

---

## ***Stop 62. Summer Cruise***

Arrival datetime: Wednesday, July 31, 2:00PM  
Sites visited: Long Island Sound, Block Island Sound, Vineyard Sound, Nantucket Sound, Narragansett Bay  
Accommodations: Vitamin Sea, a 36' Pearson Sloop  
States traveled: New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New York

We had arranged to have the boat cleaned by a club dockhand. But the inside was done poorly or not at all, so Jennifer cleaned, unpacked, and stowed while Michael got the engine running and water system commissioned. Together, we put on the sails, purged some insidious algae from the dodger, and installed the dodger and bimini. By then we were exhausted and so we rested briefly over a quiet bite at the Sunrise Grill overlooking the Norwalk harbor. In a park nearby, Michael's son Rick was playing softball for a local Norwalk team. We made it there by the 4th inning. Jennifer strolled on the beach with Michael's granddaughter Emma while Michael tried to watch the game without being too distracted by Nick and Ryan who wanted to play catch on the sidelines.

Afterwards, we handed out specially selected souvenirs to the kids, and had Rick pick from the adult grab bag. The grab bag was composed of souvenir coffee mugs. We had bought one at each park we visited, unless the place was too small to have them for sale. We tried to pick ones that were pretty enough to be attractive to someone who had actually not been to the place. We had a lot of fun shopping for them. For us, it was giving a

little bit of our trip away. We are not yet sure how others see it. We had wrapped each in bubble wrap, and then stapled it into a brown paper bag. We had two boxes of them, probably over 50 mugs. We had Rick pick out one for his wife Michelle as well, and for his brother Andrew and sister-in-law Sandy in Florida.

We slept on the boat at the dock at Cedar Point Yacht Club.

### *Thursday, August 1 Westport to Saybrook*

We rose early and went out for breakfast, and stopped for a few groceries at Stew Leonard's. We completed a few last minute preparations that included inflating the Achilles dinghy. To our dismay we discovered a dime-sized hole in one of the pontoons. So we folded up the dinghy and stowed it to be repaired later during the trip and set off.

There was little wind and none in any direction that would help us. So we motored east on Long Island Sound to

Saybrook on the Connecticut River.. We



*The lighthouse at the breakwater welcomes us to Saybrook.*

had time for a swim and a relaxing lounge at the Harbor One Marina before meeting Michael's sister Bonnie, Katrina and Jared for an elegant dinner at the

Saybrook Inn. We again enjoyed a souvenir mug grab bag. Bonnie's son Jared, a very good skier, serendipitously chose the mug from Mount Hood.

*Friday, August 2  
Saybrook to Block Island*

We swam again in the morning, and then took off early. But again the wind was not in our favor and we motored to Block Island. We had not expected to get that far, so we had no docking reservations and had to anchor in the Great Salt Pond. It was crowded and weather threatened, so we decided not to leave the boat. We bought appetizers and bread from the Andiamo bakery boat to supplement a plain pasta dinner.



*Entering Block Island Harbor.*

At about 9:00PM, the wind did kick up and Michael had to hang out in the cockpit to make sure that other boats with less experienced captains did not drag into us. The Coast Guard also roamed the harbor, helping people unwind their anchors and separate.

*Saturday, August 3  
Block Island to Menemsha*

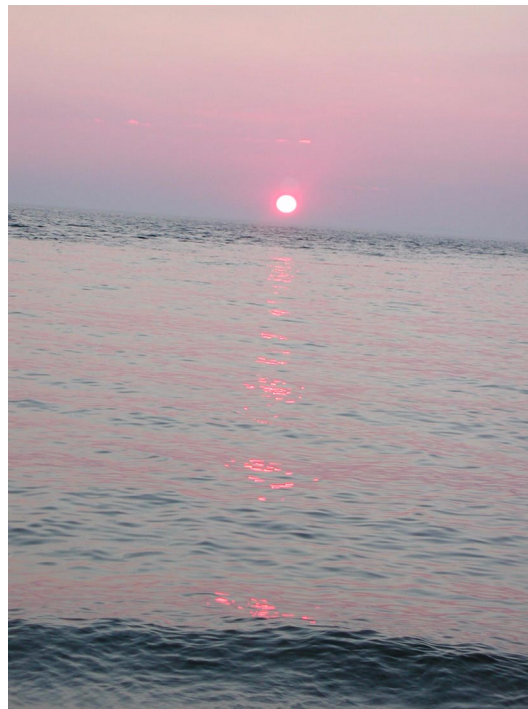
Again, we took off early. This time, we had 6-8 knots of wind from directly behind. So Michael set up the cruising spinnaker wing on wing with the mainsail.



*A spinnaker cruise to Memensha.*

This way, we made between 3.5 and 5 knots to a reserved slip at Menemsha. The entrance to the slip was tight. We had to dock bow in with no dock fingers, but a nice powerboat owner next door let us use their deck to walk to the dock so we did not have to climb over our bow railing and forward mounted anchor. Menemsha

is a dry town, so we brought a bottle of wine to a restaurant on the harbor that served take-out lobster dinners and let you eat on their deck. Later, we joined a few hundred people on the beach for the sunset.



*Menemsha sunset.*

Since the current would not be in our favor until afternoon, we rented bikes early in the morning and headed to Gay Head. To our surprise, the cliffs were as colorful as the Painted Desert. Deep reds, dark oranges, and bright yellows were splashed across tan walls. But rather than sandstone, the backdrop had the consistency of clay. We sauntered around the overlooks, and then headed to the beach. We found a shady spot under the cliffs to lay our towels, and still became warm enough to swim, though we were careful to watch out for the big black rocks under the tame green swells. It was finally summer enough to put on a bathing



*Gay Head.*

suit first thing in the morning and stay in it all day.

*Sunday, August 4  
Menemsha to Edgartown*

The sail to Edgartown was again wing on wing, until the wind died and we motored the two miles around West Chop. We were able to sail again for the last leg to Edgartown. It was late on Sunday afternoon and our mooring reservation started Monday, so we anchored just outside the harbor. We had dinner on the boat and watched the fog roll in.

In the morning, we lingered over breakfast until we were sure our mooring

would be available. We motored into the busy harbor, secured our mooring and hailed a launch to town. We grabbed a cab to take the dinghy to be repaired in Vineyard Haven. During the ride we discovered the cab driver was the son of a former mayor of the town of Norwalk where Michael had once lived. Michael had known the mayor and had even played tennis with him. We dropped of the dinghy and rode back to Edgartown and checked into the Colonial Inn, where Jennifer's family was gathering for Jennifer's mother's 70th birthday celebration.

Almost as soon as we checked in, we saw Jennifer's sisters Barbara and Jeanne



*Edgartown outer harbor, the fog rolls in.*

coming into the lobby. The event was a huge success. With various subgroups of family members, we went beaching, shopping, visited the Chicama Vineyard. Each day, we took a group of family members sailing for a few hours in the harbor. The first morning, we took all the children whose parents get seasick and let the parents enjoy the day by themselves on the island. That sail turned out to be in 20-25 knot gusts and quite exciting. We sailed with a reefed genoa only and still made 6 knots. After a half an hour of breaking waves outside the harbor, we turned back in, sailing around the mooring field for the next hour. We ended by letting some kids fish off the stern, and they actually caught two big fish.



*Family members sailing in Martha's Vineyard.*

We had the birthday dinner at the Coach House. We again passed around the adult grab bag and gave individual travel



*Happy 70th! Mom and her daughters in Edgartown.*

souvenirs to the children. Again, it was fun to be able to share a piece of our trip with the family. Our last night on the Vineyard was Thursday night. We checked out of the Inn and stayed on the boat that night to make it easy on Friday morning to head for Nantucket.

#### *Friday, August 9 Edgartown to Nantucket*

Nantucket is the furthest we ever expect to travel eastward toward the Atlantic Ocean, and we expected a rough ride. Despite the weather forecast for 10 knots winds, we had a rough ride with 15-20 knots and four-foot seas. At only twenty minutes out, we reefed the main. That helped keep the boat upright as we made our maximum hull speed over the water and the current added two knots over the ground. The wind was from the north, so it was calmer for us as we eventually turned south into the harbor. We docked and had a great seafood lunch at Captain Toby's, then shopped till we dropped, showered, and rested for dinner.

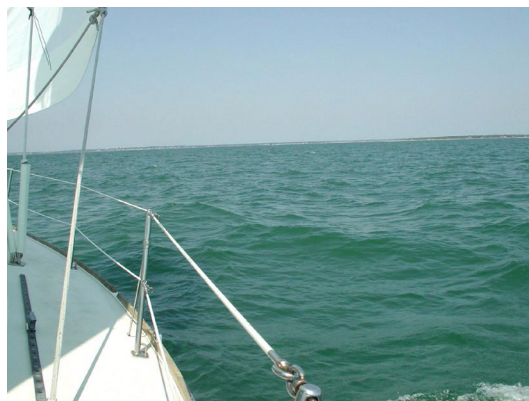
The next day was a beach day in every sense of the word. We packed a picnic lunch, blankets, towels, and umbrella, got on a shuttle, and stayed on Nantucket

beach until 4:30PM. Again, how wonderful it felt to be back in summer, where you can put on a bathing suit in the morning and stay in it all day. Then we showered, lounged over reading in the cockpit, and dressed for another great seafood experience, this at Ciopino.

The next morning, we got up and did it again, this time with the slight variation that we rented bikes and bicycled to the beach instead of taking the shuttle. Unfortunately, it was a bit too windy with the surf just a bit too heavy for two perfect beach days in a row. But as the saying goes, a bad day on the beach is better than a good day at work.

#### *Monday, August 12 Nantucket to Hyannis*

Our next stop was Hyannis. We were able to sail 5-6 knots the whole way in 12-16 knots of wind from the southwest. We had never been there on the boat and were not sure what to do. We got there in time for lunch overlooking the water at the Hyannis Marina and walked into town to the JFK Museum. It was not a



*View from the cockpit, approaching Hyannis.*

treasure trove of history, just a bit of local culture. It boasted home videos and

photographs of JFK and his family in and near their summer home in Hyannis.

Though the Cape Cod National Seashore was too far for us to sail, we realized that we could visit it in one day by taking a bus from Hyannis to Provincetown. This gave us another beach day, and this time on a pristine wilderness compared to the crowded shores of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. We rented bikes and had only two miles to travel through Provincetown to Cape Cod National Seashore. We caught up with the coast at Race Point Beach, stayed a few hours to swim and sun, and then followed the coast on a nicely maintained bike trail through scrub pine and sand dunes to Herring Cove

Beach. It was well worth the hour bus ride.

*Wednesday, August 14  
Hyannis to Edgartown*

Again, we left with the early tide to return to Martha's Vineyard. We had been there on the boat during our honeymoon, and were returning for our 10th anniversary. It was late in the afternoon and very windy when we arrived, so we simply showered and took the launch in for another great seafood dinner, this time at the Square Rigger.

Our anniversary brought yet another beach day. Michael let Jennifer sleep as late as she wanted, and since she did not



*The bike path at Cape Cod National Seashore.*



*Chappaquiddick beach.*

know he was staying in bed on purpose, we did not get up until almost 10:00AM. We went out to breakfast, then rented bikes and made our way to the Atlantic side of Chappaquiddick. It was even more pristine than the Cape Cod National Seashore. We walked a mile or so up the beach and saw only one other person. The walk was hot and we jumped in the water a few times to cool off. Then our umbrella broke in the wind, so we cut the beach time a bit short. We roamed around town and bought a new umbrella. We went back to the boat and sipped champagne in the cockpit as we had done on our honeymoon. Then we went out for an excellent dinner at Latanza.

*Friday, August 16  
Edgartown to Cuttyhunk*

The next morning, we reverted to waking with the tide. We left at 6:30AM for Cuttyhunk. The sky was so dark and threatening that we entered GPS waypoints for Tarpaulin Cove as a fallback in case weather forced us to turn in early. We had plenty of wind. But not from the right direction, so we motored a bit to get to Cuttyhunk, reaching there at lunchtime.

The only restaurant on the island was already closed for the season. Apparently, Cuttyhunk is the only place on the Atlantic Coast where the season ends before Labor Day. Luckily, there



*Madeket beach on Nantucket.*



*A gray day on Vineyard Sound near Tarpaulin Cove.*

was a seafood stand on the harbor where we got the best fried shrimp we had ever tasted. An ice cream place on the harbor offered only five flavors, none of them chocolate or vanilla, but we partook of that as well. We hiked a bit around the

island. Back at the harbor, we bought fresh scallops for Michael to make for dinner.

*Saturday, August 17  
Cuttyhunk to Newport*

We left at 9:00AM. There was still a morning fog, but we wanted to catch the current into Newport. We motored for an hour or so in the fog having some trouble picking up the buoys, but we were able to sail once we hit the sound. We sailed close hauled and tacked twice. Then had a slow run up the Narragansett before motoring to Newport.

Some friends from our yacht club had reserved a mooring for us where they were staying at the Ida Lewis Yacht Club.



*Newport to Potter's Cove, we sail under the Newport Bridge.*

We had dinner with a group of 10 sailing friends. The next day, we had brunch at the Ida Lewis with the same 10. One of them had recently seen the Cadillac at our club and broke it gently to Michael that it appeared to have a dent in the rear passenger door.

We toured the Breakers, which was a Vanderbilt summer cottage, and Newport's equivalent of Versailles, only more ornate. We walked the Cliff Walk, a paved pathway overlooking the Narragansett and some beaches. We sauntered around the Art Museum, where a silent auction was taking place, but there was nothing we wanted to bid on. We shopped in Bowen's Wharf and stopped in a Greek Festival, then met some yacht club people for dinner and a movie (Big Fat Greek Wedding).

*Monday, August 19  
Newport to Potter's Cove*

In the morning, we lingered over the previous day's Sunday Times then motor-sailed to Potter's Cove. Two boats from the club went there as well. After hanging out in the cove all day beating

the heat, we met for a potluck dinner on one of the bigger boats.

*Tuesday, August 20  
Potter's Cove to Bristol*

It was raining in the morning, so we skipped a planned walk/jog on Prudence Island and lounged in the salon until it let up. At noon, we headed for Bristol. We showered at the Bristol Yacht Club then headed into town with some yacht club friends to have lunch at the Lobster Pot. It was already 3:00PM, so we decided to eat a full meal instead and call it "linner". But the others were looking forward to a big Italian dinner and so we just had appetizers. Then we ended up meeting them again for pizza anyway at 8:00PM. Also, as there was a very special homemade ice cream place right on the town dock, we had to have desert. Luckily, that was the last we saw of them or we would have gained 5 pounds.

*Wednesday, August 21  
Bristol to Wickford*

The club folks headed to Block Island while we stayed to explore more of the Narragansett. We went for a long bike ride from Bristol to Barrington on a very nicely maintained bike path. We shopped a bit in Barrington and had lunch back in Bristol. Then we took a short sail, but mostly motored, to Wickford and walked to town for dinner. We jogged in the morning and ended up in town for breakfast as well, at a deli overlooking the river.



*The bike path from Bristol to Barrington.*

*Thursday, August 22  
Wickford to Dutch Harbor*

We had 9-14 knots for a short sail into Dutch Harbor, picked up a mooring, dinked ashore and walked to Jamestown. Michael spent a lot of time in a boat store because the bilge pump had stopped working and he got all the parts to replace it. Though the weather was on the overcast side, we had lunch on the water in Jamestown. Back on the boat, the bilge pump started working again, so Michael did not have to fix anything. We lounged in the cockpit reading all afternoon, had dinner on the boat and slept.



*The bilge pump had stopped working.*

*Friday, August 23  
Dutch Harbor to Point Judith*

In the morning, we headed out to see if we could get to Montauk. We started out in 10-15 knots northeast with 2-3 foot following seas. We were making 5-6 knots with only a double-reefed main. But the seas got higher as we approached Point Judith, and 22-knot winds made us decide to pull in. On the chart Point Judith is subtitled Harbor of Refuge and today we understand why. We could not get any reservations, but pulled into some empty dock space at a Marina that did not answer the radio. They let us stay, but there was nothing to do there. We walked about a mile to find a place for lunch, but it was on an isolated stretch of highway.

Later in the afternoon, we showered and took a cab to a neighborhood called the Narragansett Pier, where there were supposed to be restaurant and shops. But it was too cold and windy to walk around much. We had dinner overlooking the water at the Coast Guard House. After the sunset, an almost full moon illuminated the water. A flock of seagulls a few hundred strong started hovering over the water, occasionally diving into it for some unknown reason. The birds stayed outside the window like that for over an hour. After dinner, we hung out in restaurant's lounge, listening to a classical piano. Then we called a cab and went outside to wait for it. Brass band music drifted to the sidewalk from a catering hall across the street. We danced on the sidewalk until the cab arrived.

*Saturday, August 24  
Point Judith to Montauk*

It was another gray day with heavy winds, but they were from behind, so we were able to sail wing on wing most of the way to Montauk. Then the wind died and we motored, arriving at Montauk Yacht Club in the late afternoon. It had just started to rain and we worked out in the health club and had dinner in the four star restaurant.

In the morning, we used the tennis courts and then headed to the Atlantic beach. We walked to the beach and from there to town, where we shopped a bit before taking a cab back to the harbor. It was by then after 4:00PM and we had "linner" at Gossman's on the water. We lingered



*Wing on wing on the way to Montauk.* over coffee watching the fishing boats come back in. On the walk back to the Yacht Club, we passed a live band entertaining in preparation for some fishing trophy ceremony. We stayed for a few songs.



*Point Judith, Harbor of Refuge, beckons.*

*Monday, August 26  
Montauk to Saybrook*

Back at the club, we swam a bit, then showered and returned to the boat for a relaxing evening. We woke early to work out and swim again before checking out. We sailed to Saybrook, where we finally had a phone line again and were able to do work email and fix the wording for the last stop on the vacation web page. Jennifer had put Province Lands National Lakeshore, when Province Lands was just the name of the Visitor Center at Cape Code National Seashore. We swam and had dinner at the Saybrook Inn. In the morning, we jogged and swam again.



*Jennifer hoisted Michael up the mast.*

*Tuesday, August 27  
Saybrook to Clinton*

From Saybrook, we sailed to Clinton. We swam yet again at the Marina there. We ate both lunch and dinner at Aqua, the

restaurant at the Marina. Michael fixed the burgee flag halyard, which required Jennifer hoisting him to the spreaders. Of course, he found more to fix up there and was hanging from the mast for a good half an hour.

It was too cold the next morning to swim, but we did a little work out on the boat, using the hand weights we had brought, for the first time in the trip. We had a breakfast of Dunkin Donuts bought at the Marina's fishing store. We took off for the Thimbles at about 9:00AM.

*Wednesday, August 28  
Clinton to Pine Orchard*

The wind was northwest at 8-12 knots. It was a pleasant sail but it just started sprinkling as we arrived at the Pine Orchard Yacht Club. We could not get the club on the radio but a member helped us dock. The club had a delightful restaurant overlooking the water. We had lunch, the rain abated, and then we played tennis. We ate at the restaurant again for dinner.

It started raining again during the night and rained all day. The club was miles from town so we got a cab to take us to the movie theatre. We had not checked the time, so had two hours to kill before the show we had decided to see. We tried walking to the shopping district, but the rain was so heavy we were soaked to the skin within two clicks, even though we were wearing raincoats and umbrellas. So instead we bought a newspaper at a gas station and sat in the movie theatre, eating popcorn and reading the paper until "S1mone" began. Since we are both computer professionals who disdain vaporware, we found the technology angle ironic.

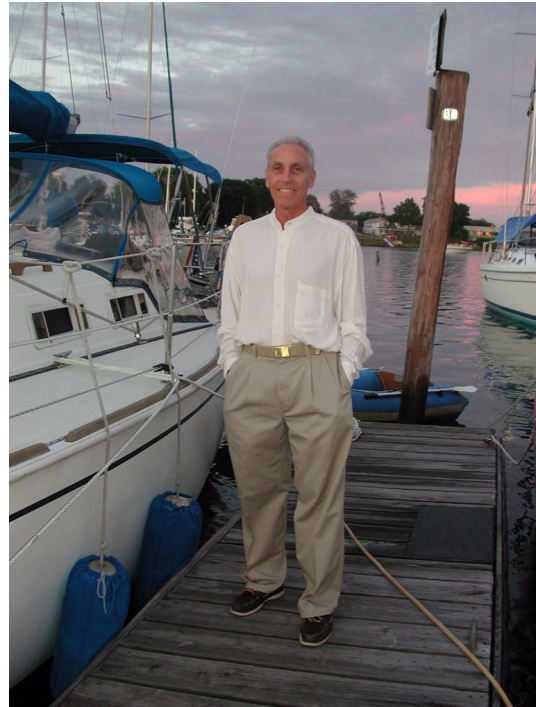
Michael's sister Bonnie picked us up with her family and we went to Dinner at Lenny's, a local legend for fresh seafood. It was close to the Pine Orchard Club, and she took us back to the boat.

In the morning, we jogged and appreciated the club facilities one last time before setting sail. There were two other men in the locker room while Michael was showering. One asked what he thought of the club. Michael replied that we found it very hospitable, and sang the praises of the restaurant. One of the men accused him of being a plant, because the other one was the chef (who seemed quite pleased).

*Friday, August 30  
Pine Orchard to Milford*

We were taking small hops mileage wise both because the weather was still dark and cloudy and because we did not have to be in Westport until Labor Day. A steady north, northwest wind took us to Milford. We took a walk into town and found our favorite restaurant there had once again changed hands. This time it was called Citrus, and it was inexplicably painted black and orange in a permanent tribute to Halloween. We shopped a bit and Michael got a haircut before having dinner at the Yacht Club.

The current was not with us until 11:00AM, so we jogged again in the morning. Our run finished downtown. We got egg sandwiches at a deli, and then sauntered back to the club with Dunkin Donuts coffee to go.



*Michael in Milford.*

*Saturday, August 31  
Milford to Port Jefferson*

There was plenty of wind and large rolling waves from the east. We had double reefs on both sails and did about 5.5-6 knots over the water the whole way. Michael donned his inflatable PFD for safety and took the helm manually in order to make the most advantage of the big gusts and minimize the impact of the high seas. We picked up our mooring at Port Jefferson for the first time this year. We had dinner on the boat.

Sunday morning was very windy and rainy. We did not have to be back in Westport until the next day, and the weather forecast indicated improvement. So we spent the day in Port Jeff. It was calm enough by lunchtime to take the dinghy into Pequot Harbor. We had lunch at the Elk Grille and did some shopping. Jennifer got a new briefcase at



*Sailing to PJ with double reefed main and reefed genoa.*



*Michael handles the helm wearing his safety gear.*



*Jennifer shivering in the cockpit.*

the leather shop to ease her way back into the world of work, now just two days hence. We again had dinner on the boat.

*Monday, September 2  
Port Jefferson to Westport*

Monday morning was again windy and rainy, much worse than the day before, with 30-knot gusts. We fretted through the morning with the decision on whether to cross the sound. Though it was only 14 nautical miles back to our club, and the boat was sound enough to handle the passage, we knew that any accident encountered while out in such conditions could have dangerous and/or expensive consequences and also be an unpleasant way to end our trip. Once we had been out in such wind without even rain and had ended up with a torn sail. We called on the radio and asked for conditions from "any vessel in Long Island Sound outside of Port Jefferson." A fishing boat reported 4-7 foot waves 50 feet apart and wind at 25. It continued to pour.

It was Labor Day and Jennifer was supposed to go back to work the day after. Michael asked Jennifer how she would feel about being a day late getting back to work. She hesitated. It was inconceivable to think anyone on Wall Street would understand how you could take a 5-month vacation and not arrange to get back on time. At 2:00PM, with no weather break in sight, we finally decided to take the ferry back to Connecticut.

We packed the computer and a change of clothing as watertight as we could and got in the dinghy. We headed for the Ferry Harbor, but the wind was coming from that direction and waves swamped the dinghy so badly we had to bail. So we again motored to Pequot Harbor. We chose a marina to leave the dinghy, but the office was closed and we could find no one to give us permission to leave it.



*We depart PJ on the ferry, Vitamin Sea left behind in the anchorage.*

Finally, a man wandered onto the dock to check out how his son's boat was faring in the storm. He said he was sure the marina would not care if we left the dinghy, and was also nice enough to give us a ride to the ferry harbor.

We had beers on the ferry and watched the high seas, congratulating ourselves on our decision not to be on a much smaller vessel. Michael's son Richard

with granddaughter Emma picked us up at Bridgeport and took us to our car at Cedar Point. Of course, when we got back to the club, we ran into some stouthearted souls who had been out in that weather. But they were only the most experienced of our circle and they looked badly shaken. Luckily, the dent on the car's rear door that our friend had warned us about was slight enough for us not to notice.

---

Miles traveled:	157
Departure datetime:	Monday, September 2 (Labor Day), 6:45PM
Departure weather:	66° Cloudy Light Rain