

# S.H.B.C.

## Sentinel

November 2015

V3N11

The S.H.B.C. Sentinel is a periodic publication (terms of submission, last page) containing the stories and pictures of past events. Material is provided by Club Members and Guests and barely edited. Nothing provided here represents an official position of the Safety Harbor Boat Club.

### **GUEST SPEAKER FOR NOV. 4 SHBC MEMBERSHIP MEETING**

BY ELLEN HENDERSON

Plan to attend our Wed., **NOV. 4** SHBC meeting at 6:30 pm, at the Safety Harbor Library.

For this meeting our speaker will be our Club's own Treasurer: Barry Fox, who will give a presentation on the **Advanced Use of GPS For Racing & Cruising**. Plan on bringing your own hand-held GPS to the meeting, as this talk should greatly enhance your knowledge & use of your instrument.

### **RECAP OF OCT. 7 SHBC MEETING GUEST SPEAKER**

BY ELLEN HENDERSON

Our speaker for our **OCT. 7 SHBC MEMBERSHIP MEETING** was **Miguel Marquez**, whose topic was his participation in the **500 Year Anniversary of Christopher Columbus' crossing from Europe to America** on the replica of the "**Santa Maria**", of which he was a crew member. **Miguel** shared the history background of Christopher Columbus leading up to the funding by Queen Isabella and a video of their 500 Year Anniversary crossing from Spain to America.



Per Ellen's request I am sending you pics from Columbus Day picnic.  
*Rosemarie and John Bakshis*



## E-Mail from Ron...

Thanks to everyone who made our annual Chili Cook-off & **Halloween Costume Contest a fun success. Everyone played a part** but especially the decorators, chili cookers, judges, dancers, costumers, photographers.....thank you all for a fun afternoon & evening.

If you are registered on Facebook, take a look at the many party photos posted on the Safety Harbor Boat Club page....they will give you a chuckle.

See you at the next boat club event!

## SHBC ANNUAL CHILI COOK-OFF AND HALLOWEEN PARTY 10/24 SUBMITTED BY ELLEN HENDERSON

The planning for the SHBC party activities started several months ago with the idea to include a "Thriller" Flash Mob as a surprise for the Club. **Barry F.** downloaded several "Thriller" tutorials & **Ellen H.** scheduled rehearsal venues plus recruited dancers. (See rehearsal photos.) Meanwhile **Barry F.** was in high gear sending communications to club members re: chili cook-off and Halloween costume entrants, while he also secured extra needed supplies for the party. Meanwhile **Ellen H.** was acquiring decorations and folks to help hang them.

So on Sat., Oct. 24 the weather gods cooperated (as it had rained prior to the two previous parties) and all was in place. **Barry F.** as usual, set up the sound equipment and helped decorate along with **Linda B.** (our Club Photographer) , **Joan M., Ron and Brenda P., Brian G. and Ellen H.** Folks in costumes started arriving, armed with crock pots full of various kinds of homemade chili. The judges were **Ed M., Joan M. and Jack Y.,** who spent over an hour each tasting nine different chili samples. The final winners were:

- 1: **Brenda Poirson**
- 2: **Barry Fox**
- 3: **Ron Poirson**

Among all of the costume entries, Dusty D. won the \$10.00 prize.

Everyone had such a good time that we did not leave the party scene until 11:00 pm.

Our next party will be celebrated as a Pot Luck Dock Party on Sat. Nov. 14 following the Commodore's Cup. Plan on attending.

Flash Mob Practice...



and in action.....

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RdH2wQh2gcE>  
(Typing must be ExaCt!)



A 3-year old cried at this one!





## THE FALL EQUINOX RACE - Wed., Sept. 23

SUBMITTED BY ELLEN HENDERSON

Our SHBC Race Chair, **Chris D.** chose a gorgeous evening for our **Autumnal Equinox Night Race** on Wed., Sept. 23. Earlier in the day Commodore **Ron P.**, Vice Commodore **Chris G.** and **Dale C.** prepared and set out the lighted Start -Finish line marks and illuminated the orange and white permanent markers.

Unfortunately, as **Chris G's "Jean Marie"** was leaving the dock for the race, his steering cable system broke. **Chris** got on **Dale's** boat "**Incentive**" along with **Marielle Skille**, while his crew, **Sue Keller** and **Marilyn** went over to **Ron P's. "Wanderlust"**.

The race started shortly after 7:30 pm under a glorious 3/4 moon. The perfect winds were blowing from the N-N/W at the start with **John V's "Pegasus"** first over the line. The fleet headed on a mostly beam reach toward the Orange Mark. "**Incentive**", with **Dale** helming was nipping at the stern of "**Pegasus**" during most of the first leg, but "**Pegasus**" managed to pull away to round the Orange Mark first. We had abundant crew on board "**Pegasus**" with **Race Chair, Chris D., John V., Ellen H.** plus guest helmsman, **Jim King** to fine tune the tweaking all during the first and second legs.

There was a slight upset along the second leg to the White Mark, as "**Jewel Anne**", with two crew aboard (owner, **Jack M.** and regular crew, **Ed M.**) passed "**Incentive**" as she is lighter and had fewer crew on the downwind leg.

"**Wanderlust**" with five souls on board: skipper **Roof D.**, co-owner, **Ron P.**, club **Photographer, Linda Brandt, plus Sue Keller** and her friend, **Marilyn** (this was her first race ever) came into her grove after her first tack on the last windward leg, as this is the Pearson's preferred mileau. Per **Ron P.** "This boat loves going to weather."

Results :

	Finish	Elapsed	Corrected	
1	Pegasus	08:45:57	01:07:45	01:03:23
2	Jewell Anne	08:52:46	01:14:34	01:05:32
3	Wanderlust	08:48:45	01:10:33	01:10:33
4	Incentive	08:57:40	01:19:28	01:11:08

Thank you to "**Incentive**" for hosting another fun post-race party

The next scheduled night race is Wed., Nov. 11 at 6:00pm.

### **DELIVERY OF KANUCK'S BOAT FROM FT. PIERCE TO CLEARWATER FL.**

The date was October 2, 2015 when this adventure started. Mark Kanuck and his delightful wife Ann had started looking for a boat beginning in June and finally found a great boat in Ft. Pierce, Florida. The boat is a 1983 Endeavour 33 ft sloop in great shape with many features such as a radar, refrigerator, inflatable with outboard on davits and other add-ons too numerous to list. The name of the boat is "Rum Line" but their plan is to change it. Co-owner Mark and principal owner Ann (51%) made NINE trips from Clearwater to Ft. Pierce to conduct a sea trial, finalize the purchase and to begin the myriad of things which would make the boat theirs. Dale Cuddeback (me), owner of the sailboat Incentive and a member of the Safety Harbor Boat Club, had volunteered to help Mark bring the boat from Ft. Pierce via the cross Florida ICW canal to Ft Meyers. From there, another crew would take over and sail the boat to Clearwater. Mark and I twice drove to Ft. Pierce to give me the opportunity to assess the boat for sea worthiness and to perform routine maintenance such as replace the water pump impeller, clean filters, etc. This narrative starts with the first day of the adventure to deliver the boat to Clearwater after Mark and Ann took ownership. This narrative is ten pages long and if you get bored reading just go to the last paragraph.

The delivery from Ft. Pierce to Clearwater was planned in two parts. The first part was from Ft. Pierce on the east coast to Ft Meyers on the west coast via the cross-Florida Inter-Coastal Waterway (ICW). The second part was Ft Meyers to Clearwater hopefully sailing in the gulf under sail with a different crew including co-owners Mark and Ann. It would turn out that because of the lack of favorable wind the entire distance would be under motor, only deploying the jib a few times. I had yet to see the mainsail cover removed from the mainsail after being on the boat for seven days. On the second part of the journey from Ft. Meyers and up the gulf to Clearwater, the wind blew but was on the bow thwarting any attempt to sail. I took notes during the first part and Barry took notes during the second part. This narrative was composed from the notes. Criticism as to spelling, punctuation, sentence tense or gender designation is not encouraged and if something bothers you, feel to edit your own copy. In other words don't bother me with it. (Just kidding)

**Day 1** Fri (Oct 2): Mark and Ann picked me up with baggage at my house about 2:30PM. The drive over to Ft. Pierce was uneventful. Hey, this narrative is about a boat trip not a car trip so use your own imagination to add details about the car trip. Besides, this narrative will appear in a boating publication [Ed. – Loose definition]. Arriving at the boat in Ft. Pierce, the three of us loaded the boat with items brought from Clearwater (OK, the items came over in the car)

including the essential carry-on air conditioner. Our next stop was a Fairfield Inn to check in and then on to the Tiki Hut restaurant for a great dinner. Fort Pierce was having a First Friday of the Month open house and many town-folks had gathered along the Ft. Pierce waterfront to enjoy the celebration. The night was warm (actually hotter than warm) and very pleasant. Next, we did a brief food shopping stop at a Publix grocery store to pick up a few last minute items before going back to the hotel for the night.



**Day 2** Sat (Oct 3) The morning started with a 7AM departure from the hotel. We loaded the extra food bought the night before onto the boat and did some final preparations to get the boat ready to leave. Our fourth crew member Dean Bartley arrived around 8:00AM and at 8:30 we backed out of the slip to start the trip to Stuart approximately 25 miles to the south. Dean is a seasoned sailor who Mark met earlier while buying supplies in the local West Marine store. Dean worked at the store. Mark made friends with (as Mark does with everyone he meets) and on the spot invited him to sail from Ft. Pierce to Stuart, FL. Dean readily agreed to make the trip and even volunteered his wife Becky to provide some taxi service. Strange thing about sailors, they'll drop everything to sail at the merest of invitations. I hoped he didn't quit his job.

Because of the threat of heavy seas due to a hurricane Joaquin off the FL coast, it was decided to motor-sail in the ICW with the jib deployed to Stuart rather than sail offshore. Mark backed the boat out of the slip at 8:20 AM. The trip was uneventful and we arrived on the outskirts of Stuart around 2:30 PM. On the trip all aboard shared in duty at the helm. Ann appeared especially interested to get in some wheel time because she felt she needed the experience. She did fine with others sitting beside her to boost her confidence and explain some things about handling the boat.

Note: Stuart is the start of the cross-Florida ICW from the Atlantic Ocean on the Florida east coast to the Florida west coast and into the Gulf of Mexico. The biggest feature of the ICW is that it crosses Lake Okeechobee which is a huge lake in central FL and also the second largest lake completely enclosed in the continental US. The lake is joined to the Atlantic by the St Lucie River on the east side and by the Okeechobee River on the west side eventually emptying into the Gulf. The two rivers and the west side of the shallow Lake Okeechobee were dredged where necessary to form the ICW with a planned project depth of 8 feet. The ICW cuts across the Florida peninsula approximately at the lower third of the peninsula. It is a tremendous shortcut from the Atlantic to the Gulf rather than a transit around the southern tip of the Florida peninsula and the Florida Keys to get into the Gulf of Mexico. There are five locks on the cross-Florida ICW, two draw bridges and three railroad swing bridges from Stuart to Ft Meyers. There is also one "lift railroad track" bridge where the tracks are lifted by an elevator structure to a height of 49 feet. The locks are closed at night with varying opening/closing times and if you are between two locks you can be stuck for the night.



Rum Line has an overall height of 49ft and 8 in. not including a Windex (18 in.) and a whip VHF antennae that is about 3ft long but can bend without breaking to a height of approx. 6 in. From a previous trip, I remembered the limited height of the ICW RR bridge and informed Mark that his

boat would not pass under the 49 ft RR lift bridge unless the boat was heeled over to reduce the overall height. I calculated that if the boat was heeled over by 20 degrees from vertical that would reduce the height by approximately 3 ft which would be more than required and certainly it would cross under the bridge with plenty of margin for safety.

Mark explained to Dean that there is a man ("Billy the boat tipper") who will weight down one side of the boat using barrels filled with water to "tip" the boat over such that the overall height is shortened enough to pass under the bridge. Tip was the term used by Billy for heeling a boat since he is not a sailor. Mark made a tentative appointment to be tipped the following Monday morning. For this service Billy charges \$200. Dean said why spend that money? He had heeled his boat over to cross under the bridge by filling an inflatable dingy with water and lifting it off the side of the boat using the main halyard. Same result but doesn't cost \$200. Dean offered to demonstrate his technique. Pulling over to the side of the ICW Dean rigged a bridle to lift the inflatable and attached it to the main halyard. Unfortunately the halyard sheave at the top of the mast was frozen and we couldn't even lift the dingy without water being added. So we were doomed to use Billy's services. So much for saving \$200. Drat.

We continued on to the Sailfish Marina on the ICW and tied the boat alongside the fuel dock. Dean had arranged for his wife Becky to drive down to Stuart from their home in Ft. Pierce to meet us and provide transportation. Meanwhile, Mark and I installed the carry-on air conditioner in the boat's center hatch. We turned on the a/c and after it ran for a while the 100 ft extension cord we used to connect power to the a/c heated up. The cord was many years old and cumulative residual resistance became too great for that length of cord causing it to heat up. Fortunately Ann discovered it before it caused damage.

As planned Becky picked us up at the marina. After stopping at a West Marine store to buy a few items (a new extension cord for one), we drove to a very nice restaurant called the Pirate's Cove where we were treated by the Kanucks. After a delightful fish dinner we drove back to the Sailfish Marina where Mark and I boarded the boat. Dean and Becky Ann drove back to Ft. Pierce where she was to spend the night and then drive her car back to Clearwater. Back at the boat we turned on the air-conditioner, closed up the boat and enjoyed a pleasant, uneventful night tied up at the fuel dock.

This is where our first un-planned event occurred. Before retiring for the night, I walked to the marina shower to shower and freshened up. After showering and while shaving, a guy walked into the shower (door lock didn't work) with a big-ass gun strapped to his waist. Convinced it was a robbery, I immediately hoped the guy wouldn't shoot because I left my wallet and money on the boat. Well, the guy didn't shoot and when I looked beyond the gun, I saw that the man was wearing a sheriff's badge. I couldn't talk but did manage a weak hello. I thought later that if the man had drawn his shooter it would have been really exciting, but only if the man didn't shoot. I was keeping notes for this narrative and desperately needed some color to liven things up a bit. (For the inquisitive reader, I didn't have a normal bowel movement for the rest of the trip; but I have stopped stuttering.) OK, now on with the adventure.

Note: The water in Lake Okeechobee in the approximate center of Florida is above the sea level of both the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. To travel across Florida from the Atlantic to the gulf (or visa versa) a vessel has to be lifted to the Lake Okeechobee level by locks and then lowered using locks on the other side to achieve the same water level as the gulf. Locks are simple and ingenious at the same time.



**Day three** Sun (Oct 3) Rum Line's crew awoke early but didn't hurry because it would be a short motor trip to our next stop at the Indiantown marina. On the way to Indiantown the boat would have to go through the St. Lucie lock to get into the ICW. The crew was looking forward to the adventure. Mark fixed coffee (instant) and then he and I prepared the boat for departure. Underway Mark fixed fried egg sandwiches to go with our coffee. We reached the St Lucie lock and were instructed to enter the lock.



The lock tender closed the lock gate after we entered. He dropped bow and stern lines down from the top of the lock side wall about 20 feet above us. We held on to the lines to keep the boat in place while he opened the lock gate on the other end of the lock. As the water flooded into the lock our boat was lifted about 14 feet above the water level of the Atlantic side of the lock where we came from. Next, the lock tender opened the lake side of the lock and we simply powered out of the lock, now 14 feet higher than before. Underway now in the ICW canal we later encountered a heavy rainsquall and Mark got soaked standing in the cockpit steering while I sat below snug and dry in the cabin. Hey, it's Mark's boat.

We motored on to Indiantown. Just before we arrived we passed through an open rusty railroad swing bridge which appeared out of commission. Were we ever startled to hear a train cross the bridge about an hour later? We were told the bridge was kept open as we saw it and was only closed to allow a train to cross the ICW. So it was operational but it needed a paint job badly.

We entered the Indiantown marina about 3 PM and were pleasantly surprised to see a well-kept, landscaped marina. The marina office was closed because it was Sunday. This is not unusual and it is customary to dock a boat for the night and then check in when the office opened the next morning. We tied up at a transient dock in front of a travel lift and a guy from Wales (in the UK, not the lake) named Kevin helped us with dock lines and afterwards offered us a beer. As soon as we could, we turned on the a/c. The a/c was turning out to be a lifesaver in the heat, humidity and the bugs. Indiantown has a bad mosquito problem as do most marinas along this part of the ICW. We weren't bothered after we closed the boat up for the a/c.

Later Mark and I were seated around a table in the nice marina patio area going over charts when a man (Dennis) sat down at our table. We had a nice conversation. It turned that Dennis was part of a crew taking a Catalina 36 (Terra Firma) to the gulf coast also. He asked if we would alert the Billy the boat tipper that they wanted to go under the lift RR Bridge also. We agreed. Mark called Billy and left a message on his answering machine that two boats wanted to get tipped the next morning (Monday) and asked that he call us back to confirm. Billy had a sure \$400 just waiting for him. Somehow Billy got Dennis's phone number and called him later in the evening saying that he had to go to a funeral the next morning and couldn't tip boats. But maybe he would be free Monday afternoon to tip the boats. He had us by the throat and we all knew it.

Billy finally called Mark and verified he could not tip our boat the next morning due to the funeral. Mark requested he tip the boats early Tuesday morning. He would call us and let us know when, of course he did not call.

**Day Four** (Oct 5) Mon. This was a lay-day thanks to Billy. However it gave us a chance to attack some of the problems on Mark's list to be done. Neither the bow or stern running lights would work when we flipped the switch. Mark wiggled the bow light wiring and the light came on. However, there were exposed wires due to years of being in the sunlight ultra-violet that ultimately need replacement. We replaced the stern light fixture with a spare that the previous owner had left on board. It still didn't work and I traced the problem to a wire that had parted at a crimp connection. I re-crimped the two wire ends and the light came on. Fixing the running lights was critical since the next part of the journey would entail sailing in the gulf at night. We also moved the boat to another transient slip so the travel lift could be used the next day.

Later, we called a cab and it took us to downtown Indiantown for \$4 plus tip. Indiantown is a very small town without a visible economy except for a couple of beer joints, a service station, at least one convenience food store and a couple of restaurants, all in old dilapidated buildings. The marina could have been the town's biggest employer. We ate in a beer joint which was recommended to us as a BBQ eatery. We had BBQ ribs with side dishes of collard greens and baked beans chased with a beer. We felt we had better not stick out in the place by not having a beer in front of us. Afterwards we visited a convenience store next door to buy a few items and then rode the same cab back to the marina.

The marina had one bathroom and two showers. Someone had mixed up their priorities. Mark and I showered before turning in under the protection of a/c. Had we not had the a/c the combination of the heat, humidity and bugs would have been adequate cause for a mutiny.

Mark had lined up a friend Jack Box, who had crewed on Incentive in several races, to be part of the crew to take the boat from Ft. Meyers to Clearwater. Mark called Ann in Clearwater when we retired and found out that Jack was in the hospital suffering from a heart attack. That of course left Mark short one crew member for the second part of the journey. I recommended that Mark enlist his wife Ann as a replacement crew member. Mark called Ann again who jumped at the chance. Later Mark finally contacted Billy who said he would meet us at 8:30 AM next day (Tuesday) at the lift bridge. Again the a/c allowed us a good night's sleep.

**Day five** (Oct 6) Tue. We awoke at 6:30 AM and Mark fixed coffee and served it with turnovers purchased the night before at the convenience store. We cast off at 7:30 AM and arrived at the lift bridge about 8:10 AM. There was no Billy which didn't surprise us at all. We saw that the lift bridge was in the lowered position used to allow a train to pass. Also another boat had arrived before us. We started doing donuts east of the bridge and waited for about 10 minutes before the train arrived. After the train passed, the lift bridge was lifted to its maximum height and the other boat motored right under the bridge while we held our breath. The captain of the other boat yelled 'see you in the lake' as he continued on.

The boat Terra Firma arrived shortly and joined us in doing donuts. Still no Billy. Mark called Billy who said he was only minutes away. An hour late when he showed up with his partner Billy offered no explanation as to why he was so late. Billy turned out to be a local hayseed with an eye for opportunity. He had an old johnboat loaded with plastic barrels and a standalone water pump powered by a gasoline engine. His overhead and business expenses had to be negative. His partner loaded three-fifty gallon barrels plus two-thirty gallon barrels on to the port side of Rum Line. We later calculated the weight added on the port side was about 1700 pounds plus the weight of me and Mark standing on the port side



of the boat. The most complicated part of the operation was to tie a measuring line to the main halyard and haul it up to the top of the mast. The bottom of the line hung approximately three feet off the surface of the water. Billy then proceeded to pull-start the gasoline water pump. After a few unsuccessful pulls he located a can of starter fluid and after a few squirts of the fluid the pump roared to life. About five minutes later the barrels were full of water and the bottom of the measuring line was touching the water, having dropped three feet as the boat heeled over. Billy told Mark to slowly motor through the bridge which he did. Suddenly, the measuring line snagged on the bridge foundation and Billy got real excited before the line came loose. We passed under just fine. Mark commented that the whole operation took an hour of preparation followed by 5 minutes of sheer terror while going underneath the bridge.

The crew of Terra Firma had told us they would video Rum Line as it crossed under the bridge and email the video stripe to Mark. Mark continued motoring on because we were already behind schedule. Our next stop was at the Mayaca lock and when we radioed ahead to alert the lock tender we wanted to pass through we were told to hold just outside of the lock until we were given a verbal green to proceed into the lock. The inlet lock gate was closed and after it was opened for us by the lock tender we were told to enter and motor on through the lock. We found out that when the lake was at a certain level the lakeside lock gate was kept open. As we passed the attractive lock tender standing on the side of the lock she told us she was the only female lock tender in the US.

We entered Lake Okeechobee and assumed a heading of 228 degrees. There was no wind in the lake and we were disappointed not to be able to sail. The lake was big enough (27 miles across) to sail but no wind. There were plenty of bugs though and we were entertained by brushing them off. After a while we rolled out the jib and it filled to provide about one knot of additional speed. That didn't last very long and we had to roll the jib in when it started luffing and slowing us down.

On the west side of the lake we entered the shipping channels and followed the markers until we reached the Clewiston hurricane gate about 2:30 PM. The gate was built along with hurricane dikes after several hurricanes devastated Clewiston and the surrounding area killing thousands of people in the late 1920's. We had initially planned to spend the night at Moore Haven but when Billy delayed us all day Monday and almost two additional hours on Tuesday; we couldn't make Moore Haven before dark and changed our itinerary to spend the night in Clewiston.

Mark called the Roland and Mary Ann Martin Resort and marina of international fishing tournament fame in Clewiston and requested a slip. The dock master directed us to their transient dock where we tied up and turned on the a/c. Later we enjoyed a superb delicious fish dinner at the outdoor Tiki Bar restaurant while discussing plans for the next day. We wanted to depart very early the next morning before daylight because of our Billy-delayed itinerary and decided to wake at 5:30 in the morning and get underway by spotlight. Mark's idea by the way. We were slaved to the schedule of the locks with plenty of time to reach our next destination at La Belle, FL.

After dinner we retired to the boat to read, plan and otherwise while away the time until we got sleepy. I went to bed early (about 8:30 PM) while Mark stayed up and enjoyed my snoring. I slept in the V-berth and Mark slept in the main cabin (or salon depending on which boat sales brochure one believes). Suddenly, I lurched awake to observe Mark in the salon folding a sheet. I asked if it was time to get up already and Mark said that he was only making his bed up to go to sleep. It was 11:30. Unusual things happen to time when one is cruising without any urgency to get to the next stop.

**Day six** (Oct 7) Wed. I awoke early about 4:30 AM (I went to bed around 8 for cripes sake) dressed and collected stuff to go shower. Mark rolled over as usual and said just give him thirty more minutes as usual. Ann will verify that. I stumbled to the restroom/shower only to find that the door locked. Ah ha, I knew there would be something wrong with the nice resort. Not finding a brick handy I went back to the boat, awaking Mark in the process. Mark did not take the news well that the shower was locked and fortunately he couldn't find a brick either. We prepared the boat for departure and pulled away from the dock in pitch black darkness with a spotlight in my hand on the bow. The entrance to the hurricane gate was lighted with a green and red light although at that ungodly hour in the morning it was hard to remember that "red right return" crap. We made it through the gate and turned right to go up the channel to Moore Haven.

Suddenly, I spotted reflectors and a small flashing light in the channel ahead. I tried to signal to Mark which way to go but both I and Mark were in a half awake state and communication got mixed up. We bumped into a temporary barrier, doing no damage to the boat. I can't say as much for egos. Mark shouted that we should go back to the dock where we came from and go back to bed until daylight. You can bet your buns I agreed. Lesson learned: sleep late when cruising. My recovery towards a normal bowel movement resulting from the sheriff's gun incident earlier in the cruise was further delayed.

Back at the same boat dock Mark and I drank coffee and made several resolutions about not leaving a dock before sunup. The restroom/shower was now open and the crew of Rum Line was able to get a shower. Later after the sun was pretty high up in the sky (smile), Rum Line departed again from Clewiston to Moore Haven which is about ten miles away in the ICW canal on the western rim of Lake Okeechobee. We locked through the Moore Haven lock, accompanied by an official ICW patrol boat with three girls aboard (as I pointed out to Mark). Rum Line continued west bound to a marina on the east side of La Belle to pump out the holding tank.

Suddenly, a scene from the attack on Pearl Harbor occurred. A crop duster plane with a much too reckless pilot dive-bombed us. He was dusting a crop field on the edge of the ICW and had us scattering on his every pass. Mark took videos while I ducked. Meanwhile, Rum Line continued on towards La Belle while the heart pulse of its crew returned to normal. Yep, another delay in my recovery to normal bowel movements. This is about where the s-s-stuttering s-s-started again. Not to worry, I was having a great time.

Upon arrival at the marina we slowly motored in and docked at the pump out dock. After some confusion with operating the pump-out, we thought that we had pumped out properly and departed.



Our next destination was a marina along the ICW that a boater highly recommended during one of our previous overnight marina stops. He described the marina as a new marina that the city of La Belle provided at no cost to transient boaters. He failed to mention that although there was free electricity and water available, there were no showers or restrooms provided. It was late and the next marina was hours away so we opted to stay. A neighbor cruiser Gary helped us dock and chattered away as if he hadn't talked with anyone for a month. Along with many other things he recommended a restaurant in town that would turn out to be a real winner. When we asked about restroom facilities and a shower he pointed to a water hose and said the water wasn't too cold. As for a

restroom he pointed to nearby building and said he used the bathroom in the library (hours of operation, 9 to 5). That revelation conjured up many questions in my mind but I knew better than to pursue it. Gary was a talker and I wasn't ready to participate in any prolonged one-sided conversations.

We turned on the a/c and then departed to the restaurant recommended hoping to avoid Gary as we did. We walked about three blocks and arrived at an oasis in a bleak desert. The restaurant was in an older building well maintained with a very handsome oak door entrance. When we went entered we felt transported suddenly into a much larger city restaurant. The inside was tastefully furnished in seasoned wood furniture and partitions and was a welcome relief from what we had become accustomed to in the previous towns we visited. After being seated I mentioned to Mark that this was a diamond in the rough. We found a very clean washroom although we had to pass through a redneck beer bar. Back at our table we both ordered chicken parmigiana which turned out to be excellent. And it came with an excellent salad bar. What a treat. Mark especially liked the pasta. Neither of us could finish our portions.

After eating, Mark walked to a convenience store to pick up some items while I visited an antique shop across the street. I returned to the boat with a snooze in mind after the heavy dinner. Back at the boat I chatted with Gary for a while until Mark relieved me and I was able to escape to the boat. I was somewhat concerned that Mark would be inveigled by Gary to go to the local bar for the TV ballgame, whatever it was, and it would be easy to guess who would be paying for Gary's beers. That aside, I decided to forgo the water hose shower and substituted a wet washcloth wipe-down which felt adequate thanks to the wonderful a/c keeping the boat interior comfortable. Mark did the same when he was able to extricate himself from the tenacious verbal monolog by Gary. I had a good night sleep in spite of the thought of no morning shower or shave, etc.

**Day Seven** (Oct 8) Thur. This was to be the last day of my part of the journey to get Rum Line moved to Clearwater. We arose just as the eastern sky began to glow and departed without leaving the boat except for Mark who untied dock lines and brought the power cord aboard. Mark had formed the habit of checking vital fluids of the engine before casting off and then we headed west. Mark had selected a marina on Tarpon Point in Cape Coral just down-stream from Ft Myers. He wanted to stop at a marina on the ICW that would be closer to Redfish Pass, which he had selected for the exit to the Gulf of Mexico for the last part of the journey to Clearwater. That journey would start three days later on the following Monday with a fresh crew.

Still motoring of course, we arrived at the last bascule bridge to find that an electrical problem required the bridge tender to shut down operation. We waited for about 20 minutes doing donuts. It was a surprise when the bridge tender radioed us that the bridge was back in operation so soon. We passed under the drawbridge and continued on to the last lock on the ICW that we had to negotiate, the WP Franklin lock. Don't ask me who that politician is or was. And if you wonder how I know it was a politician I will gladly bet you \$20 that is just burning a hole in my pocket. Mark discovered that we hadn't emptied the holding tank as we thought and we decided that was the first item of business when we arrived at the marina.

This last day of ICW motoring for me proved to be routine without mishap and we arrived at the Point Tarpon marina around 3:30 PM. We first tied up at the fuel dock to take on diesel and to get the holding tank pumped out. That accomplished, we motored to slip B43, tied up and began to off-load stuff that wouldn't be needed for the trip up to Clearwater. After that we took showers and prepared the boat, leaving the a/c running on board to dry out the interior of the boat. Mark had

phoned Ann in Clearwater and requested that she meet us at the slip in the Point Tarpon at 5:00 PM. She was right on time. Her in-car GPS had led her right to our slip. Technology is great.

Mark drove me home and off-loaded me and baggage around 10:30 PM. Mark and Ann then drove to their house.

(three days later)

**Day eight** (Oct 11) Sun. Mark, Ann and Barry departed by car at approx. 2:30 PM bound for Rum Line in the Tarpon marina in Cape Coral. On their way they picked up Chris Dollin as the fourth member of the crew to sail the final part of the journey to Clearwater. "Aussie" Chris is from Australia and we distinguish her name from Chief Chris, a longtime member of the club. Barry and Chris are both Safety Harbor Boat Club members and will go sailing at the mere mention of a cruise, a race or just an afternoon on the water. Aussie Chris is fanatical about racing with several clubs in the area besides the Safety Harbor Boat Club. She had been on a boat delivery team which had delivered a boat to south St. Pete where she was picked up by Mark and Ann.



The four crew members arrived at the marina and while inspecting the boat for departure the following morning, they discovered loose coupler bolts which coupled the engine to the shaft and propeller. It was a very fortunate find which could have been a real show stopper and caused very serious damage to the boat. Several connecting bolts had somehow come out of the four bolt coupler. Who knows what damage would have occurred if the other two bolts had let go too. This was an unusual problem because typically the bolts get rusted and are very difficult to disassemble. In this case two bolts had unfastened themselves. Strange. Working late that day, Mark and Barry replaced the missing bolts and secured the coupler to continue the journey. The four crew persons then went to a close-by Weston Inn hotel and spent the night.

**Day eight/nine** (Oct 12/13) Mon/Tue. The crew backed the boat out of the slip and began the journey to Clearwater. Aboard were Mark, Ann, Barry and Chris. They motored through the ICW and finally arrived at the Red Fish Pass, their chosen outlet into the Gulf of Mexico. After a little confusion in negotiating the pass, Rum Line was steered to a northwest heading to go up the gulf coast toward Pinellas County peninsula. The sail was a no-sail because the wind was on the bow and its only influence was to provide a rocky ride. A typical helm watch of two on and two off was adapted with occasional switching of team members to alleviate the boredom of manning the helm.

During the passage to Clearwater Barry was talking to me (Dale, of previous crew fame) on his cell phone. I heard Barry occasionally point out to Chris on the helm that she was off course. Perhaps it was due to sleepiness, boredom or other distraction. Back in the Tampa Bay area, Chris has earned a reputation of sailboat racing (par excellence) where she was always assigned to the foredeck handling sails. I had often wondered why she didn't perform at other crew positions of the boats to gain experience. Suddenly it occurred to me that perhaps the reason that Chris was always assigned to the foredeck during a race and was to keep her as far away from the helm as possible if they were to be competitive in the race. Another thing, I have always wondered why she didn't fall off the earth when she was down-under and America was on top of the earth or visa versa. I checked her feet but she doesn't wear Velcro.

Twenty four hours later (less two minutes) the boat was eased into its slip in Clearwater without incident. The adventure was a treat to all involved and Mark and Ann are ecstatic to have Rum Line safe in Clearwater. Good Job to all involved.

Dale Cuddeback  
Captain of the s/v Incentive

## THE WILD DEUCES RACE - SAT. 10/3/15

SUBMITTED BY ELLEN HENDERSON

We got really lucky, the 10th named Tropical Storm of the 2015 Hurricane Season "Joaquin" dumped up to 26" of rain from Thurs. to Sun. in Myrtle Beach, SC, but gave SH a "pass" on Sat. 10/3, except for lots of dark clouds full of wind and a scattering of "spitting" circling around from the West heading SE away from our racing waters.

I suspect that **Dale C.** and **Mark Kanuck** will have a different story to tell on their delivery of **Mark and Anne K's** Endeavor 33' sailboat from Ft. Pearce on the East Coast to the Pinellas County peninsula. (See **Dale's** article and **Mark's** pix elsewhere in this issue.)

Since "**Incentive's**" owner was away and both "**Jean Marie**" and "**Jewel Ann**" were in various states of repair, we had a two-boat duel with identical SH-PHRF Ratings. So one of these competitors had to win by only one second. With that in mind, it seemed imperative to "**Amelia's**" owner, **Barry F.** to get a really great start. "**Amelia's**" crew: **Yvette**, returning after a many-race-missed absence, first time "**Amelia**" crew, **Jack M.**, while his boat was in sickbay and "**Goldilocks**" boat-jumper, **Ellen H.** were all primed to be first over at the 3:30 pm start. However, despite our zeal, we were one second early, requiring a 360 degree turn around the favored E. pin end, which allowed our competitor, "**Wanderlust**", helmed by our Commodore, **Ron P.** and crewed by his boat partner **Roof** to easily be first over the start line.

It was now catch-up time. The prevailing winds were shifty from the NW to N, so the thinking aboard "**Amelia**" was to set a port jib whisker pole in order to zoom ahead of "**Wanderlust**". "**Amelia's**" tactic ran afoul, with the wind shifting forward of the beam, thus collapsing the pole and back-winding the jib, giving more speed to "**Wanderlust**". With the pole down and jib returned to the starboard side, we started to move ahead of "**Wanderlust**".

Both permanent marks were still covered from the previous **night "moon" race** by a white bucked and each was taped with a plastic bottle with an inserted flashlight, fashioned by **Ron P.** Because we had forgotten about this fact, we were looking for the orange mark, which made it a little more difficult than usual to find these marks. Upon reaching the E. "orange" mark, "**Amelia**" rounded first just 1 min. 15 sec. ahead of "**Wanderlust**". This was no time to get cocky, as there were still two more legs to go.

Impressively, the two crew on "**Wanderlust**", had their whisker pole up in no time at all on this true downwind leg; thus quickly shortening the distance to first place. It was time to set the pole again on "**Amelia**" to stop "**Wanderlust's**" forward crush. But alas, by the White (South) mark, we were still 1 min. 15 sec. ahead.

Since the last segment was designed to be an upwind leg with lots of tacking, we on "**Amelia**" also knew that this is "**Wanderlust's**" time to shine. However, instead of tacking to cover, "**Wanderlust**" chose opposite tacks, perhaps intending to garner faster wind and upwind lifts. Upon our 2nd to last tack, we noticed that "**Wanderlust**" went farther North than seemed necessary, thus sailing an extra distance; although they sailed fast, while cracking off sails to a near reach for the next leg. This is where we gained distance and time by finishing 1 min. 49 sec. ahead. High fives all around "**Amelia**".

Immediately after their finish, "**Wanderlust**" challenged us to a 2nd race in the now increased winds to 12-13 kts. with whitecaps. The gauntlet was thrown for a downwind start with much discussion aboard "**Amelia**" on starting tactics, especially with an incoming tide. We positioned ourselves on a rule-favored starboard tack on a very broad reach, while "**Wanderlust**" approached from the opposite end on a port reach. We yelled the "starboard" rule, thus forcing "**Wanderlust**" down to allow "**Amelia**" to be first over the start line.

Since this was a shortened course to get us back before dark and the downtown SH "Sounds of the Harbor" festivities, we raced South to the White mark and back to the finish.

Just as "**Amelia**" rounded the white mark, there was a wind shift, creating a back-winding on "**Amelia**" that so severe, it forced us into an immediate 360 degree turn, thus reducing what had been a 1 min. 2 sec. lead to only 20 sec. If this had been a mafia endeavor, it would be time to "go to the mattresses". So the last windward leg was raced in earnest by both boats. "**Amelia**" bested "**Wanderlust**" by 3 min. 53 sec. at the finish. However, this race as not counted and was considered just for fun. See race results below from the first race of the evening.

At the Nov. 4 SHBC meeting, **Barry F.** will be teaching a class on use of GPS during races and cruises. This is not to be missed.

	Finish	Elapsed	Corrected
1 <b>Amelia</b>	05:10:13	00:56:13	00:56:13
2 <b>Wanderlust</b>	05:11:52	00:57:52	00:57:52

## Terms of Submission:

Material may be slightly corrected for grammatical or spelling errors, but generally left as-is unless you request otherwise. Ideally, a Microsoft WORD document would be easiest to process, but we can work with text, HTML, most word processors, or Google e-mails. If you wish to submit your story or report in another word processor or document format, contact the S.H.B.C. Webmaster for discussing.

**Submissions must be complete with text and images. If received after the 26th of the month, they will be held over and not included in the latest issue.**

*Images / photographs:* If using a cell phone, please hold the phone in the horizontal (landscape) position. Otherwise, they are rotated 90 degrees at my end. Unless of course it was your intent to put them in sideways, then please let me know.

Mike Hembrey  
Webmaster & Newsletter Editor  
S.H.B.C.

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