



OFF SOUNDINGS CLUB

OFFICE OF
THE SECRETARY
67 Stanton Lane
Mystic, CT 06355

(203) 536-7550

September 28, 1992

NOTICE

Commodore van Dyke has called a meeting of the Board of Governors and all Committee Chairmen for Saturday October 24, 1992. The meeting will be held at 0930 in the first floor meeting room (South East corner of the building) of the Dickerman Building at the Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, Connecticut.

Park in the North or South parking lot and you will find the Dickerman Building halfway between the two lots on the South corner of Rossie Street and Route 27. This is a large stucco building across the street from the Seaport. Enter through the parking lot off Rossie Street and use the side entrance. Go left when you hit the main hall and the meeting room is the first door on your right.

This is the day of the Dyer Dhow Derby at the Seaport and Commodore van Dyke thought many of you might want to participate in these activities. The meeting, which will end before noon, will be followed by liquid refreshments and a light lunch under a tent set up in front of the New York Yacht Club Station. This will provide a good starting point for those who are interested in defending our honor actively or verbally in the Dyer Dhow competition.

Note that designated others are included in the invitation for lunch. Please return the enclosed postal card so I know who to expect for the meeting and so that I can notify the caterer on October 20th of how many to expect for lunch.

An Agenda for the meeting is enclosed.

Sincerely,

Neal H. O'Connell
Secretary

Oh if you would learn about yachting
 Come, Sonny, and sit by my knee
 The story I'll tell of the great Edgar L.
 Better known as the scourge of the sea
 There's a wonderful thing about yachting
 It seems an impossible stunt
 I refer to the way Ed wins races - hooray!
 Without ever being in front.

The Chanteyman looks like a sailboat
 In many important respects
 Her masts they stick up, and her keel it sticks down
 And her cabin is under her decks.
 Alas there's no further resemblance
 To the boats we're accustomed to see
 She's designed to make fools of the men who make rules
 And likewise the race committee.

Her handicap's something outrageous
 She's shaped like a ball, by the look
 But the race has been won long before the first gun
 With a slide rule, a tape and a book.
 This is naturally frightfully boring
 With the race in the bag in advance
 So to strengthen his ribs, Ed starts changing his jibs
 His mainsails and sometimes his pants.

Now, son, here's a bit of advice
 Pay attention, I won't tell you twice:
 There are sails for heavy breezes
 There are sails for calms to come
 There are sails that pull like all bejesus
 On the fumes of Meyer's rum
 There're sails of lovely silk and lace work
 Monogramed in stitches small
 And unless you're looking for lumbago
 Don't sail with Raymond- you'll set them all!

Shift the sails when skies are sunny
 Shift the sails for every shower
 Shift the sails in case the glass acts funny
 Forty-seven times an hour.
 Shift the sails for every change in dew-point
 Have you seen the bright new shades for fall?
 Ed makes sails for sixty thousand yachtsmen
 And on Chanteyman you'll set them all!

To
 Ed had a bal bal
 Le mere

To Smiles