

Official newsletter of the
Atlanta Sail and Power Squadron

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WATERLOG

United States Power Squadrons
Sail and Power Boating - America's Boating Club®

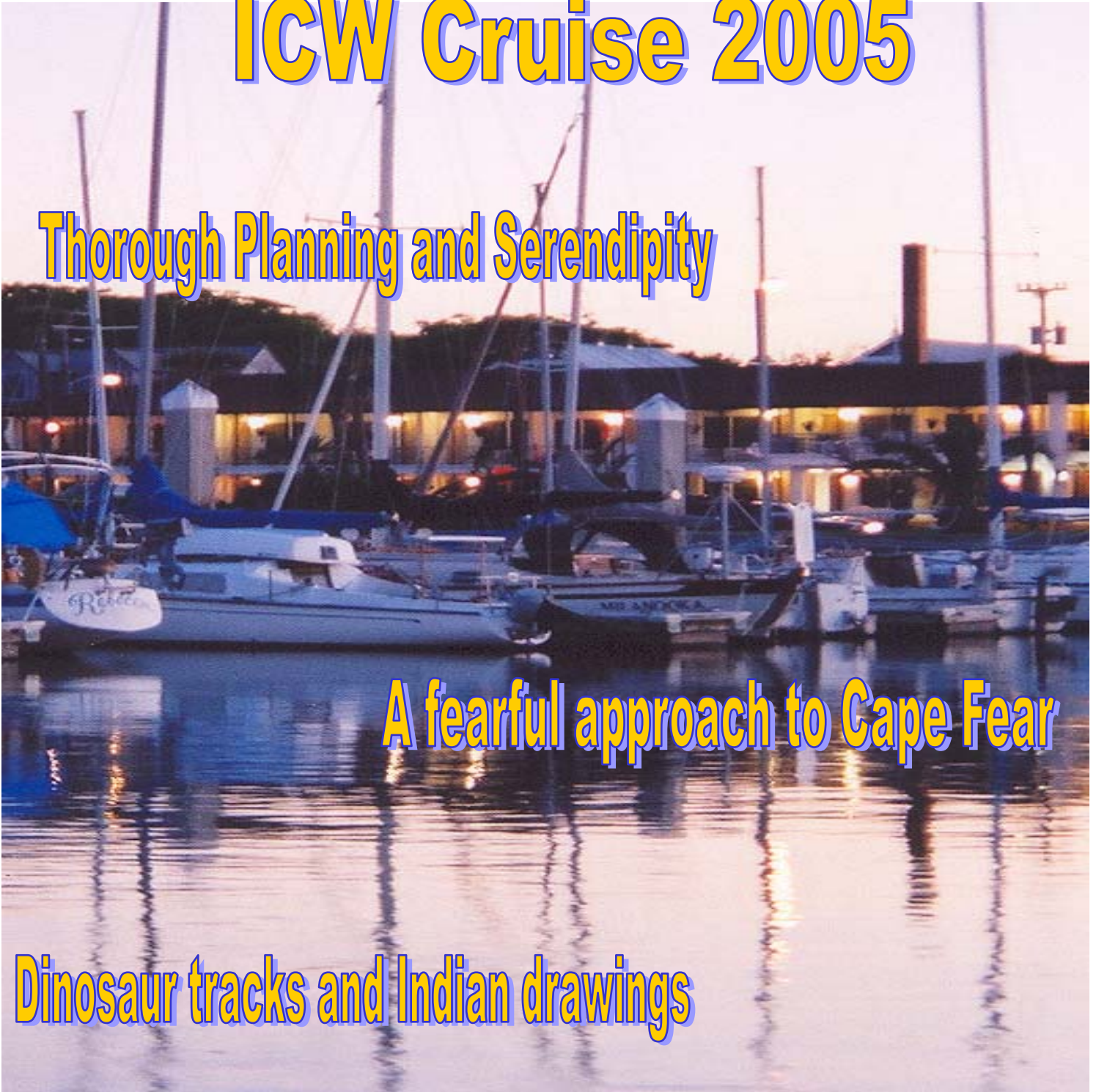


ICW Cruise 2005

Thorough Planning and Serendipity

A fearful approach to Cape Fear

Dinosaur tracks and Indian drawings



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Commander's Corner



Cdr. Jeff Wise, N

WHEW! What a week! For those who didn't make it to the ICW, "You Missed It!" For those who went, it was a tremendous week of fun, scenery, excitement, great food, amazing adventures, a few "opportunities" to learn, and wonderful camaraderie. First, we need to thank Carol Jordan and her team for putting together an absolutely flawless plan and executing it to perfection. I think she's found a job for life!

As a remembrance, we're assembling a list of "Jeff Foxworthy-isms" that, when we have a reasonable list, might look at submitting to the Ensign. They go like this: "**You might want to take your burgee down if...**

...you're being towed in for running out of gas in front of a huge sign that says "Gas & Diesel."

...you've run aground in the middle of the St. Augustine harbor.

...you're being escorted into King's Bay Naval Base by a police boat.

...you leave a fender dragging as you parade through downtown Jacksonville.

...you're engine won't start and you're drifting with the current in the middle of the St. Augustine City Marina

...you've got an automobile battery charger plugged into shore power to charge your battery while docked in the midst of multi-million dollar yachts.

...you're tied to a fishing dock while you hitch-hike to the nearest gas station.

...your anchor is dangling off the bow like you just found it lying on the bottom.

...you've run aground in the middle of the St. Augustine harbor (different boat, different skipper, different day, different place, same harbor)

Enough said. "What happens on the ICW, stays on the ICW!" or at least the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

On to the rest of the summer! First, if you haven't seen all the notices, don't say I didn't warn you. **THE DATES FOR THE TENNESSEE RIVER TRIP IN SEPTEMBER HAVE BEEN CHANGED!** It's now Sep 23, 24, 25. Please change you rosters and calendars now, before it's I forget to remind you again. We're going to invite the rest of the district to join us, so you'll need to book your rooms soon. Frank will be sending out info, but don't wait until the last minute—we expect several boats from throughout the district to join us. BTW, is anyone working on a response to Knoxville's fire hose?

Yesterday was the first raft-up of the season. Work kept me from attending, but the weather looked great—my heart was definitely with y'all! Carol promises that the next two raft-ups (June and July) are going to be even better, but just as important is that we're going to try another first—an all-day Boat Smart "experience." The idea is to teach Boat Smart in the morning, followed by an on-the-dock demo, and then inviting the Boat Smart attendees to join us on our boats for the raft-up after about 3PM. Obviously, we want to make a good showing, but it's even more important to let people know that we're having fun! Let's do it! *(continued on page 6)*

The Waterlog

The Waterlog is published monthly, with at least 10 issues per year.

It is published by and for the squadron members by the staff of the Squadron Secretary and is mailed to the listed address of all current members and advertisers.

All members in good standing, and approved non-member advertisers may submit articles and items for publication. They receive no gratuity.

The editors reserves the right to revise, change or reject any materials submitted to the Waterlog, consistent with standards of accuracy, fairness, good taste and available space, subject to the approval of the Squadron Commander.

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Cover photo of Marina at St. Augustine by Kevin Schoonover

Squadron Happenings

APRIL MEETING TOURS LAKE POWELL

Dr. Mike Schneider, who took the oath of membership at the meeting on 21 April, presented a fascinating program featuring a slide show tour of Lake Powell. The lake, which is formed from the dam of the Colorado River north of the Grand Canyon, is 185 miles long and features 2000 miles in shoreline, crossing the Arizona and Utah borders. It took 17 years to fill the lake after the dam was constructed. More details about Lake Powell can be found at www.lakepowell.com.



Dr. Mike Schneider with highlights of his library of presentations from all over the world.

Dr. Schneider, a retired professor of geology, led students and fellow professors and teachers through history as they found dinosaur footprints and Indian drawings. Dr. Schneider has a list of adventures from Alaska to the Arctic to share in future meetings.

Commander Wise announced that the Squadron had recently won the "N" award as well as the award for Education, which was accepted by Kevin Schoonover. Carol Jordan received the Commander's Golden Propeller Award for her work organizing the ICW trip.



Cdr Wise presents Carol Jordan with the Golden Propeller Award

DISTRICT 17 FALL CONFERENCE 14-16 OCTOBER 2005

By Ben Owen, District Meetings Chairman

The D17 Fall Conference will be held in Marietta, Georgia at the Wyndham Garden Hotel. Mark your calendars now! Break out sessions will be scheduled as they were in prior conferences in Nashville and Rome. Suggestions on topics for these sessions are welcome. Since individual squadrons will not be responsible for planning a District Conference alone during the next three years, the Meetings Committee will need plenty of volunteers from all over the district. Examples for needs will be door prizes, goodie bags, registration, topics for breakout sessions, entertainment ideas and more. Just jump right in with us and get involved! You'll be glad you did.

AUXILIARY HAPPENINGS

Don't miss 26 May when the Auxiliary visits the Heritage Sandy Springs Garden Tour, touring the Historic William Payne House and having lunch. Call Nancy Leathers or any auxiliary member listed in the roster for further information.

TIME TO RENEW

Why do you need to renew? Of course you'll enjoy the benefits of high quality boating education and fun social activities with other boaters, but here are also some compelling reasons to renew your membership:

- USPS & St Paul Insurance have teamed up to give USPS members special discounts on boaters insurance. Successful completion of each of your first six USPS educational courses entitles you to an additional 2 1/2% insurance discount for each course you complete. Add a Vessel Safety Examination, and you'll get an additional 3% off your insurance.
- Boat US/West Marine give a 10% discount for boaters who have a Vessel Safety Check (VSC). This year, all boaters have to do to receive the discount is to show a copy of their completed ANSC7012 VSC form. And you are entitled to the discount regardless of whether you pass or fail the VSC.
- Nobeltek software offers a 25% discount on all direct purchases of software and data (charts, etc) to USPS members

MAY MEETING TAKES A DEEP DIVE INTO GPS

Doug Townes presented an overview of GPS at the May meeting on 19 May. Doug will be teaching a more in-depth course in GPS later this summer. Look for more details in future *Waterlogs*.



Sidney and Peggy Farber enjoy the April meeting. Sidney joined in the Squadron in 1968



At the April meeting: P/C Ed Swartz and his wife Jean are associate members from Buffalo NY

Squadron Happenings

IF IT'S SPRINGTIME, THEN THIS MUST BE THE ICW!

The Atlanta Squadron enjoyed the second annual spring cruise of the Intracoastal Waterway 24-30 April. Approximately 25 cruisers gathered at St. Marys, GA on Saturday, 23 April, for a bon voyage party. Most drove to St. Marys from Atlanta, trailering their boats, but a few extended the cruise by putting in at Savannah.



Preparing for departure at St Marys

Sunday dawned clear and cool with a 35-mph westerly wind. As the cruisers gathered on the dock to prepare to launch, many looked more like they were headed to the ski slopes for some spring skiing than for a Low Country cruise. A little past 1000 hours, the gear was stowed, the fuel tanks were filled, and the

captains had been briefed. With preparations complete, six boats cast off their dock lines and headed into the ICW, ensigns and burgees snapping in the wind.

The first leg of the journey to Jacksonville was largely uneventful. Turning west into the St. John's River at about 1400, the flotilla arrived at the River City Marina in downtown Jax about 1530. The wind had settled down by then, but the Low Country rapids (i.e., tidal current) were in full flow, making the docking experience



Settling in for sunset at River City Marina in Jacksonville. Foreground: Danny and Margie Tompkins' "Les Bonne Temps". Background: Lisa and David Herndon and friends on the "Quintessence"

something of an adventure. One straggler arrived a couple of hours later, having been delayed by trailer problems on the way from Atlanta. Following an afternoon of relaxation and hors d'oeuvres on the dock, the group enjoyed a great dinner at a riverside restaurant.

Monday was spent in Jax. Several of the group filled two of the boats and explored downriver, enjoying a wonderful lunch at a popular local restaurant. Others did some sightseeing or tended to minor repairs on their boats.

On Tuesday morning, the fleet departed for St. Augustine. Again, the cruise was without major incident, although one boat did scrape a sandbar while crossing the St. Augustine Inlet. But they floated off quickly and everyone made into the marina without difficulty.



See the brown port-a-potty next to the bridge support? See the anonymous boat tied up at the dock? Readers may draw their own conclusions.

St. Augustine City Marina had a banner saying "Welcome, Atlanta Power Squadron" hanging from the seawall. And welcomed we were, enjoying the amenities and hospitality of one of the better marinas on the ICW. A group dinner at the A1A Restaurant just across the street from the marina completed a great day on the water.

St. Augustine has a wealth of interesting and historical attractions, which were thoroughly explored during the day on Wednesday, 27 April. On Wednesday evening, the marina hosted a wine and cheese dock

party. The Atlanta group met and mingled with several interesting boaters who were in dock that evening. Among them were two couples who were sailing their 36-footers from the West Coast to Europe. One couple began in Portland, OR in July 2004. The others began from San Francisco a few weeks later. Both were headed across the Atlantic by way of Bermuda and the Azores—and the two couples met for the first time on the docks at St. Augustine.

Among the interesting boaters mingling on the dock was an octogenarian gentleman who was delivering "his wife's boat", a 40-ft Mainship trawler, from Miami to the Chesapeake single-handed. He emphasized several times that he would much rather be in a sailboat.

The return voyage began on Thursday. Following a short run north to a marina at Jacksonville Beach, the group had the chance to enjoy some beach time and a final night of comraderie. Then on Friday, the final leg of the trip was completed as the boaters tied up once again to the docks at St. Marys. A parting quote from the trip:



The flotilla underway. F to r: Knots, Capt James Dennison; Melee, Capt Glenn LaBoda; Miss Vonn, Capt Frank Taylor; Les Bonne Temps, Capt. Danny Tompkins, and Seadeck, Capt Ed Troncalli

"Lisa, take a picture of that gas sign so I'll remember what one looks like.. Let's see, red on the right, green on the left, remember to stop for gas."

Squadron Happenings



Letting the rain pass inside the Quintessence: L to R: Dave Crumbley, Patti Price, Mary Harrs, Mary and Roy Stegall, Eric Harrs, Dave Herndon



Captain and crew of the Melee



Captain and crew of the Les Bonnes Temps



Captain and crew of the Les Sea Deck



The captain and crew of Knots



Left: Miss Vonn and Gideon explore the sites in Jacksonville Harbour before a trip up the St. John's River. Right: the captain and crew of the Quintessence





From the Bridge

THE 2005 BRIDGE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE 2005

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Lt/C Margaret Sherrod, JN
Executive Officer



Cdr. Jeff Wise, N



Lt/C Frank Taylor, P
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Lt/C Sheryl LaBoda, S



Lt/C David Herndon, AP
Secretary



Lt/C Kevin Schoonover, AP
Education Officer



1st/L Roy Stegall, P
Asst. Squadron
Education Officer



1st/L Edy Marsal
Asst. Secretary



1st/L Tim Tyson, S
Asst. Treasurer



Commander's Corner continued

While I'm reminding people of things, plan on attending our GPS seminar and CPR course this summer. More will be coming in the DR and Waterlog, but both promise to be outstanding opportunities. These would both be great chances to get boating friends involved in ASPS.

Finally, I need to issue another tremendous Thank You to Greg Clark, Ed Troncalli, and the entire Marketing and PR committee. They've proven what talented people with incredible dedication can accomplish. For the first time in many years, thanks to Greg, we had an article in the Lakeside On Lanier (Lakeside News). Hopefully it will be the first of many. Greg can always use your help with ideas, information, and stories. The committee's other major accomplishment is that for the first time ever (I think), ASPS has published a marketing flyer specific to Atlanta and our squadron. We're starting by putting 1000 flyers in 50 locations. Be sure to look for them, and help us to keep them stocked. Anyone that wants to adopt a store or location, please contact or XO, Margaret Sherrod. We said at the beginning of the year that we wanted to get the word out about ASPS. Thanks to our marketing and PR team, if boaters in Atlanta choose not to attend our classes or to have fun with us, it won't be because they don't know about us.

???APRIL PUZZLER ???

What ASPS member started their party days at a young age? Mr. Tim Tyson, our social events bartender, started his training early!

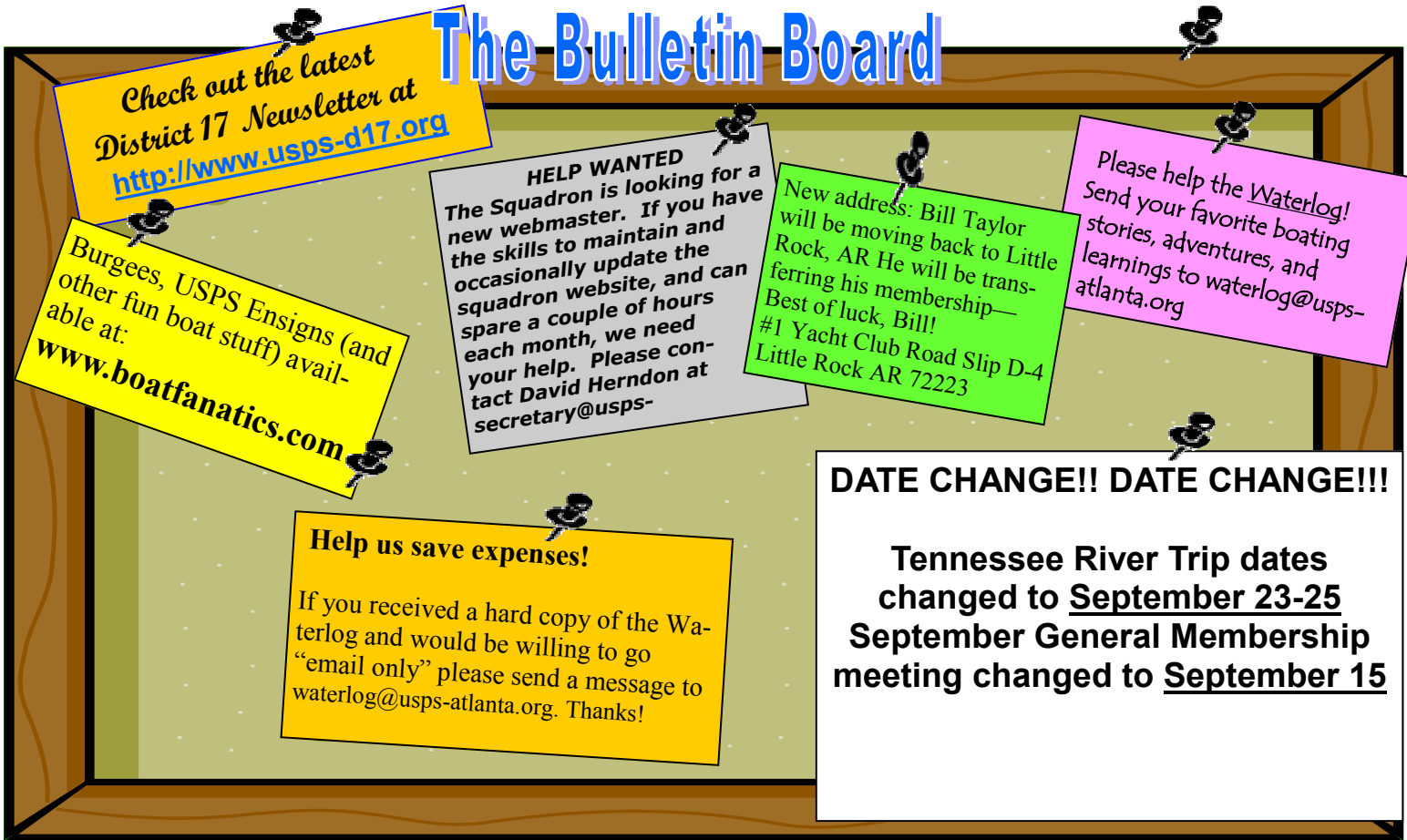


???MAY PUZZLER ???

Anagrams are words that rearrange the letters to make other phrases or words. These following are fun anagrams which can be rearranged into related, but fun, phrases. Here's a couple of examples:

- DORMITORY can become DIRTY ROOM
- A DECIMAL POINT can become IM A DOT IN PLACE
- What related phrase(s) can you make out of THE MORSE CODE and ELEVEN PLUS TWO?

The Bulletin Board



USPS EVENTS: MAY 2005

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12 Excomm Mtg	13	14 Raft-Up
15	16	17	18	19 General Membership	20	21 Safe Boating
22 Safe Boating Wk	23 Safe Boating Wk	24 Safe Boating Wk	25 Safe Boating Wk	26 Safe Boating Wk & Aux Heritage Garden Tour	27 Safe Boating Wk	28 Safe Boating Wk
29	30	31				

USPS EVENTS: JUNE 2005

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9 Excomm Mtg	10	11
12	13	14	15	16 General Member- ship mtg	17	18
19	20	21	22	23 GPS class	24	25 Boat Smart + Raft-up
26	27	28 GPS class	29	30		

General Membership Meeting at the Foghorn Grill,
3230 Medlock Bridge Rd, Norcross, GA

ExComm Meetings at the Hickory House, 5490 Chamblee-
Dunwoody Rd, Dunwoody, GA



Life on the Water

CAPE FEAR

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

By Capt. Gregory D. Clark

Day one - outbound Charleston harbor: I watched Fort Sumter fade into the distance feeling confident that we were prepared for the challenges ahead. Hurricane Hugo delayed our trip by a year. I used that time to study and plan. We were finally underway. You could not ask for a better beginning. Blue skies and flat seas that looked more like a pond than an ocean, even the idea of Cape Fear no longer seemed unsettling. Tomorrow we would learn why they say "All's well that ends well."

Day two - outbound Georgetown Inlet: We were still talking about the new 2 million-dollar yacht that was splintered to oblivion on the jetty rocks. Only yesterday, the captain of the yacht from south Florida thought "if you can cut the channel in Ft. Lauderdale after the first or second Nun... you can cut the channel to Georgetown..." He was wrong. The scuttlebutt at the marina in Georgetown was that it took only a few hours for the wreckage to scatter and sink after a foreign-flagged outbound tanker roared past. Gail commented that she was glad we had not made the same mistake the day before. Not that I hadn't considered it. After all, I had both new paper and electronic charts. There was no mention on either that the US Army Corps of Engineers recently placed the rocks now looming just below the surface. At that point in our boating journeys, I had not learned to call SeaTow or TowBoatUS for local information when I was entering an unfamiliar port. Why would I need to check Notices to Mariners? I had new charts, and I read the newest Waterway Guide.

My focus turned to scanning my instruments and piloting our boat. Fuel was topped off. All readings were normal, and the engines purred as they synchronized. Each of my crew knew what their job was from navigator to lookout, and I was at the helm. What could go wrong on a day like this? The weather forecast for inland and near-shore was: "winds 5-10 knots, probability of scattered late afternoon storms, seas 4-5 foot up to 20 miles out." We were in a new SeaRay 400 that measured almost 48 foot from bow to stern. I was confident that both my crew and boat could handle the seas. The sunrise was beautiful with only a tint of red. The main GPS plotter was set for close up range, so I could compare the charted depths and sounder readings underway. The backup plotter was set on a long distance range to maintain a concept of our position relative to our journey overall. Our radio check with the marina was Lima-Charlie, loud and clear.

Our course was set for a point just outside the light tower on the outer limit of Cape Fear's Frying Pan Shoals. I settled back to enjoy the ride. The South Carolina shoreline faded out of sight hours before the seas built to 8+ foot, but the period was long. The smooth ride up and down the waves created a calm feeling of conquering power and control. Gail and Lindsey decided to nap. My oldest daughter Ashley stayed at my side for lookout and company. Our lifejackets were out, but not donned, and our abandon ship bag was checked and ready at the cockpit door. We launched our Boston Whaler Jet boat tender to balance our SeaRay and help out as a

drogue. Ashley remembered to energize the Whaler's lights just in case it broke loose, and to make it visible if the storm grew. We settled down for an early lunch knowing that the seas could become too arduous.

As the seas increased and the period decreased, I decided to take the waves on the quarter. We began a zigzag pattern while staying on course. The winds continued to pick up along with the spray. Soon we had our closures zipped and secured. The force of the wind was evident on our speed, but I became aware of another force not anticipated, current. A head current slowed our progress. Until then, I overlooked the time in relation to our position. GPS was a nice feature to have, but I stopped dead reckoning. Planning our trip I used my standard safety factor of 2X the fuel needed. I based the distance we would go on my intended speed of 25 knots and 3,000 RPMs. I tested our fuel consumption at that speed on our lake back home. Based on my straight-line navigation plan with speed "over land," we would be well within my safety zone. So what was the problem?

We still were not at the turning point on the outer limit of Frying Pan Shoals, and halfway point to our destination Wrightsville Beach. So why was our fuel gauge already reading less than half full? The confidence I felt departing Charleston was gone.

I asked Ashley to pull out the paper charts and help me compare our position to the electronic charts. Maybe there was a shortcut? Maybe we should turn back, or change course for Cape Fear's southern inlet. Ashley took the helm as I looked for every option. It didn't take long to realize that we would have to find another solution. We were past the point of change. Now what? I assumed that there would be a number of boats out fishing or cruising along our course. Well, at least at the turning point, but the blank sweep of our radar confirmed that we were all alone.

Climbing waves, zigzag courses, head wind, and current were not the only culprits in our use of excessive fuel. In an effort to make our ride more comfortable, I slowed to a speed and RPM that struggled with keeping our boat on plane, burning fuel much faster than I calculated. As we crossed the outer limit of Frying Pan Shoal, the weather and seas set down, but our fuel gauges were reading even lower. Gail awakened to find we were still 60 miles offshore. At that point, a VHF Marine Radio doesn't help unless another vessel is within line of sight. Good news, our new course brought following seas and wind. We could hold steady on a straight-line course running at our optimum speed for fuel economy. We were not out of trouble yet. Our fuel gauges now read $\frac{1}{4}$ and we were barely past the halfway mark. Once in radio range of the shoreline, I placed a PAN... PAN call to any boats in the area. A towboat captain responded and asked if we needed immediate assistance. I explained we were extremely low on fuel and our gauges were now on the Empty mark... a reading I had no prior experience with. I could only hope the angle of the bow disguised the true fuel level. The towboat captain recorded our position, course, description, destination, ETA, and number of people on board. He then promised to monitor our progress until our safe arrival.

(continued on Page 9)



Life on the Water

Cape Fear Continued from Page 8

The sight of land off our port side had a calming effect. I still knew a channel was not the place to run out of fuel and lose headway. It was time for lifejackets as we readied the anchor for emergency deployment in case our fuel gave out mid-channel. Our delay meant that we would enter the channel with a low and ebbing tide. The following winds were helping us to make way. But, they were also building steep close waves in the channel as they opposed the inlet's tidal current.

We were all on guard as the inlet neared. Ashley and Lindsey spotted the highest wave, and then kept count for every third. Soon we were riding in at the same speed on the highest wave's crest. We did not intend to bottom out in a trough. Arriving at the marina, I was certain that our boat ran on air, but refueling confirmed that almost 10 gallons remained. I knew then that I would be getting a flow gauge installed. Later we were able to use the flow gauge to determine our most efficient speeds, and best of all, our true fuel use and availability.

This adventure ended well, but the humbling experience reminded me why I would never stop studying or learning. No one plans to fail, they only fail to plan... and even the best-made float plans can fail.

THOROUGH PLANNING AND SERENDIPITY

By David Herndon

Experienced boaters know as the previous article confirms that there is no such thing as too much planning for a cruise, especially when the outing will involve unfamiliar waters. Now maybe it wasn't necessary to go so far as painting the anchor, as one of our fellow ICW cruisers did in preparation for the week on the waterway, but the fact that he thought of it indicates the level of detail that effective cruise planning requires.

Special kudos to Kevin Schoonover for his work and inspiration. He came as prepared as any navigator could be with a binder of specially printed charts from St Mary's to St. Augustine, plus tide tables and all sorts of other useful information.

Kevin inspired me to build a similar chartbook with detailed charts from Edisto Beach to St Mary's. This exercise gave me the opportunity to digitally annotate the charts with danger areas, course headings, waypoints for course changes, tourist attractions along the way, and other information. With these detailed charts and annotations, we had a much easier time navigating.

It took a lot of time to put the book together, but it was well worth the effort. The work involved in building the book forced me to think through the entire route in detail before the trip. That in itself was time well spent. Since I was either at the helm or navigating for a substantial portion of the cruise, the waters felt doubly familiar to me.

Planning is important – make that critical – for a successful cruise. But experienced boaters also know that adaptability can make a

boring cruise fun or a dangerous situation safe. As we headed back north, our carefully planned itinerary called for us to depart Savannah on Saturday, 30 April, and run the 80 or so miles to Edisto Beach.

Well, the weather gods were active that day, and a line of severe thunderstorms was approaching from the west. The storms were expected to arrive in the early afternoon. Having experienced spring storms in this area before, we knew very well that we wanted to be tied up to a dock when they passed, and not out on the water.

We left Savannah with one ear on channel 16 and the other on channel 2 for the weather report. We had hoped to make it to Beaufort, but decided to play it safe and put in at Hilton Head. Without a marina reservation, we headed up Broad Creek hoping to find something. I recognized Palmetto Bay from a previous visit, hailed the dockmaster, and he found a spot for us.

As it turned out, the squall line pretty much missed Hilton Head. Despite dire warnings and some ugly clouds, we got little more than a sprinkle.

But what a great time we had! There were two restaurants at the marina. One is a great little bar and seafood place called Capt. Woody's. The other is a larger restaurant called Eugene's. We waited out the storm at Capt. Woody's – not an unpleasant way to spend a rainy Saturday. Then we headed over to Eugene's where an oyster roast was underway. After doing as much damage as we could to the mollusk population, we enjoyed a great seafood dinner, and then were entertained by one of the best classic rock bands we've heard in a long time.

All in all, it was one of the best days of the cruise – and it was totally unplanned.

TO SIMULATE THE LIFE OF A SAILOR . . .

~ On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays turn your water heater temperature up to 200 degrees. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, turn the water heater off. On Saturdays and Sundays tell your family they use too much water during the week, so no bathing will be allowed. . . .or

~ Raise your bed to within six inches of the ceiling, so you can't turn over without getting out and then getting back in. . . .or

~ Raise the thresholds and lower the headers of your front and back doors so that you either trip or bang your head every time you pass through them.



Plan well but enjoy the unexpected gifts along the way...





AFTerthoughts

DIRT-DWELLERS AND WATER PEOPLE

Ever notice the difference in dirt-dwellers and water people? OK, maybe I should back up a bit. What exactly are dirt-dwellers and water people?

As the name implies, dirt-dwellers are our friends who stay on the land. They don't do the things we boaters do for enjoyment; i.e., look for any excuse to be on the water in our—or somebody's—boat. Water people are...well, us.

During a chance conversation in St Augustine with a couple sailing their 36-footer from south Florida to North Carolina, these terms came up, and I was intrigued. As the lady explained, there are fundamental personality differences that distinguish the two species.

Think about a typical conversation that takes place among your boating friends. What is the usual topic? Probably how you totally screwed up that time you tried to dock in a crosswind. Then maybe someone shares a story about running aground. Someone else tops that with an account of the disaster that befell them when their boat fell off the trailer.

And on it goes. Some stories are funny, some are tragic, all are totally interesting—and all are about the problems boaters face and the difficulties we have in sorting them out.

Now contrast that with the typical water cooler conversation at the office, or anywhere with your non-boater friends. You're likely to discover a completely different focus to the stories. Instead of a story about running out of gas within sight of the gas dock you'll probably hear about the huge profit someone just made in the stock market. Rather than hearing about getting lost on the ICW when the red and green markers swap sides of the channel at a major inlet, you're likely to hear about the hole-in-one someone shot last weekend. You get the picture.

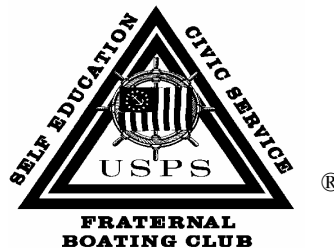
Dirt dwellers tend to focus on their accomplishments while water people tend to talk about their challenges and learning experiences.

Why the difference? Here's a theory. When you're on the water on a boat, you have to be competent in a wide variety of skills not required by dirt dwellers. When the toilet backs up, dirt dwellers call a plumber. When the head backs up, you're the plumber. When the lights go out, dirt dwellers call an electrician. When your nav lights don't work, you're the electrician. Add engine mechanic, navigator, cook, and boat handler to the list, and you've got the typical boater.

With all we have to learn about such a wide variety of subjects, we have to be humble.

Happy boating, fellow Water People.

Lisa Herndon
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Atlanta, GA 30319



STAMP

