

Our planned trip up the Chester River finds me and the captain without any guests onboard....a rare occasion. The Chester River is a 22 mile long river snaking through the Eastern Shore farm lands. Six hours after leaving our slip at Edwards we are just off the Chestertown waterfront and Liberty Call has caught up



**“Doggie in the Window”
picture courtesy of
John Capuano.**

to us. There is a strong current here and our anchor won't dig in because the current is pushing us a different direction from the little breeze that is blowing. We finally get set and Liberty Call ties up to us. It is hot but we have a nice evening and just about dark Angel in the Wings finds us and ties up to our other side. We run our generator for a few hours to charge our batteries and run the A/C to cool down the boat. After only sleeping for about an hour a storm comes up and we have to shut the windows. Now it is

REALLY
HOT!!! Not a
good sleeping
night at all and
we are happy



when it is daylight. It was so hot that we called the Chestertown Marina to see if they could accommodate us for Saturday night. They have room for the smaller boats but not us. Our friends, being the good friends they are, elect to stay out with us and not go into the marina either. Saturday we take the dinghies to the dock so that we can explore the little town. Chestertown is a charming town with colonial

houses and historic buildings as well as shops and restaurants. It is HOT and we soon head back to the boats for a swim. The current is so strong that we have to tie ourselves to the boats so that we don't "blow away". Although it has been a record breaking hot weekend we have enjoyed it. Sunday we head out for home and we are actually glad when we are back in our slip with the A/C running!

Mid August is the 3rd Annual Pirates and Wenches Weekend in Rock Hall. What a fun weekend! Our guests are my son, Stephen, grandson, Clay and girlfriend, Lauren and sister, Cindy. We head over on Friday and on the way Lauren paints the pirate flag that will be mounted on our dinghy for the dinghy parade. Clay is fishing but his line gets caught on a passing boat and he cuts it before he loses his rod too! We go into Rock Hall harbor on the off chance that we can find a place to drop our anchor but the harbor is small and shallow so we circle around and head back out. On the north side of Rock Hall is Swan Creek, a great anchorage and not too crowded yet. We get our hook set and Liberty Call with our fav boat dog, Kayce, ties up to us. Friday we eat, drink and get our costumes ready for Saturday. Friday night we anxiously wait while Angel in the Wings tries to find us in the darkness. They do and all is well.

Saturday morning our friends on Jamie Dee join us and we start hauling folks into a marina so that we can walk over to the harbor side to join in the festivities. Henry plays taxi driver in our dinghy and then he and Clay head out of Swan Creek and into Rock Hall harbor for the dinghy parade. John is with them in his dinghy. We will meet them at the waterfront.

There are pirates and wenches everywhere! Lots of folks are in costume and dogs too. Kayce is the best though and lots of people stop to take her picture including a local newspaper photographer. Soon it is time for the dinghy parade so we start walking to the beach where the race will end and dinghies will come ashore for prizes. Henry and Clay man our dinghy with water guns that will double as bailers. John, Kathie and Kayce are in their dinghy that John has spend much time and energy on. The rest of us head to the beach to take pictures. Since the parade is a non-motoring parade it takes awhile for the dinghies to reach the beach area. Soon we see Kayce and her crew but no red flag that distinguishes our dinghy since it is the only red flag. Cindy and I wait and wait near the shore and finally we see them.....but they have picked up a wench!!! We will have to get that story later. No prizes were won by our gang but it was great fun even though we were pretty beat up to start with. David has a broken toe, I have a



toe that we have not determined to be broken....yet....and John has some pretty sore ribs, real condition undetermined. Even vodka and gator ade have not eased his pain. And to

top it off...on the way back to the boats, John and Kathie run out of gas and when we find them John is rowing! Probably not a good idea. We tow them back and spend the rest of the evening on the boats enjoying reliving the events of the day.

OMGoodness, it is Labor Day Weekend already! Wow, the summer season flies by! We have invited Henry's folks, Skip and Betty, to join us....Cindy too. We are going across the Bay to Fairlee Creek for the weekend and we head out about 4PM. It is only a two hour run so we are there by 6PM. Skip and Betty have baked a ham for us for dinner. It is a beautiful evening and we eat on the bow. Skip is in charge of killing flies and soon has a pile in front of him.....ewwwwww. Once again, Angel in the Wings has gotten a late start but they find us in the dark creek after a good run up the Bay. About an hour after we went to bed we were awakened by some wicked winds blowing from the west and whipping up a good chop in the anchorage. We actually had 1-2 foot waves in the creek!!! This went on all night and we were up many times checking our anchor but we held tight. Saturday, the wind was still blowing but what a gorgeous day we had. We mostly "wasted" it on the bow just hanging out, reading or eating and drinking. Later that evening John and Kathie show up. Kathie has just gotten home from a business trip...literally. John picked her up at Dulles, threw her in the boat and they headed up the Bay! Two Yutes has joined us too and John M. give us some entertainment by bumping his head on the boat and bleeding like someone stuck him with a knife! His ice bag cap is quite attractive. Luckily, he was not badly hurt. Tigger Tail is here too...cheers, Scott. The anchorage has filled up with boats and we get a visit from some friends from Sunset Harbor. Seven Tenths is pretty unique so we are not hard to spot in an anchorage. Sunday dawned beautiful and not quite as windy....better for crossing the Bay. Since we were just two hours from home, we stayed until about 2PM, hating to give up a gorgeous weekend on the water. We will meet up again in October for probably the last big rendezvous of the season. We will update you next time.....



Remember, the world is seven tenths water. We should spend seven tenths of our time on it.