



THE HORNPIPE

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Commodore's Comments

Your commodore and the social chairperson had every intention of joining the Memorial Day cruise to Chestertown. Not too far down the Choptank from home port (Cambridge), we realized that our balky engine said "no way are we going that far!" After numerous shut-downs, or near ones, we finally made Oxford, where we found one un-rented slip at the marina and spent a pleasant afternoon and next morning sunning and wandering about town. The sail back to Cambridge was uneventful. The fix is underway at Gateway Marina, and with great good luck we may make all of the two-week cruises. Otherwise we'll meet up with the cruisers whenever possible.

Aside from our misfortune, the cruises seem to be off to a good start. I claim responsibility for the good weather and favorable winds...but not the other stuff! Cheers and large buckets of thanks go to the intrepid Hornpipe editors. Likewise to you contributors for some really interesting articles and pictures. KEEP IT UP!

Duncan MacDonald

Memorial Day Weekend Cruise

We had a great time, hope everyone else did too.

The original plan was to anchor in the Chester River near green 37A. On Saturday morning after checking the wind (about 20 knots N) and current (very high tide of 3.3 feet at Chestertown), we decided to stay in the Corsica River. Hank and I took turns calling on channel 16 any boat we thought might be on her way — reaching all but one! With a nice raft in protected waters, good friends, tasty appetizers, and a cool light breeze at night, it turned into a perfect Saturday evening.

Dick Callis was kind enough to ferry six of us to Chestertown on Sunday for the fair. We'd forgotten that it's two and a half hours each way — a long motor! Once there, after a quick bite to eat, we all elected to walk around town where it was shadier and a little cooler. The replica of Captain John Smith's shallop was parked in a cradle near the public dock. An amazing boat — consider it was about 30 feet in length, about an 8-foot beam, weighed 1-2 tons, and traveled all around the bay sailing or being rowed the summer of 1608.

By 3:30 we headed back to the Corsica where we found the Sabins on *Aldebaran* at the raft. Another pleasant evening with a lot of visiting in different cockpits for nibbles and talk. Two groups went for a swim — the guys first and the ladies later — not sure why it was a segregated swim.

Monday morning saw the Sabins (*Aldebaran*), Callis (*Windsong*), and Alberts (*Breezing Up*) headed home; Shippeys (*Evening Light*) to Reed Creek; Flynns (*In Like Flynn*) to Castle Harbor Marina; and the Zerhusens (*Octavia*) to Swan Creek.

Hank and Jan Zerhusen

Note: Saturday at 2:00 p.m. George and Jutta Alberts were called at home by Dick Callis with the wind report — “not too much wind out here”. Breezing Up made the trip from the Bodkin to the Corsica in four hours — arriving in time for a very few leftover appetizers.

CCSC Cruise to Still Pond (a.k.a. Hammock Island), 10-11 June

As the week-end approached, the weather forecasts began sounding some alarms. Expected NW winds of 15-20 with 2-3 foot seas, and a small craft advisory, made Still Pond sound more and more problematic as the cruise destination. Late Friday we decided to change the destination to Harness Creek on the South River, a reach down the bay for most of us, and a much more comfortable anchorage in the NW winds.

As I loaded supplies aboard *Breezing Up* on a breezy Saturday morning, I noticed that the other two boats expected to take part — *Octavia* and *Nancy Ann* — were still in their slips and “unoccupied” at the moment. I checked with NOAA and got a bit nervous about the now-forecast “gusts to thirty-five knots” and small craft advisory expected “through the evening.” So I got ready to depart, then waited. When the Zerhusens and the Coyles showed up, we discussed our options and made one last change. We decided on a (very) short cruise to Hammock Island!

We took advantage of the short trip to our destination to get work done on our boats. I found a

“lull” (more or less) in the strong NW breezes and motored to Ventnor for fuel, then tied up in my slip and went up my mast (with Hank and Jan helping greatly) to check on my anchor light, which I learned needs replacing. We then gathered in the cockpit of *Breezing Up* at 5:00 p.m. for the traditional cocktail hour. Hank and Jan, Matt and Barb, and I were joined by Jesse and Ilyse Delanoy (returned home with sail problems after reaching the Magothy earlier that afternoon) and Pat Nathanson, her daughter Robin and Robin's husband Richard. Hearty conversation and great food and drink drove away any disappointment that we had cut the cruise a bit short.

A full moon rose in the southeast as we adjourned to our cabins for a cool and comfy night's sleep.

I was awakened at 6:30 a.m. Sunday morning by footsteps on my deck! I looked up through the main hatch to see a duck waddling across my cabin top. He had apparently heard we were planning a pot luck breakfast. After shooing him away, I fired up the coffee pot, hiked ashore for a shower, and got the cockpit ready for the group breakfast. The Zerhusens, the Coyles, and I (joined briefly again by Pat Nathanson) enjoyed a fine Sunday-morning repast of scrambled eggs with cheese, Canadian bacon, melon and orange slices, pastries, delicious muffins, coffee, and juice.

We then “broke up the raft” and headed out at a leisurely pace, with another pleasant (if somewhat abridged) club cruise under our belt.

George Alberts