

## Mac Trip 2012



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**July 17, 2012 (Day 1)** – Today marked the start of Ship 1492's summer trip. We had been planning for months, and now it was finally time to join Time Machine. The crew met up at my house, we packed up, said our goodbyes, and hit the road. (The crew consisting of Robert, Tyler, and Alex.)

We were now on our way to pick Commodore Jay up in Novi. We met him at the Red Lobster, and now we were on our way to my trailer in Roscommon. The ride up to the trailer went fairly quick. Tyler and Jay slept most of the way, and Robert and I read the Walking Dead.

Once we reached the trailer, we planned a menu, played NES, and watched the Animal Planet. After we were done planning our menus, we went to town to grab a bite to eat, and went grocery shopping. The eating went by quickly, but we spent hours in the Wal-Mart, trying to find everything. We walked away with tons of groceries, and made our way to the trailer, to play more NES, watch TV, and call it a night.

**July 18, 2012 (Day 2)** – We woke up early this morning, packed into the truck, and made our way to Mackinac City to meet up with Time Machine. We made a short stop in Gaylord to get breakfast at Burger King, and were back on the road.

We turned onto the Mackinac City exit, and started getting excited, knowing we were getting close to the Ferry dock. We



pulled into the dock, stopped shortly to explain to the worker we were here for sea scouts, and finally got in. We unpacked and carried our gear to the boat, where we met Nathan, another part of our crew. We also met Robert Gordenker and Eric Gunderson, who were the crew on the boat. We hopped aboard and said our goodbyes. We motored

around, pumped out the boat, got ice, and picked up Garth. (Garth was the Boy's Life photographer.)

Due to the traffic in the marina, we took off and made our way to our first destination. We motored into Lake Huron, and split away from the pack. Everyone got used to the boat, and slowly the Mackinac Bridge disappeared in the horizon. Nathan and I prepared a



lunch of cold cuts, and within the first couple hours we were at the helm driving. Garth took many

pictures of us, telling us not to pay attention, but it was hard not to. We motored for hours, and passed many cool boats, and lighthouses.

Since it was a warm day, and we were miles ahead of the other



boats, Robert and I decided to take a swim. We stepped over the edge staring into

the clear blue water, and I made my descent into the chilly lake. Robert followed, and we swam laps on the side of the boat. We waited for them to hook up the hoist, and we were hoisted back into the boat, and were on our way to Presque Ille.



Jay and I talked about overtaking and boat lights, while the rest of the guys were driving and doing big jumps on the bow of the boat. Many of us were getting hungry so

Robert and Tyler cooked up some leftover chili, and we snacked on some pringles. Many hours passed by and the sun was setting behind the landscape, as we pulled into the shallow water of Presque Ille. Nathan watched the computer, and Mr. Gordenker steered us in making sure we would not bottom out. We found a spot, and anchored out in the harbor.



Robert, Tyler, and I set up a tarp for us to sleep under, and we took the first anchor watch. We saw the other boat Griffin pull in and they anchored out with us. Robert and I played some BS until the bugs got too bad, and then we finally went under our sleeping bags. For the anchor watch, we were supposed to wake up the other guys, but we let them sleep, so Robert and I just did it. Waking up every couple of hours, to make sure we were not floating away.

**July 19, 2012 (Day 3)** – The tarp whipping back and forth finally woke us up in the morning. We packed up our sleeping bags, and took down the tarp. Nathan came up to swab the deck, and Tyler went down into the cabin to get some more sleep.

Since Robert wanted to swim so much, we sent him over to meet with Griffin, and see what their plans were. He came back and told us that War Chant was at the marina, and some of the kids wanted to go see the lighthouse. So we decided to go into the marina. We pulled aside Griffin, and docked. Some of the guys went onshore, but a couple of our guys decided to sleep below. We grabbed



a quick breakfast of bagels and yogurt, and made our way out of the marina. We did not get to visit the lighthouse due to an incoming storm, and were told to put on our foul weather gear.

We woke up the other guys, and quickly put on gear. We made our way back up, and the waves were already splashing over the bow. We made our way back into the deeper water, and we were getting ready to sail. (The wind speed



was about 20 knots.) Mr. Gordenker sent Mr. Gunderson and I, to hook up the jib, and hoist it up. I did this a couple of times, but never with rain, and these rough of waves. It was a little difficult, but we got it up, and brought the guys over to sit over the rails.

The day was full of rain and swells, some reaching ten to twelve feet. Robert and I thought it was a lot of fun, but some of the other guys did not like it so much. (Robert and I did not even take any Dramamine.) We did not really have a lunch, but just snacked on granola bars, and COOKIES all day. This was good, because some of the guys could not keep their food down, and they were feeding the fishes.

All and all it was a gloomy day and everybody had mixed feelings. I caught a couple naps on the cabin top, and rode a couple of waves with Robert. But after hours of waves, and shivering, we could see the Harrisville marina. Mr. G, knew there was a possibility of bottoming out, so we all got low on the deck, and held on. We came in with no problem, but then we suddenly stopped in the middle of the channel. Mr. G did a couple of maneuvers, and we were moving again.

We pulled into our spot and docked, put our stuff on top to dry, and rushed to the bathroom. We got there and the doors would not open, (later finding out we needed key), but we found a bathroom around back. It was really nice to be in a bathroom that was not rocking back in forth. Even though we all felt like we were still rocking standing there.



We made our way back to the boat, and decided on what we were going to do for dinner. We found out there were not any family restaurants, so we decided to grill with

the Griffin crew. Robert went for a quick run, and then we headed over to grill. The griffin crew was grilling chicken, and we were able to chat with them. We had hotdogs, so we quickly grilled them, and we all ate at a pavilion. The hotdogs were the first real meal we had all day.



After finishing up our meal, we headed back to the boat, where we met up with the Griffin crew. We stuffed over twenty people into the cabin of Time Machine, where Mr. G, told the story of how he received the

Hanson award. It was a perfect time, because after what we went through that day, it was important to remember safety, and to look out for others.

The griffin crew left, (along with Garth who was joining War Chant), and we quickly called it a night. (One of our scouts had something come up and had to leave.) I slept up top again (where all our stuff was drying), but the rest of the guys slept down under.

**July 20, 2012 (Day 4)** – Again the tarp woke me up. I packed up my sleeping bag and threw it down the hatch. Jay, Robert, and I went over to take showers, and Tyler stayed behind. Since the storm



had passed, and we were docked, we decided to cook eggs and sausage. Tyler and Robert handled this, and before we knew it we were ready to go. Tyler did the dishes (dropping the coffee filter in the water), and Robert and I helped get out of the dock.

Today was going to be long and we were ready. We were going to be crossing through Saginaw Bay, and making our way

to Port Sanilac. We put on our foul weather gear, and made our way out into the lake. Unlike yesterday, it was sunny and the wind was perfect. (So the foul weather gear came off.) We got the jib ready to go, and each one of us had our own jobs. We hoisted up the jib, and the mainsail followed. (Today the wind speed was about 10 knots.)



Today everybody felt fine, and we were more active. We all were at the helm again, (finding out who was the best at steering), and began working on some of our requirements. We were already accomplishing some, (menus, cooking, dead reckoning logs, etc.), but now we were moving on to knots, and anchoring. Tyler and Robert were working on their Apprentice, and I was working on my Ordinary. (This was a great time to get a lot of our requirements done, since we were new, and have not had a lot of time.)



After working for an hour or so, we decided it was lunch time. It was my turn to cook, and the majority wanted ramen noodles. I went down to the galley, and started boiling some water. (A task I thought was going to be simple, but turned out to be a challenge.) It was time to pour the boiling hot water into the cups. I opened the first package, and started pouring water, ALL OVER MY HAND! I finished all the cups, some being a hassle, and we had a good lunch. Afterward, we all went back to doing different duties.



Many hours of good sailing had passed, and Mr. G, wanted us to do a cool



maneuver. We were going to hook up a second jib, replacing the first one. So we called over to War Chant, to let Garth know that a picture opportunity was going to happen. We all got to our positions, and hoisted up the second jib. We cleated the line, and moved on to the first jib. We let it down, and made our way past War Chant.

The day stayed pretty consistent. The weather stayed nice, and it was smooth sailing. Later on we started cooking dinner, and deciding whether we were going all night, or if we were going to stop somewhere else. We chatted over our ravioli dinner, and decided we did not want to go all the way. Mr. G did not want to risk going into the shallow water, late at night. Instead we decided we wanted to stop in Harbor Beach, and anchor out again. We called both Griffin and War Chant, to tell them of our plans, and to see if they wanted to join us. But they both wanted to do a night sail and keep going. So we were on our own.

We sailed to Harbor Beach, and anchored out. Since it was still early and the sun was still setting, we decided to grab some snacks. We emptied a bag of trail mix, ate a couple cans of tropical fruit, and drank a few Gatorades. We grabbed our sleeping bags, and decided to sleep on deck again. (Well Tyler slept in the v berth again.) This time we did not put up a tarp, because it was supposed to be a clear, starry night.



**July 21, 2012 (Day 5)** – We woke up early again, and quickly packed away our things. We had four hours to go, to catch up with the other



boats at Port Sanilac. We ate a quick breakfast of frosted flakes, and got ready to go. Tyler went to the helm, and Robert and I went below to work with Jay.



the life sling. Each of us was somebody out of the water.

When we finally reached Port Sanilac, we met up with Griffin as they were pulling out. Griffin decided to go out and let the kids do different things, so we decided to take our time. We stopped and took a swim, and were able to test out the life sling. Each of us was somebody out of the water.



After we were in the boat, we decided to put up the sails. We hoisted both the mainsail and the jib, and made our way to Port Huron.

We all switched on and off being at the helm, and made our way. A couple hours of driving passed, and we went with Mr. G, to chart where a barge had sank. (We found out that it was a little bit north of the Blue Water Bridge, and to the west of our course.) We made some cold cuts for lunch, and kept sailing.



When we were about ten miles from the bridge, we tacked, passing Griffin, and pushed closer to the bridge. As we got closer we passed many motorboats, and could see Canada. We sailed under the bridge, and minutes later we were at the Port Huron Yacht Club. We stopped to get some gas, and then we docked on the wall, for the night. We all ran up to the clubhouse,



minutes later we were at the Port Huron Yacht Club. We stopped to get some gas, and then we docked on the wall, for the night. We all ran up to the clubhouse,



grabbed some waters, and watched the baseball game.

After watching the game for a bit, we went on a run with Robert, around Port Huron. When we got back, we were met by my parents. (My dad was going to ride the rest of the way to North Cape. We all decided to go out and eat, and when we were about to leave, a boat caught fire at the marina. After the firemen came, we walked through Port Huron, and found the restaurant. It was a pizza shop, so the three scouts and Jay, ordered a giant deep dish pizza to share.



After eating our dinner we were hungry for ice cream.



We walked across the bridge, got some ice cream and went back to the boat. We played a couple games, talked about movies for hours, and called it a night.

**July 22, 2012 (Day 6)** – This morning we were woken up early. All the other boats were already home, but we still had a long way to go. We pulled out of Port Huron Yacht Club, losing one of our crew (Jay), and gaining another member (my dad). Robert, and Tyler decided to sleep, but I wanted to stay up.

Today we were going to be motoring through Lake St. Clair, Detroit River, and finally Lake Erie. Again we had another long day ahead. Making our way to Lake St. Clair, we had many close encounters with barges. Finally we were in Lake St. Clair. Tyler and Robert finally woke up, and we went to sit cabin top.

After sitting and messing around for a while, we decided to go sit



on the bow, and ride the waves. I was reading the chart seeing where the markers were as we passed them. Finally we could see Detroit in the distance. Robert and I went down to make a breakfast. Since it was our last day, we used up a lot of our leftovers. We decided to make sausage & egg McBagels.



Everyone devoured them, and we got ready to enter the Detroit River. As we motored along, we passed Belle Isle, and many yacht clubs. We made our way past downtown Detroit and Windsor, and soon we were passing under the Ambassador Bridge. After we were out of the Detroit area, we passed many party boats (and parties), and an island full of mansions, as headed home.



A little while later we finally entered the choppy waters of Lake Erie. We decided to make lunch, and it was my turn again. I used the warm water from earlier, and made the ramen noodles. (This time, not burning my hand.) After lunch we all watched out for patches of weeds, and we could see Fermi off in the distance. Tyler went back to steering, and Robert and I laid down on the top of the cabin. (I decided to take a nap.)



Splash! This woke me up. The choppy waves decided to splash us, and it was good timing. It was time to switch off drivers. Robert, Tyler and I traded off as we pulled

closer to North Cape Yacht Club.

Mr. G, found out that the water levels were low, and we might have trouble getting in. Tyler kept steering closer, and finally Mr. G took over. We came up to the channel, and stopped! We bottomed out. We all leaned on the side, and motored back into the lake. We tried again, but got stuck like before. Mr. G, decided to anchor out, so we gathered all our gear, and went on rescue boats.

We went into the channel and got off at the wall of North Cape Yacht Club. We said goodbye to Mr. Gu, and Tyler, and took Robert home. Mr. G, sat in his boat till he could get in later, and we called an end to our summer trip.



### Final Notes:

The Lake Huron adventure was a lot of fun. It was a good learning experience for our ship, and we were happy to be a part of it. Thanks to Wayne and Jay, for telling us about the trip. Thanks to Robert G and Eric Gu for being an awesome crew and letting us

use Time Machine. Thanks to Jay for being a part of our crew and helping us advance. Thanks to Garth for joining us and taking pictures. And thanks to my dad for driving us up to Mackinac City, and joining us on the last day.

### The Crew:



