

# THE HORNPIPE

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### Commodore's Comments

So we finally have a summer with abundant fair winds, and it seems that club boats galore are on the hard. Go figure.

Judy and I were fortunate in being able to finish a lot of hard work on the bottom and topsides of the *Kayo Jane* before following her son, Tom — who had helped us with the work — to Pennsylvania to spend the Fourth-of-July holiday with him. We were fortunate because soon after we arrived in PA I experienced a major myocardial infarction that would have precluded doing any additional work on the boat.

Luck was with us in PA, and I was in an ambulance within five minutes of the onset of symptoms and in the catheter lab having angioplasty and stents inserted within an hour. I have no perceptible damage as a result of the event, and I am recovering rapidly.

And, speaking of tickers, we learned from Sue Grotze that Dick Callis had an a-fib problem in Crisfield while on a club cruise. Dick's problem occurred on the same day that I was released from the hospital, July 4. Dick received treatment for his

problem, and I hope that he is recovering as quickly and fully as I am.

My number-one priority in being referred to a cardiologist was that he or she be an avid sailor. The doctors in PA had assured me that it would be months before I could sail again. Well, my family doctor came through for me and found a charming British lady in Annapolis who is both a cardiologist and an avid sailor. She has assured me that Judy and I can be aboard *Kayo Jane* after I have completed four weeks of cardio rehab, which I began today. Therefore, we will be able to participate in the club regatta on September 11.

This is a particularly good thing, because Jenny Poniske had accused me (jokingly) of staging the heart attack to get out of the race. She had even offered me a berth aboard *Salud* as rail meat during the regatta. Sorry, Jenny, but you're going to have to face *Kayo Jane* in the race.

I sincerely hope that some of the club boats are getting to fly their genoas during these wonderful summer breezes that we are blessed with this year.

**Steve Foland**

## July 24-25 Cruise

Jutta and I will be captains for the next scheduled cruise. We plan to anchor off the northeast end of Cacaway Island on the Langford Creek off the Chester River (subject to change, of course).

I'm sending this reminder a bit early, because we are in San Francisco, to once again spoil the grandkids. We will be back on July 20. Meanwhile, *Breezing Up* is being worked over by Tidewater in Havre de Grace — she needed some help getting back into shape after the long trip south. I'll be bringing her back to Hammock Island on July 22 or 23.

We hope many of you will join us on the cruise, and of course that the weather will cooperate. Please advise us if you plan on taking part, so that we can keep you advised of any changes. You can leave a message on our home phone (that's 410-730-2245), or on my cell phone (that's 410-303-8528), or you can let us know by email, at [gealberts@att.net](mailto:gealberts@att.net)

I'll be checking email and phone messages just about every day.

*Captain George Alberts*

## Early August Cruises

Don't forget to mark your calendars and try to participate in the following cruises:

**AUGUST 3-5 – Midweek Cruise, destination to be announced by Cruise Captains Duncan and Cynthia MacDonald**

**AUGUST 14-15 – Best Cheap Wine Cruise to Shaw Bay, Captains Don & Carol Reynolds**

## 2004 Independence Day Cruise

We left Magothy Marina on *Windsong* Saturday, June 26, and sailed most of the way to Knapp Narrows. We motored through the canal with no problems and rafted up with Hank and Jan Zerhusen on *Evergreen* in Dun Cove. A couple of

hours later we were joined by David and Lindy Miller on *Sanguine Spirit* from Mears Yacht Haven in Oxford. The crews convened on *Windsong* for cocktails and snacks that ended up being dinner.

On Sunday, we motored six hours to Solomons Island and anchored in Mill Creek. We were joined there by Duncan and Cynthia MacDonald on *Heather II* and enjoyed our cocktail hour on *Sanguine Spirit*. For once, we had no storms in Solomons and left there at 0830 Monday for St. Marys City. The MacDonalds called on the radio that *Heather II* was having transmission problems and they were going to Zahniser's Marina for repairs and would join us in Reedville. We motored to Point No Point, then had a great sail to Point Lookout, then sailed wing and wing to the mouth of the St. Marys River. We motored to Horseshoe Bend where we rafted up with Ed and Pat Shippey on *Evening Light*. The Zerhusens reported they saw a lone small porpoise and cow-nose rays in St. Marys River. We arrived too late to go ashore, so we gathered on *Evening Light* for cocktail hour.

On Tuesday the Shippeys left for Solomons, and the rest of us sailed wing and wing down the Potomac River until we encountered rough seas at the mouth of the river (remember, George?). We motored to Reedville where I anchored in the right fork and took alongside *Evergreen*, *Sanguine Spirit*, and *Heather II*, which had rejoined us from Solomons after repairs. That evening we all boarded *Heather II* for a short trip to the Crazy Crab Restaurant. After a delicious dinner, we walked uphill to town and found that the ice cream parlor has reopened, but we were too full to indulge. I was awakened at 3:30 a.m. to the sound of an engine starting, and looked out to see Hank in his foul weather gear and taking off his mooring lines. He heard a weather radio report that there was a severe storm headed east and centered six miles south of Smith Point. Hank broke off to reanchor while the others opted to hang on my anchor. Within a few minutes the storm struck with severe lightning and heavy rain, but not the heavy rains predicted. The raft did a couple of 360-degree rotations, but by morning we were still anchored where we started. Meanwhile, Hank had trouble finding good holding

ground and finally was able to anchor after the storm passed.

Tuesday the MacDonalds left for homeport (Cambridge) and Hank stayed in Reedville to repair his raw water pump; so it was just the Millers and Callises that motored off to the Rappahannock River. We had a nice sail wing and wing to the entrance to Carter Creek. I tried to anchor in Carter Creek between Tides Inn and Tides Lodge, but a fleet of sailing school boats on moorings took up most of the anchorage. When *Sanguine Spirit* arrived, we went up the east branch and found a quiet cove just inside the first green marker.

On Wednesday, July 1, we motored the six miles to Urbana where we were joined with *Evergreen* and anchored near marker "11" about noon. At about four p.m., we dinghyed over to a seawall with a rickety ladder and walked up to town, about three or four blocks. We found several new restaurants and chose a Caribbean theme restaurant called Mojo's, which was out of character for Urbana, but the food was good and nicely presented. On the way in we had noticed the extensive damage to the docks of the marina caused by Hurricane Isabelle. We learned that the town bought some of the property and will rebuild. I hope it includes a new dinghy dock!

Friday we left Urbana for the long trip to Onancock, VA, on the eastern shore. We sailed from Windmill Point until an early thunderstorm forced us to douse sails and motor on to the Onancock River and up the long and winding river to the town of Onancock at marker "37". There were three or four boats already anchored in the tight anchorage, but I was able to set anchor on a short rode. *Evergreen* tried to anchor nearby, but couldn't get a good set, so went back down the river and anchored in a cove at marker "27". The town is not "dinghy friendly," so no one went ashore.

The next morning we awoke to find a blanket of fog hovering about 15 feet above the water, then watched as the markers disappeared one by one. About 9:00 a.m. it lifted enough to navigate the river, so we motored down river to find *Evergreen* and continued on out to the bay to Tangier Sound and Crisfield. We arrived at Somers Cove about 1:00 p.m. and were amazed to see two new high-rise condos being built on the waterfront.

We tied up in our slips next to each other and were shortly joined by Art and Sue Grotz who came in from Solomons Island on *Lauren A.*

We all went to the Side Street Restaurant crab deck early to make sure of getting a good seat. Hank and I had steamed crabs and almost everyone else had the soft-shell crab platter for \$14.95. David Miller swears there were a dozen crabs on his plate and were the best he has ever had. After dinner, of course we had to go to the ice cream parlor for dessert. The hot fudge sundae topped off my dinner, but may have been my undoing. After dessert we all congregated on *Evergreen* to watch the beautiful display of fireworks for about half an hour. We all agreed that some of the fireworks were different than any we had ever seen and quite spectacular.

On Sunday, July 4, my day started early at 3:00 a.m. when I awoke with a mild case of indigestion and realized my heart was in a state of atrial fibrillation — for the eighth time in as many years, the last time two months ago. In my case it is not a life threatening condition unless it is allowed to continue for more than 48 hours without medication or conversion. It would take me two days to get the boat home, so at 8:00 a.m. I called my brother Joe in Salisbury to pick me up and take me to Peninsula General Hospital in Salisbury. His wife called the ER to get ready for me, and my daughter faxed my medical records to the ER. I was admitted at 9:30 a.m., shocked into sinus rhythm and out at 12:00. Joe took me to his house for a family July Fourth picnic and back to Crisfield at 8:00 p.m., where I was warmly greeted by the other anxious crews.

Monday, July 5, we left Crisfield for the long trip to Solomons (41 mi.). We sailed to Kedges Straits before the wind shifted to on the nose and motored the rest of the way to Mill Creek. This was the hottest day of the cruise, with a temperature of 90 degrees, but a refreshing rain cooled us down, and after the passing rain we enjoyed a potluck dinner aboard *Windsong*.

The next morning Barbara awoke with a sever earache, which had been worsening over the last few days. She needed to see her doctor to get on medication as soon as possible. We decided we had to try to get home that day, which meant

making the 60-mile trip all the way to the Magothy River. I ran into a foul current and wind of 15 knots off Cove Point with three-foot chop and could barely make 3 knots, but after a couple of hours could make 5 to 5.5. Under power, we arrived at Magothy Marina at 7:00 p.m. and with the help of our son were able to clean out the boat and get home about 8:30 p.m.

The next morning Barbara was able to see a doctor and get on an antibiotic, which after a week seems to be having an effect.

As for the other boats and crew, the last time I saw *Sanguine Spirit* she was heading into the Choptank under power towards Oxford. The MacDonalds made it back to Cambridge, but the transmission on *Heather II* gave out, so she is at the Gateway Boatyard for repairs. The Zerhusens left Solomons about one hour after us and were motoring near the mouth of the Patuxent River when the transmission on *Evergreen* seized up and they had to get towed to Zahnizers for repairs. *Evergreen* is on the hard minus a transmission, and will be for 4-6 weeks. Their daughter drove down to pick them up and they got home about 11:30.

The Grotzes had spent the night at Zahnizers and left Tuesday also and anchored that night at Lake Ogleton near Annapolis, then continued home to the Middle River. The Shippeys left St. Marys on Tuesday, June 29, anchored in Solomons that night and had a great spinnaker run back to the West River. Even with our boat problems, health problems, anchoring problems, and winds on the nose, it was an enjoyable cruise.

Upon arriving home I saw the email about Steve Foland's heart attack while traveling. We all wish him a full and speedy recovery and back to sailing soon.

***Dick Callis, Cruise Captain***

## **Fourth of July Cruise—Another Perspective**

At the start of the cruise, day two or three, I added oil to the engine, and spilled some. Our boat does not have an oil catch pan, so the spill went onto the bilge. We saw an oil film, which we skimmed off with paper towels and disposed of in

the trash. BUT, the amount of oil seemed to be greater than what I thought I had spilled. When the transmission froze up, totally fried, about five days later, I realized that what we were seeing in the bilge was transmission fluid. Lesson one: Check the transmission level as well as the engine oil level. We found out that Boat US "Unlimited" Towing is NOT unlimited. They would not tow us home from Solomons. So, we took a "free" tow to Zahnizers, where *Evergreen* sits on the hard awaiting a new transmission.

But, I'm getting ahead of myself. The transmission debacle happened on the way home. Our first glitch was when the pulley came off the raw-water pump. We had just passed the Great Wicomico River Light on the way to Reedville when we heard the ominous sound of an un-muffled exhaust. We were able to coast out of the channel, and drop the hook. I was able to fix the problem by bypassing the fresh-water cooling system, thus converting the engine to raw-water cooling.

In Reedville, Dick was anchor boat. At 4:10 a.m., we saw lightning and heard big thunder. So we left the raft in pouring rain and lightning. By the time we got the hook set, after five or six tries, the storm had passed and it was dawn. There never was any wind. BUT, WE ARE POSITIVE THAT HAD WE STAYED WITH THE RAFT, THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN LOTS OF WIND.

Two days later, when we left Urbana, the Lewmar manual windlass failed. The main sprocket sheared in half. I have to admit that I have overstressed it beyond the 500-pound pull rating. But, now we had to handle the all chain rode and 45# CQR anchor by hand, (and aching back and shoulders). I am fixing it, and in the future will avoid overstressing it.

In Onancock, the mighty 45# CQR would not bite the bottom. So, I hauled out the 22# Danforth, and could not get it down either. By "getting it down" I mean setting it at 1800 RPM. So, we found a beautiful new anchorage behind day mark "27". This would be a good place to anchor when arriving late at Onancock, then going in to the town anchorage the next morning.

On and off during the cruise, we had intermittent engine starter problems. I think I'll have to replace the starter solenoid next.

In spite of all our "challenges" we had a good week — some wind, dry sunny days, cool nights and great traveling companions to meet at days end.

*Hank and Jan Zerhusen*

### **In the "Lessons Learned" Column**

This is not a sailing story, but the essential lesson, to know one's waters and prepare accordingly, is transferable to any craft and situation.

On Sunday, July 11, my husband, John, and I set off on what we thought would be a pleasant afternoon's escape from the oppressive humidity by tubing down the Antietam Creek in Washington County, MD. We launched our tubes from the parking lot of the Funkstown fire hall. John had been told by a friend who lives in Funkstown that it was possible to embark from that point and float downstream 'in a couple of hours' to the Burnside Bridge in the heart of the Antietam Battlefield. Because Doug seemed so knowledgeable, I had suspended my disbelief and taken it on faith, even though a little niggle in the back of my brain told me that it had to be longer than that since it took half an hour to drive the distance after we had dropped one car at the bridge and then gone back to our launch point. I told myself that it would be longer than a couple of hours, but not much longer. So, at 2:30 pm, with our trusty Lab in the lead, flushing ducks and great blue herons at every curve, we set off in bathing suits, sunglasses and water shoes, with a quart of drinking water and a bottle of sunscreen in a net bag over my shoulder and a key to each car in John's pocket.

It was perfect! The water was cool enough to counteract the heat, the overcast was just enough to cut the glare off the water, and we rode high enough that most of our bodies were out of the water most of the time. The myriad wildlife: ducks, herons, crawfish, kingfishers, even a snake (and one cow) kept our heads on a swivel, and Calvin in a constant zigzag back and forth across the creek. I was a little worried about the fact that the water was mostly deep enough that he really had to swim —

he's a superb swimmer, but he is 9 years old, and I didn't want to exhaust him. But it was beautiful and we chatted and paddled, collecting colorful plastic duckies that had obviously been contestants in a rubber ducky race and paying no attention to the passing of time. We had no timepiece, so it was our stomachs that intruded the first sense of unease into our idyll. We had passed a number of farms and bridges early on in our voyage, so thought we would just check in at the next convenient place to see how much further we had to go, but we hadn't seen anything for quite a while.

By then, I was really concerned about Calvin and had insisted that he sit on my lap, out of the water, for extended periods. It wasn't particularly comfortable for either of us, but he was cold — shivering, whimpering, teeth-chattering cold — after his long immersion, and I wanted to let him rest and warm up in the sun and take advantage of my body warmth, too. Then it started to get dark and we hadn't seen or heard any sign of civilization for ages. The creek was getting less friendly — frequent small rapids and large rocks interspersed with deep sections of steep, muddy banks that were impossible for us to negotiate; Calvin got mired to his shoulders. We determined to abandon the creek at the first opportunity, but the opportunity did not come until it had been fully dark for at least half an hour and we had haplessly tumbled blindly over two of the steepest, rockiest rapids we had encountered all trip — losing the water bottle, sunscreen and most of the duckies in the process.

Finally, a stone bridge loomed out of the darkness. We floundered ashore, scaled a steep, rocky embankment thickly grown with stinging nettle and heaved our tubes and ourselves over a barbed wired fence onto the roadbed (puncturing both tubes, but not ourselves, in the process). We picked a direction and started to hike, hoping that we had made at least one good decision. We were rewarded by having the second car to come by stop in response to our waving. A young mother with her two boys on the way home from an evening at Grandma's house was kind enough to give me a ride (soaking wet and barely clad as I was) back to where we had left the van at our starting point, four miles away via the road. It was 9:40 pm. By the

time I retrieved John, Calvin, and the tubes and we found our way home by way of Wendy's Late Nite Window, it was nearly 11:30.

The next morning, I pulled out a map and a piece of string to measure the actual distance of both our actual and intended voyage: we had traversed about 8.5 miles in a little more than 7 hours, the whole distance was nearly 20 miles! No wonder poor Calvin slept all day — you would, too, if you had swum more than five or six miles! I will ask Doug, the next time I see him, if he ever actually did the whole trip. I will also, in the future, get out my map and string (or chart and calipers) before setting off into unknown waters on thin knowledge.

*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***