

# Tiller Tales

Gulfstream Sailing Club

September 2020

## FROM THE HELM

*Phil Decker, Commodore*



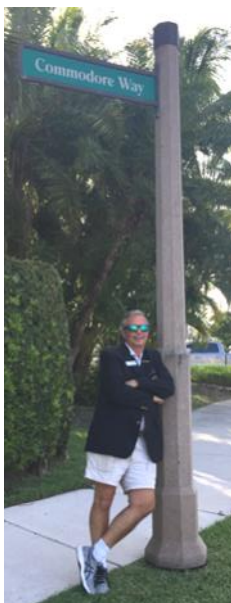
For six long months of this COVID-19 pandemic, we have been prevented from getting together in person. Recently the infection rates and other trends for Broward County have started going down ... again ... and there is a chance that we could actually have in-person meetings, sailing trips, raft-ups, and social events again soon. *We are not there yet.* I urge all of our members to stay

informed by regularly monitoring multiple reliable sources of information, and to continue taking all of the necessary precautions as best as you can to halt the spread of this cursed virus. Even though some of our members do things that seem too risky to some, or overly cautious to others, I am impressed by the amount of respect that has been shown within our club.

*GSC officer and board elections are coming up!* Nominations will be opened and closed at the general meeting on Tuesday, October 20. Members in good standing can run for any position, but we have a particular need for a **Rear Commodore**. We are also looking for members to serve on committees. The election will be at the general meeting on November 17.

Congratulations on making it past the *peak of the hurricane season*, September 10! We have been fortunate to not have had a hurricane hit us yet this year. As the chance of a hurricane goes down, though, stay vigilant and be prepared. It is still 2020. What else could happen?

At the August general meeting on Zoom, we were honored with a talk by **Dave Bricker**. He is a noted communications expert and author who shared stories of sailing in South Florida. It was an excellent presentation that everyone enjoyed. His website is <https://storysailing.com> and his book is available at <https://tinyurl.com/yxkhstfr>. Give them a look!



## 2020 Officers

- Commodore.....Phil Decker
- Vice Commodore.....Eric Kobrin
- Rear Commodore.....Linda Gossett
- Treasurer.....Ben Bowen
- Secretary.....Kay Harrison
- Lake Director .....Luis Oliveira

## 2020 Governing Board

- David Notman
- Mary Brown
- Paul Hinden
- Ben Bowen, Past Commodore

## 2020 Committee Chairs

- Crew Pool.....Eric Kobrin
- Cruising.....Open
- Small Boat .....Luis Oliveira
- Legislative.....Sam Walker
- Membership.....Ben Bowen
- Nominating.....Kay Harrison
- Ocean Race .....Open
- Program.....Open
- Regatta.....Linda Gossett
- Ship's Store .....Rosemary & Jim Mahon
- Social .....Mary Brown
- Tiller Tales Editor.....Kay Harrison
- Trophies.....Mike Sawzak

## REMINDER

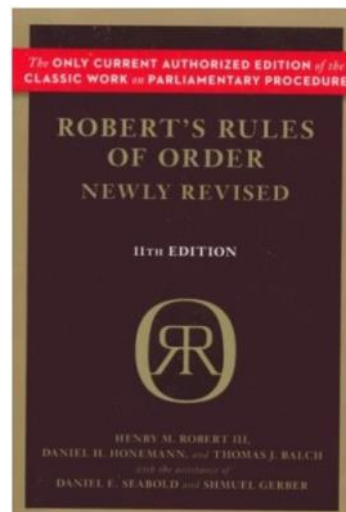
Our calendar is published on the GSC web site, [www.gulfstreamsailingclub.org](http://www.gulfstreamsailingclub.org)

## HELP ME ROBERT: I'M SUFFERING FROM MOTION SICKNESS

By Past Commodore Ben Bowen

At every General and Board meeting, progress invariably stops for an awkward few minutes at the Secretaries Report while we wait for someone to remember to make a motion to waive the reading of the minutes, followed by a second. Then we need to record in the new minutes who made the motion and who seconded, and that the perfect streak first established in 1957 of non objection remains intact. Again, at the conclusion of the meeting, the ritual repeats itself for adjournment.

It may surprise most members, since we have most likely been following this procedure since before any current members first joined GSC, but Robert's Rules has provisions that allow us to skip all of this formality.



### Unanimous (General) Consent

Unanimous Consent allows routine, non controversial actions to be taken without a motion. This is done by the chair (Commodore) stating something in the form of: "If there is no objection..." or, "Without objection...". So in the case of waiving the minutes, for example, it becomes as simple as "If there is no objection, we will waive the reading of the minutes and accept them as posted on the web site" At this point, anyone that really wants to have the minutes read can speak up, otherwise the meeting continues unimpeded.—*RONR (11<sup>th</sup> ed). p. 54, 13-15*

In cases where there seems to be no opposition in routine business or on questions of little importance, time can often be saved by the procedure of unanimous consent.—*RONR (11<sup>th</sup> ed). p. 54, 20-23*

...the method of unanimous consent can be used either to adopt a motion without the steps of stating the question and putting the motion to a formal vote, or it can be used to take action without even the formality of a motion.—*RONR (11<sup>th</sup> ed). p. 55, 21-23*

The correction and approval of minutes (pp. 354-55) is an example of business that is normally handled by unanimous consent.

### Adjournment

When adjourning a meeting, no motion is needed. According to Robert's Rules:

When it appears that there is no further business in a meeting of an ordinary local society that normally goes through a complete order of business (41) at each regular meeting (9), the chair, instead of waiting or calling for a motion to adjourn, can ask, "Is there any further business?" If there is no response, the chair can then say, "Since there is no further business, the meeting is adjourned."—*RONR (11<sup>th</sup> ed). p. 241, 9-15*

So with these two parliamentary tricks, er... provisions, we can shave precious minutes off of our meeting times and save time and bits by not having to record motions and seconds and unanimous agreement to the minutes every single time. If there are no objections, I say we do it.

—Ben Bowen

*Past Commodore, Treasurer, Proud owner of a dog-eared copy of Robert's Rules of Order, 11<sup>th</sup> ed.*

## ALEX'S CARIBBEAN COVID CRUISE

By Commodore Phil Decker

GSC member **Alexander Demyanenko** planned to sail from Florida to Cancun, Mexico, this past spring to meet up with his daughter Julia. Julia has a Russian passport, and she could not get a visa to come to the US. And who wouldn't want to sail to Cancun? I noticed that he had some troubles by following his posts on Facebook, and soon realized that his trip had become a full-blown odyssey. I recently interviewed Alex by telephone, and this is his story.

On December 31, Alex singlehandedly set sail on *Latitude*, his 1979 C&C Landfall 38, toward Cancun, spending the first night in Key West. Then he sailed directly for Cancun. But on the second day at sea, his mainsail ripped in two parts, and his genoa also ripped. Alex had to divert to Bahia Honda, Cuba. He arrived in the middle of the night with no sails, engine running poorly, finding poor navigation aids, and using only the Navionics app on his phone to get him into the harbor.

Alex spent two days at Bahia Honda, fixed the engine, and replaced the jib with a spare, but he still had no mainsail. After two days, the technicians had not come to repair his main; nor had the Cuban officials arrived to clear him into the country. (At this point, I was recalling a scene from the movie *Captain Ron*. But I digress.)

Julia was supposed to fly to Cancun via Havana. But they decided it would be better just to meet in Havana. Alex made the 45-nautical-mile trip on *Latitude*, arriving at about 2300 hours at the Hemingway Marina, in Havana. Hemingway Marina had customs officials there to clear him in. When they asked how many people were aboard, they were *shocked* that there was only one person, single-handed, from Florida. Alex was able to meet Julia at the Havana airport for their reunion the next day. Alex and daughter Julia spent two weeks there, visiting old Havana and



## ALEX'S CARIBBEAN COVID CRUISE

*Continued from Page 3*

getting the boat fixed. "The people of Havana are very friendly," said Alex.

In mid-January, Alex sailed with his daughter Julia to Cancun. After spending a night at sea, they attempted to clear into Mexico at Isla Mujeres. However, there was a problem. Julia's visa was for arriving in Mexico by *airplane*, but



she had arrived by *boat*. Confusion ensued. Customs demanded that Julia leave in one day. The result was that, the next day, Julia flew back to Russia and Alex flew to Miami so he could pick up spares for his boat.

Alex returned to Isla Mujeres from Miami, and found his previously anchored boat was softly grounded in mud. However, local boaters had looked after his boat and helped him get straightened out. Alex gave high praise to the boating community there, and noted they also have a good cruisers' net.

**That's when the COVID pandemic hit.** Around March 7, he attempted to set sail south from Isla Mujeres to Rio Dulce, Guatemala, for repairs and to sit out the hurricane season. One night at anchor, a drunk power-boater (you know the type?) hit his sailboat and took out his new self-steering wind vane. He would have to make it to Guatemala single-handed without self-steering equipment. Alex arrived in Guatemala around March 15, and officials instructed him to stay onboard to quarantine for 14 days. However, instructions from Guatemalan officials were both strict and contradictory, and after 40 (*forty!*) days he could not move toward his destination. The boat was in rough condition, and was not getting any better.

Alex decided to sail back to Key West, about 800 miles, instead of onward to Rio Dulce. He stopped in



Belize for supplies and spent a week there. Winds did not cooperate, but he then made it to Isla Mujeres and stayed another week. Alex waited for a weather window, and then followed the gulf stream all the way up to Key West. He arrived at the end of May, concluding a six-month odyssey.

"It was a bit more than I bargained for," he concluded.

## BUG SEASON IN THE CAROLINAS

By Bill Bowen

*Here is part three of the continuing saga by Bill Bowen of getting his new boat home.*

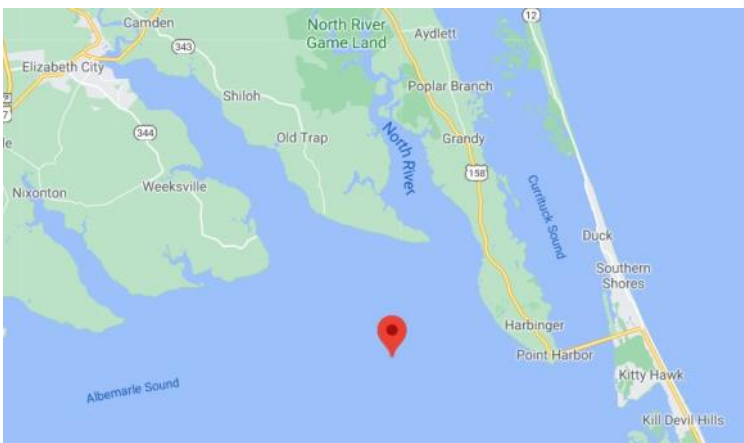
I rented a slip in Beaufort NC to charge my batteries, which I generally did about every four or five days, and thought I had worked out exactly when to leave in order to take advantage of the outgoing tide to propel me around Radio Island, then slack and incoming to help me proceed down Bogue Sound from there. But my numbers were off and I quickly saw I was making almost no head-way going southwest against the current. I noticed three sailboats anchored off to the side of the channel, presumably waiting for the tide change, and I went over and joined them, sitting there about two hours before things became favorable. That's the best thing about retirement.



Sometimes you can just sit and do nothing until things get better. Traveling alone tends to encourage studiousness, since there is no one to talk to. Each day I listened intently to the weather forecast and wrote down hour-by-hour forecasts for wind speed and direction. This was a tip acquired from Bruce Van Sant's book, 'The Gentleman's Guide to Passages South,' along with the worthy advice that if you copy down these wind tables every day, you can see how sometimes the predictions change due to updated data. So on Monday, you might think that Saturday will be a good day with east winds in the low teens, but by Thursday, that forecast has changed, although that doesn't happen a lot. Another activity to amuse your brain after anchoring in the styx at 4 p.m. and waiting for the sun to go down, is to study the route you will be confronted with tomorrow, comparing the headings you will be facing throughout the day with the forecast wind directions and guessing how far you might get. And all the possible anchorages available for varying amounts of forward progress. Although it's not always possible to tell a good anchorage by looking at the chart, I learned to try and have some ideas for options,

depending on how far I got, and was aided by 'Skipper Bob's Anchorages Along The Intra-coastal.' As I said, I kept a log, and sometimes was moved to record an experience. Here's something I wrote after spending a night in a tiny ditch of swampwater called Broad Creek just north of Albermarle Sound:

"Skipper Bob's comprehensive catalogue of anchorages on the ICW occasionally uses a remark like "lots of crab pots" or "can be buggy." When describing Broad Creek, a twisty finger into the North Carolina marsh near the



*Broad Creek feeds into the North River from the west. On this map, it is just left of the "r" in "River."*

*Continued on next page*

## BUG SEASON IN THE CAROLINAS

*Continued from page 5*

North River's junction with Albermarle Sound, he made no mention of invertebrates. "Stay slightly to north of center to selected anchorage. Anchor in 8 to 10." I knew while pulling in there I would stay for 36 hours, awaiting favorable wind to traverse the sound on a southwest heading. NOAA weather calculated strong SW wind all day Friday with gusts to 27, and I was still learning about my new electric motor, but I knew already it was not a powerhouse into a strong wind. I would hang on the anchor for a day. As the sun goes down in these parts, the insects find their voice, and at Broad Creek, the evening chirping was something like living next



to an airport. I was using a jury rig anchor light, a cheap LED lantern that I hoisted to the spreader at dark, and the swarm of bugs when I went out was daunting, but I could not have guessed the multitudes of this awkward flying insect that would choose to leave their homes in the North Carolina backwoods and come to live with me on my boat without a second thought. It resembled a mosquito, only five times larger and with none of the aggressive tendencies. When I set out two days later there were thousands of these bugs on board. They were hidden in the folds of the sails. They were gathered thick as cat fur on my toe rails. They were everywhere. Every move I made, a cloud of bugs would rise in response and they would scatter haphazardly to relocate somewhere else. Somewhere else on the boat. Not somewhere else in North Carolina. They seemed very intent on being on the boat, although they seemed to have no enterprise, content to stand in one place with those splayed mosquito legs until something forced them to float to another spot, and then remain there until disturbed. My re-



sentment over this epic intrusion began to build. The futility of squishing little bugs one at a time when there are a million on board is demoralizing, but one must start somewhere. I decided that the underside of the dodger, where about a thousand hung upside down like bats in a cave, was off limits to anything that flies. That was my new rule. I discovered my deadly accuracy popping a rolled-up towel had not deserted me in the 60 years since I'd last tried it. I killed several dozen that way, but each pop would cause a cloud of bugs to rise and flutter about, then alight someplace else. I'm not sure how I hit

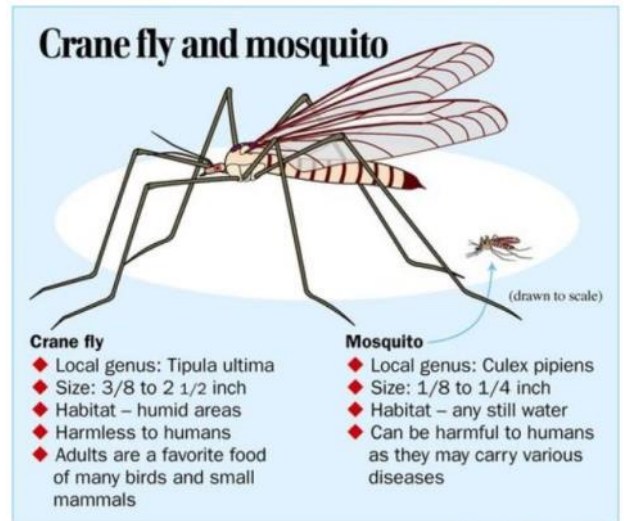
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## BUG SEASON IN THE CAROLINAS

*Continued from Page 6*

on the idea of the sponge of death, but that proved the ultimate weapon. The wet sponge would incapacitate them immediately, unlike a glancing blow from the towel that would stun them, but from which they sometimes recovered to live and annoy another day. The sponge was not only lethal, but they didn't seem to see it coming. They remained still as the wet sponge closed over them and ended their meaningless little lives. While sailing the boat in light winds through Albermarle Sound, I busied myself with extermination as best I could, but I never could have wiped out a hundred thousand bugs that way. Luckily, in midafternoon, thousands that were clinging to the toerail began to die of heat stroke, creating dust bunnies of bug corpses on the deck. Occasionally I'd get a good puff of wind, motor-sailing with the jib alone, and the boat would hit six knots. I'd slap the boom and a hundred bugs would go airborne. You would think such a lightweight, stupid creature would be carried away on that wind but they could fly against it, reminding me of boats I recalled seeing in the Bahamas with a cloud of diesel smoke that moved along with them, boats carrying their own little atmosphere. On my boat, there was even a group of bugs riding on the stern that seemed to leave their perches intentionally, fly behind the boat for recreation, sometimes even hit the water and bounce off, then catch back up and alight on the stern again. Maybe the quick dip helped prevent heat stroke. When the occasional dragonfly came onboard, I hoped fervently that he would be a predator of these hapless flying hexapods, but no smorgasbord was convened."

By the way, later research suggested these bugs were crane flies.



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### *In Memoriam*

*With great sadness we report the death of **Gerri Jehlen**, beloved wife of past Vice Commodore Paul Jehlen, on September 14th. She will be greatly missed by her husband, children and many friends. Our hearts go out to her family.*

### Dates to Remember

Next Happy Hours, via Zoom.....Sept. 22 and 29

October Happy Hours, via Zoom .....Oct. 6, 13 & 27

October General Meeting and Board Nominations.....Oct. 20

Join us for Virtual Happy Hours each Tuesday at 7. Watch your email for the link.

## BUYING CLEMENTINE, PART 4

By Vice Commodore Eric Kobrin, Continued from last issue of TillerTales

*Eric Kobrin's journey on his new boat, Clementine, continues from the safe haven of Oak Bluffs, where he rafted up to a moored boat after a dark night of uncertainty in the unfamiliar harbor.*

### Preparing for tomorrow

The crisis was averted. The half-assed running light had held. We were tied up and safe for the night. I made some calls to let my father and wife know that we were safe, stowed the running light rig, and commenced planning for Saturday's journey to sandwich.

We listened to the weather forecast. The thunderstorms that had been predicted to blast us all night and into the next day had moderated. However, the wind would swing around to the north in the morning, directly in our path.

I had forgotten that I had full-scale charts on my laptop, so we used Jason's iPad Internet connection to view some charts online and save screenshots for later use. I consulted Eldridge and we came up with a plan.

Optimal entrance conditions for Woods Hole, according to the *Boston Sailing Center cruising guide*, were right before slackwater, as the opposing current faded. This would happen at 11am or so. According to all that we had read about the Cape Cod Canal, the only feasible time to enter would be under similar conditions, which would happen at 5pm. The favorable current in the canal would last well into the evening, but to arrive in Sandwich in daylight, we had to enter the canal before 6:30pm.

Getting from Woods Hole to the Canal would take about 4 hours. Getting from Oak Bluffs to Woods Hole would take about 3 hours. This meant that we had to leave at 7:45am to safely enter Woods Hole, but then would have plenty of time to sail up Buzzards Bay to the Cape Cod Canal and on to Sandwich. A relaxing day of sailing was just what the doctor ordered to make up for the nighttime mooring episode.

Plan set, we went to sleep. This should have been easy, but of course wasn't. The vee-berth, where I had planned to sleep, was soaked from spray entering through the forward portlights. It didn't help that my arrangement for quick anchor deployment had also made it impossible to fully close the main forward.

We used the berths in the main salon. Jason had brought a real pillow for himself and I used the dinghy's inflatable seat for mine. If we'd had a third crew member, one of us would have had to sleep in the cockpit because the quarterberth was full of sails and gear.

At night, this:



Looks like this:





## BUYING CLEMENTINE

*Continued from Page 8*

Jason got us through that mishmash of boats without a scratch.

The storms rolled in as predicted and the first day of our journey drew to a close.

### Leg 2: Oak Bluffs to Sandwich (August 18th, 2012)

#### Daylight Departure

We started the day around 7:00am. The weather was gloomy, but the thunderstorms had passed in the night and the rain had stopped. Daylight, even gloomy daylight, revealed a number of items that we had failed to stow in the darkness of the night.

Stowage complete, it was time for a breakfast of day-old donuts and water. The donuts were stickier than the day before, but still tasted ok.

I was still anxious about going through Woods Hole without paper charts. Luckily our neighbor was willing to lend us his paper charts of Woods Hole for a few minutes.

I had brought along an action camera with waterproof housing for getting footage of our trip. I'd not mounted it yesterday due to the waves making foredeck work risky. In the calm of the Oak Bluffs harbor, I took the time to strap it to the spinnaker pole (secured to the deck) to capture video of us sailing.

It was time to leave if we wanted to reach Woods Hole at 11. We tried to start the engine, and encountered problems again.

I turned the key, pressed the glow plug button and waited. Then I tried the starter. It ran, but did not start the engine. After a few attempts, I decided to try the starter fluid. I carefully sprayed it *near* but not *into* the intake. The engine turned over with one or two light knocks, but then faded back into silence.

The next time we tried to start it, nothing happened.

I was about to repeat the previous day's voodoo routine with the multimeter when I noticed that the fuel-stop was pulled out. There was no way the engine could have started. Grumble.

We pushed it in and tried again. No cranking.

I poked around the engine, looking for anything out of place. I rested my hand on the starter to see if I could feel the solenoid click when Jason next pushed the start button. I pulled my hand back in a hurry. The starter was **HOT**. And thus was revealed the true problem: the starter shuts off when overheated.



This is either a safety measure or heat-induced failure. Letting it cool off restores it to cranking form.

At 8:00am, we unfastened ourselves from the raftup and headed back out through the mooring field. In daylight it was still tricky maneuvering. I don't know how Jason did it at night.

## BUYING CLEMENTINE

*Continued from Page 9*

We asked some passing boaters where the fuel dock was. They replied that the nearest fuel dock was in Vineyard Haven. Not a pleasant prospect after our treatment of the previous afternoon. The fuel gauge showed about 3/4 of a tank left, about what it had read in Chatham. We thanked them for the information and kept moving.

The breakwater lining the Oak Bluffs channel which had been so threatening in the night were non-threatening by daylight.

By 8:30 we were in open water and raised the sails. Just about an hour later we cruised past Vineyard Haven, making 3.2 knots over ground to east-northeast despite the 3+ knot westward current. We



did not stop.

### **Woods Hole**

I had elected to take us across Vineyard Sound and into Woods Hole to get us into Buzzards Bay quickly. The alternative would have been to go down Vineyard Sound longways and round Cuttyhunk. This is a much longer trip, and potentially more dangerous. Eldrige warns of the tidal currents which push unwary mariners onto the rocks on ebb as well as on flow. The longer path, circling Martha's Vineyard, would have required at least another day of sailing.

The plan to take Woods Hole if at all possible was chosen weeks before we embarked on this journey. We would stick with it unless Woods Hole proved too much for us.

We cruised towards where Woods Hole was marked, but saw only the appearance of solid land on the horizon. We kept a look out for the entrance to Woods Hole, but couldn't pick it out of the horizon-distant shoreline of Cape Cod and the Elizabeth Islands. The islands slowly resolved into individual shapes as we approached.

Jason had the helm until we entered the channel; then I took over. We had arrived nearly 30 minutes early and the tidal current was still strongly against us.

In Woods Hole we had to contend with the still-strong current, the aggressive powerboaters' wakes, and the over-marked channels. Is it really possible to have too many channel marks?

Yes.

The sheer number of marks for the various channels made it hard to pick out which marks were for our



## BUYING CLEMENTINE

*Continued from Page 10*

intended channel. The jumble of marks made it really easy to mistake a side channel mark for the next main channel mark. The depths in the false channels formed by mismatched marks ranged from plenty-deep to less-than-knee-deep, so it was crucial to keep in between the *right* marks.

Let's not forget the wake left by the inconsiderate powerboaters in the channel. Those *wakes* frequently rivaled the *seas* of the day before.

Turning into the wake to avoid rolling meant turning perpendicular to the channel. The powerboaters didn't have to worry about draft or current. They chose to also not concern themselves with the welfare of the other boaters in the area.

We worked our way up "Broadway" and then turned to port to enter "The Straight." This took almost no time at all. For the last turn on to "Branch," I put the engine in neutral and sailed the rest of the way out of Woods Hole.

### August in New England

It was just after 11am and we were over an hour ahead of schedule, leaving plenty of time to kill before arriving at the Cape Cod Canal. We were making good speed with the engine in neutral, so I turned it off completely.

This was tempting fate. We kept the speed on for a short while, then the wind started to die. We were down to 3.2 knots cruising northwards with a weak and variable northeast wind. There were storms off to the southwest.

The rain started, and the temperature dropped. Our speed dipped to 3 knots. I restarted the engine and the alternator belt squealed uncomfortably for a few minutes. With power on we were making 4.2 knots. The temperature continued to drop.



After an hour of this, I was freezing despite my foul weather gear. My gloves were saturated with rainwater, sapping the heat from my hands. Suddenly Jason declared that he was going below. I didn't blame him. I'd have gone below myself if I hadn't needed to hold onto the wheel.

There I was on deck, freezing, cursing New England "summer" weather, when Jason popped out of the companionway with a travel mug. He handed it to me and told me to drink. It was hot chocolate.

In the nasty bouncy seas, he had gone below to fire

## BUYING CLEMENTINE

*Continued from Page 11*

up his portable propane stove and make one cup of hot chocolate. We only had one travel mug (his), so he made me one cup of warmth. I finished and thanked him profusely. He returned below to make a cup for himself.

Suitably warmed, I continued to guide the boat north and west, preparing for the big tack that would take us east to Hog Channel, the entrance to the Cape Cod Canal.



After our next tack, we spotted the [Sagamore Bridge](#) in the distance. This bridge is the third of three bridges that span the Cape Cod Canal. It crosses from the mainland to a spot near our destination for the evening.

Soon the rain died and the wind returned. With the engine back in neutral we were still making 4 knots. An hour later we were in Hog Channel.



### Hog Channel

Hog Channel runs from Buzzards Bay northeast to the Cape Cod Canal. There is a spit of land on its western side, so our tacks had to be timed to get us near the channel entrance despite there being plenty of depth outside the start of the channel.

The southwesterly current grabbed hold of us as soon as we entered the channel. The northeasterly wind made sailing difficult and the areas outside the channel began to get shallower, limiting our tacking range. We furled the jib so that we could tack more easily within the narrow confines of the channel.

The current was so strong that there were 30+ foot long eddies behind the channel markers. We were motoring hard and making 3 knots. This dropped to under 2 knots as we got deeper into the channel.

We were still over an hour ahead of schedule and knew that the current would be fading over the next few hours. Before entering the Cape Cod Canal we had one last chance to stop for fuel at Onset Bay.

We'd been motoring for about 18 hours since leaving Chatham the day before. I went to check the fuel level and was dismayed to find that it still showed 3/4 full, the same as it had over 7 hours ago. The rules for traversing the Cape Cod Canal require that you do so under engine power. We had no way to know if we had enough fuel to make it to Sandwich and we had an hour to kill.

While I was checking the fuel and pondering timetables, we had been staying near the entrance to the

## BUYING CLEMENTINE

*Continued from Page 12*



Onset channel. When I looked astern, a very large barge was approaching. We dropped the main sail with the barge bearing down on us and ducked into the Onset channel.

### **Onset**

The Onset Bay channel is a little tricky. The channel is twisty and the markers aren't quite frequent enough for my tastes. The water outside the channel is frequently less than 3 feet deep, a worry-making depth for the captain of a boat with 5'6" draft.

The main channel leads to the Onset Bay Harbor-master's dock, but we wanted to go to Onset Bay Marina. We hailed them on VHF to find out where to exit the main channel safely. Their fuel dock staff informed me that they maintain their own markers in orange and green off the side of the main channel.

We'd already passed those marks and had to double back. There were a few large sailboats anchored outside of the channel in the direction we wanted to go. I took that as a promise of adequate depth and cut between them to get to the side channel.



We filled the tank and only took on 13.5 gallons of fuel. The staff tried to sell me a badly used, twelve year old, torn chart book for brand-new retail price. I declined.

A short while later we were winding our way back to Hog Channel. The eddies behind the marks were gone and we traveled towards the Cape Cod Canal free of the earlier currents. We were right on schedule for the 5:00 current switch and could see the railroad bridge.

With the bridge so close, why did it take 4 more hours to cross under it?  
What made the intrepid seafarers turn around and go back?  
**You'll find out in the next issue of Tiller Tales.**