

# THE HORNPIPE

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## CCSC 2007 Board Members

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### Commodore's Comments

Cynthia & Duncan MacDonald Social Co-Chairs  
Judy and Steve Foland Hornpipe Editors

I wish all members and other loyal readers of this hallowed publication Happy Holidays, fair winds, smooth seas, and secure anchoring in the New Year!

The approaching year-end has caught me farther "downwind" than I had hoped to be. At the November meeting, where the proposed slate of club officers for the coming year is traditionally announced for unanimous approval by general acclaim, I had yet to address filling two offices, and, accordingly, could make no announcement. Also, as has become a hallmark of my tenure as commodore, I found lots of great dips and other hors d'oeuvres at the meeting that seemed to require my attention. With help from several and reminders from many, I have now completed my overdue duty and am pleased to propose the following slate for the 2008 Board:

George Alberts	Commodore
Matt Coyle	Vice-Commodore
Nan Shellabarger	Secretary
Ed Sabin	Treasurer
Jenny Poniske	Membership

I will entertain votes in favor of this slate by email, phone, fax, marine band and CB radio, telegram, and carrier pigeon. Votes against should be cast electronically on [www.elvislives.com](http://www.elvislives.com). Given the overwhelming talent of the nominees, both individually and cumulatively, I expect a rousing, early, and unanimous vote in favor of the slate.

November 19<sup>th</sup>'s Fall meeting of the club was a great success — although the absence of a number of our members who are bound for warmer climates or struggling with health issues was noted with envy and regret, respectively. Cynthia and Duncan MacDonald once again demonstrated their expertise in hosting a meeting at any venue and under any circumstances. Ed Sabin circulated his Treasurer's report containing just enough detail to highlight my tardiness in paying my club dues this past year. That Ed!

With all of this as a backdrop, the club welcomed distinguished guest speaker Lee Tawney, the Executive Director of the new National Sailing Hall of Fame in Annapolis. Lee screened a

spectacular short film on the Hall's general mission and then addressed the group with more detail.

There are a number of ways in which the Hall and the CCSC can support each other's programs. For example, the Hall will shortly be in control of the basin between the City Dock and the Naval Academy in Annapolis, at which the *Maryland Lady*, the governor's former official yacht, was formerly berthed; Lee suggested that we might schedule a cruise that overnights in the basin some time in the future. Conversely, Lee is interested in getting in touch with the owners of any vintage or special sailboats we can bring to his attention so that he can arrange for these boats to be placed on public display in the basin. It is clear that Lee is exploring a large number of very creative ideas and programs for the Hall and is open to considering any that we can suggest.

More information on the Hall is available at [www.nshof.org](http://www.nshof.org) and a slick monthly email newsletter, "The Log", to which anyone can e-subscribe for free, at the Hall's website. Let's help to get the word out, and many thanks to Lee Tawney and the National Sailing Hall of Fame!

In case anyone missed his 11/23/07 email, official webmaster Bob Loewenstein has rolled out the club website at [www.ccscsail.org](http://www.ccscsail.org). It looks great. Many thanks to Bob for following through on this project! I have particularly enjoyed checking out the old editions of "The Hornpipe" on the site. We all need to check our hard drives to see if we have any of the editions of the 'Pipe that are missing from the website. Also, more pictures are needed, particularly pictures of members' boats. Let's dig deep to see what we can share with each other and the rest of the Internet world. Were no pictures taken on the summer cruise to Yorktown?

Finally, does anyone have a brother-in-law who runs a sail loft or auto upholstery shop and might be commissioned to make more club burgees? We are in need.

*Lee Benedict, Commodore, out.*

## **Menhaden Need Love, Too**

Most environmentalists know the important service oysters provide the bay by being

filter feeders and removing algae from the water. Menhaden are also important filter feeders that the bay sorely needs in the fight against eutrophication, but menhaden don't get as much recognition for this important function as oysters do.

At certain points in their life cycles, menhaden swim in enormous schools in the lower bay. They are an important food source for rockfish, bluefish, and other game fish. Unfortunately one company, Omega Proteins of Reedville, Virginia, harvests such enormous quantities of menhaden with their fleet of trawlers and spotter planes that some experts believe the fish are in danger of extinction in the bay. Omega Proteins renders the menhaden into a variety of products, including animal feed, fish oil, and fertilizer.

U. S. Representative Wayne Gilchrest of Maryland's 1st Congressional District introduced a bill, HR 3841, to close the reduction fishery for menhaden in state and federal waters. The bill would require the Atlantic States Marine Fisheries Commission to report to Congress within five years on the health of the menhaden resource in the bay and to make recommendations regarding long-term management of the menhaden. Please urge your congressional representative to co-sponsor this legislation.

*Edward Sabin*

## **Home at Last**

For some time now I've intended to write this short piece. A recent event in my personal life has prompted me to do so now:

The Chesapeake Bay bridge was slowly receding into the background as *Breezing Up* motored north past Baltimore Light on a gray morning early in May 2004. I was standing forward of the wheel, staring back into my wake as it spread and slowly disappeared. For some mysterious reason, the view prompted me to think about my 3500-mile, mostly solo, cruise down the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway and back. Not about the remaining few miles to my home port at Hammock Island on Bodkin Creek, but about what I'd left behind.

There were a few physical reminders of the journey, of course. I noticed the dings in the gel coat on the transom, reminding me that I had left the engine in reverse while I was admiring my smooth approach backing into a slip at Palm Coast Marina (mile 802) on the trip south. I could still hear the mild, scraping crunch as the boat slid to a stop under the concrete pier. And the pier at Seven Seas Marina in Daytona Beach probably still sported the scars from my CQR anchor digging in as I went a bit too far, bow first, into my transient slip.

I stared closely at the wake fading in the background. In a few minutes, I realized, there would be no physical evidence that I had passed through this stretch of the Chesapeake. So what did in fact remain from that nearly seven-month odyssey?

Some of the lovelier moments came to mind — dolphins playfully circling the boat at an isolated anchorage in Georgia, for example; brown pelicans floating gracefully inches above the water in the crystal-green water of the Florida Keys; heading out into the Atlantic as the eastern sky blushed red with the first light. These moments that existed only (or primarily) in my memory, because, of course, I had no one else on board to share them with. Then I realized that I had at least filed the occasional cruise report, which was my way of sharing my trip with the sailing club.

I then began to think about some of the people I'd met up with: the two ladies "of a certain age", who piloted their trawler all the way south from Maine, who invited me aboard at the marina in Southport to share a Key lime pie (and to show off their marvelous color chart plotter at the wheel and their flat screen television in the cabin); the crusty old tar single-handing his Skipjack in Charleston, who, when asked by a young lady at the docks if his boat had a depth sounder, chuckled, and said, "Honey, not since the 1920's;" the young couple I met in Elizabeth City, clearly cruising on a shoestring and very much in love; the Canadian cruisers I kept running into at several stops, who dinghied over and offered to help me set my anchor the afternoon before the awful night storm at Wrightsville Beach.

And of course I turned to memories of my trips home and to the West Coast, while underway. Back home to Jutta and friends; out west to spend time with three terrific grandsons. These were chances to share my experiences and to be part of their lives.

And I began to think about the secondary ripples we create as we interact with other people in our lives. It's not immortality, of course, but about as close as we come. If not for those ripples, and the ripples they generate, there would eventually be little or no evidence that we were ever here. In a seven-month solo sailing cruise, as well as in the decades-long cruise through life that most of us experience, it is these shared memories that remain. The memories of Opa (Grandpa) that will live for a long time in a grandson's mind....

*Epilogue:* I recently read Jon Krakauer's book *Into the Wild*. I was especially affected by the discovery by the protagonist, Chris McCandless (a.k.a., Alexander Supertramp), after some of the most extreme solo wilderness adventures imaginable, that "happiness [is] only real when shared." After making this discovery for himself, he turned his energies to working his way back out of the Alaskan wilderness to reconnect with the people in his life. Two seemingly minor mistakes tragically cost him his life on that attempted return journey. It made me realize how lucky I have been, to make that same discovery, and to be in a position to reconnect and share, especially on the water.

Happy sailing.

**George Alberts**

## **News from Octavia — 12/06/07**

It was December 6, and we were home in Maryland for several months. Octavia was resting comfortably in a slip at Harbortown Marina, Canaveral, Florida.

So far we have traveled 1,186 nautical miles and put 188.7 engine hours on the Yanmar.

Our last update was sent from Southport, North Carolina, just before we headed south in the ICW towards Myrtle Beach.

At Myrtle Beach, with no place to anchor, we again ended up in a slip. Just after we tied up, a

little boy showed up. We met him last spring. He is about five or six years old with a deep voice and is very talkative — lives aboard with his parents. He said, “Wow, how long have you been here?” I said about 10 minutes — he fired back, “Permission to come aboard?” Just then Mom arrived and said no, so he offered me a pencil from a fist full, then ran home. It was cold (in the 30s) so we were glad to plug in — same again the following night in a slip in Georgetown, South Carolina.

Finally the weather allowed us an offshore run, with a brisk northeasterly breeze. As we were going out into the ocean through the Winyah Bay Inlet, we realized we did not have the jacklines deployed. Just as I finished tying them off at the bow, we hit the three- to four- foot ocean waves surging up in the channel; I was standing at the mast hanging on, and got drenched up to my waist. How dumb can you be: in the roughest water of the whole trip, I was on deck with no life jacket and was not clipped onto a jackline.

We left Georgetown, South Carolina, and motor-sailed to St Simon’s Sound, Georgia. The passage was 210 nautical miles, about 32 hours. We motor-sailed even though we had a good breeze and following seas. The reason was to make our destination with plenty of time to spare before sunset; to do this we needed to average close to six knots, and the wind alone gave us only five knots. From St Simon’s Sound Inlet we motored to Brunswick Landing Marina, where we stayed for two days. Brunswick is a town trying to come back, with many renovated stores, but some still vacant. It has friendly people, a great farmers’ market, and a clean marina with a free laundry. The trip in from the sea to the marina is 13 nautical miles up the Brunswick River!

Leaving Brunswick, we had a prediction of a 10- to 15-knot north wind and headed out to sea again. Wrong! The 15-20 knots were ESE! Waves were on the port quarter, and sometimes on the port beam. No moon at night — pitch black, with no visible horizon from north to south east. To the west we could see the loom of city lights over the horizon; we were about 20 miles out. But we made good time and entered Cape Canaveral the next morning after 196 nautical miles and 30 hours. We spent two nights in a marina off the Cape Canaveral

Barge Canal. From there it was two days in the ICW south to Vero Beach for about 12 days on a mooring.

Our children and grandchildren were in Jensen Beach for Thanksgiving and picked us up at Vero Beach for the festivities at their time-share condo. That was fun — being pampered for awhile.

In Vero we had a chance to reconnect with friends from last year — most liveaboards. One couple spent the summer in DC, using public transportation to go everywhere. Another couple traveled around the bay — hoping to see us!

We heard that in late November a small cruise ship sank in Currituck Sound, causing a temporary shutdown of the ICW. This caused massive backups at drawbridges. At one time there were 50 boats waiting, many of them at Great Bridge rafted three deep on each side of the channel.

In the spring we expect to go back to the boat, and start the journey home.

That’s the news for this year.

*Jan and Hank Zerhusen*

## **Notes from the Grotz**

Hi all!

We're having a great time in Aussie land. We left home November 26 and will return home December 17. Time has flown!

Our first stop was in Nadi, Fiji, where we went on a wonderful three-night, four-day cruise. The boat carried a max of 78 passengers, but there were only about 38 aboard. We sailed from one beautiful island to another, beach to beach, with lots of great snorkeling.

The Fijians are the friendliest people we've ever come across. Always greeting one with "boula" and a big smile.

Upon leaving Fiji, we went to Cairns, Australia, via Sydney, where we had a seven-hour layover. We caught the train into Circular Quay, where we had lunch and walked around. Then we arrived in Cairns around midnight, thanks to several thunderstorms.

The next day we went to Port Douglas for a wonderful visit to the Great Barrier Reef, where the snorkeling was fantastic!

After two nights in Cairns, we were off to Uluru (Ayers Rock). We didn't get to see the sun set on the Rock, but did have a spectacular desert electrical storm while we were there.

We spent one night in Uluru and then were on to Alice Springs, where we attended a dinner show called Red Center Dreaming, which was about the aborigine culture. We saw lots of wallabies in Alice Springs.

Our next stop was Melbourne for ten days with Bill, Monika, and two of our grands, Jake and Zoe. It's been GREAT being with them...hadn't seen them in two years. The children have really grown and we've enjoyed seeing their school and Jake's hockey scrimmage.

The first weekend we were here, we all went down the Great Ocean Road that borders the Southern Ocean. The weather was quite cool, and we had the heat on in our cottage at night. People were using wet suits in the water, so we didn't even dip our toes in! The scenery was absolutely gorgeous!

As I am writing this, we have only four more days here, which is hard to believe, before heading back to the Northern Hemisphere and the cold weather in Maryland.

Our 17th grandchild was born in Louisville the morning we left home for this trip. We're

hoping to see her for the first time sometime after Christmas.

We took the *Lauren A* to Indian Harbor Beach, Florida, where she's awaiting our return around January 23. Our trip down the Intracoastal Waterway was great.

Art cracked three ribs falling off the companionway ladder as we were leaving Maryland, but thank goodness that's all healed now.

We had three layovers of three days each due to high winds in Belhaven, North Carolina; Beaufort, South Carolina; and Savannah, Georgia. What great places to be waylaid! We had an especially good time with our friends, Kentucky and Art Burdette in Savannah. And we spent two nights in Indian Harbor Beach, where we had a great time visiting Rich and Judy Fickes, who had just moved to Melbourne, Florida, this past summer and are long-time friends from our Maryland marina.

We left our Maryland marina October 8 and arrived at Indian Harbor on November 9. We rented a car for the trip back to Maryland, to boxes of mail and for Thanksgiving.

Hope all's well with y'all.

***Art & Sue Grotz, a.k.a., The Kids of Summer, The Bigs, Grandma and Grandpa, GG's, and AG & SG***