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**THE HORNPIPE**

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**Commodore's Comments**

October is here, and for many of us there is the opportunity for one or two more sails in blustery and cold days. Others of us are delaying our winter preparations in the hope of that glorious fall day when the temperatures are mild and the seas calm. However, we all are getting ready for the fall CCSC dinner and board elections at the McDonald's house on October 31. We still do not have a full ballot; so do come to the dinner being ready and able to volunteer for a year on your CCSC Board. So far, the following have re-upped for another year of service:

Ed Sabin	Treasurer
Judy and Steve Foland	Hornpipe Editors
Cynthia and Duncan McDonald	Social Chairs

**We still need the following positions filled: Commodore, Vice-Commodore, and Secretary/Membership**

Our 2009 cruise schedule was very successful, and I am certain that our next Vice-commodore will be just as creative. I do hope that we will continue to have more sailing seminars, and even get to have enough people to do a man-overboard drill. I also encourage each of us to contact the group for spontaneous cruises, as George Alberts did last month. Our next club-wide activity will be the annual membership dinner early next year.

**Andy Monjan**

**Update from the Flynns**

We haven't sent a group email in a while, so here's a catch up.

The beginning of the summer was busy and a little tough. We got back to the boat in early April and had an incredible two-and-a-half months of rain. Living on the boat, we didn't dry out until the end of June.

Until mid-July, Tom worked part time at West Marine and I was in "Bye Bye Birdie" with the Howard County Summer Theatre. We had a great visit from our RVing friends, Nancy and Steve.

We sailed very little until the first of August. Then we made up for lost time with four week-long trips on the Chesapeake Bay. We didn't sail a lot, but we got a lot of time out on the water and saw a good part of the northern bay.



**Salty Sailor Tom Flynn**

One of the best parts of the summer was the amount of time we spent with friends — visiting, eating, and eating some more. It all culminated with our annual open boat in September. We had more than 50 people! We talked that night about what wonderful, generous friends we have, and how much we have enjoyed spending time with them.

The highlight of the summer: in honor of my upcoming big six-oh birthday, I got a tattoo!! It's a small butterfly on my right shoulder, and I'm told it's tasteful and pretty. I wanted to do something that was out of character and something that said, "I'm not dead yet!" But I've been told that it's not really out of character.



**Adrian's butterfly tattoo**

We are getting ready to head west. Our travel schedule through February follows:

October 1 we leave the boat and head 2,400 miles northwest to visit friends Tracy and John and Kimberly and Rick in Montana. We'll then go down I-25, see Dave in Estes Park and pick up the RV in Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, on October 19. The rest of October, we will be in a New Mexico State Park near Las Cruces.

In November, we will be in Silver City, New Mexico. We spent a month there last spring and loved it. It has wonderful hiking, birding, and a lovely, small RV park.

From December until the end of February, we will be in Tucson and southern Arizona.

As always, we welcome visitors — we love to show off the other half of our lives.

To our Jewish friends and family, L'Shanah Tovah. We both wish you a year of good health, happiness, and peace.

To our Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania friends and family, have a wonderful winter, we'll miss you and see you in the spring.

To everyone, please keep in touch: call, email, and/or visit.

Love to all.

*Tom and Adrian Flynn*

## **Solo Sail Up the Choptank**

The embarrassing fact is that I didn't get very far up the Choptank River: just about 15 miles upriver from Cambridge to the village of Choptank near the town of Preston. I later learned that that was the old stomping grounds for Dick Callis, who grew up in Federalsburg. Dick told me he used to go crabbing as a boy at Choptank. He and friends would wade in the water with a basket stuck into an inner tube. The boys could see crabs scurrying in the clear water and scoop them up with nets as they waded.

Today there is a small marina operated by the Caroline County Department of Recreation and Parks at Choptank. This is one of the very few marinas on the upper river. There is deep water right up to the entrance of the marina, so entering was not a problem. I stayed there one night before heading for home.

I had a good excuse to head back: I had a worrisome leak around my shaft log that had been getting progressively worse. I returned to Cambridge that day, and the Yacht Maintenance Company in Cambridge Harbor fixed the leak in just 30 minutes for a reasonable price. I'm thinking of sending Charlie, the manager there, another \$15 with a thank you note, as they relieved me of a lot of worry and much bailing out of the bilge each night after a day's sail.

In all, I stayed at the (free) Cambridge city dock three nights and found it very convenient to the library, laundromat, stores, etc. I was the goofy guy in the shorts and big hat peddling around town on my folding clown bike. Robbie came down for one day, and we stayed at a B&B for one night before she returned to her teaching.

Prior to entering the Choptank, I had been holed up at a marina in Knapp Narrows for three days waiting for some scary strong winds and weather to pass by. I made the mistake of tying up to the outside of the first marina I came to when entering Knapp Narrows. It was very exposed, so I spent more hours than I wanted bouncing up and down trying to keep some fenders between me and the marina pilings.

Turns out that I may be a fair weather sailor.

*Ed Sabin*

## **Maine Adventure Incoming #1 June 26, 2009**

The trip to Maine had officially commenced. There was no denying it any longer — and I had been in denial for quite a while! Four months on the boat just seemed a whole lot longer than I could wrap my head around with any degree of comfort.

We left Williams Bay, Wisconsin, on May 19, and there it was June 26 and the day before we were to make the dreaded 83-mile haul up the New Jersey coast to Sandy Hook unscathed. It was the prospect of that passage, after last year's, that had had me cowed for months, and it was over with!!! At least until we had to do it again on the return trip. It's not all that scary if the weather holds, but it just seemed as if it was just such a long time to keep on my toes and make sure that Bob didn't fall asleep at the wheel out there.

The past five weeks were becoming a blur already. The first one had been spent tripping over all of the gear we'd brought but couldn't yet get stowed away. The second week had been spent lying low with a killer headache from the heat, humidity, and, no doubt, heebie jeebies about the trip ahead. Someone who saw me (one of the few times I emerged from the boat) said that he'd thought about saying hello but said that I looked like that might not be a good plan. Really, it would have been all right, but then I would have to have killed him to make sure that it didn't happen again.

Week three had been a hoot and a half at camp Moseley while the boat was hauled and Bob redid the bottom. The morning of the day we arrived at camp Moseley, Sarah and Harvey had had their kitchen literally ripped out down to the plaster for a complete redo, and its contents were squirreled

away all over the house. A new event had been added to life's olympics: extreme hosting and guesing. For added sport, none of us told Bob where the cutlery was being kept and laid bets as to when he would just give up and put his cereal bowl on the floor next to Jackie's (the dog).

The last week at Hammock Island Marina was spent stowing about 500 pounds of provisions and then heading out for a four-day shakedown cruise to our favorite place on the Chesapeake, Dividing Creek on the Wye River. I know it was a good sail. I just can't remember anything about it.

Upon returning, we did a last sweep through the boat, ditching everything we figured we could do without.

It was a lovely sail that day, June 16, and all went well; but to look at us, you'd have thought we were not in the same climate, let alone on the same boat. I was bare feet and legs with a light cotton sweater, and Bob was sporting work pants and shirt; foul weather jacket; and farmer johns, with a neck gaiter pulled up to his nose and a watch cap pulled down to meet it; and wool socks (I hate the wool socks; they have so much to answer for.). Yes, it was me and Eleanor of Aquitaine (or, as Bob insists on calling her, Katherine of Aquitaine) out on the seas yet again. We anchored in Veasey Cove on the Bohemia River.

We laid over for a day because of rain. We kept checking the weather reports to see how things looked for getting down the Delaware River and Bay and then up the New Jersey coast. For a while, it seemed as if we might just do a Donald Crowhurst and spend the next three months there sending back bogus emails, but the scenery was just too bleak for that.

On day three we headed out of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal to Reedy Island for the night.

It was day four and the Delaware River and Bay were every bit as long as they had always been. (Bob said we made better time this year than last year, but then he's on that other boat.) And the bay was as boring as last time — except for the flies.

On the positive side, the flies did provide exercise, and we didn't have to open tinned meat for dinner.

Bob called dibs on the legs, which was fine by me as I prefer white meat anyway.

And speaking of dibs, I had started on

Christmas gifts, with plans to call dibs on the use of all snack-food and cereal wrappers, when that old darned injury from last year's wool sock season flared back up. But perhaps it was just as well. The #1 crochet hook wasn't working out all that well anyway. The project definitely called for a #3 or larger. That type of plastic can get really slippery. It also meant that all those different projects I had brought along with which to amuse myself while Bob was upstairs at the helm were pretty much not going to happen, along with a number of other things. I had been so hoping that I would be able to continue with the tradition, started last season, of bead rolling. But I scaled back the goal and, rather than using every bit of paper that came aboard, tried to content myself with just using every bit of every one of those 150-plus canned food labels we were packing. By doing the proper warmup and cool down exercises and not extending those thumbs any more than absolutely necessary, success would be mine.

Thank God we had a new can opener with a very smooth action. But anything that could have been given up would have been, and using the space bar might have been next (God help you then...).

But back to the Delaware Bay. We were making our approach to Cape May and, as it was a gorgeous evening, I'd opened up all the ports and hatches to get a breeze going through before we stopped; and, dang, if a huge boat full of guys, drinks in one hand and cigars in the other, didn't charge past us (in a no-wake zone I want noted) in the Cape May Canal, swamping us on port. Guess who sleeps on port? Yes, my binkie then had to lie down on a mattress that had been totally soaked and sullied by water in which fish too had lain down. And it's salt water. It kept absorbing more water.

(Thank God, Vicki, I had that lavender sachet that you had given me and that I kept in binkie and took a little whiff of whenever needed.

Carol, the fresh lavender that you sent me off with lived on the groove of the finger holds (or maybe they're just something to catch drips) under each portlight and freshened every bit of air that managed to find its way inside the cabin. Thank you both!)

Day five and we made Atlantic City just fine; although during the last four hours it was raining. Turned out the real pour was just waiting

until we'd tied up to refuel and get ice and water. Dang, what a mess. When we finally got settled for the night and all the wet stuff hung up, there wasn't much dry space left. Note: Dress minimally for rain. You can always get warm later, but the clothes won't dry out for days.

That was the last Saturday before we spent four very long days waiting for a wind and weather window that would give us a shot at making it to Atlantic City in a reasonable amount of time with Bob still able to stand long enough to drop the anchor. It rained off and on the whole darn time; but since we never left the boat, at least we didn't get anything wet that then had to be dried out. We had high winds some of the time, and the boat was so rocky that it was the first time I'd ever taken Bonine when not under way!

We played a lot a Scrabble (I was 1-2-1, but that first 1 was, admittedly, a squeaker and the 2's were brutal). Polished off four New Yorkers, which I saved to start rereading later during the month, if not that week (Aging upside: You don't have to pack nearly so much reading material, which saves space for more comfortable shoes. Gone are the days of pretty little nothing shoes with their tiny straps.)

And speaking of straps, Bob cut my hair! It was driving me crazy, so I put on a sundress and told him just to follow the line and not to cut the spaghetti straps. He did good near as I could tell, and I wasn't planning to look in any mirrors until sometime in October at the earliest.

With regard to our trip to Atlantic City the day before — we were up at 3:00 a.m. and off the hook at 4:15 a.m. (We would have been off a half hour earlier, but the most amazingly tenacious sea life came up on the chain and Bob had to beat it off with a boat hook and then some.). We then had a very long day — 15 hours plus and uneventful (Yes!!!). Not much wind, and what we had wasn't with us, so the ride was a bumpy one the whole way. But Bob was sporting a new look — chrome yellow Mustang jacket with flotation (giving him a really bulked up appearance), swim trunks, and foul-weather boots to keep the sun off of his pigment-challenged feet and ankles. It's really quite fetching in a Village People kind of way.

We had a thunderstorm after we left Atlantic City. What a storm. Wildest thing I've been in

yet. We were tossing and turning every which way. Bob stood at his station at the companionway holding a compass and GPS, and I assumed my station on the sole holding a huge pillow. Always afraid of flipping. (It could happen. Keels have been known to just spontaneously fall off, I'm sure.

Men just don't tell you about it.) I figured the pillow would lessen the severity of the resulting concussion.



**Thunderstorm at Atlantic Highlands**

### **Incoming #2 – July 2, 2009**

The trip through Hell Gate and up and out the East River last Saturday, June 27, went really well. Trying to tie up at the fuel dock in Port Washington proved to be a bit more of a challenge. I knew it was looking dicey when the dock girl kept muttering, “This is bad. This is really bad.” It took the both of us and three of them, plus an old guy from a motor boat already tied up, but we wrangled *Magdalena* into place, fueled up, and got the hell out of Dodge. My, it made for an exciting finish to the day. I hate exciting finishes. I hate exciting, period.

Sunday, June 28, we hung at anchor and decided to row the half mile into town for fresh produce, having missed the lettuce that Elizabeth swore she threw off the Brooklyn Bridge. Two miles later we made it. Poor Bob, he was rowing into the wind the whole way, and danged if the wind didn't change and he had to row back into it as well. But at least he was fortified by the best Italian cream ice, chocolate mousse chip. I helped him with it but was still savoring the cup of Starbuck's I'd crawled up to a counter and ordered, which was

a hell of a lot better than what I was brewing on board. I thought I would invest in better beans during our next venture ashore.

Monday was just the best yet. We sailed to Port Jefferson and met up with friends, Joann and Lew from the observatory, who were visiting family. They all came over on son John's J-boat and rafted up for a visit aboard *Magdalena*. I loved playing hostess and giving the tour. It didn't take long, and then we got down to G&T's and some girl talk. God, did I ever miss girl talk

Tuesday turned out to be a bust. We were headed right into the wind, and it was another Bonine day. This time the midship hatch was open and starboard got drenched (But I won. I don't sit on the starboard settee because it doesn't get much of a breeze, and when I'm hot flashing that's just not a plan for either of us to try to live with.). We aborted the morning's route and put in at New Haven to ride out a very rocky night at anchor. We both noticed that the pitching seemed to go in circles, like a Ferris wheel mounted on a carousel. It was the oddest darn thing.

Speaking of routes, Bob had been using Maptech's Ocean Navigator to work on our route for after we got through the Cape Cod Canal. For a while, all of our way points were in the Indian Ocean, but then Bob did some fancy fiddling with the numbers and it looked like we'd be able to avoid most of that body of water. Sometime between leaving Cuttyhunk and going through the canal, we appeared to be crossing the equator, but that changed as well. Getting Maptech's OC Lite instead of the pro version just might have been worth the money, but not nearly so entertaining. Why, just listening to the sounds that emanated from Bob's settee (on starboard — hee, hee, hee) as he plotted and charted was worth twice the price of admission.

A day earlier we had headed out early under a lovely sky with a gentle breeze to go with it. One of our better sails so far. We were taking the wind as it came and not worrying about our course when NOAA came on with t-storm alert and things started getting a tad dark all around us. Bob donned his manly gear and the engine went on. We put in at Duck Island, near Westbrook, Connecticut, just in time for a dandy blow. The next morning we woke up to fog socking us in on all sides. As it was our

first really significant batch of the season, we reviewed the horn blast signals.

One long — Hello, we're out here.

One long, two short — Oh, lovely, how nice that you're out here, too.

One long never ending — Get the hell away from us. That was not an invitation to raft up for dinner.

Best game of Scrabble ever. I won by 130-some points. I think Bob's mind was on the fog.

Weather permitting we were off to Stonington, Connecticut, on the morrow. I had been so hoping we could get ashore while the library was still open. What was I thinking not bringing along any mysteries.

We were watching the skies for incoming. I sure was.

### **Incoming #3 – July 11, 2009**

Left Duck Island bright and early on the July 3, stopping in at a marina in Westbrook where we did a trade with the sea gods: They gaveth full fuel and water tanks and an empty holding tank (The latter sounds like a negative, but trust me it's not.), and we gaveth up visibility. Fog for two hours plus. The kind of fog that kept coming and going, so just about the time we relaxed, we were socked back in.

Every now and then we'd hear a really big horn, but couldn't see do-wop out there. But definitely could see biggish blips on the radar. I couldn't decide which do-wop was more unnerving: that which I could only hear or that which I could see coming on, like storms.

Dropped anchor in Stonington, but it was pretty crowded and we had to take the edge of the field, which made for a bumpy night.

Up and out for Dutch Harbor, west of Newport, on the Fourth of July. We anchored there last year with a less than enchanting view inland. I was determined to hold out for a more up-market spot the second time around. If I was going to envy people on shore their flush toilets, I wanted them (the toilets) to be plentiful and well appointed. The mansion we anchored beneath probably had bathrooms nobody had even found yet. And I'll bet that the tennis and pool houses had at least two bathrooms each. Fireworks display was zip, but winds made for a rocketing red glare in my eyes

when I woke up.

The trip over to Cuttyhunk on July 5 was rather nice and uneventful until the last two hours, when the wind picked up to 25 knots sustained and didn't die down until twelve hours later in the middle of the night. We went flying into the outer harbor and decided to pick up a mooring rather than to trust the new splice on the rode. Call us weenies, but it was really blowing. All afternoon and through the evening Bob kept going forward with a roll of rigging tape to wrap more boat parts to avoid chafing and damage of the line to the mooring ball. Based on the size of that roll by morning, the bow of the boat must have looked like a mummy.

Monday, July 6, and we were off to Onset and the mouth of the Cape Cod Canal. Have no recollection of that sail, but I remember waking up the next morning and seeing three boats with pirate flags flying in their rigging. I hate pirate flags. I hate the whole pirate motif. Moored off Plymouth, we saw a 12-foot fishing dinghy, christened the *Buccaneer*, clad with a black plywood hull and quarter deck (cunningly positioned on its bow rather than its stern) and with a plastic tube cannon, flying three of the pirate flags. But theme boats might just be a problem in Plymouth. There was the expected *Mayflower* reproduction open for tours at the crack o' dawn, but then there was also a Mississippi riverboat named the *Pilgrim Belle* cruising folks about.

Tuesday, July 7, was a gorgeous day. I was feeling particularly perky as it had been shower night the evening before. Bob had commented on how we hadn't been using much water this trip, then we realized that we were each trying to stay upwind of the other. It had just been too cold and too windy to scrub down in the cockpit, and I still loathed to use the shower in the head. But if I'd known what the canal had in store for us, wind and cold be damned, I would have washed my hair as well.

There was a tall ship rendezvous in Boston Harbor that month, and there were two stunning French schooners with huge crews of stunning Frenchmen going through the canal with us, the *Etoile* and *Belle*. We took pictures of them, and they of us. It just happened that I was wearing my Super Marche Moore, a tank top from our '83 trip to Tahiti. What kismet — they speak French and I'm wearing French.

The rest of the day we could hear the French crews talking to one another over the radio. It was so cool. And seeing their sails and those of two tall ships (also out there, but speaking boring English) on the horizon and nothing between them and *Magdalena* was very exciting. Kept musing about what it would have been like, centuries back, to be at sea for days and then spy something like that in the distance and have no idea what it might portend.



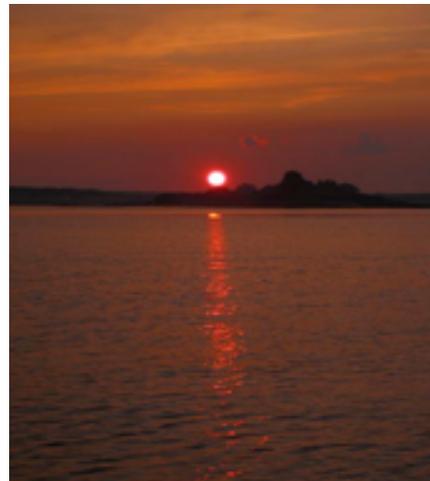
**French Schooner in Cape Cod Canal**

That afternoon we put in at Plymouth, the land of tricked-up boats and impossible-to-figure-out-how-to-get-to fuel docks. We anchored in a narrow strip of water surrounded by shallow water where about five or six mooring balls, not noted in our guide book, made anchoring a bit difficult. It was legal but uncomfortable, as we were just this side of the channel, which was very busy with at least four tour boats of varying sizes coming and going all the next day, Wednesday, July 8, as we waited out the weather. *Capt. John and Sons IV* was interesting. Sometimes it seemed to be a marine educational venue and at other times it sounded like it might be a disco. *Capt. Bob and Crew* I wasn't too fond of either. Both liked to get way too close and were way too rowdy.

Had every intention of checking out Plymouth Rock when we put in for fuel and water the next morning; but given the high winds (What else are there?), the approach to (or rather the deproach from) the dock looked a tad trickier than we were up to at that hour, and I never got off of the boat. Have since decided that what with the ebb and flow, tides, and currents, just about any rock I saw anywhere along that coastline may have been once in Plymouth and that I would make do with the next one I stepped onto.

July 9 saw us heading out of Plymouth and into the wind. It was brutally windy and wavy for most of the way, and, for the first time, I decided to stay in the cockpit the entire leg. Not behind the wheel, mind you, but at least in the cockpit. Part of this decision was based on wanting to know just what Bob was dealing with out there every day and partly on me getting knocked about too much if I stayed down below. There were scads of crab pots (or maybe they were lobster ones then), and my job was to watch for them on starboard. The plastic windows in the dodger were getting too scuffed up to permit much visibility, so most of the day I was hanging out past the edge of the dodger to get a clear view. And I don't think that on the coldest, windiest day of skiing I've ever felt as windblown and tired as I did when we finally dropped anchor off Peddocks Island in the Boston Harbor islands. Thank God Bob eats this stuff up, because that is the last time I'm doing that. Next time it's that rough, I'll just lash myself onto a settee and throw crackers at him. Yes, even when it's nasty out there, he needs to be fed.

On July 10, we motorsailed, in little wind, to Gloucester and picked up a mooring ball. It was my favorite spot up to that point in our cruise — a real working harbor. Loved the forms and colors. We thought about deploying the dingy and going ashore, but I didn't want to ruin my idealized impression. And besides, it was so darn windy (which was why we were hanging out there that day instead of continuing on) that even in the harbor the water was kicking up.



**Sunset outside of Biddeford Pool, Maine**

Our progress to Maine had been much

slower than we'd expected — almost half again as long. It had just been that kind of weather and winds, and I was just that kind of crew. We had been hoping to be in Penobscot Bay by July 11. We planned to dinghy ashore often while up there and walk in those fabled woods. Then we would probably head back south around the August 4. It wouldn't give us the month we'd hoped for up there, but then, hell, it would probably be snowing by the time we got there anyway.

I'd decided that these sailing adventures may not be for the faint of heart and definitely not for the sound of mind or the unmedicated.

Right then the weather report was looking good for heading onto Portsmouth: rain but moderate wind and in an OK direction — whatever.

#### **Incoming #4 – July 30, 2009**

We made it to Pepperell Cove, Maine, on Sunday, July 12, and on July 29 started our return to the Chesapeake Bay. Didn't get as far east as we'd planned, but it would have to do. We spent most of the intervening three weeks having a typical Maine experience. For every day of sun, we spent three hunkered down in fog, mist, or rain. I was excited on July 29 when I heard the weather person say that we were in store for a glorious weekend, only to then hear him predict some fog and some rain and temps in the 70s. Parse that sentence anyway you want and I'll be damned if I can find the glorious part, unless it was the use of “some” instead of “lots of.”

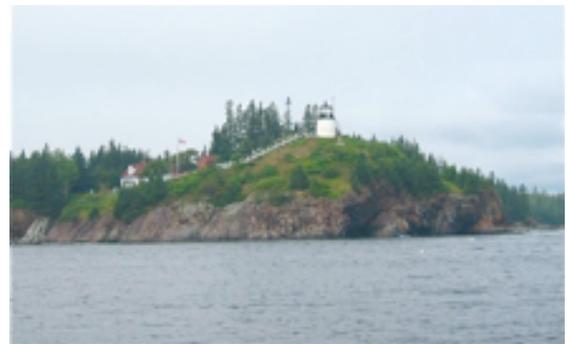
Two days into our Maine leg we spent a fabulous 24 hours with friends Pam and Allen in their home in Falmouth. The company and conversation were great, not to mention a choice of five, count them, five, flushing toilets to choose from; plus, Pam loaded me up with books. Then two days later we met up with Laura and Earl on *Morning Star* in Lewis Cove in Linekin Bay near Boothbay Harbor. It was so exciting to come in and see them at anchor; although it took us a while to find them, since the fog was so thick we kept missing them. At a length of 40 feet, that missing them seems hard to believe.

Had a lovely week and a half of cruising around, joining up for hikes ashore, and hosting each other for meals aboard and exchanging reading

materials. I am still pinching myself that we really pulled this rendezvous off. I hadn't doubted that they and Bob would make it, but I had doubts every now and then that I'd still be aboard when they did.



***Morning Star* on the way from Linekin Bay to Dix Island**



**Owls Head Light near Rockland, Maine**

When the weather was clear, it was indescribably beautiful, and I knew why painters loved this area. When it wasn't, my spirits dampened along with everything I owned.

One morning I decided to cheer myself up and pull out my beaded flip flops. Good thing I did or we wouldn't have known that both of our shoe lockers were filled with moldering articles just this side of being unrecognizable. The loss tally was two pairs of Birks; one each of deck shoes and sneakers for Bob, plus his dress sneakers (you know, the ones with holes only on the outer edges); two day packs; and a duffel bag.

Fog lifted, so we ventured out to Vinalhaven for the night to see just how “glorious” the weekend really would be.

#### **Incoming #5 – August 15, 2009**

Day 60 (or 90 if you count the month getting ready to cruise, and I think you should. Yes, let's just do that.). Day 90 of Suz in captivity at sea and getting just snarly enough about it that I thought I could probably plan on being put on land soon. If not, I was going to figure out how to get that dinghy off of the foredeck by myself and row to land, any land.

Unfortunately, with my bum right thumb (That's right, still couldn't use it without pain.) and Bob's newly bummed right arm, neither one of us could do it right then and had to work as a team just to open the tins for dinner at night. (Are there left handed can openers? Surely that was part of our problem with the maneuver.) And cans and packets of Kitchens of India were pretty much all we had left yet once again. Once we had eaten that last half of an onion and a very old apple (I should have been putting the new ones on the bottom each time we provisioned.), it was going to be rather bleak come meal times.

Lunch August 14 was sad because I'd forgotten that we'd run out of ham three days earlier, and I remembered that only after having put mustard all over the last of the pumpernickel bread — mustard really doesn't go that well with peanut butter, but then peanut butter doesn't go all that well with pumpernickel bread anyway, as we found out.

Maine already seemed like a really, really long time ago. We had been working our way west and south since the August 6 anchoring back in Pepperell Cove for our last night in Maine. The next morning, the Coast Guard's tall ship training vessel, *Eagle*, was coming along the river toward Portsmouth Harbor as we were heading out. It was accompanied by fire boats that had all their hoses shooting and at least a hundred motor boats and sailboats as an honor guard. It was one of those rare, one-out-of-four sunny days, and the scene was spectacular. And the wake caused by all of those boats coming at us gave us a sustained taste of white water sailing! Not a bad end to that part of the adventure. What a thoughtful send off!



**Coast Guard *Eagle***

Except for a layover day in Dutch Harbor, Rhode Island, so that Bob could dive and see what was wrong with our prop that was out of balance and causing the engine to vibrate like it was going to grind a hole in the hull, we'd been moving southwest every day. The propeller problem turned out to be a huge plastic-mesh bag that could probably have held 50 pounds of potatoes (Would that there had been some in it.), wrapped around the prop. The bag was a really rich purple. I was sure I could make something from it. Something for each of you. Corsages maybe?!

But I wouldn't be making them anytime soon. That thumb was really a bother. I was unable to do much with it, and no doubt that contributed to my snarliness. I'd not realized how much making those paper beads had added to my joy during last season's cruise to the Vineyard. But, as I had my heart set on using all of the labels from this year's cruise, I had been saving them up with the hope that you all would want to join me for a demo and workshop, yes?! For those of you who wouldn't be able to be there in person, there would be a "how to" video online, and I would mail you your labels.

I was hoping we could do this one day during the winter when the lake had frozen over and there had been a fresh snow so it could be combined with my long-held dream to organize a string of snow angels across the Bay, Williams that is. I hadn't firmed up the numbers yet, but I was estimating it at about 1500 feet from Conference Point to Cedar Park Point. Say that the average arm span is around four feet; I was looking for 400 or so folks each willing to flop down at the signal and give it their best. If we just couldn't get that many volunteers, then perhaps we could get at least 40 people to make 10 snow angels each or, conversely, 10 of my nearest

and dearest could make 40 apiece. Then it would be back to Weed-Hall to get the blood flowing again rolling those beads. There would be cocoa!

Bob would be really happy if you agreed to take part, as he doesn't want to roll beads and he sure as hell doesn't want to make 200 snow angels.

That downward leg was proving to be as bumpy as the one up, and foggy to boot. One morning we were socked in with a solid wall of fog at anchor off Stonington, Connecticut. You could hear the Saturday morning racers out there blowing their foghorns as they jockeyed for position while waiting for it to clear up. Back in the harbor every boat must have had its VHF radio busy as fog reports and/or requests for them were flying back and forth over the air waves. I swear that the minute some guy said he could see his own bowsprit from his cockpit, you could hear anchor chains rattling on all sides and there was a mad dash to get out while the getting was good. I had my doubts and asked Bob if all the other boats sailed over the edge of the Earth (and I know there is one somewhere out there) would he (and by default I) do it too. I think you all know his response. And so, ladies, I at last have the title for my memoir, *Travels with Bob: or I Married a Lemming*.

Oh, a suggestion: on days when you've taken a Bonine tablet, *do not*, and I cannot emphasize this too strongly, *do not* have tinned sardines (or even fresh ones for that matter) for lunch. On days like that, one's lunch tends to get all over one, and one reeks of it all day and into the next morning. The fragrance put me in mind of linseed oil and, while it was an excellent sensory accompaniment that afternoon out on deck reading *Milton Avery: the Late Paintings*, it was downright nasty when closed up in the cabin later in the evening playing *Scrabble with Bob: the Current Husband*.

It was time for dinner. It was another two-con night and then it was to be shower night!!!

### **Incoming # 6 – August 28, 2009**

Day 103 and we were back in the Chesapeake Bay at anchor in Swan Creek, about 13 miles from home. The next night we would be swinging in our Hammock Island berth once again!!!

The previous two weeks had alternated between seeming like they'd never end and flying by. It took us four days (staying at Port Jefferson two days) to make it from Stonington to Port Washington, where we laid over for a day and picked up fresh provisions. Thanks to Hurricane Bill, the weather predictions weren't looking too good for the upcoming trip down the Jersey coast. It had also turned beastly hot and, as hanging out in the water was going to be the only way to get through it, we needed to figure out the better place to wait for a window to make the big move: Port Washington or Atlantic Highlands? After taking a dip in the harbor at Port Washington, and having to make sure that we faced into the current at all times so as to be able to push the trash away as it floated toward us, we went with the latter choice and on August 20 did the East River leg in excellent time — we were flying!



**At anchor in Atlantic Highlands**

The Atlantic Highlands anchorage was full of cruisers waiting to move. Last year we'd gotten there earlier in the month, but this year everyone seemed to be waiting for a window to make the run to home ports in the northeast. Daily discussions of weather reports ensued amongst the captains and crews.

There was *Charlotte-Ann* out of Canada with a family of four on board for a year. The children were eight and six and utterly fearless both on the boat and in the water. The dad worked one month on and one month off on an offshore oil rig. That mom was going to be working double time one month on and then have one month off this year.

*Celebration* had a live-aboard couple from

Florida who don't plan to reside on land again until they have grandchildren.

*Dream Catcher II* put all of us to shame when the crew (Ms. *Dream Catcher*) spent hours floating around the boat and dinghy with a bottle of cleaner scrubbing her little heart out. I just hate when they do that.

*Pradel* hailed from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where in retirement they've started a company to work with the inner-city schools helping to enable mid- and high-schoolers to recognize, control, and focus their emotions. She recommends a book entitled *Rapt*. Unusual boat names always get asked after. *Pradel* was a wine that they had liked during their honeymoon on the *Cote d'Azure 47* years ago. I just love stories like that. Unlike the story about the name our boat, *Magdalena*, which was the boat's name when we bought her and were too cheap to select a name of our own and pay to re-register her with the Coast Guard.

And then there was *Brynteg*. We never did get around to asking Paul what that meant. Ah, Paul, prettiest boy I've seen in a really long time; and what an equal opportunity sweetie. I swear that he was making eyes at both of us.

We rode out yet another pretty big blow while at anchor, followed by a really stunning sunset. That made it four for four interesting experiences storm-wise. I was really getting tired of that. Every day was a scorcher, with constant dips to swim in the water and undying gratitude that there weren't any jellyfish.

At last we headed down the coast to Atlantic City, a long but OK day: good weather, a west wind, and big swells coming in from Bill.

Sunrise the second day of the trip was spectacular, followed by one of the best sails of the summer on the way to Cape May. All the boats met up again there except for Paul. Have no idea what became of *Brynteg*, and more's the pity.

The predictions for leaving Cape May looked not great, but certainly not all that bad, for going up the Delaware Bay, so we were up and out by 6:30 a.m. But, dang, the predictions were wrong on all counts. The wind was not 5-10 from the southwest but rather 10-15, gusting to 20, from the west-northwest to northwest. The seas were not one to two feet but two to four feet with spindrift. We sailed fast, but after about six hours, the wind

veered to practically on our nose, so we motorsailed the remainder of the trip. However, we sure made good time!

We hit the east end of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal by 3:30 p.m. and decided to keep on going through to the Bohemia River. We got there and said, "What the heck. Let's push on and get a jump on tomorrow!" Sunset was at 7:30 p.m., and there was just enough twilight left when we got to the entrance of the Sassafras River to make it through the crab-pot floats. We dropped the anchor in the dark and managed to do so without hooking the submerged boiler shown on the chart! It was one heck of a long day, and while I wouldn't say we were on the ragged edge, we sure as hell could see ragged edge. And I don't care what Bob says, nuts, dried prunes, and cheese sticks were a perfectly adequate dinner that night.

### Odds and Ends

A few of the things seen:

- A loon in the Cape Cod Canal. The only one we spotted, and it wasn't even in Maine.
- Lots of seals. They look like very gnarly, very dirty lobster-pot floats, and then you notice the whiskers.
- Whales. We had one in front of the boat spouting; another behind us breaching; and one on starboard for at least five minutes, breaching as we sailed beside it.
- Lots of porpoises, at least 50 at one time just before the Cape May Canal!
- Bob with long, curly hair. I loved it. He didn't.
- Black guillemots, a type of auk and very cute.
- Common eider ducks who swim in a perfectly straight line formation, one behind the other.

Some things for which I am grateful:

- That I found out that I do like to be at the helm when we are going through a canal, with the motor on and big red and green markers on either side every mile to show me the channel (And the

water is calm.). Unfortunately, we didn't find this out until the last half hour of our last canal passage.

- Cheese sticks that, if individually wrapped, are great for feeding the helm when in not-so-great conditions. If you lob enough of them from the cabin into the cockpit some of them are bound to land close enough to the wheel that they can be reached when there's a lull in the seas. Later at anchor, you just gather up the misses, wash them, and save them to lob another day when dining on deck is required but serving is just not going to happen.

- Clorox wipes, Clorox spray, Clorox anything, baby wipes, baby powder, Bonine

- That there aren't leeches in the Atlantic and its bays. Realized when we were getting a lot of spray over us one day that if leeches came with it, it would be really unpleasant.

- That Bob can stay awake and upright indefinitely if he's on a boat, since I have a hard time doing either, which could be from that rolling action, or it could just be denial.

- That we were back at Hammock Island after 75 days out. It seemed as if it might take about that many more days to get the boat cleaned up and the mildew killed off of it and off of everything in it. It was time to get on with it, but what a hoot and a half we'd had making that mess!

- That we made the trip and had a great time doing it, despite what I may have written and may say in the future; and we all know that I'll have plenty to say...

### **Incoming #7 – September 2, 2009**

We made it back to Hammock Island on Saturday, August 29, and the weather was so damn glorious that I almost considered starting out on that cruise all over again!

I had once again lowered my standards and cleanup was easier than expected.

We were looking forward to heading home to Williams Bay, Wisconsin, sometime during the week of September 6, and then we would see what nastiness awaited there.

Oh, Bob adds this: We traveled 1,535 miles and spent 63 nights at anchor and 11 nights on moorings. The number of different

anchorage/moorings was 30. We had 27 layover days, most weather induced.

*Suzanne Bucher*

### **September 19-20: Destination Reed Creek/changed to Severn River/changed to Eagle's Nest**

After returning home from San Francisco the previous weekend, following a nice long visit with the grandkids, I thought it would be a good idea to suggest a CCSC cruise to Reed Creek for the September 19 and 20 weekend. An all-hands email to the club membership stirred up some interest. The weather forecast then changed to one that made a cruise to the east rather problematic, so I shifted the destination to the Severn River.

Jutta and I headed out on Saturday morning, with a nice breeze and fair weather. We expected two other boats to join us — Barbara and Matt Coyle on *Nancy Anne* and our commodore, Andy Monjan, along with Usha, on board *Impulse*.

As we sailed to the south-southeast, on a broad reach, approaching the eastern side of the bay bridge, we got a call on the cell phone from Matt, who said Barbara had a medical issue come up quickly and they were dealing with it (Thankfully it was not serious, but could have been.). So *Nancy Anne* would unfortunately not be taking part in the cruise.

We had been keeping a watch for *Impulse*, which was in her slip at Hammock Island when we set out. After thinking it over (and after seeing the wind lose some strength), we decided to head back in the direction of Bodkin Creek, maintaining a watch for any sign of Andy and Usha under way. We were a mile or more north of Baltimore Light when I saw what looked like *Impulse* moving south at a good pace, just west-southwest of us. I changed heading and confirmed through the binoculars that it was indeed them. I tried to raise them on the VHF, then got out the air horn and signaled them several times. I was nervous that they would fade out of range before they saw us, and I doubted I could catch up with them, but we finally caught their attention. I motored up to them, and we discussed options for rafting up, quickly deciding to head into the Magothy and on to Eagle's Nest. In

the process I almost pulled off another of my stupid boat tricks, leaving the boat on autopilot as I chatted with them, and nearly running them down (Andy later joked that we almost rafted up right there!).

We enjoyed a lovely evening at anchor, with hors d'oeuvres from both parties and margaritas provided by the Monjans. A comfortable night's sleep was followed by a lazy morning enjoying the setting and the company (Although I learned to my surprise that, based on sounds we were hearing, there is a shooting range on Gibson Island.).

On a fine September Sunday we both enjoyed an easy trip home.



*Where are we now?*

Can you guess this location?

First, the photo was taken recently, and the sailboat in the photo is indeed *Breezing Up*. Second, but this might give it away, the sun is setting, not rising.

*George Alberts*

### **Weird Phenomenon**

Recently we were out overnight. The moon was full. The air was clear. And there were only a few clouds around. The water was quite still. When we looked into the water around the boat, we felt that we were hundreds of feet above the surface of the water. We were unable even to determine where the surface of the water was. It was an incredible feeling — almost like floating in space. Has anyone else experienced this? Does this phenomenon have a name?

*Carol Durr*