

# Chesapeake Sailing Club

Annapolis, Maryland

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October 2010

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The sailing season is winding down but there are still many upcoming events on land to keep us together over the winter. The 9th of October calls for a dinner at Deep Creek restaurant. Look for announcements to come.

There will be parties every month during the winter that I hope all who are in town will attend. And the sailboat show will soon be

here. We always enjoy the show even though we certainly aren't going to buy a new boat!. It's just fun looking at all the new boats and accessories.



Our last raft up at the Sailing Emporium at Rock Hall was really nice. I enjoyed every ones company and the crab cakes!. Janet and I want to especially thank Dave Nance and Bill Stine for helping pull us off the shoal right in front of the marina. Little did I know that the deep water was on the far side and not close to the slips. We might have still been there if not for them.

At the raft up we also voted unanimously to change the bylaws to allow

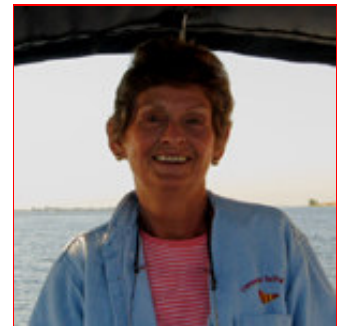
membership to anyone who expresses an interest in sailing and to stop discriminating against anyone who happened to own a power boat. My friends Lin and Corky Dalton came to our raftup and after the vote gave their dues money to become members. They chartered sailboats for at least 20 years, then owned a Catalina 34, and then a 350 which both saw trips down the intra coastal and to the Bahamas. Their current boat is a mini trawler which has seen lots of trips around the bay. The boat is kept at City Marina in Annapolis and they live in Mechanicsburg PA.

Keep the faith, we will be sailing again soon. See you on the water.

## **Vice Commodore's Report**

Liz Cingel, *Southern Lady*

Thanks to Lois and Dave Nance for helping Frank and me with the party at Sailing Emporium. Lois donated the delicious tomatoes. My thanks to Bill Stine for marinating the chicken breasts with his special marinade and being "chief cook" at the party. We attended the Rock Hall Fall Festival Saturday morning with the Nances and worth attending. It's an old fashion Eastern Shore festival with many booths and good food.

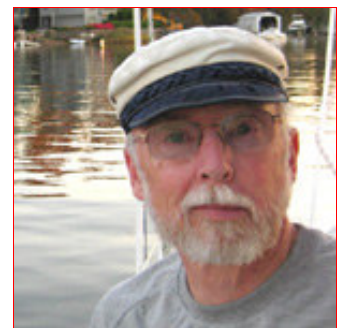


## **Cruise Report-**

### **A Swell, Sweltering, Mostly Unsailing Summer Cruise**

Glenn Whaley, *Bay GyPSy*

It was almost a great season for a cruise. "Almost" because (1) it was entirely too summerful and hot, (2) there was an unseemly hurricane that temporarily threatened our inner tranquility, (3) there was entirely not enough wind most of the time, and (4) there were erratic health issues that we could have done without. Outside of those minor details, though, it was a really grand cruise. The four boats who made it, or at least most of it, were *Southern Lady* (V/C Liz and Frank Cingel),



*Evergreen* (F/C Judi and John MacDonald), *Aquavit* (V/C-in-Waiting Joe and Margie Powers) and *Bay GyPSy* (Treasurer Susan and Glenn Whaley). Not everyone might be enthralled by a blow-by-blow chronology of the days of the Great CSC Late-Summer Cruise of 2010. But for those who might like to be, here 'tis:

Day 1 - Wednesday, August 25th: The members of the fleet left their various home ports at various times the morning of the scheduled start of the cruise in nice weather with an (unfortunately) slight northerly breeze. As winds go, it wasn't much. But it was at least tending in the right direction because we were all headed south to the Little Choptank River. Most arrived by early afternoon, with *Bay GyPSy* joining the just-beginning happy hour hosted by *Evergreen* at 1730. Susan had just had a tooth removed so wasn't feeling totally wonderful, but wasn't to be denied a great cruise. So *Bay GyPSy* made it - better late than never! After Happy Hour, our favorite part of the day, some broke off and anchored out to spend a quiet, totally delightful evening on Hudson Creek. A grand start of a fun cruise!

Day 2 - Thursday, August 26th: After a nice, leisurely morning, the fleet weighed anchor around 10:00 or so and caught a pleasant 7-8 kt northerly breeze out of the Little Choptank and headed toward Solomons Island. Unfortunately, the wind died part way across - after all, it was August in the Chesapeake Bay - and all ended up motoring to the mouth of the Patuxent and on up to the end of Back Creek in Solomons. It was a very pleasant evening, with an even more pleasant Happy Hour hosted by the Powers on *Aquavit*. It was very calm and peaceful at anchor, even accompanied by good WiFi reception. So those who didn't really want to get away from it all were able to not do that.

Day 3 - Friday, August 27th: It was about now that we commenced to hear rumblings from the weatherguessers that Hurricane Earl might be planning to interrupt our fun, depending on the track it would choose. It was an 'iffy' kind of thing at that point, so we decided to continue south anyway. And that's just what we did, taking off around 8:15. The plan was to put in either at Smith Creek on the Potomac or Sandy Point on the Great Wicomico River, depending on how we were doing. As it turned out, due to anticipated chop on the Potomac, we coordinated via VHF to continue on to Sandy Point. We had a nice 10 kt northerly breeze for the morning sail, but it died around noon and we were all on

the iron jenny for the rest of the day. Altogether, it made for another ~40 mile transit. Oh, well. We got to a really nice anchorage area at Sandy Point, on the south shore just inside the Great Wicomico. We enjoyed Happy Hour on *Southern Lady* hosted by the Cingels. Very fun. We reminisced about the escort given by some dolphins on the way to the anchorage. Nice welcoming party!

Day 4 - Saturday, August 28th: Another beautiful, though warmish, day in paradise. We all got underway after a leisurely morning, taking off around 1030. Our destination that day was Antipoison Creek in Little Bay, just north of the Piankatank River. It was a short sail that day. (Well, okay - so we actually motored there, since there wasn't any wind to speak of. But you get the idea.)

Most boats were rafted up by 1:30 but *Bay GyPSy* decided to stay in Little Bay for awhile and troll for whatever was biting. Turns out the only thing they caught was one lousy crab, which took to the lure. It was big enough to keep but would have been a pretty puny meal, being as he was so lonely. So he got thrown back. Anyway, the Whaleys had a good time - only realizing later that they had been fishing in Virginia waters (duh!) and all they had was a Maryland fishing license. Oh, well. They might be felons, but at least they were repentant felons. (**Editor's note:** As it turns out, the Whaleys only thought they were felons. Actually, VA and MD have a reciprocity agreement on recreational fishing in Chesapeake Bay waters that dates back to an agreement reached in 1785 and brokered by George Washington. But the *Bay GyPSy* crew didn't know that so they think they are dirty rotten sinners who got away with it this time. I won't tell them if you won't.) They joined the raft up around 4:30 and the fleet shared a fantastic Mexican themed supper, hosted by *Bay GyPSy* [see photos page]. A great time was had by all. It was such a nice, peaceful (although pretty warmish) evening that we all just stayed rafted up for the night and enjoyed the evening together. Despite the



weird name (Antipoison Creek), it was a great place to anchor - definitely worth a return visit. (Since you asked, that weird name comes from the days of Captain John Smith, who was stung by a stingray at the mouth of the Potomac. That's where Stingray Point got its name. Well, after that unfortunate incident, John Smith's shallop retreated south to what is now Antipoison Creek where the crew found mud that was used to draw the stingray's venom out. So now you know.)

Day 5 - Sunday, August 29th: This was the day we went to visit veteran CSC members Bob and Gale Doremus, who have a very comfortable condo on Wilton Creek off the Piankatank River. It was a short (~14 mile) motor trip - again, no wind - south around Windmill Point and past the mouth of the Rappahannock River to the Piankatank. We moored at the Doremus' community pier where each of the four boats got a slip. It was a very nice visit.

Did I mention that they have air conditioning in their condo? A nice and much welcomed touch, as it was regularly in the 90's that week. Including today. After chilling with Bob and Gale for the



afternoon, they hosted us to a fine smoked chicken dinner and we all visited until 9:30 that evening - well past our normal social time. Thanks for the wonderful hospitality, Doremuses! That made it a late night for us. But it was a lot of fun catching up and just hanging out.

Day 6 - Monday, August 30th: The day started on a little bit of a sad note as *Aquavit* and the Powers had to leave, heading north for a doctor appointment that wouldn't wait. We were sorry they had to go. The rest of the fleet took off shortly afterward, beginning the trip back north. We had been keeping a weather eye on Hurricane Earl, which was showing signs of going away and not bothering us; however, a slight change in path would make getting home in the time before it would make landfall challenging. We were thinking of places to lay up for a blow. But starting to head north seemed like a pretty good idea, so that's what we did. It was a short trip that day to Broad Creek and

Deltaville just south of the mouth of the Rappahannock. Okay, so that's not very far north. But it was a start. Anyway, quite the place, Deltaville:

The three remaining boats took adjacent slips at Dozier's Marina in beautiful downtown Deltaville after a fuel stop. It was nice to be able to use the clubhouse at the marina, which had air conditioning. Which the rest of our world largely didn't and, it being 96 degrees that day, felt pretty good. The MacDonalds and Whaleys borrowed the marina's courtesy car and went out to lunch. It was quite the car: very - how do you say it? - 'suntanned' (we think it used to be sort of brown but you couldn't really tell if that was on purpose or not), with old duct tape holding the vinyl upholstery together, and an air conditioner that didn't work. It was free, though, so that made it wonderful.

Later that afternoon, Sue and Judi made a pilgrimage in the Marinamobile to a local sort-of-pharmacy to pick up some antibiotics. Sue needed meds for her missing tooth (or, rather, the pain from the dry socket that took its place) and Judi got some, too. It was actually pretty interesting trying to coordinate doctors in Annapolis and pseudo-pharmacists in Deltaville. Except that neither of them felt so good at the time. It was quite the adventure, but they succeeded at last. Just in time to go out for dinner . . .

Which leads us to the trip to Toby's Restaurant. V/C Liz had researched the best places to go out, which meant places that were willing to pick us up (being as we really couldn't borrow the Marinamobile for an extended visit to a restaurant). There don't seem to be many restaurants within walking distance in Deltaville. Or anything else within walking distance for that matter, actually. So Ellen from Toby's came to pick us up. In her pickup truck. It was kind of cool, in a rustic sort of way. She dropped us off at the entryway to the restaurant and told us to go take a seat. When we got to our table, there was Ellen with her notepad in hand to take our orders. Seems she doubles as the waitress. "The" as in one, only, singular. Like I said, Deltaville is pretty rustic. We had a very nice meal, including homemade bread and Toby's own homemade ice cream. Deltaville being a seafood kind of place, we mostly did that. Glenn even had the chef's own "Calamari and Black Bean Soup". (He'd never heard of it either.) Asking about the recipe, the cook (who doubles as the owner) came out and borrowed Ellen's order pad and wrote it out. Anyone interested in trying it? Glenn has the recipe.

Ellen took another couple's order who had just arrived, gave it to the cook/owner, and then took us back to the marina and our boats. It was very cozy with six of us (plus Ellen) in one pickup truck. You should try it sometime. It's a great bonding experience. Anyway, we got back at 9:30 - it was another 'late' night for us! And, we assume, Ellen got back in time to serve her new customers. That was our sixth day.

Day 7 - Tuesday, August 31st: After free coffee and a free pumpout at Doziers, we got underway around 8:30 and headed north toward Mill Creek on the Great Wicomico. At that point, our friend Hurricane Earl was projected to pass safely off the East Coast but might send us rain and wind. Not unsafe, but perhaps uncomfortable. Where to hole up? We were targeting Solomon's at that point, but that would be a decision for tomorrow.

As it turned out, we were ready to enter the Great Wicomico before noon with the prospect of anchoring by early afternoon and weathering the heat of the day in the marginal breezes we'd come to expect on this trip. So, rather than sit and bake, we opted while in transit (via VHF) to continue on to Smith Creek on the Maryland side of the Potomac. We got there and motored to a nice little cove a couple miles up the creek around 4:30 where the three of us rafted up for a nice evening Happy Hour hosted by *Southern Lady*. It had been another 40+ mile day, but promised a shorter trip to Solomons in the morning.

Day 8 - Wednesday, September 1st: We all got underway for Solomons around 8:00, assisted on our way north by a 5-6 kt easterly breeze. It was still mostly a motoring trip, but as sailors it made us feel better about it all. Thanks to our longer transit of the day before, it wasn't a long day and we were all in slips at the Solomons Island Yacht Club by 1:45. The only notable event during the trip was when *Bay GyPSy* got shoo'd away from the Navy weapons range by a particularly zealous patrol boat. Twice, actually. While they thought they were well clear of the area, the Navy apparently thought they weren't clear enough. So they were told to turn west to clear the area. That would be 270°. That would not be 275° (which was why they got to talk to the Zealous Patrol Boat twice). No problem; all were still able to enter port together and had a grand time relaxing at the SIYC clubhouse. That evening, we had a great waterfront seafood meal and enjoyed a beautiful sunset for our last evening together on the cruise. Although we knew by then that Earl had chosen an easterly track and would not

be a problem, we decided it was time to leave for home. Plus, Sue needed to see a dentist for her dry socket before the Labor Day weekend set in. Getting home by Thursday evening made that possible.

Day 9 - Thursday, September 2nd: All three boats were underway bright and early (okay, at least it was early. It actually wasn't very bright when the last of us cast off at 6:15) for the long haul back to the Spa Creek (*Evergreen*) and the Magothy (*Southern Lady* and *Bay GyPSy*). Although the breeze started out pretty still (contra the advertized wind of 5-10+ kt from the south), we did pick up an assist later on in the morning. In fact, *Bay GyPSy* turned off the engine at Thomas Point and sailed the rest of the way to the Magothy, arriving home around 4:45. It was a very nice finish to a fun time together on the water. And thus almost endeth the CSC Late-Summer Cruise. 'Almost', because there was a

### Postscript

After Susan's dentist appointment Friday, *Bay GyPSy* decided to go out again in the wonderful weather we all enjoyed over Labor Day weekend. The doctor appointment turned out to be a "well baby check" since the dry socket, although still painful, was found to be healing well. So after church that Sunday, we set out with a nice 5-10 kt westerly breeze and had a delightful sail down to Whitehall Bay. Not a long trip, it's true, but it was a great sail. We spent a wonderful evening anchored in Ridout Creek, enjoying a dinner of grilled bluefish that Sue had caught while trolling that day. In fact, we had a totally wonderful day of sailing - and fishing - on Labor Day, too. It started out with a glorious sunrise. We had a great southeasterly 10 kt breeze all day and, although we were making a good 6 to 7 knots, Sue decided to troll anyway.



She apparently was only interested in energetic fish, since that was a bit on the fast side for normal fishing. She prevailed, though. Check out the picture - her take that day included a 20" Spanish mackerel and a



22" rockfish [see photos page]. Then we made the reluctant but inevitable transit home and tucked *Bay GyPSy* safely into her favorite slip by 6:00 that evening. What a grand way to end a great cruise and a perfect weekend!

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