

THE HORNPIPE

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CCSC 2006 Board Members

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Commodore's Comments

We now have the proposed slate for the 2007 CCSC officers. Lee Benedict will run for commodore, George Alberts, vice commodore, Matt Coyle, secretary, Ed Sabin, treasurer, Folands as editors of The Hornpipe, Jenny Poniske as membership chair, and the MacDonalds as social chairs. We have one new face among the nominees for the board, Lee Benedict.

Won't some of you who are new to the club or haven't served on the board lately think about leadership for next year? Serving on the board is almost as good as going on cruises in terms of getting to know each other better!

I look forward to seeing you at the annual business meeting to formally elect the new officers on Monday, November 20, at 7:00 p.m. at the lawthorn Center, 6175 Sunny Spring, in Columbia.

We don't have a formal program for the meeting. We hope you folks will bring pictures of cruises, etc., and we'll have a general sharing experience. Please bring appetizers or desserts to share and we'll provide beer, wine, and soft drinks as usual.

The sailing year is over for most of us. Cynthia and I have put *Heather II* on the hard, and I'm sure most of you have winterized at least. Last Friday and Saturday (November 10-11) would have been great sailing. Hope some of you were able to take advantage of that wonderful weather.

Duncan MacDonald

Adventure Down the Intracoastal Waterway

First Report

The boat is tied up for a few days in Hampton River while I return home (via an eight-hour bus trip) for a few days R&R. The trip down was a bigger deal than I thought it was going to be. Maybe I will have had enough excitement to last the winter. I am planning to stick my nose into the Intracoastal Waterway for a couple of days just to get the feel of it and then head back north before the snow flies.

The lower bay seems to be a different animal than the upper bay. Stronger currents, fewer landmarks, bigger distances, etc. Had several days

where I was still sailing when darkness came on. I don't like entering strange harbors at night. Once my prop fouled a crab pot (outside the Coan River), but I was lucky to be able to untangle it the next morning after a night at anchor on the (fortunately for me) quiet Potomac River.

Second Report

Greetings. I'm just a few miles north of the site of my last report (Deltaville) in a small town of Kilmarnock, Virginia, but I'm on my way back up the bay this time, instead of heading south. I got as far as a few miles down the Intracoastal Waterway below Norfolk. This gave me a taste of what it would be like to go down to Florida on it. It was perhaps an unfair test, as I had to go under a lot of drawbridges (both road and railroad — sometimes having to wait with other boats for them to open) and went through a lock — and much of the Intracoastal Waterway has few bridges and no locks, especially in the very rural areas that the waterway goes through.

There was a lot of traffic (mostly heading south), and it included industrial-size barges. I got a slightly claustrophobic feeling, in contrast to the wide open (lonely) spaces of the lower bay. For now, I think a better plan for sailing in the Bahamas is a bare-boat charter, rather than trying to take *Aldebaran* all the way down south.

Also, the whole experience has been a little more exciting than I anticipated. I got caught in a sudden change in the weather on Friday afternoon. I had enjoyed sailing downwind with strong winds from behind most of the day, but they changed and strengthened in mid-afternoon, and I could not get into the harbor I was aiming for.

I wasted several hours trying to figure out what to do, so it was nearly dark by the time I realized I had to go back the way I came, and even then it was midnight before I found a safe harbor. I had visions of having to circle around on the rough bay all night until dawn, but fortunately the wind calmed somewhat and allowed me to get into a harbor. One lesson is to start heading for a harbor at 2:00 p.m. and don't get greedy by trying to go farther than that with a favorable wind. I think I'm a fair-weather sailor!

It looks as if I'll stay anchored near this small town for the next day or two until predicted strong winds (small craft warnings) from the wrong direction die down.

Unfortunately, there is no bus or taxi service here, otherwise I'd head for home for a couple of days and come back later. There are some chores to do on the boat, and I'll keep on burning up those paperback books and listening to radio.

Ed Sabin

Reflections on Summer

It was a good summer for sailing. With the exception of several weekends on which CCSC had scheduled cruises, the weather was good. No hurricanes or tropical storms on the bay. I don't even remember any rainy weekends, although there must have been some. The high price of gasoline may have reduced the volume of motor boating and with it the amount of chop that empties light summer winds out of sails and starts *Nik of Time* rotating aimlessly on her keel.

It was a summer spent first discovering the consequences of accidentally over inflating a well-aged Zodiak dinghy (critical glued joints on the transom and oar locks came loose, making feet wet and rowing a challenge) and then trying to master the exacting instructions on the two part PVC adhesive to make repairs. The second to last instruction is pure frustration: “apply as much pressure as possible for two days.” Easier said than done with a non-rigid dinghy made up almost entirely or rounded surfaces. Time will tell how well the repairs took.

It was a summer of many day sails, few overnights. Only one appearance by *Nik of Time* at a CCSC function, and that was a land event, the murder mystery picnic/cookout at Hammock Island. I sailed over with Norman the Yard Sale Dog, my daughter's pet, and anchored off the marina. Norman and I dinghied in to shore, no small task given the fact that the starboard oarlock was separating from the skin of the Zodiak's inflated tank and the floor boards were doused by 3 inches of water that leaked in the transom-to-tank joints. We left the picnic in its infancy to meet non-sailing

commitments of the kind that kept us from overnighing all too often.

It was a summer of contrasts. Made several visits to soak up the serenity of Ed and Robbie Sabin's pier on Bodkin Creek and scrape barnacles from the waterline. A far more noisy (no criticism implied in the use of that adjective) sail to Riverwatch Restaurant and Marina on Hopkins Creek at the head of Middle River to hear a friend and his band, Berwick Street Project, perform in the bar. It was a great band, comfortable audience of my contemporaries or near contemporaries, until 11:00 p.m. After that time, the nearly twenty-year olds took over, making me feel old and out of place. Well past my bedtime anyway.

While tied up at Riverwatch listening to live Rock 'n Roll, we conducted experiments with *Nik of Time's* buoyancy and waterline. Always trying to advance the science of sailing! We set up some boxes of wine (only the best French-chateau vintages) on the companionway hatch and invited 17 non-sailing friends aboard *Nik of Time* to enjoy, drain the boxes, and help us study the effect of all of this on *Nik's* waterline! The waterline rose two inches and then held fairly steady, even as the wine was consumed. Archimedes, move over!

It was a somewhat humbling summer. One Sunday morning, while heading up the Patapsco River, *Nik of Time* encountered four Volvo ocean racers sailing down river. We reversed course and raced the racers, or at least used them to measure our speed. We lost and were rapidly left behind. But there was a positive lesson in all of this. As the racers approached the Key Bridge well ahead of *Nik of Time*, they encountered a tug towing a string of barges. The tug signaled the racers with five short whistle blasts. That sent me running to Chapman to learn that: ***In any situation where two vessels are approaching each other, if one fails to understand the actions or intentions of the other, or if not sure that sufficient action is being taken by the other to avoid collision, the vessel in doubt must give the DANGER SIGNAL — five or more short and rapid blasts on its whistle.***

I felt a kinship with the racers' professional skippers when I discovered that, like me, they too incur the wrath of the tug pilots on occasion.

Summer is not over quite yet. We haul *Nik of Time* on November 27 and hope for mild weekends on the water until then. The last sails of the summer are often the best.

Lee Benedict

The Move Is On

We settled on our Maryland house on Monday, October 30. Our new mailing address is:

5202 Trotters Run Ct.
Aiken, SC 29803

Our e-mail addresses are:

For Ed: ship1964@gforcecable.com
For Pat: pshippey@gforcecable.com

The move went quite smoothly (knock on wood!). Our furniture was delivered to our apartment in Aiken on October 23. We were back in Maryland for the final sailing club dinner of the season and for settlement. The buyers purchased some of our furniture, so were able to stay in the house while in town. (It is much more comfortable and warmer than a 37-foot sailboat).

Hope all is well with all of you.

Pat Shippey

Baltimore Land Cruise – October 28

A very small group of us met in Little Italy at the La Scala restaurant for a nice Italian meal. Pat and Ed Shippey, Usha and Andy Monjan, Judy and Steve Foland, and Jeanne and Ken Montgomery, who organized this land cruise, were in attendance. We enjoyed the ambience and food while catching up on the latest happenings in our lives.

We were saddened to learn that this was the Shippeys last attendance of a CCSC event for a while because of their move to South Carolina. They will continue to be CCSC members. Good luck, Shippeys!

Judy Foland