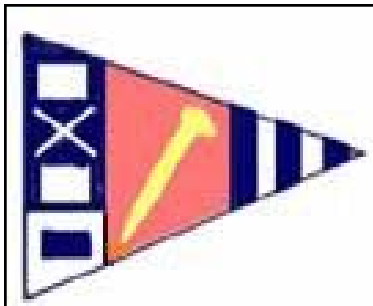




Port Moody Power & Sail Squadron



www.portmoodypss.com

June 2009

COMMANDER'S SAIL PAST

Commander Chris Gordon invites all members to join him for the sail past and raft up in Bedwell Bay on June 13th where he will be serving lunch to his squadron.

If you would like to join us but have no transportation we will arrange a ride for you on another members boat.



Inside this issue.....

Commander's Sail Past
Cover

District AGM

Page 2, 3, & 4

Cruise to Gibsons

Page 5 & 6

Members news

Page 7

The BearJoke

Page 8, 9, & 10

THE PORT MOODY POWER AND SAIL SQUADRON WOULD LIKE TO THANK *P/C GREG ARCHIBALD* FOR THE TIME AND EFFORT HE OFFERED US AS COMMANDER OVER THE PAST YEAR.

GREG HAS NOW PASSED THE FLAG TO *CHRIS GORDON* WHO WILL LEAD US THROUGH 2009/2010





Catch A Wave

District Annual General Meeting

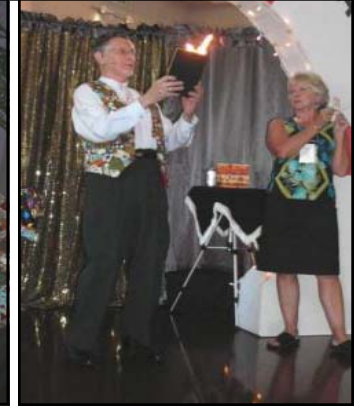
Thank-you to everyone who worked so hard to make the District AGM such a great success.



Set up and decoration,
Friday,
9am - 4pm
Then....
Dancing
til
midnight!



Magic and music....



The Commanders Ball



Pacific Mainland District Annual General Meeting 2009



In the earliest stages of planning, sun was not mentioned. We didn't know it was going to be fabulous weather, that was just a bonus! Friday started with unpacking and setting up. Lynn Meisl's son and daughter in law, James and Sarah Avender, started turning the Copper Club at the Executive Inn, into party central. They did an absolutely fabulous job with the lighting, creating an atmosphere of summer fun. Lynn did the centerpieces, which were, as per her usual, great! (I still have one rescued swimmer that took a nose dive in the candle!) Dennis Hewson, Steve and myself assembled what became affectionately known as "the toilet seat" better seen as the giant Life Preserver that served as the background for the décor of the event.

As the conference attendees started arriving, the atmosphere got charged with energy (I am certain the brilliant sun helped in that department!) and everyone was in a mood to party! Dennis Hewson started the fun with his show, which was great! He charmed everyone with his, always, great sense of humour and had the crowd (including the other guests and the staff) mesmerized with his magical talents! Following him was a tough job, but the hotel put out a great appy buffet and the band started up. Dancing followed, encouraged greatly by the band, "Cover Girls & Co.", into the wee hours of the night. It's too bad there is no visual record of Tony Gojevic, Ian Morrison, Sukru Yigit and Steve McCoach carrying the "toilet seat" up the stairs at the Exec Inn to the Conference Centre on the second level of the hotel!!

The next morning started early, with over 100 attendees expected to the breakfast, AGM, and lunch. The registration desk was jam packed and Lorraine and Jeanette handled it fabulously. Don Griffin was elected as our District Commander for 2009-2010, along with the new bridge including our very own, Lorraine Yigit as the District Environment Officer! Our Jim White was re-instated as District Supply Officer too. Andy from C-Tow came and set up as well as Sean & Dean from Dolphin Insurance. There were the competitions for Photography, and Training Aids and displays from the District Historian and the Environment Officer and various Squadrons.

After the afternoon seminars concluded, the bar opened (again) and the atmosphere & the crowd started to relax knowing that business was done and they could look forward to a banquet shortly. Things got started with all the pomp and ceremony that was appropriate for such an occasion, as the piper piped in the head table. Doug Cousins did an admirable (no pun intended) job as the Emcee for the evening. The formalities were observed and the speeches rolled out, the new bridge was introduced, and the prizes were awarded. Dennis, again started off the fun with another show, delighting everyone and showcasing rather unusual garb worn by one of our members (Doug)!! Dancing followed, led by the band "The Layton Group". All in all, Port Moody hosted a great event as you can see from the pictures.

Yvonne McCoach

GIBSONS – VICTORIA DAY MAY LONG WEEKEND 2009

14 PMPSS boats and their crew gathered in Gibsons for the Victoria Day long weekend to enjoy the camaraderie and friendship.

The outbound journey on Friday was one with calm seas and bright sunshine. Friday evening was spent on the dock catching up with everyone's news and enjoying a few beverages. Saturday proved to be yet another spectacular day giving us the opportunity to hike, walk, troll around in dinghies, or seek retail therapy (shopping). Some of the group simply kicked back on the dock, while others couldn't resist the urge to continue boat cleaning and polishing.

Tony Fantastico Gojevic (our illustrious new Cruisemaster) arranged for everyone to meet at their boat (Boy 'N Sea) aboard their dinghies with the promise of good fun. That's all we were told, and so like sheep to the slaughter we headed over there in our tenders not knowing what was ahead.....It was to be a dinghy race – with handicap rules. The run was to be the entire length of the marina using paddles only. If a crew wished to use their outboard, the helmsman must be totally blindfolded, and steer the dinghy on verbal instructions from the crew – (really interesting in a tight marina!) A single playing card was handed to each crew, and as the flag dropped, all crews paddled frantically with trepidation and hearts pounding (or motored precariously) through the marina to Merlin where they received a second card before the dash back to finish line. A dinghy Poker Run!

It turned out that it wasn't the first one back to win, but the highest card score. The "Little Magician" (t/t Merlin) had skipper Robin with one paddle and Grace Burrell with the other, and that tender is no lightweight - but they paddled and paddled and we got in last but one – Our initial claim to fame was that we beat the Commander – it turns out we had the winning hand and took the prize YEE-HA!

Saturday evening, a few people headed up to Gramma's Pub while others headed over to Smitty's Oyster Bar, leaving a few to enjoy a quite dinner onboard their boats followed by a 'drink or two' on the dock later.

On Sunday, the sunshine was breathtaking, and by the end of the day, there were more than a few suntans to prove it. We all gathered on the dock at around 4:00 for the renowned Port Moody Squadron 'Appy Hour' where delicious appetizers were in such abundance you could feed an army. These appy's even included a freshly barbequed salmon which had been swimming in Georgia Strait only hours before, after being hooked by Dave Burrell and the crew of Rambunctious.

The reality of Monday morning ultimately arrived with grey skies and a few light showers, and the armada of boats gradually left Gibson's heading towards home. Ah well, Summer is almost here as another excellent Port Moody Squadron Victoria Day cruise goes into the history books – only a few more sleeps, and we'll all be ready to do it again.

Chris Sheldon (Merlin IV)



GIBSONS CRUISE





NATASHA CALIS

June 21st & June 28th

Watch for Natasha in the ABC mini-series

"Impact"



CONTRATULATIONS

To Tomie Curtis on receiving her
Life Time Membership to CPS

We are proud to have both Ron and
Tomie in the Port Moody Squadron

PROMOTING CPS TRAINING COURSES

District Commander Don Griffin, Public Relations Officer Guy Cooper, District Supply Officer Jim White and S.T.O. Lynn Meisl manned tables at West Marine to promote the many training courses offered by CPS.



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0500 (CDT) Received: from idcmail-mo1so.shaw.ca (idcmail-mo1so.shaw.ca [24.71.223.10])

Dear Editor,

My name is Doug Cousins and recently, I had the honour of serving as MC at the 2009 Pacific Mainland District AGM held May 28th. Thanks to everyone who made it such a big success, and to those of you who weren't there, you really missed a good time.



However, I must relate a somewhat disturbing story which came out of that little get-together: During my official duties there, the thought occurred to me that perhaps I should try to tell a joke or two. You know, just to loosen the crowd up a little bit and get them to relax. Those AGMs are serious business, after all. I think I succeeded once or twice in bring a smile to at least a few faces. I don't consider myself a good joke-teller, but in this instance I did OK it seems. Unfortunately I was not able to complete my best joke. It's about a bear. Depending on how you tell the joke, it can be rather long and AGMs run on such a tight schedule that I just never had enough time to get to the punchline, which is of course funny as it would have resulted in much hilarity had I actually been able to get to it.

In the aftermath of the AGM, it seems that there is still an unusual amount of interest in knowing the punchline. I really don't understand what all the fuss is about, but honestly, I have had people come up to me on the street and ask "Do people really come up to you on the street?" (Just kidding... That's an old Emo Phillips line). But seriously, many people approached me during the Commander's Gala, begging, pleaded, cajouling, and even threatening me with sanctions and physical harm if I did not reveal the punchline. I mean, come on people, it's only a joke for crying out loud. To each of those people, I tried, as politely as I could, to explain that I didn't think it fair that they should hear the end of the joke when the rest of the audience, who had just as much vested interest, would never get the benefit of hearing how it all turned out.

The story takes an even more bizarre turn, when the next day, and for several days after, I received a continuous stream of phone calls, emails, and text messages from various people, all of whom wanted to know how the bear story turned out. So, after much reflection, and in an attempt to get those annoying phone calls to stop, I have decided to relate the story of the bear in full. I hope you can find it in your heart to publish this letter so that hopefully people will be satisfied once and for all and I can resume my normal quiet existence. Thank you in advance.

So now, without further ado: The bear joke (in it's entirety):



Doug's Bear Joke

A bear walks into a bar in B.C. and says to the bartender, "Bartender, bring me a beer." The bartender looks up at the bear and calmly says, "We don't serve beer to bears in bars in B.C."

(Sorry, I have to interrupt here: This joke works best when spoken, so as you are reading it, please do so aloud. Also, don't try to embellish -- I'm told that's the mark of a poor jokester. At the AGM, a few people, albeit with the best of intentions I am sure, had the temerity to suggest ways I could improve upon the joke -- even though I hadn't even told the punchline yet!

I guess they didn't know any better, but I forgive them, though it is hard. One example: The bartender says "We don't serve Baltz beer to brown bears in bars in beautiful B.C., before noon." I object to such superfluous adjectivism for two reasons:

- a) I have never had a Baltz beer and I have no idea whether it's any good or not, and
- b) Singling out just brown bears (or black ones, or even blonde ones, for that matter) is discriminatory and constitutionally unsound. So please, if you are going to re-tell this joke to anyone, DON'T embellish.

Okay, so where were we... Let me gather my thoughts again. Oh yeah, the bartender says "We don't serve beer to bears in bars in B.C."

The bear is taken aback for a moment, and so he repeats himself, "Bartender, bring me a beer." Once again the bartender looks up at the bear and says, "We don't serve beer to bears in bars in B.C." Not used to being thwarted this way, the bear just about loses it! His hackles rising, he says, "Listen, barkeep, if you don't bring me a beer, I am going to tear this place apart and eat you all alive!"

Now the bartender begins to get his back up, too. "I told you, we don't serve beer to bears in bars in B.C." And he stares at the bear right in his eyes, just daring him to try something.

"BRING ME A BEER!" bellows the bear.

"NO!" yells the bartender, just as forcefully, and then he says nothing at all, just staring the bear down, not blinking.

I have to warn you -- the story gets a little gruesome here; beware of graphic content, and if you are squeamish, you might not want to proceed any further.

(Just trying to cover myself, legally).



His anger growing by the second, the bear casts his eyes about the bar, and seeing a comely babe at the end of the bar who is nursing a black russian (the drink, not an actual person), he rushes at her with great speed and strength. In the span of just a few seconds, he picks her up and before she even has a chance to scream, the bear EATS HER IN ONE BIG GULP. (I can just see you all shuddering now. It's horrible, I know, but such gratuitous violence is necessary for the joke to work, so....)

With a snarling grin and licking his chops the whole way, the bear casually makes his way back to the bartender and says smugly, "So, what do you think about that? Ready to bring me that beer, now?"

And the bartender, once again very calm, very collected, says to the bear, "We don't serve beer to bears in bars in B.C," then adds, "Especially when they are on drugs."

Completely taken aback, the bear looks at the bartender and says, "What the hell do you mean, "on drugs"? I am not on drugs!"

(Okay, here's the punchline everyone -- ready for it?)

The bartender says "Sure you are... That was a <message truncated by mailer daemon, message too long> unsubmitted-by-MAPI-mailer> daemon:<mailer.mail.pmpss.mapi.192.175.2.55:22013> truncation:<Thur, 25 May 2009 13:58:12 - 0500 (CDT) Truncation Received: from idmail-mo1so.shaw.ca (idmail-mo1so.shaw.ca [24.71.223.10])

