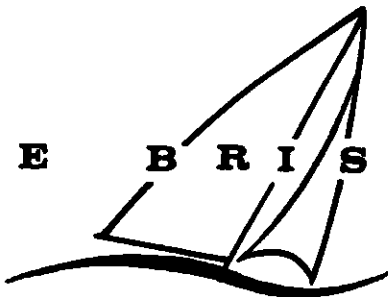




C H E S A P E A K E B R I S T O L C L U B



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Saturday, June 15, was another in the miserably hot days in the city that we had been living through for a week or so... and there were trepidations among the fleet that this year's cruise would be a carbon copy of "The Cruise from Hell" of 1993, but once the boats got out onto the Bay waters, each found winds from the SW of about 20 K and the trip from almost anywhere to Bodkin Creek was speedy, cool, and terrific. Twelve boats gathered in the creek, but the rafts were limited to 2 or 3 boats, due to the galloping breezes. Bill and Beryl Flynn, after settling their TALISMAN in for the evening, paid a call on each boat by dinghy, welcoming everyone to the start of the cruise. BLUE HERON, in the middle of about a six week cruise away from home port on the Corrotoman, staked out a spot in Jubb Cove and were soon joined by COMPROMISE and BROAD ARROW. CHANTEY, SOLSTICE, and MARIPOSA steamed in shortly and dropped anchor. BONKERS TWO was hailed by old friends on a Morgan 41 and solved the afternoon mystery. The Morgan was *also* named BLUE HERON, and her radio calls caused considerable confusion among the CBC fleet. RUSTY RIG steamed in with *all* the Boeckers aboard.. after a short run down the Patapsco, and among the latest arrivals was LIVELY LADY who only had to motor 1000 feet from her slip. EMERALD bedecked with safety net on her lifelines, joined in with two enthusiastic kids, Kyle and Sara, bouncing up and down on deck. Their enthusiasm was not dampened for the entire cruise! KNOT SO FAST was the smallest cruiser, but Tom and Paulette were raring to go. The fleet was anchored well back in the creek in the 6 K zone, the night was cool, the full moon was overhead all night, and the night was marvelous for sleeping. Relaxation from the very beginning.

Day two brought a very fast run up to Fairlee Creek, a wild entrance against a major current, and a late lunch. The anchorage was full, with many, many power boats. BROAD ARROW and BLUE HERON made several valiant attempts to raft, but the 20 K winds made collisions likely so the attempt was scrubbed. Shortly thereafter Marge Kavanaugh's white hat was seen bobbing over the water as she and Paul cooled off after all that effort. The sun was hot and the breeze was brisk and it truly felt like a day in the Virgin Islands. Two more boats pulled in later in the afternoon.. KELLY ANN who had made fantastic time from Solomon's to the Rhode River and then up to Fairlee, and CARPE DIEM, who scooted up from Harness Creek, just using the motor to leave the creek, and negotiate the tricky entry to join the cruisers inside. RUSTY RIG had dropped grandad Dick at home port as he had to work all week, poor guy! HALLELUJAH and L.B. QUEEQUEG joined in too, and HERON, with Steve Schwing, fresh back from his Bermuda cruise adventure, and the whole family. After happy hour aboard COMPROMISE, The Adams hopped aboard KNOT SO FAST for a ride back to their CARPE DIEM, as the skies were growing darker and more menacing and the Kennards rode back in their slightly squashy Zodiac to close hatches and ports and stow the outboard motor. Just as Bob, Hunter and Shirley were hopping aboard their "taxi" for the ride into dinner they became shockingly aware that the boats were dragging very rapidly toward the beach (the anchor had been fouled by a very large plastic garment bag and grass.)..... and the rains came. It took two diesels at full throttle to wrench a keel off the bottom and by the time the anchor was firmly secured in the bottom again three people were totally soaked and walked into the Great Oaks restaurant late, and very hungry. They had provided the evening entertainment for the earlier diners. The captain and crew of PAVANE, who had a command performance party to attend on Saturday night, caught up with the cruise and set a hook before the squall struck.

On Monday morning the 0900 radio skippers conference was a great debate of the merits of Still Pond, the fact that the wind was blowing like H---. Henry and Alice Good decided to pass up Still Pond and catch up with everyone the next night. as they were hoping to get in about 9 holes of golf at Fairlee, and the wind that morning didn't make golf seem too practical. When MARIPOSA pulled out, Cruise Director Mike's comment was that he was going to hold up a teatowel and run up the Bay. EMERALD had left early and went inside to the protected anchorage, but the other boats who had pulled out before 1100 anchored outside, snuggled up against the south shore. BLUE HERON went inside briefly until they realized the thinness of the water in the channel and as they were beating a retreat saw two pointy ears in the water. It was a deer swimming across the

channel! Lunch was welcome after the wild short run and another squall. SHANGHAI pulled in to raft with MARIPOSA. Everyone was fascinated with the heron "restaurant" nearby. A small fish weir had a heron on every post! The sun was beautiful but the winds had been gusting to 27 K. There was much dinghy visiting, and about 1630 Tom Carey and Paulette pulled in having had a terrible ride up the bay, with two reefs, but still were over powered, and had to resort to the little outboard. Mike and Janet and Steve Schwing visited each boat and presented each with a can of Spam and the instructions to create something out of it... no holds barred.. except that any additional materials must have been aboard the boat. The trio also handed out a word game.. to see how many words could be made from Spamburger. The judging was to be the next afternoon at 1600 with the judges results most arbitrary and final. There was a radio message from TALISMAN who had remained in Fairlee awaiting fairer breezes for their trip south to visit Fred and Linda Hixon on the 4th. Beryl said that they could see a rainbow with the bottom right where we all were anchored. Indeed a golden omen!

Tuesday morning was sunny and beautiful. Twelve herons on the fish weir and Fayla Sherrer spotted a deer on the beach just beyond. (Ned was off on the Garbage run.) A call from the Flynns said goodbye and we wished them bon voyage as they were off to the south at last. L.B.QUEEQUEG and HALLELUJAH headed for home also as the remaining boats headed up the bay for the Sassafras. With such glorious winds the skippers decided to head for Georgetown, and everyone sailed, and sailed and sailed up the river under a brilliant blue sky and some even flew their cruising spinnakers. The winds were a bit gusty and caught lively lady Elizabeth at the helm of LIVELY LADY who, with a scream, found herself heeling around a marker on the wrong side! Every CBC boat was in a slip or at a mooring by early afternoon! A radio conference set up reservations for dinner at the Kitty Knight house, and then it was time for a very cool swim in a wonderful pool, great showers, and a visit to the excellent marine store. KELLY ANN was having a bit of maintenance work done, so had pulled into a slip, but the boat that swung on moorings just had to call in or give two toots on a horn and TWO TOOTS TOO would scoot out and take us ashore. When the "taxi driver" announced that he was off duty at 2000 there was a scramble to change reservations to an earlier hour. The scurry was worth it! We had a truly superb dinner, high on the hill overlooking the Georgetown harbor and our boats below. The Kavanaughs, the Lewises, Tom Carey and Paulette, Henry and Alice Good, The McCabes, Bob and Ruth Adams, the Kennards, the Webers, Joel Gross and Tom Finney, and Adam and Elizabeth Canalungo enjoyed the marvelous meal and Hunter Kennard wolfed down his necessary dessert in time to make the last "taxi" home! The night was still, but cool enough for good sleeping.

Wednesday dawned more like the usual Chesapeake day when a fuzzy sun finally poked through the haze about 0700. COMPROMISE headed back to Baltimore, and BLUE HERON and CHANTEY headed up to Havre de Grace as they had reserved slips. Eric volunteered to be advance man for us and secure slips for ten of us in the marina there. Tom Carey relayed the message to the cruisers that she was headed homeward too, via Worton, as they were running out of everything and "KNOT SO FAST is only a four day boat, not a two week boat!" Fayla has been not her usual ebullient self, as she pulled a muscle in her upper back while hoisting the main, and was living on hot back packs and pain pills. She was most thankful to have her personal doctor on board. The rest of the fleet opted for a short sail to Ordinary Point. Andy Lewis, with local knowledge, insisted that there was enough water almost up to the beach, though the charts show only three. The schedule left time for a stroll around town, another swim and allowed Hunter Kennard to indulge in a leisurely shower. As he emerged all spic and span and walked along the deserted dock he heard a faint call "HELP!" and looked around and saw nothing. Another call and he discovered a gentleman under the dock in the water clutching a line. Quickly recruiting a young man from the nearby office he rushed back to help the gentleman, a boat broker, from the water. He had been stepping aboard a boat to place a "for sale" sign when the boat and dock moved apart and he fell between the two. This certainly pointed up the merits of having a ladder or two at marina docks to help in emergencies... even just retrieving something trivial from the water... and could be a real lifesaver! Down the river Solstice anchored close to a beautiful curving spit with a sand beach and a clean sand bottom (for which we would be very grateful later). Soon people (and Dusty) were ashore and enjoying the cool water and swimming. Suddenly a "desert island" complete with palm tree and banana emerged from RUSTY RIG and was towed to shore by Dick, Jr. in his first very own boat, a very small bright red Panda inflatable with an equally small motor for propulsion. The young folks from HERON and RUSTY RIG had a marvelous time on the beach and they all decided to meet on the beach at 8:30 for a bonfire and ghost stories. Ruth Boecker produced a marvelously ghoulish (and icky) story that truly had to be experienced. As the afterglow faded it was replaced with a light show that appeared pretty ominous and the beach party scurried

back to their boats just before the rain started. Paul and Marge Kavanaugh hurriedly reset their anchor a bit further from the beach, and then we had fireworks that had people sitting (cowering) below as the boats swung 360 degrees, the rain came in such sheets anchor lights one boat away were barely visible, and the thunder and lightening were truly terrifying. The intense storm continued for several hours and even at 0200 the lightening was flashing all around.. No one dragged! The night was cool when we could finally open hatches.

Morning dawned gray, but with no rain, and we saw that all had survived... but minus a lot of sleep. We heard from the three boats that had spent the night behind Knight's Island in the deep but narrow channel. The McCabes, who arrived late after the repair work on KELLY ANN was completed, dropped their anchor, and gently backed down on it, eying the dangerous looking sky. Frank backed down and backed down... to no avail, so he asked Nancy to pull the rode in and they would try again. Nancy easily pulled it in..... and found herself with the end of a chain and no anchor or shackle! Out came the huge spare anchor and a totally tangled up ball of spare rode, which they methodically unsnarled as the storm got closer and closer. (Could there be a lesson or two here for the rest of us?) PAVANE, with all of the wind shifts was blown aground, but was able to float off on the morning tide. EMERALD dragged first one way and then another, making a circle around the grounded Sherrers. KELLY ANN came through just fine. RUSTY RIG headed homeward after a round of good-byes to do a mountain of laundry, clean out the boat and make it to the beach for the following week. Some crews went back up river to visit an old mansion house and gardens. Unfortunately the house was closed, but the walk there and around the property was really enjoyed.

The sail to Havre de Grace was a run all the way up the channel and our fleet made a beautiful parade. BONKERS TWO was the first to arrive and probably the last to get into a slip. The marina had shuffled boats around, pulled boats out of slips, and really scrambled to put us all into appropriate slips. Our advance boat, BLUE HERON had arranged with Tidewater Marina to put us all up, so Nancy Weber stayed on the radio, while Eric and Joel Gross helped guide everyone into place. We owe the Webers a real debt of gratitude for arranging our stay. They did a marvelous job and had only kind words for the marina personnel. The Island Packet 31 was too fat for her appointed slips so took three tries to find an appropriate slot. A short rain fell after we were all settled in, but nice showers, trips to the supermarket and hardware store, and some sightseeing in the historic town (and antique shops) were not hampered. The group split up and had dinner in different restaurants that evening, but Ned and Fayla had discovered the on-shore grille, so produced shish-ke-bobs from their galley and one group had a real feast at the marina! The nostalgic sound of trains in the night bothered no one's slumber.

There was a hustle in the morning to get ice and get checked out by 0900 on a lovely sunny morning. We were so spoiled by the winds of the previous week that some of us attempted to sail down to Worton as others fired up their motors. The light winds were no match for a tide turned foul and the sailors admitted defeat. Our fleet had staked out a beautiful spot outside against the north bluffs with a nice beach below. It should have been called "Buzzard Beach" as a cluster of the black birds were gathered there, perched in the trees, or gliding on the warm air. DARK STAR and a beautifully spiffed up HIBALL joined us. The Mellingtons had planned to go on the cruise but Louise had been sick and their plans got changed. Pat and Carey brought Ed and Betsy Plitt on the maiden voyage of the refurbished HIBALL. The wakes from the bay and passing powerboats made rafting difficult so there was a lot of dinghy visiting, swimming, and just lazing around. The Kavanaughs went in by dinghy to Worton and picked up two daughters (a future grandchild) and a son-in law, who would be with them for a few days of the cruise. Marge had loaded up on groceries in H de G in anticipation of some healthy appetites. Eric Weber and Andy Lewis went ashore and gathered driftwood for a bonfire and cajoled all the lazy folk ashore. Mike and Janet were finally able to award prizes in the Spam contest, but the results of the word contest will be a while in coming. as some folks came up with 300 or so! Fayla brought a big pot of popcorn for all the "kids" and we watched a brilliant orange ball as it sank behind the purple haze in the west.

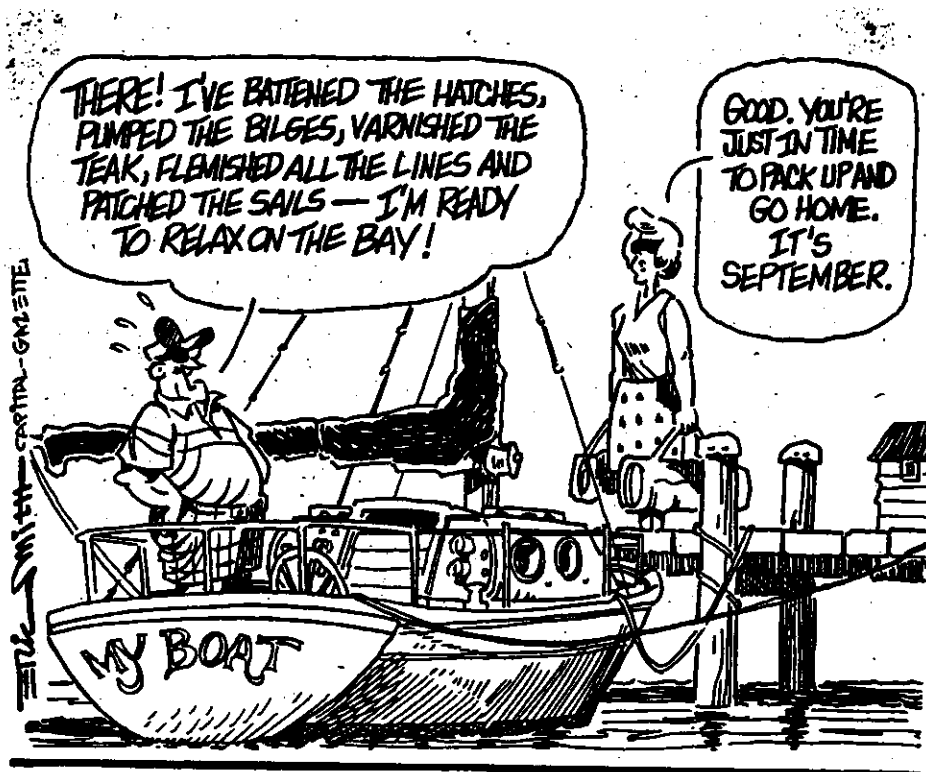
Saturday was a very hazy morning with water like glass and boats suspended somewhere between the bay and the sky. The morning conference was a round of discussion of what to do or where to go.. which ended with most boats just staying put. DARK STAR pulled out as Lizzie was not well, and after the loss of Honey Bee, Mal and Louise wanted to hustle her home to the vet. (A later message said she was fine, just dehydrated..) Another lazy day of swimming, reading, and non-demanding chores. Eric and Nancy continued their long-running backgammon match (for car washes). The Lewises went into Worton for dinner at Harbor House, one

of their favorites, and came back in time to re-anchor SOLSTICE before the first of two small thunderstorms that were spectacular, but not too violent, and which cooled the night air.

Sunday, which was pretty hot, sent some boats off for home. LIVELY LADY, MARIPOSA, CARPE DIEM, and HIBALL pulled out early for a long motor. BLUE HERON weighed anchor at 0730 determined to beat the crowd to Swan Creek. Most picked up moorings, but some boats anchored amidst the moored boats, which caused a bit of anxiety. TARWATHIE and the new Downeast 38 of Bob Lehner and Nancy Warner (and Phoebe) joined for the evening, but PATRIARK missed the gathering and motored way up into the upper area. As the afternoon wore on boats streamed in and we counted 17 Alberg 30s in a raft in the upper creek. Steve Schwing invited everyone to use the pool at their marina, a good dinghy ride away, and several folks did, trusting they would not be cast loose from their (purloined) moorings. After dinner, that celebrated traveler, LOON, pulled up and tied alongside PAVANE for the fireworks. The Turners and Schwings were aboard and celebrating her safe return after a pretty miserable trip back from Bermuda. After dark and in spite of rain the fireworks rocketed and sparkled up from Rock Hall to an appreciative horde of boaters.... almost fender to fender... in Swan Creek. Another blessedly cool night for the last night of the cruise.

Monday, July 4, with a light and variable breeze from the East was more like our usual Chesapeake Julys, but even on that day the wind eventually piped up giving us a really nice sail into home port. Our thanks to Mike and Janet who cooked up some fun and games for the trip and especially for their ministrations to the wind and weather gods that produced spectacular sailing, cool nights, and several incredible fireworks displays from Mother Nature.

All you stay-at-homes will just have to start making plans to join in next year!



Don't let this happen to you!

MOON OVER MILBUR

The moon will be full over Cornfield Creek when we gather to celebrate
The twentieth year of C.B.C. is a time to commemorate
all the years at the Milbur Club when each Captain and his (her?) mate
found party tables under the trees and a pool where they could luxuriate.

On Saturday, the twenty third of July you're invited to congregate
at any time after three PM for our special anniversary fetel
The beautiful pool and the showers too will be yours for a buck at the gate.
(If lots of us want a moonlight swim, we'll keep the pool open past eight.)

A volleyball match, be you young or "mature", will help you rejuvenate,
enjoy the good life, and help all cares dissipate.

Lots of cold beer, regular and lite, (and ice for your own distilate,) will be on hand, and sodas too, and your flatware and cup and plate.

At 6:30 PM a buffet will be served, with chicken that's strictly first rate and barbecued pork, pasta salad and slaw and beans you'll appreciate, and to top it off when you've had your fill, a cake to honor the date!
The cost of this feast plus drinks will be \$10.00 per adult shipmate.

Please bring an appetizer or dessert to share, either plain or elaborate, but don't bring your pets to the party even though they're affectionate. Milbur is aware that four footed guests at big parties can chaos create, so they must stay on board at party time but can come ashore early or late.

Rain or shine drop your hook up the creek where the Bristols await.

You'll find directions on the next page. It's easy to navigate.

If you can't sail in you're welcome, too, to come by interstate.

Miss the C.B.C. birthday party and you'll miss something truly great!



The most important thing you must do, ASAP, is give our social committee a call!
To guarantee plenty of food and drink, you must reserve, one and all!

IT'S OUR
20TH
▲

BETSY PLITT 410 / 255-5827

or

FAYLA SHERRER 410 / 647-6783

BY THE JULY 19

YEAR

NEXT...

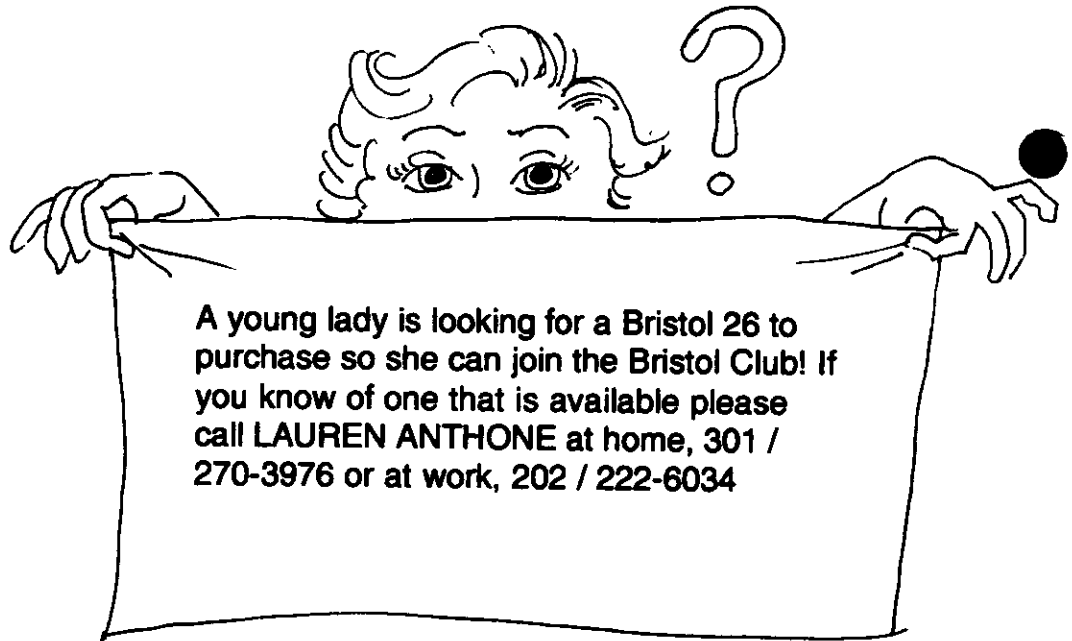
Steve and Anna Grant welcome you to

the Great Milbur Twentieth Anniversary Shore Party
which will be held on Saturday, July 23, 1994!

BY SEA: From the Magothy River to Sillery Bay and into Cornfield Creek north of Gibson Island. Follow the markers on your charts. The party is at the end of the creek. Look for the burgees.

BY LAND: Take Route 100 east to Mountain Road (177) toward Gibson Island. Turn right into the community of Mil-Bur and continue to Milburn Circle where you will find the community center. Plenty of parking.

COME, ONE AND ALL!



A young lady is looking for a Bristol 26 to purchase so she can join the Bristol Club! If you know of one that is available please call LAUREN ANTHONNE at home, 301 / 270-3976 or at work, 202 / 222-6034

COMING UP...

rendezvous in Worton Creek, August 6, with an option of dinner at the Harbor House.....

the annual Crab Feast at Lake Ogleton, August 20. Details in the next issue, but mark your calendars!