

# THE HORNPIPE

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## Commodore's Comments

With half the sailing season behind us, we've had a good set of cruises for the club. Here we are in the extreme heat and humidity of the dog days of summer. Washington has had another of its "code red" air quality days, and it's hard to get energetic about anything. Nevertheless, it appears some of our heat-hardest sailors have set off to rendezvous for the V-J Day cruise.

Half the season behind us of course means half the season ahead! The end of the month (August 27-28) has a south-of-the-bridge cruise captained by the MacDonalds, and the schedule for Labor Day weekend has a cruise captained by the Zerhusens in their new *Octavia*. Later this fall, we've got a couple of city destination cruises — Annapolis Harbor on September 24-25, and Baltimore Harbor on October 15-16.

Don't forget our **Fall Picnic and Regatta, scheduled for Saturday, September 10, beginning at 1:00 p.m. at Hammock Island Marina on the Bodkin**. We're still working on the "regatta" portion. Please let me know via email if you have an interest in a short round-the-buoys race

that morning in the vicinity of the Bodkin. As always, the club will provide food of the hamburger-hotdog variety, and everyone should bring an appetizer, side dish, or dessert to share.

*Nan Shellabarger*

## Best "Inexpensive" Wine Cruise

What a great weekend for sailing and enjoying the Chesapeake Bay! When we left home on Wednesday to get a few days of extra sailing in before the club gathering, we thought that maybe four or five boats might actually show up. There were several additional boats that indicated they might possibly be there, but we sort of discounted them. Regardless of the number of boats that would come, we knew that it would be a good time for all. Since we were leaving early, we forwarded our home phone to Ed's cellular so we could keep track of who was coming as we enjoyed ourselves on the bay.

Wednesday night we just stayed in the West River, anchored off of Pirates Cove Restaurant, as the boats for the various Wednesday night race fleets filled the waters around us and jockeyed for

starting position. It was frightening at times, as the boats seemed preoccupied with preparations when they were on collision courses with our immobile boat. Apparently racers care as much about their boats as we cruisers do, since they all missed us.

Thursday and Friday we anchored in Tilghman Creek. For those of you, who haven't been there, try it sometime. The entrance is a little tricky. You just need to do sort of an S-turn as you go between **G3** and **R4**, and unless you draw more than our 5'6", you'll make it with no problems. We've been there many times and would have had another very pleasant and relaxing time in the anchorage, except that the phone kept ringing as more and more CCSC'ers indicated they were coming. By the time we left Tilghman Creek, we were expecting up to ten boats for the raft-up.

After a nice, gentle sail down the Eastern Bay on Saturday, we motored across to the Rhode River and set *Evening Light's* anchor with probably 80' of chain in a nice open area at about 1:00 p.m. Just before Tom and Adrian Flynn arrived at 3:00 p.m. on *In Like Flynn*, a 50+' motor yacht from San Francisco dropped anchor right in front of us. We wish they had been a little more considerate in choosing their anchor location but figured that, even if they dragged into us, they probably had deep pockets. The next to arrive were Ed and Robbie Sabin on *Aldebaran*, followed closely by Barb and Dick Callis on *Windsong* and George and Jutta Alberts with their friends Herman and Janet on *Breezing Up*. Hank and Jan Zerhusen on *Octavia* were probably next, followed by Ron and Janet Benrey on *Sea Saw* and Jesse and Ilyse Delanoy on *Agape*. Surprisingly, Andy and Usha on *Impulse* weren't the last to arrive, as Matt and Barbara Coyle on *Nancy Ann* showed up a few minutes later. Matt and Barbara were on their first "overnighter". We enjoyed them and hope they enjoyed themselves and that this was the first of many cruises they'll make with the CCSC. Dick Callis spread rumors that Art and Sue Grotz might be coming, so until the sun went down we kept a spot open for a late arrival that never showed.



Raft-up at Best Wine Cruise

As boats arrived, the waters around the raft-up were filled with many swimmers enjoying the relatively calm and clean waters of the Rhode River. It was close to 6:00 p.m. before the wine tasting began. With a total of 11 couples we had 11 bottles of wine to judge, and, with late arrivals, the tasting process was a little more protracted than desirable. However, 22 participants made it easy to dispose of each bottle of wine with about an ounce apiece to each taster. Even with the abundant snacks provided, the effects of the wine consumption started kicking in, and things at times wandered. However, Pat kept the judging process going smoothly, and Ed kept the uncorked bottles coming, and at the end the clear winners were the Alberts with a fine Pinot Noir by Mirasou. The Zerhusens took second with a Columbia Crest Cabernet. While it wasn't a scientific test, we all felt that you still can get a good drinkable wine for less than \$10.

Before it got dark, we broke the raft-up into smaller groups to avoid the possibility of a middle of the night disaster. The Zerhusens, Benreys, and Delanoys rapidly found suitable places to drop their individual anchors, while George (obviously intoxicated from his win in the wine contest) entertained us with his anchoring antics. Andy patiently waited for George to find the right location before he rafted up with *Breezing Up*. The other four boats remained rafted up to *Evening Light* for the night and a post party that lasted until after 10:00 p.m.

Everybody left the next morning and, not hearing any reports of major rescue operations by the Coast Guard, we assume everyone made it home okay. It looked like the winds up north were fairly strong in the early afternoon, so we assume some of you had interesting sails home. We stayed in the Rhode River one more night before starting the long two-mile sail back to Hartge's. Based upon the mud on the chain and the difficulty we had getting the anchor up, we probably could have kept the 10-boat raft together through a hurricane without any problems. Thank you all for joining us, and we hope you all had a good time.

***Ed and Pat Shippey, Evening Light***

### **Fourth of July Two-Week Cruise**

After packing all our supplies aboard *Windsong* Friday night, Barbara and I left our slip at Magothy Marina at 9:00 a.m. on July 2, heading for a raft-up in Dun Cove with other CCSC cruisers. With a brisk northerly breeze, I was able to sail on a beam reach to Sandy Point Light. When I made the turn to go under the bay bridge, I went wing and wing at six-plus knots until I made the turn to go through the Knapp Narrows drawbridge. From there, I motored to Dun Cove and at 2:30 p.m. joined Ed and Pat Shippey, who had had a great sail from Galesville aboard *Evening Light*. We were later joined by Hank and Jan Zerhusen aboard their new (to them) Hunter 37.5, *Octavia*. Duncan and Cynthia MacDonald aboard *Heather II* joined us about 5:00 p.m. to complete the flotilla after motor sailing from their slip in Cambridge.

That night we could see the fireworks at St. Michaels, about four miles to the east. On July 3, we changed our destination to Oxford for the fireworks that night. Due to the boat traffic, we anchored separately off the strand and had ringside seats to a spectacular fireworks display.

The next morning, July 4, we all motored to Solomons Island in light air, flat seas, and a favorable current, and made it to Mill Creek in a record five hours. We rafted up and celebrated the fourth of July with a shared typical-American picnic dinner. That night we saw our third straight fireworks display from the raft-up.

On Tuesday, July 5, we motored up the Patuxent River and rafted up in St. Leonards Creek. From there we all boarded *Heather II* and motored to the south side of the Patuxent River to the Sotterly Mansion Wharf. Ed Shippey stayed with the boats to do some fishing. After navigating the tricky entrance to Sotterly Creek in six feet of water, we tied up to the wharf. We had towed Zerhusens Zodiak along just in case we had to anchor out and dinghy in, but fortunately did not have to do so. From the wharf to Sotterly Mansion was about a one-mile walk up a dirt road. About half way through the walk, we got caught in a downpour. By the time we arrived at the mansion, we were all soaked. Undaunted, we joined the interesting and entertaining tour inside the 1717 mansion, which was once owned by the daughter of J. P. Morgan and her husband, who were responsible for most of the restoration. When the tour ended, the sun was out, and we were able to tour the beautiful gardens and grounds of a working estate. As we looked out from the front of the mansion, we could see our raft-up in St. Leonards Creek about three or four miles away.

With clearing weather, Hank and Jan decided to drive their dinghy back to the raft. As we motored out of Sotterly Creek, we saw Hank waving us over to take them in tow. Hank's outboard had overheated and would not start, so we towed the dinghy back to the raft. Ed had been busy closing up the boats when it rained but had had time to catch and release eight rockfish.

That evening we dressed in Hawaiian attire and shared Hawaiian fare for dinner with a CD of Hawaiian music in the background. Just as dinner ended, it started to rain, so we retreated to our boats until the storm passed. When the rain stopped, we were treated to a lovely sunset. At about 9:30 p.m., a third rainstorm hit with lots of lightning and thunder that provided our fourth straight night of fireworks! For those of us who, over the years, have sailed the Patuxent River area, this is about par for the course. About midnight we had yet another thunderstorm — so make that ONE OVER PAR!

On Wednesday, July 6, we were able to sail about half the time to the Coan River, and had no problem navigating the tricky turns in 12 feet of water to a lovely anchorage in a bight opposite **R18**.

This was Mexican theme night, so we all shared our Mexican fare with appropriate attire and music. After dinner, we split the raft as a precaution, but had an uneventful night for a change.

The next day we motored to Reedville, Virginia, and anchored in the East Branch of Cockrell Creek. That evening we all boarded *Heather II* for a short ride to the Crazy Crab Restaurant, followed by a short walk to the ice cream parlor for our dessert.

After returning to the raft, the Shippeys split off, and Hank felt comfortable with *Heather II* and *Windsong* alongside. We all had second thoughts about that when about midnight the remnants of Tropical Storm Cindy hit. For five hours we got battered with winds of 15-20 knots with gusts to 38 knots. The rain came down in torrents and cloud-to-cloud lightning was nonstop. It was our fifth fireworks display! By morning Hank had five to six inches of water in his dinghy, and the weight of the water in Ed Shippey's dinghy collapsed his dinghy brackets. Thanks to Hank's new Bruce anchor and his anchoring skills, our three-boat raft never moved. At daybreak it was still threatening, so we all decided to stay in Reedville another day and ride it out. Most of us had been up all night on anchor watch, so we went back to bed.

On Saturday, July 9, the weather forecast was for light and variable winds for the next three days. None of us wanted to motor farther south to the Rappahannock River, so we agreed to go to Onancock, Virginia, for two days before going to Crisfield. The Shippeys opted to go a short distance south to Dividing Creek. We motored across the bay in calm seas and clear skies to marker number 37 and rafted up in the tight anchorage there. That evening, the six of us boarded Hank's Zodiak and paddled ashore for dinner at Bizzott's Italian Restaurant. The food, service, and ambience were excellent and made the long and winding trip up the Onancock River worthwhile.

The next day, Sunday, we stayed at anchor and went ashore to the ice cream parlor and walked around town to see the many restored and lovely homes. That evening, we shared drinks and snacks and ate aboard.

On Monday, July 11, we sailed a little but mostly motored to Crisfield and were amazed to see

two new high-rise condos on the waterfront and another under construction where the Captain's Galley Restaurant had been. We found out later that five such condos are planned with prices in the \$450K to \$600K range!

When we arrived at our slip at Somers Cove Marina, Art and Sue Grotz on *Lauren A*, George Alberts on *Breezing Up*, and the Shippeys were already in their slips. That night, we all went to the Side Street Restaurant for dinner. Hank and I had some delicious steamed crabs while most of the others ordered the eight-soft-shell crab dinner. They were disappointed when served a lump of battered, deep-fried soft crabs instead of the sautéed crabs served in previous years. The restaurant is under new management and has changed its menu. After dinner we just made it to the ice cream parlor before closing for our traditional treat. We were told that they may be closing in a couple of years to make room for more condos. What a pity.

The next day was spent restocking supplies from the local super market. Jan Zerhusen, Barbara, and I enjoyed a guided tour of the Crisfield area aboard a trolley bus with stops at the home of former Governor Millard Tawes and the restored Ward Brothers Shop, where they became famous for their duck decoy and wildfowl wood carvings. We also went to many other points of interest and stopped at the lovely Asbury Methodist Church; where we learned that, coincidentally, our tour guide was married by Barbara's first cousin when he was the minister of the church. That evening we had a cookout with shared side dishes at one of the marina pavilions.

Wednesday morning we all left Crisfield and mostly motored the 41 miles to Solomons Island. *Heather II* and *Windsong* rafted up with *Octavia* in Mill Creek, exactly where we were two weeks before. *Lauren A* and *Breezing Up* took slips, and *Evening Light* anchored in the other Mill Creek past the bridge. *Lauren A* went to Zahnisers for repairs to their electronics, and \$85 later found and replaced a faulty fuse.

The next day, the weather forecast was not very good, so *Octavia* and *Windsong* moved their anchorage to near the Calvert Marine Museum. *Breezing Up* and *Lauren A* went to Oxford and anchored in Town Creek and went ashore to dine on

the famous crab cakes at the Rupert Morris Inn. Duncan and Cynthia took a slip at Zahnisers so they could go to dinner that night with their son and grandchildren. The Zerhusens and Callises dinghied to the museum and went to lunch at Woodburns Food Market. We toured the museum and, after rowing back to the raft, decided to have a potluck dinner aboard.

On Friday, we motored north on *Windsong*, hoping to make it to the Magothy River before any storms. As we approached Poplar Island, the sky looked threatening to the north, so I took a right turn through Knapp Narrows to Oxford. We took a slip at Mears Yacht Haven, where I had kept my boat for 21 years. That evening we walked to the Masthead, a.k.a. Pier Street Restaurant, for some steamed crabs. The new management is the same as the old Masthead and the current Latitude 39 Restaurant. They have made major improvements in the building and food.

Saturday morning we met some old friends at the continental breakfast at the marina deck and left at 10:00 a.m. for the long trip home. Again, the weather looked threatening to the north and west, but we made it to our slip about 5:00 p.m. at the Magothy Marina. We just got the boat unloaded and closed up before the rainstorm came.

For the rest of the flotilla, the MacDonalds left Solomons on Friday morning and made it to their slip in Cambridge with no storms. George Alberts motored from Oxford to Hammock Island on Friday with no problems. The Shippeys stayed at Mill Creek for two days before going to the Little Choptank River. They spent three days in the area anchoring in Hudson Creek, Fishing Creek, and Madison Bay before motoring to home port in Galesville on Monday, where the temperature was 103 degrees. The Zerhusens left Solomons Friday morning and anchored in Galesville to avoid the thunderstorms, then motored home to Bodkin Creek on Saturday. The Grotzes stopped at the Masthead for lunch on Friday, and anchored in Dun Cove that night. On Saturday, they anchored in Swan Creek to avoid the rainstorm that I just beat, and then motored home to Middle River on Saturday.

Although we all would like to have done more sailing, we were able to avoid any storms while underway, and all of us made it safely to our

home ports. We were able to visit some interesting ports of call, and, as usual, we enjoyed the raft-ups and the company of our fellow sailors.

*Dick Callis*

### ***Breezing Up Joins Up with the Summer Cruise***

A few days after Jutta and I returned from the Portland, Oregon, area and the lovely wedding of my daughter, I prepped and provisioned *Breezing Up* and headed out on a warm Saturday morning (July 9). The weather forecast was a bit iffy all week, with scattered or isolated thunderstorms expected daily. Hurricane Dennis, however, didn't seem to be a threat. My goal was to meet up with the CCSC cruising group in Crisfield on Monday. My immediate plan was to anchor in Dun Cove on Harris Creek that evening, and to go for a swim to check the propeller and shaft for barnacles. I made it to Knapp Narrows in good time, mostly under power (as was the case all week). I strayed a bit north of **R4** on the west side, and found very shallow water (but didn't touch bottom). I was anchored among a few other sailboats early that afternoon. Unfortunately the nettles were sufficiently thick that I passed on the dive. I had noticed that I was making good boat speed under power, so it was probably not necessary anyway. I was disappointed that I had to pass on the swim, however.

The next afternoon, as I approached Drum Point, I was boarded and inspected by the Coast Guard! The boarding was over quickly, and successfully (check your fire extinguishers and the dates on your flares, everyone!). That evening found me anchored upstream on Mill Creek, Solomons. I figured there was a good chance I'd meet up with the Grotzes on *Lauren A*, who were also headed for Crisfield. I didn't see any signs of them by the time I anchored at about 3:00 p.m. I enjoyed a lovely sunset at anchor — see below.



As I motored down Mill Creek the next morning, I passed *Lauren A*, sitting quietly at anchor (I later learned they had made it all the way from Middle River that day). I decided not to disturb them (it was about 6:15 a.m.), and motored on. An uneventful trip across the bay put me at Somers Cove Marina in Crisfield by early afternoon. I saw the Shippeys on *Evening Light* already tied up in a slip as I waited to get fuel, then I pulled in a few slips from them, just as *Lauren A* showed up. We were followed in short order by the Zerhusens on *Octavia*, the MacDonalds on *Heather II*, and the Callises on *Windsong* — see the group photo below (left to right: *Heather II*, *Lauren A*, *Breezing Up*, *Windsong*, *Evening Light*, *Octavia*)



Jutta had planned to drive to meet up with us in Crisfield, but was fighting a nasty summer cold and decided to rest at home. We all enjoyed a night on the town, eating at the Side Street Café. The crabs (soft and otherwise) were good but not great. That evening there was lots of thunderstorm activity but nothing hit us directly (indeed, I never

encountered any real storms all week — just a few brief showers). We enjoyed the obligatory ice cream and pondered the huge changes coming to Crisfield, with several pricey waterfront condos already up, and several hundred more in the works. Crisfield is definitely changing, and not for the better.

The next day we enjoyed the pool and then put together a delightful cook-out.

After another warm evening, I headed out the next morning to return to Solomons. Shortly after I tied up in a (cheap) slip at Calvert Marina, the Grotzes slipped into Zahnisers for an electronic fix of their GPS/chart interface. We were pleasantly surprised by the show put on by the Wednesday night racing crowd as they headed up Back Creek with spinnakers flying.

The next morning we agreed to meet in Oxford, and I followed everyone out and up the bay. We rafted up on *Lauren A*'s anchor in Town Creek and enjoyed a marvelous dinner at the Robert Morris Inn.

Early Friday morning I headed out and motored up the bay in light southerly winds, reaching my slip in Hammock Island about 3:00 p.m. I took my time putting the boat to bed and reflected back over another pleasant week on the bay as I headed home.

**George Alberts**

**THANKS TO ALL 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.**