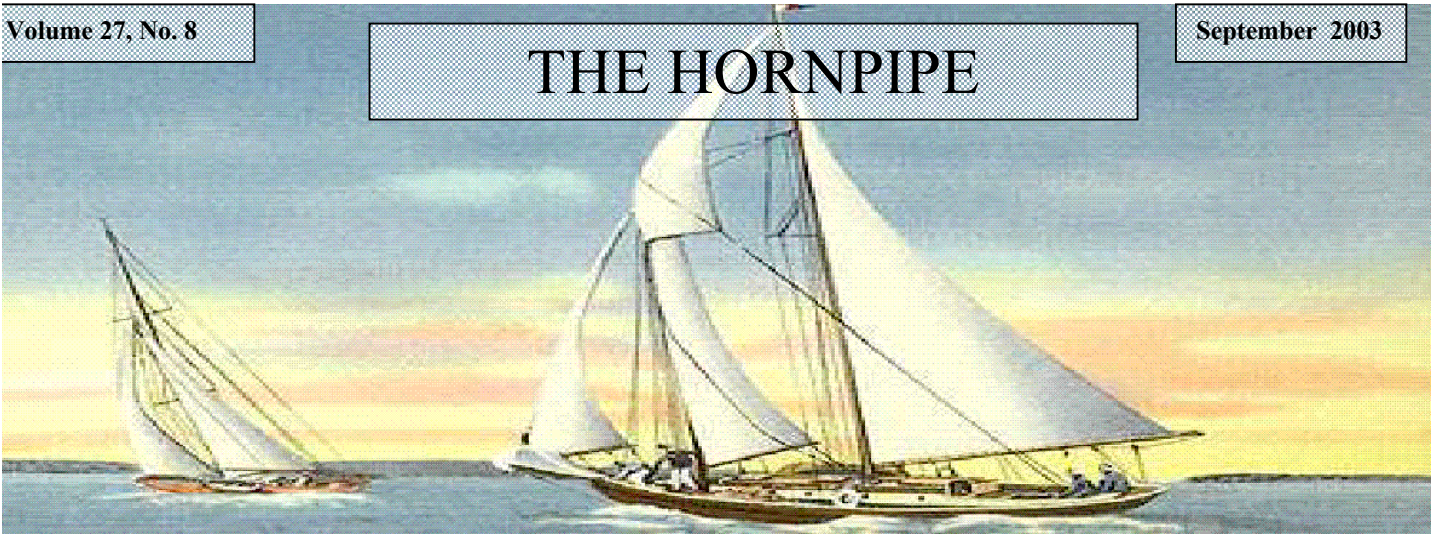


THE HORNPIPE



Commodore's Comments

As I write this, I am in Alaska on my way to fly around Mt. McKinley. Sort of the extreme from our Chesapeake Bay, but still an activity dependent upon a successful application of Bernoulli's Principle that allows us to sail towards the wind. Fall is here at latitude 62N, but not yet back home, where some of the best of the sailing season awaits us. Although summer has been relatively mild this year, we have had a lot of rainy weekends and several canceled cruises. However, those cruises that have been held have had fleets of half a dozen or so boats and lots of good times. Our Best Cheap Wine Cruise was its usual success, and our Labor Day Cruise also was well attended. Do make the effort, nevertheless, to spread the word about our club to others, sailors and novices, who might be interested in joining the CCSC. Word of mouth is still the best advertising medium. Our upcoming Picnic/Regatta on September 20 at Hammock Island is a good place to start with introducing new people to our group. We still have one more scheduled cruise to Worton Creek in late September to enjoy the end of summer on the Bay and to bring aboard new members. If you are planning to go out on any other cruises, why not contact others to see about getting together for a small cruise and raft-up? And now is the time to start thinking about who to nominate for our next year's board of directors.

Maybe yourself? We will be having our Fall Annual All Hands Meeting on November 17, so put it on your schedule. Look for fair winds and calm seas and for other CCSCers on the Bay.

Andy Monjan

CCSC Annual Picnic/Regatta

OK, who invited Isabel to the picnic? Seriously, based upon the vagaries of weather patterns and storm tracks, I feel that it is prudent to cancel the CCSC September Picnic/Regatta scheduled for September 20th. At worst, we will be in the middle of a storm; at best we will have very wet surroundings. I'm sure that a number of us with boats at Hammock Island will be out there on Saturday if the storm has passed, so we could have an impromptu post Isabel gathering.

Andy Monjan

Summer's End Cruise – September 27-28

The next cruise is to be at Worton Creek the weekend of September 27-28.

Cruise Captains Jutta and George Alberts will provide more details later.

**Labor Day Cruise, a.k.a. "The
Cruise Best Forgotten"
August 29-September 7, 2003**

This cruise was not a huge success! Probably due to the weather, which was hot and humid, with a chance of thunderstorms and showers, and in our case, lots of changes en route.

Friday:

We arrived at the boat, ready for a week of relaxation and sailing. While warming up the engine, the cooling-water light came on. We checked it out and found nothing wrong! Go figure. We motored over to Ventnor Marina for a pump-out — and, no suction! We motored back to our slip and went home for the night. The weather was still hot, with a chance of thunderstorms. *Wind Song* spent the night in Oxford.

Saturday:

Jan woke up sick so we stayed home and read sailing manuals. *Wind Song* and friends, *Heather II*, and *Magdalena* anchored in San Domingo Creek for the night.

Sunday:

Jan was recovering, but still home while **Hank** went to the boat to do chores. Meanwhile, all our food and clothes were on the boat, so being at home was like camping - strange meals and wardrobe! *Wind Song* and *Heather II* anchored in Trippe Creek for the night.

Monday:

We arrived at the boat, and **Hank** realized that he'd forgotten how to set the handles on the valves for a pump-out (senior moment!). The pump-out was performed successfully, and we then motored to the West River and sailed for a wonderful 20

minutes. Arrived just as *Wind Song* and *Heather II* sailed in. We motored to the anchorage in the Rhode River and rafted for cocktails and sea stories. Thunderstorms approached so we broke the raft about 20 minutes before the storm hit. It was *Evergreen's* first storm with her new owners on this anchor, hence a very anxious captain. But the anchors held for *Evergreen* and everyone else, and no dragging.

Tuesday:

Wind Song returned to her home port, while *Heather II* and *Evergreen* motored on to Solomons Island. Large, black clouds threatened us all, but the rain held off till the anchor was set for *Evergreen*. *Heather II* headed to Zanhiesers Marina before the storm hit. *Evergreen's* autopilot had worked earlier in the day, but then the belt began to slip. Then the shower sump pump stopped working. The pump was taken apart, checked over, and put back together. Now it works just fine. The belt was fixed on Wednesday.

Wednesday:

We realized we were running low on water and discovered a water leak at a fitting. We fueled up and took a slip at Zanhiesers Marina due to captain's fatigue. We fixed the autopilot by re-aligning the base unit, and replaced the fitting on the water hose. We then went to the pool for a swim, and five minutes later thunderstorms rolled in, again!

Thursday:

Seventy percent chance of rain. *Heather II* headed to Oxford anyway. *Evergreen* stayed at Zanhiesers performing small chores. It rained as predicted.

Friday:

Evergreen headed north, 20 knots on the nose. Glorious sailing - tide with us, seven tacks to the Little Choptank River. We doused the sails and started the engine

and discovered no cooling water for the engine. So we dropped the anchor in the middle of the river. Two and one-half hours later all fixed by putting belt and pulley back in place on the pump. Motored closer to shore and dropped the hook — a bit roly, but clear and cool, with a beautiful moon, stars, and Mars.

Saturday:

Decided to stay put and tighten any belt we could find. Again at night — beautiful, but the mayflies (green 'spot' bugs) appeared — in our hair, eyes, and nose. It's a good thing we have screens.

Sunday:

Motored all the way home to Bodkin Creek. Decided to anchor in Jubb Cove for the night. Cooling-water temp light came on when the engine was at idle speed, so we set the anchor anyway and enjoyed a cold drink. The mayflies appeared as if on cue. So we raised the anchor and motored to our slip. We gave up, buttoned up the boat, and ran down the dock towards home.

Hank and Jan (and Patty) Zerhusen

Cruising Tales

From the Log:

SV Salud, 1530, 30 August, 2003, position approximately 0.5 NM east of the Craighill Channel Upper range marker, heading 345 at 3.6 kt. 3 souls on board. Winds southerly at 10-12 kt, seas 1- 1.5 ft, temperature in the high 70's, light overcast and haze, visibility of 3-4 NM.

After a lovely day on the Bay, we got caught in a brief, but violent thunderstorm while on our way back into port while sailing on a Saturday afternoon. When we noticed a darkening of the clouds to the west and observed what appeared to

be active precipitation, I remarked that we might be in for some dirty weather. We had furled the jib to allow better use of the Yankee on the downwind run and were just skimming along on a broad reach, with the wind astern and just a few points off to starboard.

I expected the wind to shift as the squall approached, but was surprised at how little warning we got. The breeze was steady at a bit east-of-south and at 10 knots, then I felt one drop of rain on my arm and the main sail rattled once against the port shroud. As I glanced up, I saw the windex swing to register NW and the boom swept across the cockpit! I was able to grab the sheet and minimally control the jibe. The sail popped as it filled on port tack, the wind having doubled in speed. The bow was dragged around to starboard as the headsail backwinded, until **Nan** freed the port sheet and hauled in the starboard. After a brief, precipitous heel, *Salud* bobbed up and took the wind in her teeth and started making great speed in the right direction — toward the Bodkin “3” fixed mark.

By this time, the cell was upon us for real. It was really very frightening, with lightning striking the water all around us, thunder rolling continuously, rain pelting down in huge fat drops, visibility down to nothing, and the winds gusting and rising alarmingly. The electricity in rigging was palpable — we could hear it crackling and whining — but we didn't actually get struck and my little ship behaved beautifully, responding to the helm and riding the waves with aplomb. We all stayed in the cockpit, every pair of eyes straining to see the other boats that had been in our proximity when the storm hit, as well as watching for crab pots and aids to navigation.

The first cell passed over and we started to relax, but then we were hit by a second and a third. All of this took place in the space of about 20 minutes, then — nothing. The wind veered north, but was so light and variable that tacking into it to reach

the approach to the Bodkin seemed futile. Plus, there was another cell moving in from the southwest. We started the engine and ran for home, dousing the sails and clearing the decks as we went. We were safe in the slip by 1645, with enough time to get her secured and shipshape before the next wave hit.

It was one of those experiences that one doesn't actually go looking for, but turns out to be exhilarating and enlivening when it's over. What a rush!

Linda Jensen

New Zealand

[I asked Jenny Poniske about her and husband-John's recent trip to New Zealand, and I received the following, which Jenny has allowed us to include here, via email: — Steve]

Oh yeah, New Zealand. **John** and I celebrated our 25th anniversary on the slopes of Mount Doom. Unfortunately, I did not get to go sailing while we were there, too much hiking, horseback riding, white water rafting, touring, eating and visiting with new 'old' friends.

Two weeks was not enough time, but it was all we had. We toured the North Island extensively, but did not go south of Wellington - quality over quantity.

We were adopted by the children of a family that **John's Dad** had recuperated with in 1943, from wounds sustained at Guadalcanal. When we first decided to go Down Under, **John** wanted to see the sheep ranch where his **Dad** had stayed, since he

had spoken glowingly about it while **John** was growing up. I contacted real-estate agents in the vicinity to see if anyone could give us some information - we had the name of the ranch and the family from letters **John's Mom** had saved. Within two days, I had names, addresses, phone numbers and driving directions. We contacted the son, just to say we would like to drop by while we were there, but **Campbell**, who was 8 at the time, now 68, and his live-in significant other, **Dale**, took us in hand. They met us at the airport, planned our itinerary, stayed with us at the resort we had booked, then took us home with them and handed us off to **Campbell's** older sister, **Judith**, 73, for more chauffeuring and hospitality.

We saw the ranch where **Judith** and **Campbell** had grown up and where **John's Dad** had stayed. We also were given a royal tour of the place (now a lavender farm, with most of the pastures leased to a guy who raises elk [a big business down there]) and were interviewed and photographed by the local newspaper. It seemed that the whole country put on the dog for us: The weather, for mid-winter, was perfect and the national rugby team, the All Blacks, regained not one, but two, international titles that they have been seeking for five years. There was celebration in the streets. We had a fabulous time.

Linda Jensen

**PLEASE SUBMIT YOUR CRUISING
TALES TO FOLAND@AOL.COM.**