

## **Remembrances**

By Joan and Bob Bradley

In the early days, Ken Shepherd would start the races from the yacht club deck with the firing of the cannon and finish the races from the same spot. At that time, we had permanent markers around the Bay starting from the north west side and going counter clockwise around the Bay - there was Clark (by entrance to Seapit River), Washburn, Brant, Brown, Becker, Metoxit. Ken would set the course, start the race, walk across the street to his house then when he figured the race was close to finishing he would walk back to the yacht club and finish the race.

At this time, the club owned 2 beetles which were used for the youth sailing program and available for members to race during the weekend. The red hulled beetle was referred to as the club tub. If you got to the club too late and wanted to race a club boat, this is the one you wound up with. In later years, Stu Levi refinished both beetles and they were both more competitive boats. Plates of sandwiches, cookies and punch were served after the races and were provided by one of the skippers. We each took a turn doing this.

We had a few sea lawyers racing at the time, and they were quick to protest when they thought they could get an advantage over another skipper. So, when the races were over and we were all back at the clubhouse, the protests would be heard. Tempers would fly, but, come the following weekend, all would be forgotten and we would start all over again. One good thing that came out of these protests was that skippers soon learned the rules of racing.

Did we have squabbling between skipper and crew? Does the tide rise and fall?

We all used to anticipate what would happen when Nancy and Dick finished the race and approached their mooring, On more than one occasion, Nancy would bleep out and expletive, jump overboard, and swim ashore. What a hoot!!

We also had some characters racing. How about George and Jack with their beetle "Jaws". It had a shark's mouth, teeth and all, painted on the bow. They would chant the jaws tune when approaching another boat, which was not very often. Then there was Capt' Nemo, the capsized king, yelling salty phrases as he sailed along making little progress. But the best of all was when Capt' Nemo tried to leave the dock when tied to the dock. Nemo's whaler was tied bow out to an anchor with the stern to the dock. With much fanfare, he jumped in the boat, started the engine,

untied the stern, and opened the throttle. When the boat reached the end of the bowline, it swung around violently and almost threw him overboard. Dan Shepherd and Bob Bradley fell on the dock in belly laughs - Capt' Nemo had done it again and for this he received the long cleat award!!

Holiday races, especially the fourth of July, would be raced by mothers and fathers, or past commodores. They usually featured a few boats capsizing which would be towed back to our club by Russ and Ellie White to the fanfare of much laughing and kidding. The Labor Day race on most occasions would be around Washburn's Island. You could elect to go either way (down Seapit River or down the Bay and around) and that was the strategy. We also had the Marion Norris Eastman memorial post season race. This could be around the island race or race down Little River to Great River to a mooring and back to the clubhouse.

Awards Day was held at the end of the season and it was a very big deal. Everything that you had been working for all season long, culminated on this day. The Awards Committee would polish all of the permanent trophies. They would purchase the series trophies and lay them all out on the white sheet covered ping pong table - very impressive. The club house was packed with kids and adults and the air was electrified. This was truly a happy tribute to all of the WBYC skippers and crew!

Here are the WBYC skippers and crews while Joan and I were racing beetles.

Neil Bennett and Andrea Bennett  
Beckie Gakidis and George Gakidis  
Bob Bradley and Joan Bradley  
Nancy Zalenski and Dick Zalenski  
Jerry Galick and Jan Galick  
Dan Shepherd and Denise Shepherd  
Jeff Converse  
Bill Strauss and Joy Durell  
Jean Riley Miller and Gardner Miller  
Lee Savery and Dick Savery  
George Wise and Jack Hamilton  
Fran Shepherd and Cindy Limberakis  
Cindy Limberakis and Denise Shepherd  
John(Capt' Nemo)Ostrom  
Jeff? and Kirsten Kennette

“Rememberances” by Joan and Bob Bradley

Joan and Bob Bradley are both past commodores of the Waquoit Bay Yacht Club, are lifetime members, and currently reside in Charlotte, Maine in the summer and Florida in the winter and still visit friends on Cape Cod from time to time.