



# Chesapeake Sailing Club

Annapolis, Maryland

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March 2010

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## SCUTTLEBUTT

### Newsletter of the Chesapeake Sailing Club

#### Calendar at a Glance

Mar 21 - Winter party - Dona and Jim host

Apr 10 - Dinner at Squisitos

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#### Commodore's Column

Dave Ewing, *Cherette*

Your Commodore hopes you all are braving the terrible winter weather. The one thing we all can look forward to is that "The Winter of our Discontent" is almost over! We are all counting the days. Fortunately our land parties keep us hopeful. We had a wonderful dinner at the Whaley's house recently. Their dining table was big enough for all 10 of us. A group that size, allows for some really nice conversations, we got a little more serious and personal, and that made for an insightful time getting to really know each other. We are looking forward to our dinner in March at the Forces with more good talk and The Payne's story of their "Summer in New England on a boat."



Summer will come, do not despair!

#### Vice Commodore's Report

Liz Cingel, *Southern Lady*

Thanks to Susan and Glenn Whaley for hosting the February party. The food was delicious.

Dona and Jim Force will host the March party on Sunday, March 21, at 3 PM at their home in Arnold. Leslie and Richard Payne will give a talk about their summer travels up the Atlantic Ocean last year. Bring your friends as we would like to have a nice turnout for their talk. Dona and Jim would like to have heavy hors d'oeuvres so call or email them to let them know what you will bring.



Check the cruise schedule for the Social Calendar for this year

#### New Grandson:

Congratulations to Irene and Fred Weinfeld on the arrival of another grandson. This is the family's third son. Irene and Fred were in California for the birth.

#### Dues are Due

Sue Whaley, *CSC* Treasurer

## **Dues are Due**

Sue Whaley, *CSC* Treasurer

Fellow *CSCer's*,

As the weather warms and thoughts blow toward this spring's sailing adventures let's do our sailing under the *CSC* colors. The deadline for dues is fast approaching, much as the start line of our first sailing race. Please have your dues in by Monday, MARCH 22. Many thanks to all who have already sent them in. You can mail them to me at:

Susan Whaley  
566 Wayward Drive  
Annapolis, MD 21401

or

Bring them to me at the next *CSC* party at the Force's March 21 at 3:00pm (Richard and Leslie will share the adventures of their 2009 Summer Cruise North).

Where else can you have so much fun for \$20.00 ?

## **A Fine February Feast**

Glenn Whaley, *Bay Gypsy*

There we were, with cold and snow everywhere, not sailing at all. So what's a sailing club to do? Why, party, of course!

And that's just what we did. On February 13th, a fine Saturday afternoon and evening right after the biggest snowstorms in memory, a bunch of us dug our way out and migrated to the Whaleys for a ham dinner and all the fixings. As it turned out, only ten of the *CSC* family was able to make it but what we lacked in numbers we made up in cozy camaraderie and fellowship. We were warm, we were fed, and we were together all around the kitchen table. On a cold February weekend, it doesn't get much better than that!

The partiers were Commodore Dave and Janet Ewing, Vice Commodore Liz and Frank Cingel, Richard and Leslie Payne, George and Rita Rohloff, and, of course, the Whaleys (after all, they live there). Actually, truth be told, John Snyder should get honorable mention as an attendee - he came by before the party and dropped off a really great fruit tart but couldn't stay. Bummer!

So that's how we spent one grand evening of The Great Blizzard season of 2010. It wasn't as cool as sailing, but that will come soon enough. We still have a couple parties to go before shaking down the fleet. So come on out to the Forces' for the next party, y'all!

## **Member's Corner -**

### **Contest for "The Worst Anchoring Experience" (continued).**

Here's more stories. OK Dave, you started this, what's next? I'll expect your report next month. -editor

**Ralph Sheaffer, *boatless***

Dale and I had at least four bad anchoring experiences.

The first was being in a huge sunflower raft of the club in 1986 in a location I no longer remember. For that one, all was calm until a typical summer squall descended upon the raft, causing a mad scramble by captains to crank up all engines, releasing lines to break up the raft and to head for individual anchoring spots. The next day it was vowed by the Club to never have another sunflower raft.

The second incidence occurred at night several years later in Rideout Creek while not on a Club outing. All was quiet along with being soundly asleep until about 3 A.M. when a distinct bump

The second incidence occurred at night several years later in Rideout Creek while not on a Club outing. All was quiet along with being soundly asleep until about 3 A.M. when a distinct bump awoke us. Dale and I along with two guests, Tom and Joan Harris, hit the deck in a flash; with Tom and myself only in briefs. The impact turned out to having been bumped by Pat (don't recall his name any longer). He was another member of the Club whose 25 footer that had dragged anchor. And now I was dragging anchor in a receding tide flowing at maximum speed. It truly is a dry mouth situation when you first encounter the situation and immediately what are you going to drift into. Pat with his usual young companion aboard apologized for the inconvenience. However, I was too busy trying to stem the pace of the drifting to deal with niceties. I scrambled to crank up the engine to help deal with the predicament. As I took the wheel Tom and Dale tried to hoist the anchor but could only hoist enough to break the surface as it was too heavily burdened with slimy grass. I handed Dale the boat hook to see if she could clear the anchor of the grass. I can tell you that it was no easy task to hold the anchor with that weight but fifteen minutes later we had the anchor cleared. Still in our briefs we both felt great relief even though distinctly shivering from the cold night air. That's when Joan quipped, "Are we a ship of fools or what?" Ten minutes later, being securely anchored away from Rideout Creek and feeling great relief, we returned to our bunks for the rest of the night.

A third time of a worst anchoring experience was in a cove off of the Little Choptank River. It was an early evening when a sudden squall hit, dictating that all needed to break off from the raft. The Sweet's, Walt and Kathy, were rafted on the outside of the raft and on our starboard side. Consequently, the Sweets were obligated to break off first. Kathy was at the wheel and Walt was to take care of the bow line and reminded not to release the bow until the stern line was un-cleated. However, he released the bow line and the Sweet's bow swung violently clockwise away from our boat so that their stern was butting perpendicular against the side of our boat. The stern line tension was so stressed that made it almost impossible to un-cleat it. That's when Kathy, at the wheel of their boat screamed out, "Cut it!" As Dale was about to cut through the line I was finally able to take it off of the cleat. We later learned why Walt let go of the bow line. Although he had been a fighter pilot in Vietnam, we learned a month or so later that he had been diagnosed with having the early stages of Alzheimer.

The fourth experience was shortly following after anchoring near the entrance to Hudson Creek. We had been anchored for about half an hour while we watched the western sky turning into an obvious approaching storm. It hit soon after nightfall and as it did we inserted the pin boards and wondered how long it would last - which based on our experience was usually 15 to 20 minutes for the worst of the intensity. When it hit the boat rocked violently as though we were on a bucking bronco to the alarm that Dale insisted that we both don life jackets. I prayed that we were not dragging anchor, for if so I imagined colliding with another boat anchored nearby and causing a lot of expense to our bank account.

All in all, I think the worst experience was the Little Choptank River anchorage because of the violent tossing of the boats and how suddenly a seemingly calm situation will become chaotic and dangerous in only a few minutes.

**Frank Cingel, *Southern Lady***

Actually this is more of an annoying experience. When son Keith and I sailed our Ericson 35 to Bermuda we anchored in St. George's Harbour. One late evening a thunderstorm came up. We held (Danforth 12H), but another boat (beautiful and expensive with 5 men on board) broke loose and drifted down on us and lay across our bow. We got him off without any damage. The annoying part was the next day he never came over to apologize or even recognize our presence. Or offer a bottle of wine!

**Warren and Ann Brown, *Aqua Vite***

The best, not our own (we promise), but a story recounted by a friend who was anchored in the Mediterranean in a beautiful big Oyster yacht and was dragging late at night in a crowded

The best, not our own (we promise), but a story recounted by a friend who was anchored in the Mediterranean in a beautiful big Oyster yacht, and was dragging late at night in a crowded anchorage. Captain donned his inflatable life vest, squeezed through the bow pulpit to adjust the chain on the roller, and accidentally snagged the tab so that the vest inflated. He then found himself trapped by the vest on the outside of the pulpit, could not reach the buckles to release it, and could not fit back inside the pulpit. After careful deliberations and no other apparent option, he dove head first into the dark water, swam around to find that the boarding ladder was stowed and banged on the hull to awaken sleeping spouse who was very curious about how he got into such a predicament. Although life and a million dollar yacht were at risk, the only lasting effect was concern about the expense for a new cartridge on the inflatable vest.

Our own most memorable worst anchoring experience was in Orient Bay, St. Martin on a charter boat, when we braved the surf around the entrance and settled into a protected corner where the cruising guide books promised a tranquil night. Big swells were running across part of the bay and an attempted dinghy expedition to shore ended abruptly with a swamped zodiac and wet passengers. One passenger was very sad to have to dine on the boat: what No restaurant! Sacre Bleu!

Back on the charter boat, all was delightful (cous cous and chick peas under protest) until about midnight when the wind and surge shifted and the boat began getting tossed around violently by the waves coming around a corner, hitting us broadside while the wind kept us abeam of the swells. Glasses, plates, and all manner of boat equipment were flying around the cockpit and cabin. We were mindful of the prohibition on moving the charter in the dark, and in any case had no hope of clearing the bay's entrance passage until daylight. The Captain and guests slept like babies! Ann was up the rest of the night swabbing the decks removing the shards of shattered wine glasses and searching for the two cushions that went airborne. This being a very rare occurrence, Ann was up and ready to move at sunrise with a very grumpy demeanor. After an almost perfect week of sailing around St. Martin and St. Barts, we groggily returned our charter after a sleepless final night on the hook. We sheepishly reported the lost wine glasses and cushions to Sunsail, but they thought it was entirely unremarkable only being concerned about the possibility of good wine being spilled.

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