

## **WOTAN LOG FOR DISTRIBUTION**

### Saturday 5<sup>th</sup> August 2006 (Day 186) Sag Harbour to West Neck Harbour, Shelter Island

We said goodbye to Richard at 6.30am. He had booked a taxi to go to the LIRR station to catch a train to JFK. After some reprovisioning, we pootled up towards Shelter Island, where Charles Weiner, the OCC Port Officer for Shelter Island, lived. I gave him a call and he immediately offered us his mooring in West Neck Harbour. No sooner had we picked up the buoy than Charles came out in his motor boat to welcome us and invite us to drinks that evening. We spent a happy afternoon sleeping and swimming, having covered a massive 3.6 miles since we left Sag Harbour!

Charles came to collect us in his motor boat. He had a lovely house with a long water front clad in cedar shingles. He had owned a number of yachts including an S&S lifting keel Swan. He had done countless Newport to Bermuda races and was on the race committee of the NYYC. He had crossed the Atlantic and taken his boat down to the Caribbean on a number of occasions. The last time he crossed the Atlantic was 2 years ago on a square rigger, which he and 40 friends chartered for the voyage!

### Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> August 2006 (Day 187) West Neck Harbour to Thimble Islands

We were off at 0815 and headed out of West Neck Harbour, only touching the bottom at the entrance where we strayed too close to the point! We were able to sail briefly before the wind dropped. We motored all the way to the Thimbles. This time we anchored in the pipeline and cables area, where everybody else anchored last time we were there.

The anchorage was full of people in motor boats having a great time, swimming, playing music and drinking. We watched a Canadian couple anchoring and re-anchoring over the period of an hour and a half. As the evening wore on, the motor boats returned home and left us in peace.

### Monday 7<sup>th</sup> August 2006 (Day 188) Thimble Islands to Stratford, CT

We decided on a short trip to Stratford where we identified Brewers Marina near the middle of town. Joshua, the young man at the fuel dock where we berthed, had come from Nebraska only a few months before and was moonlighting playing in a rock band. He was very bright and chirpy, despite the fact that he had been playing in Manhattan until the wee small hours of the morning, only getting home at 5am. John and Judy went exploring in the afternoon and took the train to Milford, where Richard and I had stayed the week before. The marina in Stratford boasted a restaurant called The Outrigger, where we lunched and dined for the two days we were there.

Tuesday 8<sup>th</sup> August 2006 (Day 189) Stratford, CT

The shipyard was offering a cheap haul out deal, so we decided to take advantage of it as there was a chance that we could clean up the electrodes on the Doppler log. The lift operator was very experienced and managed to get Wotan out without undoing the backstay. To my horror I found that the anode that should have been on the maxi-prop had gone. The anode is held on by three machine screws, so I don't think that the yard in Soper's Hole ever put it on. We found that the Doppler log electrodes were as clean as a whistle, so Richard's and my attempts to clean them off using a mask and snorkel had proved successful.

Wednesday 9<sup>th</sup> August 2006 (Day 190) Stratford, CT to Huntington Harbour, Long Island

We said goodbye to Joshua, who by this time had become rather a friend, and pootled off down the Housatonic River. We headed for Northport Harbour, which is in the same bay as Huntington Harbour. We dropped anchor off West Beach for lunch and a swim. We discovered shoals of large and rather unappetizing looking fish swimming around the boat, so we decided to confine our activities to lunch and deckhead rivet inspection.

Huntington Harbour was reminiscent of the Yealm, though more heavily developed. The yacht club had been formed in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, but its club house had been burnt down and replaced with a charmless modern building. The dining room had a great view over the river and we had a very good dinner there under the care and guidance of Carlos, who vouchsafed to us that to walk into town was to court death, as there was no side walk.

Thursday 10<sup>th</sup> August 2006 (Day 191) Huntington Harbour to Oyster Bay, Long Island

As luck would have it, there was a good wind and we were able to sail all the way to Oyster Bay in beautiful weather. We entered Oyster Bay and headed up Cold Spring Harbour, pursued relentlessly by the Nassau County Police launch. The police eyed us suspiciously, as if we were criminals of the lowest form, but eventually they headed off in search of other miscreants. After lunch and some professional deckhead rivet inspection, we sailed up to the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, where we picked up a buoy. We were soon picked up by the immaculate club launch and taken ashore. I had to go through the usual rigmarole of pretending to be a member of the Royal Thames in order to get a shower and not be thrown out of the club on my ear!

We soon found that the dress code for the night was a jacket. One of the English students working there found us both jackets. After a very good dinner we called for the club launch. We went out with two chaps, whom we had met in the bar, to Wotan, via a J105. The wife of the owner of the J105 and their dog were going ashore. I had to catch the dog, while the wife scrambled

aboard, much to the amusement of all and sundry! We met the wife and the dog going ashore in the morning and in again Stamford.

#### Friday 11<sup>th</sup> August 2006 (Day 192) Oyster Bay to Stratford, CT

John and Judy went ashore for a shower and breakfast at the SCYC, while I busied myself installing a new watermaker pump head. Happily it worked. When John and Judy returned we were able to sail off the mooring, which is always quite satisfying. We sailed out of Oyster Bay and most of the way to Greenwich Cove, where we anchored for lunch. Greenwich Cove is a delightful anchorage, a super sized version of Smuggler's Cove in Bosham. The afternoon was enlivened by all manner of craft sailing past, usually with a golden oldie at the helm. After some serious deckhead rivet inspection and a swim or two, we motored around to Stamford. We went to the Brewer's marina, which was full of Swans and which had repair yard announcing that it was an official Nautor approved repair facility.

We called a taxi and headed to the seafood restaurant across the water. Judy had to part with her driving licence to be given in return a pager, which was supposed to erupt when our allocated table was free. We were most disappointed not to experience the earth move as this gizmo never went off!

#### Saturday 12<sup>th</sup> August 2006 (Day 193) Stratford, CT to Gateway Marina, Rockaway Inlet

The morning dawned bright and fresh with a light north westerly wind. We left as planned just after 0900 and set sail just outside the entrance, but we were soon motoring again. Not far from City Island we met a racing fleet coming the opposite way, which encouraged us to get sailing. We had a great sail to La Guardia, when the wind died again.

We had a wonderful run down the East River and into New York harbour. We went over to the Statue of Liberty for the traditional photo opportunity. The Ambrose Channel was very busy with shipping coming and going. Despite arriving at low water, we made it into the marina with a couple of feet below the keel. John and Judy had booked themselves into the Hudson for the night, so they caught a taxi and headed into Manhattan.

I dropped into the Polish Sailing Club for a beer, which turned into a lot of beers and dinner. At the end of the evening Janusz, the Commodore, asked if I could take some members of the local Polish Community out sailing on Wotan in the morning. After so many beers c/o the PSC I could hardly refuse. I retired to bed somewhat the worse for wear! Beware of Poles bringing drinks!

#### Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> August 2006 (Day 194) Gateway Marina, Rockaway Inlet

After an "English breakfast" at the PSC, we set off in Wotan with a young and boisterous Polish crew, which included Januszc, who clearly wanted to sail Wotan. We had a good sail out to Coney Island. Later in the evening he

challenged me to a race in an Optimist. The PSC had bought 10 Optimists a few weeks earlier. I took part in two races, before the start of the second, I managed to fill the boat up but still finished the race. I had a wonderful time sailing in these tiny dinghies! I was presented with a PSC T-Shirt, which I will wear with pride.

#### Monday 14<sup>th</sup> August 2006 (Day 195) Gateway Marina, Rockaway Inlet

In the late morning I took the subway into New York and met John and Judy for lunch at Boom on Spring Street. I slipped off early as I had an appointment with Sparkman & Stephens up on 43<sup>rd</sup> Street. S&S had a smallish office, full of pictures and half models of yachts they had designed. There was a picture of a very young Olin Stephens aboard a yacht in which he had just won the Bermuda Race. I was shown into the board room where I was given a roll of drawings of the Swan 411. I was able to speak to the Chief Designer, Bruce Johnson. He felt sure that the Swan 411 had been designed by Olin Stephens himself.

I went on to meet Nick and Marita Dunphy at their flat, overlooking the southern end of Roosevelt Island. We had several drinks on their balcony before repairing to La Mangeoire, their local French Restaurant. After dinner we went back to the balcony for yet more drinks, which ended so late they were obliged to offer me a bed for the night!

#### Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup> August 2006 (Day 196) Gateway Marina to JFK

After a quick cup of tea I set off in the rain for the Subway to go back to Flatbush Ave. and Wotan. I spent a rather dreary late morning and afternoon cleaning up the boat and doing some minor jobs, before taking a taxi to JFK to arrive at 5pm for the 8pm BA flight. When I finally reached the check-in, I was told that the flight would not leave until 10.45pm. I purchased copies of Sail and The Economist and settled down for the duration. Eventually the flight was called and I was away!

Anthony Fawcett  
17<sup>th</sup> August 2006