

NOVEMBER

JUMP N' JIBE

11 NOVEMBER 2026

Shell Point Sailboard Club
Monthly Newsletter

. . . IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THUS

a belated THANK YOU

by Bob

Neglecting to thank all our great sponsors during the trophy presentation is an embarrassing oversight, so please accept my apologies and allow me to thank you now.

First off, we have some great cash sponsors with **Kristin Korinko, Rick Upson, John and Juliet Stacklyn, Leah Chapin aka Ketchum Realty, and Tom Madden!** This event wouldn't happen with these great cash donations. In addition, our yearly material sponsors through **Tri-Eagle, Homestead**, and our acknowledgement this year of the free room **District 850** lets us use every month. Most of the swag in your bag was donated by **Wakulla County** tourism, the **sunscreen from Marina Byrd, and Leah** donated the waterproof bags.



I did acknowledge some volunteers at the awards presentation, but there are so many people who stepped up and got the job done, and since I know I'll still forget people, just look back on all these things that required volunteers to make it happen and remember the folks you saw doing them:

Site Setup, Registration, Beer trailer, Friday night Wings, Friday night open mic, Saturday Breakfast, Saturday Lunch, Saturday Supper, Door prize distribution, Dancing on the beach, Sunday breakfast, Sunday lunch, Trophies, Race committees, and of course the Sailors/Racers.

For next year, please look at this list and think about how you can help. Even if you are racing, Friday site setup starts around 11am and since there is no racing on Friday, all Friday activities are wide open for you to help.

spsc club MINUTES

By Ted

SPSC Club Meeting Minutes – Tuesday, October 13, 2026

Twenty-three lively and chipper attendees were present at this month's meeting which was held at District 850 in our usual back meeting place, a/k/a "the mess deck."

Commodore Rick Upson called the meeting to order at 7:04 pm, a couple of minutes late because a bunch of food orders came in right at 7:00 which took a while to distribute.

Commodore's Report: Commodore Rick stated that we had a lot to talk about tonight given the recently rescheduled dates for the Endless Summer event due to the arrival of the unpronounceable hurricane (which name shares similar sounds with "insane Ikea" or "eye psoriasis"). Last month's minutes were approved unanimously. Rick then stated that the Endless Summer rescheduling caused some problems, one of which was that though he is Chair he won't be able to be there due to a prior commitment to a Weta sailing event where among other things he is to meet a customer who gave him a deposit for a charter. Kristin Korinko piped up and reminded all that sometimes these things happen, as it evidently did to her once. A somewhat deflated Rick profusely apologized for what he characterized as "dumping stuff on Bob & Vaughan," but everyone reassured him that everything would be fine, which caused him to re-inflate. Perry raised his glass to the Board for making good decisions, to which everyone else joined in.

Vice-Commodore's Report: The bandaged, walking-wounded Vaughan Williams, recovering from a horrific bicycle crash a week earlier, deferred his comments to when the Endless Summer topic was to be discussed (and boy he wasn't kidding as we shall see below).

Scribe/Past Commodore's Report: Ted Avellone noted a minor verbal correction to the minutes and encouraged people to submit articles for the next Newsletter.

Purser's Report: Bob Graves gave an overview of the Club's various funds and the amounts were announced which seemed healthy. He said that due to the last minute rescheduling of the Endless Summer event there was going to be a lot of outgoing funds and that the Club probably isn't going to make as much this year as in years past.

At-Large Board Member Reports: Pia Lehtonen: After receiving tips and advice from the crowd as to how to express that she didn't really have anything to report, she cried "IGN," though somewhere deep in her psyche she may have been really wanting to say, "Minulla ei ole mitään raportoitavaa." Bailey Howard: Stated that "Beer Issue" should be the title of a Festoons album. (Ryne Least and Rachel Smart were absent.)

Agenda Items: Rick opened formal discussion on the issues created by the rescheduled dates for the Endless Summer. First and foremost was that the Beer Truck can't be there that weekend due to scheduling conflicts with our usual supplier, Tri-Eagle. Bob Graves stated he was working on this issue.

With a stiff upper lip Vaughan Williams, commanding a view of the entire room from the far back corner, then took over the meeting and tabled the Beer discussion to be addressed later in the meeting. With booming voice he said that some people who were available on the hurricane weekend were not available on the rescheduled weekend, which required us to go over a schedule. In doing that it was determined that for Registration tasks, Sandy would head that up, saying that Marina wouldn't be there but other people would, so that's covered. Regarding Friday wings, Mike Getman, Digger Dave, and Jack would cover that. This motley combination of mischievous characters handling hot grease and flaming implements in charge of cooking things elicited a bit of snickering from the crowd. Bob Graves said he would handle the open mike/music-on-the-beach tasks, which shocked no one, and as far as racing, Rick Knerr and Perry will be Race Captains heading up Sport Fleet, Tina will be race Captain heading up Novice Fleet, and Bob's brother is still going to handle trophies.

For site setup, John Gilbert and Rick Knerr will cover that along with the other usual random warm bodies they can recruit on site at the time to assist with various things. Perry noted that the Training Trailer was already back on site and with raised glass he thanked the ROADies for a job well done, which was met with universal cheers and glass-raising. Vaughan then declared “Friday is covered.” Saturday & Sunday’s breakfasts appeared covered as well, with Kristin Korinko announcing that she and Minerva, and Lynn and Judy, and Terry Forte, had that covered, concluding with “the women got it.” As for Grill duties, Nancy Sandoval has Sunday covered, but we still needed someone for Saturday, so Bob will send an e-mail asking for volunteers.

Regarding dinner at the ABYC club house, it appeared that there will be sufficient volunteers for that. Without warning Mark Powell, using his loudest and most serious voice, unequivocally announced that there will be NO alcohol allowed inside the ABYC club house, period, and that if need be by gum he will personally inspect any and all containers of liquid and enforce that rule. Not surprisingly this caused some groans and whining by some in the crowd. Vaughan then mentioned something about the Skipper’s meeting, which caused Bill Olson to pause, furrow his brow, and cry out, “Stripper’s meeting??” Bob then mentioned there were four cases of water in the shed, which he will bring. Lynn Williams then stated that four gallons each of sweet and unsweet ice tea would be needed, as well as two gallons of lemonade. Baab will be bringing twenty 25 lb. bags of ice that would be donated, and Sandy had the door prizes and matters related thereto all buttoned up.

Having covered these things, next on the list to discuss was The Beer Dilemma. Our usual supplier, Tri-Eagle, is unable to accommodate us on the rescheduled weekend as it is a very busy one and they’re all booked up. Several other suppliers were suggested but all had complications or conflicts and had to be ultimately abandoned as unfeasible. Many alternate ideas were floated, and much discussion, sometimes acrimonious, ensued. Finally, a cry of “Ordah!” resounded through the great hall, and Bailey, adopting a grave expression reminiscent of barristers of old, announced that a motion was needed at this point.

In the verbal melee that followed a be-wildering parade of motions, discussions, and calls to question vomited into the air, punctuated by cries of “Ordah, Ordah!,” and ultimately transforming into what to the Scribe’s overloaded and strained senses appeared as something akin to an alien mutation of Robert’s Rules of Order reminiscent of the scene in the movie “The Thing” where the creature had dog’s heads, tentacles, claws and eyeballs all lumped

together in one glistening quivering mass, except here it was comprised of rules and propositions and calls to questions and resolutions and retorts all lumped together into an unrecognizable unholy mass of tangled gobbledygook, creating a sensation one might well imagine would be experienced by a naked mud-covered Woodstock attendee after taking seven blotters of the infamous brown acid and whilst just having reached the disturbing enigmatic conclusion of a Guy de Maupassant short story. During this nightmarish mental-emotional kaleidoscopic portion of the meeting the Scribe felt as though he had left his body, his consciousness now hovering about the ceiling looking down at the members and shockingly even upon himself, a disjointed nomadic spirit overwhelmed with trying to transcribe everything associated with the interminable convoluted Beer Dilemma discussion. Suddenly, as though from a thousand miles away, he heard the clear phrase uttered by Bill Olson, "this is turning into a three-body problem" which was immediately followed by the thundering cry of "ORDER" from Vaughan, the only true Englishman in the group yet inexplicably the only one to pronounce that word with a hard "r."

The slamming absurd ironic impact of these utterances reset the Scribe's mental faculties and he suddenly found that his spirit had re-entered his body and had re-ground him to his task at hand. Now finding himself once again sitting in his chair and figuratively looking about at the verbal wreckage strewn across the desolate post-discussion landscape, it appeared that the final outcome was that Bob Graves would have 48 hours to line up beer kegs with non-pumping taps and a means to keep them cool, or if that wasn't possible, to line up about 1,000 cans of beer and a bunch of ice to put in tubs along with the cans.

Once again in his thunderous authoritative voice Vaughan cried, "Rick, take the meeting back, let's move on."Joe Sisson then gave a decidedly animated swashbuckling overview of the Atlanta Fall Classic, noting with exuberant pride that of 22 racers 11 were from SPSC, which was met with cheers and applause. He recounted that the winds had been light and variable, and that Jeff Georgas beat him, but that he later beat Jeff, and that before the trip was over he and Bob did some great biking out on the Chicopee trails. Regarding future events, a total of five SPSC members plan to be at the Windsurfer Nationals to be held in Clearwater Beach on November 6-8, including Mark Powell, Jack May, and Rachel Smart. Presnell is scheduled for November 8–15, which has campsites for RV's or tents.

The meeting adjourned at 8:06 pm.