
The Shallow Water Sailor

Number 161 *A simple boat, a bit of marsh, a redwing's song, and a friend or two*

April 2010

The Bosun Chair

The next issue will mark the start of the 2011 issue year. For those of you showing a "Dues Year" of 2010 under the cover's return address, *please* don't forget to send a check, soon, if you wish to continue receiving the newsletter. See Page 5 for details.

The glorious insults that Judi Millar submitted seemed to be a big hit; George Hume's wife read the page and was reminded of another such insult: "He was beside himself...and a more unpleasant couple I cannot imagine." The English language is such fun to contemplate. I constantly am amazed when I read great thoughts from well Englished writers. You must remember Robert MacNeil of the well loved "MacNeil/Lehrer PBS news show. In his memoir, "Wordstruck" he writes of his mom and grandmother getting him to memorize poems. His favorite was Robert Louis Stevenson's "Windy Nights":

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

So I ask, have you memorized any salty poetry lately? A good example is John Masefield's "Sea Fever". Have you enjoyed Mac Craig's reading of this great poem? How about Mac's reading of E.B. White's "Reflection on a lifetime of sailing" or maybe the poem "I Am a Sea Shell" read by four of my grandchildren (all these are YouTube videos, the links of which are on our SWS Home Page)?

I have so much fun in compiling these videos (The E.B. White one Mac compiled on his Mac). What is needed are images and voice recordings. If you want a young grandchild to read a poem, you can coach him by saying a sentence and having them say it right back. Then all I do is remove the coaching.

So what do you say? Any takers?

"Even if you are on the right track, you will
get run over if you just sit there." *Will Rogers*



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Dog Days

by Paul Follansbee

Debbie is the dog lover in the family. It's not that I don't like dogs...I love other people's dogs. I just don't like having to take care of them. So you can imagine my trepidation at taking not one but two dogs on a cruise. But over the years I've noticed that there are some advantages. Friday morning of last year's Spring Cruise is illustrative.

It's 5:55 am, and I can hear rain on deck. I don't know what the temperature is outside, but it's not warm. I would be asleep, except that Abbey, our five year old lab/cocker spaniel mix) has herself wrapped around my head, insistently letting me know that a trip ashore would be appreciated. About the last thing I want to do is row ashore in the rain to walk the dogs. But they need to go, and the alternative is worse, so, with a sigh (loud enough, I hope, for Debbie to hear), I climb out of my sleeping bag, and try to get dressed. This otherwise simple process is complicated by the fact that now both dogs are excitedly leaping on top of me, barking and whining in encouragement, making getting dressed nearly impossible. I finally emerge in the cockpit, toothbrush in hand, and pull down the mosquito netting. The dogs continue to scramble around me, nicely entangling themselves in the aforementioned mosquito netting. The next step is to haul the dinghy alongside. This is normally a simple process, but Abbey likes to be first, so climbs over me to get to *Wandering Bark's* stern. Of course, Jack follows. Somehow I manage to reach around them and haul up the dinghy. Abby promptly hops in....Jack has to be coaxed. Finally, the three of us are in the dinghy....the dogs insist on sitting forward, so I have to row from the stern.

As the dinghy grinds onto the lovely sand, the dogs leap out, and joyfully bound down the beach. It is a grey, drizzly morning...the marsh is a thousand shades of brown and green, and the water is like rippling slate. As I follow the dogs down the beach, I take in the soft air, and the even softer early morning light, and begin to think that maybe this chore of walking the dogs is not so bad. If they weren't with us, I would still be in bed, and would have missed this morning. I look back, and can see the boat over the marsh; it is a beautiful sight...one I would not have seen had it not been for the damn dogs.

In a few minutes, Dave from *Swallow* pulls ashore in his lovely skiff with Sam, to perform the same chore. We talk about boats and dinghies, and his unexpected dip in the harbor yesterday. It is lovely to stand there on the beach, watching our dogs play. Another memory that would not have happened were it not for the damn dogs.

Because of the above, and numerous other unexpected pleasures derived from what otherwise feels like a burden, I guess we'll continue to cruise with the dogs. Of course, I will continue to whine about the inconvenience, the spectacular amount of dog hair aboard *Wandering Bark*, soggy dog food wedged between the floor boards, but I won't complain about the morning and evening walks ashore (at least not where Debbie can hear). Wouldn't miss them for the world.

The dogs and we hope to see you all this spring...

Faire winds,
Paul

*It's not far down to paradise
At least it's not for me
And if the wind is right
you can sail away
And find tranquility
The canvas can do miracles
Just you wait and see
Believe me*

*It's not far to
never never land
No reason to pretend
And if the wind is right
you can find the joy
Of innocence again*

"Sailing" Song lyrics by
Christopher Cross

Spring Cruise Crab Feast

Email from Brent Sparks

The spring cruise on Chesapeake Bay will be in waters known for producing delicious blue crab. In looking forward to that cruise there is the possibility of a crab feast caught from our own boats. If this sounds interesting check out the Maryland crabbing regulations at:

<http://www.dnr.state.md.us/fisheries/crab/2007recreationalcrabsummary.html>

In short no license is required in Maryland for the crabber using hand lines or up to 10 traps, and unlicensed individuals may take two dozen crabs that meet minimal length and gender requirements and up to four dozen crab per boat. The more ambitious may purchase an inexpensive individual or boat license that allows for using more equipment to take up to a bushel of crab. Note that a dozen crab will feed more than one person.

In the 2009 cruise we anchored as a group in two locations that might easily yield all the crab we could consume. It seems reasonable to expect the 2010 cruise might put us into locations with similar potential. Imaging dropping anchor early afternoon, then crabbing our way into an evening feast.

Crabbing technique is as simple as putting some bait on the end of a string dropped over the side of the boat. More complicated crab traps can be purchased, but hand lines are simple and lots of fun. Crab will latch on the bait, holding on even as the string is slowly pulled up to near the surface, where the skilled crabber will scoop up the crab in a long handled dip net. These dip nets can be purchased locally and are not expensive. Bait can be a number of things, but chicken necks are commonly used and not hard to come by.

The classic Chesapeake Bay method to prepare crabs involves steaming the crab in a large pot over a little boiling water, then sprinkling generously with Old Bay or similar seasonings. It happens that certain members of our group are highly skilled at this. A

few seasoned crabs, some drawn butter, maybe a salad, make for a very fine dinner.

As you sit by the fire waiting for warmer weather and dreaming of the spring cruise, consider if a crab feast will be part of the spring cruise for your boat.

2010 Spring Cruise Planning

by John Zohlen

The thirty-first Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise will be held Apr 30th to May 2nd. We launch Friday noon from the Kent County Public Boat Ramp at Long Cove. Long Cove is located on the northwestern side of Langford Creek. Langford Creek flows into the Chester River on Maryland's Eastern Shore. The ramp is located about three miles southeast of Rock Hall Maryland. We have sailed on the Chester River during the 1985, 1990, 1998, 2005, 2006 and 2008 Spring Cruises. I still have not made it south to Queenstown yet, so that is my objective. There are plenty of coves and creeks to explore on both sides of the river. The Eastern Neck Wild Life Refuge is on the western side of the river for you bird watchers.

The Long Cove boat ramp is located at:

Lat.: N 39° 06.556'

Long: W 076° 511.235'

Directions for driving to Long Cove:

1. Make best course for Chestertown Maryland
2. Cross the Chester River and proceed through Chestertown following signs for Rt 20 towards Rock Hall.
3. Buy a Kent County non-resident trailer permit at River Rock Outdoor Store, 6274 Rock Hall Rd (Rt 20), Rock Hall MD (Tel: 410 778-2561) on the right hand side of the road (just before Ford's Restaurant)
4. Turn left onto Rt 288 East and proceed about 3.5 miles to the ramp

A Kent County trailer permit is required for launching at this ramp. The annual fee for Maryland residents is \$20. A three-day permit is available to residents and non-residents alike for \$10. There is no cost to use the ramp or park overnight. Permits can be purchased from: 1.) River Rock Outdoor Store on Route 20 heading towards Rock Hall MD., 2.) Sud n’ Soda, 1014 Washington Ave, Chestertown MD. or the Kent County Treasurer’s Office, 400 High St, Chestertown MD.

The tides for Langford Creek are listed below from the Palm Tide Tool 2.0 software. Please remember the depth of water in the Chesapeake Bay is controlled more by wind than by the moon. A strong northwest wind will empty the bay and a strong southeast wind will hold water in the bay. Depths are above mean low water.

Friday			Saturday			Sunday		
Tide	EDT	Ft	Tide	EDT	Ft	Tide	EDT	Ft
H	0924	2.56	L	0306	0.27	L	0352	0.37
L	1610	0.46	H	1010	2.46	H	1055	2.32
H	2128	1.40	L	1655	0.54	L	1740	0.61
			H	2214	1.39			

Hulbert Footner in his book *Rivers of the Eastern Shore* calls the Chester River the noblest of Eastern Shore rivers, second only to the Choptank River. Europeans settled on its shores in the early 1600s and started patenting the land in 1650. Rock Hall lies at the head of Gray’s Inn Creek. This is the terminus of the oldest turnpike in the country. Ships sailed across the Chesapeake Bay from Annapolis and landed their passengers at Rock Hall. Horses were used for the rest of the trip to Philadelphia. Lieutenant Colonel Tench Tilghman started his famous ride from Rock Hall carrying news to Congress of the American victory at the Battle of Yorktown. The British landed a force of 1,400 men at Queenstown on the Eastern Shore of the Chester River in 1813 and burned several farms. Another party of 270 men landed there in August 1814. They were repulsed at the Battle of Caulk’s Field by a small American force under the command of Lieutenant

Colonel Philip Reed. From the 1800s to the early 1900s steamboats plied the Chester River carrying peaches, canned goods and wheat to Baltimore. Chestertown is at the head of the navigable river. It is second only to Annapolis in the number of eighteenth century dwellings that have survived. The residents of Chestertown had their own “tea party” aboard the brigantine Geddes in 1774, two years before the famous Boston tea party. Chestertown celebrates their tea party every year.

I would like to go over some Spring Cruise customs for first time participants and old timers as well. The purpose of the cruise is to enjoy our nautical environment, its history and the friendship of others with a common interest. As with any adventure on the water, the captain of each boat is responsible for the safety of his or her boat and their crew. The sailing skills of participants varies considerably so the sites of Spring Cruises have been chosen based on logistics (ramp parking, proximity to a restaurant, etc.) and relatively safety of the cruising grounds in terms of places to hide if bad weather comes our way. The bottom of Chesapeake Bay watershed is sand and mud. Grounding at least once is a requirement for having a good cruise. Twice, if you really want to have a good time. Grounding and staying high and dry for five hours like Norm and I did, is not required to have a good time. (However, it did get both of us a good home cooked dinner! Thanks again, Deborah.) Often times, more adventurous sailors will leave the group to explore other creeks and rivers. This is fine but every captain should feel no obligation to get underway if they are concerned about navigation and/or weather or just want to relax. It is very common for folks to have a second cup of coffee while others leave early to catch some morning air. We seldom sail for more than three hours at a time. Anchoring for lunch/dinner is the norm. Do not be bashful about rafting to other boats during meals. Just ask. The captains can tell you about side preferences, anchor holding capability and intended movements. Again, just ask. As a rule, we generally anchor independently over night. This reduces the risk associated with breaking up the raft(s) in the middle of the night. Radio communications

capability is not mandatory. Boats equipped monitor VHF channel 71 and FRS channel 8-1 at the beginning of the hour.

We plan to have our Sunday post-cruise brunch at Ford's restaurant on Rt. 20 between Chestertown and Rock Hall. Call me at 420-266-6516 or e-mail at me downthebay@comcast.net for more details, additional customs and my cold beverage preference.

2010 Salty Calendar

John Zohlen provided the following cruise planning information. Please remember that anyone can provide such information, we are especially concerned about you mid-western and west coast sailors. Let us know and we will get the info out to all.

Apr-May

30th - 2nd: 31st Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise. Launch at the Kent County Public Boat Ramp on Long Cove and sail up or down the Chester River as the weather dictates. Details in the SWS No. 160. POC: John Zohlen, 410-266-6516, downthebay@comcast.net.

June

??? St. Mary's River Cruise. Dave Lewis and Marsha Greenberg would like to host a weekend cruise on the St. Mary's River... provided they have moved back to Maryland. They will keep us posted.

July

15th - 22nd Moosehead Head Lake Cruise. Ted Tobey is planning a one-week cruise on the MH Lake again. Contact him at 781 631-4900 or ted032@aol.com if you are interested in participating.

August

28th - 28th Log canoe races on the Tred Avon River off Oxford Maryland. Launch at the Bellevue County ramp Friday afternoon or Saturday morning.

POC: John Zohlen, 410 266-6516, downthebay@comcast.net for more details.

29th - 31st Penobscot Bay Cruise. Paul and Deborah Follansbee are planning a two-week cruise on P-Bay again. Contact them at 609-443-4028 or follansb@princeton.edu if you are interested in participating.

September

1st - 11th Penobscot Bay Cruise. See entry above.

4th - 5th Labor Day Weekend Log Canoe Races on the Miles River off St. Michaels MD. Launch at the St. Michael's town ramp or Wye Landing. Call POC: John Zohlen, 410 266-6516 or downthebay@comcast.net for more details.

October

1st - 3rd Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival at St Michaels MD. Visit the festival on foot, camp on the hard or launch at St. Michael's city ramp.

Last Reminder for Dues Payment

Please look under the return address. If it indicates "Dues Year = 2010" please make out a check to Ken Murphy and send to:

Ken Murphy
20931 Lochaven Court
Gaithersburg, MD 20882

The Dues remain the same as last year:

For hard copies -

\$18 for one year
\$31 for two years (save \$5)
\$42 for three years (save \$12)

For Internet download -

\$10 for one year
\$18 for two years (save \$2)
\$25 for three years (save \$5)

Last Cruise of 2009

By John Zohlen

The Miles River on Maryland's Eastern Shore is one of my favorite Chesapeake Bay watershed cruising grounds. This narrative is about my last cruise of 2009 on the Miles River. Two sailors and two boats, with nowhere to go in particular and with a lot of time to do nothing.

Norm Wolfe met me with his boat, *Piilu*, at my home in Edgewater MD on Thursday, September 17, 2009. We towed in company to the town ramp at St. Michael's MD. After putting both boats in the water and parking the cars and trailers, we moved to the head of the harbor and moored to the bulkhead next to the road. While eating lunch a couple walked by. We started chatting: they about our boats and us about home ownership in St. Michael's. Rich and Peggy had never seen a Normsboat or a Peep Hen before. They told us where we could find some really good real estate deals in St. Michael's... if we had the money. For those who have not heard of or seen St. Michael's, let me say that real estate has become VERY expensive ever since this 1800's fishing village was "discovered".

Lunch finished, I started my 2002 Nissan 5-hp outboard and took *Piilu* in tow. We motored down the harbor towards the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum and the Miles River. The winds were strong, puffy and on the nose. Captain Nissan began complaining, running rough and coughing. It stopped running at the town fuel dock. I started it three times and every time I put it in gear it coughed and stopped. Norm, sensing the precarious situation, cast off and sculled his way across the 150-ft. wide body of water and moored to the transient dock on the opposite side. Meanwhile, I continued to have a discussion with Capt. Nissan and his willingness to work. Did I mention *Terrapin* and I were drifting down onto an enormous presidential-looking, white hulled, motor yacht moored to the fuel dock. At one time I was within ten feet of the yacht. I managed to get the

motor running enough to limp across the harbor and join Norm at the opposite dock. What could be wrong? I went through a mental troubleshooting checklist and decided it had to be the spark plug. I had experienced a similar problem with Captain Nissan back in August 2003. Changing the plug then fixed the problem. A new plug was installed in ten minutes. Captain Nissan started and ran smoothly, ready to answer all bells. I made a mental note to self: maybe I should change the plug more than every six years! Then I said, nah, if it ain't broke, don't fix it!

As I was getting ready to get underway again, I took a minute to study the "enormous" white yacht. It was long, with a clipper bow and bowsprit. It had a beautiful two-story deckhouse made of highly varnished vertical wood planks. It also had two masts and two very large global antennas mounted topside. I had never seen anything like it before. I told Mary about my encounter with the white yacht after I got home on Saturday. She reached for the local Annapolis newspaper, The Capital. There on the front page of Friday's paper was a picture of Johnny Depp's 156-ft. motor yacht, the *Vajoliroja*, moored at St. Michael's. I can only image what Captain Jack Sparrow would have thought if he had been aboard and peered over the side of his 156-ft. *Vajoliroja* seeing my 14-ft. *Terrapin* closing rapidly. Stand by to repel boarder! *Vajoliroja* was built in Istanbul in 2004 and named by combining the first two letters of each of Depp's family member names, including himself.

With the excitement over, we got underway again. Norm, wishing to dissociate himself from this lubberly sailor, declined a tow out of the harbor. Once clear of St. Michael's we sailed with a puffy 10 -12 kt ENE wind across the Miles River. We rounded Fairview Point to port and proceeded up Leeds Creek to the first cove on the eastern shoreline. I sailed in and anchored close to the northern shore to take advantage of the lee provided by the trees. *Piilu* moored alongside. Happy hour was observed with a discussion of the lessons learned in our dramatic sortie from St. Mikes. *Piilu* got under way after a joint supper, for her night anchorage a few boat lengths away. It was a peaceful night.

Friday morning started out overcast. *Piilu* came alongside and we ate pancakes for breakfast. We raised anchor at a gentleman's hour, 0930, and began sailing down Leeds Creek to the Miles River. The winds were now SE, 10-12 kts. We sailed up the Miles River on one beautiful, four-mile long tack to the Highway 33 bridge at Newcomb MD, right at the elbow of the Miles as it turns from SE to NE. We turned NE and proceeded up the eastern shoreline, passing what has got to be the biggest waterfront mansion I have ever seen in the Chesapeake Bay watershed. The glass on the front of the mansion was at least 25 ft. high. The estate was beautifully manicured and there were even two horses grazing to the side and back of the home. Impressive! I sailed into Newcomb Creek, past the small gravel bar/island guarding the narrow entrance. Norm followed. We explored the small creek for a half an hour and then left. I grounded leaving and Norm grounded even harder. It took him a few minutes to pole off. Once back on the Miles we turned NW and began sailing on a broad reach towards the no-name island across the river from St. Mikes. I do not know why the island is not identified on charts. It is about 500-yds long and 200-yds wide. There is a home on the southern end but the rest of the island is heavily wooded. We passed between the island and the eastern shoreline. Norm anchored half way up the shoreline, off a sandy beach. We ate lunch, then got underway again and turned NW to run up Hunting Creek. The Shallow Water Sailors spent a night anchored in Hunting Creek on one of our past Spring Cruises. The creek is quiet with a few modest summer homes on the shoreline. We reached the navigable head and I started the motor to take us back to the Miles River.

Once back on the Miles River we again continued headed NW, down river, bound for Woodland Creek. Two miles down river we passed St. Michael's to port and with another three miles arrived at the Woodland Creek entrance. The creek, on the eastern side of the river, has a deceptive entrance. It is wide, about 150 yards, but very shallow and guarded by gravel bars and small islands. From previous experience I have found one way to enter is to: 1.) Put

a small house at the entrance on your 020 heading and sail parallel to the entrance to within 25 feet of the shore, 2.) Make a hard right turn, 3.) Cross the gravel bar, and then 4.) Make a hard left turn. You have arrived in Utopia, a very pretty, protected, quiet creek! Norm pulled ahead of me so I talked with him on the FRS radio about the entrance. We both passed the bar without hitting bottom. The last time I crossed the bar I had to pole across in less than a foot of water. We sailed up the creek to the first cove on the right (about 100' by 300'). I anchored at the head in two feet of water, protected on three sides by trees. *Piilu* came alongside again. We shared happy hour, dinner and a beautiful sunset. *Piilu* once again cast off for a night anchorage a few feet away.

A cold front passed through about 0300 Saturday morning. It woke me up. I went topside, lowered the mast and payed out more scope on the anchor rode. Then it was back into the warm sleeping bag. The stars, constellations and planets were bright and beautiful in the dark sky. Orion was there telling me that fall and winter were soon coming.

Norm and I ate another leisurely breakfast Saturday morning. The wind was blowing in the trees so I set the first reef and Norm set two. This was not because his boat is tender but because his boat is so much faster than mine down wind. We can sail down wind at the same hull speed with my one and his two. We sailed out of Woodland Creek. I did not touch bottom going out but Norm said he did. Once free and clear on the Miles we turned down wind and ran SE up the eastern shoreline in the 1-2 ft. flats. No need for a centerboard or lee boards here. Norm's GPS was showing speeds up to 5.3 kts. Not bad for the Peep Hen's 13-ft. water line and one reef set! What a glorious sail!

The rest of Saturday morning and early afternoon was spent sailing on the Miles River off St. Michael's observing the two log canoe races. The first race was at 1000 and the second at 1400. The log canoes are in my opinion one of the most beautiful things created by man. Many of these 30-40 ft. boats are one hundred years old. They were made by bolting three large logs together and hollowing them out. They

step two masts and carry an inordinate amount of sail. To keep the unballasted centerboard boats upright the 10-15-person crew hikes out on boards or planks. Sometimes there are 3-4 persons per plank. Fast? Yes, they are very fast! Today they were only flying their club-footed jib, leg-o-mutton, sprit rigged main and mizzen sails. In lighter winds they will set moon rakers and staysails. The cover of the 2010 SWS calendar has a picture I took of one of the log canoes several years ago. That boat, No 3, *Magic*, was built in 1894! Norm and I could not figure out the racecourse. In years past we would position ourselves inside the triangular course at one of the turning marks. We opted to stay "outside" this day so as not to interfere in any way. Towards the end of the first race I saw one boat capsize near the shore just north of St. Mikes. I sailed across the river to see if I could be of assistance. Arriving fifteen minute later, none was required. The log canoe's tender had passed close aboard and threw out several 5-gal buckets for bailing. The crew members, standing waist/chest deep in the water, had already unstepped the two masts and righted the hull. I proceeded to sail between them and the shore taking many pictures of the rescue activity. I am sure my presence there was not appreciated. The embarrassment of capsizing is enough without being photographed. I will have to remember that!

Norm and I anchored for lunch in Fogg Cove, off the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum docks, between the races. I took his picture as he sculled past me close aboard. Now he will forever be known as Mr. July in the July 2010 SWS calendar. You can see from that picture it turned out to be a beautiful sunny day. After the second race we returned to the town ramp and hauled out. We towed in company back to my home. Norm traditionally washes his boat there before storing it in his garage in Washington DC. This was a memorable cruise and a good note to end the 2009 sailing season. Just two sailors and two boats, with nowhere to go in particular and with a lot of time to do nothing. Life is good!

Photos on next page



On Engines

A quote from Farley Mowat

According to mythology the virtue of these engines lies in the fact that they are simple and reliable. Although this myth is widely believed, I am able to report that it is completely untrue. These engines are, in fact, vindictive, debased, black-minded ladies of no virtue and any non-Newfoundlander who goes shipmate with one is either a fool or a masochist, and is likely both.

A quote from Tristan Jones

I can't wait for the oil wells to run dry, for the last gob of black, sticky muck to come oozing out of some remote well. Then the glory of sail will return.

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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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The log canoe *Magic*



Piilu being sculled by Norm Wolfe

The Record Snow

I sit in our backyard in 70 degree weather thinking about the St. Patty party and our guests. It is such a delightful way to forget the 44 inches of snow we had this winter. Yet just a few days ago that snow was still around and even now, with the birds singing their springtime songs, it's hard to get the snow out of my mind. The snowy images will surely disappear as the Spring Cruise time nears, but in my heart-of-hearts the images of winter's work will never disappear as the following poem by Ralph Waldo Emerson attests:

The Snow-Storm

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hill and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delated, all friends shut out, the housemates sit

Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

