



# Chesapeake Sailing Club

Annapolis, Maryland

[Back](#)

[The Club](#)

November 2013

[Newsletter](#)

## ***SCUTTLEBUTT***

[Cruise  
Schedule](#)

### **Newsletter of the Chesapeake Sailing Club**

[Best  
Recipes](#)

Calendar at a Glance

Dec 7 - Holiday party - Jim and Dona host

See the detailed [Cruise Schedule](#)

[Photos](#)

[Links and  
More](#)

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

Glenn Whaley, *Trinity*

Archives-

[August](#)

[July](#)

[June](#)

[May](#)

[April](#)

[March](#)

[February](#)

[Dec-Jan](#)

[November](#)

[October](#)

[More Archives](#)

### **The Frostbite Cruise that Wasn't (Frostbitten, that is!)**

It was to be the last sailing soiree of the boating season, and it turned out to be a fine one indeed. We were few, but we had fun just the same. Even if we did get off to a late start.



The Columbus Day weekend was to have started with a departure from home ports on Saturday, October 12th. Howsosomever, it was rainiful that day and so the decision was made to delay the fleet's departure until Sunday when the weather prognosis was better. It was a good call, even though the weather was still pretty not good Sunday as well, but we did sally forth anyway and the four boats participating in the cruise rendezvoused (is that a verb?) in Queenstown Creek that afternoon as planned, just off Salthouse Cove. The Rock Hall-ites had a good sail south on the northerly breeze, while the Magothy denizens fought chop and the headwind on their way across. That meant iron jennies on for pretty much the whole way. No matter, though - we were

still out on the boats at long last 😊

After anchoring or rafting up, we all enjoyed a leisurely buffet dinner that evening, hosted by *Tieve Owna* (Commodore Mal and Anne Marie) and joined by *Trinity* (Glenn and Sue; Skittles stayed aboard and served as anchor watch), *Circe* (Mary Jo Harris, leaving Toby to tend the boat), and *Southern Lady* (Frank only, as Liz was still recuperating from recent surgery). We were all treated to Anne Marie's incomparable veggie chili, with sides and desserts contributed by the others. It was a feast, indeed!

The next day dawned bright and clear with a northerly breeze. Sadly, *Tieve Owna* had to return to Rock Hall that morning due to a previous commitment but the other three boats made the decision to stay put in Queenstown, as the wind wasn't favorable for sailing anywhere useful and the day was just too perfect to go someplace just for the heck of it. So we had a wonderful day just puttering in the creek where we were. Frank and Glenn terrorized the local white perch, and brought home a nice mess of fish for the evening's supper. And late that afternoon, Frank, the Whaleys (including Skittles), and Mary Jo had a fun dinner on *Trinity*, really enjoying the beautiful sunset and great conversation. Since we were all three rafted up together, it was a pleasant evening of visiting and just enjoying being out on the water. What a great day!

Tuesday dawned bright and beautiful as well. *Circe* left for Rock Hall and home port, but *Trinity* and *Southern Lady* relaxed and just soaked in the Chesapeake ambiance - the bald eagle in the big old dead tree on the Queenstown shore, the blue heron who ruled the cove, the dead calm water (at least in the early part of the morning), and the pastoral shoreline in all directions around us. It was a great morning to bask in the great weather, just being on the boat.

So, after a leisurely lunch, *Trinity*, (*Southern Lady* decided to stay even one more day) regretfully got underway for the migration back home. Too sad! After clearing the narrow entrance to Queenstown outbound, it was finally a chance to hoist some canvas into the breeze that had come up by early afternoon -- still-northerly, but helpful this time. And so it was, a very pleasant no-tack reach across the Bay and back to the Magothy for the Whaleys. And, once again, a wonderful

time on the water had to draw to a close. But there's always next season 😊

## **Member's Corner-**

Frank Cingel, *Southern Lady*

If you read my article on the Club page about my lemon of a tender you know what I think of it. Here's something which I can't really attribute to a defect, but I think it's close, and may actually be interesting to some.

I was making some all too frequent repairs to the seams which hold the dink together using 3M 5200 adhesive, oh, how I love that stuff. (Don't use it if you ever expect to undo joined surfaces!) Made the repair on the foredeck of the boat. Had to leave the dink right side up with the outer tubes uninflated and let it set overnight. Due to a family emergency I wasn't able to get back for a week to turn it back over. During that time it rained. Now who would expect that rain water could enter the tubes through the fill valves when left in the deflate position. It did, in one of the side tubes, to the tune of a couple gallons.

How to get it out! All attempts to drain it from whence it entered failed. Only solution was to hang the dink up by the stern so all the water was in the nose and cut a hole in it so the water would drain, then patch the hole. What a pickle! Maybe this tidbit of experience will prove useful to someone.

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Webmaster and Editor

Frank Cingel

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[top](#)

