



**Owner's Association**

***NEWS LETTER***

***SEPTEMBER 2010***

**COMING EVENTS**

**Good Old Boat Regatta 2010  
Saturday -- Sunday October 9-10**

Good Old Boat Regatta - A chance for boats "of a certain age" to shine on the race course, with great shore parties.

Good Old Boat Regatta is entering its 11th year with a huge following of boats, whose first hull was laid no later than 1975, eager to compete in the October series. The fleet consists of some 75-80 classic boats with some Dickersons. The Notice of Race and sign up forms can be obtained from the CBYRA web site: <http://www.cbyra.org/> and the Shearwater Sailing Club <http://www.shearwatersc.net>

**Dickerson Western Shore Round Up and New England Gathering.**

It is not too late to participate in these events both of which will be held on the weekend of September 10-11. The fourth Western Shore Round Up will be held in Galesville, MD at the West River Sailing Club and the New England Gathering at the Bristol Yacht Club in Rhode Island. Notices are on the Home page of the Dickerson Owners Web Site: <http://dickersonowners.org>

**FROM HERE AND THERE**

**Life is Good in The Caribbean**

Greetings fellow Dickerson owners,

We regret to tell you that due to a variety of circumstances we were not able to join you for the Dickerson Rendezvous this year. The main problem is that we were in Port Elizabeth, Bequia. mpass Rose is anchored off the beach in Admiralty Bay. We are listening to music drifting across the water from reggae night to music drifting across the water from reggae night at a party in town.



Port Elizabeth, Bequia; June 3, 2010

We left the Chesapeake only seven months ago, but it seems like a lifetime. Maybe it's just a different lifetime. Every so often we stop, look around, and say with amazement, "We are in Bequia!" (or wherever we are at the time). Looking at a chart that shows the east coast of the US and the Caribbean really drives it home. Those faraway places on the chart are where we are and we got there on Compass Rose, a.k.a., Little Rosie.

The trip has had its challenges, but it has gone well. We have had some excellent passages, visited some great places, and met many wonderful people. We've had great travelling companions onboard for some passages and we've sailed in the company of good friends on their own boats.

We are beginning to feel a bit more like cruisers than the novices we were when we set out. We've sailed through the night, caught Dolphin fish and cleaned conch, cleared Customs, fixed broken stuff, seen the green flash and both southern crosses (one in Oriental and one in the sky). We've made new friends who've become old friends and then parted ways, only to have our paths cross in new places. The Caribbean towns – the beach towns, not the cruise ship resorts - have to be seen to believe. Each has its own flavor and character. Half the fun of each landfall is exploring the towns. They are mostly small and quaint, full of brightly painted houses and shops, and inhabited by nice, helpful people. They have mountains in the background and rainbows overhead after the inevitable showers.

Eric and Jackie White on the Dickerson 41 Compass Rose <http://www.ketchcompassrose.com>

## Dickerson Sailor's Top Ten Cruise Items

Chris and Bill Burry who have sailed their 41 foot Center Cockpit Ketch "Plover" around the world look for comfort and practical things that work when going on a one to two week cruise on the Bay..

Their "top ten" include: 1) sun shade or awning -- for those hot sultry days, 2) food and of course cold beer -- shopping in Chesapeake Bay towns on the waterfront can be fairly limited, 3) crab gear -- chicken necks for bait, a crab net and Old Bay Seasoning and a large pot for cooking the crabs you catch, 4) \$20 gas grill with folding legs from Home Depot -- easy to stow and much cooler for cooking aboard, 5) road map of VA and MD -- for exploring once you get ashore, 6) a "Gunkholer's Guide to Cruising the Chesapeake Bay", 7) dingy for getting ashore and exploring, 8) a cruising spinnaker, 9) white bread for soft crab sandwiches -- if you can find a place to buy fresh soft crabs, and 10) a wash down pump for cleaning mud off the anchor.



Bruce Franz—another seasoned Dickerson sailor—who can usually be found sailing his 41 foot ketch "Hemisphere Dancer" in the Florida Keys in winter months liked Chris and Bill's list. He suggested adding a collapsible vegetable steamer that fits inside a large pot, a 10-inch fan that plugs into a 12-volt cigarette lighter socket and an XM/Sirius radio for music and the latest news

Photo above is of "Hemisphere Dancer" on the left and "Plover".

. Chris and Bill Burry and Bruce Franz

## A Note From "Beau Soleil"

Have any of you ever lived with an artist? Many artists are temperamental at the best of times but exceed their quotient when they are nearing completion on a work of art. Being part of a work in progress is exciting, for I never know from one day to the next which character will be coming to dinner.

My least favorite is Hawkins, also known as Hawk, a rich, self-absorbed, older man, who happens to look like Santa Claus, but certainly doesn't act like him. Hawk enters the galley with an air of superiority demanding that the meal include his favorite sauce or vegetable, that the cook neglected to include on the provisions list. Ignoring Hawk's demand leads to keelhauling, and the

consequential growls about a cold and salty dinner. Mike will concede to what is on the menu, whereas Hawk would never.

Mike isn't as bad as that when he becomes the Prospector, a kind, solitary man who finds gold in everything he touches (ME). I wouldn't cross him though, there's a short fuse looking for a spark. He would fight to the death with his whole being for his ideals and for those in his care.

I can tell when Mike becomes Dustin, a professor who thinks he is this century's Edison, with his metal detecting echo sounder. Dustin has high hopes for his invention, just like Mike when he is constructing the newest fan, cables for weather reports, or electric engine for the dinghy.

Whenever I ask Mike where we are heading today, or what are our plans, he becomes Erhart, a short, secretive, geek, with an inflated ego, who is a font of knowledge about the treasure(s) of Cocos Island. Erhart doles out the clues to the whereabouts of the treasures to the others in the treasure hunting party like they are the last M & M's in his pocket. I have to solve the mystery surrounding our day's adventures by watching and reading all the signs; which cruising guide is on the table opened to which page, or are they closed and the computer open and the artist allowing the story to unfold before him on the screen.

At times Mike assumes some of his female character's persona. I have a great laugh when I find Mike out on the deck peeling grapes, reading my tear-jerkers, and asking me to put suntan lotion on his back. Or he has the garden light, that we use as an anchor light, apart on his desk, seeing which part he can use in his next escapade. Or he is in the lockers again looking for FOOD, any FOOD. Or he is lying on his back luring me in to his lair for a frolic between the sheets, or grabbing me and having his way.

Some of the characters in this story we have met before. Harv, Janet and Jill of "The Rose Marie", (last met in "The Good, The Bad, and The Pirate"), have arrived on the island. They have a purpose, which at this time is still a mystery to us readers. They are having their adventures that parallel those already on the island. The adventures are daily occurrences, each event happening to all the characters is more exciting than the last.

Did I mention a late comer(s) to the game? There is something on the island causing havoc. Things, including people are mysteriously disappearing? Questions are being asked and who has the answers? What will become of the treasure, characters and The Rose Marie?

Will I make it through the summer? Only the ending will tell---

So much for that!-- We are having a great time here in the Sea of Cortez, Baja Mexico. We will be around these here parts for at least the next 6-8 months, maybe even a year. We have many boat projects to accomplish; teak decks in need of new seams, cabin tops wanting a fresh coat of paint, varnish on hatches, new awnings and sail covers, to mention a few.

The Sea is a great place to spend the summer, even though we have to watch the weather for the summer thunderstorm driven chubasco, a dark cloud with howling winds anywhere from 15-45 knots that visits in the dead of night, and the always lurking tropical depressions/hurricanes that plague

these waters. There are plenty of places to be safe at anchor, or one hauls up the anchor and puts out to sea. Cruising rarely has its dull moments.

Eighteen years ago many of the anchorages were just lovely bays with only us and the fishermen. Many now have homes, stores, and roads out to the main highway #1. Progress. Thank goodness many of these structures have been planned to blend into their surroundings. The nasty looking ones are the high risers painted pink!

The sea has many varieties of sea life in the waters. We have seen pods and pods of various types of dolphins, some small killer whales, turtles, all sorts of rays, caught only one dorado (mahi-mahi), lots of the dark meat tuna, and seaweed. Under the sea there are still places that have shellfish on the sand, but so much of the seabed has been raped by the fishermen with hookah rigs. (a compressor in the panga with long hoses to the divers on the bottom) Breathing under water lets them harvest whatever they find. Many of the islands have been turned into Marine Parks, so this activity is illegal in their waters, leaving some fish to be seen when snorkeling.

The desert is really very beautiful. It is the end of the dry season so everything is very brown. I do miss the green of other Central American countries, but the wet season is approaching quickly. The geology of this area is fascinating. We have found all sorts of interesting specimens of quartz, gypsum, obsidian, and fossils. The colors at sunrise and sunset are like a painter's palette, with every hue in display.

So anyone looking for a vacation in an interesting place let us know. We will probably spend the winter months down around La Paz, where it will be warmer than up north in the Sea. We know of airports in Loreto, and La Paz that are international. Options include flying to San Diego, using local transport to Tijuana then flying internal flights. Probably other border towns may have internal flight services too.

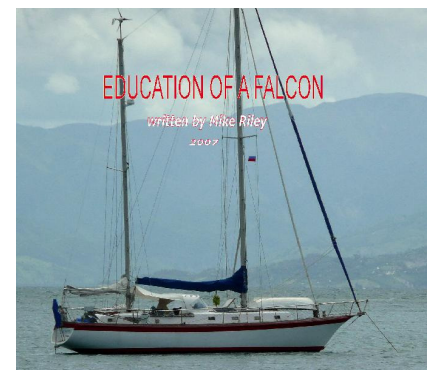
Driving to the Baja is do-able for the Baja is a hassle free zone, meaning gringos don't have to get permission or pay import duties to visit. Don't know what the roads are like, but it is a desert!! Keep well and happy everyone. We certainly are. Keep in touch. TTFN

Mike and Karen and Jane Russell Ilia. "Beau Soleil"

## OUR BOATS

### ***"Restless" Remembered***

The smoke came to the quiet ketch on a fitful northeast wind, that December of 1987, hinting cruelly of the ending when a boat no longer was sound and able to sail... the crane's roaring, the final off-loading, the vulture-like stripping of anything of value the poor boat had left, the flames which so quickly engulfed the empty, worn-out hulls. The gallant 22 year old ketch shuddered inwardly, sadly remembering the days, so long gone,



when she was shining and new, admired for her graceful sheer, treasured because she was superbly built, quality in every line of her: Dickerson. She tugged restlessly at her lines, intent on the sparkling river beyond, alert now to the shift of wind and tide, searching for a way to escape, a way to avoid the burn-boat fate, for she was yet sound. The care which had gone into her design and construction still served her well, despite the neglect of empty years. The stalwart heart of her refused to think for long of the burn pile; she wistfully watched other boats as they headed for the river with full sails..

The years of neglect and then the burn pile... this, then, was to be her fate? Did people have to shake their heads regretfully when passing her slip, comment sadly on her chipped, chalking paint, split, flapping tattered covers, dangling lines, split mainmast, dirt and filth; then remark how sad... a classic Dickerson... and then mention the burn pile? Through it all she waited, resolute, game, wistful: Thoroughbred.

The old ketch pleaded, silently but with the dignity of her class; she searched the passing humans for an understanding heart; the whole honest soul of her listened hopefully for footsteps to slow going by her slip, but for her none sounded, and so the barren years passed...

There was in that yard a sailor who was considering moving up to a bigger boat; and now that sailor, a middle-aged schoolteacher, listened with interest to the marina owner's words of praise for the old Dickerson ketch who was so hopeful of acquiring a new human. Thus it happened, one autumn day, that the brave old ketch heard footsteps which DID stop by her slip, hands touched and examined her with kindness... and a chain of events was begun which would echo on the wind, down the long years even to this day.

First was much reading of texts on wooden boat construction and care; then much probing of wood with marine surveyor's text in one hand and bent paper clip in the other; questions to various friends with decades of knowledge; and finally, a six hour exam by a qualified marine surveyor, including being hoisted out of the water in slings so the humans could continue their incessant probing into realms generally hidden by Chesapeake Bay water. (The old ketch, in her eagerness had actually tried to pass the powerboat towing her from her slip to the haulout slip... a surprising turn of speed under bare poles and not much air!)

The years of neglect had taken a fierce toll, but had not damaged the strength of strip planked mahogany on oak. There was plenty of work ahead, and after more time and negotiations (nerve-wracking to ship and lady) the ship acquired her new human and a new name as well. The lady's beloved father, years before, had bought a wooden Chris Craft Riviera to restore, but did not live to do so; he'd named that boat 'Restless'. Now the ketch, so restless to get back to the sailing for which she was born and bred, inherited both the name and the legacy of love and respect for a grand boat. So it began; at long last it began.

Nightmares of the burn pile faded; visions of the future unfolded. Old split masts were pulled and the ketch enjoyed two winters in the protection of a covered slip to allow the schoolteacher to work



without concession to the weather on weekends and school holidays. Yard workers added their expertise: new wiring and breaker box, cutlass bearing, running rigging, both new aluminum masts, all new through-hulls and hoses, halon system for engine compartment...remove the old LectraSan, motor work on the old Graymarine Sea Scout... and a new worm shoe. Teachers are learners, and the old ship's new human sanded, scraped, painted, disinfected, cleaned, cuprinoled (the green flavor), varnished, and learned... it made for an unusual outlook; when fellow teachers at gatherings spoke of fashion attire, this teacher was thinking, with inward wry smile, about worm shoes and antifouling paint.

It was interesting that she "held on" to the head sink through-hull long enough to pass survey, and soon thereafter showed to her new human a tiny seep at that fitting... enough to alert that an earlier pre-spring haul out was needed. When that fitting was tapped lightly, once Restless was hauled days



later, it simply fell out, dropping onto the dirt under the hull. She had held on just long enough. This strong survival 'instinct' was truly a part of her personality... known to several who knew her then, and do now.



The months of that first winter were dawning balm to the old boat's soul. The process of making her young again caused so much activity aboard her that

the marina otter forbore dining (with resulting exhaust) on the old ketch. Her human took the three booms ('The Three Bears') home and into the enclosed sun porch, along with removable wood to be varnished; much sanding, then many coats of Zspar were added on warm porch days as winter progressed into spring. Fellow members of her Coast Guard Auxiliary flotilla observed the progress with interest; love of a grand boat is wonderful for sharing with friends. And finally, in the summer of the first year, enough was at last complete...



So it was at last that the river greeted an old friend... the old ketch, a Dickerson fulfilling again the destiny born and bred into every sweeping line, lifted joyfully into the morning breeze on the Rappahannock, sniffing the wind...

***Restless!***

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## *Epilogue:*

*The years that followed were so full of memories... the incredible beauty of sailing all night in warm summer air and brilliant moonlight (with sufficient NoDoz since as usual, I was singlenhanded Restless); sailing in wild air on the Bay, glad for the viscom nonskid under bare feet when the leeward deck was awash with water running into the scuppers; sometimes just ghosting along extracting every ounce of breeze; happily reading, comfortable at the varnished table, on stormy nights when I could stay aboard... falling asleep later to the motion of the boat and the little noises made by water on the hull. The camaraderie of friends in the boat yard, teasing me when I would stand gazing at her beautiful sheer and shining varnish, after putting her to bed. The sign that friends put by her slip 'Wanted: woman with BOAT; to cook + clean fish; send photo of boat' (totally necessary to roar around the marina, laughing, finding the culprit. They of course knew I didn't cook, and that NO ONE could have that boat!*

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*Many of you know a special boat that's more than an inanimate 'thing', that is somehow more than the mathematical sum of trees and bits of metal. Having to sell such a one is heartbreaking, as anyone knows who's "been there." So you can imagine my intense joy when I recently located Restless again with the help of Barry Creighton and Joe Slavin of the Dickerson Association website...and so I can now also salute with my whole heart her recent saving angels: Don Carson of Florida, who found the old classic desolate, and bought her because, as he said, she was too good to just let die; he noted on the Dickerson site that the boat he'd bought "relished" the attention he was giving her. I knew then that this was indeed my old Restless! Don had purchased Restless from Bob Rohlov, who had started repairs and had given her another mainmast to replace the one lost during Hurricane Wilma, when a loose boat crashed into Restless. Jim Groh of Ohio is her current master, who now carries on the legend that she is. Don, who restores boats, still watches over her; and since Jim restores autos, I am assured that my old beloved ketch is in good hands once more.*

*Sometimes a true story DOES have a happy ending...*

*All my best to a super group of people,*

*Nancy S. Constance ~ July 2010*



NSC



## FROM THE COCKPIT LOCKER

### Australia Hails Teen Sailor As National Hero

Teenage sailor Jessica Watson was feted in May 15, 2010 as Australia's newest national hero after becoming the youngest person to sail solo around the world. Sixteen year old Jessica sailed out of Sydney Heads on October 18, 2009 in her 33 foot yacht "Ella's Pink Lady" and returned home 210 days later after sailing solo, non-stop and unassisted in a 23,000 nautical mile voyage around the world.



Jessica going ashore in Sydney after seven months at sea

Watson in a brief talk to the crowd in Sydney said:

"I don't consider myself a hero, I'm an ordinary girl" "You don't have to be someone special to achieve something amazing, You've just got to have a dream, believe in it and work hard. I'd like to think I've proved that anything really is possible if you set your mind to it".

Source: Dawn News

### Teenage Sailor Dismasted On World Solo Voyage

In mid June 2010 sixteen year old Abby Sunderland lost the mast of her Open 40 foot yacht "Wild Eyes" in the Indian Ocean while attempting to sail solo around the world. Abby –who had sailed successfully around the treacherous Cape Horn –was the victim of a rough wave which rolled the



boat over taking out the mast. She was in the engine room at the time and was fortunate not to suffer any serious injuries. She lost contact for about 20 hours and while drifting at sea she was spotted by a chartered plane and three days later was taken to a small remote Island on the outskirts of Arctic waters called Kerguelan. From there she traveled to the Reunion Island off

Madagascar where she caught a plane home to California.

Editor's comment: It was interesting to note that Abby's trip was somewhat controversial with press and others saying she was too young to sail solo around the world. Did not hear any of that talk from the Australian's who crowned Jessica Watson their national hero for sailing around the world. Our hats off to Abby for a great try—better than staying home watching TV.

Source: Argonaut News

## **THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT**

We started 2010 with one of the best Dickerson Rendezvous ever—plenty of wind, sailors and boats—all had a great time. Thanks to Commodore Bill Toth and Secretary Dick Young who made it all possible. We look forward to the Western Shore Roundup and New England Gathering--both in September. The next Newsletter will be in October and we want to receive your comments and a suggested article. Contact us at [jws2827@aol.com](mailto:jws2827@aol.com) Happy Sailing!

Bruce Franz Editor

Membership Committee: Joe Slavin, Barry Creighton and John Freal