

THE HORNPIPE

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Commodore's Comments

The fair winds seem to have held until my cardiologist cleared me to sail again. Then the winds died and Charley fizzled. Sorry, folks, it is my fault. If I were still on sailing restriction, this would still be the unusual summer of good sailing. It is because I can sail again that the winds have deserted us. Perhaps the winds will take pity on us and return for an end-of-summer fling of good sailing.

Only two boats have committed to the September 11 picnic and regatta. I know that more than that number will end up participating in the race and picnic, so please let Don May know that you plan to be present and sailing on that day. Judy and I look forward to seeing you there. Also, please bring a dish to share at the picnic. The club will provide dogs, burgers, buns, condiments, paper goods, utensils, and drinks.

Unfortunately, the Ladies Cruise scheduled for August 28-29 has been canceled. Hopefully, we can have this cruise next year.

Steve Foland

Swan Creek Cruise — June 19-20

The club cruise to Swan Creek in June was not one of the better attended, but was still a worthwhile and enjoyable weekend. There were only two boats from CCSC that made it to Swan Creek, the Zerhusens on *Evergreen* and the Flynns on *In Like Flynn*. The Montgomerys made the attempt but had to turn back due to mechanical problems.

When we arrived on Saturday afternoon, Hank and Jan were already anchored near the mouth of the creek. We rafted alongside and spent a pleasant afternoon catching up on the latest news and sharing our summer experiences with each other. At the appointed hour, we shared appetizers and cocktails in the true CCSC tradition. As usual, when we were through with the cocktail hour there was little room for dinner, and we all settled in for a quiet evening.

At sunset we were all startled by the loud roar of a ceremonial cannon announcing the setting of the sun and, if memory serves, time to lower the colors. The small schooner anchored nearby, obviously sailed by someone pretty salty, was the source of this tidbit of nautical etiquette.

During the night the wind piped up and blew until morning. *Evergreen* was well set though, and I don't think we moved at all.

Sunday morning we broke off and made our way to the Chester River for a few days, and Hank and Jan headed back to the western shore. While it's nice to have lots of boats, it really only takes two for a great raft-up and weekend.

Adrian and Tom Flynn

In Like Flynn Summer Cruise

We had always said that when we retired we would like to spend several months sailing the bay each year. The fact that we had moved to North Carolina a few years back didn't really change our minds, it just made the plan a little more involved.

After lots of preparation and planning, we were ready to leave our home in Edenton, NC, this past spring. On April 17, we left our marina on the Albemarle Sound and headed for the ICW. Our course took us to Columbia, NC, Elizabeth City, and then on through the Great Dismal Swamp Canal. We locked through the Dismal at Deep Creek (always a treat because of the lock tender) and moved through the Elizabeth River into Portsmouth, VA. After a night in Portsmouth to catch up on laundry and such, we moved on to the Poquoson River, up to the Piankatank River and from there, to Deltaville for a minor repair. From Deltaville we moved on to Reedville on the Great Wicomico and then to Solomons.

We spent a few days in Solomons waiting to meet up with my brother, who was delivering our car. He stayed, and Adrian left with the car to take care of some prior commitments. My brother and I then moved on to Herrington Harbor, where my nephew joined us. The three of us left Herrington Harbor and sailed to Annapolis for a night in Spa Creek and then on to our temporary slip on the Magothy River. We arrived in the Magothy on May 1.

Throughout the trip, we enjoyed nearly perfect weather, good sailing, pleasant temperatures, and no rain. Our luck with the weather continued throughout the summer, with very little to complain about. Our only real squall,

while we were sailing, caught us on the way home from the club's Memorial Day Weekend Cruise. Just south of the bay bridge we saw the storm clouds and secured all sail. At this point, NOAA was broadcasting an "urgent" message to mariners advising of the coming storms, high winds (50+ mph), heavy rain, and possible hail. We lucked out on the hail, the rest of it we got. As the storm finally ended we were at the mouth of the Magothy and ready to dry off and warm up. We anchored in Broad Creek that evening and enjoyed a beautiful spring night — typical after storms perform their cooling magic.

Throughout the summer, we enjoyed life in a 28-foot boat, with no AC, no refrigeration, no TV, and a rather small shower and water tank. But every day when we got up we were listening to the sounds of the river, sometimes rolled about by the wakes of careless powerboats, and sometimes just nudged by a morning breeze. We sailed, although not as much as we would have liked, and we caught up with a lot of friends and family who we have missed in the past few years.

Adrian worked with the Howard County Summer Theater and conducted the orchestra for seven performances of "Annie Get Your Gun." Hopefully, some of you got to see the show.

I did some fishing, some boat work, ate a lot of ice cream, and in general had a great time.

That's a short version of three and a half months living aboard *In Like Flynn* this summer. We left the boat at my friend's house on the Magothy and returned to North Carolina on August 1. We'll be back in October to put the boat up for the winter in Oak Harbor. We plan to keep the boat on the bay and do our sailing there. While North Carolina does have a longer sailing season, it really can't compare with the Chesapeake.

Adrian and Tom Flynn

Evergreen Has Ended Her Fourth of July Cruise — Belatedly!

When we left *Evergreen* at Zahniser's Marina to have the transmission replaced, we had no idea they would do such a good and quick job.

She was hauled the day after we left her and back in the water ready to go in two weeks. Due to family circumstances, we had to wait 10 days to bring her home. July 30 we drove down; paid our bill; (no storage fees for the slip, imagine that!); checked the bilge, stuffing box, and any other thing the captain could think of; filled the water tanks; and by 11:00 a.m. were underway. We motored out of the Patuxent and past Cove Point, then raised the genny (only), and sailed smoothly all the way to the West River. We were averaging 6+ knots, and many times well over 7, and it was glorious! The wind was on the starboard quarter, very comfortable temperatures, maybe two-foot waves, not much traffic, clear skies with puffy clouds — a day to make you happy to be out on the water. And our big CQR did her job when we anchored in the Rhode River. The moon came up looking like a big peach. It was breezy, quiet (only four boats in the anchorage), and cool overnight.

Saturday, we raised the sails as we headed out of the West River, sailed up past Thomas Point lighthouse, and then doused the main, sailing home on the genny! Again it was a glorious day.

We are so glad to be back in our home slip, and we are looking forward to more great sailing this summer.

P.S. August 6 we sailed to Worton Creek in 15-20 knots of NW wind, taking water over the bow, and the rail almost in the water, covering 18 miles in about three hours — slip to anchor. Saturday's return trip was just as good with about 15 knots of NW wind. We hope we've left some wind for the rest of the summer!

Jan and Hank Zerhusen

Chester River Cruise — July 24-25

Saturday, July 24, dawned dark, damp, cool, and breezy. Nan checked in with George Alberts to let him know that we were definitely going sailing, even if the cruise was canceled due to the unpromising weather. George assured her that the cruise was on, so we packed up and headed for Hammock Island. We did see George there at 10:30 a.m. and agreed that the weather appeared to be improving, so we cast off intrepidly.

Salud followed *Breezing Up* out of the Bodkin in 10-15 knot winds from the north, allowing us to sail instead of motor. *Breezing Up* took the wind in her teeth and galloped off toward Love Point on a reach while *Salud* followed gamely at a little more than four knots. The bay was in an upheaval, with foam blowing off the tops of three-to four-foot swells driven down the long fetch. *Salud* rode the choppy swells with aplomb, even though intermittent rogue waves of about five feet would arrive from a slightly different angle, causing the helm to receive a shower of chilly spray in *Salud's* normally dry cockpit. Nan was feeling the effects of the motion to the extent that she had no interest in lunch. However, the wind was from a favorable quarter, the sails were drawing well, and the exhilaration of being out outweighed the minor discomfort.

The overcast in the middle bay seemed to be lessening, but the heavy cloud cover over the mouth of the Chester held all day, due to a stalled front just off the Atlantic shore. We passed the Love Point light just after 1:00 p.m., sailing into the more sheltered waters of the lower Chester River, signaling both a change in the watch and time to break out sandwiches. We continued up the Chester on a broad reach, 'straightening the bends' as much as we dared, relying on the 'mechanical depth-sounder' to alert us if we strayed too close to the banks (a swing keel giving 3.5 feet of leeway in shallow water is very confidence inspiring, especially knowing that if we got stuck with the keel all the way up, we could walk ashore in 18 inches of water).

At 3:30 p.m., once we rounded Hail Point, the easternmost reach of Eastern Neck, we were beating directly into the wind and had a strong, outgoing tide to buck as well. We decided to just motor the rest of the way in hopes of actually making it for happy hour. Following the cruising guide's instructions to look for the house with the pink roof, and also realizing that the tower at Point Lookout on the eastern shore of Langford Creek would be a good landmark, we bee-lined it for the anchorage on the northeast corner of Cacaway Island.

As soon as we were within sight of the boats in the anchorage, we tried to raise *Breezing Up* to

no avail. We did spot *Evening Light*, but were also unable to raise her via VHF. *Magdalena*, her Cape Dory lines unmistakable, was attempting to find good holding for her anchor a little way off. We finally did catch Pat Shippey's attention (Ed had gone off in the dinghy to do a little fishing) and were welcomed along side.

Once *Salud* was secure, Nan realized that she had a message on her cell phone from George Alberts, apologizing for his non-appearance and explaining that Jutta had become dreadfully ill en route across the Bay and had passed out. He had put in at Castle Harbor to get emergency medical attention and would not be joining us. Ed, in the meantime, had returned from his fishing trip, and Bob and Suzanne had given up on setting *Magdalena's* hook and joined the raft on *Evening Light's* port side.

Happy hour was finally kicked off at around 5:45 p.m. in *Evening Light's* spacious cockpit, and we enjoyed a long and convivial gathering, marred only slightly by raucous music blaring from a pair of stinkpots rafted in closer to shore. Having filled up on hors d'oeuvres, most of us drifted off to our own berths around 8:30 p.m. without bothering with dinner.

The rain swept in shortly after full dark, but the winds didn't rise much, and we slept snugly and soundly until a crabber's engine and wake roused us around 5:30 a.m. We continued to drowse until nearly 7:00 a.m., then Nan and I decided we needed to pull ourselves together and get underway if we hoped to make it back to Hammock Island before dark.

With a fine northeast breeze, we cast off at 8:45 a.m. and set the main and yankee. We were making good speed, but the wind really freshened as we cleared Nichols Point and caught it full force, coming down the main branch of the Chester. We took a reef in the main and continued to make good time — a little apprehensive about the conditions we would encounter in the bay.

Evening Light and *Magdalena* both passed us before we cleared Love Point, but we sailed on happily in kinder sea conditions than the day before but under threatening overcast, making fast in our slip by 4:30 p.m.

Nan and I were both pleased with the average of four-plus knots *Salud* had made on our passage, this being the longest distance we had attempted to date. We were also delighted that we had had such great sailing in late July on the Chesapeake.

We were very gratified to be greeted by George and Jutta on arrival. Jutta looked and felt much better, and George was relieved that her condition was remedied easily and that she was still willing to sail home with him.

Linda Jensen

July 24-25 Cruise—The Rest of the Story

It seems this is the season for CCSC medical emergencies!

Jutta and I left Hammock Island Saturday morning, about 10:30, after picking up the club nettle net from our beloved Vice Commodore.

The forecast called for northeast winds at 10-15 knots. By the time we turned the corner at Green #3 and headed for Love Point Light, the winds were "breezing up" on us. By the time we reached the middle of the bay, they were clocking 20-25 knots, and the seas got rough. I could see that Jutta was quite uncomfortable. A few miles west of Love Point Light it became clear she was more than uncomfortable — she was seriously seasick. I speeded up to try to get to the turn south past Love Point, figuring things would calm down. But just as I made the turn, I decided to see how she was doing, and I got quite concerned. She was more than seasick. She seemed confused and not fully aware of where she was or why she was there. So I decided to call 911 on my cell phone, and diverted to Castle Harbour Marina. By the time I got there she was much better.

The waiting paramedics briefly checked her out, and we decided she should go to Easton General Hospital. I tied the boat up in a slip at the marina and joined the ambulance for the ride to Easton. On the way, the thoroughly professional paramedics ran an EKG and other tests on her.

After a couple of hours of further tests from a friendly and competent ER staff and doctor, she was released. The diagnosis was that she had a

fainting spell associated with the seasickness. Indeed, she was fine for the rest of the weekend, and I may well have over-reacted to the episode. When she said, "What am I doing here," earlier, I took it as a sign of confusion, but she may have really meant it, and with good reason. Some people actually don't enjoy being tossed around in a small space on a boat over which they have no control. Go figure.

We got a taxi back to the marina, and I contacted Nan by cell phone to explain we wouldn't be making it to the raft-up. We then spent a relaxing evening on board and had a nice trip back home the next afternoon.

After tying up at Hammock Island, Jutta took a well-deserved nap while I put things away on board and relaxed. We welcomed Nan and Jenny on their arrival back at Hammock Island, just as we headed home.

Captain George Alberts

Foiled By Charley

The CCSC wine cruise scheduled for Aug. 14 and 15 was canceled. Five intrepid sailing vessels, *Breezing Up* (Alberts), *Windsong* (Callis), *Evening Light*, (Shippey), *Evergreen* (Zerhusen), and *Puts 'n Calls* (Reynolds), were getting ready to sail to the Magothy River with their bad wine entries on board when the threat of Hurricane Charley came knocking on our hulls. Through various phone calls and emails, it was decided that it would be best to cancel the cruise due to the reports of deteriorating weather to reach our region sometime Saturday night. In preparation for "Charley" we dutifully adjusted our lines on *Puts 'n*

Calls in case of storm surge and returned home to hunker down for the "Big Storm."

Imagine our surprise when Sunday morning arrived, and we had had not even a raindrop (since late Saturday afternoon) and the wind was as calm as could be. Unless things were different on the bay, we could have easily done the cruise and only gotten a little wet. (Pat and Ed Shippey will be able to confirm that when they return from their sail to Crisfield and points beyond, which was to start on Aug. 14.)

Oh well, "better safe than sorry," as they say. We'll try this cruise again some other time.

Don and Carol Reynolds

NOTICE

I'm looking for someone to join me on Aldebaran for an around-the-Delmarva sail in September with several stops along the way to catch up on sleep. Thanks.

Ed Sabin

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