



CONNECTIONS

April 2009

www.pryc.us

PORT ROYAL YACHT CLUB Redondo Beach, CA
A Friendly, Casual, Fun-loving Group Devoted to Social and Boating Activities

**Port Royal
Yacht Club**
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PRYC OFFICERS
Commodore
Shawn Milligan

Vice Commodore
Kevin Herink

Rear Commodore
Mike Williams

Secretary
Shelia Anderson

Fleet Captain
Tim Philpot

Junior Staff Commodore
Pat Paxson

Quartermaster
Amy Irwin

PRYC DIRECTORS
Pat Wyatt
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Dena Bowers
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Judge Advocate
John Nelson

Treasurer
Tom Fraser

Race Captain
Bruce Stafford

Newsletter Editor
Amy Myers

Website Manager
Cathy Mueller

Historian
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COMMODORE'S COMMENTS

Greetings all PRYC Members in good standing,
Let me start off by saying, Happy Corinthian Spirit Month!!! Last month, the PRYC board unanimously voted to declare the month of April "King Harbor Corinthian Spirit Month". For the month of April we ask that everyone on our waterways exhibit good sportsmanship to be determined by you on a case-by-case

basis. I must say that in my case, it's difficult for me to catch jet skiers in my sailboat, so I will be courteous to them. However, I can outrun most kayakers, so kayaks watch out!!! Now that I think about it, maybe it's good that April is half over already!!!

Moving on from politics to our club, I wanted to thank Pat Paxson and Bob Hutchison for hosting a wonderful romantic Valentine's Day whale watch outing for our members in February. The day was perfect and it was wonderful to be able to spend some time on the water together. Unfortunately, we did not "spot" any whales. We did see two dolphins and one expired sea lion. The lack of wild life on the water was made up by plenty of wild life on board the "Grand Slam"!

In the Month of March we had our St. Patrick's Day Celebration. I wanted to thank Tree Curtis and Jan Pokk for the best Irish meal I have had in a long time. The night was capped off thanks to the bagpipe playing of Glen Thompson from KHYC. I do apologize to those of you who were scared off by the loud bagpipe music. However, it did make for an early evening and it was nice to get some much needed beauty rest.

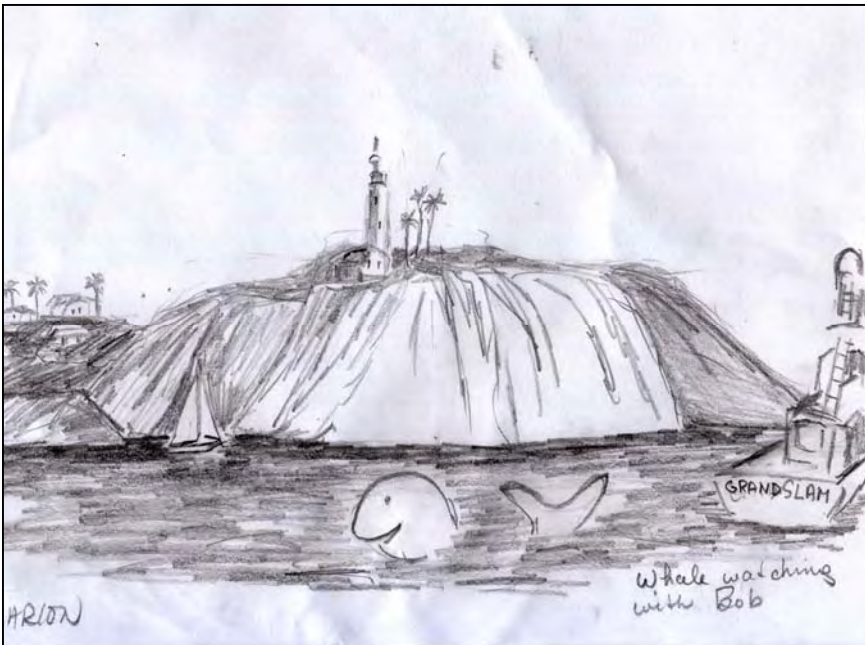
All joking aside, I do want to thank all of you that have made this a wonderful year, thus far. The experience has been awesome, and I have all of you to thank. Hope to see all of you for Opening Day Sunday, April 19th...

At Ease,
Commodore Shawn



SUPER BOWL SUNDAY CHILI COOKOFF & OFFICER INSTALLATION

Congratulations to the winners of the chili cookoff and the football pool, and thanks to all of the chefs that participated. Congratulations to the Steelers and the Cardinals for playing a game worthy of the Superbowl.



The weather had been threatening all week and Shawn had gotten a movie about whales to watch at the brunch, but Valentine's Day turned out to be perfectly gorgeous with smooth seas, calm winds and a brilliant blue sky. Robert Hutchison took a large group out to search for whales on the Grand Slam. We didn't see any whales, but no one seemed to care. We were all so happy to be out on a beautiful day on a great boat drinking tasty Mimosas. Actually, Marion must have seen a whale as illustrated in her delightful illustration!



VALENTINE'S DAY WHALE WATCH & BRUNCH





IOBG WINE TASTING

PRYC had the pleasure of hosting the IOBG Wine Tasting again this year. The event raises funds for youth sailing programs and woman's shelters.

Each person brought two bottles of the same wine– one for tasting and one to raffle at the end of the afternoon. People also brought lovely snacking food to go along with the wine selections. It was a fun way to sample other folks' favorite vintages, and if you were lucky, to take home a bottle to enjoy.

We had a great turnout and it was good to see the money raised go to two worthy causes.



ANNOUNCEMENTS

No Pet Policy Goes into Effect:

Starting immediately no more pets will be allowed into the club or on the balcony. We've installed new carpeting and the health department does not allow pets in establishments where food is being served, plus several members are allergic to pets. From now on Sparky and Fido can stay down on the patio. Thank you for your understanding in response to this rule.

We Need Your Help:

Do you love chili, or enchiladas or sipping wine? Since we are an all volunteer club, we need volunteers to help put on our events. Maybe you have an idea for an event or an activity that you think would be fun, tell a board member and have he or she bring it up at one of the meetings. Maybe you don't want to party, but enjoy coming in for a drink, there is always something to be done around the club that might be right up your alley. Perhaps when you're there one day, or staying for dinner, take a little extra time to help clean up. Helping to keep the club ship shape is much appreciated and doing events takes time, but its really worth it to join in and participate.



Meet Your Vice Commodore Kevin Herinkk

Clockwise – Regine, Kevin, Mike, and Nancy

I first laid eyes on King Harbor in the summer of 1994, the same year he moved to California. Growing up in Omaha, Nebraska left me little chance to hang out by the ocean. Walking past Senior Frogs I observed a man washing his boat and started asking him questions . . .

Some people ask me how does a guy who grew up in Omaha Nebraska, the farthest piece of land from an ocean in the US end up sailing off of Redondo Beach? I will tell you...

I moved to California in the summer of 1994. My ex-wife (Nancy) and I attended Our Lady of Guadalupe Catholic church in Hermosa and often times we would park by the Redondo pier and go for walks around the Marina searching for places to have breakfast.

I was drawn to the look of the boats and the harbor and really looked forward to those long Sunday strolls. Imagining how expensive boats were and what an expensive hobby boating must be, I assumed that all boat owners in the harbor were millionaires. A boating hobby was simply way out of reach for our one wage earner household plus I was still going through price shock about how expensive California was compared to Nebraska. One particular Sunday while strolling after church, we were walking past Senior Frogs and stopped to watch a guy who was washing his boat next to the walkway. After several minutes, I struck up a conversation – (Ok a conversation for me, but probably an annoying interruption for the guy washing his boat), and said “Nice boat, how much does a boat cost?” Now at the time I didn’t realize what a stupid ridiculous question that really was, but he kindly responded “Well the prices for boats vary widely, but what is really expensive is the ongoing monthly slip fee.” “How much is the monthly slip fee?” I asked. “Eight seventy five per foot per month.” the guy responded. We talked for several minutes, and Nancy started asking a lot of questions herself. Finally the sailor said “Look, I’ve got a small group leaving in about 45 minutes would you like to join us? I gave Nancy a look that said “WE’RE GOING” and I told him “Yes, we loved to go, but we’ve got to change our clothes, we’ll be right back”.

We raced back to the car and started driving home, then it hit me like ton of bricks. WE DON’T HAVE TIME TO DRIVE HOME AND CHANGE OUR CLOTHES, WE ARE GOING TO MISS THE BOAT RIDE. At the time we lived in Artesia and there was no way to get home, change clothes, and get back in 45 minutes. (You might be asking why are we going to OLG Catholic church if you live in Artesia- another story, another day – just ask me). I did not want to miss out on our boating invitation, so we hit the Salvation Army on Torrance Blvd. and bought some really groovy rags for sailing.

We rushed back to the boat and by luck it was still there. Nancy and I were then introduced to the boat mates Mike (the captain), Carlos, and Ragine. Ragine was an attractive woman in her late thirties who recently moved from Germany, she had an amazing tan. From her dark tan already formed in late May, I quickly surmised she didn't spend a lot of time working. We were offered refreshments of ice cold Negro Modelo with lime. As a side note this was my first Negro Modelo as Mexican beer is not that popular in the Midwest. We sat and finished our first beer and we were quickly offered another. As I sat drinking the second beer I thought to myself - this is great, but I was starting to wonder if and when we were actually going sailing. About half way through the second beer, the motor was fired up and we finally shoved off. We literally shoved off as I discovered the boat did not have a working reverse gear.

We motored out into the harbor and Mike and Carlos quickly raised the sails and we headed out to the mouth of the harbor. It was light wind and the boat seemed to me to be moving very slowly. This was after all my first sailboat experience and really didn't know what to expect. As we meandered toward the mouth of the harbor, a freshly loaded pipe of marijuana was produced. Mike, Carlos and Helga quickly took their hits. Nancy and I were prudes, but I did ask for another beer. The first bowl went pretty fast and another ensued. It was a calm sea and a light wind, the sun seemed really hot, the temperature was in the high eighties. Carlos invited us to move up onto the deck to get comfortable moving around the boat while under sail. We hung out and chatted on the bow and Mike and Helga were in the cockpit. Carlos went down below to produce yet another round of beers. While Carlos was delivering the next round I noticed, as he approached that Ragine was lying on one of cockpit cushions basking in the sun completely topless. I didn't know exactly how to break my discovery to Nancy, or for that matter, how she was going to handle the news. So I decided to say nothing and, for the time being, the bow was the best (and only) place for us to hang out. At some point Nancy made the same discovery, but like myself, she decided to keep the discovery private and not inform me.

Mike announced that it was time to go swimming, he tossed a long thick line in the water and let it trail behind the boat and announced "Man Overboard" as he quickly dove into the water. Ragine threw her top on and quickly followed. They both grabbed the line and let the boat pull them through the water. I noticed that our speed had dropped significantly and we were barely moving. After about 10 minutes they were both back on board and now it was my turn to go swimming. I stripped down to my shorts, jumped off the side and swam for the rope. I realized the water was going to be cold, but somehow you never think it going to be "THAT COLD". Nancy declined to go into the water, which was fine with me, she didn't really have the right clothing anyway. I was fairly sure that was Mike's and Carlo's plan anyway. After about 10 minutes in the water I was done also.

We sailed back to the harbor and got the boat into the slip. Overall, it was a really fun experience, no one got sick, and by now I had enough beer to be feeling no pain. We hung out after the securing the boat and Mike produced a ships log. He asked us to sign it and share our first sailing experience in in the log. He also said, if you want to come again just make sure to leave your number.

A couple of weeks later, Mike called and said hey were going out sailing again, do you want to join us? Now you know the rest of the story.

Kevin is involved in many activities outside the club. He has spent 6 years with the Redondo Beach Boaters Association (RBBA) and continues to serve on its board. While president of the RBBA, Kevin and Don Mueller organized the clean up of King Harbor during the 2nd serious fish kill of 2006. Kevin also serves on the Boaters Advisory Panel, a group comprised of representatives of the four marina's, the three Yacht Clubs, the City Sailing Club and the Lanakila outrigger Club. The Boaters Advisory Panel keeps up to date with issues that effect the which are coming from actions of our City Government. Kevin regularly attends Redondo Beach's city council meetings. Kevin also volunteers his time for an organization called HOPE. HOPE is a non-profit organization which provides low income housing for individuals with developmental disabilities.

majestic stingrays swim to new seas

Taken off the coast of Mexico's Holbox Island by amateur photographer Sandra Critelli, this breathtaking picture captures the migration of thousands of rays as they follow the clockwise current from Mexico's Yucatan peninsula to western Florida.

Measuring up to 6ft 6in across, poisonous golden cow-nose rays migrate in groups - or 'fevers' - of up to 10,000 as they glide their way silently towards their summer feeding grounds.

But even equipped with this powerful punch, cow-nose stingrays are shy and non-threatening in large 'fevers'. Even when isolated, they will attack only when cornered or threatened.



Unlike other stingrays, they rarely rest on the seabed (where unsuspecting humans can step on them) and prefer to be on the move.

They migrate long distances, and can be found as far south as the Caribbean and as far north as New England.

Taken from an article by Marcus Dunk in Mail online



Everyone's Irish on St. Patrick's Day!!

Thanks Jan and Tree for providing the traditional corn beef and cabbage meal. It was top'o'the line, lassies!