
The Shallow Water Sailor

Number 151 *A simple boat, a bit of marsh, a redwing's song, and a friend or two* December 2008

The Bosun Chair

If you look back at SWS issue #67 or earlier you will find that the first article of each issue is entitled "The Captain's Corner" It was within these "Corners" that John Zohlen, first Editor of the newsletter, summarized the goings-on of the SWSers.

When I took over as Editor I certainly couldn't use the same title, after all John was a real captain of the USS Valdez while in the Navy. So I looked for another name to use and thought of the Bosun Chair. Actually what I first thought of was the Catbird Seat, a term used to express an enviable position. It was an idiom used by the Old Redhead, Red Barber, the Major League baseball announcer who called the play-by-play of the Cincinnati Reds. I imagined him way up in his broadcast booth, his own catbird seat, looking down on the field. The only salty equivalent I came up with was the "bosun chair", a device used to suspend a sailor up into the rigging of a ship to do work aloft. I liked the imagined view from that height looking out at the vastness of the sea and the vessel below plunging through the waves. Lately, after finishing the 20 book Aubrey/Maturin Series by Patrick O'Brian, I got to thinking about who or what a bosun was. I really should know after using the term for the past ten years. Well a "bosun", or boatswain, is an unlicensed member of the deck department of a merchant ship. He supervises the other unlicensed members of the ship's deck

department. The etymology of the name is derived from the late Old English batswegan, from bat (or boat) + Old Norse sveinn (swain), meaning a young man, a follower, retainer or servant. I kinda like the young man bit.

I love to go back and re-read the first newsletters, here is a selection from John's very first Captain's Corner:

"Unless anyone has a better name for this journal, it will be called "The Shallow Water Sailor". I am not a journalist nor am I in any way associated with the publishing/media business. This is my first attempt at such a newsletter. Believe me, I can use all the help I can get! The idea behind the association is an exchange of information between owners. Many of you have sent me material and others have promised to send some."

...and so the name *Shallow Water Sailor* remains after 22 years, and the "exchange of information" continues.

Faire winds,



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Compass: Prologue

*The first entry of the prologue to
Alan Gurney's book, **Compass***

“The sailors, moreover, as they sail over the sea, when in cloudy weather they can no longer profit by the light, or when the world is wrapped in the darkness of the shades of night, and they are ignorant to what part of the horizon the prow is directed, place needle over the magnet, which when whirled round in a circle, until, when the motion ceases; the point of it [the needle] looks to the North.”

– Alexander Neckham, 1187

Besides theology, Neckam was interested in the study of grammar and natural history, but his name is chiefly associated with nautical science. He was one of the first Europeans to write about the magnet as a guide to seamen.

E&D Boatyard Party

By Harry Mote

Edey & Duff, Ltd., builders of the shallow draft Dovekie and Shearwater, the E&D boats most well known to SWSs, resumed its annual boatyard party on Saturday, July 26, 2008, after a hiatus of a few years. The party, as usual, began with a race for all classes of E&D boats that mustered a reasonable fleet and concluded with a cookout at the boatyard, where boat owners and E&D friends could get to know one another and compare experiences and ideas.

Ardea's crew decided to attend the party because of E&D's generous support of The Shallow Water Sailor; *Ardea* was 20 years old in May of this year and we love cruising in the Buzzards Bay/Vineyard Sound area. We arrived at E&D on Thursday afternoon after dealing with the same rainstorm three times in one day - once at home the night before departure, driving in it half way through Connecticut, as the storm moved east, and Thursday

night while we were trying to sleep aboard *Ardea* at the boatyard. It poured buckets.

The next morning's weather, as we were drying out and getting the boat rigged, brought in a beautiful weekend for the party. We also had a nice surprise: Lee and Katie Martin came over and introduced themselves. After reading about them for years, it was delightful to finally meet them. They had been cruising the Rideau Canal in a Nimble motor cruiser prior to their arrival at the boatyard. After the party they were heading up to Acadia National Park on Mt. Desert, Maine to camp and sightsee. They had been away from their home in Texas since the beginning of summer and they were leading an idyllic life of cruising, camping and sightseeing in the northeast. We were fortunate to recruit the Martins to sail with us. They had owned three Dovekies and Shearwater #1, plus a number of other boats, and they had taken significant cruises in many of them, so they were seasoned sailors.

Five Stone Horses were there to participate in the annual Stone Horse Builder's Cup Race. *Ardea* was the only other E&D boat in attendance and whose crew wanted to race. So we sailed with the Stone Horses. As we crossed the starting line, the Stone Horses seemed powered up with full sail in the 10-12-kt. breeze. *Ardea*, with her new mainsail, seemed underpowered and the Stone Horses soon started pulling away on the closehailed first leg of the race.

Ardea's new mainsail is flatter and does not have the power of the old, much fuller sail in light to moderate wind, although it performs well when the breeze gets up to about 18 kts. and when used with our 100 sq. ft. genoa. I mentioned this jib to the crew, but I was holding back, hoping the Buzzards Bay “hurricane” would soon come up, as it often does this time of day. The crew, led by the Martins, quickly convinced me that the jib must go up pronto.

We had the jib up and drawing by about the end of the first leg. Big difference. The next leg was hard on the wind to the next mark, still on starboard tack, which would make the Stone Horses take a short port tack to fetch it. From the time the jib went up,

we were noticeably gaining on the Stone Horses, out-pointing them and laying the mark. This considerably brightened the spirits of the crew. By the second and last windward mark, we had caught the middle of the fleet. We laid the mark on starboard and forced one of the port tackers to tack back onto starboard at the mark to allow us to round and head off-wind to the finish.

The last leg of the race was a reach. *Ardea* was being pressed so hard she was squatting and trying to climb up on her wave. A local publication, called *The Wanderer*, that covered the event, said that "The surprisingly fast Shearwater, which sails in 'inches' of water, got up on a plane while on a reach, and passed the fleet of full keeled Stone Horses." A bird of the shallows beat her deep-draft cousins.

Although *Ardea* will surf down waves, I doubt that she is capable of planing. And in fairness to the Stone Horses, *Ardea* has about five feet more waterline length and she was probably carrying more sail area for her displacement than the Stone Horses, which are fine sailing boats. David Davignon emailed me a series of three photos taken of *Ardea* as she approached the finish. The third is a close-up that shows the entire crew cheering and laughing, with arms raised, as we crossed the finish line. What a hoot. Our thanks to the Martins for sailing with us.

The boatyard party after the race, with E&D's usual relaxed hospitality, good food and good conversation with nice people, made a pleasant afternoon. When attendees had quenched thirsts and had enough to eat, David Davignon, operations manager of E&D, and John Harding, a partner with David in E&D, talked a little about where E&D had been and plans for the future. Next year will be E&D's 40th anniversary; so the 2009 Boatyard Party will be special. E&D has already made significant progress with its nicely done, but still in progress, new website <http://www.edeyandduff.com>.

David then presented the first place Stone Horse Builder's Cup Race trophy to the skipper of Windfall, Tom Kenney of the New Bedford Yacht Club, crewed by Bob Jackson of Cohasset. In second place was Young America, skippered by Bob Sachetti

of Boston, who singlehanded. Third was Pegasus, owned by E&D and skippered by Dan Rowe of Mattapoisett with a crew of three.

David presented the Shallow Water Sailor Award, in absentia, to Ken Murphy, editor of *The Shallow Water Sailor*, for his continued dedicated and outstanding work on that publication.

Partners Mait Edey and Peter Duff started Edey & Duff, Ltd. at the end of 1968 (1969 their first full year) with the construction and marketing of the 23-ft. Samuel Crocker-designed Stone Horse. Soon after came the first of two "ultra shallow draft" cruisers, the 21-ft. Dovekie, designed by Phil Bolger, and later the 28-ft. Shearwater, designed by Phil Bolger with collaboration by Peter Duff. Over the years, E&D added several other beautiful, traditional sailboats, all by good designers, to its line.

I remember looking forward to reading the advertisements for the Dovekie in *Cruising World* magazine, long before I had any interest in this type of boat. Peter wrote the ad copy and many, if not all, of the photos were his. Professionals in advertising have said that these Dovekie ads were some of the best boat ads ever produced.

As ownership and enthusiasm for the Dovekie grew to significant numbers, Peter began to organize in the 1980s an annual two-week summer cruise he called the Magnum Opus. As time went on, Shearwaters and other shallow draft non-E&D boats joined these cruises. These events often included 20 or so boats and took trailer-sailing shallow water sailors to some of the most beautiful places in North America. Peter was innovative with a can-do attitude. His adventuresome spirit and penchant for fun made him pure joy to be with and his cruises made memories for a lifetime.

In 1986, with the blessing of Peter Duff, John Zohlen started a newsletter for shallow water sailors called *The Shallow Water Sailor*, now under the dedicated editorship of Ken Murphy.

On Sunday morning, following the party, *Ardea* went from her anchorage in Aucoot Cove around to Mattapoisett Harbor public dock for water, before heading off to Cuttyhunk, our first post-party

cruise destination. The forecast was for SW wind with gusts to 20 mph and thunderstorms in the afternoon. But we tucked in a single reef and headed out into Buzzards Bay to see what it was like – just to go for a sail more than anything else. It was later in the morning than we would like to have started and with the wind dead on our nose it would have been a long, slow, wet slog to windward.

So we sailed back into the harbor to find as protected an anchorage as possible, which turned out to be near the beach where Peter Duff used to keep his Shearwater. The first of two storms came through in late afternoon with wind still in the SW. After a brief calm, the wind came out of the NW, producing two lines of squall-like clouds, followed by rain and wind that continued into the night.

Monday morning's gray clouds quickly dissipated with a SW breeze of 10-15 mph. With genoa set we made one long tack across Buzzards Bay to the Elizabeth Islands and then tacked west close enough to the islands to enjoy their beauty. After a fabulous sail, we arrived at Cuttyhunk in mid-afternoon, took a mooring piling at the head of the harbor and went ashore.

We walked up the old, long driveway to the top of the island to the site of the house that was never built. From there, you can see forever in any direction on a clear day. We then explored more of the island before returning to the dock for an ice cream cone and a look around. The U.S. Coast Guard Academy had arrived in five boats, four of them very nice racing yawls of about 45 ft. with nice overhangs. They had all moored to the end of the main pier.

By the time we returned to our mooring, Charlie was coming around collecting fees. We complimented him that he didn't look any older than he did when we had been there about ten years ago. He took the comment good-naturedly and assured us that age was indeed catching up.

Needless to say, Cuttyhunk is one of our favorite places. One of our fondest memories is of one evening when the crew of a very pretty ketch of about 45 ft. fired its signal cannon at sunset and took

in her colors. Moments later a bagpiper began playing up on the hill overlooking the harbor. We could just see him with the binoculars.

On Tuesday morning, another spectacular day, we reached south through Canapitsit Channel into Vineyard Sound toward Gay Head to have a closer look at the colors in its cliffs, exposed by eons of erosion. The air was slightly hazy, which made Gay Head's colors less spectacular than usual. We turned east, wing and wing with the jib poled out in the light westerly. When the adverse current changed in our favor we made good progress over the bottom toward Vineyard Haven.

Since we hadn't been to Vineyard Haven for a few years, we were concerned about finding a good anchorage because of the harbor's increasing commercialization and crowding. So we decided to duck into Lake Tashmoo, which we had visited only once a number of years ago on an MO with the Duff's. It has a lot of shallows, which means room for us.

On Wednesday morning we rowed to the public dock, expecting to hike the mile or so to Vineyard Haven to have a look at the waterfront, see what Gannon & Benjamin were building and to do the touristy thing of having lunch at the Black Dog Tavern, where we had taken meals with SWSs on MOs past. But another senior citizen, driving around with not much to do, took pity on us and insisted that he give us a ride to town. The Black Dog was still fun and the food as good as ever. We got our exercise on the way home – a pleasant walk.

Thursday was a lay day because of rain, which gave us time to reconsider our plans. On Friday, rather than go farther afield in Vineyard Sound, we decided to go back through Woods Hole to Mattapoisett, haul out and head for Penobscot Bay to meet SWSs for another cruise. Driving north on Saturday would give us about a week to car tour and sail in the area before meeting SWSs at Stockton Harbor, Maine.



DELIBERATIVE DECISION MAKING

Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

Several years ago when I was the Academic Dean at a small university, I agreed to supervise the student teaching of a young man from another college in our conference. His college agreed with the proviso that I use their procedures for evaluation which was oriented around the concept of deliberative decision making. Teachers make approximately 1000 decisions in the course of a single day regarding time-on-task, attention getting, review or advance, noting who is and who is not grasping a specific thought, and a myriad of other decisions. This college wanted their students to be deliberative in their decision making and able to defend their rationale.

All of this was spewed forth by department chair replete with arrogant multitudinous polysyllables delivered in a sonorous voice while tutoring me as if I were a Freshman in Introduction to Education 101. I about puked.

My first thought was wondering when this paragon of platitudes last stepped into a K-12 classroom. Stick a couple dozen kids with varied skill levels, familial support, socio-economic status, language skill, and ethnic backgrounds and see how deliberative decision making is. You sail with your eyes focused on about seven things at once and react more by instinct than by thoughtful consideration. Like sailing in a storm, you don't have time to cogitate, rationalize, prepare a plan, implement the process while constantly evaluating the impact of your behaviors.

The kid survived and is a successful administrator. I eventually got fired as dean because a new president felt I did not have the "right stuff" (read that "Good Hair"). So now I spend my time sailing and chuckling about the vicissitudes of life. During a rain storm I started thinking about deliberative decision making and wondered on paper how this would work in sailing.

QUESTION 1. A beautiful sail with wing-on-wing and a splendid breeze. Something falls overboard.

Deliberative Decision: a) if it's your dog you immediately throw every thing that floats overboard, turn to make a figure eight to retrieve your mutt, go overboard yourself if necessary. It is your best friend, Skipper. b) Your favorite cap -- who cares, you have 25 more in the hall closet and at least 8 in the cabin, c) Your girl friend -- patiently think about the relationship and whether it is worth interrupting a good sail to save. d) Your wife --no decision at all, she can swim,can't she!

QUESTION 2. You are a newbie sailor.

Deliberative Decision on sailing apparel: a) a captain's hat with gold braid, b), West Marine boat shoes, c), monogramed life vest, d) quick dry sailing pants. d) All the above. Duh, the answer is easily "D". Newbies are always dressed as if they were Captain of the Love Boat.

QUESTION 3. You are an old salt. You decide to go sailing, Deliberative Decision on apparel : Correct answer: No thinking at all here, what ever the heck you have on. Wind

and tide waits for no man.

QUESTION 4. It is a sunny day with a strong breeze,

Deliberative Decision: a) to do the chores your wife insisted on finishing, b) work on your boat that desperately needs TLC, c) Go sailing. Answer: "c". Your wife will never be satisfied with your work, boats were made for sailing not working on, winter is only 5 months away and you need to spend as much time on the water as possible; besides, life is short and the scratches and peeling paint don't bother you any.

QUESTION 5. You need to visit the bathroom.

Deliberative decision: which of the following will you take to the Head:

a) Shallow Water Sailor, b) Messing About in Boats, c) Latitudes and Attitudes, d) Sail, e) Good Old Boat

Answer: another gimme question that takes NO decision making at all you silly wabbit. ALL OF THEM. And you read every single page of each magazine for the second time because it gets you away from your wife for a spell, makes the "visit" worthwhile, keeps you occupied when you could be doing the 2-DO list, and helps you decide on how to spend your life savings.

At a conference of academic deans when I first started the job, I approached an older, highly experienced dean to ask about priorities, processes of leading a quality college, problem avoidance, effective and efficient departmental operation, and keeping the President happy. This senior dean, wearing the ubiquitous uniform tweed jacket, bow tie, Phi Beta Kappa key, and rumpled shirt looked down snootily over the tops of his glasses and posited, "Deans must wear the breastplate of righteousness."

I countered that I really needed practical ideas, day-to-day priorities, important stuff not some philosophical perspective. On a day-to-day basis what should I do. He again looked over his glasses and uttered, "Deans must proliferate goodness, beauty, and truth."

I shook my head and uttered wearily that it was no wonder I had been kicked out of his university when I was a freshman. He glanced thoughtfully at my name tag. "Oh yes, Regan. Of course." he muttered to himself.

Now you see why I sail, drink beer, and don't spend much time on deliberative decision making.

2008 Magnum Opus: Penobscot Bay

by John Zohlen

Once again, Norm made me do it. I do not know how he did it, but he convinced Paul and Deborah Follansbee to allow us to use their Shearwater *Wandering Bark* for a week's cruise on Penobscot Bay. Not only that, he convinced the Follansbees that our wives, Mary and Tiiu could spend the same week in their summer home in Winterport ME. This is the story of our mini-opus cruise [christened by the SWS Editor as the 2008 Magnum Opus] and the shore based adventures of our wives. Since I cannot find my cruise logs I am going to talk from memory about some of the humorous events that occurred and impressions the cruise made on me. The truthfulness of my yarn must be taken with a grain of salt.

Mary, Norm, Tiiu and I spent two days driving to Winterport. We stopped a lot to let Katie, our little 15-year old dog, get acquainted with the New England topography. Paul and Deborah met us at their delightful 18th century summer home on Saturday, August 9th. They checked us out on the house and the boat, then left to look at *Red Zinger*, a Phil Bolger designed boat that was for sale. Norm and I launched *Wandering Bark* later that afternoon at Stockton Springs at the mouth of the Penobscot River. Harry and Alice Mote in their Shearwater, *Ardea*, Leo Smith and Sandy Lommen in their Martha Jane, *Scout*, and Bob Ahlers and Carol Moseley in their McGregor 26, *Time Enough* met us there. It was time to go cruising.

We awoke Sunday morning to a dense fog in Stockton Springs. Welcome to Maine! The fog blew off enough by 1000 so that we got underway. Norm and I told Mary and Tiiu we would meet them in the nearby port of Castine for lunch. We had an easy down wind sail to Dice Point. That was the easy part. Rounding the point we headed up into Castine harbor against a two-knot current. We arrived at the floating dock a little late. Docking space was at a premium. We tied to a boat yard's mooring buoy, with their permission, and took the dinghy ashore. Harry and Alice, Leo and Sandy and Bob and Carol joined us at a waterside restaurant. The seafood was delicious. After lunch we said goodbye to our wives, like whaling sailors of old, and got underway to sail two miles to the southern end of South Cove. We

sailed through the harbor and a racecourse filled with dinghies from the Maine Maritime Academy. We anchored for the night in 25 feet of water, not three-feet like the Chesapeake. With a six-to-one scope, that is a lot of anchor rode. Dinner was canned soup.

Monday morning was a repeat of Sunday

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Cost of first calendar is \$18 and each additional one mailed in the same order is \$14.

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morning. Fog until about 1000. We sailed back through Castine harbor and around Holbrook Island. The anchor was put down in a cove off the Holbrook Island Sanctuary. Dinghies were readied and we all met ashore to take a long walk up the road and through the woods. It felt good to stretch legs. That night we ate peanut butter and crackers and canned soup. Mary sent a picture to my mobile phone of a large steamed lobster on a plate. I sent her a text message that said: "Save some for us!" She responded: "Too late." It rained really, really hard that night. And the next day too! Norm and I and the others spent all Tuesday at anchor... eating peanut butter crackers and canned soup.. and not being able to stand up. That evening Mary sent another picture to my mobile phone. This time it was of a half eaten blueberry pie. I called her and said the six-pack of Sea Dog Wild Blueberry wheat ale we had purchased in provisioning the boat was very good. Would she pick up a case for our trip back to Maryland? The blueberry beer was the only alcohol we had on board. Two guys and six bottles of beer on a seven-day cruise. What were we thinking?

Wednesday was spent sailing around Cape Rosier. We anchored at the head of Orcult Harbor. Everyone, except me, wanted to go ashore and hike down the road to Bucksport Harbor for dinner. They were back two hours later. Apparently, there is only one restaurant in Bucksport Harbor and they could not be seated until about 2100. Sandy and Leo rescued us from our peanut

butter and canned soup diet. That night Mary sent me a picture and text describing their tour of the Winterport winery. She said they had tasted some great blueberry wines. Norm and I had to trust her on that one.

Wandering Bark was the first to weigh anchor Thursday morning. We sailed down Orcult Harbor and crossed the western end of Eggomoggin Reach. To the north, *Scout* and *Ardea* were some distances behind, but still visible. We looked to the east and saw a fog bank rolling down the reach towards us. It was like a silent, white dragon coming at us. We watched as it swallowed up *Scout* and *Ardea*. Gone! We felt secure in spite of the fog because *Wandering Bark* had a depth sounder installed and Norm and I each had brought our handheld GPS units. Still, we did not want to get swallowed up! *Wandering Bark* spent the next two hours running before the fog bank. Like Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid! First SW, then south, then NW around Cape Rosier with the fog bank chasing us. We were never more than a thousand yards in front of it. We finally we turned NE and tucked inside of Holbrook Island and docked at the sanctuary's pier. There we ate lunch and chatted with a sailor from Belfast ME who had brought his dog ashore in a dinghy.

Throughout our cruise we had found large fields of mooring buoys. In fact, some fields were so large that we could not safely anchor in or near them. The sailor told us that it is an accepted custom in Maine to tie off to an unused buoy as long as there is a person aboard capable of moving the boat should the owner arrive. He said only once in eight years had he been asked to leave and then the owner directed him to another buoy close by, indicating the owner was out of town.

Eventually the other three boats joined us at the pier. We all set off to explore the island, walking through fields and woods and eventually coming to the Penobscot Bay side. The beach was littered with driftwood and millions of mussel shells. Sandy and Leo harvested some mussels (low tide) and we walked back to the boats. We all motored north up the eastern side of the island and rafted for happy hour and steamed mussels. That did not last long. The western skies became very black and threatening. *Wandering Bark* and *Ardea* left the nest and motored quickly to the cove we had anchored in Monday night. We knew it had good holding ground. The skies opened up just as we anchored and were putting up the mosquito netting. It

rained hard until after dark. Norm and I were just opening two MREs (meals, ready to eat) when Bob arrived in his dinghy to say: "The Admiral would like to invite you to dinner aboard *Time Enough* in an hour." The contents of the MREs were shoved back into their bulletproof packaging in a heartbeat. Norm and I enjoyed a wonderful dinner with the Admiral (Carol) and Bob. We were to pay for our enjoyment. The 50-yard distance between the boats was a gauntlet through millions of mosquitoes. Fortunately it was dark but the picture will remain vivid in my mind.. John rowing to set a new dinghy speed record and Norm smacking my forehead trying (not sure?) to keep the mosquitoes off me. That night I talked with Mary on the mobile phone. Seems she and Tiiu could not find the wild blueberry beer in cases. They had to go to the microbrewery in Bangor where it was made in order to buy a case. Once again, Norm and I were going to have to trust them on that.

Friday morning was like Sunday morning and Monday morning and..FOG. But this time it was very thick fog. We waited until about 1000. We could finally see the opening between Holbrook Island and Cape Rosier. We thought we could start using dead reckoning. Motor west for one mile and then turn WNW for five mile to Stockton Springs harbor using the GPS and depth sounder. And that is how our cruise ended. The fog lifted just as we made our entrance to Stockton Springs. We hauled out and joined the other crews for a lobster dinner at a nice restaurant in Bucksport. It was a fitting end to a great week of cruising with some great sail mates. The menu.. you guessed it.. steamed lobster and blueberry pie. My that was good! Hey, they did save some for us!

Katie dog and the four of us took two days to drive back to Maryland. One of the highlights of our return trip was three hours spent in Freeport at the L.L. Bean stores.

This cruise left me with some new experiences in small boat sailing and navigation. The upper reaches of the Chesapeake Bay are my principal cruising grounds these days. The tides in the Bay are 1 to 1 ½ feet, at most. Water level is influenced more by the wind. A prolonged NW wind (fall and cold fronts) will empty the Bay and several days of SE or SW winds (prevailing summer winds) will hold water in the Bay. The bottom is mud and sand. I typically sail with no clue as to water depth because if the boat grounds, it is easy to get off. No harm, no foul. You can see only about 3-6" below the water

surface in the summer time. This is because of all the biological activity. Penobscot Bay is very different. The water is much clearer down to at least six feet. The tides we experienced in August were 8-10 FEET! The current in Castine Harbor exceeded 2 knots at max ebb. The bottom is HARD rock and gravel. You really had to know where you are and where you are going. Grounding in Penobscot Bay can ruin your whole day, particularly if it is someone else's boat. The upper Chesapeake Bay is only about 3 - 4 miles across. There are dozens and dozens of rivers, creeks and coves, all with beaches and wooded shore line that offer protection from the elements. The shoreline around Castine, Cape Rosier and the western end of Eggemoggin Reach is very hostile: deep water to rock strewn beaches and cliffs. Again, you really have to know where you are and plan for where were you wanted to go. I can count on one hand the number of times I have experience fog on the Chesapeake in 25 years.

A Great Ship in the Fog

*Blind and deaf, Helen Keller
writes of meeting her teacher Anne Mansfield
Sullivan for the first time on March 3, 1887,
when Helen was a little girl of seven*

Have you ever been at sea in a dense fog, when it seemed as if a tangible white darkness shut you in, and the great ship, tense and anxious, groped her way toward the shore with plummet and sounding-line, and waited with beating heart for something to happen?

I felt approaching footsteps. I stretched out my hand as I supposed my mother. Someone took it, and I was caught up and held close in the arms of her who had come to reveal all things to me, and, more than all things else, to love me.

Compass: Epilogue

*The first paragraph of the epilogue to
Alan Gurney's book, **Compass***

For close to a thousand years the magnetized compass needle, no matter how it was suspended in its bowl to seek out the north magnetic pole, was the seamen's guide across the seas and oceans that make up two-thirds of our planet. Although at times an imperfect guide, given to wayward behavior from strange and mysterious influences, it was the sole instrument on which sailors placed their faith and their lives. Neglected and taken for granted it could, like a slighted god or goddess of the ancients, bring a fearful revenge in the shape of shipwreck and death.

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The purpose of the SWS is to share members' sailing experiences and know-how. It is through this sharing that sailors are made and friendships gained. With such skills and relationships, sailing becomes more than a past-time, it becomes a life-long pursuit, a source of joy and rich memories.

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Lee & Katie Martin sent a photo and email at the end of four months on the water with several more to go. Lee writes: "We had a good trip south. The Dismal Swamp was quite beautiful. The trip in the lower Chesapeake Bay was not uneventful.... we got out into some 3-foot swells (large for this boat) and had to sort of 'carry on' as the English say... but we wound up spending 2 nights at wonderful spots -- St. Jerome (near Look-Out Point) and Horn Harbor. All in all, it was a much different view of the Bay than the upper part -- we recommend it."



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