

# Chesapeake Sailing Club

Annapolis, Maryland

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July 2010

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June 26 - Rhode R., West R.

July 4 - Annapolis Harbor for Fireworks

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### Commodore's Column

Dave Ewing, *Cherette*

I'm about to write about all the problems that have befallen our boat this year, but before I do I have to remember why we sail. It is not to figure out problems, but to enjoy each others company! We have had several wonderful raft-ups so far this season. It is wonderful meeting all you people, talking, sharing stories, and sharing delicious food!

This is what we think about when something goes wrong!

As we set out for the race weekend no sooner did we get to the Watergate apartments than the engine quit. Thinking that I didn't bleed the air out of the fuel system after changing the Racor fuel filter, I tried to bleed the system again. Alas no luck. Finally I realized that when changing the filter I turn off the fuel valve at the tank so that fuel wouldn't come out the open filter. We found out by the Watergate that I needed to turn it on again for the fuel to feed the engine! Just the other night we decided to go out for a evening sail from our



temporary slip above the bridge in Spa creek. We got to the Severn river and pulled out the genoa. Just then there was a big wind gust and our dingy, which was on the front deck blew over on it's side against the rigging. Janet was also trying to put the transmission in neutral for the sail when the gear lever became loose and wouldn't shift. So in this order - we first pulled in the sail for better sail trim, then putting on a life jacket, I went forward to secure the dingy, and then tried to fix the loose screw on the shift lever. Unfortunately the screw had sheared off rendering the lever useless. Searching through the onboard tools revealed no vice grips and no way to move the lever. I went below and turned the shift lever on the transmission to neutral. About this time we also noted that the tack was not working and that we were not making any power with the alternator. As the wind was gusting into the twenties we thought we better head back! By the time we got to the drawbridge it had just closed so we waited for a half hour. We finally got to our temporary slip in the dark, Janet steered in between the pilings while I went below to put the transmission in neutral. Janet also pulled the stop lever as we were still moving a little too fast. We think we did a pretty good job docking however we were in slight panic mode (although I must say we maintain our calm) and as it was pitch dark we're not sure! We will leave it to another day to sort out all the problems.

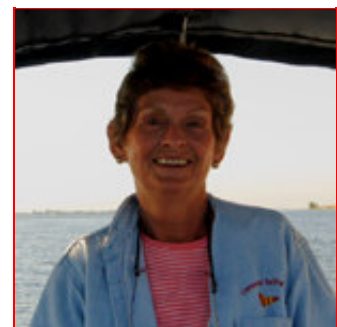
So I say unto all of you, get out there and enjoy your sail and the company of your fellow CSCrs while your boat is still working! (Don't forget to always have a vice grip aboard!!!! not in your car!!!) See you on the water and at the next raft up, if we can get our boat working!  
Commodore Dave and Commodoreess Janet.

PS We were in Florida last week and Jack and Sue, Jim and Binnie, and Joe and Sue all sent their regards.

## **Vice Commodore's Report**

Liz Cingel, *Southern Lady*

The next land event will be the picnic and business meeting at Belvedere Yacht Club, 419 Alameda Parkway, in Arnold on August 14 at 2 PM. We will elect officers for 2011. The yacht club is on Forked Creek and you can anchor in the creek and dinghy into the dock. There are only small slips available for



guests. Let me know if you are coming and what side dish or dessert you will bring and your dish should serve 8 people. If everyone will hit "Reply All" we will know what dishes are coming so we don't have duplicates or too many desserts. We will have fried chicken and pork barbecue.

There will be a picnic at the Sailing Emporium on September 25 and the menu will include delicious crab cakes we have had before and corn on the cob. If you don't eat crab cakes chicken breasts will be available. More details later.

A Grandson

Congratulations to Susan and Glenn Whaley on the birth of their 5th grandchild Caleb David Whaley who was born June 2, 2010.

## Fleet Captain's Report

Judi MacDonald, *Evergreen*

[Changes are in the works due to the weather, check your email- ed]

Let's think about this weekend, June 26th, West River. Let us know who is planning to come. *Evergreen* went out yesterday and had a wonderful sail with great wind to the Eastern Shore and back. It would be nice if we have the same winds for the weekend.



The 4th of July will soon be upon us. *Evergreen* is planning to get a mooring in Annapolis harbor. We will then dinghy everyone to the boat from Ego Alley or the Chart House. Be sure to have a telly. You could also take the Taxi from Ego Alley downtown to *Evergreen*. Annapolis is supposed to have a great display of fireworks. We would love to have a raft-up but Annapolis won't allow that on a mooring. If there is a larger boat that might like to do this let me know otherwise we can all spread out on *Evergreen*. Please let me know who will be able to join us.

We had a good ending in May. Memorial Day Week-end started out in Grays Inn Creek with seven boats. It was a great turn out. We had Happy Hour on *Captain Queez*. Thank you Shirley and Paul. Sunday morning we had pretty good winds for the race down Chester River. When we got to the third mark the wind stopped completely and we

agreed to call the race. We took our time at each mark. *Ariel* got first place, *Evergreen* got second place and *Southern Lady* (single handling) got third place. We rafted-up in Eagles Cove and had a wonderful Happy Hour on *Aquavit* and *Whistwind*. Thank you Margie and Joe and Bill and Sandy.

### Memorial Day Race

Dave and Lois Nance, aboard *Ariel*

Dawn of the day for the annual CSC Memorial Day race sprang clear and cool. Five sleek sailboats bobbed restlessly at their anchors in Grays Inn Creek, ready for the challenge. Morning progressed as the crews of *Ariel*, *Southern Lady*, *Evergreen*, *Whistwind* and *Tieve Owna* tidied the decks and raised their dinghies. Anchors were raised and the five boats paraded to the start area at the mouth of the creek.

At 10:00 sharp the fleet squared off to the wind and headed for the first turning mark. With the wind directly aft, the lightest boat, *Whistwind*, surged into the lead. *Southern Lady*, sailing with the lightest crew of all (one) the boats began to gain on the leader. *Ariel* worked itself behind *Whistwind*, poled out the headsail and with its massive sail area surged into the lead.

At the second turning mark the wind was in favor for a beat to the finish line at Love Point and all indications were that a new record for CSC races would be set. That record being a race with three legs and one of those being a weather leg. But Neptune had other plans. *Ariel* had the lead but *Evergreen* and *Southern Lady* were making big gains. It was then found that *Ariel* was not moving forward as the crew had forgotten to raise the centerboard as they approached the shoal waters of Kent Narrows. *Southern Lady* was on a favored course closer to the mark and in deep water. *Evergreen* was skimming the deep water in the smother part of the river and *Whistwind* was favoring a conservative course, covering all the boats. *Tieve Owna* was following *Whistwind*, matching her every move.

Neptune struck the fleet. To test the mettle of the CSC sailors, he removed ALL the wind from the Chester River and in its place put in a strong flood tide. *Ariel* drifted on glass colored water. *Evergreen* floated with the tide and was turned 180 degrees toward Chestertown. *Southern Lady* sat in the river, bobbed about by the motorboat wakes.

*Whistwind* went swimming. The race committee, after much discussion and review of both the rule book and the history books of the CSC made a wise and profound decision to uphold the tradition of the annual Memorial Day race and call the race at the second mark.

The sleek sailboats furled their sails, started their engines and headed for a much needed rendezvous in the Magothy, and lots of wine to finish off the stories of an exciting race.

The elapsed times were calculated, handicaps were applied and the winners were announced. The author, now sitting at the Gangplank Marina in Washington, D.C. a month later, can't remember the order of finish, so someone else will have to finish this story. More proof of the quality of the wine. And while they look into the history books for the finishers, we should recognize *Southern Lady* for the bravery and tradition of seamanship for safely escorting *Evergreen*, experiencing intermittent engine failures, to the anchorage.

## **Members Corner-**

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

#### **AWARDS**

Dave and Lois Nance, aboard *Ariel*

The much anticipated awards for the "Worst Anchoring Experience" were announced at the Memorial Day raft at Grays Inn Creek. All members were complemented on sharing their good and bad and embarrassing experiences with us and the public. Actually it was mentioned that in sharing these experiences, that may have been the reason not all members were at the raft. As the prizes were spread out on the cockpit table of *Ariel*, the members were awed by the extensive collection of wine bottles that had real corks. That just shows that the class and finesse of CSC has not diminished. As noted in the rules, winners had to be in attendance to claim their prize because the wine had a finite life on board *Ariel* (that's what the sommelier, Lois, said) and it would not keep beyond the awards party.

Dave Nance, head captain of *Ariel*, instigator of the contest and authorized changer of the contest rules, announced the winners of each category. The winners were:

Most Bad Experiences: Ralph Sheaffer, boatless. (Could it be that he is boatless because of his anchoring experiences).

Most Endowed With Flawless Insight and Nautical Omniscience: Frank & Liz Cingel, *Southern Lady*.

Worst Charter Boat Anchoring Experience (or best not to raft to their charter boat): Warren & Ann Brown, *Aqua Vite*.

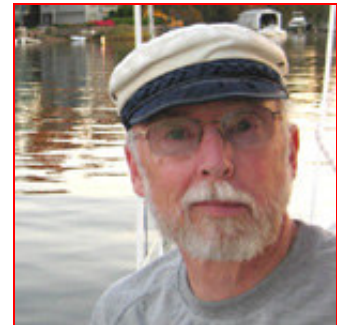
Most Mortifying Anchoring Experience: Dave & Lois Nance, *Ariel*.

Unclaimed wine was quickly consumed by the attendees and as more wine flowed, more anchoring stories were told, far better than any that were put to print.

Time will be kind to our stories and we look forward to a new batch of experiences for next year.

### **Member's Corner-** **An (Almost) Perfect Weekend** Glenn Whaley, *Bay GyPSy*

This may not be a saga of exceptional depth or extraordinary literary merit, but it is the story of just a really great weekend. Well, most of it was, anyway. It started last Friday....



I didn't have to go to work last Friday, June 18th. That was good. And so was the weather.

After a couple months of non-water activities on account of new grandbabies and such (serial happy faces go here), we were really itching to get out and enjoy the Bay. There wasn't any wind but, hey, you can't have everything. The water was there and was beckoning loudly!

So off we went, motoring our merry way out the Magothy and seeing what might be out there after a long winter. Okay, we're out of the river. Now, north or south? How 'bout south - how 'bout lunch in Annapolis? Pusser's Waterfront Restaurant is one of our favoritist spots to eat in the whole world. So Pusser's it is.

A pleasant morning saunter down the Bay and under the Bridge and we were in Annapolis by early afternoon. We decided to moor at a slip in Ego Alley - never done that before, sounds like fun! - and made for Slip #10, which was open. By now, a little north breeze had come up. Not a whole lot, actually, and not so's you'd notice it - unless, that is, you were trying to put a sailboat into a slip in Ego Alley. First Mate Susan did an admirable job of backing around and allowing Glenn to grab a piling and start to swing us around and safely in. But it didn't happen quite that way. Maybe it was a particularly slippery piling. Or maybe it was a north breeze with a sense of humor. Whatever. The result was that Glenn got a bath he didn't know he needed. Did I mention that half the town of Annapolis was watching us moor? Or that we instantly became one of the most popular tourist attractions downtown? If not, I may have forgotten. Maybe it was just denial. Anyway, after a good Samaritan helped me out of the water and Sue did the Ego Alley circuit with *Bay GyPSy* by herself (not quite true: Skittles was along as crew to help) we tried it again, this time with Glenn safely assisting from pierside, and pulled in with no further problems.

It was good that Glenn had a change of clothes on board since (1) he didn't look so much like a drowned rat, and (2) there was less chance that Half of Annapolis would recognize him when he left the boat. It was a great lunch at Pusser's. If you're into curry chicken, theirs is to die for. Then we went back to the boat and sat and watched tourists walk by. We always wondered what it was like from the boat side of things. It's actually lots of fun. A cute dog in the cockpit helps.

From there, we sailed (against that north breeze, so it went very slowly - but who cares?) up the Severn and under the Naval Academy Bridge to Weems Creek and anchored for the night. It seemed a little weird to anchor out closer to our house in Annapolis than when the boat is home at Belvedere Yacht Club on the Magothy. But it's our favorite little cove for kayaking and such, so we loved it. A pleasant evening, a quiet cove, a fuzzy dog, and each other - it don't get no better than that.

The next day, this time with a nice southerly breeze, we beat up the Severn, out into the Bay, and just cruised north enjoying the greatest sailing ever. When we got to the mouth of the Magothy and home, Sue looked at me and asked, "Do you have any responsibilities at church tomorrow?" (it being Saturday), and I said, "No, do you?" And so we

Chesapeake Sailing Club, Scuttlebutt  
just kept sailing north on the ten-knot breeze.

We got to the mouth of Bodkin Creek, which we'd never visited, and decided to explore a little. Turns out there's a great little seafood place (Cheshire Crab Restaurant) at the Pleasure Cove Marina at the end of the main part of Bodkin. So we moored there (with less drama this time) and ate wonderful crab cakes and such. (You can be forgiven for thinking we must have forgotten to take food along with us or something, but we were just out for fun. Eating out is fun!)

We dropped our hook in a little Bodkin cove for the night, enjoying the great breeze, and spent a leisurely Sunday morning enjoying the creek and exploring all the little fingers. Finally, we left for the Magothy and home. And this time, the wind had shifted back and was from the north again. So we had just the greatest time sailing down the Bay, finally getting home and tying up at Belvedere around six.

Now that's what we call a perfect weekend! (Except maybe for the embarrassing bath part.)

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