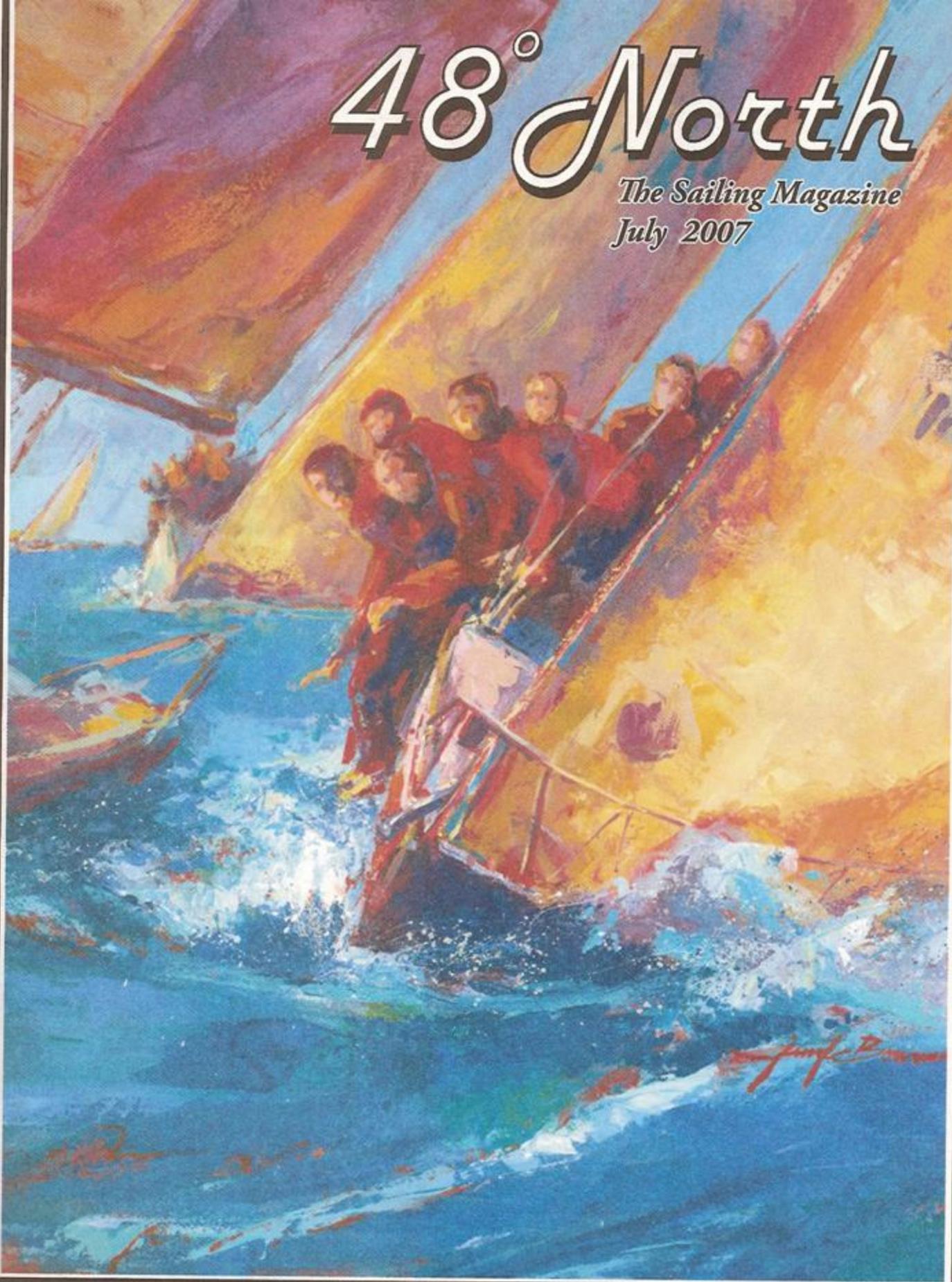


48° North

The Sailing Magazine
July 2007



Measuring Success

Luna Rossa and Oracle talk about what they've learned.
Katherine Gaudette Green

The Road to the America's Cup

The racing that lead to the final two.
Lin Hines and Marda Phelps

It's a Wonderful Life

Doug and Janet Footh and their classic K-50, *Norwester*.
Jo Bailey and Carl Nyberg

Coast Guard on the Water

Dramatic rescue of a boat on the rocks.
Reports from the U.S. Coast Guard

The Winter of My Fifty-fifth Year

Time to take a tip from Ishmael and go to sea.
Lorenzo Caricchio

Sechelt Inlet, Gunnar Gjerdin and the Heritage Tree

Fabulous scenery and close knit communities.
Anne Yeadon-Jones

Realistic Cruising: What If I Lose the Rig?

Those bolt cutters probably aren't going to free you.
Diana Jessie

Galley Essentials with Amanda

The San Juan Hot Shop's amazing array of hot chili stuff.
Amanda Swan Neal

Blame It On National Geographic

"It's mother's fault I want to go cruising."
Matt King

The Fulfillment of a Dream

Choose your comfort level and stick with it.
Peter Winterfeld

The Top 25 Midseason Report

A peek at the standings so far.
Top secret computer guy.

Race Report

The Swiftsure Classic, Leukemia Cup
J-Fest, Blake Island and more.

Rules Quiz

34

36

40

44

46

50

56

58

60

62

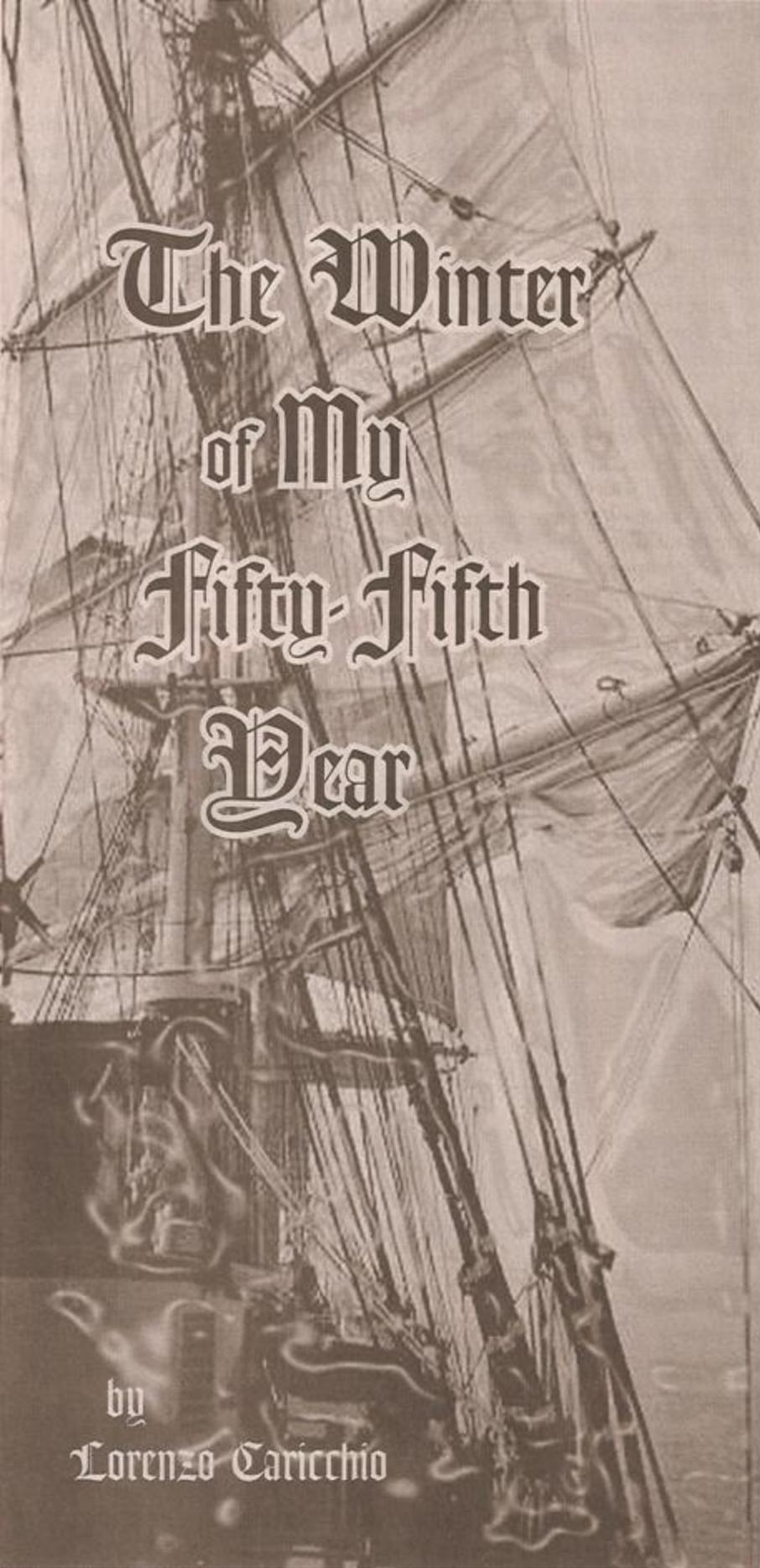
68

70

81



This month's cover,
"Racing the Wind"
is by Jennifer Bowman.
To see more of her work
go to:
www.Jenniferbowman.com



The Winter of My Fifty-Fifth Year

by
Lorenzo Caricchio

In the winter of my fifty-fifth year I truly understand what Melville describes as "a damp, drizzly November in one's soul". My visage in the mirror is definitely growing grimmer about the mouth. And, while not actually pausing before coffin warehouses or following funerals, I do have a deep desire to step into the street and methodically knock people's hats off – or the modern counterpart – flip the bird to each and every motorist on the freeway during my daily commute. Have the years done to me what the Whale did to Ahab? Has "Savage Age" bitten off a piece of me leaving only the dry bone of reminiscence to stump along the decks of my future? Am I still me? Was I ever who I thought I was? If not, then who was I, and what have I become? I decide it's time to take a tip from Ishmael and get to sea as soon as I can, and before it's too late.

Over the past few years I had dabbled with sailing; taking the sea in small sips, not gulping it merely to quench my thirst, but savoring it like a vintage wine swirled about the pallet. This connoisseurs approach to things nautical had led me to the belief, that if absorbed in sufficient quantity, the sea would set me free. It would wash away the sins of neglect and abuse that I had heaped upon my body. The holy water would restore the spirit to a soul depleted by duplicity and compromise. In short, the sea would make me whole again. I would be reborn by bathing in this fountain of youth. But being hesitant to dive into things like this, I had been avoiding the total immersion form of baptism, and like a weekend Christian, I had dipped my toe into the water and claimed an epiphany. All I had to do to now, I reasoned, to receive the water's full restorative power, was wade in a little bit further. So, in late August, I signed on for a three-week stint as a volunteer deckhand on a Square Rigged Barque called the *Picton Castle*.

A true Tall Ship, a working boat, in the fashion of the old Tradewinds merchant ships of the late nineteenth century; her immense white hull lay quietly against the pier, gracefully encompassing the complexity of her structure, as waves of tourists wash over her deck. They come to admire her, trying to understand the mysteries of

her construction and operation. In most she evokes merely curiosity; others are inspired to fantasies of ownership or travel. A few, very few I imagine, stand in awe, clutched by a force that attracts and repels at the same time; like the perverse urge to leap into the abyss when standing at the edge of a precipice. They sense the intimate nature of that force, luring one to the brink of desire only to be repelled by fear and revulsion to a safe distance, from which one is lured again and again.

Shivering slightly in the cool morning air, the strap of my oversized, overstuffed sea bag cutting into my left shoulder, I stand amidships waiting for someone to show me where to stow my gear. Finally one of the crew breaks loose from his duties long enough to escort me to my berth; a curtain covered, human sized shelf, below another bunk in the middle of eleven others along the Starboard side of the Main Salon. Twenty-two (of the current thirty-four) co-ed crew eat, sleep and seek shelter in this room, in 'round the clock watches. I was raised as an only child.

Stowing my gear in the bunk, I visit the Head to familiarize myself with the operation of its plumbing then go back on deck and stand around looking for something to do that will differentiate me from the tourists.

The ship's one hundred and eighty-foot length is webbed with ropes of every size and type, standing rigging (to hold the three masts in place), running rigging (to control the eighteen sails), ratlines (for climbing), and hawsers to moor to the dock, lashings, vang, tackles, and lanyards; there's even a skein of sail twine (a heavy waxed thread for sewing sails and binding the ends of lines) lying on the hatch cover in preparation for repairs. Soon I'm assigned to the not very nautical task of standing by the boarding gangplank to help infirm adults and small children negotiate the big step down to the deck and to continually remind the more able bodied visitors to: "Watch



I boarded in the city of Sarnia, Ontario, Canada and sailed the length of Lake Huron to the Straights of Macinaw then down Lake Michigan to the town of South Haven, Michigan. Then to Chicago. From Chicago we sailed, non-stop, back through Lakes Michigan and Huron, down the St Clair river, through Lake St Clair and the Detroit River to the city of Wyndotte near Lake Erie, where I left the ship. All of this was part of the Tall Ship 2000 Festivities and Regatta.



your step and move to the left please". It wasn't much of a job but by the end of the day I began to feel like part of the crew.

After a night of acquainting my body with the limits of my bunk I emerge from the belly of the ship in response to the call of, "All hands - make ready for departure". While gulping a quick breakfast of coffee and fresh baked muffins we are divided into "watches" (work shifts) and assigned various tasks: stowing gear, swabbing decks, inspecting rigging and generally making ready to get under way. Then, just before lunch, my watch is ordered aloft to set sail.

Following our Watch Leader to the windward side of the ship we begin our ascent up the Main Mast "Ratlines" that rise at an angle from the rail to the mast. I was instructed, by

the more experienced crew to always hold onto the vertical ropes, not the horizontal rungs and to climb slowly careful to maintain a "three-point-contact" (one hand and two feet, or two hands and one foot) at all times. I start climbing with confidence. There weren't many trees where I grew up in New York City; but as a kid I used to climb fire escapes and scale high fences for fun, (and sometimes to get away from whatever or whoever was chasing me) so I felt equal to the challenge of climbing in the rigging.

My comfort with my abilities quickly erodes as I approached the first platform. The Lower Ratlines that I had been climbing end at the mast under a pair of short horizontal beams called crosstrees, which support the platform and provide the anchor point for the base of the Upper Ratlines. Here the climber is obliged to lean out backwards, away from the mast, grasp the bottom of the Upper Ratlines above the platform at an awkward angle, and haul himself up onto the platform.

After a few moments of doubt and a couple of false starts and much advice and encouragement by my crewmates, I successfully negotiate the "Puttocks", as this

area is called, and stand breathless and tingling on the platform fifty feet above the deck. Then it's on to the Upper Ratlines for another twenty feet until we are level with the Lower Topsail Yard. Here we leave the ratlines to step across and shuffle out along the foot-rope that drapes below the yard until we are standing evenly spaced, in midair, as the remaining crew climbs higher yet, to the sails above us. My fingers tightly grasp a thin steel rod, chest high in front of me that is set lengthwise into the massive timber of the yard. The footrope wiggles and jumps against my feet in response to the movements of the five other crewmembers standing on it. I try very hard not to look down or to think of the deck some seventy feet below me. Concentrating on the task of using only one hand to untie the gasket lines which unfurl the sail, I manage to (barely) keep my fear of falling in check, and the job is quickly done. Then we all retreat back down the ratlines to the deck and haul on the lines to brace the yards and trim the sails before the cook sounds the bell for lunch.



Square Rigged Barque called the Picton Castle.

The remainder of my watch is spent scrubbing decks and learning how to coil, secure and hang lines on a belaying pin, and then another, longer, more harrowing trip aloft to shorten sail before dark. When we finally sit down to dinner I'm still shaking, but I don't know if it is from fear, fatigue, excitement or hunger. What I do know, at the end of my first full day at sea, is that I am tired, physically and mentally, and I crave privacy, perhaps, more than sleep. The meager bunk that seemed cramped earlier, now strikes me as a palatial fortress of solitude as I roll in and draw the curtain tightly against the bulkhead. Wriggling out of my clothes I arrange them so that I can find them quickly in the dark. I also dig my foul weather gear from the bottom of my sea bag and place it within easy reach. Then after scrawling a few notes in my journal I turn off the light and fall asleep, still nursing my fear of falling off the Yard.

Working in 'round the clock watches at sea, you are either: working, preparing to work, eating or sleeping. Life and time are not gauged by abstract numerals on a clock or even the passage of the sun. Events are measured by the degree of discomfort or elation that they cause. Weather conditions, odd occurrences, and landmarks all become points of reference on this time line and their relative positions are more a matter of their significance to the ship or their personal impact than on the exact number of hours or days since they occurred. After awhile even my age begins to slip away into the ships' wake. Time becomes now. The past is a physical or emotional scar or an amusing story, and if I am concerned about the future all I need to do is stand on the Fore Deck and look out past the Bowsprit.

The things that matter more than time or age aboard ship are the weather, food and work. Clothing is the only response available to the weather. Food is provided when the cook rings the bell, and if you are on time you get enough to eat, if not, you can always raid the pantry for a PB&J sandwich. Work is the variable by which you begin to measure yourself and others. Diligence, knowledge, dexterity and physical strength in the performance of your assigned tasks are

MOBILE FUEL POLISHING

Serving The Entire Pacific Northwest • 360-808-0505

Fuel Filtering...Tank Cleaning

(Water, Algae, Sludge and Particle Removal Service)



Changing filters often?

Don't let bad fuel or dirty tanks ruin your next cruise!

Whether you're cruising the Pacific Northwest, heading for Alaska, Mexico or around the world, now is the time to filter your fuel & tank ... before trouble finds you ... out there!

SEVENTH WAVE MARINE

www.seventhwavemarine.com

fuelpolishing@olypen.com

HYDRAULIC BOAT HAULING

For The Northwest

SAIL or POWER

To 60 feet

Self loading & unload

Water load & water unload

Air ride, Insured

Backyard Delivery

Repair your boat at home.
Save on moorage

1-800-247-1198

Boat Stands
Blocking



Associated BOAT TRANSPORT

SINCE EARLY 1920

12509 39th Ave. NE - Marysville, WA 98271

Also Serving All 48 States

the benchmarks of acceptance and self-confidence. I had hoped that going to sea would make me young again and it seems to be working. I feel just like I did as a high school freshman - inept, awkward, and outclassed. But with effort and repetition muscles respond and abilities grow to the point where physical exertion is tolerable and, in some instances, actually pleasant, eventually it becomes necessary to my general feeling of well being, and I begin to feel exceptionally well. Even when working with a gang at the laborious task of raising the anchor, five people on either side of the old manual Windlass. Pumping up and down, straining to haul up the anchor chain, link by link, first thing in the morning, before breakfast (or even a cup of coffee), I feel stronger than I have in years.

Two young Dutch sailors among the five men, at the windlass bar across from me, work like a pair of tireless Clydesdales, their unkempt, long blond hair whipping back and forth as they effortlessly pump their side of the windlass. And when they strike up

a sea chantey to accompany the click, click of the pawls against the Windlass gears and the rattle of the chain rising through the hawsehole, I am amazed to find that I have enough breath left over from my own exertions to join in the chorus.

So here I am after a few weeks at sea, oxygenated, exercised and challenged, sleeping only five or six hours a day (sometimes in two-hour snatches); but am I sailing toward my future, away from my past, or worse, just circling around to kill time. You tend think about stuff like that when you're on Bow-watch. It's quiet and you're alone at the prow of the ship, you are standing at the forefront of your world. Your legs apart for balance against the sea's movements, the ship, crew and Captain at your back, only the Bowsprit thrusting out before you, your senses are on alert but your mind is unencumbered. Standing watch, now, on the last leg of this voyage and scanning the dark sea ahead, my mind tacks back and forth over the course of my life and I wonder if sailing in circles is all I've ever done. But at this

moment, at four in the morning, stars surrounding me and the sensation of free-fall when the ship bows deeply into a wave, I feel as though I'm floating in space, like the image of the fetus at the end of Stanley Kubrick's movie "2001"; I'm just a bubble of identity, alone and awestruck at the edge of the universe. I'm as alive as I've ever been, as alive as I am ever going to be and life is good. When my watch is over, I roll into my bunk and sleep well, in spite of the noisy gurgle of water rushing past the hull.

My three-week odyssey had lasted a lifetime and was over much too soon. I never conquered my fear of falling off the yard, no matter how many times I tried, but I know that I'll be back, either on this ship or another. I still hadn't plunged into the sea over my head; I had only waded in chest high; but it was deep enough to learn that I am what I am - less than I wish but a little more than I imagined. Still on the journey and compelled, regardless of age, (or maybe because of it), to pursue and be pursued by destiny's white whale.

48° N

RIGGING SPECIAL

*Sail through
the summer
and then
save on
your re-rig.*



Schedule your project between October 1, 2007 - January 31, 2008 and receive a discount.



www.briontoss.com
360-385-1080

Call us for details.

ARMCHAIR SAILOR

The Source For
Wooden Boat
Enthusiasts



Visit us in-store during the 2007 Lake Union Wooden Boat Festival

June 30 - July 4th

Nautical Books
Weather Instruments
Navigation Software
Clocks & Watches
Clock Repair

Worldwide Charts
Ship Models
Marine Art & Jewelry
Nautical Decor
Children's Gifts



2110 Westlake Ave. N.
Seattle, WA 98109
(206) 283-0858 (800) 875-0852
www.ArmchairSailorSeattle.com

Open 7 Days a Week