



Chesapeake Sailing Club

Annapolis, Maryland

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July 2013

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Thinking of the Spring Cruise, now successfully completed, I can't help but recall the line from Shakespeare's famous "Crispino's day" speech that starts: "We few, we happy few, ...". The four boats that participated in all or some of the Spring cruise enjoyed adventures, days of good sailing mixed with days when motoring was the only option, some weather driven changes to the itinerary, equipment failures, some remarkably lovely weather and some rough nights at anchor as thunder rolled and strong winds blew. Through it all, good humor and mutual support carried this "happy few" through to a successful ending. As heat and humidity roll in to remind us that Summer has reached the Bay, memories of the Spring cruise will, I am sure, bring smiles to the faces of the "happy few" as they relax and recuperate in the air conditioned environment of homes or home marinas.



July's calendar has a land/sea Club event planned for the 20th at the Harbor Creek restaurant in Worton Creek. Members who have been to

Worton Creek will remember that it has an easy entrance, lots of good anchorage choices and good holding. Worton Creek is famous for remaining free of the miserable jelly fish, often referred to as sea nettles, in even the worst summers. Those members planning to arrive by boat may wish to pack swim suits.

Vice Commodore's Report

Glenn Whaley, *Trinity*

A Tale of a Sail

Fleet Captain Mary Jo has well told the tale of our Spring Cruise elsewhere on this page. While she neatly summarized all the fun and frolic of the frisky flotilla, covering all those great places we visited, she didn't quite capture the drama of the Whaleys' manic mainsail. So, herewith, that saga:



T'was a (too peaceful) Tuesday that found us motoring across the Bay, en route west from Hudson Creek to Solomons. About five miles out, somewhere near Cove Point, we finally ran into some helpful windage. So how fun is that?! A-sailing we will go after all! Out with the jib and main, ye swabbies! Douse the diesel! And there we were, approaching six knots on a beam reach, heading smartly toward Zahnisers' Yachting Center and a couple days in port. With the sails set, Glenn went down for some water when he heard from the helm, "Glenn, get up here! Quick!!" The message might have been subtle, but husbands with enough experience are trained to pick up on things like that. So, quick like a bunny, I jumped topside - just in time to see the mainsail come cascading down on Susan (okay, actually the bimini on top of Susan) like a really thick snowstorm. And with about the same visibility.

Fortunately, we were still well out and no one was close aboard so there wasn't any navigational emergency. There was, however, just a bit of adrenaline going there for a minute. A quick inspection revealed that the loop at the head of the main had given way, thus dousing the main. So, fighting the wind, we bundled the pathetic sail into a jumble around the boom, trussed it up as best we could, and then motor-sailed into Solomons on the jib and diesel.

Once in the slip and checked in at the marina, we made a pilgrimage to the Quantum sail loft, very conveniently located about 25.3 yards from the Zahniser office. They graciously agreed to look at our poor, sick sail if I brought it in. Which I did. Then we had lunch at the sandwich shop by the marina pool just as the heavens let loose with the first of the day's big storms. After lunch, with the sandwiches and rain newly gone, Glenn's cell phone went off. It was Quantum Sails, saying that our mainsail was ready for pickup (!). How great was that?

So we were armed with a good-as-new mainsail. Only problem was, the main halyard was right where it was when the head loop broke back at Cove Point. Which, of course, was at the top of the mast. Well, since the rain had stopped and the wind wasn't bad at the time, to the rescue



came Dave and Lois with their Winch Buddy to hoist Glenn up the mast and retrieve his wayward halyard. (If nothing else, Glenn is getting his money's worth out of his bosun's chair!). Sue has a picture of Dave helping Glenn, in mid-bosun's chair, putting on shoes more suitable than bare feet for climbing the mast. Which, of course, he should have thought of before getting into the dang thing. Anyway, by early next morning - after a

really intense evening of thunder storms - Glenn and Sue put the mainsail back where it belonged and all was right with the world again.

For the next few days, at least....

Fast forward to the following Tuesday, as the flotilla was leaving Onancock, VA, en route to Mill Creek off the Great Wicomico. (What's this thing about Tuesdays?!) Once clear of the long channel coming out of Onancock, we raised the sails into a strong southerly wind - and soon afterward heard a ripping, shredding kind of a sound. We didn't quite know what it was at first, but it didn't sound at all helpful. We were right. Turns out, it was the clew of the mainsail that

had pulled away,
with all the stitching
having given out.

Our clue (excuse the
pun) to the problem
was the flapping of
the fully raised
mainsail in the 15-18
knot breeze. Thanks
to the in-mast
furling system,
though, it was easy



to retract the loose main into the mast - easy, maybe, but pretty sad looking.

Well, now what? Quantum Sails wasn't anywhere nearby now. Neither was much of anything else for that matter. So we plodded our way across the Bay by jib, with a healthy diesel assist, and got to Mill Creek where we joined the other two boats at anchor. We all anchored separately, as the weather was projected to be ungood that evening. Which it pretty much was. Not long after we got settled in the cove, and had the sail manhandled down and gathered into the cockpit, the heavens let loose. It rained pretty much the whole rest of the afternoon and evening. No problem; Trinity's new canvas provided good cover and everyone on board (and everyone's mainsail) stayed dry.

Not being professional cruisers, Trinity's crew didn't think to have a full-up sail repair kit onboard (a deficiency being addressed courtesy of sailrite.com as this is being written). However, Glenn did have a couple small-ish needles, some waxed thread, a block of wood for a 'palm,' and a pair of pliers. So he set about seeing what might be done. It took all evening and a goodly portion of the next morning but 148 stitches, a seriously bent needle, many blisters, and several terminally cramped fingers later, the main was back in service. It wasn't pretty, but that sucker ain't gonna break again anytime soon, either.

The rest of the cruise was sail-casualty free. Of course, having said that, I've probably jinxed everything....

There's always the tack - it hasn't been repaired this season. At least,

not yet.

Fleet Captain's Report

Mary Jo Harris, *Circe*

Ahoy, fellow CSC'ers.

Two fabulous, action-packed CSC Cruises behind us, and more to go!

Next up is our Midsummer Dinner date.

Since it is often very hot in late July, we have the option to drive to Worton Creek Marina on July 20 for dinner at the Harbor House. You'll be hearing more about dinner from Glenn... But for those who wish to cruise up to Worton Creek, the restaurant is located on the hill above the Worton Creek Marina which is the third of the three marinas in Worton Creek. Follow the markers till you have the marina in sight. You'll find a roomy anchorage just off shore, or you can call the marina and reserve a slip.



To recap the Memorial Day and Spring Cruises for those who were unfortunate enough to miss them:

We sailed Memorial Day Weekend for two days instead of three, due to bad weather. Those of us who participated, (*Ariel, Circe, Southern Lady, Tieve Owna* and *Trinity*) had a most enjoyable overnight in the Magothy, and terrific sailing on the way.

Having just returned from our Spring Cruise, I can say that it was event-filled, and we enjoyed great sailing, new anchorages, as well as old, familiar destinations, and, of course, we enjoyed the best companionship on the Bay.

Very little of the Spring Cruise worked out as planned - again, due to weather. We delayed our start by one day because of torrential rains. When we did leave home ports on Saturday, June 8, we visited the Rhode River, Hudson Creek on the Little Choptank, and Solomon's Island where we took slips for two nights during which we shopped, bicycled, sent Captain Glenn up the mast to retrieve a main halyard, and we discovered how efficient Quantum Sail's local repair crew is.

After a day in Solomon's, Commodore Mal and Ann Marie returned to Rock Hall to take care of grandparental duties. Actually, they left Solomon's in a rush to avoid more bad weather.

Wednesday saw *Trinity* and *Circe* heading south to the Potomac, while *Ariel* lingered in Solomon's for another couple of days. We had a

glorious sail up the Potomac to the Yeocomico River where we nudged into a hurricane hole east of the little community of Kinsale. There was method in our madness, as vicious storms were predicted for



Thursday. We were not disappointed, but we were safe enough in our little hole to remain rafted. High winds on Friday kept us there an extra day. Thanks to Glenn's fishing skills (and to the perch who gave their lives), we were both entertained and well fed.

Our next port of call after the Yeocomico was Mill Creek in the Great Wicomico for a Saturday night rendezvous with *Ariel*. We also met some sailing friends from Rock Hall to share sea stories with. The following day, Sunday, June 16, we bounded across the Bay to Onancock on 15 or so knots of wind. With a course that called for a broad reach, we got there faster than expected. What a day of sailing!

In Onancock *Ariel* and *Trinity* took slips at the Wharf, while *Circe* anchored off. This necessitated my rowing to shore once, but I also discovered the luxury of being towed in by Dave in his dinghy, and I certainly think that's the way to go whenever a lift is offered!

Courtesy of some new friends, Cada and Susan Grove, from Onancock, we were able to do our grocery shopping at the local supermarket which is waaaaay out of town. Then, for a special treat, Susan, a docent at the Ker House, offered Glenn and me a private history tour. What a treat! And, by the end of the afternoon, it actually stopped raining.

Despite a fine, red sunset on Monday night, Tuesday, our departure date from Onancock, dawned rainy and rough. Our destination of Fleet's Bay was scrapped because getting there would have required a long beat into waves, rain and 15 knot winds. Adjusting our course a little, we ended up back in Mill Creek on the Great Wicomico. It's a good thing we like this anchorage, because we got to see a lot of it. Or, perhaps I should say: we saw a lot of it when the storms weren't blowing, and the rain wasn't pouring down on us. It didn't take much to persuade us to stay at anchor in Mill Creek for one extra day (which turned out to be very pretty), when we listened to the high wind forecast for Wednesday.

Finally, on Thursday morning *Ariel* headed down to the Rappahannock for a spa day at the Tides Inn, and *Circe* and *Trinity* sailed north to the Potomac. After we turned downwind at Smith Point, we enjoyed a glorious wing and wing run for the many miles up to the St. Mary's



River. We spent the next two nights rafted off St. Mary's College, and thoroughly enjoyed a day ashore exploring the campus, eating in the cafeteria, and touring restored St. Mary's City and the modern day replica

of the colonists' ship, *Dove*.

Saturday morning we headed off to the Patuxent where we landed at the docks of Clarke's Landing Restaurant in Mill Creek. The wind was strong enough to make docking an experience not to be forgotten. And, this actually happened.... I asked the restaurant to send someone to help me dock my boat due to the wind and the tight quarters. They sent two bus boys who may never have been that close to a boat before. As usual, I had prepared a bow line and left it looped over a lifeline so the dock boy could easily grab it while I handle the helm and stern line. By accident, I had also left a spare line coiled on deck. As I sidled into the dock and saw the boy standing there looking helpless, I

called to him to grab the line. He did. He reached way over the lifelines and grabbed the spare line that wasn't attached to anything while the wind continued to blow my bow all over the place. Docking *Trinity* was just as exciting since the wind had increased by the time they arrived. But.... we enjoyed a good dinner ashore, and a reasonably restful night at the dock despite bouncing around on power boat wakes. The morning greeted us with, guess what.... more drizzle, and the threat of storms in the afternoon. A bit of engine trouble aboard *Circe* delayed our departure, but all went well for our long, dreary day's motorboat trip up to Dun Cove in the Choptank.

Monday morning was warm and sunny. Glenn fished and Sue and I prepared for our last full day of cruising. Unfortunately for me, the engine decided to give me more trouble, and several tedious hours of troubleshooting by Glenn didn't solve the problem. Lots of blood, sweat, and I think a few tears later, I managed to create a Chinese fire drill by losing engine power in the narrowest part of Dun Cove. First rescued by *Trinity*, and subsequently rescued by Tow Jamm, I spent the remainder of my cruise in tow back to Rock Hall. Thankfully, Mal and Ann Marie were there to help guide me into my slip just as another storm blew in. Miraculously, our very delayed departure from Dun Cove gave *Ariel* enough time to catch up to *Trinity* in Knapps Narrows where they all waited out the afternoon storm and enjoyed dinner ashore.

Adventure over. See you all at the Midsummer Dinner on July 20.

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