

# BOULDER BITS



*Bits and Pieces: Some noteworthy; none newsworthy.*



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[www.boulderyc.org](http://www.boulderyc.org)

May, 2003

## FROM THE COMMODORE

The good weather for our sailing season looks as if it has finally arrived. We got a tantalizing taste then some foul weather. With the return of good weather I know we are all eager and busy at our tasks. All that is except me. Unfortunately, a heavy schedule of business meetings and such must keep me from the lake during the month of April. I regret that Karen and I will have to miss the first events of the wonderful program of activities Uli has planned. Please, all members and friends get out and enjoy. Have a "Pussers" for me. I want to especially thank Rey, our vice-commodore for taking care of things in my forced absence. Thanks, Rey for getting the tent raised and for filling in for me. I look forward to seeing you all in May.

Fair winds, a willing soul, and sea room.

Allan F. Stewart,  
Commodore  
<mailto:vadm22825@aol.com>



## FROM THE VICE COMMODORE

Spring Thaw Saturday was a beautiful day and perfect for getting together for delicious pastries provided by Jim and Marianne Moore.

On top of that, so to speak, the many helpful hands of BYC raised the tent in less than 15 minutes. It



*Spring Thaw Yummies*

was a beautiful sight to see.

For those of you who missed the flea market, there were bountiful bargains to be had, especially those from Steve Kratchman. Without Steve, these events just would not be the same. So, if you missed it, make plans for next year. It is an event!

As I reported last month, we are revising the graphic to be embroidered on all of our BYC identified items. Our supplier has digitized the design and has provided one "sew out." From that we will refine the stitching so that it will match the design as closely as possible. It looks like we will have the new designs in stock in a few weeks.

Got the urge to chat? Want to get together a group of three or four in a conversation? Then try the BYC web site's new chat feature. To use it, click on

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Yacht Club (BYC), a not-for-profit corporation. BYC was founded in 1983.

Web page: <http://www.boulderyc.org/>

#### OFFICERS

<i>Commodore</i>	Allan Stewart
<i>Vice-Commodore</i>	Rey Neville
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<i>Webmaster</i>	Rey Neville

#### DIRECTORS

John Carnasiotis, Chairman	
Bonnie DiMercurio	Dave Isom
Art Seise	David Uttendorfer



*The Flea Market*

News and the "Click here to log in" link under the headline about the chat service. The user id is: "member" and the password is: "byctalk." Enjoy. Let me know if you have any questions or problems.

Rey Neville  
Vice Commodore  
[reyneville@yahoo.com](mailto:reyneville@yahoo.com)



## FROM THE SECRETARY/ TREASURER

### NEW BYC MEMBERS A SPECIAL WELCOME!!

Our new members are:

Jim Hebeisen and Nancy Sopuch  
Simpatico  
Hunter 28

Raymond Kritis  
Jammin  
Bayliner 27

Dana Maschmeier, Stephen Pickett and  
Elizabeth Libby  
Devil With Blue Dress  
Hobie Holder 20

Gary Lee and Jeanne Ann Swain  
Jeanne Belle  
PrinceCraft 20

I would like to welcome each of the new members, and look forward to seeing you at the lake.

The BYC membership is looking forward to meeting all of you and sharing our great times at Boulder with you!

Bob Bender  
Secretary/Treasurer  
mailto:rbender9@netscape.net



### MARINA NOTE

*SShhh, don't tell anyone--this year's secret code for the restrooms is "153", ie., top, bottom, middle.*

## VOLVO LEUKEMIA CUP REGATTA

### CALLING ALL NON-RACERS

So you don't race? It doesn't matter. This event is not just for racers! This is a fundraiser for the Leukemia & Lymphoma Society. The races are just a part of this event. There is a Silent Auction. There are land activities, dinner and a band for dancing the night away. This is really a great time. So even if you don't raise money in any other way, at least come to CSA and have dinner and enjoy the camaraderie. Don't miss out. The dinner, which includes beer and soda, and the dance later, is only \$15 per person. It's a real bargain. So gather your group together and make your reservations. You can use one of the brochures you will find in the racing bulletin board on the outside of the lounge. Fill out the information for the dinners you would like and/or lunches and send it to the Leukemia society. Your check should be made out to the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society. Your early registration is greatly appreciated.

We are still looking for volunteers to help out that weekend. There are lots of different jobs to do. So please be generous with your time. Give us a call or send us an email and let us know when you are available.

Bonnie DiMercurio (636) 296-1059  
adimercurio@earthlink.net  
Karen Schwartz (314) 726-2866  
moti@mvp.net  
Pam Wheeler (618) 592-3868  
pwheel@frsb.net

Don't forget the Fleet Night at West Marine in St. Charles, Thursday, April 24th, from 5-8 PM.



*Rey's Winning Design*

You can register your boat, pay for dinners and/or lunches or volunteer to help at this time. There will be discounts, giveaways and refreshments. So stop by to get those last minute items for your Spring boat cleaning.

Try to register your boat to race in this regatta by May 10th and your boat name will be printed on the T-shirts along with all the other pre-registered boats. These shirts will be on sale at the regatta. So don't procrastinate - JUST DO IT!!!!

As always, we appreciate your continuing support.

Bonnie DiMercurio  
Karen Schwartz  
Pam Wheeler



## FROM THE RACE CHAIR

### HELLO FELLOW RACERS

While the racing has not started on the lake, it's definitely going strong on the parking lot. I'm "racing" myself, watching my fellow boaters meet in the mornings, trying to find out the others' game plans. As the day goes on, we pass each other on the hard as we do on lake. With a wave and a "how you doing," it's back to the parking lot regatta. Then as the day comes to an end, everyone gathers round the beacon to tell how their "racing" went that day. Boy, have there been some good ones: from bottom paint ("!#&+ orange") to the new Micron; from the hand wax to the buffing; and let's not forget the mop on Polyglo.

All the boats are really looking good this year. Your pride shows; well done, guys and gals. Don't forget the first race on May 4, the VOLVO LEUKEMIA CUP REGATTA on May 24 and 25, and the Ladies' Hearn's Cup, May 31.

So get your crews ready and lets go racing!!!! See you at the lake.

Your Race Chairman  
Daniel C Sargent  
SirVeyor\_II@hotmail.com



## THE SOCIAL SCENE

A date change for the Social Calendar: The New Orleans Party will be held on August 9th.

Ulli Schaette  
Social Committee  
mailto:ulli@esjotusa.com



## THE SAGA OF THE BOULDER YACHT SQUIRREL

The first time I met the squirrel was Sunday evening, April 13, outside the restrooms. He was walking about six inches from Jon Roeder and I was amazed. Jon told my wife, Ellen, and I that as he had been working hard to finish the spring commissioning of *Mariah*, his Hunter 26, this young squirrel had wandered in from the campground looking for food and had pestered him for two days.



I didn't give the squirrel much more thought. Then Monday evening, after what was probably a rather lonely and futile day begging since so few people were about, young squirrel was getting desperate. My wife and I were doing our own begging—we lost all our matches when changing boats and needed some to light the BBQ. Rich Carson graciously offered to go back to *Deja Vu* to get us some. As we crossed the parking lot, the squirrel spotted us and started following. All the way down to the docks he kept running in and out among our feet. As Ellen peeled off down Easy Street to get some nuts, Rich and I continued to *Deja Vu*, the squirrel following us all the way.

There the squirrel peered off the dock into the water and, apparently liking what he saw, jumped in. First he swam to *Deja Vu* and tried to climb the hull—no luck. Then he disappeared under the dock. I hoped he would climb up on a float but lost sight of him. When Rich came back up the companionway, I told him

what had happened and we both started looking for the little fellow. Finally, Rich spotted him and, at great risk to life and finger, scooped him out of the water.

The little squirrel had been in the water for about three minutes and was suffering greatly from hypothermia. Rich cuddled him in his hand as we climbed the stairs back up to the club house. There, I found a rag and wrapped him in it as custody of the cute rodent was transferred to me. Rich wondered about the feasibility of taking the squirrel home but decided against it, albeit reluctantly.

I found a few more rags and wrapped him in them. We decided to put him down behind *Mariah*. Ellen poured a few nuts into the little makeshift nest. As we went back to our boat we hoped he would be warm enough and discussed taking him home. More accurately, I wondered aloud if it would be possible and she said firmly, “no!”

In the morning we headed up to the restrooms. I went over to check on him and, surprise!, as I rounded *Mariah's* stern he came to greet me, running out from underneath the little ball of rags. We had brought cereal for him but he seemed much more interested in getting some attention. He ran up my leg and lay cupped in my hand as I stroked his back. Then he started exploring, first running around on my arms and chest, then getting down to explore about a yard's radius around us.



After twenty minutes of listening to him “chuff, chuff” and watching him run about, all the time wondering what we could do to enhance his long



term survival, Ellen and I decided to continue our morning walk. As we headed out, the little squirrel kept pace with us, again staying so close as to be underfoot. As we approached the campground restrooms, a couple employed by Keyesport Lodging to clean the campground stared at the strange behavior of this little critter. The woman expressed amazement that the squirrel tolerated us being so close to him. “That’s nothing,” I replied and scooped him up in my hand.

They were astounded and fascinated. It turned out that they had raised many young wild animals—raccoons, rabbits, pheasants—but never a squirrel. “Well, why don’t you take him,” I said. After about thirty seconds considering the logistics, they did. They put him in the cab of their truck. My last view of him was perched on the seat back in the rear window as they drove off.

All in all, he was a very lucky squirrel. Between Rich’s risking a painful bite and the couple’s offering a home, I think he’s got a pretty good chance of living a long squirrel life.



## CARLYLE HAIKU

Serene, lazy cruise—  
Sounder screeching hurts the ear  
Crap! Aground again.

Note: an Haiku is an oriental poem consisting of three lines and a total of seventeen syllables—five in the first, seven in the second, five in the last. Contributions for future editions of the *Bits* are encouraged.



### EDITOR'S NOTE

Deadline for the next issue of Boulder Bits is May 20th. Please submit articles to Ken Schowe,  
<mailto:brummbear@earthlink.net>. We encourage everyone to send articles of interest to share with us