

CHANNELS

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SAILING CLUB OF WASHINGTON

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Photo by Joshua S.

**JUNE JULY
2022**

COMMODORE'S LOG

Dear SCOW Members:

Many consider Memorial Day the start of Summer - temps are warming, longer days means more time for outdoor activities, start of the vacation season. For our SCOW members it means the Potomac isn't as cold, the breeze is becoming more consistent and the SCOW calendar is full of activities for everyone.

Thursday Social Sails is experiencing great attendance and member participation. Often all six of the Flying Scots are launched to accommodate everyone who wishes to sail. Along with the Scots - we'll offer shorts trips on one of the cruisers. I believe we recently had over 60 people sign up to sail last week. Social Sail is a great event for members to gather and introduce our club to potential new members. Thursday June 9 we'll hold "Pirate" night - bring your best grog and prepare to board. River and Bay has already sponsored two popular "raft ups" with all three cruisers. The events were oversubscribed and Marie Brennan, our Director, will plan another.

Wednesday Night Racing (WNR) is hitting its rhythm. After a couple of weeks of either too much or not enough wind we've had some great nights of racing. WNR continues to be popular with many sailors as an opportunity to experience racing for the first time, hone their sailing skills or just enjoy sunset of the river. Not uncommon to have 12+ boats out for WNR - a number which any yacht club would love to have for weekday night one-design racing.

Skipper Training will soon begin the Summer session after a successful Spring class. There may still be a few openings for the Fall class. We're also looking trainers to help out with the water classes. From my own experience - teaching others reinforces one's own knowledge and I enjoy seeing others progress with their own skill and confidence.

All of this is possible because of our great volunteers - without whom our club could not function - please take a moment and thank them for their time - consider becoming a volunteer yourself.

Enjoy the Holiday - see you on the water!

Brian

Sailing Fitness by Jim Klein

As recently as several years ago, I would often find myself in a battle to make a decision to sail or not to sail. I'm talking about those times when I did not have a lot of time, but saw a nice wind outside and thought to myself I'd love to sail, and wouldn't it be nice if someone had the boat all set up and I could just run down and sail it, without all the set up and tear down of the boat. Maybe you too have been in such a situation. You love the idea of heading out, but is it worth the work for a short sail or say a Wed Night Race where the weather is iffy.

A few years ago it dawned on me that in setting up my boat, a SCOW boat, or any, for that matter, is a really good cross-fit and all around exercise for the body and mind. Looking at it that way changed my perspective, and ever since that realization, I now go out a lot more. First, for the body, in doing the tasks you must do, such as taking off the cover, pushing the boat to the crane, cranking up the sail, you are exercising little muscles in your body that never really get exercised in your non-sailing life. Second, for the mind and soul, it's good to get out of the house, get fresh air, forget about what troubles you, and instead focus on the 'ceremony' of preparing your boat for a sail.

You get to the marina and begin pulling off the boat cover. Hmm, reaching and stretching as you apply some muscle, that is good for the ol' back muscles. Climbing up on the trailer and boat so you can un-do the cover, good for the shoulders. Pushing the boat to the crane? Good for the glutes. Now you are standing on the boat and rigging it, all the while the boat is rocking. In order to keep your balance, you are unconsciously working little muscles that might otherwise not get used. Cranking up the sail? Good for your arm muscles and your cardio. Did you set up a boat and put it in the water only to have a storm come along and prevent you from sailing? Who cares, you just got some fresh air and a good physical and mental workout. Be happy with that. And now for the mental side, as you set up your boat you are focusing on a task which brings you happiness. You are outside with nature, hearing the birds and the wind through the trees. You might even run into a SCOW buddy and have a laugh or two. All that mental garbage that has been collecting in your mind begins to melt away. You have a better perspective on what your life priorities really are.

So the next time you ponder, is a short sail worth the work and effort, all you need to do is change your perspective a little, and look at the boat set up as a good all around work out. Then you might find yourself sailing more and enjoying the process more than you ever have. All that good stretching and exercise and mental catharsis are added bonuses to your sail, and you might find yourself dropping that expensive gym membership in favor of added sailing opportunities.

Hope to see you at the next Wed Night Race or Social Sail!

2022 Skipper Counts

To date 98 skippers are certified for the 2022-2023 Sailing Season, 51 of them are Scot skippers only, and 7 are cruiser skippers only, while 40 are certified for both. This rate of 82% of prior years certification is consistent with prior years progress at this point in time. As the year continues, more Skippers are expected to take advantage of our upgraded and well maintained boats. Skippers have the privilege of reserving Flying Scots or Catalina Cruisers for sailing with friends, family and Club Members.

If you're interested in being a SCOW Skipper, we're here to support you.

Skipper Certification History

2018 - 134 individuals

2019 - 133 individuals (99% of 2018)

2020 - 118 individuals (89% of 2019)

2021 - 119 individuals (101% of 2020)

2022 to date - 98 individuals (82% of 2021)

2022 to date - By Type: FS 51, CR 7, BOTH 40

Skipper Queue

Currently 21 members are pursuing Skipper certifications in 2022 (FS 15, CR 5, BOTH 1).

2022 Tutor Program

Flying Scot skippers candidates, your Tutor Coordinator is Josh Morin [joshua.morin9@gmail.com]. Cruiser skipper candidates, your tutor sessions are organized by Training Director Trueman Sharp [training@scow.org].

A candidate skipper is a SCOW member who has taken a SCOW Sailing course [or comparable sailing course] and passed a Skipper Written Exam. Your name is listed in the Tutoring Queue in order of sequence based on the date of passing your Skipper Written Exam. Our team anticipates two to five tutor sessions per candidate; please be intentional in your preparation for each session - review your boat's Skipper Information File, and Water Checkout Checklist. Mentally prepare, be physically healthy, and train yourself to be self-reliant and well managed in all aspects of your seamanship responsibilities.

After each tutor session, please log the following sailing information for yourself & your tutor:

1) date, time, duration

2) weather conditions

3) maneuvers performed

4) communication skills used

5) Tutor Name

6) Boat Name

7) personal considerations of events. This log will assist our team in tracking and supporting your efforts; and instill a Skippers record keeping mentality of maintaining your own Skipper Log Book to record the conditions, crew, roles, maneuvers, and events of your sailing experience. In addition, this information will serve you as a valuable tool in self evaluation, pattern analysis, and identification of skill-gaps for self improvement.

2022 Rub Off The Rust [ROTR]

Skippers, if you have not already, please find the 2022 ROTR documents for Flying Scots and Cruisers [www.scow.org/Skipper-Info]. These documents highlight revisions to SCOW policies - they help your annual review Skipper Information Files and Skipper & Boat Use Policy, and other policies. As always, there are a few additional safety pointers and tips to improve your seamanship skills.

2022 Renew

To all those members and skippers who continue to renew, we thank you. Be safe, healthy and active. Looking forward to seeing you all out there!

Best Wishes

Eric Schmidt
Skipper Director 2022
Sailing Club of Washington (SCOW)

Tim the dog trainer at Rachel's school.



This is an editorial that appeared in Sailing Word submitted by The Great Mike Hooban our treasurer.

Dear Sir or Madam

The intention of my editorial today was to celebrate all that is good about long weekend events and how they have grown in popularity as the demands on people's time change. The article focused on the optimal balance of serious racing and laugh-filled socials, but after a weekend which had far more than its fair share of tragedy at sea, all that changed.

On Saturday two dinghy sailing competitors died: 51-year-old ILCA 6 sailor Massimo Patelli was reportedly struck by the boom in Livorno, Italy, during the Settimana Velica Internazionale, and in the Western Solent, UK, 45-year-old Richard Blowman, sailing in a Finn Masters event. Both were rescued and received medical attention quickly, but so sadly they both passed away.

Then, in the early hours of Monday morning, the UK's Maritime Coastguard Agency received a call about a person in the water at Poole Harbour, triggering an extensive search involving a helicopter and the RNLI. The missing person has been named as 24-year-old David Haw, a competitor in the Poole Regatta. The organisers cancelled the racing on Monday morning.

Our first thoughts are always with the family and friends of those lost. We join so many others in offering our deepest condolences to all those close to them. Deaths in sailing are relatively rare, so to have three tragedies at different events in such a short space of time is distressing for the entire sailing community.

For those involved in the rescues, and for the event organisers, it is deeply traumatic. Our thoughts are with them all as well, as they process what has happened.

While running junior sailing sessions, the first priority is always safety, but the knowledge is there that something could go wrong. An awful weekend like this drives home hard how it can, but we know the positives of sailing, and I will not let the rare risks put me off.

John Masefield, who was Poet Laureate from 1930 until 1967, and himself a sailor, wrote Sea-Fever in 1902, which I feel is fitting at this time:

I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by.
And the wheels kick and the winds song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the sea again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
All I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls crying.

I must go down to the sea again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover,
And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trips over.

Stay safe. The very worst of days can happen at sea, but the benefits of being out on the water are immeasurable.

Our thoughts are with all those struggling and grieving after the weekend's news.

Mark Jardine

ALL FLYING SCOTS PASS VESSEL SAFETY CHECK

By Flying Scot Maintenance Director Dana Howe

WASHINGTON SAILING MARINA, May 9 – USCG Auxiliary Vessel Examiner Ginny Ivin conducted thorough inspections of all six Sailing Club of Washington (SCOW) Flying Scots today and all passed.

Selkie's Type IV (Throwable Device) was found to be compromised and was taken out of service. Fortunately, a spare was located and put aboard the boat. Ivin quipped, "I like to take a "one and done" approach to vessel safety checks. I don't want to have to come back a second time." Ivin was pleased that SCOW had a spare PFD ready to be put into service so that she wouldn't have to return again to complete Selkie's safety check.



SCOW Flying Scot Maintenance Director Dana Howe poses with USCG Auxiliary Vessel Examiner Ginny Ivin behind a newly applied 2022 Vessel Safety Check sticker on Sunset Song.

SCOW has each boat safety inspected every year to ensure all the required safety equipment is present and in good order. Ginny Ivin has been safety inspecting SCOW boats for over 20 years.

by Jan Earle, former Commodore and wordsmith.

Sonnet VIII

The virgin Moon hangs argent o'er the sea
Encircled by celestial embers bright –
Enchantress of Poseidon's briny might.
And ye who chance to view her sorcery
Beware, for she doth mortal men beguile
Then snatches up their saneness with her spell.
Behold! Old Neptune's breast doth heave and swell
With sighing for her necromantic smile,
And creatures of his realm fair mime her light –
Their ghostly phosphor swirl'd on breaker's crest.
She slips unnoticed through the day, enslaves
The goldest sunbeams for encroaching night
To shatter them upon her pearly breast
And scatter sterling slivers o'er the waves.

JE 09.22.1980 For AFHG



**Two J class duking it out
off the coast of Spain**

Scott

Rudolph and the Merry-makers The Holiday Boat Parade of Lights

The Sailing Club of Washington (SCOW) showed all its true colors for the Holiday Boat Parade in December of 2021. A call went out for volunteers and SCOW members responded immediately and enthusiastically. Wayne Williams offered to be the intrepid skipper, Josh Seely, Sheila Callahan, Tom Cavaness, Dina Khaled, and myself filled out the crew.

We started decorating on the day before the parade and several SCOW members showed up to pitch in. The tangle of lights went up with Rudolph and Frosty on the bow. Elaine McLaughlin put in a heroic effort to form Rudolph's nose and antlers.

Before the parade, with everyone on board, and decorations up, we found that the engine was sputtering and the plug extension for the inverter was dangling uselessly in the main cabin. Barry Yatt, Josh, and Wayne worked feverishly to get it working and we were off to a grand, but cold, night on the water, capped off with dinner and drinks at the Wharf and a S'more roast.

Thanks to everyone who pitched in.

Our Social Director, Genevieve Lindsay is looking forward to doing it bigger and better next year. Thanks to everyone who pitched in.





Eugene Schramm, Sheila Callahan, Bob Ochs putting up the lights



Rebecca in full regalia

A snippet of life from a Bahamas Cruise - Eleuthera Adventures by Captain Jerry Lee
www.reflectionsd.com

Context:

I did a four-month cruise down to the Bahamas this past winter, sailing down the US East Coast and making it all the way to the Northern Exumas before turning around and returning home. I left close to Thanksgiving last year, and returned early April.

This journal entry was towards the last third of my stay in the Bahamas, and the events in this entry happen in a cluster of islands called Eleuthera. A few weeks before this entry, back in the Abacos, I had met a friend named Rob, who was also cruising solo on the *Lena Rae*. We had decided to buddy boat for a while. We'd gotten separated after Green Turtle Cay, and after a series of attempts, finally reunited just south of Spanish Wells at a group of islets called Meeks Patch. After a few days of exploring, reef diving and working on our inflatable tenders, we left to see the rest of Eleuthera.

1/27 - 1/31/2022

I'm trying to write this blasting down on a southwesterly course, on a broad reach. Winds are gusty but a very nice 18 knots, full sails out, flying along at hull speed. I'm actually kind of racing Rob right now as we head towards the Exumas. How nice is it, that I could write this journal entry on this beautiful day having such an amazing sail? Outside my headspace, its water rushing by, being churned up into small puffs of spray by my boat's hull.

I think the last few days have been the most eventful in the Bahamas so far. From our previous port of Spanish Wells, Rob left for glass bridge a full two hours before me, because he absolutely refuses to run his engine. This meant he couldn't take shorter routes through the available cut. I don't mind running the engine when I have to, so I motored to a closer course towards a place called current cut.

Current cut is a hole in the thinner part of the landmass that lets you pass from one side to the other. It's a wild area where two different tidal zones meet. West of the cut, where I was, is a full two hours ahead in the tides than the east. So, if you arrive there during most part of the day, there is a wicked current that flows one way or another. I timed it to pass the cut when I was 60 to 90 minutes past low tide, when the water levels on both sides of the cut would be more or less equal. This was the reason I left a few hours after Rob.



Lena Rae, my buddy boat



The cut was lined with cliffs and rocks, which made for some spectacular visuals. As I passed the cut, which at the time had almost no current, I saw that there was a small settlement there. A supply boat was dropping off construction supplies and probably groceries on the northern side. A bunch of the people in the community were there taking on supplies. I wondered how it felt to get weekly delivery of things. I bet people schedule a lot of things around that supply boat.

I passed the cut then turned northeast to head towards the Glass Window bridge, enjoying the shoals in the area change the colors of the water from blue, brown, to pink. There were a few things we wanted to see at the Glass Bridge area. The two big Eleutherian islands were separated by an un-navigable small cut there, which was exposed during low tide. But the land mass around that cut is a steep cliff, making the cut also impassable by land. A bridge connects the two sides. Pictures of the bridge looked amazing. Close to the bridge was a place called Queens Bath. It's a fjord like area with tidal pools that supposedly warm up to a very bath-like temperature during sunny days. There is also a blow hole there that blasts water and air out into the sky as waves generate pressure. I wondered what sort of person from the Age of Sail had discovered it and gave it such an appropriate, loyalist name.

After Current cut, I was on a heading to finally take advantage of the southwesterly winds. The sail was wonderful. I had enough wind to move at five knots downwind, but across very flat seas which made it feel a lot more leisurely than it was. When I got there, I got my anchor down under sail, right by the twin sisters beach, located less than a mile from the bridge. Against the backdrop of cliffs, beaches and the bridge itself standing tall all around me, I waited for Rob's boat to show up. I pulled out a book and started reading.

The wave action kept getting bigger and bigger, knocking *Sonora* around. I was getting pretty queasy. Truly unfortunate, that a sailor gets seasick. If I left this place, I would have to make for Hatchet Bay before dark. I decided to wait until 1500 hours for Rob to show up, then I'd leave. That would give me enough time to get in Hatchet Bay with some daylight.

The ninety minutes went by quickly and it was time to leave. The pitching seas pushing my vessel back would cycle between loading and unloading my anchor rode, necessitating more trips between the bow and my cockpit. But it was otherwise uneventful. As I left, a part of me worried about being separated from Rob again, after all that it took to reunite! But just as I got the genoa out and began motor sailing east, my radio crackled with Rob's voice, hailing *Sonora*. I saw him on the horizon too.

Turns out my antenna or coax cable had deteriorated, reducing my transmission range to four miles. I was telling him that I was headed for Hatchet Bay and that he should join me, but none of my transmissions were received. I hoped that he would see what I was doing and that he would do the same.



All the out islands have these outdoor pavilions, usually colorfully dressed up



Queen's Bath - photos don't do it justice

Unfortunately, Rob kept on his course and disappeared behind the landmass that masked the bridge for me. I turned my focus at the task at hand; I had to get to Hatchet Bay safely. A few hours later, I spotted the cut into the safe harbor. The inlet reminded me of current cut. A narrow passage cut into the tall coral head cliffs. I'll never tire of looking at cuts like these. Past it is a large, empty basin surrounded by short cliffs. Later I would learn that this is considered the safest harbour in the area, possibly in all of Bahamas.

I was delighted to find familiar boats there. There was *Strider* anchored right by me. Richard, a Maine firefighter in his fifties, cruising aboard her with his son. I had met him some time before back in Man-o-War Cay in the Abacos. On the other side of the basin towards the East was *Mambo*, with Bruce, the experienced 70-year-old charter captain from New York. I had spent some time with in Marsh Harbour, also in the Abacos.

The sunset made for some unique colors here. The dark colors of the coral head cliffs, the slightly different flora, and the darker waters here reflected a richer, somewhat gloomy color. I liked it. I spent about an hour taking my dinghy around the basin as darkness set in. Maybe I could get some food on land. I was craving something that wasn't from canning jars.

Unfortunately, the most accessible waterfront restaurant was not open. I even tied up the government dock to walk around a little bit, hoping to find something that was open. The docks were in poor shape. The ladder I climbed to get on land looked like it was falling apart and it was covered in sharp mussels and barnacles. I made a mental note to rig a stern anchor to keep my dinghy off the docks.

On the big, concrete structure which was the government dock, a dog walked up behind me and startled me. I shined my flashlight on the dog and faced it out of instinct. When I talked to it, it cowered, tucked its tail and went away. I'm a bit weary of street dogs outside the US. In most parts of the world, you shouldn't assume dogs were all friendly. Heck, I had a time a US dog charged at me in Florida. In the next few days, I'd be proven wrong about these Bahamian out-island dogs. They are all timid, curious and friendly.

The next morning, I got on my bicycle and started an arduous, ten-mile ride back to glass window bridge. I figured I would run into Rob on land, or at least be able to establish radio contact with him. It'd be really cool to see the Glass Bridge and Queen's bath together. The ride there was a terrifying and beautiful at the same time. The air felt fresh, clean and cool, yet the cars blasted by me at highway speeds on this unmarked, barely paved road with no curb or shoulder. Sometimes a big truck would be coming from the opposite side, and traffic behind me would leave me only a foot or so to pass. At least I had gotten the hang of riding on the correct side of the road.



If you look carefully, you can see Rob sailing away in the horizon



Waters underneath the Glass Bridge

I managed to pedal all the way there, panting and crawling up steep hills at a snail's pace, then trying to prevent my downhill speed from getting away from me on my small wheel folding bicycle. With Bahamian traffic blasting by. Using your bicycle to cover real ground between towns is actually not the safest thing to do in the Bahamas. In fact, bicycling around the Bahamas was the most dangerous thing I'd done on this whole trip.

Gregory Town, about half way there, was a beautiful quaint village. There were a few gas stations, old homes and a church, the last being situated right by the small, cliff surrounded harbour. It was very picturesque. I bet when the wind isn't blowing into the harbour, this place would look like a god damned painting. Children in their school uniforms and chicken with their colorful plumage walked around town, the former making it a point to come up and say hi to me. Their curious, uninhibited looks at my exotic-to-them features was really endearing.

Many hills later, I was at the path entrance for Queens Bath with a set of burning thighs. There was a wooden sign nailed onto a nearby tree that said 'You made it!' Indeed, I did. Then I noticed it also said in smaller letters, 'yea.' I read that part the same time I internally responded to the words of encouragement. It was really pretty here. You'd think it would be like being in Florida in the Bahamas, but it is not. And in Eleuthera, the Caribbean pine trees are denser and larger than in the Abacos. The forest floor in pine needles, pleasantly isolating any sand, rock, or mud from your feet. Evergreens in the tropics! What a strange thing. Small bits of coastal cliffs and ocean peeked through the forest on either side of the road, with the accompanying sounds.

I hailed *Lena Rae* on channel 71, which is the channel we had been using to communicate. No response. Then I walked around the area to find rob, failing. I walked to the southern cliff edge and enjoyed the view for a moment, noting how dumb it was to walk over jagged coral heads with my flip flops.

Queens Bath was pretty cool. It was as if someone had taken out a scoop of ice cream out of the cliff face, except that none of the overhangs were rounded. Waves must crash into this place spectacularly when we have northerly winds. In many parts of the cliff edge, you could be standing on only a few inches of rock, precariously depending on its strength to keep you from plummeting below. It'd be a great experience to climb down the dangerous rocks to explore the caverns at Queens Bath, but I was really not dressed for it. Sleeveless shirt, khaki shorts, and flip flops would not really work here.

I made my way over to the glass bridge, a few hundred yards away. The bridge itself was a bit crummy, but looked like a very solid concrete structure. The road over it had only enough width for one car. People would have to take turns going through. But the scene below it was absolutely mesmerizing. White foam, the size of a substantial portion of a football field worked its way up the rocks with each



You made it! (yea)



Hatchet Bay entrance

wave ingress, flowing in all different directions into various crevices of the rocks. I climbed over the concrete fence, noticing a wrecked truck below, viewing the waves from different angles. The stronger unsheltered winds from this altitude whipped by my ears like it was background music for this place.

Maybe it was time to give up establishing contact with Rob. Rob might pass by Hatchet Bay, but he would probably stop by. I'll run into him later. Just as I was about to throw my leg over my bicycle and leave, I tried channel 16. Rob responded. And there he was! I spotted him sailing east, near the horizon. Turns out he was going to leave earlier, but he had a feeling that I was going to show up so he waited a bit longer. He had just picked up his anchor perhaps fifteen minutes ago. I had originally wanted to get a ride back with him but since the bicycle was faster, I didn't want to waste time. He would have to re-anchor, redeploy his dinghy, and pick me up from the beach.

I tried to time my return trip by going a bit slower but my legs would do that for me. Unlike my westbound trip, I walked my bicycle up some of the steepest hills. I took another break at Gregory town to catch my breath and to cool off. When I got to Hatchet Bay, I saw Rob's boat come through the harbor inlet. I locked my bicycle at the public dock and dinghied over, just in time to help him anchor. It was good to be reunited for a second time. I joked that we are connected by spirit bubbles at this point, not even having to communicate to make things happen.

We spent the next few days running errands, hanging out with Richard and Bruce at local restaurants, and exploring the settlement. It was a great time, and even though Eleuthera isn't really the most photogenic Bahamian island, I look back at this time with great fondness. The experience on land was purer. Tourism hadn't ruined this place yet, and locals treated us with equal parts curiosity and respect. When us cruisers were hanging out away from the locals, it felt cozier too. A few memories stand out;

There is a public-use water faucet that brought fresh water from the local reverse osmosis plant just a little bit of ways from the public dock. I was filling my water jugs when two little girls aged nine and six ran downhill from their home to talk to me. The older one, Tia, was excited to tell me that their family had the same water jug that a 'white man on a boat' gave them. The younger girl, Serenity, repeated after her. Tia politely and innocently wondered if I was going to give her one too, but I told her I really needed these jugs. Serenity, being closer to infancy, announced said she wanted to take my jug, and tried to lift the very heavy jug with her little hands. Tia ran through a bunch of questions and stories before shyly mumbled what she had really wanted to ask me-- 'what kind of man are you?'

I explained to her that I'm an Asian man that was born in South Korea, which was much further east, past Europe, at the other end of the Asian continent. To my surprised, she mentioned that she saw an Indian man once. The primary education system here must be decent since she could connect that both nations were in Asia. Bahamians sure do have great care for their children. Serenity told me her family had moved from Nassau. Her grandfather wasn't doing well before he passed away, so they used to visit

Nassau with some regularity. I told her I moved to the US just like she moved to Eleuthera, and that one of my grandfathers also passed away while I was in the U.S.

The children here are so curious. They are very forward with whatever is on their minds. They also get to run around in public and play with other kids from a very young age. I felt fortunate to have that kind of upbringing as well. That isn't something that happens anymore either back in Korea or the US.

One night, when all five of us (including Richards recently adult son) were getting drinks and food at a place called Twin Brother's, I heard a man in olive drab fatigues speak in Creole. I asked if he was Haitian, and if he was in the military. He was so happy that I noticed his nationality. He told us he's an immigrations officer and he had just gotten a promotion. I think he was even more drunk than I was. A promotion with a good job is a big deal for Haitians in the Bahamas, who are considered the migrant laborer class in this country. He must have been so happy.

He went on to tell us a story about how one day, he was talking to a woman on the phone, not realizing his girlfriend could hear through the wall. Later that day, when he thought he was going to have some horizontal fun, his girlfriend handcuffs him. Unfortunately, he only realized that he was 'busted' when she tossed the keys to the bracelets and left. He shouted at one of his rookies at his department, who was his neighbor, to come help him. His rookie walked into his house to free him, only to see a hilariously embarrassing version of his boss, lying in a fetal position, handcuffed and only dressed in his briefs.

I'm not sure if he's just making things up or if it was a real story -- Bahamians will say anything to get a laugh out of you. But it was still nice to laugh that much. Actually, I was jumping the patio floor laughing. The fun didn't stop there. See, my friend Rob is a small guy with a ginger complexion who sports a huge Viking beard. It actually looks pretty good on him. The hilarious Haitian gave him a nickname, and no matter what we were talking about, hearing 'Hey! Bluegrass!' got a roar of laughter out of all of us.

Another night, the night before our departure, I cooked Bruce and Rob a spam and rice dinner aboard *Sonora*. We drank and chatted the first half the night away in my now way-too-crowded boat, which was also the smallest boat in the harbor. We made our way over to Twins again to satisfy my big pork craving. I'd been craving pork since Green Turtle Cay and hadn't been able to find it anywhere. I ordered a Hattian pork dish that I do not remember the name of, but I have had the Dominican version, Chicharrón de Cerdo, many times. This one was spicier and very delicious. I balanced it with the plantains that it came with, and washed it down with coca cola, since I don't like drinking alcohol with my meals. Did I mention that I also had a beer on my table, and this strange, incredibly delicious dessert that they called 'Ice Cream?' It was half strawberry slushy, and half vanilla soft serve. My friends, especially Rob, trip out at my ability to eat all of it at the same time. I guess it's actually pretty

disgusting that I do that. Rob would go on for the rest of our time together telling people we meet about how I eat like that. Yep, I was a hungry boy in the Islands and nothing was going to stop me from eating everything I wanted, now.

My last night in hatchet bay, a few thoughts and feelings dominated me. First, I really missed reef diving. Eleuthera was a bit short on accessible reefs. We were supposed to sail to the northern end of the Exumas together, so we'd have a lot of chances to go diving. Secondly, I really missed being solo. But I also remember the difficulties of not having a friend, so I also wanted to spend as much time with my buddy as I could.

When we get to the Exumas, I think I will talk to Rob about splitting up. I missed the sheer freedom and independence that you can only get from being solo. And I want to spend the little time I have left in the Bahamas at my own pace. This would be a difficult conversation as I knew how much Rob liked traveling together, and I was going to miss him so much. I drifted off to sleep, welcoming the fade-out of these bittersweet thoughts.



William Newton, Anacostia River Near Benning's Bridge, 1883



Alfred Rudolph Waud, Fishing Torpedoes Out of the Potomac (detail), 1861

Summer is here and we are all out and about. Take some photos, write some words, send it to me. editor@scow.org . Keep your head below the boom and do your spins. Scott.