

# Chesapeake Sailing Club

Annapolis, Maryland

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June 2009

## SCUTTLEBUTT

### Newsletter of the Chesapeake Sailing Club

#### Calendar at a Glance

June 27-28 - St. Jean Baptiste - French Cuisine by French Maids, Saltworks Creek or Sajak Cove, Severn River

July 4 - Gibson Island, Purdy Pt, Magothy R. for Fireworks

July 5-6 - Chester River, then home

July 25-26 - Rideout Cr, Whitehall Bay

See the detailed [Cruise Schedule](#)

### Commodore's Column

Tom Muha *Taj Muha*

The CSC sailing season got off to a great start over the Memorial Day week-end. Fleet Captain Judi MacDonald changed the original destination so there was a greater opportunity to sail with the wind. *Taj Muha* was able to set sail out of Back

Creek and sail under the Bay Bridge to the Eastern Shore on one tack, and then all the way back into the Magothy River on another single tack. Winds were 12-14 knots and temps were around 80 degrees. Talk about the perfect sailing day!

The next day was race day, and Judi was able to set a course the maximized the wind direction. Everyone who participated



in the race raved about how nice it was to have ideal wind conditions. I'd like to commend Judi for her new, more flexible "sail with the wind approach" approach. It requires more cooperation among our members when last minute changes are made and people need to make a few phone calls to activate the telephone tree. But it's worth it to get better sailing days. So if you're coming to a CSC event by water, please remember to send an email with your phone number so we can be sure you get updated on any last minute changes.

### **We're on the Water!**

Judi MacDonald, Fleet Captain *Evergreen*

We started the season with the Memorial Day weekend cruise/race and the summer cruise. Evergreen hosted a pot luck after the Memorial Day Race with 20 people attending. It was great fun. The Race was fabulous. Any sailor who missed that missed great winds and a good race. [ See Lois Nance's report below] We sailed from the Baltimore Light House to 1UC to LP and back to the light house for the finish.



I want to thank everyone who helped me call to notify our location change for the Memorial Day weekend. I appreciate your support that made everything work so

smoothly. We had a great first week of the summer cruise,

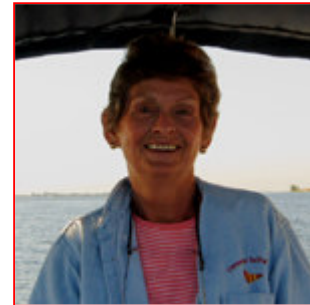
lots of good memories and a great time. [See Sue & Glenn's article below]

Remember and mark your calendar for a week-end cruise on the 27th of June, St. Baptiste day. Let's have a French theme. We will need a host boat. Our destination is Sajak Cove, also called Rock Cove on your charts, past Round Bay up the Severn. We remind you that all plans are subject to change depending on the wind.

### **Social Report**

Liz Cingel, Vice Commodore *Southern Lady*

The annual picnic will be held at Belvedere Yacht Club in Arnold, MD on August 15. Check the website for directions to Belvedere. Save your unwanted books and we will have a book exchange table. I need input from



members as to what kind of food you would like to have at the picnic. In the past we have had pork barbecue and fried chicken and everyone brought either a side dish or dessert. Please email me your suggestions. We could also use some help in setting up for the picnic.

I need a host for the Early Thanksgiving party. The Christmas party will be held at the Cingel's house on Saturday, December 5.

We look forward to seeing everyone at raftups.

### **Eating Well!**

Susan Whaley *Bay GyPSy*

The much-anticipated shakedown cruise for the 2009 sailing season was lots of fun. It just wasn't so much sailing fun! The plan had been for as many of us as could muster under

sail (or otherwise) to make our way down to Galesville on the West River and indulge epicurean fancies at the Pirate's Cove Restaurant. Alas, however, the weather was not so pretty good. (I think the technical term is "yucky".) So we didn't. Sail, that is. What some of us did was launch our 4-wheeled dirt dinghies and converged on Pirate's Cove in a land assault.



I think we can say that a good time was had by all. "All", however, was kind of a small smattering of CSC-ites who were both able (schedules were an issue with many) and willing to brave the rain. That would be Commodore Tom and Gina Muha, Richard Payne, Joe and Margie Powers, and Glenn and Sue Whaley - seven in all. A lucky number. We might have been few, but we enjoyed and celebrated good seafood, sea stories a bunch, a little wine, and friendship. If you weren't able to make it, know that we missed you.

### **The Story of a Mighty Fine Cruise**

*Susan Whaley Bay GyPSy*

Here's the way it was, at least during Week One: Under the able leadership of Fleet Captain Judi MacDonald, supported (abetted?) by Commodore Tom Muha and Vice Commodore Liz Cingel, the fleet of the Chesapeake Sailing Club sallied forth boldly for adventure and merriment on Saturday, May 23rd. 'Twas a good day, for most - sun aplenty, pleasant temperature, and steady breezes. Unfortunately for our hardy crews, those steady breezes were pretty much coming from dead south. And, as plans would have it, that was where Eastern Bay and Crab Alley Bay pretty much were. So we did what many an intrepid traveler has done when faced with adversity: We changed plans. Instead of heading south, we all rendezvous'd in the Magothy at Red House Cove at the end of Gibson Island. 'Twas a grand scene - ten boats and 20

revelers congregated on *Evergreen* (John and Judi MacDonald), rafted up with *Taj Muha* (Tom and Gina Muha). A sumptuous feast and a grand time was had by all, with the centerpiece being a boffo lasagna provided by *Evergreen*. Thanks, Judi! By the way, 'all' included the following sailors: The aforementioned MacDonalds and Muhas plus *Ariel* (Dave Nance and Lois Carey) *Tieve Owna* (Mal and Anne Marie Singerman), *Andiamo* (Jim and Donna Force), *Aquavit* (Joe and Margie Powers), *Whistwind* (Bill and Sandy Stine), *Eternity* (Mike and Sherry Bernard), *Bay GyPSy* (Glenn and Sue Whaley), and *Iwanda* (Christian and Mary Verlaque). Christian and Mary are friends of the Muhas from their Bahamas cruising days and just happened to be in the area so were invited to join us.

We all had such a delightful time at Red House Cove - named for a reputed house of that color that some say lives in the area, but which must only have a 'winter water view', since no one could see it - that we decided to stay there the whole next day and party at the same anchorage again the next night. Of course, the continuing southerly breezes may have had a little to do with the decision to stay, but we'll never tell. Three of the boats raced that day out in the Bay. A segway to the RACE:

### **The CSC Memorial Day Weekend Race**

Lois Nance *Ariel*

Three inveterate CSC boats vied for the coveted Memorial Day Weekend cup. The contenders were *Evergreen* ably crewed by Judi and John MacDonald, *Ariel* ably crewed by Lois and Dave Nance, and *Tieve Owna* ably crewed by Anne Marie and Mal Singerman who were accompanied by crew ringers Sandy and Bill Stine. Wind and sea conditions were optimal. The race was close all the way around the three legs. After a staggered start at Baltimore Light, *Ariel* dodged an oil barge at the start. *Evergreen* managed to catch and pass

*Tieve Owna* on the first leg. *Tieve Owna* was trailing at the first mark and made the decision to take a different tack than the other boats. After all, what was there to lose? It was a wise move.

*Tieve Owna* rounded the second mark ahead of *Ariel* and *Evergreen*. On the third leg *Ariel* gained the lead again from *Tieve Owna* and was first across the finish line followed by *Tieve Owna* and *Evergreen*.

The corrected times resulted in a close and exciting finish. It was *Tieve Owna* in first place just 1 minute 59 seconds ahead of *Evergreen* in second place just 1 second ahead of *Ariel* in third.

A good time was had by all, and everyone beat *Southern Lady* for once.

### ***The Story of a Mighty Fine Cruise, continues:***

We celebrated togetherness and fine fellowship aboard *Ariel* that beautiful Sunday evening and went back to our boats happy and relaxed.

After two days on the Magothy River, most folks went home on Monday, Memorial Day, and resumed normal life. Three of us (*Evergreen*, *Ariel*, and *Bay GyPSy*) were joined by *Southern Lady* (Frank and Liz Cingel) and headed south at last. That evening found the CSC fleet at Chalk Cove, which is a little hidey-hole off Leadenham Creek, which is off Broad Creek, which is off the Choptank River. So it is pretty remote, which made it pretty wonderful - quiet, sheltered, and uncluttered. We were the only boats there. Maybe that was because no one knows about it - heck, even Google doesn't know where it is! That evening, *Southern Lady* hosted the evening get-together and we all just sat on deck and soaked in the ambiance. It was incredibly relaxing. The only excitement was

when Sue looked over to *Bay GyPSy* and called out to everyone, "Hey, look! Skittles is pooing on the bow!" This was a significant event only because Skittles the Sea Dog had not been on the water since last season and it wasn't certain she remembered where her rug was. But she did. All was well with the world. (By the way, it had been a very long weekend for Skittles until she rediscovered her rug. We were all relieved that she was relieved!) The next day, Tuesday the 26th, the wind was blustery and still from the east, rain threatened, and we loved the cove and anchorage so much that the flotilla decided to spend the day there and just 'chill'. Chilling is supposed to be very good for the soul. If so, we left Chalk Cove the next day with very good souls.

Wednesday evening found us at the Cambridge Municipal Marina for a wonderful seafood dinner at Jimmie and Sooks, a fairly new establishment highly recommended by the marina dockmaster. The consensus was unanimous: that night, we enjoyed crab cakes, soft shelled crabs, and oysters that were among the best in our collective memories. And that's quite a statement! It more than made up for the long motor trip down to Cambridge in the face of still-contrary winds. After that memorable dinner, we relaxed on board *Bay GyPSy* for a bit of wine and even more relaxation (as if we needed it!).

On Thursday, we left Cambridge in the late morning as it was pretty foggy, which bothered us not at all as we were still in a very mellow mood after that seafood feast. This time, we fooled mother nature who was still fond of her south wind, by actually heading north. (What a novel concept!) Winds were still light, though, so we had to engage the diesel spinnakers for an assist, and by afternoon had made our way to the Tred Avon River and Trippe Creek. We had the whole creek to ourselves and that evening shared a buffet on board *Ariel*, who served as host boat. Lots of 'sea stories' and more good fellowship.

On Friday, May 29th, it was a transit to San Domingo and a day in St. Michaels via the southern entrance. Which set the stage for the high drama point of the cruise. Let me give you Glenn's version:

"*Bay GyPSy, Ariel, Southern Lady, and Evergreen* anchored south of St. Michaels and we all took our dinghies into town to spend the day. It was a very cool way to spend a Friday. Very pleasant weather, a very nice lunch, and then a fun walk around town with all its shops. Everyone sort of split up according to the various different interests and Sue and I finally sashayed back to the dinghy around 4:00. The others had returned to their boats earlier, so ours was the last dinghy there. And when we got there, we noticed that it was sort of low on air - not a good thing to notice on an inflatable boat! Since a thunderstorm was coming up, we were understandably anxious to get back to the boat before the wind and rain so decided to make a run for it and reinflate the dinghy later. (Not a good decision!) I'll offer in my defense, though, that I was thinking, 'what are the odds that there really was a leak in both bladders of the dinghy at the same time?' It was probably just low on air or something. Anyway, we left the work dock and then, on top of everything, the outboard motor cut out. So there we were, about 30 yards offshore (not very far, fortunately), with a boat that wasn't very inflated and, although I thought it was just low on air, as it turns out it was actually bleeding air - we think some kid must have loosened the fill valves, as no leaks or anything were found later and it worked just fine for the rest of the trip (as it had for the first week of the cruise). But the boat wasn't just low on air, it was trying to sink. And Sue and I were in it! That was definitely not cool. And the motor, which was acting a lot like a very big paperweight at the time, wasn't helping our positive bouyancy at all. This was definitely not a good thing. Did I mention that a

thunderstorm was threatening? With thunder and lightening and everything? And poor Skittles the Sea Dog was on the boat all by herself. Getting back to the boat would have been a very good thing. It just wasn't looking to be a very likely good thing at the moment.

Fortunately for us, a St. Michaels waterman had come down to the dock to check on his boat before the big storm. Although it would have been more prudent - certainly in



retrospect! - to wait out the storm on shore, we decided that the unmanned boat and solo pup needed us. That's when the motor conked out. We felt pretty silly - two obvious visitors from out of town, sitting dead in the water in a not-so-floating dinghy (actually, it looked a lot more like a 'V' than a stately dinghy) and not having a lot of real fun options. So the nice waterman called out and asked if we would like him to come get us with his work boat. We did. And he did. We were very grateful he did, too. So we were back on terra firma with only minorly deflated egos, a much more significantly deflated dinghy, and an outboard that we got off the dinghy and onto the dock just in time. Then we took refuge in the deck house of a deadrise workboat tied up there, just as the heavens opened up. And, believe it or not, had just a great time enjoying the rain, the very 'unique' ambiance of being stranded with no boat in a thunderstorm. But we were safe, dry, and having just a great time, given the weird circumstances.

"When we could, we called the others in the flotilla who had long since holed up in their nice, dry boats to enjoy the evening. Thankfully, they came and retrieved us and our poor sick boat after the storm passed. Dave from *Ariel* brought the air pump to reinflate the dinghy, which held air just fine thank-you-very-much, and towed us back to *Bay GyPSy*. We ultimately found out also, by the way, that in all the confusion the fuel shutoff valve had apparently gotten accidentally shut and, once opened, the outboard worked just fine. Good thing that happened, though, or we figure we would have been much farther out on the water when it became apparent that the dinghy was still leaking! The Lord works in mysterious ways and, boy, are we grateful! So all was well - *Bay GyPSy*, with Skittles as anchor watch, fared just fine through the storm and we all resumed the cruise without further incident the next day."

Back to the cruise. We all left St. Michaels on Saturday morning. *Evergreen* departed the fleet to head back north, leaving *Southern Lady*, *Ariel*, and *Bay GyPSy* to continue the voyage. The three headed south once again, once again with a southerly breeze against them, and once again motored (mostly), this time to the Solomon Island Yacht Club. Very hospitable, gracious people, very nice club! We shared dinner at Kingfisher, a seafood restaurant, and had a grand time and lousy service. But delays meant more conversation, so it's all good. Then it was back to the boats for more chill time, maybe a little laundry, and some more rest.

On Sunday morning, *Bay GyPSy* broke off to head for home - some poor saps have to work for a living! - leaving *Ariel* and *Southern Lady* to continue on south to the Potomac and points unknown (at this writing). The Whaleys, including Skittles, motored north this time (because, wouldn't you know it?, the wind had now shifted from the north!). After meeting some friends for lunch at the Skippers Pier in Deale, they spent



the night in the Rhode River on *Southern Lady's* recommendation. A winner it was, too! What a beautiful anchorage. Then, after a final night at anchor, *Bay*

*GyPSy* sailed - yes, sailed! With a steady southwest breeze - back to the Magothy and homeport. (This last paragraph included since it was indeed part of the Great Adventure, even if only shared by the Whaleys and Skittles the Sea Dog.) Both of us wished it didn't have to end but . . . . And that's the first week (9 days, actually) of the Memorial Day spring cruise of the Chesapeake Sailing Club.

### **The CSC Summer Cruise, Week Two**

Lois Nance *Ariel*

Two boats persevered and continued on the second week of the CSC Summer Cruise. *Southern Lady*, with Liz and Frank Cingel aboard and *Ariel* with Lois and Dave Nance aboard bid farewell to *Bay Gypsy* and Susan and Glenn Whaley in Solomons on Sunday. The two boats had a phenomenal sail to Smith Creek off the Potomac River. They enjoyed 10 to 15 knot winds all the way. Warm breezes and clear skies provided an ideal anchorage.

Monday brought a leisurely sail across the Potomac to a secluded anchorage in an idyllic cove off Big House Point on the beautiful West Yeocomico River. The following day all took a walk around Kinsale, VA, and had crab cakes for lunch at a small but quite good restaurant in the quaint community. The only excitement for the day was a tree crashing into the cove not far from the boats. It sounded like rapid gun fire and frightened the birds as badly as the crews. That night

proved not to be so idyllic. The boats weathered not one, not two, but three distinct and really scary thunderstorms. *Southern Lady's* anchor held for several 360° turns. *Ariel*, rafted to her, was quite thankful for their equipment and anchoring skill.

Wednesday was a relaxing motor sail in moderate temperatures and calm seas back to Solomons where Solomons Island Yacht Club was most hospitable to both boats. Less than ideal weather conditions find the boats still in Solomons, sitting out rain and forecasts of high winds at press time. Not the way either crew would have picked to end the week, but tied to the dock and keeping warm sounded really good.

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