

THE HORNPIPE

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Commodore's Comments

This is my LAST Commodore's Comments. Our regular year ended with a great party and annual meeting at the Hawthorn Center. We elected a new board, including many "repeats" — Matt Coyle for secretary, Ed Sabin for treasurer, Jenny Poniski for membership chair, Cynthia MacDonald for social chair, and the ever-faithful Foland for The Hornpipe. Lee Benedict will be our new commodore, and George Alberts, vice-commodore.

Yours truly (and of course Cynthia) hosted the commodore's dinner for the old and new board members (and spouses). I LIKE this tradition!

The Benedicts will host the January 27 winter party. Please remember to bring a side dish, appetizer, or dessert.

With most boats on the hard, this unseasonably warm weather is probably going to waste for most of us, but you never know!

See you all on January 27!

Duncan MacDonald

State of the Fleet

Please forgive the overblown title of this

piece coming from a relatively "new kid on the block," but the state of the fleet is very good. The 2006 sailing season saw many miles pass under members' keels and many pleasant club get-togethers on water and land. Members flew (literally or figuratively) the club burgee on Nantucket Sound (the Delanoys), the Intracoastal Waterway (ICW) near the Virginia/North Carolina state line (Ed Sabin), in Florida (Grotzes and Zerhusens), and many points in between and, no doubt, beyond.

The solid leadership team of the club remains largely intact. While Duncan MacDonald has stepped down as commodore for a well-deserved rest, he continues his energetic support of the club as assistant social chair to Cynthia. George Alberts ably replaces Jan Zerhusen in the important office of vice commodore, but I trust Jan will continue to promote the club in an emeritus role.

The heavy-duty sailors are the core of the club. With more help from the weather next summer, this group can be counted on for a good roster of longer-distance cruises. The challenge for the rest of us (in whose number I include myself) is to join the heavy-duty sailors on their cruises as much as our work and family schedules permit.

For the less-heavy-duty sailors, such as me, time is the problem. Given that fact, I have

discussed with George Alberts organizing a short “mini cruise” to a location convenient to as many members as possible. With George’s permission, I propose to captain a mini-cruise on June 15 to 16, 2007, the “Commodore’s Cup Mini-Cruise”, with the theme “share what’s in the commodore’s cup while supplies last.” I will mix up a naval grog and have wine for the ladies and those with notes from their doctors. More details will be forthcoming. The objective will be to obtain as nearly perfect attendance of club members as possible, with some arrangements for a ferry between the boats and parking on shore for those unable to arrive by boat. Mark your calendars, and please don’t make me drink all of the grog by myself.

The Internet is well populated with links to a no longer existing club website. The club’s burgee can still be found on the net. It’s offered for sale in lots of 100. But the question is whether it would make sense to resurrect the club website. I do not know anything about these matters, so I cannot even guess what is involved and whether it would be worth doing. But I see potential. I like the idea of archiving The Hornpipe on the web so that the general public can access it (except for members’ contact information). This could generate some publicity for the club and widen the circle in which the ’Pipe is enjoyed. Any thoughts on this will be welcome.

The November 20 meeting was well attended and very pleasant. Although many no doubt suspected, who (other than Robbie) *knew* that Ed Sabin is such an exceptional after-cocktails speaker? We will have to send Ed on another extended cruise next year to gather more material for the lecture circuit.

Bring on the Spring.

Lee Benedict

News from *Octavia* #1

On October 12 at 1:00 p.m., after retrieving all our dock lines, we motored out of Bodkin Creek and headed south. Sad to say there was little sailing in the bay, the wind was either too light or on the nose, and we needed to make our destinations by dark.

For those tracking us, the stops along the way were the Rhode River; Solomons Island; Reedville, Virginia, for two delightful days; the Rappahannock River to Urbanna, Virginia, for two nights — one in their brand new town marina; and three nights in Jackson Creek off the Piankatank River, Virginia. The town dock was close by for going ashore to walk, visit the library, check email, and buy books (nine for \$3.).

We then went on to Portsmouth, Virginia, for two nights anchored off Hospital Point. Going down the Elizabeth River past the Navy ships, military security chased us off — said we were too close (200 yards). We saw dozens of Monarch butterflies one-by-one pass over our boat on their way south, a lot of geese, and even some porpoises in the Norfolk harbor.

Monday, October 3, we entered the ICW at mile zero going just three hours to Great Bridge, Virginia. There is free 24-hour tie-up at the bulkhead. We had lunch out; Hank had a haircut; Jan did laundry; we had a great grocery stop; and we found a big, beautiful library — all within several blocks. The library was very impressive — architecturally beautiful, with wide aisles, soaring ceilings, curved staircases, a free Internet room, and a friendly staff. But it was cold!

Tuesday we moved on, and again it was cold, but sunny and clear. While anchoring in the mouth of Broad Creek off North Landing River, North Carolina, we had a 22-knot wind from the NW. It was actually moaning in the rigging until about 7:00 p.m., when things calmed down.

October 25 at 8:00 a.m. it was 48 degrees in the cabin — so glad to have the down comforter! And the genset! Just takes the chill out of everything. Calling for 10-15 knots NW, we crossed the Albemarle Sound. We found two- to three-foot waves, white caps, and a 17- to 23-knot NW wind. It was awful — rolling and cold! We consumed lots of hot chocolate and soup that day. The Alligator River Bridge opened just for us on our call — no slowing down. Anchorage was at statute mile 104.5 off Tuckahoe Point. Again a 20-knot wind as we were anchoring, but it settled down by 7:00 p.m. to very quiet and calm. Still cold — we figured we had on 5-6 layers of clothing.

October 26 took us down our first long canal. Our autopilot did a great job, with Hank just tweaking a degree left or right. Friday it was calling for rain and wind, so we took a lay day in Belhaven, North Carolina. That night we anchored in the river about a mile from the Belhaven harbor. It was sunny and warmer. So very nice! Overnight the sky was clear. I recognized only the Big Dipper, North Star, and Orion. My astronomer father would have loved that night.

October 27 we had really bad weather on the way, so we holed up in Belhaven for two nights. Walking from the marina, we could reach town easily for a few errands, including email at the library. Not much there — a lot of stores were boarded up, but some new condos — so we were just spending some time there before things turned around. We met a couple from Rock Hall, also sailing south. Small world. They love to sail over to Bodkin Creek for the weekend!

Hank and Jan Zerhusen

News from Octavia #2

We were on to Oriental, North Carolina, for two days. The anchoring harbor is very small there, and we were so impressed to see a small cruise ship (150') come in after dark and make way through the anchored boats to the marina's outside bulkhead. In the dark, with all the lights, it looked like a city block moving in on us. A store in town lent us bikes for the day, so we picked up mail and restocked the pantry — and it was warm! Saw a 30-foot sailboat called *Shrimp and Grits*.

We motored next to Beaufort, (Bohfert) North Carolina, anchoring in Taylor Creek after refueling. We kept hoping we could jump offshore, but the weather said no. Stayed an extra day and did lots of walking to the library again (having lots of trouble sending out mail; it seems to go, but we learn later that it is not received), lunched out.

Somehow we managed to get good tides for a lot of our days — going through Morehead City and down towards Camp Lejeune was so easy. As we moved through the base area, a Marine Osprey (hybrid plane/helicopter) kept circling overhead going from plane mode to helicopter mode. We

anchored in Mile Hammock Bay, where the Marines practiced takeoffs and landings till 9:00 p.m. The following morning we motored back out into the ICW and decided it was too cold and windy (temps in the 30's, wind 20 knots), so we turned around and returned to the anchorage.

We next ventured on to Wrightsville Beach. We tried to time the bridge openings so the wait would be very short, but did not do very well at that. That day we had five miles to go, but 1-1/2 hours before the bridge would open, so we sailed on the genny, reefing it smaller and smaller to slow us down. That didn't work. We still had to go in circles for 25 minutes.

Water was pale green and clear; beautiful scenery, with marshes, then big homes; and lots of small pleasure-fishing boats. When do these people work?

We headed down the Cape Fear River at 10.4 knots over the ground. Ship-channel buoys had bow waves and wakes. We stopped at Southport for a break.

Myrtle Beach, again a slip. There don't seem to be any anchorages along this stretch. It is very built up with big homes and new marinas.

We were in South Carolina. The Wacamaw River was a beautiful ride with cedar trees, swamps, and a dense forest right up to the water's edge, and a wide, deep river. We were hit by a terrific rain storm, so we just dropped the hook for half an hour, and then moved on to Georgetown.

On our first morning in Georgetown, we rescued a small untended sailboat that had dragged anchor (just grabbed her with the boathook as she came by). The owner had left his name and cell number on the companionway hatch. He had a three-hour drive to come and re-anchor his "project" boat.

On Thursday, November 11, we headed down Winyah Bay and out to sea. We listened to the weather everyday, watching the TV news, and still it was not right. We ended up motorsailing all the way, or this report would be coming from the US Virgin Islands. As it got dark, all the stars came out, later the moon. It was a pretty, but rough, ride until about 2:00 a.m., when the seas flattened. As the sun came up, the sky and water were all shades of pink and purple.

We entered Port Royal Sound about 8:00 a.m., where there was slack water, so we motored on a rising tide up to Beaufort (“Byoofert”), South Carolina. It’s warm and sunny, so we’re off to be tourists.

Hank and Jan Zerhusen

More Notes from *Octavia* 11/27/06

Our second night at Beaufort, South Carolina, a weather front came through at 2:00 a.m. with a tide change. Boats were all over the place. No one dragged anchor, but it was scary. Hank was up till 5:00 a.m., when things settled down. Octavia actually made several 360-degree turns! So, we decided to take the NW 15- to 20-knot wind and sail to Florida.

We finally did it — a long offshore run. We started with the genny, raised the main, and headed out of Port Royal Sound into the Atlantic for a 20-hour reach on the same tack, two reefs in the main and a reefed genny. In 26 hours, we traveled 148 nautical miles. But it was cold again! Hank and I had on five layers, plus harness and offshore lifejacket — sort of hard to move around.

As we approached the St. Johns River entrance channel, there were two navy warships and two BIG freighters following us in the channel. We were very tired — standing watches around the clock is work

Beach Marine at Jacksonville Beach had room, so it was into a slip again. It is such a small world — we asked the dock hand about getting to the Publix grocery store (we’d kept *Compass Rose* across the ICW at Palm Cove one winter) and another cruiser overheard us and offered us the use of his brand new SUV. He never asked our name and did not give us his! He keeps his boat on the *Sassafrass* during the summer.

From a noisy, dusty slip — right next to the highway where a new 65-foot bridge is being built over the ICW — we moved on to Pine Island anchorage. We were out in the middle of nowhere, and it was absolutely beautiful. If the weather had permitted we would have stayed, but another front was coming through with strong winds

We then set out for St. Augustine Municipal Marina. There we met a couple from Maryland. We arranged to travel with them to Vero Beach. The Bridge of Lions is being completely rebuilt and will still be a drawbridge. The city had a temporary bridge built while the work is being done, and we had a front row seat (50’) from our cockpit. St Augustine is very touristy, and the downtown reminds us of the New Orleans French Quarter, with narrow brick or cobblestone streets, houses right on the street with side or back yards, puddles of water (mold); and flowers everywhere. It is fun for a day or two.

The expected cold front came through, and we moved on again. It was a motoring trip, occasionally let out the genny, sometimes a little boring, but the scenery was beautiful. We saw BIG, BIG homes, little shacks, wide-open marshes, cuts open to the ocean, little islands with campers, lots of porpoises, and birds and clear blue skies.

We reached Vero Beach, Florida, Monday, November 20. The city marina is small, but in the river there are about 50 moorings. This time of year it’s three boats to a mooring — it is great fun, we were with two Canadians. It is a short dinghy ride to the dock (counted 65 dinghies there that day), free bus service all over town, lots of socializing (BYOB with appetizer Tuesday night, pot luck for Thanksgiving), and a chance to exchange information and boat cards. There were about 175 folks at the Thanksgiving Day dinner.

We have met some very interesting and cruise-savvy folks, and are absorbing information like sponges. We’ll stay a few weeks. Then move to a marina for a slip and drive home for the holidays.

Hank and Jan Zerhusen

CCSC Cruising Schedule — Ideas and Comments

I am beginning to put together next season's proposed cruising schedule (a great opportunity to daydream about sailing as the weather turns chilly). I would very much like to get some feedback from our members, regarding what you would like to see in our plans. We'd like to encourage more

participation in the club cruises, and your ideas will be important in shaping our schedule.

Most importantly, based on where you keep your boat during the season, what destinations are comfortably within your cruising range for week-end raft-ups?

Would you like to see more "theme" cruises (such as the Mexican Dinner Cruise, the Breakfast Cruise)? How about a "share pictures of the children or grandchildren" cruise? (I wonder where that idea came from).

We seem to have an increasing tendency to cancel cruises based on the weather forecasts, and I am a major offender in this regard. We schedule a fairly large number of cruises with the possibility of weather-driven cancellation in mind, but last season seemed to be particularly bad in this regard. Do you prefer to continue to be cautious about the weather, or would you like to be a bit more aggressive (it has been suggested in this regard that we "require" Jenny's approval, to balance the wishes of us wimps, before canceling due to weather). Is the number of planned cruises about right, or should we plan fewer (or more)?

Among other ideas under consideration are:

- Based on an excellent suggestion from our incoming commodore, Lee Benedict, we are considering a short-distance "rally" to Jubb Cove (short for those in and near Bodkin Creek, anyway), for early to mid June, hoping for a large turnout, including first-time participants. We would consider running a "water taxi" to and from Hammock Island for those who would prefer to come by land.
- Mid-week cruises for those of us lucky enough to be retired (or with flexible schedules). One good possibility would be Fairlee Creek, which is packed on week-ends but open during the week.
- Moonlight cruises — short evening cruises on the day of a full moon (a few boats could agree to go out and welcome other club members to join them on board). I've done several of these with another sailing club, and there is much to recommend them — including some experience at night-time navigation on the bay.

We would, of course, welcome your feedback on any or all of these questions and ideas, as well as any other comments or suggestions you'd like to offer.

I look forward to hearing from you. Email is probably easiest — my address is gealberts@att.net.

George Alberts

Why Do We Call It That?

In the interest of elucidating all things nautical, I took it upon myself to research a question that came up at the recent commodore's dinner for new, retiring, and retained club officers. The question arose when Jutta Alberts remarked that, in the airline industry, the cockpit is where all the work is done, but, for most of our vessels, it is where entertaining and communal dining takes place. In explaining that the term was transferred from nautical use to airlines, as the place in which control and monitoring of vessel position takes place, someone asked about the origin of the term. No one knew for sure, so I looked it up, first in my unabridged *Random House Dictionary of the English Language*, and subsequently online. The dictionary gave the definition that we knew, but not the etymology. A more thorough treatment was found at Wikipedia.com: "A cockpit was a pit used for cockfighting, where owners would pit fighting birds against each other for the purpose of gambling. In the 16th century, it was used to mean a place of entertainment or frenzied activity. William Shakespeare used the term in *Henry V* specifically to mean the area around the stage of a theater. Cockpit also came to be used for any small, enclosed area. On Royal Navy warships during the 17th and 18th century, the area where junior officers were stationed became known as the cockpit. This led to the word being used to refer to the area towards the stern of a small decked vessel that houses the rudder controls."

Subsequent free-association conversation at the party also called into question the origins of coxswain (or cockswain, cox's'n) and boatswain (bosun). One root for both is the old English term, "swain," which simply means a young follower or

servant. Again, from use in the Royal Navy, the coxswain is a petty officer in charge of the captain's boat (or "cock", from cockle). The boatswain originally was the petty officer in charge of a ship's anchors, cordage, colors, deck crew, and the ship's boats; and who would also be in charge of the rigging while the ship was in dock. All of which explains why the tackle used to haul a person up the mast is called a "bosun's chair".

So, now you know the rationale behind a few more of the esoteric terminology we use to confuse landlubbers!

Linda Jensen