

# The Log



*of the*

Squalicum Yacht Club

Bellingham, WA

## Coming Events

New Year's Eve Party    December 31

General Meeting            January 24

## Commodore's Report

by Phil Terzian



As I was visiting with Club members new and old at the Christmas party gathering on December 8, I was reflecting on what makes a club like ours so successful and so enjoyable to be a part of. A lot of the explanation, I think, is the amount of care and effort members put into the club behind the scenes. Managing all the rentals, making our clubhouse available to the community and providing us with revenue to make improvements and donations to conservation and education groups, showing up on weekends to work on the baseboard around our new floor or rewiring the light fixture over the entryway. Editing and organizing the Log every month. Contacting and signing up speakers for our potluck dinners. Cleaning the grounds, washing the windows. Ever notice how spotless our galley is, our various event hosts cleaning up after a potluck. Seems like the membership is always putting in extra hours and trips to the clubhouse to keep things running smoothly. It really is gratifying to be part of all this. I know a lot of us also put on our thinking caps in idle hours: How do we make the club even better? New members? New activities? Fresh idea? Step up and be part of it all, it really is fun and builds a special brand of fellowship. SYC rocks!

## Next Meeting Notice

By Joyce Glenn,  
Vice Commodore



Our January member meeting is our first and primary business meeting of the year, which doesn't sound very exciting! Important but not exciting. We hope to "jazz" it up a bit this year starting with our International potluck hosted by Kris Heintz. The idea is to choose a family heritage and bring a dish that celebrates it. It can be a main dish, a salad or a dessert as we usually do. I am half Swede so be looking for Swedish meatballs from me.

The business meeting will consist of answering any questions you may have on our 2024 Budget and then taking a vote. It will be emailed out several days prior for your review with several copies placed on the tables. A sign-up sheet for meeting set-ups and Summer BBQ's will be sent around as well. Set up is easy and instructions are on the galley wall. Other business items may also need to be discussed.

In staying with our International theme, a slideshow of Rod & Susan Dean's many trips to Europe over the years will be presented. Hope to see you all there on Wednesday, 1/24/24!

## Cruise Schedule

*by Jill Mount, Rear Commodore*

Planning for the 2024 SYC cruise season is underway! We have cruise captains for all of our cruises. Here are the cruises and upcoming events:

Saturday, May 4th - Opening Day Pancake Breakfast

Sunday, May 19th - Shakedown Cruise, Chuckanut Bay - Captains Steve and Joyce Glenn, Co-Captains - Phil Terzian and Jodi Steel-Jones

May 31- June 2 - Port Browning, British Columbia Cruise - Captains Jill Mount and Marvin Kyle, Co-Captains:

June 15 - Solstice Party - Mike and Kris Heintz

June 20-21 - Deer Harbor Cruise - Captains Phil Terzian and Jodi Steel-Jones, Co-Captains:

July 4 - Fourth of July Celebration - SYC Clubhouse - Randy Bilof and Lorretta Palagi

July 18-19 (depart on July 20) - Garrison Bay Cruise - Captain Larry Grunden, Co-Captains:

August 23-24 (depart on August 25th) - Fisherman Bay Cruise - Captains Rob and Sharon Wells, Co-Captains:

Sept. 13-14 (leave on Sept. 15th)- Work Party Cruise - Sucia Island - Captains Paul and Margo Graf, Co-Captains: Rocky and Kristi Champagne

Please pick a cruise if you would like to co-captain and either notify me or the cruise captain. This year we have two new cruising destinations: Port Browning and Garrison Bay. Looking forward to seeing you out on the water! Please contact me, Jill Mount, if you have any questions.

## JOIN US TO RING IN THE NEW YEAR!

The Clubhouse doors will open at 5pm for set up on Sunday, December 31. We plan to do a "Chili Cook Off" again this year and will be looking for volunteers to bring their prize winning chili or soup (for those whose preference is not chili), corn bread or garlic bread, green salad, and appetizers. The plan is to play games if you want, hang out, listen to our DJ Mike Heintz "spin the vinyl," and watch the "Ball Drop" in NYC at 9pm thanks to Kris Heintz. It is always a fun and relaxing evening!

Some people come for the evening and some just stop by to wish everyone a Happy New Year and then move on. You are all welcome as well as your guests! We'll be sending out a reminder a little closer to the end of the year! As Lorretta would say... Cheers!

*Joyce & Steve along with others I'm sure :)*



# DECK THE HALLS WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY.....

*Joyce Glenn, Vice Commodore*



Our 2023 Christmas holiday event was incredibly festive, well attended and the Showstoppers were wonderfully entertaining! Although we didn't have "boughs of holly" we did have fresh holly sprigs lining our window sills thanks to Randy & Lorretta. The tree was sparkling and bright thanks to Jodi, Kristi, Randy, and Lorretta. The tables were so festive with Holiday tablecloths, centerpieces and lights thanks to Jodi! We had 38 members attend to partake of Ham, Smoked Pork Tenderloin, Beef Roast, Potato Casseroles, Veggie dishes, and a large assortment of desserts. Ah..... desserts!

A special thanks to your Bridge and their significant others for presenting a very festive 2023 holiday celebration - Steve, Joyce, Randy, Lorretta, Phil, Jodi, Rocky, Kristi, Linda, John, Comador, and Leanne! Thanks to all who contributed to our holiday meal. We wish you all the very best this Holiday Season!



# Mutiny!

By Jack Bazhaw

**Naïve (na-ive).** Adjective: having or showing a lack of experience, judgment, or information.

That would be a good description of my first cruise. I had spent the year before learning to sail on my new to me Ranger 26 (*Audi*). At the Newport Beach Yacht Club in California the Balboa Power Squadron had, two years before, instilled the knowledge of a beginning boating course in me. And in Bellingham I did some Wednesday evening racing. I was ready for a cruise.

The eager crew consisted of my son, age 13, daughter 11 and my girlfriend and her two pre-school children. Yes, we all did fit in the boat.

Sucia Island was our first stop. The youngsters liked exploring the island on foot while the big kids relaxed in the sun. After a couple of days, we moved to Friday Harbor on Orcas, staying at the main dock, taking in the nice showers and a meal on shore.

We decided our next stop would be Port Townsend. I had been there two years before when my brother and my sister-in-law helped me bring the boat up from Seattle.

We motored out of Friday Harbor down San Juan Channel for Cattle Point. It was at this point my naivety began to take its toll. It was a beautiful day and I had made no effort to check the weather forecast. Nor did I check the tide and current tables. I did not know the Strait of Juan de Fuca could be a bad place at times. It was not until a couple of years later, crewing on a boat bound for Victoria and the Swiftsure race, and seeing the hull of boats around us disappearing in the wave trough that I appreciated what this piece of water could be like.

So here we are, blissful in our ignorance. There was little wind, so we motored through most of the pass, entering the Strait under full main and a 170% genoa. Before long the wind piped up and we were rolling along on a beam reach. An hour later it was obvious we had too much sail up.

Only my son was willing to take the helm so I could shorten sail. The 170 came down and the smallest foresail I had, a 130, went up. I should have reefed but didn't.

We continued to boil along on a reach and now and then occasional blobs of water would come flying over the starboard side. Everyone but my son had retired below, and he was laying on the port cockpit seat feeling a bit under the weather.

As we came upon Smith Island my son pointed astern and said, "Dad, look at the dinghy!" It was going around in circles, flipping over and over. It was an inexpensive plastic inflatable and not worth the risk of recovering. Within ten minutes it broke free and disappeared astern us.

By now it was more than obvious I needed to shorten sail again by reefing the main. But there was no topping lift on the boom, only a boom lift. The boat had to be going into the wind to work with the main and that seemed a risky proposition.

While thinking about all this, my son informed me he could see a large ship off our port bow that I could not see from the starboard side, so I asked him to keep me informed. In what seemed like a blink of an eye he said it was much closer. I was amazed at how fast he had come up to us. He passed our bow close enough to us that we could hear his engine over our heartbeats.

We had started our cruise at 1000 and it was getting late in the day. I realized that since Smith Island I really did not know for sure where we were. Bouncing around in the waves, with the tiller in one hand and a chart in the other, I picked out what I thought was the plume from the stacks behind Port Townsend for a steering point.

(Continued on page 6)

## Mutiny (cont'd.)

Time seemed to lose all meaning as we continued our mad dash toward the shore. Finally, I could make out a good-sized light on shore which I first took to be Pt. Wilson. But it just did not look right. I realized there was too much land extending to port to be Pt. Wilson, but what was it? Deciding Pt. Wilson lay downwind (thank goodness) I fell off to a dead run downwind.

Boy did our speed pickup. The Ranger 26 did not need a spinnaker to surf today. This was my first experience surfing. I felt the stern lift and heard a freight-train like roar. I glanced at the knot meter and it was coming down from 11 knots. My girlfriend hollered from below wanting to know what all the noise was about and all I could do was let out a whoop.

But I still had the problem of deciding just where we were. I may not know where I am, but I do know where I am going. One obstacle I had to clear was a buoy marking some rocks to the west of Pt. Wilson. It should be right in our path, so I steered as close to the lee as I dared, as an unintentional jibe could take the mast out.

As a precaution I called down below to get the flare gun so it could be ready in a moment's notice. Unfortunately, I did not make it clear I wanted it only "just in case" and a panicked voice cried out, "Should I fire it now?" NO!

It had been dark for some time before I saw the red buoy, probably at McCurdy Pt., pass by our starboard side, as desired. This was the first time in ten hours I knew where we were. It has taken that long to go the 12 miles from Smith Island to Pt. Wilson while never making less than 6 knots through the water. My best guess is we reached the coast near Dungeness Spit. I probably picked the wrong steering point, and a strong ebb tide kept our speed over the bottom low, flushed us away from our objective and made for lumpy water.

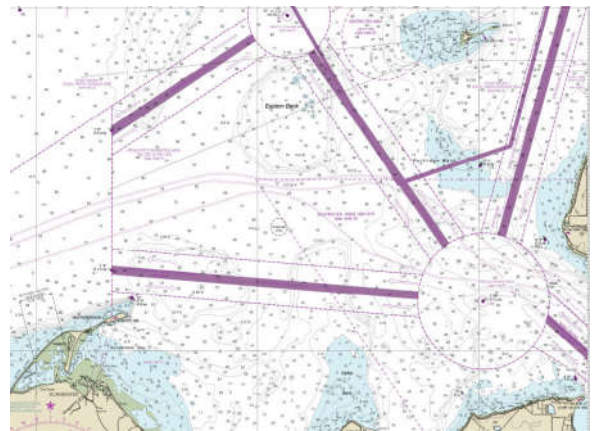
When I made the light at Pt. Wilson, it seemed like a good time to find if the outboard would run. Electric

start, it usually started on the first crank; tonight, it took three. With the breeze dying we dropped sail and prepared to turn the corner into Admiralty Inlet and into the marina at Point Hudson. But Mother Nature was not through with us yet—a gust came over the rise and laid us on our beam as a final gesture. I've heard it said the Lord watches over fools and sailors and it is difficult to tell the difference between the two.

We found an empty slip. Down below was a shambles with everything loose laying on the cabin sole. No one had eaten since breakfast. I had been at the helm since 1000 and it was now 0200. The little ones slept most of the way, but my daughter was sick all the way. The hotel had one room left and it had only one bed, but no one minded.

After a good breakfast we returned to the boat to clean up. I was informed that no one wanted to return to Bellingham on the boat. So, we walked into town to find an alternate way back. There is no direct route. The preferred method was by bus (even the ferries weren't trusted) and they had missed the run for the day.

After some thought they decided they would return with the boat *IF* I promised not to sail. No problem. As it turned out there was no wind, so motoring was a necessity. This last leg of our trip was uneventful, and the weather was still beautiful. My daughter eventually returned to sailing, although somewhat reluctantly. My son became an eager participant, and we enjoyed many father-son outings.



Dungeness to Port Townsend



The Log has been published continuously since 1981 by the Squalicum Yacht Club, 2633 South Harbor Loop Drive, Bellingham, WA 98225. The club ordinarily meets at 1800 on the fourth Wednesday of each month, September–May, at our building adjacent to the Seaview North boatyard.

Potluck format—bring a dish to pass, your own table service, and a beverage.

*Members are encouraged to submit boating-related stories to the **Log**. Please submit to [editor@squalicumyc.org](mailto:editor@squalicumyc.org) by the second Thursday of each month.*

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