



# Gale Tales

## Manatee Sailing Association

Volume 38 Number 6

[www.msasailing.org](http://www.msasailing.org)

June 2023

### Up Coming Events June 2023

Event	Date	Time	Place
MSA Meeting	June 15	6:00 PM	Trailer Estates Community room
Kayaking with TBEP	June 10	9:00 AM	Bishop Harbor
Dolphins Cruising Club Happy Hour	June 17	4:00 PM	Twin Dolphins Marina
Classic Movie The Flying Ace	June 18	3:00 PM	Historic Tampa Theater
DWBH	June 28	5:00PM	Linger Lodge

### On the Horizon

Event	Date	Time	Place
Baseball	July 18	6:30 PM	Lecom Field
Classic Movie Night	Aug 25	7:30 PM	Sarasota Opera House
MSA Meeting	Aug TBD	6: PM	Mean Deans Restaurant
Beach Picnic	Oct 7	11:00 AM	Bayfront Park,AMI

**Don't Worry Be Happy June 28th**  
**Linger Lodge Restaurant,**

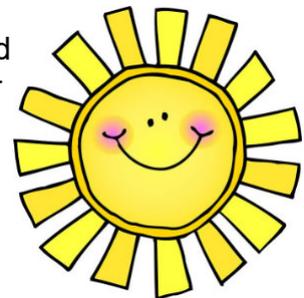


**7116 85th Street Court East,  
Bradenton, starting at 5 pm**



Happy June!

Greetings MSA members and friends. June is upon us – lots of sun with afternoon storms and showers and high humidity for those of us in Florida - but that doesn't mean we can't have fun! That's what swimming pools and the Gulf are for – free car washes and refreshing swims, right? Hope all of you who have left us for more northern climes are doing well and enjoying your non-Florida weather!



As always, please read this letter and save the dates for upcoming events in your calendars.

For those of you who may have missed our May events, here's a brief recap. We had a DWBH on May 9 at Popi's Too in Palmetto. Good food and good conversations were enjoyed by about 25 MSAers and a good time was had by all (Popi's Too is a possibility for a future general meeting site, so let us know if you liked it.) Thank you Luann for setting it up! Then, on May 23 a

group of 16 MSAers met in front of the Historic Tampa Theatre in downtown Tampa for the "Balcony to Backstage" tour of the theatre. Such a unique and special gem of an "atmospheric theatre palace"; what a treat to see it and learn about its history. Thank you Gail for organizing this outing!

Now to upcoming important dates. First, and **note that this is a date change** due to scheduling conflicts, **we will have a general meeting on**

**Thursday, June 15.** The meeting will be in the Trailer Estates Community Room and we will have a speaker, so please plan on attending if you're in town. The meeting will start with a potluck dinner at 6 pm, with the speaker beginning about 6:30 pm and the business meeting of MSA immediately following the speaker. Our speaker will be a local representative from the Freedom Boat Club telling us about the trend towards, essentially, time sharing of boats, allowing boaters the joys of boating without the stresses of boat ownership. The meeting will be at the community center at Trailer Estates, located at the corner of Canada Blvd and 69<sup>th</sup> Ave W. in Bradenton. For the potluck, please bring a dish to share and your own beverage of choice.

Second, although this is not officially an MSA event, it is **Cruising News!** As I've mentioned before, we have been liaising with the Dolphins Cruising Club of St Pete when we can for social or sailing events. The Dolphins Cruising Club wanted me to share with you all that they are having a summer tropical party at the Twin Dolphins Marina June 16-18 and we are invited to **join them there for their happy hour and grill out on Saturday, June 17.** So MSA

sailors, here's a sail away opportunity: if you want to sail to Twin Dolphins Marina in Bradenton and find yourself a slip for the weekend or a night\*, or anchor out in the river, then you join the folks from the Dolphins Cruising Club on June 17 for a happy hour and grill out at Twin Dolphins Marina (and you could even host your own pre-happy hour for MSAers before joining the Dolphins!). If you would like to join the Dolphins Cruising Club happy hour, via boat or land yacht, please **let me know** so that I can let their Commodore know to expect you. \*If someone wants to volunteer to contact Twin Dolphins to arrange for slips for any sailors, that would be lovely. 😊

Third, our Social Secretary Gail Gordon has planned an excursion on Sunday, June 18. Because those of us who attended the May social event, the tour of the Historic Tampa Theatre, so enjoyed

the theatre and the tour, when we heard about their special movie showings, Gail decided that that would be our next social event! Further info is provided elsewhere in this Gale Tales, but reserve Sunday June 18 for a trip to Tampa for a silent movie spectacular!

Fourth, our June Don't Worry Be Happy will be on **Wednesday, June 28 at the Linger Lodge Restaurant**, located at 7116 85th Street Court East in Bradenton, starting at 5 pm. If you've never been to the Linger Lodge, you are in for a treat! It's quite a unique place. **Please RSVP to Vice Commodore Luann Zajackowski** so that she can let the restaurant know how many folks will be attending. **Luann's cell number is 302-540-5146 and her email is [luann01@comcast.net](mailto:luann01@comcast.net)**



In terms of future planning, we will have a general meeting in August, exact date TBD, hopefully with speakers. We have found a restaurant that can accommodate our group (without charging a room rental fee) – Mean Deans, located at 6059 26<sup>th</sup> St W in Bradenton. They’ve got a variety of menu offerings at reasonable prices and a private room/area (cross fingers, but it should be ready by August). It’ll be nice to be able to meet in a restaurant again, so we hope to see you all there (those of you who are out of town (or country) will be excused!)

Finally, please mark your calendars and save the date for our annual MSA picnic/general meeting on Saturday, October 7 at the pavilion at Bayfront Park on Anna Maria Island. Further additional details will be provided closer to the date, but it will be held in our traditional way. MSA will provide the burgers, hotdogs, and fixings; MSA members will BYOB and a dish to share (appetizer, side, salad, or dessert). Wear your bathing suit and bring a beach chair and plan to spend some time visiting and/or swimming after the food. There will

also be a brief but official general MSA meeting after the meal.

Hope to see you all on June 15th at the Trailer Estates Community Center for our general meeting, on June 17 at Twin

**MSA GENERAL MEETING**  
**THURSDAY, JUNE 15TH**  
**TRAILER ESTATES COMMUNITY ROOM**  
**CANADA BLVD AND 69<sup>TH</sup> AVE W, BRADENTON**

Potluck Dinner  
 at 6:00 PM

Speaker: Freedom Boat Club



Dolphins Marina, on June 18 for the silent movie social event, and at the DWBH at the Linger Lodge on June 28.

Till then, Happy Sailing!

Patti Korn  
 Commodore, MSA



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## **MSA TOURS THE HISTORIC TAMPA THEATER**

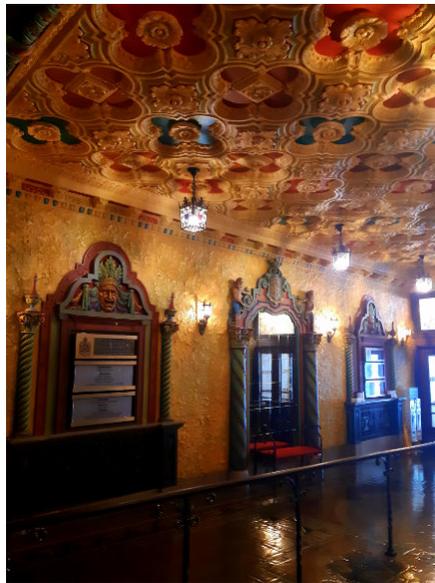
I was a bit skeptical about booking a trip in downtown Tampa what with traffic and parking and all. But way back in B.C.



(before Covid) I had called and spoke to someone, probably Jill, about bringing our club for a tour of the old Theater. I almost forgot about it until I stumbled across some old notes while looking for something else.

Boy, was I glad I did! I immediately called and scheduled a private "Balcony to Backstage" Tour of the almost 100 year old building. I had no idea if anyone would respond to my planned event but before you knew it I had 17 eager MSA members on a reservation list.

We arrived at about 15 minutes before 11 A.M. on May 23 after dealing with parking. Frankly, there was plenty of it available quite close to the theater but of course being in a metropolitan city, it was not free. We complied. After gawking at the extravagant entrance of the theater with its old fashioned marquee and elaborate box office, we were met by our lovely hostess, Jill, the marketing director, who would fill our heads with facts and figures and wow us with unabashed Victorian splendor hidden beyond the entrance doors.



The Tampa Theater was opened in the fall of 1926 and touted as an atmospheric theater or movie palace. It was designed by Chicago based John Eberson and according to his personal writings, this theater was his favorite of the many he designed in his heyday. It is a style hallmarked by its realistic sky, twinkling stars and ornate architecture created to transport audiences to a moonlit courtyard



complete with clay tiled rooftops, old world statuary, gargoyles, birds and flowering vines. It remains today as the world most complete and best preserved example of this distinctive style. Possibly one of the most outstanding features of this theater is that back in 1926, it was one of the first commercial buildings in Tampa to offer air conditioning. Films would be shown continuously around the clock with no formal start times. For a mere 25 cents, one could come and go at their leisure, cool off and watch a film in a glorious Mediterranean courtyard setting.

Of course you know the familiar story! By the 1960's and 70's, many American movie palaces were

demolished because the land beneath them became more valuable than the theater operation. Thankfully, in 1973, the citizens of Tampa rallied and committees were formed. The Arts Council of Hillsborough County agreed to manage the Tampa Theater with films, concerts and special events. By the time the theater reopened in 1978, the Tampa Theater had become a model on how to save an endangered historic building. In 1992 restoration efforts were led by the Tampa Theater Foundation after the building caught fire in 1991. During its 86<sup>th</sup> year of existence, in 2013, plans were made to convert to digital pictures and sound while still offering movie reel format when needed. And in 2017, the theater closed for 6 weeks to

undergo the first phase of its long term renovations by updating electrical systems, reseating the auditorium with seats that echoed the 1926 style, installing a new emergency power system and protected the building from storms by installing storm rated windows and doors. Plus a new carpet designed to match the original design was installed along with a new grand drapery.



An interesting fact, the seating was actually reduced from 1446 to 1238 to improve comfort and legroom. As we sat in the huge magnificent auditorium we could only imagine what folks felt back in 1926. Because we were blown away in 2023! The décor looked like a European Castle and we wondered how the architect was able to replicate that look within the confines of





some sort of budget. Apparently all the details were cast in plaster and painted to look like expensive wood carvings. The famous restoration crews from EverGreene Studios in New York were employed to repaint and re-plaster these extravagant details to once again, fool the eye.

A bit about the mighty Wurlitzer Organ that we got to see but sadly did not get to hear. It is a magnificent 1400 pipe instrument originally installed to accompany silent films when the theater opened in 1926. As talking films took over, the organ was retired and eventually sold to Bayshore Church.

Back in the 80's, the theater enlisted volunteers to reacquire and reinstall the organ to its original home. We have an

opportunity to hear it in all its glory on June 18<sup>th</sup>. (See upcoming events in the newsletter.)

After Jill spoke nonstop for 2 hours while we walked, climbed, crawled, sat and stood, we were invited to the stage for a final look at this incredible historic treasure. She mentioned to us a short list of movies, concerts and up-coming events that would emanate from this very spot. Why did we not know this was here and available before? But we know now! So MSA members and friends, don't be surprised if every now and again I invite you to an exciting event at the Tampa Theater.....maybe sooner than later!



Thank you for joining me on this surprising and exciting MSA Social Event!

Gail Gordon  
MSA Social Secretary

**[CLICK HERE FOR THE TOUR PICTURE ALBUM](#)**

**MSA SOCIAL EVENT FOR JUNE, 2023**

**JUNETEENTH CELEBRATION AT THE  
HISTORIC TAMPA THEATER  
711 N. FRANKLIN ST., TAMPA**

As I have said in my article, my rather boring original plans for a June MSA Social Event have changed for a better prospect of a much more interesting and perhaps exciting opportunity. After enjoying the grandeur of the Tampa Theater we will be attending a film in the extravagant surroundings. On Sunday June 18<sup>th</sup> at 3 P.M. you are invited to see a free presentation of "The Flying Ace", a silent film produced in 1926. It was directed by Richard E Norman and produced by Norman Studios in Jacksonville Florida which was a bit like Hollywood in the 20's.

The hour long film features an all black cast and tells the story of the dastardly pilot, Finley Tucker, and the object of his affection, Ruth Sawtelle, who was said to be very loosely based on aviator Bessie Coleman. At the time of its release, "The Flying Ace" was advertised as the greatest airplane thriller ever filmed and in 2021, it was selected for preservation in the United States National Film Registry by the Library of Congress as being "culturally, historically and aesthetically significant.

And if you remember that the theater itself was built in 1926, there will be another outstanding surprise in store for those in attendance that afternoon. Since the film was silent, there was supposed to be



some sort of musical accompaniment along with it. But the music for the film did not survive the years. However, this summer's screening will feature an original score, written and performed live on stage by Dr. Steven Bell on Tampa Theater's Wurlitzer organ, once again, a product of 1926.

This will be the first time in living memory that the film has been presented with live music. As a bonus, guests are invited to stay after the film presentation in the

theater for a panel discussion and Q & A with special lecturers: the VP of Norman Studios; a film maker who helps terminal ill kids make movies; a playwright, stage producer, actor and filmmaker based in NYC who specializes in telling African American Stories and the co-founder of Norman studios Silent Film Museum. Wow! Sounds like a great line-up of very interesting people!



Please RSVP by June 13<sup>th</sup> to [gailgordon56@gmail.com](mailto:gailgordon56@gmail.com)

that you will be joining us for the performance. Although there will be no charge at the theater, parking nearby is plentiful but not free. Also, around 5ish we will plan to join up for some camaraderie at a nearby restaurant for an early dinner. I hope this sparks some interest and frankly, some curiosity in you as it has in me.

See you there!

Gail Gordon  
MSA Social Secretary

## **ON THE HORIZON**

### **MSA SOCIAL EVENTS FOR SUMMER 2023**

**June 18<sup>th</sup> at 3 P.M. Tampa Theater  
711 N. Franklin St. Tampa**

Free viewing of a silent motion picture "The Flying Ace" circa 1926 in the theater palace built in 1926 featuring the original musical score played live on stage on a 1926 Wurlitzer Organ. Speakers, panel discussion and Q&A from the audience after the film. Dinner nearby TBA  
*RSVP by June 13<sup>th</sup>*



**July 20<sup>th</sup> at 6:30 P.M. Marauders  
Baseball vs. Fort Myers  
Lecom Stadium**

Cost \$12 per seat which includes a free baseball hat and free soft drink. It's Thirsty Thursday night with beer at special prices. Light dinner nearby prior to game TBA.

*RSVP by July by July 16<sup>th</sup>*



**August 25<sup>th</sup> at 7:30 P.M. Sarasota  
Opera House Classic Movie Night  
61 N. Pineapple Ave, Sarasota**

The Great Escape (1963) starring Steve McQueen takes place in 1943 in German Stalag Luft III, a maximum security prison for prisoners-of-war where the finest escape team in history is in residence. Price \$12 Dinner nearby prior to the show TBA.

*RSVP by August 20<sup>th</sup>*



## **ON THE WATER IN TAMPA BAY**

There are many opportunities to get out on the water to enjoy and protect this valuable resource we often sail though. One such event, sponsored by the Tampa Bay Estuary Program, TBEP, was brought to our attention by Carolyn Racey. Tampa Bay was designated an "estuary of national significance" by Congress in 1990, laying the foundation for the



creation of the Tampa Bay Estuary Program (TBEP) in 1991. It's mission is to build partnerships to restore and protect Tampa Bay through implementation of a scientifically sound, community-based management plan. TBEP has announced the following event and opened it up for participation.

### **Celebrate World Oceans Day with a Paddle Cleanup**

Have your own kayak, canoe, paddleboard, or jon boat and looking for a way to give back this summer? Join us in celebrating World Oceans Day with a paddle cleanup in Bishop Harbor on June 10th from 9 am-11:30 am.

We will meet and launch vessels from Bishop Harbor Boat and Kayak Launch (8701 Bishop Harbor Rd, Palmetto, FL 34221) at 9:00 am on Saturday morning. From there, we will paddle out to Mariposa Key where we will pick up debris lodged in and on the island.

Remember to bring safety equipment for your vessel; including a proper-sized PFD, your reusable water bottle, sun protection, and bug spray! Registration is being capped at 40 attendees, so make sure to secure your spot today!

Bagged lunch and Mother Kombucha's Aqua Bucha (sparkling water) will be provided to all volunteers. Can't wait to see you there!

**[Register Now!](#)**

If you have any questions about the event, contact Sheila Scolaro at [sscolaro@tbep.org](mailto:sscolaro@tbep.org)

# CRUISING THE GRAND CANYON

**HOLY S##T! THERE I WAS.....**

By Gail Gordon

That was Captain and trip leader Andy Hutchison's opening line as he told us a bedtime story of some of his scary river experiences by the warm light of a campfire after a fabulous dinner and before we retired for the evening to our cots and tents. Chuck Fulton and I were on a 16 day, 280 mile exploration down the raging Colorado River in the Grand Canyon via small traditional dories. This adventure was a 50 year Bucket list top contender for Chuck. Not so much for me I might add! As a matter a fact I was pretty darn nervous about it. We booked this trip over 2 years ago as there were, even back then, waiting lists to do this crazy wild ride. As the trip approached I called for more specific details. I was told that there were no hot showers.....

actually no showers at all; that there would be a make-shift toilet available in the campsites only, so peeing (just peeing) in the river was the only daytime option; and oh, by the way, cell service would be unavailable the entire time. Are you kidding? What was I getting myself into here? I'm a city girl! I've never camped! Chuck just smiled back at me!

We flew into Las Vegas on April 27<sup>th</sup> arriving not much more than an hour before the mandatory meeting in the hotel



scheduled for 8 P.M. which was 11 P.M. by our body clock. First mistake! Arriving a day early to acclimate and get rested would have been a great idea! I sat in the room among 18 other folks mostly from the Pacific Northwest who had been rafting on rivers and camping their whole life. I struggled to understand the "lingo" of the expedition representatives giving us instructions and directions. I could feel the



frustration and fatigue building up inside of me. We were presented with a vinyl water tight bag for our clothes and personal items and another smaller one to take on the dories with necessities as a day bag. Since we would have to carry these bags into and out of

camp ourselves, the suggested total weight of all should be less than 20 pounds.....for 16 days.....again my response was, are you kidding? All the rest of our belongings would be stored at the hotel for when we returned. After about an hour of overwhelming details, we were told to pack

our bags TONIGHT because we would need to be ready to board the bus in the morning at 4:45 A.M. sharp! By the time we got to bed, it was well after 11. (It was really 2 A.M.!) We set 4 alarms and slept somewhat for a mere 4 hours. Not a good beginning at all!

Along with a brown bag breakfast and a cup of coffee, we found a seat on the oversized bus which would take us eventually to Lee's Ferry for our starting point of the river. Our bus driver took us for a spin down the "Strip" at 5 A.M., my introduction to Las Vegas, before he veered off onto the interstate. After a few hours we stopped at Wal-mart for a pit stop and any last minute items we might have needed. This was a Godsend! Chuck's shoes had decided to fall apart at this inopportune time, not one but both pairs! He was able to find what looked like inexpensive water sandals with a hiking sole that would work, thank goodness. I took this opportunity to buy a better hat and a much needed

bottle of nail polish! We stopped again a few hours later for another pit stop. Now, although the food would be provided for our river adventure; spirits, wine and beer were not. Apparently, everyone who knew what they were doing was packing large quantities!!!!

We were boozeless! At last minute, we grabbed 2 six packs of beer and hoped that would be enough. Again, what were we thinking?



At about 11 A.M, the spectacular red cliffs and rock faces of the Grand Canyon filled our eyes and awed our souls. We finished our 5 hour bus ride on a dirt road that twisted around and finally deposited us along the sandy edge of the Colorado River. There, 5 cute little dories (each named for the rocky layers of sediment in the canyon) waited for us along with what was affectionately called, "the Mother Ship". The Mother Ship was a large motor driven inflatable raft with 2 large pontoons attached at the sides. This mega sized vessel would carry our personal bags, tents, chairs, cots and all the food we would need for 16 days which was stored



in commercial coolers. The raft was manned by 2 young fellows, Tony and Anders, who would become indispensable to us during the trip. Then one by one we were introduced to our trip leader and guide Andy (a Robert Redford look alike), and his crew.....Glade,

Jackson, Bob and Lou. They would hold our lives in their hands for 16 days as they navigated us through the watery miles down the infamous Colorado River that could be described as both calm and serene and frenzied and dangerous.

Mostly, from this first perspective, the river looked fast, really fast!

We put on our life jackets as tight as we could and still breathe, threw our day packs and water bottles in the hatches and took our places in the dories, 4 passengers per boat. These vessels were unusual in that they were pointed at both ends. This design took years and years to perfect but after our first few hours on the river, we saw both bow and stern



needed the ability to cut through high waves. The guides, the only rowers, would position us according to weight, heavier in the bow than the stern. And as we would approach each rapid we would have to “trim up” to balance the boat for better control. Our job was to hold on for dear life and follow commands like “lean forward”, “go to the high side” and the all important “bail” since sometimes waves would fill the boat with water up to the gunnels. The level of the river was controlled by the Glen Canyon Dam located in Page, Utah. After suffering years of drought which lowered water levels to emergency status, this past winter provided lots of precipitation in the form of snow. As a result, a lot more water than in the last 5



years was being released into the river to help replenish Lake Powell and Lake Mead. The guides were thrilled with this new high level of water on the river. I was totally frightened! To add insult to injury, the temperature of the river at the bottom

of Glen Canyon Dam being released was very cold to us Floridians.....less than 50 degrees! Just getting my feet wet to get into the dories chilled me to the bone. But then going through a rapid with 6 plus foot waves crashing down into the boat, took my breath

away. We had splash suits on but all they did was attempt to help keep in body heat. We were always wet. By the afternoon however, it was warm enough, sometimes well into the 90s, to almost welcome a splash or two.

The first night making a campsite was when we both looked at each other and agreed we were totally out of our league! We were rookies and this was hard work. We would land on a hot sandy beach and run to find a good flat spot to pitch a tent and then we would mark it with something, most often our life vests.

After claiming a spot, we had to create a bag line (like a fire brigade) to heave all the equipment from the Mother Ship onto the beach to build a



kitchen area, sitting area and latrine. Finally after hauling and collecting our personal bags, a tent, linens bags and cots, we attempted to assemble a place to rest our heads at night. By the end of the 16 days most folks just slept under the stars with a cot and a bedroll. But we “greenhorns” needed the protection of a tent to keep cold and sand out. (The sand

them did we finally master that skill. I must admit, that during this process, 4 letter words could be heard by all!

But to our surprise, meals provided by these 7 guys were something none of us ever expected. Out of a simple portable grill table and a Dutch oven, a 5 star cuisine was presented to us at each and every occasion. Dinner always consisted of a spectacular and complicated salad made entirely with fresh produce. Vegetables such as fresh asparagus grilled with olive oil and seasonings, fresh cabbage slaw made with raisins, nuts and pineapple, fiesta corn with some spicy heat and even broiled Brussels sprouts were just a few examples. These would be paired with 3 inch thick grilled pork chops or salmon with fresh mango salsa laced with cilantro, or filet mignon the size of your hand cooked to your desired



temperature and smothered in grilled mushrooms and onions. Then on other nights we had beef stew, spaghetti and meatballs, tacos and fajitas. For dessert, confections were created in a Dutch oven and served warm with

was so fine however, that it became a part of us and everything we owned and came in contact with.) Although Chuck had more experience in this capacity than I did, it was a big challenge to set the camp up. We were lucky to have cots but not until the 13<sup>th</sup> or 14<sup>th</sup> day of fighting with

temperature and smothered in grilled mushrooms and onions. Then on other nights we had beef stew, spaghetti and meatballs, tacos and fajitas.

For dessert, confections were created in a Dutch oven and served warm with

whipped cream...the likes of lava cake, toll house cookie cake, brownies, spice cake and even a birthday cake with candles. Breakfast was another festival



of food. Bacon or sausage was plentiful and cooked to perfection. Scrambled eggs laced with various yummy additions like cheese or bell peppers were a staple.

Sometimes we were presented

with pancakes filled with peaches, French toast or fresh blueberry muffins. Coffee was always ready about 30 minutes before breakfast to give us energy to break camp. Chuck and I became quite prolific at packing up our gear so we could enjoy a quiet cup of java before the events of the day. And then lunch was nothing short of a miracle. Andy would pick a spot on a shady beach or a rocky outcrop and the crew would set up a table and create a complex chicken or tuna salad right before our eyes in mere minutes and serve them on a tortilla so dishes were not needed. Or we would have sandwich fixings that boggled the mind.....roast beef slices, salami, roasted chicken breast meat, several cheeses and breads, lettuce, tomatoes, pickles, chips and cookies plus juices and soft drinks. In addition, the crew always provided separate dishes for those who had special needs or requests. So Chuck always had a delicious option when beef or pork was served. Unbelievable!

One of the many things I had a problem with was a rather private matter....having

to relieve myself. We were not allowed to pee on land because preserving the Grand Canyon was a top priority. That was why paper goods were never included as part of the camp equipment. During the day we had to pee in the river. Now as you know, guys have the perfect anatomy for that. However at anytime or anywhere the guys would take care of business without any concern about who was in front of them at the time. Now, being a proper New England born lady, I found this rather shocking. But before I caused any further bodily damage I had to resign myself to be just as brazen as the guys. So at anytime, we girls would have to bare our butts literally and pee in the river in front of God and everyone else who was there. What more can I say? You have to do what you have to do!

But while in camp, we had a toilet of sorts, a metal box nicknamed "the groover" (due to the fact that originally if you sat on it for a long period of time it would leave large grooves on your butt).

Thankfully it was now decorated with a toilet seat for a more pleasant experience and it



was usually placed slightly hidden off to the side with a scenic overlook of the river. We could only wave if a boat would pass by when we were on the pot. Then a pee bucket with lid was placed next to it to keep things separate and neat. The best thing however was that we had our own small pee bucket by our tents or cots so at night we didn't have to make the

trek in the dark to the john. I loved my little pee bucket!

I'm not sure how to explain to you how I felt on our daily adventures on the Colorado River. I was always filled with trepidation.

Under any circumstances I did not want to be in the raging freezing cold river. That was my ultimate goal for the 16 days I was there. Now, that was also the goal of the

guides who handled the boats. But it was their job to instruct us and remind us on how to handle any given emergency which made me even more nervous. Thankfully we were blessed to be in the presence of greatness as these guys were the stuff of legends. But things could happen at any time and they did.

The second night we were in a camp, one of our companions had a problem. He had too much alcohol to drink or was dehydrated (it was so extremely dry in the canyon that we had to drink lots of water) or both. He wandered off at night perhaps to pee in the river and fell on the rocks and seriously hurt himself. Early the next morning it was determined that he be air lifted out of the canyon in



a helicopter. He was found to have a concussion once at the hospital and made a full recovery but that confirmed a

realization that stuff could happen quite easily in this wild and remote environment.

Because the Colorado River started at a high altitude and flowed heavily downhill several thousand feet to its end at Lake Mead, the river

has cut its way through the billion year old mountains and rock walls of the Grand Canyon forming hundreds of rapids as it made its journey to the lower level. The rapids in the Grand Canyon have their own

rating system categorized from 1 to 10. Most of the rapids ranked somewhere in the middle (5, 6 and 7) and after I got used to the experience, these became somewhat tolerable.

There were several rated an 8 to 9 that included serious level drops which made my heart stop for a few seconds. But, there were in fact, 2 illustrious rapids along the river that were rated a frightening number 10. I had a difficult time dealing with this fact.



The first one we came to was Crystal Rapids. As per usual, the guides and passengers would scout the challenging rapids by walking around the river's edge to a vantage point on land for inspection. I sat in the dory. I didn't want to see what was in my future. I was scared enough already! But as my companions came back, the look on their faces told the whole story. It was the look of fear!

Because the river was at such a high level and the water was at such a violent force, it was decided that we were to walk around this rapid on land and the guides would take the boats down by themselves just in case things got out of hand, meaning a "flip". Ah! I finally said the nasty "F" word.



Boat flips were a very bad thing and I was not having any of it!!!! Thankfully all went well that day. You see, most people go down the river on inflatable rafts which glide and maneuver over the large waves. But a dory dives into the waves slicing through them by making dramatic very high and low pitches as it travels through

the rapids. This dory trip was the ultimate in river trips, top of the line for excitement and not for the faint of heart.

I kept asking myself, what are you doing here? There were many more very scary rapids that we went through but I controlled my fears as best I could. There was no other option to get this over with so I had to get through it. Later, I kept hearing chatter about another rapid that we would need to deal with on the second to the last day of the trip. It too, was a 10, the famous Lava Falls.....touted as the fastest water in North America. Oh boy! I was already starting to freak out. I was praying that we'd walk around that one too. When the day came that we had to face this obstacle, there was no turning

back. After scouting the area, the Mother Ship took the plunge first. The guides watched the current and how the huge raft maneuvered through the water. Once they returned they announced that it was too dangerous for us to walk the boulder ridden terrain and that they had an aggressive plan of attack for this obstacle filled rapid. That day Chuck and I were with Captain Bob Dye, a 70 year old legend here on the Colorado having

completed almost 400 trips down the river. I told him that I had faith in him getting us through this without a problem. He winked at me and said he would do his best.

We 4 took our trim positions and then waited. The first boat, Andy's, went over the edge of the drop and was out of sight.

We held our breath and stretched our necks to find him. After 20 long seconds we could see him afloat at the base of the rapids. Phew! Safe! Next boat up was Glade's. He was a young fellow in his 30's, kind of a cute surfer dude always looking for action and didn't have a ton of years of experience but he was a natural and again he went down the drop and out of sight. My hands were grasped on the dory handles so tight now that they hurt. Glade was there at the end of all the foam, upright with everyone aboard.

Our turn was next. I looked at Chuck and he looked at me and we took a deep breath. Taking our trim positions, we watched Bob slowly make his move. Down we went! The waves were huge and the rocks in the middle of the river to our right were monsters waiting to grab us. Bob was masterful! He took us through the worst of it carving a path in the waves so that we hardly took on any water. In 20 seconds, we had the famous Lava Falls behind us. We cheered and congratulated Bob.

There were two boats left. Jackson, experienced but on his first trip with this company was totally visible to us as we watched him attack the rapid from the top. In seconds he was near us and all were yelping about their success. Lou was the last boat to attempt this fast and furious rapid. Lou was a little guy, very strong and meticulous. He verbalized every

move to his passengers so they knew every aspect and possibility of what was coming. He looked fearless as he took the bow down the steep drop and crashed through the huge waves. We waited for him to clear the rock wall to the left before we announced him victorious. Cheers could be heard throughout the lower canyon!

A group of New Zealanders on 5, 15 foot rafts had been waiting behind us. One by



one they took their turn. All made it until one of the rafts got too close to the rock wall and the impact threw the 2 passengers out into the water. In seconds they were recovered by one of the other rafts. But now there was an unmanned raft heading down river. We watched with our mouths open as one of the women from one raft jumped onto the abandoned raft,

grabbed the oars and took over. We all cheered once again for her skill and bravery.

That was another really, really good day! There were plenty of other rapids that I had to get through but I finally felt a bit more confident that I had chosen the best company and the best guides to get me there.

Even though I was not excited about attempting this adventure, I must tell you that I have witnessed something few

humans have and I am beyond grateful..... I have been blessed. I have experienced The Grand Canyon from its most intimate core, from the Colorado that gave birth to it. I have attempted to honor the river with respect as the pioneers did, on a small wooden boat that felt every caress or spasms from the source. Most times while in camp, as the huge cliffs and mountains surrounded me I felt as if I was on the receiving end of a hug from antiquity.

The brilliant stars over my head seemed close enough to touch. I had seen things along this journey that can't be described by any words in my simple vocabulary.

Beautiful, majestic, spectacular doesn't even begin to hint to the 280 miles of unbelievable spender that I was lucky enough to see with these lowly human eyes. I was not the first person to be here nor will I be the last. Yet, this trip was not for everyone; certainly it was not meant for me. But as I found myself captive..... I was utterly captivated on this unexpected adventure and now as I have survived, I get to tell the story!

Holy S###! There I was...

**[CLICK HERE TO SEE THE MORE PICTURES](#)**





# Manatee Sailing Association New Membership Application

Name(s): 1. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. \_\_\_\_\_

Other members in household: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

(City) \_\_\_\_\_ (State) \_\_\_\_\_ (Zip) \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Cell 1: \_\_\_\_\_ Cell 2 \_\_\_\_\_

Email 1 \_\_\_\_\_ Email 2 \_\_\_\_\_

Boat Make/Size \_\_\_\_\_ Boat Name \_\_\_\_\_

Sail # \_\_\_\_\_ PHRF \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Questions?

Email: [msa@msasailing.org](mailto:msa@msasailing.org)

Website: [www.msasailing.org](http://www.msasailing.org)

Email to: [msa@msasailing.org](mailto:msa@msasailing.org)

or Mail to:

Manatee Sailing Association

PO Box 14482

Bradenton, FL 34280-4482

Contact MSA at:

[msa@msasailing.org](mailto:msa@msasailing.org)

or

[www.msasailing.org](http://www.msasailing.org)



### MSA 2023 Officers

<b>Commodore</b>	<b>Patti Korn</b>
<b>Vice Commodore</b>	<b>LuAnn Zajaczkowski</b>
<b>Secretary</b>	<b>Claude Salomon</b>
<b>Treasurer</b>	<b>Linda Briggie</b>
<b>Social Secretary</b>	<b>Gail Gordon</b>
<b>Membership</b>	<b>Linda Briggie</b>
<b>Racing Captain</b>	<b>John Castellena</b>
<b>Past Commodore</b>	<b>Tom Briggie</b>