

THE HORNPIPE



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Commodore's Comments

Barring some more horrible weather, the cruise to Langford Creek on Sept. 16-17 is ON! Please let the MacDonalds know if you plan to come (410 799-9517). It'll be a Mexican Party. Cynthia will sort out who brings what.

Duncan MacDonald

Hammock Island Murder Mystery Cruise

On August 19, under appropriately overcast skies, CCSC's 2006 Murder Mystery Cruise at Hammock Island was judged a success by all attendees.

A number of willing members took on the identities of alter egos for the occasion, with Matt Coyle walking off with honors for 'most disliked suspect' as the thoroughly obnoxious and evasive Barney Culls. Nan Shellabarger played the part of Shellback Sally (bitter wannabe solo circumnavigator) to the exasperatingly literary hilt, cheerfully accepting the responsibility of possessing the only physical evidence in the case. Hank Zerheusen (as Jack Niffe) gets the honorary title of

pit bull for his tenaciousness in ensuring that all of the clues and alibis were examined, and for identifying the murder weapon as an antique belaying pin. Credit also accrues to Jan Zerheusen (as Jean Niffe), George Alberts (as boat broker EZ Sayles), Barbara Coyle (Anne Kersaway), Ed and Robbie Sabin (Ash and Lynn Notwantnaught), and the Folands (as Commodore Adam and Patty Offser).

With many apologies for maligning two organizations that do so much to make our lives on the water safe and secure, John and Jenny Poniske took on the personae of the incompetent and homicidally frustrated Coast Guard warrant officer John Law, and Boat US accident investigator Ida Condemder.

In attendance as themselves were Lee Benedict and Ilyse and Jesse Delanoy, all of whom left before the festivities began; John and Kay Baker; Pat and Ed Shippey; and Tom and Adrian Flynn; with a walk-on by Andy Monjan. And not to forget Duncan and Cynthia MacDonald, who organized the spread and cooked the burgers and dogs.

After the circumstances of the death of erstwhile club member Ron Namuk were examined

in detail, Robbie Sabin walked off with the super-sleuth prize for solving the case.

For those who were not able to join the festivities, you will have your chance to put your gray matter to use next year as the Murder Mystery Cruise is planned to become a recurring event, with new and different plots. We are always looking for new ideas and twists, so anyone who would like to make suggestions for the next dastardly deed is welcome to do so. We also welcome volunteers to be villains and victims: as much as we enjoy the vicarious thrill of killing each other off, it is less predictable if we can inject new blood (if you'll excuse the pun) into the action. With any luck, we will manage to get the dossiers out earlier next time.
inda Jensen

Bareboating in New England

Sunday, August 20

We arrived at Bristol Harbor, Bristol, Rhode Island, around 4:30 p.m., and met Scott Chsase, who took us aboard our chartered Freedom 32 sloop, named *Freedom*, for the first time. They mostly keep sailboats on moorings in this region, not in marina slips like we are accustomed to. The harbors have launches to ferry people back and forth from their boats to the pier. Driving up and along the harbor, there looked to be hundreds of boats on moorings, and I wondered how we'd find our way back to the right one when our trip was over. Scott suggested we take a latitude and longitude reading off the GPS before we cast off, which we did, and duly entered in the log.

Scott spent about three hours with us, going over the systems on the boat and learning about the items we were unfamiliar with, principally the anchor windlass, diesel engine, jiffy reefing system, and auto helm, as well as going over the supplies on board. *Freedom* has a large, full-battened main, and a small, self-tending jib that has to be raised and lowered, and furled on its boom at night. No roller furling as we are accustomed to. We noted that there was no pump for the inflatable dinghy, no working flashlight, and about a half a roll of toilet paper. We also discovered that the holding tank was still full from the previous charterers. We took the launch back to the car to unload all of our gear

(clothes and food for the trip, as well as sleeping bags, foul weather gear, our personal lifejackets, handheld VHF and handheld GPS off of *Agape*, together with some books, CD's for the boat's stereo, and miscellaneous other items). We brought all of the gear on board, and set about organizing and storing the items for the trip.

We finally finished up about 10:30 p.m., totally exhausted. We probably could have slept on a concrete slab, but we found the V-berth to be extremely comfortable for the two of us, with one sleeping bag laid out over the cushions, and the other on top as a comforter.

Monday, August 21

The alarm on Ilyse's cell phone woke us at 6:30 a.m. as planned. We got up, showered, and ate breakfast before the pumpout boat arrived promptly at 8:00 a.m., tied up alongside us, and pumped out our full holding tank. We took the launch ashore and picked up batteries from Scott, who met us at the dock. These did not help the flashlights work any better, so we drove into town to pick up a flashlight, some marine toilet paper, ice, and, hopefully, a pump for the inflatable dinghy. The local West Marine did not have a pump in stock, but we managed to find the other items and returned to the harbor. Although *Freedom* had a refrigeration system in the icebox, it seemed to need a little help, so we added some ice. We would later learn that the refrigerator worked just fine on about an hour or two of motoring each day.

We finally cast off of the mooring around 10:30 a.m., with wind out of the northwest. We motored through the minefield of endless moorings, and finally hoisted the sails for the first time in the Eastern Passage of Narragansett Bay, north of Hog Island. We sailed south through the bay, past Newport, Rhode Island, and out into the Atlantic. We turned east and sailed to Cuttyhunk Island at the end of the chain of Elizabeth Islands extending southwest from Massachusetts, where Cape Cod meets the mainland. We arrived at Cuttyhunk around 6:00 p.m., motored into Cuttyhunk Harbor, and picked up the last mooring available. We did not go ashore at Cuttyhunk, but we ordered New

England clam chowder to be delivered to our boat via the Raw Bar Boat. This is a great business idea; they bring chowder, clams and oysters, and shrimp cocktails out to boats moored in the harbor. Today was a great sailing day. Ilyse's first ocean passage was successful. She had the helm for two or three hours. Wind and weather were excellent.

Tuesday, August 22

We left Cuttyhunk around 9:00 a.m. and motored around the island and south for about an hour and fifteen minutes. We raised the mainsail, and attempted to raise the jib, but about halfway up the halyard snap shackle opened. The jib dropped to the deck, and the halyard went up the mast. We sailed on a run, on the main only, until about 1:45 p.m., when we dropped the sail and turned on the motor, hoping to arrive at Vineyard Haven, on Martha's Vineyard, by 3:30 p.m., where Vineyard Haven Shipyard was waiting for us in order to retrieve our jib halyard. We didn't make Vineyard Haven until about 4:30 p.m., after fighting the current, by which time all of their help was gone for the day. We took on fuel and water at the local gas dock, and attempted to anchor on the east side of the harbor near the drawbridge. However, the windlass would not let the chain out past about eight feet. Jesse struggled with the windlass and the anchor as the boat was drifting. We had to pull in the anchor and chain by hand, and snagged a lobster pot with the anchor, which fortunately freed itself, but not before Jesse pulled his back out in the effort. We picked up a rental mooring on the west side of the harbor. After taking some Advil, Jesse looked at the instructions for the anchor windlass, and discovered that by tightening the clutch of the windlass with the crank handle we were able to lower and raise the anchor properly.

We had a great dinner in town at a restaurant named "Mediterranean". We took the launch back to the boat along with a couple from San Francisco, who had recently purchased a 45-foot J-Boat in Newport, which they were planning to sail down to the Chesapeake Bay and then on to the Bahamas. We boarded *Freedom* about 10:00 p.m. and stargazed at a magnificent sky before retiring for the evening.

Wednesday, August 23

We called Vineyard Haven Shipyard at 8:00 a.m. to arrange to have them retrieve our jib halyard, but they already had their launch out on the harbor looking for us. They found us about five minutes later, and boarded *Freedom* to assess the situation with the halyard. We were instructed to pull up at their pier, which we did. They sent a man up the mast in a bosun's chair, and he brought down the halyard from about three quarters of the way up the mast. The snap shackle had popped open, and it seemed to open fairly easily. The riggers at the shipyard suggested we tape it shut with electrical tape to keep it closed for the rest of our trip. We departed around 9:30 a.m., with no wind. We showered under way, and headed for Nantucket under motor.

About two hours into the trip, we noticed a rip in the Bimini cover, caused by the boom chafing on top of the Bimini over an extended period of time, and of course it decided to wear completely through during our charter. As always, Ilyse was resourceful, and found the phone number for a canvas repair loft in Nantucket. Entering Nantucket Harbor, we radioed for instructions to pick up our reserved mooring, and were met by an escort launch that led us right to the mooring.

First things first, so we removed the Bimini cover and hopped onto the launch into town. We took a bus ride around the island, eventually arriving at Canvas Works. Each house on Nantucket looks exactly like every other house on Nantucket, and Canvas Works was a small shop above a garage in a really shady-looking area of the island. Susan looked at the cover and suggested we take a walk for about an hour, and she would have the repair finished. There wasn't really anywhere to go, but we found a watering hole called The Muse, about twenty minutes' walk from the shop, where we had a drink and then headed back to pick up the cover and pay \$100 for the repair. Off to the bus back to town, then onto the launch to the boat, to try and get the cover back on the Bimini frame.

After much tugging and straining, we got the canopy back on, but we couldn't figure out why the boom wouldn't clear the top of the bimini, since we hadn't changed the adjustment of the holding straps

at all. Finally, Ilyse decided to loosen the main sheet and the boom vang, and just like magic we were back in business. We packed up backpacks with towels, soap and clean clothes for a land shower at the marina facility, and a casual dinner of fabulous clam chowder and hamburgers at a tavern on the waterfront. It really hit the spot. After dinner, we had ice cream overlooking the water, and then went to a small piano bar called the Club Car (built out of an old railroad car) where Jesse sang until his voice gave out. Good times!

Thursday, August 24

The Nantucket pump-out boat woke us up around 8:00 a.m. We quickly threw on some clothes, got the holding tank pumped out, showered, ate breakfast and cast off the mooring around 9:30 a.m. We motored out of Nantucket Harbor, past Brant Point Lighthouse (looking just like the painting hanging in Jesse's office), out past a sailboat that had sunk at the edge of the channel, leaving only mast and roller furling jib visible above the water, pointed into the wind and hoisted sail. We headed west, then south in Muskegat Channel between Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, past Chappaquiddick Island, and then west along the south shore of the Vineyard. There was no talking to Jesse today; just a man and his boat, as the winds were aft and light, and he was concentrating on keeping the main on one side of the boat or the other, without inadvertent jibes, and with some success. The self-tending jib wouldn't make up its mind to set wing-and-wing or in the lee of the large main.

Unbeknownst to Ilyse, Jesse was cautiously keeping an eye on his watch, squeezing out every last possible drop of sailing time until we had to drop the sails and start the engine in order to make our destination of Menemsha, on the far side of Martha's Vineyard, before dark. Finally, around 4:30 p.m., Jesse suggested we drop the sails, because we still had about three hours to go, about fifteen nautical miles to Menemsha, and we wouldn't make it before nightfall sailing at three and a half knots. We motored past Gay Head, and admired the multicolored cliffs rising about two hundred feet above the beach. We rounded Gay

Head and entered Menemsha Bight just in time to slow down, bring the boat about, and watch, arm in arm, as the sun sank all the way down into the Atlantic. We looked for the green flash at the last instant of sun, didn't see it, motored close to shore and anchored for the night.

We were chilled from the brisk air, and Ilyse heated up Basmati rice and canned vegetable curry, cut up some fruit, and some tomatoes and cucumbers for salad. We relaxed for a bit, cleaned up, and retired around 10:15 p.m. to the warm sleeping bags. No mishaps today.

Friday, August 25

We raised the anchor in Menemsha around 9:30 a.m., motored past Gay Head, and hoisted the sails with the wind behind us yet again as we set out for Point Judith. Skies were gray. After a while, Jesse went below to put on sweats and rain gear, as the skies looked ominous. Ilyse did the same. Shortly after that it did begin to rain. Otherwise, conditions remained favorable, and we continued to sail with the wind aft. The passage from Menemsha crosses a fairly open stretch of water, and as we approached the vicinity of Point Judith, the wind blew harder and the waves grew bigger. The self-tending jib was back and forth across the foredeck repeatedly, and we had a difficult time keeping the main from jibing across. Jesse asked Ilyse to go below and read in the cruising guide about the approach into Point Judith and the anchorage grounds there. As she started reading, Ilyse got a little nervous and came up to the cockpit to read further to Jesse. Point Judith is surrounded by rocky shoals, and is known as the Cape Horn of New England.

Outside of Point Judith there is a large artificial harbor made from long stone breakwaters, extending in a "V" shape south from the land. There are entrances on both the east and west sides of the "V", although the entrance on the east side, nearest to us, lies in an area with many rocky obstructions. The breakwater blocks only the largest of the sea swells, and doesn't block the wind at all, but provides a relatively calm spot for vessels coming in from the Atlantic and entering the Point Judith harbor proper. The conditions were rough

enough that Jesse decided to pass south of the breakwaters and come up on the west side into an area of relatively calm water to drop the sails before entering the harbor. While coming north, and heading somewhat into the wind, we decided to reef the mainsail to cut down on weather helm and maintain easier control over the boat. This was our first use of the jiffy reefing gear on *Freedom*, and it worked out well.

After lowering the sails, we motored into the breakwaters and through a narrow channel into Point Judith Pond, a three-mile long, almost completely landlocked harbor. We passed one of the frequent Block Island ferries port-to-port in the channel, came through a small commercial area where there appeared to be a couple of restaurants on the wharf, some fishing boat piers, and the ferry terminal. We motored up the west bank of the harbor, past a family on a small motor launch, and asked them about a good restaurant in the area. They recommended George's, in the area we had just come through.

We came around a small island about two and a half miles up from the harbor entrance, past a family clamping on a small beach and having what looked like a New England clambake. We dropped the hook, and once the boat was secured, decided to be adventurous and dinghy into town for dinner. We got a flashlight, lifejackets, and packed a backpack with shoes, as the bottom of the dinghy had some rain water that we couldn't drain out, and set off in the dark water with the prospect of enjoying a good local dinner. And we dinghied, and we dinghied, and we dinghied some more. After about forty-five minutes in the cool night air, and with wet feet, we saw George's. No dinghy dock in sight, but we saw another dinghy struggling to start his outboard, and we asked him if he knew of a place we could tie up and go ashore. He pointed to a dark spot behind an ice cream store, and said "just pull around the fishing boat there." So, we motored in closer, saw the old, smelly fishing boat, and killed the motor while Ilyse guided us by hand closer to the rotten wooden deck, where we tied up.

Jesse looked at the deck and wondered if we were going to be able to climb up on the pier, and if we did, whether we would be able to climb back

down and board the dinghy on our return. But we weren't going to dinghy forty-five minutes and not even try. Ilyse went first, and succeeded in climbing out. Jesse followed. We asked the girl who was closing the ice cream shop if it was OK for us to leave our dinghy behind the shop, and she told us it was no problem at all. We walked across the street to George's. The downstairs was closed, and the hostess sent us upstairs, only to find out they weren't serving food any longer that night. It was only about 9:10 p.m. We decided to try the restaurant across the street (Carmine's), but they were closed also.

We climbed down the dock, back onto the dinghy, untied ourselves from the piling, guided ourselves by hand out past the fishing boat, and started the motor for the forty-five minute trip back to *Freedom*. We took some splash along the way, and eventually arrived back at the boat cold and wet, where we ate a supper of canned chili for Jesse, Cup o' Noodles for Ilyse and some sliced salami and cheese, and we retired for the evening. We'd had our Nantucket sleigh ride and adventures for the day. Good memories.

Saturday, August 26

We woke up early to the sound of rain, and went back to sleep. When we woke again a couple of hours later, the sun was shining. After breakfast, we pulled up the anchor, stopped off at a gas dock for some diesel fuel, gasoline for the outboard and a pumpout. To our surprise, *Freedom* only took about four and a half gallons of fuel. We pulled out of Point Judith Harbor, exiting the breakwaters on the east side this time, and shortly thereafter hoisted the sails, with a reef in the main. We sailed like this for a while, then decided to shake out the reef and continue under full sail. The sun was shining and the wind was blowing — a truly bodacious sailing day, as Jesse's dad would have said.

Our destination was Newport, not far away, and we spent the rest of the afternoon putting the boat on all points of sail and dodging the Saturday afternoon races before entering Narragansett Bay at about 4:00 p.m. We radioed to Old Port Marine, and they verbally guided us to one of maybe a thousand moorings in the vast mooring field of

Newport Harbor. After a bit of a search, since the moorings aren't in any kind of numerical order, we located Mooring 121, secured the boat, and prepared to go ashore for a Saturday night in Newport. We radioed for the launch at about 5:30 p.m., and had the whole evening ahead of us. We browsed in the quaint shops for a while, bought a couple of Newport sweatshirts from a British lady shopkeeper, and had a relaxing casual dinner at the Red Parrot. Upon our request for a place to go hear some jazz (after all, we were in Newport), the bartender recommended the Blues Café down Thames Street.

We walked inside and spent a couple of hours listening to a terrific blues band — Dave Foster and the Mohegan Sun Band. The group looked like a bunch of late fifty-somethings who sounded like they had been playing rock and blues for probably the last forty years or so. The whole time we were there, we never paid a cover charge, and only bought one Coke for Ilyse, while we watched the whole show. The room was like a sea of people, from young to old, but not a bit of smoke in the whole place. We caught the launch back to *Freedom* about 12:30 a.m., exhausted and ready to go to sleep. Newport was a great final stop on our New England voyage.

Sunday, August 27

We called for a final pumpout around 8:30 a.m., organized the boat, and packed up our belongings. We had breakfast at about 10:00 a.m., and dropped the mooring lines in the water. We motored back to Bristol under cloudy skies and drizzle, and arrived back at *Freedom*'s home mooring about 1:30 p.m., locating it by our prior GPS fix. We called for the launch, loaded our gear on board, took one last look at *Freedom*, our home for the past week, and headed ashore to pack the car for the drive home, just as the rain began to fall in earnest.

Ilyse and Jesse Delanoy

Cat in the Vines Reborn (Part II)

In part 1 of this story, I recounted how the boss gave me permission to clutter up our yard with

one more water craft (bringing the total to six). That meant that all systems were go to salvage a 19-foot Pacific Catamaran (P-Cat 19) from a neighbor's yard, where it had sat for almost twenty years, disappearing under vines and brush and gradually sinking into the ground on a rusty boat trailer. After jacking up the cat, I used our pickup to drag the rusty trailer out from under the boat. After I had cut the trailer in two with a hack saw, Robbie helped me tip it onto her new runabout boat trailer, and we hauled it to the county landfill.

Next step was to add a couple of 4" by 4" rails covered with old carpet to Robbie's boat trailer and back it under the jacked-up catamaran to let the boat down onto her trailer. Once the boat was back in our yard, I used a power washer to attack the years of grime, dead leaves, and mildew. I caulked around the center-board trunks (often a place for leaks) and put some bottom paint on. I still didn't know if the cat would sink or swim, hence the excitement on launch day at a nearby boat ramp.

Fortunately the boat owner had stored sails, rudders, center boards, etc. in his basement, so they were in pretty good shape. The jib was rotted, but Bacon's had a used one of a similar size for \$60 that we later purchased (after I determined that the boat would float). After I got the mast up and mainsail on, I tried to sail the boat on our creek. Fortunately no one was around to witness, because I was sailing backwards for the first twenty minutes. Later, a jib helped me correct this problem.

Conclusion: The boat leaks a little, but I still can sail it. Mostly it sits at our dock, but we take it out now and then. When the wind blows, it definitely goes, and so far we have not turned turtle. As Thoreau said in *Walden*, possessions are a burden, because each one represents one more thing to take care of. But when it comes to boats, I guess I can't resist one more project.

Ed Sabin



Ed's "new" Cat