

THE HORNPIPE

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Commodore's Comments

We have had excellent weather for the first two club events of 2004: the spring picnic and the first shakedown cruise. I hope that our luck holds throughout the season.

Nan Shellabarger has done an excellent job of planning our cruises for this year. Looking at the 2004 Cruise Schedule, you will see that the events that will occur before the May issue of The Hornpipe are the **Memorial Day Cruise, on 29-31 May**, and **Cruise #3 on 5-6 June**. The Shippeys will captain the Memorial Day Cruise to Dividing Creek on the Wye River; and the Delanoys will captain Cruise #3 to Aberdeen Creek on the South River.

Thus far we have had fairly good turnouts for our club events this year; and Judy and I hope to see all of you at more of the future events.

Steve Foland

Spring Picnic and Meeting

A goodly number of club members showed up at Hammock Island Marina on 24 April for our Spring Picnic. Perfect sailing weather prevailed that day, and at least three club boats took advantage of the winds and temperature to log some sailing time.

Attending the picnic were, in alphabetical order, Barbara and Dick Callis, Jesse Delanoy, Carol and Bill Durr, Judy and Steve Foland, Judy and Steve Hilnbrand, Cynthia and Duncan MacDonald, Gail and Don May, Usha and Andy Monjan, Jeanne and Ken Montgomery, Jenny Poniske, Robbie and Ed Sabin, Nan Shellabarger, Pat and Ed Shippey, and Jan and Hank Zerhusen. We also welcomed new members Dawn and Wayne Roher and their children, Kelsey and Eric.

Nan Shellabarger presented this year's cruise schedule to the members and was able to find enough captains for all club cruises this season.

As usual, sailing chatter prevailed both before and after the business portion of the meeting,

and the general mood was one of optimism for the coming sailing season.



April 24, 2004, CCSC picnic attendees



Don May, Grillmaster, cooking it up at the Spring Picnic

Gail and Don May provided hamburgers, hotdogs, beverages, etc., and the members brought side dishes, salads, desserts, etc., to share. A big thank you for the great job you did, Gail and Don, to keep the masses fed.

Steve Foland

Spring Shakedown Cruise—May 8-9

Our first cruise of the year is now history. On Saturday, May 8, Steve and I boarded *Kayo Jane* and set sail just before high tide, around 10:00 a.m. We hoisted both the main and the jib and set out for the Magothy River in brisk 18-20 knot SE winds in seas of about two feet and temperatures in the high 50s that required jackets and several other layers. The ride was spent heeled over most of the way—much to the delight of Captain Steve, but not to me.

Being the first club boat to arrive at Eagles Cove, around 2:30 p.m., we anchored in the cove among several other sailboats and a couple of stinkpots. Shortly after we had dropped the hook, Pat and Ed Shippey sailed into the cove, and, since they had the bigger boat and a 35-pound CQR, we decided they would be the ones to set the anchor for the raft-up.

Not long after the Shippey's arrival, Adrian and Tom Flynn aboard *In Like Flynn* joined us. Tales of adventures and all the news was exchanged and, before you knew it, it was HAPPY HOUR TIME.

At five p.m. sharp, we all went to our separate galleys, gathered our appetizers, and boarded the Shippey's Pearson 38, *Evening Light*.

Last but not least, *Salud* joined us in the raft-up around 6:15 p.m., and Jenny Poniske and Nan Shellabarger came aboard to feast on the last of the appetizers.

When darkness fell, we all drifted off to our respective boats to make ready in spite of our sheltered anchorage, somewhat brisk winds kept our riggings humming throughout the first half of the night.

In the morning, Mother's Day, we all had our breakfasts and then broke up the raft to head to our respective homeports. The wind was much calmer, and the trip home was a very pleasant wing-and-wing run for Steve and me. *Salud* was the first boat back to Hammock Island, beating the badly fouled *Kayo Jane*, handily.

As always, a great time was had by all, even though *Kayo Jane's* galley sink would not drain and her fouled propeller and bottom would only allow

her to attain about 2.5-3.5 knots under power. Oh well, what else is a shakedown cruise for besides finding out all the little jobs that still need to be done.

Judy Foland, First Mate

2004 CCSC Cruise Schedule

Please note that as a separate attachment to the email submitting this issue of The Hornpipe is a copy of the cruise schedule for this year.

Judy Foland

Picnic and Regatta – September 11, 2004

You will note in the cruise schedule that there will be a real club regatta on September 11. The open-class race will be on the bay and will take about two hours. CCSC members can pair up to have crews. Come to Hammock Island Friday and spend the night on your boat, if you can, and join us for a breakfast meeting and challenges early Saturday morning. For those of you who do not have a slip at Hammock Island, you could anchor nearby and dinghy to the island. Please sign up by email to Don May at info@modular-one.com for this race by August 11. However, if you would sign up **NOW** it will allow us to better promote the race and finalize plans quicker. There will be a prize for first place.

After the race, we will have a picnic. Burgers and dogs, drinks, condiments, and paper products and utensils will be provided. Please bring a side dish or dessert to share.

Judy Foland

Life is a Journey

My life is a work in progress. For as long ago as I can remember, I have believed that there is one of two basic attitudes that one can take toward life: goal oriented or process oriented.

Goal oriented people are the hard-chargers, the Type A's: they have someplace to be and a plan

for getting there, but they often seem to miss life as they focus on the destination.

Process oriented people are in it to be in it; the ends may not be as important as the means. I am one who subscribes to the 'life as a process' school. This is reflected in many of my life choices and in the way I react when the unexpected occurs.

The duality of life views is reflected in the two camps of pleasure boaters. There are 'stinkpotters,' who view a boat as a method of transportation only, to get from point A to point B as quickly as possible, or just the sheer thrill of speed. Then there are the sailors, whose joy is simply to be on the water, pitting their skills against the vagaries of wind and wave. "Getting there" is a consideration secondary to progressing in a smooth and orderly fashion, doing it right and with style, obeying the rules of the road, and enjoying the journey. Far from lacking direction or intention, sailors tend to plan with the idea that they might not get to their final destination today, tomorrow, or at all. They pack extra food, add a blanket—even when it's hotter than hell—and have a contingency plan for being becalmed. Sailors don't take things for granted, and don't get frustrated when things don't happen precisely on schedule.

I began my odyssey in Boulder, Colorado, the daughter of a Naval Reserve Officer on assignment to the National Bureau of Standards. When I was two, Dad took a job at Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island and so began my love affair with the ocean and sailboats, starting with a 19-foot Cape Cod Knockabout that I sailed for 16 years.

Growing up in the turbulent 60's, I majored in rioting and minored in arson in high school. Racial violence, civil rights and environmental demonstrations, and anti-war protests punctuated my high school years; even as we mourned older schoolmates returning from Viet Nam in body bags. It was impossible to be uninvolved. I was left with a deep conviction in the right of all people to go about their lives in peace and freedom, and in the responsibility of all people to be tolerant of others' beliefs and customs.

Having always had an insatiable urge to see new places and meet all kinds of people, I applied to McGill University in Montreal, intending to

study marine biology and then join the Navy as an officer on a deep-sea research ship. In the middle of my junior year, I had an epiphany of sorts and decided to take a semester off to reevaluate my direction. I got a job setting up a computer inventory system for a ski- and tennis-wear importer in Montreal, working illegally on a student visa. A former roommate, believing that I had designs on her fiancé, turned me in to immigration.

I left Canada before the authorities caught up to me, and found myself back on Long Island in the spring of '76. The bottom was falling out of the economy, and jobs were few and far between. One day, when I was on my way home from yet another discouraging interview, I stopped into a recruiter's office. Not the Navy, the only openings for female enlisted in the Navy at that time were clerical, and I knew I wasn't interested in that. I talked to the Air Force. They were excited. They had a guaranteed job for me in flight simulation, and they wanted me to take it. So I did.

While in the service, I learned to fly, to skydive, and to SCUBA; but I always managed to find a way to indulge my first and lasting passion, sailing.

Nine years, one husband, and two kids later, the Air Force decided that operating and maintaining flight simulators should be done by civilian contractors; so I became a civilian contractor, taking a job developing training programs with Grumman on Long Island. Uncle Sam shipped our household goods from the California desert to our new home in the development next door to the high school I had graduated from. It's not what we planned. We were going to stay in the Air Force and retire to Washington State; but we were happy to settle into beach parties in the summer, winery tours in the fall, the occasional trip in to NY City for dinner and a show, and, of course, sailing—first with friends and then in the 23' cutter rig I inherited from my father. Then peace broke out, the Cold War ended, and merger mania hit the defense industry. Northrop bought Grumman, and the downsizing began.

I took a job in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, with another defense contractor in '95, but was laid off

after only 11 months. I was 'unemployed' for nine months, working for my husband in his landscaping business—keeping the books, and doing manual labor. Then I accepted what seemed to be a great job in Pittsburgh in July of '97. It was fun: great people, interesting work, and an insane management philosophy. I was laid off one year to the day after I started.

Three months later, I found a job at Union Switch and Signal, managing the training aspects of multimillion-dollar rail and transit system signaling contracts. That lasted 13 months, but I was almost grateful to escape the toxic environment when I was laid off in yet another management upheaval.

All this time, poor *Salud* was on the hard, stored behind a friend's barn in York, PA.

A 9-month contract with NCR in Rockville brought me back into contact with Nan Shellabarger, after having lost track of each other for several years. Discovering that our friendship was as comfortable then as in high school, we agreed to share *Salud*. The rest, as they say, is history.

Nan and I found Hammock Island, the CCSC, and several years of blissful boat therapy to help smooth the bumps in the road resulting from war, economic instability, job woes, and moving stress.

Even as I now face yet another job search, my basic outlook allows me to accept the challenge and enjoy the experience. What the hell, it's sailing season on the Chesapeake Bay—how bad could it be to have extra time?

Linda Jensen

THANKS TO ALL OF YOU WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THIS AND PAST ISSUES OF THE HORNPIPE. WE HAVE FOUND THESE STORIES MOST ENTERTAINING. WITHOUT YOUR STORIES AND INFORMATIVE ARTICLES, HOWEVER, WE WILL HAVE VERY LITTLE TO REPORT IN OUR UPCOMING NEWSLETTERS. SO PLEASE KEEP SENDING IN YOUR ARTICLES.

Judy Foland