

## Harbor Lights

# Yachtsmen Took To Sea To Watch The Fireworks

The bombs bursting in air were beautiful Sunday night. We could enjoy them because they were not real ones.

Many dark boats rode the restless water with only navigation lights to mark their movements. They prowled quietly as if a surprise invasion were in the making. Then, from shore, rocket bursts encompassed land and sea and nothing was secret anymore.

The dazzling brilliance of a flare parachuting down exposed all the dark boats and you thought how vulnerable you would feel in its relentless glare if you were near a hostile shore.

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When it comes to consistent enthusiasm for and enjoyment of a boat you can't top the Marstons. Walter and Louise Marston and their daughter, Stella, 14, of Los Altos, have spent every weekend for months aboard their boat. Even all winter. Their 25' sloop Kanoa is docked at 0-20.

Sailing has been a part of the Marstons' lives for years. They used to sail out of Boston harbor. Walter, who is with Carter's Ink company, was transferred to Cleveland, Ohio, on Lake Erie and they lived in Bay Village two blocks from the lake.

Stella says, "Back there if you tell someone to go jump in the lake, he can do it."

Every weekend sounds like a lot of boating, but not to the skipper who lives it and all three of them handle the tiller.

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Tidal wave alert . . . and before you could bolt the rest of your dinner and get to the harbor sails were dotting the bay and cruisers were following in each other's wakes going out the harbor mouth.

Some went out after the coast guard announced on marine radio no wave had been generated by the Alaskan quake. It was too nice an evening to pass up a cruise.

Out in the bay the Blue Petrel and the Pat went their way as Dave Goodale sat contentedly by the mast of his Cat boat Sea Drift. Wave or no, Dave was happy out there.

There was the Escape and the Atka with the Thevenins aboard. It was a postman's holiday sort of cruise for Al, who had just come in from fishing up coast.

The Bonny Doon was out and so was Irish Mist with a couple of smiling, unfrightened looking sailors aboard.

Bill Casper improved the golden hour by landing two beautiful salmon. Another got away because he couldn't land two at a time. Maybe he needs to install a fish ladder so they can climb aboard!

Shrimp's Efforts went by and Nora R with outriggers spread made a delicate W silhouetted against the oncoming fog bank and evening sky.

The West Coast cruised with outriggers up and the Jagor, full of vigor, put its wash out wide. The Jagor belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hunt of San Jose and is docked at C-21. Although they have had the slip since April 1, the vessel, a 40' cabin cruiser, just recently arrived.

There was the Andi a lara, the blue Galatea of San Francisco and Sohr's Yes Dear, wearing its red heart on its stern.

The sun went down and most of them came home again. A few stayed out to enjoy summer night on the water.

By Norma Nelson  
Guest Writer

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