
The Shallow Water Sailor

Number 171 *A simple boat, a bit of marsh, a redwing's song, and a friend or two* November 2011

The Bosun Chair

Dear SWS Members,

Harry Mote is the major contributor in this issue. He suggested a two part series since his story covers two weeks on both the Muscongus and Penobscot Bays of Maine. But as it turned out, his story was the only contribution I got. So the whole story is presented to you in this issue.

Besides learning a lot about this incredible cruising ground I was challenged, as I read through the story, by all the island and cove names. Man, this is a complex and challenging area to sail! But Alice and Harry must really love the beauty of these grounds based on all the Maine cruises they've been on. For one like me who sails the warm and relatively risk free Chesapeake waters, I place this couple in the same group of explorers as Ernest Shackleton; see the ad above, that Shackleton placed in a number of English newspapers back in 1914. I do believe there are some SWSers who would answer such an ad. Not me!

So as for Harry's story, I wanted to add a map to show the track of *Ardea*. It took quite a bit of work to put it together. I discovered one thing about Google Maps. Try this on your own. Go to Google, click on "Maps" and search on one of the islands or coves in Harry's story. I was amazed that even the tiniest island pops right up! So I was able to spot most of *Ardea's* anchorages easily. Take a look around that whole area. Harry even explains why it looks so complex with all those fingers of land sticking out.

In Harry's email enclosing the story, he also mentions the passing of Steve Jobs, as follows:

MEN WANTED FOR HAZARDOUS JOURNEY. Small wages, bitter cold, long months of complete darkness, constant danger, safe return doubtful. Honor and recognition in case of success.

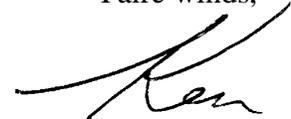
Ernest Shackleton

"Thanks for putting Steve Jobs' 2005 commencement speech up under "Crossing the Bar". The man was a giant. Despite his celebrity and success he seems to have had a lot of humility, no large ego that needed stroking. At that prestigious university, he simply told the basics of his life and what he learned from it that might be of help to young people just beginning their professional lives, which I'm sure resonated with those young people.

"I've read a few articles about him and in one of them he mentioned one of his favorite quotes, which was from Wayne Gretsky: I don't remember the exact words, but it went something like this: 'I skate not to where the puck is but where it will be.'

"This is why hundreds of people wait in long lines to buy the latest Apple product. He is probably one of the best contemporary examples of American exceptionalism. It's a good thing to celebrate it."

Faire winds,



In this issue.....

1. Bird and Insect Migration

2. Muscongus and Penobscot Bays

Bird and Insect Migration

by Ken Murphy

Back in December 2004 I sent a *Joy of Nature* column to *Messing About in Boats* regarding the migration of the Tundra Swan. Back then a 30 gram satellite transmitter had been developed that ornithologists used to track the migration of these birds from Canada down to the eastern shores of North Carolina, a 3000 to 4000 mile migration.

Before 2004 the many years of tagging these birds gave the ornithologist the general understanding that about 90,000 of these magnificent birds migrate from their summer quarters in Canada to their winter location, in the generally ice free waters of North Carolina. But by using satellite transmitters the daily progress of individual birds could be determined, giving a much more detailed understanding of migration behavior.

The story I wrote detailed a particular swan named TR (for Teddy Roosevelt the founder of the National Wildlife Refuge system). The day-by-day progress of this bird was recorded, such as the day she (yes it was a she) flew over Lake Michigan in about 4 hours. This was a 380 mile flight where her speed was an average of 80 miles an hour!

Such amazing new insights simply blew my mind. New developments in transmitters is why I'm writing this. But before I get to that I must tell you why migrations interest me so much. Back in 2008, Ginny – she who must be obeyed – started raising monarch butterflies. She plants three different varieties of milkweed to attract the egg-laying females, waits for the caterpillars to emerge, then places them in cages where they continue to grow, change into chrysalises and finally emerge as butterflies. She then tags and releases them.

The life-cycle and behavior of these insects are complex and to a close observer, miraculous. But then the realization that, once Ginny lets them go, the butterflies migrate south, flying over 2000 miles before arriving in their wintering sanctuaries in Mexico, is simply breathtaking. And so all migrating

creatures have their own stories to tell and we must listen. The why, when, where, who, and how of any migration is worthy of man's attention.

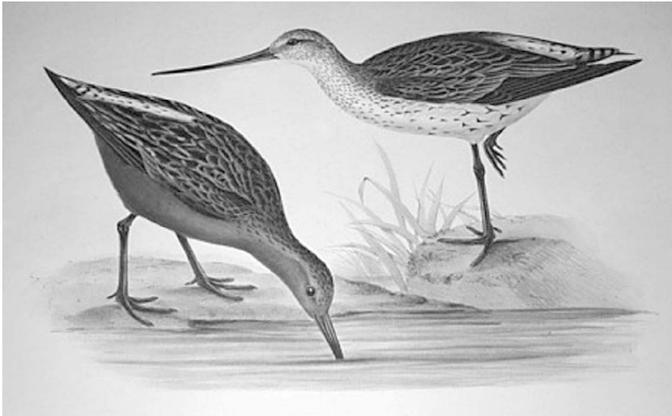
Many scientists are attracted to the questions concerning migration. The growing use of radio transmitters are making the tracking of individual migrators possible. Not only can the daily track of a migrator be obtained but, with sensors added, such information as heart rate, temperature, pressure, and mortality can be accumulated.

Satellite transmitters are a favorite for tracking the long distance migration of birds. Lately the weight of these devices have been reduced to close to 10 grams, making it possible to track relatively small birds such as the bar-tailed godwit – more of this bird later.

Simple VHF transmitters have also been developed. Tracking with these transmitters require in-the-field efforts where directional radio receivers must be used to pick up the signals having the range of a mile or less. However, the amazing thing about the newest VHF transmitters is their weight. You can get such a transmitter that weights 0.3 grams. Such a transmitter fits on the tip of your finger! So now scientists are tracking insects such as dragonflies and butterflies.

Martin Wikelski and other researchers at Princeton University have been studying the behaviors of dragonflies. Of the approximately 5200 dragonfly species worldwide about 25 to 50 are migratory. In North America 9 dragonfly species are long-distance migrants. Wikelski glued 0.3 gram transmitters onto the thoraxes of 14 green darner dragonflies. For 12 days his team used both Cessna aircraft and ground teams to follow the movement of these tagged dragonflies during their fall migration. Their detailed findings can be found on the Internet, simply Google his name.

They found that the green darners would stay put for a few days feeding. They would then take flight, migrating exclusively during the daytime, when wind speeds were less than 15 mph, regardless of wind direction, but only after two nights of successively lower temperatures. Since cooler nights generally



signal the passage of a low pressure system, it means the winds would be blowing south. It was found that they would travel an average distance of 30 miles before landing and “refueling”.

The effect of adding the transmitter to insects is a concern. The green darner weights about 1.2 grams and so the transmitter adds about 25 percent to its body weight. The field experience so far seems to suggest no change in the migration pattern. Wikelski has helped monarch butterfly experts (Monarch Watch scientists of Kansas University) to use the same VHF transmitters attached to monarchs. Since these butterflies are half the weight of the green darner dragonfly, the transmitter adds 50% to the butterfly’s body weight. Even so, it seems that the butterfly deals with this added weight – time will tell. But now we expect that future monarch research will uncover new information on this amazing insect.

Let me finish with a new finding concerning the *baueri* race of the bar-tailed godwit. These birds were known to breed in Alaska and winter in New Zealand. But how they get back and forth between Alaska and New Zealand was unknown. Well ... enter the new, lightweight, satellite transmitters. Robert Gill Jr. of the U.S. Geological Survey implanted these tiny satellite trackers in female godwits near the Alaska coast. Prior to their southward migration, the godwits eat heavily, until up to 55 per cent of their body weight is fat. They then reduce the size of their gut, kidney and liver by up to 25 per cent to compensate for the added weight. Stuffed with fuel, the godwits are ready to go. Assessing the weather patterns in

Alaska, the team found that the godwits timed their departures to coincide with favorable tail winds that helped them fly south. “All birds took off with favorable winds.,” says Gill. Female E7 lifted off and the scientists sat in front of their computers watching her progress. They could not believe what this little shore bird did! After 8 days of non-stop flight she reached New Zealand. That’s 7245 miles without food, water or rest. It was the longest direct flight by a bird ever documented! Now you all can set back and think on that!



Muscongus and Penobscot Bays

By Harry Mote

Ardea’s Journal

Refer to Map on Last Page

Alice and I arrived at the public launch in Rockland, ME on Sunday afternoon, July 17, 2011 with plans to go south to explore Muscongus Bay and, if time allowed during our two-week cruise, to come back to Penobscot Bay to revisit some of our favorite places and to explore places we haven’t seen.

Dire forecasts of severe thunderstorms encouraged us to take Monday as a lay day and head south on Tuesday morning. We’re happy we did. Our last launch here was in 2005. This time we noticed that there was a museum at the top of the hill and we walked up to check it out. In 2007 Capt. Jim Sharp had realized another of his dreams when he started the Sail, Power & Steam Museum just up the hill from the launch area. Sharp bought the property from Mechanic Street down to Rockland Harbor, adjacent to the Rockland public launch area.

This is also the site of the western half of the Old Snow Shipyard, founded in 1862 by the Snow family. The yard built a variety of commercial fishing, cargo and other vessels, some of them three- and

four-masted schooners, producing more vessels than anywhere in New England. The Snow family's interest ended in 1937. During WW II the yard produced mine sweepers, sub chasers and other vessels for the U.S. Navy. The Old Snow Shipyard closed shortly after the war.

Capt. Sharp had spent 25 years in the windjammer trade and is former owner of the schooners *Steven Taber* and *Adventure*, among others. The museum has a fine and growing collection of marine history, some of it from Sharp's personal collection and some on loan from others. The Captain himself gave us, and a half dozen other visitors, one of the most thoughtful and articulate tour presentations we had ever heard.

We spent part of the day on the tour and looking around on our own. Sharp had published an autobiography in 2007, called *With Reckless Abandon: Memoirs of a Boat Obsessed Life*. We were so intrigued by the man that we bought a copy, which he autographed. The \$20 price is a contribution to the museum. I read the book during the first few days of the cruise and didn't want to put it down (book review SWS, page 170-2).

On Tuesday morning we launched – see {1} on map – rounded Owls Head and headed south, down through Owls Head Bay and Muscle Ridge Channel, past Sprucehead and Whitehead Islands and then we had a very pleasant close reach west to Tenants Harbor. Tenants was nice but seemed small and crowded with moorings and commercial boats. So we motored back out to just inside the harbor entrance and turned north into Long Cove for our first night afloat. We anchored on the mainland side of the cove across from two small Islands called Spectacles – see {2} on map.

We awoke on Wednesday to another calm but beautiful morning. The weather for these few days seemed to be calm in the morning with a southwesterly growing to at least single-reef velocity and then dying down in the evening. The warm weather in the rest of the country seemed to be having an effect on Maine – the daytime and evening

temperatures were warmer than we would expect on the coast.

The last continental glacier, which is supposed to have reached as far as the southern-most islands in this part of the coast, left pronounced parallel gouges that form the sounds and rivers and long finger-like islands of Muscongus Bay. In doing our homework for the cruise, the Coast Pilot talked a lot about ledges and rocks submerged at high tide, with a tidal rise and fall of 9.5 ft. Our favorite cruising guide, Duncan and Fenn, mentioned that there was an abundance of lobster buoys in Muscongus Bay.

After a day and a night afloat we had our act together well enough to be under way by 0900 on Wednesday. We headed south around Southern Island, with its abandoned lighthouse, and turned southwest toward Mosquito Island. The passage between Mosquito Island and Mosquito Harbor and the harbor itself looked interesting. But with the wind against us we decided to stay in open water and to tack around the south side of Mosquito Island. We then sailed to clear Marshall Point, with its pretty lighthouse, and then north through Port Clyde harbor.

As we passed the town dock at Port Clyde, we could see the *Laura B.* loading passengers, probably for Monhegan Island. The *Laura B.* also takes people out to see the puffins on Eastern Egg Rock. On a car trip to Maine a few years ago, we stopped at Port Clyde on our way home to take the puffin tour on the *Laura B.* The puffin colony is described as Audubon's Project Puffin, "a model for restorations of seabird populations."

If you like boats, the *Laura B.* is as interesting as the puffin tour. She is a 65-ft. wooden, round-bilge launch-type hull, built in 1943 and rigged as a heavy-duty workboat. "Designated a U.S. Army T-57, she spent World War II in the Pacific, where she served as a patrol boat and carried troops and supplies. She came under fire during those days, and carried two 50-caliber machine guns on deck. This rugged vessel was brought to Maine in 1946, and spent the next few years transporting lobsters from Vinalhaven to Boston and New York City," before becoming part of the

Monhegan Boat Line, according to the company's website.

Our puffin tour guide mentioned that during the early part of WWII, some of the Liberty ships, on their way to Nova Scotia, before heading across the North Atlantic in convoys, were brought in through east-west rocky passages in the area as protection from German U-Boats that might be lurking offshore.

We sailed up through Port Clyde harbor and out into the St. George River, which had lobster buoys as far as the eye could see, as though someone had sprinkled multi-colored confetti on the water.

Our plan was to sail up the St. George until we saw as much as we wanted, checking out possible anchorages on the way. We were running with an increasing southwesterly, but the sailing was a lot less enjoyable than it should have been, with the need to keep a sharp lookout to dodge lobster buoys – they like leeboards. We sailed up as far as Broad Cove and decided to motor back to Maple Juice Cove for the night – see {3} on map. At that point in mid-afternoon we didn't have the patience to tack back through the lobster buoys. We stayed in the slight lee of the western shore to have some protection from the wind. We were enjoying the scenery – the Maine coast is beautiful just about anywhere. The landscape appeared to us to be less hilly as one goes southwest from Penobscot Bay.

After a quiet afternoon and night in Maple Juice Cove, we had our act together even earlier on Thursday morning and we were underway by 0800. The weather pattern was continuing with calm in the morning, a light breeze by about 1000 and building to blowing like stink by mid-afternoon. We got into the routine of starting early, motoring slowly, enjoying the scenery, until the breeze materialized and then having the anchor down by the time the afternoon hurricane started.

We headed south, rounded the bottom of Gay Island to the west and then north between Gay and Morse Islands toward Davis Cove. As we entered Davis, we encountered another heavy concentration of lobster buoys, some only a few feet apart. Judging from the variety of lobster buoy colors, the

competition for whatever lobsters were crawling about below must be intense. One has to wonder how productive individual traps can be packed in this closely.

In Davis Cove we turned left and headed west toward Friendship Harbor. Coming at us from the other direction was an Outward Bound vessel with a very happy-looking crew, making good time under full sail. We always enjoy seeing these boats and their crews.

We passed between Friendship Long Island and Garrison Island to enter Friendship Harbor. The Friendship waterfront and lobstering community on the hillside was one of the most picturesque we have seen, but this was truly a commercial lobstering harbor, with very few pleasure boats and not a Friendship sloop in sight. The Friendship sloop race that was to be held in Rockland Harbor on the coming Saturday could have drawn them away. Friendship always had an allure for us because of the sloops that carry its name. Names like Wilbur A. Morse, who built many of the best of the sloops in this picturesque seacoast town, are almost synonymous with Friendship.

We made one long and one short tack to get out of Friendship Harbor and then bore off to the west to clear Martin Point on our way to the channel between Cow Island and Bremen Long Island. We then sailed for the buoy at the top end of Hog Island.

This had been an enjoyable sail, but the wind was now honking and we were happy to be entering the small channel at the north end of Hog Island, where the Hog Island Audubon Center has two guest moorings. We took one of them – see {4} on the map.

After a short rest, Alice and I went ashore and spent the rest of the afternoon hiking one of the Center's trails and browsing the naturalist exhibits on the first floor of the building near the dock. The exhibits included all kinds of things, including stuffed birds common in the area, a salt water tank with baby flounder, hermit crabs, snails and other neat stuff intriguing to kids our age.

Hog Island is part of the Todd Audubon Sanctuary, which includes an additional 30 acres on the mainland across the narrow channel, with more trails and a seasonal visitor's center. The Center runs ornithology camps in summer for people of all ages. The island includes classrooms and several buildings for program campers. There is also a chainsaw-carved puffin about eight ft. tall in a garden area among the main buildings. It is a neat place. More info at <http://projectpuffin.org>.

Friday morning was the usual beautiful quiet morning, with the fog just beginning to lift. Looking north between Keene Neck and Oar Island, with a cup of coffee in my hand, was a most gorgeous sight from our mooring. If this isn't heaven, it can't be too far away.

Friday we were heading back to Rockland, by going south in Muscongus Sound, motoring with no wind this early in the morning. We had the last of the ebb with us, so we made good progress over the ground. With the fog lifting we had good visibility. As we approached the bottom of Louds Island, we could see the seas breaking on Bar Island Ledge, west of Bar Island at the southern tip of Louds. The ledge was marked by a buoy on the south side, but the ground swell, probably created by the hard southwesterly of the day before, made hazardous ledges and rocks easier to see.

When we rounded the south end of Bar Island, we headed north up through an interesting-looking passage called Marsh Harbor. As we turned to the east at the top of Marsh Island, the breeze started coming up out of the northwest. This gave us a nice reaching angle to clear Black Island Ledge, then to the south of Otter Island and then to the buoys at Jenks Ledge. Here we would pick up the channel to go southeast between McGee and Seavey Islands. We then sailed east to the south of Hupper Island, south of Marshall Point at Port Clyde and around the bottom of Mosquito Island. From here we had a clear shot northeast to Muscle Ridge Channel.

We were now reaching in a good sailing breeze and we had the flood under us, making good time. As with most westerlies from either quarter,

the wind was variable in direction and velocity. In addition, it was still very warm, with land temperatures predicted to be in the 90s. Some of the gusts coming off the land seemed to vary 10 degrees in temperature. As we got up into the narrower places of Muscle Ridge we began to get strong gusts off the land, which required quick easing of the sheet. We started calling them our williwaws. We've never experienced a real williwaw, but these were close enough.

As we rounded Owls Head, heading for the Rockland launch ramp, the *Steven Taber* was entering Owls Head Bay southbound, all sails set. We anchored for the night southwest of the mooring fleet, near the ramp, and had a quiet night.

Saturday morning called for a leisurely start.

We had a few errands to do before we started on our second week, this one on Penobscot Bay. We had to top off water, pump out, drop garbage and buy a gallon of fuel. And then we would scoot across the bay to one of our favorite anchorages, Pulpit Harbor. We anchored in the southeast corner, just outside the mooring field – see {5} on map.

At around dinner time a J-something of about 30 ft., or some other hot design that looks like a large Laser, sailed right up through the mooring fleet under full main – jib already furled. She came into the wind, dropping her main while coasting toward her mooring near where we were anchored. As this was going on the mate, a nice looking young woman, walked casually forward just in time to pick up the mooring line and drop it on the cleat. By this time, the skipper had dropped the full-battened main and put stops on it.

This couple completed their jobs about the same time – a perfect precision performance – and they knew it. I was sitting in the cockpit at the time, so they knew they had an audience. I gave them thumbs up and they both waved and smiled.

On Sunday, another beautiful day with a northwest wind gave us a nice sail down to and through the Fox Islands Thorofare and then south to Seal Bay. We had been here before with *True North* and crew. This time we anchored in the southeast corner of the bay, just under Coombs Hill – see {6} on

map. Yes, there are seals in Seal Bay. While enjoying the afternoon and scenery from the cockpit we heard a seal breathing. We turned around to look and saw it about 20 ft. away, looking us over. About seventy yards to the southwest there were a half dozen or more seals sunning themselves and having a gabfest on an exposed ledge, only to be chased off later by the rising tide.

Near where we were anchored there were two small boats on moorings and two floating docks. Late in the afternoon, we heard sounds of musical instruments and a chorus of children singing. Later we saw a few of the children, about 13-14 years old, on a dock with an adult. We concluded that there must be a music camp here.

We've decided that Seal Bay is one of the most pleasant and most beautiful of the anchorages we've visited. Except for the music camp, which we could not see from the water, the place is relatively undeveloped. It is a large area, divided by rocks and ledges into pockets for anchoring. The whole place changes character with the rise of the tide, as a lot of the rocks and ledges disappear and the bay opens up to view from the cockpit of a small boat.

On Monday morning we woke to one of the most beautiful mornings of the cruise – clear and crisp and perfectly still, with a forecast of a southeast breeze. Our breakfast music in the cockpit was the calls of the winter wren and the white-throated sparrow. After a leisurely morning, waiting for breeze, we finally lifted the anchor at about 1000 and headed north out of Seal Bay to go northeast to round Babbage Island and then northwest toward Oak Hill. As we rounded Babbage in the light southeasterly, only about 50 yards offshore, we could hear the “Old Sam Peabody Peabody Peabody” of a white-throated sparrow somewhere on the northern tip of the island.

Our plan was to sail between Burnt and Dagger Islands and then north up through some of the islands north of North Haven and enjoy the spectacular scenery on such a bright day. We left Fling Island on our starboard side and headed northeast between Butter and Eagle Islands.

We had been to Butter Island on our first Magnum Opus with Peter Duff in 1990, launching at Rockport. We had anchored off a beach at Butter and some of us had gone off for a hike on the island. By the time we came back the tide had left a few of the boats high and dry, some of them perched precariously on rocks. We didn't dare go on or near the boats until the tide lifted them safely off their perches.

Fortunately, Bob and Dory Ford's Dovekie was high and dry on the beach and they just happened to have a small steamer with them. We harvested mussels, which were abundant, and steamed them on the beach for our dinner. By this time it was dark and chilly. Those of us stranded huddled in the Ford's Dovekie and ate our mussels. By the time we emerged from the Ford's hospitality, the tide had set our boats free and we all moved farther off the beach to anchor.

Back to the current cruise: By midday the wind had increased to a nice sailing breeze and we carried on, leaving Hardhead Island on our starboard, and setting a course for Northwest Harbor for the night. We anchored in its southeast corner just before the pool at the head of the harbor that dries out – see {7} on map. The weather forecast was for rain that night and possible rain for Tuesday, with winds southeast 10 – 15 mph and possible rain again for Tuesday night. We wanted to go south to Stonington. Since the wind would be against us and it would not be as nice a day as we'd gotten used to, we declared Tuesday a lay day. It was as pretty a harbor as we had seen, so a nice place to spend a day.

We had the promised rain during the night, but the morning presented a rainless but cloudy, chilly, unattractive day. We fired up the stove first thing to take the chill off and kept it going most of the day, which kept us warm, dry and snug as we read and generally vegged. After lunch, cabin fever got me into the dinghy to bail it out and to row up to the head of the harbor to have a look at the part that dries out.

Rain overnight again left everything wet. However, Wednesday morning promised a spectacular day with dry air, beautiful clouds and a northwest wind. We reached south toward Stonington. Our plan was to do our usual errands – pump out, top off water

tanks, drop garbage – at Stonington and then take a look at Southeast Harbor on the east side of Deer Island.

As we approached Deer Island Thorofare, we happened to look northeast and saw a salty-looking vessel with a gaff main coming down from the area of Crocket and Burnt Coves on a course converging with ours. We were going to cross the boat's bow by about 50 yards. Could that be Becca Follansbee? As we got closer we heard her dog bark and that gave it away. We had a short gam: She was headed for Isle Au Haute for some hiking and we were taking a shortcut between Second and Andrews Islands into Deer Island Thorofare to stop at Stonington. Becca reported the encounter to her dad with a cell phone photo and we sent a picture of her boat to her mom when we got home.

After Stonington we sailed on to the approach to Southeast Harbor and then had a windward leg to its narrow entrance. We had been here once with *True North* and chart notes indicated that we had anchored in the Inner Harbor. We have only a vague recollection of this. But this time we arrived at about dead low water. The deepest parts of Inner Harbor were now occupied by boats on moorings and the rest of it showed a foot of water on the chart. After we grounded on a muscle bar, we decided that the place was too shallow for these two shallow water sailors. We moved northeast directly across the harbor and anchored on the northwest side of a small island – see {8} on map. We had good open water protection and we were pleased with the open views of the scenery.

Shortly after dinner, we happened to notice a dark cloud moving in from the west. What's this? There were no thunderstorms in the forecast. It looked like the cloud would pass slightly to the north of us – there was blue sky with a few beautiful clouds to the south of the dark one. As the cloud passed, it dropped about ten minutes of rain on us and then a rainbow appeared on the south side of the cloud. After the rainbow disappeared and the dark cloud moved farther west, it left the most gorgeous blue and turquoise sky with those beautiful clouds so typical of Maine water-colors. The weather was one of the

highlights of our visit to this harbor, which deserves a revisit to explore the northwestern part of it.

Thursday morning was crystal clear with crisp dry air and a light breeze. We motored out of the narrow entrance and then sailed for the green can at Whaleback Ledge, leaving it on our starboard side and heading to leave Little Sheep Island on our port. Our plan was to sail from Little Sheep to go between Devil and Spruce Islands and take the unmarked channel west among the small rock islands.

Devil Island, the first island to the north on this passage has a summer camp on it, as do a few of the other islands. Here is part of what the owner on a website had to say about it:

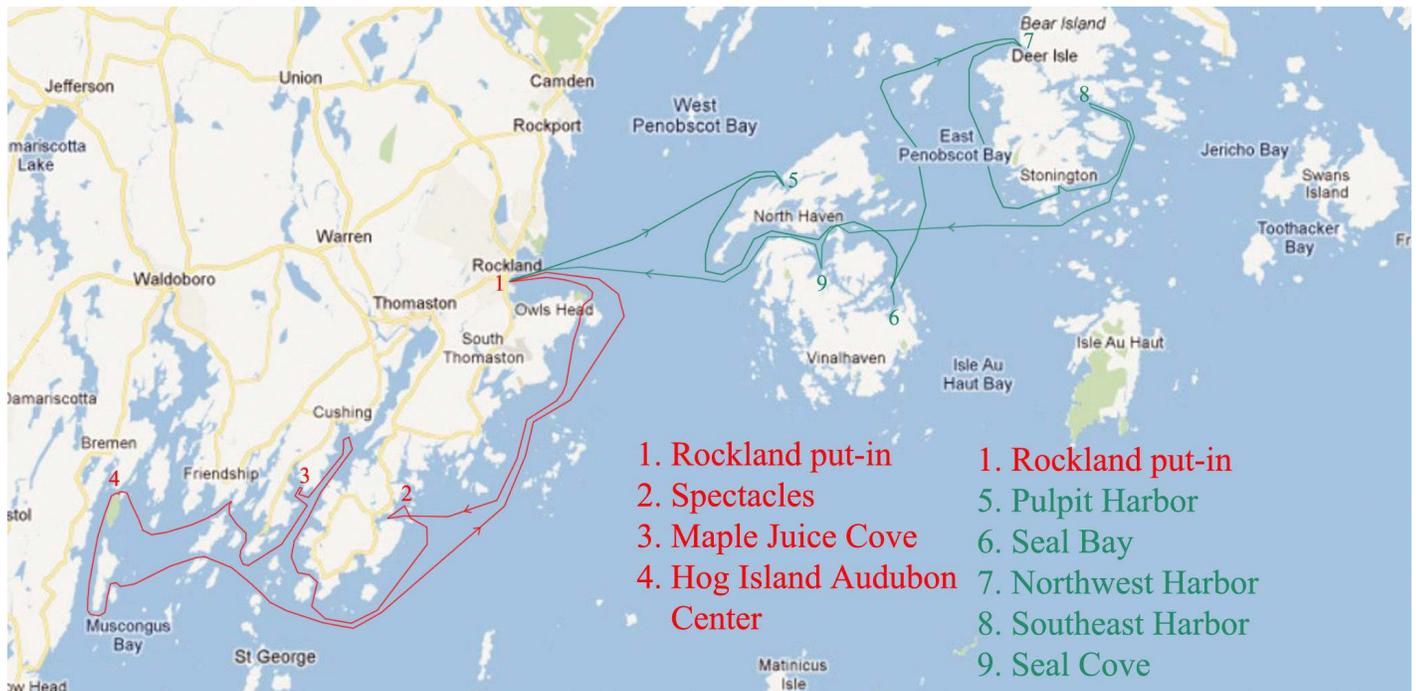
It's a private island near Stonington, Me. "... that I get all to myself with my husband and our friends for a week each summer. It's an old quarry island that's been in our family since 1927, when a relative bought it for \$600. With no electricity, we use kerosene lanterns, but aside from that, Devil Island has all the comforts of a summer place. It's roughly 60 acres with a natural beach, fresh running water and indoor plumbing in most buildings. Local lore has it that the island's name came from a mean old squatter in the 1700s."

The family happened to be there on the dock and beach, enjoying the place with fishing rods and a small boat. They were friendly enough to initiate waves, which we returned. The passage through these rock islands is peaceful and beautiful.

The excursion through the rocks was one of the highlights of this week's cruise. Our Duncan and Fenn cruising guide said that islands south of Deer Island are some of the "most scenic of the Maine Coast." Based on our very limited experience, this is no exaggeration.

When we emerged just below the entrance to Deer Island Thorofare, we headed to leave Farrel and Scraggy Islands on our port and sailed a course across East Penobscot Bay to Fox Islands Thorofare, where we would spend the night in Seal Cove, just off the Thorofare – see {9} on map.

On Friday morning the fog was thick enough to keep us on our anchor for an extra half hour until we



Track of the *Ardea* – First week in red – Second week in green

had enough visibility to go out onto the busy Thorofare. As we motored past Perry Creek, others were doing the same as we – coming out and heading west to Rockland. A light breeze was coming up as we entered West Penobscot Bay, which gave us a very enjoyable close reach to Owls Head with three other boats of about the same size. Surprisingly, we all stayed pretty much together going across the bay.

This was our last day of this year’s visit to the Maine Coast. We hauled and got ready for the road.

We decided to try the Landings restaurant on our last night in Rockland. The food was decent, but so-so.

After dinner we left the car in the restaurant parking lot and hiked more of the waterfront and the town.

We enjoyed poking around the harbor looking at boats and exploring some of the side streets. We discovered a small watery pocket off the main harbor where the Steven Taber and two other windjammers were docked around some floats in the center. We stood on the landing at the top of the long aluminum ramp to the floats; enjoying the scene and short chitchats with a few people. We always have fun cruising in this area.

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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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Here is the migration route of the *baueri* race of the bar-tailed godwit. The direct flight path of the birds migration from Alaska to New Zealand was determined by the satellite tracking of female E7 in 2007. She lifted off on September 7, 2007. After 8 days of non-stop flight she reached New Zealand. That's 7245 miles without food, water or rest. It was the longest direct flight by a bird ever documented!