



# The **FLOTILLA REPORT**

The Official Newsletter of The Sailing Club, Inc.  
<http://www.TheSailingClub.org>

Volume 24, Number 1

February 2015

## Maine

Cruising on elderly yachts along Maine's scenic coast.

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## October in the Bay

Tilghman Island Day provides fun and great seafood for the third time.

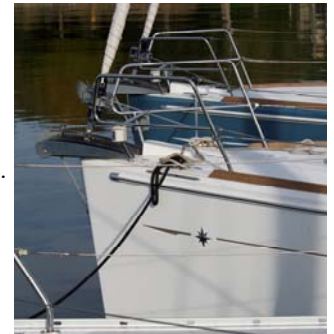
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## Learn!

It's time to enroll in our spring training programs.

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# Sailing Down East

By Bob Rainey

Early September is a great time of year to sail the coast of Maine, as the mosquitos and black flies have been taken care of by the colder nights. We were looking forward to boarding our boats on Saturday around noon, so many of us started the drive from New Jersey on Friday and stopped to see family or friends along the way. Some of us stopped at the L. L. Bean flagship store in Freeport, Maine to browse the isles and ponder whether we would need any of the gear glaring at us from the shelves. We did not all get away empty handed.

Six of the twelve crew spent the night at a small motel in Brunswick, Maine. The Traveller's Inn was only a short distance off I-95, had a complimentary breakfast, and Rockland was only about an hour east for the morning's drive. Reading the brochures



*Sojourner*

at the motel front desk, Mary Ann found Seadog Brewing Company in the next town over. Mia, Mary Ann, Linda, and Bob enjoyed a seafood dinner with an enjoyable sampling of craft beers. We recognized a familiar car in the motel parking lot when we returned, aided by the New Jersey plates, and discovered that Don and Ilene had ar-

rived in our absence.

We got a relaxed start on Saturday morning to finish the journey east to Johanson Boat Works at their new location in Journey's End Marina North. This is a very small "marina" surrounded by commercial fishing operations that made it hard to find, even when only 100 yards away from it. I am sure many of us called the Johanson office and spoke with one of the Johanson family members to get guided in for the last minute of the drive. We arrived to find our two boats being washed and checked prior to our boarding.

The classic boats were a beautiful sight. *Sojourner*, a Pearson 43 of 1969 vintage and *Elusive*, a C&C 40 of 1980 vintage, started their lives as the Johanson family's cruising and racing boats. The woodwork above and below decks on both boats was

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painstakingly maintained. We loaded our gear and provisions and got the boat check-out tour from one of the Johanson nephews. All of the boats are kept on moorings about a mile from the dock and just brought in for cleaning and loading. Once we explained that we had no plans to start our voyage to an unknown anchorage at 3 p.m., we were permitted to stay at the dock for the night. Shore power lines were connected to provide heat, microwaves, and device charging. We knew going into this trip that a lot has changed in boat design between the 1970s and 2014. Many of us knew the narrow stern of the earlier designs was going to limit stowage space. Aboard *Elusive* this was highlighted when we actually started to figure out how we were going to get everything on board and still have the berths available to use for sleeping. It was a cozy fit. *Sojourner's* layout offered more storage space and less of a challenge.

Some of us walked up to a local seafood shack and had lobster rolls to hold us over until diner. Life is good. On our way back one of the locals suggested where the preferred parking spots were. We must have looked puzzled because he went on to explain that boats unloading at the commercial fish packing plant attract thousands of seagulls. We now understood that the preferred parking was as far away from the plant as one could get to avoid coming back from a week of sailing to find a white car. We heeded his advice and had no problems.

*Sojourner* and *Elusive* fired up their engine driven refrigeration systems to help cool down the newly loaded food. During *Elusive's* checkout we were informed never to run the compressor for more than thirty minutes at a time, at this time of year once a day was all that was usually needed. The compressor made a funny rattle when first engaged but settled down after a couple of

minutes and by thirty minutes the cooling plate had a nice layer of ice on it. Things were looking good. After stowing some additional items and relaxing in the cockpits we discussed dinner possibilities. Don and Ilene had been researching this and suggested a small restaurant in Rockland; both boats agreed and reservations were made. We arrived at Café Miranda to see the open kitchen and a menu with about a hundred entrees. Everything was cooked to order from very fresh ingredients. How they handled such an extensive menu in such a small kitchen was a topic of discussion. They pulled it off, and I would definitely visit them again. We went back to the boats to prepare for an exciting day of sailing on Sunday morning.

Sunday's sail was to one of the less visited areas of Acadia National Park. We kept Vinalhaven to our port and continued on to Duck Harbor on Isle au Haut. This is a very small harbor with room for about four boats to anchor. Although a ferry regularly visits the dock in the harbor, across the entrance for about a half mile off shore lay a minefield of lobster trap markers. First *Sojourner* picked her way through, watching the bottom rise up and the traps get denser. They thinned out beyond the dock, but so did the water. This is one of the reasons we did not want to sail here late on a Saturday; our chances of finding our way in and finding the



Sunset in Duck Harbor: Don, Ilene, Merrill, Mia

harbor empty were much better on a Sunday evening in September than a Saturday night. Even so, *Sojourner's* skipper and crew despaired of finding enough space to anchor between the ferry dock, the lobster pot minefield that seeped into the harbor, and the shallows. *Elusive* took a turn, gingerly poking her bow in adjacent to the dock and beyond the last of the lobster hazards. Watching the depth gauge they pattered around the likely anchorage area, then dropped the hook. Encouraged, *Sojourner* followed suit, ending up rafted to *Elusive* with a lobster trap just astern.

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# The FLOTILLA REPORT

The Official Newsletter of The Sailing Club, Inc.  
19 Manor House Drive, Dobbs Ferry, New York 10522

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*Third Time's Charming*

## Revisiting Tilghman Island

I appreciate the good humor and thick skins of all the trip participants. This write-up almost wrote itself. The only events I can comment on for sure are those on *Intention* and that I witnessed or were reported by a few trusted spies. All the rest is to be considered “Rumor Has It.”



*The fleet at Tilghman Island, with some friends.*

Most of the crews arrived at Haven Harbor Marina in time for dinner at Waterman's. The garlic mussels on the half shell – dubbed “Garlic Delivery System” — were excellent. Good thing the crew of *Intention* all liked garlic with its after effects.

Patty and I brought a folding step stool for crew access onto *Intention* from low docks. When not used, it was lashed to the lifelines because it was too long for the lockers.

Arriving after midnight, Dave and Eileen (*Pepperpot* crew) debated how much to unload and ended up with a cart piled high. Eileen proceeded onto the boat safely with her purse and personal items. Then, hearing a yelp and a splash, she turned to see Dave prone on the finger pier frantically grabbing for their luggage in the water. Dave had misjudged the width of the finger pier, but had just made the decision to back out when the cart and everything on it went into the water. Who knew that loaded duffle bags would float? Jeff H., the skipper, “sprang from his bed to see what was the matter.” He did not see reindeer, but instead grabbed the boathook to assist. Early-risers leaving the boat the next morning were greeted with a laundry-strewn cockpit which was just the beginning of a continuing laundry saga. Over breakfast, Eileen announced that this was her first overnight sailing trip and marveled over her experience thus far. Those who had slept through the finger pier fiasco (Gary and Linda) and our latest arrival (Jeff F.) caught up on all the details over bagels and coffee. While talking, the crew decided to distinguish between our “Jeffs” by calling Jeff Fournier (“Where's Jeff?”

“Big Jeff.” This name stuck for the remainder of the trip. Over breakfast they also observed the sunken cart rescue by marina personnel.

**Friday: Mostly Sunny 73°F High at 2:25 pm 55° Low at 6:45 am; Wind Speed/Gusts: SE at 15 mph**

The fleet left before 9:30 a.m. and all but *Mast Transit* motor sailed most of the way to Knapp's Narrows at Tilghman Island. Because we added the fourth boat late, most of us were concerned that there may not be room in the fully booked marina. *Mast Transit*, not getting the word on this, sailed most of the way and actually came in third. The thirty-three mile trip was made under sunny skies, flat water, and wind on the nose. Joel, on *Intention*, surprised us with roasted walnuts in our delicious lunch. It was not quite the same as “roasting chestnuts on an open fire,” but it was enough to set off the smoke alarm.

Arriving at the outer mark around 4:00 p.m. on a falling tide, *Intention* could not quite believe rumors they'd heard, and could not clearly hear Steve K's radioed from the dock instruction about red “4.” Following the outdated guidance about hugging the mark so close we leave paint on it, we ran aground. Cherie C, at the wheel, wiggled us off by using the depth sensor as a divining rod to point to deeper water. She had to do this a few times since the shoal was not cooperating. It turned out that the latest communication from Steve K. matched advice received from other less known sources: treat “4” as a green and keep it to port.

Jeff H on *Pepperpot*, also ran aground and, despite their best efforts to get out of the mud, kept pivoting around going nowhere. Luckily, a local man and his son were following (stalking?) them in, so he agreed to provide a tow. Once out of the mud, they proceeded to the Knapp's Narrows Marina dock and landed safely. The local guy at first said the tow was gratis, but was convinced by Jeff to accept an appropriate token of their appreciation. Haven includes free towing service from Tow Boat US, but not from this independent. The problem with the channel was extensive shoaling, and dredging operations are not scheduled until November 2015. Good thing we don't do this trip every year.



*John uses our ladder.*

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## CPR/AED and Basic First Aid

**Saturday, March 14**

Learn invaluable skills that are proven to save lives and are an asset for every sailor, both on the water and in every day life.

Whitehouse Rescue Squad

Visit the Club web site for more details and the registration form:

<http://www.thesailingclub.org/safety>

## On Land Training

**Saturday, April 18**

A free day of sailing theory and applied skills taught by our experienced skippers and first mates. Topics include navigation, anchoring, knots, and principles of keelboat maneuvering under power. A perfect prep course for On the Water Training.

The Hills Rec Center, Basking Ridge.

Visit the Club website for more information:

[http://www.thesailingclub.org/calendar/view\\_event.asp?event\\_id=378](http://www.thesailingclub.org/calendar/view_event.asp?event_id=378)

## On the Water Training

**Saturday, April 25—Sunday, April 26 (early board evening of Friday April 24)**

Get your hands on the wheel, the anchor rode, and the lines during two days of active training aboard boats just like those we charter for trips. Practice both under sail and under power.

\$275 plus food, fuel, and other incidentals

Visit the Club web site for more information and the reservation form:

<http://www.thesailingclub.org/trips/2015/owt/>

# ANNUAL MEETING AND LUNCHEON



**Sunday, March 22**

**Somerset Hills Hotel**

200 Liberty Corner Road, Warren, New Jersey, 07059

Watch Your Email for More Information

Cash Bar ● Talk with trip leaders ● Trip presentations

Visit the Club web site to download and print the reservation form:

[http://www.thesailingclub.org/events/annual\\_mtg/](http://www.thesailingclub.org/events/annual_mtg/)



## ... Maine

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Once anchored, a party decided to head ashore to walk some of the trails of Acadia. Those left on board promised to have appetizers ready when they returned. The last ferry of the day arrived to pick up the last of the park day visitors. It was very peaceful at this small harbor with only two boats in addition to ours. Appetizers were made, but the hikers -- Mary Ann, Linda, Don, Ilene, Kathy, Merrill, and Henry -- did not return. It's an island... how can they get too lost? Rather than let the appetizers get cold, those on-board ate, but did save some stuffed mushrooms for the wayward hikers. After three hours they returned and it was hard to get a straight answer from them, but somewhere along the way they made a wrong turn and doubled back to make their walk longer than expected. No harm, and a fine dinner was had by all.

Monday continued with fair weather and a brisk wind from the southeast. We had a long sail ahead of us to Bar Harbor on Mount



*Mary Ann enjoying the run up Eggemogin Reach.*

Desert Island (pronounced dessert by the locals). We originally had dock reservations at the Bar Harbor Municipal Pier but inconsistent information about showers caused us to change our reservations to the very elegant Harborside Hotel and Marina. More on this later. We got away from the peaceful harbor and ate breakfast under power while the refrigerator compressors worked their magic. *Elusive* was about a mile off shore when copious amounts of blue smoke started pouring out of the cabin. The engine was shut down and inspected to find the compressor had seized. Apparently the two minute rattle at the start of its cycle was a death rattle. Attempts were made to contact Johanson but we did not have reliable cell service and there was no answer on the VHF. We pressed on

and had a great sail east with *Elusive* holding its own with the longer *Sojourner*. That is until the close reach became a beat, at which point *Elusive* had a fair amount of leeward slip. We were informed during checkout that the centerboard on *Elusive* was now fixed and there was no adjustment. It only dawned on us now that it was fixed in the fully *up* position. Fortunately this was the only hard beat of the trip and *Elusive* had to motor sail to Bar Harbor in *Sojourner's* wake. Well that is an exaggeration since we could barely see *Sojourner* on the horizon; we just assume there was a wake. Once we obtained cell service, *Elusive* got a call in to Johanson. The owner, Peter, was surprised we had trouble with the compressor because it had seized and he thought it had been removed from the boat. He had the new one in his office. He did offer to pay for any ice we needed to buy. We were fortunate that this time of year the ice we bought at Bar Harbor lasted the rest of the trip. *Elusive* did not suffer and beer remained cold while ice for drinks abounded without technology. This does point out some shortcomings on *Elusive's* preventative maintenance. It seems that over the years, if something broke and was not essential, it was removed from the boat. These items included the second fuel tank, leaving just one twenty gallon tank suitable for racing but quite small for cruising.



*Land Ho! The Acadia shore party.*

The bow water tank and autohelm were also removed for similar reasons. This left *Elusive* in a trim that was close to its original IOR racer/cruiser concept. *Sojourner* did not have these issues and was truly a fantastic classic yacht.

The approach to Bar Harbor's Harborside Hotel and Marina was during low tide and the tidal range was about thirteen feet. The charts did not show an excess of water but it was possible to find a path to the dock. What the charts did not show was the silt that had built up astern of the docked whale watcher super cats with newly installed jet pump drives. *Elusive's* centerboard fully up position came in handy for the approach to Harborside. *Sojourner's*

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## ... Tilghman Island

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With all the fleet lined up on the outside dock, we noticed that *Mast Transit*, skippered by Bob R., had this cute little brand new shiny stainless steel anchor, ... that was bent. It was so dainty compared to *Intention's* monster iron we called it jewelry, his crew called it "bling." This was the second anchor for this boat, the first having been bent and replaced. Yet another was on order for \$1,300. Bruce G. figured that if they bent it more on this trip it would cost them nothing since the replacement was paid for already.

*Intention* broke out the step stool and secured it with a bike lock. We were not worried about theft, just a sense of humor by some of our members on other boats.

Dave on *Pepperpot*, tackled the laundry again by taking still-wet items up to the marina dryers. Unfortunately, this did not end well either. As Dave was carrying loose clothes back onto the boat, some items escaped his grip and went back into the water.

The night was cold and windy with a persistent and irritating halyard noise. I think everyone



*Intention's Anchor.*

*Mast Transit's Bling.*



was waiting for me to get out of my warm bunk and deal with it – I did – freezing! Skipper Mia claimed not to have heard a thing.

The morning promised to be warmer. We welcomed a visiting friend of mine – Greg V. from Delaware. Crews crossed the draw bridge on to Tilghman Island and enjoyed the festivities.

Tilghman Island Day is always memorable. The jigger toss had several unusual moments — a marriage proposal, and the loss of the jigger due to an improper knot. The speed docking contest this year included an under fifteen-year-old category. Most kids that age (one kid was only eleven) would not be as fearless driving such expensive boats as this bunch. Watching the ten- to fourteen

-year-old boys and girls handle and dock the fishing boats was such a thrill. The winner, a fourteen-year-old boy, leaped ashore like a ninja and lassoed both pilings at the same time while in the air. His time of twenty-three seconds was best of *all* the classes and age groups. In the adult division their fathers often did worse, and caused more damage.

The festival location, on the sunny, protected leeward side of the island, had everyone shedding layers of clothing. The seafood was fresh and delicious, the crowds friendly and fun, the music invigorating and the draft beer smooth and more than refreshing.

*Intention* had an excellent dinner aboard – steamed oysters and crabs from the festival and a salad. The dressing, provided by Cherie C. was Ginger Marinade. The salad was topped with cornbread "protons" (John F.). Our guest Greg decided to stay the night at the Inn and joined us for dinner.

**Sunday: Partly Cloudy/  
Windy 58°F High at 3:25  
pm 47° Low at 10:25  
pm; Wind Speed/Gusts:  
WNW at 19 mph  
gusting to 29 mph**

Sunday morning required a late start due to both low tide and very high winds, temps in the low 40s, and lots of chop. Crews pulled

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Seasickness Remedy — Rip off a piece of Kleenex to make an ear plug and place it in the ear opposite your handedness (i.e., right-handed people place the ear plug in their left ear only). This works before and after you've become sea sick.  
— Cherie Comly

## Boat US Discount

The Sailing Club, Inc. is a group member of BoatUS. The primary advantage of this membership is that it provides a discount for those Club members that may want to join BoatUS for their own purposes. It is a worthy organization with informative newsletters about boat operation and maintenance. There are various levels of membership that provide partial coverage for boat towing and trailer towing.

Our group code is: GA82513S

You can use this code for your renewal or initial BoatUS membership application.

If you have any questions please contact Commodore Bob Rainey, rjrainejr@aol.com, 908-872-9101.



Boat Owners Association of The United States

## ... Maine

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deeper keel did not, and she scraped once while astern of the super cats and once again right at the end of the dock. Once docked, shorelines attached, and registration taken care of, we had the run of the place. This included two pools, two hot tubs, tennis courts, luxurious showers, and plenty of grounds to walk about without actually visiting Bar Harbor. Dinner was on board since during planning we didn't know what time we would arrive.



*Elusive departing Rockland.*

Tuesday was a lay day. Some walked about Bar Harbor, some rode bicycles. Mia, Helen, and Bob took on the task of finding a dozen live lobsters for the following evening's dinner. We found a place about a mile out of town and started walking. Mia called to confirm they were open and the proprietress gave her clear directions, sounding hesitant about our visit. Then she said that she'd give us a ride back to the marina after we made our purchase. With our bags of live seafood we accepted her offer rather than make the trudge back. The owner put a small sign up: "Be back in a minute," and proceeded to drive us back to the boats. The traffic in Bar Harbor is a little crowded when a cruise ship is moored so the round trip took much more than a minute.

I now know that when keeping live lobsters on ice, one must be very careful to keep the lobsters *on* the ice and nowhere near water so they can breathe. The coolers were rigged with empty cans and both boats had success in keeping the lobsters fresh and feisty for dinner the next evening. We hadn't noticed any fuel signs on our way in on Monday and after asking around we learned that the Harbor Master also owns the whale watcher super-cats and the fueling facility. A phone call to him confirmed that fueling could not occur when the launches were loading passengers to take to the

cruise ships due to safety regulations. The fuel dock was used for many purposes, including the whale watcher fleet. We were told that the last launch would load around 4 p.m. so to wait for his call when it was time to come over to get fuel. Of course we were approaching low tide and had to pass near the super-cats once again. *Sojourner* skipped the project, having a larger fuel tank. *Elusive* had no problem making the round trip. Tuesday night was dinner ashore and we walked in the opposite direction to the cruise ship dock to find a very nice restaurant, The Side Street Café.

Wednesday morning we left our resort early to get underway to Buck's Harbor, Cape Rosier. It was a great day of sailing with beam reaches. As they sailed up Eggemoggin Reach, the crew of *Sojourner* set up the stern-mounted grill and had a lunch of hamburgers with toasted buns and all the trimmings. Both boats made the long trip in good time and with little fuel use, other than for the propane grill.

Buck's Harbor is a popular spot and the charts show most of it is private moorings with a small protected area for anchoring. We discovered that the moorings have multiplied and there really isn't any place to anchor. Fortunately mid-week in the off season there were moorings available. We picked up two owned by Buck's Harbor Marine. Dinner was on board and consisted of lobster. It was quite a feast. After dinner some volunteers took the dinghys ashore to Buck's Harbor Marine to dispose of the remains from dinner. During this trip to shore it was discovered that Buck's Harbor Marine has sailboats to charter. This might be a place to investigate for a future trip. The harbor was secure and picturesque.



*Merrill perfects his grilling underway skills.*

Thursday morning we watched the passengers from a schooner row their launch to the dock under the direction of two young crew. They did not appear to appreciate Mia's shouted "Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!" as they passed by. Timing

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## ... Maine

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it to avoid the schooner launch, *Sojourner* dropped the mooring and went over to the dock to top off the fuel tank while *Elusive's* crew made ready to sail.

Both boats enjoyed a relaxed sail to Belfast, one of the shorter legs of the trip. The wind was blowing about twenty-five knots from the north. As we cleared Turtle Head off of Islesboro Island, the clouds won and we had some heavy rain during an exhilarating ride to Belfast. We docked at Belfast Municipal Landing and the facilities were quite a comfort after the short wet sail. There was a bit of excitement at the landing as right before we arrived a boat being hauled on a trailer somehow ended up submerged in about fifteen feet of water. The water was very clear so we had a good view of the sunken treasure.

Belfast is the home of Past Commodore Cecile McKenzie and she invited crews to come up to her place and take showers. Some took her up on the offer but the Municipal Landing facilities were very nice and capable of handling a bigger crowd. Clean and dry we met with Cecile at Weathervane Seafood Restaurant and had a great dinner catching up on old times.

Friday morning met us with the realization that our sailing voyage in Maine only had twenty-four hours remaining. We sailed to Cradle Cove on Seven Hundred Acre Island. It was a great sail and we found moorings provided by a yacht club some distance away. We



*Sailors returned from the sea.*

were prepared to pay should we be asked. We had a perfect sunset to enjoy our cockpit cocktails.

Saturday morning was an early one as we needed to get back to Rockland and unload the boats as most of us were driving home that day. The wind was mostly from the north and we had a nice broad reach to bring us home. Johansen surprised us by having us return to the moorings about a mile from the dock. It took several launch trips per boat to get everything ashore. Once ashore we said our goodbyes and headed back home with thoughts that the October trip was not that far away. 🇺🇸

## ... Tilghman Island

(Continued from page 6)

out every available jacket, sweater, and hat. We started leaving around 11 a.m. The order of departure was *Mast Transit* (4' 10" draft) with Bob R., *Sea-Ya Later* (5' 2" draft) with Steve K., *Intention* (5' 6") with Mia M., and *Pepperpot* (5' 2" wing keel) with Jeff H. Those waiting their turn observed with anxious eyes the progress of each boat as it passed #4. Radio commentary let us all know where to go and what to do. Keep to the south side of the channel until reaching the last pilings; treat the white speed limit buoy as a red (keep it to the left) and #4 as a green (keep it to the right). All went well until it was our turn with *Intention*. I must say our commentary was the most detailed and we gave constant depth and location information to the waiting *Pepperpot*. But we went too close to #4 (on the wrong side) and ran aground again. We should have stayed

off thirty feet, not ten feet. With Mia at the wheel and the rest of us holding our breath, we backed off and found deeper water. We were not out of the woods yet: the wind and waves kept trying to push us out of the channel. But Mia prevailed and eventually, when the depth increased, we had clear sailing. Jeff on *Pepperpot* used our guidance and made it through without incident.

Out in the bay, winds were sustained at 15-18 knots, with gusts to 25 knots. On *Pepperpot*, Gary and Jeff agreed we could do some sailing, so out came the jib. Big Jeff (formally "Where's Jeff"), a former sailboat racer, protested, "I'm not taking the helm with just a sissy jib out." So out came a reefed main sail, proving that heavy winds are a "real" sailor's delight.

Once at the helm, Big Jeff was truly in his element. He forsook direction for optimized "tell-tails" by following the wind wherever it took him. *Pepperpot* reported being just south of Bloody Point during one of the boat radio checks; five or six tacks later, they

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## ... Tilghman Island

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found themselves essentially still at Bloody Point. But the crew was happy to leave Big Jeff to it. Skipper Jeff was going with the flow, but eventually advised that they had to make their way to the raft-up.

Our destination was Aberdeen Creek off the South River south of Annapolis. The distance was about twenty miles into a northwest wind with waves two to three feet. Most of us motor sailed under jib at five to seven and a half knots and four and a half to five knots without the motor. *Mast Transit* had a flat screen TV in the lounge with a satellite receiver. Henry J., while at the wheel, watched the

Snoring Remedy - Many times, snoring is due to a lack of muscle tone. To improve muscle tone, simply hold an orange or apple or similar object under your chin for 10 min. while sitting up straight. Once you can do this without a break, your muscles are toned again and you no longer need to do the exercise. — Cherie Comly

football game and saw a touchdown. Talk about driving while distracted!

On *Pepperpot*, Eileen, their newbie sailor, had considerable difficulty going to the head in the rough ride, so made her way to and from on hands and knees. Unfortunately, while traversing under the chart table on her way back out, all of the charts and other paraphernalia fell on her, leaving a scene that looked like a frat-house after a party. She was laughing about it and was uninjured, but once again was amazed at the breadth of happenings on this sailboat experience.

*Mast Transit* arrived first, followed shortly thereafter by *Intention*. Steve K. arrived with *Sea-Ya Later* and tied up on the other side of *Mast Transit*. With the arrival of *Pepperpot*, around five p.m., the party could start.



TSC-ers view the rowing and jigger toss contests.



Heading home.

Aberdeen Creek was idyllic; the food plentiful and superior; the discussions hilarious! Rainey's stuffed mushrooms brought everyone aboard *Mast Transit* and the party didn't break-up until about ten – the guests that would not leave! It did not help that several guests settled into the salon to watch football once they learned that it had been on that afternoon while underway. However, a different few of the crew thought it was the beginning of the end and a waste of electricity! The engine did start Monday morning.

**Monday: Partly Cloudy 65°F High at 3:45 pm  
41° Low at 5:05 am; Wind Speed/Gusts: S at  
17 mph gusting to 24 mph**

We were all up around eight a.m. and off the hook at ten. The raft had rotated and had to be “unrotated” using *Intention's* power in order to haul the anchors. The sail back to Rock Hall was one of the best we have ever had. Leaving South River and heading toward the Bay Bridge, we set sails for a broad reach and *Intention*, *Pepperpot*, and *Sea-Ya Later* never tacked. Once under the bridge, and a course set to sixty degrees, it was a reach at speeds of seven and a half to over nine knots all the way to can #3. *Intention* even managed to sail wing on wing for a short distance until a nasty wave on the stern caused a jibe (no damage, main was close to center).

We all fueled and dumped at Gratitude before heading into Haven Harbor. There, Joel backed *Intention* into the slip with minimal rebound from the pilings and the assistance of all crew. Gary on *Pepperpot*, did a couple of practice runs at the Haven slip before landing it safely home. Clearly, the third time is the charm for re-entry. After unloading and cleaning up, everyone headed home. A wonderful crew on all boats and a great time...let's do it again soon!

— Larry Sherwood

*Additional ontributions from Maryann Gordon, Linda Murphy, Mia McCroskey, Steve Krakauer, and Bob Rainey*



C/O Mia McCroskey  
19 Manor House Drive, K12  
Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522

## 2 0 1 5 C L U B E V E N T S

<b>Date</b>	<b>Event</b>
<i>February 8 - 17</i>	<i>St. Martin, St. Kitts, Nevis, Statia</i>
<i>February 22</i>	<i>Meet and Greet</i>
<i>March 14</i>	<i>CPR and First Aid Training</i>
<i>March 22</i>	<i>Annual Meeting</i>
<i>April 18</i>	<i>On Land Training</i>
<i>April 25 - 26</i>	<i>On Water Training</i>

*Check [www.thesailingclub.org](http://www.thesailingclub.org) for details on these and additional events as well as our upcoming sailing season*

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