

Chesapeake Sailing Club

Annapolis, Maryland

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November 2012

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SCUTTLEBUTT

Newsletter of the Chesapeake Sailing Club

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Commodore's Column

Mal Singerman, *Tieve Owna*

Following is a series of emails received from Mal Singerman, which, at his request are being included in this issue of Scuttlebutt in lieu of a formal Commodore's Letter.



Sep 28

Hi, All

You have received this email because Anne Marie and/or I have some reason to believe that you may be interested in sporadic communiques of our progress on this, our second trip South on the ICW. if you'd like to opt out of future emails, drop me a line and I'll be happy to take you off the distribution list.

We awoke this morning to light rain, but by the time we cast off, the rain had stopped and we had a quiet and uneventful trip down the Bay. Thanks go to Lois Carey, Dave Nance and Bob Dawson who got up at some ungodly hour of the morning us cast off and to wish us a bon voyage. There was very little wind on the Bay today, and that was on our nose, so we spent a day motoring. We left Rock Hall at 7:00 AM and were attached to a mooring ball off Zahneisers Marina in Solomon's at 3:15 PM An ebbing tide for most of journey helped our speed considerably. The TV and NOAA both predict thunderstorms in the late evening, which prompted us to pick a mooring ball over dropping an anchor.

We have had sporadic heavy rain and a few rumbles of thunder since about 5:00 PM, so we put on the side curtains, and are relaxing and enjoying watching late arrivals getting wet as they anchor (or try to) and/or pick up the few remaining mooring balls.

Best wishes to all

Sep 29

In my last email, when I thanked the small but enthusiastic bunch of volunteers who helped us cast off yesterday, I somehow missed including Bill Stine's name on the list of those who braved the early hour and the persistent drizzle to move the stern of our boat and keep us off the dock as I removed the bow line and the spring line from their summer long home. So, Bill, I trust that you will overlook this omission and accept my thanks for your help and enthusiastic farewell from the dock.

We left Solomon's this morning as day was breaking, and dropped anchor in Fishing Bay off the Piankatank, on the southern side of Deltaville. This is a new anchorage for us; we had tried nearby Jackson Creek on our way North this Spring. Fishing Bay is a little bit further in, but offered us easier access and better holding. Our anchor set first time, but it took us three tries to set in

Jackson Creek. And, as some of you know, we had dragged our anchor in Jackson Creek several years ago.

We motor-sailed all day today. There was a North wind, flakey as winds from the North usually are, and pretty much directly behind us. (Non-sailors note: following winds, like the one we had today, do not make for ideal sailing.). Winds were in the 12 to 17 kt range in the morning, dropping below 10 kts shortly after we crossed the mouth of the Potomac. Skies were gray, and the breeze was chilly, but side curtains helped.

Fishing bay is a pretty anchorage with a marina and some houses widely spaced along the shore, and good shelter from the North wind, We're looking forward to a quiet night.

Oct 1

Doing email on a (expletive deleted) virtual keyboard after a day on the water and an evening meal is a bear, particularly when the auto spell kicks in to alter what I type (while leaving obvious typos intact just to embarrass me.) So, I have a feeling...a strong feeling..that email updates on our travels will arrive in your inbox less and less frequently and will grow shorter and shorter as time goes by.

We left Fishing Creek on Sunday, with Portsmouth as our target destination. We have a favorite restaurant there, The Still, in easy walking distance to the dingy facilities near Hospital Point and to the free docking at the ferry landing as well. We had great weather for the trip, but not a lot of wind. When we got to Portsmouth, we decided to forgo The Still, and take advantage of the less restrictive weekend opening schedule for the Gilmerton Bridge. So we pressed on. An unscheduled closing of the Norfolk Southern Bridge threw a 45 minute long delay into our travels, but we did get through the Gilmerton bridge. We anchored a short distance into the Dismal Swamp turnoff, which allowed us to get up early and make the first lock through at the Great Bridge Lock. (It turns out that there are good anchoring// free tieup opportunities on the Main route which would have let us sleep longer. Who knew?)

Today we motored through the Virginia cut under mostly grey and cloudy skies. There is a narrow, but well marked channel. As we have headed south, we noticed less osprey nests on the aids to navigation, but we were compensated for this lack by the sight of a magnificent bald eagle perched high on a tree near the water as we motored along this morning.

Tonight we are anchored in Broad Creek, off the North River about 10 miles South of Coinjock. The entrance was hard to see, but turned out to be worth finding. The anchorage is quiet, totally secluded, with good holding, and reasonable (for marshland) shelter.

Oct 2

We left a peaceful anchorage at Back Creek this morning, and crossed the Albamarle Sound by a combination of sailing, motor sailing, and motoring as the winds shifted and changed on us. The day was grey and overcast, with periods of rain mostly light with occasional downpours.. The forecast was for severe thunderstorms later in the day, accompanied by high winds and hail, so we decided to tie up at the Alligator River Marina, just North of the Alligator River bridge, and about 20 miles from our starting point. The Western terminus of the Alligator River bridge, where the marina can be found, is really in the middle of nowhere (or pretty close to the middle) It's 13 miles from the nearest anything according to, Logan, the dockmaster, a man who has never been know to lie..

This place is kind of lame, as marinas go, and "tired", but neat and friendly. There's not a lot of what might be called ambiance : slips and fuel dock are located directly behind a Shell gas station, which has a lunch counter and serves as the marina office. The place is neat, with mowed lawns and a board sidewalk to the heads and laundry. We did put fuel aboard, and water, so we are set to go on for a long time The marina had laundry facilities, but the washing machines did not have hot water (showers, fortunately, did). Pump out was quoted to us at \$17.50. We passed on that. (I remember pulling into this place on the way up from Florida with Ed O'Connor on La Vie Dansant back in the day. They had advertised "pump out" back then, but when we arrived, it turned out that pump out was only available in the parking lot Great for those of us who arrived

in RV's but not a lot of help to those on large sailboats.) The Shell station had a "restaurant" that serves burgers, fries (out of a bag) cheeseburgers, bacon cheeseburgers and fried okra. Oh, and fried chicken. That's it.

Though we got a lot of rain today, there was nary a rumble of thunder, and I am beginning to wonder if we have been suckered by NOAA and the local TV channels that were pushing all these thunder, lightening, hail, heat-death-of-the-universe, Mayan calendar, scenarios at us.

Oct 3

We are at anchor in Pantego Creek off the town of Belhaven, NC. We had a pleasant, but uneventful day, motoring for the entire trip, which makes for a short email this evening. The Alligator-Pungo Canal had some interesting wild life including hawks, some magnificent blue herons and lots of snapping turtles and terrapins basking on logs near the banks. Skies were mostly sunny, with some clouds and one very brief sprinkle of rain.

The last time we were at this anchorage, Desi was aboard and we were headed North. We miss the craic, on the one hand, but on the other hand, we notice that the gin supply seems to be holding up a lot better this trip.

Oct 10

Just when you thought it was safe to open you email account, here I am with yet another update.

Our itinerary, since my last update was :

After leaving Pantego Creek, we proceeded to Cedar Creek, off Adams Creek about 10 miles past Oriental, NC. This is a quiet spot, just off the ICW, mostly surrounded by wood with a few houses scattered about. We anchored with one other boar, and were joined, around sunset, by a couple of large powerboats that anchored even closer to the main channel than we did.

After Cedar creek, we proceeded to Beaufort NC, where we tied up At the town dock. We had visited Beaufort several years ago by car, before we bought *Tieve Owna*, and Anne Marie had sailed in there about 16 years ago with Womanship. We had fun in Beaufort, but decided that Morehead City was a much better choice for us. We have previously stayed in the Morehead City Yacht Basin there, and found it a much nicer facility, which is much easier to access from the ICW. And, the anchoring possibilities in Morehead City (which we have not tried) looked much better than anything we looked at in Beaufort. We spent three days in Beaufort, did some biking, meals and drinks ashore, and shopping in some high end women's clothing stores. We have recommendations for a fine dining restaurant (recommended to us by a retired Episcopalian priest whom we met out walking with his wife), a nice place (a recommendation from the dock master) for simple food tastily prepared, a nice place for drinks and snacks before dinner, and a good bakery for pastries. Names and details on request we also have a place to avoid: The Dockhouse Bar and Grill. We were strongly counseled to avoid the place by several residents. We went in because we got tokens for a free beer. Awful place, with the lowest posted sanitation score that we saw in Beaufort. While at Beaufort, I switched our main anchor from my XYZ - great for the soft mud of the Chesapeake - to our Delta.

From Beaufort, we went to an anchorage in Mile Hammock Bay. This is a man made anchorage in the middle of Camp Lejune, the famous Marine training base. When we came North in the spring, we had enough daylight to bypass Mile Hammock, but we did observe a lot of maneuvers being conducted with the VTOL Harrier jets. The anchorage attracted a lot of boats, but was far from crowded. A cloudy night, and the isolation of the anchorage made for pitch blackness at night. holding was good but the anchor chain brought up gobs of some of the thickest muck that I have seen in recent memory.

From Mile Hammock, we motored to Wrightsville Beach. There were three draw bridges with restricted times between us and our destination, and we managed to time them right, with some help from a favorable current. After we got through the Wrightsville Beach bridge, another sailboat, far, far, behind us, called and asked the bridge tender if she could hold the bridge open for him. She advised him to "keep it coming" and actually held the bridge for a full 11 minutes! I'm guessing that on a cool and cloudy mid week off season day, there just may not have been

any traffic. But, be that as it may, this bridge tender has to be the nicest one on the whole ICW. If she had simply closed the bridge after we went through, the boat behind us would have had to cool his heels in front of the bridge for an hour before getting through. We anchored in the Wrightsville Beach anchorage, and dinghied to the town dinghy dock; a nice facility, with floating dock and even a place to get rid of our trash. Meg Coakley Glover, the daughter of our late very dear friends Tim and Rosemary Coakley, lives near Wrightsville Beach. She drove down to see us, and we got a chance to meet her husband, Adam, and their two year old son, Jimmie. The Glover's drove us to a favorite restaurant for supper, and I realized that I had forgotten the joys of a restaurant meal at table shared with a happy active two year old.

After Wrightsville Beach we headed off in cloudy and chilly weather. We had a very favorable current helping us down the Cape Fear River, adding a good two knots to our speed. After we turned off the river, inlets either slowed our boat, or, speeded us up, and probably had no net effect on our progress. anchored near the ICW in Calabash Creek, just over the South Carolina border. The day had gotten warmer and sunnier as we motored along, and we were able to take down our side curtains and enjoy the breeze as we ate our supper.

Well, that's us up to date.

Best wishes to all those patient enough to read to the end.

Oct 11

We liked our peaceful anchorage in Calabash Creek so much that we decided to stay another day, and take in the sights of the town of Calabash. Though we are anchored in South Carolina, the border is just a few hundred yards away. We got in our dingy, followed the channel markers for about a mile and when we landed we were in North Carolina. Calabash does not have a town dock, but as we motored around, we found a small empty private dock in front of a house, and a painter working on the property who gave us permission to use it. Since the town is only two or three block deep between the highway and the river, everything was easily reachable. The three or four waterfront establishments looked (a) pretty grim (b) closed or (c) both, so we decided to walk up the main street, where prospects looked brighter. A native, whom we accosted in bagel store, recommended the Boundry Grill, one of about a dozen or so places to eat in this tiny town, and we enjoyed an excellent lunch of well prepared locally caught fish there. The weather has been close to perfect: sunny skies, light breezes, low humidity and temperatures in the low 70's.

We returned to our boat against an incoming tide, and our 6 hp outboard, used as it was to the relatively currentless anchorages of the Chesapeake, almost went into shock at bucking a one or two knot current. When we got to the boat, around 3:00 PM, we found two other boats at anchor near us. Shortly thereafter, these were joined by yet another two boats. We have conceded that all the people that we left early in order to avoid have begun to catch up with us. Hopefully, having caught up, they will soon pass us.

Oct 12

Today started with some chilly air and bright sunshine. The temperatures go higher as the day progresses, and we shed windbreakers and our light sweaters as we went along. We passed through the "rock pile" section, soon after leaving our anchorage, followed by Barefoot Landing marina, a place well worth passing in our opinion. This was a day of motoring, helped by a 2 knot favorable current on the Waccamaw River. Twists and turns in the ICW gave the autopilot a rest and gave us lots of practice in hand steering. (We have noticed that many cruisers have given s name to their autopilot. We call ours: The Autopilot.) The ICW ran parallel to the Grand Strand highway of Myrtle Beach where we saw condos, restaurants, and golf courses - even one with a cable car to take golfers across the ICW. After Myrtle Beach, we motored through undeveloped swamp land with the occasional small settlements scatter along the channel.

We are anchored for the night behind Butler Island, just off the main ICW channel near SM 395, and about 5 miles North of Georgetown, SC. It is quiet and peaceful, with one other sailboat, quite far way from us, sharing this spacious anchorage. There is a small settlement and a small marina about a mile or so to our east and across the main ICW channel.

I guess a quiet day doesn't make for very interesting reading, but we enjoyed ours, especially when we remembered the cold persistent winds and grey skies that we found in North an South Carolina on our trip to Florida this time last year.

Oct 13

Today was our first windy day, as opposed to our trip south last year, when EVERY day was windy. And, this time it was warmer, there was bright sunshine as opposed to gray skies, and the wind was almost directly behind us instead of on our port side, which made it much more comfortable in the cockpit. After we left our anchorage, we proceeded down the Waccamaw River past Georgetown where we had picked up Desi on our way North. Those who have heard us talk about it, know that Georgetown is one of our favorite stops, but we decided to pass it by this time...I mean, why take a chance? You never know who might be waiting there.

After leaving the Waccamaw, we turned South for a day of motoring through a series of narrow channels, with occasional thin, and and sometime very thin, water. Strong winds behind us (12-15 knots, with gusts to 25) and strong currents meant a rest for our trusty autopilot and a lot of hand steering. We pulled off the ICW and anchored in Dewee Creek, about 8 miles north of Savannah. The flat country around here does not offer a lot of protection from the South but the weather forecast is for a calmer evening.

Hi, Liz

You and Frank are more imaginative than we are when it comes to naming your autopilot. Did you pick the name, or did Frank?

When you stopped at Barefoot, it was probably still a free dock. This is no longer the case. We stopped there twice, and decided that it was not worth paying for. No showers, no pump out and no fuel...and you need a map and a GPS to find the men's room. I understand that at one time there were interesting outlet shops there, but it was almost all touristy stuff when we got there.

Anne Marie sends best wishes.

Vice Commodore's Report

Joe Powers, Aquavit

Jim and Dona Force have volunteered to host the annual holiday party in December. It is scheduled for December 8th at four o'clock. The hosts will provide spiral ham, condiments, rolls, drinks and one side dish. We should plan on bringing a side dish, appetizers, and dessert.

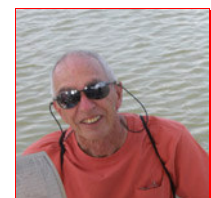


As this is written, Hurricane Sandy is approaching. Given the predicted track of the storm this is very likely to provide substantial flooding upstream from the Chesapeake. It wouldn't be a surprise to see the Conawingo dam opening again, with the resulting deluge of trash. Maybe Glenn could pick up another bench to match the one he got last year. For those of you who still have sailing plans for this year, be watchful.

Fleet Captain's Report

Dave Nance, Ariel

It is really difficult to sleep with the rhythmic four note cell "short-short-short-long" opening motif of Beethoven's Symphony No. 5 rattling around in your head.



I once thought that listening to music while sailing at night would keep me awake. After all, years and years ago when I was in architecture school we would work all night on design presentations with Ravel's Bolero playing over and over in the background. So it is logical to think that if you can't sleep with all those musicians playing great music in your head, you should be able to stay awake on watch late at night by listening to music.

Well it doesn't work that way. Please don't ask me why I know this, I just know!

Now lets get back to Beethoven. He composed his Symphony No. 5 between 1804 and 1808, after deafness had set in. This was also the time in his life that is now called his "heroic" period as he composed many of his larger, path-breaking works after he lost his hearing.

Symphony No. 5 was first played at Beethoven's "Marathon Concert" in 1808 with Beethoven as the conductor. Reports from critics at the time indicated that all did not go well. Second rate musicians playing in third-rate conditions after limited rehearsals had to struggle their way through this demanding new music, and things fell apart during the "Coral" fantasy. But this disastrous performance did not dampen the enthusiasm for his Fifth Symphony.

What does any of this have to do with sailing? Not much really. There is a very weak thread from music to sailing and from sailing to music, but I am now in my winter mode enjoying this other passion of mine, music. And yes, you are right, Beethoven was not on my list of favorite composers in my essay "DREAMS, MEMORIES and MUSIC" (listed as "Sailing Sets The Tune" in the CSC home page).

If there is any lesson here it is "DON'T BLAME BETHOVEN IF YOU CAN'T KEEP A PROPER WATCH".

Stay safe everyone!

Cruise Report-

A Sweet September Sailing Saga

The CSC 2010 Fall Cruise

Glenn Whaley, *Bay GyPSy*

While we Chesapeake types sort of see two separate sailing seasons in the Bay - spring and fall - it is the September/October time that many find most inviting. Cooler days and nights. Lower humidity. More steady winds (at least usually). What's not to like? Excepting the odd hurricane and such, it's about as sweet as it gets. So the CSC crew set off last month seeking adventure, fun, and favorable weather for the annual fall cruise. Well, there wasn't so much adventure this time. There was, however, lots of fun. And the weather? Well, it worked - but only under duress. More about that later.



Sunday, September 16 (Day 1) We each set off on a grand exploration of the upper Bay at various times during the day depending on the hailing ports represented, the day's objective being Eagle Cove on the Magothy. That would make it a nice cross-bay sail for The Sailing Emporium contingent, but barely worth breaking out the sails for the Belvedere crews. The fleet was made up of *Tieve Owna* (Commodore Mal and Anne Marie Singerman), *Ariel* (Fleet Captain Dave Nance and Lois Carey), *Bay Gypsy* (Treasurer Sue, Glenn, and Skittles Whaley), *Southern Lady* (Frank and Liz Cingel), and *Circe* (Mary Jo Harris and Toby the Seadog). We all enjoyed a relaxing happy hour hosted by *Ariel*, and discussed the next day's plan and weather forecast. We discussed it because they weren't very compatible.

Specifically, a serious front was planning to come through sometime the next day or maybe Tuesday. For our part, we were planning to sashay up the Bay a bit to Nabbs Creek, off Stoney Creek, off the southern side of the Patapsco that day. But the prospect of big, gusty winds and rain on Tuesday afternoon/evening and into Wednesday had us reconsidering. So, after consultation with the Flotilla, F/C Dave made the decision to skip Nabbs Creek as the next stop on the cruise and instead head straight to Baltimore.

Monday, September 17 (Day 2) Actually, the decision to abort Nabbs Creek really got made for sure this morning. The weather forecast confirmed that the front was to move through late tonight, which made it a lousy evening to be anchored out. So we boogied up to Baltimore to the Inner Harbor East Marina. As this was a day earlier than what we had arranged with the marina,

F/C Dave contacted them early that day. And, since they have a 3-for-2 deal, we ended up with a free day at the slips there (since it was originally planned as a two-day stopover). Sweet!

We were all located together at Pier D at the marina, which had picnic tables right there. Besides the five boats noted above, *Whistwind* (Bill and Sandy Stine) joined us in Baltimore after a week of sailing the big broad Bay. So now we were six. Happy hour that evening, hosted by *Southern Lady*, was held on the pier in nice weather ahead of the wind and rain. It was very pleasant. (So was the wine ☺).

Tuesday, September 18 (Day 3) The day dawned gloomy and heavily overcast. The front hadn't come through after all. Yet. Everyone enjoyed a leisurely morning, either on the boats or walking around the Inner Harbor. Along about 10-ish that morning, though, the wind started to pick up and rain was obviously threatening. By the early afternoon, the heavens opened and a very high wind whipped up. It was a very good thing we were all tied up tight to our floating pier! It would have been a very evil thing to have had that front come through while out and about on the Bay. We had definitely made the right decision to come in early. And did I mention that there were tornado warnings for much of the afternoon? It was a pretty fierce storm, with gusts approaching 50 kts at times.

The rain tailed off by about 5:30. That was good, as we had planned a nice dinner that evening. So, at the appointed time, we all rendezvoused onboard *Tieve Owna* for a buffet supper. Chicken enchiladas, salads a bunch, and various and sundry sides made for a wonderous meal. And I haven't even mentioned the very, very fine 12 year old Irish whiskey inspired by our resident Irish lass, Anne Marie (although offered by her husband). We all visited until well after 8:00 and departed to our boats into the clear, crisp evening. The front was gone and had left behind it a first hint of fall. A truly wonderful evening - great sleeping weather.

Wednesday, September 19 (Day 4) A very nice, quiet, morning and day that started and ended fine and clear. Most folks visited on various boats during the leisurely morning. Skittles and Toby enjoyed another day in port being able to walk around (or whatever) in some real grass. Everyone enjoyed a quiet day at the pier or poking around the shops and sights of the Inner Harbor. That evening, we all went out to the Della Notte Ristorante and enjoyed good Italian food. It was a very pleasant day that wound down as we returned home around 8:30.

Thursday, September 20 (Day 5) Today dawned bright and beautiful. Everyone spent a lazy morning and, after having thoroughly enjoyed a very pleasant sojourn in Baltimore, all got underway around 10:30. *Whistwind* left the fleet after their week+ at sea and returned to The Sailing Emporium. The rest of the flotilla motored (there not being much in the way of air movement) to Fairlee Creek on the Eastern Shore. Happy hour that afternoon was hosted by *Bay Gypsy* and all five remaining boat crews had a great time. Including Skittles, who helped host that night. After everyone went home to their bunkies, Glenn and Skittles went fishing on the *Bay Gypsy Jr* (their pet kayak) but only caught some little ones that they threw back. But it truly was a beautiful evening for camaraderie and fishing, even if there weren't any "keepers."

Friday, September 21 (Day 5) A very still, but pleasant, morning. Temp was in the high 60's. It had been great sleeping weather. Everyone eventually got underway after a quiet, unhurried morning. *Tieve Owna* provided the excitement for the day by hauling up a really impressive log on their anchor chain. After some little difficulty, they were able to dislodge their pet log and get underway with everyone else. Because of the pretty much zero wind, though, there wasn't a whole lot of sailing that day as we made our way to Bodkin Creek. Some of us did sail a little when we could, championed by *Circe* who is maybe the purest sailor among us. But, by motor or sail, we all made it to Bodkin by about 3:30 or so. *Bay Gypsy's* hot engine acted up again - in the channel at Bodkin, naturally! - so had to anchor just off the channel while she cooled down for a spell, but made it on time for Happy Hour on board *Southern Lady* that evening. We met at 4:30 that day, as happy hours are getting earlier and earlier these days because the days are getting shorter and it gets dark earlier. It's part of the fall cruise pattern, doncha know? But it was a great time and a fun sayonara, since it turned out to be the last night of the cruise.

The weather prospects for the next couple days included unhappy winds from unhelpful directions for homegoing on Sunday, the originally planned last day of the cruise. So, with great sadness, we decided that Saturday would be our final day. A planned night in the Magothy - maybe at Belvedere Yacht Club as a friendly home for the night - was scratched for Saturday evening. Everyone decided that Sunday's projected 15-20 kt north winds, and possible rain, were an omen for a favorable trip home on Saturday's south breeze if we all left early enough. So that's what we all decided to do.

Saturday, September 22 (Day 6) A sad morning. It had been a grand cruise, with lots of fun times together. But all good things must come to an end, and that's what happened. So we all weighed anchor at a reasonably civilized hour - maybe 9:00 or so - and made our way back home. For the Magothy contingent, it meant bucking a south breeze upwards of 10 or so knots, but it wasn't so bad. After all, that's why God invented tacking. And for the Rock Hall folks it made for a nice reach home. So by 3 or 4 that afternoon, we were all safely tucked into our berths and the CSC Fall Cruise was officially over.

It was great. We can't wait for next spring!

Webmaster and Editor

Frank Cingel

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