

# THE HORNPIPE

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## Commodore's Comments

We seem to be off on another great year! The picnic was VERY well attended and many burgers and dogs bit the dust. Together and separately we gave proper honor to the Volvo ocean racers. Some on boats and some at Downs Park saw the in-port race. Some visited the inner harbor and saw the racers up close and personal. And some went out to observe the parade of sail to Annapolis. In addition to being really close to the race boats, we were privileged to see the Pride II in full sail. Pretty impressive!

The First Mates' meeting at Hammock Island was also a big success, with 14 stalwarts determining what they really need to know in emergencies on the water.

Weather gods appear to be smiling on the shakedown cruise on the 13th at this writing. Hope it all went well! Our bottom is painted and hull polished, so we're ready to be launched. Another sailing year begins!

*Duncan MacDonald*

## CCSC Picnic, April 29

What a beautiful day we had for the picnic. Although it started out a little chilly, it was pleasant enough to have under the trees. Some of the attendees piled in cars and went to the nearby park and out on the pier to view the seven Volvo racers that were competing on our Chesapeake Bay. Some of us braved the chilly waters and boated to view the competitors.

We then regrouped and had a wonderful picnic of burgers and hot dogs accompanied by salads, other tempting side dishes, and numerous desserts. Thanks to the MacDonalds for the provisions and cooking.

Jan Zerhusen presented the cruise schedule and requested that the members sign up as captains. Attached is the new list of cruises.

Attendees included: George Alberts, Dick Callis, Bob and Anna Cox, Matt and Barbara Coyle, Jesse and Ilyse Delanoy, Bill and Carol Durr, Steve and Judy Foland, Steve and Judy Hilnbrand, Duncan and Cynthia MacDonald, Ken and Jeanne Montgomery, Jenny Poniske, Ed and Robbie Sabin,

Nan Shellabarger, Hank and Jan Zerhusen, and new members Jim Atwell and Norm and Lisa Ruess.

*Judy Foland*

### **In case of an emergency... Help!!**

Picture this... It's a beautiful sunny day on the Chesapeake Bay and you're heading for an anchorage to join other CCSC cruisers for a raft-up.

The weather suddenly turns nasty and the wind picks up. The captain decides to reef the mainsail and slips on a wet deck, breaking a leg. He's hurt. Incapacitated. He risks going into shock. What would you do?

Fourteen first mates met on Saturday, May 6 at Hammock Island to discuss this and other scenarios. What they agreed on was that first mates needed to acquire skills to: Locate their position using GPS. Turn on radio and call for help using the appropriate channel. Switch on the engine. Administer first aid to the injured party. Maintain the boat until help arrives or safely maneuver the boat to the nearest dock.

Even without an injured captain aboard, that's a tall order for someone not used to taking command of a sail boat. An experienced captain might get flustered under these conditions.

No decision was reached on how to teach all these skills. What the first mates did agree on was that they needed to begin somewhere, perhaps by taking small steps to learn the ropes. To do this they need help. Captains this is a safety issue. Eight people died on the Chesapeake Bay in 2004 (latest year for statistics) as a result of boating accidents. Having a first mate who knows what to do if the captain is out of commission is smart sailing.

*Janet Benrey*

### **First Mate's Workshop, May 6**

The purpose of this workshop was to identify and emphasize the important role of the first mate. As a first step in providing some basic guidelines, we discussed what to do if something should happen to the captain of the vessel. For instance, if the captain were to be injured, the first mate may have to seek help. We identified that the

most important things the first mate needs to do is learn:

- How to stop the vessel
- How to start the engine
- How to use a GPS
- How to use a radio to call for assistance and proper distress signals to use

The first mate is encouraged to practice these tasks regularly and until it is second nature. The captain is encouraged to assist the first mate in learning these tasks. The captain's and passengers' lives and safety may depend on it.

We also talked about some of the important equipment to use and have on board. The suspender-type lifejacket was recommended as the preferred type. It self inflates when it hits the water, and it is not as cumbersome as the others. Lifesling is still the most recommended type of flotation device that sailors should have on board. Maybe these would make a good Father's Day gift. Also, it is best to have your radio and GPS in the cockpit so that they are easily accessible.

The first mates in attendance were: Jutta Alberts, Jan Zerhusen, Adrian Flynn, Janet Benrey, Robbie Sabin, Linda Serf, Barbara Coyle, Carol Durr, Carol Reynolds, Barbara Callis, Cynthia MacDonald, Nan Shellabarger, Jenny Poniske, and Judy Foland.

*Judy Foland*

### **Membership Trends**

Each year the Columbia Corinthian Sailing Club loses a few members and gains a few members. The number of members (individuals and couples) has been fairly stable over the last three years at about 25. New members in 2005 included Lee and Mary Benedict, Patrick McGeehan and Linda Serf, and Matt and Barbara Coyle. Already in 2006 we have 25 paid memberships, with Jim and Norma Atwell and Norm and Lisa Ruess being new members this year.

Norm and Lisa have a Hunter 27 boat named *Dulcinea* berthed at Hammock Island, and Jim and Norma have a Contest 29 boat named *Dutch Treat* berthed at the Hammock Island. Jim made an impression on me when I met him at our April 29 picnic by urging *carpe diem* — seize the

moment — when it comes to realizing sailing dreams. Unfortunately illness has interfered with Jim's plan of sailing south.

*Ed Sabin*

## Womanship Course

Matt and I truly enjoyed the *Nancy Ann* last year, and we're looking forward to this cruising season. The Pearson 31, a veritable luxury craft after our quaint little Westerly, offers a comfortable, stable get away. Matt, like most skippers, is challenged by a good, strong wind (15-20 knots) and a brisk five-plus knots underway. If the rail is in the water, all the better. On the other hand, my favorite part of the sail involves anchoring out. Oh, I'll handle the lines and help with docking, but relaxing on the water is what I look forward to. I'm content to leave the planning and work to Matt.

We all know, however, that events can suddenly get beyond our control. This year for Christmas, Matt presented me with a unique gift — a two-day "Sail Yourself Home Safely" course from Womanship, the sailing school for women based in Annapolis. I even received my own T-shirt with the school's motto — "Nobody yells."

Matt explained that there's a certain amount of selfish interest. If anything happened to him while we are under sail, he'd want me to get him back safely as well. At our CCSC First Mates' meeting (an excellent opportunity to discuss what we each need to learn about emergency actions should the skipper become incapacitated), I promised to return with all the information I'd learned the following weekend when I attended the classes. Well, events were beyond my control, and we traveled instead to upstate New York for a family funeral. The good folks at Womanship are allowing me to make the course up during the summer, and I promise a full report.

Until then, I will pay more attention to some of the basics, run through a few man-overboard drills, take a few more turns at the helm, and learn to be a bit more confident in my sailing skills.

*Barbara Coyle*

## Two Views of the Volvo Ocean Race Boats

### Part I: The In-Port Race

On April 29 Steve Foland joined me on board *Breezing Up* in an attempt to get a close-up view of the Volvo Ocean Racers' In-Port Race. We motored out into a large cluster of boats jockeying for position near the planned start mark, between Love Point and the bay bridge. Despite the heavy boat traffic we managed to get a pretty good look at the start of the race. We then stayed near the starting mark and watched two down-wind legs end as the 70-foot multi-million-dollar speedsters dropped their spinnakers and headed back up-wind. As the winds lightened, the windward mark was twice moved closer to the start, and we decided to head back to Hammock Island in the middle of the third upwind leg. Hoping to get back in time to catch the last of the CCSC picnic, we got a nice view of several of the boats as they set spinnakers at the start of the (soon-to-be-declared final) downwind (sixth) leg of the race.

Here are a couple of photos taken while we hung around the start mark — one at the start and the other near the end of a downwind leg:



## Part II: Parade of Boats, 4 May 2006

On a lovely May afternoon, Dick Callis hosted a number of us on board *Windsong* for a close-up look at the parade of boats as the Volvo Ocean Race competitors moved from Baltimore to Annapolis. Others on board were Hank Zerhusen and Duncan MacDonald from the CCSC, Dick's son Mark, and Jim Campbell, a good friend of Dick's, who graciously provided all of us with delicious corned beef sandwiches (the real thing, from Attman's on Lombard Street).

We headed out of the Magothy Marina shortly after 1:00 p.m. sailing (and motor-sailing) down the Magothy and out to an area just west of the channel and north of the Baltimore Light, which proved to be an excellent point from which to watch (and join) the parade. With Mark handling the helm in professional fashion, I had an excellent chance to snap photos of the boats from close range. I got good shots of six of them — somehow we missed Brunel. We also got a good look at the boats accompanying the racers, including a distant view of the *Pride of Baltimore* under full sail.

As we sailed back into the mouth of the Magothy and headed "home" we all commented on how nice it was to be out on the water, enjoying such a show and such a lovely day. At its best, it is hard to beat sailing on the Chesapeake Bay!

*George Alberts*



**Ericsson**



**Movistar**



**ABN Amro One and Two**



**Pirates of the Caribbean**



**Brasil**

## BoatU.S. Safe Boating Week - May 20-26

A lot of sailors have years of practical experience spent on the water. But are you sure you know everything there is to know about staying safe while boating? In conjunction with National Safe Boating Week from May 20-26, the BoatU.S.

Foundation for Boating Safety and Clean Water challenges all boaters to test their boating knowledge with a free, online safety course. The course covers a broad range of topics for both sailors and powerboaters. The course is accepted by many states as a certified boating safety course. Test your knowledge with the free BoatU.S. Online Boating Course. Go to <http://www.BoatUS.org/onlinecourse> to take the course.

### **Lee Benedict**

*Cruise Captain's Forward: Nan suggested that a (largely) non-sailor's account of our cruise might be a refreshing departure from our usual reports. John graciously — even enthusiastically — agreed to document the first cruise of the 2006 CCSC sailing season. He's a good sport, and a fine author. Herewith, his report:*

### **Underway / Under the Weather**

I am not a sailor. My wife, Jenny, is a sailor; therefore, I am crew by default. She loves sailing. I love her, so I guess ... I sort of, kind of, love sailing too. I am a former, U.S. Marine, but believe me, I'm far more comfortable on terra firma than anywhere near Neptune's environs. Years ago, on my maiden Pacific voyage, I baptized a jeep in the cargo hold of a flat bottomed troop ship with my dinner while executing guard duty over the same. I often wonder what the brigadier general thought about the gift I left him. Having published my disclaimer, I will now attempt to describe the Ice Breaker Cruise that took place May 13-14 to Eagle's Cove, as requested by Ms. Nan Shellabarger.

As always seems to be the case for you sailor types, weather is of the utmost concern and the primary topic of conversation. And so, reports of poor weather abounded, lending an ominous air to the proceedings. It was a pleasant surprise then to embark on calm water, free from precipitation, under a bright, relatively clear sky with only a fringe of scudding clouds to mar the heavens. I remarked on the tinge of red I spied to the north and cleverly asked if that meant, "Sailor take warning." Nan, skipper of *Mutima*, a 28' Freedom, pointed out

that it was Baltimore pollution and moved on to less troubling topics.

The sail out was peaceful, smooth, and uneventful, so much so that I stowed away below and read half of a Bernard Cornwell novel. I did exert muscle on two occasions when I aided Nan in loosening two recalcitrant ... sailing thingies. I felt justifiably virtuous, and Nan rewarded me with cashews, macadamia nuts, and a variety of excellent sausages. Good boy, John. Sit. Stay.

It isn't that I am antisocial, rather, discussions of nautical navigation, mysterious electronic devices, and locating specific ropes (identified by fourteen different nautical nicknames) doesn't tend to float my boat (if you'll pardon the expression). Then again, Jen and Nan were childhood friends and sailors long before I entered the picture, so I put down my book (at a particularly exciting juncture), sucked it up, and went on deck.

We were nearing our destination, ten miles by water, one-and-a-quarter miles by land (go figure). Along the way we noticed a variety of vessels festooned with multicolored pennants. Jen mentioned that the pennants undoubtedly meant something, if only she could read them. Noting that all the aforementioned boats had their sails furled, I ventured that they probably signaled, "Help, I don't know how to sail!" Even after we rafted up with our three sister craft, these forlorn boats milled about the cove, helplessly circling us like a string of motherless goslings. I hope someone eventually led them home. We didn't. We were drinking beer.

We approached anchorage slightly ahead of Hank and Jan Zerhusen's 37.5' *Octavia*, which we (when I say we, I hope you know I mean Nan and Jen) felt awkward about, since *Octavia* was our anchor boat. Having had two previous rafting experiences, I actually understood what was going on this time, a rare and refreshing thing. Once *Octavia* was settled in, we hooked-up (moored, attached, affixed, latched, hitched, hatched, whatever) *Mutima* to her. (It was once explained to me that boats have a feminine character because they are beautiful, complicated, expensive, and tend to make one uneasy in the best of situations.) Next, CCSC's new members, Norm and Lisa Reuss, steered their *Dulcinea*, a Hunter 27, to tie (tie one on???) on to *Octavia*. Ron and Janet Benrey were

the last to slide in, in their Bayfield 32C, *Sea Saw*. Once *Sea Saw* was made fast to *Mutima*, the call went up and down the line, "When and where is the party?" Hank and I were nonplussed; fine Irish beer in hand; we thought the party had already begun.

In short order, I invited myself aboard *Octavia* (The name has less to do with the Roman emperor's sister than it does to seven previously owned boats. Clever, that.). Hank and Jan graciously gave me the grand tour of their living quarters. I was duly impressed. I understand some people look for displacement; some insist on fancy gadgets; others demand teak woodwork. Not me. I'm 6'3", and any boat I'm going to spend time on must have ELBOW ROOM. *Octavia* has it in spades. One look at their double-sized head and I fell in love. I know that sounds odd, but I don't think people of average height truly understand how deadly is the combination of technical incompetence, claustrophobia, and nausea to us non-nautical, tall people.

Thereafter captains and crews gathered in *Octavia's* spacious cockpit, where we partook of lox, pear salsa, mango salsa, crab dip, pretzels, bagel chips, tortilla chips, and puffy chocolate-dipped macarons, along with a cornucopia of bottled beverages. Conversation drifted from the purchase of *Dulcinea*, to the state of the airline and publishing industries, back to the inevitable discussion of marine hardware. Ron roused me from my novel with a statement about marine units being "...fueled by diesel." I interjected that, "In my experience most Marine units were fueled by beer."

About that time Jenny noticed my beloved work of fiction sliding overboard. I raised a shout and dove for it. (Now here is an interesting aside: not three hours earlier Jen and I had been engaged in a debate over the relative usefulness of a swim platform. I alleged that it was a waste of space, she insisted it was sensible and useful. My book lodged on *Octavia's* swim platform. I am now of a mind that our next boat must have a swim platform.)

Feeling cramped and more than a bit embarrassed, I retired to *Mutima* to read and eavesdrop on the marine (small m) banter. Everyone must have surmised my plan, for the party soon broke up for dinner, only to reengage on *Mutima* and *Sea Saw*. As we resettled, the cove emptied of

practically every other boat with the exception of one newcomer. This skipper was undoubtedly a relative of CAPTAIN RON, as he had the temerity to drop anchor in the middle of the channel leading into the cove, despite the cove being all but empty. Some people have no class. We continued having pleasant conversation until dusk, when a squadron of early-season no-seeums struck. Enduring their offensive, I watched as our "fleet" occupants fiddled with buttons and switches to determine whose lights didn't work, or at least that seems to have been the purpose of the exercise. Thereafter most of us tucked ourselves snugly into our berths. I must admit, I spent a particularly restful night afloat. Would that the saga ended there.

The following morning was Mother's Day, and for a switch, Jenny brought *me* breakfast in bed: coffee, yogurt, and bacon. Personally, I think she had a premonition. After reading a few more chapters, I went topside and had a nice parting conversation with Ron and Janet involving the business of writing. They are accomplished professionals; I will take their advice to heart and perhaps it will pay future dividends. One half of a cup of coffee later, *Sea Saw* followed *Dulcinea's* lead and we, too, soon parted company. We then said our goodbyes to Hank and Jan, and followed suit.

No rain the day before. No thunderstorms the previous evening. Our luck held. The raft-up had been a peaceful, dry, enjoyable excursion. Ah, but sometimes we pat ourselves on the back too soon. Again underway, I turned to the grading of papers that I had been putting off (one of my teacherly duties). As my eyes went back and forth across page after scribbled page, my mind went round and round due to inspired misspellings and uninspired text. Wouldn't have... urp ... been so bad ... urf ... if the boat ... ack ... hadn't been going ... uff ... up and down at an ... ugh ... furious pace. No, yours truly did not blow chunks, but I did surrender the pen as I turned the color of tender young celery shoots. I'm not entirely sure if my queasiness was due to the early morning bacon, the bumpy boat ride, or the bodaciously bad grammar submitted by my students, likely all of the above.

We pulled back into Hammock Island with all the precision and expertise I remember displayed

by Swabbies handling the heli-carrier, USS Okinawa, when coming into port in the Philippines' Subic Bay. Shoot, Jen and Nan had always made it the first time, every time. This time, with Norm and Lisa waiting on the dock to lend a hand, we made two passes before finally pirouetting her through the pilings. But, hey, feeling the way I was, working against the wind that was up, I KNOW I'd still be buzzing about the cove looking for just the right set of circumstances. Being a lubber of de land, I'm grateful I wasn't the pilot ... so are Nan and Jen.

So thank you, Columbian Corinthian Sailing Club, for allowing me to participate in, and record my observations of, this your first official cruise of the season. Thank you even more for getting me back to land. If I managed to use any nautical terms correctly, I credit my Marine Corps training and my wife's impeccable editing.

*John Poniske, Mutima's Last Mate*  
(You asked for it, Nan)

## **Memorial Day Cruise**

We are leaving Friday, May 19, and will be out sailing until Saturday, May 27, and cannot be reached by telephone or email. As cruise captains we will be anchored in the Chester River on Saturday by 4:00 p.m., monitoring channel 16. No need to call us, just show up.

The plan is to motor up to Chestertown Sunday morning, anchor, and go ashore for the festivities. Chestertown is celebrating 300 years, and this weekend is the Tea Party Festival. Late afternoon we'll move down the river to the Corsica River for Sunday night.

Please bring an appetizer to share Saturday night.

*Hank and Jan Zerhusen*