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THE HORNPIPE

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Commodore's Comments

Our summer sailing season is well underway, and several cruises have been successfully completed. I'm looking forward to reading all of the cruise reports, which I haven't seen as I write this column. In spite of much needed rain, we really have had a spectacular season so far. Usha and I went on the Worton creek trip, captained by John Baker, during which the weather was spectacular, although we did have to switch between the Dacron and diesel jennies periodically, not uncommon for our summer sailing grounds.

We switched vessels from our sailboat to our Honda automobile to go on the Commodore's Cruise that the Sabins hosted at their home. Two other 'ships' pulled in to 'anchor' in the Sabin's driveway.

We also had the pleasure of hosting our daughter and three of her friends on our boat over the weekend of Fourth of July. We had a great sail, under jennie alone in 15-knot westerly winds, from the Bodkin Creek to Annapolis, and spent the night at the Annapolis City Marina to eat crabs in town and watch the fireworks. The winds dropped the next day, and we motored back to Hammock Island with three new lovers of the bay.

Talking about new, with our new members, our club roster is up to 29 boats and families, which is more than it has been for while. I have been carrying around the burgees for the new members to

ceremoniously hand to them at our raft-ups and functions. However, they can contact me via e-mail (amonjan@verizon.net) and give me directions on where to send them, so that they too can fly our bird as they sail the Chesapeake.

It appears that some of our continuing members have forgotten or overlooked this year's dues. Please contact Ed to complete your memberships. We need everyone to be active on the water, the land, and the club account.

The next month will continue to see our boats on the water and will feature our annual summer picnic at Hammock Island. Cruise well and enjoy our land of pleasant living.

Andy Monjan

**ATTN: Upcoming Best Beer Cruise
July 17-19**

On Friday, take a mooring in the Annapolis Harbor. We will have dinner ashore, which can be reached by either dinghy or water taxi.

The 2008 Cruising Guide says boats of 35 to 45 feet can moor only in the outer harbor area. Boats less than 35 feet long can go thru the Spa Creek drawbridge to moorings on upper Spa Creek.

Last year, the fee for mooring was \$25 per boat per night. We have been unable to reach the harbor master to confirm that this

information is accurate for this season, but we doubt that it has changed much, if at all.

On Saturday, we will meet in the mouth of Maynadier Creek, off of Little Round Bay in the Severn River. Location: 39 02.1, 76 34.2

Bring your favorite brand of beer to share for judging and an appetizer to share for eating. Prizes will be awarded for winning beers!

We monitor channel 16, and our cell is 410-707-0461. If you are planning to join us, please let us know by Thursday night, 16 July. Our email address is Hzerhusen2@verizon.net, and our home phone is 410-730-9129

Jan Zerhusen

Commodore's Cruise — 20-21 June

Uncharacteristically throwing caution to the wind (about which more shortly), Commodore Andy Monjan commissioned me to write the report of the 2009 Commodore's Cruise. In so doing, as a highly cultivated individual, Andy surely weighed the risk expressed so concisely in Horace's *Epistularum Liber Secundus*, "Scribimus indocti doctique passim," which Philip Francis (1740–1818) translated as, "Each desperate blockhead dares to write." I will try not to betray Andy's trust, but for reasons which I do not understand, Mary, my wife, suggests that I may already have done so with the words: "That toothpaste is already out of the tube."

The weather limited the number of members participating but had no impact upon the quality of the proceedings. Lightning, rapidly changing weather, blustery winds, and tornado warnings did not keep Virginia and Cliff Jackson and Mary and me from joining Usha and Andy on Robbie and Ed Sabin's deck overlooking the lovely anchorage at the headwaters of Bodkin Creek Saturday afternoon. The fact that immediately past Commodore George Alberts did not sail *Breezing Up* up the sheltered waters of the Bodkin from Hammock Island to the Sabins tells the whole story of the weather.

All of the cruisers came to the party by land, and happily there were no reports of anchors dragging on the Sabin's driveway as a result of the

gusty winds. Mark your charts that the holding ground at that location is good.

A live band entertained the cruisers without any damage to our club's checking account, to Treasurer Sabin's great pleasure. The band, though very audible at the Sabins, was actually performing several hundred yards away at the Bodkin Yacht Club's season-opening party and at our sister club's sole expense.

While waiting for the band to strike up "The Electric Slide" so that Robbie could give lessons in the line dance of that name, we celebrated a number of recent commendable achievements by club members: Virginia's and Cliff's fifty-fifth wedding anniversary; the birth of Benjamin Monjan, Usha's and Andy's first grandchild; Andy's retirement; and Robbie's and Ed's recent cruise (not on *Aldebaran*) to Alaska. In the excitement of these celebrations, no one noticed that the band never electrically slid, and, consequently, that the lessons so badly needed by some of the cruisers were not given. Maybe next year ...

Following an age-old tradition, the Sabins hosted a "morning after the night before" repast on Sunday. Jan and Hank Zerhusen arrived by land for what Jan described as "a great breakfast: juice, coffee, sausage, bacon, and blueberry pancakes or waffles. The table was set for guests, but we were the only ones."

The pictures below accurately depict the empty Bodkin Creek anchorage but utterly fail to convey the excitement of Saturday's festivities or the remarkable menu offerings of Sunday's breakfast. To members not present either day, I repeat the obvious: that those who fail to attend a club function do so at their peril. And to Robbie and Ed, I extend the thanks of all for their peerless and, under the circumstances, pierless hospitality and regrets for not taking better advantage of it all. I also note the eager anticipation of all for Robbie's Electric Slide lessons at the earliest possible opportunity.



Lee Benedict

Check This Out

I came across this website today. I was not aware of it before, but perhaps you were. It's pretty neat! For the cost of paper and ink, you can get a free chart booklet of, for example, the upper Chesapeake Bay (Sandy Point to the Susquehanna River), or the Severn and Magothy Rivers. Actually, you can get a booklet based on almost any NOAA charts. I just tried it out and attempted to print the whole upper bay chart, but my printer choked (the file is almost eight megabytes). I was able to print individual pages (there are 16 pages in the full booklet).

Take a look, at:

<http://ocsddata.ncd.noaa.gov/BookletChart/AtlanticCoastBookletCharts.htm>

George Alberts

Another Must-Have Website

The Anne Arundel County Department of Health's Recreational Water Quality Monitoring Program puts out email alerts concerning bacteria and other pollutants in county waters. This system will provide you with information on recreational closures and advisories in Anne Arundel County. The link is <http://www.aahealth.org/contact.asp>.

Lee Benedict

Worton Creek Cruise — 27-28 June

Kay and I went down to our boat at Oak Harbour Marina on Friday afternoon with the plan to either stay overnight in the marina or to sail to Swan Creek for the night and then on to Worton Creek early Saturday morning. It was very hot in the marina, so we hurried and got everything loaded and got underway at about 2:00 p.m.

We thought we would go out and see where the winds would blow us. To our surprise and delight, the winds were coming from the west-southwest so we headed up toward Worton Creek, thinking that maybe we could make it as far as Fairlee Creek and stay there for the night.

Initially the wind was five to eight knots, and that was good. Then the wind picked up to about 10-12 knots and that was better. We started to think that maybe we would be able to go all the way to Worton Creek that day. Well, to make a long story short, we went all the way to Worton Creek on a single tack and got to our anchorage at about 6:15 p.m. The breeze Friday night was great, the sunset was spectacular, and we slept soundly.

On Saturday morning, after breakfast, we pulled up the anchor and motored into Worton Marina to pick up a bit more ice and then went back out and were back at anchor at about 10:45. The remainder of the day, before the other club members arrived, we spent reading, swimming, and watching the various winged creatures do their thing.

The first boat to arrive, at about 3:30 p.m., was George Alberts' *Breezing Up*. While we were getting George secured, Robbie and Ed Sabin arrived aboard *Aldebaran*. Shortly after that, Usha and Andy Monjan arrived aboard *Impulse*. We then had *Breezing Up* on the port side and *Aldebaran*

and *Impulse* on the starboard side of the *Courtney Too*.

Several people took advantage of the lack of jellyfish and took a cooling swim. The Zerhusens arrived at about 4:00 p.m. aboard *Octavia* and chose to anchor separately about 75 yards from the raft-up.

We set the time of the appetizers for 5:00 p.m., and, just before this appointed hour, Ilyse and Jesse Delanoy arrived aboard *Off the Grid* for this fun time. They said they had only sailed up for the initial get-together and then planned to sail back to Hammock Island.

The appetizers were all great, and I think that during the discussions on several topics during the festivities, we solved or at least came up with reasonable approximations of solutions to many of the world's problems. Near the end of this session, the Delanoy's bid their fond farewells and began their journey back to Bodkin Creek. The night was uneventful — no drifting to shore with the anchor trailing behind.

Sunday found a day with fairly light winds that were not necessarily from the optimum direction; but we all headed for home or other destinations knowing that we would get there eventually!!

John F. Baker

Hexes on Zincs

When Judy and I had *Kayo Jane* on the hard this year to repaint the bottom, I, as usual, attempted to replace the badly chewed-up zincs on the propeller shaft. I put the two new zincs we had bought on the shaft and finger tightened the hex bolts to secure them. Then, when I tried to tighten the bolts with Allen wrenches, I found that the 5/32" and 3mm wrenches were too large to fit into the hex holes in the bolts. I also noted that the 9/64" and 2.5mm wrenches were too small for the holes, so they spun somewhat freely as I tried to tighten the bolts. I had already trashed the perfectly good bolts I had taken off of the old zincs, so I was in a fix.

As soon as Judy and I got home that evening, I emailed Martyr, the company that manufactures the zincs, and told them about my dilemma. Within minutes, I received an email

response from the customer-service guru at Martyr, Tyler Seebach. Mr. Seebach apologized profusely for the inconvenience that his company had caused us and explained that the company's bolt supplier had sent them defective bolts in a shipment. Martyr had tried to isolate and replace the bolts as quickly as possible, but a few had made their way into the retail marketplace. Four of the bad bolts had then made their way into our possession. Tyler, as Mr. Seebach signed his email, offered to send us new, non-defective zincs and to provide us with free zincs the next time we changed the devices on our boat. I suggested instead that Tyler send us new bolts via overnight mail. This, Tyler did.

The next morning, before 10:00 a.m., a special driver in an unmarked car delivered an envelope filled with many more bolts than we needed for our job.

If you happen to buy Martyr zincs that have the defective bolts, don't hesitate to contact Judy or me, and we will be glad to provide you with non-defective bolts for your project. The bolts we have (16 of them) have one-inch threads and 5/32-inch hex holes in them and are for use on propeller-shaft zincs.

Steve Foland

Fourth of July Cruise — 3-11 July

What a week! It was sunny, but not hot, during the day and cool at night; we had wind for sailing; and there was no rain. It was the perfect cruise, with six boats participating: the Callises aboard *Windsong*, the Grotzes aboard *Lauren A*, the MacDonalds aboard *Heather II*, the Sabins aboard *Aldebaran*, the Shippeys aboard *Evening Light*, and the Zerhusens aboard *Octavia*.

On Friday, 3 July, the boats met at Dun Cove, beginning at about 2:30 p.m. Zerhusens were already at Dun Cove when the other boats arrived, since they had spent the previous night in Whitehall Bay. The Callises arrived later than the other boats after having sailed most of the way from their slip in winds of about 15 knots from the west. The wind had been right on the *Heather II's* nose as they came down the Choptank River to the bay. The Shippeys had been out sailing for a week and did not come to Dun Cove; they were waiting for the

rest of the boats to meet with them at Cambridge the next day.

Saturday: What a lovely blow we had on Saturday, the Fourth of July! We sailed aboard *Heather II* most of the way to Cambridge on only the jenny. When the Zerhusens, aboard *Octavia*, arrived later in Cambridge, the wind was blowing at about 20 knots, and they had quite a time of getting into their over-sized slip at the Cambridge Yacht Club. Before the Fourth of July fireworks were scheduled to begin, we all went out to dine at Snappers on Cambridge Creek. The restaurant had good food, and it was within walking distance of the marina.

The fireworks from the Yacht Club lawn were spectacular this year, and we had no rain during them, as we had had last year.

The next day, 5 July, was a layover day for us to relax and explore the area. Rain was predicted for that day. All eight of us (the Callises, MacDonalds, Shippeys, and Zerhusens) piled into the MacDonald's Volvo wagon and headed to the Hyatt for lunch at the golf club and a walk around the place. The Hyatt was crowded for the weekend, with lots of kids. We had happy hour that evening and ate very little dinner.

On Monday, 6 July, the Shippeys left for Galesville and a drive back to South Carolina on Tuesday. The other three boats, *Octavia*, *Wind Song*, and *Heather II*, sailed to Oxford, where we went out for crabs. The crabs at Masthead on Pier Street were disappointing. They had sold out decent ones over the Fourth of July, leaving only mediums (and clawless ones at that). After a complaint, they cooked us up a batch of claws and another dozen that were much better than the first batch.

On Tuesday, 7 July, the three remaining boats were off at about 9:30, and five hours later we arrived in Tilghman Creek. We all enjoyed a Mexican dinner aboard *Heather II* (tacos, Mexican beer, a great sangria, and chocolate cake for dessert). The westerly winds changed during the night to northeasterlies and, with our eastern exposure, we had some tossing around.

On Wednesday, 8 July, we had a nice sail to St. Michaels, only an hour away. The MacDonalds tied up at the Maritime Museum, while Zerhusens and Callises rafted nearby. During the late

afternoon, who should appear but the fourth member boat of our long-cruising quartet, the Grotzes on *Lauren A*. Dinner was at the Crab Claw, where only Dick Callis had crabs, since again only mediums were available. Softshell crabs were the next best alternative.

On Thursday, 9 July, after breakfast at the Saloon, we were off to Tilghman Creek, where we were to again meet the Sabins. There was not much wind, but it was sunny and pleasant. The Sabins arrived in time for happy hour. This was our maximum raft-up, with five boats.

On Friday, 10 July, the Callises and Grotzes left for home; and the Zerhusens, Sabins, and MacDonalds motored to Shaw Bay on the Wye River. It was another lovely day, and eagles were fishing near our raft. Hank said later that we should have sailed around a bit!

For Saturday, 11 July, the weather was predicted to be a bit windy out of the south, with small craft warnings. For the MacDonalds, the run out of Eastern Bay was straight into the wind, which probably never exceeded 20 knots. Once through Knapp Narrows, we sailed on the jenny nearly to Cambridge. It was a fine end to a delightful cruise in totally unbelievable July weather.

Cynthia MacDonald

Advice from a Sea Turtle

John's and my trip to Hawaii was a revelation on many levels. Although we were in vacation mode, we also wanted to get to know and understand one of the most remote places on the globe. We set out on 12 June with nothing more than our confirmed round-trip reservations, an invitation to stay with some old friends on Oahu, and nearly three weeks to figure out what we wanted to see and do.

What we encountered on our odyssey was uplifting, appalling, inspiring, and saddening all at once. The Hawaiian Islands (or 'Hawai'i Nei,' as the first human inhabitants of the islands say) are climatically paradisiacal, but politically and ecologically tragic. The weather, except for the occasional cyclone, volcano, or tsunami, is beautiful. The people — all shades of skin-tone with a truly melting-pot cultural outlook — are also beautiful. The ocean is breathtaking — just as my

first trip to the Mediterranean taught me where the term ‘navy blue’ came from, I now understand the reality of ‘Pacific blue.’



Our hosts on Oahu, a military family, were gracious and devoted our first weekend to getting us oriented and showing us the best places to eat, shop, and swim. After that, with unfettered use of their home and a vehicle, and occasional guidance on parking and local customs, we set off to find out all we could about the geological, ecological, and cultural history of the area. We circumnavigated three islands (Oahu, Hawaii, and Maui) to the extent that the roads were accessible to us.

We poked into museums, parks, and out-of-the-way beaches. We climbed Diamond Head, Kilauea, and Haleakela, learning about the awesome forces of their creation and the delicacy of the current ecology. We marveled at the skill and adventurous spirit that brought the first islanders to these most remote shores, and mourned the disregard of their knowledge and history that has caused the near total loss of those valuable resources. We cried at Pearl Harbor over the senseless acts of barbarity that arose from complete cultural misunderstanding and sheer arrogant ambition. We searched for endemic species and were minimally rewarded (one NeNe and a few butterflies), since 70 percent of endemic flora and fauna has been extinguished since James Cook first visited the chain.

On the road from Kilauea to Kona, we came upon the site of Captain Cook’s ignominious demise. Although the monument was not easily approachable (requiring a two-hour, horseback trek that we did not have time to take), the view across the bay allowed us to see the monument, and also a bunch of people being checked out by a pod of more than a dozen spinner dolphins. My shutter finger was not fast enough to capture the dolphins performing their trademark maneuver, but those

with good eyes (or a magnifying glass) can see the dorsal fins amongst the heads of the human swimmers.



We were outraged at the treatment of the Hawaiian Monarchy by US businessmen and politicians, but encouraged by the many recent efforts to restore the real ‘Aloha’ spirit to Hawaii. One of the more surprising expressions of the latter is the Polynesian Cultural Center on Oahu. It was created and is run by the staff and students of the Brigham Young University Hawaii campus. They have spent decades doing research on Pacific Islander culture and migration, visiting the myriad dots of land in that huge ocean and interviewing elders to capture the remnants of the oral histories. They have constructed miniature village displays that encapsulate the salient features of each distinct tradition, and have members of those cultures available to explain and tell stories.

They have also made extraordinary efforts to restore the navigational skills of these seafaring people, building and crewing traditional voyaging canoes. One example was on display; but another, more than 60 feet long and crewed by a dozen or so intrepid souls, was en route back from Japan. These craft, while equipped with EPIRBs, have no other modern equipment for navigation. They use only the wind, waves, clouds, and stars to find their way across thousands of miles of ocean, and they do it accurately and efficiently.



Although it is sometimes hard to say exactly which experience of a vacation adventure was the most memorable, for me it was unequivocal in this case an encounter with green sea turtles (honu, in the Hawaiian language) while snorkeling. We were not at one of the tourist spots for encountering sea life; we were at our host's favorite north-shore beach, well off the beaten path, snorkeling along a section of reef that had a break very close to shore. By swimming through the gap, we came to a deep hole that had an abundance of sea life. Our host, Terry, pointed out one small cruising turtle to me, and, as I was watching it, a much larger one, two-and-a-half to three feet across the carapace, slowly rose out of the depths to take a breath at the surface. I was transfixed. Honu took his breath, then swung his head toward me and swam to within four feet of me to check me out. We hung suspended at the surface staring at each other for a moment, then he slowly sank back into the depths.

So, here's what I learned in Hawaii from Honu (and a poster at a museum gift shop...):

- Swim with the current
- Be a good navigator
- Stay calm under pressure
- Be well traveled
- Think long term
- Age gracefully
- Spend time on the beach

I can't think of any better advice.

Linda Jensen