



# CHESAPEAKE MULTIHULL ASSOCIATION

<http://www.chesapeakemultihulls.org/>

August 2011

## 2011 CMA Board Members

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## From the Helm - Larry Forgy

We are in that August lull between the early summer racing and the fall racing, when traditionally the weather is hot and the winds are light. What better way to pass the time than a little cruising.

Our cruising coordinators Chris Shenot and John Nicholson have made it easy for you by scheduling a CMA rendezvous over Labor Day weekend. We are going back again this year to Haven Harbor Marina in Rock Hall, where everyone had a blast last year. As we did last year, the club is providing the grilled meats and some liquid refreshments, which along with your side dish will make a huge feast. Last year Jim Nealey showed up on his Reynolds 33 with a beer keg aboard, and several members worked well into the night trying to finish it. I just checked the e-vite that everyone got, and 18 are still “maybe” and many of you have not responded. Consider coming and helping us to make this a traditional club event.

The racing season is about 2/3 over, and congratulations to Doug Dykman, Gary Spesard, Dave Way and Tim Layne for leading the scoring for several of the club trophies. There is still a lot of racing to go, and anything can happen. In addition to the trophy racing, we have the fun cruising race to Queenstown coming up on Sept. 24. It is casual and fun, and culminates in a large raft up and party in Queenstown harbor. It is a great occasion for socializing with other CMA members and monohull sailors alike.

You can also meet other sailors by helping out at Annapolis Race Week. Our CBYRA representative, Tim Layne has asked: “For those of you who will not make the Cruise to Haven Harbor on Saturday and Sunday and all of you who

are available on Monday, CBYRA needs volunteers to help make ARW a success. For your time CBYRA would like to thank you by giving you a special hat that only volunteers will have, and a party pass for each day that you volunteer. Please email Leanne at [leannelstewart@yahoo.com](mailto:leannelstewart@yahoo.com) and let her know if and when you will be able to help.”

We have a full fall schedule of events planned, so stay tuned. Lots more fun both on and off the water.

## Sneak Peek

- \* Race Results
- \* Cruising Blogs
- \* Gov Cup Reports
- \* Upcoming Cruising events
- \* Blast from the Past - Isabel

## Upcoming CMA Events

### September

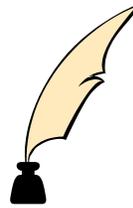
- 3-4 Cruise to Haven Harbor (see details)
- 10 Bay Jam - Georgetown (see details)
- 17 NASS Oxford
- 18 Hammonds Memorial
- 24 Queenstown Fun Race
- 25 Queenstown Race Back

### October

- 1 Havre de Grace Invitational
- 6-10 US Boat Show
- 9 CMA's Annual Boat Show Event
- 22 Harbor Cup
- 23 Baltimore Fall Back

Check out the rest of the schedule on our [website](#).

## Quote of the Month



*"The cure for anything is saltwater – sweat, tears, or the sea."*  
- Isak Dinesen

## Crew Needed

Do you need crew? Place your requests here.

Crew need for most CMA races. Contact Jere Glover 410-268-2872 or email [Jerewglover@msn.com](mailto:Jerewglover@msn.com)

Crew needed for Corsair C28R trimaran ("WInd Play" out of Holiday Hill Marina on the Rhode River) for CBYRA racing events this season. Experience helpful but not critical as long as you are enthusiastic. My contact information is:

Dana Stoffregen  
(H) 215-794-1381  
(C) 215-350-7553  
email: [stoffregendana@gmail.com](mailto:stoffregendana@gmail.com)

## Website - Terry Boram

Since we launched the new website we have had over 2,700 visitors. Not bad for a small multihull group on the Chesapeake Bay. This month we added more pictures, a ratings calculator and an extensive list of facilities that offer wide beam haul-outs.

We encourage you to contact us with your reviews and suggestions. Send your comments to [chesapeakemultihulls@gmail.com](mailto:chesapeakemultihulls@gmail.com). Also, "friend" us on [Facebook](#). We provide information about current CMA events as well as multihull information from around the world.

Thanks for your continued support.

## Membership Matters - Jim Nealey

Thanks to all of you who have sent along your 2011 membership dues and racing fees. There are still a few stubborn hold-outs (you know who you are) and you'll be hearing from me.

Delighted to receive a renewal and racing fee from newlyweds, David and Karin Fice from their new home in Rockville, Maryland. The Fice team will be sailing their newly purchased '99 Corsair F-28, "Kiss Me or Knot" out of Annapolis for the remainder of this season.

Finally, for those of you who've been flying your burgees faithfully for the last couple of seasons, I have a number of factory fresh CMA burgees I hope to sell this season. I'm sure that David & Karin Fice could use one.

Wishing you all good times and fast sailing this season. Hope to see you on the Bay.

Cheers, Jim Nealey, CMA membership

## Cruising - Chris Shenot and John Nicholson- Cruising Chairs **Haven Harbour Summer Celebration - September 3-4, 2011**

Have you RSVP'd to the 2nd Annual Haven Harbour Cruise? If not take a minute to review the [e-vite](#) and send your reply. The club will be providing the meats for the grill, water/soda and the fixings for some rum drinks. Bring a side and/or dessert and any other beverage you wish to have.

Dingy parking is \$20 or \$25. Well worth it. The picnic area was great and the pool really nice once the blocks of ice were added. Haven Harbor really is a great place to host a party. Slips are available. Call Mike Murn at 410-778-6697 if you want dockside.

Don't forget we are having a **"Best rum punch contest."**

We'll have the basic ingredients (OJ, pineapple, mango and lime juices, grenadine and sour mix, lemons, limes and maraschino cherries). Bring your own secret sauces if you got them. Come up with a recipe. Easier (and cooler) than a chili cook-off. We'll be looking for some volunteers for the judging panel. Bribes are expected from entrants so organizers get a 25% cut.

Also bring your mad croquet skills. The competition is fierce to bring the "A" game. We hope to see as many of you there.



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**Bay Jam - September 10, 2011**

It's not too late to make plans for a rendezvous on Lloyd's Creek off the Sassafras River on September 10th. Bob Gamble and family will have "Silver Star" anchored in the creek for everyone to raft up to. Join the post-*rae* party on shore starting at 5:30 pm complete with a buffet and dancing into the night. All details at this [link](#).

## Queenstown Race - September 24 & 25, 2011

You won't want to miss this event this year. The cruisers/racers who participated last year are still talking about it. This is a fun race from the Baltimore Light to Queenstown (Chester River). Once there we will raft up for one heck of a fun party. This is truly a family event. Bring the kids, bring the Grandparents and heck even bring the dog.

Kiyoshi will provide courtesy ratings for those who need them. More details to come next month.

Party and raft-up after 2010 Queenstown Race (by Terry Boram)



## [“Equilibre” Passage from Tenerife de Canaria to Puerto Rico, US ~ Alec Dale](#)

Equilibre, our Catana 381 catamaran, weathered the hurricane season in the water at a marina in Santa Cruz, Tenerife in the Spanish Canary Islands since the previous June, under the watchful eyes of Jose and Raoul who had done such excellent work on the engine mounts of the starboard engine. We had a distinguished crew, Patrick Faller who was on several charters with me in the Mediterranean, and who has his own sloop at Erie YC in PA. Patrick recently passed his 50 ton Captain's exam even if he didn't bother getting his license. Our other crewmember was Uta Robinson who is a wonderful chef and crew who did 2 transits with the Silly Seagull, John Barnet's Lagoon 38. She offered to step in when another potential crewmember was lured away to a cushy consulting job in Algeria. The co-captain offered some comments on email to our contact list.

Sharon  
Dale

Nov 14 2010, 10:36 pm

As you may have noticed, a new SPOT location was posted today. Alec is in Tenerife getting ready to sail Equilibre back home. Penn State is requiring my body in order to pay me, so I am in Pennsylvania. Alec will be sailing with two other crew, Pat Faller from Erie, and Uta Robinson from Chantilly VA. Both are experienced sailors. We have done several charters with Pat and we met Uta on our first trans-Atlantic in 2009. This will be her third transat. And she cooks! That is a great crew. I spoke with Alec today several times. The boat is as ready as it has ever been. Everything works! Would that it lasts. Zimmerman Marine replaced the alternator for the generator without charge and Alec carried it on the plane with him. Our diesel geniuses in Tenerife Jose and Raoul replaced it in no time and the generator is working as it should. The bottom of the boat is gleaming thanks to Isidro who seems to love diving on boats in dirty marinas. Go figure. Both engines work AND both charge the house batteries. Water maker evidently works. The SSB radio even works, although I am still unconvinced of its utility beyond being able to listen to the BBC in Arabic, which is an acquired taste to be sure. Uta is floored by the amount of food on the boat (and that is AFTER we spent two weeks trying to use it up). They have mostly provisioned for fresh fruit, vegetables and meat and are looking forward to departing either mid-day Monday or early Tuesday.

So, look for new SPOT locations each day or go to [dalespotlist@googlegroups.com](mailto:dalespotlist@googlegroups.com) if you are set to only receive a digest version. The plan is to sail to San Juan, Puerto Rico, where Uta and Pat will disembark and fly home for Christmas while Larry Spencer, a friend from here in PA, Elliot and myself fly down to meet the boat on December 15. We will then try to sail the boat to Dataw Island, South Carolina, (near Hilton Head and Charleston), where the boat will live for the winter. In the spring, we will finally bring the boat back to the Chesapeake. Or that is the plan, anyway.

In any case, I will write e-mails when and if I hear from the crew via satphone. E-mails detailing my own adventures at sea will resume as soon as I am reunited with my Slam sailing bib (and my husband!).

Best to all,  
Sharon

The skipper (me) arrived in Santa Cruz, Tenerife, on Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> carrying a new alternator for the genset which the installer provided free when they heard the old one died from sea water from the cooling hoses. I thought the alternator might look like a sinister device to some but there was no problem and I went through customs with a wave from the officials. Raoul and Jose got right down to work installing it and they had the generator up and running 2 days after I arrived. They had the motors in good shape too after an electrician had rewired the alternator on the port motor with heavier wires. The original wires were for the old motor's 30 amp generator and they had shorted out. The new motor's 100 amp alternator and an extra 2 horsepower earned it the title of "hefty lefty" as opposed to the starboard engine's title of "mighty righty." We had a local SCUBA guy clean the bottom and the props at the end of August and again in November to get some speed out of her.

I was eager to try my new Spanish skills on Raoul and Jose. I had spent the hurricane season attending the Spanish table for Allegheny College's Spanish students to polish their conversational skills. It was very enjoyable and necessary, since my Spanish speaking co-captain was not going to be along; she had to go back to her job teaching art history at Penn State. Raoul and Jose were very patient with my conversational attempts.

Patrick's arrival on the 10<sup>th</sup> was punctuated by his cab being destroyed by a truck on the freeway from the airport. He was uninjured and a new cab was called. The cabbie offered to take him to a pub for a free drink but he chose to come straight to the harbor. I gave him that drink to celebrate his safe arrival. Uta's arrival the next day was less eventful but she did arrive a few hours later than expected. After provisioning the next day we waited a day for gales to diminish before we set out in 8 foot waves still left from the day before. Our Netherlandish neighbors on the dock proclaimed it the best window ever to leave and expressed envy that we could get away so soon.

Sharon.  
Dale

Nov 15 2010, 9:11 pm

Alec called this evening on the satphone to say that there were 10 foot waves and bad weather in Tenerife so the crew has decided to delay departure until Tuesday when, allegedly, the weather improves. They did manage to load up diesel this AM so they really are ready to go as soon as the weather improves. Uta managed to arrive without foul weather pants and mine didn't fit her so they went to my favorite chandler, Diego who got her good to go. Diego was the genius who connected us with Jose and Raoul so I love the guy. The crew did buy a whole serrano ham, which is living on a stand in the galley. Alec says he won't be sleeping with it. Likely story.

Best, Sharon

I went to find the National Police office to have our passports stamped so we could leave. I stopped and asked for directions and proudly spoke a few sentences in my newly acquired Spanish. My bravado was not understood and I had to simplify my Spanish to be understood but finally got the directions and got the passports stamped. I felt like I had passed a major hurdle in not being embarrassed by my efforts.

Our initial course was due south to pass the rest of the island but we hoped that we could follow Uta's last passage and just head east when we were clear of the Canaries.

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**"Art Watson and wife Carol Golubock sail their Contour 34SC "Merlin" up the Damariscotta River in Maine. They hope to have Merlin back in the Chesapeake by mid-September."**

## Back to Cruising - Terry Boram

What a messed up sailing season. The boat was prepped and ready to go in at the end of April when Clint got the call for a new job in New Jersey. While he was ending one job and beginning another our house, which had been on the market since early December, finally sold. Now with an urgent need for a place to live and knowing nothing about NJ other than what we've seen on TV the search for a rental began. By the time our house settled at the end of June we had yet to secure a new place up north. Thankfully my aunt had a shore shack for us to move into temporarily until we found housing in NJ. Notice I haven't even mentioned the boat? It was still sadly sitting on land.



May came and went. June was grueling and by the Fourth of July Tri Dreaming was still not in the water. For the Middle River fireworks display we went to our marina and hung out with our best friends who own a monohull and visited with fellow CMA'ers Bruce and Julie Rhine on their Gemini, Jolly Mon. We left that evening knowing we had to get Tri Dreaming back in the water soon. Housing was our top priority though.

By mid-July we finally found a rental that was off the beaten path, closer to PA and that would allow us to have our aging dog. Once the contracts were signed we were back down to Tri Dreaming waxing the hulls, loading in gear and getting her launched.

Sailing has been far and in between. Clint's schedule is very busy so we mostly had been doing day sails. The Gov Cup approached and Clint wanted to race our cruising boat. It's an event he's always wanted to do on his boat. While nervous as all get out I gave my blessing with the severe warning to not hurt my boat. Well...read Clint's report below about how that went.

The weekend after the Gov Cup was the moment I've been waiting for all season long. An overnight to Tim's Creek off of Worton Creek. We called Jim and Maggie Parrott to see if they were up to joining us. Of course they were but they wouldn't be there until dinner time. Clint and I had a perfect sail/motor to Worton then anchored close to the sand bar inside the creek.

After a wonderful nap we sat on our tramps and watched a Hunter come on the wrong side of the green channel marker and run hard aground. After about 15-20 mins Clint called him on the radio to discover that he was European and English was not his first language. Knowing that we would have a hard time maneuvering our boat around him we called Jim and Maggie and told them to stop by to see if they could help. This Hunter was really, really stuck. Later that evening professional help finally arrived and yanked them off the sand bar.



We ate, drank and talked well into the evening. There was a crispness in the air and the sounds of friends laughing. What more could I have asked for. I didn't want the evening to end. The next morning after a very leisurely breakfast, Rascal and Tri Dreaming headed in opposite directions.



This is what was missing in the stressful months of May, June and July. A simple overnight was exactly what the doctor ordered. Both Clint and I needed to be cruisers again. No deadlines to meet. No decisions to make. No cares in the world. All was right again even if it was just for that brief moment.

### **Racing - Doug Dykman – Fleet Captain**

This year's Gov Cup was a Blast from the South. We had 15 boats on the line, 3 C-31's, 1 F-27, 1 C-24, the only C-43 ever built, a Seacart 30, a TRT 1200GT, 2 MacGregor 36's [one modified], a Condor 40 [owned by the hosting club], a Contour 34SC, a Telstar 28 and 2 Gemini's.

We started this overnight race with light winds from the south that rapidly built to 16 to 20 knots with gusts to 24 or so. The race is due south for 55 miles or so, and then a turn into the Potomac River and up the St. Mary's River. For a total of 70 nm. The wind remained southerly, but moderated significantly once we turned into the rivers. The first boats finished at 0340 hours, and the Gemini's at about 1100 hours.

The Chesapeake's short chop took its toll. The Seacart broke it's mast base, the Telstar started bending one of the stainless steel mast support tubes, the "modified" MacGregor sheared off one of its home built dagger boards, and the TRT got caught in a Fish Trap, leaving 11 boats to finish. Fortunately, the water was 82 degrees and the air temp about 75.

After time corrections, the 3-31's took 1st, 2nd and 3rd, followed by the C-43 and then the F-27. Uncorrected these five boats were amongst the first six to cross the line, with SMCM's Condor 40 filling out this group.

After sleeping it off in the dorms [yes, air conditioned] and attending the parties, my crew head back home that evening. We were short handed, with two experienced sailors [including me], my daughter and a friend of hers along for the ride. We had 17 to 20 knots on the nose as we left the river, and it built to a steady 25 knots as we surfed down the bay under jib alone. A surprisingly comfortable ride at 8 to 10 knots until the wind died! Home by 0900, 80+ miles later.

All told, it was great two days. Congratulations to Gary Spesard and the crew of triangle on taking home the first place trophy!

### Results of Governor's Cup on August 4-5, 2011

Position	Boat Name	Skipper
1	triangle	Gary Spesard
2	Temple of the Wind	Doug Dykman
3	Trinity	Dave Way



Temple of the Wind (by Terry Boram)

## [More Governor's Cup Pictures](#)

### [2011 Governor's Cup: Afterthoughts ~ Gary Spesard](#)

Checking weather about a week before, indications were for 6kt winds from the SSE for the start, shifting to 2kt from the S later in the night. It would be a l-o-n-g race even with the earlier start time. Checking weather the day before the race still showed the same direction, but the speed changed: moved to SSE 5 -10kt, then built up to 20kt from the S later in the night. "Great," I thought, "It's going to be l-o-n-g, wet and rough night. Why is it always 'on the nose?'" I tri dreaming (did you get that Clint/Terry?) of a nice 10kt off the stern, full moon-lit, clear skies, 80° night race.

The turnout for the race was the biggest in a few years with 159 entries of which 16 were multihulls. It is unfortunate Tim Layne's Wild Card could not make the start. There were the usual suspects of course, but some not-so-frequent joiners and new members that did, which was great to see. A very respectable showing for our CMA, for sure!

For once, triangle made it to the rendezvous with some time to spare. The wind was light and the start line atypically long. With the light wind and so many boats, it was difficult to run the line in preparation for our start. We did manage to get to the pin end and decided perhaps starting near the pin might be best. Sun Dog appeared to have the same plan so we were feeling pretty good about our decision.

Our approach on port took us about a quarter of the way down the line where we made a slow tack on to starboard and lined up for the pin. Our timing worked out ok; we were about 15 seconds from the line at the start gun. We were off on a long tack to the eastern shore marveling as Sun Dog sped by, leaving us way behind.

The breeze filled in a little earlier than predicted, which I thought was good -- it would get us close to the Patuxent River before dark. After a few crossings of the Bay, the chop got bigger each time we crossed the channel. We headed for the Western shore, and the breeze was freshening. Phil and I were out on the windward float when he shouted "big wave" while I was looking up at the mainsail. I looked down through the nets in time to see at least half of triangle extending out over what appeared to be a 8 to 10 foot of air (caution, sudden changes of focus may make things appear larger in hindsight). I'm not sure just how much haul got out there, I was looking ahead to see where we were going to land. Fortunately we crashed down, water to the deck level before popping up just in time to chute up over the next big wave. There were three big ones in row.

It was just before dark on the western shore near the power plant when we tucked in the number one reef before tacking away. Then before we could reach across the channel, we were forced to tack away for a returning ship and make the split between it and an in-bound tug.

For a few more hours we had a beautiful half-moon to help light the night. Too soon, its transition from white, to yellow, to orange began, growing larger and dimmer as it sank behind the low clouds and then beyond the horizon, leaving us to find our way in a deep darkness, with only bright stars and the Milky Way showing through partly cloudy skies. We pounded through the big but short chop -- sometimes with a little spray, other times like being doused by a waterfall. Our foul weather gear became as wet inside as out and the frequent warm dousings soon turned into a chill that at times sent a shiver down the spine.

Pressing on, we followed a few navigation aids, shore lights and a dimly-lit GPS, all difficult to see through wet salt-encrusted glasses. For a short time we were treated to a few shooting stars – brief, but a welcome distraction from the constant pounding, spray and chill.

We made another approach to the western shore, tacked, settled in, then suddenly out of the dark, a large object in the water passed us not more than a couple of boat lengths away. What the h... was that! Then another on the other side! Where? What? Suddenly everyone was wide-eyed, taking a closer check of the GPS that showed we were sailing right through the Chesapeake Test Range! (I still find it hard to believe these target obstacles are not lit at night.)

We continued, tacking our way to Point Lookout Light. It seemed like we had not seen anyone else for a long time, yet here we were, triangle, Temple of the Wind, Triple Threat and Trinity all arriving at nearly the same time.

After the rounding, it was a deep reach to the next mark; had we not hauled the chute from below and set up. Once the Spin was brought up from below, we realized all the lines were on the wrong side of the boat. I guess we were just too tired and not thinking ahead. While we were setting up the chute Temple of the Wind and Triple Threat pulled away into the darkness. With the chute set, though, it was a nice quiet sail up the St. Mary's River to the finish line.

We were not able to recover the time lost, but we were fortunate to remain close enough to correct to first place. We're grateful, of course, but a bit disappointed for not being prepared for the down wind leg and a better finish. Always running that "...if only..." through your head, you know.

Congratulations to Tim Lyons and the Triple Threat crew for getting line honors for the Multi class and who was oh-so-close to overall line honors. Also, congrats to all of the weary and bruised survivors who finished a pretty tough, long night. And of course to all those who could not finish for one reason or another, but do have battle scars and stories of their own to share... We will all look forward to the 2012 Governor's Cup Race. If you did not participate this year I hope you will join us next year because next year, it's going to be... " a nice 10kt off the stern, full moon lit, clear skies, 80° night race."

## **[2011 Governor's Cup Reports from those who had some challenges](#)**

### **Larry Forgy - Asylum**

My boat was really performing well. Right off the starting line we were pointing higher and footing faster than most of the boats in the fleet. Although starting 2 minutes late, we stayed in touch with the leaders, and just off Poplar Island, we crossed Triangle's bow by about 100 yards. They tacked behind us, and along with Fitness Resource, we all headed west. Fitness was fast, but pointing lower and slowly falling to leeward. Triangle was pointing with us, but seemed to be no faster. I was feeling great.

The wind was really starting to pick up, and when we tacked back onto starboard, the boat seemed all wrong. I had tremendous weather helm, we were moving very slow, and the rudders were about to pull my arm off. We tried easing the main and all sorts of adjustments, but nothing helped as we watched Fitness Resource roar over top of us. We struggled along for a while and then went to tack. I put the helm down and nothing happened! I went over and pulled up the daggerboard and discovered that my beautiful 9 foot board was now a 3 foot board!

I am beginning to think I don't fully appreciate the forces this new rig develops. We started off hot in the

Solomons Race, and I was astounded to see one hull fill with water by Tolly Point. I thought the daggerboard trunk was leaking, but when I got it out of the water, there was a 4 inch crack in the hull from the front of the case. I guess the stress of the board must have cracked the hull, which is only about 3/16 of an inch thick. I repaired that, and for this race put the board in the other hull. This time I broke the board off right at the hull.

Looks like I am going to need to strengthen things up a bit.

### John Enderle - Bay Wings

Off Chesapeake Beach Bay Wings found 17 - 20 knot winds and on port tack our lower steel tube that braces the lower mast started showing a very impressive bowing. We decided that we should go downwind instead and had a lovely sail back to Annapolis. Probably will need replacing of the tube as it is slightly bent and some tightening of the rigging. It was fun while it lasted, but I do pity those monohull crews on that rode the rail all night!

John

### Dave Nees - Fitness Resource

Among other multiple mishaps (there's always a reason, right?), we finished our race in the fish traps in the St. Mary's River. It took an hour and a half to extricate ourselves, with the motor, so we retired. We had a great sail back on Saturday, jib reaching up the bay at 12 – 16 knots. Now I know why cruisers never go to windward if they can help it.

The rub rail got quite a workout, but I don't see any damages. The whisker stay might have to be replaced; it chafed quite a bit. All the crew are fine, we got it quite slowed down, but got sucked into the actual trap which is why it took so long to get out; just sore muscles and exhaustion from the effort. The trap wasn't lit, but I doubt if they would get a citation for that. Maybe I'll bring a chain saw on board for the next overnight race.

### Clint Boram - Tri Dreaming

I've participated in the Gov Cup before but never on a boat that I owned. So when Terry was already committed to racing on Incommunicado, she said "If you can find a crew, go ahead and race ours," I jumped at the chance.

Like others I monitored the weather forecasts all week long. Winds directly out of the south was going to be a challenge for Tri Dreaming due to her natural lack of pointing ability but with the new self-tacking jib and the forecast of light winds I really thought I could hang. At least not get my butt handed to me on a silver pickle dish by the F-31s.

After the start we hung with Rascal for a while and traded tacks with the Condor 40. Most everyone else was still in site. We followed Rascal over towards Poplar Island and on our next tack we decided to put the first reef in since the wind and seas began to increase. The boat did settled down then I sheeted the jib in to help our pointing. As soon as I did the jib track ripped out of the deck house on the starboard side. Fortunately our son CJ had just moved to the other side of the boat when this piece began flailing. The crew worked well to get the pieces recovered and run new jib sheets to the tracks for our overlapping jib. The new sheeting angle was now 18" wider and 12" further back than the original self-tacking track. With this we soon found ourselves taking through 160 degrees. On our eastward track we made zero forward progress while our westward track we could

make 2-3 miles of progress. It wasn't until Calvert Cliffs the wind died down enough so we could get the in-haulers in place to improve the sheeting angle and to begin making better forward progress.

There was a fine line between pounding the boat through the waves to make greater forward progress or falling off a bit to spare the boat for shuttering with terror. At one point crew member Dave, who had never been on a multihull, was at the helm watching the boat speed increase to 14 knots. We found ourselves on a beam reach but losing forward progress. It was kinda funny since Dave had never gone that fast in a sailboat before but I needed him to harden up.

Near Patuxent the stern of the boat seemed to be squatting severely. After noticing a tremendous slop in our rudder I decided to check the aft storage compartment. There I found both fuel tanks floating in about 10" of water. I gave the helm to my crewmember Bruce and began bailing. We all began to have the discussion whether we should press forward or call the race. All of us being pretty determined to make it to St. Mary's we pressed forward.

I received a text from Terry around 5:30 a.m. saying that Incommunicado had crossed the line. Tri Dreaming was just rounding Point No Point. We still had another 4 hours to go. Once in the river the spinnaker was set and we had a nice relaxing 8-9 kt run to the finish. I was happy to see the Dove and to cross the line in a boat of my own.



For a 70 nm race Tri Dreaming took the long route at 102 nm. The Contour 34 is marketed as a Cruiser/Racer. Tri Dreaming has now officially become a stand alone cruiser. At least I can say I completed the Gov Cup in one of my boats.

## [Notes from the Newsgroup](#)

### Baltimore Leukemia Cup

Spinsheet put out a report that the Baltimore Leukemia Cup was cancelled with no further information. After questioning this report it was later published that the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society would not be sponsoring this event however the event was still on as scheduled. The race will be held October 22nd with the Fall back race on the 23rd. Flying Circus will be there. Will you?

## [Blast from the Past](#)

### Riding Out Hurricane Isabel

(September 2003)

by Ed Boyle

I spotted the hurricane on the satellite picture on September 12, and since it was so large and organized, began plotting its progress. When it came to the attention of the media, some days later, it looked as if it would miss Florida, and I began to breathe easier. Little did I know?

By the 16th, it was clear that we were going to get it in Maryland, and that it would be going up the west side of the Chesapeake, close enough to be a problem. My grandson Gary and I went down to Seneca Creek and pulled the runabout out of the water, took it to the highest ground at the top of the driveway, and put on a nice new cover. As we left, we said it would be fine unless a tree fell on it. Another portent.

On Thursday, Isabel was downgraded to a tropical storm, but a strong one, and large enough so that the influence of its winds would be felt for a long time. My pier at the Creek is protected from all directions but the east and southeast, which makes it susceptible to hurricane winds and swells. The Sea Trek is moored exactly north/south, so that all the strong winds and swells would be on the beam, which is not a tenable position. I therefore took along lunch, dinner and breakfast, and took the boat up the Creek to a more protected location.

The only trouble with the location was that it was still open to the east, and southeast, but there were no boats likely to come loose and bang into it, and I had four anchors (15, 20, 35 plows and a 25 pound Danforth). No chain on the big ones, but with the storm dying, I figured that it would be OK.

All afternoon I sat around at anchor, watching the trees sway, but with little wind over the deck, and no problem. There was a little rain from 6 PM or so, but no more than 2 inches, and it stopped by 1 AM. By 9 at night, all was well, but when I sacked out at about 10, the wind began to pick up. It was still northeast, and I was pretty well protected. I napped a bit, but around 12:30 AM the wind began to howl, and it was blowing from the east. The biggest waves were about a foot high, but the tide had come in a couple of feet. When I looked around me, the scene looked different, and I finally realized that the anchors had dragged, and from time to time were continuing to do so. I had anchored about 800 feet from the end of the creek, and that distance had shrunken to 400 or so. For the next hour, I tried to power against the wind, which I could do, but with the anchors still on the bottom, I could not go far before the boat would be stopped, and the bow would swing downwind. The boat would then zoom toward the shore, which had houses, trees, seawalls, and other hazards to navigation, and I would desperately try to get it headed upwind again. Despite my increasingly frantic efforts, the boat repeated this maneuver, coming to rest, aground in someone's front lawn, pointed downwind, and hung up on the rudders. The water aft of the boat was too deep for me to wade very far and put out an anchor, and besides, it would not have held much, and they were still somewhat restraining forward motion. I could not free the

rudders, as they were dug in pretty well, and I could not turn the boat. It was too much aground, and the wind was far too strong. During the efforts, I bumped my left shin, which has since swelled up and turned several beautiful colors. The wind was gusting to at least 50 and probably 60 knots, but I was stuck, there was no grinding, and the boat was immobile. Off the stbd bow, about 50 feet away was a house with water almost up to the windows, and there was a strange flashing white light coming from behind it. I was very discouraged with my situation, and puzzled about the light.

After 20 minutes or so, the tide had come in another increment, and the boat slid off and headed for the back yard, where there was a line of trees off to port. I steered for them, and managed to get a line onto one of them. There was 6 feet of water under the keels, and as long as the trees held and the line did not break, I was safe for a while. The trees were mostly gum trees, and the seed balls, which are about 1.4 inches in diameter kept being blown off the trees and hitting the boat with good thumps. Leaves were also coming down in profusion, but they caused no problem.

I pulled up the anchors, which had accumulated huge balls of grass, plastic sheeting, mud and etc., which was the reason they would not hold. I also discovered the cause of the flashing light. There was a car with its headlights on parked behind the house. As the trough of each waves came along, the headlights could shine, but at the crest they were totally under water. In a half hour the flashing stopped as the water rose, and about an hour later the lights went out completely. The pickup truck parked right behind it had its lights a little higher, and an alarm system, which was bleating its alarm for hours. Lights on the truck, and its alarm lasted until about 5 AM. By 6:15, it was light enough to see that only the roofs of the two cars were still out of water, and the water was up to the windshield of the pickup. The water was well into the house. These items made very convenient depth gauges, since I knew that the water was a foot deeper than upon my (unplanned) arrival. I did not know how soon the water would recede, but with the wind down to 25 or 30 knots, it would begin to flow out pretty soon so I had to get moving - upwind.

Getting under way was very tricky. The wind was at about 1 o'clock position and about 25 knots, and the boat was unable to go directly forward, since the branches of the trees held the mast and rigging. I had to move it sideways about 12 feet before I could move forward. I tried, but the wind caught the bow as I released the stern line, and I either had to hit the house or back into the trees, so I was in about the same spot as I had been, but pointed in the wrong direction. I decided that the only thing I could do was to try to back out of the problem, though if the rudders hit anything solid while moving backwards, they would probably snap off. It took about 2/3 power to back into the wind, and I kept going as slowly as I could and still keep steerage way.

Pretty soon I was at the creek bank, and I continued to back for another 500 yards, turned around, and headed for home. I made a pass by my pier, but it was totally under water. I could tell that I was looking in the right place, since the neighbor's boat lift guide poles were still visible, though the motor/gear units were in the murky depths. I anchored on the other side of the creek, which was sheltered from the wind, and had breakfast. (A beer and the remainder of my pie dessert, followed by bacon and eggs).

After drying out the stbd bilge, which caught some topside leaks, I figured that sitting there was no fun, so I launched the dinghy and headed for my place. Rowing straight downwind in 20 knots was easy, and I crossed the neighbor's (Kalb's) seawall and headed up his lawn. His house sits lower than mine, so he had about 31/2 feet of water in it, and his deck had floated away until it fetched up on my trees. I dinghyed between the trees at the adjacent side of my lot, and took a good? look at my place. The water was five feet deep in the yard,

which made it 3 feet deep in the bathhouse, a foot or so in the house, five feet in the garage, and equally much in the outhouse. There was flotsam and diesel oil everywhere. The swells from the Bay were coming in about a foot high, so that there was considerable force still on anything which faced south.

Among the various items of flotsam was an old Kawasaki Model 550 jet ski, which is still there. I could not get to the runabout because there was a downed 90-foot oak tree blocking the way. Nothing short of an M1 Abrams could have got to it. I went over to the other neighbor's place, and rowed up to the street. There were 5 cars and trucks with at least 3 feet of water surrounding them, all within 50 feet of my driveway. One of them had cushioned the fall of my big tree with its windshield. Only a small set of cracks, but I imagine that its nice northstar engine is now a southstar, or something. A car and a truck had cleverly gone up the road a little further, and were above the water. The 12 inch black walnut tree which fell on them did a noticeable amount of smashing.

I rowed in front of my gate, which was partly visible through the fallen tree limbs, but the runabout, just a few feet inside the gate, was still not visible. Not a good sign. There was only about 20 inches of water at the gate, but there had been about a foot more earlier on. All the boats people had parked at the marina down the street, on trailers, or blocks, were grinding together at the marina fence. The wind and swells had pushed them into a nice compact mass, with bows hitting windshields, and so on. Probably no really serious damage, but plenty of superficial damage. The continue banging and grinding made a neat noise, and nobody was doing anything about it. The power line from the pole to my house was intact, but no juice at the pole. I rowed down Beach road, over the top of mailboxes, and out into the creek again. It was a tough pull back to the boat, but good exercise.

I decided to go home, and arranged for Bill Buebel to meet me on Seneca Park Rd., since the traffic was stopped at several places by 11/2 feet of water. I secured the boat, locked it up, hugged it and went by dinghy back to my front gate. I tied the dinghy to the gate, walked and sloshed a while, and finally met up with Bill. Eastern Boulevard was closed at one place, and the traffic was being turned back, but Bill told them about his wounded friend who needed to see a doctor (not true, but useful), and got through all right.

The power was not on at 1418 Woodcliff. It had failed at about 6 PM on Thursday, and since there were some 600,000 customers without power, no great chance of getting it on. Aside from a few hundred leaves on the lawn, there was no damage at all.

On Saturday morning, Alice and her three boys beat me to the Creek. They cut and hauled pieces of tree, removed all the sodden rugs and linoleum from the house, and did yeoman service. We were able to get close enough to the runabout to determine that the fiberglass was split in a couple of places, and that the tree had hit the top of the engine. We have since got closer, and find that it drove the engine, an 88 hp Evinrude, into the ground, and when the foot of the engine stopped going down, the rest of the engine did not. I believe that the engine is now a foot shorter than it was on Thursday. I have to remove an 18 inch diameter piece of tree before I will be able to tell for sure. I may be able to salvage the spark plugs, but I doubt that much else is not bent or crushed. I do not think that my 6-ton jack will budge the tree at all. So there will be lots more chain sawing before I really know.

The trailer is bent, also. On Saturday afternoon, I returned to the Sea Trek and brought it back to the pier. We (Alice and boys went along) then took a ride up the Creek to see where I had spent Thursday night. The little cut into which I had stumbled was a wonderful place to tie up during a hurricane, but there was only 18 inches of

water plus a quarter acre of flotsam there on Saturday. Back at my pier, the mooring piles had magically reappeared, and the Sea Trek is all nice and snug in its usual place. 99.99% unscathed. I used up a whole week's luck, which is probably why the trees made such a perfect impact on the engine.

On Sunday, Alice, Erich and the three boys plus Cynthia worked about 5 hours. We moved a lot of tree, but there is some 40 tons or more yet to go. Fortunately, a neighbor is willing to cut and haul much of it for firewood, so he was a major help, and will no doubt return for more. Today (Monday) Gladys and I worked for about 5 hours, and the county began to take away the branches and trash.

We were able to borrow a generator from Gladys' son David on Saturday evening, so we were able to power the refrigerator and a few lights. Baltimore Gas and Electric was so snowed that they refused to estimate when power would be restored. It finally came on at 10 PM on Sunday night. A welcome service indeed. Many people are looking forward to another 4 or five days without power.

I think that it will take about 100 man-hours to clean up the mess, if I can persuade some sawmill to take the tree trunks. They should each provide some 3600 board feet of nice, mostly clear oak lumber. It is black oak, rather than white, but should still be worthwhile. Sorting out the jumble in the garage and the lesser mess in the bathhouse will take more time. I do not know just how we will redo the house, but it has needed some refurbishing, so perhaps it is not all loss.

This flood was not quite as bad as 1933, but bad enough. I expect that property values will take some time to recover. If you see a runabout and engine, say 18 feet and 90 hp or so, please let me know. I am in the market for one.

It has been 70 years since the previous bad storm, and I hope that it is at least that long again. A little excitement is fine, but this one was/is too much work.

## Classifieds

**For Sale - Windrider 16.** Excellent condition, extras - bow wave guard, sail in excellent condition, trolling motor and bracket, trailer with new carpet, tire carrier, hitch, spare tire. Superb boat. Getting bigger trimaran! Asking \$1,200.  
Bob Buettgens, rbuettgens@comcast.net, 540 547-2284.

**Wanted - Windrider 17,** Ostac Tramp, Hironnelle or other small multihull.  
Contact Bob Buettgens at: rbuettgens@comcast.net, or 540 547-2284.



Just \$25 each  
To purchase contact Jim Nealey  
[jim@storyboardnow.com](mailto:jim@storyboardnow.com)



**“tHriLL Ride” for sale.**

Reynolds 33 catamaran. Hull number 6 with wider, original beam of 16’ and 43’ mast. New main mainsail on order, carbon blade jib and Kevlar reacher. 4hp 4cycle Johnson outboard. Quick and easy to single-hand. Well found and maintained. Lying Baltimore Harbor. Contact Jim Nealey @ [jim@storyboardnow.com](mailto:jim@storyboardnow.com) or 410-299-6450

**Slips Available**

Performance Cruising has slips from 14 foot to 35 foot wide at their location at the Annapolis Catamaran Center (7364 Edgewood Road, Annapolis MD 21403). Electric and water available. Slips are priced between \$400 and \$700 depending on beam.

**2004 Gemini105Mc partnership**

opportunity. Founding partner of highly successful Annapolis-based partnership reorganizing. This Gemini is in excellent condition, yard maintained, with lots of improvements. See details at <http://mysite.verizon.net/vze11pk3c/> . Contact Jack at 410-295-0638 or email [jlahr@thomaspontassociates.com](mailto:jlahr@thomaspontassociates.com)

**Space Wanted**

New member Cy Fishburn is still planning on building a multhull, and he's looking in the Middle River/Back River area for land close to or on the water, to rent for 18 mos or so. He'll put up a temporary shelter and remove it when he's done, or leave it for some other use. Anyone with lead about a build site, or with questions, or with incredulous comments, please get in touch. [cyfishburn@yahoo.com](mailto:cyfishburn@yahoo.com) Thanks!

## Our Sponsors

We are gearing up for our Boat Show Party in October. A special thanks to our sponsors for helping us promote multihulls on the Chesapeake Bay. If you would like to help with this event and have your logo displayed here contact our Fleet Captain Doug Dkyman.



## 2011 Racing Schedule

		High Point	Long Dist.	Elapsed Time
5/14/11	AYC Coast Guard Overnight		x	x
5/28/11	MRYC Annap - Miles	x	x	x
5/29/11	WRSC Miles River Back	x		x
6/11/11	EYC-AYC Leukemia Cup	x		x
6/25/11	Northern Bay (x2)	x		x
6/26/11	Northern Bay (x2)	x		x
7/9/11	BCYA/MRSA Baltimore	x	x	x
7/9/11	RCRA Baltimore Lighthouse Classic			x
7/15/11	Solomon's	x	x	x
8/5/11	Governor's Cup	x	x	x
9/17/11	NASS Oxford	x	x	x
9/18/11	Hammond Memorial	x	x	x
9/24/11	Queenstown Cruising Event			
9/25/11	Queesnstown Back Cruising Event			
10/1/11	HdG Fall Invitational	x		x
10/22/11	BYCA Baltimore Leukemia Cup	x	x	x
10/23/11	RCRA Baltimore Fall Back	x		x



# Chesapeake Multihull Association

## APPLICATION FOR NEW MEMBERSHIP AND MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

<input type="checkbox"/> <i>New Application</i>		<input type="checkbox"/> <i>Renewal</i>		<input type="checkbox"/> <i>Correction</i>	
<b>Name(s) (as you wish it to appear on the roster)</b>					
<b>Street</b>			<b>Boat Type/Model</b>		
<b>City</b>			<b>Boat Name</b>		
<b>State/Zip Code</b>			<b>Manufacturer/Designer</b>		
<b>Home Phone</b>			<b>Year and Rig</b>		
<b>Business Phone</b>			<b>LOA</b>		<b>Sail #</b>
<b>E-mail Address</b>			<input type="checkbox"/> <i>Catamaran</i>		<input type="checkbox"/> <i>Trimaran</i>
			<input type="checkbox"/> <i>Mono</i>		<input type="checkbox"/> <i>Proa</i>
<b>Home Port</b>			<b>Sailing Interests (Check all)</b>		
			<input type="checkbox"/> Local Racing		<input type="checkbox"/> National Racing
			<input type="checkbox"/> Local Cruising		<input type="checkbox"/> Long Distance Cruising
<b>How did you hear about CMA?</b>					
<b>Cost</b>					
			General Membership		_____ \$25.00
			General Membership (outside 200 miles from Annapolis)		_____ \$20.00
			Racing Fee		_____ \$20.00
					_____ Total
<b>Send application and check to:</b>					
Jim Nealey CMA Membership 542 Devonshire Court Severna Park, MD 21146					