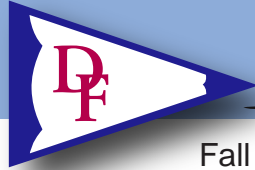


# DeFever Cruisers Magazine

Volume 13 Number 4



Fall 2008



**MARK, Bill & Kathy (#596)**  
Bremerton, WA

**1971 • DF54, Wood • RUFY ANNE**

## DeFever Cruisers Northwest Rendezvous

We had a small gathering of six boats all anchoring in the beautiful harbor of Port Gamble off of Marilyn and Rod Hansen's (#767) summer cottage. Friday evening we all gathered aboard BLUE EAGLE to get caught up and get acquainted with first timers. Jan and Jim McCorison (#438) left aboard MANANA five years ago from our Oak Harbor rendezvous cruising south to California and Mexico, returning home just in time to join us at this rendezvous to share many stories of their adventures.

Saturday we all went into the charming town of Port Gamble. The village streets of this once bustling logging town haven't changed much since the 1850s. The original New England Victorian-style homes have been preserved, along with the town's general store and stately church. Port Gamble is a National Historic site which now is a wedding destination - in fact there were two weddings that day. The General Store and Cafe is still just that, selling groceries, clothing, a wide variety of gifts, toys, and gourmet foods. A deli features homemade favorites. There are also antique shops, a trading company featuring local artists, a day spa, a now famous truffle shop, and more.

After our adventure into town we all joined in for a dinghy tour of the boats. It was a great afternoon to be out on the water cruising boat to boat even if it was just in our dinghies. It was also every interesting to see the vast differences among the three 54s. That evening we all gathered on shore at Marilyn and Rod's property to enjoy a potluck BBQ and warm fire to talk about more boat stuff (or at least that is what the guys talked about).

Sunday morning we once again ventured to shore for brunch through the oyster shells and the muck (boots worked wonders). The omelets in a bag were literally a bust, lesson learned: don't buy cheap freezer bags. Good thing we had a backup plan to fry up scrambled eggs and a lot of other great food. After brunch we all said our goodbyes until next year with all cruising home on a beautiful day of sunshine and calm seas.

A special thanks to Marilyn and Rod Hansen for inviting us all to experience Port Gamble and their wonderful property. Until next year at Bremerton Marina, September 11-13<sup>th</sup>, may you have good weather and calm seas.

"Woodies" Rule!!

### Boats attending:

1971 • DF54 Wood • AYE AYE SIR!  
1971 • DF54 Wood • BLUE EAGLE  
1971 • DF54 Wood • RUFY ANNE  
1970 • DF38 Wood • MAÑANA  
1988 • DF48 • INSPIRATION  
1979 • DF40 • MARA ROSE

Russ & Pat Clifton (#961)  
Rod & Marilyn Hansen (#767)  
Bill & Kathy Mark (#596)  
Jim & Jan McCorison (#438)  
Bob & Jamie Bima (#585)  
Linda Volz & Rick Brewster (#887)



# THE 89-YEAR-OLD DESIGNER

BY DIETER LOIBNER / CONTRIBUTING WRITER

At 89 years, Art DeFever still stands tall and has a firm handshake. Dressed in casual slacks and a short-sleeve shirt to match his low-key demeanor, he sits behind a mound of rolled-up drawings and peers through gold-rimmed glasses.

He patiently answers questions about yacht design but doesn't hide his disdain for fads in the field. His customers love him for his opinions, which are grounded in nearly 70 years of experience and as bold as the boats that still come off his drawing board. Around 4,000 DeFever's — from 32-foot week-enders to 225-foot luxury yachts, including sportfishermen and some sailboats — have been built in the United States, Mexico, Japan, Taiwan, China and Europe. He could have called it quits years ago, but boats are the fountain of youth for Art DeFever.

"I like what I do," he says, "so there's no reason to stop."

It's no surprise that he still keeps regular hours at his wood-paneled office on Shelter Island Drive in San Diego, working not on a computer but with spline and duck, the traditional tools of his trade. Floors and walls are crammed and plastered with images and models of his creations, along with such mementos as a picture of him with Walter Cronkite. DeFever has done well for himself, not just as a designer but also as a businessman. He owns the building, which is only a minute from the San Diego Yacht Club, where he keeps his 63-foot cruiser A/R DeFever. (A/R stands for Art and Ruth, his second wife.) It's docked just around the corner from the club's committee boat, Corinthian, a 43-foot DeFever design.

"I know everyone calls my boats trawlers, but I like to think of them as offshore cruisers," says DeFever. Regardless of nomenclature, many consider this unassuming man the godfather of trawler yachts, because in the 1950s DeFever incorporated trawler features into his designs long before the industry understood the possibilities of offshore power cruising.

One thing he didn't do was build boats. "When vertical integration ruled in the 1960s and '70s, Art took a different approach," says Scott Welch, an amateur maritime historian and owner of a 1964 DeFever. "While builders came and went, he focused on design and made sure his brand was always front and center."

Some models, like DeFever's 46-foot Alaskan, which he designed for American Marine, have achieved cult status because of their utility, from a blend of seaworthiness, functionality and comfort.



"His boats have a voluminous bow with reserve buoyancy, so they won't bury their nose," says Ron Owens, a retired manufacturing engineer from Apollo, Fla., who owns a 44-foot DeFever. "They also have a deep forefoot and a flat run aft, so they don't slam and they track well."

Speed seems less of a concern to DeFever's clients, who are like him, "happy to cruise at 10 to 12 knots." Of course he has designed faster vessels, such as the 154-foot Paminusch, which he did for the German beer-brewing Prince Fürstenberg, but they remain exceptions. "Many owners of DeFever boats are reformed sailors, so they aren't necessarily obsessed with velocity," explains Bob Dein, a retired pathologist and owner of a DeFever 44 who publishes the newsletter of the DeFever Cruising Club ([www.defevercruisers.com](http://www.defevercruisers.com)). "We are comfortable at hull speed, but if we get caught in nasty weather, we know the boat can take it."

DeFever's personal vessel is an example of form following function. From the flybridge to the engine room, from the bow to the owner's

**DeFever is considered by many to be the godfather of trawler yachts, because he incorporated trawler features before the style became popular. The designer's personal 63-footer is the A/R DeFever.**

BOB GRIESE

cabin, everything is correctly proportioned and properly positioned, conceived by someone who understands the demands of the sea.

DeFever grew up in San Pedro, Calif., near Los Angeles, exposed to life on the waterfront and Hollywood glamour by his father Edmond, a Belgian immigrant who came here in 1913 to work as a hard-hat deep-sea diver. On the side, the elder DeFever also landed stunt gigs as a diver for movie productions, which is why Art got jobs on the sets in the late 1930s.

"I had a 16-foot dinghy on Balboa Island, and it was known that I liked boats," he says. "So one day Shirley Temple's father came to me and said, 'Why don't you make them from plastic?' Great idea, but I couldn't convince anyone."

**"I know everyone calls my boats trawlers, but I like to think of them as offshore cruisers."**

**— Art DeFever**

After attending the University of Southern California and a course of naval architecture at University of California-Berkeley, DeFever apprenticed with Carl Shield and Ted Geary. During World War II he designed military craft at the Hodgson-Greene-Haldeman yard in San Diego. After the war he introduced his first production boat, the Hollywood Cruiser, a fast weekender of 32 or 35 feet with accommodations for two couples. Around this time he began to design tuna clippers for the war-depleted fleet in San Diego. These were hardy trawlers with high, flared bows; flat, open sterns; and helo pads for small spotting choppers. In lieu of a design fee, DeFever partnered with some captains and owners to share in the proceeds of the catch, a smart business move.

When some of his sailing friends wanted power yachts to cruise the West Coast, they tapped DeFever. "Storm or calm, they always encountered tuna boats offshore, so they asked me if I could adapt a trawler hull for cruising," he says. As the design evolved, DeFever eliminated the fantail to gain more space aft and incorporated the raised pilothouse and a Portuguese bridge to protect the deckhouse from green water when it crashed onto the foredeck. Some of these features soon became staples on other trawler designs.

"His influence is bigger than most people realize or give him credit for," says Owens, who once commented to DeFever about limited headroom on his boat's bridge wing.

"It's called adaptive design," Art explained, tongue firmly planted in cheek. "Bump your head often enough and you'll adapt to the boat's design."

DeFever also had to adapt when the market shifted to twin engines and demanded more amenities and electronics. "One engine used to be enough with auxiliary power from the genset," he says. "But today customers want twins for redundancy. Then there are barbecues and wet bars, on-board entertainment systems and remote controls for bridge wing and aft deck."

DeFever never was one-dimensional. He sailed too, racing a boat named Vendetta and bringing home the prestigious Lipton Cup for the San Diego Yacht Club. He also co-founded a local bank, and served as the director of the Hubbs-Sea World Research Institute and as a trustee of the USC Marine Science Center. He has had 17 boats of his own, but No. 18 is in the works, because he and his wife

need to get to their beloved summer vacation spot on Catalina Island. "We go there every July and August," he says. "But we had to downsize because our mooring is limited to 60 feet."

Barring unforeseen circumstances, A/R DeFever will call on Avalon soon enough, guided there from San Diego by her 89-year old master. What better testimony for the man and his craft? ■

*Reprinted with permission from Soundings Publications LLC.  
Thanks to Dave Moore (# 314) for working with Soundings to bring this article to our Magazine.*

## West Marine New Member Discount

Just a reminder that West Marine as well as some other marine stores offer a discount program for new boat owners. You don't necessarily have to purchase a brand new boat – just a boat that is "new to you". Proof of purchase is usually required to take advantage of the program, but do inquire at West (they offer a discount for 30 days) and at other marine retailers in your area. Thanks to Barbara and Bob Dein (#2) for this tip!

## DeFever Cruisers Embroidered Items

A variety of clothing and other items are available with the DeFever Cruisers Burgee logo from [www.mediasource.net](http://www.mediasource.net). To go to the custom embroidery shop click on the bottom right icon: "Stylesource." Then enter the password, "defever" in all lower case. There are no minimums. For promotional items, click on the bottom left icon and search for a product that you like (there are minimum quantities for promo items).

## DFC Members in Alaska



*DeFever members Deins (#2), Uppers (#221), and Owens (#401) explore Alaska together – looks pretty cold for August!*



## Lucky Stars – Premier!



*Check out the photo of our DeFever Cruisers News Editor's new boat – a 1988 Camargue 48 CPMY named LUCKY STARS. Congratulations to Carol and Dan Rohr (#665)!*

**HAESEKER, Hank and Nancy (#22)**  
North Palm Beach, FL

1988 • DeFever 52 • LAST LAUGH

## DeFever Mini Rendezvous, Tahiti Beach, Abacos, Bahamas

June 2008, found four DeFeverers enjoying happy hour at Tahiti Beach while anchored nearby south of White Sound, Elbow Cay. Tahiti Beach is not only gorgeous, but a favorite site for many previous impromptu gatherings of DeFever Cruisers, including a 35th anniversary celebration in 2005 for King Bob and Queen Barbara Dein (#2). Famous local Hopetown baker, store owner and minister, Vernon Malone, officiated at the renewal of marriage vows ceremony which was attended by many DF Cruisers.

Thanks to photographer Bob Dein for these photos.



*DeFeverers at Tahiti Beach Anchorage June, 2008*

*CYGNET DF 49 CPMY; LAST LAUGH DF 52 LRC #12 hull; STEFFIE ANN DF 52 LRC #1 hull. This is an unusual sight, seeing two DF 52s side-by-side since there were only sixteen 52s built in the 1980's, and one since. Three of the original boats have had cockpit extensions added.*



*DF 52 LAST LAUGH and tender CHUCKLES at anchor at Lynyard Cay, Abacos, Bahamas. June, 2008*

*The relaxed group are: Chet and Linda Brummet (#444), DF 49 CPMY CYGNET, Hank and Nancy Haeseker, DF 52 LRC LAST LAUGH, Pam Persons, DF friend and annual guest onboard LAST LAUGH, Barbara and Bob Dein, DF 44 GONDOLA, SOB (Grand Banks) guest Diane, Steffie Danforth (#562), DF 52 LRC STEFFIE ANN, (Mike was guarding the boats), Bill Persons, LAST LAUGH's champion fisherman guest, and G.B. owner Bob. (We social DF Cruisers always welcome other trawler types to our get-togethers!)*



## SEA BISCUIT's Final Cruise of 2008



Our 44 DeFever is an experienced boat, a 1987 that has traveled many waters and showed several owners some very fine times. My wife and I are the most recent owners.

We acquired her in July of this year from proud owners who had taken fine care of her. Immediately we began nesting, customizing, and making small repairs to minor items. Generally she was well cared for, her teak rails always in polished condition. In any boat there are always small items that need maintenance, and SEA BISCUIT was a sound boat with a detailed survey that showed only minor discrepancies. We worked feverishly the first month to correct those items,

repairing navigation lights, replacing dock lines, and similar tasks.



The admiral went to work replacing the microwave, toaster, kitchen cutlery and dishes, and refinishing and equipping staterooms. We live in Kansas City, and SEA BISCUIT is berthed at the Galveston Yacht Basin, so multiple trips created long weekends aboard. Fine nights were spent sleeping in that master stateroom. As we equipped, maintained, and began to customize SEA BISCUIT we wrestled with the idea of keeping her in Galveston, close to family and friends, for a year or so before moving her along to another port. The slip at Galveston was a most comfortable arrangement, a covered slip in a congenial and convenient yacht basin.

The threat of hurricanes is real along the Gulf coast, and having grown up in Houston we were not unaware of their strength and unpredictability. The year has been a very active one for storms and we started our ownership by hauling out for Edourd, which threatened, then eclipsed Galveston, wreaking havoc further up the coast. While we were out we took advantage of the haulout to have our new transducer installed, then considered, and finally capitulated, on whether to refinish the saloon sole. The varnish was tired and worn, and refinishing it would provide a consistent look throughout the ship, as all other teak decking was in excellent shape.



With work completed and ready for sea in all respects, we commuted back down to Galveston as SEA BISCUIT was ready to be launched again. But, we had another hurricane brewing in the Gulf – Gustav. It was Wednesday, and Gustav would make landfall somewhere along the Gulf coast around Saturday. We could leave SEA BISCUIT on the blocks and avoid another haulout charge, and the yard was accommodating in that respect, no additional fees for laying in the yard. But, what would we do for four days?

Finally, we decided to have her launched, and should Gustav seriously threaten a couple of days later we would bite the financial bullet and have her hauled again. We wanted to have some fun time with our SEA BISCUIT and this seemed a reasonable risk. As luck would have it, Gustav curved away from us, providing only a constant cooling breeze while we played around Galveston. We beat the odds and avoided another haulout.

We continued equipping and tending to SEA BISCUIT, taking short jaunts with friends and family. Then,



along came Ike, threatening again. We were at home in Kansas City this time, but we had a few items to get to the boat, so I drove down this time, and hurried as we watched Ike's menacing wanderings. The constantly altering projections made it likely that Galveston would be a target, and by the time Friday morning came around Ike's intent was clear.



Galveston Yacht Harbor has fixed concrete piers with covered slips. While it affords a lot of protection in many ways, it is vulnerable to extremely high tides, with SEA BISCUIT having about five feet of clearance above the radar dome. It is not a good option to stay in the slip if very high tides are forecast, and any hurricane would certainly contain those conditions. So, for me, it was not an option to leave SEA BISCUIT to peril by crushing from above. As everyone else was busy caring for their own boats I would have no help in moving her the eight miles down the Intracoastal to Pier 77 where she would be hauled, so I would have to do it myself. Careful planning and cautious actions made the short trip possible, if not perfectly advisable. I would have help at the receiving port, and reliable twin engines to encourage taking the risk of the short single-handed cruise, which I (nervously) enjoyed completely.



The cruise to Pier 77 was on a sunny day with a 15 knot breeze. As I motored slowly out of the slip and wiggled through the breakwater, I watched other owners hurriedly making preparations for the oncoming storm. I looked at many boats the size of SEA BISCUIT, and larger boats, and wondered if I was making a mistake. Could these owners know that their boats would be okay in these covered slips? Was my judgment faulty, frail with inexperience? Certainly, I cannot claim more than a couple of months of ownership of this size of vessel. I assured myself I was making the correct

decision and worried about the friends and acquaintances I was leaving behind.

Upon reaching Pier 77 I was reminded of the foolhardy decisions one can make when commanding a ship. I arrived single-handed, as I departed, and was met with a small contingent of dock persons ready to position SEA BISCUIT in the sling for hauling. The small harbor was obviously congested, and careful maneuvering would be required to slide SEA BISCUIT around obstructions and into the slip. Then, the port engine control would not slide into reverse, and would also not return to forward. Multiple efforts provided no results.

Now, single-handed, I could only control the ship with the starboard engine, working in a congested and small harbor with winds that had increased to 20 knots. I advised the dock persons of my situation, and advised I would need additional people to assist in keeping SEA BISCUIT off the walls. Before you could blink there were fifteen of Pier 77's finest on both sides of the slip. Small, sure movements of throttle and steering, sometimes with short bursts against the relatively small rudder, along with reading the wind and using it's force to advantage, and I was able to place SEA BISCUIT, though somewhat awkwardly, into position well enough for the dock hands to wrestle her into the slip and slings. I simply could not have done it without their help, and would have had to explore other options without them.

It would be my last command of SEA BISCUIT.

Once hauled and in chocks, I lowered the anchor and played out a hundred feet or more of chain rode, zigzagged along in front of SEA BISCUIT's bow. Other ships blocked were similarly configured. I finished lashing down any above deck items, really cinching up the straps on the dingy atop the aft deck. Looking aft at the dingy, all strapped down, motor in place, I privately wondered where the dingy would wind up.....across the bay? Nothing I could do at that point, so I continued with other preparations.



As a final act, perhaps of defiance, I placed a lightweight plastic bowl atop the table in the saloon. Actually, atop the table was a new mirror, about the size of the table, still covered in bubble wrap. It fit perfectly within the fiddles, so it seemed like as good a place as any for a large mirror. I placed the plastic salad bowl atop the mirror, precariously left as an indicator of how bad conditions might get during the hurricane. I would later look for the bowl and imagine how sickening it might have been during the hurricane's passage.

I gathered my belongings, a duffel bag, small cooler, and camera, disembarked down a long steel ladder placed at the stern, and looked her over. I had taken multiple all around pictures from the fly bridge before disembarking, and took several others of SEA BISCUIT up on blocks. She was a tall, proud ship, a substantial mass of twenty two tons. I patted her hull, wished her Godspeed, and made way for Kansas City.

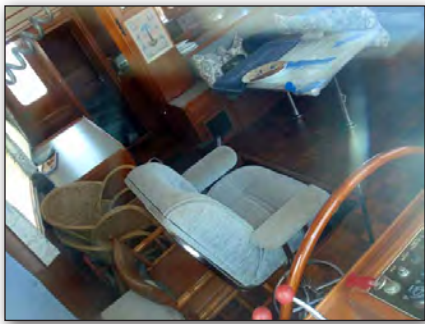
Ike came ashore directly over Galveston Island. The famous Galveston Seawall, built after the most deadly natural disaster in U.S. history, performed admirably. A hundred years of age, and continued maintenance saved Galveston from yet another hurricane. But Ike was no gentleman. Although crossing the seawall as only a Category Two hurricane, almost a Three, or barely a Three, depending on who you ask, Ike carried a storm surge unequalled in Galveston history in the past one hundred years. I experienced the hurricanes of my youth, Carla, Alicia, and others, most much stronger in wind speed, but none of such size in diameter and storm surge.

The seawall did its job, and though much damage was done from the Gulf side, in reality the wind damage was minimal, for a hurricane. The damage to Galveston was as severe as that of Katrina, but it all came from behind. The storm surge of some 12 to 15 feet came from Galveston Bay, not the Gulf of Mexico. Traditional hurricanes will pile up water in the bay so high that ports like Clear Lake, Kemah, and Seabrook experience tremendous tidal surges and their accompanying ruin. Without a doubt, these places experienced a lot of trauma from Ike, but not the tidal surge that could have been. That, Ike reserved for its deadly blow to the bay side of Galveston Island, where waters rose 12 to 15 feet.

My decision to leave Galveston Yacht Basin for a haulout at Pier 77 turned out to be a correct one. Galveston







Yacht Basin suffered an horrendous fate from Ike. As I feared, boats were crushed from above, as they rose with the storm surge, and sunk. Boats were floated high, then their stern placed high on concrete piers, their bows pushed into the water, many crushed,

cracked and sinking. Boats were piled on boats. A fire destroyed a dry storage building filled with boats. Large fisherman, many 60 feet in length, or more, toppled and lay on their side in twelve feet of water. E-dock, uncovered slips where dozens of fine sailing vessels call home, suffered similar destruction. Of these dozens of sailboats, many over 50 feet in length, only one survived. All others were scattered around Galveston, or sunk in their slip. The devastation is horrific, and pictures of the Galveston area, including Galveston Bay show hundreds of boats in similar disarray and destruction, not just in the Yacht Basin at Galveston.

As for SEA BISCUIT, some of the Pier 77 staff stayed on site, in a strengthened building to ride out the storm. In their yard were some 30 to 40 boats on blocks, like SEA BISCUIT. Ike came ashore in darkness, and during the eye, which passed directly over Galveston, some of the Pier 77 folks looked out to observe the situation. Water over the boatyard, four or five feet high seemed to be receding. Under their eyes, assisted by handheld spotlights and flashlights, all boats appeared to be in place, some ripped and shredded canvas, and little other damage. Pier 77

personnel remember thinking, “we’ve made it through the worst and it looks like we are actually going to beat this storm.”

The hope was short lived. From somewhere up in Galveston Bay dozens of creosote telephone, or power poles, were on the loose, blowing directly toward Pier 77 shipyard in the darkness. Loud banging on the building walls brought wading personnel to force open a door and see what ship was banging against the building. It was not a ship, but an unruly creosote power pole, and the decision was made to wrestle it over to the door and allow it to float inside the building where it could be secured. This was bravely done, but was merely the precursor to “the invasion of the creosote poles.” All over the shipyard, in darkness, and in one hundred mile per hour winds, creosote poles were destroying ships and structures. The poles knocked ships off blocks and turned a few boats sideways, and it was quickly over for ninety percent of the fleet.

SEA BISCUIT, and “Marlin-tini”, behind her, were pushed and blown, but not completely overturned. SEA BISCUIT would be found only thirty or so feet from her blocks, long since gone. She lay awry, in a thirty degree list up against a concrete graving wall perhaps four feet in height, which certainly saved her from floating or blowing into the mass of other boats. She was not without damage. Her handrails on both sides of the bow ripped away, rudders bent, gelcoat scraped, but thankfully, otherwise left atop some crushed boat trailers in what appeared to be

a reasonable condition. The canvas atop the fly bridge was expectedly shredded, and there were scrapes about the port hull. The hull on the starboard side could not be seen, buried against the graving wall along with several yards of sand washed ashore, seemingly protecting the hull against the concrete wall. Until SEA BISCUIT could be lifted to an upright position she could not be boarded, but from the views available, rescue looked hopeful. The salad bowl lay motionless, only a few inches from where I placed it days earlier. I was encouraged, though troubled by the appearance of displaced sole hatches in the saloon.

The Travel-Lift could not be used to lift SEA BISCUIT because of her position against the graving wall. As with many of the other boats, she would require a large crane. After a couple of weeks, she was up righted, and placed in blocks.

What they found was not good. SEA BISCUIT was imperiled. She was holed amidships, in a couple of places, mud, sand and a mixture of diesel seeping from a punctured fuel tank, dooming her future. Surveyors, assessors, repair persons, and curious onlookers would shake their head. From Kansas City, I could only get verbal reports, at first, then photographs. Seawater had risen inside the boat flooding the engine room, electrical, circuits, and both staterooms. The damage was beyond repair.

We will sorely miss SEA BISCUIT, and it is painful and hard to think of her fate. But, in keeping perspective, our hearts go out to those who have lost so much more, homes, jobs, and love ones. SEA BISCUIT will live again, her name on another DeFever, another time.



**DEIN, Bob & Barbara (#2)**

**1999 • DeFever 44 • GONDOLA**

**Venice, FL**

## **Gondola Update**

Received 5/13: Hi to all. This will be a VERY abbreviated account of GONDOLA's recent locations. There will be individual notes sent, when needed, later.

We very slowly cruised from Venice (FL west coast) to Palm Beach, via the Keys, trysting with DF52 STEFFIE ANN, humans Mike and Steph Danforth (#562) and Captain Dog Dixie in Lake Worth, arriving within ten minutes of each other on Friday 4/25. Fronts, winds, and seas kept us there until Monday 5/5 - a perfect crossing day. Crossing incidentals: Bob caught only one mahi - about three pounds, and we chatted on VHF for a while with Bill and Myke Oppold, DF49 RPH FOOTPRINTS, headed home to FL after a few month stay. He mentioned DFC names to be on the lookout for. STEFFIE ANN needed a small bit of repair to a broken bolt and some rest time for the crew, so we dawdled at West End, Grand Bahama for three nights. On to one night anchored off the NW corner of Great Sale, then STEFFIE ANN went to White Sound, and we went to Black Sound, Green Turtle to sit out weather for three nights, and then around Whale Cay to Hopetown for a 'real' front - blew 20 plus, gusting to 35. (This was 'remnant' of storm that caused so much destruction in the southeast U.S. TURTLE II (Spriggs #13) had bimini damage in Charleston, and for those who know that our son & his wife live in Macon, GA - they came through those tornadoes safely.) We hear there will be another bout this weekend. We have VHF'ed with LEGACY (Swezy/Cantrell #619), have heard TROPIC STAR (Oaks #989) on the air, know that CASSANDRA JADE (Bryan #415) is in Marsh Harbor, but will keep our ears/eyes open for others.



**KEELER, Frank & Ruth (#69)**  
**Punta Gorda, FL**

**1991 • DeFever 44 • WIND DRIFT**

## **Boat Yard Blues**

This one's for the ladies - or should I say Co-Captains!! You've all been there so join me on a typical pre-launch day.

Hot enough that we dare not go barefoot on deck. 95 degrees and we both spend the morning in the closet - struggling to pull the exhaust hose out and replace same! Not having fun yet - can hardly wait for launch day but the starboard exhaust hose awaits us tomorrow as well as waxing the hull in this heat. Our clothes are stiff from dirt and perspiration - now I know why the ladies shower room has a heap of discarded, dirty clothing in the garbage. Oh Joy! The price we pay for having so much fun in the Bahamas. Wouldn't trade it! (Well, maybe the thought has crossed my mind for a nanosecond.)

Finally, the Captain calls time out. You should see this nearby restaurant/pool hall/bar. Walls with major racing stuff, gator heads, longhorn heads, stuffed gators, inflatable race cars, etc. Add to that the most Halloween decorations possible to display in one place and you get the picture. Oh, did I mention the camouflage curtains?

No cell phone reception so we next head to the pay phone to catch up with our e-mails where I time my dialing with the gigantic spider's trips back and forth to the phone. As if that isn't bad enough the mosquitoes swarm me such that I have to dance and swat in time to the loud hillbilly music. Frank decides to help swat while I dial, but we eventually surrender.

Back down the narrow highway where we are quickly overtaken by the POLICE in their souped up, stainless trimmed, white club cab truck with enough fancy lights on it to illuminate LaBelle. Enough excitement for today so we head down through the cow pasture via the sandy, rutted corduroy road, dodging cow patties and huge longhorn bulls that are not the least intimidated or willing to step aside for a big green SUV.

Back to the boat where we climb up the 10' ladder with Frank's doggie bag (spilling beef stew down my front). Next we go into ROACH ALERT MODE, hoping to sneak up on any critters when the lights go on. Thankfully, the formaldehyde fumes have cleared so we can safely rest our weary bones. The cool night air is delightful and weary muscles relax. Relax very briefly! A terrific clatter comes from the aluminum ladder - just three feet from our heads - we are being boarded and are instantly on the alert. I am most impressed with the VERY DEEP and THREATENING voice coming from the Captain. "Who Goes There?" No reply but more rattling of the aluminum ladder. Boy, he really scared that yard cat! Isn't this the life? Oh, by the way, the sunset was spectacular!

And finally, a wee bit of advice for the ladies. NEVER, NEVER let the Captain talk you into assisting in the removal of an exhaust hose. This assistant suffered a broken rib on day two. Don't you just love it??



**STEINHOFF, Wally & Pam Brown (#298)**  
**Marquette, MI**

**1991 • DeFever 44 • SANDIAL**

## **Sandial Trinidad**

July 4, 2008: Well here it is. We've been in Trinidad a full year. We've had a great time here and met a number of new friends that, I'm sure we will have for quite some time. We've met a lot of new boaters that we will, undoubtedly, be running into again and we have met a lot of locals whom, sadly, we probably won't see again for a very long time, if ever. But we will still have fond memories.

We've made quite a few improvements to SANDIAL while in Trinidad, not the least of which was a year long project of designing, engineering, and building an expandable swim platform and a new way to get from the swim platform to the back deck. Before I get into what finally happened you have to have a little flavor of the work ethic of the Trinidadian labor force and the availability of parts and supplies.

Now, when a Trini tells you he will have your project completed “tomorrow”, that doesn’t mean he will have it for you the day after today. All it means is that he will not have it for you today like he promised you yesterday, but it will be some time in the future. Tomorrow means some time in the future. All Trinis carry cell phones and when you hire one to work for you, you always get his cell phone number so you can track him down when he doesn’t show up. All the cell phones in Trinidad have caller ID so after a couple of friendly calls from you he will simply not answer. When he tells you that he will be at the boat tomorrow he has absolutely no problem letting you wait on the boat for him all day even if he never intended to show up. The first thing you must be thinking is why not fire him and get someone else? THEY ARE ALL THE SAME. It’s somehow built into the culture.

We have the best boat boy working for us daily. We trust him totally. We trust him to the point that when we took our trip to Europe for three weeks he stayed on the boat and took care of King Elvis and the boat. Well, this past Sunday we had a party for one of the retiring dock guys and Arnold, our boat boy, attended the party. Monday morning he didn’t show up. When he finally showed up Tuesday I asked him where he was yesterday: “I sleep in” he told me. “Then, Arnold, why didn’t you call me and tell me you weren’t going to come to the boat today?” He looked at me kind of funny and said “I was sleepin’.” Then he proceeded about his chores.

Now we don’t have a West Marine, Home Depot, or Lowe’s here or anything close to it. We have a few marine chandleries with a limited supply. To have things shipped from the U.S. is reasonably fast getting to the country, but you have a royal battle getting anything cleared through Customs. I’ve ordered parts that I needed and couldn’t get here and they arrived in country in a few days, but it took me weeks to get it through Customs.

Trinidad has had a reputation throughout the boating community of being a place where you can get good work done (once you get them to finish it) at a reasonable price. One Captain told me that he saved so much money getting things done on his boat he almost went broke. Trinidad still produces a good quality product, but it’s no longer inexpensive. They are approaching U.S. prices.

Back to my swim platform: I doubled the length of my swim platform by hinging an extension to it that I can fold up when I’m cruising and let out to have more play area when we are at anchor - it works great. I was asking around and getting prices for having a stairway built that would take you from the swim platform to the back deck. I was very surprised at the estimates I was getting, if I could get one at all. I started talking to some people about building an hydraulic lift instead and estimates were only a little more than the stairway so I decided to go with a system of two hydraulic cylinders that would lift a platform up and down to the back deck. I hired a contractor to design and build it and he assured me that he has done this many times and it is quite simple. He assured me that once I got the cylinders on the boat he would have it completed within two weeks. Twenty six weeks later and at twice the cost I finally took everything he had done off the boat and replaced it with a stairway at a little higher cost than it would have originally cost me. The man had installed the cylinders incorrectly and after going up and down a couple of times I noticed stainless steel shavings and hydraulic fluid leaking. He had ruined them.

That was the one negative experience I had other than the small generator catching on fire and almost burning the boat down and a few other things, but they are for another time.

We are planning on leaving here tomorrow and heading for a group of islands called Los Testigos. They are sparsely populated out-islands of Venezuela and supposedly very quiet and beautiful. From there we plan on heading west to a few other sets of Venezuelan out-islands and doing some fishing, snorkeling, diving and just plain relaxing. We are a little concerned about this area as there have been some pirating going on in the past year, but in very isolated instances. We hope to be traveling with a few other boats and that makes us feel a lot safer. In any case we will write again when we get to Curacao as I’m quite certain that will be the only time we will have access to the Internet.

*Tranquilo Viente, Wally, Pam, Mariah, and Elvis*

**Received: July 23, 2008** - We had a little change of plans at the very last minute. As we were preparing to leave for Curacao we got an email from Maremares Marina the day before we were going to leave saying that they had room for us in the marina now. We originally wanted to go to Puerta la Cruz before going to Curacao, but decided that there was only one marina we would stay at and that was Maremares, but they told us they were full. Now that they had room we changed our plans and headed for Venezuela. It seems our plans are always getting changed or maybe we just have a hard time making up our minds.

Our trip from Chaugaramas, Trinidad to Los Tostigos Islands, Venezuela was pretty tense. This stretch of sea is about a hundred miles and is known for pirates. These pirates pose as fisherman or other working boats and come

along side asking for water or band aids and the like. Once you slow down to try to communicate with them and help them they pull their weapons and hold you at gun point while they board your boat and steal everything they can get their hands on. One boat captain that had been boarded just two weeks before we left said they even took the clothes out of their drawers and food from their cupboards.

We left while it was still dark in hopes of getting offshore before day light came. We were more than a little nervous and very cautious. Even Elvis who normally is laid back and sleeps through most of the voyage actually, well, was laid back and slept through most of the voyage. We watched every fishing boat in the area closely and were well aware of any that were in our proximity. As it turned out though, we did not have a problem. It was a wonderful day for cruising and although there were many fishing boats out there none gave us more than a friendly wave. We even caught a nice tuna and had grilled tuna steaks for dinner that night.

Lost Tostigos is a small group of islands north and west of Trinidad. There are only a few hundred people that live there and the ones we met were all very friendly. The beaches are clean with white sand and the water is crystal clear. It was a very relaxing few days away from all of the hustle and bustle of Trinidad.

We then left for a six hour tour to Isla Margarita which is another Venezuelan island, but much more cosmopolitan and busy. The island is a duty free island so a lot of Venezuelan citizens go there to shop. The money exchanged was 2.14 Bolivars to \$1 U.S. at the banks, but you can get as much as 4 B's to \$1 U.S. on the black market. Fuel, delivered to your boat in the anchorage is 17 cents U.S. per U.S. gallon. Beer is about 50 cents a bottle.

After about a week we headed for Coche, another small resort island between Margarita and mainland Venezuela. It too is a very pretty island and we spent a couple of days just exploring and enjoying the peace and quiet.

We arrived at Maremares Marina in Puerta la Cruz, Venezuela yesterday and will probably stay here throughout the hurricane season. We have been here before and like the area very much. It takes a little getting used to because of the language barrier and their other customs, but its fun to try to catch up. The time change here is a half hour behind EST. The locals claim it is just Chavez's way of showing his power. One Customs guy told us that this time zone gives the natives the maximum amount of sunshine and you need a lot of sunshine on your pituitary gland or you will become very crabby.

*Tranquilla Viente, Wally, Pam, Mariah and Elvis*



**OLSEN, David & Sandra (#937) 2002 • DeFever 49 CPMY • LEPRECHAUN  
Niceville, FL**

## **Grand Tour of the Caribbean - Voyage of the LEPRECHAUN**

In the spring of 2007 my wife told me that she did not feel up to another long boating excursion and suggested that I look for some adventurous companions to join me in a cruise I had been dreaming of for some time - circumnavigating the Caribbean in my boat the LEPRECHAUN.

The LEPRECHAUN, also known as Coast Guard Facility 7670, is a 49' DeFever motor yacht ideal for cruising long distances in open water. Powered by two Perkins-Sabre 130 HP engines, she has a range of over 1000 miles at eight knots. Included are two staterooms with sleeping capacity for six (two up top and/or in salon), a large flybridge, salon, and a fully equipped galley. A stand-up engine room with comfortable access to the engines, generator and other equipment is unique for this size vessel. A fully integrated set of electronics - chartplotter, radar, depthfinder, GPS, and autopilot are available at both the salon station and flybridge. A dinghy lowered from a davit provides transportation to shore when moored. The large afterdeck has a comfortable eating area, barbeque and ice maker. Hydraulic stabilizers that greatly minimize roll and yaw make the ride comfortable in moderate seas.

I promoted the venture as a trip of a lifetime. I recruited a few friends and soon we had a cadre of interested

crewmen. Some were friends and neighbors, CG Auxiliary members, Fort Walton Beach, Florida Yacht Club members and others. The word spread with interested boaters from as far as Washington State, W. Virginia, and Iowa. The plan was to circle the Caribbean clockwise through the lower Bahamas, Turks and Caicos, Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, U.S. and British Virgin Islands, the Windwards, Leewards, islands off Venezuela, the Dutch Antilles, Colombia (Cartegena, Providencia), Panama, Honduras (Roatan), Guatemala, Belize, and Mexico.

We met weekly, discussing routes, medical issues, insurance, security, safety, and other issues. Prospective



new members were invited and voted on by the established crew. There were many concerns. Most of those interested had some boating experience but, except for one person, no one had undergone major ocean passages. But despite the risks and uncertainties, the group was energized with a strong sense of adventure and was eager to participate. Training sessions were added covering basic boat handling, use of navigation equipment, anchoring, using the davit to lower/hoist the dinghy and man overboard.

Planning went on for over six months. Most of the crew members could not commit to the full duration of the voyage, so we compromised by dividing the route into five legs. We developed detailed float plans using PC planner, the C-Map tool. Crew size for each leg was set at four, with

some of the crew signing on for multiple legs. We were fifteen in total, three Colonels, one of them an M.D., an attorney, an architect, a West Marine manager, a student, and the rest engineers. We planned a six to seven month adventure leaving in November in order to be safely back before the hurricane season.

The first leg - Niceville, Florida to Providenciales, one of the Caicos Islands, was somewhat of a shakedown cruise. Taking the GICW to Apalachicola, we crossed the Gulf to Venice at night in comfortable seas. From there we dropped down through the GICW to Captiva and on to Naples, Little Shark River, and Marathon. Weather plus equipment repairs held us in Marathon for a week, but we finally got underway on November 29th, heading for the Riding Rocks in the Bahamas. That night the seas kicked up and the crew got a taste of real passage making with estimated wave heights of ten to twelve feet, but in the morning the Bahama banks were perfectly flat. We overnighted in Chub Cay and Nassau before heading down the Exuma chain to Georgetown, stopping at Allen's, Staniel, and Little Farmer's Cays. We ended up stranded for over a week in Georgetown waiting for the effects of a late season storm to abate, then made our way to Rum Cay which we thoroughly enjoyed before making the long passage to Providenciales (198 nm). After exploring Provo, the first crew flew back to Florida in time for Christmas while I stayed on board enjoying visits from my wife and daughter and her family.

The second crew arrived on January 16th and, after provisioning and giving them time to explore the island, we set off for the Dominican Republic. After reevaluating our plan, taking into account a two-day weather window, we decided to forego the Caicos banks and our original plan to stage at Big Sand Cay. Instead we ran outside in deep water past W. Caicos heading for Ocean World, just west of Puerta Plata in the D.R., another long passage (176 nm). We had originally considered Luperon, the fabled D.R. north shore port as our next stopping point, but revised our plans after talking to locals on Provo who regaled us with stories of the beautiful port with filthy water and corrupt customs officials. Leaving Ocean Reef late in the afternoon after correcting a wiring problem, we traveled the dreaded north shore, finding it to be comfortable compared with the open water passages previously encountered. Ducking into potential anchorages and finding the swell not to our liking, we continued on through the night all the way to Punta Cana, a mega resort on the east end of D.R. From there we crossed the feared Mona Passage in waters that could almost be considered glassy and on to Boquerón. Fortunately, each crewman acquired a frequent boater's card from U.S. Customs before leaving and we were able to clear Puerto Rican customs with

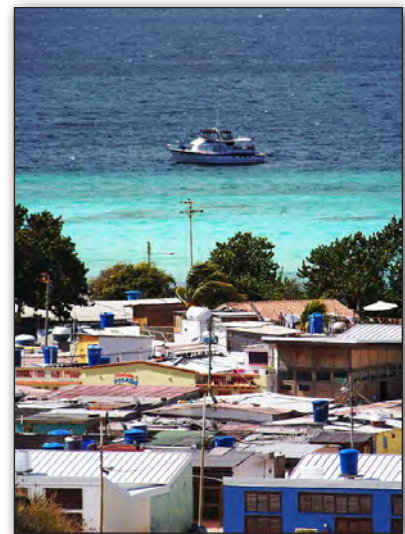
only a phone call (also used later for entry into the U.S. Virgin Islands and return to the U.S. mainland). From there we traveled the southern coast of Puerto Rico with stops in Gilligan's Islands, and Salinas. Our intentions had been to stop at the resort of Palmas Del Mar, but one of two Colonels on board made a phone call to Roosevelt Roads to see if the small marina there could accommodate us instead. As it turned out RR was an excellent stop where we spent several days touring the island and relaxing. From there, we went on to Culebra, St. Johns in the U.S. Virgin Islands, and on to Roadtown in the BVI, the end of Leg Two.

Two of the crewmen on Leg Two had also signed on for Leg Three. We met the third, flying in from Seattle, at the Roadtown airport and ferried him out to nearby Trellis Bay where we had anchored the night before. After spending the next several nights at different anchorages in the BVI, we crossed to St. Martin where we took a slip in the Ft. Lewis Marina on the French side of the island in the beautiful Baie de Marigot. There we toured the town, hiked to a fort overlooking the town and dinghied to the Dutch side where we bought provisions that were later delivered to the boat. Our next stop was St. Barts, perhaps the most upscale of the Caribbean Islands, where we had lunch and walked the beautiful town of Gustavia. From there we crossed to St. Kitts and the marina Zante in Basseterre. Unfortunately Basseterre is a cruise-ship stop and we found the cheap malls filled with trinkets and T-shirts an unwelcome distraction. We did rent a car and travel the island, stopping at a beautiful fort at Brimstone Hill and at the Rawlins Plantation where we lunched in colonial splendor. After considering the tough slog against wind and current to Antigua, we again modified our plans and headed south to Guadeloupe, passing in the lee of Montserrat with clouds of gas still spewing from the volcano. In Guadeloupe we anchored in Deshaies and further down the coast at Pigeon Island, a beautiful snorkeling spot. From there we continued south, visiting the islands of Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Grenadines, and on to St. Georges Yacht Club in Grenada, the end of Leg Three. We had a great time with a highly competent crew that thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

Leg Four began with arrival of three new crew members: an engineer, attorney, and student. We laid over for more than a week in Grenada sightseeing, working on the boat, waiting for a break in the weather and for visa approval which the Venezuelan embassy insisted we needed. Grenada is a hustling, bustling port with good yacht support facilities. Taking advantage of the crime situation in Trinidad, they are rapidly becoming the preferred port for boat repairs and layovers. On March 22nd we departed Grenada at 8 pm. Concerned over recent reports of pirates off the Venezuelan coast, we left unannounced and ran radio silent with running lights off. We arrived at the Venezuelan Islands of Las Testigos early in the morning and anchored in a pristine setting. It was Easter Sunday and I called the nearby island where a small Coasta Guardia facility was located, expecting to be told to report in tomorrow. My Spanish is marginal, but I understood clearly when the official manning the radio said "Hoy," meaning today. I had some apprehension knowing the testy relationship between the U.S. and Venezuela, but found the officials professional and even friendly. We stayed overnight in Las Testigos, having thoroughly enjoyed the contrast between the heavily touristed eastern Caribbean islands and this unspoiled location. Despite the lure of incredibly low fuel prices, fearing the threats to yachties we had read on the internet and heard from cruisers in Grenada, we decided to abandon our original plan to visit the islands of Margarita and Las Tortugas. Instead we traversed the northern islands of Blanquilla, Las Roques and Las Aves well offshore of the mainland, which were also wonderful anchorages.



*View from Brimstone Hill*



*Leprechaun from hill overlooking Los Roques*



*Bonaire – An incredible sunset viewed from the rear deck of the LEPRECHAUN*

The islands of Las Roques are a popular vacation spot for Venezuelans, but are not visited by cruise ships hence they have retained their rustic charm. However, since we had not cleared Customs at a port of entry, the Coast Guard classified us as ‘entransito’ and, despite our 90 day visas, limited our stay to two days with LEPRECHAUN confined to an anchorage in front of the CG station. Our next stop, Las Aves de Barlovento, a bird sanctuary, was unpopulated and pristine – we loved it. From there we cruised the Dutch Antilles’ ABC’s (Aruba, Bonaire, and Curacao) islands which with the exception of snorkeling in the beautifully clear waters of Bonaire, were disappointing tourist traps catering



*Colorful Streets of Old Town Cartagena*

to cruise ships.

On April 9th, we left Aruba for Cartagena, Columbia, a 378 nm run considered one of the world’s worst passages. We would also pass closely offshore to the Venezuelan/Colombian border – a known hotspot for attacks on yachts. Again we ran silent and without lights, coordinating our departure to pass the highest risk areas in the dark. We had to pass near the Venezuelan Coasta Guardia station at Montes del Sur which we hoped we could do without being noticed, but around 10 pm we received a radio broadcast demanding that we identify ourselves. Not wanting to be pursued by an angry Coast Guard cutter, I responded to their questions as best I could. I’m not sure they were satisfied with all my answers, but we kept on going and were not pursued. We arrived at the Boca Grande entrance to Cartagena in the morning and made our way to Club Nautica, elated when our radio calls were answered in clear

English. The entrance to the harbor is through a narrow and shallow man-made causeway created to protect the city from raiders. Cartagena, the end of Leg Four, is a delightful place with vibrant, happy people, good restaurants and is an excellent place to provision. We walked the city at all hours without any sign of trouble.



*Thatched cottages along the river*

Leg Five from Cartagena to home was our longest run. Two crewmen departed and were replaced the next day by two others. Unfortunately the day before our planned departure a call came in informing one of the new members that his wife’s health took a turn for the worse and he needed to return home immediately. Stunned by the news, we delayed our departure a day while we made numerous calls in an attempt to identify a replacement, but no one was available on short notice. After a delay refueling, the





*Virgin Gorda*

we spent four enjoyable days in the Kuna Yala snorkeling, visiting with the natives and exploring the islands before moving on to Colon to refuel. Anchoring at a small island just east of the entrance to the canal we were amazed at what we estimated to be a five-mile-long line of ships queued up for their turn through the ditch. Leaving Colon we headed for the small Colombian island of Providenciales off the Honduran mainland. Warned by cruisers we met along the way, blogs on the internet, and the cruising guides we took a wide berth of the Nicaraguan and Honduran coastline where pirates are known to operate. This was also a condition imposed by my insurance company. Providencia is a laid-back island rarely visited by large ships, but it falls far short of the idyllic stopover touted in the cruising guides. After topping off our tanks from jerry cans in the back of a pickup truck, we next made our way around the corner to Roatan, the large island off the Honduran coast known for excellent scuba diving. There we met up with a replacement crewman who had flown in from Iowa to join us.

After a week of diving and relaxing we moved on to Guatemala's Rio Dulce, a beautiful river that opens up into a large lake well into the heart of Guatemala. We stayed at Mario's, an excellent marina just outside the town of Rio Dulce. From there we took a side excursion to Tikal, an incredible Mayan ruin where we spent the night in a jungle lodge surrounded by a troop of raucous Howler monkeys.

Leaving Guatemala, we headed for Glover's Reef, a large atoll off Belize where we went snorkeling, scuba diving, kite-boarding, and fishing for bonefish. This is another remarkable place where we could have easily spent a couple of weeks. The rest of the trip went rapidly with stops at another atoll, Turneffe, and Isla Mujeres off the northern tip of the Yucatan peninsula. We had originally planned to cruise the north shore of Cuba to the Dry Tortugas, then to Naples, Venice and across the Gulf to home, but longing for home and buoyed by confidence in our seamanship and the LEPRECHAUN's excellent performance, we decided to bite the bullet and make the 560 nm direct crossing to Destin. Coming into the Destin Pass we were met by a Coast Guard Boat honking their horn and spraying jets of water and another filled with members of the earlier legs of the journey. Passing under the bridge, we saw another member of the Leg Four crew with his wife, honking an air horn and waving a huge American flag. What a homecoming!

In summary, this is an account of how a group of fifteen men bonded together in what could be termed an



*The Pitons*

three of us left late morning the next day on another long crossing to the Kuna Yala area of Panama (called San Blas by the Spanish descendants). Arriving late in the afternoon, we found a picturesque anchorage with beautiful palm-laden islands and clear water. We



*Following the Coast Guard through Destin Pass*

adventure of a lifetime, a voyage of over 5200 nautical miles. Although we had some trials and tribulations along the way, what is remarkable are the problems that didn't occur, which we attribute to good fortune and extensive planning. There were no illnesses, no major injuries, no one went overboard, the boat held up remarkably against serious seas, and when we did have problems we were able to deal with them expeditiously.



*Sunset leaving Marathon*



**McCARLEY, Ted & Nancy 2002 • DeFever 44 ALOHA FRIDAY  
Solomons, MD**

## **Ottawa - Canada's Capital and The Rideau Canal**

*(The following article is an extract from Nancy's blog – <http://cruisingwithalohafriday.blogspot.com>)*

### **6 September 2008**

We arrived into Ottawa late this afternoon. The Rideau Canal starts here. We're moored at the bottom of the Flight of 8.

The Rideau, which was completed in 1832, was known as a "military canal". The reason for this was that its primary purpose was to transport troops and supplies in the event of another war with the U.S. (following the War of 1812). The Rideau was built by the Royal Engineers and paid for by the British Government. The Rideau is a chain of lakes, rivers and canals that terminates in Kingston, Ontario.

The day after we arrived the Prime Minister, Steven Harper, went to the Governor General's house, to ask that Parliament be dissolved. This is tantamount to President Bush asking for Congress to be dissolved because the Democrats are in power in both houses. Canada held national elections 14 October and Steven Harper was re-

elected Here's an interesting an amusing perspective of Canadian politics<sup>1</sup>. This article was not unique. Most Canadians we spoke to wanted to talk to us about McCain, Obama and Sarah Palin.

Monday morning we came up the Flight of 8. It took almost 2 hours. We tied up above the Flight of 8. That's Parliament in the background and "Aloha Friday" on the right moored.

We spent a few days playing tourist in Ottawa. The crowds were gone now that Labor Day is past. We

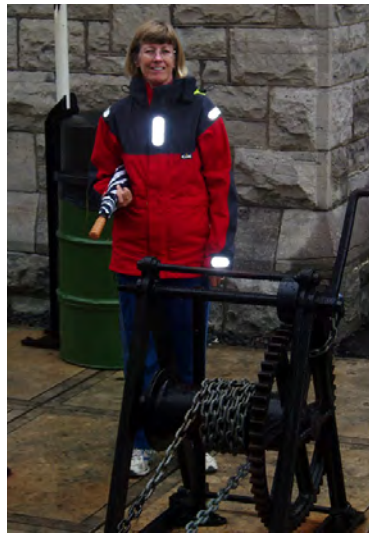


*Ottawa Flight of 8 From Bridge*

<sup>1</sup> <http://www.canada.com/ottawacitizen/news/story.html?id=f981da9f-29b4-4e46-a479-bb25830cac0c>



Ottawa - AM Shot Aloha Friday, Parliament



Ottawa - Nancy with Lock Mechanism

toured Parliament and since it was Sunday we had access to the Senate Room and the Library. The Library reminds me of the Library of Congress with the exception of the Statue of Queen Victoria. Just like Washington, DC, there's Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and the War Memorial. Several of the museums proved to be quite interesting. Le Chateau Laurier sits alongside the banks of the Flight of Eight. Byward Market was an interesting stop; I wish we had more markets like this

at home. Here's a shot of the Lock Mechanism<sup>2</sup>. 99% of the locks on the Rideau are opened/closed manually using these mechanisms.

## The Rest of The Rideau Canal

### Ottawa to Burritts Rapids (Locks 9-17)

Prior to leaving Ottawa we had purchased a seasonal mooring pass and a one-way transit pass. The mooring pass lets us tie up at any lock overnight. 30 amp power was \$10.00 extra where it was available per lock. The one-way transit pass allows us to go through each lock once on the Rideau Canal enroute to Kingston. We left Ottawa on 11 September but not before one last trip to the Byward Market to try the "BeaverTails<sup>3</sup>" - a yummy pastry that can be dressed with as little as cinnamon & sugar or any number of amazing combinations of sweet stuff.

That day we passed through Locks 9-13. Once outside of Ottawa you find yourself in very rural, agricultural areas. Sometimes there's a bridge associated with a lock that has to open also. Here's a good example at Hartwells Lock (9).



RC Lock 9 Hartwells 1

In this picture the gates are open and we are entering the lock. You can see the highway bridge ahead of the lock. Once we're ready to exit the lock, they'll open the swing bridge. We stop for the night on the south side of Black Rapids Lock (13).

The next morning we have a Flight of 3 locks to transit at the Long Island Locks (14-16). We stop in Kars, tie up at Hurst Marina, to have lunch at the The Swan - a Tudor style pub.

After lunch we are underway again on a drizzly sort of day. We wind the day up and tie below Burritts Rapids Lock (17). We are really out in the middle of nowhere here! We walk into town for some exercise; buy a newspaper and some ice cream for dessert later. Maple Walnut is a popular flavor in Canada; I'm hard pressed to find Coffee ice cream!



The Swan

2 <http://www.rideaufriends.com/lockworks/index.html>

3 <http://www.beavertailsinc.com/en/products.html>

***Burritts Rapids to Big Rideau Lake (Locks 17-34)***

The next morning we get underway, transit Lock 17 and pass through the Burritts Rapids Swing Bridge. The locktenders had told us that just beyond this bridge we'd be meeting the small cruise ship, Karwatha Voyaguer. Sure enough, they were waiting for us to pass before they headed for the bridge we'd just passed through. The channel was not wide enough to accommodate both of us.

At Lower Nicholson's Lock (18) there's a small boat already in the lock northbound. We wait for the water level to lower and the gates to open before we enter. The grounds and facilities at every lock are kept in pristine condition. We noted the same thing on the Erie and Oswego Canals in New York. Each lock has a sign like this in English and French. Canada has two official languages.

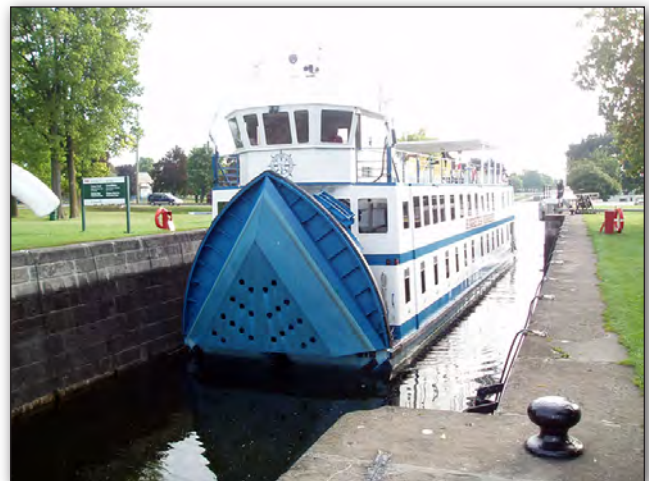
Our destination today is Merrickville – it has more historic buildings classified under the Ontario Heritage Act than any other village of its size in the province. Adjacent to the lock is a blockhouse built in 1832 to protect the locks. It is surrounded by a moat and has a drawbridge – also open to the public. A flight of three locks (21-23) brings us up to the top. We tie up on a floating dock at Parks Canada docks in “The Pond” - adjacent to the canal. This is a very popular tourist destination. We stay here a few days to sit out some weather and we take in a Bluegrass concert at the Merrickville United Church – built in 1890. While we were here we also met some wonderful Canadians. Locally at Aylings Marina they restore classic boats. Merrickville's ruins are easily explored by foot.



*RC Kawartha Voyager Above BR*



*Merrickville's ruins*



*Kawartha Voyaguer*

On 16 September we left Merrickville and headed for Smiths Falls.

In the lock 25, approaching Smiths Falls, we lock through with two houseboats. We've met one of the couples earlier in the trip.

We're the last boat in the next lock– for good reason. Houseboats are not very steerable and we want them tied up before we enter the lock. Six locks later we arrived in Smiths Falls. We take a slip here in Victoria Park so we can visit the Hershey (chocolate) factory and see a bit of Smiths Falls. The Rideau Canal Museum is here. Smiths Falls is the biggest town we've seen since Ottawa. We ran into the Kawartha Voyaguer again – her free floating bow comes up to fit into the lock.

Smiths Falls is one of the locations where one can rent a houseboat to explore the Rideau Canal. When we leave Smiths Falls, we head for Perth. We can't get up the Tay River – it is too shallow. So we'll tie up before the lock and ride our bikes into town. Another of the vacationing Canadians we've met in Merrickville tie up behind us. We agree to share a cab into town.

Perth is one of several beautifully preserved heritage towns – like Merrickville. Ian Millar, Olympic equestrian gold-medalist and prolific show-jumper, lives in this area. The cabby actually takes us onto his property. There is a statue of Ian Millar on his horse, Big Ben, in the park.

From Perth we transit Big Rideau Lake to Kingston Mills (Locks 35-49). The scenery has started to change from rolling, pastoral scenes to more rugged, rocky cliffs – somewhat like the Thousand Islands. It is quite noticeable leaving Westport. We cruise through some nooks and crannies.

We tie up for the night below Chaffeys Lock. All of the lockmasters are friendly and it is here that Ted takes a turn opening the Lock.



The next day we pass through Chaffeys Lock enroute to Jones Falls. The scenery is gorgeous. There is an Arch Stone Dam at Jones Falls. The dam is built in the shape of an arch which throws the weight of the water it is holding back into the bedrock on both sides of the dam. It is a true engineering feat. One of the Parks Canada employees at the Lock is a blacksmith. He gives live demonstrations to the tourists. He made a bottle opener while we were there.

Leaving Jones Falls Locks (39-42) we take a side trip into Morton Bay.

We on the home stretch now, so to speak, passing through Brewers Mill and then the LAST (finally) flight of locks on the Rideau (46-49).

A little more than two weeks later, we say good by to the Rideau Canal.



**VAN GEMERT, Richard & Sue (#432)**  
Pasadena, CA

**1991 • DF49PH+6 • LIONHEART**

## The Chesapeake Bay, Summer 2007

This segment of the “great adventure” of the Snailing Van Gemerts aboard M/V Lionheart, our DeFever RPH 49+5 covers the months of July through September, 2007, cruising on the Chesapeake. We actually spent the month of June 15 through July 14, at the dock at the Capitol Yacht Club in Washington, DC, which is covered in another

segment of our trip report.

Having spent a wonderful month in our nation's capitol, touring the sights and doing boat maintenance, we were ready to leave our friends at the Capitol Yacht Club and head back down the Potomac River to continue our exploration of the Chesapeake Bay.

The Chesapeake Bay stretches about 200 miles, north to south, from the Elk River in Maryland to the Atlantic Ocean outlet between Cape Henry and Cape Charles in Virginia (this is the entrance to Hampton Roads and Norfolk). At its widest point, the Bay is 26 miles across. The waters cover a surface of roughly 2,500 square miles and it has a 4,000 mile shoreline winding along countless rivers, streams, bays and sounds. Until about 3,000 years ago, the Bay was actually the Susquehanna River. At the end of the last Ice Age the ocean waters rushed into the mouth of the Susquehanna and formed the Bay. About 1,000 years ago Native Americans (yes indeed, I am learning to be totally PC) traveled in the region. 500 years ago they began to settle the region. The original English settlement of this area began in 1607 when Capt. John Smith led the founding of Jamestown, VA. We began our trip on the Chesapeake on June 5, when we entered the Bay from the south and cruised on the James, York, and North Rivers on our way to the Potomac. Much of the Bay is too shallow for Lionheart and it tends to shoal in many places. Therefore, while cruising, the Captain and Crew have to be attentive to the channel markers and cruising guides to insure adequate water under the hull at all times.

On Saturday, July 14, we left the dock in Washington, D.C., with the intention of covering most of the 96 miles back to the Bay in one day. The days in July are long and warm and we anchored at 8:00 that evening in the mouth of the St. Mary's River which is on the north shore of the Potomac River, and the western shore of Maryland. At the head of the St. Mary's River is St. Mary's City, established in 1634 as Maryland's first settlement. While it never really became a city, St. Mary's served as the province's first capital. Now there are reconstructed buildings from the original settlement and St. Mary's College is there. The College is known in the boating world for hosting the Governor's Cup Race for sailboats every August. This is the east coast's largest sailing competition. The overnight race starts in Annapolis and sails south around Point Lookout and into St. Mary's. The College is also known among cruisers as a good place to eat well for cheap. They welcome the anchored cruising boats' crews in the dinning hall.

We left St. Mary's on Sunday morning, cruised around Point Lookout, north to the Patuxent River. We caught up with our friends, the Sheppards (on their boat Why Knot), at the marina at the Patuxent River Naval Air Station. The PAX River NAS figures in several of Tom Clancy's novels. As retired Navy, Jerry was able to get dockage at the marina which is right in the mouth of the Patuxent. We stayed there for a week while we explored the history rich area by auto. First, we explored the area between the Patuxent and the Patomac which included a trip to St. Mary's. We ate in the dinning hall and, sure enough, there were boaters whom we had met in the Bahamas having lunch there as well and we had a nice time catching up on our various travels since leaving the islands in April. We visited several of the many Civil War historical sites. Also prevalent in this farming area are roadside fruit and vegetable stands. We got some fantastic overripe peaches at one. We purchased a basket from the stand owner who instructed us that the locals bought this soft fruit to make daiquiris. Of course, we thought that was an excellent use of nearly gone fruit and, let me say, they were delicious when served as directed! The next day found us on the north shore of the Patuxent at Solomons Island. Solomons was established in 1867 when an oyster-canning plant was opened. It has since become a major boat building, waterside community. Lot's of weekend homeowners, boaters and bikers infest the area all summer.

On July 18 we drove north about 60 miles to Annapolis where we had reservations to stay at the US Naval Academy, also as the guests of the Sheppards. We arrived mid-morning and toured the city until it was time to check into the VIP quarters at the Officer's Club. While we had visited Annapolis briefly in 2006, this time we did all the tourist stuff. Annapolis was settled in the mid-1600s, incorporated in 1796, and has been the capitol of Maryland since 1779. The Maryland State House, built in 1779, is the oldest American government building still in continuous use. The old Senate Chamber is where George Washington resigned his commission as commander of the Continental Army on Dec. 23, 1783. The entire old town section is full of quaint old buildings. The City Dock has a statue of "Roots" author Alex Haley as a reminder that this is where Kunta Kinte (and I don't mean Elaine Steward's cat!) was sold into slavery. One of many reminders of the slave-holding history of our country.

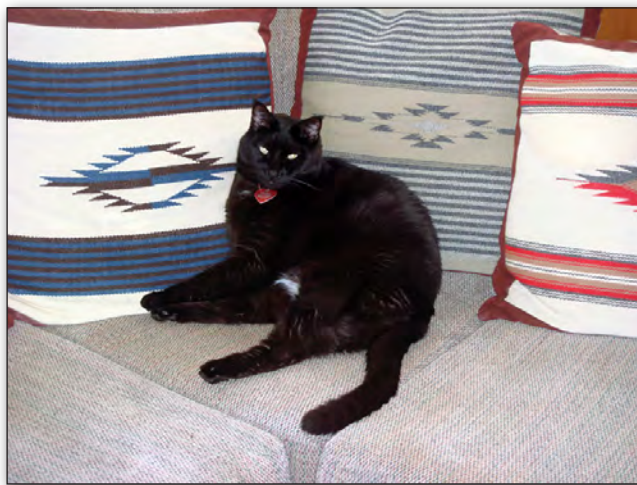
The whole downtown area of Annapolis literally backs up on the wall of the Naval Academy which is where we finally checked into the Officers Club late in the afternoon. By then our dogs were barking and we were totally

done in by the humid heat of mid-July on the Chesapeake! We cooled and refueled with some vodka in our air conditioned suites which looked out on the beautiful grounds of the USNA. Then we limped out of the gate and down the street to an Irish Pub for some dinner and Irish singing. The next morning we were up early and off to tour the US Naval Academy. While I am usually loath to use the word awesome, this is the only adequately descriptive word that comes to mind. The history of this institution began in 1845 when then Secretary of the Navy, George Bancroft, established the Naval School at Fort Severn in Annapolis, MD. Fifty students were taught by 4 officers and 3 civilian professors. In 1850 it became the USNA and adopted the curriculum of 4 consecutive years, with at-sea training during the summers, which is still the educational format for the 4,200 midshipmen in attendance every year. The original 10 acres is now a 338-acre complex which occupies the land between Annapolis town on the south and the Severn River on the north. It has a huge waterfront on 3 sides. We toured the dorms, the sports facilities, the chapel (including the crypt of John Paul Jones), the student center and museum. All set amid beautiful old trees and many monuments to US Naval history. The current Commander is a woman. The row of faculty housing looks like our old street in Pasadena except most houses have either a Navy or a Marine flag flying instead of USC or Stanford. The only students there in July are the new midshipmen whom we saw marching across campus in units. No fat kids in those ranks! All-in-all, I would have to say this was a highlight of our land touring this summer.

We only stayed in Annapolis one night because of Mr. Cat, who was left in charge of Lionheart, can only handle one night on his own. We returned to PAX NAS to find that Nick had guarded the boat very well and was ready for his reward of extra Fancy Feast. We stayed at the dock for several days while there was a wind advisory and a couple of serious downpours of rain which cooled things off a bit. On July 25, we headed across the Bay to the eastern shore. The eastern shore is called the DelMarVa Peninsula. This landmass is low lying country between the Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. It includes a piece of Delaware on the Atlantic side and a piece of Maryland on the Bay side, and a piece of Virginia on the southern tip which has an Atlantic side and a Bay side. We had a nice day and a smooth crossing with Why Knot. We entered the Choptank River which is the major waterway of the eastern shore. James Michener set his novel "Chesapeake" in this area of the Bay. There are many little rivers off the Choptank as well as many little towns. We anchored in the Tred Avon River near Oxford, just a few miles from Cambridge. The



*Lionheart crew at the US Naval Academy Chapel.*



*Nikolas has been a member of the Lionheart crew since 1997 when he signed on for sea duty in Wrangle, Alaska.*



*Sunset on the Choptank River.*

Captain had ordered a part to be delivered to a marina in Cambridge so the Sheppards and we got into our dingy and headed out to the Choptank, and then across the Choptank to Cambridge. This proved to be a poor choice of activities for the afternoon. The wind came up, the Choptank got choppy, and the Admiral almost decided to spend the night in Cambridge or have the Captain go back and get Lionheart and bring her there! In the end, we all were good sports, if a little foolish, and we braved a long rough ride back to the Tred Avon, which was still like a millpond, where we had a lovely evening. We moved to Trapp Creek the next day and Dun Cove the

next. It was windy in Dun Cove and Why Knot dragged their anchor. Their close shave with Lionheart caused much consternation and a wrenched back on Why Knot, and we both went to another anchorage. The next day we parted ways early and we headed back into the Bay, through Knapps Narrows, to the western shore to meet up with our friends, Estee and Rick Edwards. We had been in touch with them all summer as they made their way across the US in their motor coach. We had picked Maryland as a good place to meet. We had seen a number of marinas with RV parks attached in the southern part of the Bay and it never occurred to us that we would not be able to find them on the eastern shore. However, we could not and so we settled on the Herrington Harbor North marina in Herring Bay, about 30 miles south of Annapolis. They found an RV park about 5 miles away but they had a really hard time finding the marina. With the use of cell phones we finally found each other. We spent our 35th anniversary (July 29) with the Edwards, driving to Annapolis and then over the Bay Bridges to the eastern shore and lunching in St. Michaels. St. Michaels is a lovely little town that is very popular with Washington VIPs, including VP Chaney who has a vacation home there. It is very posh. Big boats visit the town docks and pay over \$3/foot for docking. Too dear for Lionheart's bankroll! Anyway, it was a lovely day topped off by a rain storm that made driving back a bit dicey. Not to mention that it appeared that all of the western shore had visited that day and were lined up for miles on the main road to get back.....along with us! The Edwards treated us to a lovely anniversary dinner and then bade us farewell as they continued their summer adventure on the roads of America.

On July 31, we made our way north again and anchored in Clements Creek off the Severn River which flows on the north side of Annapolis into the Bay. Lovely spot which really looked like a mini Lake Arrowhead with trees and big homes all around the protected anchorage. We stayed there 2 days and then headed north again to Baltimore which is in the Patapsco River. We had stayed in Baltimore on our way up to New York in 2006. Since we had thoroughly explored Baltimore at that time, we spent our 4 days this time seeing new cruising friends and doing errands, like driving to Rockville, Maryland, to get my hair cut, do a Trader Joes run, and hit Costco. Our friends on Long Haul, Jim and Joanne, were staying at a boatyard on Bear Creek, off the Patapsco River. They came for dinner and a game of Mexican Train. We also visited Little Italy for a wonderful dinner one night. On Aug. 7, we headed back to the eastern shore to meet some friends whom I had never met in person but had known since 2002. We met them over the VHF radio as we were coming down the west coast, bringing Lionheart home from our last cruise to Alaska. They were aboard their Hatteras LRC, on their way home to the Wye River on the eastern shore of Maryland. We traveled several days together, last seeing them as they turned left into Santa Barbara in October, 2002. We kept in touch as they made their way down the west coast, through the Panama Canal and home. They



told us to visit them if we ever got to the east coast. We decided to take them up on their offer and found their dock, in front of their lovely home, that evening. We stayed with them 2 nights. We caught up on cruising stories and they showed us the area around St. Michaels, including the Aspen Institute, and gave us a lot of historical information. Aug. 10 found us crossing back to the western shore to Havre de Grace, Maryland, in the mouth of the Susquehanna River. We met up with the Sheppards at the town docks and celebrated the Captain's 63rd birthday on Aug. 11, with rack of lamb and blueberry pie.

We liked Havre de Grace a lot. Not only was it a cute little waterside town, there were a lot less jellyfish in the water because the water is less salty in the northern part of the bay and the jellyfish like the salt water. I guess I have not mentioned the jellyfish problem up to this point but it was a factor all summer. The problem is that all of our water intake pumps suck up the jellyfish which clogs the intakes and chokes off the water supply to the pumps, which makes the pumps stop working on the air conditioning and the refrigerator....not good! Air conditioning is a major necessity in the summer in the Chesapeake. It is hot and humid and you can't swim because of the jellyfish. So there you have it.

Havre de Grace (meaning harbor of grace and pronounced Haver dee Grayce) was the site of a French troop encampment during the Revolutionary War. As you will recall, the French helped colonial America win its independence and Lafayette was a great friend of George Washington. Lafayette arrived in 1785 by water and called it like he saw it. Havre de Grace also proved to be a good place for us to base while we rented a car with the Sheppards and explored the countryside in northern Maryland and southern Pennsylvania. We visited Hershey, PA, which is the company town established by Milton Hershey. What started out to be a chocolate factory that provided housing, schooling and medical facilities for the workers is now something like Disneyland. They still make candy there, and give away samples, but there is now a theme park, a water park, a major concert venue and a zoo. We took the educational tour and the free candy and headed north and east to catch the Amish countryside. Another field trip took us to Frederick, Maryland, a really lovely old town with an active artists' community, historic covered bridges in the surrounding countryside, and a close proximity to the Civil War battlefield, Antietam. Another day we drove north and east to New Jersey and visited Cape May. We had seen this lovely little seaside community on our way north in 2006 from the water. This time we saw it on the ground. Even though it was a rather rainy and blustery day in this Atlantic seacoast town, it was completely full of tourists. We drove around to see the Victorian architecture for which it is famous. Big, old elegant Victorian Inns, next to new hotels (not so elegant) look out over the sand dunes to the Atlantic. After lunch we took the ferry to Lewes, Delaware, and drove north through farm country and many small towns on the eastern shore to Georgetown, and thus back to Havre de Grace.

On Aug. 22, we bade farewell to Why Knot once again as we headed to the Sassafras River back on the eastern shore. Georgetown, MD, is in the Sassafras River and jellyfish are not. In Georgetown we met up with some Loopers. Judy and John Gill on Two J's V. They live in Hatboro, PA, (2 hours away) but dock their boat in Georgetown. They were very hospitable and on Sunday Judy took us and another Looper crew shopping. That was really nice because the stores were pretty far from the anchorage. The other crew were Clark and Cindy from C's Joy. They are from Oklahoma and just beginning the Great Loop and planning to do the northern part next year. They invited us for Gumbay Smash that evening. Yup, another yummy rum drink with its roots in the Caribbean that will sneak up on you if you have too many.

We spent a week in Georgetown and then started moving south on the eastern shore. We stopped at Great Oak Landing Marina in Fairlee Creek. After a harrowing approach through a narrow entrance channel with very little water under us, we tied up in what was advertised to be a full service marina. They had evidently had a bad



*One of the many interesting sights on our tour of the Amish area of Pennsylvania.*

summer and closed down the pool, restaurant and bar. However, they had not lowered their rates! We left the next day. Another couple, eager for a full service restaurant, went whizzing by in their dingy. Ten minutes later they too were disappointed and were on their way back to their boat when they stopped to introduce themselves. Sue and Mike on the sailboat Just Now are old friends of Estee Edwards. When they left Colorado last year to go cruising on the east coast and the islands, Estee said "Look for my friends on Lionheart. They are from Long Beach and they are out cruising too." This demonstrates the small world of cruisers. We were delighted to meet them and hooked up the next night for dinner at our next stop in Swan Creek, in Rock Hall, MD. They are headed to the eastern Caribbean, sailing south to South America. While in Rock Hall we also saw our friends the Ohlsens on Sea Fox. We met them in Lake Michigan last year.

We spent Labor Day weekend anchored in Long Haul Creek right in front of the St. Michales Yacht Club. It was a lovely anchorage, allowing us to visit St. Michales by dingy instead of paying those big dock fees. It was also a quiet place as compared to the very busy town docks on this holiday weekend. The big thing in this part of the world is Maryland blue crabs. We decided we needed to sample this delicacy again, at the cost of \$30/doz (small). They were boiled and served with mallets on a piece of white paper. A lot of work to eat but well worth the effort. On Saturday of Labor Day weekend, USC played their first football game of the season against Idaho (Idaho???!!!) Since the game was not televised on DirecTV, we could not watch it. Ahhh, we said, as we found NICTV which promised to broadcast the SC games via computer, life is good. Well, it is not broadcast visually during the actual game. So, what you get is a diagram of the Coliseum and the field, and a marker moving on the field to represent the play, and an announcer calling the play-by-play, only the play being shown at any given time is about 2 plays ago. It's like watching the radio in time delay. It was not a satisfying experience and we cancelled the service the next day. However, the game was satisfying since the Trojans won.

After Labor Day, the rivers and Bay were empty of boats except on weekends so we had no traffic leaving the eastern shore and returning to the Baltimore area on the western shore. We stayed at Anchor Bay Marina in Bear Creek, which is off the Patapsco River, about 8 miles from the Baltimore town docks. This little marina and boatyard is only about 5 miles from Baltimore but it is situated on a small creek and yet seems to be far from the busy city. There is a little restaurant which has live entertainment most nights. Since we were there to have Lionheart hauled out for bottom cleaning, we were not charged for dockage. Our friends on Long Haul were there, so we had friends to play with and we got our errands done once again in Rockville, MD. We have spent a total of 2 months in this general area (including our time in WDC which is about an hour away) and really can find our way around, so it's a great place to visit when we have "stuff" to do off the boat.

On Sept. 11, (a day of infamy) which was a grey, drizzly, humid day, we headed south. We anchored that night in the Smith River. The next day we made our way south to the Patuxent River and 5 miles NW to St. Leonard Creek, the home of Vera's White Sands Marina and Resort. This is a legendary place in the area as it was established in the 1940's by a Hollywood actress, Vera (no last name is mentioned), who served as hostess until her death 2 years ago. She was well known for good times at her place. Now it is a nice place in a lovely location but nothing legendary happened while we were there except a great game of Farkle on Long Haul. Farkle is a dice game that has eclipsed Mexican Train as the saloon game of choice with some cruisers. The Captain and I still play our evening game of cribbage almost daily. I must be honest and report that the Captain has won 3 months out of the last 4, but who's keeping track???

Sept. 15, the date of the USC/Nebraska game found us anchored in Solomons, MD, planning to dingy ashore to the nearby sports bar to watch the game. Alas, the weather Gods made this impractical due to high winds. So, I called Rich for game updates. As you can tell, it is a challenge again this year for us to follow the Trojans' football season, which at that point had them #1 in the nation. By Monday, the 16th, the winds abated and we made a south-east crossing to Tangier Island. Tangier Island is about 8 miles west of the eastern shore of Virginia. Tangier has been home to watermen and their families since the 1600s. Today the homes are still situated on narrow lanes. Transportation is by golf cart, or shank's mare, as my Mom used to say. Most of the inhabitants are descended from 3 or 4 families. Everybody knows everybody else and where they might be at any given time. We stayed at Milton Parks' dock which is right in front of his house. The Parks are one of the original families. From Lionheart's flying bridge we could see the entire island, and, you could see Lionheart from many points on the island. We noted this as we were given a personal tour of the island by Milton in his golf cart. We ate dinner at Hilda Crockett's Chesapeake House. It was a family style affair with homemade crab cakes (delicious), clam fritters, corn pudding, homemade rolls, ham, green beans and pound cake. It's been the same for years and you have to get there by 5:00

PM to get served. The main industry is the catching of Maryland Blue Crabs and preserving them in sorting shacks until they shed their shells and become soft shelled crabs. Then they are shipped to Crisfield, MD, and on to east coast restaurants. Crabbing is done in specialized wooden boats that are essentially the same as they were 200 years ago. This was a wonderful stop on our summer cruise and a uniquely Chesapeake experience. We hated to leave the island so we decided to return with our friends Merv and Nancy Humes when they arrived from their cross-country drive from Sacramento, CA, to Fishing Bay, MD. We had met the Humes at the dock on Vancouver Island in 1999. We had some good times cruising in Canada. Also, Merv had helped us bring Lionheart down the coast of Baja to Cabo San Lucas in 2005. We had not seen them since 2005, so we had a grand reunion when they met us in Fishing Bay, which is in the Piankatank River on the western shore of Maryland, on Sept. 20. Like the Edwards, we kept in touch as they traveled across the USA and zeroed in on Lionheart via cell phone and their Lexus on-board GPS. After reminiscing and catching up on our lives, we left the next day to take them to Tangier Island. We had a great crossing and they enjoyed the beautiful day cruising on the Chesapeake. When we were docking around 1:00 in front of Milton Park's house, a near disaster struck Lionheart. As we approached the dock in shallow water, we went softly aground. When the Captain tried to back up and turn, we lost the starboard engine. We did not hit anything, so disaster was averted, but a serious inquest had to be held immediately to determine the cause of this problem. The Captain determined that the transmission control cable had broken. The engine could be put in gear manually (in the engine room) but was inoperable from the pilot house. A Parks son tried to order the necessary part that afternoon but could not get the company in Norfolk, VA, to deliver. Not to worry, we now had two Captains on board (Merv had a Ocean Alexander 50 in Canada) so tricky maneuvers could be accomplished with one man at the wheel and the other in the engine room, to get Lionheart back to the western shore where the part could be obtained. Thus, we went forward with our plans to show the Humes the island. We relaxed with a golf cart tour of the island, dinner at Hilda's, and an evening of Mexican Train. The next day we left Tangier Island, a little piece of the history of the Chesapeake Bay, and traveled back to the Piankatank River. On Monday, Sept. 24, the Humes drove us into Norfolk to pick up the part we needed. We stopped in Yorktown for lunch and returned to the boat. The two Captains, working together, installed the 36 foot cable before dinner. Now, be advised, this was not an easy job. They had to "thread" the new cable through the boat from pilot house to starboard engine. It ran through the closets in the master stateroom and through the engine room, requiring bodily contortion on the part of the installers. But, it worked! Thank you, Merv. The next day the Humes left us to continue their land tour. The day after that we headed south again, arriving at Hampton, VA, on Friday, Sept. 28. We docked at the town dock in Hampton which afforded us bike access to the grocery store and a sports bar (right on the dock) to watch the USC game against UW on Sept. 29. The Trojans won, but not by the margin forecast.....and we began to worry about the team's real promise as opposed to the huge hype going into the season. But life is good and we finished September by moving down to Norfolk on Oct. 1. This officially ended our Chesapeake Bay adventure and placed us at Mile #1 on the Intracoastal Waterway; well positioned for our trip south to the Bahamas for the winter.

As I read over this cruise report, I am astounded at how long it turned out to be. After all, we did not travel very many miles during our summer on the Chesapeake (a mere 1,072 out of the 15, 330 miles since we left Long Beach), but it was a trip of discovery of the early settlement of our nation and the rich history of this particular waterway. I found it incredibly interesting and informative. I think it wasn't just a need for more land that led the pioneers west.....it was bugs, humidity, and maybe jellyfish! Anyway, I hope you enjoy my rendition of Summer 2007 aboard Lionheart, completing Year II of The Big Adventure. Look for a report of our fall adventures in the next edition. Also, I will try to publish a map of the area so that all the river and town names can be associated with a spot on the planet, although it seems that Google Earth may have made maps irrelevant!

Currently the Cruising Van Gemerts are at the dock in Charleston, SC. We are looking forward to Thanksgiving in Williamsburg, VA, and spending the holidays in California. Look for the next cruising report in early 2008. Happy Holidays to all and a strong wish for Peace on Earth.





## Member Profile: George Handel and Elaine Chandler (#18)

By Robin Roberts #331

When George Handel noticed that some DFC members were planning to visit Nova Scotia this summer, he emailed them to say that he would welcome a call if anyone is visiting the area around Shelburne, NS – where he and Elaine are building a summer house. Jim



and I were planning to spend a few days touring Shelburne as we cruised around the south east coast so we gave them a call and we agreed to meet.

I picked up George and Elaine in the dinghy to take them out to ADVENTURES for a cocktail, and realized that the last time I saw George he was dressed-to-kill for the Miss DeFever Contest at a DFC Rendezvous in Fort Lauderdale a few years ago. (I can safely say that George looks better in deck shoes than in heels!!) We enjoyed catching up and they used their influence as locals to get us a table at *Charlotte Lane*, an exquisite restaurant in town.

George and Elaine sold their beloved HALLELUJA two years ago, and are using the proceeds to build a summer house right on the water, near the head of Jordan Bay on the Nova Scotia coast. The house is still in the process of being finished, but the location and view are outstanding! Between winters in Florida and the warmer seasons divided between Nova Scotia and a family cottage on Cape Cod, George and Elaine are looking well and keeping busy. Their hospitality was superb – taking us to another local restaurant – *Lothars* – for an excellent brunch, and then an insider’s tour of Shelburne and the area. We plan to head back to Nova Scotia next summer, and we’ll see how the “Hallelujah House” is coming along.



## Member Profile: Gordon and Peggy Weld (#76)

By Robin Roberts #331

Cruising in Nova Scotia this summer, Jim and I wondered if there were any other DFC members living in the area. We looked through the roster and found Gordon and Peggy Weld living in Halifax, about a mile from the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron where we were staying for a few days. It turns out that the Welds are members of RNSYS, and are well known and highly regarded by the dock master and his staff. We exchanged a few emails and arranged to meet. It was a beautiful day so Jim and I paddled our kayaks up to their lovely home on the water – easy to spot since their DeFever 40 Passagemaker DISCOVERY was docked right out front. It’s hard to believe that DISCOVERY is a 1974 boat – she’s in pristine condition.



The Welds welcomed us into their home and told us about their several trips down to the Florida Keys when

their children were younger, as well as many adventures up and down parts of the Eastern Seaboard and of course around Nova Scotia and the gorgeous Bras d'Or Lake. We also marveled at the challenges of boating in the ever-present fog, especially in the days before GPS – we have a renewed respect for people who boat in these more challenging areas, as though it's nothing.

Gordon has designed boats and been involved with boating in many ways – he has a fine eye for a boat's lines, and he brings an engineer's attention to detail. The Welds are now focusing on other priorities in life and the lovely DISCOVERY was available for sale at the time of our visit.

We were so glad that we reached out to fellow DFC members, and enjoyed getting to know such special people.



**DAVIS, John & Colleen (#545)**  
Sovereign Islands, Australia

**1999 • DeFever 49 CPMY • DISTRACTION**

## **MUIR Anchor Controller**

Certainly one of the best and most useful devices we have fitted to DISTRACTION is the remote MUIR Remote anchor controller rode counter. These are also available branded as Maxwell and possibly some others in the U.S. but it appears to be all the same unit.

Over the years I have tried all the usually recommended methods of chain counting from multi colored plastic ties to the link inserts, but the only advantage they seem to have is that they are seriously cheap.

The counter is particularly effective at night. If you have ever anchored in a strange location, on a moonless night in 30 knots you will appreciate the need to know exactly how much rode you have out. No more guessing and shining the torch or deck light on the chain trying to find the telltales and ruining the night vision.

I am firm believer in a big anchor, a big winch, and lots of chain combined with a remote controller that also tells me exactly how much chain I have deployed. This set-up helps to ensure that we have a drag free anchoring regardless of the conditions.



**DEIN, Bob & Barbara (#2)**  
Venice, FL

**1999 • DeFever 44 • GONDOLA**

## **Identification, Orientation, Organization, & Accumulation**

(First you name and learn about your boat, then you make lists and fill it with lots of stuff.)

So you now have a boat: a new boat, a new-to-you boat, or maybe a boat that was emptied for long term storage. The following are things to do, things to get, things to think about – not meant to be the be-all/know-all, just ramblings of long-time boaters.

**Identification (Name & Port):** Bob and I have this “thing” about tacky/tasteless names, cutesy fonts, undersize fonts, and graphics that don't seem to have any relationship to the vessel name. And proudly telling the world you are from Steinhatchee, Winnepesaukee, or Punxsutawney, written in script with gold paint on a wooden signboard or transom, will actually only be able to be read by someone rafted to your swim platform, maybe! If your vessel displays the antitheses of these parameters, we won't have to hang off our radar arch with the binoculars,

trying to read your name to hail you because you are dragging, taking a mark on the wrong side, or are about to go aground!! Since we don't usually see our own transoms when underway, take the dinghy a few hundred yards aft at the next anchorage and try to objectively view the stern as others do. Kudos if you pass inspection (Image #1 – clear, large, readable). But if you hide all of that by traveling with the dinghy flipped across the stern, please have your name and port large and legible on the dinghy's underside. And be forewarned: you'll have to be in imminent danger before we'll hail you with a name such as "Wet Dream", "Mama's Ermine", "Double D", or "Trash Man" (all names we have seen).



*Make sure your name is clear, large and readable*

**Identification & Orientation (Know Your Boat):** On most boats, there is a Primary Person who operates, diagnoses, and fixes the systems, machinery, electronics, etc. But the Primary Person may not always be available when an action is needed right now! Therefore, the Other Person (spouse, significant other, son, daughter, brother, etc.) should be given the 'Grand Tour' of the helm, engine room, and flybridge. (Affixing labels to every switch, breaker, instrument, etc. is highly recommended.) This "introductory seminar" should be followed by ongoing continuing education sessions. If the Primary Person is great at repairs, but less-than-wonderful at instructing, find an alternative instructor (buddy boat skipper, Power Squadron guru, marine store whiz, or a captain affiliated with a commercial program like Sea Sense or Chapman's (just a mention, not meant as an endorsement). The Other Person should be able to start, operate, and stop every necessary item on the vessel. This enables the Other Person to share duties with the Primary Person, or to competently take over... in case (and that doesn't have to be a cataclysmic event like a heart attack – the Primary Person might be unable to leave the head due to a bout of "the runs"!).



And if these new skills aren't utilized enough to keep really sharp (and there isn't enough "compulsive personality" in you to frequently enact mock runs on a routine basis)? The answer: 3 x 5 "cheat" cards! Create one entitled "Turning on the Generator"; another – "Shutting Down the Engines", and "Turning the Engines Off When the Helm Stop Button Doesn't Work." There can also be: "Switching from Shore Power to Gen" and vice versa, "Entering Routes into the GPS", "Transferring Water from Tank to Tank", "Using the Radar", etc. Put these cards in a very visible place so they are easily found when needed. And, no, there's no need for embarrassment by referring to these; come see my collection (I love using the various colored ones) on GONDOLA!



**Organization: MAKE AN INVENTORY!!!**

Can you tell me how many serving spoons, knives, spatulas, etc. are in the galley utility drawer? What quantity of spare bulbs for the anchor light are aboard? AND... Where Are



- A list of all important dates: birthdays, anniversaries, etc., and cards to send (stamps, too!), and a list of even more important dates like boat insurance due, drivers license renewal, next dental appointment (and a list of all doctors, dentists, accountants, etc., with phone numbers).

- Packing lists for your clothes, foods, beverages, paper goods, cleaning materials, misc. like batteries, cell phone and charger, address book, fishing rods, craft project items, etc.

- A to-do just prior to departing list: shut off water to ice maker, hot water heater and dishwasher, unplug TV and desktop computer, vacation hold on mail, etc.

- A collection of anti-humdrum items: windsocks, napkins, paper plates, decorations, etc. in collegiate motif (Go Gators!!), or in holiday designs, or to reflect your cruising grounds (polar bears and moose in the Pacific Northwest), “announcement” burgees/banners (Sailfish Caught, Birthday, Cat Aboard, Happy Hour on this boat, etc.), and “surprises” – water pistols for a beach dinghy outing, sparklers for July 4th, pinwheels, kazoos for a cockpit non-vocal karaoke (or a name-that-tune contest), etc.

- A collection of recipes – for those ever popular, mostly finger food, appetizers, for the potluck dishes (entrees, sides, or salads) that always are eaten right down to the last spoonful, and probably the most important on blah days: easy to do, always requested, and even tempting to the calorie counter: desserts, usually something chocolate (Why is it you NEVER buy ‘Pepperidge Farm’ at home, but spy a plate full of Tahiti, Chesapeake, or Milanos – and the low –fat-only philosophy becomes history??!! )

- Oops, forgot to include something that has some importance: a collection of every replacement part, and the correct tools to install, that you will ever, yes – ever, need (for some of these parts, that will mean more than a single spare, yes, maybe even lots and lots).

Some of the previous we have done, some we plan to do (‘soon’), some may have been thought up as I typed - and I’m not telling which is what! :-)) And there may be one or two that didn’t catch our fancy, or work out for us, but may be perfect for you and your vessel.



**JOHNSON, Doug & Tammy (#990)**  
**Green Cove Springs, FL**

**2002 • DeFever 49 RPH • GYPSIES IN THE PALACE**

## **Building a Maintenance Plan**

One of the biggest issues of buying a used boat is building a maintenance plan for your time with the boat. If you are not a mechanic or an engineer, the job is all the more daunting.

My wife, Tammy, and I bought a 2002 49’ RPH last October and named her “Gypsies in the Palace”. She had been well cared for during her five years with her prior owner, Gordon and Sandi Moskowitz, although she had almost no use for the year prior to our purchase. She had spent much of her life docked in Rock Hall, Maryland, on the Eastern Shore. Since we live in Maine, we decided to leave her in Maryland for the winter since no boat deserves a Maine winter.

So during the winter, I began to figure out how I would build the maintenance plan for GYPSIES. I spent some time reading the manuals for some of the key pieces of equipment but it seemed like an impossible task for someone who has owned boats for 10 years but has normally had someone else do the maintenance. Then I found what seemed to be the perfect answer. In April 2007, Sea Kits announced a new computer system called the “Marine Maintenance System”









NAUGHTON, Norm & Vicki (#772)  
Green Cove Springs, FL

1988 • DeFever 49 RPH • TIDE HIKER

## Living Aboard in the Northeast Winter

As I write this, we are looking over an increasingly vacant marina where we live. Many boats have already been pulled ashore for the winter and are shrink-wrapped. There are other boats staying in the water; and, many of these are also shrink-wrapped giving us the impression we are docked in a sea of plastic icebergs. There are not many living aboard this winter in our marina. I can count only a handful. Several have asked us how we have prepared for this adventure. So, I thought I would share with everyone the results of our research and work to get TIDE HIKER ready for the throes of snow, sleet, ice and arctic winds, while keeping our boat and bodily systems running and us toasty warm. We are, of course, not the first to do this and will not be the last. Our heartfelt thanks goes out to the DeFever Cruisers group, especially Robin and Jim Roberts (#331



ADVENTURES) who gave us a long list of issues to resolve, equipment to install, and routines to expect. With that said, here is what we have done to prepare for the “burrrrrr” of winter in the Northeast.

We did not winterize our boat’s systems. We did close the sea cocks going to each engine, each generator and the seawater intake pump feeding the three AC/Heating compressors. We want to be sure all generators will be functional in case we lose shore power in the middle of a snow or ice storm. Also, we want to be able to make a quick getaway should a neighboring boat’s unattended heater spark a fire. For this reason I will open the sea cocks as necessary to test the engines and generators from time to time, probably weekly. We are advised by Cruisair that when the water temperature plummets to 40 degrees or less, we should discontinue use of the AC/Heating system. So, we installed four oil-filled radiator-type heaters, two in the engine room - one near the forward bulkhead and one near the aft bulkhead, one in the saloon near the aft door, and one below the companionway steps from the staterooms to the pilothouse. The two in the engine room are adequately secured to prevent tipping over and all are kept a decent distance from anything combustible. We also installed two small ceramic forced-air heaters: one in the guest head and one in the master head. As you might have predicted, we are quite toasty in spite of last week’s snow storm. (See the pictures.) You are probably wondering about all the electricity these heaters use. We have learned the hard way that our 50A, 125/250VAC shore power connection does not adequately provide all the power we need for all this supplemental heat - especially if we want to have light to read by, watch TV, cook food, or most importantly, use the hair dryer. So Steve Koch (#74 AURORA) and Robin Roberts (ADVENTURES) advised us to take advantage of this boat’s ability to split the main AC panel and add another 50A, 125/250VAC shore power cord. We now have one connected to “Shore Two” for all 220VAC equipment (dryer, stovetop, engine room heaters); and, one connected to “Shore One” for all other regular 110VAC equipment.

We did insulate the windows with Frost King window insulation kits to help with the pesky drafts. We also purchased boot stabil-icers and ice carpets for getting on and off the boat and walking the icy docks. Lastly, we don fleecy PJ’s and cuddle up under the electric blanket in bed. Very romantic!!!

Lastly, we lined each outside closet with closed cell foam mattresses, (like the stuff used to insulate one in a

sleeping bag from the damp earth when camping). Robin tells us that this prevents condensation. We also have it against the hull at the head of our bed.

To monitor the temperature in the bilge, I installed Taylor wireless thermostats. I can see on the main unit what the temps are in three locations.

Oh yeah, we also purchased a small plastic/aluminum-handled “backcountry” shovel. We shovel the snow off so it won’t melt, freeze and get in and under surface joints.

The water will soon be turned off here in the marina. So far we only had one hose-freeze-night. So, we’re filling the onboard tanks daily to make sure we have full tanks when the dock water is gone. Do not fret, though. The marina runs a long hose from the office to the perimeter docks. Each dock, then, has a long hose with plenty of “Y-connections” installed so liveaboards and weekend boaters can fill their tanks. I am told, though, that some people forget to drain the hoses when they are done and the hoses freeze; hence, one of the 1001 uses for hair dryers I am told.

So far, everything seems to be working fine. The breakers don’t trip when we use the stovetop, convection/microwave, lights and all other systems aboard. The water is still plentiful with plenty of pressure and we’re toasty warm. But, this is only December!!! Check back with me in February. Hopefully, the winter will remain mild.



**SHETTER, North & Janet (#571)**  
**Menominee, MI**

**1988 • DF47 POC • TWO SEASONS**

## **DeFever TV retrofit**

*I have attached a simple project that we completed a couple years ago that might give other folks an idea or two. This last year we went through the process of removing our old Galley Maid heads and sanitary lines, and we installed an ElectroScan (new name for the LectraSan) system with Tecma heads. I have documented it to some extent but want to get final photos. This was NOT a simple and fun exercise. However, the final result is sooooo much better than what we were living with, it was well worth the effort. Once I have some photos of the final result I will send you an article.*

*We keep our boat at Burnt Store Marina south of Punta Gorda, FL. Jan lives aboard from November to May and I commute from upper Michigan for a week per month at present.*

### **DeFever TV retrofit**

When Jan and I bought our 1988 47 POC it had an old-fashioned TV stuck in what was once a storage area in



the aft salon. We were looking for a way to put in a newer TV and not take up any extra room. The idea of making more storage for bar items was also in our minds.

We purchased some scrap teak lumber at a local woodworking shop and with the help of a friend who has some decent wood working tools, created a doorframe and mounted an LCD TV in the door. Behind the door, we made some starboard shelves for a DVD player and wine storage racks. It is nothing fancy but it does fit in with our focus of keeping the boat as close to original as we can.



## ***DeFever Cruisers Magazine is about YOU, and for YOU!***

Let's hear about your last cruise, beautification or organization project, or "interesting" experience in "The Holy Place." Remember to send all photos as separate files, and while you may crop them as you wish, we do prefer that the file be as close to "native" (just as they came out of the camera) as possible and labeled clearly for placement within the article.

You may think a cruise to St. Michael's on the Chesapeake Bay is old hat, but many of our cruisers have never been there, and would love to see your pictures and read about it as a cruising destination.

***So . . . where have YOU been lately? And what have you been up to?***