

27° 27.57' N
57° 15.45' W

24 August 1990

Dear Al:

By the time you got this letter school will have started and the sailing season will be rapidly fading. That won't be the case with me however. There are no Park District officials to tell me to move my boat, no yard bills to fret the winter-over and no lugging my gear home for storage. On the other hand there are no "beer can" races, no hanging out with the guys, no "Gang" meetings, no skiing, no "Summit," no women and Al & Vonnie to talk to.

As I write this I am beating into 12 knots of wind from the South East (the course I wanted to make) at 5.5 knots with a #2 genny and a stay-pail to help the main. The seas are about 6 feet and about 25 yards apart striking my port bow. The sun is bright and I can see high storm clouds about fifty miles ahead. I just got a Tropical depression warning on the 1600Z forecast. The center of the depression is 1000 miles south directly on my course moving across (I hope) at 10 knots.

The sailing so far has been a test of my skill at not getting crazy when the wind drops to 3 kts on the nose. I have also found that being alone is an adjustment that comes on quickly and causes you to rely on your memory for companionship. At night when the boat is trucking along nicely under the wind vane, it feels like someone is at the helm and I'm just off-watch. Passages and day sails with friends come to mind and though I am alone I'm not lonely. You and all my sailing buddies are here with me, I just don't see you because we're on different shifts.

I made a stop in Bermuda that was not part of the original plan. The first 500 miles were devoid of wind and so I motored to lower my frustration level →