

# The Chesapeake Paddler



Publication of The Chesapeake Paddlers Association, Inc.

Volume 26 Issue VII

August 2016

## Paddle to Work

My 2016 Paddle to Work - June 30 2016, by Paul Fofonoff

In 2002, I bought a Cape Horn 17 Sea Kayak and decided that next year I would paddle to work. It was a six mile paddle from the ramp near my rental home in Cedarhurst, Shady Side MD to my workplace at the Smithsonian Environmental Research Center. I paddled along the shore of Chesapeake Bay, and up the West and Rhode Rivers and Muddy Creek to SERC's canoe dock. It was a great adventure, and beautiful paddle, but it required a long sunny summer day, with no thunderstorms.



Launching at Columbia Beach

photo by Paul Fofonoff

I continued the tradition for almost all of the last 13 years, even after purchasing a home in Columbia Beach, the next neighborhood over, adding about half a mile. This year I Launched at 7:45 from Columbia Beach, heading toward Jack Creek Park. The park was a peninsula when I began this tradition; today it is a beach island lined with tall trees. I paddled past the crab boat rest stop at Sand Point, Rhode River entering Muddy Creek where I approached Fish Weir and Muddy Creek. I arrived at the SERC Canoe Dock at 10: 15.

[Continued on p.5; Work](#)

## Car Camping

AT POCOMOKE RIVER STATE PARK OVER 4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY 2016

By Linda Delaney

### Contentment

I can think of only a few things that fill me with as much contentment and peace as falling asleep and waking up to the sounds of leaves rustling, bird songs, and water lapping against a shore, and if I am extremely lucky the pitter-patter of rain drops on cloth over my head. Years ago under the stress of work and school, I listened to recordings of these very sounds to take my mind off an intimidating 'to do' list and lull myself to sleep at night, while fantasizing about the future when I would be able to enjoy those sounds in person without a care in the world (or at least no cares for the time I was camping). Such were the sounds this 4<sup>th</sup> of July weekend at the Pocomoke Kayak Camper paddle held at Pocomoke River State Park. Kayak car camping is, for me, a combination of two of my favorite activities: camping and kayaking. The campsite at Pocomoke State River Park has the luxury of a nearby kayak put in, so once your kayak is off your car, you don't even have to lift it back up when you return from your paddle, until you leave. It was easy to picture myself as an early settler who used the water for transportation and food, and my daily route involved

[Continued on p.5; Camp](#)



photo by Suzanne Farace

[Work; continued from p. 1](#)

[Camp; continued from p. 1](#)



Sand Point, Rhode River

photo by Paul Fofonoff

I left work at 5:15. Due to the salmon genes I picked up during my childhood in British Columbia, I had an urge to go up Muddy Creek before heading home. After touring Muddy Creek, I headed back down the creek to Hog Island, Muddy Creek, Eroded Cliff, and Rhode River where I entered the West River. I aimed for Curtis Point - the tip of the long low peninsula, with a small tree at the end. After I rounded that, I paddled along the Bay shore. The large white houses on Columbia Beach when I pass Horseshoe Point, announced my arrival home. I landed at Columbia Beach at around 8:15 PM. I slept well! Some of my Chesapeake Paddler buddies could do this as a daily round trip in half the time, but once a year is enough for me! What a beautiful Chesapeake experience. 🌿

kayaking daily in the same way I drive my car. It was such a pleasure to stand outside my tent, or sit at the picnic table and observe the water and my kayak ready to glide me through the magnificent Nassawango Creek lined on both sides by bald cypress raising up from the water surrounded by rings of 'knees' as though the parent cypress had offspring hovering nearby under its' protection.

**The Rain**

We were so fortunate to wake to the melody of a soft steady rain early Sunday morning. The pitter-patter on our tents and the leaves of the trees surrounding us made us snuggle deeper into our sleeping bags while we abandoned ourselves to the hypnotic miracle of nature. Later in the morning, while sitting under our canopies waiting for the coffee to perk, we breathed in the fresh air and the sweet rain-washed aroma of loblolly pines.



photo by Suzanne Farace

**Paddling**

We started our paddle later than usual because we wanted to relish and enjoy the rain in our campsites, and we were also waiting for the rain to decrease, which it did around 10:30am on Sunday. Nassawango Creek and the Potomoke River may be more lovely during a sprinkling of rain, because we were the only boat traffic and we could cross back and forth at our leisure to get closer to interesting trees and birds.

**The Potluck**

CPA potlucks at camping events are famous for the delicious food which is somehow prepared without the convenience of a kitchen, and Sunday night was no exception. Eating together has been a bonding experience for people from the beginning of our kind and with the added comradery of sharing the same hobby and love of water, the closeness that we feel for each other during those special times of sharing our special dishes and conversation is always a highlight of the camp-out.

**Parting is such sweet sorrow**

But as with all our camp-outs - Monday arrived, and after a morning paddle, most of us went our separate ways, returning to jobs and families and the sounds of civilization. I can't speak for the others, but I know that a weekend camping and kayaking 're-sets' my attitude and I am calmer and happier and have vivid happy memories of the place, the paddle and the people to draw on when I feel a little anxious, until I do it again.



photo by Paul Fofonoff

Muddy Creek

# Let the Games Begin

by Dom Mandalo

Tuesday, 25-July 2016: This evening it was HOT and it was HUMID in the mid-90's; but twelve PoSLers (Pirates of the Sugarloaf) joined together to enjoy an evening paddle along the Upper Potomac with waters in the mid-80's. The levels were low enough to walk across the river no deeper than waist high.

Three paddlers were relatively new members, Kristin Zimmer, Mike & Barbara.; and the regulars included co Queen Liz M, Lise Soukup, Steve B., John P. Wack, Robin D, Paul L., Chung, Heather Heller and myself. Our co-Queen Rita Eby Scherping has been missing out on the past few paddles, but she hopes to return to her throne by next week, as



photo by Dom Mandalo

she fully recupes from minor surgery. (Psst Rita, I may have found a new kayaker model!!) ;)

Fortunately, the clear waters and our attitude offered welcome respite to the heat, as we paddled up to the second island, Tenfoot Island, where we enjoyed refining various technical skills, such as bow and stern rudder, sculling and balancing. I even got to practice using my new short tow by paddling an 'injured paddler'! ;)

The PoSLers then celebrated the spirit of the Olympic Games by competing in our first ever Sea Kayak Slalom Course! After setting up a series of buoys, we raced through our time trials. Team PoSLer is ready for Rio! Olympian Chung won Gold for finishing 1st at a time of 17:00.00"; Paul won Silver with a time of 17:50.00' and Heather and Lise tied for Bronze with 19"50".

Congrats to our Olympians! 🏆



photo by Dom Mandalo

[Camp; continued from p. 5](#)

**More from Suzanne Farace, the Trip Organizer:**

This area is truly a wonderful place to camp and paddle. Members of our group sampled many of the area's paddling opportunities over the weekend, including launching from Pocomoke City and exploring Dividing Creek until turned around by downfall, launching from the Pocomoke Canoe Company floating dock and heading up stream on the Pocomoke to Porter's Crossing, being shuttled by the outfitter and paddling from Porter's Crossing back down to Snow Hill, paddling from the campground up the Pocomoke and then up Nassawango Creek to the bridge at Red House Run (we tuckered out the 15-year-old on that one, but he handled it like a champ), putting in at Byrd Park in Snow Hill and paddling around Goat Island and down the Pocomoke to the mouth of the Nassawango, paddling in the vicinity of Deal Island, and paddling in Chincoteague Bay (with dolphins!). The group also enjoyed "First Friday" celebration in Snow Hill on Friday night and a great dinner out in Snow Hill Saturday night as well as the spectacular community fireworks over the Pocomoke River. 🎆



Photos by Suzanne Farace

