



March 2 , 50% sunny, E waves 3' 150' fetch, E wind 9 kts, tilt 5°

Third Crossing 2016

By Tom Lohre



Tom sails to master ocean voyaging, the final step in his seamanship having started as a dock boy in high school on the Ohio River working for Captain Beatty on his floating restaurant “Mike Fink.” Later he worked as a rigger on his river salvage fleet. Tom traveled the Ohio from Paducah to Pittsburgh twice and from Cincinnati to Boonsboro three times on his family’s houseboat. Later the family sailed on Lake Erie. While living in New York City Tom started sailing New England from the Hamptons. His sailing partner moved to Cologne, Germany. Wanting a boat in Europe he pulled in all his contacts in the Hamptons and spent three years rebuilding a sailboat to take to Holland. Tom helped on the rebuild and sail to Europe. It was the start of his ocean sailing. It was a difficult time for his wife Irene who took the trip a lot worse



saying, “Once he was gone, I was okay.”

Tom fell in love with Irene on a three week sailing trip from the Hamptons to Maine.

During this trip he made a cover for the compass pedestal out of sail cloth embroidered with a heart sailboat over Sperm whale, rejuvenated the white Formica inserts in the all mahogany interior and got the sextant out, taking 2 sun, three stars, Jupiter and moon site every day by the end of the voyage.

Tom decided on this trip he would record his dreams and the sounds. Little did he know he picked the dream bunk. Captain told tales of crew dreams where they couldn’t wait to get back to sleep to experience the next reel.

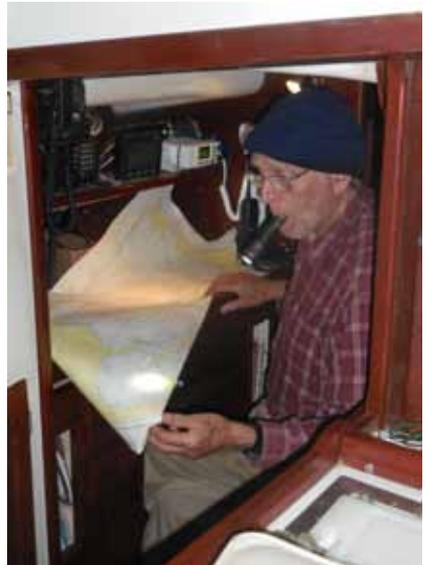
The Captain has a swagger as big as an ocean. Independent to a fault, able to do anything, set in his ways. The trip was much like sailing with your kind, thoughtful, teaching father who always has a smile on his face, careful not to reprimand you too much while teaching you the ropes. Educating carefully, going through procedures before going on deck for changes. Always smiling after a job well done.

Captain Eric is freedom personified, the world is his oyster, after seven days on land it's time to move on. The sea never lets you down supplying fun and survival games. You'd take him for an old salt if you saw him, blue woven watch cap on top of vest and cotton plaid shirt and khaki pants with boat shoes. On occasions of heavy weather he dons foul weather gear.

Captain is a wanderer, hanging his hat wherever he is; taking on challenging ocean passages because he can. Not excited with crowds. Enjoys keeping in contact with friends. Able to fix anything onboard quickly making happen on a shoe string, never spending lavishly, always wearing things out. The free-



Sizing up the conditions and conservative sail set for the night.



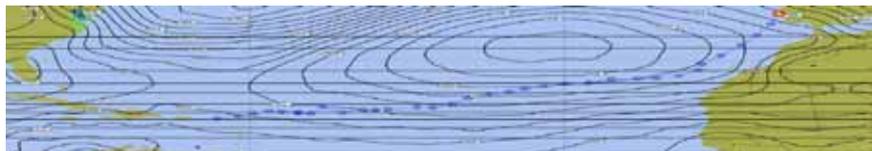
Typical for crew to have flashlights in their mouths at night.

dom to travel anywhere, albeit slowly. In 34 years of sailing 350,000 miles he figures he spent \$3,000,000 so that's \$8.50 a nautical mile.

The Captain rarely sat in the cockpit. Normally you would find him in a chase lounge position, back against the hull,



Eric in his RAF uniform at a dinner at Bolton Academy, his high school, honoring those students who served in World War I.



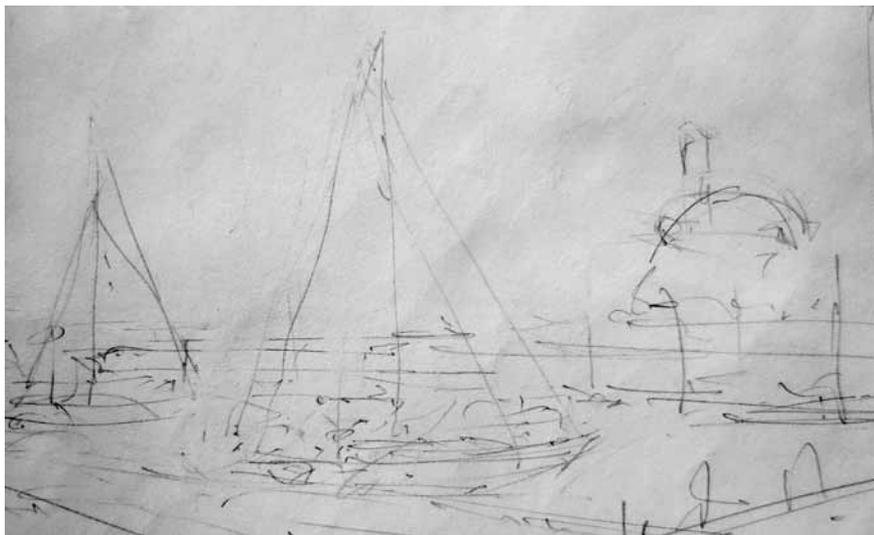
From Moby Dick:

CHAPTER 1. Loomings.

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

.....

No, when I go to sea, I go as a simple sailor, right before the mast, plumb down into the fore-castle, aloft there to the royal mast-head. True, they rather order me about some, and make me jump from spar to spar, like a grasshopper in a May meadow. And at first, this sort of thing is unpleasant enough. It touches one's sense of honour, particularly if you come of an old established family in the land, the Van Rensselaers, or Randolphs, or Hardicanutes. And more than all, if just previous to putting your hand into the tar-pot, you have been lording it as a country schoolmaster, making the tallest boys stand in awe of you. The transition is a keen one, I assure you, from a schoolmaster to a sailor, and requires a strong



decoction of Seneca and the Stoics to enable you to grin and bear it. But even this wears off in time.

.....

What of it, if some old hunks of a sea-captain orders me to

get a broom and sweep down the decks? What does that indignity amount to, weighed, I mean, in the scales of the New Testament? Do you think the archangel Gabriel thinks anything the less of me, because I promptly and respectfully obey that old hunks in that particular instance? Who ain't a slave? Tell me that. Well, then, however the old sea-captains may order me about—however they may thump and punch me about, I have the satisfaction of knowing that it is all right; that everybody else is one way or other served in much the same way—either in a physical or metaphysical point of view, that is; and so the universal thump is passed round, and all hands



should rub each other's shoulder-blades, and be content.

From the Log:

10th Feb '16

Tom signed on

11th FEB '16

Time: 1200

Log: 7557

Baro: 1033

Cast off slip L5 Delayed! Wheel stuck. Problem was rusty auto pilot drive chain.

Time: 1330

Log: 7557

Baro: 1033

Course: 215°m

En route to La Gomera

Time: 1525

Log: 7564

Baro:

Course: 220°m

Time: 1830

Log: 7580

Baro:

Course: 215°m

Victor in command, wind backed a little

WPT 203: 577nm on 212°t

to deserted islands North of La Gomera

Time: 2300

Log: 7601

Baro: 1035

Course: 205°m

Close hauled starboard tack, Wind WSW 15 kts, We are being pushed left of rum line
WPT 203 556nm on 212°t
POS: 37° 59.5N 9° 50.2W

Sound: 40 - 80 dB

The morning of the first day at sea the wind was singing my old Kentucky Home. Over and over again "The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky Home." Starboard tack all night and probably to the Canaries, A lot of banging.

The Story:



It was a six week vacation; Tom tried not to make it sound like a vacation including comments like: “It’s more like an expedition with a lot of hardship; violent rocking of the boat, working on deck in the middle of the night with howling cold winds and rain.” But in reality it was the same route Columbus took, “The Milk Run” steady 15 kt winds all the way across with temperatures in the 70’s the first half rising to 80’s. The only hardship, if you could call it that, was the aging boat a 1975, 42’ Westsail with 350,000 miles under her keel.

On an old boat you wear things out and they break. Everything

on Fiona has been replaced six times except the engine, and hull. The mast and boom replaced twice the engine rebuilt.

From the Log:

12th Feb '16

Time: 1200

Log: 7672

Baro: 1036

Course: 190°m

WPT 203: 490nm on 215°t

Baro: 1036

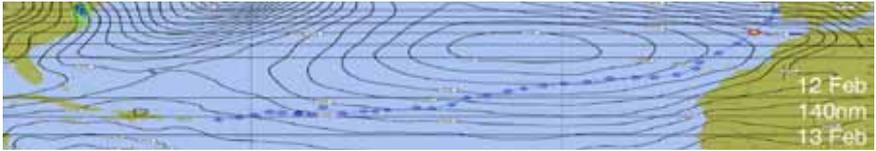
POS 36° 49.5N 10° 06.1W

Time: 1350

Log: 7682

Ship came off course to pass our stern. Four tall Derricks on deck. LY5 on side. Passed ½ mile off stern. No AIS signal at first then when within a mile





we got data for IVS KITE

POS 34° 47.4N 11° 29.4W

From the Log:

Time: 1700

Wind veering slightly, turning to left meaning bad weather

Log: 7700

Course: 200°m

Baro: 1035

Sound: 30 - 70 dB

Tom took an afternoon nap expecting to be up at night. He listened to the first bar of Sticky Fingers over and over. That's the only part of the song the sink knows.

The main sheet pulleys are the cawing parrots of the ship. Accompanied by a chirpy bird. When not looking the parrots sit on the gallows, a board with three slots in it that holds the boom when the main sail is down.

From the Log:

13th Feb

Time: 0145 Wind has veered, increased to 15-20 kts, eased main WPT 414nm on 216°t

POS 35° 40.5N 10° 49.0W

Temp: 62°

Time: 1200

WPT 352nm on 226°t

Dream:

The government of the Canaries. The hierarchy in place gave a nonsensical pecking order with everyone having a little power.

From the Log:

14th Feb

Time: 850

Tied 1st reef in main

Log: 7920

Course: 215°m

Baro: 1036

Wind has veered, increased to 20+ kts, forecast is for 25 kts

Sound: 40 - 80 dB

There's a hell of sweaking going on in the aft Captain's cabin. Tom will have to make silk purse out of it to stand it.

Dream:

On land Tom has been working for the food co-op and feels guilty not video taping and posting milestones. In his dream he was working on his Barbie promotes Clifton Market yard signs. He spent the after noon silk screening stickers to go on the three in Cliftonite

yards. The signs showed the face of Barbie with "Fight Food Deserts." The round 3" stickers said "Good Job." He passed the idea by the marketing manager. He did not think the signs help put forth a solid message and encouraged using the stock sign.

Sound: 50 - 90 dB

A high pitch bussing/hammering sound coming from the upper trailing edge of the reefed main is just erritaing. An old man character actor keeps starting a sylioqu but never gets past the first word. On a reach where the wind is from our starboard rear quarter, Fiona does not lean hard over boosting 20° lean from time to time then rolling right evening up the deck making the loose deck blocks slide to and fro. Sounds like a big dog on a chain, Tom'll be up there tying that big dog down. Every 10 waves or so a twice as big one under moves under.

Captain Says:

"That was supid."

"Don't do that again."

"Oh Christ."

Dream:

A Portuguese woman hunched over in a black dress organized things on a table in a light bright mall area near the massive super-market. It was late in the day and

the mall was closing. Tom had been fiendishly collecting coupons from vendors promising cash if you went on a tour or listened to a pitch. He had spent the day there listening to pitches and was about ready to cash in his coupons for several hundred dollars. The mall manager knew all about this and disapproved of it. In the mean time while waiting for the time to cash in Tom help collect shinny sample candies for the old lady.

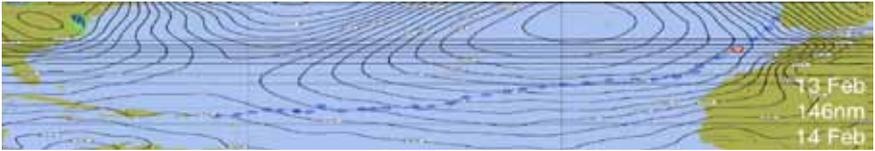
Sound: Very loud

All this happened as the big guns boomed on the distance, just off the port beam. The mast stepped on a thick stainless steel pipe that stretched from the top of the saloon to the keel made the cabin a sounding board for the wind jerk filled sail from a run downwind, boom.

In the meantime the clanging went on on the mast. No reason why it started or stopped. Some drunken giant trying to get his key into the door lock.

Dream:

Tom was retiring from Madison Avenue and the condolences kept coming in. It was out of Mad Men, thin black ties, thin suits. Wives wore ruffled dressees. Books about others retirement experiences piled up. The Agency had offices in London and after the local slick



retirement presentations tapered off, in came the ones from Enland with the cover expressing the classic British sensibilities. Each book had a dollar amount attached to it and the money kept piling in.

Dream:

A full length movie of greed and stupid muscle men. Starts in Manhattan then goes to a factory in New Jersey. As the factory closes the other section workers leave without capture. A diner next door is envolved. They are waiting for the money. Everything comes to a head at the end. Mostly slow

paced threats and people taking careful notice of ways to get out and avoid violence.

Two thugs go to the office in Manhattan thinking as they close for the day they will be able to score the days receipts.

Once they corner and threaten the owner they discover all the money is at the factory in New Jersey. They take the owner and his secretary hostage and drive to the factory where they take another hostage, the huge forman. They are closing for the day. The big building houses two companies. The thugs let the other company workers leave and lock up unbeknownst to them.

The two criminals are stupid, one being small and the smart ass, the other a big bully. They have to wait for the safe to open so will spend the night. They send the secretary across the street for sandwiches. She and the factory manager are dating. The bully has a thing for the woman.

Things come to a head when the company manager picks a fight with the bully over powering him knocking him out. The little crimi-

nal shoots the manager in the arm. He takes the girl and threatens to shoot her if anything else happens. When it comes for the safe to open, the owner attempts to lock them in it. He gets shot in the arm and as they take the woman and the money to get away the police are ready for them since the secretary's attitude did not sit well with the other company's manager. The secretary was not home for dinner and they got suspicious. The owner and plant manager were workaholics and their not being home raised no suspicions.

The secretary and the plant manager sorted out their differences through the ordeal and prepared to get married. He saw that being with his fiancée even in the little things meant more than money. The owner realized money wasn't the only thing in life and money and spending time with his family was more important.

From the Log:

15th February '16

Time: 1030

Sailing ok wind NW15-20kts

Log: 8075

Course: 250°m

Baro: 1043

Yesterday the short wave radio wouldn't tune, put in new lead to antenna back stay, no im-



provement

Time: 1130

Log: 8082

Course: 210°m

Baro: 1042

Set jib on pole to starboard,
wind 15-20 kts

Time: 1200

WPT 66nm on 208°t

Log: 8084

Time: 1200

Log: 8084

Course: 210°m

Baro: 1042

POS: 30° 58.6'N 14° 54.8'W

A Sound: Loud

Tom fast asleep, poking an eye out



only to leap to the conclusion he's not at home in bed. The noises on a run, with sails on both sides of the boat with the wind and waves coming from rear quarter, are simple thud, bang, clang and ping. It's when the main sail backs, goes over to the other side or jib, sail in front, starts flapping that you get continuous noise. Even deep throat sink cannot come out with something.

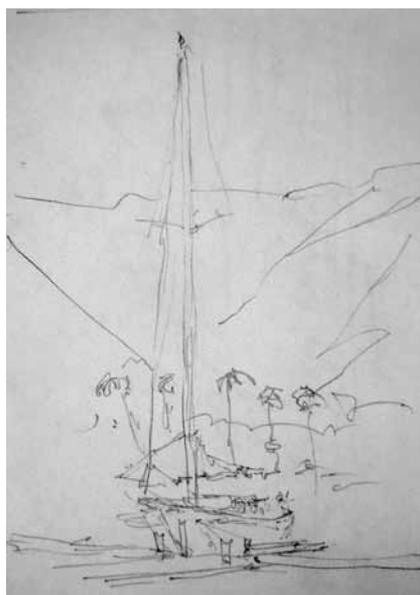
Dream:

Chuck, Tom identical brother, had a cut on his foot and Tom and Irene were taking him to an urgent care. Afterwards they went to a reception at a large southern mansion. It was a mixed crowd of blacks and whites. On the second floor after climbing the impressive staircase, Tom went into a room with some posters on a table. Oprah Winfrey was in the poster and on closer examination through the use of holding childrens hands and wearing light yellow pants on a white background she looked a size 8. "You nigger.", Tom blurted out, immediately realizing several black women were in the room.

From the Log:

Time: 2200
 Log: 8145
 Course: 215°m
 Baro: 1042
 WPT 2: 127nm on 221°t
 POS: 30° 07.9'N 15° 34.9'W
 Abeam, on side of boat, Salvagen Is. About 15nm on starboard beam
 Set new WPT for NW corner of Tenerife.

16th Feb '16
 Time: 1200
 Log: 8226
 Course: 240m
 Baro: 1042
 WPT 2: 50nm on 202°t
 POS: 29° 16.6'N 16° 43.9'W



The Story:

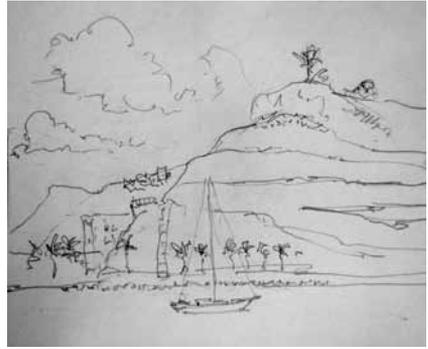
The captain said something will break and sure enough when we landed in La Gomera, a small island in the Canaries west of Tenerife, it was discovered a bracket that connected the turnbuckle to the bobstay, the chain from the bow to the hull slightly under water, was broken leaving half of it connected. A used turnbuckle with brackets replaced the broken one while in La Gomera.

Then bobstay turnbuckle broke after five days at sea and repaired it underway. Laying on the bow platform with all the tools tied to the boat, the chain was fished out of the water and using a line and the anchor winch to pull the chain tight the broken turnbuckle was replaced with another used turnbuckle of the same kind. Captain said he had never seen a clean break in the threads like that.

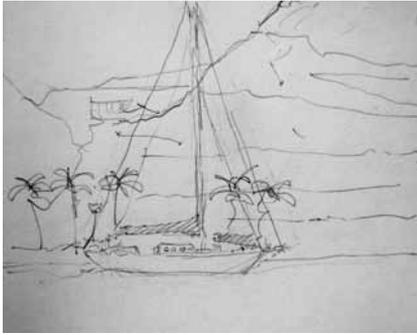
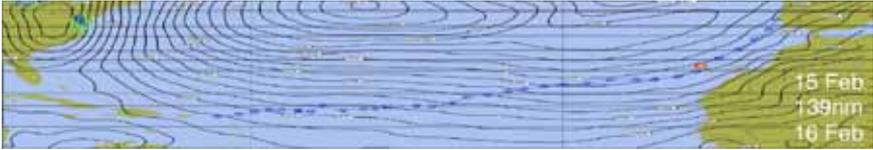
Luckily that was the only major break. Though the short wave radio stopped working on the way to the Canaries leaving Fiona without email or weather charts but it was the “Milk Run.”

From Moby Dick:

Nor was Ahab unmindful of another thing. In times of strong emotion mankind disdain all base considerations; but such times are evanescent. The permanent con-



stitutional condition of the manufactured man, thought Ahab, is sordidness. Granting that the White Whale fully incites the hearts of this my savage crew, and playing round their savageness even breeds a certain generous knight-errantism in them, still, while for the love of it they give chase to Moby Dick, they must also have food for their more common, daily appetites. For even the high lifted and chivalric Crusaders of old times were not content to traverse two thousand miles of land to fight for their holy sepulchre, without committing burglaries, picking pockets, and gaining other pious strictly held to their one final and romantic object—that final and romantic object, too many would have turned from in disgust. I will not strip these men, thought Ahab, of all hopes of cash—aye, cash. They may scorn cash now; but let some months go by, and no perspective promise of it to them, and then this same quiescent cash all at once mutinying in them, this same cash would soon cashier Ahab.



We must watch for a breach in the living wall that hemmed us in; the wall that had only admitted us in order to shut us up.

From the Log:

Time: 1900

Log: 8263

Course: 195°m

Baro: 1042

Furled sail, heading for San Sebastian under power, distance 30nm lights of Tenerife on port, left side

Time: 2215

Log: 8280

Course: 205°m

Baro: 1041

WPT 103: 21nm on 201°t

WPT 002 (NW cape of Tenerife).

Set course for San Sebastian

17th Feb

Time: 0200 (gmt)

Log: 8301 (744nm from Cascais)

Fuel:

P: 11" = 29g

C: 5" = 24g

Eng hr: 1911

Tied up at San Sebastian Marina

18th Feb

Dream:

It was a sunny wind blown day. Irene was protesting. Tom made the signs. The protesters were lined up along a farm fence protesting the train that was traveling 200 feet across a heavy field of grass. Irene decided to jump the fence and get close enough to the train to throw rotten fruit at it. She stood alone in the field near the train not hitting the train. Tom went to join her and hit the side of the train with a rotten banana making a huge brown mark. A cheer came from the crowd. A large black man was the protest leader, he seized up



the the situation as he walked from the road into the field with a police officer. He told the cop we were okay. Later when they got back to the staging area, Tom's color wheel he used to make the signs was on the trash can.

Dream:

Tom was at the party house next door on the beach. He was going up and down the stairs and did not know the people. They were drinking. It was like a frat house. There was a guitar.

Catie and a three year old and her black girlfriend were playing with a large clear blown up ball on the beach, rolling it back home like she and Tom did before with a little girl.

Irene was coming back and Tom was getting a piece of jewelry from a man like Paolo. His beautiful assistants were there. Tom was polishing the case. Paulo said Tom did one way good but the other way, not so good.

19th Feb

Dream:

Tom was helping out a Mexican family living out of his 1962 Chevrolet Belair. He was a sign painter. They had two cute kids. He had to be stern with them to make them realize what he was sacrificing.



It was twilight. His paint stuff carefully land in the back seat but still room for the kids. He and the parents rode in front.

Dream:

Tom was at a home rented by young women, waiting for Irene to come. She was in her twenties. They were dating. He played with a squirrel in the street having it run up his back, on to a car hood. He had to stop playing but the squirrel did not want to. He tricked it into going going into a sewer drain and left to go inside Irene's large home much like a college group home.

While inside he got a phone call





Dream:

Tom was trying to get some row single Euros in a row. Looking do a shop with Captain.

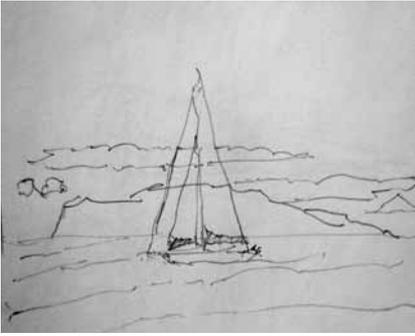
from a lady who seemed like Birdie. She wanted an evaluation of a painting. He gave it but it was not what she wanted. Just then Irene came home and seemed paved he was on the phone with another woman. Just then Birdie started to tell him off. He set the phone the on speaker, set it down and told her to go to hell hanging up.

He was helping Irene get ready for a party moving some furniture around.

20th Feb

Dream:

Tom was abducted. After a fast chase in a car he jumped out just before he saw the bullets coming. The criminal got out and went to a door where from behind he looked like Dirty Harry, His mask had an image of Dirty Harry's face on the back of it. The criminal got shot but his bulletproof vest saved him. He then he turned around surprised shaking out his hand, a huge weapon like a cooler bomb appeared. The car he was after was coming down the hill and he threw the bomb at the car as he disappeared down the cliff. Tom



followed, finding a group of boys drunk under a highway billboard. The explosion threw a surgical set of tools in perfect open array on the ground in front of them with the first joint of a finger. One of the boys picked it up.

21st Feb

Dream:

Tom was driving a large van. He had to pick up his daughter.

Then a woman police officer took control of the van in a quaint section of Covington but insisted on driving down a steep hill through mud.

He had to take a full load of men to work. He stopped to pick up his daughter. While continuing on he had stiff words with one of his buddies. Tom was one of the passengers.

It was a full van. They were all high school buddies in business suits and workmen clothes.

He drove out of Covington on the old road that went along the river. The van dipped down and made a tight passage under a railroad bridge. They ended up at a relatives house where they seem to be making a recording.

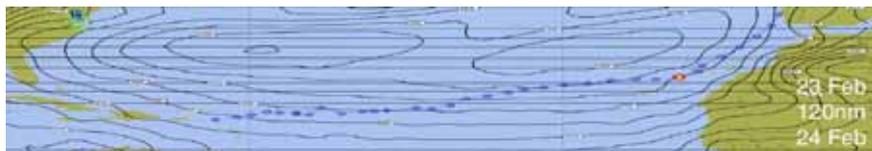
22nd Feb

Dream:

Tom was in the rehab section of Cincinnati, looking at a modern reconstructed building that had been vandalized. Two other gentlemen were there hemming and hawing about the mishaps fought with rehabbing.

You could hear the locals making a racket hanging out in their doorways. They had been there for three generations.

We walked to our cars but Tom did not have one. Now, there were ten people getting into cars under the Western Viaduct and Tom solicited a ride down Central Parkway. The rehabs drove on. Then an old slow car drove by, with Tom's waving they stopped. It was a family living out of their car, with kids 4 and 7. The parents in the front seat were struggling to be normal. He was thin and squirrely full of good intentions. She was heavier, lightly full figured and kind. Tom got in and they proceeded down



the Central Parkway very slowly. The car drove in to a sectioned off area. The driver expected to see an opening at the end but it just got narrower. Then a gate with maybe enough room to get back on the parkway. Police lights illuminated the interior of the car in twilight.

Tom explained it was an mishap being there driving very slowly.

The large black police officer and Tom walked towards city center talking about the very poor inner city residents. How they mistrusted black officer accusing them of selling out as Uncle Tom's.

Tom revealed his introduction to the inner city black community, painting portraits for sidewalk shrines. The officer knew of them.

The Story:

The captain relies on his comprehensive web site, <http://www.yachtfiona.com/>, to solicit crew. Many come aboard as costal sailors looking for ocean experience. Ocean sailing is very much like riding a roller coaster 24/7. You can see the turns and rises coming but they continue to come for at least three days while moving through a low. During the passage from La Gomera to Saint Martin the waves came in two forms, one a swell 10 feet high and two thousand feet wide from the NE and a 4 foot wave hundred feet from top to top coming from the SE. The combination of the two made for some interesting movement while sailing on a run, wind from the stern with sails on either side of the boat. The boat would rock back and forth culminating with a huge rock settling down for another huge rock five minutes later. You hang on for dear life and continually think of "One hand for the ship one hand for you."

Tom and Captain Eric ended up doublehanding it from Canaries to Saint Martin, the third crew member could not take the roller coaster ride being sick the entire trip from Portugal to the Canaries.

A 4,000 low off the coast of New England delivered 7 days of calm and glassy smooth water for half a day, very unusual for the “Milk Run” from Africa to the Caribbean where you are supposed to get 10-15 kts Easterlies making the 2400 miles in 21 instead of 27 days.

Dream:

Tom was in town going out to the family farm. All seven syblings would be there. A young Spanish woman was going with Tom. Her parents approved.

At the farm preparations were being made. Drinks iced down. Tables brought together. It was windy and sunny. The green grass was ready to cut. The home was in the valley surrounded by rolling hills one hundred and fifty feet high.

From the Log:

23rd Feb

Time: 10:30 (gmt)

Log: 8302

Refueled:

P: 75l = 20g



C: 200l = 56g

Cost 225€ = \$259

State:

C = 15.3” = 74g

P = ?

Now under power heading for St. Martin.

On Board:

Eric Forsyth

Tom Lohre

Running on Pt. Tank

Time: 1700

Log: 8335

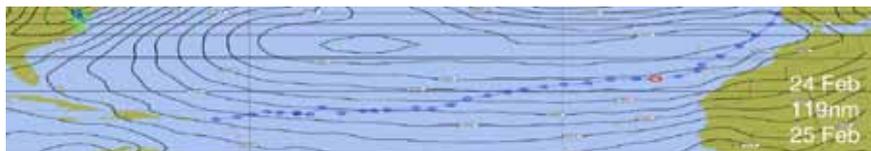
Course: 232°t

Baro: 1037

Abeam Hierro Is. Cloudy, no wind, under power.

Time: 1815

Log: 8341



Course: 240°t
Gyb-mains'l

Time: 2000
Log: 8351
Course: 260°m
Baro: 1037
Set jib, stopped engine, wind N'yly
15-20 kts

A Sound: Loud

There was a crackling fire amidships on the starboard side. Put out by the banging of the sails trying to catch a breeze. An owl perched on deck hooting when the wind angle was right.

From the Log:

Time: 2030
Log: 8354
Course: 270°t
WPT 5: 2492nm on 272°t
Full moon, reefed jib
Wind N'yly 20-25kts
Set course for St. Martin

Time: 2330
Log: 8368
Course: 270°t
Baro: 1037
Furled jib, started engine, no
wind

24th Feb '16
Time: 0030
Log: 8373
Course: 250°t
Wind came back, stopped engine, set reefed jib, wind NW
15-20kts

Time: 0300
Log: 8383
Course: 220°t
Wind veered to NE 15-20kts,
Gybed main to port, set jib to
stbd

Time: 0315
Log: 8385

Furled jib, good night!

A Sound: Loud

All night Tom wrestled with how to quiet the sails. A constant banging created a contest to discover the best way to quiet what had to be slowly hurting the boat.

From the Log:

Time: 0730
Course: 180°t
Log: 8403
Winds W 10kts

Time: 0845
Course: 240t
Log: 8405
Jibed main, jib on pole to starboard, winds NE 10-12 kts, sunny

Time: 1200
Course: 245°m
Log: 8417
Baro: 1038
WPT: 2439nm on 272°t
POS: 26° 56.3'N, 18° 56.7'W
Eng hrs. 1920

Time: 2015
Course: 260°m
Log: 8457
Baro: 1035
Tied 1st reef in main, jib reefed, wind backed to N at 25 kts on starboard reach

A Sounds: Normal
When rolling to the right a moan



came from under the locker. The wind blowing over the drain throughput. A gentle weeping moan of a small child stuck between the hull and cabin wall.

25th Feb '16
Time: 0200
Course: 280°m
Log: 8485
Baro: 1034
Shifted jib back onto pole on stbd, on reefed run, Wind E 20 kts

Time: 1200
Course: 245°m
Log: 8534
Baro: 1037
WPT: 2322nm on 274°t
POS: 26° 28.6'N, 21° 06.1'W
Eng hrs. 1921
Wind E'yly 20 kts
Victoria in control

Sounds: Normal
“Happy” says the port over and over.

From the Log:

Time: 1345
Tom took noon site at 13 33 15,
Hs= 54



Lat = 26° 29'
GPS = 26° 27' !!

Time: 1700
Finished replacing bobstay turn-
buckle. Discovered broken about
1445
Course: 275°m
Log: 8551
Baro: 1037

26th Feb '16

Dream:

On the islands there is protacul. In a large station each island had its name in the floor. A sort of quarantine existed. The fantastic weather made each island desirable.

Dream:

Tom, Eric and Clare Logan were sailing an galleon from the 100' made of plastic in the air. Then they went down a fifty stoy building. Tom was in the air leading the anchor. The ship plowed into the large park moving in a semicircle till it slowed down with no damage. Clare was tying the ship to a tree.

Dream:

Tom was in Mick Ronson's hotel

room. Another friend was there when he came in. Mick was in bed the lights down. His guitar was by his side. Well worn vintage body, hardware immaculate. I asked him about hamonics and he showed me a scale along side with pencil marks, marked into grooves over the years from referencing the spaces. Along side the guitar was an amp looking more like a piece off a woody station wagon.

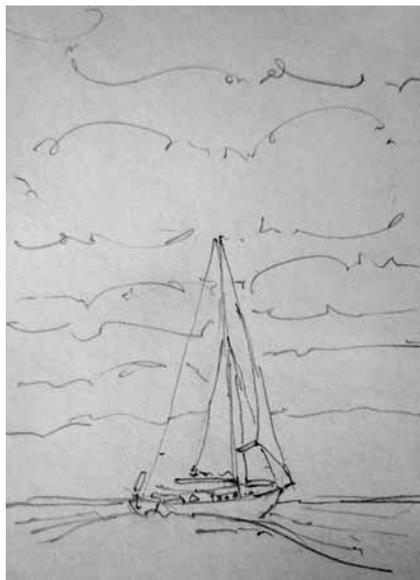
Two thin friends, a man and woman came in, she worn black leather pants and black laceworn top. They were going to be at the concert that night. A confidential conversation took place between Mick and the man.

Dream:

Tom drove David, Dick and RuPaul to his hotel room at the Marquis, Atlanta in his yellow Buick. The bell hop parked the car. He had been waiting looking in one direction per Irene who in the room upstairs. Tom apologized for the confusion.

Dream:

Tom driving around a mall waiting for Irene looking for a beer in the



POS: 26° 24.7'N 22° 55.7'W
Eng hrs. 1923
Wind ENE 20kts

Time: 1210 - 1100
Changed clock back

Captain Says:

“I have a habit of disappearing.”

Dream:

Making bread with Mr. Fronk, Cincinnati artist. First were living in the his attic now in the basement. Getting his flour grinder from the attic taking it to the basement of his f our story mansion. He seemingly has done everything.

Dream:

At the ball game with a retired big league hitter sitting in the posh boxes talking to a cheer leader about being a fan. “A fan has a sacred bond with the game. Do you have that bond?”, she asked. Papers blew over the field in twilight as the light took over illuminating the field.

rainy evening finding a pizza joint. Waiting at the Pizza place outside in the smoke hut. The workers a complete complement; waitress punk, cook plump, manager preppy, delivery boy crushed by the attention the waitress gave Tom. Steve and the boys were there.

From the Log:

Time: 1100
Course: 270°m
Log: 8625
Baro: 1039

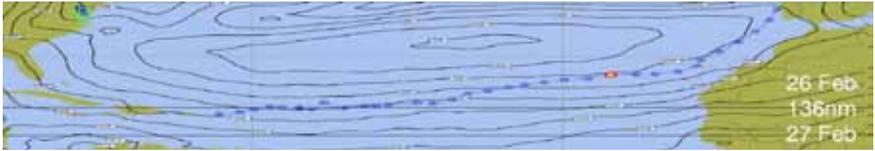
Hoisted stays'l, wind ENE 20 kts, full jib, reefed main, Victor in command

Time: 1200
Course: 245°m
Log: 8631
Baro: 1039
WPT: 2222 on 274°t

Sounds: 30 - 50 dB

Fight on deck. Two fighters wrestling on deck with chains. It went on till they were exhausted.

Dream:



A group of union workers had a kangaroo court for an officer in the back yard of the big house, the family home in Kentucky on a hill overlooking Cincinnati. He's hiding under a table after the first go around scarred his face looking surprised.

From Moby Dick:

You may have seen many a quaint craft in your day, for aught I know;—square-toed luggers; mountainous Japanese junks; butter-box galliots, and what not; but take my word for it, you never saw such a rare old craft as this same rare old Pequod. She was a

ship of the old school, rather small if anything; with an old-fashioned claw-footed look about her. Long seasoned and weather-stained in the typhoons and calms of all four oceans, her old hull's complexion was darkened like a French grenadier's, who has alike fought in Egypt and Siberia. Her venerable bows looked bearded.

....

Her ancient decks were worn and wrinkled, like the pilgrim-worshipped flag-stone in Canterbury Cathedral where Becket bled.

....

A noble craft, but somehow a most melancholy! All noble things are touched with that.

Ahab

Nevertheless, ere long, the warm, warbling persuasiveness of the pleasant, holiday weather we came to, seemed gradually to charm him from his mood. For, as when the red-cheeked, dancing girls, April and May, trip home to the wintry,



misanthropic woods; even the bar-est, ruggedest, most thunder-clo-ven old oak will at least send forth some few green sprouts, to wel-come such glad-hearted visitants; so Ahab did, in the end, a little respond to the playful allurings of that girlish air. More than once did he put forth the faint blossom of a look, which, in any other man, would have soon flowered out in a smile.

CHAPTER 29. Enter Ahab; to Him, Stubb.

Some days elapsed, and ice and icebergs all astern, the Pequod now went rolling through the bright Quito spring, which, at sea, almost perpetually reigns on the threshold of the eternal August of the Tropic. The warmly cool, clear, ringing, perfumed, overflowing, redundant days, were as crystal goblets of Persian sherbet, heaped up—flaked up, with rose-water snow. The starred and stately nights seemed haughty dames in jewelled velvets, nursing at home in lonely pride,

the memory of their absent con- quering Earls, the golden helmeted suns! For sleeping man, 'twas hard to choose between such winsome days and such seducing nights. But all the witcheries of that unwan- ing weather did not merely lend new spells and potencies to the outward world. Inward they turned upon the soul, especially when the still mild hours of eve came on; then, memory shot her crystals as the clear ice most forms of noise- less twilights. And all these subtle agencies, more and more they wrought on Ahab's texture.

....

But Ahab, my Captain, still moves before me in all his Nantucket grimness and shagginess; and in this episode touching Emperors and Kings, I must not conceal that I have only to do with a poor old whale-hunter like him; and, therefore, all outward majestical trappings and housings are denied me. Oh, Ahab! what shall be grand in thee, it must needs be plucked at from the skies, and dived for in the deep, and featured in the unbodied air!



From the Log:

27th Feb '16

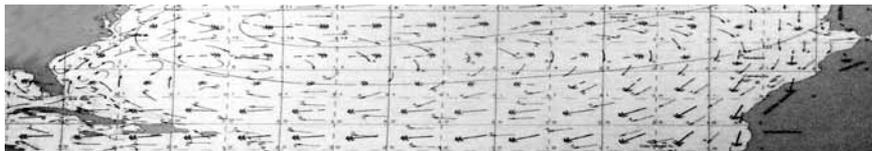
Time: 0030

Course: 270°m

Log: 8710

Baro: 1039

Furled jib, wind E 30 kts



A Dream:

In the city dilapidated, David befriends Tom as he laments the situation. Two clown guys on the second floor refuse to vote. They live in the front spacious apartment. We entered from the rear staircase. Tom wondering if he should bring the tri-pod.

A Dream:

At a banquet, painting portraits of famous UC players and coaches, speaking to Cronin, Huggins portrait. Leaving banquet seeing leftover tailgaters junk even bed posts, looking for mallet.

A Dream:

Chuck organized discussion about the cover drawing of City Beat, one being beautiful young woman with black hair. Tom not wanting to meme in on the conversation seats across the circle of chairs.

A Dream:

Studying the design of the defective pulpit, racks for holding Mount Gay may cause breakage if not tweaked. Curved troughs hold bottles along beams. Takes place in the cool evening light at the up-



per level convention center.

From the Log:

Time: 1130

Course: 260°m

Log: 8755

Baro: 1039

Spent the morning adjusting headstay tension. Tightened bobstay, then lost 1" wrench overboard.

Tightened headstay until roller

Furled jammed, backed off a couple of turns, set jib to St'b on pole

Time: 1200

Course: 260°m

Log: 8758

Baro: 1040

WPT: 2174nm on 288°t
POS: 26° 15.1'N, 25° 26.1'W
Eng hrs. 1923
Wind E'ly 20kts

A Dream:

The deck was a boxing ring from down below the full fledged fight made more rackit than two men could beating each other to a plup.

After the fight the black manager was cussing his boy was being used by the organization. There just wasn't away out for the poor and talented. The cards were stacked in a way so subtle it made you want to cry in frustration. Even the courts would up hold the broken rules. The manager with his experienced bulk walked along the under the Garden's corridor with the young and shapely secretary who was also black, for the white owner. They stepped into the sunlight hoping the tables would turn for his boy in a way the system couldn't prevent.

From Moby Dick:

.....all betokening that new cruises were on the start; that one most perilous and long voyage ended, only begins a second; and a second ended, only begins a third, and so on, for ever and for aye. Such is the endlessness, yea, the intolerableness of all earthly effort.

Gaining the more open water,

the bracing breeze waxed fresh; the little Moss tossed the quick foam from her bows, as a young colt his snortings. How I snuffed that Tartar air!—how I spurned that turnpike earth!—that common highway all over dented with the marks of slavish heels and hoofs; and turned me to admire the magnanimity of the sea which will permit no records.

From the Log:

28th Feb '16
Time: 0810
Course: 270°m
Log: 8877
Baro: 1039
Unrolled jib - wind down to 10kts

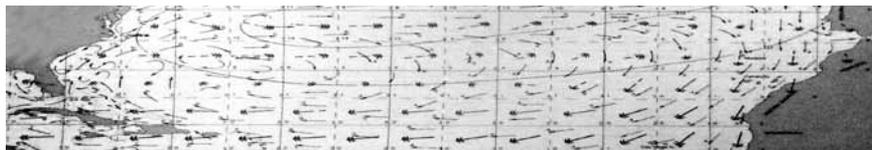
Time: 1200
Course: 280°m
Log: 8896
Baro: 1039
WPT: 1971nm on 274°t
POS: 25° 36.6'N, 27° 32.5'W
Eng hrs. 1924

A Dream:

Chinese man and Tom trying to get sale through in a taxi. Says his worked because his girlfriend lives 2000 miles away.

At celebration of new memorial to atrocities in micro asia. Helium filled boxes float out of the main entrance.

Local Cincinnati based black charity soliciting donations. Young



healthy black teenager with tight pink t-shirt toting the benefits of donating now.

A Sound: Loud
Gonging like an oriental gong,
deep, intermittent, sweet, low.
Rolling like everything in a huge
drawer ten by ten feet with three
yards of stuff in it glistening four
feet in every direction every five
minutes.

A Dream:
An amusement part was built
where you drove race cars that
seemed to be magic. Adicting it
was to a fault.

You immediately wanted to work
there. The cars seemed intuiti-
ve with no tires. The seemingly
floated on a cushion of grass.

Eventually the cat got out of the
bag, it was a pyramid scheme built
on using latest IA technology to
make seem to be magic how the
cars delivered such an exhilarating
experience.

A Dream:
At a drive through looping around
the shop.



From Moby Dick:
But as in landlessness alone
resides highest truth, shoreless, in-
definite as God—so, better is it to
perish in that howling infinite, than
be ingloriously dashed upon the
lee, even if that were safety! For
worm-like, then, oh! who would
craven crawl to land! Terrors of the
terrible! is all this agony so vain?
Take heart, take heart, O Bulking-
ton! Bear thee grimly, demigod!
Up from the spray of thy ocean-
perishing—straight up, leaps thy
apotheosis!

Dream:

In Russia, in a major city attending a banquet for challengers. Margaret Annextine was an honor. Jodie and Terry were with them on a bus going to the banquet celebrating their endeavors.

Later they went to the river where all but Tom traveled on a new circular boat. Fancy porters took care of everything. Clothes were removed from luggage, washed, pressed and hung. Each cabin was just as good as another being round. Only difference was what of four decks you were on.

Tom was part of the crew. Traveling alongside, remotely controlling from the luxurious circular high speed craft. The crew traveled on a normal river passenger transportation craft where the noise and feeling of speed was the same as the Fiona.

Tom was out in the middle of nowhere in the West. He was part of a gang. They had a hard time moving because of the rocking. The hillside was collapsing. Another gang showed up and they were in the same boat.

From the Log:

29th Feb '16

Time: 930

Course: 265°m

Log: 9026

Baro: 1037

Discovered chaff in Victor' lines on block moving on pulpit rail: moved block

Extra day, ENE'LY 15kts

Captain Says:

“Never mess with the lower ranks.”

“Any landing you can walk away from is a good one.”

“I'm the captain, you do as I say.”

From the Log:

Time: 1200

Course: 270°m

Log: 9038

Baro: 1037

WPT: 1842nm on 274°t

POS: 25° 18.4'N, 29° 53.3'W

Eng hrs. 1925

Dream:

The family was moving to South America. Getting your head around the dynamic nature of knowing you were going to master Spanish made the foibles easier to take.

The extended wealthy family was getting used to a different culture. The family not unlike the Germans settling in Argentina.

Dream:

Steve, Tom's brother through a

huge party at the big house, the family home, little attended, still some famous people were there like P Diddy. He having a bubble bath in a vintage Mercedes.

Mark Henry, another childhood red head (Tim?), Bo Cardosi and his wife Laura were there. They joked about when and if their children took charge of chores and really did an exemplary job. The boys, Jack and Charlie, were putting away a yard slide. The place was tricked out.

Dream:

Tom was in the suburbs trying to get a bus back to the inner city. He was near the huge bus station taking his time to find the stop and get in the bus but it got tedious after so many missed attempts to get on the bus.

The station had tennis courts, computer stations, city services desk, even services for the disabled and latch key kids.

A clerk gave him an extended pitch about selling bus novelties door to door for extra cash. He started with the blue mints, and really pushed the biggest margin item the bath salts which was a heavy block in the shape of an animal.

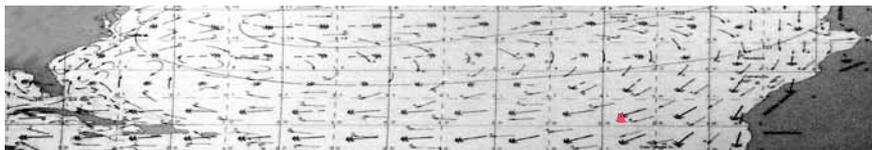
After bus after bus was just barely



mussed it was getting on to five. He had to get the next one. Finally he got on and had the starter package of the baths salts eating the sample mints you got if you listened to the pitch.

Dream:

Tom's father, was getting up there in the years, subscribed to an outdoor membership. On the surface it looked fantastic. Free trips around the world to hunt and fish; heavy discounts on equipment and clothing; seemingly once in a lifetime opportunities at next to nothing but in reality it was a carefully construct ruse based on manufacturers discounts and custom created individual communications to members. Small fees and restrictions riddled the offers. With a \$15 fee for entering



a contest you knew thousands of members ponied up since there were millions of members the contest eventually ended only for another scam to surface. It was like reading the back of the cereal box so enchanting the pitch was with testimonials from members just like you all the time imagining the owner living high on the hog off the grid with millions if not billions feeling sorry when about to die wanting to make it all better by giving it all away to a nature conservancy.

From the Log:

1 March '16

Time: 1030

Course: 240°m

Log: 9138

Baro: 1036

Jibed main, set jib on pole to Port,

Sunny, wind E'ly 10kts

Time: 1200

Course: 250°m

Log: 9143

Baro: 1036

WPT: 1636nm on 274°t

POS: 24° 49.4' N, 31° 49' W

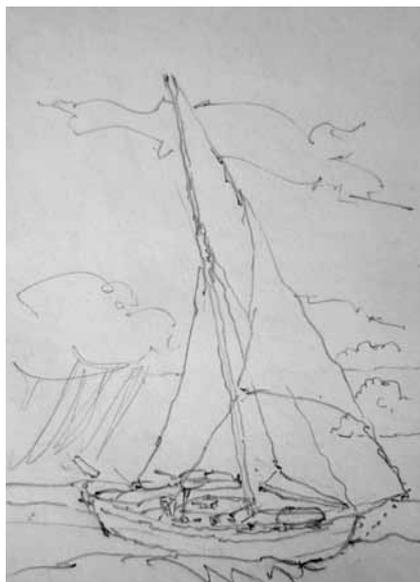
Eng hrs. 1925

Dream:

At a large bowling alley with two large black male friends. Ordered pizza, someone asked if it was Little Ceasars, we said nothing, you could look at the box. We took it upstairs to another entire bowling facility.

Dream:

Tom was at a Mick Jagger concert in Italy. It was in a huge classic hall. For the last numbers Jagger took off a rainbow colorful jumpsuit and put on a flying suit made of black and yellow. You could see he was already sweating. This had like a batisamal effect on the audience being blessed by his sweat flying through the air. Though skin and bones he pranced with the best and knew what he was doing. As he left the stage he flashed two victory peace signs meaning he had played four hours for those who doubted his stamina or the value of the outrageous ticket price. Tom's ticket was way up in the bleachers. The Captain was with him but had left early to beat the crowd. After the fenali Tom went looking for a cigarette thinking he could bum one outside. He had a pack of matches on him matches fumbling with his right hand in his pocket. Their tickets were so far away they



were sorta outside for people had been smoking but left them there to walk out.

Dream:

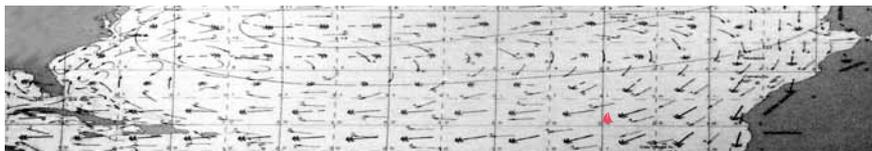
Tom was in an artist's alley. Hanging in one of the ateliers a series of four, three small and one large of a woman in black and white tube skirt with blond hair reminiscent of Blondie. In the large work she was lying back down on the hood of an old sports car, in the others she was standing. They were well wrought works. You could see a lot of effort was made but the finish did not show frustration just effort. about The attitude of the woman was consistent, not beautiful, more character almost too exact of the sitter to be successful.

Later Willard was with Tom and

he grew excited about showing him some drawings of Emma, his challenged daughter, a young woman artist had been working on. Immediately Tom realized it was Emma in the drawings. The fact they were unsuccessful as drawings because they tried too hard to be Emma. Not going on about this, Tom honored Will's devoted support of the Art's. He wanted to tweak the work revealing a beautiful side of Emma with her character challenge becoming a devilish smirch on an otherwise voluptuous body but not too voluptuous to the point where Emma would say it wasn't her. A great challenge for the portrait artist.

Dream:

Tom was staying or living in the family cottage, his father built sticking out into the 750 acre Covington Devou Park before he bought the mansion up the street. The mansion he used to help his father sell vegetables to out of their old car on Saturday's. He was walking north on Breckinridge noticing an old Ford Gremlin with the hatch up and large pastels works of a woman. This artist had taken up residency on a crossroads of park roads offering portraits or you could choose one of many portraits of women. Tom thought about what to say to the young husphad.



Dream:

Tom was at the college he graduated at, Northern Kentucky University, he was attending graduate classes having just transferred from another college. They had no dorm room for him so he was staying in an used meeting room on the top floor executive offices. Leon Booth was president although he had retired many years ago. Tom was trying to get his paperwork through and his friend Stephanie Ramsey, a secretary there sympathized could not help the other Stephanie “Gentile” get her part of the paperwork through. Tom sat on one side of the long desk and the Secretary’s the other. Tom’s classmate David Little was there with a quick manner and offered no solution or advice.

Later he took his black long dress coat for it was spring and still chilly and cooler and went to a frat party nearby. There he talked with friends until he found Irene. Someone passed around a special concoction and seemingly hours later they came back to reality. They had not gone anywhere just time had passed. They went out to get the bus back which was just arriving scrambling to get a good



seat for Irene he realized he had three seats front row behind driver for Irene a girl friend and himself but not the cooler or coat. Maybe they would be on the other bus.

From the Log:

2 March '16

Time: 0800

Course: 270°m

Log: 9240

Baro: 1033

Set jib to stbd on a broad reach, squalls on port side, wind E'ly 10kts

Time: 1200



Course: 270°m

Log: 9253

Baro: 1034

WPT: 1629nm on 275°t

POS: 24° 21.3'N, 33° 41.1' W

Eng hrs. 1926

Sunny light wind

Time: 1215

Course: 240°m

Log: 9254

Shifted jib to stbd on port reach

Sound: 30 - 50 dB

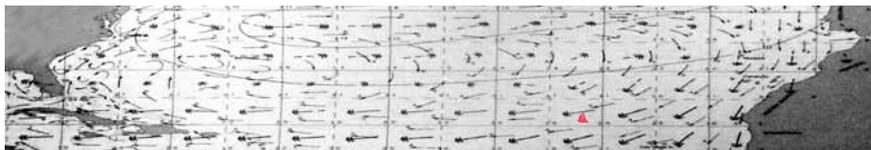
The staysail and main sheets are the only things making noise each tightening, straining like a very bass discordant string with the cabin deck as a sound board. Back and forth rolling in the pulley singing from the rosin like salt in the block.

As the seas calm sometimes you can only hear the rushing water and wind howling as Fiona glides at 4 knots, faintly hearing the distant boom of the main tightening every so often. The gentle rolling directly attributable to the lackluster waves coming at her from the wind direction.

Dream:

Tom was studying a pivotal moment in French Art History. In the late fifties two female figures used in advertising were covered in canvas. The fiberglass statues displayed the French female in a well endowed form with the canvas covered enhancing the endowments. Both locations were in the suburbs well in the countryside where you could say things were more relaxed. The perpetrators of either event were not known but the press they received was world wide. Tom visited the sites and all was gone of the advertising statues. One is reminiscence of the girlie tire splash guards you see on American tractor trailers. The other was mostly a display of huge beasts skimpy perky nose and hair the rolled up outwards at the shoulder.

Not only did the main stream media latch onto these stunts the French intellectual art world used it for a catalyst to diverge from French kitsch painting in the fifties



to definitive modern work of the sixties that never was eclipsed since the American abstract work rolled over the world market dominating since.

The curious change was in the ability to cover a blatant risqué female form with beige canvas tied with black cord transforming it into a complitative masterpiece.

From the Log:

3 March '16

Time: 1200

Course: 225m

Log: 9356

Baro: 1031

WPT: 154nm on 276°t

POS: 2° 44.2'N, 35° 13.' W

Eng hrs. 1926

Sunny, squalls have disappeared,
wind ESE 12kts, strb reach

Dream:

Tom was on a riverboat tending to a flatboat that was tied up along side on some floats attached to the riverboat. He was giving a tour to the full flat boat about what it was like around 1850 on the Inland water ways. The riverboat landed now all the flatboat in attached and proceeded to let loose and give the rest of the our. Twenty flat boats drifted free steered by a long paddle attached to the roof hanging off the rear to givegive steerable steerage.

From the Log:

Time: 1730

Course: 250°m

Log: 9382

Baro: 1029

Shook reef out of main and jib,
motor sailing, wind very light

Dream:

Tom was on the Ohio River with the new 32' Bayfield alone. He was picking up Willard and Chuck

to rendezvous with a towboat as it traveled down river. Seems the government had collapsed and all government business was done on towboats.

Dream:

Tom was in his apartment in NYC spending the last night there. The place was dilapidated barely holding on as an enclosed space. A religious cult had taken over the building and adjacent buildings turning the place into a free expression be in. The lights in the rear of the railroad car apartment did not work. The windows were gone stepping through them to a terrace where happy scenes were



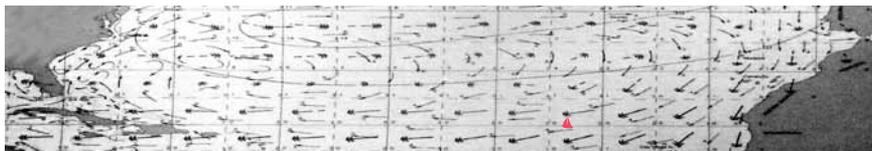
March 4 Tom finished the sail cloth compass cover embroidered with his heart sail whale



projected and tenants danced like deadheads. Tom wanted to use the bathroom but at that moment the exterior wall was gone and the projection was a yoga group naked of young women. Embarrassed Tom could not take his pants down. All the while people would move through his apartment eyeing his pot stash in a film canister. He gathered things to go outside picking up the canister and suddenly the guru popped in with a shit eating grin on his sweaty round face with short black hair and bulging eyes. The pot was strangely moist like grape leaves.

Dream:

Tom got to see first hand the flicking device that kept a lens clear on top of a newspaper



office building in Paris. It was like a huge advertising eye that had lashes that open and closed.

From the Log:

4th March '16

Time: 0600

Course: 250°m

Log: 9470

Baro: 1028

Powered all night. Sea calm, no wind

Fuel State:

P=10-1/2"=28g

C=15-1/2"=73g

Eng. Hr. 1935

Time: 0845

Course: 250°m

Log: 9474

Stopped engine, light SSW wind

Time: 1200

Course: 335°m

Log: 9490

Baro: 1030

WPT: 1425nm on 276°t

POS: 23° 01.7'N, 37° 13.9' W

Eng hrs. 1935

Time: 1210 to 1110

Set ship's time to gmt-2

Time: 1200

Log: 9494

Course: 270°m

Started engine, furled jib, wind screwed up be squalls

Dream:

Tom was doing research into a law firm not unlike Boss Co's machine that ran Cincinnati till 1927 when the Charterites took over to end the corruption and pandering.

Scandal after scandal was revealed by carefully going through the old



documents in an office building in the Crew Tower. From the open window you could hear the street sounds forty floor below.

From the Log:

Time: 1930

Course: 270°m

Log: 9528

Baro: 1030

Ship on stbd bow, distance 7nm, no AIS, still under power, no wind

5th March '16

Time: 0200 (gmt-2)

Course: 274°m

Log: 9557

Baro: 1029

Pt tank down to 11 gallons, switched to center tank = 74g

Eng: 1943

Time: 0730

Course: 250°m

Log: 9578

Baro: 1029

Ship on horizon to stbd, changed course by 20 to S, hopefully it will find wind

Eng: 1947

Dream:

Tom was parking his tan Sunbird on the street sitting in it till the signs were good. Many others were doing the same with very fancy cars. It was in a heavy gentrification section of town. When it came time to roll up the windows and leave Tom persuaded kids

hanging on the street and on his car to step aside and let the window go up.

His car as were the other cars tricked out. The process of getting them positioned for the day was exact. It was like a staged event where someone would stand outside and let you know when you were as close to the other car as possible, a quarter inch.

The weather was shirt sleeve. Still air quafed the buds being May.

As Tom walked away he recognized the old neighborhood.

From the Log:

Time: 1200

Course: 250°m

Log: 9597

Baro: 1029

WPT: 1315nm on 277°t

POS: 22° 27.1'N, 39° 08.6' W

Eng hrs. 1949

Wind light

Time: 1800

Course: 235m

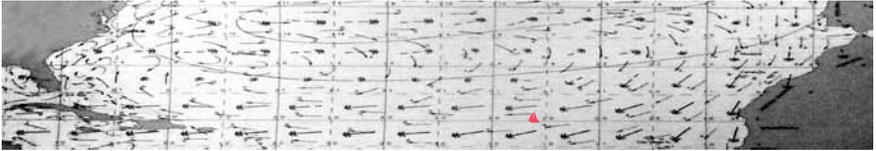
Log: 9624

Changed course 20 to left, looking for wind

Eng: 1953

Dream:

Tom was at an exclusive resort in the tropics. It was also top secret. The village had rows of bunga-



lows. You could drive in but you could not turn around. A van also provided transportation and most of the members of the Ohio River Launch Club were members in the resort. Terry was on the bus also an client of Tom's Beverly Klyce. The bus drove itself or you could drive it using telepathy. Tom was thus doing so getting the hang of it when a secret official got on. She was a matured good looking in a suit. Terry joked about Tom's driving.

Sound: 20 - 40 dB

Tom awoke to what he thought was no sound except the engine meaning wind had arrived and the sails were full enough to prevent clapping. On closer awakened it proved not to be true. The swells had gone down even smoother and the engine kept droning on.

From the Log:

6th March '16

Time: 0700

Course: 235°m

Log: 9693

Stopped engine - belt to alternator and cooling pump is broken

Eng: 1962

Time: 0830

Underway, replaced belt

Time: 1200

Course: 255°m

Log: 9712

Baro: 1032

WPT: 1222nm on 281°t

POS: 21° 06.7'N, 40° 40.0' W

Eng hrs. 1964

Fuel state: C: 9-1/2" = 45g

Dream:

Tom was in the middle of some-



thing. Nothing special or the people in it with him. It seemed vaguely suspicious of the movies they watched at happy hour. He awoke with dry mouth from breathing with his mouth opened. If he was snoring nobody could hear it over the engine.

Dream:

Tom and his syblings were staying in the family cottage and a man like Anthony Moore, Irene's brother, was taking care of them. They played games and had snacks. Tom being the second of eight, made for some tough choices of what to do killing time. Everyone was bored and the next meal could not come soon enough.

Dream:

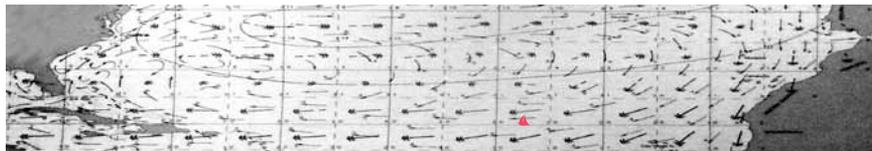
Julian Wuerth was taking Tom to an art show drop off in Newport at the old Jockey Club in his old Volvo. The place had had a fire lately and the front was pretty mangled. Inside were seven ladies doing palat-ies. They disbanded as Tom approached. One commented on the curious female maturation pieces he had submitted. Tom realized he had submitted the work but wondered if all the paper work was in. Another woman artist was at the door and wanted attention right

away. Being all volunteer. Tom waited till his submission got sorted out.

The Club had seen it's hey day in the late fifties when gambling was legal and all the stars like Marilyn Monroe and Frank Sinatra performed there. In the late eighties it was a post punk club. Tom hung out there with Sue Hall and Gary Shell. They used to leave the club at closing and hang out on the railroad tracks.

Currently the space is trying to reopen seemingly with the same





old owner during the punk days
now as a micro brew & distillery.

Time: 1430

Course: 260°m

Log: 9725

Baro: 1030

Set main & jib, no wind but
worth a try!

Underpower

Sound:

Keep trying to hear the wind
howl between the engine noise.
2 kts from the stern is not
enough to sail but it does bring
the diesel smell into the cabin.

Dream:

Ep and Marilyn Harris' new
home in the country had in door
outdoor over size furniture built
in when ever possible

The spring light with its ac-
companied green Easter grass
flooded the home and yard.

EP and Tom enjoyed water in
huge martini glasses moving
from the massive bench pic-

nic table outside to the round
mounted to the floor cocktail
table with swivel seats next to
the hooded kitchen stove.

In the adjacent living space
a huge orange canvas over
wrought iron bar group seating
shape beckoned to be lounged
in with conversation.

Made to entertain you felt
Marilyn would show up at any
moment with groceries for
an impromptu dinner of hors





Tom sticks his Openel knife in the mast to appease the god of wind.

deorves.

Captain Says:

“That’s a blackeye.”

From the Log:

7th March ‘16

Time: 0145

Course: 250m

Log: 9785

Night wind from E!! Sailing wing on wing, jib to port, stopped engine

Fuel state: 7-1/2” = 31g

Eng: 1962

Time: 0750

Course: 285m

Log: 9814

Baro: 1030

Moved pole to stbd - Gybed main, wing on wing, wind E’ly 10-12 kts

Dream:

Tom was living in the islands on the estate of a wealthy person who was not there. Every day he lived off exotic hors d’oeuvre prepared by the chef who was ordered to continue honing his skills even if the master was not home. Each tibia of heaven seemed to have god or silver leaf in it. All were healthy and low calorie not because the chef skimped but because that was the way they were.

From the Log:

Time: 1200

Course: 275m

Log: 9834

Baro: 1030

WPT: 1115nm on 282t

POS: 20 21.7’N, 42 31.0’ W

Eng hrs. 1974

wind easterly 10kts

Time: 1535

Course: 285m

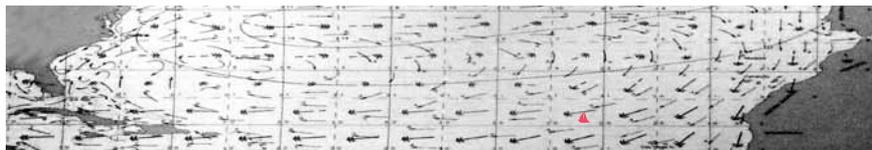
Log: 9847

Baro: 1029

Started engine - wind died, furled jib

Sound:

The worst sound is the banging of the sails. Like two tremen-



dous table clothes the main and jib being snapped. It breaks the seams. Caused by the rolling of the boat from +15 to -15 degrees in light airs.

From the Log:

8th March '16

Time: 0240

Course: 300t

Log: 9892

Baro: 1028

Sailing with light ENE wind,
broad reach, strb tack

Time: 0315

Course: 285t

Log: 9894

Put jib on pole to strb, wing on
wing

Dream:

Driving very fast with Irene
under a railroad bridge.

With Dad and Helen leaving a
subway station going to a park.
Young black men were taunting
with sayings like "Black, we're
black." But when we looked
around many were white.

Tom bought a soda and bag of

potatoe chips for the walk and
recognized the large black man
clerk with an Hawaiian shirt
who owned the restaurant next
door agreed with the despera-
tion of the young men without
opportunity waiting for match
to light the fire.

Tom had met socially with
owner. He was late meeting up
with Dad and Helen wonder-
ing how he was going to eat all
those chips before meeting up.



Tom was on a large sailing ship. The wind came in different flavors. You could do various things with each wind. An advertising flyer came with each wind. It was hard to know what the wind could do until you tried it. In time you became more confident, recognizing winds from their flyers.



From the Log:

Time: 1200

Course: 260m

Log: 9923

Baro: 1028

WPT: 1031nm on 282t

POS: 20 30.2'N, 44 01.7'W

Eng hrs. 1978

Fuel: 11g

P: 6" = 11g

C: 6" = 28g

4x the moment wind is zero due to squall

Time: 1230

Course: 280t

Log: 9923

Furled jib, started engine, no wind at all

Time: 1600

Course: 265t

Log: 9936

Tried sailing - no dice, under power



Tom starts his sextant studies starting with a Noon site.

Time: 1620

Course: 265t

Log: 9937

Changed destination WPT 106 (18 30'N, 62 15'W) 1025 nm 283t281t

Time: 1700

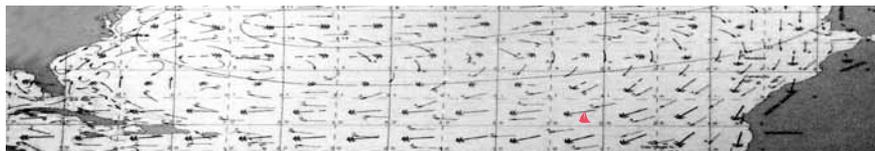
Course: 265t

Log: 9939

Set main, jib strb for light E'ly breeze, stopped engine.

Time: 2000

Course: 250t



Log: 9941

Furled jib, started engine at low rpm, no wind

Eng: 1981

Dream:

Tom was in NYC getting some of his rocker friends together. They were meeting in his hotel room on Friday night. One suggested Saturday night at a club for someone was playing. It was a go. They met in the lobby of an enormous art institution. Tom was walking the galleries passing by the entrance of the offices. In the lobby sunlight focused on the information desk where his friends waited. Everyone was now in their sixties and seventies. Checking out the bar an old drunk rockers insisted Tom buy him a drink. Glances back and forth with the manager okaied it. Everyone dressed in old black leather jackets and jeans.

Tom assembled pieces of old weather data to predict future patterns. It focused on two lengthy strings that predicted no

change.

Irene and Tom were living on a hillside above Cincinnati. It was crude living you could only walk. It started a light rain and Tom needed the garden hose. He took his guitar and hose down the path to where Jackson Price was staying with a fellow musician friend. Tom left his guitar to deal with the hose as Jackson came out and picked it up as he passed Tom on the way



down the steep rock stairs leading from the unpainted cabin to the trail that wound down the hillside.

9th March
Time: 0530

Dream:

Tom was finishing up helping with a huge outdoor breakfast in Devou Park. Tony Durso helped as well as a black woman like Eartha Kitt. Things were winding down and Tom was about to leave walking home from the area near Children's Home before the Behringer Crawford Museum. It was a first class spring day. Tom met others who were in the park but did not know about the brunch. Tom had a plate of side meat to take home wearing a seersucker suit. It reminded him of many high society brunches. As he passed the last table he reorganized the left overs he was bringing home cramping a few extra pieces of sausage even picking one up out of the grass not wanting to waste. He regretted not sticking around for the rest of the clean up.

From the Log:

Time: 1800

Course: 285t
Log: 10026
Wind died, started engine

Time: 2000
Course: 220t
Log: 10033
Stopped engine, close hauled strb tack, very light wind from WNW

Time: 2030
Log: 10033
Just drifting, no wind, cloudy

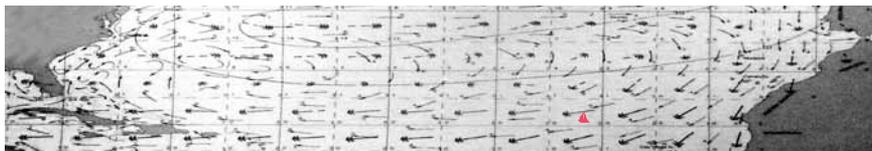
Sound:

Suddenly Fiona starts moving at 6 kts after days of calm the sounds of the boat are at their quietness. Tinkling never heard, single musical tones played in each cabinet. The rushing water never disturbed accented by a powerfu single struggle in the rigging pushing. At the same time every throughput, a hole of a drain in hull, makes conversation. Groups chime in with small talk in a deep stage like voices. All adults talking amongst one another.

Time: 0030

Dream:

Tom was driving the Schiffert's old Ford van with Teresa in it



through Clifton Heights. He missed his turn going down Ravine but managed to pull into a service station barely missing some metal rod's laid against the building. Something was wrong with the van. Teresa knew the owner a pleasant gentleman dressed in a light gray suit with the coat off tie loosened round face wavy black hair in his sixties. He had been trying to get Teresa to buy a new car for quite awhile like a



running joke. He had Tom drive the van over a large bump so he could see underneath and confirmed his suspicions. They went inside the sales building housing ten employees sales people, clerks, mechanics. A young woman wanted to be the one to sell but this was a special friendly deal made in the managers office looking over the corner intersection. A young child was entertaining herself and Tom wandered around with her. They ended up at the chapel of the dealership where worship was just finishing up. They sat in the back and let the congregation disperse taking in the crafted work and paintings. As Tom left through a side door he admired a door size painting struggling to get it open and not hurt the work. A kind sister was there to help and he complemented her on the art. He suggested he paint her into a work and she protested it was too large a canvas for her but Tom meant a smaller 20" x 16" work like the one in a small space off to the side that illustrated the

father who started the church. It was done in a Bruegelesk graphic manner. The father was driving a car with the top down looking not unlike the dealer though the painting was done in the 1920's.

From the Log:

10th March '10

Time: 0230

Log: 10033

10kts wind from NNW, how long will it last?

Time: 0730

Dream:

Tom was on the Kentucky side of the Roebling Suspension Bridge. The bridge had just been built and besides the roadway there were well built stairs leading to the water's edge with reliefs of escaping slaves carved into the steps. Skulls and keys were the motifs in the corners. History went along with the beige limestone carvings. The stairs splayed out at the bottom. The day had begun sunny blue skys thick trunks heavily leafed right along the waters edge.

From the Log:

Time: 0915

Course: 275m

Baro: 1026

Log: 10062

Put jib on wisker pole to strb, wing on wing, wind NNE, 12 kts

Time: 1200

Course: 280m

Log: 10075

Baro: 1029

WPT: 881nm on 284t

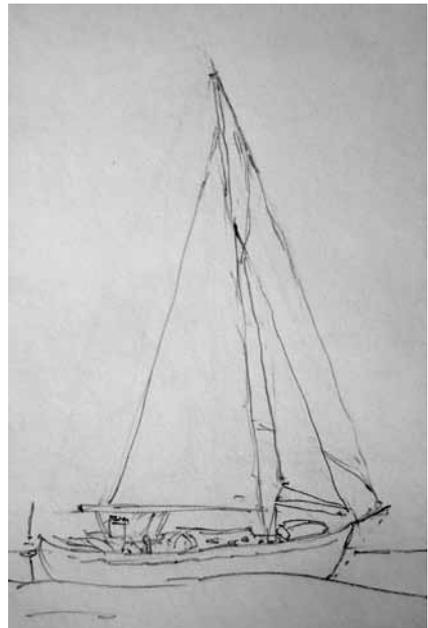
POS: 20 02.7'N, 66 48.1'W

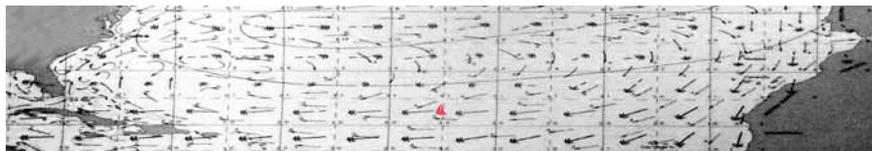
Eng hrs. 1990

Fuel:

C: 3" = 15g

Wind NE, 10-12 (rel), on rum, wing on wing, strb tack, Victor in command





Time: 1730
 Course: 250m
 Log: 1105
 Wind up to 25kts (true) Tied in
 1st reef in main, heavily reefed
 jib - wind on wing, strb tack

10th March '10
 Time: 0230
 Log: 10033
 10kts wind from NNW, how
 long will it last?
 Time: 0730

Dream:

Tom was on the Kentucky side of the Roebling Suspension Bridge. The bridge had just been built and besides the roadway there were well built stairs leading to the water's edge with reliefs of escaping slaves carved into the steps. Skulls and keys were the motifs in the corners. History went along with the beige limestone carvings. The stairs splayed out at the bottom. The day had begun sunny blue skys thick trunks heavily leafed right along the waters edge.

From the Log:

Time: 0915
 Course: 275m
 Baro: 1026
 Log: 10062
 Put jib on wisker pole to strb,
 wing on wing, wind NNE, 12
 kts

Time: 1200
 Course: 280m
 Log: 10075
 Baro: 1029
 WPT: 881nm on 284t
 POS: 20 02.7'N, 66 48.1'W
 Eng hrs. 1990
 Fuel:
 C: 3" = 15g
 Wind NE 10-12 (rel), on rum,
 wing on wing, strb tack, Victor
 in command

Time: 1730
 Course: 250m
 Log: 10105
 Wind up to 25kts (true) Tied in
 first reef in main, heavily reefed
 jib, wing on wing Strb tack

March 11

Time: 0100



Sound:

Tom awoke from a deep sleep slowly realizing it was blowing 20kts and the boat was heeling 20 degrees. He had gotten up earlier to check the rig. Little noise from the sails indicated things were good for the night. A slight vibration from time to time from the wind blowing through the space between the main and the mast. A deep snap from the reefed jib sounded okay. Otherwise everything sounded close to the edge of reefing the jib.

Dream:

He was on an airplane with

Chuck and Janet. As he went to the head Janet joked about the rough ride. Once inside the head Tom noticed a manicure stand but no one manning it. Seemed you could sit down and have your nails done.

Earlier he was on a foreign planet collecting samples but his camera was caking up with red dirt. He was surprised it still worked. Trying to get an image of some small skulls and bones of humanoids. He moved them around to make for a better image. A red twilight permeated the atmosphere almost dark.

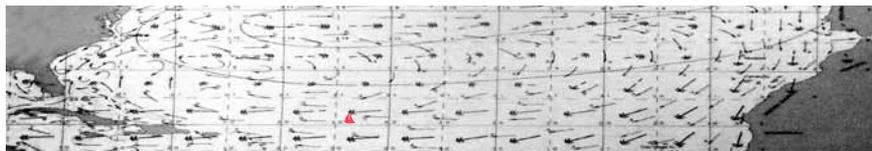
Time 0530

Tom was studying himself. Their mission was to travel to an unknown destination and record everything. Eventually it was analysis of how many turns you took sleeping. The crew of eight with female captain.

Time: 0730

Rama Kasturi was one of the astronauts. He met her in a grocery store parking lot. They were on a planet not unlike Earth.

Tom was at the edge of the river trying to get on board his boat



but the river was up and there was some disaster relief ongoing.

There was a problem getting the smart ID maker working. If you did nothing it would make up your data. The more you entered the more accurate it got.

From the Log:

Time: 1200

Course: 265m

Log: 10201

Baro: 1032

WPT: 751nm on 283t

POS: 19° 48.0'N, 49° 06.2'W

Eng hrs. 1991

Fuel:

C: 3-1/2" = 13g

Sunny, wind NNE, 25kts (true)

Time: 1430

Dream:

Sorting through audio and video files making a new drive of Eric's popular items

Time: 0130

Dream:

Tom was a cowboy. Riding the

rope that stretched from town to town. It was always in action always being checked like a wild bronco. He never had a moments rest wrestling with that robe. There was a mayor and a girl but he never found the time to be with them. The hero somehow had the rope worked out and he controlled it not the other way round. He got time to be with his gal and have a beer with the mayor. Tom was gonna kick this thing. He could taste it.

Time: 0530

Dream:

Tom was trying to figure out how to rig a vang on land. The howling winds could be made more pleasant if you attached a rope to two place a tree limb and somewhere on the ground. If you were good at it you could set up two. The length of the vang was best short but sometimes they were fifty feet. The use of pulleys made it more efficient. The angle of the vang was important if you wanted the best effect. During one set up



Tom realized the line would go through a bat rust which was a good thing. He watched the bats come out of the roost. Looking down at the floor of the old barn he saw a pair of ladies leather loafers with the tips the head of a rodent like you were wearing some fancy leather rats size 11.

It was getting near evening and Tom was at his new job a law secretary for Newt Gingrich. The setting suns light streaked across the office as Newt asked Tom to read a carbon copy a letter that looked like a invoice or bill. Several times Newt asked Tom to read it getting more and more into the fine



print which eventually ended up a reversal of a bill and really was a voiding of a charge on a credit card. The fine print of the carbon copy read only under the slanting light of the setting sun read, "...a full swipe removal of charges on American Express Gold Card...." The fuzzy carbon copy came alive as three demin-sional letters in the light.

Captain Says:

"Every mornin you wake up is a good morning."

From the Log:

12 March '16

Time: 1200

Course: 260m

Log: 10201

Baro: 1033

WPT: 637 nm on 283t

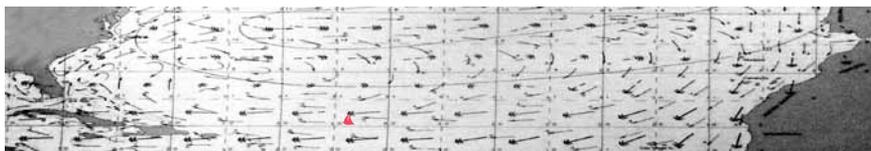
POS: 19° 22.4'N, 51° 04.9'W

Eng hrs. 1991

Fuel:

C: 2-1/2" = 13g

Cloudy, wind NNE, 10-12 kts



Time: 1400 to 1309

Log: 10328

Moved ship's time to GMT -3

Time:0130

Dream:

Eric spoke of the incredible feeling when you were in synch with the roll of the boat. The best crews had an individual to call the action. He was looked up to like a master, revered.

13 March '16

Time:0100

Dream:

Everything was based on baseball. Tom was in the 50's and playing on dirt fields in Devou Park.

Sound: level: 36 - 56 db

The quietness of the boat only accented by a warbling and a tink. A bird like warble 1.5 seconds long. Tink as a tiny hammer on a aluminum tuned pipe. A 50 ton kite on the water driven by a mechanical director orientated to the low howl

10kt wind. Going down wind is inheritantly unstable, because the waves come from the stern, causing the boat to rock side to side sometimes 20° to -20°. Using a lee cloth and wedge pillow you can prevent yourself rolling which wakes you up many times with a hard on.

Tom was with Tim Kinduell. They were living in Marin county.

Tim worked for at the same



place as Tom. Tim was up on reprimand because of a pot smoking bust. The HR person had to go through the motions but it was Marin county. Tom and Chuck were there talking to the HR person and found out he had graduated from Covington Catholic HS. Tom told him the story about being kicked out of Xavier with D's only to get A's at CCH. How Tom spent his senior year working in cryogenic and holographic images.

A man got it of the elevator and went into the stairwell and outside on the roof. Tom would be back there again. There was a can of spray paint. The man may have been Lester Flats in a gray country suit. He was a performer recommended by Ellen



Foley who was in the building.

Tom was in his huge hotel suite finding cold pizza under the carpeted chairs before the maid showed up. Lucy Price wanted to go out to lunch but knew that Irene would prefer they eat the cold pizza.

Tom had a secret motive in these doings.

From the Log:

Time: 0900

Course: 290m

Log: 10400

Moved jib to Pt. Broad reach

Time: 1200

Course: 260m

Log: 10410

Baro: 1031

WPT: 528 nm on 286t

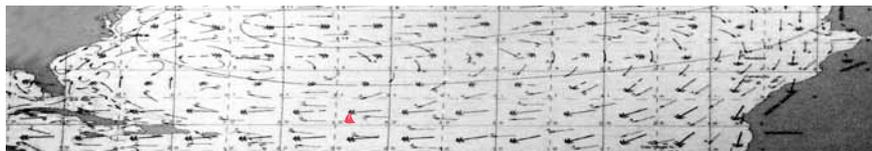
POS: 19° 95.2'N, 53° 00.2W

Eng hrs. 1992

Fuel:

C: 2-1/2" = 13g





Captain Says:.

“St. Eric!”

At Tom’s prompting that he was calm, kind and encouraging never wanting the spotlight on him. Had there been a miracle at sea? When the boom broke crashing right where he had been moments before gone aft to check the wind vane, Victor.

Time:1430

Sound:

The jib sheet lightly plays the stays chaffing ever so slightly until the wind pulls it off. You can hear the rushing water as Fiona goes 5 kts. The note is low and slow accented by the booming of the sail tightening from a slack caused by the mast swinging on the undulating water plus or minus 8°.

Dream:

Susan said Tom couldn’t do it with his knee replacement. He slithers on deck preventing kneeling.



14 March ‘16

Time: 0030

Dream:

Tom was almost drifting alone in a sailboat. Barely enough wind to keep the sails full.

Time: 0630

Tom was in England during the war in the countryside. Everything was made up as if everything was normal. Each home

was tricked out in the simplest way to make it look like a normal modestly kept up home no airs. Though sometimes no one lived in the home it was still made to look lived in from the air. It was if the English were fooling the Germans into doubting they were the super race.

Each home had a story written down and adhered to. It was a pleasant normal story. It was a story that alluded to characters but there were none. The buildings were empty. The residents kept them up and plowed their fields. There was a woman for Tom in the story. A handsome woman not unlike Irene a little bit Amazon and blonder but still not there really.

All these things to keep the ball rolling. Fiona moving on the rum line to Saint Martin.

Sound: 40 dB

All the while the boat made creaking like it was standing still the sails slap banging in still air or was it the rolling from side to side at 7° that made them slap as the 5 kts wind moved them forward at 3kts. Tom did not know for he was asleep.

From the Log:

Time: 0830

Course: 290m

Log: 10437

Baro: 1031

No wind, drifting, sunny, a few clouds, cockpit temperature 75°

Time: 1145

Course: 290m

Log: 10438

Baro: 1031

Moved jib to Pt - strb reach, wind light

Time: 1200

Course: 290m

Log: 1038

WPT: 460 nm on 283t

POS: 19° 08.9'N, 54° 11.8'W

Eng hrs. 1993

Fuel:

C: 2-1/4" = 11

Wind ENE kts

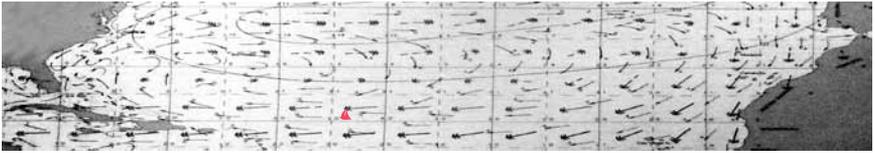
Captain Says:.

“True.” Not unlike Queequeg in John Huston’s “Moby Dick” when you say something that is a fact.

Time: 2330

Dream:

Tom was going to an all girl high school. He was slightly

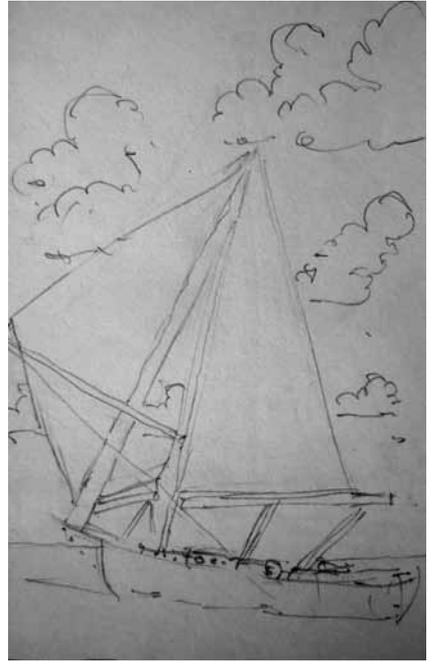


older. He was a little cocky. He made a joke about a squirrel with an acorn as a hat looking like he was the pope and the girls thought it was not funny to make fun of the Pope. He really could not see what all the fuss was about.

Tom wanted to post squirrel jokes on the bulletin board but he was not allowed. He thought he could get one of the girls that could to ghost it.

There was a dedication of a new math building. Tom was above average in math but only wanted to joke about the building.

Helen, his 16 year old daughter, was going to the same school. They both were living in the same building like a gym, he in the top area an office like space, overlooking the gym floor and Helen living on the floor. She woke up and had to finish an assignment coloring squares but floating it in water and floating the color onto the paper. They



recognized each other but she did not want help.

Time: 0100

Sound: Silence of 27dB
Peaking to 63dB

With all the sail up, no wind, calm seas; still with the tightly vanged boom normally to flatten the sail but in this case to silence the main sail when violently snapped by the gentle rocking the noise is sleep de-

priving. The jib sheet rubbing the stroud looking for another note to play sailing 1kt West in 2 kts of NE wind. Tying up two lazy jack rings stopping another tinkling doesn't help much.

15 March

Time: 0500

Dream:

Tom was at a physical training camp in the mountains. He wasn't doing any organized training but a football team was working out upstairs under the covered picnic tables full of food. Their mission was to eat a one by two foot tray of food while exercising.

Tom came up from the cool basement to see fifty men working with arm weights while stopping from time to time to take a few bites.

Mick Jagger was doing the same thing getting ready for a concert. He wore the sharpest work clothes and not having an ounce of fat on him had to work up his stamina for the tour.

Tom was living in a small home on Clifton Avenue on the right as you go down the hill. For

some reason they dropped off French bread in the front yard and there was a charcoal grill going that could take the dampness off the lives. He could have two small fires going to take care of the ten loaves.

Cars whisked by and in time he was able to get all the loaves inside finally sitting down to a loaf and a beer.

Time: 0600

Sound: 30 then suddenly 60dB

The quietness of a fresh breeze after hours of 2 knots makes for the lowest sound levels. The rushing water is loudest. With a wave jerk in the main into a snap the level goes to 60dB every fifteen seconds getting longer as the wind increases to 10kts then no snapping. Just peaceful sleeping bliss.

From the Log:

Time: 0900

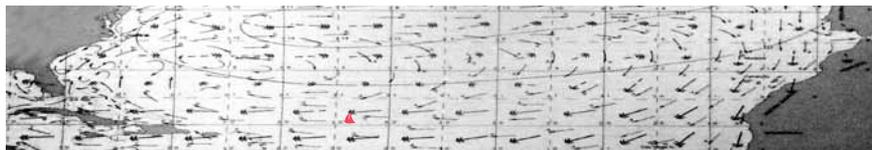
Log: 10464

No wind - drifting, transferring fuel from center to port tank

Start fuel:

C: 10g

P: 11g



Time: 1200
Course: 290m
Log: 10464
Baro: 1030
No wind, adrift
WPT: 393 nm on 281t
POS: 19° 15.7'N, 55° 23.3'W
Eng hrs. 1993
Fuel:
C: 2" = 10g
P: 6" = 11g
Fuel transfer did not work.

Time: 1600
Course: 285m
Log: 10464
Baro: 1026
Light wind came up - NWN 8-9
kts Sailing!!

Time: 1600
Wind died

Captain Says:

“In vino veritas. In wine truth.
Also applies to people showing
their true self in heavy weather.”

“My wife, Edith, said I liked
heavy weather.”

From “Intruder In The Dust” by
William Faulkner
“...; or to anyone who ever
sailed even
a skiff under a quilt sail, the
moment in 1492 when some-
body thought This is it: the
absolute edge of no return, to
turn back now and make home
or sail irrevocably on and either
find land or plunge over the
world’s roaring rim. “

....“Besides, it’s
all right. I dreamed through all
that; I dreamed through them
too, dreamed them away too; let
them
stay in bed or milking their
cows before dark or chopping
wood before dark or after or by
lanterns
or not lanterns either. Because
they were not the dream; I
just passed them to get to the
dream-”....

Sound: 40-27dB
being silence, the fresh breeze
propels Fiona along heeled at
15° to Port at 5 kts in the quiet-
est travel possible. The howling



wind making most of the noise accented by the creaking joints and gurgling sinks, the sail making no noise pressed tightly by the wind without chaffing.

Time: 0000

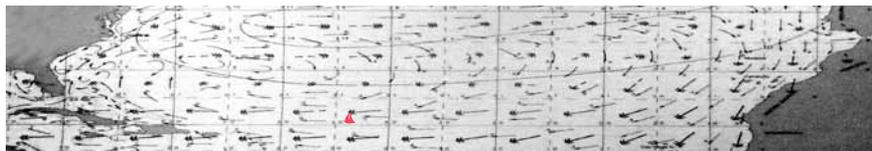
Dream:

Tom was getting off work at a large metropolitan newspaper when one of his old colleagues dropped by to try and get one of his reporters to do a story. She was getting to leave and was planning a big weekend party for her friends. She was not unlike Irene. Tom was her boss and could see her cleaning up her office from his perch an

office in the rafters. The colleague went on about the jobs perks, private plane, put up in fancy hotel, covering local family now running for president, doing story on family home but Tom knew Irene would not take it. Though the human interest story on the would be first family was reviting, multifaceted and facinating taking place at the candidates family homestead complete with all the local relatives, ancient baseball memorabilia and quaint shots of his old bedroom with walls with holes in them and vague grafiti referring to his now candidacy.

He recalled a time when he and David Little were covering a previous election of the candidate and David proposed to Monica during a live video reading to her a prepared proposal poem written in tiny print on the layers of a couissant.

Tom went on about how his colleague's paper had stooped to the lowest low printing pornographic images on its front page to stay alive. While all this was happening Tom was carefully cutting open a packaged gift, a tie his colleague had given him. It was unusual because it dis-



played many ties in one package. Carefully he cut along the side revealing the many layers.

Time: 0330

Tom was in a remote town in Iowa with Irene who was at a conference. She was away for a few days and he was alone in a bungalow. In the evening he found himself wandering over to the local watering hole which served creative breads and beer. Tom ordered 3 quarts of Hudepol Gold, they also had Wedimen in quarts, a bread in the shape of a man's beard, a french meat stuffed bread to go and something else. The owner said they could make all the items fresh if he was not in a hurry. Tom said he had plenty of time and was going to take most of the order back to the bungalow returning to hang out.

Earlier in the vast parking lot in the late evening in the spring Tom was collecting something to read and ran across an article about Sherry Wheaton.

He brought it with him to show Sherry who was just arriving at the local watering hole a combination of out door tables, dance floor, red and white awings, bare bulb lighting and good bread.

Earlier at the conference where Ellen DeGeneres was the key note speaker, she apologized for the negative vibes coming from the local news anchors and media. Seems the weather and news was recently somewhat depressing.

Time: 0645

Tom was in the same town walking to meet a friend. He passed through the campus of his college. Northern Kentucky University finally meeting Rick. They back tracked through the campus then Tom wanted to go to the Frank Steele Library. They were in the upper section going to the area where you could get coffee and Tom noticed an image display in an upcoming art show area. He



recognized the person as Rick Houdeschild the same Rick he was with. Off to one side Caroline Hemberstreet was working on a small watercolor of Rick for the brochure. Rick's work featured was for a collection of Christmas Holiday greeting cards sponsored by the library's art gallery. As Carol carefully painted Rick's thumb in a scene showing Rick's green shirt back as he sat at the easel painting nature. Tom introduced Rick to Carol. The work of Rick's being featured in the cards were watercolors of nuts.

David Little was in a car Tom was driving passing a bottle of Bourbon to him. At his home Monica's mother was there, Dot Christensen. She heard Tom in the bedroom and called out, "David." Tom answered and Dot told him Monica wanted to

talk to David about getting fired from his job consulting a politician. He said it was so he could get unemployment.

From the Log:

Time: 0930

Course: 290m

Log: 10484

Baro: 1029

No wind!! Ran engine for freezer. Called Brenda on Iridium.

Time: 1200

Course: 260m

Log: 10484

Baro: 1029

WPT: 376 (go wpt 007 marina) nm on 278t

POS: 19° 28.0'N, 55° 27.2'W

Eng hrs. 1994

Fuel:

C: 0" = 1-1/2g

P: 6" = 11g

Drifting. No wind

Time: 1830

Course: 255m

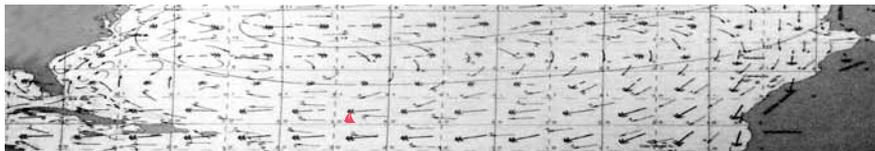
Log: 10484

Slight wind from SE, moved main to strb, set jib on pt reach

17 March '16

Time: 0230

Dream:



Tom was in NYC for the last few days before he had to vacate his apartment. Bob Martin was his roommate and seemed oblivious to the urgency of getting completely out in two days. He was still getting putting on a suit and tie and going to work selling computers. Tom tried to impress upon him he was there to help but he had to use it. Tom did not want to come back after a few weeks to continue the legal battle.

Sound: 30 - 60 dB

It was like a giant was sleeping with perfect, excellent, 800 count Egyptian Cotton sheets trying to get comfortable. The sheets were 75' wide and 100' long. The boat was too quite and you felt something was wrong. No banging of the sails just flapping. The periferal sounds were a line slowly continually being dragged across a steel cable, a loud knock every ten seconds, an aluminum metal tube fifteen inches in diameter 70' long being gonged every 20 seconds finally a shutter like the whole house shutters with a gust of wind. Just enough wind to go 2.5 kts through a calm sea as the moon sets.

Time: 0700

Dream:

Tom was in a subway in Mexico City with a classic Panama hat. Just as the train left a boy had another hat that he found. Tom took the hat and discovered it was a skirt made of wool with cotton trimming. It was a

classic.

Tom was sitting next to a young girl and her mother and they were joking about a intimate thing which was very funny and very inappropriate for strangers on a subway.

Everyone on the subway was going to see the consular general. He got on the subway looking a lot like a Gay Zorro and turned out to be a scoundrel who enticed a young woman and would not do her right. She was onboard and distraught about her predicament.

Caroline Mueller was working with the library putting on a performance about Columbus. She had a battery powered record player that played a sound about Columbus in the stairwell as the children gathered for the program. Tom wanted to help carry the player but Caroline directed that it just stayed there playing until the batteries ran out.

Tom was with a gentleman who had a strange mission of sitting in a small square garden with various yard signs placed in the adjacent homes. Tom had

made one of them. The area was classic Mexican homes with immaculate lawns, fresh rain, light yellow milky gold light of the evening.

From the Log:

Time: 0930

Log: 10484

Dropped the rigid dingy in the water to get some shots of Fiona be calmed

POS: 19° 30.1'N, 57° 0.48'W

Time: 1200

WPT (107) 339nm on 276°t

Log: 10484

Course: 270

Baro: 1030

POS 19° 31.4N 57° 07.7'W

Eng hr: 1995

Fuel:

C 1-3/4" = 8g

P 7" = 15g

Shifting fuel to port tank

Time: 2330

Dream:

Tom was doing research in England on World War II veterans who owned Bentleys.

18 March

Time: 0500

Dream:

Tom was living in an upstairs room in the family homestead in Dossel, Germany. It was a strange place where the children who also had rooms in the huge mansion were playing with the toilet dressing it up with various chairs that had their seats missing.

A Lohre German Home Festival was wrapping up serving German, sausages, fried chicken, cold slaw, potatoe salad. It was at the end of the festival and you could make up a take out. You still had to pay and the perveyor was happy to help you but you still needed to pay. Tom made up one bag which was taken then another which was taken. The food was going fast so he just skipped it.

Hot peppers grown had to be handled with gloves, vapor could caused burn. The picnic was over and the peppers with there guewy insides were being moved with gloves and protective eye wear.

Waiting for Helen after school in parking lot of Dixie. Jack walked by on his way to football practice. Tom was painting. Sue and Helen came by.

This was the first time Tom met Helen after school. Campus was sprawled with parking lots and chain link fence.

Tom was painting a home nearby explaining it took three months to paint finishing maybe a square inch a day on the 20" x 16" oil painting.

Tom was driving an appliance, a 150' American car, Helen was with him as were some distant German relatives, teenagers, in the back, they seemed to be making fun of his driving speaking German. The car had enormous amount of chrome. Everything was coated.

They ended up back on the farm and in the distance in the twilight Tom's Mom was waiting to switch cars. She was driving Tom's Pontiac Sunbird.

On the way out of the compound you went through a back alley collection of troubled or challenged or just old extended family living in a type of cabbage town. As they left one of the hagered troubled adult yelled out she could help with the book keeping on the farm having seven governmental

paper verified as filled out correctly one for welfare, one for food stamps, one for housing and others less official.

Captain Says::

“When you want to change sail, wait a half hour.”

From the Log:

Time: 0730

Log: 10485 not working

Course: 280

Baro: 1030

Moved jib to pole to strb, wing on wing, v. light E'ly wind

Time: 1115

Log: -

Course: 255

Wing on wing, wind E'ly, 5 kts, George in control - wind too light for Victor

Time: 1200

Log: -

Course: 355

Baro: 1030

WPT: 282nm on 272°t

POS: 19° 38.9'N, 58° 11.3'W

Eng: 1995

Fuel:

C: 1-1/4" = 73g

P: 6-1/2" = 14g

Captain Says::

“I'm a loner.”

“You can't argue with an analogy.”

Time: 2330

Dream:

Tom is helping teach sun sightings to children in England during the war. They are doing it on land with sextant used in aircraft.

19 March '16

Time: 0400

Dream:

Tom was doing research into the gurus of the 750 tribes of man. It took him all over the world. He especially remembers a guru in Polynesia who had unique fish like skin reliefs in his cheek area.

He was in a hurry to cross a foot bridge that spanned the Hudson River from Manhattan to New Jersey with many gurus walking to New Jersey. Most were businessmen. Everyone was walking in the same direction. Some of the gurus had the same uniform on gray tube tunic, long walking stick with advertising on it for the International Guru Institute. It was

embroidered into the strap of the walking stick yellow letters against a medium gray 1-1/2" ribbon.

From the Log:

Time: 0410

Course: 260

Baro: 1027

Wind up! 10-12 kts, Victor in control, wing on wing port tack, 5kts on GPS

Time: 0800

Captain Says:

"The world is full of strange phenomenon."

Dream:

Tom was on land going between Covington and Newport dealing with a strange mobius vane that attaches to a main sail.

Dream:

By Tom was running a local ad-

vertiser where you would have several editions with different front page news for small communities and all the ads were the same not unlike the Northside ran by Wooley Rodenhaver. There was a cartoon like Paul Zook's "Bunnies."

It was printed to make a 8-1/2" x 11" magazine.

Time: 0730

Dream:

Tom was playing at the big house with Chuck and Steve with a space game where you did some of the calculations to launch into space. A part of the game was to prepare the three Apollo astronauts for launch, suiting them up and locking them into the capsule. The launch was just having the command module separate from launch control and roll along the floor but if you were successful it was a big deak.

Tuesday, March 22

Time: 0530

Dream:

Tom had a full blown reconnect With Ellen Foley. Tom had had current time dreams with Ellen



in them as if they were still running in the same circle of friends dodging thus and that after Tom suffered a difficult break up a second time with her. Seemed Ellen was seeing if it would work and deciding much like other couples, one making the decision to leave not having to give a detailed explanation. The other having to take it and if they wanted a reason had to make it up.

Tom during all this wondering if he could take the fiery ups and downs Ellen dished out. All the time knowing that in the background, or in the forefront Irene was in the picture. Was she gone?

It was a relaxing hanging out in the spacious uptown sixth floor apartment. Many of Tom's siblings were there.

Making cookies.

Reheat pizza

Upper west side apartment

Tom's Family is there.

Still have to make \$1,800 a week

Ellen sizing Tom up matter fact if he could do the job or want to. Tom saying he could and would. Ellen still saying she

loves me but would it work?

Tom was making souvenirs etching on a rock the calculations for a sun site looking out to the open ocean from dock.



Wednesday March 23

Dream:

Tom was wandering the town of Marigot looking for something that had to do with navigating and parts.

Synopsis:

It was a six week vacation. The boat a 1975, 42' Westail, the Captain 83 with 350,000 miles sailed on her. You wear things out and they break. The bobstay, chain from bow to just below the water, turnbuckle broke and we repaired it underway. Very much like riding a roller coaster 24/7. We doublehanded it, the third crew member could not take the roller coaster ride.

A big storm off the coast of the Carolinas delivered 7 days of calm and glassy smooth water for half a day, very usual for the “Milk Run” from Africa to the Caribbean where you are supposed to get 10-15 kts East-erlies making the 2400 miles in 21 instead of 27 miles days. Tom got the sextant out and was taking 2 sun, three stars, Jupiter and moon sites a day by the end of the voyage. He made a cover for the compass pedestal out of sail cloth embroidered with a heart sailboat over Sperm whale and rejuvenated the white Formica inserts in the all mahogany interior. The boat sails itself with a mechanical device that orientates to the wind, as the wind shifts the boat changes course. There are no watches once you are two days from land, going to bed at 8 and waking up at 8 getting up periodically to check on things maybe making a sail adjustment.



The End

