

# THE HORNPIPE

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## Commodore's Comments

George Alberts is definitely on to something: evening/nighttime cruises. We have had some blisteringly hot weather lately — hot enough, it seems, to fry eggs on boat decks. The weekend of July 7-8 was certainly no exception. On Saturday night of that weekend, I left the dock aboard *Nik of Time* at 9:00 p.m., returning after midnight. What a delightful sail! Light but steady wind. Comfortably cool temperature. Fairly flat water. Soothing to the soul!!

Say, has anyone installed a replacement mast on his/her boat in the last few days? Mary brought to my attention the following report on WBAL's website:

**ANNAPOLIS, MD:** *Thieves made off with a 45-foot aluminum mast designed for a racing sailboat last week, officials said. Weighing 300 pounds and valued at \$5,500, the mast turned up missing around the beginning of the month when Steve Reeves was trimming bushes along Bacon & Associates Inc., a sailboat products store where he works, and noticed the mast was gone. "We never, ever thought somebody would steal it," Reeves told The [Annapolis] Capital, standing in the grass*

*between a row of abandoned houses and the business where the mast leaned against the business' back wall.*

*Reeves said four men and a large trailer were needed to put the mast behind the store.*

*Police and the business are staying in touch with local scrap yards to see if the mast turns up — in whole or in part. "It's definitely an oddity to get something like that stolen," said Officer Hal Dalton, a city police spokesman. The mast was designed for a 30-foot racing sailboat that has been up for sale for several years, but Reeves said they've struggled to sell it.*

Now let me be perfectly clear about this. *Nik of Time* still sports her original mast with a fair amount of its black paint now scrapped away by contact with the main halyard, despite what I hope have been valiant and vigilant efforts to avoid halyard slap that could irritate people on neighboring boats. Also, as this mast is not rigged for flying a spinnaker, it clearly could not be deemed designed for a racing sailboat and therefore cannot be the missing stick. Any suggestion to the contrary is clearly a mistake.

By the way, I never knew that Bacon Associates had branched out from brokering sales of used sails. I wonder what else they have for sale.

As I put quill to parchment for this piece, the cruise to Yorktown is underway. I hope the hardy cruisers on this venture are able to find some cool air, and I look forward to their reports and tales.

Bring on the second half of the summer!

*Lee Benedict*

## Urban Cruise — June 23

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow used the words “One if by land, and two if by sea;” in his poem “Paul Revere’s Ride” commemorating the actions of Paul Revere on April 28, 1775, as he set out riding on the road to Lexington warning citizens to prepare for battle. These words described the signal used at the beginning of the Revolutionary War from the bell tower of the Old North Church in Boston — one lantern indicating that the British were advancing by land over Boston Neck, and two lanterns indicating that the British were advancing by water across the Charles River to Charlestown.

On Saturday evening, CCSC members arrived two by land and one by sea for food and spirits at Sabatino’s Restaurant in Little Italy. The Delanoys and the Flynns arrived by land, while the Alberts arrived by sea, taking a slip at a marina in the Baltimore Harbor, which was under renovation. The good news was that the marina gave them a discount, but the bad news was that they were docked between many cigarette boats that were participating in a “Poker Run”. George and Jutta didn’t know what to expect that evening after dinner.

Italian cuisine and pleasant conversation was enjoyed by all.

*Ilyse and Jesse Delaney*

## Inner Harbor Cruise, June 23-24

In nice weather and moderate breezes, mostly on the nose, of course, we worked our way up the Patapsco and were in the process of tying up and plugging in to shore power when we heard the first rumble-rumble. As a cigarette boat loudly backed into a nearby slip, and another one rumbled

in to join them, I began to worry. I headed for the marina office to check in, and got some "good news-bad news" from the manager. The good news: they are in temporary quarters while construction takes place (on the new Legg Mason tower, I believe), so the fees were reduced by 50%. The bad news: they were hosting about a dozen cigarette boats in town for a "Poker Run" (the participants stop at five different bars/restaurants, get a playing card at each one, and the participant with the best poker hand at the end apparently wins a prize).

I found the marina management quite sensitive to our concerns about potential noise. They offered to move us to a "more distant slip" if necessary, and they said they would be "watching" the poker-run crowd. After returning from dinner, we closed the boat up, turned the fans on, and had a comfortable night's sleep (unusual for me, being hypersensitive to noise). As I checked out at the office the next morning, the marina manager told me they had sent their security guard down three times in the wee hours to try to quiet the partying poker-run crowd, encountering insults and verbal abuse each time. Amazingly we heard none of it. Maybe my fans are too loud....

We had a nice trip home to Hammock Island Sunday afternoon, starting with a motor tour of the Inner Harbor, enjoying a brief sail from White Rocks to the Bodkin, and pausing to anchor in Jubb Cove for a delightful swim (and I dove on the prop and shaft, finding and scraping off a surprising amount of slime and barnacle growth).



*Inner Harbor, Baltimore, MD*  
*George Alberts*

## Moonlight Cruise, June 30, 2007

Light winds, mostly clear skies, a beautiful sunset framed by the Key Bridge, a bright full moon (once it cleared some low clouds) — it all made for a pleasant Saturday evening on the water for the three boats that met up near R20 off Bodkin Point. Taking part in our first moonlight cruise were *Breezing Up*, with your reporter as well as Duncan and Cynthia MacDonald on board; *Courtney Too*, with John and Kay Baker aboard; and *Harmony*, a 42-foot Whitby center-cockpit ketch captained by Cliff Jacson (a friend of the Sabins). Along with Cliff's daughter Anne and grandson Matt, Ed and Robbie Sabin, and Jenny Poniske and husband, John, were on board *Harmony*.

As *Breezing Up* headed out of the mouth of Bodkin Creek just after 7:30 p.m., we saw the other two boats waiting at the appointed site. We also noticed what looked like (and proved to be) a lovely developing sunset to the west. We chose to stay in the (more or less) float-free channel that took us out toward Seven Foot Knoll, and then headed to R20 to meet up with the others. There was just enough wind to do a bit of sailing, and as the sun set we became aware that we were surrounded by on-going fireworks displays, from Dundalk to Rock Creek to Bodkin Creek to the Magothy to points south. The various shows continued for close to an hour, and were still going when we began looking to the east for the moonrise, scheduled for 9:14 p.m.

On board *Harmony*, we also enjoyed trying to spot the moons of Jupiter, as it appeared in the sky above and to the west of the rising moon, dogged by a less-bright Venus lower down to Jupiter's right.

We got some on-the-water experience in reading boat lights — one freighter worked its way up from the bay bridge with the required masthead and range light arrangement (although we couldn't spot a green sidelight). We saw one tug pushing a barge, showing the required two masthead/one range lights and yellow flashing tow light forward.



*Sunset photo by Ed Sabin*

Cynthia won the "first to spot the rising moon" award aboard *Breezing Up*, as a small sliver of light grew to a lovely full moon, rising in the direction of Love Point. After enjoying the view for a time, the three boats converged and headed back, with *Harmony* finding her own way back, heading toward R3 and in to Bodkin Creek, under the expert guidance of Jenny. Cliff let me know that, "Next time I'll take Jenny and John again and leave the GPS turned off. She really knows the lights. The GPS was a distraction from learning the route home." *Breezing Up*, with *Courtney Too* following my awkward but apparently successful lead, headed toward Seven Foot Knoll and then back into the Bodkin. It seems that all boats made it back in without hooking crab pots or running aground, and *Courtney Too* headed up Bodkin Creek to anchor overnight.

*Harmony* glided on up the Back Creek to Cliff's backyard pier, where he expertly slid her between the T-dock and the outer pilings, bringing her 12 tons to a gentle stop in perfect position to pick up the dock lines with nearly no need for a boathook. Cliff may not be as familiar with the night lights of the Bodkin, but he has consummate skill with the lovely craft that was his home for 17 years. After so many years afloat, his wife has no more interest in sailing, so Cliff is always on the lookout for crew. With any luck, we'll be able to add him to our membership roster by season's end, I'm sure he has some wonderful tales to tell!

*George Alberts*