

# Blog of the Mary T: Northern Adventure 2007

All photos can be seen on [PicasaWeb](#)

## First Post by Amy: June 28, 2007 - Block Island, RI

Kenny and I are into week #3 of our great sailing adventure. The working title of our voyage memoirs is, *Waiting to Sink*.

We imagined leaving the apartment May 1, hopping aboard Mary T and setting sail. In reality, we spent a month getting the boat prepared which included exciting activities such as changing fuel lines on the diesel engine, bleeding the engine and stowing and re-stowing our belongings, many of which we still cannot find. Meanwhile a crew of professionals installed the radar and worked on the rigging, adding a new forestay for a storm sail.

May 30 we finally set sail from Shipwright Harbor in Deale, Maryland, as my sister Mary and her friend Mary waved us off with white hankies. "It was a touching spectacle," reported the local shipping rag.

It was a beautiful sunny day with a light breeze -- the perfect beginning for a grand adventure. It all seemed perfect, until we realized the autopilot was not working, which means you have to steer by hand all the time. We sailed a few hours to Annapolis and dropped the anchor amidst much confusion and shouting in Weems Creek near Kenny's daughter's house. To welcome us, Kenny's son-in-law, Rory, swam out to greet us at the anchorage.

Rory and Kenny's daughter, Kai-lee, fed us a scrumptious dinner of steak and shrimp. For dessert, Kai served up copious dishes of ice cream topped by homemade cookies. Being the ever-helpful-hand, I offered to carry out the desserts from the kitchen to the patio where we were dining. Before I knew it, the pavement reached up to assault me, ruining two perfectly good knees and two beautiful glass dishes full of ice cream. That was the first of our injuries, which kept us in Annapolis for a week.

The following day, we spent removing the auto-pilot drive motor to take it into the shop for testing. This back-breaking job literally broke poor Kenny's back. The following day, he found himself flat out and in excruciating pain. Fortunately, he'd saved some Oxycotton which helped take the edge off.

It turned out there was nothing wrong with the motor drive. The problem lay with the course computer. All Kenny's labor was for naught. Electronic Marine dispensed their technician to come and replace the course computer. Meanwhile, we noticed our batteries getting very low and decided to take a motoring trip to re-charge them. We motored for about 4 hours with little improvement in their status. The readout kept telling us they were barely over 50% charged. Great, yet another conundrum to keep us awake. As we have no solar panels or wind generator, our batteries are responsible for running everything from our GPS and radar to the refrigerator.

Between his back pain and our seemingly endless problems, Kenny got so discouraged at one point he contemplated canceling the whole northern portion of our trip. He suggested staying put to work on the boat until the fall and then heading south for the Caribbean. "Absolutely not," was my response.

He didn't take much convincing. I knew it was just his back pain talking. Plus the boat had fallen into chaos again, with things everywhere. A little tidying up and a

massage later, Kenny was ready to go. We headed up the Chesapeake Bay on June 7, another beautiful, sunny day.

### **Second Post by Ken: July 5, 2007 - Scituate, MA**

From Annapolis to Swan Creek--not a very long trip but that's because we had a late start. We took a mooring, had a cookout.

The next day we headed for the Sasafrass River, one of our favorite places. It was a hot, windless day so we motored the whole way. We went for a swim as soon as we anchored. The fresh water and floating bar we devised, were a welcome relief from the noisy motor and uncomfortable weather. A front moved through that night bringing relief from the heat and strong northerly winds. This gave an excuse to try our new removable inner forestay and used sail. The forestay was fine but the sail disappointed. It was a gamble to buy it but we had little choice. The stay was installed only a few days before departure so we didn't have time to have a sailmaker come and do a proper fitting. Hopefully, we'll find someone along the way who can re-cut it. After a short time we dropped the new, used sail and went with a reefed genoa. We had a lively sail up to the C&D Canal and motored to Summit North as Schaffer's Canal House seems to be out of business.

Amy timed the tides down the Delaware Bay exactly so we had a assist from the current almost the whole way. Since our mast is just on the border line regarding bridge clearance, we went around Cape May and entered via the inlet rather than through the Cape May Canal.

We stayed at Utsch's marina where our docking left a ding in the boat's side. They placed us next to a steel barge that lacked any kind of bumper. When the dock hand was slow to assist, we got blown into the barge. Not a very happy ending to the day.

### **Third Post by Amy: July 24, 2007 - Northeast Harbor, ME**

A motor trip on a grey day brought us through the C & D canal, down the Delaware Bay and into the Atlantic, where we were greeted by the swells of the Atlantic Ocean and dolphins. We entered the breakwater at Cape May and took a slip at Utsch's Marina. I tossed a line to one of the marina dudes. He failed to secure it to anything and the starboard side of our boat swung into the steel barge in the next slip putting a nice nick in the side of our once nearly flawless hull.

We spent five nights in Cape May waiting for a break in the weather. We also purchased and installed a new battery charger amidst much moaning and groaning. For some reason our batteries didn't seem to be charging quickly enough or holding a charge. Now that problem seems to be solved.

From Cape May, we worked our way up the east coast of New Jersey. The seas were turbulent and confused on our way to Atlantic City and I felt rather ill. We docked at Atlantic City's public dock and walked the boardwalk between the casinos and the ocean. We stopped to enjoy a funnel cake, while ragged seagulls fought over garbage scraps all around us. A funnel cake, for those who don't know, is a mass of deep fried bread-dough-noodles mashed together and covered with powdered sugar. It's a real boardwalk delicacy. We didn't stick around long, as the whole scene seemed rather sad and degenerate.

The next day we headed up to Atlantic Highlands New Jersey, motor sailing most of the way. A thunder storm came up shortly before we arrived at our destination. We lowered the main sail and battened down the hatches and put on our foul weather gear. We contemplated running from the storm and for a few moments

motored in circles like scared little chickens. In the end, driving through it seemed like the most prudent choice and the fastest way to the other side of the storm. Mercifully, we just got a bit wet, and it passed quickly. We were grateful to drop the anchor behind the breakwater just south of NYC at Atlantic Highlands Harbor.

Before we could relax Kenny check the bilge and saw water pouring into it.

“We’re leaking,” he exclaimed.

“Great.”

We decided the best course of action would be to have a gin and tonic and think it over.

After determining that the water was coming from our fresh water tanks and not from the outside, we were somewhat relieved, but it was still a problem that needed fixing.

It turned out that our water heater pressure valve was faulty and needing replacing. We ordered the part and spent four days waiting for it to arrive via UPS. As usual, the repair involved painful acts of contortionism on both of our parts. No boat repair is simple, no matter how elementary. Everything is always in an impossible-to-get-to place.

Luckily, since that repair nothing major has broken down.

The next day, we motored passed Manhattan, which was quite a treat. It went quickly, though, as the current is very strong and in less than an hour we said goodbye to Manhattan. Woe to the sailor in a small boat who tries to buck the tide going up the East River. At best, he will probably mark time. Quite possibly, he will move backwards. The skyline of Manhattan was still visible behind us for a few hours.

The next few weeks brought us up the New England Coast to Maine. Highlights included biking on Block Island, RI with sister Molly and her husband Tim, who came to join us for a day. It happened to be my birthday, so we ate and drank our way across the island.

Kenny and I also enjoyed a couple of glorious, sunny days at Martha’s Vineyard before heading through the Cape Cod canal and landing in Scituate, MA. Once again, sister Molly came to see us, picked us up and brought us to her place in Littleton, MA for a fabulous 4th of July with her family and friends. There were no fireworks, just food, drink, music jams and good clean fun.

From Scituate we headed to Gloucester to see the fisherman, but he wasn’t there. We did see the scary-looking longline fishing trawlers, like the one in *The Perfect Storm*.

After a month of leisurely cruising, we have finally arrived in Maine. It is challenging navigating these waters chock full of lobster pots, submerged rocks and patchy fog, but on a clear day, there is nothing more beautiful. The coastline is rugged and rocky and you can smell the pines on the water. Beautiful anchorages amidst little islands abound.

Leaving Portland, we snagged a lobster pot on our rudder. We had to drop anchor just outside the shipping channel in 62 feet of water. Kenny put on his wet suit and went under the boat to sort matters out. Gratefully, the line had not wrapped around the propeller and he quickly disentangled it from the rudder and we were on our way.

In Rockland, ME, up Penobscot Bay we came upon a Friendship Sloop Regatta. Friendship sloops are incredibly beautiful historic wooden sailboats originally used for lobster fishing. There is an eccentric group of lovely people who sail these boats and get together every summer for fun and races. I was lucky enough to get a place aboard one and get out for a race. I shot some great footage of these boats dancing around each other in the negligible wind. It wasn't much of a race, but the lack of breeze made for good video.

It is July 23, and we're currently moored in Northeast Harbor on Mount Desert Island. It is a short bus ride to Bar Harbor, where we came to get on-line and check out the town. Like many places in Maine, the town is as cute as two buttons. Quaint little shops and restaurants line the main street.

We are planning our trip to Nova Scotia, trying to get the customs papers sorted out so we have no trouble upon re-entry into the USA. We already have our paper charts and a chip for the GPS for navigation in Canadian waters. We plan to leave the day after tomorrow (Wednesday, July 25) around 4 p.m.. The crossing from Northeast Harbor to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia should take 18-20 hours. We are slightly nervous, but excited. We will postpone our departure if the weather looks unfavorable.

We don't know how often we'll be able to get on-line in Nova Scotia, so this may be the last posting for awhile.

Love to one and all.

#### **Fourth Post by Amy: August 2, 2007 - Shelburne, NS, Canada**

The morning of July 27 Kenny and I sailed safely into Yarmouth Harbor, Nova Scotia. It was a perfect passage with made-to-order weather: favorable winds, clear sky and enough moonlight to provide some visibility for most of the night.

We took a public mooring and called Canadian customs. They asked a load of questions and then said they'd be right out to inspect the vessel. We quickly concealed the nuclear arsenal and heroin and waited for their arrival. One hour passed, two hours.... Tired of being in limbo, Kenny started calling again to find out when they'd be out. After getting the run around for another hour we learned the customs agents were over at the dock and had no way to get out to our mooring. Turns out they didn't realize what a mooring was, so we detached from the mooring and came over to them. They asked all the same questions again and gave us a small piece of paper to stick in one of the portholes.

That killed a good part of the day, but we soon learned there ain't much to see in Yarmouth anyway.

We slept like the dead that night and got a rather late start the next day. Lobster Bay looked like an interesting place with lots of little islands so we decided to go exploring. We found a lovely place to anchor in the middle of some islands. We didn't see another soul all evening.

We awoke to pea soup fog and when we thought it was starting to lift we departed in the direction of Shelburne on the southeast shore of N.S.. Well, the fog didn't lift, but only got thicker. I would say visibility was 500 feet at best. So after motoring along at a snail's pace for 2 hours we decided to give up and seek shelter in Abbott's Harbor, West Pubnico.

I got on the VHF radio and hailed anyone in Abbott's Harbor to find out if we could get a mooring or drop an anchor. On my second try someone named Owen responded and said he'd meet us down on the wharf where we could tie up.

The wharf finally emerged out of the gloom, and we saw Owen waving to us. It looked like a rather intimidating place to tie up and some local fishermen said we could tie up to their barge, so we jumped at the offer. A barge would float up and down with us in the flood and ebb of the tide. If tied to the wharf, we'd constantly have to be vigilant about adjusting our lines. The tidal range there was probably around 15-20 feet. Plus it was loaded with little barnacles that could tear at our hull. Our view in this new location included the fish plant, fishing boats, and the wharf.

As luck would have it, the fog kept us in West Pubnico for four days. People came to the wharf just to look at the boat and within 24 hours the whole town was aware of our arrival. Everyone was extremely friendly and always offering us rides. We usually chose to walk, just for the exercise. It was a little over a mile from the harbor to the main road. There was a restaurant, liquor store, convenience store, hardware store, and Acadian museum. In other words, there wasn't a whole heck of a lot to see.

Our second day there, our friends Peggy and David Reichard, came and picked us up for a little road trip. They happened to be up from Maryland on a road trip exploring the maritime provinces. They went out of their way to meet up with us and took us out for lunch to a lovely place down the Pubnico peninsula that sold rubber boots and boat supplies in addition to offering a complete seafood menu.

After lunch we drove toward the tip of N.S. On our way to Cape Sable Island, we saw a UFO museum and just had to stop in for a visit. The one-room museum had a bunch of articles about locals and baubles related to local history. The only thing about a UFO was a documentary where witnesses talked about the strange, orange glowing lights they saw in the sky one night in 1967. Forty years later, the [Shag Harbor UFO Incident Society](#) still meets once a month. Beats staying home and staring at the wood pile.

Anyway, it was great to see some friends and go for a drive. Thanks Peggy and David!

Our local friend, Owen, who helped us coming into Abbott's Harbor, checked on us frequently. He's a lobsterman by trade, but this is the off-season, so he mainly plays golf and drives around. He likes to talk and we know pretty much everything about lobstering now. He came by one night with seven live lobster for us. How did he procure them if this is the off-season? He said he got them from a "native" who has a license to fish all year round. We cooked all of them immediately and ate four and saved three for the next day. Owen showed us how to shuck them lobsterman-style with his bare hands. Made quite a mess on the boat.

The biggest news in West Pubnico is that a local boy named Dwight D'eon has made it to the top eight of Canadian Idol. There are posters plastered all over the place declaring: Vote Dwight, Rock on Dwight, etc. We watched Canadian Idol at the Red Cap restaurant after hours with a couple of gals who work there. Dwight was definitely one of the top four performers. He is now in the top seven.

After the show was over the nice women who watched the show with us, offered to take us on a tour of Pubnico. It was darker than all get out with fog to boot. What could we see? They were so enthusiastic that we had to say yes.

They drove us to the end of the peninsula to see the giant windmills. We couldn't really see them too well in the dark fog, but we admired them anyway. Then they drove us out to the other wharf and over to the house where Dwight D'Leon grew up. Finally, they took us back to the boat. They were so cute and friendly. I thoroughly enjoyed the tour, despite the fact I couldn't see anything. Merci Joan et Therese.

We finally left Pubnico, yesterday, August 1, and are currently in the charming town of Shelburne. It's cute as hell with lots of old wooden buildings and a rich history in wooden ship building, but I miss our friends in [West Pubnico](#).

### **Fifth Post by Amy: August 15, 2007 - Halifax, NS**

Hey gang,  
Kenny and I still having wonderful, mostly relaxing trip, except for when we woke up at 4 a.m. dragging anchor the other night in Mahone Bay Harbor. Friggin' nightmare. Wind howling, blowing 30-40 knots. Nearly dragged onto a shoal. Boats in one direction, shoals, and giant red buoy on cement piling in other direction. Dark as hell. Tried to replant anchor without success. Windlass not functioning, Kenny had to pull up anchor by hand. Me at helm just trying to avoid hitting anything.

The two of us screaming at each other trying to come up with a plan. Tried to grab a mooring in the midst of a million other boats, but it kept slipping away as there was no line on it, just ball and chain. Ended up driving in circles 'til sun came up, then headed back to where we were the previous night and picked up a mooring at the yacht club around 6:30 a.m.. We both suffered from post traumatic stress disorder.

All is well again, as the nightmare fades from memory, but hopefully we'll remember the lessons we learned: Check barometer regularly. Never go to sleep without listening to weather. Never go to sleep with everything askew.... Stuff we already knew, but sometimes you just get too comfortable and then mother nature comes and slaps you in the ass.

Still in beautiful Mahone Bay in the quaint town of Chester. All the houses and gardens are out of a picture book. The sun is shining. All is well.

Miss and love you all.

### **Quick Post by Ken: August 23, - Shelburne, NS**

Halifax is not very pretty but it is a great place to spend rainy, foggy weather. Our first two nights were at a mooring at the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. Nice place but not close to anything. So, we moved to a slip in the heart of the waterfront. We did the museum as well as seeing every act that was in the Busker Festival. Our favorite was the Flying Dutchmen, followed closely by Duo Hoops and Ojarus.

We are back in Shelburne on the lower southwestern shore of NS and are enjoying a mooring again at the Shelburne Harbour Yacht Club. This place is so congenial, it's tough to leave. We've made several cruising friends here and are enjoying the Club's wonderful hospitality. We left Halifax last Sunday but due to very strong winds and big seas, we opted to go to Sambro Harbour rather than Lunenburg as originally planned. The stay in Sambro was a very nice surprise. We found a public floating dock that was built only two weeks before and it served our needs perfectly. We also met some other cruisers who had us over on their boat for wine and dessert.

The next day we made it to Lunenburg and picked up the same mooring we had found on the way up. We both love Lunenburg and seeing it a second time was just as much fun as the first. We also stopped in at North Sails in hopes of getting work done on our second hand inner forestaysail. As luck would have it, one of North Sail's experts was in the office and offered to come out and take a look at our sail. We brought Andreas Josenhans, Special Projects Manager for North Sails, aboard and he recommended that we simply change the angle of the sheet's lead by adding another block at the base of the shroud. Brilliant! He said we really needed a custom design but that we could learn a lot by experimenting with what we have. We have yet to try it for real but the concept looked good at the mooring. Thanks very much Andreas. We also found a new, for us, pub in town--the Knot Pub.

We motor sailed from Lunenburg to Port Mouton, the place with the wonderful sandy beach. It was there that we met several other cruisers all heading to Shelburne. We're hosting a pirate cocktail party with two other couples on Mary T this evening. There will be much singing, gambling, drinking and disorderly conduct as is fitting of a pirate soiree.

We are all planning to head out for points west and north in the coming days. We may sail in company if everyone's itineraries agree.

### **Quick Post by Amy: September 3, - Rockland, ME**

Had a fabulous pirate cocktail party on Mary T. in Shelbourne Harbor before departing for the US. Two Canadian couples joined us. They came in full pirate regalia and boarded us brandishing cutlasses after lobbing water balloon grenades over the gunwales.

After several alcoholic beverages one of the women confessed that her husband had been dreading the event all day. Of course, he had a fine time in the end as did Kenny, who had also been dreading having to put on his frilly shirt and headkerchief. Aargh. A grand time was had by all. We may see the two couples again in Maine as they're sailing in this direction in a couple of days.

We departed Nova Scotia the morning of July 27 and arrived safely in Bar Harbor around 10 a.m. on the 28th. We motored all the way with a five knot wind on our nose but in calm seas. Saw some humpback whales (about 15) leaving N.S. There was a feeding frenzy of some kind going on. Even the fisherman seemed to be headed in that direction.

Shortly before sundown a little bird joined us on Mary T. Poor thing seemed a bit lost. Didn't look like a seabird at all, but more like a sparrow. It was cute but a little nerve wracking. We thought we'd have it aboard for the whole journey, but after about 20 minutes it flew away and couldn't get back to the boat. I was a bit relieved but sad that such a creature should come to such a tragic end. We had a full moon for the crossing and a clear sky, so we were never left in total darkness.

The only anxiety producing events were close encounters with a Carnival Cruise liner and a container ship. I always radio them when they get within eight miles if they look like their headed for me and inquire as to whether I should maintain my course or get the hell out of the way. Both captains were happy to oblige and passed safely to my stern, the container ship made his turn a little later than I would've liked but he cleared me a mile. That is not a great distance from a huge ship on the water.

Much love to one and all. Amy

## Sixth Post by Amy: September 18 - Block Island, RI

Arriving back in the USA in Bar Harbor, ME on July 28, we had to pull up dockside for Customs inspection. One of the major goals of the crossing from Nova Scotia, apart from arriving safely, was to consume all of the fresh fruits and vegetables we had on board. We even dumped a few half consumed items overboard.

I was most disappointed when the customs official didn't even bother to board Mary T. He stood on the dock and looked at our passports, which he did not even bother to stamp. He asked where we departed from.

"Cape Negro Island."

"Where?"

"Cape Negro Island," we repeated.

He scratched his head.

He didn't like the sound of that, so we said,

"How about Shelbourne?"

He wrote that down.

He returned our passports and wandered off. So much for homeland security. I didn't need to dump that onion and lemon after all.

Later our Canadian friends told us they had plenty of groceries on board when they arrived in the U.S. The customs officer asked if they had fresh fruits and vegetables and they said "yes."

"Did you get them at a grocery store?"

"Yes."

"That's okay, then."

Who knew?

We retired to a mooring and were not there long before we saw the two boats of the French couples with whom we'd shared every anchorage since our departure from Halifax. They left Cape Negro Island a few hours before we did, not knowing we were hoping to cross from Nova Scotia en groupe. Anyway, it didn't matter because we would have soon lost them on the high seas. We motored into the wind to get across the Gulf of Maine in a timely fashion and they must have sailed, tacking back and forth, because we arrived in Bar Harbor a good six hours ahead of them. They've crossed the Atlantic and have been cruising for eight years, so they're not intimidated by a little crossing from Nova Scotia to Maine. They anchored far away from us so we didn't run into them in Bar Harbor.

That night we watched the orange full moon emerge from the horizon and went to sleep shortly thereafter and slept like the dead.

The following day we arose to a glorious warm, sunny day, so we hopped on the free L.L. Bean bus and headed for Acadia National park. Exiting the bus at Bubble Rock, we set off for a 3.5 mile hike which was moderately strenuous and incredibly beautiful. We saw a few other hikers, but were mostly alone in the wilderness with amazing views of the lakes and mountains and ocean.

A day of hiking in the park is necessarily followed by a treat at Jordan Pond House, an historic restaurant known for its popovers. They even serve a popover desert with ice cream and chocolate sauce. We had the standard fair with blueberry jam and shared a curried chicken salad. It was a lovely ladies luncheon, even if it wasn't just ladies. Kenny wants to learn how to make popovers now.

Departing Bar Harbor, July 30, we crossed paths with our Canadian pirate friends Bruce and Esther who were just arriving from Yarmouth aboard their 44-foot sloop, Con El Viento. I don't know why they gave it a Spanish name. Something about all the good names in English were already taken.

We asked them on the VHF radio how their trip went.

"Fine until two hours ago when we came into the fog and lobster pots," answered Bruce.

We passed like ships in the day promising to meet up again soon.

Kenny and I were headed for Sommes Sound, just around the corner from Bar Harbor. According to the guide books, it's the only fjord on the east coast of the USA, so we thought we ought to check it out. Shortly after leaving Bar Harbor we entered a fog bank and much chillier weather, so our trip was a bit more stressful than anticipated. It's one thing to be in fog when you're out in the middle of nowhere and another when you're close to land, boat traffic, and lobster pots. The radar was a mass of yellow blips. We came very close to another boat so we altered our direction and called them on the VHF radio, but they never answered. It was so thick we could only see them on radar and the "dangerous target" message that kept reappearing.

We managed to avoid hitting anything and emerged from the fog an hour and a half later to find ourselves in the baking sun. We shed our sweatshirts and jackets and gloried in the fine view. The wind was at our back and we coasted up the fjord. "Fjord" to me always meant a fairly narrow passageway of water with high cliff walls plunging into the sea on either side. Apart from one fairly high rocky hill, Sommes Sound did not meet our criteria of a fjord.

We came to the end of the faux fjord at Sommesville. We picked up an available mooring, which turned out to be free, because there's no harbormaster or mooring broker to collect. We're used to paying \$15 -- \$40 for a mooring, which starts to add up after awhile, so we're always grateful for a freebie. Why do we use moorings instead of anchoring you may ask. Well, if you go into any New England harbor, almost all of the prime anchoring areas are full of moorings. You can try to anchor amongst the moored boats but the depth would require a heck of a lot of anchor rode which means you may swing into the other boats if the wind shifts. Some places also have very strong currents that can make anchoring tricky. You certainly can go outside the mooring field but those areas are usually much less protected and far away from the town dock.

After lounging around for awhile and staring into space, which is one of our favorite hobbies, we jumped into the dinghy and motored ashore to explore and pick up some groceries. All we found was a noisy, busy road that led nowhere. The sidewalk was barely big enough for two. Not the idyllic scene we had pictured.

We walked in one direction for about a mile and saw nothing but an antique store and a huge book store with almost no books.

The guy in the antique store told us there was a convenience store back the other way, so we retraced our steps and then some. The store was combined with a gas station but it did have beer and wine so we bought some and a few other food items.

Back on the boat in the faux fjord, Kenny became inexplicably cranky and suddenly annoyed he hadn't had time to even read a book on his own. We managed to get

through the evening with very few words and Kenny started reading a book called *Sea Change* about a guy and a boat, which eventually sinks.

By bedtime all moods had improved and the morning of September 1, we departed the faux fjord and headed for Southwest Harbor just a few miles away.

A town mooring there costs \$25 and the harbormaster is a friendly guy who admits to eaves dropping on other people's conversations on the VHF radio. Don't we all? Southwest Harbor is another big center for lobster fishermen and boat builders like Hinckley and Morris. The town is as cute as a button and not much bigger than one. We had a swell lunch and walked up and down the main street, which takes about 45 seconds.

September 2 was a sparkling sunny day and we zipped down to Burnt Coat Harbor on the south side of Swan's Island. The wind was at our back and we averaged 7 knots, which is quite swift for us. We anchored outside the mooring field and readied the dinghy for an exploratory landfall. It became quickly apparent that there is nothing to do on Swan's Island apart from walk to the lighthouse, so we did. On our way there, Kenny looked back at our boat in the anchorage and who should be arriving but..... THE FRENCH. And we thought we had given them the slip.

At the lighthouse, we descended a little bluff, planted ourselves on some good sitting rocks and stared down at the swirling water. Just under the water's surface, a little pink crab held tenaciously to the rocks, undaunted by the pounding waves. When it finally moved we decided it was time to head back to Mary T.

On September 3, we found ourselves back in Rockland, ME. We overheard our Canadian pirate friends talking on the VHF radio and learned they'd be arriving in Rockland by early evening. In the meantime, Kenny got busy doing laundry and Interneting while I hiked about 1000 miles to the grocery store in the wrong shoes. The trip back with fully loaded backpack and bags in each hand was rather arduous.

We were back on the boat for our 5 p.m. radio rendezvous with Con El Viento. I called them up and Esther answered.

"How goes it?"

"Not so good," replied pirate Esther.

"What's the matter?"

"We both got hung up on lobster pots and had to drop anchor. Liliane is under the boat in full dive gear cutting the lines, and she's been down there for almost half an hour."

I expressed my heartfelt sympathy and told her to call back when they sorted everything out.

Later that evening, we heard the whole story. Approaching the breakwater of Rockland Harbor, Con El Viento suddenly lost steering capability, then their engine died. They quickly realized they'd snagged a lobster pot. Incapacitated, they called the harbormaster to find out if they could get a tow from Boat U.S.. They were told there was no Boat U.S. towing operations out of Rockland. Liliane and Mike on Zero Gravity agreed to tow them into Rockland Harbor. Con El Viento tossed them a 300 foot line and off they went. Everything was going smoothly as they approached the anchorage, until Zero Gravity suddenly lost steerage and power. They too had picked up a trap. Tied together with no control over their boats, they immediately dropped their anchors. Miraculously, they never bumped into each other.

That's when Liliane donned her wetsuit and snorkel and went underneath to check out the damage. Zero Gravity had one lobster trap line wrapped around their propeller shaft, but Con El Viento had picked up THREE. Liliane realized she would need a tank of air to do the job. Fortunately they had one on board.

She strapped on the tank and armed with a little knife entered the chilly Maine water. She was able to cut the line away from Zero Gravity's propeller in less than ten minutes. Removing the three lines wrapped around Con El Viento's shaft took well over twenty minutes of sawing with her dull blade. Pirate Liliane finally emerged from the depths victorious but freezing. Even after a warm shower on Con El Viento, her teeth continued to chatter.

Pirate Bruce from Con El Viento was beside himself after this episode. As we headed through the streets of Rockland looking for a dinner venue, he raved on and on.

"I hate this f\_\_\_in' place. If I had a nuke, I'd drop it here; right here on the state of Maine."

The freezing Liliane didn't seem bothered at all, though she said she wanted to buy a good sharp knife as soon as possible.

### **October 22, 2007:**

We're in Annapolis right now, getting ready for our trip south. There's a big gap in our story which we hope to fill as soon as possible. It's just that all the work we're doing right now to get ready to leave the Bay, is keeping us very busy.