

DeFever Cruisers Magazine

Volume 14 Number 1

Winter 2009



CROTHERS, Dean and Jennifer JACOBS (#390)

1970 • DF50, Wood • EMILY B

Seattle, WA

The Sea of Cortez: La Paz to Loreto

We left La Paz in mid-May after buying and installing a new anchor chain and waiting 10 days for our FM-3 visas to be renewed. We were eager to finally explore the Sea of Cortez, one of our major goals when we set out from Puget Sound nearly two years ago. Our first stop, Isla San Francisco, was lovely but the coramuel winds at night made the anchorage untenable, so we moved on up the coast.

At Bahia Los Gatos, we found everything that we had come to the Sea to experience. The water was warm enough for swimming and there were beautiful red rocks rising from the turquoise sea. While snorkeling, we saw several bright blue angelfish with one white stripe and a yellow tail (King Angelfish we later learned), yellow and black striped sergeant majors, a moray eel with large canine teeth and horns coming out of its nose, an octopus that blended into a rock, two small mottled stingrays gliding along the bottom, an orange starfish, coral patches, and myriad sea cucumbers.

It was blistering hot, but dipping into the water cooled us off. After a night of hot westerly wind (like a hair dryer), funneled through a dry arroyo onshore, we motored 18 miles north to the bay of Agua Verde. A deep low over Yuma, Arizona was sucking winds up the Sea of Cortez, causing a strong SW flow and we hoped to tuck into the eastern anchorage there for protection. Unfortunately, the east bight was filled with seven sailboats and there was no more room, so we anchored at the east end of the village. Shortly after the anchor was set, the wind started building. We subsequently were buffeted by 30+ knot sustained winds, with gusts to 45 and 50 knots, for about 40 hours straight. Our new chain held very well, but it was an exciting time, especially at night with the howling of the wind and banging of the halyard. When the blow finally ended, the temperature had dropped by 20 degrees to about 75 F. All the cruisers were eager to get off their boats, so we had a pot luck dinner on the nearby beach to celebrate.

The next morning, we dinghied to shore with another couple to explore the village of Agua Verde. Nestled up against the barren, jagged mountains were



Emily B



Dean and Jennifer in May 08 — AguaVerde

a few scattered cinderblock houses, a school, and a police station with a jail all interposed between the dry shrubs and cardon cacti. We bought a few groceries at the little tienda there and gave a donation to a medical fund for a local man with a broken leg. (Later, several pangas came out to our boat, all bearing cards written in English asking for donations for various medical problems - hmmm.)

Our best find, though, was goat cheese from an old señora, which we had heard about from some other cruisers. We followed a dusty path past a corral with several goats, past rusted out car shells, and past old political posters. We finally found her shack but were told that the cheese wouldn't be ready until 4 pm. Upon our return, we were rewarded with a large 12-inch wheel of fresh cheese for 30 pesos (about \$3). We took it back to the boat and tried a slice. It was heavenly, like fresh mozzarella.

What to do now? It was a LOT OF CHEESE, so I had to be creative. I still had some fresh basil from La Paz. On

a tip from another cruiser, I sliced fresh tomatoes, topped them with goat cheese, basil leaves, olive oil, and balsamic vinegar. Presto - Goat Cheese Caprese Salad! Divine. The next morning I folded chunks of the cheese into scrambled eggs and then stuffed them into breakfast burritos with salsa. YUM! That evening, I sliced the cheese into small squares, dribbled with Costco's Raspberry Chipotle Sauce, and served with crackers as an appetizer. Wonderful! We continued to use the cheese in salads and for snacks for the next few days. What a find! We'll be back there for sure on our way south next fall.

After leaving Agua Verde, we spent two lovely nights at Yellowstone Beach, which forms the north end of Isla Monserrat. Beautiful yellow sandstone cliffs and canyons line the beach with



Yellowstone Beach

myriad Sally Lightfoot crabs roaming the rocky outcroppings. We dinghied to shore one afternoon and, using the wheels, pulled the dinghy up on the beach and left the anchor in the sand. We explored the shell-studded beach, the gorgeous canyon, and the tide pools along the rocky spits.

While we were walking the beach we noticed that the surf had come up and there were breaking waves near the shore. Hurrying back to the dinghy, we found the wheels partially buried in the wet sand and the boat half full of water from the incoming surf. We tugged and pulled and bailed until finally I jumped in and started rowing to keep the bow heading into the waves while Dean started the motor and we were off and running. Back aboard EMILY B we were drenched but exhilarated.

The next morning we took a dinghy ride two miles to the small rocky Las Galeras islets where sea lions, frigates, cormorants, and pelicans abound. We turned off the outboard and drifted 30 feet from a point where a huge male sea lion held court, baying at us if we got too close. Around the other side of the islands, we spied a school



Dolphins in the Sea of Cortez, Las Galeras islets

of 15-20 dolphins swimming and diving within 20 feet of us. Using our new digital zoom lens with the rapid fire shutter, I finally got photos of actual dolphins, instead of only splashes in the water. Splendid!

The forecast was for northeast winds, so around noon we decided to move to Balandra Cove, a bulletproof anchorage on the northeast side of Isla Carmen. We crossed the short distance to the south side of Carmen and thought it might be fun to go around the northeast end of the island. What we didn't expect was the four to five foot steep waves that greeted us as we rounded the point at the northern tip of the island. The wind wasn't much, but it was one of those current against the swell situations. Also, we were open to the entire fetch of the Sea of Cortez. Thinking that this was just a short day hop and not expecting rough seas, we had not adequately secured the contents of the boat. As we wallowed and pitched, we heard a cacophony of crashing and thumping from various lockers and cabinets in the boat.

Dean tacked back and forth to reduce the motion until finally we were in the lee of the point. When things calmed down enough to investigate, I found that the aft pantry door had flown open. The contents of a one-liter box of ultra-pasturized milk had tumbled out and emptied onto the stateroom carpet. We immediately began soaking it up with absorbent cloths but after half an hour only recovered eight ounces. We then tried the wet/dry vacuum, which seemed to work. Two nights later, however, I woke to the awful smell of sour milk and we had to sacrifice a large swath of carpet.

Balandra Cove was beautiful, but as soon as we arrived we were set-upon by 20-30 bees looking for fresh water. We quickly snapped in our screens and proceeded to spend the rest of the day and evening inside. It was a beautiful cove that begged exploration, but swarms of bees were not our idea of fun. The next morning, the bow was covered with dew-seeking bees. Dean donned long pants, long sleeves, and a large hat to venture forth and retrieve the anchor. We crossed over to the south side of Isla Coronado, a good refuge from the north wind but lacking a beach or picturesque setting.

Before anchoring, we decided to investigate the west side of the island, just north of the long reef jutting from the southwest side, which reportedly had a white sandy beach. As we approached the pass through the reef, however, the soundings became more and more shallow. When we saw ten feet on the depth sounder, we turned around and returned to the south anchorage. It was comfortable and safe there, but periodically a strong fishy odor drifted out to the boat. We subsequently found out that there were hundreds of dead squid on the lovely white beach north of the reef and the strong odor there had driven out other cruisers. Bees! Dead Squid! Not the idyllic cruise we had anticipated.

Later that day, our friends Jim and Jan McCorison (#438) on MAÑANA (DF 38) motored in from further north. The wind had kicked up to about 20 kts and there were small whitecaps in the anchorage so we visited by VHF that evening. It was calm the next morning and we motored the eight miles to Loreto, where we anchored in the open roadstead just off the small municipal pier. We took the dinghy into the dock and had a pleasant time exploring the town, provisioning, and having lunch at a restaurant. There is a good grocery there, *Pescadero*, a produce market called *Fruteria*, an IMSS government subsidized dry good and liquor store, and *Dali*, a gourmet shop. *Dali* had frozen cuts of beef, lamb, and pork, fresh cheeses, and delicacies such as stuffed olives, couscous, sundried tomatoes, and Kirkland brand nuts, toilet paper, and canned salmon. It was a bit pricey but fun to splurge on a few hard to find items.

When we arrived back at the harbor around 2pm, we were dismayed to see two to three foot waves with whitecaps. EMILY B looked far, far away. It was a slow and wet dinghy ride back in the 20-knot wind and we vowed to anchor closer next time. The dinghy was bucking and heaving as we tied alongside the boat. I jumped out and handed Dean the spreader bar that was used to lift the dinghy up to the flybridge. He fumbled around for a while and then yelled, "F**K, G*D-D**N IT!" Normally a mild-mannered and calm guy, I knew something was horribly wrong to warrant this explosion of expletives. "They stole our spreader-bar cables!"

Two small wire cables with carabiners on each end to connect hooks in the transom of the dinghy to the aft end of the spreader bar had been stolen while we were out provisioning. We had routinely left these in the dinghy. While we always made sure that our motor was securely locked in place, we never dreamed someone would take these cables. But on reflection, we realized that there was \$50-60 worth of hardware in this apparatus and that it was indeed quite valuable.

We were between the proverbial rock and the hard place. Too rough to tow the dinghy or to fashion a new cable, Dean pondered the alternatives as we lurched back and forth in the building waves. Finally he improvised a make-shift harness from some old docking lines and braved the bucking bronco of a dinghy to attach them between

the dinghy and the spreader bar. He scrambled to the flybridge to lift the dinghy with the boom as I held it off to prevent it from crashing into the side of the boat. Whew, we made it! Lifting the anchor, we returned to the south Coronado anchorage, where Jim and Jan had returned before the wind picked up.

Luckily, Jim had all sorts of spare cable aboard and even a tool to make a metal splice, so Dean dinghied over with the specifications for making new cables. After about five minutes, he radioed me and said, "It's all done, would you like to come over for a gin and tonic?" When I arrived, I learned that Jim just happened to have had an already made-up spreader bar cable from a previous dinghy that fit our specifications within a quarter of an inch. Miraculous! The resourcefulness and camaraderie of the cruising community is unsurpassed.

We moved to the Perico South anchorage on Isla Carmen for the next few days to ride out stronger northerlies. The Sea of Cortez is a shell game. Weather forecasting is difficult as it is dependent on the local geography and conditions of a particular anchorage. Winds can come from nearly all directions and most of the anchorages are open in one way or another. It is not uncommon for a strong wind from a new direction to come up in the middle of the night, necessitating a move to get off a lee shore.

It was now early June, but the water was still cold in much of the Sea. The tuna and dorado were still further south near Cabo San Lucas as they prefer water temperatures of 80 degrees or more. We had friends flying into Loreto for a week's vacation and planned to take them out on the boat for a few days. Bill and Judy had lived aboard and cruised on their 44 foot DF trawler (*Meander*) for eight years and had been members of our Northwest DeFever Cruisers association. They were now land dwellers and looking forward to some time on the water. Loreto is an excellent place to pick up visitors, as there are direct flights from the U.S. on Alaska, Delta, and Continental airlines.

We headed for Puerto Escondido, a beautiful natural harbor 14 miles south of Loreto, and were offered a free mooring buoy in the Waiting Room, just outside the narrow entrance. The folks on *Manta*, a trimaran based permanently there, had tied a mooring to a sunken ship in the harbor and rented it to friends in the winter. They later brought us some fresh scallops which I sautéed in tequila, garlic, and olive oil to make a Scampi to serve over spaghetti. Delish!



Waiting Room at Puerto Escondido

Bill and Judy taxied to the new Singlar Marina in Puerto Escondido, which is being boycotted by most cruisers who don't want to pay upwards of \$15 a night for the privilege of tying to a mooring buoy. We picked them up in our dinghy and left that afternoon for Honeymoon Cove. We had a wonderful lunch in the intimate anchorage there but were worried that it was open to the west, the direction from which the nightly winds were coming. We moved on to east facing Candelara Bay and were glad as there were 30 knot westerlies for the next two nights. Jim and Jan met us there and we had a fun reunion.

The next leg of our trip will take us from Loreto to San Carlos, where we reserved moorage at Marina Real for EMILY B during the upcoming hurricane season. While most insurance companies require boats to be north of 27 degrees latitude by June 1st, hurricanes need very warm water to propagate and do not seriously threaten the Sea of Cortez until mid-August through the end of October. Our plan is to continue cruising until early July, or until we got too hot. We planned a haul-out for bottom painting in Guaymas at that time, but I'll save that story for the next installment.



ROSS, JR., Michael and Jane Ross (#641)

1999 • DeFever 44 • BLESSINGS Manteo, NC

BLESSINGS dropped her lines and departed Shallowbag Bay Club Marina on November 7, 2008. We were a little later heading south this year as we waited for our friends, Dick and Elle Lassman aboard *Summer Wind* to come into Manteo for their first visit so we could head south together. A nor'easter with tons of rain came the next morning after the Lassmans arrived on November 2 and lasted for four days. We told Dick and Elle that we have some beautiful weather on the Outer Banks but not sure if they believe us.

11/7-9: We stayed in Englehard, NC due to south winds on the Pamlico Sound. We biked and walked, biked and walked and (you guessed it) biked and walked!! Not much else to do in Englehard. We did purchase some fresh shrimp at William's Seafood about a block from where we both were docked. Also had an opportunity to share a meal with the good folks that rent our home in Kitty Hawk. They are lovely people and we are blessed to have met them.

11/10-11: We stayed at anchorages in NC and it was quite chilly when we awoke in the mornings to depart. BLESSINGS and *Summer Wind* spent November 12 and 13 at Joyner Marina in Carolina Beach due to wind and thunderstorms. November 14 and 15 we were at Dock Holiday's Marina in N. Myrtle Beach, SC staying two nights due to tornado warnings.

11/16: We traveled to Georgetown, SC and are now underway to Charleston. It is beautiful and sunny but very chilly in the mornings. Just saw three dolphins frolicking in the ICW and yesterday we saw six turtles sunning themselves on a log near Conway, SC and two goats munching on grass along the waterway. We are so blessed to be able to enjoy this beautiful part of God's creation.

11/17: Have now arrived safely in Charleston and are staying at the Ashley Marina. Record lows here tonight at 27 degrees. We are glad to be in a marina and not anchored out in this cold. Tomorrow we head on to Beaufort, SC.

Final note on Miss Godiva (our Chocolate Lab)... she is being such a trooper despite her recent surgery. The life jacket we have for her has been invaluable. It fits around her snugly with a large handle on top allowing Mike and I to assist her up and down the ramp. Mike administers a shot in the back leg muscle once a week for now and becoming monthly in the future. She has a little limp but is her normal cheerful self. She has done everything we have asked of her on this boating adventure and is such an important part of our crew.

11/18-27: Entered Florida on November 21 and stayed at a marina in Jacksonville. It was so windy and cold we had to stay in port an extra day. November 25 we arrived in New Smyrna Beach where we tied BLESSINGS up at Pete and Lil Satterlee's (#592) dock right off the ICW. After staying on board one night cousin Sheila picked us up for Thanksgiving Feast at her home in Deltona. This has become an annual event which we all enjoy. Sheila, who is allergic to pets even allows Godiva to come and swim in her new pool. Great therapy for a dog who just had knee surgery in October. Thank you Sheila and thank you Pete and Lil.

11/28-12/4: Spent the weekend in Vero Beach at a private marina to visit good friends we met in the Bahamas in 2006. Had a wonderful time catching up on each other's lives and enjoying good meals together. Stopped at several anchorages on our continuing trek to the Florida Keys arriving at Plantation Yacht Harbor in Islamorada on December 4, 2008.

12/5-19: We have all settled in at this beautiful piece of God's paradise and began finding our way to Burton Memorial United Methodist Church, grocery stores, post offices, etc. Burton Memorial had their Christmas Cantata December 14 and it was beautiful. Another couple we met in Manteo in 2005 live on Conch Key which is about 24 miles south from us, and they came for dinner Sunday evening and after dinner we all attended a Christmas Pageant at the Coral Shores High School put on by Key Largo Baptist Church. This performance was awesome... better than anything I have ever seen on Broadway. On Tuesday, December 16 we saw the local dance troupe perform "How the Grinch Stole Christmas". We all enjoyed the evening of dinner and a show with the "dinner" consisting of pizza and hot dogs!!

Lessons of a Novice Cruiser

Norm and I lived aboard our DeFever 49 RPH TIDE HIKER for a year before beginning full-time cruising when I retired in June. We've been at it six months now and have learned a few things. Not deeply insightful, but important stuff...

1. Take a chart or handheld when using the dinghy. Being lost in the North Atlantic in an 11 foot rubber boat shortly before sundown is very scary.
2. There is never only one crab trap or lobster pot – they live in communities. This can make driving through them a bit dicey at times, but also provides the cheap thrill of an obstacle course to chase away any hint of boredom.
3. Plan a back-up anchorage or two (in case the lobster pot community has set up residence in our anchorage of choice).
4. The painstaking preparation and rehearsal of emergency procedures is of great comfort when smoke (or steam masquerading as smoke) is wafting across the bridge.
5. Look at the gauges constantly to prevent the need to use the painstakingly prepared emergency procedures. It's easy to focus entirely on picking our way through the lobster pots in the thick fog, but one eyeball needs to scan the gauges to catch the engine that is overheating due to seaweed being sucked into the intake.
6. There must be two boat hooks aboard. One must be a giraffe-sized hook that extends all the way from the top of the bow to the water. A spare boat hook is needed to retrieve the giraffe after it flies overboard just before the mooring ball wrenches an arm from its socket on the third attempt to snag the ball.
7. Know the measurements of everything. Other cruisers want to know the size of our engines, water tanks, dinghy, and even our boat hook. Occasionally there is a whiff of competition in the conversation - another good reason to have a giraffe!
8. Sprinkling seasonings in the galley with the window open while underway results in seasonings on the sofa. Similarly, shaving with the wind blowing in the bathroom window results in a whisker cloud wafting through the stateroom.
9. Leaving a folder of papers in the pilot house with the pilot house doors open and the door to the bridge open will result in papers being deposited at various ocean latitudes, the galley, the salon, and the cockpit. (Same principle as above – we're obviously not very quick learners).
10. Cruising attracts massive quantities of dust. It's like a dust bomb went off inside the boat in spite of weekly cleaning. The reason is still a mystery. (No, seasonings and whiskers do not account for this.)
11. Don't put fingers between the boat and anything that could pinch them (like a fuel dock).
12. Wear gloves when handling a line that has been in the water (e.g. mooring line) because a) it may be slimy, b) there may be stinging creatures lounging on the line, c) it could ruin your manicure, and d) if pinched between the boat and line, fingers may slip out more easily if gloved (in case the previous lesson wasn't learned).
13. The first rule of weather forecasting and navigating is "look out the window".
14. Thunderstorms are scarier in a boat than in a house. Anxiety is reduced by reminding ourselves that even if the boat sinks, in 15 feet of water we'll be sitting dry on the bridge.
15. The toothpick rule: anything with a toothpick in it counts as an appetizer. This alleviates the pressure to plan



Norm and Vicki Naughton

and prepare fancy stuff. The toothpick-expansion rule: the number of toothpicks consumed is highly correlated with the number of hours needed on the stair-stepper.

16. When cooking at anchor under generator power, dishes requiring stovetop or oven/microwave must be prepared sequentially to avoid loss of power. Making a meal while underway in a low-amp crock pot is a great way to avoid the power problem. Dinner is ready when we reach anchorage and it doesn't heat up the galley.
17. At our infrequent marina stops, chores can easily consume the day, e.g. washing boat and clothes, baking, provisioning. We try to make a two-day stop to allow time for fun and touring.
18. There are many joys of going ashore: touring, exercise, access to newspapers, being in large rooms. The most unexpected is the freedom of throwing the toilet paper in the bowl!
19. Cruise planning takes way more time and effort than expected. It also provides a great opportunity to practice patience when the forecast changes or something else interferes with our well-laid plan and we start all over again.
20. Resilience is a key ingredient for successful cruising. It is important to bounce back when things go wrong or when the unexpected happens. Chocolate helps!
21. We've found other cruisers to be generous sources of invaluable advice and wisdom. In particular, Jim and Robin Roberts (#331) aboard ADVENTURES, Steve and Di Koch (#74) aboard AURORA, and Rick and Lynnne Tierney (#822) aboard RICKSHAW have done much to help us keep our boat and our spirits afloat during the action-packed first six months of full-time cruising.



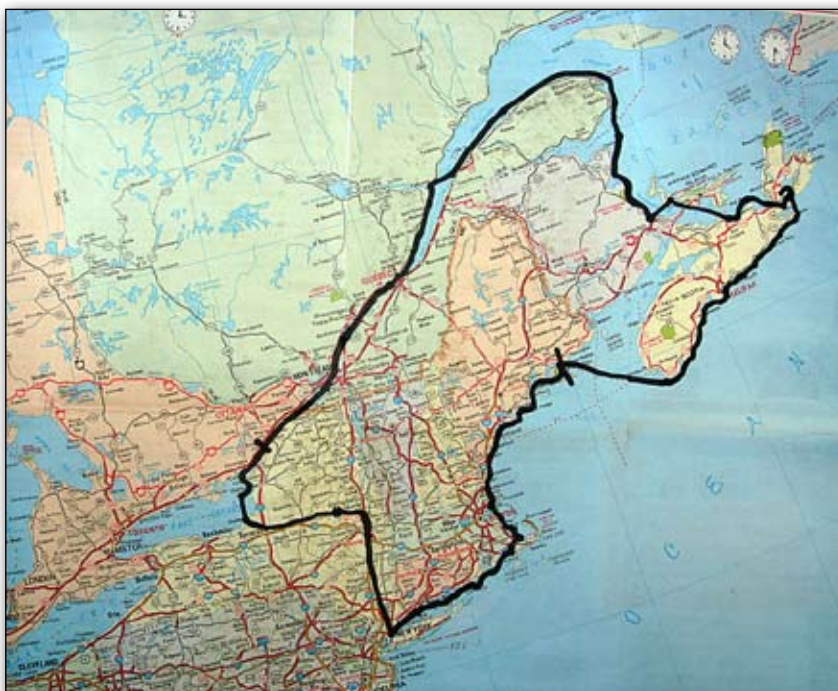
VAN GEMERT, Richard *and* Sue (#432)

1991 • DF49PH+6 • LIONHEART Ventura, CA

LIONHEART on the Down East Circle Loop - 2008

I write this page in a beautiful, snug harbor on Mt. Desert (pronounced “dessert”) Island in Maine, after spending the summer (73 days) traveling in Canada on what is known as the Down East Circle Loop. This segment of LIONHEART’s “great adventure” began on June 17, 2008, when we officially checked in through Canadian Customs in Brockville, Ontario, Canada, a small town on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence River. Prior to that day, we had been meandering along the southern shore of the St. Lawrence which is in New York State. After checking in, all of our ports of call were in Canada until arriving back in the U.S. (in Maine) on August 29. We had a fabulous trip, cruising along 1,627 miles of Canadian shoreline, which I will attempt to describe here in words and pictures.

Brockville is an interesting little town with a lovely town dock at the bottom of the downtown area. Even though it was raining, we walked up the hill to visit one of their local highlights, Fulford Place. This magnificent mansion was designed by a noted American



Down East Loop

architect, Albert W. Fuller, and built in 1899-1901 for Senator George T. Fulford, successful marketer of “Pink Pills for Pale People”. Yup, the guy made millions off absolutely nothing! Well, he built a very nice house and branched out into lumber and other businesses of substance. The next day we moved on to Prescott which was settled in 1784 by United Empire Loyalists. Fort Wellington is located here but we skipped the tour due to rain. June 19, we were up early to transit the Iroquois Lock, the first of the seven St. Lawrence Seaway Locks.

The St. Lawrence Seaway was built as a joint venture between the U.S. and Canada to link Atlantic Ocean ports with the Great Lakes ports. Opened in 1959, most of the commercial traffic on the Seaway is big ships carrying bulk cargo like grain, cement, salt, iron ore, coal, limestone, gypsum, etc., to ports around the world. The locks are built to handle big carriers. Smaller vessels do not lock through with the big commercial ships. The locks operate by draining 24 million gallons of water, by gravity, from the center of the lock or by filling up with 24 million gallons of water from the center. When locking down the water is drained, therefore you don’t get pushed against the lock wall during the process which makes for a better locking experience for smaller boats. The big guys don’t have these concerns. Generally, traveling “down” (east) in the St. Lawrence is much easier for pleasure crafts because you are going with the current. Prices of fuel not withstanding, it’s always better to go “with” the flow than against it!



Lionheart exiting lock on the St. Lawrence Seaway

After clearing the Iroquois Lock, LIONHEART headed into Chrysler Park, which is a Parks Canada marina in a beautiful setting. Having arrived in the morning, we spent the afternoon stepping back in time in Upper Canada Village. This is a replica village exhibiting the way life was lived in rural Canada in the 1860’s. The village is composed of 40 heritage buildings, many of them dismantled and rebuilt above the flood line caused by the construction of the dams to make the Seaway. We visited a working mill which produced power by water wheel for the production of the lumber and the woolen industry of the time. There were costumed people demonstrating many other trades of the time and of course, farming. There were lots of school kids there on field trips. We noticed them cleaning the shelves of the gift shop of all manner of plastic junk toys. I guess that some of them took home a handful of raw wool but China made out like a bandit that day selling useless junk to Canadian children who all seemed to have money to spend. We asked some of the costumed “villagers” if this was their full-time job, or what they did in the winter. Some were locals but many were cruise ship crew who work their off-season in other “entertainment industries”. In Upper Canada Village that would be tasks like taking care of the farm animals and giving demonstrations of trades, etc. Who knew?

June 20 and 21 marked the summer solstice which meant the longest days of the year. These two days took us through four locks (two each day). The Eisenhower and Snell locks on Friday took us around the Long Sault Rapids and there was a lot of waiting around to lock through. These two locks are run by the U.S. Each lock lowers the boat about 40 feet and costs \$20 each. Sometime on that day we left the Province of Ontario and entered the Province of Quebec. On Saturday we transited the first two Canadian operated locks: Beauharnois #1 and #2. These locks lower you 42 feet each and cost \$25 each. We had to wait at the second lock for two big ships to lock through - commercial traffic always goes first on the Seaway. We arrived in Lac St. Louis around 6:30 PM and anchored off the town of Beauharnois. For some reason there were fireworks in the sky that evening which was a nice end to a long day. On June 22, we completed locking through the last two locks on the Seaway. After leaving the locks, the canal returns back to the St. Lawrence River where you round a buoy that heads back west (against the current) to the Port of Montreal. The current was just ripping and there were some big freighters and tour boats

coming towards us, making the river look very crowded to the LIONHEART crew. However, the captain managed nicely and we arrived at Port d'Escale, which is situated in the Jacques Cartier Basin in the heart of Old Montreal, at 3:00 PM. That was a fabulous location for our stay in this beautiful old city.

We began our exploration of the city by walking up Jacques Cartier Street to the top of the hill, which is Rue Notre Dame, the oldest street in the city. Jacques Cartier was the first European to see the island of Montreal from atop Mont Royal in 1534. The small French colony of Montreal was established in 1642. For the next 120 years the French and the British fought over North America. In 1760 the French capitulated and Montreal, as well as all the territories east came under British rule. Montreal is a cosmopolitan city today where



Lionheart docked in the old port in Montreal

35 languages are spoken. Fortunately for us, English is one of the two main languages. The area around the port is called Vieux Montreal (the oldest part of the city) and it is full of narrow cobblestone streets and 17th and 18th century architecture. Jacques Cartier is a walking street lined with shops and restaurants. From the top of the hill we could look across the river to the site of the 1967 World Exposition. The major landmark left from that Exposition is the geodesic dome designed by Buckminster Fuller. It is now named the Biosphere and is dedicated to ecological studies.

There are so many interesting buildings and areas, exhibitions, museums, market places and restaurants in Montreal that we were on the move constantly for four days. Starting with a four-hour bus tour of the city on June 23, we visited the Notre Dame Basilica built in 1829, which is filled with beautiful stained glass windows and amazing wood carving - right up there with the famous churches in Europe. Driving out of the old district to the east, we saw the site of the 1976 Olympics, including the landmark stadium and athlete's village. Today the village is in use as housing. Unfortunately, the then state-of-the-art stadium is not used very much these days, and the retractable dome doesn't work. The tour also took us across town to the Mont Royal Parc which provides an amazing view of the city and river. The buildings in this area are old but well preserved and functioning very well. After this orientation ride, we learned to jump on the METRO (underground) to visit areas like Little Italy and the Latin Quarter. Both provided wonderful dining experiences and a walk about among the residents of this beautiful and interesting city. China Town was within walking distance, as was McGill University and the Montreal Jazz Festival which began on June 26, our last day in town. The IMAX theatre was on the pier where we were docked and I treated myself to a 3-D U-2 concert show. The captain declined the opportunity to have his ears blown off.

June 27, we departed Montreal at 8:00 AM in the fog. Going with the current, LIONHEART was speeding along at 13.5 kts which is fairly flying for this trawler! The air above the river was teeming with seagulls as we traveled along with our fog horn blasting, arriving at Trois-Rivieres (Three Rivers) at 3:30 PM. This is where we reunited with our buddy boat for the Down East Circle Loop, *Kaos*. They were already at the dock and the sun was shining bright, making for a glorious happy hour reunion on the dock. It was fun to catch up with our friends, Susann and Alan Syme who had taken a different route from Waterford, NY, to the St. Lawrence. Their trip took them up the Champlain Waterway to Trois-Riviers. June 28, both boats headed down river to our next port of call, Portneuf. The wind was blowing 25 kts, the current was ripping (fortunately in the same direction we were traveling), the ride was rough but we were really flying at 15.3 kts and arrived at Portneuf before lunch. A walk into "town" revealed a very small hamlet with few services. However, the marina was reputed to have a wonderful restaurant. When we repaired to that restaurant for lunch, we found a limited menu for that meal but a fantastic menu for dinner and decided to eat our evening meal there. At 5:30 PM in a pouring rain and wind, we made our way to the restaurant which was totally empty except for the staff. Coming in out of the rain, we were stunned to learn that they required reservations and would not be able to seat us that evening... at any time. Evidently they

are the only restaurant for miles and they were fully booked and they could not see their way clear to serve us that evening. Well, who knew??? So, we repaired to *Kaos* which was docked right in front of said restaurant and vowed to drink enough wine so that we would be up for mooning the crowd (just picture that in your mind!) that was coming with reservations. Well, it was a shocking plan that was not implemented, even after all the lovely wine and hors d'ouvres were consumed. But we did vow never to darken their doors again, leaving the marina early the next day... never to return!

On June 29, we arrived in Quebec City in a pouring rain. We had been trying to get reservations at the marina in the Louise Basin for weeks and were finally notified that they could accommodate us from the 29th to July 4. We were thrilled because this marina is right at the base of the Old City (Vieux Quebec) and July 3 was the 400 year anniversary of the founding of Quebec City. What a blast we had until the evening of July 2 when I learned of my dearest friend's sudden death. July 3 it rained buckets all day which fairly ruined much of the outdoor spectacle that had been planned to kick off a month of celebrations. Fortunately for the huge crowds, the rain stopped in the early evening and by 11:45 PM, when the fireworks show began, it was clear and dry. Backing up to begin the Quebec report on June 29: After we arrived and got situated in the inner harbor, the rain lightened up. By 5:00 PM, we could see the beautiful city which marches up the hill from the river to the Chateau Frontenac. Along with *Kaos*, we walked around the inner harbor to the foot of the hill. Here again are narrow cobblestone streets - very European and very quaint. We ambled around, stopping in a square for a glass of wine, and then took the funicular to the top of the hill. We stopped for dinner in another square at the top of the hill and then strolled down the hill, around the harbor, back to the marina. Along the way we happened upon a tent where we heard wonderful music - turned out to be a free music venue (featuring "Indian" - First Nation Artists) that was part of the anniversary celebration. Inside we found bean bags on which to recline while watching a wonderful projection of color and movement on the ceiling which was timed to the music being performed. It was sort of a 60's experience and we loved it! The next day dawned bright and sunny so we immediately set out for the top of the hill again and took a carriage ride. This open-air experience included a trip through the old section of the city (Quebec is the oldest and most European city in North America) which was a walled citadel in the early years. Then, we went through the new section where the government buildings and high-rise hotels are located among many beautiful parks and squares, beautiful old and new homes, and through the Plains of Abraham park area. The Plains of Abraham was the site of a fierce battle in 1759 between the French and British over control of Quebec. Both generals died in the battle and victory went to the British. However, as you probably know, Quebec City has maintained its French heritage and French language to this day. While we had anticipated difficulty with the language, we had absolutely no problems. In fact, just standing on the sidewalk with a map and a puzzled look inspired locals to stop and offer their help and directions, in English, to a lost-looking tourist. After the horse tour, we toured the Chateau Frontenac which is one of the beautiful Canadian Pacific Railroad hotels dating back to the mid-1800's. All around the Chateau are buildings dating back to the 1600's. As our stroll neared the dinner hour we found a lovely sidewalk cafe specializing in fresh mussels served by the pound in the sauce of your choice. A fabulous dining experience was had by all. July 1 was Canada Day and we did our chores while the rest of the city had a party. While sitting outside the marina laundry room waiting for my clothes to dry, a lady came along walking her dog. She spotted my "Oaks at Ojai" t-shirt and struck up a conversation. Turns out that Barbara Kutchma and her husband, Ed, and their dog Coco, live right down the street from the Oaks in the town of Ojai, CA. They are members of the Ventura Yacht Club who had shipped their 30 ft. Camano Troll cabin cruiser, named *Pacific Pixie*, to the east coast and were doing the Down East Circle Loop. I thought at that time that they were a pretty gutsy couple to do this trip in a boat that small and light. As it turned out, *Pacific Pixie* wound up traveling with *Kaos* and LIONHEART for much of the rest of the trip to Nova Scotia. They snuggled up in the flat part of our wake and "drafted" when possible.

After our day of chores, we did a bus tour of the countryside north of Quebec City, where we saw the Montmorency Falls which, at 250 feet high, are actually higher than Niagara Falls. However, they are not nearly as wide and really don't remind you at all of Niagara Falls which we had visited two years before while in Oswego, NY. Our ride took us on a rather eclectic tour into the farm country and a series of stops which included a chocolate factory, a country bakery, some farm fruit stands, a giant Catholic Cathedral (St.-Anne-de-Beaupre Shrine), and the studio of a famous copper artist, Albert Gilles Marchner. We saw some of his work at St. Anne's where he had crafted the cathedral doors with 50 panels representing the story of the life of Christ. His work was commissioned by the likes of the Fisher brothers (original GM owners), Walt Disney, Roy Disney, and Pope Pius XII. The work is amazing and becoming a lost art. His wife and daughters are carrying on the business but their pieces are much

smaller in scale and much more commercial. Anyway, that was the best stop on that tour. July 3 was a total loss, as noted above, and July 4 found us once again on the St. Lawrence heading east.

Having left Quebec City with the tide at 5:30 AM, we arrived at Tadoussac (a trip of 109 miles) at 4:30 PM. It was actually a rather rough day on the water which included a major rain squall just before our arrival. It was also the first time we saw whales since Florida. Tadoussac is at the mouth of the Saguenay River. The Saguenay-St. Lawrence Marine Park is a major center for outdoor enthusiasts. There is a museum and observation center where you learn about fjords and the marine animals that make this area so popular for whale watching, kayaking, hiking, camping, and boating. We anchored in Tadoussac Harbor overnight, taking care to stay in enough water to accommodate the 17 foot tides. As the tide receded, *Kaos* saw some pretty significant rocks surface close by. July 5 we headed up the Saguenay River to anchor in Baie Eternite. On the way into the mouth of the river we saw a pod of Beluga whales. These are toothed whales, pure white in color which are 10 to 16 feet long and weigh 14,000 to 30,000 lbs and eat 50 lbs of food each day. It was the first time we had ever seen them. They were cruising around eating. They didn't do any air maneuvers, so we didn't get any good photos. We didn't want to get too close; in fact there are rules about distances to keep from the whales to observe them so that they are not disturbed. When we arrived in Baie Eternite we were wowed by the beauty of the fjord. That evening we celebrated the 4th of July with *Kaos* and *Pacific Pixie*, serving burgers, hot dogs, potato salad and lots of bug spray. Yup, those Canadian mosquitoes will drain your blood and then carry away your sorry carcass! We spent two nights in the wilderness, among the 600 foot granite cliffs and pine trees. On July 7 we returned to Tadoussac. On the 8th we headed for Rimouski which is on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, on the Gaspé Peninsula. It was raining and rough and, as I watched the little *Pacific Pixie* taking the waves, I thought to myself that they were a very hardy crew. I was quite glad to have the big LIONHEART with her tall bow to take the wave splashes and the stabilizers to take out most of the rock and roll. We saw big whales on this crossing, probably blue whales or humpbacks. They were too far off to identify for sure. The next day, July 9, the weather deteriorated with ever increasing wind and wave heights. *Pixie* decided to turn in toward shore and a marina around noon. *Kaos* and LIONHEART, being larger, forged ahead to St. Anne des Monts where they could accommodate two large boats. We had been warned, and found it to be true, that after leaving Quebec City there would be fewer marinas to choose from and very few that could take more than two or three boats over 40 feet. This was a major consideration for the rest of the trip. We stayed an extra day in St. Anne des Monts because of high winds and then moved on to Riviere-au-Renaud. On that run we made our most northern latitude at 48 deg. N. (LIONHEART has been as far north as 59 deg. 50 min. N when we visited Glacier Bay in 2002.)

We anchored inside the breakwater at Riviere-au-Renaud, and then took our dinghies into the small fishing village the next morning. There we found a whole fleet of French sailboats, all in the 40-60 foot range, which were participating in the second part of a France to Quebec to France race. It's kind of like the Baja Ha Ha, in that it's more of a group crossing than a real race. We had seen some of the boats in Quebec preparing for the trip back. Anyway, we saw them off as they headed for the Azores and thus back to France. We thought about them often over the next month as the weather in the Atlantic was just awful. I wondered how they all did, especially the boats crewed by families. Tough group for sure! We, on the other hand, purchased mussels for dinner and made our way through pretty calm waters and sunshine around the eastern tip of the Gaspé Peninsula to view Perce Rock and I'Isle Bonaventure near Perce, still in the Province of Quebec. Thus we entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, leaving the river and its huge currents in our wake. Chandler was our last stop in the Province of Quebec - a small harbor and fishing village, where we stayed two days while a storm blew through.

Photo: Lionheart at Perce Rock, Gulf of St. Lawrence

On July 15 we crossed into the Province of New Brunswick, making our first stop at Shippagan. This area is known as the Acadian Shore and we were hoping to catch the Acadian Seafood Festival which was advertised as being in mid-July in Shippagan. We were disappointed to find that the only evidence of a festival in the town were festive flags on the fishing fleet and six young women wearing tiaras and



Lionheart at Perce Rock, Gulf of St. Lawrence

drinking at the marina bar... the festival court, I guess. Well, check that box and move on to Escuminac (not a festival site) and Bouctouche which was having an Acadian festival, including music and dance. We walked all over Bouctouche looking for festival venues and found none. On Friday night, July 18, we were told that there would be music at the marketplace. We made the short walk from the marina to the marketplace and were told the music would start at 8:30....it was 7:00 at the time. So we repaired to the waterfront bar where there was a country and western band singing in French. After two beers, I could suddenly understand what they were singing. Alas, it was not actually bilingual beer but bilingual singers who had changed to English! On July 19 we moved on to Shediac, the lobster capitol of New Brunswick.

Shediac Yacht Club is the only marina that can accommodate large boats, so that's where we stayed. It's a lovely little town and the yacht club folks were very friendly. Also, the yacht club is located on the local sand beach along with a number of restaurants, bars, ice cream stands, t-shirt stores, and fishing boats. We stayed in Shediac for five days while storms blew in the Northumberland Strait which was the next body of water to tackle. *Pacific Pixie* caught up with us in Shediac and we got to know them a little better as they encouraged us to consider joining the Ventura Yacht Club when we return to California. While staying in Shediac, we rented a car and drove down to the Hopewell Rocks on the Bay of Fundy. In this national park one can observe the famous 40 foot tides of the area. We enjoyed walking down to the beach at low tide and observing the floor of the ocean that is exposed by this phenomenon. Then we ate our first whole boiled lobster of the trip. Our friends on *Kaos* spent a number of years in this part of the world and showed us how to eat the whole lobster down to what is just a pile of shards! It was delicious, and while it was our first, it was not our last lobster in the Maritimes. Then we drove back to Shediac by way of Moncton, New Brunswick, where we made a COSTCO run.

On July 24 we headed east in the Northumberland Strait and crossed to Prince Edward Island, arriving in Summerside before noon. *Kaos* had lived on this lovely island some 35 years ago, when they were first married. They had also picked up five family members to enjoy a return to their roots, so the LIONHEART crew teamed up with *Pacific Pixie* and did some island touring on our own. We started by attending the stage production of Highland Storm which is presented by The College of Piping and Celtic Performing Arts of Canada. It is a show similar to River Dance but it features bagpipes, drumming and a harp as the musical background. The story is told through song, highland dancing and step dancing. The program was staged by students in a tent, and the price of admission included a big chance to be mosquito bitten if one did not come prepared with bug spray. While they did not sell alcoholic beverages at the performance, there was a single malt scotch tasting bar which made for a pretty happy group for those who like scotch whiskey. It was popular with our captains. The next day we rented "a wreck" to take a

tour of the central part of the island. Actually, before we took to the road, Barbara and I took a two-hour walking tour of Summerside. The old town is famous for its wonderful 19th and early 20th century architecture. Many buildings remain from that time and have been lovingly restored. The tour included a stop for homemade ice cream and rhubarb juice at one of the famous homes. I also enjoyed the murals on town buildings that depict the early business of potato farming and fishing on the island. The afternoon ride included stops to enjoy beautiful scenery, and the acquisition of fresh mussels and oysters for dinner. We also stopped at the big tourist attraction on the island, the site of the home of the author of "Anne of Green Gables". This childrens book, written by Lucy Maud Montgomery and published in 1908, was inspired by a farm which still stands in Cavendish, PEI. This book is loved by children around the world, especially the Japanese. There is a whole tourist business that caters to young Japanese couples who come to the island to be married. There is an Anne of Green Gables Festival every summer which is centered around the performance of Anne of Green Gables - The Musical, which is performed at the performing arts center in Charlottetown. The captain and I spent July 26 enjoying that musical performance and touring Charlottetown, which dates back to the 1600's and is very picturesque.

On July 28 we left PEI, crossing the Northumberland Strait and arriving in Pictou, Nova Scotia, before lunch - yet another quaint little town with a serious Scottish heritage. I also found a haircut in Pictou. Since *Kaos* was still entertaining family guests, we headed out on the 29th by ourselves and anchored in Havre Bucher, the only boat in the harbor. There are some homes around the little bay and one boat, out for a family bay cruise stopped to ask if we really were from California and how did we get there? Most land locked people find the answer to be somewhat amazing. Sometimes, so do I! Anyway, there was a huge thunder, lightning, and rain storm that evening. Thank goodness, once again, even without the aid of any sailboats nearby, we escaped a direct hit which would certainly fry all of our electronics and cause a huge problem in completing the trip. On July 30 we passed through Canso Lock

and the St. Peters Canal into the Bras d' Or Lake (pronounced "bra-door") on Cape Breton Island. This is beautiful area, settled in the 1600's by Scottish and French immigrants. It is a very popular summer resort area, known for its beautiful seashores and the Highlands National Park. We spent two weeks inside the Bras d' Or Lake. During that time the captain returned to New Mexico to attend the internment of his Mother's ashes in Los Alamos and visit with his brother and sister and their families. This necessitated a driving trip to Halifax to deliver him to the airport. *Kaos* and LIONHEART teamed up for this since their guests were departing to return to their home. Halifax is a lovely city and we enjoyed an afternoon touring the old part of town. For most of the time spent in St. Peters at the dock, we had a rental car. With the captain, or *Pacific Pixie*, or *Kaos* crew, I managed to see most of Cape Breton. We visited the Alexander Graham Bell Museum in Baddeck, a quaint little lakeside village. We got lost going and coming back, therefore, we saw a lot of the countryside. The museum was very interesting. Everyone knows that Bell invented the telephone, but, did you know that his main field of interest and research was teaching the deaf to "hear" and to speak? In fact, his wife was deaf. When she got tired of "listening" to Bell, she turned out the light so that she couldn't read his lips. It was also on the museum excursion that I found out that our friend's dog Coco has a nickname of "Moana Whinner". This little dog, who looks like a Doberman who was left in the dryer too long, cannot stand to lose sight of her captain. When he leaves the car, she moans, groans, whines, and talks. What a riot. Coco is forever "Moana" in my mind. Another memorable day was spent with *Kaos* at the Fortress of Louisbourg. Now, I have seen a lot of forts and reconstructions in the past three years, but his one was outstanding. The fort is in a beautiful setting on the northeast coast of Cape Breton on the Atlantic Ocean. It was settled in 1713 by the French. By 1740 the settlement numbered 2500 civilians and 700 garrison troops. In 1745 the fort was captured by the British and the French were deported. In 1748-49 a treaty returned the fort to France and the French returned. In 1758 the British captured it again, and again deport the French. In 1760 the British pretty much leveled the place with explosives and left. In 1928 it was proclaimed a national historic site and in 1968 restoration began. Today you can visit 1/5th of the original area that has been completely restored and is a living museum of life in Fortress Louisbourg in 1745 right down to the food served in the two restaurants. No burgers or hot dogs on a stick here. Lunch is a choice of mussels, cod, fish chowder, pea soup, with wine, rum, or milk to drink. You get a giant cloth napkin and a pewter spoon with which to eat. The wine must have been there since 1745 because it made my eyes water when I drank it. The Quebec couple across the group style table almost sprayed theirs on me, even through they had been warned that the quality was not up to today's standards of French wine. On the way back to St. Peters we stopped for Tea at Rita's Tea Room. Rita McNeil is a famous Canadian singer from Cape Breton Island. Rita's music is the modern version of Maritimes folk music. It's kind of a mix between country and western and a sea shanty and I love the sound. I bought a CD as a reminder of the music we enjoyed while in the Maritimes. Another evening we attended a local Ceilidh (pronounced kay-lee) at the Bras d' Or Lake Inn. A Ceilidh is a modern version of a "Kitchen Party" which provided family community entertainment before the advent of radio and TV. Then and now, it is an evening of local talent including kids, adults, and sometimes professionals who live in the area. There was highland dancing, clogging, fiddle playing and folk singers. It was a hoot!

While in the Lake we met several other boats that were doing the Down East Circle Loop. We have all been in touch for the past six months but were strung out on the route. We caught up with *Change of Pace* and *Ocean Flyer* whom we had met on the Great Loop of America trip in 2006, *Tortolla*, whom we met in the Bahamas in 2007, and their friends on *Gandalf* whom we had met in Montreal. It's a small world when you are cruising far from home. It was fun catching up with them all.

On August 6, *Pacific Pixie* departed St. Peters heading for Portsmouth, Maine, where they would ship their boat home to California by truck and return themselves, with "Moana", by car. On August 10, *Kaos* left for Nova Scotia. On August 12, after the captain returned from the U.S., LIONHEART left for the trip down the coast of Nova Scotia. As we fired up the engines and electronics, the captain discovered that the radar had died. He was not pleased (slight understatement) as we were heading into fog country. We needed to catch *Kaos* so we could run with their radar. We caught up two days later in an inlet where the Liscombe Lodge is located - beautiful resort. We anchored with a number of cruising boats and Canadian vacationing boats. *Kaos* had an on-board happy hour where we got to talk with this diverse group and a good time was had by all. Between August 16 and August 28, we stopped in Sambro Harbor, Mahone Bay, and Shelburne for several days each, and spent one night at anchor in Port Mouton. On August 25, we departed Sambro Harbor in the fog, with *Kaos* keeping us in radar sight. While this was not an auspicious beginning, all went well and we enjoyed cocktails on a sunny beach in Port Mouton late in the day. In Mahone Bay we rented a car and did some land cruising with *Kaos* which included a day in Lunenburg which is

the home of the famous Grand Banks schooner Bluenose. Lunenburg was the site of yet another horse carriage ride that showed us the buildings of this village which was settled in 1750. The Bluenose Coast of Nova Scotia is an exquisite stretch of coastline. There are many harbors and small fishing villages. Fishing is a big industry in this area, as is tourism. Each place we stayed had its special features.

August 28 found *Kaos* and LIONHEART at sea, crossing the Gulf of Maine (Bay of Fundy mouth), predicted to be a 20 hour trip. Leaving Shelburne, Nova Scotia, at 4:00 PM, the captains figured we would capitalize on the falling tide and gain the advantage of a pushing current to cross the Gulf. It was known that the weather would be deteriorating behind us in Nova Scotia but we figured we could beat the worst of it across the Gulf instead of waiting for the next weather window. It was a long night with no moon but incredible stars. It was very rough as well, but certainly not the roughest we have had. Our night crossing from Colon to Bocas Del Toro, Panama with the Feslers still holds the record in the rough passages category. However, this night caused the Cat Unit (Nick) to once again question his tour of sea duty and to lodge a strong protest and sleep-in the next day. The Maine lobster trap mine fields started about 10 miles off-shore. By the time we were 1/2 mile from the cove they were really thick and very hard to dodge in the dark (did I mention no moon again on this overnight?). We managed to miss them all by following *Kaos* with their two giant spotlights trained on the water and their admiral calling the turns. By 5:00 AM we were on a mooring in Seal Cove on Mt. Desert Island. We went to bed at dawn happy to be back in American waters.

This was a fantastic trip for us. There were some new challenges dealing with the currents, tides and weather. There were also the usual challenges of equipment failures and maintenance. We enjoyed our boat buddies on *Kaos* and the new friends we met along the way as well. We have now been "out" cruising for 34 months and have covered a total of 20,356 miles since leaving Long Beach. The next two months will be spent cruising down the coast of New England at a leisurely pace. We need to stay south of the cold weather that's coming, and north of the hurricanes that keep coming. As always, the weather gods will guide our lives.

LIONHEART is for sale and hopefully she will find a new owner somewhere on the east coast. Otherwise she's coming back to California on a yacht carrier in early 2009.



STEINHOFF, Wally & Pam BROWN (#298)

1991 • DeFever 44 • SANDIAL

Marquette, MI

Update and New Year Wishes from SANDIAL

The year 2008 was a fairly uneventful year for the crew aboard SANDIAL. Mariah turned ten years old and is now going on fifteen, Pam turned seventy-six and Wally turned a hundred and thirteen. Elvis chose to sleep through most of the year. He claims he wasn't too excited about the year from the beginning and somewhere during the first quarter he decided to skip it. He says he may skip 2009 also.

We traveled a whopping 182 nautical miles as the pelican flies, which amounts to an average of slightly less than 3,000 nautical feet per day. Our travels took us from Trinidad to Venezuela.

We had no problems with pirates, rough seas, or scurvy. We continue to have problems with our small generator, but hopefully this last episode will be the last of the problems caused from when it caught on fire in Trinidad. We are currently sitting in Puerto La Cruz waiting for the electrical technician to bring back the parts and put it back together.

We did spend a fair amount of time traveling the out islands of Venezuela this past six months and found them to be absolutely beautiful. High red soil mountains covered with dark green vegetation makes a great backdrop to the beautiful blue sea. The people we encountered were all wonderful. There are countless rumors and stories going around about the pirates and bandidos and there was one incident just outside of Puerto La Cruz that was very bad and a cruiser was killed, but it's not much worse than what's going on in any big city. You just have to be careful, know where you are going, and keep a sharp eye.

Wherever you have the poverty, drugs and opportunity, you can expect problems. I don't know this for a fact, but I would guess that over 90 percent of the people in Venezuela live at, or below, what we in the U.S.

consider the poverty level. You hardly ever hear them complain though. Of course, we don't speak Spanish that well and they may be complaining while we think they are giving us directions to the nearest empanada stand. They are very family oriented and are extremely creative in coming up with holidays so they don't have to work, so they can spend time with their families.

Our plans call for, well, nothing. We are not sure when we are going to get our generator back, and we can't leave before that. The Christmas winds have been blowing pretty good lately and we don't want to go out in 8 to 12 foot seas. So we are taking it day by day. When we do leave, however, we will probably go north and spend some time in the Los Roques and Los Aves islands before heading to Bonaire. This plan may change by dinner time though.

We wish everyone a prosperous (if that's going to be possible) and mostly a healthy New Year and will get back to you when we have some pertinent information.

Viente Tranquilla



VAN GEMERT, Richard & Sue (#432) 1991 • DF49PH+6 • LIONHEART Ventura, CA Update: LIONHEART Heads Back to California



Lionheart being loaded

us up after LIONHEART was loaded onto the ship *Sophie Richters* for the trip to Ensenada.

Sue and I are now driving a Budget Rental van to California with Nick along for the ride. Tonight we are in Tallahassee and excited to get on with our future plans. We'll miss everyone we left behind and are looking forward to being with those in California.

Hello all - We found a weather window to do a 24 hour overnighter from Beaufort, NC to Charleston, SC, and then a 48 hour double overnighter from Charleston to Pompano Beach, FL where our good friends, the Sheppards of *Why Knot*, kept us safely at their dock prior to making the last 12 miles down to Port Everglades on Monday Morning. Monday morning my friend Jerry generously assisted me in getting LIONHEART to Port Everglades and loaded - it would have been a real Chinese fire drill to attempt by myself, and Sistie and Sue drove down to pick



Lionheart secured

Designing an Anchor Rode

The purpose of this article is to review the anchor rode and look at the various components to remove any weak links. This is not intended to discuss “which anchor is the best one”.

How many anchors should you have on your boat? You should have at least two, with the second one large enough to serve as a primary anchor. You should be able to deploy it in a relatively short time if you were to lose your first anchor.

We will start by looking at how much load a boat can generate. Horizontal load is the static force a boat can put on a rode. Wind gusts and waves can multiply this considerably. The numbers in the following table show the amount of horizontal pull on a rode. Tables in marine catalogs and vendor web sites provide recommendations typically based on 30 knots of wind or less. The following table from ABYC is more realistic, based on my calculations using the long formulas to compute load for our 49 RPH (see Hinz book reference at end of article for formulas).

Note: Numbers in tables can vary based on the specific manufacturer

Horizontal load on boat (pounds)						
LOA (feet)	Beam (feet)		15 knots	30 knots	42 knots	60 knots
	power	Sail				
30	11	9	175	700	1,400	2,800
35	13	10	225	900	1,800	3,600
40	14	11	300	1,200	2,400	4,800
50	16	13	400	1,600	3,200	6,400
60	18	15	500	2,000	4,000	8,000
70	20	17	675	2,700	5,400	10,800

Chain: There are two types of chain commonly used: proof coil (BBB) and High Test. (Proof coil and BBB are the same in terms of strength characteristics, but differ slightly in number of links/foot.)

Working load refers to the amount of load that should not be exceeded in normal conditions. *Proof load* refers to the amount of load that should not be exceeded in storm conditions. *Breaking load* refers to the point at which the chain is expected to fail. High Test chain allows you to use a lighter (weight) chain, but it reduces the difference between proof load and breaking load. You will also find some connector parts in grade 70, which is stronger than High Test. Check the ratings from each vendor, as they can vary.

Proof Coil Chain					
Size (inches)	Weight per foot (pounds)		Working load (pounds)	Proof load (pounds)	Breaking load (pounds)
	Proof Coil	BBB			
1/4	.67	.75	1,250	2,500	5,000
5/16	.97	1.13	1,900	3,800	7,600
3/8	1.48	1.60	2,650	5,300	10,600
7/16	2.06	2.25	3,500	7,000	14,000
1/2	2.64	2.77	4,500	9,000	18,000
5/8	4.10	4.35	6,900	13,800	27,600

High Test Chain				
Size (inches)	Weight per foot (pounds)	Working load (pounds)	Proof load (pounds)	Breaking load (pounds)
1/4	.79	2,600	4,420	7,800
5/16	1.16	3,900	6,630	11,700
3/8	1.57	5,400	9,180	16,200
7/16	2.05	7,200	12,240	21,600
1/2	2.70	9,200	15,640	27,600

Connecting Parts: Here are the loads for connector parts. Use these “Components” tables to find working load ratings that are the same for all elements of the rode – **note that you may have to use different sized components to get the working loads to match.** Normally you should go up one size when using Proof Coil or BBB chain and two or three sizes when using High Test chain. For Proof Coil or BBB, *proof load* is two times the working load and *breaking load* is four times the working load. Many have the rating stamped on the piece in tons (2000 pounds) and many times in metric tons (2200 pounds).

Proof/BBB Components - Working loads (1/4 of breaking strength)				
Size (inches)	Proof Chain (pounds)	Mid-link (pounds)	Shackles (pounds)	Swivels (pounds)
1/4	1,250	Use 5/16”	1,000	900
5/16	1,900	3,250	1,500	1,300
3/8	2,650	4,500	2,000	2,450
7/16	3,500	Use 1/2”	3,000	Use 1/2”
1/2	4,500	7,000	4,000	3,950
5/8	6,900	9,750	6,500	5,850
3/4	10,600		9,500	7,000
7/8			13,000	10,000
1			17,000	12,500

Below are some of the High Test connectors available. For High Test, *proof load* is 1.7 times the working load and *breaking load* is three times the working load.

For G70, *proof load* is two times the working load and *breaking load* is four times the working load. Swivels are made from Proof Coil only and are not available in High Test or G70.

High Test Components - Working loads				
Size (inches)	Chain – High Test (pounds)	Mid-link – G70 (pounds)	Shackles – High Test (pounds)	
1/4	2,600	Use 5/16”		
5/16	3,900	4,700		
3/8	5,400	6,600	4,410	
7/16	7,200	Use 1/2”	5,880	
1/2	9,200	11,300	6,615	
5/8			11,025	

Line: Line used in an anchor rode should normally consist of twisted three-strand nylon as it is more elastic than double braid. In storm conditions experts recommend that 50% of the rode consist of nylon line, since chain will be bar tight at 30 knots of wind or more. At working load three-strand nylon line will stretch 10-20% and at storm load, elongation will be about 25-35%. For double braid stretch is around 8% and 18%, respectively.

Twisted Three-Strand Nylon Rope				
Size (inches)	Weight per 100 feet (pounds)	Working load (pounds)	Storm load (pounds)	Breaking load (pounds)
7/16	5.0	550	2,500	5,000
1/2	6.5	700	3,200	6,400
9/16	8.3	880	4,000	8,000
5/8	10.5	1,140	5,200	10,400
3/4	14.5	1,560	7,100	14,200
7/8	20.0	2,200	10,000	20,000
1	26.0	2,700	12,500	25,000
1 1/8		3,630	16,500	33,000

Here are some guidelines for a rode with all parts rated for the same load. These could vary based on the horizontal load of a heavier boat.

Minimum size parts of an anchor rode using Proof Coil Chain				
Size – in	Nylon - Storm Load	Shackle - Proof Load	Swivel - Proof Load	
1/4	7/16	5/16	5/16	
5/16	1/2	3/8	3/8	
3/8	5/8	7/16	1/2	
7/16	3/4	1/2	1/2	
1/2	7/8	5/8	5/8	
5/8	1 1/8	3/4	3/4	

Minimum size parts of an anchor rode using High Test Chain				
Size – in	Nylon - Storm Load	Proof Coil Shackle - Proof Load	High Test Shackle - Proof load	Proof Coil Swivel - Proof Load
1/4	5/8	7/16	(5/16)	1/2
5/16	3/4	1/2	3/8	1/2
3/8	7/8	5/8	7/16	5/8
7/16	1	5/8	1/2	3/4
1/2	1 1/8	3/4	5/8	3/4

Recommended amount of rode to have aboard: These numbers can vary based on the region where you boat. The length of chain for a mixed rode should weigh the same as the anchor. For aluminum anchors it should be 1.6 times the weight of the anchor. Another guide is the length of the boat. A rode set up this way will produce a more horizontal pull on the anchor.

Minimum rode length in feet			
LOA	Anchoring depth	Nylon with chain lead	All chain
30 to 40	40	310	180
40 to 50	50	390	225
50 to 60	60	480	275
60 to 80	70	560	320

Rope diameter	Cleat length
1/2	8
5/8	10
3/4	12
7/8	14
1	16
1 1/8	18

Minimum scope for types of rodes	
Type of rode	Minimum Scope
All rope	10 to 1
Rope plus chain lead	7 to 1
All chain	4 to 1

I recommend “The Complete Book of Anchoring and Mooring” by Earl R. Hinz as an excellent reference book.



ROBERTS, Ron & Cheryl (#180) 1987 • DeFever 49 CPMY • LAZY DAYS Long Beach, CA

SAVE THE DATE! - Southern California DeFever Cruisers Rendezvous

We have a date scheduled for our 2009 Southern California DeFever Rendezvous... so start making plans to join us. Get your calendar NOW and mark the date - MAKE IT HAPPEN!

DATES: FRI, SAT, SUN - **August 7-9, 2009**. We will also have a cocktail hour function for early arrivals on Thursday, August 6.

Location: Main Bandstand, Isthmus (Two Harbors), Catalina

I contacted California YC last month, but unfortunately they and Del Rey YC are only renting out their island facilities to other yacht clubs, and our Rendezvous doesn't qualify. So, although we won't have a private facility, we have booked the main bandstand at the Isthmus.

Ron and I will be in the Eastern Caribbean from late January through March 5th. We will be without phone service and will only check e-mail when Internet cafes are available, but I will respond to all e-mail ASAP.

First thing on our agenda when we return will be putting together an organizing committee for the Rendezvous.

In the past, everyone always pitches in and helps when needed, but this year we'd like more member involvement in the planning of the Rendezvous. Let me know if you'd like to be on the committee, or if you have a special area of interest (decoration, soliciting raffle prizes, etc.)

We're looking forward to a fabulous Rendezvous to make up for the lack of one last year. Put on your thinking caps and let's come up with a great theme for our 2009 Southern California DeFever Rendezvous!



DEIN, Bob & Barbara (#2) 1999 • DeFever 44 • GONDOLA Venice, FL

HISTORY: THE ORIGIN OF DEFEVER CRUISERS

In the fall of 1987, Bob and I made the transition from “rag-pickers” to “stinkpotters” when we sold the Hunter 37 sailboat and bought our 1976 DF40 Passagemaker, SCENIC PATHWAY (now LAST DANCE, Glen & Jill Moore, #314). There was so much to learn: many new-to-us systems, different boating venues, and all the quirks and foibles of a different vessel. And there were no owners to query, as there were no other DFs in our area. So imagine our excitement when we spotted a sign on a boat at the next major boat show that we attended, “advertising” a DeFever Rendezvous to be held in July 1989 in Key West, FL, with the naval architect Arthur DeFever himself planning to be there - Wow!! But... we had not purchased our DF from this Ft. Lauderdale, FL, broker; actually we didn't know of him prior to this time. Would an “outsider” be welcomed at the event?? The answer was an affirmative, so even though circumstances dictated that we would be land-based participants, we made arrangements to be there. And we learned oh-so-much, spoke with the esteemed designer, and met some very friendly and knowledgeable owners. There was no question that we would make arrangements to attend (again, not by boat) when the mailing came about the Winter Rendezvous, and then the next one, etc., etc.

After a few of these had come and gone, there was a desire for contact info to be shared by the registrants, but the broker declined to do this. At the subsequent Rendezvous there was an offer by some of the owners to collect our various hen-scratched hand-written notes containing addresses, phone numbers, etc., and reproduce for all. For sundry reasons, no amalgamation actually occurred, so the following year someone else “promised” to perform the task, but alas, was not true to their word.

Circumstances left us with “extra” time on our hands in the summer of 1997. So, after inquiring of the most hospitable of all the owners we knew to see if they planned to form a club, disseminate info, or even create an alphabetical list out of all the various owners' mini ones - the replies were a resounding “NO”. Arthur DeFever was contacted and agreed to allow the use of his name in the title of a to-be-formed organization. With no preparation, no background in this kind of activity, and barely knowing how to turn our computer on, suddenly we were to become the “activity central” for DF aficionados, and were promising to publish a quarterly Newsletter. Oh boy! We really had done a lollapalooza now. We tried to contemplate the possible response to a membership solicitation, and to try to fathom how to acquire articles, how to reproduce them within a newsletter format, and how to disseminate the finished product. We chose a nice round easy-to-add fee of \$20, hoping it would cover expenses.

Membership applications went out to all the various names on all the boat cards, notes, and private address lists gathered and saved by lots of other DF owners, and a couple of the major boating magazines ran “announcements” of the formation. In a very short time, the first response arrived, sent by Pete Barr, who with wife Nancy became member #3, after the #1 DeFevers and #2 Bob and I. We were hoping for maybe a couple dozen respondents, but had no idea if that was a reasonable expectation. As the “word-of-mouth” communication system began disseminating the particulars of this “happening”, new responses continued to arrive, many of them from folks previously unknown to us. Suddenly we realized it would soon be time to make good on our offering. A very basic roster listing was typed, and material “arm-twisted” out of our close DF friends with which to plump out the initial Newsletter. With Reno and Suzanne Ivy's tale of their down-island trip in DF52 OH SUZANNAH, complete with color photo on the cover, Volume 1, Issue 1, a mighty fourteen-page accomplishment was individually printed on our computer, collated, stapled, folded, stuffed, sealed, stamped, addressed, return-addressed, and walked to the P.O. all by Bob and me.

And DeFever Cruisers was in existence!!!

Of the first 101 members, the following are still dues-paid: #1 - Arthur & Ruth DeFever, #2 - Bob & Barbara Dein, #3 - Pete & Nancy Barr, #6 - Joel & Marian Busse, #13 - Chuck & Karen Spriggs, #15 - Walter & Mary Ciceric, #16 - Larry & Ruth Seckington, #18 - George Handel & Elaine Chandler, #21 - Dick Stevens, #22 - Hank & Nancy Haeseker, #24 - Jamie & Bobbie Cantrell, #26 - Warren & Fran Wood, #33 - Ron & Sissy Turner, #35 - John & Marion Fahnestock, #44 - Cully & Marilyn Culwell, #50 - Craig & Tammy Calkins, #56 - Bill & Cheryl Fowler, #57 - Charles & Ann Atwood, #64 - Wayne & Carol Thomas, #68 - Frank & Ruth Keeler, #74 - Steve & Diane Koch, #85 - Chuck & Shirley Cooper, #88 - Mike Rossman, #93 - Keith Delaney, #100 - Bob & Judy Minahan, #101 - Leo & Maureen Quinn.

Two important notes:

- 1) DeFever Cruisers assumed the responsibility for the Rendezvous in 2002
- 2) Bob and I decided to "retire" from being the "parents" of the organization in 2006, and were very pleased to have Hank and Nancy Haeseker, #22, assume the reins of leadership, now known as "Chief Pilot and Mrs. Chief Pilot."

The front cover of the first DeFever Cruisers Newsletter – predecessor to the DFC Magazine . . .

1

DeFever Cruisers

DeFever enthusiasts who share a common love of their vessels,
and the cruising life

Fall 1997
Volume 1, Issue 1

Oh Suzanna Does The Caribbean (Part 1 of 2)

**Reno & Suzanne Ivy (#53)
DF52 "Oh Suzanna"**

Avid "vacation" boaters since the 60's on Georgia's Lake Lanier, the TVA system, Florida's coasts and the Bahamas, we'd always dreamed of living aboard for some extensive cruising. Our opportunity came in early '94, and we took it, signing papers on the sale of our business on a Monday and on the purchase of our 1985 52-ft DeFever on Friday of the same week! Reno christened her "Oh Suzanna" for me (I hope), and the full-size digital piano he'd bought for me weeks before our final choice of this particular model DeFever. The remainder of '94 was spent restoring and upgrading, and "shakedown" cruising familiar Bahamas' waters.

Our plans to "do the Caribbean" took shape in early '95. However, while at Conception Island, Exuma, on an impulse we did a 180 and headed for Maine, joining "Oh Buoy", Paul & Judi Ewing's 48-ft DeFever, and "Anejo", Don, Rose & Kristin Cummings' 41-ft trawler. It was a wise decision considering that was the year the number of hurricanes was second only to 1932. Four thousand miles and six months of wonderful experiences later, back in Charleston, SC, we took a couple of months to sell our house and cars back in GA, as living aboard suited both of us even better than we'd anticipated, if possible.

In so doing, we discarded the first of three stipulations made before leaving home: 1) keep a house in the mountains, 2) return every few months to visit families and friends and 3) worship whenever we could wherever we traveled. Numbers two and three are permanently in effect! Now "going south" became Priority One. Reno, in keeping with his practice of preparing for any potential need, had all the boat's equipment checked out, stocked up on spare/repair parts while I made many provisioning runs,

and we both attended USCG classes attaining our 100-ton Masters certificates (*Suzanne got hers first-ed.*).

Leaving Florida in March '97, we spent a month bumming our way down through our beloved Bahamas, balancing hard work waxing the hull, etc., with beachcombing. A highlight was Easter Sunday services at Nassau's old Scottish "kirk", where any and all were invited to sing Handel's Hallelujah Chorus with the excellent little choir, and I wound up standing alongside boaters we'd met at Man-O-War! A perfect illustration of one of boating's main pleasures - meeting folks on land and sea.

Mid-April found us in Georgetown, Exuma - our rendezvous point with "Floridays", Bob & Andy Utter's 42-ft Hunter sloop from Naples, and again "Oh Buoy", this time with the Cummings aboard as crew. Finally, on 4/22, our little armada made for Rum Cay where we had a gourmet "first night out" dinner ashore, having lost fish and sighting whales along the way. Several overnight anchorages later brought us into Providenciales, Caicos. We got our first taste of trade winds, rocking and rolling at anchor for the next six days and nights, in a spot where six hours is sufficient time to spend! The memory was obliterated the next day by the beauty of Big Sandy anchorage, all joining in a sunset swim in crystal blue water, lasagna feast on the bridge, and the "christening" of our voyage with champagne we'd held for the first calm (relatively) evening.

An easy 80-mile day run then brought the dramatic mountains of Hispaniola's north coast into view. We dropped anchors in Luperon harbor's lush surroundings, palm trees growing up to the tops of the mountains. We cleared customs, ate meals ashore and went sight-seeing in the Republica Dominicana, our first all Spanish-speaking country. Streets of bamboo/thatch dwellings,



The Ivys and Oh Suzanna.
The cruising life is tough, but somebody has to do it!

(continued page 3)

The announcement that lured the Deins to the first DeFever Rendezvous . . .



ATTENTION DEFEVER OWNERS!



There Will Be A

DEFEVER RENDEZVOUS

July 28, 29, & 30th, 1989

**FOR DEFEVER YACHT OWNERS AND ENTHUSIASTS
AT THE GALLEON MARINA - KEY WEST, FL**

**ARTHUR DEFEVER WILL BE THE
GUEST OF HONOR**



ACTIVITIES WILL INCLUDE:

- Welcome Brunch and Marine Risk Seminar
Courtesy of Jack Martin Insurance Associates
- Complimentary Cocktail Party and
Marine Economics Discussion
Courtesy of Maryland National Bank
- Engine Clinic covering Ford Lehman, Caterpillar,
Onan and Westerbeke
- Poolside Luau & Dance with Guest Speaker
ARTHUR DEFEVER
- Electronic's Clinic
- Get Acquainted Cocktail Party
aboard the boats of participating owners.

AND LOTS OF FUN!

BRING YOUR DEFEVER

Or come without it. Here's a chance to see many of DeFever's Designs. Meet the Designer, talk to the owners, and exchange ideas.

For Information Call
(305) 463-3455
or write:

DeFever Rendezvous • 1702 Cordova Road • Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316



KEY WEST ★



(Editor's note: Words are inadequate to express the deep gratitude we all owe to the Deins, the Haesekers, numerous Rendezvous organizers, and the countless other volunteers who make DeFever Cruisers happen every day. The best way to honor the many hours and days and weeks and years spent doing the mundane tasks to keep the Club alive and vibrant is to contribute. There are many ways – volunteer for something, organize a local mini-rendezvous, write a News or Magazine article, etc. Get involved, and enjoy this wonderful organization with us!)



ROBERTS, Jim & Robin (#331)
Big Pine Key, FL

1988 • DeFever 49 RPH • ADVENTURES

Mini DeFever Cruisers Rendezvous in Marathon

We arrived in Marathon where we'll spend February and March working on projects, and we discovered several DeFever Cruisers in the area: Bob Vandegejuchte and Stephanie Wakelin (#734) aboard the Signature 55 SEPTEMBER SONG, Norm and Vicki Naughton (#772) aboard DF49 RPH TIDE HIKER, Rick and Lynnne Tierney (#822) aboard DF44 RICKSHAW, and Doug and Tammy Johnson (#990) and Colleen and John Clayton aboard DF49 RPH GYPSIES IN THE PALACE.

A pot-luck party was quickly arranged so we could all catch up – we last saw GYPSIES in Maine in June (when they hosted a marvelous dinner at their home), and TIDE HIKER and RICKSHAW in Morehead City around Thanksgiving. The weather was cold and windy so SEPTEMBER SONG graciously agreed to host the herd, and the great cooks in the group treated us all to a meal to remember!





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!



NOTE: New DeFever Cruisers E-mail Addresses

DeFever Cruisers Chief Pilot	DFChiefPilot@gmail.com
DeFever Cruisers News	DFCruisersNews@gmail.com
DeFever Cruisers Magazine	DFCMagazine@gmail.com



DeFever Cruisers Embroidered Items

A variety of clothing and other items are available with the DeFever Cruisers Burgee logo from 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).



FLANAGAN, Stephen & Pamela Brown (#856) 2008 • DF45 PH+2 • TIDE’S IN Newmarket, NH



New DeFever 48 RPH

We joined the DeFever Cruisers group two years ago with the hope of actually being a DeFever Cruiser. Our dream has come true. TIDE’S IN, a 48 RPH, arrived in Philadelphia on December 12th. She is currently in Mears Marina at Kent Narrows, MD where she will be commissioned this spring.

We look forward to meeting and cruising with fellow members in 2009. Our thanks go to Andy Andreoli (#491) of Atlantic Coast Yachts for all his expertise and help coordinating this project with Wilson of the Pocta Group.

**STEPNIEWSKI, Andrew & Sharon Larrison (#880) 2007 • DF50 CPMY • FINALLY FUN
Green Cove Springs, FL**

New DeFever 50 Cockpit MY

Here are photos of the new DeFever 50 Cockpit Motoryacht owned by members Andrew Stepniewski and Sharon Larrison.

