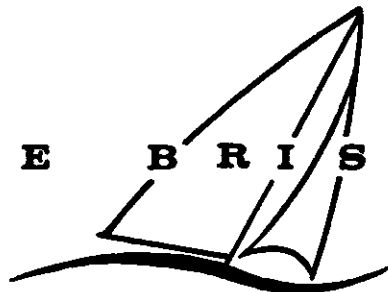




C H E S A P E A K E B R I S T O L C L U B

VOLUME 22
ISSUE 3



APRIL 1996

The evening of the twenty third of March was lovely and windy, but a bit too chill to feel like sailing away... but the Bristol Club gathered to inaugurate our 22nd season, meet old and new friends, and to hear some inspiring and wise words from Jim and Deborah Woodward, New Englanders with extensive sailing experience, who were getting ready to sail away on a long, long cruise!

Commodore Louise had arranged this year that the CBC would have two rooms at Paul's on the South River so we had plenty of room to gather over cocktails and catch up with the wintertime doings of our fellow (and distaff) sailors. We were all delighted to see Fred and Linda Hixon who had driven up from the Northern Neck of Virginia just for this event! We see MAGIC DRAGON only a few times each summer, but as this year's cruise will be southerly, perhaps she will be able to join the travelers from the North. That DAME MAME pair, Ed and Betsy Plitt, looked terrific and had some very interesting news for the "old timers". Pat and Reed Rollo and their 32, SEA URCHIN, are going to leave paradise (St. Thomas, USVI) and relocate to someplace on the Eastern Shore. Reed is coming north to look for a place to settle. It will be great to see them again, but I know they will miss their island home. They also had fascinating news of our second commodore, Ken Ketcham, and his mate Lila. Ken had given up sailing, settled into his home on the Miles River, and felt terrible! He didn't look so good either! Somehow he discovered that he just couldn't tolerate cold weather.. so the two of them started spending the winters in the Bahamas. Voila! A whole new lease on life! Wonderful news from the pair that crossed the Atlantic in their 32. Mal Mellington said that their DARK STAR, while getting a little remedial work done in the aftermath of the abrupt gathering of racers on the Magothy, is getting some cosmetic work done on her topsides. Hard to believe that that boat could be any lovelier! Past Commodore Mike Moschella is pretty well recuperated from his terrible fall on the dock on that wild night on the Patapsco last fall. He broke some ribs which had some serious internal side effects... but Janet is much relieved that the Cap'n of MARIPOSA is now looking like his former self. Noel and Carol Patterson were the only representatives of the Bay Ridge contingent this year, but we hope that SUMMER SONG will be joined by other Ogleton boats this summer. Susan and Clifford Gilpin joined us this year and we hope Susan will have some time off from her clerical duties to bring PUFFIN to some rendezvous. A lot of boats may be missing from our activities this summer! The Kavanaughs are taking their BROAD ARROW up north, the Sherrers' PAVANE will be headed for New England, and we believe the Marvin's TRUMPETER is headed North as well! Larry Ament's OSPREY is going to stick around for a while, but Larry has caught the wanderlust bug.. so who knows! Norm and Sandra Bogarde were grumbling about the recently discovered blisters in their SAVOIR FAIRE... especially as Norm was going to tackle the repairs himself. We don't envy him. Adam and Elizabeth Canalungo are searching for a new boat, and their LIVELY LADY will be replaced with a "Dancing Lady?" Bill and Beryl Flynn, Shirley and Hunter Kennard and Dick and Natalie Boecker were willing subjects for Jeanne and Joel Gross' camera. I guess they want a record of the members in their Sunday-go-to-meetin' attire instead of the usual sailing grubbies and comfies. Andy and Kathy Lewis were joined by long time buddies Dave and Wendy Hamnet, and Joe and Jay Heidel joined their Scuba, formerly sailor, chums, Tom and Judy Taylor. Will and Logan Hottle had a very long drive home that night, but a CBC get-together is worth any sacrifice!

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Monique and John haven't tied the knot as yet. Could we have another floating wedding celebration, perhaps on SNAFU? There were several new couples at the dinner and we were delighted to welcome them to our exalted company. Debbie Garbers, of SEA BREEZE, Rick and Joan Kark of SEA FOAM, Ken and Carol Harrington, of WINDSONG, Tony and Mary Lee O'Neill of CYNARA II, felt right at home. Steve and Jennifer Rogers, Bob and Ruth Adams, Ron and Janet Benrey, Chuck and Rena Beers, and Ed and Jane Taliaferro were looking forward to the terrific pot-pies that are Paul's specialty. Rebecca Burka, attired in exotic black, managed to get all around the dining room and greet everyone! Dave, you got quite a gal! Social setter-upper Tom Finnan had a color coded ticket for each diner so that each one got their reserved entree. The salad was great, the entrees yummy, and the bread pudding a nostalgic treat!

As we all settled back with our coffee (or de-caf) The Woodward's gave us a marvelous briefing of the preparations they have made for their round the world cruise. They pointed out all kinds of things that they did to prepare the boat and **themselves** for their adventure. Their admonitions were attentively followed by a rapt audience, many of whom are contemplating similar but not so extensive travels. The provisioning process had a great motto: **Mark It, Bag It, Stow It!** That should be good advice for the Bay weekend cruisers too! It was a wonderful sendoff for the CBC "96 season and we hope for the Woodward's as well and that SWEETWATER, the Woodward's' Swan 51, has an exciting, eventful, beautiful, and safe journey 'til she returns home to our shores again.

HERE'S
THAT
GREAT
CHOWDER
RECIPE
THAT
BERYL
FLYNN
MADE FOR
OUR
LOBSTER
FEAST.
IT GOT
RAVE
NOTICES
AND
RECIPE
REQUESTS
SO HERE
YOU ARE!

Corn Chowder with Shrimp (or any seafood)

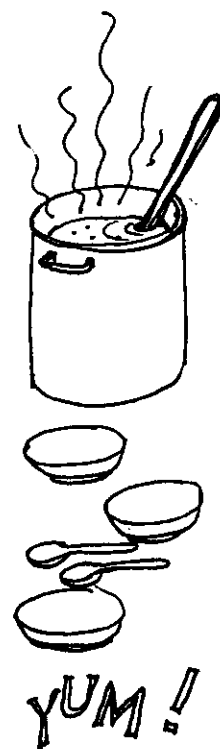
1 Tbsp.	whipped butter or margarine
1/2 C	each, red or green pepper strips, diced onion, and diagonal sliced celery
1 Tbsp	seeded and minced jalapeno pepper
1	small garlic clove, minced
2 tsp	all-purpose flour
1 C	skim or non-fat milk
1/2 C	bottled clam juice or chicken broth
1 1/2 C	fresh or frozen whole kernel corn
5 oz.	shelled and de-veined medium shrimp
1 Tbsp.	chopped fresh cilantro (Chinese Parsley) or fresh Italian (flat leaf) parsley.

makes 2 servings, about 2 cups each

In 2-qt saucepan, melt butter over high heat: add pepper, onion, celery, jalapeno pepper and garlic and saute til vegies are tender-crisp, about 2 minutes. Sprinkle with flour, stir quickly to combine: cook, stirring constantly for 1 minute. Remove from heat and stir in milk and clam juice. Return to medium heat and cook till mixture thickens, 1 to 2 minutes (*do not boil*). Add corn and shrimp and stir; cook just until shrimp turn pink, about 3 minutes. Sprinkle with cilantro (or parsley) and serve.

282 calories per serving, 6 g fat, 118 mg cholesterol.

If you wish to make a larger quantity increase all of the ingredients proportionally, and the total cooking time will increase somewhat.

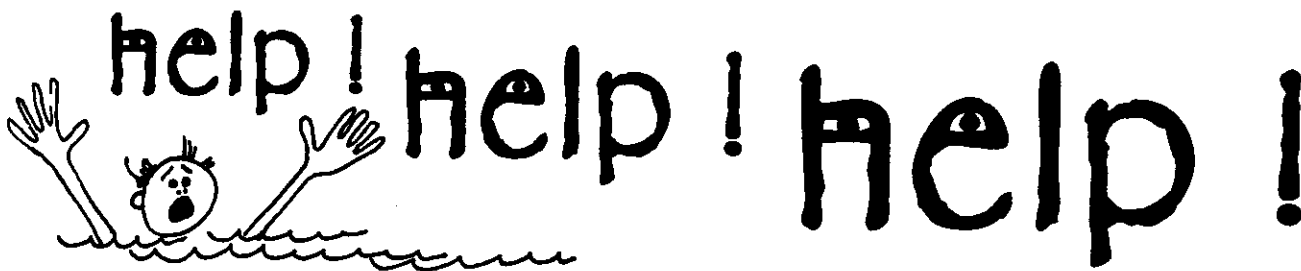


CHANTEY can no longer be called an early bird this year! Joel can't make it for the early rendezvous in Mill Creek, this Saturday, April 27, but we know for sure that there will be several boats rarin' to get together that evening. Follow the markers from Whitehall Bay into Mill Creek and you will find a big basin just before you reach Cantlers. Whichever boat arrives first please drop a hook and fly that Bristol Burgee!

If you are temporarily "boatless" but want to join the party you can drive to Cantlers and contact someone by VHF. The Flynn's will have a water taxi available.

If you know in advance you will be driving in, give them a call and arrange a pickup in advance.

• for our first raft-ups we need a little...



Dave and Rebecca Durka have found that they cannot be at the Harness Creek raft-up on the 11th of May! They hoped to host a wine and cheese happy hour, and we are now looking for some jolly Bristol Club Member who will act as coordinator of that weekend event. If you are willin' and able, please call Louise Mellington PDQ and soothe her worried mind.

Everyone please come to Harness Creek, off the North side of the South River, and come well in past the hurricane hole, to a lovely wide basin with the Quiet Waters Park docks on your starboard. Join the other CBC boats or if you are the first one in, drop your hook and set it well in expectation of visitors! There is good water depth, but look at the chart before you enter and skirt around the two shoals at the entrance. Don't forget a bottle of your favorite wine and some goodie (gouda?) cheese.

THE GILPINS ARE LOOKING FOR
A STORM JIB FOR THEIR "PUFFIN",
A BRISTOL 32. PLEASE CALL
SUSAN OR CLIFF AT:
703/522-3382 (Home)
703/978-3060

CBC

Adam and Elizabeth Canalungo have the new-boat-bug too! They are in the market for something a bit larger and with some additional creature comforts so their LIVELY LADY is on the market.. She is a Gulf 29, Raised Salon, with very classic lines, well fitted out for cruising with a swim platform and ladder, bimini with a detachable windshield, an autopilot and lots of equipment.. Sounds like it would be neat for a family with small kids! Call Adam or Elizabeth at:

410/360-0911



A LITTLE NEWS FROM THE WEBERS.....

Greetings from Spanish Wells. One would never know they experienced Andrew a few years ago. The Marina docks are new and most buildings have a new roof - grocery store is re-built & looks the same. Trip has been great so far here in the Bahamas except for the fronts you're sending us. We've gotten to most planned stops. Hope to leave for the Abacos tomorrow (3-27) - spend a couple of weeks there & then head back to the States. We've decided not to renew as we get to events so infrequently & now do not know most of the folks. Hopefully we'll be accepted as a guest if we can make a weekend or such. ... All is great with us, a few minor mechanical things with the boat - all is well! .

SOUTHERN GIRL is for sale. Bruce and Jane are seriously looking for a performance cruiser to carry them off into the sunset in a few years and have put their beautifully maintained and equipped S2 9.2A on the market. She is now berthed at a private dock near Scotts Marina on Whitehall Creek. If you are interested or know anyone who is, please contact

Bruce Raymond at:
410/849-5755
BERFlyer@aol.com

Steve Schwing notified us that the UK sail loft in Annapolis has a **new Mainsail for a Bristol 35.5** that is ready to go! It is made of 8 oz. premium dacron with 4 Battslides and 4 Full Battens, two Reef Rows, a Shelf Foot, Cunningham, Draft Stripes and Racing Numbers. The sail has never been used and comes with a 1 year warranty, telltales, foot and leech cord and a sailbag. The sail is priced to sell at \$1,8500.

If you are interested please call
Rob Breslin at 410/268-1175

Dear Eric & Nancy:

Come see us! You two and your beautiful BLUE HERON will be welcome any time.

IT MAY BE A BIT DANGEROUS OUT THERE ! ! ! !

With Spring Thaw, Bay Is a Sea of Debris

By Amy Argetsinger
Washington Post Staff Writer

Fifty-year-old trees. Gasoline tanks. Coffee cups. A bowling ball.

Direct from central Pennsylvania and points north, those and many other souvenirs of the January floods are clogging the waterways and littering the shores of the Chesapeake Bay. The spring thaw typically washes some branches and garbage into the bay, but observers this year report more than 10 times the normal amount of debris, the most in a quarter-century.

Several counties on the bay already have exhausted a state cleanup fund, and officials are seeking emergency funds to help clear their shores.

Aesthetics aren't the only concern. This year's oversize crop of floating junk poses a serious hazard to navigation, which will only get worse as the boating season gets underway.

"All summer long, we'll probably hear of high-speed powerboats hitting their propellers on logs," said Rick Dahlgren, harbor master for the City of Annapolis.

The record-setting snowstorms of January are the culprit behind the bay's garbage problem. The blizzards were followed closely by heavy rains and persistent warm winds that

quickly melted the snow, flooding rivers all along the East Coast.

The bay's northernmost feeder, the Susquehanna River, overran its banks throughout much of the central Pennsylvania river valley. It made a clean sweep of the shoreline, carrying away trees, docks, cottages and assorted garbage. In one spot, about 30 miles north of the Maryland border, an ice jam thrust the river farther over its banks, where it collected even more debris. When the ice gave way, the water surged toward the bay.

The Conowingo Dam in the northeast corner of Maryland normally sifts out some flotsam, but dam operators threw open its gates in late January to ease the flood's pressure, allowing most of the junk to pour through.

Now it's here. Dahlgren said post-thaw debris usually accumulates on the banks of the northern Eastern Shore in places such as Kent County, which faces the mouth of the Susquehanna. But this year, spring high tides combined with easterly tides carried more of the junk down the bay and up into the backwaters around Baltimore and Annapolis.

Robert Ellsworth, who oversees cleanup efforts for the state Department of Natural Resources, said tree limbs make up most of the bay's worst confluence of debris since 1972's Hurricane Agnes. People have found trunks as big as three feet in diameter and 60 feet long,

some washed ashore, others still in the water, lurking beneath the surface, he said.

Other downstream floaters include 55-gallon drums, steel-rim tires, propane tanks, wrecked boats, ruined piers and even a cottage that was swept away by the flood and broken into pieces. About 75 percent of the debris has washed ashore, Ellsworth said.

Ellsworth said he already has spent the department's \$146,100 cleanup fund in grants to county governments. The job will require an additional \$150,000, which he hopes to find in state or federal emergency funds.

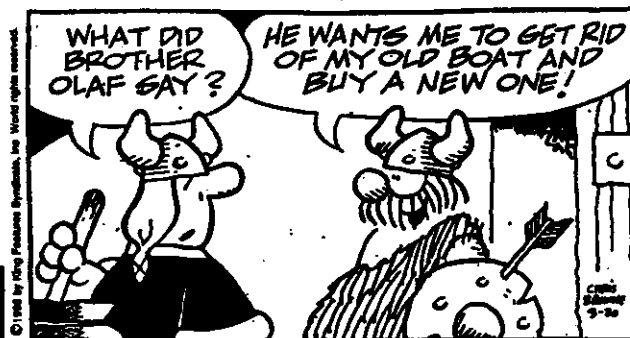
Cleanup typically involves sending out barges with cranes to haul the biggest debris out of the water. Most of the stuff is sent to landfills and recycling centers, although Anne Arundel County will burn the accumulated natural wood at Sandy Point State Park. In Kent County, where trash burning is prohibited, cleanup crews got special permission from the health department to burn debris.

But county officials caution that they won't be able to get it all. They foresee a summer of cluttered beaches and risky boating.

"Once you get in the bay, it's a pretty serious thing," said Carter Stanton, director of public works for Kent County. "There are some big trees and big stumps, and they're not totally submerged, but they bob under, and you can't see them."

JOE AND JAY HEIDEL HAVE DECIDED THAT THEIR LOVELY HISTORIC TOWN HOUSE IN EMMITSBURG IS JUST A WEE BIT SMALL FOR THEM, SO THEY HAVE PUT IT ON THE MARKET AND ARE PLANNING TO MOVE TO A NEW HOME ON A LAKE WITH LOTS OF ROOM FOR JAY'S PROJECTS.... AND ROOM TO SPREAD OUT! HOPE THE SALE AND MOVE GO SMOOTHLY.

Hagar the Horrible



Logan Hottle wanted to make sure that nobody missed this cartoon. It just hit too close to home!

On the following pages is the first installment of a CBC cruising tale.....told for your elucidation and amusement by the skipper of HIGH ADVENTURE

Tales From the Log of *High Adventure*

Annapolis to Nantucket - Summer 1995

Following a one week delay as Hurricane Felix churned up the seas along the Atlantic Seaboard, we remained glued to the Weather Channel anxiously monitoring a train of tropical waves cascading off the western coast of Africa at 10° North. Fair weather was forecast locally for the near-term, and we were confident that the weather would hold for the passage going up. Getting back ten days later, at the height of the most active hurricane season on record looked iffy, but we decided to make our run for it anyway.

09:30 Thursday August 24th, 1995. We unfurled the Ensign, set *High Adventure's* neatly coiled dock lines on their piles, and sitting a little low on our lines with an extra load of ice, provisions, tomatoes from Marcia's prolific garden, and our two experienced sailing cats Nantucket Bartholomew ("Tuck") and Jazz Mon aboard with us, we motored out of Back Creek, Annapolis and headed up the Bay. Our long overdue two week family cruise that we had planned to Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard was finally underway.

Our float plan called for a round-the-clock passage that would take us from Annapolis through the C&D Canal, down the Delaware Bay to Cape May, and then to Nantucket on the "out side" (of Long Island and Block Island). Based on prior experience, we calculated that it would take us 75 hours of running time to make the 400 nautical mile passage. We filed our float plan with Annapolis sailing friends and weather watchers Andy and Kathy Lewis. They agreed to notify the Coast Guard and our next of kin, if we became more than six hours overdue in reporting our scheduled arrival in Nantucket on Sunday afternoon August 27th.

Under warm bright summer skies and with a moderate westerly, we set the chute at the Bay Bridge and flew it up to the Bohemia River, occasionally dragging behind the boat from the swim ladder to cool off in the Upper Bay. We motored into the C&D with the current, passing Schaefer's Canal House at 19:00, having made 51 nautical miles. Exiting the C&D just after dusk, we picked up the Reedy Island Range channel markers against the multitude of shore lights on the Jersey side of the Delaware Bay, and marveled at the looming and surrealistic sight of Salem Nuclear all lit up on a moonless night.

Once on course, we broadcast securite (*say-curitay*) calls on VHF 13 and 16 to announce our presence and our bound course to interested traffic. After resetting our heavy #1 roller furling genoa, Marcia took the helm, charts, and an assortment of flashlights to stand the first of our planned four hour solo watches. There remained a gentle but steady westerly, which allowed us a satisfactory starboard reach. With only the sound of water lapping gently past our hull, I retired below to the port berth in the main salon which we had pulled out, forming a large double and making use of the drop leaf dining table as a comfortable lee-board. Tuck and Jazz climbed in with me, and we all settled down together for a short nap before my mid-night watch. At about 23:00, I heard Marcia smoothly jibe the sails as the wind clocked from the west to northeast as predicted.

00:00 Friday August 25th. We were approaching Ship John Shoal Light. The wind had freshened to 10 knots apparent, and we were broad reaching on a port tack at over 6 knots. Even though there had been very little commercial traffic, we were keeping tight to the greens. As Marcia turned the watch over to me, she confirmed our position on the chart, and cautioned about an unlit can marking Bombay Point Shoal. As the depth sounder began to indicate a rapidly rising bottom, I adjusted course slightly to port and illuminated C "5" with our hand-held spotlight, a mere 15 yards to starboard. From there, we made course for the 61' Cross Ledge light tower and horn standing on the red side of the channel, and showing the way between Cross Ledge and Joe Flogger Shoals, each with depths of as little as 2 and 3 feet.

We had plotted our familiar course from where the Bay widens at Miah Maull Shoal, directly to the red and green flashers that mark the entrance to Cape May Channel. From there we would have several options to thread the tricky shoals that extended south for several miles off the beach at Cape May, depending on the visibility and sea state. We had planned to put into Cape May to top the fuel tank, and enter through the Inlet on the ocean side. As for taking the short cut through the Cape May Canal, we discovered on a previous passage, that even from a bird's eye perch in the bosun's chair raised to the mast head, the overhead clearance was too close to call. Betting on a dead low tide, and with plenty of daylight, we decided try it anyway, and proceeded to twing the tip of our mast-head mounted VHF antenna on the bottom of several of the girders of one of the two bridges that cross the Canal. The overhead power cables aren't much higher. All in all we were lucky to shave a couple of hours off our passage that day, but it was one of those memorable experiences that you look back on and wonder how you've managed to live so long. We would never attempt it again.

Just as we approached the 59' light tower and horn that mark Miah Maull Shoal, and prepared to cross the channel, a parade of in-bound commercial traffic approached all at once from the south. Suddenly recognizing a fixed red, green, with double whites in the middle is not a particularly welcome sight at night on the water, especially when the reds and greens are up high and wide apart. We met a fast moving container ship on one whistle, and then came up hard, taking a decisive high speed loupé and making directly for the red side quickly but safely in front of the next several slower moving tugs and their tows. We exited the channel on the red side after leaving Miah Maull's light and booming horn to port.

When we settled back onto our new heading, we had a 17 knot breeze just forward of the beam. With the sails trimmed for our new course, we lowered the center board to a 60° angle of attack, increasing our draft to eight feet, and nicely balancing the helm. This gave us some extra lift as well as tracking stability. As we picked up speed, things livened up enough to encourage me to relieve Alfred the auto pilot, and to hand steer from a comfortable perch next to the wheel on the leeward side. Soon we were driving through the water in the mid to high 7's with a three foot sea on the beam. It looked like we were actually going to be able to sail all the way down the Delaware Bay! Marcia and I always used to joke about this possibility, because in our previous six cruises to New England we only had a favorable (if any) breeze to sail two of the twelve legs we've logged through the Delaware. As the wind began gusting to 22 knots, the seas built to four feet. Soon the increased weather helm, motion, and heel reached the point that made reefing our heavy #1 genoa down to 125%, an attractive option. Bearing off briefly to an apparent wind angle of 120° unloaded the furling gear, and allowed us to take in a smooth tight reef without flogging the genoa. When we came back up on course, the motion was pleasing, boat speed remained in the 7's, the helm, skipper, first mate, and cats were all happy again. Surrounded by a seascape of white caps marching off to the southwest, and with bright stars overhead, we raced over the bottom riding the current with 8.5 knots showing on the loran.

We left Fourteen Foot Bank's group flashing 59' light tower, and the red sector of Brandywine Shoal's 60' light tower all well to starboard. Soon we were able to set the bright white flash of the 165' Cape May Lighthouse 30 points off our port bow, as we headed for the mouth of the Delaware Bay. Two hours later we would have to turn the corner and the party would be over.

We had entered an alternative course into the loran that gave us a longer route around Cape May, but with wider margins for error through the shoals in case of heavy weather. I woke Marcia just before her 04:00 watch to discuss taking the longer way around, and to have an extra set of eyes on the chart and loran. With 25 knots out of the northeast, six foot seas, and a 1.5 knot current- all about to come on the nose, I was not particularly anxious to risk letting *High Adventure* get caught in the waves breaking on the shoals or be bounced off the bottom. After a brief caucus, Marcia, Tuck, and Jazz concurred with my perspective, and we unanimously selected the longer, but safer route that we had previously plotted as a heavy weather alternative to round Cape May, and which would bring us to the entrance of the Inlet on the ocean side.

Sunrise was spectacular over the gray-green sea, but short-lived under low red clouds amassed to the northeast. Hmm, red sky at morning...I mused to myself, as we labored upwind in lumpy seas towards the Inlet, contemplating the 275 nautical miles we had left to go at 0650 magnetic. We had planned to stop in Cape May only long enough to top our 30 gallon fuel tank- which had proved inadequate on a prior windless outside passage from Cape May to Point Judith- and for the first time, I was not irritated about having such a small tank. We had not used much fuel so far, but it was already in our float plan to stop, and it now seemed a welcome excuse. And stop we did. In fact at 07:00, after entering the always turbulent Cape May Inlet, we motored past the sturdy Coast Guard piers, and having covered 125 nautical miles with the last 10 being the most difficult, we put down the anchor and some fresh cat food, extinguished the running lights, and all passed out for a few hours rest. We awoke at 11:00 to a stiff NE breeze, but bright sun too.

We warmed up some bagels in the oven, brewed some coffee, swept up the mountains of litter that Tuck had tossed out of the box which we had wisely set up in the head for this passage, straightened up below, and changed charts for our ocean passage and approach to Nantucket. After an exciting "swim" in close to a two knot current, hot showers, and lunch, the breeze started to calm down, and the air got real clear. Things were looking up, and we got the ~~idea~~ again. We made our way to the fuel dock, took on several gallons, topped our water tanks, got some ice cream on a stick, and split for Nantucket at 15:30 - eight hours behind schedule, but well rested, organized, and in high spirits.

We sailed close hauled on starboard out of Cape May and up the South Jersey coast, keeping about a mile off shore, and on a much more gentle sea than we had left that morning. We were forced to hug the coast until we reached Atlantic City, and we found the view interesting, knowing that we would be out of sight of land for the next couple of days anyway. Sunset was awe-inspiring as it under-lit the high stratified clouds to the west in various warm pastel hues. Marcia and I donned sweaters, and watched mother nature paint another one of her moving master pieces as we ate dinner together in the cockpit. Then with the wind clocking to the southeast, we gained some lift in the direction of our destination. Atlantic City came on our stern, and we gradually began to make our offing from shallow soundings.

Most of the Jersey Shore looks the same from the water, primarily consisting of indistinguishable mid and high-rise condo buildings, hotels, and water towers, except for Wildwood with it's large ferris wheel, notorious Nor'easter roller coaster, water flumes, and other let's-get-weightless rides. And then of course, there is Atlantic City. Atlantic City is truly a city that never sleeps, and it makes a remarkable and memorable sight at night from the water with all it's casino's lights ablaze! "Sin City"- as Marcia and I call it- seems a fitting description, especially when you view the entire scene from afar on the water. The contrast in style seems almost Biblical in proportion to what you're doing out there by yourself in a sailboat. Soon, the lights of AC faded into the night mist and dropped off under the horizon.

04:00 Saturday, August 26th. The wind had continued to clock south and the velocity went with it. By the end of my watch the sails began to pull intermittently, and our boat speed had fallen to below four knots. Marcia plotted our position on the chart before coming on deck to stand her watch. Tuck and Jazz shared a little room with me in the bunk as Marcia rolled up the headsail and cranked up the iron genny. We motor sailed with Alfred on pilot duty for the next five hours.

08:00 Saturday, August 26th. I was greeted with a perky Happy Anniversary smooch, hug, and the first of about five cards that covered all the categories from cutesy bunnies and bears to the seriously romantic. It was our 16th together, and 13th on *High Adventure*. Marcia and I traded cards, hugs and kisses all day, but not much more. By 09:00 the prevailing summer winds had filled in from the south at 12 knots and steadily built through the afternoon. Saturday had dawned sunny during my off-watch, and the air was crystal clear. Under full sail our bow wave created a wake of clean white froth and clear bubbles that swirled by the cockpit in vivid contrast against the stunning deep blue color of the water. The combination was intoxicating and beckoned me for a dip. But we were moving too fast, and my respect for the large fish that are known to inhabit these waters, dissuaded me from my ritual of dragging behind the boat on the swim ladder as I like to do in the Chesapeake.

The chute had gone up at 10:00, and it stayed up until 22:30 when *High Adventure* came surfing off an eight foot wave at well over nine knots on auto pilot, rounding up enough to bring 25 knots of true wind over the beam, and luffing the chute. Alfred dutifully brought her back off the wind and quickly regained course, but the chute re-filled with a sharp bang that shook the entire rig right down to the mast step. Unnatural sounds on the boat at night, and especially loud ones, tend to wake me up, so I stuck my head out of the companion-way and asked Marcia, "So,... how's everything doin' out here?" Marcia was sitting next to the wheel and holding onto the binnacle guard with her right hand and the upper port life line with her left hand, her safety harness clipped onto the port jack-line. It was a mild, star-lit night out on the ocean. No land or other vessels in sight. The warm red glow of the compass light illuminated Marcia's face and the underside of the white sun awning that we had rigged during the day from the back of the dodger, low over the cockpit to the backstay. We were clear of the approach lanes to New York Harbor, and passing about 20 miles to seaward of Block Island. Our wake roared invisibly behind us. Running down-wind in these conditions seemed at once both serene and highly charged. Marcia, staring unbelievably at the wind and knot meters responded, "I've never seen the boat go this fast!" (expletives deleted). "And just how fast are we going?" I inquired. "High 8's with an occasional low to mid 9!", Marcia proclaimed triumphantly in a tense voice. She and Alfred had captured the highest speed on watch record, but I could tell she wasn't completely comfortable with this honor while the chute remained up. "Well, at least we'll be in Nantucket sooner rather than later.", I thought out loud. No sooner had this pleasing thought left my lips, then we got rounded up by another large gust and wave combination that blew a few of the important grommets out of the front of the awning. Well, it had worked well going down wind. When Alfred brought us back on course, I noticed that we were moving slower. Something seemed different in addition to our un-hinged awning. When I looked forward, I noticed that our telescopic whisker-pole-on-spinnaker-duty was folded at about a forty five degree angle where the smaller diameter inner tube exits the larger outer tube. Unsatisfied with this new arrangement, the spinnaker decided it was about time to fold too, and proceeded to wrap itself around the head stay a few times.

TO BE CONTINUED