

THE HORNPIPE

VOLUME 28, NO. 6

JUNE 2004

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Commodore's Comments

We have had some excellent sailing weather this year; and we have had some not so excellent sailing weather this year.

The Delanoys — intrepid captains of the Aberdeen Creek, South River, cruise on June 5-6 — had to cancel in the face of numerous inches of rainfall that weekend. Ilyse, though, assured me that she and Jesse were able to compensate by spending the night of June 12-13 sailing the bay in quite brisk breezes with an engine that wouldn't cooperate. They were finally able to make anchorage off of Hammock Island in Bodkin Creek, where they spent the small part of the night that remained before getting the engine to run long enough to make it to their slip at Hammock Island Marina.

From what I can gather from talking to others and from my own experience, fouled propellers are the order of the day during this early season. Perhaps the barnacles were either more profuse or more aggressive last year than is normal. At any rate, plenty of honest sailors are either going over the side to scrape propellers or are having their boats put on the hard so that they can scrape

propellers, shafts, and bottoms to get rid of the tenacious beasts. Our *Kayo Jane* has the galley-sink through-hull completely blocked by a barnacle as I write. Ventnor Marina is supposed to pull the *KJ* this Thursday, and Judy and I will scrape and paint her in the hope that she will still be ready to perform at her best during the CCSC Regatta on September 11.

Remember, Don May has promised us a genuine regatta this year, with an open-class race to be held on the bay. Judy and I are looking forward to September 11 with great gusto, and I hope that you are as well.

Steve Foland

June 19-20 Rhode River Cruise

Jan Zerhusen has suggested that the June 19-20 cruise to the Rhode River would have people traveling several times in a row to the same destination. Therefore, the Flynn's, who are to be the captains of what was to be the Rhode River Cruise, have agreed to change the destination to

another location — probably north of the bay bridge.

As you perhaps know, the Flynns are at a private slip on the Magothy for a good part of this summer and are, as a result, somewhat incommunicado. They will let me know the plans for the cruise, and I will forward the information on to you when I get it.

Steve Foland

Memorial Day Cruise – May 29-31

Three boats joined Ed and Pat Shippey aboard *Evening Light* in Dividing Creek on Saturday, May 29: Barb and Dick Callis on *Windsong*; Adrian and Tom Flynn on *In Like Flynn*; and Jan and Hank Zerhusen on their new C&C *Evergreen*. The Flynns began their cruise on Thursday, May 27, with their first stop in Galesville. The Zerhusens and Shippeys set out on Friday, May 28. The sailing was glorious with winds out of the NW at 15-20 knots. Jan and Ed both claim to have seen speeds in the 8.0 to 8.5-knot range at times. The Zerhusens anchored in the Rhode River for the night.

The Shippeys came across the Flynns in Eastern Bay and, in a radio chat, discovered that both were headed to Tilghman Creek where they rafted together. Ed had spent the week outfitting his new hard dinghy so that it could be carried on davits and was anxious to launch it for a test run. While Adrian and Tom were out exploring the creek on their dinghy, Pat gently lowered the motor to Ed's outstretched arms. As Ed reached for the motor he discovered that the normally very stable dinghy is not so stable if one's weight is concentrated in the corner of the cantilevered bow. As Pat watched helplessly, the dinghy pivoted and tipped dumping Ed into the creek and scooping up a good deal of water as she righted herself. Ed spent the remainder of the afternoon re-securing the motor on the stern rail, draining water from the dinghy and changing his clothes. All was completed by cocktail time on *In Like Flynn*, where cocktails and snacks were so plentiful that dinner was not required.

On Saturday morning *In Like Flynn* headed for St. Michaels to pick up ice and t.p. for *Evening*

Light, whose supply was running low. Again, the winds were favorable and strong. *Evergreen* was able to sail all the way from the Rhode River to the Wye River. At 5 p.m. the crews of *In Like Flynn* and *Evergreen* gathered on *Evening Light* for cocktails, conversation, and food. Barb and Dick Callis on *Windsong* arrived shortly after 6 p.m., after a hard 9-hour sail from the Magothy hindered by a fouled prop. They also took a short, unintended cruise around Lloyd Creek before finally arriving in Dividing Creek. They quickly poured cocktails and joined us until sunset.

With rain predicted for the next two days, the Callises left for the return trip to the Magothy on Sunday after Hank had cleaned their propeller. Shortly after this, the Zerhusens also decided to start their homeward trip and reported a fantastic sail to the West River. After motoring to the bay bridge on Monday, *Evergreen* sailed on a reefed genny making 6+ knots back to Bodkin Creek.

In Like Flynn and *Evening Light* remained in Dividing Creek on Sunday, with Ed successfully launching the dinghy. The captains did some fishing while the first mates read and did some cleaning. The rain didn't begin until after sunset and continued throughout the night. On Monday, *In Like Flynn* left for St. Michaels, where they spent the night. *Evening Light* remained in Dividing Creek for a third day.

The sun shone brightly on Tuesday with strong NW winds. *Evening Light* and *In Like Flynn* both had great sails down the Eastern Bay. With lighter winds at Bloody Point, the Shippeys had a gentle sail the rest of the way back to the West River arriving just before the afternoon storm hit. *In Like Flynn* headed back north into the NW winds with the help of their d-sail.

We can't remember when the sailing has been so great for so many days in a row. Hopefully, this is just the beginning of a great sailing season.

Pat & Ed Shippey, Cruise Captains

Our First Cruise

We took possession of our Cape Dory 32 in late May 1999, but because of previous plans, we were not able to sail until late June. At that time, we

drove out to the Chesapeake from our home in Wisconsin on a Thursday. Going through Chicago in rush hour added at least an hour to what we had hoped was going to be a 12-hour trip. The car was loaded with boat things and food. Suzanne had planned a menu for 7 days and had brought most of the non-perishable items with us. The uneventful trip had us arriving at the marina at about nine p.m., still light enough to enjoy the dusk from the cockpit. Our plan was to spend Friday doing some inspection of the boat, buying perishables and any other things we needed, then starting our cruise on Saturday morning.

After a good night's sleep on the boat, we filled all three water tanks and quickly discovered the first of several glitches and mishaps that were to populate our week. We noticed that we had no pressure in the water system. Funny, we thought, it had worked in May. A little inspection showed that the fresh water strainer had an air leak, and I discovered that the screw that held the bowl on was stripping the plastic retainer. After trying a larger screw, which just made things worse, I pulled the strainer out entirely and used a coupler to complete the circuit. Still no pressure.

Disconnecting the pump from the plumbing and letting it pump water from one bowl into another, we calculated the flow rate was about 1/2 of what it should've been. Removing the filter from the pump and reconnecting it to the plumbing resulted in a normal flow rate. A trip to the store for a new filter and strainer put things back to normal. This unexpected problem took several hours to diagnose and fix. In fact, the whole day seemed to just disappear, so we decided we would leave the marina Saturday afternoon instead of Saturday morning.

About this time, our slip neighbor, whom we had just met that morning, was going to anchor near Annapolis and suggested if we were near there to come and visit. Not having a dinghy at the time, our plan was to raft together for a bit.

With the extra time we gave ourselves, it seemed like a good idea to take a look at the battery charger on board and the at batteries themselves. Both batteries were about four years old, and one didn't seem to have much of a charge after charging. I decided to replace the starter battery

with a group 31-deep cycle battery (another trip to the store). The replacement required some creative geometry to fit the new battery adjacent to the existing 27. Using the charger (which I suspected of not working well) to charge it up didn't really do the job, as the charger put out no more than 12.6 volts. Finding no regulation on the charger, something new went on the list of things to inspect and possibly replace.

Because it was now moving on to 7 p.m., too late to head to Annapolis, we decided to take an evening sail for about an hour and return to anchor in a cove near our marina. Our neighbor turned out to be there, as he also got a late start, so we rafted up for an hour's visit then moved off for our first night away from the pier.

The next morning (Sunday) we crossed the bay in about 10-15 knot winds on a beam reach, and anchored in Swan Creek. We swam for about an hour, and I scraped barnacles off the prop. A good 12-knot south wind kept us cool all night.

When we awoke on Monday morning, I noticed our batteries were not very well charged (a death knell for the charger); so rather than run the engine a lot, we decided to head back to the marina and charge the 31 with a charger we had in the car. We returned about noon and, because we had never backed into our slip before, practiced going in reverse for about 30 minutes. It took two tries to get into the slip without too much fending off of pilings.

The remainder of Monday was spent running our A/C while we did odds and ends on the boat. We spent a cool few hours after dark down below with several sets of friends showing up to visit.

Tuesday's departure was around 9 a.m. But, unfortunately, we didn't quite pay attention as we were motoring away from the slip and, within sight of the marina, ran aground. Quickly realizing that the engine was not going to get us off, Suzanne and I rocked the boat for a while, hoping to dig a trench for us to get off, but still no luck. The wind was at our backs, so we raised the jib and then the main. The boat responded, and we slowly turned enough for both wind and diesel to move her back into the channel. About this time we saw Bill Durr streaking over in his motorboat to lend a hand. He had seen

our plight and came to help, but saw that we had it under control and circled us a few times before returning to the marina. Embarrassing for us, but we learned to pay closer attention to our course.

We decided to head south to Saltworks Creek off the Severn River for the night. After a nice sail to the Severn, we made our way to the creek. It was very hot that day and we quickly anchored in order to take a nice cooling swim. Being new to the Bay, we were not yet familiar with all of the knowledge necessary for a Chesapeake cruiser, and only after we were back onboard and looking at the water did we realize the creek was full of jellyfish. Ignorance can be bliss, and a very refreshing one at that.

Saltworks is lined with private piers, with the houses virtually invisible over the tops of the cliffs that lined the shore. We had noticed another Cape Dory at one of the piers near us. Shortly, we heard a horn and saw a man waving his arms at us on that pier. Through a bit of shouting to each other, we understood that we were being invited to tie up to the other side of his pier that he kept open for visiting CD's!! A thunderstorm was brewing so we decided to take him up on the kind offer, and 5 minutes later we were snug opposite his boat. We were graciously provided an adapter for his shore power, a fan for the night, and his cat, Bat Cat, who visited us down below during the night.

The thunderstorm did come in, and although the creek was very protected from the winds, it did nothing to stay back the torrent of rain. We talked with our host for about an hour on various things, finding out that: he had owned a CD 27 for about 18 years (we still had ours at that time); that his wife had relatives who lived about 1/2 mile from our house in Wisconsin; and that he spent some time visiting there and even had sailed on our lake (Lake Geneva). Small world!

We left around 9 a.m. the next morning (Wednesday) bound for Tilghman Creek, which was described in the guidebook as a quaint anchorage. The wind had turned to the NE by then, so the trip SE was ok, but we had to turn NE to beat up into Eastern Bay. It was fun to tack into the wind on a beautifully sunny day, and the wind cooled us. Eventually we rounded Tilghman Point and found the 'hidden' entrance to the creek. We made it through the small, shallow channel; avoided

running aground; and anchored near an Alberg 30. We were the only two boats there. It was a charming anchorage, very quiet, with a family of swans, an egret, blue heron, and, by the sound of it, a great horned owl in residence.

The breeze continued to blow about 15 knots all night, and gradually shifted around to the SW. The next morning (Thursday) was gray and threatening, and because we were heading back to the Western Shore, we were going to have to beat to windward down the Eastern Bay. As we rounded the point, the wind freshened to 20 knots, so we reefed the main. I experimented with reefing the furling jib but did not like its shape when it was half deployed. The wind increased up to 25 knots, the waves were about 3 feet with larger swells, and it looked black ahead. Soon it began to rain, so hard and thick that we could see no farther than about 100 feet from the boat. There were other boats also heading SW nearby, so we had to keep a sharp watch for them. All that we saw were either motoring or motor-sailing. We were the only ones under sail alone. Suzanne wondered if they knew something we didn't. The rain and squalls kept up for about an hour, and all the time she (*Magdalena*) handled quite comfortably in the weather.

We eventually got into the bay itself, where we turned back to the north and were more on a beam reach, but kept the reef in. The wind was never less than 22 knots while we headed toward Aberdeen Creek. That evening we had the anchorage to ourselves, with lots of room to swing. The wind kept up all night, as it had every night except in Saltworks Creek. This was good because the air temperatures were still very hot.

Friday morning we pulled anchor to head north, but now the wind had shifted due south, so we tacked a lot, running on broad reaches back and forth across the bay. This day the wind was still above 20 knots, so we ran under the genoa at first to see how well she performed. Later, I raised the main, unreefed. We decided to explore Mill Creek near Whitehall Bay. The guidebook warned of a shoal around a bend of the creek where one should keep close to the starboard shore. Well, we did, and very quickly hit a different shoal...as did another boat behind us.

We tried a number of tricks to get off under power (couldn't use the sails because it would push us closer to shore), and while thinking of other ways to help ourselves, a motorboat came by and offered to pull us off. It took him three attempts to swing us enough for us to free ourselves under power, but it worked. The motorboat then tried to pull the other boat (fin keel) off, but was unable to. I found that surprising because she was a smaller, lighter boat. As we were motoring away, we heard a call on the VHF for a towboat.

We anchored at the head of the creek and ate lunch, then motored back out and raised sails to head to another anchorage. But the heat was still very oppressive, and, after sailing a bit, we decided just to return to our marina, spend a good night there, and work on our to-do list. After arriving at the marina, this time with no practice, we placed her sweetly stern first into the slip without any fending off.

The temperature was in the high 90s (can you tell we're from Wisconsin?) with a small cross breeze. We started up the A/C and spent a wonderfully cool night, sleeping until 8 a.m. I began checking the batteries, and Suzanne started making all sorts of measurements so we could personalize the boat and add some storage nooks.

It was sometime in the afternoon that the A/C water pump started to make unexpected noises. It sounded like bearings. I turned the A/C off and back on. It had trouble starting, but did eventually, and, everything seemed to work OK. Playing it safe, we decided to leave the power off while we ran some errands.

On our return, power to the entire area was off because of a thunderstorm that had come through. It took a repair truck about 30 minutes to restore power, and when I tried the A/C, the water pump would not turn at all. Adding insult to injury, the fresh water pressure decided to go south again, and this time I could not find where air was getting into the system.

That night, possibly the hottest night in my life, even hotter than the army barracks that I occupied in days past, we tried to sleep, hoping to get some rest before the trip back. No luck. We had a fan running, and didn't even think of using the V-berth. Suzanne couldn't even think of touching any

fabric whatsoever and slept on the bare cabin sole. There was not the breath of a breeze on deck. At 1 a.m. we were still sweating away, and eventually by 4 a.m. we decided to get up and start driving, having packed the car up the evening before.

The drive back was also uneventful, it being the Fourth of July and having little traffic on the roads. That day, the temperature topped 100 in the DC area, and the next day it reached 105, but the car's A/C worked beautifully, and Suzanne didn't have to sit on its bare sole.

Suzanne Bucher and Bob Lowenstein

Fourth of July Trip

Dick Callis has provided us with the following information about the two-week cruise coming up later this month:

Day	Date	Destination/Anchorage	Dinner	M
1 Sat.	6/26	Choptank R./Dun Cove	Aboard	28
2 Sun.	6/27	Solomon Is./Mill Cr.	Optional	29
3 Mon.	6/28	St. Mary's/Horseshoe Bend	Aboard	34
4 Tues.	6/29	Reedville/Cockerell Cr.	Ashore	25
5 Wed.	6/30	Rappahannock R./Carter Cr.	Optional	28
6 Thur.	7/1	Rappahannock R./Urbanna	Ashore	8
7 Fri.	7/2	Onancock R./Onancock	Optional	42
8 Sat.	7/3	Crisfield/Somers Cove	Ashore	23
*Note		Fireworks on Sat. 9 p.m.		
9 Sun.	7/4	At Crisfield	Optional	0
10 Mon.	7/5	Solomons Is./Near Museum	Optional	36
11 Tues.	7/6	Little Choptank R./Hudson Cr.	Aboard	23
12 Wed.	7/7	Choptank R./Oxford	Optional	13
13 Thurs.	7/8	Choptank/Cambridge	Optional	10
14 Fri.	7/9	West R./Galesville	Optional	30
15 Sat.	7/10	Homeport		24

*Monitor Channel 9 and Channel 16 — hail on Channel 9, switch to working channel.

*Call 410-730-7590 (H) if you are going on part or all of this cruise.

Dick Callis

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

Cruisers as of 6/1/04	Boat Name	Club	Cell Ph. #	Duration
Callis	Windsong	CCSC	410-707-3396	2 Weeks
Zerhusen	Evergreen	CCSC		2 Weeks
Miller	Sanguine Spirit	Oxford		2 Weeks
MacDonald	Heather II	CCSC		1 st Week
Grotz	Lauren A	CCSC		2 nd Week
Alberts	Breezing Up	CCSC		2 nd Week?

*I have reserved four slips for July 3-4 at Sommer Cove Marina in Crisfield. Call 48 hours before reserved time if you wish to cancel. 800-967-3474