

# Eight Bells

NEWS FROM BELOW DECKS

Le Pecheur D'Etoiles

Crew 845

July 3, 2006

## Winner of the Pirate Competition

Michael  
"Demolition"  
Duda

## Winner of the Bowline Competition

Stephen Belch

## Bugler

Stephen Belch  
Zach Haggerty

## Engineer

Michael Duda

## Editor

Ben Neas

## Undersecretary

Margy Shaffer

## Captain

John Manor



## A word from the Skipper/Admiral

Thank you for so many happy thoughts. Your always welcome aboard

## And from Em's,

Wonderful, wonderful trip, thank you

Following the arrival of the Crew in the Bahamas, we were escorted to our home for the next week, Le Pecheur D'Etoiles. The overcast weather did not deter our spirits on the first day, while we learned about the rules of the ship and our jobs on board. The infamous "no whistling" rule was the first to be broken by musically inclined Zach Haggerty. Divided into our teams by choice, the galley crew prepared our feast of Flipper, whom we had seen earlier in the day, with a hint of garlic or chili powder. During the dinner, many people learned of the toe stubber on the floor. Next was the swim test extravaganza. Many of the partners were barraged by the watchers on the boat, with either water or comments. Elaine Duda's hair wasn't able to stay dry, a theme throughout the trip. With our introductory cleanliness out the window, the deck was rife with swimsuits and sopping towels. Of course, the first night watch was harrowing, with multiple people surprised by the bilge pump on the side or not being able to wake up. With the clouds, there was no star charting for your intrepid editor-in-chief. The next morning we learned our tasks for cleaning the ship, which involved the fought over dingy cleaning duty and swabbing the deck and polishing the brass and windows. After a breakfast, mad sea cow pie, we began a quick snorkel over old, sunken construction equipment which was many people's first experience with true snorkeling. A brief downpour finished the dive and we began our sailing instruction. This was an adventure to say the least-- many people were not even familiar with a sailboat. After a long teaching session from Capt. Del, we gave the whole thing a shot, and surprisingly got underway without too much help from the motor. The next day, the Death March to the barrier reef allowed exploration of a more diverse aquatic habitat than previously seen. After the swim the storming of Fort John Rambo provided entertainment for the crew. The Death March, Part Deux, allowed some members to work on their "African feet" by going barefoot over the woody trail. Don't forget the top secret barbeque at Baker's Bay, with the juicy local coconuts. The next sailing experience was on our own! A sudden blow later in the day drove everyone to their station with speed. The fourth of July was a celebration indeed. Waking

Up to a dance around the deck singing 'When the Saints Go Marching In.' The galley crew served up some of the greatest anti-terrorist, American-loving flapjacks, with their terrorist counterparts. After that, the crew had to check their scurvy by eating slices of lime. John Manor was elected pirate captain, by a slim margin of a vote between him and Duda. Of course, the whistlers were later forced to walk the plank under a shower of bathroom drainage, courtesy of Michelle. During the preparations for sailing, we were attacked by the Admiral Del and the Doctor and Mrs. Duda. The crew repelled the attack, and with minimal losses. Once we got well underway, a man overboard was sounded and the crew made a hard about and were able to quickly retrieve the buoy serving as our lost man. We had one injury, when Chris Manor sliced open his foot, but our Doctor and his assistant were able to repair the damage. "Be careful on the mizzen deck". The finale of the day was a concert featuring the crew band centered around the American flag singing a round of Saints, Battle Hymn of the Republic, some snapping and stepping, and some patriotic songs. We also benefited from some distant fireworks. The next day woke up with McGriddles, the finest of American cuisine. During the morning, Zach and James went to retrieve the lost spatula and quickly realized that they were surrounded with jelly fish, forcing the ship to have to re-anchor. During the classroom period, we learned about the proper methodology for abandoning ship and had to demonstrate it. After much jostling, the dingy was suddenly half underwater, Michelle was crushed and had a pretend head wound, there was only one packet of ives, and we had to drink the Admiral's urine. Yum. Due to the calm weather we were able to snorkel around Fish Cay, which was shallow and had shells of all sorts. However, swimming back to the ship with those shells was hard, but we did get to eat another conch. The afternoon saw our motoring to Man-O-War, where we went ashore to explore the local offerings. There was a severe shortage of ice cream on the island, but the rest of the stores were crazy, some members of the crew blowing all of their money in the melee. The crew then split, some snorkeling around the isthmus, some returning to the boat and then some rock hopping around the beach. Upon returning to the vessel, Joy baths were had, hair and bodies were washed, and swims were taken.

While this was occurring, another Sea Base vessel came toward the Man-O-War marina, and battle was almost had, but the other ship did not wish to make contact with our prepared and trained pirate crew. Until dusk there was mad training for the pending bowline competition. The large competition was full of upsets, such as Chris and Margy's first match. The final power battle was a 2-1 win for Stephen Belch, who won his first Turks head bracelet. The next day was Pirate Day, where we were woken early for a silent sail. After escaping the other ship, the Pecheur sailed to Mermaid Reef, where we were able to feed the fishes and observe the reef. Katie Jackson was, "so surprised that the fishies ate out of [her] hand." Some saw the common angelfish and others a rare shark and stingray. The Admiral was then gracious enough to give the crew a second chance at setting sail. With some finesse from the anchor team, the ship SHATTERED the old record of eleven minutes and set a new time of seven minutes. The crew rapidly executed several tacks across the water and arrived in Fanny Bay. Once at Fanny Bay, the bow swing was erected and the competition began. Lucas got the first "ten" rating from the judge panel, for his high jump ankle biter. A truly ingenious maneuver. After that, Chris Manor followed with the Captain Morgan flop, which quickly brought him to the top of the rankings for good. Michelle came in a close second. However, the weather took a quick shift for the worse and the rain battered the ship, forcing the crew below decks or to the galley. There was all-day preparation for the final competition, where each member of the crew had to dress up as pirates and present their story to the judges. Before the final presentations, the crew had Sal Ma' Gundy, the dish made from all that was captured from other ships. The Admiral then explained the competition, and the performers began. Out of several Chinese, cross-dressing, mute, and crazy pirates, Demolition Duda were chosen as the scourge of the seven seas. The crew then put each other on trial which ended with everyone walking the plank into the jelly infested water. But hot chocolate was drank and cookies were eaten. Such an exciting piratical adventure into the Bahamas, it was a shame it had to end.

