

# CHESAPEAKE BRISTOL CLUB

VOLUME 14

ISSUE 8

OCTOBER 1988

The Weatherman (for once) really hit the nail on the head with his forecast for Labor Day weekend. Saturday was a power-some-sail-some day on the way to the Corsica River for most folks... but, blessedly, the sun was shining. Following the rule of prudence the raft formed around the second bend and these boats had a wonderful social hour until separating into small rafts lying snugly for a night of rain and moderate wind. ECHO skippered and crewed by Don Taylor... DAPHNE, returning from a delightful week long cruise on the bay with Dick and Ruth Boecker aboard. Dick Jr. hitched a ride on BLUE HERON to join his folks for the Cup race....MARIPOSA, with Jerry Cureton and Joni Powers...WINDSONG with guest Janet Theall joining Bob & Jean Eaton. ..SANS SOUCI with Joe, Jay & Heidi Heidel aboard.. (Heidi is a mini-doxy) Hak & Del Kauffman in their "Fat Cat" BRAVO II. Paul & Marjorie Kavanaugh took a weekend in the middle of their two week Bay cruise to join the CBC celebration .. and they and their BROAD ARROW were envied by all.. Gus brought Mike and Marcia Nathans in his HIGH ADVENTURE, andEASTING DOWN automatically brought Tom & Marcia Outerbridge to the party.....TROUVAILLEwith skipper Denny Thrasher and crew Nancy brought some good friends along for a good visit.. Ed & Betsy Plitt! Ray & Joan Hollinger spent the weekend in THEOFIS. Ned & Fayla Sherrer brought PAVANNE... Bert & Bette Shoemaker brought NAN SEA and Heidi insisted that BLUE HERON bring Nancy and Eric Weber.

In spite of morning rain everyone was thankful that promised thunderstorms never showed their ugly heads.. and everyone was greeted with a cheery good morning from Marcia Outerbridge as she visited each raft on her sailboard! A real pro!

Don Taylor rounded up crew of Bert & Bette Shoemaker and Ned & Fayla Sherrer, deposited ECHO's dinghy with Committee Boat BLUE HERON who was already custodian of DAPHNE's dink. It was a wow of a start and so windy that the racers scurried to reef or change sails. The final result of the Commodore's Cup Race is:

HIGH ADVENTURE	1:50:29
EASTING DOWN	1:54:14
ECHO	1:54:53
THEOFIS	2:15:29
DAPHNE	DNF

As the times indicate, it was right windy... and one of BLUE HERON's charges (DAPHNE's dink) headed off alone.. sans painter.. and was retrieved with no little difficulty...and great relief!

Gray's Inn Creek was a snug anchorage for cocktail hour and tales (tall?) of the race as BLUE HERON, DAPHNE, MARIPOSA, BROAD ARROW, PAVANNE, ECHO, HIGH ADVENTURE, EASTING DOWN, NANSEA, THEOFIS, and TROUVAILLE gathered for the second night. ECHO provided most helpful CPR to the battery of NAN SEA who had popped an alternator belt, but with a generator charge could make home port for Bert & Bette. A few gathered in Swan Creek to get a head start for the long trip home. The start was scarcely needed as the winds werestiff and all had a quick sail home.

COME TO PERRY CABIN ON THE 22<sup>ND</sup>!

# THE COSMETIC\* RACE

## \*LADIES MAKE UP...

Eric and Nancy Weber were official starters for the rescheduled Ladies' Race.. The winds were great and it was a rollicking race! Here are the results of the 10 mile race:

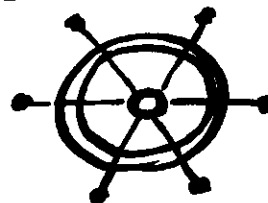
EASTING DOWN	1:19:06
DAPHNE	1:19:22
WHIM	1:23:09

Joining the racers in Swan Creek were DELPHINUS with John and Helene Kehring, MAGIC DRAGON with honeymooners Fred and Linda Hixon, ANGELOT with Tom and Judy Taylor. BLUE HERON had guests Rachel and Skip Morganthaler aboard and Dick Jr. and Allison were also aboard Daphne to help Ruth race. Cary and Pat Dickieson and Jumper joined the social hour by power boat from Rock Hall. In another corner of Swan Creek were MELTEMI, UN BEL DEE, and MOONRAKER. Tom and Barb Carey were nearby with SKYLARK rafter with another group. Fun to see them and say hello.

It rained.. again.. for social hour but everyone just snuggled under awnings.. and kept right on partying! As usual Swan Creek was a windy anchorage, but they held tight and awoke to sunny skies and enough wind for a slow sail home.

On Saturday, while the ladies were racing, as wall of power boats roared up the bay... racing too. They bounced and slammed into the water and we thought of those poor aching backs! We re-affirmed the fact that sailing was the way we gladly chose to go!

we'd rather be  
Sailing !!



As I promised you in the last issue: Final, Formal, Incontrovertible, Official Results of the Wye River Race of August 28, 1988.

DAPHNE	2:21:07
THEOFIS	2:33:55
BLUE HERON	DNF

TALISMAN was committee boat.

The Bristol Club invaded Fells Point again!  
We'll tell you all about it in our  
November issue! Race and all!

## THESE FOLKS CAME ON WHEELS...

Frank and Nancy McCabe  
Claude and Theresa Stripling

Fred and Linda Hixon  
Bill Sieling  
Jim and Dot Nissley  
Eric and Nancy Weber  
Gene and Alma Ehrlich

John and Helene Kehring

Hunter and Shirley Kennard with guests the Adams  
Sal and Belia Ceja and guest

Dick and May Wells  
Bert and Bette Shoemaker  
Paul Kavanaugh  
Noel and Carol Patterson

TO

OUR

SEAFOOD

SUPPER...

Tom and Marcia Outerbridge and kids (4 of them)  
Al and Helen Powell

Dick and Valerie Holcomb and their two children

## THESE FOLKS ANCHORED IN LAKE OGLETON.....

\* Ned and Fayla Sherrer with Fayla's parents Jay and Ruth Welsh  
\* Joel and Jeanne Gross and guests  
\* Joe and Jay Heidel

\* Jerry Cureton and guest

\* Cary and Pat Dickieson

\* Dick and Ruth Boecker and Chip and friend

\* Frank and Sharon Arsenault

Norm and Sandra Bogarde and guest

\* Judy and Tom Taylor

Jim & Dot Nissley

\* Mike and Marcia Nathans

## THEY ALL ATE LOBSTER... AND ATE... AND ATE.....

To the surprise of everyone the lobster dinner arrived already steamed! This was especially surprising to the Commodore.. and Norm Bogarde (who had driven to the party with a car full of grills!) It was a welcome surprise to everyone.. as there wouldn't be any cooking in the rain.. and much more time to visit, enjoy the company and the beer and chow. Sandra Bogarde skippered SAVOIR FAIRE with a galfriend as crew in some pretty stiff winds.. in fact they were stiff enough to blow the water out of HIGH BALL's marina and Pat and Cary couldn't leave Rock Hall until 2:30 PM. They were a bit late for dinner. CON BRIO, coming in from a cruise of several days, had a blown out jib, and went home at 3:00AM on Sunday to catch high tide into their cove. Three AM is bad enough.. but in the rain! BRRRR!

The usual retinue of four footed crew members joined the clean up crew after receiving much attention (and tidbits) from the feasters.

We are all grateful to Noel Patterson who braved wind and rain to taxi the feasters to and from their boats safely. Thanks!

A BELOVED BOAT IS NOW FOR SALE! ART & HERTA BAITCH ARE LOOKING FOR A LARGER BOAT AND MUST PART FROM THEIR MOONRAKER. SHE IS A BEAUTIFUL 29.9 WITH AN OVERSIZED DIESEL, YANMAR 20; THREE ROLLER FURLING FORESAILS (JIB, 150 & NEW 170); D/S, KM/LOG, NEW DODGER & BIMINI, PRESSURE WATER AND MANY EXTRAS. SHE HAS BEEN LOVINGLY MAINTAINED. YOU MAY FIND HER AT VENTNOR MARINA ON BODKIN CREEK. TO SEE HER CALL 301-484-2979

# TELL YOUR FRIENDS

THERE IS A 1971 BRISTOL 29  
(HULL #153 K/CB, M/G &  
DRIFTER, VHF, DEPTH, NEW  
BATTERIES, WINTER COVER)

FOR SALE

SHE IS IN EXCELLENT CONDITION

CALL COLLECT

215-699-5258

C. SCOTT McCULLOCH

Save Saturday, Nov. 5th!

It will be our  
grand finale at  
the Engineers Club in  
.Baltimore.

DETAILS  
LATER

MANY THANKS TO EVERYONE FOR PITCHING IN AND  
HELPING WITH THE LOBSTER FEAST... ESPECIALLY  
THOSE BAY RIDGE CBC FOLK AND TO NORM  
BOGARDE FOR DRAGGING THE UN-NEEDED  
GRILLS FROM MT. AIRY.



WE LUV YA ALL!!

## Taking Ayesha Around DelMarVa Mark and Sarah Fisher

Sarah and I have long wanted to travel around the DelMarVa peninsula. This year, the right combination of vacation time, boat preparation, and research came together, and we decided to try. In order to complete the trip in the two weeks that Sarah could spend, I started early by singlehanded Ayesha down the bay to Hampton.

The trip south had exciting points in the first two days - dragging anchor in a thunderstorm in the pudding soft mud at the back of the West River, running out of gas under another thunderstorm off Point No Point and finding out that same evening that the centerboard was jammed down.

By the third day, things had settled down. I refueled by dinghying in to St. Leonard's Creek, and made it to Broad Creek on the Rappahannock by 4:30 that day. Broad Creek is like a Disneyland for marinas. There's barely enough room to turn around between an immense assortment of active marine railways, travellifts, covered docks - even a floating dry dock! Through the help of Chris Plakas at Walden Brothers Marina, I got first position on the haul-out list at Dozier's Boatyard for the next day. It turned out that the centerboard wasn't repairable in the time I could afford, and I removed it for the rest of the trip.

After long motorsailing tacks across the lower bay, I made it to Hampton, and tied up at the town dock that night, where I was to meet Sarah, who came down by bus. Hampton has put a lot of effort into rebuilding their town center, and that effort includes a gold-plated transient dock (stainless flathead screws for fasteners!) at the head of the Hampton River.

The next day, we set out for the unknown part of the trip. The sail across to Cape Charles was delicious. Since I was free of the safety harness now, I could enjoy the nettle free, cool ocean water of the lower bay. We saw our first pelicans, and the "Virginia Rover", with full tanbark sails set and hanging from her spars as she motored across the Bay. They tried, I guess, to cover up the diesel by playing Jimmy Buffet tapes, but the experiment was a failure, as far as we were concerned.

In passing under the north end of the Bridge-Tunnel, we were ushered into a new world. Gone were the distant horizons and haze-shrouded shores. In their place, we had emerald grass lapping the channels, with skimmers and fiddler crabs marking our passage - and greenhead flies. The greenheads like you best when you're still wet - softer and seasoned, I guess. No mosquitos - I guess the greenheads ate them.

The next seven days were spent winding north to Ocean City. Our concern about making it through shows in the long hops we made on the first days, when we passed several islands I wish we had stopped at now. Our pattern was to move north in the morning with the flood tide, then anchor behind the beaches of the barrier islands for swimming, long walks, and clamming in the afternoon. "A hard life", and over too soon. For five days the loudest sounds we heard were surf and terns - and the exhalations of sea turtles. Although they're endangered we must have seen

several dozen. A local waterman we talked to said they're there all the time, too, except in winter.

We discovered subtle ways of staying in the channel. While the Virginia Intercoastal Waterway is well marked by daybeacons, the actual edge of the channel is not so obvious, especially at high tide when we were threading our way across the shallow bays between the inlets. We followed the strongest current, and discovered that when the current was against the wind, it was marked by a band of ripples, while when the current was with the wind, it was marked by a slick. Still, there were several times when one of us had to leap over the side and "feel" back and forth in waist deep water to find enough depth to go ahead.

As we were coming into Chincoteague, we came to the rescue of a powerboater. His steering gear had rusted through, and his motor was jammed at an angle. I rowed the dinghy over, and jury rigged his gear. In the process, we asked him and his date if they knew of a place we could tie up that had a laundromat nearby. They suggested the Chincoteague Inn, and so we tied up there when we got into town.

And who should meet us, when we got into town, but "the date!" She offered to do our laundry and loan us her car, in return for being rescued! We happily accepted, and later got to know her.

The next hurdle was the bridge over to Assateague at the north end of the Bay - the chart said 38' but our masthead is 37' and the Coast Pilot says that the Bay there can change depth more than three feet in strong winds. We thought we'd better try it at low tide, just to be sure. Next morning we made it to the bridge a little too early to have the current against us as we went thru, so we turned around and backed under very slowly with perhaps 1' to spare, but we were through.

That put us within range of Ocean City, which was a zoo! Not only was it Saturday and everyone was out on the water, but it was also the first day of the Blue Marlin tournament and all the big boats were out, too, charging around in a narrow inlet with a 4 knot tidal current boiling through it. Our battery was dead so we had to plunge into all this mess to find someone to give us a charge which we succeeded in doing but at the cost of about 5 years off our lives. The dock hand at the marina we went to said he never goes out on the water during the weekend.

The next day had a forecast of a cold front coming through and it was Sunday anyway, so we just stayed at anchor about 3 miles south of the city. We admired the amusement park lights at night but didn't feel much interest in trying to get ashore. We tried some more fishing (no luck), and chicken-necked, (better luck, except most of the crabs were sponge crabs and we put 'em back). Boy, I got tired of powerboat wakes by the end of the day; it'd been so quiet coming north from Cape Charles and now the water was at least as busy as the Magothy Channel north of Annapolis.

Monday morning was foggy so we hung around a while waiting for it to clear since we were going out the inlet and then north up the coast to Lewes, DL. The fog didn't clear so we went ahead out anyway, with about 100 yds visibility, which lifted to three miles in haze on the way

north. Dead reckoning brought us to the south end of Hen & Chickens shoal right where we expected to hit it and as we rounded Cape Henlopen the haze lifted and we had a nice sail into Lewes.

That night we went to a restaurant, and we felt a little disappointed! We'd been doing pretty well getting our own seafood all the way up the coast, and while we had no luck fishing, we were actually tired of clams and had had oysters and crabs, too. Restaurant flounder was a little flat (no pun intended). Still, it was nice to spend the night tied up at the town dock instead of trying to anchor in a tidal stream that reversed direction every 6 hours, in a narrow channel. Lewes is a pretty, old fashioned town that's just beginning to be developed. We'd been there 4 years ago and things didn't look much different. For the locals, development means money, but to city slickers like us who see development every day, a little quiet is more attractive.

The next morning we sailed across the mouth of Delaware Bay and went in Cape May inlet. We brushed through some fog again at the end, but had a nice sail on the way, fresh breezes and sparkling water. We couldn't see any of the old resort town of Cape May from the harbor, so we went on back to Delaware Bay through the Cape May canal (more powerboat wakes, plus lots of headboats make the canal like a mixing bowl - it was rough). We planned to spend the night in the Mispillion River, on the Delaware shore of the Bay so we headed back across.

About halfway across, I spied a black fin cutting the water alongside, and just as I cried to Sarah "Look! Dolphins!" about 20 fins broke the water all around us. We'd never been so close to them before. They were swimming right alongside, rolling over to look at us. They were with us for about 10 minutes, then mysteriously, they were gone. We got one picture with the camera but I will always remember that if I had leaned out I might have touched one; they were that close!

The Mispillion looks like an interesting place; it winds way back into the country through marsh, with no houses near. It's fairly deep, with a lot of water pouring out; the cruising guide says it's navigable for about 10 miles up until you reach a fixed bridge. Just like it, but on a larger scale is the river where we spent Wednesday night, the Cohansey on the Jersey side. Delaware Bay lived up to its reputation for getting rough while we crossed over to the Cohansey and we were really glad to get into the relative shelter of the river. I say relative, because while the shores kept the chop down, the wind swept in over the flat marshes unabated. Still, since there was a stiff ebb running out of the river mouth we were glad of the wind because it helped us get up the river.

I read somewhere that the Cohansey was one of the original six ports-of-entry on Delaware Bay in colonial times and I can believe it. Just inside the mouth the channel is 50' deep and the old town of Greenwich was founded in the 17th century. There are a lot of old houses still standing; some brick, some stone, and the town is within walking distance of the river. We went into town to get some groceries and ice and looked around; it was beautiful. We had a job anchoring that night; the river

current was so swift the anchor couldn't sink fast enough to bite before we started drifting backward. After a lot of circling and yelling (and leaping overboard to catch the end of a dropped anchor line before the whole job got lost) we finally got snugged down.

The next day we had a ways to go: through the C & D canal and on into Chesapeake Bay. We were both feeling kind of crabby; I don't think we wanted the last leg of the trip to be starting just yet, still, like everything so far it was an adventure, so we planned to get up early to catch the flood tide up the Bay. We were up at 5:30 and going, but the outboard motor didn't want to cooperate; I think all the idling at low speed the night before had fouled the plugs. Anyway, we had to pull and clean them twice before the motor would run on both cylinders - the only time it gave us any trouble on the whole trip. We eventually got going and the same stiff southwest breeze that'd been blowing the day before pushed us right up to the canal, making up the time we'd lost. We had to motor through the canal - 16 miles - but fortunately met only one freighter; mostly it was tug and barge traffic, which we were used to from the Chesapeake.

What we weren't used to, after 10 days of sea breezes, was the heat! We stopped at the Bohemia River to get ice and a battery charge again and the temperature must have been over 100! Fortunately, the water temperature was not and we went swimming repeatedly that evening. So far up the Chesapeake, the water is almost completely fresh so in addition to bathing ourselves, we washed all the salt off the boat.

We were feeling glad to be almost home, and a little not glad. In order to delay getting back and to see some parts of the Chesapeake we'd never explored before we spent a day sailing up the Sassafras, one of the celebrated cruising grounds on the Upper Bay. I'll have to say it was pretty; high, blue hills on Elk Neck just across from the river mouth reach up to 300'. But I think I prefer the miles and miles of green-gold marsh and the ocean beaches we'd just left. Anyway, we were feeling kind of crowded, even though it was the middle of the week and not too many boats were around.

That night we figured out the straight-line distances we'd travelled in the last two weeks. Point-to-point, the total estimated trip was 450 miles!

The last two days of the trip were beautiful: sunny, bright, warm but not hot, and blowing a hatful of wind! We finished up the trip in style, beating up to Fairlee Creek for Saturday night, and on to the Magothy on Sunday, August 14. We ended up beating into headwinds under a reefed headsail alone. We came back to the Magothy, our home river, about 3PM in the afternoon, unloaded the boat, cleaned up and were home by 6PM. Everything was fine when we got home; the cats were OK; and Sarah's niece had even cut the grass!

# AN ELEGANT PORT OF CALL FOR THE C.B.C.

OCTOBER 22, 1988



308 Watkins Lane, St. Michaels, MD 21663 301-745-5178

4:00 PM  
CASH BAR IN  
'THE GAZEBO'

7:00 PM  
SUMPTUOUS BUFFET IN  
'THE RIVER ROOM'

⚓ VEAL PICATTA ⚓ LONDON BROIL ⚓ CHICKEN PICATTA ⚓  
⚓ SALAD ⚓ VEGETABLES ⚓  
DELIGHTFUL DESSEET CART

\$27.25 PER PERSON

includes dinner, tax and gratuity.

DRESS: CASUAL MOOD: FESTIVE ATMOSPHERE: ELEGANT

THE GAZEBO IS A DELIGHTFUL OPEN AIR COCKTAIL SPOT ON THE LAWN OVERLOOKING THE COVE AND RIVER WHERE WE WILL MEET, WEATHER PERMITTING.

THE RIVER ROOM IS A PRIVATE DINING ROOM ON THE SECOND FLOOR WHERE THERE WILL ALSO BE A CASH BAR.

To Come by Water: Up the Miles River, turn East to St. Michaels. Inside the Red Marker but before the Museum turn North into Fogg Cove. Plenty of anchorage. The Perry Cabin Launch will bring you in from your boat. There are a few slips with 6' depth available, first come first served.

To Come by Land: Route 50 toward Easton. Route 322 Bypass to Route 33. Continue on 33 through the town of St. Michaels to the Perry Cabin sign at the North end of town. There is plenty of parking.

THIS SHOULD BE A VERY SPECIAL EVENING...THE GEESE WILL BE FLYING...THE SETTING IS BEAUTIFUL.. THE MEAL WILL BE SUPERB.. NOT TO MENTION THE COMPANY!

RESERVATION & CHECK MUST BE RECEIVED BY TUESDAY  
OCTOBER 18 - SEND IT IN NOW ★ ★ ★ ★

SEND TO NANCY WEBER - 102 HATTON DRIVE - SEVERNA PARK, MD 21146. You can call Nancy at 301-647-0404 for a reservation, but remember those checks must arrive before the affair. The Inn at Perry Cabin will charge a service fee for changes after October 18th.

Chesapeake Bristol Club  
4011 Thornapple Street  
Chevy Chase, MD 20815

*By Land or By Sea....*



OCTOBER 22.....

OPEN THIS, READ QUICKLY, AND *RUSH* TO  
THE MAIL BOX!