

THE HORNPIPE

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Commodore's Comments

Gee! I guess we're having a winter after all. Thoughts of re-commissioning, which were running through many of our minds, have faded a bit. But have no fear; spring WILL come.

Plans for a "land cruise" at Zerhusens are enticing. Hope most of you can make it. Likewise our spring gathering at Hammock Island is settled.

I must confess to not being on our "out-of-water" craft for much too long. Bet the cockpit is a bit snowy today (I'm writing this on the Sunday of SNOW.) At least I know it won't sink!

Cynthia hopes all of you who brought desserts to the January gathering enjoyed them. They all looked scrumptious. Thanks for not leaving them with us — my waistline would have suffered greatly!

I understand that Dick Callis is splicing his stern line in preparation for our next raft up. Good luck, Dick!

Be thinking of possible destinations for our 2006 cruising season. It'll be on us before you know it.

Duncan MacDonald

Upcoming Land Cruise - March 25, 2006

Mark your calendar. There will be a pot-luck supper at our home, 5055 Dry Well Court, Columbia, MD, on Saturday, March 25, at 6:30 p.m. We have decided to have RSVP's to ensure that all categories of food (appetizers, main dishes, side dishes, or desserts) are represented. First ones to respond will get first choice on what to bring. Please note our new email address: **hzerhusen2@verizon.net**

Also, the picnic is scheduled for April 29th at Hammock Island. Details will follow next month. The cruising schedule will be ready for distribution.

Jan Zerhusen

BoatU.S. Membership Discount

We have renewed the annual Columbia Corinthian Sailing Club Cooperative Agreement with BoatU.S. The principal benefit from that agreement is half-price membership for those who belong to (or join) BoatU.S. Use our group code (GA80210S) to claim the half-price fee. The half

price applies only to membership, and not to tow insurance and other services.

George Alberts

Annual January Party

Once again the MacDonalds provided the perfect setting for our annual January party. Even though we had more desserts than we knew what to do with, there was no lack of other delicious fare prepared by Social Chair Cynthia MacDonald. We ate and ate and ate, and still the desserts would not go away.

The group that gathered for the feast and good time included: Lee and Mary Benedict, Dick and Barbara Callis, Matt and Barbara Coyle, Bill and Carol Durr, Steve and Judy Foland, Steve and Judy Hilnbrand, Patrick McGeehan and Linda Serf, Andy and Usha Monjan, John and Jenny Poniske, Ed and Robbie Sabin, Ed and Pat Shippey, and Hank and Jan Zerhusen.

After we all pigged out, our master of ceremonies, Dick Callis, had a short awards program. Those honored were: Nan Shellabarger with the Messing About Award; Ed Sabin with Outstanding Member Award; Ed and Pat Shippey with the Best Cruise Award; and yours truly, Steve and Judy Foland, for the work we do on The Hornpipe.

Bill Durr told us about Captain John Smith's "discovery barge" that Smith used to explore the bay four hundred years ago. A replica of the barge can be viewed at the Chesapeake Bay Foundation. Also, Bill handed out neat maps of the detailed route that Captain Smith took of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries during a two-month period. Bill observed that Smith saw more of the bay during a two-month period than most of us will see of it during a lifetime of sailing.

Several members have suggested that we have theme cruises. Jenny and John Poniske would like to sponsor a murder-mystery cruise with members being characters in the skit. Those participating would have to commit to attending in advance, dress the part, and be ready to stay in character for the whole cruise. Lee Benedict would like to organize a movie cruise, if he can figure out how to project the movie on a mailsail.

We are sorry that some of you could not get to the party. We missed you and hope that you will be able to join us at our next event.

Check out this neat sailing website that fellow CCSCer, Jenny Poniske, aka Linda Jensen, has developed: <http://www.lc.capellauniversity.edu/~171068/index.html>
Judy Foland

What to Do Until Spring Arrives

Here are a couple of boat projects that will help to keep me sane through February and March. One is trying to lighten our home-built, ferro-cement boat, *Aldebaran*. Seen from the rear, it seems to squat too deeply in the water. It turns out that the boat is a lot heavier than it was supposed to be, according to the original plans (which I have lost). I bought the hull in 1975 from a home boat-builder who ran out of steam on the project. I seem to remember a design weight of about 18,000 lbs. On the boat lift last winter when the boat was out of the water at the Pleasure Cove Marina, *Aldebaran* weighed in at 23,000 lbs.

I think I put too much cement and scrap iron into the bottom of the boat as ballast when I was working on the hull in 1976. So recently I rented an electric jack hammer (not as big as the ones used by construction crews on the street) and chipped away for a couple of days leaning down through the access hatches in the cabin sole, getting creaky knees and a sore back in the process. In the end I got out (according to our bathroom scale) about 120 lbs. of iron and 130 lbs of cement — still a far cry from what I would like to get out, but better than nothing.

Project number two — install the self-tailing winches that I got for Christmas on ebay. This is for the heavy-pulling, arm-stretching jib sheets. Robbie and others have been after me for a long time to get the winches. They weren't cheap (I can't disclose the price for the sake of decency). I'm now building two heavy duty plywood boxes (a little smaller than a shoe box) to mount them on. I will put bolts through the cement deck into the bottom of the box, through the plywood cockpit coaming into the side of the box and into the top of the box from the winch above. I'm using -inch plywood,

stainless steel screws, and a lot of epoxy glue to make the boxes strong, as there will be a big pull on the winches.

Happy sailing.

P.S. Those members who have not paid their \$35 membership dues for 2006 should send them to me as soon as possible. My address is: 1639 Lakewood Rd., Pasadena, MD 21122.

If for some reason you do not wish to continue to be a CCSC member, please notify Jenny Poniske, at jennyp7@hotmail.com, so she can keep an accurate list of members. Please send me a copy of that email so I can also have an accurate count of members.

Ed Sabin

Langford Creek: A Port Too Far

I had been waiting all summer for my first opportunity, as a new member of CCSC, to participate in one of the club's overnight cruises. The V-J Day cruise to Langford Creek proved to be that opportunity, so I refused to be deterred by the heat wave of near historic proportions that was washing over the Mid-Atlantic States at the time.

As the mercury rose in the thermometer through the week preceding, I was not surprised, though disappointed, when cruise captains Jan and Hank Zerhusen withdrew from the cruise due to the weather forecast for blistering heat all weekend. This left only two boats that had expressed interest in the cruise, those of Captains Sabin and Benedict. My wife and most everyone I spoke to before the weekend heartily endorsed the Zerhusen's wisdom and questioned my sanity for wanting to forge ahead.

Fortunately for me, Ed Sabin gave in to my enthusiasm for a cruise in a moment of weakness and did not choose to stay home to enjoy his air conditioning. Neither of us could talk our wives into coming along, so Ed decided to practice his single-handing skills on *Aldebaran*, while I enlisted two neighbors as crew aboard *Nik of Time*. Ed and I decided to change our destination from Langford Creek to Queenstown in view of the heat and forecasted light southerly winds.

Nik of Time embarked from its slip on Rock Creek shortly after 11:00 a.m. We called Ed so that

he could time his departure from Bodkin Creek to allow our two boats to meet and sail across the bay together. The wind proved less than favorable for this, so I abandoned that plan.

Our transit of the bay put us off Rock Hall after a surprisingly refreshing beat in a steady, cooling wind. The middle of the bay was very pleasant, much cooler than the nearby land and clearly a good place to spend the entire weekend. We tacked up to and into the Chester River looking for Ed. But even though we were in touch by radio, we never found each other in the thick summer haze until we met outside the narrow entrance into Queenstown.

In the channel leading into Queenstown, we were treated to a sight none of us will forget — a fawn wading several feet from shore, shaded by overhanging trees from the light of the late afternoon sun, leisurely eating foliage — a scene of great beauty and serenity, and a classic portrait of Chesapeake Bay country. One of my crew, Robert, is a professional photographer who captured almost every other facet of our cruise with thirty photographs. However, since he was preoccupied at the moment with icing down some drinks, this scene escaped his camera lens.

Both boats were at anchor by 7:00 p.m. Here the *Nik of Time* was treated to another thoroughly memorable sight — our substitute cruise captain, Ed, looking like an “old salt” from an Ernest Hemingway novel as he moved about the deck of *Aldebaran* securing sails. After this, Ed joined us for drinks, hors d'oeuvres, and dinner compliments of *Nik of Time's* third crew member, Jean, in pleasant evening air that was only available on deck. We decided that the run up the Chester River to Langford Creek would have been slow and hot regardless of how beautiful the destination might be.

The night was comfortable for those sleeping topside, marginally intolerable for those sleeping below. At 4:00 a.m., we were awakened by the sound of a siren, we suspected from the Queenstown Volunteer Fire Department garage, and again by an “all clear” siren less than an hour later. Robert speculated that a cat had been successfully rescued from a tree. No sign that anything more serious had occurred.

At sunrise, we were up again. Underway with *Aldebaran* by 8:00 a.m. and sails up outside Queenstown by 8:30 a.m. We tacked down the Chester River to a point near Kent Narrows and then eased the sheets for a reach down the river and across the bay. Ed chose a more southerly course from Love Point in order to make best use of the wind; we chose a direct line to the mouth of the Patapsco River. Both boats were in sight of each other for the transit and both arrived at the mouth of Bodkin Creek at the same time. Ed declared our race a tie. We radioed Ed our thanks for his leadership and parted company with him, arriving back at White Rocks Marina by 2:30 p.m. after a timeout to swim in Rock Creek.

Back at the marina we rediscovered how uncomfortable a humid, 95 degree summer day can be. From the pier, it was hard to believe how much more pleasant it had been in the middle of the bay. In any event, we had a pleasant weekend with some delightful sailing and memorable bucolic/heroic sights, but also with many moments when the wisdom of staying home close to air conditioning vents was evident.

Lee Benedict

In the Rough at Pebble Beach – Part 1

On the morning of June 5, 1995, Glen Korpi, a sailor with a respectable blue water sailing resume, was single-handing his 1983 Vancouver 27' offshore "pocket cruiser" cutter, *Dialogue*, along the California coast in the vicinity of the Monterey Peninsula. By mid-afternoon, he had been plucked from the surf off Asilomar State Beach (right at the northern terminus of the spectacular Seventeen Mile Drive from Carmel) by a United States Coast Guard helicopter, and *Dialogue* was a wreck on the rocky shore. (No, Robbie, this is not about golf.)

This summary (slightly modified by your author) opens the court's written decision in the lawsuit that flowed from these events. The case is interesting on its facts and law, so I will repeat them, the facts in this Part 1 and the law next month in Part 2 (if the editors are willing and the creek don't rise). In reviewing the facts, I am reminded

how delightful and (relatively) benign sailing conditions on the Chesapeake are most of the time.

On May 24, 1995, Korpi departed Santa Barbara for Seattle, with no planned landfalls en route. A number of days later, after the boat's autopilot failed, Korpi decided he could not continue without a repair and headed, he thought, for Monterey Harbor.

In 25- to 35-knot winds and 10-foot swells topped by 4- to 6-foot seas (the Chesapeake is looking better and better!), Korpi radioed the U.S. Coast Guard Group Monterey for landmarks to assist his entry into Monterey Harbor. Korpi reported that he had either run out of fuel or had a clogged fuel filter; it later proved that he did not attempt to check or replace his fuel filter at sea although he had spare filters onboard.

Minutes later, Korpi gave TC1 Lewandowski, the Coast Guard radio watch stander at Monterey, his GPS position so the Coast Guard could plot his position, something Korpi had not done himself. Lewandowski determined that Korpi was southwest of Point Pinos (the northwestern tip of Monterey Peninsula with Monterey Harbor on the southeast side of the peninsula), on the wrong side of the Monterey Peninsula and transmitted a request to Korpi that he remain well offshore. However, Korpi continued to sail toward shore while waiting for the Coast Guard to confirm his position. (At this point, I jumped back to the January '06 issue of *The Hornpipe* for Art and Sue Grotz' "Interesting Tidbits" for the link to a free navchart booklet of the Monterey-Carmel coast, only to find that the chart selection offered me is limited to Mid-Atlantic waterways. Am I doing something wrong?)

Korpi now realized that he would not be able to sail around Point Pinos. He radioed Group Monterey that he was going to drop anchor to keep from drifting ashore. About ten minutes later, he informed Group Monterey that his anchor was holding and that he was preparing a second anchor in case the first began to drag.

The court opinion states that once Korpi plotted his position, he realized he was on a lee shore. Unless he was in dense fog, apparently not the case, it is not clear why this fact was not easily determined by Korpi visually. In any event, Korpi

started his engine and began to motor away from shore, but his engine failed after a few minutes. He then immediately dropped anchor again. The chart for the area notes that the bottom is covered with large rocks and kelp.

A short while later, Korpi radioed Group Monterey that his anchor, a 25-pound CQR, was holding. Although he had a 35-pound anchor onboard, he did not use it because its chain was, as described by the court, “stuck.”

TC1 Lewandowski dispatched Group Monterey’s Motorized Life Boat (“MLB”) to assist Korpi. In due time, the MLB found *Dialogue* between 100 and 200 yards from shore. The highly confused swell and wave action made it too dangerous to transfer anyone between the MLB and *Dialogue*. Because *Dialogue*’s yawing made it too difficult for the MLB to safely approach close enough to throw a heaving line, Petty Officer (BM2) Rork and his crew decided the best approach would be to have Korpi cut his anchor line before they threw the heaving line.

The MLB’s crew believed *Dialogue*’s anchor was dragging, a point which Korpi later disputed. With *Dialogue* approximately 20 to 30 yards from rocks along the shoreline, Korpi dutifully cut his anchor line. BM3 Ramos then attempted to throw the heaving line to Korpi, but it fell short. Korpi caught it on the second attempt.

As Korpi pulled in the heaving line, he brought it over *Dialogue*’s safety rail, instead of taking a fair lead under the rail. After hauling approximately 42 of 60 feet of heaving line aboard *Dialogue*, Korpi was unable to ship any more line. Due to lack of food and sleep and the strain of the day’s events up to that point, Korpi was too weak to pull aboard the heavier towline which was tied to the heaving line.

When Korpi secured the heaving line and gestured with his hand, BM2 Rork assumed that Korpi wanted him to start towing *Dialogue*. The MLB itself was only a boat length, 44 feet, away from the nearest rocks. Due to the proximity of the rocks, BM2 Rork decided he had no choice but to immediately attempt to tow *Dialogue* with only the lighter heaving line attached. As he began to move forward and before the towline itself began to take a strain, the heaving line parted.

As *Dialogue* drifted toward shore, Korpi dropped (“deployed” in Coast Guard jargon) his second anchor. It caught on the bottom, but its line parted, and *Dialogue* struck and went aground on the rocky shore in pounding surf.

A hovering Coast Guard helicopter lowered a rescue basket to Korpi in *Dialogue*’s cockpit. Korpi dove headfirst into the basket. The hoist cable attached to the basket apparently became caught on *Dialogue*’s rigging or safety rail and parted. Both Korpi and the basket ended up in the water with Korpi several feet from the basket. He tried to inflate his life vest, but it malfunctioned.

The helicopter crew quickly spliced a rescue harness onto the cable and lowered it to Korpi. He was raised just above the waves and transported the short distance to the beach, where onlookers assisted him. Korpi had two broken ribs, and *Dialogue* was a total wreck that was broken apart and hauled away at a cost of \$ 18,373.00 to Korpi.

The tale, now moving into a courtroom, continues in Part 2.

Lee Benedict

Our Founder, George H. Colligan, Has Been Laid To Rest

[The following is an obituary published in the Balitmore Sun]

On November 22 HARRINGTON COLLIGAN, founder of the **Columbia Corinthian Sailing Association** passed away suddenly. Mr. Colligan was co-founder of the Tartan 34 C Association and a board member of the Sparkman & Stephens Association. Mr. Colligan helped found the National Health Service Corp. and wrote the first nursing home Ombudsman Program Bill of Rights for nursing home patients. He also was a Brownie troop leader in Columbia, MD. He was contributing editor to several boating magazines. He was educated by the Jesuits and was a critical and creative thinker. Throughout his career, he was an analyst with GAO, a consultant to HEW, a sail maker, and owner of two marinas. He co-founded the National Hospice Sailing Regatta and the Constellation Cup Regatta. In New York State, he

was a partner in a therapy and consultation practice. For 30 years he has been dedicated to peace, civil rights, and social justice. Mr. Colligan was formerly married to Judith Carter of Columbia, MD, and has two children, George H. Colligan IV of New York and Dana Colligan of Long Beach, CA. He is currently married to Susan Jackson-Brown of Baltimore, MD, and was a loving parent to Susan Alia Brown of Rochester, NY. Mr. Colligan will be missed by his family, his friends, the Caton community and the Charity Sailing Community. The family will receive friends at the Anchorage Marina Lounge, 2501 Boston St., Baltimore, MD 21224, on Saturday from 2 to 4 P.M. Contributions may be made to

the Johns Hopkins Breast Center, 601 N. Caroline St., Baltimore, MD 21287 or at www.MOVEON.org. Arrangements by Leonard J. Ruck, Inc.

*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.*