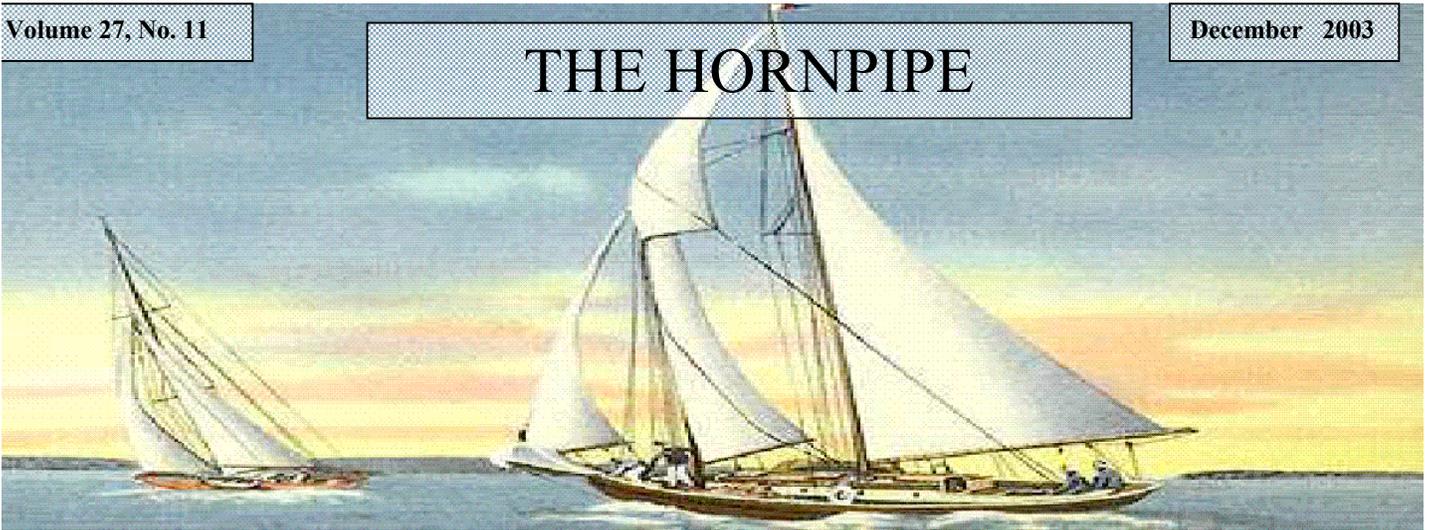


# THE HORNPIPE



## Commodore's Comments

Winter certainly is here, but cheer up next week the days start getting longer, portending another sailing season. The year is coming to an end, and so has my time as Commodore. I am afraid that my stewardship has been associated with many a weekend rained out. Hopefully, next year, under Commodore Steve Foland, we will have sunny weekends with rain only during the working weekdays. As my final Commodore's Comments, I can hope for good sailing for all.

We have some new members, but we really need to keep encouraging others to join us in our sea and land cruises. We are a much laid-back organization, whose primary function is to organize cruises such that being there will be as much fun as getting there. Let's spread the word and see some new boats and faces at our raft-ups.

In the meantime, plan on getting together with other CCSCers at our annual winter dinner party (and membership renewal time), and don't feel hesitant about inviting friends, neighbors, and other potential sailors who might be interested in joining in our pleasures on the bay. Season's greetings to all.

*Andy Monjan*

## Remember the First Time?

Remember the first time you sailed your first boat? Mine was quite an experience. I bought my first, and current, boat in December of 1973, and had her commissioned at the Yacht Yard in Annapolis for delivery in May.

Now, my sailing experience at that time was limited to a weekend course at the Annapolis Sailing School and several courses with the USPS (no, not the postal service). The day finally came when I was ready to pick up *Impulse*. I got together my crew: Skeets, who had done a lot of fishing on the Bay but never sailed, and Gene, who had crewed sailboats on the Great Lakes but really didn't like the water.

I carefully used my newly learned plotting skills, from my piloting course, to lay a course from Annapolis to Middle River and the boat's new home in Dark Head Creek. I told my wife, Usha, that we would be home by 6:00 p.m., and took off for our nautical adventure in boat delivery.

*Impulse* was awaiting us, and my adrenalin was pumping, so much so that I did not realize that I backed into another boat as we left the slip, and that the people on shore waving and yelling to us were not sending us greetings of *bon voyage*. As we motored into the bay, I had difficulty seeing the buoys, since they all seemed to be floating on their sides, a rather strange way to have them set up. I thought that I would notify the Coast Guard about that later.

Now it was time to set the sails, since no boats were around us. It was pretty windy, so I told my crew to put up the working jib, and that it must be in the smaller sail bag that apparently was mislabeled as Genoa. Up went the foresail and over the water hung Gene doing some sail flying. We got him back on board and trimmed that rather large working jib as we headed north, close hauled, and successfully missed the bay bridge.

The wave heights were 2 to 3 feet as we beat north, and beat was the operative word. And why were there no other sailboats out on such a clear Saturday? Anyway, we were on the planned course once I was able to see some of the shipping channel buoys, so all was well, even if we were heeled over to 25 degrees and the cockpit was wet, since the water was splashing over the dodger.

Time was passing, and I asked Skeets where Middle River was. "Well", he said, "I'm not sure; let's keep going until I see something familiar." Looking at the chart, we decided that Poole's Island was too near, and that we had better turn around.

Our first jibe was an adventure by itself, but we finally came by Hart and Millers Islands and found some protection from the wind as we sailed calmly into Middle River and our new home. Of course the sun had set by then, but we did tie *Impulse* up at her slip, and quickly found a close by neighborhood bar to celebrate our survival.

Now it was time to call home and share the news. Unfortunately, the line was busy; I later found out that was Usha, who had and was calling the Coast Guard, the Marine Police, the National Guard, etc.

Of course, that was just the beginning, and our real adventures on *Impulse* were to come.

*Andy Monjan*

## Ice Sailing

Looking out my window at the snow spread under encroaching gray overcast, I long for the endless skies of summer. As the wind bangs and howls around the eaves, my imagination hears halyards slapping against the mast, and I can almost smell the spray blowing off the tops of the swells. My back and legs ache from shoveling the drifted white stuff from my front walk, but my muscles long for that pleasant fatigue that follows a long day on the water – working so hard just to stay more or less vertical that the tension in my thighs and lumbar region takes hours to relax. I would sail even now, with the ice biting into my fingers and my ears reddened with frost: if there were sufficient ice, the lure of skimming across the frozen expanse with daylight and sheer ability to withstand the cold the only limitations on how long to continue would be nigh irresistible.

Growing up on Great South Bay on the south shore of Long Island afforded many days when our summer playground was transformed to a considerably less forgiving winter one. We donned our long johns, doubled up our socks and mittens, put hand warmers and thermoses of coffee or hot chocolate in our pockets, and headed for the same shores where we waded or clammed in balmy months. Picking our way over the broken ice pushed up by the tides, we gingerly tested the ice further and further from shore. When we were sure that the ice was solid, the iceboats came out.

Sailing a DN, a bare frame with a seat, mast, and three runners, requires being sure that the ice is solid, because falling through is not a viable option. More timid or sensible folk sail 'pumpkin seeds', real boats with solid hulls above the runners. Pumpkin seeds were originally designed for a practical purpose: supplying the coastal watch stations on Fire Island during the winter. They are fast on the ice and can navigate narrow open leads if necessary. Either style of craft is steered by sail trim, body weight, and warping the runners. DNs

are lighter, faster, and somewhat easier to steer, but offer no protection against either cold or collision, except the ability to abandon ship in a hurry. Pumpkin seeds allow the sailor to wiggle into a kayak style cockpit, protecting the legs and lower body from the wind and from the hazard of sailing into open water, but also trapping him or her if a collision is unavoidable.

One friend was in a horrific collision during a run in a pumpkin seed. The hull shattered around him, and both outstretched legs were rammed back into his pelvis, breaking both the legs and the pelvis. He had a long and painful recuperation, but still sails the bay today, but only when it is liquid! Looking back, it is truly a marvel that more of us did not do ourselves grievous bodily harm, either from cold or impact, during those breathless flights across the bay and back.

In a good breeze an iceboat can reach speeds in excess of 60 mph. The risk of frostbite is astronomical, but I don't remember anyone actually getting any. What I do remember is skimming a DN across the ice at breakneck speed, flying the windward runner, always on the brink of a capsize, and unwilling to head back to shore until I could no longer hold the sheet in my hand or feel my butt on the seat. Then, after being hauled up by friends eager to take my place; drinking hot chocolate; warming face, hands, and feet; and waiting impatiently for my next turn.

Summer or winter, it's still the same: I can hardly stand the wait for my next turn at the helm.

*Linda Jensen*

## **How I Became Interested in Boating--Part I**

I was born at a very early age. When I was in early grade school, I remember climbing through the remains of a beached cabin cruiser on the shores of a small lake in

Massachusetts. This was well before the age of fiberglass. I recall the magic of walking and climbing through the ruined cozy cabin, opening up cabinet doors, and seeing the sunlight stream in through missing planks in the hull. The idea of going someplace in this fun little house had a lot of appeal.

As a college student, I rented a Sunfish several times at a nearby lake and taught myself to sail (after a fashion) through trial and error. In grad school, I whiled away many pleasant hours in the library stacks reading old sailing and boating magazines, instead of working on research papers. I used to enjoy looking at boat plans and trying to determine what type of boat would best suit my budget and desire to go off to distant romantic shores. Fiberglass was just getting started at that time (mid-60's), so most of the plans were for wooden boats, and some were of the build-it-in-your-backyard type.

STAY TUNED FOR PART II.

*Ed Sabin*

## **How I Became Interested in Sailing**

When my father and brother built a trimaran in a barn/workshop in Idaho Springs, Colorado, I took a mild interest in their project. When they sailed the trimaran *Big Do* on Dillon Lake in Colorado and again on Willard Bay in Utah, my interest grew. My kids and I sailed on *Big Do* again in San Francisco Bay with my brother, Edward.

That exciting trip is burned in my memory because the wind came up in the afternoon, blowing so strong through the Golden Gate Bridge that we could not turn *Big Do* around, so had to continue to Sausalito to spend a cold night on board. Ed and I let the kids sleep below while we tried to get some sleep in the cockpit. But it wasn't until Donald accepted the 30' fin-keeled sloop *Destiny* for Greenpeace Hawaii

on the last day of 1997 that I plunged into the sailing.

Donald and I moved to Urbanna on the Chesapeake to work on *Destiny* with the intention of sailing down the Intracoastal Waterway to Florida. That fun trip was my introduction to the cruising life. I had no idea that so many Americans (lots of retired seniors) chose living on boats as a lifestyle.

After living onboard *Destiny* on the Miami River the winter on 1999, we realized that a draft of 5'6" limited where we could go in the shallow seas around Florida and the Bahamas, so we decided to buy a catamaran. As soon as *Double Felix* (a 29'3" Catalac catamaran) was ours, we sailed her to the Bimini Islands in the Bahamas. What a joy to have more living room and not have to worry about running aground.

After getting married at Lake Monticello and honeymooning in Kauai, Hawaii, we sailed *Double Felix* to the Exuma Islands in the Bahamas. My son Bill and family and brother Edward and his wife, Robbie, visited us there. Those were both joyous occasions. The following winter (2001), getting a late start, we explored the Florida Keys down to Key West. Next was Cuba and Andros Island in the Bahamas.

Last year, we left *Double Felix* sitting on the hard in Indiantown, Florida. Now we are back on board and very happy to be here. I am writing this letter while we swing on the hook near New Turkey Key in the Ten Thousand Islands in the Everglades. We are alone here, surrounded by mangrove islands. It is very quiet. All we can hear is a slap, slap, and gurgle of water against our boat, a distant roar of surf and an occasional call of a Great Blue Heron. Now the wind has picked up, causing our wind generator to whirl. I love these uninhabited places. I am grateful that such places still exist. Many of them can only be reached by boat.

We are cruising down the west coast of

Florida, crossing Florida Bay to Marathon and Boot Key Harbor, then down to Key West, where Ed will join us to help sail to the Dry Tortugas, then to Mexico's Yucatan—a trip of 3 to 4 days, depending on the wind. This will be the longest open-ocean trip for me but I'm not worried because Don and Ed both know what to do on boats. As you all know, Don sailed to Hawaii—a trip of 28 days.

I am excited about our plans to sail to Mexico, Belize, and Guatemala. The Yucatan has the second longest coral reef in the world. Can't wait to snorkel in the crystal turquoise water and also visit Mayan ruins. My son Rob and his wife and three kids plan to meet us in Cancun the end of March.

That will be a high point for me. I hope my son Alex will join us too while we are there. If we make it there before mid-January, Robbie Sabin might fly down to Cancun. Anybody else want to meet us in Mexico?

*Nancy Bill (Ed Sabin's sister)*

### **Temporary Bachelor(ette) Club**

Ed Sabin has suggested that we establish a group of sailors from our club that are willing to crew for one another when or if their regular crew members are unwilling or unavailable to do so. Members of this informal group could exchange turns helping each other get boats where they need to go, and then, if need be, leave when the regular crew member arrives.

In order to get a feel for how many would be interested in participating in a crew exchange group, I am attaching a short questionnaire to this month's issue of The Hornpipe. Please fill out the questionnaire and return it to [FOLAND@aol.com](mailto:FOLAND@aol.com).

*Judy Foland*