

From the Commodore



As you probably already know, February 10th is the Commodore's Ball. I hope to see as many of you there as possible. There are some members that I have not yet met. If I don't find you, please find me and introduce yourselves.

I want also to invite all of the new members as there are several of you, so that I can embarrass all of you by asking you to stand so I can introduce you to rest of the club members.

With the New Year here there are many events that I would like to personally invite you to, such as The Blessing of the Fleet on April 7th starting at 9:00 am, the many pot lucks and BBQs that are planned and especially the club meetings. If you haven't seen it yet the club calendar listing all of the events, their date and their time is on the club website. Take a look at it and mark your calendar.

The club members have expressed their desire to see our club facilities

improved. Some of these proposed projects are resurfacing and upgrading the docks, upgrading the kitchen facilities, and many more. While we on the board are really smart we are not as smart as you the members. We need your input and ideas regarding what you want to see done and more importantly getting your approval for whatever projects you would like to see accomplished.

Privateer Yacht Club where I have been teaching has a beautiful Club House as any of you who have seen it would probably agree, however when any of my students have come to our club for a lesson, and several of them have, they have all told me that they like our facilities better. They said it had a more nautical feel to it and that it just seemed to be more inviting and comfortable. At first this kind of surprised me. But the truth is it shouldn't have. We have a wonderful facility and one to be very proud of. I just thought I would pass their comments along.

On another note, the racing season is going to start in April. I would like to

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hear any ideas that you might have for making it more inviting to more of you. One thought that I have heard is that maybe we could add a “Fun“ fleet for anyone to join in just for the enjoyment of being out on the water with lots of other boats. Perhaps a junior fleet where you bring your kids and let them drive and crew the race. To be honest I don’t know if these are feasible but as I have said before we are a family club not a racing club. Any Ideas for making that more true would be great to hear.

I am looking forward to see seeing all of you at the Ball. Find your glass slippers and come join the party

Your Commodore,
Buzz Cole

From the Vice Commodore



No article submitted this month.
Your Vice Commodore,
John Garner

From the Dockmaster



No article submitted this month.
Dockmaster,
Tom Long

From the Race Comm. Chair



No article submitted this month.
Committee Chair,
OPEN

From the Purser



I like to remind you, that the Membership Dues are now due. Thank you to all the members that have payed already. Spring is right around the corner and it's time to plan your year. Should you be planning not to re-new your slip assignment, let the Dock Master know in advance. Thank you

Purser,
Norbert Falk

From the Parliamentarian



Sails Up

The boat is happier with her sails up for that is how she is meant to be, her white wings spread to lean upon the wind and join her motion to the dancing sea.

The cruel math of bearing and distance

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Of wind and current and tide
tell me that we must accept the
sounds
and smells of burning fuel down
inside.

The iron monster within her hull
drones on
or else an extra day or maybe two
we'll spend
to reach beyond the horizon where
lies
the harbor of our journey's end.

We do not have the time to sail in
silence
So that we can hear the rhythm of
the boat,
the creak and the moan of natural
motion
the sounds of bow wave foam
spreading on the sea

Or have quiet conversation while we
float
That is, we will not give ourselves the
time. But still
the boat is happier with her sails up
for that is how she is meant to be.

Parliamentarian,
Marvin Czentnar

From the Member at Large



The time of the year for the
Commodores Ball is upon us. I hope to
see and meet as many of you at the

ball, that I have not had the pleasure
of meeting as of yet. If we have not
met, please feel free to search me
out and say "Hello", as I will try and
do the same. It looks as this year's
Commodores Ball is going to be as
successful as of years past. The Board
and I would like to thank all off the
people who have and continue to
work so hard to ensure of its success.
For those of you that will be unable
to attend, I hope that we will be able
to meet at the club at another one of
our upcoming events.

Keep the wind in your sails,

Member at Large,
Malcolm Newbold

From the Yeoman



All, I would like to try something new
here for our newsletter. This year I
will challenge you to send me your
best sailing story to be published in
our newsletter. It can be on any
subject sailing related, like
maintenance, picking up a boat,
sailing to the canal (like our member
Evan is doing now) or anything. But if
you have a good story to tell, send it
to me to the rsc.telldatales@gmail.com
email address and I will try to get it
into the Telltales.

I would like to thank all those who
helped getting our contact list up to

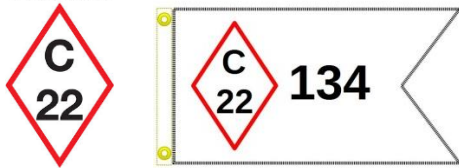
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date and adding a few new email addresses to the telltales list.

Yeoman,
Glenn Segrest

From the C-22 fleet



The Punchbowl Regatta will be 4/21-22 at Lake Martin.

Clubhouse Scuttlebutt



As a reminder, please email or text pictures of work parties of deconstruction of old room and porch, and/or construction of the new room to Mary Segars.

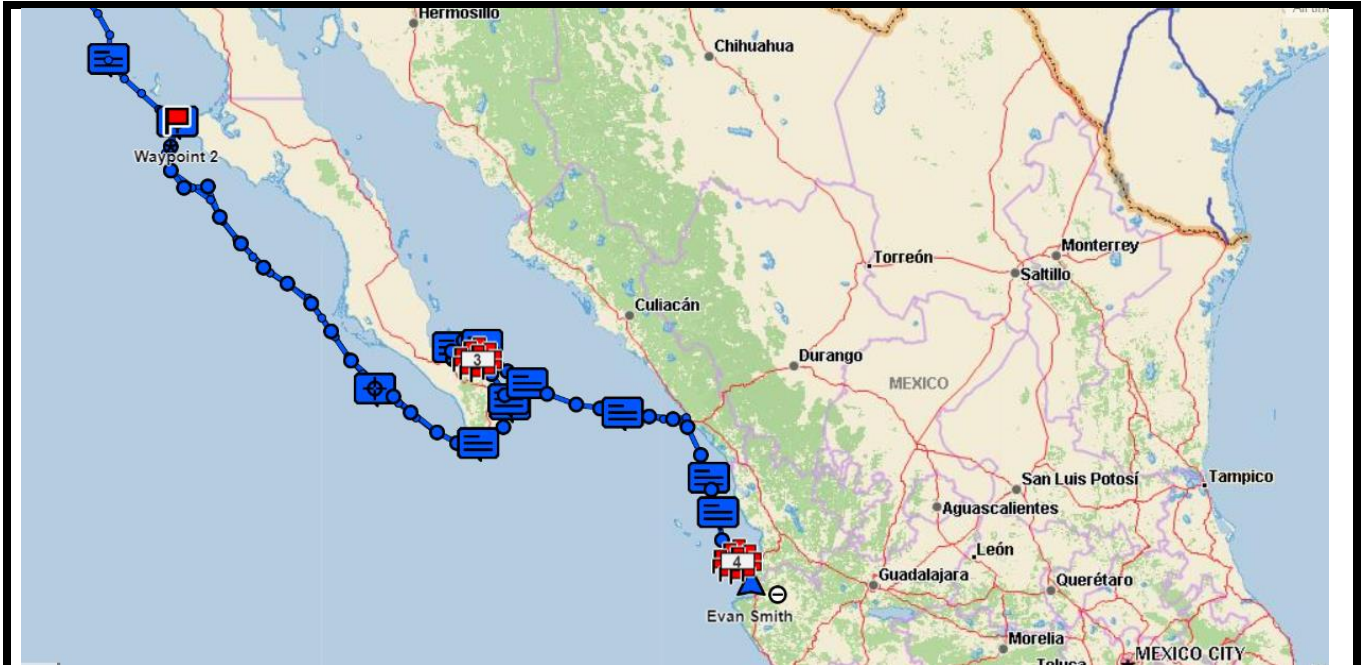
segarsmary@gmail.com
706-766-4082

Evan Smith is making way to the Canal. You can follow him on his journey or email him a message of inspiration or jealousy by logging into his Garmin map. Contact Norbert or Glenn at the club to get a web address and password.

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Calendar



February

02/10/18 (Sat)

Commodores Ball

02/24/18 (Sat)

9:00 am Work Party

1:00 pm Board Meeting

3:00 pm Race Seminar Meeting (Buzz)

2/24/18-2/25/18

C-22 Midwinters Regatta (Merritt Island, FL)

March

03/17/18 (Sat)

9:00 am Work Party

5:00 pm St Patric's Day celebration

6:00 pm Pot Luck o' the Irish

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Please include the subject: Articles

Visit our website
The website of the Rome Sailing Club is

www.TheRomeSailingClub.com



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Tales of Knotty Fun, Vol. 1

By Rebecca Land Segrest

Glenn and I started dating in May of 2006. While I knew he lived on a sailboat in college, I did not know that he really didn't *sail* his sailboat. Consequently, I have gotten the experience of learning to sail with him on his Catalina 27'. This has included several experiences running aground, becalmed seas with no motor, and one lengthy Saturday stuck between two bridges, not able to get on the right point to get under either one. Needless to say, I met Glenn caving, but I fell in love with him sailing. Perhaps it was all his charm, but just maybe *Knotty Fun* had something to do with it.

One of my favorite stories takes place later that first year.

We left out of Hale's Bar marina early on a Friday afternoon and motored north on the Tennessee to downtown Chattanooga. I worked the previous night and spent a good portion of the afternoon napping on and off in the cockpit. I remember the sun on my face and the wind on my shoulders and the constant drone of the motor in my ears.

I felt like I was really something when we were out to dinner that night. As one who has never met a stranger, I enjoyed talking to people and seeing their faces when I told them we had a sailboat down at Ross' Landing. I left off the fact that she is older than I was, in desperate need of a bottom job, and was upholstered with a blue and yellow acrylic plaid that would have been right at home in my grandmother's attic.

The next morning, we picked up some crew, Aaron and his son. In hindsight, we should have gotten friends who knew something about sailing or at least boating, but sometimes you take the friend most eager, and their teenage kid. We left Ross' Landing with high spirits and a full tank of gas. I was thrilled to take *Knotty Fun* through the locks at Chickamauga Dam. If you have never taken this journey, bring a book. It takes longer than you would expect. Once the dam was in sight, we were all getting excited, even the relatively hard to engage teenager. Unfortunately, not one of us had been through the locks before; Glenn was only slightly more experienced than I was, and I was a totally novice. Heads held high, we pulled up to the lock as if we knew what we were doing and tied off to a bollard just at the end of the straight part of the channel. We were tied there for probably 10 minutes, adjusting fenders and securing lines such that we were pretty stable and not raking the concrete walls.

"Tiny sailboat!" What? Was that directed at us? The three adults on board looked up and around and finally in the crow's nest far above a small figure can be seen pointing towards our vessel.

"Tiny sailboat, MOVE BACK!" Well, this caused some confusion, but after a series of gestures and large motions it was determined that next time we should really have a radio. Also, we were being directed to move out of the channel and away from the lock all together. Boy am I glad we did! When the water was released it rushed out of that channel with such force we would have surely been swamped and our hull beaten to toothpicks against the walls. Once the torrent of water subsided the gate opened and from the locks emerged a gigantic barge that commandeered every inch of the channel where we had previously been tied. Our sailboat could have been their dinghy's dinghy. (Ok, maybe that's a bit of an exaggeration, but a good man once told me to never let the truth get in the way of a good story.) Our egos much checked, we fired up the motor and humbly made our way through the gate and into the lock.

Once on the high side of the lock, we hanked on the headsail and spent a wonderful few hours enjoying the decent wind and wide water of the Chickamauga Reservoir. Even our teenage crew enjoyed the sailing, and we were all sad to see the time come that we had to drop off our help at the Chickamauga Marina. As we arrived, I

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ducked into the cabin to tidy up while Glenn and Aaron brought us into a transient slip. I came back out of the cabin while they were pulling the boat to the slip on the end. Glenn pulling the stern and Aaron holding the bow. I watched it happen but couldn't speak up fast enough to keep Glenn from walking backwards right off the dock and into the water. I'd never seen him levitate back out of the water like that before or since. Luckily, he blamed Aaron and not me.

Just the two of us now, we spent a few more hours sailing before turning towards our evening destination. Glenn planned for us to overnight at a little private club just up from the dam, river right, but first we needed to see about dinner. Nothing builds an appetite like a day on the water! As we sailed toward this little club, with their little dock, it dawned on me that we didn't *really* have permission to dock there. Now we did, sort of, because back in the day Glenn's grandfather donated the property to build that little club on and his name still resides on the mantle inside the clubhouse. But, this seemed to me like it might be a difficult explanation when we got arrested for trespassing and I'm a bit anxious about such things anyway. So, Glenn decided to drop me off on the dock and then anchor the boat off the dock while we went for dinner. This also was a good idea because we have a fixed fin keel that doubles as a manual depth gauge. The lack of *actual* depth gauge and known shallow waters seemed like asking for trouble. Glenn had already been in the water once that day, so I only felt a little bad when he had to swim to shore after setting anchor. Oh, did I mention we didn't have a dinghy? I was happy to stand on the dock, that I may or may not have been trespassing on, hold the bag of dry clothes and cheer him on.

I don't remember getting to dinner or what we ate, but I do remember getting dropped off at the little marina and deciding how to get back to the boat. It was dark with little moon light to shine on our endeavors. Not to be seen as unadventurous, I stripped to my skivvies and joined Glenn on the swim back to the boat. Once we got back to *Knotty Fun*, wet and giggling, we changed into warm, dry clothes and settled down to watch night roll in. The moon was up in full by now and brightly overpowered the flashlight tied to the halyard and run up the mast to serve as our anchor light. I snuggled into a fuzzy blanket on a cabin cushion and watched the bats dance in front of the moon, like a lit stage.

My romantic picture was broken by the strangest sound. *Whisk, whisk, whisk*. Glenn was below in the cabin. The one light on the boat that actually worked cast strange shadows from the windows and lighted up the cockpit. As I looked back from my cozy spot on the bow, I saw his silhouette climbing the companionway stairs holding a big bowl and whisking like there was no tomorrow. Glenn made several trips back into the cabin before joining me on the bow and presenting me with fresh whipped cream atop a raspberry shortcake. I smile remembering that night. A new love, bats dancing in the moonlight, and dessert on the bow of a sailboat in a private cove on the Tennessee.

I know we made it to our destination, Sale Creek Marina, the next day. But I cannot begin to tell you what happened on the journey. I can tell you that since that weekend, we have had many adventures with *Knotty Fun* and regardless of the destination, any day sailing is better with wind, a depth gauge, and a radio.

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Classifieds

↳ **Want to replace your old dock lines?**

I have old life safety rope for sale. \$2 for 10 meter / 33 foot length. This rope has reached the end of its lifespan as a life safety rope, but still has life left. Two types available, 11mm (7/16") Nylon and Polyester. Not good for a line, sheet, or halyard on a boat, but would make a great dockline.

Contact: Glenn 423-838-4377

↳ **Many boats are for sale at the marina, take a walk down the docks to see which ones are available**

Please submit classified listings to: RSC.TellTales@gmail.com
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The Bitter End



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