

THE HORNPIPE

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Commodore's Comments

One last reminder: mark your calendars for the Fall Meeting of the CCSC, at the Hawthorn Neighborhood Center in Columbia, on November 24, at 7:00 p.m.

As I say every November, it's hard to believe the season has ended, for *Breezing Up* and her crew. It really does seem like we just launched and began the 2008 season. But as we get older, time certainly seems to pass by at an accelerating pace.

I made a major change to my winter lay-up plans this year. I decided to stay closer to home, so I'm trying out Tidewater Yacht Services in Port Covington, on the Middle Branch of the Patapsco River, right off of I-95. This service-oriented marina is about fifteen miles by car from our house, and about the same distance by water from Hammock Island. I got the idea that I might try them out when I visited the Volvo Ocean Race base, boats, and work site that had been set up there for the last running of that around-the-world race (formerly known as the Whitbread).

After loading up with ten gallons of anti-freeze (for winterizing the water system) I headed out of Hammock Island on a breezy and cool

Monday, November 10. I had hopes of sailing part of the way, based on the forecast for 10-15 knot westerly breezes. Why is it, that whenever I have a specific destination and a fixed departure date, the winds always seem to be either calm or brisk and on the nose? I found myself slogging (under power) directly into a strong west-northwest wind (gusting over 20 knots), with waves breaking over the bow, all the way to Fort McHenry, where I turned west and, for the first time ever, left Fort McHenry to starboard and headed up the Middle Branch. I was reminded how much I enjoy new experiences on the water, with my mind focused and my senses on alert. It's the same feeling I get when negotiating a tricky entrance or experiencing a new anchorage for the first time.

The folks at Tidewater had given me excellent instructions on finding their facility — pass the Cruise Terminal and then the white Tyco Building, and turn to starboard before you get to the two huge gray ships tied up to a long pier. Sure enough, I motored past the Locust Point Cargo Terminal and the Cruise Terminal, picked up the Tyco Building and the ships, and cruised on in to a tie-up on the long face dock. I checked in, got to work taking the genoa and mainsail down and folding them, then fired up the little electric heater I

have on board and settled in for a chilly overnight. The heater struggled to keep the cabin at 55 degrees as the outside temps dropped to near 30.

I did the winterizing of the water system Tuesday morning and then took the dodger down and was ready to go as a marina worker pulled up to take the boat to the lift. Jutta arrived to pick me up just as they were power-washing the bottom. I was shocked to see how much the shaft and propeller had been fouled in the two months or so since I last cleaned them.

So far I'm impressed with the operation at Tidewater Yacht Services. I'll offer a final verdict once they prep and paint the bottom, per our agreement, and I get ready to launch next April. Can't wait!

George Alberts

Adrian and Tom's Excellent Adventures

Hello to everyone!!

This letter is a quick catch-up and continuation of our trip/adventures.

We had a pretty good summer living on the boat. Tom worked part time at West Marine and enjoyed it. We joined Temple Beth Shalom in Arnold. We also loved being in Magothy Marina. And we've made great new friends through all three. The last few weeks on the boat were a whirlwind of visiting with friends, and eating!! Also, on our last sailing day, we blew out our mainsail. A new one is being made as speak/email/whatever.

We left the boat on October 10 to head to the RV in Truth or Consequences, New Mexico — the long way. We saw beautiful autumn leaves and Shana and Jeff in New Hampshire; had a great visit with cousins, Lynn and Steve, in Chicago; and hiked with Dave in Estes Park, Colorado. We even managed short visits with fellow volunteers, Jim and Sally Lockwood, as they sold their house north of Chicago and in Colorado Springs, Garrett, our favorite barista from Severna Park.

We picked up the RV on the October 21, and all is fine.

We've had all kinds of weather. It was almost 80 degrees when we drove through Denver, and last Wednesday night we had our first freeze in

Albuquerque. Notice, a freeze and not frost; not enough humidity. But when we woke on Thursday, the temperature was 22!!

With apologies to our Republican friends, the highlight of our trip was last night. We went to an Obama rally. It was exciting, amazing, and exhausting, all at once. The rally was in a large field on the campus of the University of New Mexico in downtown Albuquerque.

They planned to open the gates at 7:00 p.m. When we got in line at 4:30 p.m., it was already almost a half a mile long.

During the evening, several of the New Mexico candidates and politicians spoke, including Governor Bill Richardson. The entertainment and introduction was made by George Lopez. Obama came on about 9:00 p.m. By the time we got back in our car, we had been on our feet over six hours. But we both said it was worth it. The whole evening was incredible — a once in a lifetime experience.

Our plans for the next few months: we leave here tomorrow, Monday, and will spend the rest of October in the New Mexico part of the Navajo Nation — staying in Gallup and Shiprock. In November, we will be in Moab, Utah, Monument Valley, and in the Cottonwood/Prescott area of Arizona. In early December, we'll head to Tucson to stock up the RV. From December 15 until February 15, we will volunteer for the Sonoita Creek State Natural Area in Patagonia Lake State Park. It is located in southern Arizona between Patagonia and Nogales. It will be our third year there, and we are looking forward to it.

Please keep in touch. We usually have our phones with us and check email every few days. And if you're going to be nearby or would like to visit, we would love to see you.

Have a great winter. Love to all.

Adrian and Tom Flynn

A Cruise Report for Two Cruises That Weren't

Barbara and I decided that this was our year to captain a cruise. We had seen wonderful examples from other members of the CCSC, and decided it was our turn. Our Pearson 31, *Nancy*

Ann, has a Fortress alloy anchor that has never budged when set, and we have a strong anchor rode. I was the vice-commodore this year, so I felt an obligation to take at least one cruise and possibly more. We decided on a pre-season shakedown to Annapolis Harbor, well before Memorial Day to avoid the summer crowds at Ego Alley; a post Labor Day cruise to Kirwan Creek, south of Kent Narrows, again to avoid the summer power boat crowds; and a late season cruise to Fairlee Creek.

The first cruise came down to the wire before it had to be canceled. The process of arriving at that decision was not easy. I called the harbormaster on Thursday morning and learned that there were plenty of moorings and that there was anchoring space along the Naval Academy seawall and beyond the mooring area upriver from the Eastport bridge. Space would not have been a problem.

The great unknown was going to be the weather. All that was needed was a reliable forecast. I hadn't really appreciated the great variety of weather forecasts that are available. If you look hard enough, you can find what you want, although accuracy isn't guaranteed. Trying to sort through the various sources was frustrating, but I knew that by the Thursday night before the cruise that a decision would have to be made. People had to make plans.

I looked at NOAA, the Chesapeake Bay Interpretive Buoy System, five-day forecasts, long-range Doppler radar, Weather Underground, and The Weather Channel. The forecasts, including NOAA, finally began to coalesce. They called for deteriorating conditions throughout the weekend. Barbara and I talked and decided that the weather was going to be against us. I sent out an e-mail canceling the cruise.

Needless to say, Saturday morning was bright and sunny. Winds were 10 to 15 from the northeast and it looked like it would have been a beautiful day to sail. It was, after all, supposed to be a shakedown cruise. Inevitably, doubt began to set in.

The forecast remained unchanged but it didn't match actual conditions, so I thought that maybe NOAA and the others had gotten it wrong again. By early afternoon, strong east winds were

building, and would be blowing directly into Annapolis Harbor. Even if we could have gotten there and had gone into the alternate anchorage, the mooring area beyond the Eastport bridge, it would have been rough. Getting out would have been very difficult. Small craft warnings were posted after noon and were forecast to remain in effect throughout the weekend. By Saturday night, the rains had arrived. Sunday was simply miserable. Getting out of Annapolis Harbor would have been a chore.

Shortly after the schedule had been finalized and published in April, we received an invitation to attend the wedding of the son of long-time friends. The son was getting married in Cincinnati in September, and not only were his parents our friends, but their son, the groom to be, had been in our wedding (I will only say it was more than 34 years ago). We had to go. Tom and Adrian Flynn agreed to take the Kirwan Creek cruise for us, switched the venue, and had a respectable turnout and a good weekend.

That left the final cruise of the season to Fairlee Creek. No one had volunteered, so we decided to take it. Several members told us that Fairlee was a difficult entrance and a small anchorage and that we should consider a different destination. After several suggestions, we decided on Eagle's Nest. I consulted my nearly infallible source of local knowledge, the Gunkholer's Guide to Cruising the Chesapeake, and it noted that Eagle's Nest, also known as Eagle's Cove, was a favorite destination and provided a superb anchorage, but that it wasn't identified by name on any chart. I pulled out my chart of the Magothy. The guide gave GPS coordinates, and a small anchorage, open to the north, was exactly where the club members and the Guide said it would be located.

As the weekend approached, we again began to watch the weather forecasts. This was to be the last scheduled cruise of the season. Although it was late in the season, fair weather had been steady. That, it turned out, was not a reliable prognosticator. By Wednesday, the forecast for the weekend was for winds out of the north at 15 to 20, gusting to 25. If anyone was able to set an anchor and get it to hold, it would be a rough night in

Eagle's Nest/Cove. In the bay, waves were forecast to be in excess of three feet, possibly higher when the current was flowing against the wind. This was the second time, but the decision still wasn't easy. The cancellation notice was sent on Thursday and while the weekend weather turned out to be worse than the forecast, cancellation still felt like capitulation.

The lesson I took away from the canceled cruises was that it is a judgment call based on incomplete and often conflicting sources of information. A lot of factors must be considered: safety, accommodations at the anchorage, weather conditions throughout the expected time of the cruise, the possibility that the weather may be worse than forecast, the desire and knowledge of the club members, and the overriding imperative that these trips are supposed to be an opportunity to enjoy good sailing and the collegiality of people with a similar interest who enjoy their time on the bay. Properly considered, these factors can be combined for the best kind of a summer weekend. Provided, that is, the weather cooperates; and that is one condition we can't control or even influence.

Matt Coyle



***Mutima being towed
(Story to be revealed in a future issue of The
Hornpipe)***

Land Cruise, November 1, 2008

What a pleasant evening we were fortunate to have for the land cruise to the Rusty Scupper Restaurant in Baltimore.

We had a nice turnout. The Alberts, Benedicts, MacDonalds, Bakers, Folands, and Andy Monjan were at table for a scrumptious meal. Mary Benedict was tooling around on a unique scooter, since she is recovering from foot surgery.

Of course, we mostly talked about the upcoming elections. We discussed both the national and our CCSC's board elections. We are close to putting our 2009 board together. If you would like to volunteer for one of the positions, please let George Alberts know. We specifically are in need of a person for the office of commodore. We hope that someone will find it in her or his heart to step up and take on this job for next year. *Ladies, you are not over-qualified. So don't let that stop you.* Even if you have filled this job in the past, we would appreciate it if you would volunteer. At our November 24 meeting, the 2009 board will be decided. Come on folks, we really need your help with the commodore position!

Judy Foland