

2013 MEANDER ON THE BAY

To All Cruising Sailors of St. Michaels,

The following is the Cruise Report for the 2013 Meander on the Bay, from Saturday, September 21 through Sunday, September 29, 2013. This Report is supplemented by photographs that, if all goes well, will come via a separate email with a link to Picasa. I would like to thank all those on the Cruise who plied their cameras and phones with enthusiasm – I had a lot of shots to choose from!

Saturday, September 21. Destination – Dun Cove, Choptank. The first day was a better sailing day for the Choptank boats than the Milers, with S 10-15 building to 20. *Whisper* finally rolled out the genoa at Black Walnut Point and sailed to Harris Creek, arriving just after *Tryst*. We anchored in the southern branch. Shortly after arriving the crew of *Whisper* discovered that a port in the V berth had been left undogged, which is why later boats arrived to the sight of damp linens draped over the boom. *Fiscal Stray* and *Gypsea* came in later. Cocktails commenced at 1700 as we all furtively watched the cold front approaching on radar. The rain commenced about 1800 and after the first band of rain everyone went back to their boats.

It poured all night. **This will be the last mention of bad weather.**

Sunday, September 22. Destination – Cuckold Creek, Patuxent (33nm). This was a beautiful day, the classic day after a cold front, with NW 10-15. After the captains' call the fleet proceeded South out of the Choptank trying various combinations of gybing downwind and wing-and-wing. *Esprit*, a guest boat with Chip Seltzer and Paula Clement on board, joined the parade. Chip is a long-time friend of the Andersons and Carolyn and I who Carolyn and I had not seen in quite a while, so although his current circumstances are such that joining CSSM is not feasible we were delighted that he could join the cruise. The anchorage was in Cuckold Creek on the Patuxent, which shares an entrance with Mill Creek on the south shore after the bridge. *Elusive* and *Karaya*, who had come South early in anticipation of the original first day destination (that will teach them!), joined the fleet. *Tryst* and *Esprit* rafter with *Whisper* and *Whisper* hosted a chili dinner for the group, with salad from *Karaya* and cornbread from *Gypsea*.

Monday, September 23. Destination – Glebe Creek, Potomac (35nm). Monday was another beautiful day. Based on the forecast of N 15-20 early, easing a bit later, I picked Glebe Creek on the South shore of the Potomac as the next anchorage. We delayed the start to 0900 to reflect the forecast. *Karaya* led the fleet out, followed by *Fiscal Stray*, *Tryst*, *Esprit*, *Gypsea*, *Elusive* and *Whisper*. The wind was dead behind us after we rounded Cedar Point, so the fleet tried various tactics. *Elusive* and *Fiscal Stray* put up both sails and gybed out into the Bay and then back. The rest put up either genoa or main and sailed due South in the stiff breeze. At some point in the day, *Karaya* suffered a tear in her mainsail, so she was reduced to motorsailing for the rest of the week. As we rounded Point Lookout, the wind shifted to NW and we were close hauled in a spirited final leg to the mouth of the Coan/Glebe. The anchorage was near the head of the Creek.

We have found in the past that the residents of the Glebe are very friendly and this trip was no exception. A couple came over in a pontoon boat to chat and it turned out that the woman and I

went to the same high school and grew up about a mile apart. Then two men came over and one told us that he was visiting his brother (the other man in the boat) but that the prior night he had been visiting a friend on Cuckold Creek -so he was surprised to look out and see the same boats at anchor that he had been looking at the prior evening!

Tryst, rafted with *Whisper* and *Esprit*, hosted a group dinner featuring Molly's now-famous "Country Captain" chicken gumbo.

Tuesday, September 24. Destination – Honga River (28nm). Another beautiful day, with a forecast high in the mid 70s and NW 5-10. The fleet departed around 0900. After a little while motoring, the breeze showed up and we started to sail. Coming around Point Lookout, the forecast NW, which would have meant a beam to close reach NE to the Honga, turned out to be NNE, so combined with current pushing us south we were in for some tacking. However, with winds just flirting with 10kt, and an otherwise gorgeous day, it was a great sail.

The anchorage was south of the center of Asquith Island. This is a beautiful, remote spot but only a tenable anchorage under the right conditions – light air out of the North. That is exactly what we had. *Karaya*, *Elusive* and *Gypsea* rafted up, as did *Tryst* and *Esprit*. After *Whisper* came in and anchored closer to shore, *Fiscal Stray* moved up as well and the three boat raft, without breaking up, reanchored in *Fiscal Stray*'s spot.

Dinner was Kate's minestrone on *Elusive*. On the way to dinner, one of our captains was done in by a wayward dinghy and took an impromptu swim (he knows who he is!). After dinner, we had a rousing game of "Catchphrase" in which the Starboard team (Larry, Peirce, Molly, Chip, Paula, Jim and Pam) trounced the Port team (Carolyn, Irv, Jayne, Todd, Anne, Thom and Kate). Somehow the head judge (Jayne) had the score tied, and an appeal to the League Commissioner (Irv) was denied.

Wednesday, September 25. Destination – Back Creek, Solomons (23nm). The forecast for the week is unreal – sunny, mid 70s, NE 5-10 every day. Underway a little before 0900 and everyone started to sail as soon as they cleared the mouth of the Honga, beam reaching NW. *Elusive* put up an asymmetrical chute for a little extra boost. Late morning we hit a lull and had to motor for a while, but then the breeze came back in out of the N and we close-reached in to Solomons.

While *Whisper* was getting diesel at Spring Cove Marina, we struck up a conversation with a couple whose boat is in the marina. When we told them where we were from, they asked if we knew Wally and Jane Jansen, who they had met several years ago when *Salty Dog* was anchored nearby with a bad transmission.

A number of our group watched the last race in the America's Cup finals from the pool bar at the marina. There were no group activities this night.

Late in the afternoon, *Orient* arrived to complete the fleet.

Thursday, September 26. Destination – Phillips Creek, Little Choptank (26nm). With a forecast of E 5-10, we set a course to the Little Choptank. Of course, when the fleet headed out

about 0900, we quickly discovered that it was actually ENE at 15. Most of us started out with a reef in. *Tryst* and *Esprit* started sailing after Drum Point while most of us motored out until we could turn north. As we headed North the breeze eased a bit and the reefs came out, and it turned in to another very nice easy upwind sail in a light to moderate breeze. Some of us were not amused to see *Gypsea* crank up her lifting keel and sail across the shoals at James Island while we had to take a more circuitous route! Most boats continued under sail well in to the Little Choptank. As we were coming in, the Sailing Club of the Chesapeake was coming in with about 10 boats who were headed for Hudson Creek.

The anchorage was in Phillips Creek, east of Cherry Island. *Whisper* and *Fiscal Stray* rafted with *Karaya*, who hosted another group dinner.

Friday, September 27. Destination – Harness Creek, South River (32nm). No change in the weather, and forecast NE10. Based on the forecast I set a destination that would let us sail up and across the Bay. A couple of boats had commitments, and others elected not to cross the Bay, so the fleet was reduced to *Whisper*, *Karaya* and *Orient*. *Whisper* set sail at G “3” in the Little Choptank and beam to close reached all the way to the mouth of the South River, when the wind dropped. Off to the East we could see a large schooner sailing up the Bay (more about that later). *Orient* was behind us, flying everything including their mizzen staysail until they also had to motor.

Whisper rafted up with *Karaya* in Harness Creek off the docks at Quiet Waters Park. Irv and I took the Hetherington dogs, Maggie and Baxter, for a long walk on a back trail at the park. Late in the afternoon, the schooner we had seen sailed in to Harness Creek. It was the *Mystic Whaler*, an 83 foot, steel hulled charter boat.

Orient arrived late afternoon and joined the raft. Cocktails were followed by another impromptu group dinner featuring roasted chicken from *Orient*. We then proceeded to multiple rounds of “Catchphrase” and Mexican Train. The crews of *Whisper* and *Orient* had never played Mexican Train before, so we can only take on faith that when Jayne would suddenly announce another rule that she “forgot to mention” she wasn’t trying to influence the outcome.

Saturday, September 28. Destination – South Creek, West River (8nm). Another fine weather day. *Orient* left early to return to the Miles due to a prior commitment. As half of the remaining fleet couldn’t sail, we abandoned the premise of the cruise and looked for something fun to do. The Chesapeake Yacht Club, which has reciprocity with Miles River, was having a Cajun Oyster and Bull Roast that seemed to fit the bill. Arriving early in the afternoon, Irv and I went ashore to check in. As we were checking in, we started talking with Sharon, who along with her husband Cordell have been stewards of the club since 1987. They also own property in Bozman. Sharon is from St. Michaels, and her father, Bob Hall, was Commodore of MRYC in 1978 as well as principal of St. Michaels High School.

We went ashore for the Cajun Oyster and Bull Roast about 1730 and it was quite good. We sat with two couples from Annapolis Yacht Club who had come down for the party. After dinner there was a DJ who played some good music (along with some bad) so we did some dancing before commandeering a table in the lounge for some more Mexican Train.

Sunday, September 29. Destination – Home Ports. All good things must come to an end. On another day of pristine weather, we got underway. *Whisper* raised sail at G “1A” and close reached across to Eastern Bay as *Karaya* motorsailed along. After a couple of tacks up Eastern Bay, the wind died and we motored the rest of the way home.

Speaking only for the crew of *Whisper*, we had a lot of fun on the cruise and hope that the other members on the cruise enjoyed themselves.

Participating Boats:

Name	Nights
Ellis Island	1
Elusive	5
Fiscal Stray	6
Gypsea	6
Karaya	7
Orient	3
Tryst	6
Whisper	8

Respectfully submitted

Larry Rovin

Carolyn Rugg

Cruise Captains