

THE HORNPIPE

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Commodore's Comments

Ready, Set, SAIL!

Finally, all too slowly, it seems that winter has blown its final gusts for the year and at last spring is upon us. This last weekend certainly was plenty nice enough for sailing. Nice enough, but of course there were all the chores required to de-winterize the boat and get her ready: the half-done winter projects to finish; a few chores around the house and in the garden that also needed good weather; three separate soccer games with associated carpools; so my lovely new boat just sat there last weekend, looking woebegone and nearly naked as she has all winter.

Next weekend, by golly, Jenny and I expect to get out there and sail! Assuming, of course, that I can remember what we did when we de-commissioned in December. We've only had the sails up three times since I bought her in November, and there is a good chance we'll need to reinvent the proper routing for all the rigging and hardware.

That's one of the things I've always liked about sailing — there is plenty of scope for creativity and improvisation. It took us a couple of

seasons to properly tune up Salud, Jenny's lovely boat. There was one blustery day off White Rocks that we completely re-routed the mainsheet and traveler while underway, driven by frustration from our inability to make any progress to windward. We tried a couple of different approaches, and rigged up a temporary traveler secured in a different location that noticeably improved her performance. The rewards were immediate, and the pleasure from having had the idea and carrying it out, immense. It was just one of the many little improvements that keep us happily messing about with our boats.

I'm looking forward to seeing you all at the picnic on **April 23 at 1:00 p.m. at Hammock Island**. Please bring a side dish, appetizer, or dessert to share. We'll be firming up our list of cruises (a copy is included with this issue) and cruise captains — if you want to volunteer, come to the picnic or contact Dick Callis or me before then. If all goes according to plan, we'll be able to share tales of our first sail by then.

Nan Shellabarger

End-of-Winter Land Cruise

The annual end-of-winter land cruise was held on March 19, 2005. Eleven of us landed at Bertha's Restaurant & Bar in Fells Point for dinner and camaraderie. Attending were new member Lee Benedict, Bill and Carol Durr, Steve and Judy Foland, Andy Monjan, Nan Shellabarger, Ed and Pat Shippey, and Hank and Jan Zerhusen. While some had mussels (small but hardy wild ones from Maine that were too slow and got caught), we enjoyed a variety of other seafood and special beverages. Nan displayed her new GPS which accurately showed the way there, but had no correction factor built in for the backlog of traffic we all encountered on Pratt Street. Well, we should have come by sea.

Andy Monjan

Ahoy from the Grotz'

Hi! We're in Titusville, in central Florida near Cape Canaveral, heading north after a WONDERFUL winter in this beautiful state! We left Marathon, where we had stayed for a month — much too short. We had great weather and a fun time. It was good being back at Faro Blanco Oceanside and seeing our friends there. We looked up a high-school friend of Art's who has a condo there and has been living there for several years during the winter. Went to Key West for our annual visit, our son Ned and his son Halstead came for a brief visit, which was a great treat, and we went up to Hillsboro Beach to see Art's sister and her husband and to visit an old Howard County friend, Ed Lassotovitch, whom we hadn't seen for a good while. Then we journeyed up to Boca Raton to visit our friends the Powells.

Upon leaving Marathon March 20, we went up the west coast of the state. Sailing through the beautiful waters of the Florida Bay and the Gulf of Mexico is really a grand experience. We visited Laura's in-laws, the Gows, in Marco Island, and then sailed up to Fort Myers where our friend Betty Bullock met us. She sailed with us up Pine Island Sound for an overnight visit to lovely Useppa Island, and then we visited her for five days over

Easter, leaving the boat in Fort Myers. As usual, we had a fantastic time with Betty, who lives in Rotunda West, which is near Englewood and Boca Grande. While we were there, we visited Art's aunt, Harriet, in Long Boat Key and our across-the-street neighbor, Wilma, in Sarasota. We rented a car and drove back to Fort Myers after spending the night and having a grand tour of Pine Island with Bill's in-laws, Herbie and Herma Hellinger. Monika had informed her folks of all of our favorite foods, so not only were we entertained royally but fed in the same fashion!

Upon our return to Fort Myers, we connected with my cousin Jim Carter and his wife, Terry, who gave us the grand tour of that area. While on that tour, we were able to see our friend Gene Gill, who moved his boat last summer to Fort Myers Beach from Marathon. Then we made the beautiful crossing of Florida via Lake Okeechobee, ending with our anchorage in Stuart at Larry and Annett Carter's. The Caloosahatcha Canal to the lake is just gorgeous — a lot of open space with lovely tropical foliage.

When we arrived in Vero Beach, we ran into a friend from Frog Mortar Yacht Club, Chazz, whom we hadn't seen since we both left Maryland Marina on October 3. While anchored at Coca, we met up with other friends: Katy and Charlie Haines, heading north from Faro Blanco.

So now, in Titusville, we'll see our friend Cori Summersett, and that should bring us up to date with all our friends in Florida along the Intracoastal Waterway.

We had the neatest experience in San Carlos Bay on the west coast when two dolphins played alongside, in front of, and under our boat. One jumped up out of the water and took a good look at us.

We hope that this finds all of you well. So long for now until the next update!

Fondly, Art & Sue Grotz

The Taxman Cometh (by Boat)

Those members of CCSC contemplating spending some serious bullion on a new boat and avoiding Maryland's 5% excise (sales) tax by

keeping it out of state are well advised to learn the lesson offered in *Schwartz v. DNR*, a case recently decided by the Maryland Court of Appeals. That lesson is to watch the calendar closely or pay the consequences (and the tax).

Schwartz is a Delaware car dealer whose profit margin on his car deals obviously could be thinner. He lives in Florida, but summers in Maryland. Having some extra change in his pocket and a Coast Guard captain's license in a frame, he decided to "drop" \$692,508.60 on a Symbol Model 557 power boat which he found at a dealer's pier in Edgewater, Maryland, on June 9, 2000. At the time of the purchase, he signed tax exemption papers certifying that the boat would be used principally in Florida and thereby escaped for the moment making a princely contribution to the Free-State treasury.

Our happy new owner moved the boat to his slip at Mears Point Marina in Grasonville, where it was observed without Maryland registration bow stickers by a DNR official on 6/16, 7/15, 8/15 and 9/28 of 2000. I imagine that the DNR official was one of those hale and hearty lads in blue baseball caps on Boston Whalers equipped with flashing blue lights putt-putting about marinas with pencils and clipboards in hand. Predictable problems for Captain Schwartz followed.

What the arch-villain of our tale on the Boston Whaler didn't know would have made him cry. Schwartz' new boat was beset by numerous problems that threatened its seaworthiness. Some of these problems were: a faulty compass, an air conditioning system water intake in need of relocating, a microwave oven in need of replacement, a trash compactor and several TV sets in need of repair, and a defective bimini top. As if those were not enough, the vessel was also plagued by defective window blinds. Whoa! Ed and Robbie Sabin, my good friends, cruising mentors, and CCSC membership sponsors (now undoubtedly to their regret), would *never* even think of leaving the pier on a boat with this repair list! (I refuse to let the truth spoil a good story, so I will not mention the fact that Schwartz' boat sprayed oil from its transmissions and exhibited a dangerous propensity to roll that required the installation of stabilizers at a cost of \$33,930).

As the reader no doubt knows, blinds and trash compactors are not repaired overnight. Indeed, Mr. Schwartz did not remove his vessel from Maryland waters on the first leg of a transit aimed at Florida until October 28, 2000, a departure date he claimed was dictated by the schedule on which the repairs to his vessel's above-listed critical systems were completed. Regrettably, the vessel broke down en route in North Carolina and again in South Carolina, and Mr. Schwartz finally left it in Georgia and drove to Florida in a rented car in order to vote (hang some chads) in the 2000 Florida Presidential election. With one thing and another, the vessel did not arrive in Florida until early 2001.

Meanwhile, back in Maryland our DNR arch-villain in the blue baseball cap decided that Mr. Schwartz' certification that the vessel would spend most of its time in Florida had been violated, and as a result he mailed Mr. Schwartz a tax bill for \$34,625.43 plus fees, penalties, and interest. Mr. Schwartz saw no humor in this; he paid the tax, filed for a refund, and litigated the DNR's denial of the refund up to Maryland's highest court.

That court's Solomonic decision and some idle thoughts on its practical consequences when taken to unlikely extremes follow — in the next edition of *The Hornpipe*.

Lee Benedict

Stick in the Mud

In addition to our ongoing series dealing with "My/Our First Sail" and "The Sail from Hell", we are beginning a new series entitled "Stick in the Mud". As Chesapeake Bay sailors, I am sure that you can grasp the significance of the "sticking in the mud".

Ed Sabin has graciously agreed to begin this dismal series.

Steve Foland

Bad Day on the Water

Two years ago in October, our boating friends invited us to raft up with them and another boat at Fairlee Creek on the Eastern Shore. Fairlee is just below Worton Creek, opposite Poole's

Island. It has a very narrow entrance, which I had been warned about.

I had not been warned about what happens when the tide is going out — when the entire inlet behind the entrance is trying to rush out into the bay (i.e. a strong current). The boating channel makes an S-turn to get into the entrance. The water coming out doesn't worry about such niceties. It heads straight out over a shallow gravel bar outside the entrance. The gravel bar is to the port of the boat channel when the channel makes the final turn to starboard into the entrance.

Had I known all this, I would have gotten our heavy boat (I just learned from the scales on the boat lift at Pleasure Cove Marina that our boat weighs 12 tons) going full speed into this turn and momentum might have carried us through. Or we could have waited outside in the bay for a few hours for slack water.

Instead, we motored into the entrance at slow to-medium speed. When we hit the final sharp turn-in, the current took us sideways onto the gravel bar. Revving up the motor at this late stage didn't do any good because momentum worked against us — it takes awhile to get the boat moving.

We ended up leaning heavily on our port side grinding our cement keel against the gravel of the bar. It is not a pleasant sound. The current was keeping us there. We tried to kedge off. Our friends loaned us another anchor and line that they set for us in their dinghy. It didn't work. Night was coming on and the wind was blowing more than we needed. About 10 p.m. we used our new cell phone to call the BoatUS towboat number in Florida, who connected us to a local tow boat out of Tolchester. They came in about an hour and pulled us off stern first.

Good news is that the whole episode didn't damage our funky crab-crusher boat — it just scrapped all the barnacles (and bottom paint) off our long keel. The bottom of the rudder is mounted about eight inches above the bottom of the keel — this protected the rudder. We are lucky, in the Chesapeake Bay, generally not to have strong currents, fog, or big rocks sticking out of the bottom. However, Fairlee Creek is one place you can find strong current.

Ed Sabin

An Adventure in Day Sailing in La Paz, Baja California

We have some good friends who live in La Paz. Wolfgang and Inge Hoenack are German natives who knew Jutta when she was an apprentice for Preussag, in Hannover, Germany. Making a long story reasonably short (ask Jutta for details some time), they came to the U.S. and then moved on to Mexico in the late 1950's, establishing themselves in Mexico City. Wolf helped arranged for Jutta's coming to the U.S. on a "temporary" visa around that time. A few years ago they sold a crane factory that they had built and run in Mexico City and moved to La Paz, where they have a waterfront apartment and marine repair shop in Pichilingue, just north of La Paz. They also have built a lovely hilltop home overlooking the bay at La Paz. Parked on the hard in Pichilingue is a 35-foot steel-hulled, German-designed, home-built cruising sloop that seems destined to permanent status as "almost finished."

On a visit a few years ago, we got a tour of the Pichilingue "estate" and were pleased to see their recently acquired Rhodes 19 day-sailer sitting on a mooring about fifty feet out. We were encouraged to take it out for the day and did so, enjoying an easy cruise a few miles north to a gorgeous cove lined by a white-sand beach. We enjoyed a swim in the brilliant clear water, got too much sun on a walk on the beach, and made our way back, taking advantage of the outboard to motor-sail into southerly breezes.

A few days later, we were back in Pichilingue and accepted another offer to take the Rhodes out for a day sail. We were advised that the typical wind pattern sees a morning "train to La Paz" (northerly) then a quick shift in the afternoon to the "train from La Paz" — southerlies that can be rather brisk. We dinghied out to the mooring after making our first of two errors in judgment — out of laziness I decided not to take the outboard from the shop and put it on board this time. After slipping the mooring on a typically delightful summer day with bright blue skies, rare white clouds, and a powerful overhead sun, we sailed west a few miles to the other side of the bay, on an easy beam reach

in the predicted northerly. We then headed back on another easy reach. As we approached their property, we made our second error in judgment — out of curiosity, we decided to detour around a small island crowded with birds of various types. We had a leisurely sail north, which we should have realized meant that the southerlies had appeared, as predicted.

As we turned to come south inside the island, the winds and seas picked up, and we were headed directly into them. I dropped the headsail to get better control of the boat, and we tried tacking, with only the main up, without making any significant headway. By this time we were fondly wishing we had taken the outboard along, as we bounced around in the growing seas. It was clear that we had to get the headsail back up to have any chance of making our way home, but I had a mutinous crew on board that was threatening every few minutes to "jump ship" and swim to the nearby shore and await rescue. The skies were also growing dark.

After some minutes "discussing" the situation, Jutta agreed to take the tiller as I went forward to hank on and raise the jib, which we desperately needed to give us a chance to make way upwind — the Hoenack's property was due south of us at this point. With both sails up, we were clearly overpowered if we trimmed the sails tightly, but if they were loose, we couldn't make any way south. As we were struggling to control the boat, at one point I was at the tiller when a large wave washed me overboard! Luckily, I had the mainsheet tightly in one hand, and I managed to hang on as the boat tossed in the seas, then I rode a helping wave back on board!

After an awful hour or so (that seemed much longer), we began slowly gaining ground on successive tacks, and after another hour we were picking up the mooring as Wolf motored out in his dinghy with a big smile on his face — he'd been watching us closely. He took us to shore and up to the second-floor deck off their apartment, where he had already poured a round of schnapps. As I lifted the glass and started to say how glad I was to be back on land, I looked down at my right leg. I was shocked to see that from the knee to the ankle it was swollen almost double size! Apparently I had hit

the keel with my shin when I went into the water, but I was so "busy" that I didn't even notice it.

George Alberts

Book Review

Maiden Voyage, by Tania Aebi with Bernadette Brennan 1989, New York: Ballantine Books, ISBN: 0-345-41012-2.

This is a spellbinding page-turner about a young woman who finds herself by pursuing a mad adventure of her father's devising. Tania, an 18-year-old dropout working as a bicycle messenger in New York City, has spent most of her short life buffeted by the storms of her parent's marriage. From the benign neglect of her father to the illness-induced over-attention of her mother, she and her siblings have been bounced from Europe to New York and back again. Amidst trying to find normality, stability, and love in all this chaos, Tania has lost all direction when her father makes her a proposition: she can go to college, or he will buy a boat for her to sail if she will attempt a solo circumnavigation. What makes it even more amazing is that she has only a couple of years of sailing experience, mostly as a passenger, and has never single-handed before the day she sails out of New York harbor!

Although I was occasionally annoyed by misuse (or non-use) of proper sailing terminology, the book is well written and holds the reader's attention. We follow Tania's progress, not only as she navigates her Contessa 26 around the world, but also as she discovers within herself the character, determination, self-reliance, and capacity for love that her chaotic upbringing had suppressed. The book was published in 1989, but, after a brief search, I have not been able to discover any further public record of how she has lived since completing her adventure and settling into domestic life in Brooklyn.

Jenny Poniske

MSDs and Municipal Messes

To the editor of the Hornpipe:

I write to offer a perspective upon marine sanitation holding tanks (I believe they are called “MSDs”) and the Chesapeake Bay.

I come to this issue with two thoughts: First is the expense and inconvenience of MSDs — worthy and well-intended as they may be, they are still inconvenient and costly. Second is the echo in my ears of municipal treatment plant overflows and discharges. I say “echo” because it seems to me that periodic reports of these events are unending. Did I hear last winter that a Baltimore City treatment plant discharged 50 million gallons of untreated material into a tributary of the bay last winter? My number may not be correct, but I remember being amazed at the number at the time.

How many years worth of Chesapeake Bay MSD effluent savings were lost in this one (and certainly not isolated) municipal spill? I don’t know the number, but I suspect it is more than a century.

One can go in one of two directions with this though — either to advocate eliminating MSDs,

or eliminating municipal spills. The first is terribly regressive and, in my view, poor policy. The second, no doubt, is virtually impossible as a practical matter.

However, I think that boaters are entitled to expect better performance from local government, particularly given the burden they are shouldering (to some extent involuntarily) in this area and the imbalance of environmental impact described above.

Next time there is an accidental municipal discharge, and I think that day is coming soon, boaters should stand up as boaters and ask local government what is going on!

Sinbad

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

2005 CCSC CRUISING SCHEDULE

DATE	WHAT	WHERE
4/23	Spring Picnic	Hammock Isl.
5/14-15	Shakedown Cruise	Eagles Nest
5/28-30	Memorial Day	Wye River
6/18-19	Best Wine <\$10	Rhode River
7/2-17	July 4 th Cruise	South to Rappahannock (see details below)
7/23-24	Captain's Choice	??
8/13-14	VJ Day Cruise	Langford Cr.
8/27-28	Captain's Choice	??
9/3-5	Labor Day	Chestertown
9/10-11	Regatta	Hammock Isl.
9/24-25	Annapolis Cruise	Mooring Buoy
10/8-9	Baltimore	Inner Harbor
10/29	Land Cruise	Baltimore
11/14	Year-End Meeting	Hawthorn Ctr.

Two-Week Cruise to Rappahannock

DATE	PLACE	DISTANCE
Sat., 7/2	Dun Cove	28 mi.
Sun., 7/3	Solomons Is.	29 mi.
Mon., 7/4	Solomons Is. Fireworks	0 mi.
Tues., 7/5	Patuxent R./St. Leonards Sotterly	6 mi.
Wed., 7/6	Coan River	37 m.
Thur., 7/7	Reedville	27 mi.
Fri.-Sat. 7/8-9	Corrotoman R./Bells Cr.	32 mi.
Sun., 7/10	Indian Cr./Fleets Bay	24 mi.
Mon.-Tues. 7/11-12	Crisfield Somers Cove Marina	33 mi.
Wed., 7/13	Solomons/Mill Cr.	41 mi.
Thur., 7/14	Little Choptank/Hudson Cr.	23 mi.
Fri.-Sat., 7/15-16	Oxford	15 mi.
Sun., 7/17	Cambridge	10 mi.
Mon. 7/18	Home	39 mi.