

## THE EPIC OF BYC 76

The year started off with a bang and a pop;  
We knew John's story could never be topped.

Thought we to ourselves, we'll give it a try.  
After many long hours, we still don't know why.

Seventy-five couplets we've managed to write;  
Some of them brilliant, and some of them trite.

Bob Owen was Commodore for the New Year,  
Succeeding ole' Beaver, who advanced to the rear.

Al Eastman was appointed new Commodore of Vice.  
When asked how it was, he said "Vice is sure nice."

The Commodore's Trophy to Dick was the scoop;  
But alas, we're still waiting to sail the new Campbell's Sloop!

We voted in Spring to install a new phone.  
But Big Mayvic hexed it – "Just leave me alone!"

It is now installed – only six months hence.  
Now Mayvic can be disturbed for only ten small pence.

On the Wednesday night game we had one big thriller  
When Mariah won the race with Jeff at the tiller.

He steered and he swore as he managed the sails,  
While committeeman John on the shore bit his nails.

Now move aside John, for the younger and newer.  
From now on we'll call it Mariah – Junior.

The BYC barge came down with dry rot.  
But Orr and his crew made hammers and saws hot.

A coat of paint here and a coat of paint there,  
And the clubhouse again stands in good repair.

Seventy-five saw John Luby up to his arms  
In worries below decks that gave him alarms.

This delicate condition most drove him up the wall.  
Think what could have been were he not quite so tall.

But the solution proved to be quite easy.  
Good thing too – we were all getting queasy.

So in Seventy-six it was solved by Orr.  
If the situation fits, look behind the door.

And speaking of Charlie, we watched with a grin,  
To see how many beers he could put inside him.

He now holds the record for guzzling the brew.  
Use caution when you take him for your crew.

The Intrepid arrived, and we heard a few blimeys,  
And we spent a good week being hosts to the Limeys.

They toured round the town and sailed on our boats,  
And took many memories home in their totes.

What a wonderful bunch they all proved to be;  
We were all sad when they put out to sea.

John Lewis made the news, and some of it grim.  
A brave rescue at sea was the order for him.

For bravery and courage beyond call of duty,  
He received the Distinguished Flying Cross – what a beauty!

On the cruises he'd go, even if without Mariah  
Up he'd show in his chopper – you see, he's a fliah.

Putting his plane in the sea gave the tower a jolt.  
He's got a one track mind – thought it part boat.

John Shepherd chaired all the races this year  
Thinking up crazies with an evil-eyed leer.

How we survived LeMans, we'll not know.  
What a mess it was when John said – "Let's go!"

The sealed course race he ran with reliance.  
The winner received a view of Defiance.

The single hand race, we all got gigged.  
When John won first place, we knew it was rigged.

John Lewis with aplomb won the no-handed – WOW!  
With spinnaker flying, he drank beer on the bow.

How he managed to rig this remote control  
We finally discovered – Aida below!

Meanwhile George Stevens started work on the whaler.  
The rhyme would be easier had we appointed Jan Rehler.

And we watched while Charlie had another one.  
Hold your tongue Terry – don't spoil his fun.

Our Dolphin Fleet this year was filled with winners.  
We'll talk about them, and forget the sinners.

Jeff Lewis won Juniors – we knew he could.  
There's more in that head than chips of old wood.

Mayvic Luby with her skill became first in the nation.  
At home the news was received with elation.

Loomis, best Senior in Texas, was the husband of Donna;  
He brought home the trophy and gave us great honna.

Commodores to two national fleets were our members.  
Won't be like that again for a month of Septembers.

Both of the guys are still with us yet.  
Dolphin Seniors prexy was Big Mayvic's pet.

Boss of the Dolphin Seventeen fleet was none other  
Than BY's Dick Campbell, and he's not Linda's brother.

The Campbells of Texas became the Champeens  
Of the fleet of boats called the Dolphin Seventeens.

We welcomed Art Babine from his travels around  
To learn that his slides were not to be found.

Since returning to town, so I've been told,  
He's living on his boat in the heat and the cold.

This arrangement is giving Marvin Townsend the frights,  
And causing him to spend many sleepless nights.

He'd like Mr. Babine on his way to hasten.  
But Art's friend John is the brother of Jason.

In July, a few of our members, in the midst of their trips,  
Stopped off in the East to view the tall ships.

Bob Forrest of course was the star of the show,  
When the big boat from Chile took him in tow.

When he started the trip, the winds they did blow;  
When the winds died down, they asked him to row.

Of the Russians bad manners, he also spoke,  
And told how the sails were powered by smoke.

This reporter cannot comment on the Navy Regetta;  
While all were having fun, he was trying to get betta.

Loomis and Cooke went bareboating in the Bahamas.  
But alas they had to behave in the presence of their mamas.

In September to Rockport we cruised for Sea Fair.  
Looked just like home with all our friends there.

Ficken arrived early, stayed late, and asked for more.  
It was the first time he ever tried to outdrink Orr.

Padre Isles cruise was to have been a lazy day.  
But we exhausted ourselves keeping mosquitoes away.

To Hawaii to the Hobies went our friend Dominy.  
How unhappy he was when they didn't serve hominy.

But that's too corny – so for Bill  
Sunshine and races gave him his fill.

In November the fairest journeyed to New Braunfels  
To join the merrymaking with great whoops and yells.

Fifty eight people to the Wurstfest went.  
But when Houston won the trophy, their noses were bent.

While there we saw Charlie having another beer.  
And Terry admonished – “Better slow down, dear.”

Hosting the quarter ton races for the state  
Gave Chairman John Shepherd gray hairs on his pate.

Max Berry built the club a new board boat float;  
So beautiful it was – worthy of King Arthur's Moat.

You'd marvel at the tactics they finally employed  
To see the float on our own pier deployed.

Old C. Orr looked like Huck Finn on his raft.  
As he motored the boat home – some thought he was daft.

Instead of the stern, the motor was in the middle,  
And without any steering, they were in quite a piddle.

They finally arrived by going round in reverse.  
We always knew Orr was a skipper perverse.

In November we hosted the games for Turkey Day.  
Turkey it was when the wind wrecked our play.

But it's time for this epic to come to an end.  
Let's on with the show and our elbows bend.

Our best to John Luby and the rest of the crew.  
Now give them a toast with a glass of the brew.

And keep an eye on Vice Commodore Orr.  
After six beers tonight, he'll be on the floor.

Best rhyme in this poem has been from our Orr.  
Because he's always ready for one more beer more.

We know Seventy-seven will be the best yet.  
We've got the best people we ever could get.

So let's get the BYC ship underway  
With a hale and hearty hip hip hurray!

Leslie Peart, Historian