Technology Partner at PriceWaterhouseCoopers, and enjoys spending his down time boating with the family. Jeff and Tammra have been boating for close to 20 years, and are on their third boat, a Cobalt 302 BowRider. They keep their boat at Port Royal on Lake Lanier.

EDITH COLLINS is reinstating her ASPs membership after previously being such an incredible asset to our squadron. She resides in Buford with her husband Jim. Since 1985, she has been the helmsman of sailboat Santana 20 #130 "Swampfox". Her team placed 1st overall in their fleet for the AISC Wednesday night series in 2000 and 2001 as well as 1st in their class several times. Her team also has been in the top 3 at the Santana 20 Regional Championships for the past 6 years. She received the Dinghy Skipper of the Year and Lifetime Achievement awards from the Barefoot Sailing Club. She currently owns a 17 1/2 Seaway Sportsman (center console). Edith gained certification as a Senior Race Officer from U.S. Sailing in 1994. In 1996, she served on the race committee for the Centennial Olympic Games in Savannah, GA, as a finishing line sighter. She has served as Principle Races Officer in several large events including the Barefoot Open, the Southeastern Lightning District Championship, the Dogwood Regatta, and Reggae Regatta, Special Olympics Regatta and the Lanier Cup and the Catalina 22 National Championships. She is currently assisting with the instruction of the US Sailing Club Race Officer certification class. She gained her US Sailing Judge's certification in 2000. She has served as Chief Judge at the Santana 20 National Championships on the west coast, the Equalizer Regatta in Nashville, the Outback Regatta in Columbia, SC and many events on Lake Lanier. She has served as a member of the Jury (Protest Committee) for Charleston Race Week from 2002 to the present, the



US ODA (optimist dinghy) National Championships and Atlantic Coast Championships and the J/24 World Championship Qualifier as well as numerous US Sailing Championship ladder events. She has served on the Jury for the USODA National Championship, Team Championship and Girl's Championship on 3 occasions and acted as Chief Judge for the S2 7.9 North American Championship. She will be chief judge for the 2014 MC Scow National Championship and will serve on the jury for the 2014 Snipe National Championship. In 2010, she received her Senior Judge Certification (now known as National Judge). As a Sailing Judge, she must be able to operate power boats of varying sizes and abilities in close quarters. She has served on the Board of Barefoot Sailing Club as Bosun, Treasurer and Commodore. She has also served on the Board of Governors of Lake Lanier Sailing Club and the East Coast Representative on the Board of the Santana 20 Association. She has been Finance Committee Chair for the South Atlanta Yacht Racing Association as well as several positions on the Board of the Dixie Yacht Racing Association. She is slated to become the Area D Coordinator for the United States Sailing Association in 2015.

GREG AND ELLIE ECK live in Cartersville, GA and boat at Lake Allatoona. Greg grew up power boating with his friends and family on the Chesapeake Bay. He raced Hobie Cats and then mono-hulls in local PHRF club races. In 1980, he joined the Patapsco River Power Squadron in Maryland to study for the USCG Captain's License. He spent the next 35 years as a professional in the boating/marine industry. He operated charter boats in Annapolis, San Francisco and Lake Tahoe. He was an instructor at the Annapolis Sailing School and Club Nautique (Alameda, California). During the past 30 years he worked for Silverton/Mainship/Luhrs Group, Crusader Engines, and Yanmar Marine Diesel in roles of Sales Manager, Director of Exports, Training Manager, Technical Field Services, Manuals & Documentation Development, and Special Projects Manager. He has extensive experience in Manufacturer/Dealer/Customer relations throughout North and South America. He worked with the Panamanian Yanmar Distributor on a project to re-power many of the workboat fleet owned by the Panama Canal Authority. Greg has worked with several military contractors on powering Coastal Patrol and Military Riverine Patrol craft as well as with many major US boat builders (Sail & Power) on powering their boats with gasoline and diesel engines. He served as a member on the NMMA (National Marine Manufacturers Association) Boat Show Committee and Consumer CSI Committee. He served for 6 years on the ABYC (Ameri-

(Continued on page 13)

Member's Quarters

I Dare You...Take "The Hamilton Challenge" - An Editor's Diary

"I'm fixing a hole where the rain gets in, and stops my mind from wondering where it will go."

I was listening to this Beatles classic on my I-Pod whilst taking my (almost) daily walk when the light bulb went on. I would take "The Hamilton Challenge!" For those who may not have been at this year's Change of Watch, our District Commander's Representative, D/Lt/C Tom Hamilton, challenged us to look for a project we might want to undertake, find instructions on youtube, and learn how to accomplish that project.

Now those of you who know me know full well that I am, well, mechanically (and anything else that requires tools) challenged. Challenged in the extremis. But I do wake up at 5:00 am every Saturday to watch "This Old House", so I have that going for me. And I knew that I needed something that looked nice to stack my firewood on and keep in the carport (after TJ Convery delivered my second load this past winter, I decided **not** to keep it in the backyard. Too far to walk in the cold.). So youtube, here I come. Found a few plans that I liked and a few that I didn't. My neighbor, one Lee Goss, looked them over with me and, after he modified one of them somewhat, it was off to the races!

"And it really doesn't matter if I'm wrong..I'm right where I belong, I'm right where I belong."

Lee let me use a few of his power tools. Okay, so the first few cuts weren't exactly the straightest. I just stuck those pieces in the back where they wouldn't be seen. But I began

to get the hang of it and the cuts began to straighten out. And the project reached its conclusion. No injuries, no cuss words. And I finally built something.

So why did I decide to include this non-boating-related article in the *Waterlog*?

Well, aside

from showing D/Lt/C Hamilton how much I appreciated his talk, I wanted to challenge myself. Show myself that I CAN do it.

I see all of my fellow members who CAN work on their boats. I see all kinds of people who CAN do things I wish I could. And I'm finally getting to the realization that I CAN.

This was originally supposed to be my *AFTer-thoughts*, but I guess I got carried away. I do hope, however, that this might just be a bit inspirational - and fun - for a few of you. As for me, my next project?

I'm going to teach myself how to read music.

"I'm taking the time for a number of things, that weren't important yesterday."

On a Sad Note...

It is the sad duty of your **Waterlog** to report to you the passing of Terry Schoonover's mother, Helen Lee Bryan Moore. Born in Odessa, Texas, Mrs. Moore was a retired legal, human resources, and medical secretary. During her career(s) she worked at the Publix main offices in Lakeland, Florida, the Emory School of Medicine, and the Freeman and Hawkins law firm. While she truly enjoyed watching Atlanta Braves games and playing bridge, to her everlasting credit she enjoyed - and actively participated in - AA meetings, a group she grew with for 50 years.

Mrs. Moore will be sorely missed by her three daughters, one grandson, and numerous nieces and nephews, and their families.

Our thoughts and prayers are with Terry, Kevin, and the entire family.



Oh, and T.J., I'll need some firewood for this winter, chop, chop (excuse the pun!).



24 Hours · 7 Days a Week · Featuring All New Vehicles
6,8,10 Passenger Limousines · Sedans · Mini-Buses and Buses

1359-B Ellsworth Industrial Blvd. · Atlanta, Georgia 30318
Office : 404-875-3866 · Fax : 404-875-0076
Toll Free : 1-888-GCL LIMO (425-5466)
www.greeneclassiclimousine.com

Member's Quarters

(Welcome Aboard, continued)

can Boat and Yacht Council) Board of Directors. Ellie retired at the beginning of this year. Greg and Ellie purchased a Sea Ray 180 Bow Rider as Ellie's first boat and named it the "ELLIE BELLE". As a new owner and captain, Ellie wanted to learn all aspects of safe boat operation so they attended the USPS ABC class that was taught by ASPs.

DAN DILLON grew up in Jacksonville, Florida where he learned to swim, surf, and scuba dive. He moved Norcross, Georgia in 1972 where he started his corporate career with Electromagnetic Sciences Inc. There he supervised the high tech group that soldered components for the 23 GPS satellites. In 1980 The Loral Corporation hired him to set up a manufacturing facility that built electronic warfare equipment for aircraft such the F15 fighter jets. He continued his love for water sports; he has been scuba diving in the Cayman Islands, Bermuda, Puerto Rico and Hawaii. He bought property on Lake Lanier with a boat dock so he starts most days with a quick spin on his Sea Ray 205. Dan gives back to the community by teaching classes in quality standards that meet WS6536D and ISO9000, motorcycle safety classes, and ESOL. He also worked with an organization called Next Generation Focus that uses volunteer high school students to tutor K-5 children that are having trouble.

Friends of the *Waterlog*

Tim and Barbara Tyson
 P/D/C Bob, Nancy, and Robert Leathers
 Anonymous Donor
 Elwood "Woody" and Jade Williams
 P/D/C Norm Oien
 P/C Dave Herndon, N, F.o.W. Emeritus
 P/C Don and Judy Williams
 Sam Troncalli, AP, F.o.W. Emeritus
 P/Lt/C Sheryl and Lt/C Glenn LaBoda
 The Troncalli Family
 Consolidated Contracting Services (T.J. Convery)
 Gordon Biersch - Buckhead
 Martha Fowler
 Harwood Wealth Partners (Jeff and Lisa Harwood)
 Greene Classic Limousines (Bill Conn)
 Carefree Boat Club
 P/R/C Louis Hohenstein
 P/D/C Bob Ginsberg
 P/C Lisa Herndon
 Randy and Barbara Tahsler

To learn more about becoming a "Friend of the *Waterlog*", please contact your editor, Tim Tyson. We are grateful for your support.

For Sale

1989 Island Packet 38' cruising sailboat

Extensive upgrades 2006-2012

Priced to sell at \$116,900

Contact: Roy Stegall at 404-281-8966, or email to

Gideon08@gmail.com



Note: Roy would suggest you reference Yachtworld's web site, yachtworld.com. "There's a huge amount of info and pictures there."

Randall Tahsler and Company
 representing the health insurance industry
 Randall Tahsler
 Agent and Broker

Medicare Supplement Insurance

Office: 770 977 2303

Individual and Family Health Insurance

Fax: 770 977 2302

Group Health Insurance

Cell: 678 314 6668

Life Insurance Products

randalltahsler@att.net

www.randalltahslerandcompany.net

The Bulletin Board



A Birth In Our Family

Your **Waterlog** is happy to announce that Eric and Cindy Ringwall are the proud new parents of a 38' Carver Santiago. Their nautical obstetrician pronounced _____ to be healthy and in fine shape.

We wish the Ringwall's many happy years with their new child, and we cannot wait to see the new family together.


Now, readers might have noticed that long, blank line. That's because _____ will be renamed. Wouldn't it be fun to have a naming contest? Cindy and Eric no not one thing about this idea, but this space needed to be filled and it looked like fun.

The winner of this contest will receive nothing, and the name will probably not be used. But it's a chance to get our creative juices flowing.

I'll start it off with my suggestion, a name I have always wanted to give our boat, should we ever get one:

Carpe Cervici (Latin for *Seize the Beer*)

Go ahead, send your suggestions to Tim Tyson, who may or may not forward them on (good taste being a primary determinant) to the Ringwall family.



Mmmm, Good!!!

In our never-ending determination to bring you news of all things water-related comes this delicious tidbit: In studying the history of our country and reading biographies of our Founding Fathers, it has come to our attention that Dolley Madison's favorite ice cream was, you guessed it, oyster!!! According to Robert Brantley, who is a nationally known ice cream researcher, oyster ice cream is "essentially frozen oyster chowder served unsweetened." Spanish-born chef Jose Andre describes the recipe as "gently heating oysters and cream", then freezing the mixture. Once a luxury food served only to the upper classes, oyster ice cream "is said to have a savoury taste, as opposed to a sweet one."

I don't know about you, but I'm all for calling Edy's to place my special order.

From the Bridge



Cdr Douglas Townes



Lt/C Woody Williams,
Executive Officer



Lt/C Eric Ringwall,
Education Officer



Lt/C John Holland,
Administrative Officer



Lt/C Margaret
Sherrod,
Treasurer



Lt/C Beth Guler,
Secretary



1st/Lt Meredith
Randall,
Assistant
Education Officer



1st/Lt Scot Randall,
Assistant Administrative
Officer



1st/Lt Dennis
Abell, Assistant
Secretary

Calendar

June 28 - Raft-Up. See DRs

July 4: Independence Day

July 10 - Executive Committee Meeting, Aldo's, Sandy Springs

July 12 - Chart Updating, Morehead City

July 16 - General Membership Meeting, 57th Fighter Group Restaurant

July 19 - French Broad River Trip. Contact John Smith of the Blue Ridge Sail and Power Squadron.

July 19-26 - FLEW (Finger Lakes, Erie Canal, Winery) Cruise

July 26 - Raft-Up. See DRs

Please Note: The July General Meeting will be held on a WEDNESDAY due to the FLEW Cruise.

AFTerthoughts

Which came first, the chicken or the egg, or, to put it in today's vernacular, the telephone or the email? As a *Jeopardy* winner might have answered, "Alex, what is the telephone?" Sadly, that is the way a lot of us think in this modern era. What IS the telephone? Let's set the table before continuing: I am (proud to be) low-tech. Nothing beats a voice on the other end of the phone, a knock on the door, lunch with friends (at Gordon Biersch-Buckhead on Tuesdays, for example), or a hand-written note. But I digress.

A few weeks ago I received, in the mail, a Waterlog addressed to our own Cliff Clifton, a 46-year member with 26 merit marks. I put on my detective's hat and tracked him down. He had only moved into a different unit. This led to this month's "Meet...Cliff Clifton" article.

Recently Lisa Herndon lunched with Ruth Bruhns (who, due to logistics and scheduling difficulties we don't see as much of, these days) and, by all accounts, both had a wonderful day.

Terry Schoonover lost her mother recently, and one phone call led to another, and that led to a special DR. I know that Terry appreciates this more than she can say.

Sheryl LaBoda has been at it, sending out cards to shut-ins and other members. If you get a card and the return address reads "ASPS Cares", it's not junk mail. Anything but!

Unfortunately I have been remiss - and feel terribly guilty - about not contacting Wayne Flanagan. I vow to do this in the immediate future (I hope you're reading this, Wayne).

The point? Once again I am reminded that we are more than just a club. We are a family that is growing. And growing. And growing (thank you, Donna Odum). And I want to let all the new members in on a little secret...

You can call yourselves members, but if you slip up and call yourselves relatives no one will notice.

Have a nice, relaxing, fun, and safe summer.



Tim Tyson
2481 King Arthur Circle
Atlanta, GA 30345

