

# THE HORNPIPE



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## CCSC 2004 Board Members

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## Commodore's Comments

On November 15, a fine group of sailors gathered at our Year-end Meeting at the Hawthorn Center in Columbia. Present at the meeting were Jeanne Montgomery, Barbara and Dick Callis, Jenny Poniske, Nan Shellabarger, Usha and Andy Monjan, Cynthia and Duncan MacDonald, Judy and Steve Hilnbrand, Gail and Don May, Pat and Ed Shippey, Jan and Hank Zerhusen, Robbie and Ed Sabin, and Judy and Steve Foland. Much socializing surrounded a short business meeting, the election of next year's officers, and an excellent presentation on Usha and Andy Monjan's Galapagos-Islands vacation, given by Andy.

The officers for next year are:

Commodore, Nan Shellabarger

Vice Commodore, Dick Callis

Secretary, Cynthia MacDonald

Treasurer, Ed Sabin

Membership Chair, Jenny Poniske

Social Chair, Usha and Andy Monjan

Hornpipe Editors, Judy and Steve Foland

*Steve Foland*

## Dinner at the Yellow Fin

Cynthia MacDonald arranged a club dinner at the Yellow Fin restaurant on the South River for the evening of October 30. Although the restaurant is somewhat acoustically challenged, nobody present was complaining — the terrific food overcame any tendency anybody had to grouse about anything. After the food was served, all topics of conversation shifted from sailing to cuisine as everyone — at least at our end of the table — began trying to convince the others that they had lost out by not ordering the correct dish. The Yellow fin menu included such items as three-pound lobsters and enough lamb chops on a single plate to choke a horse. The sticker shock that accompanied ordering gave way to a general consensus that the prices were quite reasonable for the quality and quantity of food that was delivered. A single waiter served our one large table, and he was able to appear not to be harried as he quickly jumped to see to our needs and prepared separate checks for all. It was a wonderful evening, Cynthia — thank you.

The lucky diners were: Jutta and George Alberts, Janet and Ron Benrey, Carol and Bill Durr, Adrian and Tom Flynn, Judy and Steve Foland, Judy and Steve Hilnbrand, Cynthia MacDonald, and Andy Monjan.

**Steve Foland**

## **The Grotzes Head South**

Hi all. Well, here we are headed south again! We left MD marina October 3 after a neat sendoff by some of our dock mates. We ended up spending six nights in Solomons — one on the hook, the others at Calvert Marina. We rented a car and drove to Williamsburg for a fun high school class reunion and the Williamsburg reunion the next day. Because of wind, we spent two nights in Dun Cove, off the Choptank, an extra night at Solomons, and will be spending an extra day at Gloucester Point, VA, at the York Yacht Haven. We've had some rain and a lot of wind but otherwise all has been going well.

We'll be leaving the boat at Jacksonville Beach, FL, for three months while we come north for a wedding, the holidays, and a cruise on the Norwegian Crown around Cape Horn January 12-February 3. Then we will head back to Florida to continue our way down to Marathon, where we spent six weeks the past two winters.

Due to the hurricanes in Florida, we had to opt for a marina in north Florida, but at least we were able to procure a slip. We've had a great time visiting relatives along the way. We saw several during our time in Williamsburg and will see more at my cousins Jim and Terry Carter's 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary. We had a neat visit with Jack and Craig Dozier in Deltaville on the way.

We surely hope this finds you all well. Will be in touch another day. Stay safe and well.

**Fondly, Sue and Art Grotz**

## **ICW Trip, cont'd.**

Hi and greetings from Little River, SC (North Myrtle Beach). The weather is nice! We're in shirtsleeves and jeans. Since I last wrote, we've had a great trip. After leaving Deltaville, where we visited cousins Jack and Craig Dozier, we went to

Gloucester Point off the York River to be able to attend my cousin Jim Carter's and his wife Terry's 50th wedding anniversary. A gorgeous affair! It's always good to be in Tidewater, VA, and connect with relatives!!! We also visited my brother-in-law Mahlon and spent an hour with my aunt Ruth Beck, who's 98. It was a really nice visit.

From York River, we went to Portsmouth after putting in a LONG day heading into the wind and three- to four-foot seas. Next stop was Coinjock and the 32 oz. prime rib! We've had some rain and a lot of WIND. The worst was going from Alligator River, NC, to Oriental. The Pamlico River and Neuse River (especially the Neuse) can be, and were, really rough. The winds were predicted to be 10-15 out of the North but were (in the Neuse) a constant 20-25 with gusts up to 35. We were concerned whether we'd be able to furl the reefed genny but had no trouble when we turned into the wind entering Oriental.

Oriental is a quaint little town and is the sailing capital of NC. It can't compare with Oxford, St. Michaels, Annapolis, Chestertown, or Solomons, but has an awesome ship's store and some good restaurants. The marina, where we usually stay, has been updated with new docks and bathrooms and laundry. Bellhaven's Dowery Creek Marina was great as usual, and the owner was sooo helpful getting us safely docked while towing a 28' sailing vessel that had lost its engine upon entering the Alligator Pungo River Canal. We were disappointed to have missed the beer-can chicken night there though. We towed the boat for about 25 miles or so.

We had a nice overnight as usual at Town Creek Marina in Beaufort (pronounced beau-fort), where we used the marina's loaner car and drove into town with another couple to do some shopping in our favorite store, named Skuttlebutt. We watched the first game of the World Series (go Sox!) after a delicious meal at the Sand Bar Restaurant located at the marina.

The next night we were on the hook at Mile Hammock — a basin owned by the military that is the only anchorage between Beaufort and Wrightsville Beach. We then went on to Wrightsville Beach where we parked the boat at Sea

Path Yacht Club and spent the night with our friends the Asheys. It's always fun seeing them.

We made record time going from Wrightsville Beach to Southport, and we reached 9.4 knots and made the trip in three hours and 45 minutes. Southport is one of our favorite small towns. It sorta' reminds us of Oxford.

We hit the Cape Fear River at just the right time! At our stop at Myrtle Beach Yacht Club, we were salivating for our three-inch thick pork chops at Umbero's, the restaurant next door. Sounds like all we do is go from restaurant to restaurant. But we do have our favorites along the ICW!

Our next stop was an anchorage off the Waccamaw River, which is in our opinion the prettiest along the ICW, with dense forests along the banks. We saw eagles, porpoises, lots of egrets, great blues and various sea birds. We also saw a huge giraffe statue in front of a house at red marker 125 north of Wrightsville Beach. That's all for now folks!

Hope all's well with all of you.

**Fondly, Art & Sue Grotz**

## Reporting from Nai'a

I had hoped that we would be east and south of the Gulf Stream by now. But...

We left Annapolis as planned Thursday morning. We motor-sailed down the Bay and debated doing an overnight leg directly to Hampton. The weather forecasts sounded pretty awful overnight (30 knots), so we decided to bail out at Solomon's. We got a slip at Zahniser's, and ended up waiting an extra night for the front to pass. We then motorsailed about 90 miles down the Bay Saturday, leaving at 0430 and arriving in Hampton just after sunset. The only incident involved one of us (yes, me) dropping a fifty-dollar flashlight overboard. Other than that, no damage was done.

We have a slip at Bluewater Yachts, in the middle of nearly sixty boats that are doing the West Marine 1500 Rally to Tortola. The weather forecasts have been awful up to now, for an offshore passage. Our "buddy boat" (another Swan

53) decided to leave Saturday afternoon — they are now likely to be in 30-knot NE winds and 10-12 foot seas, but they got through the Gulf Stream okay before the winds built.

We got the satellite dish out and watched football yesterday, on the 23-inch LCD on board. Nice way to wait out the weather!

We (and the West Marine Rally folks) see a good window to go Wednesday. By the time we get to the Gulf Stream (about 120 miles from here) we should see light north winds, then past the Gulf Stream it looks like we should have a nice sail southeast to Tortola. There is a low east of the Islands that bears watching, but if that fails to build to a tropical storm we should be fine.

The "crew" — me and two hired hands from the yard in Annapolis that worked on the boat this summer — got a thorough safety brief and equipment check this morning from Bob and Kristin (my niece). We are now spending the day exploring Hampton.

So that's it for now — lots of waiting and preparation. Looks good to go Wednesday. Once underway I'll send in brief e-mail reports over their Sky-Mate system.

**Captain George Alberts**

## Nan Buys a Boat

I finally did it — made the jump and bought my own boat! Each of you Corinthians has been there before me, and I want to thank you all for your help and advice over the past few years as I slowly worked my way towards this tremendous moment. I'm certain I can continue to rely on your wisdom and advice as I learn to make the boat of my dreams into truly my own boat.

I actually started boat shopping many years ago. Newly arrived in Maryland, I picked up a copy of Spinsheet and perused the brokerage ads. I was amazed at what I saw there. "Used sailboats are cheap!" I excitedly reported to my family. "I could write a check to buy something today!" Accustomed to my enthusiasms, the response was simply, "What would you do with a boat? Where would you keep it? How would you take care of it? What do you know about keeping boats? And who's

going to go sailing with you? We're not taking toddlers on a small boat!"

These were all very good questions that brought me back to earth. A womanhood course and a serendipitous reconnection with my old friend and sailing partner (Linda Jensen) "Jenny" Poniske got me into sailboats and out on the bay. Confident in my basic boat handling skills, I went to school for a few years on sailboat types, boat maintenance, and the boat buying process. Twenty years of schooling taught me one thing for sure — how to be a good student.

All boat buying advice starts with the question, "How will you use your boat?" What kind of sailing will you do?" The best way to find answers to that is to try out different things. I'm now firmly in the "much day sailing, several overnights, a week or two extended cruise each summer" camp. I also took every opportunity to board any boat around, to physically try it on. The CCSC cruises were very helpful with this. I was also there early and often at the boat shows. While most people immediately go below on a boat, I spent my time in the cockpit and on deck. For many men, the interior height of the cabin is a major consideration. For me, I was more concerned that the doghouse not be so tall that it obstructs my seated view forward. The ideal cockpit allows me to brace my feet on the opposite side as I hold a slight weather helm on my tiller, which I much prefer to a wheel. Moving about on deck with confidence is also critical. Incredibly, a new 25' boat from one of the most popular boat builders placed the handrails so close to the hatch slides on the cabin top that you cannot wrap your fingers around the rails. You have to be physically on the boat to figure these things out.

Trading off cost and comfort caused me to creep from my initial micro-cruiser thoughts to boats just below thirty feet in length. Every couple of weeks I would spend a few hours on the Internet, scanning the thousands of online listings and studying the specs and prices of possibilities. I devoured reviews, lurked on type-owners' websites, and figured out how prices are driven by age, condition, equipage, and reputation. I made a few timid phone calls to owners and brokers, but nothing seemed to be quite right.

I was also very aware that buying a boat is not like buying a toy that you take home and only think about when convenient. Owning a boat is a major commitment of time as much as money. This spring, I finally felt ready to make the move, but then both family and job demands changed and made it tough. Instead, I signed up for a summer of what turned out to be the most glorious sailing ever on *Salud*.

In September, however, an Internet posting caught my eye. A 28' Freedom, "the only one ever built with a tiller". I was familiar with the larger Freedoms and intrigued by the listing. This boat was on the hard in Annapolis and had been up for sale since July with no offers. I arranged to see it, and knew I wanted to like it. Jenny agreed to come along and be a cooler head to my emotion. The broker put a ladder against the transom, I climbed into the cockpit, sat down, grasped the tiller, braced my feet, and fell in love. The decks are well laid out (with no shrouds to grasp), all lines come to the cockpit, and I can easily stand up in the warm, woody, and light filled cabin. The engine and systems are easily accessible. Mostly day sailed in the past, there are only the most basic of electronics and no obvious modifications from either of the two previous owners. Jenny agreed she was "a nice boat", which was all the endorsement I required. We immediately went back to the broker's office; I walked around the block, gulped twice, and made an offer. Later that day, my offer was accepted, and things started happening fast.

Find a surveyor, arrange a sea trial, secure insurance, move money around, find a place to keep her... Everything fell into place, as she swooped and soared across the bay in the most perfect day for a sea trial.

Working through the process with a broker was actually quite helpful for a novice like me. The survey was on Monday, I bought her on Friday, played with the systems and went shopping on Saturday, and sailed her home (with Jenny and her daughter Erika as crew) on Sunday. Again, the weather was November perfection and she sailed like a dream. I don't consider the trip to be marred at all by the fact it took three passes to get lined up to back into her new slip — even though I could have done without the large and amused audience.

We were never in danger of hitting anything, so it's good enough for a start.

Come by and say hello — we're on the "A" pier at Hammock Island. I'll be working on what the surveyor termed "plumbing issues" this winter, while studying up on boat paints for the spring haul-out. Jenny has signed up to help with the work as she studies, in turn, for her own next boat purchase. I'm playing with various names for my baby — the deadline isn't until we paint in the spring. And the best part for next summer — the former toddlers are now competent swimmers who have had sailing lessons, so we should never lack for crew.

*Nan Shellabarger*



*As Jenny says, Nan's grin will have  
to be surgically removed.*

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.

