

THE HORNPIPE

VOLUME 32, NO. 7

JULY 2008

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Commodore's Comments

I'm writing these comments a bit early this month. I expect to leave early tomorrow morning (July 5) to catch up with the other CCSCers doing the extended southern cruise.

The weather forecast for the next several days is rather typical for this time of year — chances of thunderstorms ranging from likely to isolated just about every day. I plan to leave early from Hammock Island, timing my trip down the bay to take full advantage of the falling tide, and to arrive early enough to pass through Knapp Narrows and reach Dun Cove in time to be anchored and ready for the expected (brief?) thunderstorms.

* * *

I got home last night after eight days aboard *Breezing Up*. Five boats in all were involved in the southern bay cruise, and three of them are still cruising as I write this. We had a great time, and a few intense moments due to the weather. I don't want to spoil the full report, so I'll just comment about my departure and return. When I left the slip a week ago Saturday, the engine was smoking excessively. I dropped anchor in Jubb Cove, dove several times on the heavily fouled prop and shaft,

and was pleased to see that that took care of the problem. But it was getting late in the day, so I went back into Hammock Island for the evening and left the next morning, motoring the entire 56 miles or so to Solomons Island. On my return Sunday, I left Mill Creek (Solomons) at about 8:00 a.m. and was thrilled to be met by six to eight dolphins enjoying a morning swim up Mill Creek! I planned to get to the Rhode River before the thunderstorms fired up, and was pleased to see the expected strong southerlies, which proved to be too strong indeed! Gusting frequently to more than 20 knots and then rapidly dropping to 10 knots or so, the fluky (if strong) wind made it tough on my autopilot, sailing almost dead downwind. I ended up motor sailing on a sheeted-out mainsail, on a preventer, and made such good speed that I decided to go all the way to Bodkin Creek. I was in my slip at Hammock Island at about 4:45 p.m.!

The price we pay for sailing the bay in July and August is the occasional (and occasionally terrifying) rough weather. It's clear that if we insist on avoiding thunderstorms completely, we drastically shorten the sailing season. So I view them pretty much as I view running aground — if you don't get caught in a storm or run aground now and then you aren't doing much sailing! That

doesn't mean, of course, that I go looking for thunderstorms. But I can be sure they will occasionally find me. And when they do, I regularly review my rationale for NOT installing a lightning grounding system on *Breezing Up*, despite the relatively detailed guidance included in my owner's manual, which I suspect was included on the advice of the Catalina lawyers.

My rationale is based on two arguments: First, even if you have a grounding system, lightning is likely to do some damage unless you are quite lucky, and the grounding system is perfectly sized and correctly installed. Conventional wisdom says grounding plates need to be large enough, and the heavy wire running from the masthead should have minimal bends. Second, there are sailors who insist that installing a grounding system makes a lightning strike more probable, if less damaging. But primarily, it is a lot easier not to install a grounding system than it is to do so. This is the lazy sailor's argument, which is probably the rationale for most of those who offer up reason two above.

I note, however, that a recent issue of Waterway Guide magazine has a discussion of the revised recommendations for lightning grounding. It is now recommended that you provide a path to ground near the waterline, rather than solely through a grounding plate low on the keel. Go figure.

As you can see, there is a wide range of opinions on this issue. It would be interesting to know how many of you have a lightning grounding system installed on your boat. Let's do a survey. I'll report on your feedback next month.

In the meantime, I hope to see you out on the water!

George Alberts

Member Published

Relatively new member Cliff Jackson has a long letter published in the July issue of Seaworthy from BoatU.S. Check it out on page two. Quite a story.

George Alberts

Cruising in the Pacific Northwest

My family has grown enamored of the cruising life — on VERY big boats. This year we had a family reunion aboard a Holland America ship that went from Seattle up to Alaska and back. The family thing on the ship was great, and we also really enjoyed the myriad islands and scenery and glaciers and whales along the way.

While on the way north to Juneau, I walked the decks of the ship, as is my wont, with an MP3 player, admiring the scenery and watching for whales while listening to an incredibly apt book. *Passage to Juneau* by Jonathan Raban, tells the story of the author's single-handed trip aboard his sailboat from Seattle to Juneau; alongside excerpts from the history of European discovery of the region, Captain Vancouver's surveying trip during the 1790s. Raban is no fan of Captain Van, whom he describes as rude, autocratic, and fond of the lash. But Raban does give credit to Captain Van for being a remarkable mathematician and a precise surveyor.

Assigned to establish once and for all that there was no ice-free northwest passage, Vancouver followed the "always turn right" school of charting mazes as he and the crew of the *Discovery* painstakingly counted every island along the way over a period of more than two years. Raban writes compellingly of the challenges even today in navigating these perilous waters, and he admires the seamanship of the native cultures Vancouver encountered as well as the dominant Brits.

As often happens to me at the end of a trip, I want to go back to the place I've just left. I've researched charters and sailing schools for the San Juan Islands and British Columbia. Anyone in the club have experience out there? Anyone interested in gaining experience with enormous tidal swings and very rocky islands everywhere? Let me know.

Nan Shellabarger

Suzanne's and Bob's Most Excellent Adventure

June 11

Two days until we are off on the great

adventure. I am feeling much positive about it now that we've talked with lots of people who have done it with anchoring every evening. It's doable even with my closely held fears!

The past few days have been brutal here as regards temperature and humidity. We abandoned last week's shake-down cruise on day three and came back to Hammock Island, leaving ASAP for some friends and blessed AC. A new quarry-tile floor throughout the basement was excellent and felt so good on bare feet that we lived down there for the next three days. We ventured out shopping for the cruise once, and between the huge supply of packets of curries from Trader Joe's and 96 breakfast bars from Costco, I'm considering the galley pretty much provisioned.

The Bob's out varnishing [*Bob's correction: Cetoling*] teak and I'm not — works for me.

The past month has become a blur already. I know it's been full, but I'll be damned if I can remember with what — I suspect that that might just be par for the cruising life, or at least my version of it. Not sure how I feel about that — must think about it — tomorrow.

June 17

It's day five and we're still afloat!

Friday we left Hammock Island and went up the bay and into the C&D Canal, dropping anchor at Chesapeake City late that afternoon. The weather was still beastly hot and my mood matched. The anchorage was a tacky site and very crowded. Rather unpleasant altogether. A quick dip helped, but not by much! Saturday the winds weren't favorable for crossing Delaware Bay, so we laid over, rarely going out on deck so as to avoid the sun.



Sunset on C&D Canal

We spent the day doing a few more tasks for the trip ahead. Bob attached the bottom fasteners for the port lee cloth and then held it up while I got into the berth and simulated being thrown about. I have got sound effects worked out as well — something like: “Oh, my God!” “Save me (and the Bob while you're at it)!” “Oh, sweet Mother of God, is this the end of Suzianna?” Yes, that's right — there are no atheists offshore on rough seas. The upper attachment points haven't been set up yet, so I'll pretty much just have to wrap it around me and hold on tight.

Sunday morning we got an early start and motored out of the canal into the Delaware River. Just before the turn south there was a bald eagle watching us from the shore. I'm thinking that it was probably a good omen, because come day's end we hadn't gone mad from the heat and flies. The heat and flies were a given, but madness was up for grabs. We put in that night at Cape May in front of the Coast Guard station, which I found to be a great comfort until I realized that I didn't see anyone there — ever. Maybe it's the heat thing and they just don't come out unless they really have to do so.

Got another early start yesterday, Monday, and for the first time the Bob and I were ALONE, sailing on the OCEAN!!! As we came out of Cape May Harbor, there was a dolphin diving around off of our beam. Figuring it was like the bald eagle of the day before, I took it as another good omen. The wind was pretty much behind us, and, other than the concern for jibing, it was not much of an issue. We

had the main up all day, the genoa up and down throughout, and the engine running most of the day. It had been so long since I'd been on the ocean that I'd forgotten about the SWELLS. I do not like them — no, not one little bit — but having some sail up did mitigate them somewhat. Later more of those good luck dolphins showed up, jumping all around the boat for about a half an hour; but then as we neared the canal into Atlantic City, they turned their omeness against me when I had to put the boat into the wind while Bob went forward to take down the main. I realized just how strong that wind felt in those swells. This I really didn't like, and my legs were all awobble. If I could have beamed myself off of the boat right that minute (at no risk to the Bob), I would have.

We again anchored in front of a Coast Guard station. While I didn't see any people at that station, I did see a helicopter land and take off right next to it, so they we're either around there somewhere or the helicopter was a drone. It was one of those big, black, scary looking ones. There was a handful of other boats anchored around us, including a Cape Dory, *Shana*, whose owner the Bob's been emailing with. He's made the trip to New England and north 16 times, which I took comfort in hearing! The more people I meet that have gone up and made it back, the better I feel. I know in my mind that it's no big deal if you're prepared, but I don't feel it in my heart, which jumps into my mouth at every dip and toss sideways. A really big thunderstorm moved through in the early evening, with lightening and big winds at 45 mph. We just heard on National Public Radio that a boat capsized in it, and the Bob was sitting there doing an acrostic and looking so sorry that he had turned the radio on. I totally lost it. When things calmed down a little, pep talk followed. I bought it. I'm staying aboard. Ain't love somethin'? It helped that I found out the jacklines had been set. At least the Bob could be hooked to the boat when he went forward. I just had to convince him to do it.

We laid over today because the winds and swells are predicted to be less tomorrow and no storms are expected, as they were today. We're going to have a very long day, at least 80 miles, up to Sandy Point. We are planning to get up and off anchor by 4:00 a.m. so we can get in before

sundown. It will be a 14- to 16-hour day. Thursday we'll be meeting up with another Cape Dory couple, Cathy and Bruce, and checking out all of the refinements they have made to their CD 32. There are only eleven 32s in existence (At least as far as I know they're all still in existence.) We're planning to stay over until Friday or Saturday and then head out for the last big hurdle, which will be getting through Hell Gate in the East River in New York City. Currents, heavy traffic, stuff like that will make it very interesting I'm sure. I am hoping our friends Andrea and Frank will be in town, and that we can wave to each other. It would be really wonderful if we could go ashore and spend some time with them as well.

I finished reading Saul Bellow's *Ravelstein* today. So damn much there to try to wrap my mind around. I don't have much fiction on board and I will probably read it again, and more slowly. Like the Borges' fictions I'm working on, I know I'm missing all of the subtleties, but the putting together of words is wonderful in both anyway.

We played some scrabble this afternoon. I didn't lose by much, which was amazing, as I'd been working some sudokus earlier and was feeling rather stupid. With the high winds today, the board had a very ragged look to it — even salty you might say.

It's shower night — yippee!

June 23

Anchorage for the night or just a lunch stop? If the fog lifts, we may push on to Port Jefferson. It's a mystery.

We've had many adventures — all interesting, some rather exciting, and all instructive.

A week ago, Tuesday, June 17, we got to bed early knowing that it was going to be a long haul to Sandy Hook, New Jersey. A decision had to be made whether to set the alarm for 5:00 or 5:30 a.m. We went with the latter — wrong choice as it turned out.

The next wrong choice would be that Bob decided it was taking too long to get all of the little clams off of the anchor chain (as had been advised by another boat the night before — repeatedly) as he hauled it in. Actually, given how the day turned out, the decision to get going and worry about it

later was a lucky one. We should have gotten up at 2:30 a.m.

Leaving Atlantic City was the best the city looked. The moon was setting behind it and made a strange composition, with the neon signage, which, by the way, I swear you could read by for most of the night. All right, I exaggerate, but just a tad. It was gaudy. Coming in a couple of days before, it was a game trying to figure out what look the different buildings were going for. The Taj Mahal with a kazillion (Spell check prefers bazillion — whatever. There were lots.) minarets.

Captain just made a correction. If the fog lifts, it will be Branford next, not Port Jefferson, and it's 40 miles away. It will be tomorrow. We are home for the night!

Anyway, leaving Atlantic City was much more attractive, except that right as you pass the point of land at the Absecon River, as you enter the ocean, there is a handful of old buildings in various states of demolition with cranes and new buildings towering behind and above them. That was sad and sorry to see. But about a half a mile out, everything started to blur and the rising sun made the buildings look like slabs of rock covered with mica dust.

Oh, and that twice-faced dolphin apparently headed north along with us, as it was waiting when we headed out.

The swells weren't as bad as the ones a couple of days before and the wind wasn't as high either, so we had the engine on the entire time with the main up to steady us. The Bob kept flying the genoa and then pulling it in pretty much all day. It seemed to amuse him. This time I'd packed lunch the night before so I wouldn't have to spend much time below, as it made me queasy on the previous leg. We ate some candied ginger as a prophylactic before we headed out, which may have helped, too.

Captain just announced that we're heading out at 4:30 a.m. tomorrow. That means we'll be getting up at 3:30 a.m. I'll have to keep this brief.

We neared Sandy Hook just about dead on our ETA and were in the channel, almost at the breakwater of Atlantic Highlands and within 30 minutes of dropping the anchor, when our decision to catch an extra half hour of sleep caught up with us. We started seeing lightening everywhere but behind us. Over the radio, we heard the local yacht

club cancel its race for the evening, advising all boats to get back in. One said it was going to stay out and sail and the committee boat said, "God be with you." The Bob said, "I think it's time to get the main down" — which we did just as the wind picked up fast and fierce. Within minutes the rain started, and heading in was no longer an option. We got into battle positions — the Bob at the helm and crew down below. Crew put on her grippiest shoes and held on tight, at one point so tight that crew realized she couldn't feel her hands and was not breathing very well. Yoga breathing and a life-affirming mantra were definitely needed. "I can do whatever I need to do" didn't seem to be working all that well. "Together we can do whatever needs to be done" was better. I couldn't decide if the look on the Bob's face should be read as "Not to worry, we're doing just fine" or "Geeze, I'm going to hear about this later and for a long time." Turns out it was "Damn, this is great. Boat's handling really well." Apparently my concerns were just that: mine.

An hour later everything calmed down enough to head in. Being rather tuckered out, we opted to pick up a mooring at the Atlantic Highlands Yacht Club. Good choice! Our best for the day.

Tossed all night, but come morning it was lovely and so cool and dry compared to the Chesapeake. Cape Dory friends Cathy and Bruce retrieved us after hot showers in the club house (skanky, very skanky was my hair). We had two meals on shore, tours of each of our boats (They have done wonderful modifications to theirs inside, providing great storage.), and a stop at Foodtown for fresh produce and good company (Although just about any company would have done it for me.). It was our first time off of the boat in a week. (It felt like a record, although Bob disputes this.) The storm of the day before just faded away, although writing this is bringing it back.

On the launch back to *Magdalena* that evening, I asked the dock man what the charge would be for us to hang on the mooring another night but not to avail ourselves of either the launch service or the showers (Oh, no.), and the dock angel said if we're off of it before the service started up in the morning at 10:00 a.m., it was ours for FREE!

He said he liked to think that they weren't a Holiday Inn, but I guess he wasn't sure the daytime crew felt the same way.

Now, about that anchor chain — can't say that I noticed anything that night (the phrase “dead to the world” comes to mind). The next night, after the boat had sat in the sun for a day, there was definitely a touch of eau de clam about her, especially just aft of the anchor locker, which is the V-berth where we sleep!!! We hung at anchor all day Friday, waiting for the better weather window for the trip to Long Island Sound. The Bob spent quite a bit of it picking those clams off of the chain and locker walls with a hemostat. Poor baby. Thought he was going to use my personal tweezers — whew, no way. The Bob said it smelled like a Howard Johnson's, but as a retired HoJo girl, I'm able to tell you that I know Howard Johnson's, and that was no Howard Johnson's — one's dumpster maybe.

We left at 8:40 a.m. the next morning, totally ignored any and all dolphins lurking about the opening, and headed for the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and New York City. The Bob's planning was superb!!! We hit every waypoint on schedule and passed through Hell Gate at exactly the right time for the currents. He was brilliant!!! And what a trip it was. That first bridge was great. We did it with a tanker on starboard and that was very cool! Pretty soon the Statue of Liberty showed through the haze, and then we were headed up the East River with Brooklyn (and Marianna) on starboard and NEW YORK CITY (and Andrea and Frank, Elizabeth, et al.) on port!!! Lots of bridges and lots of traffic, mostly tankers, barges, and water taxis, but once a Cape Dory 27 passed us going down river. Every now and then, we could look up a street off port to see the horizon at its end. The Empire State Building was pretty neat and the United Nations building very impressive, but the Chrysler Building was just the best. So elegant, and, when the sun hits its spire, quite fantastical. I think every old movie I've ever seen that was set in NYC flashed on my personal big screen with an accompaniment of “New York, New York/The Bronx is up and the Battery's down” playing in the background. Then things began to look a bit down market, and it was Riker's Island and La Guardia

Airport off starboard and nothing I recognized on port. Without movies I have no reference points for landmarks — nor for many other things in life.

We were both sort of surprised to find ourselves where we were. Who'd have thought the Bob and I would ever do NYC together?!



NYC

We dropped anchor in Manhasset Bay, and let me just go on record as noting that the rich sure do know how to spend money and have done a lot of it over the years around here. But fear not. I immediately provided (as Andrea called it) a reality check, hanging up lots of laundry to air on our safety lines. We didn't get together with Frank and Andrea this leg, but we hold the hope that we will on the way back down in July. We might anchor off of the Statute of Liberty then. Now, that'd be a hoot!

We ended the day with a dip, cold and quick with a hand on the swim ladder, as the current was strong.

We stayed in Manhasset Bay for the day playing scrabble (The Bob used all of his letters on 'grinding' with me providing the first G. It was a sad time in Tiny Town.). Painted. Had a lovely time doing so, with many starts and one finish — may have to find a paper source soon. Read. Another perfect day on board.

This morning we got off at 6:05 a.m. — leaving in a fog that did not lift until we were almost in Oyster Bay. It was thick, damp, and cool. The Bob's policy is to put on lots of layers to ward off the elements. Mine is to sail practically naked

so as to weigh less if I end up in one of those elements. Between us, we make one appropriately dressed sailor.

Once again the wind didn't provide, so we were motoring, which meant we couldn't hear as well as when sailing what might be out there with us. We had the radar on. There were a couple of tankers/barges and a handful of sport-fishing boats. I mentioned that there didn't seem to be any other cruisers out. The Bob replied, "How do you know. Maybe you just can't see them." I'm putting that right up there on the list of things you don't want to hear along with, "Hey, can you tell if that tanker is going away or coming towards us? That one. That one right over there."

And lastly, just a couple of random notings: The Guggenheim Mansion, described in the guide books as an Irish Castle built in 1902, now houses a dinosaur museum.

The first jetsam I saw in the East River was a condom.

It's lightly raining now. Slight but cool breeze. Could be another perfect day.

July 7

Still here. "Here" being Cuttyhunk Island, Massachusetts. Getting ready (once the fog clears enough) to begin our approach to Martha's Vineyard about 27 miles away. You'd be surprised how far apart the miles are out here.

It's been a couple of weeks since I've written after we made it to Long Island Sound through Manhattan, which is such a great visual memory. It was such a strange sensation sailing past all those iconic sites. It turns out that the water pouring down one of the Brooklyn Bridge's support columns (that we took to mean repairs were being done on the bridge) was part of The Waterfalls, an art installation that was completed a few days later. I doubt that it will have the draw that The Gates had, but what do I know!

Two weeks ago we were in Oyster Bay and attempted to go ashore and visit Sagamore Hill, Teddy Roosevelt's home. We weren't so much interested in seeing it as we were to see if our Golden Eagle Senior Pass would get us in for free. We'll never know. The Bob was sure that the dock we dinghied up to was the public one mentioned in

the cruising guide. I was sure it wasn't. Rarely do free public dinghy docks provide electric hookups, fresh water, a sound system, and (This, I felt, was the defining factor.) a surveillance camera. The gate at the end of the dock was another defining factor. And then there was no clear path to the highway — the tick magnet (TM) was ready to bushwhack our way through, but, as crew wouldn't follow, a retreat was effected. As we rode away, the TM then, too, noticed the surveillance camera. My only regret is that I'd put on two pieces of clean, as in never worn on this trip yet, clothing on my dirty body...Hate wasting clean clothing.

Which brings us up to the day before yesterday — did laundry in Dutch Harbor. Everything is clean!!! Even our sheets, which are falling apart and now patched with parts of a bandana (aye, very salty looking), and yesterday we filled our water tanks (We were down to a few gallons.) when we got here. Shower night!!!

But the two weeks in between these momentous occasions? We spent a night anchored near Milford, Connecticut, in a bight called The Gulf, after crossing the sound. A beach community right out of the movies, down to bonfires on the beach at night.



**Rainbow at Milford, Connecticut
(anchored in "The Gulf")**

Then we headed over to the Connecticut River and stayed there at anchor on a little shoot-off for the next few days. We had just enough room to swing around with the tide twice a day, and that was about it. Rock faces on one side and a marsh on the other. Very sweet. Grew quite fond of it.

Went up river one night to Hamburg Cove, only to wake up the next morning, a Saturday, to find that every motor boat for miles around likes to moor/-p there for the weekend and party. We did manage a successful on-shore outing and walked around a tad. Wonderful old general store with what looked like it's original inventory. The proprietor and the Bob became quite chatty, while I made friends with a Klondike Bar, as we each have our own ways of interacting with the native culture.



Hamburg Cove, Connecticut River

I started painting daily, all day, and it felt great. One of the joys of being at anchor for a few days running is that I have more energy and interest for painting than after being out in the cockpit in the sun and wind all day while under sail, which tends to wear one out and drain energy down to zip. We just come in and drop on the settees and stay prone for a while once the anchor is set [*Bob's note: not completely true*]. It could be the unknown aspect, but sailing up here seems to be a much harder workout than down on the Chesapeake. The fog has certainly been a challenge.

June 29 we moved on to Watch Hill, Rhode Island, where we ended up staying for five days. It hadn't been the plan, but fog or unfavorable winds

held us up. The first day we dinghied in and visited the tourist strip, which was small and pricy, and probably ponied up more for a loaf of bread than we'd have ever thought we'd be able to bring ourselves to do: but, dang, those hot dogs had to go on something.

A couple of days later we dinghied in again but this time just to the beach for a hike across the dunes to walk in the ocean. Very strange beach in that there were no shells, pebbles, or even debris, just huge rolls of seaweed of every imaginable shape, and even mermaid purses. The fog was so thick that a few feet away you only knew there was an ocean from the waves crashing on shore and the continual moan of a lone fog horn. We ended up walking and talking with a German couple, retired 13 years now (he 79 and she 75) and sailing every minute that they aren't building yet another huge thing — three houses, five sailing vessels, and four dinghies so far. Inga said that Al just has to have a new project going. He loves to design and build but then loses interest when it comes time to finish up the uninteresting bits like the safety gear and radar. They were very gung-ho and little bundles of energy. I was very tired when we finally said good bye — and also in awe when I saw them head out later that day in that fog without any radar. Yeah, yeah, I know, people have been doing that for years, but it scares the bejesus out of me.

Finally the Bob just couldn't take it anymore and said we were heading out last Friday for Dutch Harbor, Rhode Island, no matter what the weather was. As I can't remember anything of that sail, I'm thinking it must have been okay. No, I just remembered — it was very rocky, and I felt queasy and finally had to resort to Bonine pills. Must have worked, as I don't remember getting sick.

We met up with some Cape Dory folks who are now full-time live aboards on their 44-foot Outbound, *Adagio*, which they're planning to sail to the Mediterranean next summer for a few years or until they tire of it. Had a wonderful afternoon and evening with them. This had been their home harbor in the past and they knew where everything was, hence our clean laundry and an icebox full of fresh produce. We had been down to three carrots and a couple of sticks of celery, and they had had black, spongy or sprouty bits on most of their ends.

We had a terrific dinner out in a very funky restaurant filled with a wonderfully varied assortment of folks, none of whom seemed to be talking about cruising and looked happy enough — can you beat that?!



Fog in Dutch Harbor, Rhode Island

Yesterday morning we got an early start in what turned out to be another foggy day and made it to Cuttyhunk. That was a hoot! As we came into the harbor around noon, there was a ferry filling up with men and luggage. The pier was overflowing with women and children. As the ferry turned around and headed back out, there was lots of yelling and shouting back and forth, and then the ferry honked and all of the children jumped off of the pier and swam out after it. Turns out it's an old Cuttyhunk tradition. When the men head back to the cities for the work week the families see them off this way. Rather a collision of movie genres — South Sea islanders seeing off the *Bounty* meets every '50's urban/suburban farce. The later ferry included some families going back as well as the last of the menfolk heading to the city and a couple hundred people singing Happy Birthday to someone on board. This morning when the ferry came back, it was a much quieter scene and the big news seemed to be all the produce and goods being unloaded — now, for that I'd jump in the water.

Later today

We are now in Martha's Vineyard, just outside of Edgartown, at anchor. Tomorrow we'll

move to a mooring ball close in and spend a couple of days visiting with old theater friends of the Bob's from Rice University. We are looking forward to checking out this island after years of hearing so much about it.

The day proved to hold a trifecta of cruising treats — fogs (very thick for three hours), bumble bees (lots looking to hitch a ride up the sound), and that scorching hazy sun from which you just can't seem to hide. The fog was very thick when we were ready to haul up anchor, and it kept delaying our start. Then we finally saw a tiny window and made a dash for it, only to be up against a wall of it once out of the harbor. It was so weird, watching boats approach out of nothing. Visibility was about 1/8 of a mile for quite a while. Bob developed quite a technique on the horn and I'm finally developing some rather adequate skills at reading the radar screen.

It was glorious once the fog lifted. The island group is lovely and has everything — cliffs, sand and pebble beaches, and wonderful foliage with a wild look to it from the wind, which is starting to howl out there again.

This is sort of weird feeling. All Things Considered is on with a piece on Tibetan monks on Martha's Vineyard. I am listening to them chant right now. Apparently there is a mandala somewhere here that they made during their visit.

Nope — mandala is made of sand and it is always swept away.

One of the Bob's knees is starting to give him some pain, which some of you will recall was the first symptom of what turned out to be Lyme disease that had gone undiagnosed for over a year. I am so hoping that this is not a flare up of same. A Bob unable to walk for the return journey could mean a problem.

We're now as far east as we plan to go. Will hang out here until Thursday or Friday and then start back home.



**At anchor, raising sails. We
anchored close to this cruise ship.**

Suzanne Bucher