

11. Shipwrecked at Estero Morúa

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This, one of the longest of the essays in the book, is a favorite of mine not only because I am featured in it but because of its fine writing, attention to detail, and solid tale-telling. Speaking of which, however, I think the characterization of me as a somewhat clueless individual was a trifle overdone. —TC

Introduction

“Most men slave the whole year long just for the privilege of living for two weeks every summer in a shack by the sea.”

The quotation above I assume is the observation of a celebrated author but where I came across it I don't remember and as much Googling as I have done, I still haven't been able to credit the source. I have come to think of the saying as my own and should the absence of authorship persist, I will eventually claim it.

I recall a foreshadowing of the quote's meaning when as a child, through some long-forgotten circumstance, I watched a man preparing for a two-week sojourn at the beach. He was packing a cardboard box with canned food and other supplies. As he was about to add to the box a small bottle of dishwashing liquid, he looked at me with a glad expression and gave the bottle a little pat on the bottom, as if it were a baby. That small gesture joggled my young mind. Here was a man looking forward—with happy expectation no less—to washing dishes. But the meaning of the gesture was not lost on me, for as the “Shack by the Sea” aphorism attests, when it is a matter of self-imposed poverty by the sea, even and especially the menial and mundane, become sublime.

My mother and father's old place on the beach has been rotting away twenty years and more and for weeks I have been living in a world of paint and sawdust, termite killer and roof cement, Clorox and copper wire, construction screws and tile grout, push broom and nails. My object is to make the place once again livable and there is no end to the work. Week after week one loathsome job after the next rears its head and I have awakened every morning looking forward to a day which was to give me nothing but satisfaction.

The decaying cement roof of the annexed bathroom, once the base for two ponderous and leaky water tanks, has finally done what it has been threatening to do for decades. Big chunks of cement have collapsed and the room is filled a foot deep with debris which must be shoveled out. The rubble confirms what I have always suspected. Rubén, once the steward of the beach, had long ago used a dirty dune sand conglomerate containing whole shells to make the cement.

The overall decay of the house has required that I do a thousand things. I have replaced the fractured toilet tank, installed a new faucet for the cold water tap and a new shower head, and glued and grouted the shattered yellow tiles. I have repaired the doors and painted them turquoise with brilliant pink trim (Mexican Baroque) and I have removed the stained ceiling panels and repainted them, patched the roof, rewired the solar lights and pump, dapped and cemented the holes in the cinderblock walls. In the kitchen, I tore out the huge, termite-demolished cabinets over the sink and dragged them to the road for removal.

Looking down the sandy road, I see that the privilege of living in a shack is not universally held so dear. I see it in the contrast between my single solar panel the size of a Monopoly board and a neighbor's multiple panels like upended tennis courts. In contrast to my simple gas stove and icebox are a neighbor's legions of appliances supplied by inverters from banks of huge high-tech batteries that fill a room—batteries powerful enough to turn a Ferris wheel. There is a contrast in outlooks when one considers a bucket of fresh water sluiced over one's head after a swim in the sea and the pressurized spray of an outdoor swimmer's shower decorated with an artfully crafted mosaic of palm trees and parrots.

While the introduction of luxury is antipodean to the truth of our, so far anonymous, little aphorism, there seems to remain a peaceful coexistence between those of us who hold diverging outlooks on how much is enough, or whether less is more.

But the following story goes back to a different time and a different place and like most stories it cannot be separated from the two. I ask you to bear in mind that fact can easily be clouded by memory itself, and that the retelling of any tale is a potent fertilizer. I'll end with a more familiar Bartlett's that comes to mind, one whose authorship is not so arcane. Whether it holds true now I don't know, but Estero Morúa was once, "a poem, a stink, a grating noise, a quality of light, a tone a habitat, a nostalgia, a dream."

Up on the dunes were the beach houses. There weren't many of them, just a little row that reached east a few hundred yards stopping on the edge of an endless Mexican wilderness of sand and cholla and pristine beaches of the Sea of Cortez. Even then they were old houses. Some of them had tall, crumbling cement garages with vast double doors which opened to reveal the rotting remains of brave little motorboats as old as the houses. I remember one crafted of wood aging in the dark of a cinderblock boathouse. Out of it thin copper nails grew like slender green mushrooms. The carcasses of these small, sea-going vessels were all that was left of the halcyon years when the fishing here was as good as any place in the world.

The settlement built at the Moruan estuary in northern Sonora was once the Estero Moruan Sportsman Club. Now it was just Club Estero de Morúa. The early dreamers of the club fished for yellowtail, *totoaba*, groupers, dog snappers, dorados, and mighty sea bass as big as cows. On the decks of these very boats were once spread the bright blue fronds of sailfish. By the mid '70s, however, over fishing had stripped the reefs of the big bass and groupers, and Japanese *longliners* with sixty-mile-long nets had swept up much of everything else.

There were two unrecognized factions among the Estero Moruans -- those who were *José* and those who were *Post-José*. Perhaps it was a source of disappointment to those who were *Post-José* for it was as if you had missed not just the fishing, but a whole era. It might also have been a bit of a blessing. José Espinoza once owned this beach and he was responsible in part that the Estero Morúa group was different from the other American colonies in the area. José ran the place as if he were Stalin and he liked peace and quiet. Even *Post-José* "Estero Moruans" like myself thought twice about letting loose a skyrocket over the beach at night, or even blowing off an M-80 on New Year's Eve. It was as if the ghost of José were still enforcing the rules.

One evening years ago, José's wrath fell on Chuck Davis. The way I heard it was that it started when a happily schnoekered Chuck was marching up the sandy road from a party, boisterously singing sea chanteys. José never much liked Chuck. He'd been waiting for something like this. José let loose the full force of his fiery temper. Though Chuck was a lovable guy, he wasn't anyone to boss around either. But he had to leave and leave that night. José had stuck a big nickel-plated revolver in his face.

Chuck forfeited his membership in the club along with his house. There might have been legal recourse, but that counted for nothing. José had a gun. Happily, it was not long before José dropped dead of a rage-induced heart-attack while chasing some hippies over the dunes. Chuck got his rights back.



José's grave (Cross is gone.)

There are a lot of stories about José but they are not really mine to tell. I am, after all, *Post- José*. I only know him by apocryphal stories and by his monument which stands in the *estero* alongside the shortcut road through the creosote and ice plants where high tide seldom reaches. It is a wooden cross anchored by a big pedestal of cement upon which *José Espinoza* is drawn in green paint. The top of the cross is crowned with a neat little arrangement of rusting nails to discourage birds from perching on it. Fishermen found José's monument a convenient rest stop after the three-beer trip across the rough, bladder-jarring roads to Estero Morúa. Sometimes big recreational vehicles braved the rutted trail past the monument and also stopped to perform their ablutions. I'd seen them emptying their septic tanks there as well.

Though the dreams of fishing had faded along with the era of José, the Estero Moruans were still made up of dreamers. One, of course, was the reinstated Chuck Davis. He once dreamed of salvaging the wreck of the *Eros*, and sailing around the world. But it couldn't be done. The mysterious Scandinavian ship still lay rotting far away on the flats. You could walk to the remains across the hard, rippled sand where the wreck, with its vast dark interior, would tower above you, its own damp wind exuding a smell like nutmeg. Once a high tide brought in thousands of small Portuguese man-of-wars so that the belly of the ship resembled an ice cave, its massive wooden ribs shrouded with jellyfish whose stinging tendrils hung down like blue icicles. One night Chuck jokingly offered me a half share of the *Eros* for fifty cents.

He was later to add his own picturesque shipwreck to the landscape. Chuck's boat, the Maryanne, was also wrecked in a storm, swept high up over the beach and right into the desert during what must have been a hundred-year tide. It now lay far from the sea amid the creosote and cholla near a lonely road in the wilderness. I hiked out to it one summer.

I could imagine the tide and the wind and the rush of the sea that brought it there, but I as yet could not much imagine myself on the sea.

Chuck's Maryanne was a sturdy 25 foot fibreglasser with an oddly slanting deck and portholes along each side. You could stand up inside it. At the bow, was a marine toilet which I discovered was still being used. Like José's monument, the Maryanne had become a roadside rest area.

Our next-door neighbor, Bill Holmes, also dreamt of the sea. He had a sailboard and a small catamaran which he used to explore the calm waters of the *estero*. It was his fascination with the wind and sails that would soon take him out to sea and my brother and me along with him. He was at the time of the story a tall, *Post-José* man of maybe fifty-five whose healthy tan and full head of brown hair with no grey, exuded nothing but good fortune. Bill was an industrious worker and his house was always neat, but he didn't seem to mind our run-down diggings alongside him. It was his nature to get along with everybody.

One morning a neighbor named George, knowing that Bill's wife was not to arrive until morning, had invited him over for an early dinner. My brother Tom and I got an invite too. George, who had competed in the 1968 Olympics, was revered by my brother Jeff for his innovations to the sport of running. Late that afternoon, the three of us trooped down the road to George's. His wife was a good cook. We had tacos and triggerfish and washed it all down with gin and tonics flavored with yellow slices of fragrant *guayaba*. The house seemed filled with steam from the kitchen.

A little while later Rubén stuck his head in the door. A Mexican citizen, he lived at the beach all year. He drove the big rusty water truck that supplied the twin tanks which topped each of the Americans' houses. Rubén was a cheerful man with a wide, kindly face darkened by the sun, and a ready smile that showed just a trace of gold. As far as I knew, he'd never bothered to learn one word of English. He had been visiting a neighbor earlier in the day and had been given a good used gas stove. I had helped him load it into his pickup. He was looking forward to going right home and cleaning it up. He was very happy with the stove and used that curious excessive diminutive Mexicans tend to employ: "Muy limpio," he said. "Limpiacito." -- Very clean. Cleany weenie.

Rubén also looked after the place as watchman. Once a rumor came to my father that Rubén was in possession of a pair of deep cycle batteries that had been stolen off his roof. It was only natural that Rubén might be assigned the role of

antagonist in this little story of theft, and it was through no fault of his own. While there was always a friendly, easygoing commerce between the American beach house owners and their Mexican hosts, the cultural and language divergence caused it to contain a particle of mistrust. Absent much of the year, the homeowners consigned the security of their holdings to Rubén, not a small task if he were to ever have to go into town, or do anything else, sleep, for instance. Should anything turn up missing it might well induce uncharitable thoughts of the rogueries that result from misplaced confidence. Rubén was not an American. He was not rich. And these houses lay abandoned much of the year.

Now Rubén had come to George's looking for my brother and me. He had found my father's stolen batteries along the road. They were at his house now and we could come and get them anytime it was convenient. We thanked him effusively and said, "*Hasta pronto, Cuñado,*" employing the charming Mexican honorific which means brother-in-law, and is used to address only a friend as it implies that you are sleeping with his sister.

Months later I heard an uncharitable slander that my father got his batteries back only because Rubén couldn't figure out how to rig the six volters into his twelve volt system. A small community is by its nature a nefarious entity, gossipy and unjust, and even if it were true (and I'm sure it wasn't) that Rubén had taken the batteries, and then returned them because they were the wrong voltage, did it not speak to the character of a man unwilling to begrudge us batteries he had no use for?

It was dusk when we left George and from the sandy road we could see a shoal of porpoises moving in toward the beach. The black fins and backs of these little whales broke the surface as they dipped in and out of the copper-colored water like rocking horses. The *estero* was very quiet and as the sky darkened, the sea turned to slate and then the color of lead.

Later that night, I went out for a late walk through the cold December night. It was so dark I couldn't even see my feet. It was like wading through ink, and I lost my way and wandered off the sandy road which was our driveway, and stumbled over the little bush-topped hillocks of sand. When I found my way back onto the road again, I stood watching the stars. The milky way was like a frost in the sky and between the stars I could see the mists of space.

Everyone was asleep when I returned to the house. It was very cold and I zipped myself into a sleeping bag on a mattress on the floor. Then the moon rose and its light came through the window and I was dreaming strange dreams that cannot be dreamt anywhere else; I am not the first to note the strangeness of Estero Moruan dreams which all agree have a splashy, polychromatic quality as if they were plagiarized from Gabriel Garcia Márquez. Mine, or my memory of it was unscrupulously lifted almost directly from "the Gabo." In it was a river of moving

sand that dropped like a waterfall into a dry arroyo which reached down from the granite mountains. There in the alluvium, the light of my imaginings and that of the moon, revealed a thin crescent of glittery red garnets, and from the eroded bank of the wash, the exposed ruins of a suit of Spanish armor welded together by rust. Tiny stalactites of green copper dripped from the seams of it, and the bones of the Conquistador, long since fossilized and crumbled to sand, were pouring out of the armor with a sound like rain. Then the dream wandered out toward the sea and washed in and out along the shore with the seaweed and I was in a deep sleep.

Perhaps in all the little houses the same thing was happening. The dreamers were sleeping, and they all dreamed their part of the big dream of the *estero* and their own secret versions of it: Chuck of his Eros and his Maryanne, Bill of his sails and the hissing skin of blue water, Rubén of his tidy new stove and his batteries, and George, in his slumber, of the cheers and glory of a long-ago Olympics.

By noon the next morning, my brother Tom and I were drinking Bohemia beer on the beach. Bohemia comes in a solid bottle of dark amber glass and the neck is wrapped in heavy gold foil. On the label is a picture of the Aztec emperor, Cuauhtémoc. It is the pinnacle of the brew master's art. John Steinbeck, whose wanderings had led him to explore this gulf, explained that Bohemia was "the best beer in the western hemisphere."

The air was cold with an offshore breeze that was already starting to make the sea rise. Bill Holmes was out with a new catamaran braving the wind, sailing close to shore. Despite the cold, he was in hog heaven and he grinned as he slid past us, holding the ropes of his sail. The sun was bright in the cold sky. Gulls swirled overhead, and a pair of oystercatchers with beaks like bright red crayons sauntered down the shore near the water's edge. It was impossible to imagine that in just hours Bill, Tom and I, would be miles at sea considering the possibility that we might be drowned.

It is funny how disaster appears. Only after it has wrought its destruction can one look back and see the signs of its approach. The logical progression of events leading up to it is often invisible until it arrives. Only afterwards does perfect hindsight make the equation obvious. Thus, the nature walker who sees only beauty and not death as he admires a plunging falls from its brink doesn't see the silly, slippery algae on the rocks either. A comical pratfall fall sends him into the river and over the edge. Not once had he considered the possibility of falling in. Death has crept up wearing its customary clown's suit.

It was much that way with Bill Holmes early this morning. Not a hint of trouble anywhere. The sun was bright, the air was brisk and the water inviting. All prospects pleased. But unapparent to him, were some conspiring circumstances this fine day. The first lay with the small catamaran he was sailing. It was new and

seaworthy but not his usual craft. For one reason or another, he had borrowed it from a casual acquaintance. It was identical to his own except for its size. This borrowed cat was a little larger. Still, he reasoned, he should be able to handle it.

There was, however, another difference between the two catamarans. Whereas the smaller craft was easily righted by one person should the wind spill it over in the water, the larger craft required the weight of two persons to lift up its long mast. Bill did not know this.

Also conspiring was the wind. It was breezy this morning and this offshore wind was rising. Noting this, Bill wisely steered his boat close to the beach. He knew that the gulf was an immense wilderness and he had the imagination to understand the potential for danger when the wind was high. He was confident in his skill at sailing, but he was not an arrogant man. He understood what it meant to be blown out to sea.

He steered the boat so close to the beach that he could almost imagine brushing the dry sand with his fingers as he passed. He was consciously careful and prudent, for he respected the gulf, and for the moment, even his human ego was in check. Perhaps he was even being a little more cautious than usual. Maybe he sensed some danger, something foreboding in the wind, even though it could not be named.

All this counted for nothing. As he executed a turn, the wind caught the sail broadside and the boat gently keeled over. One by one, like slowly toppling dominoes, the circumstances of the morning began to lay themselves in place, align themselves in form. There were not many of these toppling circumstances, but not one of them fell to Bill's advantage.

Following a familiar routine, he leaned his weight into the sling of rope to lift the mast out of the water. It cleared the surface a foot, two feet, and rose no farther. Puzzled, he threw his weight into the ropes again and was surprised that the mast still rose no higher. Funny; his own boat was a cinch to turn right-side-up. Just lean back and up she came. This catamaran was a little bigger. It no doubt took more leverage. He tried it once more without success. At this point he stepped off and stood up in the cold water ruminating. The sea was barely past his waist and the shore not twenty feet away. He looked at the beach and a little shore bird looked back at him. If he was in any danger, he sure couldn't see it.

The wind was picking up a little. The mesh platform of the little sailing rig was vertical now and the wind pushed on it. Bill Holmes's feet slipped on the sandy bottom as the little "sail" began to pull him away from the beach. He climbed back up and tried again. Nothing doing. Now he was angry. He swore a little and tried to bully the thing up and he stubbornly continued until it occurred to him that it was not possible.

This was a two-man cat, and what he was beginning to divine was that he was perhaps a hundred pounds short of righting it. He scanned the shore. There was a thin line of cinderblock cabins on the dunes and to the east, virgin beach and wilderness a hundred, two hundred miles long. Still an easy swim to shore. That is, if he left the boat right now. But that was exactly what he didn't want to do. It was not his boat. He would have to face the owner. He would have to explain how he had lost it. That he could easily pay for the boat did not figure into this. He was short on confidence, not money. Thus, it was his pride that toppled the last domino in this little collapse of circumstances. The little equation was complete. He clung stubbornly to the capsized boat procrastinating.

In a couple of minutes he was beyond the possibility of swimming to shore and having stupidly discarded his last saving option, he was now left with only one—and that was to float with the wind and watch the beach become a thin, hazy line in the distance.

Chuck Davis' ancient Starcraft rowboat was the only boat around. In the summer there might have been a runabout whose owner could have been whistled up to motor out and get Bill Holmes. But the serviceable boats were locked securely behind the big doors of the old houses, their owners absent. Had this been a San Diego beach, a simple phone call could have sent a powerful helicopter thundering off to hoist the castaway from the sea. But there were no phones at Estero Morúa and had there been, who would one call for help? The Mexican shrimpers were not out; the season had not yet begun. Puerto Peñasco, the town to the west, was closed in upon itself, sleeping through the off-fishing months of winter. I looked out to the sea for *pangas*, the intrepid sea-going "dories" which plied the gulf pushed by their 65-horse Evinrude outboards. The sea was barren.

The Estero Moruan beach on the edge of the Mexican wilderness, the pristine beach whose allure had enticed the dreamers was about, it seemed, to take a tithe.

My brother and I watched the wind blow Bill Holmes out to sea. He looked across the water at us. He was immersed up to his waist with a foothold on some submerged part of the boat. He raised his hand to us. It was not a frantic gesture, but a poignant one, almost a wave goodbye.

I had looked at Chuck's old twelve foot Starcraft only the day before and knew that it was missing a pin which attached one oar to the oarlock, but I quickly went and looked at it again. Maybe we could fix it. I was astonished to find that it had already been repaired with a jury-rigged ten penny nail which had been passed through the assembly and crudely hammered over like a hook. Nobody, not even Chuck or Maryanne, knew who the hell had done it.

"We're in luck," I told my brother. "It's rowable."

We dragged the boat scratching across the sand and slid it into the water. By now the wind had taken Bill a quarter of a mile out. The wind seemed to lift the

stern as my brother rowed us out into the gulf. He moved the boat with a lazy one-two stroke which irritated me.

“Stop that bullshit and row,” I said. “We’ve got to get that guy.”

Tom paused to take a swig of beer. “Relax,” he said. “We’ll get him.” He put the bottle back between his knees and continued rowing, both oars at a time now, his back to the horizon. After a while he said, “We getting any nearer?”

“No,” I said. “He’s *way* out there. Keep going.”

An hour later Tom was still rowing.

All this time the wind had been rising and it pushed the rowboat as it followed Bill far out into the gulf. The beach was a line in the distance with tiny sand-colored squares above it which were the beach houses of Estero Morúa.

“Funny,” Tom said. “I’d think we’d have made more headway.”

“Keep going. We can’t make it back against this wind.”

“You still see him?”

“I see him.”

“We getting any closer?”

“No.”

“Funny we can’t catch him,” my brother said.

The wind was gusting now and it moved us ahead in spurts, sometimes almost plowing us into the swells. I reached under the seat of Chuck’s historic boat to see if there was any flotation left at all. My hand came away stained with the powdery white residue of Styrofoam. The big rectangular blocks of the stuff had weathered away long ago. If the boat were swamped, we’d sink to the bottom. Of course, there were no life jackets or flotation cushions either. The only thing in the boat was Tom’s discarded beer bottle which rolled back and forth on the bottom. I only just realized how much it had been irritating me. I threw it out over the water.

“What’s the matter with you?”

“Shut up.”

In another hour the houses on the beach could hardly be seen at all. The sea surrounded us, a circle of dark blue, angry with whitecaps. Nearby a delicate, undulating jellyfish rode comfortably by in a swell. It drifted away, placid, indifferent and supreme. I was starting to get a little scared. I did not much want to be drowned. I looked at the ten penny nail holding the oar to the lock. Creaking against the metal, it seemed to be coming loose. Now what looked like a little bird came out of a wave and fluttered across the water. A flying fish. Under different circumstances this would have delighted me.

Then time seemed to speed up and Bill Holmes was closer. The distance between us disappeared and we arrived all at once. The swells looked bigger now. One moment we were looking up at Bill, the next moment down.

“Am I glad to see you guys,” he said, and his relief was catching. “One of you guys get over here and help me right her.”

“Right her?” Tom said.

My brother had been thinking all along that we’d row him back.

Tom stood up and immediately fell overboard. Well, that decided who was going over. He swam to the cat and Bill grabbed him by the scruff of his jacket and pulled him up as the capsized boat hissed up out of the water with a rising swell. Then Bill gave directions.

“Lean back and give it all your weight. We’re going in.” Bill counted to three and they disappeared with a splash and the mast, with its tangled sails sprang up. The little catamaran danced light and lovely on the top of the water, a triangle of sail snapping angrily in the wind. For a moment I was alone, and then their heads bobbed up in the dark water and they climbed aboard.

“Get over here, Steve,” Bill said. “Let that rowboat drift.”

“Let’s tow her,” I said. It seemed foolish at this point to discard one of the boats. We tied a line to the rowboat and Bill untangled the jib which bellied out in the wind, almost knocking him over.

“Let’s get the mail sail out,” he said.

I knew nothing about sailing, but I knew enough that the wind was too high for us to be playing around with that big sail. Bill had already capsized this boat once with the big sail out. Why risk flipping her again? Maybe we wouldn’t be able to get her right-side-up a second time.

“Goddamnit, Bill. Leave that big sail alone. Look at this wind.”

He thought a moment. “Okay,” he said.

The slack was already going out of the line which connected me and Chuck’s boat to the cat and as it played out it whipped the rowboat’s bow around with a jerk. “We’re sailing,” I said.

Bill sailed with the wind, steering east almost parallel to the distant shore. He was pretty brave about the cold. He had been soaked for two hours, dressed only in a blue windbreaker and shorts. The tugging sail slung the old Starcraft ahead in rushes. Now that it contained only one person, the open boat rode high and whisked across the water in spurts, but from Bill’s vantage aboard the catamaran it was hard to tell if we were making any progress at all. Occasionally he’d cast me an anxious look and holler, “Are we sailing?”

“Yes,” I assured him.

I kept my eye on the shore. Tiny in the distance, two rusty water tanks, each stood on end, were visible along the beach between Estero Morúa and the remote Second Estuary. This was a site of a development which in just a few years would change the character of the area forever. I had never looked at those tall brown

tanks with anything but hatred, but now they seemed almost friendly. They were growing larger.

After a while we could see the beach and a small shape rushing down it. Bill's wife Phyllis had gotten wind of the situation and had been watching with binoculars. Now she was chasing along the shore in Bill's Chevy Blazer and behind her Rubén braved the sand in his rattling pickup. We could see that we'd make shore about ten miles east of Estero Morúa. As our progress became apparent, our worry dissolved into a kind of elation which made us grin and wish we had cigars. Perhaps the sensation was an exaggerated sense of relief. Whatever its cause, we sailed in feeling as powerful as whales.

As shipwrecks go, this wasn't much of one. It doesn't rate with the wreck of the Eros, or even the desert beaching of Chuck's Maryanne. The event probably doesn't even merit the heading of *shipwreck* as the ship made a safe landfall. Nevertheless, I still like to use the word when I think of that day. Shipwrecked. It's great for bragging rights.

Bill Holmes has been very generous. He has sometimes recounted the story when Estero Moruans have gathered over Bohemia beer and triggerfish. Moreover, at times he has told the tale with generous embellishments and exaggerations crafted to make my brother and me seem heroic, filled not only with a rare courage, but a sublime, quick-thinking *intelligence*. In any case, the glistening eyes of his listeners on one occasion convinced me that he was well-worth the saving, even though I know he owes as much to an ignorant, ten penny nail.