



St. Michael's, MD, harbor protected by cannons. British tried to burn the town in 1813 but the town folk outwitted them.



We tie up to the St. Michael's Marina for a day to get water, fuel & do laundry.



At anchor by the Chesapeake Maritime Museum.





A big front came in one night in St. Michael's.



This great blue heron greeted us one morning.



Old Point oyster boat leaves the Museum dock for the Sunday morning “log canoe” races in the bay.



Carl takes the dinghy out to watch the “log canoe” races. Note the woman mainsheet trimmer sitting way aft & the boards used for the crew to hike out



After the race, the log canoe gets towed back to the Museum dock.



We enjoy our \$18 lobster dinner at The Crab Claw the night before we left for the Wye River.



Joyce cleaning dirty fenders anchored in the Wye River waiting for a forecasted big blow weather system to come.



Couldn't roust this big black bird from it's nap—maybe a raven?



Carl contemplating the expected weather system.



Sunset in the Wye River.



Anchored in Granary Creek in the Wye River, gorgeous place.



Quinn & Pepper like sitting in the cockpit every day.



We go on a long hike looking for the old holly tree.

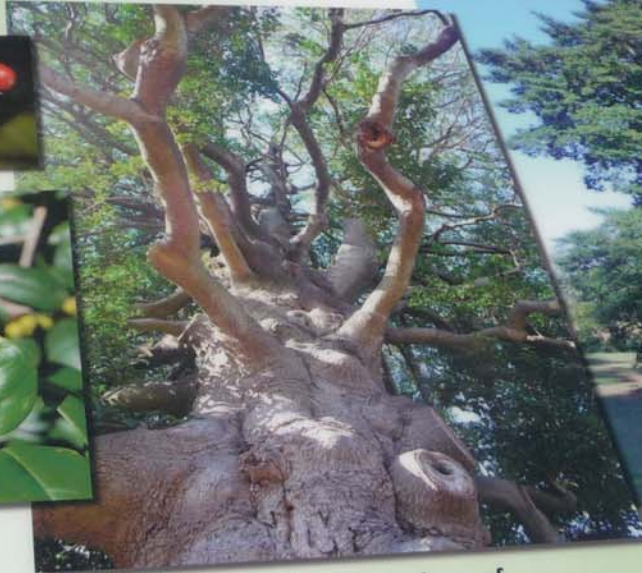
The Wye Island Holly: A Three-Century Tree

The American Holly (*Ilex opaca*) is an evergreen tree, popular for its use in Christmas decorations. Typically an understory forest species, the 290-year-old Wye Island Holly Tree is quite the exception standing here alone in an open field.

The berries of the holly tree are a major food source for many songbirds, such as the Cedar Waxwing.



Fruit from a female holly tree.



Looking up into the branches of the Wye Island Holly Tree.



We found it! Worth the hike.

Joyce dwarfed
by the Wye
Island holly tree,
290 years old.



The holly tree is definitely showing it's age.





We go back to St. Michael's and watch the Museum boats go out every day with paying passengers. This one is a skip jack with a little "push boat" that gets it back to it's dock.



Last night in our favorite little town, St. Michael's. Joyce buys steamed blue crabs from "Big Al's Seafood". It was a feast!



Back in Annapolis harbor in the town's mooring field by the Naval Academy.



Sept. 27, early morning in Annapolis showing “Ego Alley”.



We got our mail and when we left Annapolis we motored by the **Pride of Baltimore** anchored in the harbor.



Thomas Point Shoal lighthouse on our way to the Rhode River, Sept.27.



Carl takes our sailing dinghy out for a sail in the Rhode River.