

BOAT BASIN BULLETIN

Issue 4

All the news that floats we'll print

May 2008

One Month to the Re-Union!

To order the beverages and supplies for the re-union, I need to approximate how many are intending to attend. If you haven't responded already, please click on ebacon@nyc.rr.com before you read this newsletter and tell me how many persons and whether they'll drink red wine, white wine, beer or soda.

Ed Bacon
S/Y Prelude

Your articles, events, issues, photos, paintings and particularly e-mail addresses of other Basin users and Basin alumni should be sent to ebacon@nyc.rr.com This IS a community newsletter.

Thanks to Doug Morey, Mel Snyder, Simone DiBagno, Anina Gerchick, and Frances Gaffney for their contributions to this issue. Thanks to Delta Willis, Jane Clegg and Lew Wood for more alumni e-mail addresses.

-ED-

IN THIS ISSUE ...

Past

- W. 79th St Boat Basin History : The Cat Burglar
- Life after the Boat Basin: Mel Snyder
- Alumni marriage

Present

- That's my neighbor? Simone DiBagno
- Pampered pets: Henry the Duck
- All the news that floats...
-

Pfuture

- Basin Alumni reunion
- Alumni Re-union berths
- Pfantasy pfuture: Wakes
- D Dock's done
- Fleet Week parade
- Parting proverb

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PAST

There is no present or future, only the past happening over and over again.

- Eugene O'Neill

W. 79th St Boat Basin History

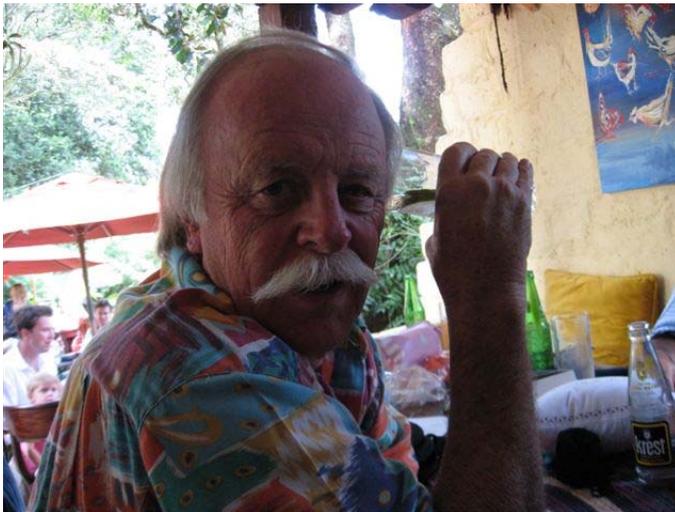
THE SAGA OF THE BOAT BASIN CAT BURGLER

(OR NAKED DIRTY DANCING ON E DOCK)

By Doug Morey, formerly on "Karibu" on E dock

I know exactly the night it started. It was Halloween. The year is a bit more difficult. My log book would suggest it was 1983. I was a pilot flying long haul out of JFK. I returned to the Basin at lunch time after a wicked duty day. We had operated from Bombay to Madras to Bahrain. Then straight onto an Air India 747 for a positioning flight back to New York. It was my choice. I could have gone to a hotel for 24 hours and caught the next day's flight. The worst part of "down the back" flight with AI is just the thinking about it. This would get me back home a day sooner. It was a "no brainer" before they were called that.

I had a bit of sleep and decided to take up an invitation from some downtown friends to watch the West Village parade from the relative safety of their first floor apartment. And a jolly time we had. I always go out with the intention of having more fun than anyone else and usually succeed. It wasn't too late when I staggered back to the peace and gentle sounds of the Boat Basin. This was one snooze I was really going to enjoy. I reckoned I was good until noon. There was a king size mattress in the cutty cabin right at the water line and the lapping of the mighty Hudson nudged me into a peaceful sleep. At a very early hour, something woke me up. It was still dark. I didn't know what it was, but my Paul Jordan serviced



propane heater was running, which was odd and cause to make anyone nervous. (RIP, my friend.) It was enough to get me out of bed and up the ladder. Once on the main level, I noticed the sliding hatch was open. That was really odd. I couldn't have been that drunk. Then I noticed that the money and credit cards I had left on the nearby desk were missing. It dawned on me that I had been burgled. Petty theft was common in my previous home of Nairobi, but not at the marina. I never locked my boat. Not even when I was half way around the world.

That was the first night of a series of mysterious early morning robberies. The next day we learned that several other boats had also been hit. Most people had slept right through it. The losses weren't all that great, but the violation of privacy was disturbing. Especially on a boat, where the Captain is always asked for his permission before anyone boards. The community now slept uneasily. Once or twice a week, a boat was robbed. Sometimes the thief was heard, but he was never seen. It seemed that he vanished into thin air. Or onto a boat. The rumors were rife that the culprit was a resident. Everybody had an opinion. The general feeling was that it had to be one of us. It was very divisive for the community. No one was above suspicion. Except maybe me, because I was often out of town when something happened. One day passing the office, on the way to collect my mail, I heard someone say that they were sure they knew who it was. I stopped short and put my ear back around the corner. It had to be.....! The name left me stunned. It was a good friend and someone I would have trusted with my anchor. It left me quite angry. This had gone too far! It was now early December and I mentioned to several neighbors, that all I wanted for Christmas was the Boat Basin Cat Burglar. It was a bit of a joke really, but I did start setting traps. An expired credit card wrapped with a ten dollar bill and a bunch of ones, light on, hatch unlocked. I slept naked, but laid out a Kenyan kiko wraparound, topsiders and a large heavy flashlight on the bottom step. Several nights I thought I heard something, quietly donned the gear, grabbed the light and crept up the spiral ladder. Nothing. It only made me feel silly. One night just before Christmas, once again, I thought I heard something. Probably just my imagination, I thought as I passed my meager defenses and crept up the ladder. As I put my head around the last corner, I saw him. His back was to me, and he was riffling through the desk. He wasn't very big. I was faced with a major decision. Reverse course, down the ladder, don my clothes and return. Or just carry on. I really didn't want him to get away again. As I moved closer, he heard me and moved toward the open hatch. I caught him before he could go very far. I didn't have a plan, but grabbed him by the collar of his jacket. To my surprise, the evening rain had turned to snow and there was about 3 inches of slush on the deck and the dock. He moved out, with me firmly attached. I started shouting, "I have the bastard," or something equally ridiculous. Over and over. The words didn't matter, I just wanted help. His momentum brought us both off the boat and down to the dock. It was slippery and the rubber tread on my bare feet was worn a bit thin. He pulled one way and I pulled another. Neither one of us were making much progress. I could see where this was going. Into the mighty Hudson sludge. It was mid tide. I thought I might as well accept that fact and make it happen on my terms. We ended up in the water on the south side of E-Dock, close to a finger dock. As soon as we hit the water, I heard him shout: "Help, help, I can't swim." Foolishly, he had told me his weakness. I was listening. At this point, my hands were still holding his shoulders, so I simply pushed him under the dark cruddy water. When I felt him relax a bit, I let him up. Fortunately, we were near a cleat with some extra line. I politely asked him to put his hands on the dock. OK, maybe there was a thinly veiled threat of another dunking. He obliged and I wrapped the line, like the expert calf roper I wasn't, around his crossed hands, just as the D Dock heavies arrived. With small arms, as I remember. "OK, Nathan [Chess], you can take it from here," I remarked, as I crawled out of the water and beat a hasty retreat to my boat, still naked and now feeling slightly chilly. I jumped into the hot shower and then reality set in. I had been a bloody fool. I'm not particularly big or strong. Or brave. Foolish, for sure. In the end I was very lucky and it worked out quite well. The cat burglar was an 18 year old Puerto Rican (can I say that?) with no prior criminal record and a good family behind him. I had to go to Roosevelt Hospital for a couple of stitches on my big toe, but that was easy. I took the next day off work and just about everyone in the Basin came around with a bottle of something. By evening, I was rather drunk. And happy. I got what I wanted for Christmas. And more. Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Clause.

Epilogue: The suspect was charged with breaking and entering and brought before a Grand Jury in a large impressive old building downtown. I was put on the stand and swore to tell the truth. The whole truth and nothing but. It was early morning, so I was stone cold sober. I do enjoy an audience and left no detail untold. I had the feeling that the jury enjoyed the change of pace. Certainly they laughed once in a while. Our criminal was convicted and because of his good record, was put on probation. Case closed. Dum, da, dum dum.

Life after the Boat Basin

From Mel Snyder:

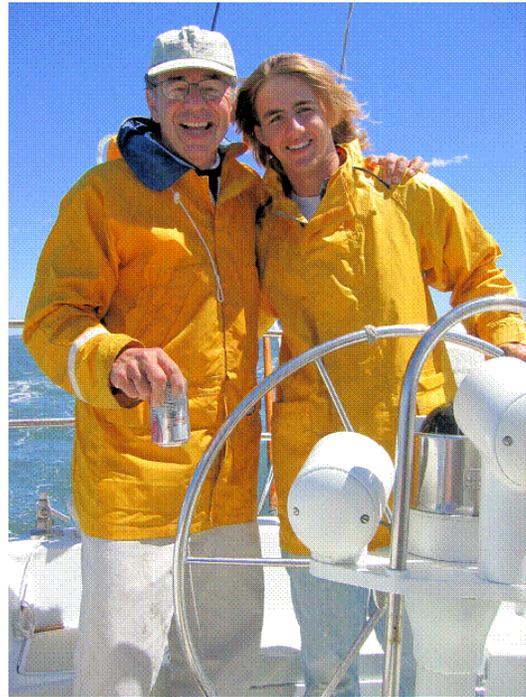
As the Jerry Garcia would have said, "What a long, strange trip it's been."

At 79th Street, "Mel's Angel" was a tiny Cal 20, on which my ex-wife Robin and I would cruise every nice evening and many weekends all summer. On December 4, 1976, I came to the dock with a thermos of hot chocolate and a bag of sandwiches, to sail her to a winter slip in Ossining, NY, and found a guy standing there, staring at the "For Sale" sign on her. He called his wife, and joined me on the run. We looked back as we sailed under the GW pushed by a suddenly strengthening wind, and saw a snowstorm hitting Manhattan. Tides and winds collaborated, and we pulled into Ossining just as the marina owner was pulling out the last dock finger, and the snow hit. My passenger was exhilarated by the perfect run, and he whipped out a checkbook and bought the boat!

Come spring, the new Mel's Angel was a Cal 2-29. Robin found the boat, and commissioned me to find a place on Long Island Sound to keep it. We found "Yankee Harbor" in Stamford. Business was good at our medical ad agency, and we began to think bigger – like live-aboard. We looked at a Gulfstar 44 which failed inspection, then heard they were poor sailing craft. Then, in the winter of 1980, while attending the Oakland (CA) Boat Show with a client, I saw – and fell immediately in love with – an Ericson 38.

In March of 1981, we ordered a custom Ericson 38, in the colors of a C&C Landfall 38 (sand colored hull, burgundy cove/boot stripes, white trunk cabin. Ericson recoiled when they saw the ordered scheme, and demanded an extra \$4000 deposit, on the basis that if I defaulted on the final payment, no one would buy the boat. I traded in our Cal 2-29, which left us boat-less for Memorial Day 1981, so we flew down to Ft. Lauderdale and visited Lew and Monique Wood on their Irwin 52 for the holiday.

I discovered after the boat was delivered that it was sold by an illegal subdealer operating briefly under the Brewers name, until he was discovered. He absconded with my commissioning money and my last payment. I commissioned as much of the boat as I could, paid the yard



to step the mast, and then, while the yard was shut down for July 4th, sailed it to Peter Brewster in Warren, RI, who completed the commissioning. After a battle with the dealer over the master carpenter's certificate, Ericson backed me, and the boat was legally mine.

We wintered the boat in New Rochelle, in the same yard as Susan and Steve Salonites, and Bob and Carol Benedict. We tried live-aboard for a while, but kept the NY apartment, and after a few weeks, threw in the towel. We aren't live-aboards.

After sailing her to Provincetown and back in a series of steps all summer 1984, I made the fateful decision to accept the offer of a "free slip for the winter" behind the home of a childhood friend on Rivo Alto, one of the islands off the Venetian Causeway in Miami. I hired 2 friends in the boat delivery business to accompany me on the trip; a delay in their arrival in New York due to the rig failure on a big old Columbia down in the islands delayed our departure from Stamford until the first weekend in November. Equipped with my trusty new Sitex Ioran and a rented emergency life raft, we left in ski masks and gloves. The winds were high and we quickly made Norfolk in less than 24 hours. The crew took the boat down on the inland waterway. Our big plan was to sail down to Marathon over the Christmas/New Years holiday. Predictably, the weather was poor and got worse. By New Year's Eve day, with the temperature hovering in the high 40s, we tossed in the towel and put in at Isla Mirada. It wasn't really deep enough at the time, so we heard the "SHHHHHHSH" of the keel through the sand all the way into the harbor. We were the only boat in the marina with heat, thanks to makeshift electric, a Cole stove, and plenty of insulation in the cabin top.

In March of 1987, our first child, Rebecca, was born. By May, she was aboard, and grew up to be a total fish. By 7, she would dive in as soon as we anchored and go visit anchored boats. In April 1990, her brother Aaron was born. We became active in the old Ericson regattas, and until 1996, would spend a week every August in Block Island or wherever.

Our medical ad agency ran into hard times, and there were a few years where we didn't launch the boat. In 1995, we merged it into another agency. At the time we were living in Larchmont, NY. We moved in January 2000 to Old Saybrook, CT, not far from Pilot's Point in Westbrook where we kept the boat. By 2003, our marriage hit the rocks, we separated and divorced, and I got Mel's Angel. Robin got custody of the children, and physical possession of the former marital home, until it was sold...which she repeatedly blocked. I moved to Boston, and was working there until the company I was working for ran out of money in November 2005. While I scrapped for consulting work, Mel's Angel both on land and in a slip at nearby Pilot's Point, became a refuge where the kids could hang out and get feelings of better times.

My son Aaron became an especially good sailor, and began teaching sailing at local yacht clubs and finally, the Fenwick golf community, where Katharine Hepburn lived until her death a few years back. Here we are last summer, after a spirited run from Shelter Island:

In April of 2006, Robin had a severe fall in the former marital home, and almost died. I immediately moved back to Old Saybrook, and took custody of Aaron, who has been with me ever since. Robin, after a month in a coma with Becca at her constant side, and months of in-patient rehab, made a miraculous recovery. She subsequently moved to Boston, after the marital home sold just before the bottom dropped out of the real estate market last summer.

Last summer, Aaron and I lived aboard for a few weeks as we were between houses, while the boat was at Pilot's Point. Our lease where the two of us live in Westbrook ends at the end of June; he'll go back to living on Mel's Angel while I move to North Attleboro, MA. For the past 4 years, I have been dating a

terrific woman from Boston. She's an avid sailor (see <http://www.tabblo.com/studio/stories/view/325381/>) and we adore cruising on Mel's Angel. My move is to be closer to her. Aaron has been accepted into a tough photojournalism major at Ohio U for the fall; Becca comes back in July from a year abroad at the University of Chile, and will finish her degree at Trinity College in Hartford.

So, I will be at the get-together, and will juggle my move to Attleboro to be there.

Mel Snyder

Alumni marriage

Gabrielle Barthlen and Dave Coombs, who had their boat transported from C Dock to Hawaii, were married recently in Hawaii. Best wishes!

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PRESENT

In rivers, the water that you touch is the last of what has passed and the first of that which comes, so with present time.

- Leonardo da Vinci

That's my neighbor? – Simone DiBagno

The quote above from the great Italian Renaissance artist is a reminder of one of our resident Italian artists – Simone. Leonardo led a multi-faceted life and maybe some of his genes found their way into Simone's bloodlines.

Simone was born in Rome. His father was a film producer. In 1970, he and a few friends (including Saro, a Basin alumnus) drove a car from Italy to India. The trip was scheduled for 6-8 weeks. A year and a half later, after living in a house on a beach in Goa, a Portuguese enclave in India, he made his way back to Italy where he continued to paint, was an assistant to Fellini and eventually joined the UN as a film producer. The UN sent Simone on the easy jobs – covering the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia, the military coups in Burma and other not-so-safe areas. Simone's last UN documentary "Burma, the Unending Struggle" was recently shown in Rome at the Festival of Asian Films. Another documentary "Breaking Barriers", about people with disabilities, won the Blue Ribbon Award of the American film Festival and a Silver Medal at the New York Film Festival.

When Simone relocated in 1975 to NYC with the UN, his Greenwich Village neighbor was Maggie Sherwood, who founded the Floating Foundation of Photography that was housed in a 2-deck purple pontoon-based boat on A Dock in the early 70's. Luckily, the public was not at one of the photographic exhibits when one of the pontoons sprung a leak and the boat capsized. When the FFP was placed on a large barge, it was moved to the South Street Seaport and Simone lived on it.



Simone – oil on panel by Anina Gerchick – 1996



Unseen Tragedy – oil on linen by Anina Gerchick - 2001

He then moved to the infamous Chelsea Hotel where he stayed in the Henry Miller Suite. To get back to the water, he answered a Les Torgerson "Summer Sail, Winter Snuggle" ad and rented "Abracadabra", Andy Sferra's houseboat on D Dock, then Barry Crawford's houseboat "New Beginning", and finally the "Priest", which was sold. During his stay, he was a member of Eventide, the swim club with the John Edelman-installed dock shower at the end of E Dock. Simone bought his next home - a VW camper bus that he parked all over Manhattan. When he realized that he was always parking for the night near the water, he decided to buy a live-aboard boat.

Michele Capozzi and he bought the first "Excalibur", a 37' wooden boat that developed a predilection for sinking. Whenever the boat started to go down, the five blasts danger signal would be sounded, the neighbors would help pump out the boat and plug the hole and a party would start. On one sinking, Simone emerged naked with his candlelabra.

By this time, Simone desperately wanted to live on top of the water. He began searching for a fibreglas boat that floated and found the current "Excalibur", a 46' Drift-R-Cruz being used as a workshop in Westport, Ct. After Doron Katzman and Nick and Charley Kuskin towed it to the Basin while Simone was covering the civil war in Chad, he and Doron began adding a second deck. Parks told him to remove it since he didn't have a permit and he did so. He then drew plans for a "pilot house", submitted them to Parks and received a permit for a pilot house for a non-running boat! He added a 4-poster canopied bed and baroque furnishings, lighting and decorations. When he returned from his UN Cambodia assignment, he hung Cambodian flags on "Excalibur" and a person asked the dockmaster if "Excalibur" was the Cambodian Consulate.

When asked what drew him back to the Basin, Simone replied, "In Mexico, there's an artist colony resort, a Pueblo Magico, a Magical Village.

[Wikipedia defines a Magical Village as "a place with symbolism, legends, history, important events,



Bed- oil on linen by Anina Gerchick



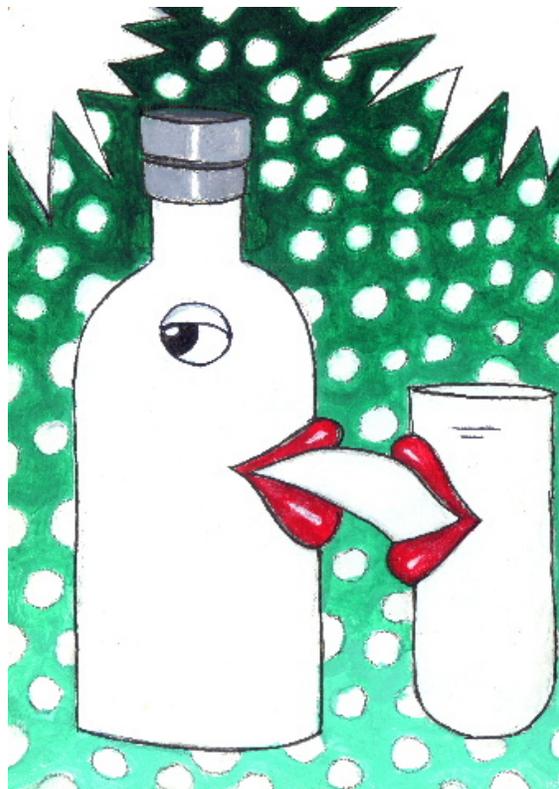
Untitled-5 by Simone DiBagno

day-to-day life – in other words, “magical” in its social and cultural manifestations, ...”] The Boat Basin is one of the few magical villages of the world.”

He doesn't understand Parks logic of requiring running boats so that all the boats can be ordered out during dangerous situations: “I think it's ridiculous. In 1985, Hurricane Gloria struck. Some of the boats that left were sunk or damaged. The boats that stayed were OK. If it's a time of danger, I want to stay.”

Simone's “Excalibur” is one of the non-running boats that Parks plans to throw out next spring. Simone observes, “In areas of America, it's OK to drink as long as you can't see the bottle. At the Boat Basin, it's OK to live aboard as long as the boat doesn't look like a house.

What will Simone do next spring? “I don't want to live in New York if I'm unable to live on a boat. I won't be able to afford replacing “Excalibur” and I'll have to leave this magical village.”



Untitled-8 by Simone DiBagno

Pampered pets



Henry – watercolor by Frances Gaffney

There have been several requests to cover the pampered pets of the Boat Basin. There are now dogs, cats, birds, fish and who knows what else on the boats. The series will start with Henry the Duck, everyone's pet.

Since Henry doesn't have an owner to interview and Henry, a local celebrity, doesn't give interviews or autographs, we're asking for you to e-mail your Henry story to ebacon@nyc.rr.com and we'll publish the stories in the next issue.

To prime the pump: Pedro and Troy contend that Henry is a gay duck, always pecking away at the male ducks' rear ends.

All the news that floats ...

Well, our newsletter nameplate does say: "All the news that floats we'll print". On May 7, a floater was dropped off by the NY Harbor Police next to Chris Williamson's "Argo". The body stayed for an uninvited visit until the Chief Medical Examiner's Office arrived. At least Chris didn't address the floater as Paul Funkhauser did when he boathooked a floater over to E dock, "Why don't you get out of those wet things and into a nice dry martini."

For more information on floaters, see [When the Waters Yield Macabre Secrets](#)



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PFUTURE

Change is the process by which the future invades our lives.

- Alvin Toffler

Boat Basin Alumni Reunion

The reunion will be on Thursday, June 12 from 6:00 pm to 10:00 pm on C Dock.

Many have said that they would bring wine, beer, etc. Unless you have a special beverage that you have to have, the event will be easier if instead you bring a potluck appetizer, hors d'oeuvres or snack. Beer, white wine, red wine, soda and water will be provided. A suggested contribution will be collected at the door. After paying expenses, additional monies will be contributed to the Boat Basin and Riverside Park Fund.

To order the beverages and supplies, I need to approximate how many are intending to attend. Please click on ebacon@nyc.rr.com NOW and tell me how many persons and whether they'll drink red wine, white wine, beer or soda.

See below for a list of those who have responded since the last issue. We have the first 100 intended attendees:

5/12/2008

Basin Alumni Re-union Enumeration & Attendees Sip Selections

Intending to attend (NP)	100
White wine (WW)	16
Red wine (RW)	15
Beer (B)	16
Soda (S)	12
Water (W)	3

Name	NP	WW	RW	B	S	W	Remarks
Lew and Monique Wood	4	2	1				Dan and Janet
Gabriele Barthlen and Dave Coombs	1						
Dean and Sue Ferris	2						
Robin Raskin and Carey (sp?)	2						
Naama Manahan	4				3		Ben, Ori and Ron

Fay Simpson	1		1			
Susan Argus	1					
Kip and Tiffany Colligan	3				Elsa	
Josh Goldberg	2				Chantal	
Frances Gaffney and Hubert Gee	2		2			
Delta Willis	1	1				
Kendra Hegewald	3				3	Cassandra,Heather
Jim and Heather Marsten	5		1	1	3	Christopher,Edward,Katharine
Frank Marshall	1		1			
Carol and Jeffrey Judd	2	2				
Nat Lichtwar and Linda Mays	2	1			1	
Marilyn and Gary Oppenheimer	2					
Michael Fischer	1			1		
Simone DiBagno	1					
Josh Mandel	1			2		Drinks half his beers
Mike and Heidi O'Rourke	2					
Mel Snyder	1					
Regina Jordan and Ed Bacon	2	1		1		
Neil Robbins	1		1			
Penny Bragonier	2		2			Frank
Ed Tiffany	2	1		1		Joan
Benno van Noort	3	1				Harumi and Mom
Julia Jordan	2		1	1		Doug
Werner and Raquel Buhner	2		2			
Kathy Plotkin	1				1	
Linda Reilly	2	1	1			Tony Stephen, Eli,Michael
Anina Gerchick	4					
Dick DeBartolo	2				2	Dennis
Nathan Chess	1			1		
Bill and Jane Lewis	4	2	1	1		Kirin, Tanner
Tom Rolston	1					
John and Jeannie Doswell	2	1	1			
Meredith Gardner	1			1		
Cindy Kane and Doron Katzman	2					
Peggy and George Sauerwein	2	1		1		Catherine?
Ed James	1			1		
Bill Reardin	1					
Hurish Pajeski	2					Tori
Kelly and Saro	2				2	
Pauline Sklar	1			1		

Leslie Day and Jim Nishiura	2	1	1
Phil Sherman	1		1
Ed Bacon and Regina Jordan	2	1	1
Joel Willis	1		
John Comatas	1		
Gloria Weiss, Abdel and kids	4		
Andy Sferra	1		
Fred Armbruster	1		

Here are some of those still Missing in Action:

Leslie Strauss	Emily and Gambol Lee	Mark the playwright
Henry Cohen & Toni Kline	Helen Mignon	Mike the diver
? Patterson (stage mgr)	Paul Minkoff	Rick, Eric and Thor Field
Pat Pulley	Peter Addis	Lonnie Day
Jerry Schindlinger	Claudia and Ted Howard	Dave Foster
Greg Smith	Bonnie Munchen and kids	Jay Pellicane
Jim Gallagher	Howard and Gloria Chavell	Guessing Julian
Burns Patterson	Ruthie Hammerman	The Cat Lady
Jonathan Asche	Susan and Tanya Octaviano	Bobby Held
Jerry Berton	Paola and Roland Stern	Barry Crawford
Julie and Miles	Beth McCarthy	Orlando Rodriguez
Josh Bloomgarden	Mel Appelbaum	Pat Halvorsen
Leslie Smoke	Tanya and Susan Octaviano	Jill Baker
Nat Haft	Hanny Ruddy	Cliff May
Paul Druley	Ted and Claudia Howard	Cecil Kramer
Ed and Nancy Enright	Eivind Avrum	Jane White
Judy Williams	Bruce-in Dick De's bldg	Ida Smyer
Ione Haskell	Tom Salmon	Phyllis and Dave
Pat, Mariah and Morgan Carey	Lou Gonzalez	Neil Sendar
Dave – ex-dockworker	Tom Glennon	Hanny Ruddy

Dr. Bob

Tony Germani

Joan and Ed Wood

Hugh Downs

Jerry Fouche

Mike Samuels

John Edelman

Mike Portis

Harry Wilkins

If you don't see someone on the lists above or on the distribution lists, contact me and I'll add them to the list. Better yet, if you want to see someone again, you track them down and give me their e-mail address.

Alumni re-union berths

A request was posted in Issue 3 asking current boaters to offer a berth on your vessel on June 12 to an alum. The cheapest hotel that alumni have found is the Belleclaire on 77th and Broadway for \$309 a night. If you have a spare berth or sofa on board, please invite analum to stay over that night by e-mailing ebacon@nyc.rr.com I have four requests by alums so far.

Pfantasy pfuture

In the 1970s before the wave wall was built, Paul and Janet Funkhauser kept their houseboat in the end slip of E Dock during the summer seasons. Paul became upset at the tugs and their wakes and one day fired his flare pistol across the bow of a tug and barge. The tug company was also upset – turned out that the barge was a fuel barge.

Once again, we have a major wakes problem from the ferries, the sludge ship, and the weekend warriors and it looks as if we have another Funky in our community. The following notice was recently posted by The Wakes Warlock on the mailroom bulletin board:

To paraphrase "Professor" Harold Hill in "The Music Man": Well either you are closing your eyes to a situation you do not wish to acknowledge, or you are not aware of the caliber of disaster indicated by the presence of WAKES in your community. Well, you got trouble my friend. Right here, I say, trouble right here in River City.

The professor's right. The horrendous wakes from the morning and evening ferry rush hours are getting to me. I am tired of the wake-up calls before sunrise, especially on the days when I'm thrown out of my bed. I have bought a Winchester cannon and convinced Parks to let me install it on the wave wall to "start boat races".



However, we will use this cannon to whack the wakes wrongdoers. During the morning and evening rush hours on the wave wall I will train you in how to fire grapeshot and shrapnel, how to lead a fast moving boat, how to bracket your target, how to sink your target, and how to quickly hide the cannon. There will be no dummy targets; we will use the real thing, the rush hour ferries:



Volunteers will be guaranteed anonymity – I will provide Darth Vader helmets:



To volunteer, leave a note addressed to The Wakes Warlock on the wave wall's "No Wakes" sign.

And remember: You got trouble Folks! Right here in River City. Trouble with a Capital "T" that rhymes not with "W" and that stands for WAKES. Trouble, trouble, trouble, trouble, ...

D Dock's Done

D Dockers returned to their slips from their temporary slips. Bobby's houseboat was the first to return on May 2 and by the end of the weekend, D dock, the best dock in the Basin, was almost back to normal.

Fleet Week Parade

On Wednesday, May 21, Fleet Week's warships will sail by the Basin, turn below the George and sail downriver past the Basin again. If you're boating that day, be aware of the naval vessels protection zone restrictions. You must proceed at minimum speed when within 500 yards of a naval vessel and "proceed as directed by the Commanding Officer or official patrol". If you get within 100 yards of a naval vessel, you will experience a "quick and severe response" or in layman's terms, a lot of armed company.

Parting proverb

It's a boat, it's supposed to leak money.

- thehulltruth.com

To order the beverages and supplies, I need to approximate how many are intending to attend. If you have not responded already, you procrastinator, please click on ebacon@nyc.rr.com NOW and tell me how many persons and whether they'll drink red wine, white wine, beer or soda.

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