

THE HORNPIPE

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Commodore's Comments

I have decided to do something different for this month's comments. First, I'd like to pass on the following comment from Ed and Robbie Sabin, reacting to my previous remarks about lightning protection:

We are concerned about it but have not done anything about it beyond trying to avoid thunderstorms.

When that is not possible — we got caught in a couple of bad ones down near the mouth of the Potomac when we kept the boat in Solomons in the early days — I try to figure out how not to intrude myself into the path of lightning.

We used to tow some stripped and twisted jumper cables clipped to a chain plate, but we don't have those on board anymore. The fact that there is so much iron in the hull of our boat, and that the chain plate bolts are probably touching some of this (wet) iron, may make a good path for lightning.

If we were hit by lightning, I imagine the strike would blow off cement on the outside of the iron mesh and rods at hot spots where contact was made with bay water, unless the lightning stayed on the outside on the boat, which would be preferable.

If the former happened, that would be a good time to tumble into the dink (if we were towing one).

And second, I'd like to turn the tables and ask you for your comments and suggestions for future activities of the CCSC. We are going to have a board meeting on September 24, and in advance of that meeting I'd really like to get your feedback. Would you like to see some changes in the meetings or the cruises, or both; more or different social events? In general, what could the club do to increase participation and expand the membership? Please let us know, preferably by e-mail, what you think.

Thanks!

George Alberts

Suzanne's and Bob's Most Excellent Adventure, Part II

July 15 — Duck Island, Connecticut

We went as far east and as far north as we were going to go, then headed back into Long Island Sound.

The Vineyard was a hoot. Headed in on Tuesday and found it to be jam-packed with people and rather frenzied along the edges, but lots of more rugged space and fewer folks in the middle. Our

hosts gave us a terrific car tour and lovely dinner at HOME!!! It's the house she grew up in, and it was full of mementos of the past 70-some years; including the work of a contemporary house painter turned canvas painter, Claudio Gasparini, from whose work I could not tear myself away.... It so resonated with me. We went to a couple of excellent galleries to see more of it. Also checked out a wearable-art store and ran into some names from my exhibiting past. Not sure if that was fun.

We stayed on a mooring for two nights in the inner harbor and did some major big-boat watching: Hinkley, Hinkley, Hinkley, and then some!

By Thursday we'd had enough land life and decided to head out. About 45 minutes later I decided that really wasn't such a good plan. High winds on the nose all day, more wave action than I'm comfortable with, AND an anchor not secured as well as the Bob would have liked. When he had to go all the way forward onto the bowsprit to work on it, I lost my nerve, grip, and any skills I'd ever had at the helm!!! I was such a mess; big time.

Oh, Judy H., when I said that the only time I'd been more than ten feet away from the Bob in more than a month was when I went to the restroom on land, I lied. When he goes forward with me at the helm, it's a good 15 feet, and this time, it was almost the full 32!!!

Lowering the mainsail was also a mess on my part.

We turned around and high-tailed it back and anchored out for another night. The Bob didn't seem to mind all that much and was a prince about it. (Think L. Olivier in "The Prince and the Showgirl"; a little surprised by the situation, but gracious).

The next day, conditions were much better. In fact, I thought they were perfect and mentioned it, only to find that the Bob had been wishing for more wind. A discussion followed that explained a whole lot of things. We each have a completely different idea as to what constitutes a perfect sailing day. He likes it ripping with a bit of a heel to it; and I like just enough wind that we move along, but calm enough that I can work on my project.

Which brings me to my big news. I'm working on Christmas presents!!! Yes, even as we

sail. I just wish I'd come up with this idea sooner, because I've already thrown so many canned food labels away. Good news is that we hitched a courtesy ride to a grocery store today, and I've laid in a fresh supply; so no need to worry — Santa's coming again this year!

We anchored outside the breakwater at Cuttyhunk last Friday night, and our nearest neighbor was a 145-foot motor yacht. The captain of the big boat called in to the harbormaster to see if they'd have any problem with anchoring out. I'm thinking not unless the proletariat finds out how many gallons per mile they burn and comes out to board them.

It was so much fun to watch their goings on. Tons of toys came out: two huge motor launches, two jet skies, and two kayaks with foot peddles!!! I counted six adults and two children with a crew of at least nine to take care of them. The crew had day, evening, and shore uniforms; so I'm thinking there might have been a couple more crew to do the laundry.

Saturday, we sailed all the way back to Dutch Harbor, and it was lovely not to have the engine running. Between wind conditions and the currents, we've had to motor sail the better part of every day, if not all day.

We'd been getting up really early so as to catch the currents and tides best for where we were headed. I'm talking getting up by 4:30 a.m. and out by 5:30 a.m. Life has definitely taken on a different rhythm of late. By the time we got into Stonington, Connecticut, Sunday at noon, sleeping was all I could manage until the Bob made me get up to eat some dinner at 8:00 p.m. I think I'm a morning person — oh, no!

Spent a day exploring a little of Stonington. Great old library, and I was in heaven. It was my favorite town. Looked as though it was and still could be a port town and wasn't too boutiquey. Although there was one store named Clad In that had the best clothes and jewelry I've seen in a very long time. We saw amazing textiles and the use of angled cuts and bias draping. I wanted to turn every single piece inside out to see how on earth it was put together. The Bob did not seem so taken with it all as I was.

On Tuesday, July 15, we were at a marina in

Westbrook, Connecticut; having gotten fuel, fresh water, a pump-out, as many blocks of ice as I could pack in, and NEW food. (as opposed to that rather old food that just couldn't handle it and had checked out on us when we lost all of our ice sometime the prior week) Plus, the dock crew there was letting us stay in a spare slip with a power hookup so we could charge up every battery on board. Soon everything was filled up, and we headed across just a little ways to Duck Island to anchor. It was a bird preserve, and we had already spotted two great white herons coming in for a landing as we passed it on our way in. We planned to dinghy around it later to see what else was about.

Oh, and the other big news: It was shower night again!!!

July 25 — World's Fair Marina, Flushing Bay, New York

Indeed it was shower night, but it turned out to be even better than that: it was shower all afternoon at the marina that let us plug in and power up everything on board for a few hours. And I'm talking about a REAL shower (after which we were both a whole lot lighter in both color and weight). And a shower stall big enough to do a little hand laundry while there, using the stomping-on-grapes technique!!! And that's all it took. The next thing we knew, we were looking into staying the evening with the AC on and an all night old-movie fest on the computer. Three dollars per foot was the reality, and cheapness check we needed, and opted to motor out and over to the bird preserve, Duck Island. But by then we'd waited a tad too long with all this high living and didn't have enough water left



On mooring, Port Jefferson, "Spoil Area"

below us to get out. We overheard tales from two boats that had just run aground on the way in.

Always remember the tides!!!

The next day was a brutally

hot motor sail to Port Jefferson, but I'd come up with a cunning plan: I'd stay below with a fan blowing on me (Engine was running anyway, so we could spare those much-guarded amp hours.) working on the project. You might think that this is not a fair arrangement, but let me just point out that not one of you has ever heard me quoting that damn water rat and his blathering on about the joys of messing about on boats. NEVER, NOT EVEN ONCE!

The voyage had been one of discovery as regards the essential relationship involved — well, the essential one just after the Bob's with the boat. One evening a discussion of tides came up, and sine curves were mentioned. Apparently my smile of comprehension wasn't as convincing as some in the past, because the Bob suddenly turned on me and said, "You never took calculus, did you?" Duh! I was sitting there with little bits of canned food labels and Elmer's glue stuck all over me. Did I look like I would have taken calculus as an elective? I don't think so. Then the next day, apropos of absolutely nothing, I swear, he comes up with, "And you didn't take trigonometry either, right?" No, and I still manage to make change when needed. Imagine that. But later that day, when questioned as regards the technique being used in The Project (as I came to think of my work with the labels and glue), it became clear that the Bob hadn't taken decoupage. So there!

The Bob felt that The Project was a sign of impending madness. I, however, am certain it was all that stood between impending madness and murder — mine and his respectively.

We had a layover day at anchor in Port Jefferson, and I think it was our most interesting and lovely site of the whole trip. There were gravel mounds, which much resembled sand dunes, forming a crescent with a long beach. They were between the cove we were in and the sound, and had a thick growth of trees running up the hilly land side. Lots of motor boats with LOTS of children came in the first day, but left by evening; which made for a mix of very interesting people-watching by day and gorgeous, QUIET sunsets by evening.

Then it was on to Oyster Bay and the best sailing of the trip; sailed the whole darn day. Even tacked out of our way to stay out a while longer, so

you know it was good! This time we managed to make a landing ashore by dinghy (which involved only the slightest of treks through a private yard after scooting under their fence. But, you know, the fence itself didn't have a posting on it. (That was on the street.) We hiked up to Teddy Roosevelt's home, Sagamore Hill, and had a tour. So worth the effort. It was really neat in an over-the-top Victorian kind of way. Perhaps it had just a tad too many skins and stuffed animals underfoot, but otherwise very cool things to look at.

The guide was a trip, inviting us to stay behind afterward for a more informed tour. The children, you know. That turned out to be a hoot.

The next day, Warren and Julie of *Sine Qua Non* (Damn, asked the Bob for the spelling on that. His comment: "What, no Latin either?" Messy part is, "Yes, two years!") hosted us to a fun evening and dinner ashore later that evening. Restaurant was Theodore Roosevelt themed — a perfect ending and great littleneck clams as well!

(Note: A big mansion in the area, one that looked like "Sabrina" could have been shot there, was owned for a while by Billy Joel. He couldn't get a variance to build a dock, so he sold it in a snit. Dang! I'd have thought enough money thrown at it could have solved that one!)

Sailed to Manhasset Bay on the next day and had the layover day from hell. It was so dang hot. Every once in while we'd muster the energy to don suits and take a dip, but we spent most of the day staying very still while playing Scrabble, with the Bob wearing ear buds with the cord to the iPod nano and me working on The Project on the side. Neither one of us seemed able to stay totally engaged in the game anymore.

As regards the Bob and his new accessory, the nano: Early on in this cruise he evidenced inordinate interest in listening to the Russian composer Borodin. Now, I like Borodin as well as the rest of you, but I'm talking all the time when not underway. Bob also whistled to it; but, I swear, no matter what was on, it was always the same whistling. He sensed my annoyance and stopped wearing the nano, but kept up with the random whistling. It was driving me crazy. Told him if I saw those lips so much as start to pucker up, I was going to rip his whistler right off of his face. He got

better, but I thought he was silently whistling when I wasn't looking. I could feel little movements of air on the back of my neck.

Tuesday found us once again on the East River, but this time motoring into Flushing Bay. Along the shore there was a wonderful coming together of visuals. There was one stretch where we had a minaret on our port side and a huge cross over a church, the roof of which was the spitting image of the head of Anubis, on starboard. Very cool! A lot of derelict boats were lying about, just left to sink over time. At the entrance to the bay, we turned in just before Riker's Island and motored between La Guardia and the NYC Sanitation Depot (Oh, the Bob sure knows how to show a girl a good time.) and took a slip in front of Shea Stadium at the World's Fair (That would be 1939 and 1964.) Marina.

The Phillies were in town, and the Mets had won the last two out of three. (Too bad we'd missed the Billy Joel concert there a few weeks earlier; it would have been a nice touch.) If a plane wasn't taking off, we could hear the fans cheering; but, alas, a plane was usually climbing skyward. We'd been there three days and planned to leave that afternoon when the tide came back up. It was pretty shallow, and every 12 hours we sunk into the mud for a while. Should have been going through Hell Gate around 4:00 p.m., and then on to Sandy Hook, New Jersey.

It was great there. No, really! The staff was terrific, as were the showers and laundry facilities. So we and all of our clothes were clean again. All right, so there was razor wire around the marina and at night the pier gate was padlocked shut and we had to wait until someone remembered that we were in there (They don't get many transients at this marina.) and let us out; but the price was the best in town!

Life on the pier was quite lively. There was a community of fishing and crabbing folks there all day, and I must say, they were catching some big ones of both. It did make you wonder what was in that water.

The Dragon Boat Races were coming up soon, and a number of these sleek shells were berthed there. Every evening, half a dozen teams of 20 to 30 people showed up to go out and practice

for a few hours. At low tide they came under our pier and rowed past within inches of our stern.

The motorboat in the slip next to us hit a radar tower the evening we came in, and a huge police boat pulled in on our other side to check it out. The Bob seemed just a tad annoyed that they used one of our dock lines to tie up without asking permission but chose (wisely, I think) to keep his mouth shut about it. T-shirts and hip holsters are such a sporty look. Lots of other folks had been coming by to look at it, too. The entire bow rail on the motorboat was sheared back almost to the cabin windshield, and the deck was pretty chewed up. Another lesson learned there, but without more detail we couldn't be sure what it was other than — DON'T DO IT!!!

Our friend Elizabeth visited us on board twice, and what a sweetie!!! She brought us produce, to prevent scurvy, and other tasty tidbits. One day's bounty included fresh flowers, more Elmer's glue, (It had looked like Santa was going to have to close up shop.) and a "Village Voice." Does it get better? No way!!!

August 1 — Reedy Island, Delaware

Well, it has been another one of those interesting weeks at sea. We did, indeed, leave Flushing Bay as planned and had a lovely late-afternoon motor down the East River. Didn't have to deal with many water taxis this time, but there were lots of tankers and barges, including one called *Outrageous*. (Would love to know what that was about!) We then went on to Sandy Hook — into the wind the whole way. The anchorage was crowded this time with lots of cruisers waiting out the weather. That evening I saw the most spectacular sunset ever. The sun was a huge disk of the most amazing shade of a really deep fuchsia — almost red. When I first noticed it, the sun was resting on a perfectly flat cloud. Then, as it set, the cloud began to bisect it with a band that had a perfectly parallel top and bottom and that covered about a fifth of the diameter of the sun, until the band sheared off the top of the sun, making the sun look like a punchbowl.

The mooring field near us held a wonderful surprise: one of only three 45-foot Cape Dorys built. We'd never heard of anyone who had seen

one in the water. She's a ketch and lovely to look at. We would so like to have seen her with all four sails up; also would have loved to have seen her interior. The owners (second) shared a launch ride to shore with us and told us they'd moved from a CD25 to a CD27. We've had a CD27 and now have a CD32. I'm hoping it's a trend!!!

Saturday, friends Andrea and Frank took the *Sea Streak* ferry boat from NYC to the Atlantic Highlands, bringing more Elmer's glue and lots of CD's, books, and treats. It was great to have been able to be with them, even if only for a few hours; and it was fun discussing the city's latest installation art piece, The New York City Waterfalls, with them.

We saw the falls for real this time, and, while we no longer mistook them for construction work, they weren't all that impressive. I think Andrea nailed it when she said they just weren't big enough for New York City. One huge waterfall would have been a whole lot more impressive. The best one of the five was off Governor Island near

the Statue of Liberty.



"The Falls" of NY

Sunday was another layover day, as it stormed the entire afternoon after what had been a lovely morning. More Scrabble, more Borodin, more time working on The Project.

We woke up at 3:00 a.m., and had pulled up anchor by 4:00 a.m.; then we headed for Atlantic City. At around 6:00 a.m., we ran into fog. Six hours later the fog had not burned off; you couldn't see boo out there. Once I looked up out of the cabin where I was on radar duty, and there was fog wafting between me and the Bob at the helm! We are talking about a lot of fog here. There was a division of labor. The Bob's job

was not to hit anything, and my job was to watch the radar and make sure that nothing hit us. You do this by watching for little blips and blobs on the radar and then willing them to stay out of your sphere of influence, which I considered to be every inch of the half-mile radius encompassing us. If they wouldn't cooperate, then I'd tell the Bob, and (It worked every time.) they'd get the hell out of our sphere! Good news was that there wasn't a lot of wind, and the waves were manageable after the swells died down.

I'm telling you, Atlantic City looked a whole lot better to me that time around! We dropped the anchor at 6:00 p.m. after a very long day, and the one day that I really wanted to see behind us.

A couple of notes about our anchoring: the captain on board a 57-foot ketch out of England filmed our coming into the anchoring area, looking very excited. He continued to film all the while the Bob was setting the anchor. Then he went below and we never heard from him or saw him again. Maybe he documents the boats at anchor around him in case one of them drags during the night and crashes into him? Or maybe we just looked so darn fine!

The whole while that the Bob was setting the anchor, another man in a little outboard kept chatting away with us. By the time we were finished, we knew that he was retired from running a marina in Brigantine, had borrowed the outboard to take his buddy fishing, used to have a trawler, and would sure like to get a Formosa 40 and sail down to Florida. Also, the anchoring would have been better for us across the way, and we should have let out another 100 feet of rode. Then he wished us luck and drifted away. I think he just wanted to tell someone his dream and be helpful. That seems to be the way it's been quite often these past weeks.

His buddy, by the way, was a wizened, little old man all bundled up in the bow of the boat holding a fishing pole and wearing the most wonderful smile, looking as happy as anyone I've ever seen.

That night we noticed something we sure hadn't seen on the way up. Over this very, very lit-up hotel, the Borgata or something like that (The

neon script was really hard to read.), there were more seagulls than you'd think could be alive flying back and forth overhead. The lights were so bright and went so high up in the sky that you could pick out a single bird and watch it make its circuit. We speculated that they were eating insects attracted by the lights, but we didn't think that seagulls ate insects. Their beaks just don't look designed for that.

I suspect that the hotel had an outdoor seafood buffet. If so I do hope that the buffet itself was well lit and that the diners could see what they were eating. There were a lot of seagulls up there for a very long time.

We slept in the next day and didn't weigh anchor until 8:00 a.m.!!! Then it was into the wind the whole dang day, but having the mainsail up gave a much needed boost, which the Bob coaxed. It would have taken forever otherwise. We made Cape May by 3:00 p.m., just in time for the evening drill at the Coast Guard station. My, how those folks can yell in time with each other and, my, for how long they can do it.

The Bob was determined that we would head out again in the morning, but when I told him he looked like hell and that his eyes were bloodshot and bleary beyond anything I'd seen so far, he relented. That he kept coming up with different mileages each time he made up the route for the next day could have had something to do with that decision as well. Somehow entire legs of the trip kept disappearing, only to reappear the next time he'd have a stab at it.

It was a good thing we stayed over, because there was a fog all that day and we could hardly see anything out of our ports. It was a low lying fog, and when you could see anything, it was just the tip of a mast nearby with nothing below it!

The whale-watching tour boat kept heading out throughout the day, much to my amazement. If there were any whales out there, the only way you would have known it is if you had hit one of them.

By the way, the Coast Guard drills in the fog as well as in the sunshine. That was weird to hear drilling sounds coming out of seemingly nowhere across the water.

The most tedious leg of the trip was upon us. They say you can't do the Delaware Bay and River

into the wind and against the current and live to tell about it, but we did! The Bob had done a lot of figuring the day before in the fog and knew that we needed to get off the anchor by 5:00 a.m. to make the best time across.

He got it right, but it wasn't to be. Five minutes off the anchor it looked as if we had engine trouble and had to drop the anchor, fast! There was a bulkhead very, very close to our bow and quite a current to swing us into it. False alarm, and we were back underway in a few minutes.

Just out beyond the breakwater, the Bob realized that the alternator wasn't charging the batteries, so we headed back to the shore near a breakwater and dropped anchor yet again. There was much fiddling and figuring, and it looked like we'd be turning back, when, two hours later, it healed itself!!! I had some misgivings (I don't like it when mechanical things work one minute, then they don't, and then they do again, and there's no explanation.), but we agreed to go for it and continue with the big plan.

I should have realized when the damned Dolphins of Doom popped up about a mile into our third start that things were probably not going to get better. That two-hour delay meant that we were not going to have the planned benefit of the currents, and that, with the wind against us as well, there were going to be times that we would be going so slowly that we could have walked faster.

We made it to Reedy Island, four miles south of the C&D canal entrance, at around 6:00 p.m. We had been up since 4:00 a.m. — a very



Fog at Cape May

long, very frustrating day. We went for a dip before dinner, and fortunately it was still light enough that I was able to see a twig fly past the side of the boat in the current (I'm talking whoosh, and it was out of sight!) and knew not to let go of the

swim ladder while in the water!

In order to be able to pick up the best current through the canal, we got to sleep in late — yippee!!! We did the canal in great time and then were back into the wind to get to an anchorage for the night.

Just as it took three attempts to get off the anchor the day before, it took three to set it that evening. We tried three locations. At the first location, we realized we might not have enough room to swing when the wind and current changed. We moved out of that creek (Turners Creek in the Sassafras River) and anchored a second time outside the creek. We touched bottom. We hadn't counted on the current taking us in toward shore. The third move, about 100 yards away, was successful and held through an impressive thunderstorm at around 4:30 a.m.

We woke to a clear sky and decided that that was the day. It was time to get back home to Hammock Island. Stronger winds and higher seas than predicted were once again against us, but we were back in our slip by 4:00 p.m., in time for the “resident” sailing club's annual "Best Wine Under \$10/Bottle" rendezvous. Our timing was perfect for a fitting ending to the whole adventure.

The sky turned dark, the wind came up, and the rain came down. I missed the beginning of the party because after one really long shower, I decided to take a second shower. Lest you think I was being really extravagant with water, do remember that in seven weeks we'd had exactly three showers apiece on land. The rest of the time it was birdbaths and little, bitty short ones in the cockpit... My conscience is clear on that score!

Unfortunately, though, I've also become, since we got back, utterly beguiled by real flushing toilets, and could stand for hours just flushing an empty one.

So we did it. And you know what? We're planning to do it again! Next time all the way to Maine!!!

Yeah, I'm not really all that keen on the sailing part when it gets scary, but I love the cruising part. The Bob seems to have gotten used to that. Yes, he keeps on saying that I can conquer my fears and get over it. And I say, let him live with the hope, too, that I would like it if that happened.

We all need our dreams, and as long as he can stay awake at the helm, we can share them!

Things I'd do differently? I wouldn't haul along those hand and wrist weights; as if I was going to work out every day. I don't even do that at home, and at home I can swing my arms and legs without hitting anything. And besides, the next time I'll know to lay in more Elmer's glue and will need the storage space.

Regrets? One: That I let the Bob bully me into not bringing back a perfect specimen of a horseshoe crab shell from the beach in Oyster Bay. There were dozens of lovely ones to select from, in mint condition with legs and tails still attached. He argued that they would smell up the boat — as if! Dang, once we didn't shower for five days straight just out of sheer perverseness and lack of energy or interest. (God, it was a long seven weeks!) One of the shells that we dried up and gold leafed would have been a wonderful centerpiece on any table. But!

However, I did manage to sneak five horseshoe crab tails on board. Am a tad leery about opening the plastic bag they're stored in, though. It's looking rather damp in there. The cartilage may be rotting. Good that I was planning to saw off those ends anyway.

Magdalena was well used this time out. There's a lot Bob wants to do to get her in shape for our fall cruise with the Cape Dory Sailboat Owners Association.



Suzanne's necklaces made from the paper beads fashioned from paper labels collected during her cruise.

Appendix: The Project

Throughout the cruise, Suzanne used canned food labels, magazines, charts, and just about any

piece of paper she could get her hands on to make beads. Above is a picture of some of those beads, which off-season will be turned into jewelry

Suzanne Bucher

Worton Creek Cruise, August 16 & 17

On what was undoubtedly one of the nicest weekends of the summer, CCSC made Worton Creek the anchorage of choice. Although an abundance of boat traffic made for a bouncy happy hour, the evening turned out to be very pleasant.

As cruise captains, we planned to be the anchor boat, but common sense prevailed, and the Zerhusens, on *Octavia*, set the hook. It was probably a good thing, because the raft ended up being somewhat larger than we expected.

We had a total of eight boats make the trip. The list included us on *In Like Flynn*; the Zerhusens on *Octavia*; the Coyles on *Nancy Ann*; friends of the Coyles, Pat and John, on *Patty D*; the Delanoys on *Agape*; the Sabins on *Aldebaran*; the Oktays on *Mandarin*; and the Callises on *Windsong*. The raft was so large that *Aldebaran* anchored off and caught the water taxi for the happy hour.

There was a huge amount of food and beverage floating around our too-small cockpit; but no one seemed to mind, and everyone left with a full belly.

Shortly before the sun set in the west, common sense prevailed once again and everyone slipped off to find a peaceful spot for the night. No matter where any of the boats ended up, all were treated to a beautiful sunset and a brilliant full moon.

Sunday was an equally pretty day with perfect conditions for returning on a southerly track.

It was especially nice for us to see so many club members, since we have not been able to attend many functions this year.

Hope all who came had a good time.

Adrian and Tom Flynn

Labor Day Cruise

It was Friday morning when we headed to Cambridge to beat the holiday traffic, especially the

tie-up at the bay bridge. After having lunch and loading up the boat, we set sail for Dun Cove and actually sailed the whole way. We had a calm night, even though there were storms all around.

The next morning we left at 8:00 a.m., successfully navigated Knapp Narrows, and then just did make the 12:30 p.m. opening of the Kent Narrows Bridge. By that time it was hot, and there was not much wind, so we motor sailed. The prediction was for some rain and possible thunderstorms, so we took a couple of calls seeing if the cruise was still on.

Eventually we all met up at Reed Creek on the Chester River, a great anchorage for a busy weekend. The Shippeys had been there since the night before. Then the MacDonalds, the Zerhusens (back early from their trip north due to no wind and being tired of motoring), George Alberts, the Bakers, and the Callises all arrived. We loved the anchorage — the entrance is a little tricky, but the anchorage is very open, and there was space for many boats once we got inside. Again, we avoided any storms; but the wind did whip up during the night.

It was still blowing when we left Reed Creek Sunday morning and headed out the Chester River and across the bay. We had planned to anchor at Broad Creek on the Magothy River, but our anchor boat (Zerhusens) decided to move up the river to just across from where the Callises and Flynns keep their boats. Except for kids in small power boats circling us on occasion, it was a good spot.

At happy hour time, the Flynns showed up in their dinghy. Tom had been working and had to open at West Marine the next morning, so they couldn't join the raft. We had lost George, who headed back to Hammock Island to prepare for Jutta's birthday celebration, and the Shippeys, who were heading further south on their way back to their slip and the drive back to South Carolina on Tuesday. The MacDonalds had good wind down the bay most of the way, but those going north were going right into it, and some just motored.

All and all, for a holiday weekend it was unusually quiet and lovely on the bay.

Cynthia & Duncan MacDonald

Notes from the Grotzes

Hi! We've had a great crossing so far! The ship is gorgeous and the activities, entertainment, and food have been GREAT! We've met a lot of fun people and have really enjoyed our table mates. We've especially enjoyed the presentations in the planetarium (the only one at sea); the concerts by the Boston Symphony chamber group, which is made up of the principal chairs of their sections; the dancing at various locations on the ship; the lectures by a professor from Oxford University; cocktail parties; White Russians and Ameretto nightcaps; and our balcony.

We've had three sunny days.

We arrive in Southampton tomorrow morning and will have an hour-and-a-half bus trip to Heathrow, where we will then fly to Cork, Ireland.

We understand that the weather in the UK has been cool and rainy all summer, so we are expecting that type of weather when we arrive. It'd be surely nice to be surprised by the sun, as we were when we visited Scotland a few years ago.

Hope all's well with you!

Sue and Art Grotz