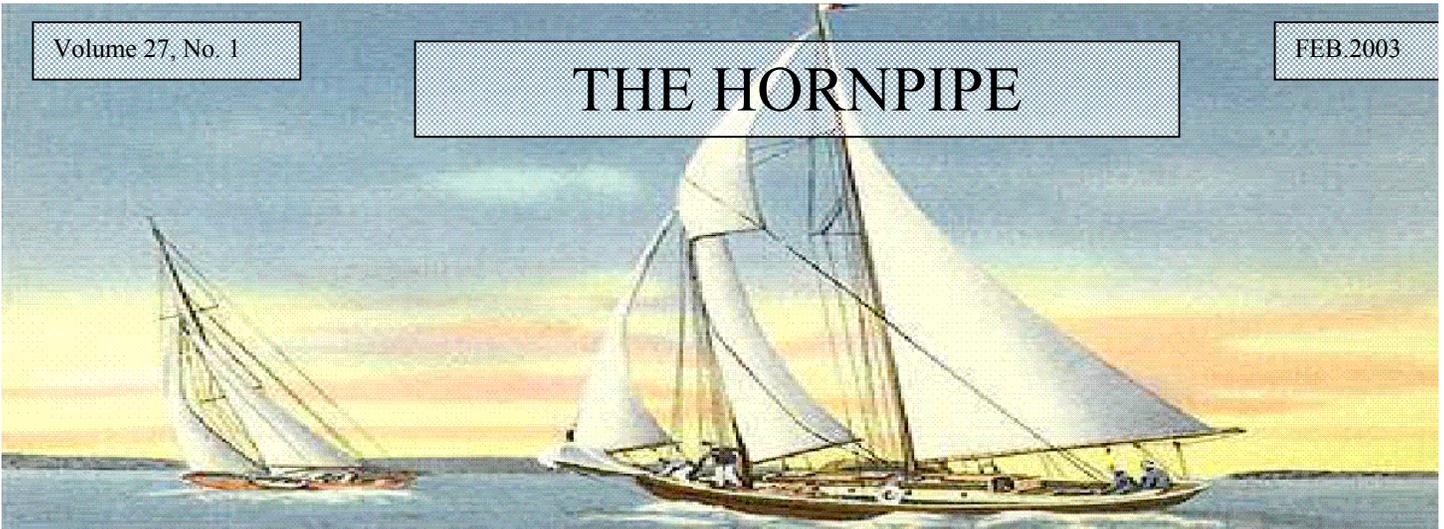


# THE HORNPIPE



## Commodore's Comments

**Andy Monjan**

Welcome all to the beginning of another year of sailing and enjoying the Chesapeake Bay. Even though the temperatures and chill factors are less than we like on our cruises, soon the seed catalogs and the boating catalogs will be in our mailboxes heralding our 2003 season. In preparation for those days, the CCSC Board is planning a full schedule of events, both on and off the water.

We hope to have at least one event each month, including dinners, workshops, fleet night, and, of course, sailing. Our Hornpipe editor, Steve Foland, is intent on delivering at least a monthly issue, via e-mail, brim full of trip reports, book reports, items of interest, and tidbits of information. So, don't be shy and do send him your stories of epic daring-do. And, if you are planning on going to some sailing-related event, let us know about it. I'm sure that it will be of interest to others, and we can make it a land "raft-up" and social occasion as well.

I am looking forward to serving as the CCSC Commodore for this year. Let us all look forward to a great year of sailing and comradeship.

## Event

The **Concord Point 2003 Winter Seminar** has one remaining session this year in their loft at 311 St. John Street, Havre de Grace, MD 21078. The seminar will be held February 22, starting at 9:00 a.m. The event will begin with Volvo Highlights at 9:15-10:15; then continue with "The 3 R's of Sailing: *Reading* – sail shape, what to look for; *Righting* – trimming for best performance; and *Riggmatic* – make it work, trim system."

There is no charge for the seminar, but attendance is limited to 125 phone reservations. (410-939-2196 or 800-745-0978)

## Good Time Had by All

Commodore **Andy and Usha Monjan** hosted the first club party of the year, the January Party Held in February. Those fortunate enough to attend were:

**Janet & Ron Benrey**  
**Jan & Hank Zerhusen**  
**Nan Shellabarger**

**Jenny Poniske, AKA Linda Jensen**

**Caroline & Steve Mange**

**Don May**

**Jacki & Ted Edens**

**Barbara & Dick Callis**

**Robbie & Ed Sabin**

**Jutta & George Alberts**

**Carol & Bill Durr**

**Judy & Steve Hilnbrand**

**Carol & Don Reynolds**

**Ilyse & Jesse Delanoy**

**Steve Foland**

**Don May** and **Steve Foland** attended as stags because their mates, **Gail** and **Judy**, were down with the mysterious stomach ailment that is making the rounds this year.

### Awards

Outgoing commodore **George Alberts** and new commodore **Andy Monjan** were not stingy with awards during the party.

In recognition of having gone on the most cruises last year, and encountering inclement weather on all of them, Andy awarded **Jan and Hank Zerhusen** a beautiful sailing print entitled "Approaching Storm" and a book, *Boating Weather*.

Memorial Day cruise captains, **Ilyse and Jesse Delanoy** were recognized for captaining a cruise that found the participating boats at three different anchorages. Their award? A book entitled *International Codes and Signals*.

**Jacki and Ted Edens** were recognized for captaining the cruise that no one seems to be able to remember, the Best Wine Cruise. For their efforts,

Andy awarded them the book *Sip to Shore*.

For his "ongoing Delmarva circumnavigation," **George Alberts** was awarded the book *Blue Water Dreams*. Perhaps the book will inspire George to cross the finish line one of these days.

**Jenny Poniske, AKA Linda Jensen**, of Delmarva-circumnavigation-journal fame, was awarded the book *Best of Sail Cruising* for having completed the circumnavigation that George is still working on.

For helping Jenny with her circumnavigation, **Steve Foland** was awarded the book, *A Short History of Navigation*.

George Alberts, as outgoing commodore, gave two awards during the evening:

**Jacki and Ted Edens** received the award for being Outstanding Club Members, and **Steve Foland** received the Allan Isensee Messing About Award.

### Jenny's Journal, cont'd.

[You will remember that the last issue of The Hornpipe left the *Kayo Jane* two hours out of Hampton, Virginia, on its way north to Bodkin Creek. For your mid-winter reading pleasure, we will pick up the journal at that point. SF]

### **18 October 2002 – 1400 hours**

We continued northward, handily weathering the shoals off of Cape Charles city and making good time. Eventually, we ran out of water and had to tack. Taking up a heading of 310 degrees, give or take 15 degrees, we put the mouth of the Rappahannock River on the nose and settled in for a nice, long run on the starboard tack. Alas, it was not to be. First, we had to avoid a large container ship, the *New Century 2*,

which approached fast from the south just as the wind started to falter. We cleared the channel in good time, but could count the rivets on her hull as she steamed by. Then the wind died completely, having slowly backed throughout its death throes, and we were forced again to choose between the engine and being adrift.

Engine it was. We put AP at the helm and set course for the Great Wicomico light. With 15 miles to go before reaching our chosen port at Reedville, Virginia, Steve and I wandered the decks taking pictures and enjoying the sunshine.

#### **18 October 2002 – 1900 hours**

We checked the charts, picked a marina, and called ahead to reserve dock space. They gave us some pointers about the approach and we were set. We arrived at the mouth of the Great Wicomico River right at sunset. Having AP to hold the course while both of us furled the jib and doused the main was wonderful. With both of us available, we had the main flaked and tied and the cockpit shipshape before entering the channel.

The channel into Reedville is the narrow, deepwater Cockrell Creek, twisting and turning past several menhaden processing plants. There are NO lit navigation aids past the mouth, so our progress was slow as we tried to match shadowy shapes on the shore with notes on the chart read by flashlight. The Reedville Marina and Crazy Crab restaurant finally came into view, brightly lit and welcoming. The proprietor himself came out to help us adjust our fenders and get tied up. We

decided on dinner first (excellent food and service), then a short walk through town to look at the beautiful homes converted to bed and breakfast inns, then showers, phone calls home, and bed. Another great day on the Chesapeake Bay!

#### **19 October 2002 – 0700 hours**

Note to self: NEVER stay in Reedville when the wind is south — there is nothing like the smell of menhaden in the morning!

For the first time this trip, it was hard for me to get up this morning. It was Steve's alarm that awakened me at 0630, but I didn't crawl out for another ten minutes, when nature's call finally became stronger than my desire to sleep. After a quick trip to the facilities, I started the coffee while Steve must have hit the snooze button again. The next time the alarm went off, he reluctantly got up. I think our marathon 36-hour sleep debt finally came due last night, but we had things to do and places to go so we pulled ourselves together and cast off into a cool, bright, and breezy morning at 0800.

NOAA got it right this morning with winds SSW at 10 to 15 knots. *Kayo Jane* was eager and we set sail as soon as we cleared the mouth of the creek. We left the Great Wicomico light to port and fell off the wind to the north as soon as we had sea room to clear the fish pens along the western shore.

#### **19 October 2002 – 1430 hours**

The miles slipped beneath our keel as the lighthouses appeared, then faded into the distance. The wind was

perfect for us. We reveled in the freedom and beauty of the morning. We negotiated sea sharing with a number of commercial ships, but had no close encounters except with the *New Century 2*, now headed south and no more heavily laden than when we saw her the day before.

As we approached the mouth of the Potomac River, we noticed a tug pushing a barge and paralleling our course in the near-shore channel to the west. We were easily pacing her and actually pulling slightly ahead as the channels, which we were between, slowly converged. North of Point Lookout, however, the wind started to slacken and the tug began to pull away. By the time we were abreast of Cove Point, the tug was hull-down a few miles ahead of us, and we were struggling to make 3 knots even though NOAA continued to assert that we had 15 knot winds. We were blanketed by the bluffs along the shore in this section of the bay, so we decided to set the spinnaker to see if we could make better time.

### **19 October 2002 – 1800 hours**

Whew! What a ride! What a rush!

We won't get any prizes for fast sail changes, but what we lose in technique, we make up for in guts. It took us about 20 minutes to sort out the uphaul, downhaul, halyard, guy, and sheet and to get them all properly secured and reeved. The halyard was fouled somehow, making raising the chute a real chore, but we finally got her up, untangled from the jib furling gear, and sheeted in. AP was a great help while we sorted out the gear, but a downright danger once the chute was

flying since the correction algorithm caused the bow to swing too far with each oscillation, nearly jibing us several times and succeeding once. However, as soon as the sail set and we took over the helm from AP, *Kayo Jane's* head came up and we leaped forward. From dallying along at 4 knots, suddenly we jumped to 7 – 8 – 9 knots!!! We cheered and gasped and took pictures and gloried in the rush of adrenaline and speed. The knot meter kept climbing as we left the cliffs in our wake, hitting an unbelievable 10.8 knots at the max. We flew up the bay for three hours and six minutes, overtaking, passing, and leaving the tug a mile or so behind us. We couldn't understand why every other sailboat we saw was either motoring under bare spars or sailing severely reefed.

### **19 October 2002 – 2000 hours**

Passing beneath the bay bridge, we were back in home waters, and the wind was again dying.

We had doused the chute just before sundown as we were abreast of the Thomas Point light. We didn't want to, but decided that doing it in daylight, with sea room, was more prudent than doing it in the dark in a heavily trafficked channel. It wasn't easy. The wind had picked up and was fluky, veering around to catch the chute as I tried to blanket it with the main and Steve tried to pull the sheath down. Three times the chute filled and laid us over to starboard, nearly throwing Steve over the lee rail and taking every ounce of my strength to haul the tiller to windward and get us level again. We got no points for speed again, but we

finally got the sail stowed and the Genoa reset.

The tug passed us again just south of the bridge, as we were abreast of a tanker lying at anchor and lit up like Mardi Gras. We were just ghosting along, reluctant to start the engine, but we were tired and wanted to reach Hammock Island before dawn.

### **20 October 2002 – 0015 hours**

We pulled into the slip at Hammock Island right at 2300. We had motored for two hours, from the mouth of the Magothy River, following the green channel buoys and letting AP do the driving. George popped up out of *Breezing Up*, which is slipped next to *Kayo Jane*, to see what was going on

and was surprised to see us back so soon. He had been sailing earlier, but thought it was too windy for single-handed sailing and had decided to stay aboard in hopes of getting out in the morning. We exchanged brief greetings and a few anecdotes, then George went back below to his berth. Steve grabbed his kit and the life raft and headed home, and I am in my berth to sleep until I wake up.

[If you would like to have a complete copy of the journal, let me know and I will email one to you. SpinSheet has picked up 1300 words of the journal for publication sometime, and we are offering the journal to at least one other magazine for publication in its entirety.. SF]