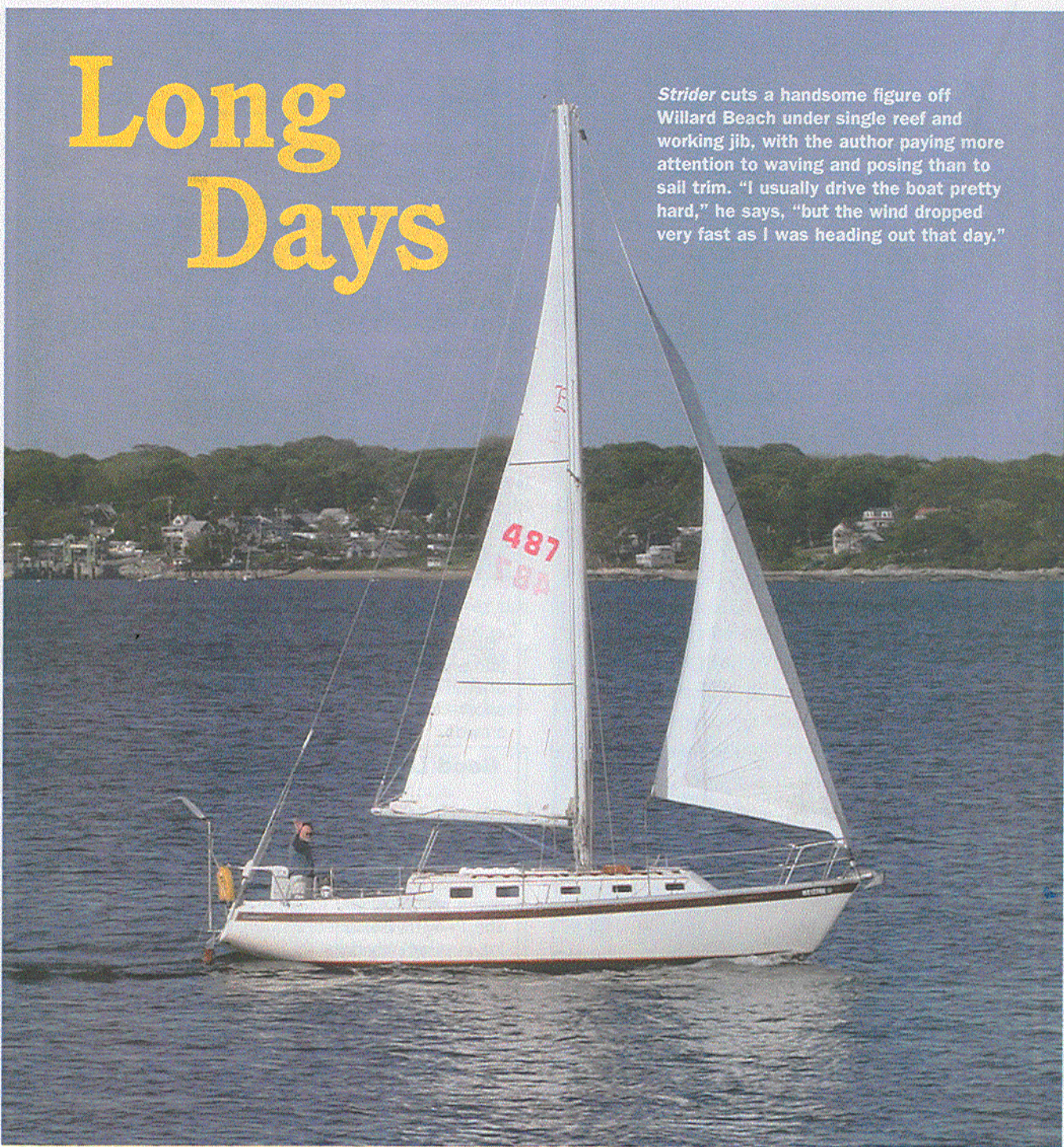


# Long Days

*Strider cuts a handsome figure off Willard Beach under single reef and working jib, with the author paying more attention to waving and posing than to sail trim. "I usually drive the boat pretty hard," he says, "but the wind dropped very fast as I was heading out that day."*



*In which the author makes revelations that will make the Points East Crew Match listings useless to him and comes up with his own definition of cruising.*

**By Roger Long**  
**Photos by Barbara Simon**  
*For Points East*

The frequency of times I look out and see nary a boat in sight, other than lobstermen, tells me there is something a bit unusual about my cruising style. The official song aboard my Envdeavour 32 *Strider* is

Maria Muldauer's "It ain't the meat, it's the motion." Moving the boat is what it's all about for me.

I'm sure I enjoy sitting in the cockpit at anchor and shore exploring as much as most cruisers. Like many of life's pleasures, though, these are ones that are enriched by firm application of restraint and moderation. I do seem to have to put down more mutinies





A visit to Duck Harbor, a narrow cut in the southwest shore of Isle Au Haut, was a rare respite for our hard-driving skipper, but even he said it was well worth the loss of miles under the keel. That's *Strider* anchored off the wharf. The 132-foot schooner *Victory Chimes* (below) is seen over *Strider's* lifelines in Mackerel Cove, Swans Island.

than most cruisers with whom I've compared notes. Case in point: I remember a charter with some nonsailing friends years ago. I had just gotten the boat settled and the final sail trim made and was taking that first deep, cleansing breath when it began. "Can't we just stop on those islands and walk?



What, you mean we drove all the way up from Boston and we're just going to SAIL AROUND?"

Those folks saw Pleasant Bay, north of Petit Manan Island in Downeast Maine, which not everyone does three days out of Rockland. They ran the Petit Manan Channel under spinnaker with a stunning sunset lighting up the sky behind Mount Desert, far to the west. They had a wonderful time but, come to think of

it, I never saw them again.

I finally found a cruising partner who enjoys, or tolerates, my cruising style. I gave her a gentle introduction two years ago with some easy 30- and 40-mile days, so we were ready for some serious cruising last year. This was supposed to be a cruise out to the end of Nova Scotia

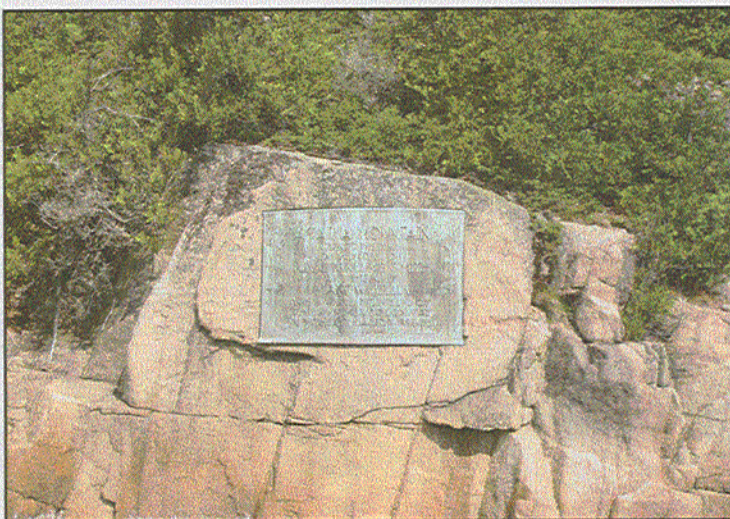
and back, but unexpected work commitments turned it into just a one-week trip. Our starting day brought a double-reef northwest wind, but we were held ashore by the need to turn the dogs over to the sitter. We finally got off about 1530 and were treated to a hull-speed reach up to Damariscove Island, where the wind died after a spectacular sunset. Barbara turned in, and I motored into Johns Bay. Forty-seven miles.



Think what we could have done with an early start.

I enjoy watching shorelines slide by close at hand to the sound of the diesel almost as much as sailing, so taking advantage of the typical morning calms in Maine accounts for many miles under the keel. *Strider* was under way before either the sun or crew were up, and we set the sails in the Muscle Ridge Channel. After a stop in Rockland for a few forgotten items, we crossed the bay on a rail-down close reach to spend the night in the cove on Green's Island. Sixty-one wonderful miles, but that couple of hours in Rockland kept the total down.

The next day, Monday, was spent mostly under power, with an expedition ashore to explore Duck Harbor on Isle Au Haut. That enjoyable walk was well worth logging only a paltry 48 miles. The sun went down



If you're looking for postcards from Captain Roger, you may have to settle for this snapshot of a plaque commemorating Rev. Cornelius Smith and his wife, Mary Wheeler, in whose memory Acadia Mountain was dedicated to the public. Roger does miles, not souvenirs.

the eastern shore of Mount Desert and went tearing off out of the wind shadow for Schoodic. As we rounded the outer tip of the island in thick haze and a strong breeze, I told Barbara she was crossing a line that has similar significance to Maine sailors as the equator does for deepwater cruisers. No spare hands

over Southwest Harbor as we swung on a quiet mooring at Hinckley's.

After showers and refueling the next morning, we did a motor tour of Somes Sound and the spectacular eastern cliffs, often close enough that the GPS track showed us plowing through the pine trees (something to think about the next time you are using your GPS to skirt close to an asterisk on the chart).

We set the sails off Schooner Head on



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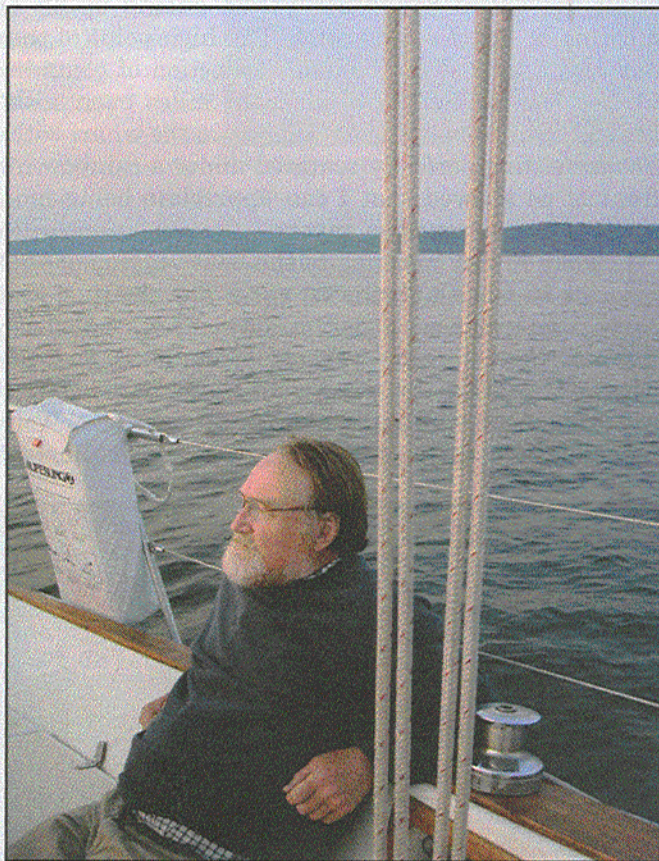
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*I'm sure I enjoy sitting in the cockpit at anchor and going ashore exploring as much as most cruisers. Like many of life's pleasures, though, these are ones that are enriched by firm application of restraint and moderation.*



The skipper appears to be musing about mileages: "Let's see, we did 50-plus today; maybe we can do 75 tomorrow."

for a proper line crossing ceremony though.

The leg across the bar was dramatic, a booming broad reach, seas large, lumpy and breaking on either side. Petit Manan and the mainland were just dim outlines in the haze, the knot log showing numbers usually only seen with the throttle full up. We ran up Narragausus Bay and anchored under the hook of Foster Island after a 52-mile day, but the morning showers were worth this meager performance.

The following day, Wednesday, we motored down Pleasant Bay and back across the bar, where we became a sailboat again. Working to windward in the still, thick haze, we alternated close approaches to

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Maybe this Mainer has the right idea: Pink flamingos are better kept inside as window knickknacks than displayed on the lawn.

shore with long tacks out to sea that brought us close to seeing nothing but unbroken and hazy horizon. I managed to time the last tack, exactly at noon, so that we were able to lay the Bass Harbor Light House with a couple hundred yards to spare. After a brief stop at Morris Yachts for fuel, we motored and sailed up Blue Hill Bay, calling the day short at 65 miles due to threatening skies and dire warnings on the weather radio. We anchored in Allen Cove, and I lugged the big Fortress anchor and rode up to the foredeck just in case, but the thunderstorms never materialized.

Thursday was another short day due to an exploration of Blue Hill and shopping in the morning. We spent the entire day under power, ending up on a mooring at Eaton's in Castine. The high point of the day was a tour of the fabulous collection of boats in Center Harbor. Forty-two pleasant miles even with the sail cover remaining on. Dinner on the wharf with *Strider* sitting perfectly centered under a rainbow in front of us showed that I can appreciate being motionless just as much as anyone.

I awoke Friday morning to the boat tugging at the mooring in a brisk northwest wind. The clearing and early wind promised a glorious day, and we sailed off the mooring before the sun rose over the Bagaduce. The front stalled, the wind went light, and we were motoring shortly after passing Dice Head Light. Well named, there is no sure thing where weather in



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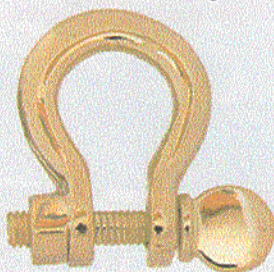
Teak Wheel



Sea Turtle



Octopus w/Emerald Eyes



Large Shackle



Turks Head Tri-color

Turks Head Band





Maine is concerned.

After a long motor to Owl's Head, the wind continued to tease us. We kept the main up and started and stopped the engine more times than I can recall. The breeze finally filled in solid from the southwest off Whitehead, and we tacked through the islands of Muscongus Bay.

Off Pemaquid, we were driving hard into the glare of late sun off wind-whipped water. A Bermuda 40 on our beam rolled up her sails and started motoring on the same course. We steadily pulled away from her with the jib winched tight against the shrouds and the rail in the water, clearing Ocean Point on Linekin Neck just comfortably. We struck the sails in



Heading westward under sail toward Mount Desert at sunset is not a bad way to go.

Boothbay and motored through Townsend Gut and across the Sheepscot to anchor far up in Robinhood Cove after 76 miles. This made me feel like I was getting back in the groove again.

Saturday was a glorious day, attenuated to 40 miles only because we arrived back in Portland. The sails went up at the mouth of the Kennebec, and a tack out to sea put

us on a long close reach that brought us home with water foaming along the sides.

*Roger Long sails Strider, an Endeavour 32, out of Portland. If you hear anchor chain coming aboard at 0400, that will be her. Strider will resume her New England cruise, southbound, in the June issue.*

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