

Subject: Commence, the Voyaging Season

From: "Dan Rogers" <DanAshore@conceptcable.com>

Date: 5/20/2019, 2:08 PM

To: "Dan Rogers" <DanAshore@conceptcable.com>

“...Scattered showers. Heavy, at times...”



You might say, it's a long way to drive, for a picnic lunch. Especially, if you didn't get around to making one, to bring.





Just north of twelve-hundred miles of sagebrush, trees, mountains, and asphalt, round trip. I guess you might say that some of us are either hardcore, or just-plain-foolish. Same thing. Anyhow.

Jamie the Seadog and I had our first road trip of the 2019 Voyaging Season. Gone, about a week. I'd say that Jamie is about the best travelling companion you can find. And, *Walkabout*, has the makings of a very fine way-to-get-there. No complaints, there. Or, there. But, what this was all about. There are some boatfolk we hadn't seen, or talked to, in a year. Happens every spring. The Coots gather at a little park on Fern Ridge Reservoir, just up the pike a piece, from Eugene, Oregon. Past years, that sizeable pond has been ab-so-looooot-ly paved over with sailboats. One, heckuva moveable feast. I just couldn't wait to get back. And, except for NOAA; it mighta' been that way again, this time. Just two problems. (a) The weatherguessers were RIGHT. (b) All the locals, believed 'em. Except for Earl. Just gotta' love that guy.



Earl, and his exquisitely-constructed *Dr. Petra*, a Glen-L, “Bo-Jeste” pocket trawler, joined *Walkabout*, in showing up in the traditional way: by water. In fact. Earl donated his entire weekend, to making Jamie and me right at home in all-but-deserted Richardson Park Marina, and surrounding environs. We chewed the fat, went voyaging on several forays, and generally had a quite-genteel several days. Thanks, Earl!





The picnic, did happen. Between cloud bursts. And, Bob brought along his HAM-equipped kayak. I do think this guy measures his blood pressure in mega-hertz.



You can't have a messabout, without boats. And, Bob brought along a boat. Thanks, Bob!

As I was saying. Events sort of got away from me. Jamie and I showed up empty handed. "Jeez, dad...you said we wuz going to a PICNIC..."

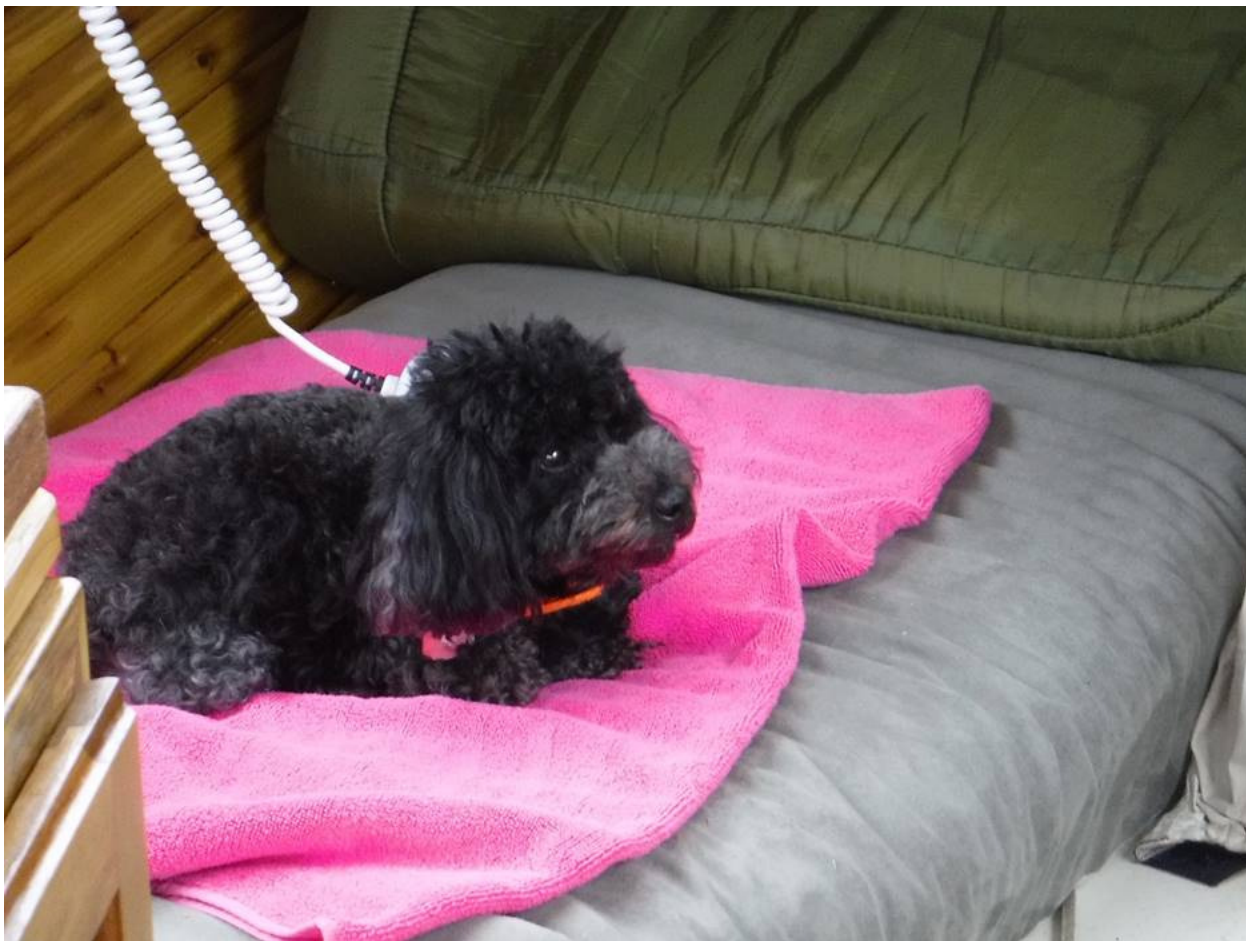


Anyhow. After the party broke up, Earl took us on a voyage of discovery. At the top end of the lake, is this place everybody talks about as “The Jungle.” And, what a cool place. Reminded me of the bayous of Louisiana —except no ‘gators, snakes, or even big bugs.





While we were travelling in company, through the local equivalent of the Everglades; I left Jamie in charge of monitoring the wx broadcast. He seems to have more patience, waiting for The Synthetic Norwegian, to finally come to the point.



When Jamie started rooting around in his seabag for his foul weather gear, I knew we were in for it.



And, crossing one of the longer fetches, we absolutely got clobbered. Flash-followed-by-bang, and zero-zero viz. Pretty cool, if you're in a roofboat.



Then, the wind dropped, and the sun sort of murked on through those bolted in place clouds. We followed Dr. Petra into a little hidey hole. And, lo and behold.



A gen-u-whine blast from the past. I'm thinking the 'toon patrol might object. But, suddenly, all was right. Somebody, *Walkabout*, can swap seastories with. Anyhow. It was a road trip. A great chance to see how we boys can make a home away from home aboard *Walkabout*. And, a chance to see and talk to a bunch of Coots.





Chase a couple hardy sailors around the pond between rain storms.



Even, watch the birth and metamorphosis of a hatchling.





We even stopped at a couple old haunts along the trail. It's sort of against the rules to just drive on by.





But. Mostly, it was just Jamie & me, and *Walkabout*.



Next time, maybe? Maybe, so.