



The following is shared by F. A. Bristow  
(F. A.'S TOY, Hull #40) in the interest and  
comfort of guests invited to sail on F. A.'S  
TOY.

WELCOME ABOARD "F. A.'S TOY"

We are pleased that you have accepted our invitation to visit us on our boat.

We will try to see that you are both comfortably and safely cared for.

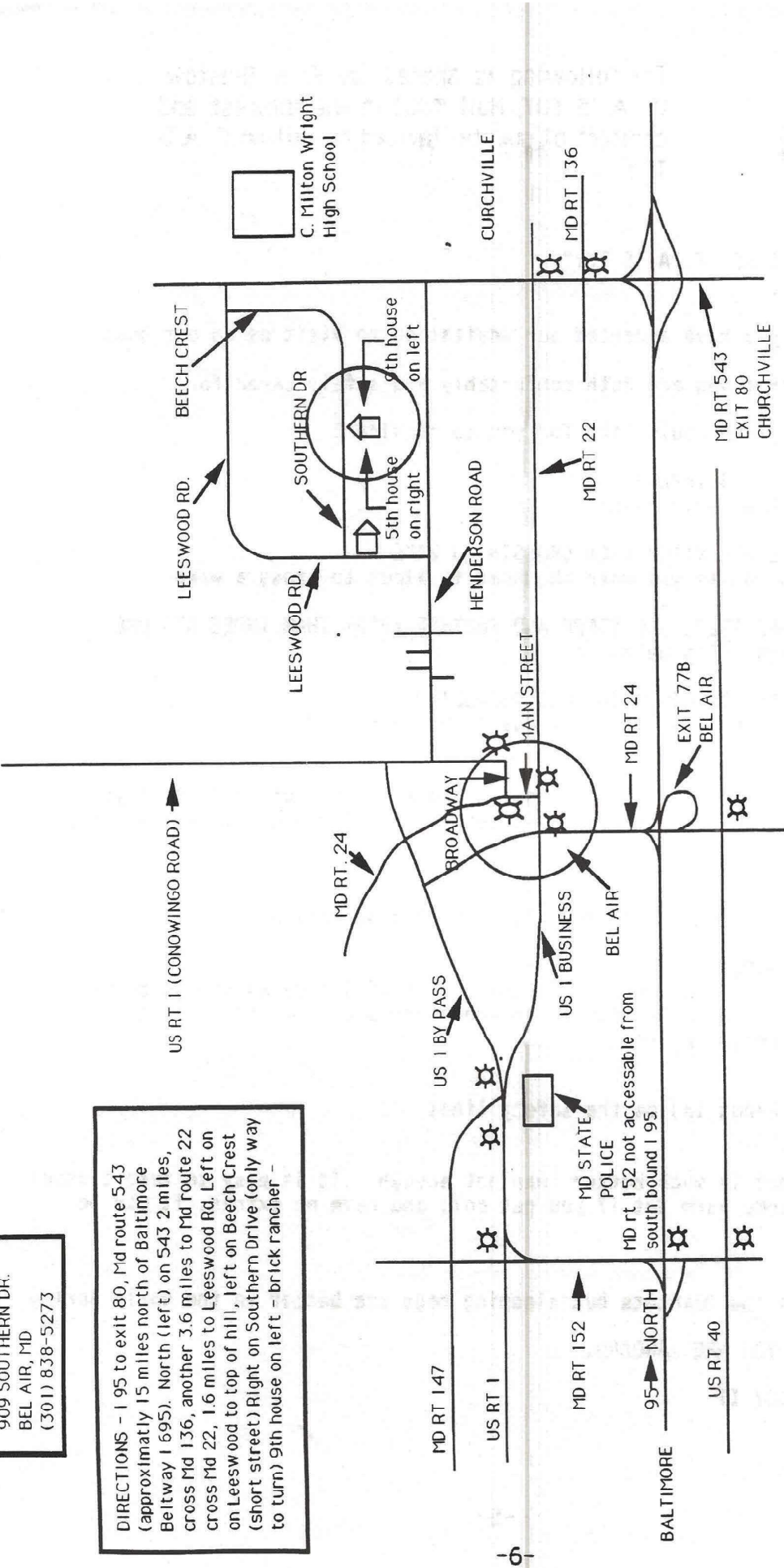
These are a few things we would like for you to consider:

1. WET FIBERGLASS IS SLIPPERY  
Please wear rubber sole shoes
2. BOATS WILL ROLL AND PITCH WHEN CROSSING A WAKE  
We will try to advise you when the boat is about to cross a wake
3. THE COMPANIONWAY STEPS ARE STEEP AND FURTHER APART THAN THOSE AT HOME  
Use caution when going below
4. PLEASE DO NOT SIT ON BOW WITH LEGS OVERBOARD  
It is dangerous and against Coast Guard regulations
5. LIFE JACKETS (P.F.D.)  
We have one on board for each person. Please try one on, adjust to your size, put it where you can get to it quickly. (If you don't swim you may want to put it on)
6. HEAD (TOILET)  
Ask and you shall receive instructions on it's operation
7. FIRE EXTINGUISHERS  
There are two on board. One is on the port (left) side as you go below over the navigation table, one is on the starboard (right) side as you enter the "V" berth up front
8. DOCKING  
Keep feet and hands inside the safety lines
9. WHAT TO WEAR  
Too many clothes is much better than not enough. It is easy to take clothes off if you become warm but if you get cold and have no extras, it can be uncomfortable
10. SLEEPING  
We have sheets and blankets but sleeping bags are better in the early spring
11. WE ARE HAPPY YOU ARE ABOARD.

RELAX AND ENJOY IT

LEN & HELGA BROWN  
 909 SOUTHERN DR.  
 BEL AIR, MD  
 (301) 838-5273

**DIRECTIONS** - I 95 to exit 80, Md route 543 (approximately 15 miles north of Baltimore Beltway I 695). North (left) on 543 2 miles, cross Md 136, another 3.6 miles to Md route 22 cross Md 22, 1.6 miles to Leeswood Rd. Left on Leeswood to top of hill, left on Beech Crest (short street) Right on Southern Drive (only way to turn) 9th house on left - brick rancher -



**Never hire a plumber who wears rubber boots or an electrician with scorched eyebrows.**  
 —Atsley Cooper in Charleston, S. C., *News and Courier*

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

IN ANOTHER CLUB THAT WE BELONGED TO, WE GOT SOME INTEREST OUT OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY MEMBERS DESCRIBING THE ORIGINS OF THEIR CURRENT BOAT'S NAME. WITH THE HOPE THAT THIS WILL ENCOURAGE OTHERS TO RESPOND TO THE CHALLENGE AND THE THOUGHT THAT MEMBERS MIGHT WONDER WHY OUR BOATS GET THE NAMES THEY HAVE, I'LL SHARE WHY THE BIERLY'S HAVE HAD SIX BOATS ALL NAMED: "C'MON WIND".

THE FIRST "C'MON WIND" WAS AN AFFORDABLE (THAT'S SPELLED CHEAP) 17 FOOT SLOOP, CHOSEN TO DETERMINE IF THE FAMILY WOULD LIKE SAILING. THE BOAT REMAINED NAMELESS THAT FIRST SEASON, UNTIL AUGUST OF THAT FIRST SUMMER SAILING THE POTOMAC RIVER EVERY WEEKEND ("YES KIDS, WE'RE GOING SAILING AGAIN; WE CAN NOT AFFORD A BOAT JUST TO LEAVE IT IN THE DRIVEWAY"). ANYWAY, IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT WE WOULD GET THAT HOT, MUGGY, AIRLESS AUGUST SATURDAY FOR WHICH THE WASHINGTON AREA IS SO JUSTLY INFAMOUS. AND HAVING JUST ARRIVED OPPOSITE MOUNT VERNON ON THE DYING GASPS OF THE LAST OF THE MORNING BREEZE, THE WIND DID QUIT ALTOGETHER LEAVING US TO THE MERCY OF THE WAKES OF THE LARGE MOTOR BOATS AND THE MOUNT VERNON DAY BOAT.

THE ACTUAL QUOTE WAS SOMETHING LIKE: "AAAAAIIIIIIIIII C'MON WIND" (ALONG WITH SOME UNPRINTABLE STUFF NOT SUITABLE FOR A FAMILY NEWSLETTER LIKE THIS OR OF WHICH I AM PARTICULARLY PROUD), BUT THE NAME STUCK AND WAS CARRIED ALONG (WITH ROMAN NUMERALS) TO THE LARGER BOATS THAT FOLLOWED (22', 26', 28', 30', AND NOW 34' IN TURN). SO ALSO FOLLOWED CRIES OF "C'MON WIND" DURING THE CLUB RACES EACH BOAT ENDURED AND ON CRUISES WITH THE SKIPPER WHO WAS NEVER A "POWERBOATER".

ANYWAY THAT'S HOW (OR WHY) OUR 34' GOT ITS NAME. SHE GETS A LOT OF KNOWING LOOKS AND SMILES FROM SKIPPERS OF PASSING SAILBOATS (WHO OBVIOUSLY HAVE EXPERIENCE WITH CHESAPEAKE SUMMERS) AND A SUBSTANTIAL NUMBER OF COMMENTS ON HER NAME. INCIDENTALLY, THE OSTENTATIOUS ROMAN NUMERALS DISAPPEARED WITH III. (THAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE "ILL" WIND.) "C'MON WIND'S DINGHY'S NAME IS "FOLLOWING WIND" TO ASSURE ME THAT I CAN ALWAYS HAVE A FOLLOWING WIND ALONG WHEN I WANT ONE.

BOB BIERLY  
and  
C'MON WIND

Necessity is the mother of taking chances.

—Mark Twain

Many thanks for all the interesting articles contributed to our Fleet 12 newsletter. I am entertained by all the enthusiasm for our first publication.

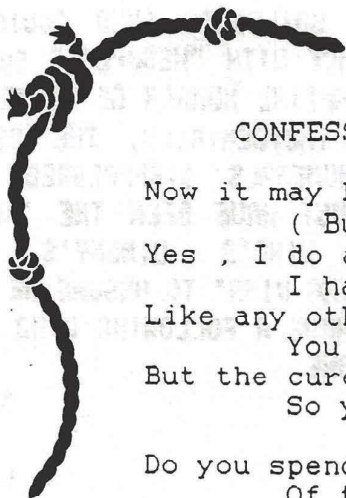
But I would like to address the rest of you who perhaps were a bit shy about writing an article, or forgot to mail your article, or if you aren't "into sailing, but your wife (whoops, husband) is"--your favorite "make before-hand-to-take-along" recipes are welcomed. Poetry, cartoons, jokes, quotes, graphics, and even suggestions about favorite book titles on the subject of sailing are welcomed.

Speaking of books, one of my favorite authors is Tristan Jones. I have no less than 8 of his books on my bookshelf, and I have read all of them! "The Boy, Me and the Cat" by Henry M. Plummer is a masterpiece about the first cruise down what was to become the Intracoastal Waterway. "Only A Damn Fool" by Taylor Hancock & Carol Brooks Hancock gives us a peek into the workmanship of the Taiwanese yacht yards. Steven Callahan's "Adrift" is a must. For starters, though, Tristan Jones' "The Incredible Voyage" is unbelievable. Good wintertime reading--if you call this winter.

I am almost sorry we took the sails off the boat. Hindsight being the best teacher, many of these warm-ish days the Patuxent River and the Chesapeake Bay look sooooo inviting. So Walt and I spend a few minutes each week sitting on BRIGADOON, feeling her hull pull against the lines in a moderate breeze and feel her anxiety to "get go'in" again.

My address is on the upper left corner of the newsletter. I am looking forward to receiving whatever you have to offer for the April issue of our newsletter. See you at Len and Helga's on March 9.

Jan Rupp



## CONFESSIONS OF A BOAT ADDICT

Now it may be most unseemly  
    ( But an agreeable affliction ).  
Yes , I do admit it!  
    I have a sailboat addiction.  
Like any other junkie,  
    You may try hard to deny it.  
But the cure is in recognition:  
    So you might review and try it.

Do you spend your winters dreaming  
    Of the joys of summers sailing?  
Do you try to bottle breezes  
    When strong winter winds are prevailing?  
Is there a rush of pure excitement  
    When you merely raise a sail?  
Would the absence of a sailboat  
    Be the equivalent of jail?

Is the core of your existence  
    A cruise of ups and downs?  
High: when you're afloat at last;  
    Low: when you're on ground?  
Do you fill each leisure hour  
    With the wind and sails and sky?  
And when the weekend ends too soon  
    Is there a mist before your eyes?.

Does your boat keep getting smaller  
    As you fill it up with things?  
Do you replace it with a longer one  
    About every other spring?  
Do you spend your workday evenings  
    Conjuring projects for your boat?  
Does your spouse or best sailing friend  
    Want to grab you by the throat  
If you spend another nickel  
    On the teak or electronics?  
Do your recitations on your sailing  
    Border on the monotonic?

Well, if you do, you'd best admit it  
    And to your peers this message send:  
All us boat "aficionados" will be  
    At the winter boat show next weekend.  
To see the latest sailing gadgets  
    And the Catalina 42.  
And the only open question is:  
    Will we be seeing you?



Bob Bierly  
C'MON WIND