

Newsletter of the Great Harbour Trawler Association



"A Boater can always cruise, but a Great Harbour boater cruises well"

Fall 2005

From the President

Our Association is doing well and growing. I would like to take this opportunity to lift up our newest members to the group by name. Stephen and Marilyn Smith, Dennis Nemick, Jonathan and Judie Jenkins, Doug and Linda Moody, Tim and Dale Ward, Gene and Leah Musso, Klaas and Bettie van Esselstyn, Tom and Janis Hiatt and Kevin and Betty Christofaro. Congratulations to all of you for choosing the Great Harbour Trawler Association and we look forward to your attendance and input to our organization's activities in the near future. We are now 32 members strong!

Congratulations to Neil O'Donnell for his article about Cruising the St. Johns River in a Great Harbour 37 published by Living Aboard this year. Mirage Manufacturing Company will match your award by any publisher should you get your article published as long as there is some mention of the Great Harbour Trawler in your article and/or a photograph of a Great Harbour Trawler.

Thank you Judy Koetitz for your dedication toward getting our newsletter put together and published. And for the surprise birthday cake on Cape Cod, yummy!

New England bent over backwards to provide some of the most incredible weather for the Mirage Manufacturing Company sponsored Down East Cruise. Getting goose bumps in August and September was refreshing after a long hot summer, scenery spectacular and the food scrumptious. To see eight Great Harbour Trawlers cruising together sent chills up and down my spine. Lots of pictures were taken and hopefully will be shared by all in one way or another.

Our Fall Rendezvous is shaping up to be one of the best ever thanks to the hard work of Ted and Terry Woehr. See you all in Baltimore, MD

Don't forget about your web site at greatharbourtrawlerassoc.org. Check it out from time to time. You might just see or read something you did not know about!

Life Aboard.....(The following is an excerpt from a *Double JJ* e-mail)

Guys:

Well I don't want to toot my own horn, but I definitely deserve to win several Nobel Prizes for the number of dead, thumb sucking, mind numbing, totally oblivious, mean streaked, infernal jelly fish that I have removed from the through hull strainer. Since my first episode with those really disgusting, smelly, and totally reprehensible jellified monsters, I have come to believe that they have a personal vendetta in life to give my generator fits by seeing how close they can come to the water intake before being sucked into the thru-hull and totally jamming things up. When the sound of the water exhaust changes I know that one of these totally obnoxious jelly fish things has dedicated its life to making mine miserable at least for the next hour or so as I try to extract it from the intake through hull. The only thing worse than this is if our toilet actually exploded when we push the little handle that makes everything swoosh down somewhere below never to be seen again. Where it goes is anyone's guess, but Judie says it is sitting down in the bilge smelling things up. Guess we will find it someday when we need to see if we have our shit together. There's nothing like carrying your shit around with you, eh?

But back to the latest jelly fish episode. Yes, this morning I had the distinct pleasure of removing what has to be a record number of jelly fish who have sacrificed their lives to find out how long it takes me to remove one from the through hull fitting. This time I only managed to scrape one of my fingers that had remained whole and blood free from all those times before that I had to remove the brothers (or sisters more likely) of the latest one who tried to crawl up the intake. Why me? I ask this question every morning, and get the same answer back. I was told once that the same things will keep happening to you until you finally figure it all out, and then you will go on to the next set of problems and have them over and over again, and then again, until you finally figure that problem out..... so I am really on the jelly fish one still.

Like this morning, I got up, checked the battery and saw it was down again to 11 something, and decided to run the generator to recharge those infernal batteries, so I put the genset on and within only a few minutes that pesky ol' jelly fish had swum up the intake and shut the water off.... so I had to shut the generator down and then I did the only sensible thing that I could think of. I went directly back to bed.

After an hour of thinking bad thoughts about jelly fish in general and that one that awaited me in the strainer in particular, I got up and had to remove what was now a disgusting mess, dripping with goo, slimy with tentacles that were reaching out to me in their final effort at clogging things up, and as I pulled the strainer out, the last dying gasp of that ol' jelly fish didn't even phase me and I didn't even say a prayer over his (hers? its?) dead body. I usually say a few choice words when I remove something dead like this.... and you can be sure I used more than a few the last few times this happened. Judie says the air was blue coming out of the engine room hatch, but I don't remember anything of the sort. I only determined that it was in fact, truly dead, and how could there be any question when it came out in long squishy threads of yuckiness. It was definitely a fatal trip for that jelly belly. I managed to get it all into a bucket without throwing up myself, or cutting my fingers, or getting bit anywhere embarrassing, and threw it out the back without any ceremony that is usual in burial at sea.

Where Are We Now?----Fall 2005

Avocet - S&MSmith -----N37-Annapolis boat show and West River, MD
Big Dipper-McManus-----GH37-at home Beaufort, SC-for sale
Blue Skies-Hazeltine-----GH37- at home-St. Petersburg, FL
Berlie Mae-Woehr-----GH37 -Mirage, being restored
C View-DeHart----- GH37-headed home to Palatka, FL
Double JJ-Jenkins-----GH37 ICW to Bahamas
East Passage-Williams----- GH47-Annapolis Boat Show and South
Fiddler's Green-T&CSmith----- GH37-ICW to Hilton Head
Forever 39- Peterson/Webster-----GH37-just launched-St. John's River, FL
Hemisphere Dancer-O'Donnell-----GH37-Lake Michigan
Jack of Hearts-Kershner-----N37- Persimmon Pt. VA-for sale
Lady Leah-Musso-----GH37-just launched, St. John's River
Lazy Dolphin-Semper-----GH37-South on the ICW
Lo Que Se A-Koetitz-----GH37- ICW to Melbourne, FL
Mind Sprung-Carrington-----GH37-Charleston,SC
-van Esselstyn-----N37 -under construction
Odyssey-Graham-----GH37- ICW to the Bahamas
Puffin-Lantz-----GH37-south on the ICW
Semper Fi-Mirage-----N37-in charter on the St. Johns River
Some Mane's Hammer-Lockwood-----GH37-at home-Tennessee River
Southern Cross-Barkley -----GH47-St. Augustine,FL
The Rose-Murgo -----GH37- ICW to the Bahamas
TI - DE'S Dream-Sanjurjo-----GH37-at home, Kemah, TX
Water Dog-Zinsmeyer-----GH37-at home, Lake Union, Seattle, WA

Favorite Anchorage

Thoroughfare Creek---Mile Marker-388.9-about 30 miles south of Barefoot Landing

Comments We've all heard

"How long did it take you to restore it?"

"That's steel, I know steel when I see it!"

"Kind of funny-looking isn't she?"

Please send us your stories, e-mails, pictures - "whatever" (Loquesea)

Judygenek@yahoo.com

The
Downeasters'
minus C-View



C-View makes an
entrance

D-is for the days we spent at anchor
O --is for the ocean that was calm
W--is for the wind and fog we suffered
N--is for those sleepless nights -so long
EA--is for Earl's dirty, awful fuel
ST--is for Se-quence that didn't go
Put them all together they spell **DOWNEAST**-Memories that we all will share!
-----Written and sung by the crews of Puffin and Lo Que Se A

REFLECTIONS OF A GRAND DOWN EAST DRIVE

-Terry Woehr

This August and September, Mirage pulled out all the stops in their first foray into creating a boating journey for their trawler owners and friends. To be honest, it was *our* first foray into a 'planned' cruising itinerary. Ted and I found it a wonderful experience and can hope that Mirage will not be content with only a 'first'. In fact, we are hoping they are, just like the organizers of the Rose Bowl Parade, already kicking up ideas for the second one!

Peter Swanson has been working on this sojourn for over a year now, and did it ever show! In all, there were eight Mirage trawlers in the waters from Jamestown, RI to Linekin Bay, ME. The camaraderie was evident from the early migrations of trawlers northward. *Odyssey*, *Lo Que Se A*, *Puffin*, *Lazy Dolphin* and *Fiddler's Green* were often spotted sharing the same anchorages along the way. Given the absolutely wonderful phone calls we received from 'the group' as they were sharing good times and hearty laughter, we can only say thank you for thinking of us. Next time, damn it all, we're going to party *with* you!

A couple of brave boaters even invited folks to join them in the journey. *C View* traveled with Pete Petree aboard, *Lo Que Se A* with GHTA Charter Members Neil and Gail O'Donnell, and *East Passage* took us, hoping for capable crew (oops!). We divvied up costs and from all accounts, these folks managed their time together quite nicely. I must say from a personal perspective, Brooke and Dee were most gracious. Dee was patient as I learned some very basic 'how-to's' aboard-like how to properly load the clothes washer and the dishwasher. Some things, I don't think I ever quite picked up on...but I made up for it, I hope, in the "give the cat her medication" department. Dear Candy had problems on the journey to Maine, and we were forced to medicate and assist in personal hygiene. Being the cat 'Mom' that I am, I was delighted to find Candy welcoming of me, a stranger-and one who 'annoyed' her with such inconsideration as I did. Thankfully, upon our departure, Candy was showing signs of improvement.

Our welcome to Conanicut Marina and especially to *East Passage* was just indescribable. Adorning the pigstick on *East Passage* was our "Personal Pennant". Brooke and Dee designed the swallowtail pennant, which is green and yellow with a cat embroidered on it. I can only say I started to cry upon seeing that flying! I knew from that moment, the crew aboard *East Passage* would have a great time together...and we sure did that!

Another fine sight was the gathering of the fleet at the marina and anchorage. *C View* and *Fiddler's Green* were on the dock, along with *Puffin* and *Lo Que Se A*. *Lazy Dolphin*, and *Semper Fi* were on moorings.

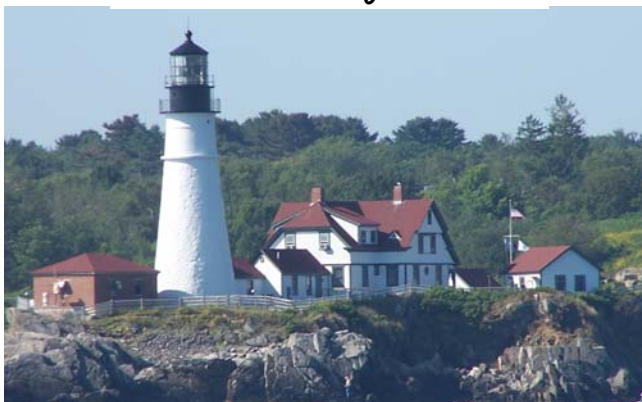
Speaking of mooring balls, they are the norm in the waters we plied on this journey. From my observations, I know that I need to learn how to snag a "painter line". I don't think I even knew the term 'painter line' until this trip-never too old to learn. Our welcome as a group was held at the Conanicut Yacht Club. We had a most spectacular luncheon, complete with open bar (We have Mirage and Brooke & Dee Williams to thank for this delicious afternoon).



Waiting for the fish
in Cape Cod Bay



Linekin Bay



Portland Head Light



Booth Bay Harbor, Maine

“Swinging” Great Harbours



The “quahog” gals



The
Down-easters’



We were briefed after lunch on the trip we were about to embark upon, and final preparations were under way.

Friday the 24th of August and departure was just a few hours away. organized part of the cruise. We were surprised and delighted to see *C View* come into the anchorage. A long passage to be sure, especially at night with all the lobster pots dotting the seascape trying to snag a prop or two. The town of Boothbay Harbor is a quintessential Maine village. The harbor itself is extremely busy with both pleasure and workboats. It was a 3-mile dinghy ride from Linekin Bay to Boothbay Harbor, past quaint summer cottages surrounded by pine trees and craggy rock. The best morning (if there is such a thing!) was when the very talented Carl Lantz-*Puffin's* Captain performed an awesome rendition of our anthem. Carl has that deep well honed voice that resonated beyond just the Great Harbours anchored. Several of the sailboats sharing the anchorage thanked him by their horns and their shouts of approval. We do live, love and play in the best country in the world-even if we don't always agree with those running it.

The final evening was the traditional Lobster Fest, catered by our land hosts, the Linekin Bay Resort. A cash bar to start the party and a round of award certificates and gifts presented to all who gathered by our fearless leader Peter and we were on to the real deal-lots of lobster to devour. Oh those marvelous orange decapods! Sadly, the organized part of this incredible journey was over.

Neil and Gail were jumping ship early the next morning to continue their journey on land. *Puffin* and *Lazy Dolphin* decided to buck the southbound trend and planned to head north. What a great story they'll be able to share at our rendezvous! *East Passage* made her way to an anchorage in Kittery. We shared that anchorage with *Fiddler's Green* and *Lo Que Se A* and journeyed onward to the P'town anchorage and then on to Cuttyhunk Island for another New England lobster bake thanks to Brooke and Dee and their Yacht Club's end of the season bash. A tough life, don't you know! Terry and Chris of *Fiddler's Green* also joined us. At least it was a gradual withdrawal of our cruising companions.

I need to pay homage to other residents of the sea--the whales and the very shy harbor seals. Heading northward, across Stellwagen Banks, *East Passage* was the first to spot a distant whale or two. That was it for us.

Not another sighting until our southbound passage through the same waters where we were given a proper show. Humpbacks galore! They were true performers, as are the harbor seals in Maine. So shy, however, that by the time we had our camera's in hand, ready to shoot, they ducked out of sight. The harbor seals were especially fun to watch in the morning. We have great pictures, as does most everyone who was part of this adventure. We have greater memories. Excellent times shared, waistlines expanded one and all, and friendships formed that will continue to grow for years to come.

Our cruise took us on waters and into ports

Odyssey's Whale



most of us had never been to. To say “Thank You” to Mirage and especially to Peter, who obviously put his heart and soul into this project, hardly seems adequate. We hope Mirage considers this Down East Drive a huge success. I wondered what it must have been like for Ken and Becky Fickett...looking out over the waters at these grand little ships that their company built and ultimately assembled their owners together for this journey of a lifetime for us. I’d say we are all very blessed.

Laughables.....!

Odyssey, Puffin, Lo Que Se A, and Lazy Dolphin “flotilla-ed” to the start of the Downeast Cruise together.

The following is one of their “Learning experiences”

Sue and Paul had done a great job of teaching us how to grab a mooring in these boats. Since our decks are so high they do it from the stern, using headphones. Sue guides Paul so that the ball comes down the side of the boat -- she reaches out and grabs the mooring line, ties it off to a line hanging from the boat deck, and then Paul reels it in from there. However all this shared knowledge was only theoretical mind you, we had yet to do the real thing. Our time came in Glimmer Glass, NJ.

They were old unused mooring balls with no loops or lines. *Puffin* was ahead of *Lo Que Se A*, and Lois was having a hard time making the line catch on the mooring ball. I decided to make a lasso for mine, and put it over the ball and pull it tight. Worked great on the first try.

I yelled over to her to “make a Lasso”. She looked at me funny and yelled to Carl “What’s a Lasso?”---aaaah, the difference between a Montana and Cleveland girl!!! Carl showed her how(in his quiet, controlled voice!) and she then did a fine job of mooring. Who knew that ol’ Montana know how would come in handy on a boat.-----Judy K.

Then there was the time Judy accidentally let out 50 feet of *Puffin*’s anchor rode in the foulest waters we had ever seen---but that’s another story.....

The Downeast Group decided that if you don’t want to tangle a mooring or lobster pot in your props, travel with *Lazy Dolphin*, because those things seem to gravitate to their boat. They caught one of each on the cruise. A diver was able to get the mooring off, but later in Linekin Bay, Randy, bless his stalwart heart, had to get into that cold Maine water and try to cut a lobster pot away. Paul Graham saved the day. Attired in his Bahamas wet suit, mask and flippers-armed with Brook’s awesome knife- Paul dove down and cut the line away..... That’s what we call “friendship”.

A Great Harbour's view of New York City



GHTA

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