



# United States Power Squadrons®

*Come for the Boating Education...Stay for the Friends<sup>SM</sup>*

**CROSSED** ANCHORS

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE WINSTON-SALEM SAIL AND POWER SQUADRON  
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Winston Salem Sail and Power Squadron celebrated our 59th Annual Change of Watch on January 20.  
Thank you to D/Lt/C Harold Lynn Dail, SN, from D27 for the installation of officers.



# Commander

*Lt/C Bill Davis, SN*



Surprise, surprise, surprise as Gomer Pyle would say. Yes it's round three. Like a bad penny. Actually I don't even bend over to pick up a penny any more. Has to be at least a dime or one of my missing pocket knives. If you are lucky you may have found one of them. I buy them 8 or 10 at a time on line so I always have a back up. Never lost my billfold but I have pocket knives scattered across the state of North Carolina. Almost as good as looking for Geodetic Markers.

At the EXCOM meeting David (along with his trusty sidekick Debbie) seemed to be well along with plans for the year. Atta boy David.

I have instruction books printed for those interested in taking the Vessel Safety Check exam. We have two volunteers already. I muscled my way thru that gauntlet last year. Hope I can remember enough to help others this year. We can inspect anyone's boat whether it passes or not and we still get credits. So if you have an old derelict behind the house it is a candidate.

I am looking forward to a water free gas tank this year. I checked on the boat in the storage yard the other week and it was still there waiting for me. I have finally even figured out to support the canvas such that it will shed water. That sounds like it shouldn't be rocket science but it's trickier than you would think. Specially designed supports with a window suction cup strategically placed on the bow, tilt of the trailer to slide the water off the back, and proper tensioning on the bungee cords.

Don't be surprised if there will be a lot going on this year. Just hope for good weather.

# Educational Officer

*Lt. Kin Cartrette*



Well, we're going to hope that Old Man Winter has given us his worst and that we can get back on the water soon. This is an opportune time to learn or brush up on boating safety while getting our boats and gear ready.

Winston-Salem Sail and Power Squadron will offer the Americas Boating Course-3 on Tuesdays, March 6th, 13th, 20th, 27<sup>th</sup>, and April 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2018 from 7:00 to 9:00 pm at the Old Town Recreation Center at 4550 Shattalon Drive, Winston-Salem, NC. The cost for the course is \$26 for the course material and DVD. We are working on scheduling an ABC-3 class in late spring 2018 at Miller Park Recreation Center. We've checked into using the new Salem Lake facilities to teach an ABC-3 class, however, they are still under construction and we are looking to the spring 2019 to set up a class there.

Don Breault is setting up a one-day ABC-3 classes in the Atlantic Beach area in the late spring/early summer. If you would like to help teach the classes here in Winston-Salem or at Atlantic Beach. Please contact Don or myself.

The WSSPS held an Instructor Development recertification course at New Hope United Methodist Church on November 9th. Dawn Gaskill, Don Breault, Leon Corbett, Bill Davis and I recertified and NASBLA instructors for the squadron. A special thanks to each of these instructors for being willing to teach and help teach USPS education courses. Some folks have also asked about taking the initial Instructor Development class. Please contact me and we can look at schedules and set up an initial certification class. You can contact me at (336) 413-6490 or email [education@wsps.org](mailto:education@wsps.org).



# Fish House Chronicles

By P/C Don Breault, AP

## The Dead of Winter

### “Felix and Mandy Go Winter Slip Cruising”

As I gaze into the distant pastures & fields behind the warmth of my home in Lewisville, I can see they are all covered with a fresh blanket of snow. I begin to wonder if this winter is for sure a reminder of those cold and snowy winters I experienced as a child growing up in New England. But the climate can be very different on the coast than in Winston-Salem. That same thought came to Felix and Mandy as they shovel one more load of white powder off of their driveway. On a late Thursday afternoon, my good friend Felix decided to play hooky from work on Friday so off to the coast he, Mandy, and a dog named Boo traveled on the interstate anticipating a less hostile climate on the coast. The further east they got, the less of the white stuff they saw. They arrived in the middle of the night and after unloading essentials into “Ester”, Felix turned on his reverse cycle heat pump and the inside of the boat became somewhat warm.

Friday morning had a spectacular sunrise over the ocean as the sky over Pelletier creek was ablaze with pink and orange. Felix saw fit to make a pot of his special brew and take in this wonderful sunrise. Temperature was a balmy 50 degrees which was somewhat of a heat wave compared to the western part of the state. Now the weekend was about to begin with a hot breakfast on the deck as warmer air broached his face from a partly cloudy sky. Felix made his mental list of those smaller winter projects every boat captain needs to do in the off season. But no one was watching the weather forecast because that pink sky in the morning was a telltale sign of bad weather building up just outside of the cape. The morning turned into late afternoon when all of a sudden, “Thunder Snow” became the weather event over the creek. The temperature dropped from 50 to 29 in just a couple of hours and the wind began to blow from the north-east. A few drops of freezing rain was quickly followed by gigantic heavy wet snow flakes the size of nickels. By 4 pm the snow had built up to 3 inches and it was coming down at a rate on 1 inch per hour now. Mandy came top sides and told Felix we have no libations or food for dinner. Uh Oh muttered Felix. We need to make an ABC and Food Lion run ASAP.

As the unsuspecting couple turned on to US 70 in Morehead City, they noticed that there were no plows. Just tracks in the now almost 5” deep of heavy wet snow. They were able to get to the K-mart plaza where the closest ABC store was and they found the stores had all closed down due to the weather. Plan B said Felix. Off to the grocery store and as they entered the parking lot, of Harris Teeter, they noticed the lights being turned off one at a time. Felix slid his pick-up truck directly in front of the store entrance, and Mandy quickly ran in just before they were locking up for the night. The manager said we are closed now, and besides all of the milk and bread has been sold out. “No” bleated Felix, Beer and Wine and meat and cheese. And I can pay cash. The manager said I am sorry but all of our registers have been closed out for the day so you will have to leave now. The look on the couples face was more than scary. No food, no booze, and it’s cold as a Witches belly button.

Now the fun part of getting back to Pelletier Creek. The roads were about impossible to drive on but somehow, Felix managed to get back to his Slip. There was Ester floating up and down with white caps in the creek and a 30 knot blow from the NE. Getting back on the boat was somewhat of a challenge that even an old salted Yankee would have abandoned because of safety. They managed to get on to Ester and down below they went wondering what they could survive on for the night. The power began to flicker on and off and eventually it went off. And so did the heat. Felix remembered that Denny always kept a stash of libations on the Gemini. And he also knew that Denny always kept his freezer full of good things such as sausages, hot pockets, snacks, and other treats. But how can Felix get over to Denny. The lights were on so Denny must be in the Gemini. Felix tried to call him on his cell phone but no one answered. Felix thought he heard a small party going on because he heard the generators making those loud noises across the creek so someone had power over there. But there was no way to reach them by land or by water. Meanwhile, Mandy went searching into the abyss of the storage lockers and she came up with 2 cans of expired Cambells

beans & franks, and one can of 5 year old Spam that had a small bit of rust on the outside lid. Felix went searching in every hiding place he had, hoping to find a small portion of an old Four Roses or Popov's vodka. Luck for Felix, he even found an old can of Coors Light Reid left behind 2 years ago. Mandy added a pack of old dehydrated dirty rice she found stuffed in a corner of the galley where pots and pans were and it had a corner of the pack chewed off by some small vermin visitor one day. But that was Ok because it was still in date. They also had some dried dog food for "Boo" who was trying to figure out why they drove all this distance to punish themselves for no reason. Maybe Boo thought his human parents have to do this once every year to remember how it feels to be cold and hungry. So back to his doggy bed he went to contemplate his food dish getting filled.

Now the snow continued to pound the eastern part of NC and they accumulated a foot or more of the heavy wet stuff. The docks were impossible to walk on as the creek froze over and it was high tide so you could not tell where the dock was and where the water was. Extreme Dangerous conditions for anyone walking those docks. With no electricity and no heat, the un-insulated hull of Ester became a meat locker. Felix found his propane portable grill and quickly lit it inside the cabin hoping to get some heat and a way of thawing out that frozen can of beans and franks Mandy found earlier. The left over Four Roses and 2 year old Coors Beer went down with a sad look of a desperate person wanting a warm winter drink settling for warm snow water. "Yuk" said Felix. Next time he said, I am going to do what Denny does. Stock my boat with emergency rations and libations.

Now the wind was howling like a moaning creature from the black lagoon. The boats in the creek were all rocking up and down and the snow continued to fly sideways. The temperature fell into the teens and this wasn't the end of it yet. Boo the dog woke up as his kidney and other parts of him said I need to go outside. He barked and Mandy looked at Felix and Felix looked at Mandy to see who draws straws to do the dog walk. You can just imagine what creative ideas Felix had as he drew the short straw.

We won't get into that part of the story. But back inside of Ester, Mandy found the hand held VHF and tuned on to the weather broadcast. Small craft warnings, high wind gusts, freezing temperatures, and heavy snow were the forecast for all of Friday and Saturday. Some warmer weekend at the coast she thought. Next time we need to look at weather forecasts before driving 5 hours east in late January.

By late Saturday afternoon, the weather finally broke and it stopped snowing and the wind was settling down to a balmy 10 knot north wind. The power came back on finally and the heat began to work once more as the frozen couple began to unwrap themselves from the comforters and blankets. They noticed people shoveling the docks so they could at least get to the fish house. There they were all ready for another round of adventure, the Fish House residents all lined up drinking beer and talking about the Nor'easter that came through. Total snow fall was a catastrophic 14 inches. Roads and parking lots all waiting for the "Sun Plow" to return once more. And it finally did.

By Sunday morning the sun broke through the cloud cover and began to melt things down to a point where the run off looked like white water rapids in the Saint Croix River. By Sunday afternoon, the roads were slushy and very wet so the trip back to Winston-Sale was salvaged so the "Ester" crew could once again return to the real world of work.

Now grab a cup of warm beverage as you finish reading this. Remember those lazy hazy days of summer walking in the sands of Cape Lookout Island. Feeling the warmth of the sun on your back and the taste of salt on your lips as a small wave splashed on your belly while you hold a very cold beverage in your hand. Imagine all of this while you close your eyes and click your heels together and say; "There is no place like Cape Lookout in the summer". "There is no place like Cape Lookout in the summer". Soon and very soon, winter will turn into spring.

See you on the water !  
P/C Don Breault  
"Boat Searching "





## 2017 Bridge Officers

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**Membership** P/C Dawn Gaskill, AP – mail to: [dawnatg@aol.com](mailto:dawnatg@aol.com) (336) 785-0996

**Members at Large:** Lt. Jim Frazier S, Faye London, Tisha London, P/C Dawn Gaskill, AP

**Nominating Committee:** Lt/C Eddie Shinlever, P, P/C Debbie Mayfield S, P/C Reid London N

Feel free to contact any of the above if you have questions. Our meetings are always open to the public.

Please visit with us anytime.