



# Chesapeake Sailing Club

Annapolis, Maryland

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February 2010

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## SCUTTLEBUTT

### Newsletter of the Chesapeake Sailing Club

#### Calendar at a Glance

Feb 14 - Winter party - Susan and Glenn host

Mar 21 - Winter party - Dona and Jim host

April 10 - dinner at Squisitos

See the detailed [Cruise Schedule](#)

#### Commodore's Column

Dave Ewing, *Cherette*

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Welcome all members of Chesapeake Sailing Club to a New Year! We can look forward to a wonderful set of activities on land and sea, planned with great care by Judi MacDonald and Liz Cingel. We should all thank them for their hard work. It is hard to please everyone all the time but I think they have "done good." We also thank Frank Cingel for editorial stewardship of our newsletter and Web site and thanks go Sue Whaley for keeping our finances on the up and up.



You can welcome your new Commodore "me!" I have the easy job, just write a little story once in a while. The biggest thanks should go to Tom Muha. He toiled long and conscientiously to make the club the best it could be. I think he did a great job!

Two business items: (1) Dues of \$20 per family are now due - payable to the club and sent to Susan Whaley and (2) CSC has a cooperative agreement with BOATUS which reduces their membership rate to \$15. That is BOATUS membership dues not CSC dues! Our Group Number is GA80890S.

The Chesapeake Sailing Club is a great social and sailing club and all can enjoy some or all of our many activities - - from the members of the club enjoying Florida warmth (where Janet and I enjoyed a warm welcome at their New Year's party), to land parties big and small, to water raft ups big and small, there are many opportunities for us to enjoy our friends. So get out there! I'll be looking for you!

### **Vice Commodore's Report**

Liz Cingel, *Southern Lady*

The next party is Sunday, February 14, at 3 PM at Susan and Glenn Whaley's house. It will be a dinner and the Whaleys will provide a ham, rolls, soda, and wine. Please email Susan and Glenn if you plan to attend and tell them what dinner dish you will bring.



The March party on Sunday, March 21, will be hosted by Dona and Jim Force. Leslie and Richard Payne will give a talk about their summer travels up the Atlantic Ocean last year. Invite your friends to attend.

Check the website for the Social Calendar for this year. I need a host for the December Holiday party.

### **Fleet Captain's Report**

Judi MacDonald, *Evergreen*

Think Spring! I know this sounds crazy what with the weather you have had this winter, but the 2010 Cruising Schedule is now posted on the web site. The schedule of course is subject to change. We have many exciting trips planned, lots of sailing and variety. The Spring and Fall Cruises are long distance and ambitious and reflect what many of you have suggested. Think about hosting, themes and food. Get the boats ready and see you on the water!



### **A Fine January Do**

Glenn Whaley, *Bay GyPSy*

By January, the winter is well and truly laid down. So what do shore

locked sailors do when it's wintertime? Why, party hearty, of course! So, at the invitation of Joe and Margie Powers, we did just that. We sortied at the Powers plantation on Saturday, January 16th, and had just a grand old time.

Besides the Hosts with the Most, the club was well represented by over a dozen land-bound sailors. Here's the muster list: Commodore Dave and Janet Ewing, Vice Commodore Liz and Frank Cingel, Debbi Knott, Bob and Gail Doremus (who made the trek all the way from the Piankatank River down Virginia way!), Richard and Leslie Payne, Gina Muha, George and Rita Rohloff, and Glenn and Susan Whaley. We shared a grand platter of lasagna - two, actually - and lots of fixings and sides. Plus wine. And, of course, dessert. CSC doesn't sail much come winter, but we do a fair job of eating. Practice makes perfect, they say[smiley face].

So we marked the gray, dreary month with - what else? - a party. And we shall do it yet again, too. Come Valentine's Day, we'll celebrate the month of love with another do, this time at the Whaleys. Come on out, y'all!

### **Members Corner-**

#### **Contest for "The Worst Anchoring Experience".**

Here's two stories. Let's keep them coming for another month, or so. I'm sure there are more. I have 2 stories from the Browns, a "it's coming" from Bill Lindsay, and four from Ralph Sheaffer which I will post next time. -editor

#### **Joe Powers, *Aquavite* Worst Anchoring Experience**

Aquavit was anchored in about 10 ft of water off Monument Beach in Elizabeth Harbor in the Great Exumas, Bahamas. The forecast indicated a strong cold front was on the way, with winds blowing 30-40 knots. The front was expected to pass over in a day so we decided to stay put even though we were on a lee shore with about 1 1/2 -2 miles of fetch. (Finding room in a protected anchorage deep enough for our draft is difficult in that harbor.) We put out about 150 ft of chain with our Bruce anchor and planned on an anchor watch if necessary.

Well, the front stalled right on top of us. As the seas grew we could see (it was daylight) that every once in a while, the Bruce would break free and then reset. We probably lost about 10 feet on every

occurrence. It quickly became obvious that we were in an untenable situation.

We upped anchor and moved to the middle of the harbor. We again put out 150 ft of chain and also put out a Fortress anchor with about 180 ft of chain/rope rode. We were even more exposed than we had been but there were no hazards anywhere around us. The wind abated somewhat but it was still blowing 25-30 knots. The anchors held just fine but we spent the next day or so with 6 ft waves breaking over the bow and the boat lurching about from one anchor to the other. We were not comfortable.

The front passed. We went back to our previous anchorage and enjoyed the rest of our time there.

Lessons learned: On bad weather warnings find a better protected anchorage while there's still room to anchor; don't rely on a Bruce in sand.

We still use a Bruce in the Chesapeake and most of the ICW but we change over a Delta when we get to Florida and the anchorages are more sand than mud.

**Dave Nance, *Ariel***  
THE EROTIC ART OF ANCHORING

We cleared the Calcasieu Locks in late afternoon and continued to motor west in the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway to what we had read was a good anchorage in Bayou Choupique (shoe-pick). This little bayou is about one mile east of the Ellender bridge, one of several bridges on the western GIWW that you must give 12 hours notice for an opening. We called the bridge and arranged for an opening at 8:00 AM the next day and began to nose our way into the bayou. After several tries it became apparent that the mouth of the bayou had shoaled and we were not going to get into the anchorage.

"Not to worry" I said confidently, "we'll just motor up the Calcasieu River toward Lake Charles and anchor in Prien Lake." I had worked around Lake Charles after college and sailed my Flying Dutchman on the lakes and considered myself an expert on the area, albeit thirty plus years past.

We motored north on the river. We motored some more and some more. It was getting dark as we entered Prien Lake and slowly came to

a halt in the soft southern Louisiana mud. We squirmed the boat out in reverse and tried several more times as it got darker and darker. The mosquitoes descended. We swatted, scratched and itched. We tried again. It was pitch dark. In the glow of the binnacle light the cockpit began to take on a funny darker spotted look. We turned on a light and saw bodies of dead mosquitoes everywhere we had sat or stepped. Lois began to say very derogatory things about my memory. It was hot. We were tired. We were hungry. There was some doubt of the continuance of our relationship.

I confidently said "it looks as though the passing ships have caused the lake entrance to shoal, so we'll just motor on to Lake Charles. The weather is benign so we can anchor in the lake and be safe there in 6 to 8 feet."

We motored some more. It was now about midnight and pitch black. From the lights around the shore it appeared we were about in the middle of the lake and the depth had suddenly increased to about twelve feet. I said "lets just drop the hook and lay here. If we drag we will catch before we can get into any problems." We did just that. The anchor caught and we said "enough."

With that, we each selected a hot cabin, stripped off our hot smelly cloths and collapsed. Lois in the main cabin with two fans blowing, and me in the aft cabin with one fan. It was still 90° F.

I set an alarm for 5:00 AM as I wasn't sure how many miles we had traveled from the Ellender Bridge and I had lost track of the tides and currents in the river. I thought that three hours would give us ample time to arrive at the bridge for our opening.

I collapsed on the bunk with the meager little fan blowing across my sweaty, nude body. Lois was in the main cabin in a similar state of undress but as we were both in no mood to speak after the hours of heat and mosquitoes, we had little interest in the erotic beauty. In a millisecond we were asleep.

Suddenly I awoke to a blinding bright cabin. I shouted "Lois, get up. We overslept and we must get to the bridge or else we will have to spend another day in this miserable place."

Lois and I both bounded into the cockpit. We looked at each other, totally confused that it was still pitch dark and both of us were lit by two gigantic search lights shining on us from a big boat idling nearby.

We then realized it was 2:00 A.M. and we were anchored in an unmarked "deep" water channel leading to a gambling boat dock.

Lois wrapped herself in the only towel available in the cockpit and started the engine. I rapidly hauled the anchor and we moved out of the way. Amid shouts, laughter and applause the gambling boat passed into the Calcasieu River to commence their gambling activities.

Each time we drive through Southern Louisiana and stop for fuel and food, I see people looking in admiration at Lois. They smile as someone tells a story of the time they were stuck on a gambling boat waiting for a sailboat to move.

Our cruises aboard ARIEL have become stories of adventure and humiliation.

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