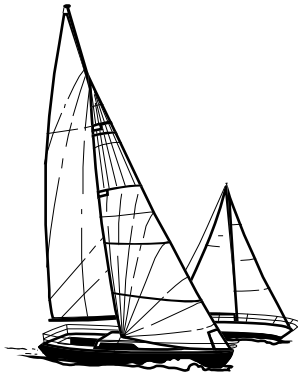


The CAT Tales

September 2001

Chesapeake Catalina Yacht Club



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View from the Bridge

Ray Nieves
Commodore

Labor Day Cruise, Sep 1-3

Good morning! The Labor Day weekend cruise has arrived already. Do you believe it?

On Saturday, at 0830, Vice Commodore Rich and Mate Dianne joined Carolyn and me aboard *Classie Chassie*. The skies were a bit cloudy with winds out of the north for day one. We were on our way by 0850 with good sailing until we got far below Herrington. During the next few hours we attempted to contact *Ayewash*. Unknown to us, Mike (solo) had started earlier than expected and arrived in Solomons as the anchor boat.

During the trip, we decided to take one-hour helm shifts. Everything went pretty well until halfway thru. Dianne's 1st shift. We were sailing along at about 7 knots on a starboard tack when a south-bound sailor kept a collision course. Although we had the "right of way", Dianne made a quick and smart choice to take immediate action and tacked away from the rude sailor. We immediately tacked back to cross the stem of the offending boat to stay on course. Much to our surprise, we saw the senior-

looking crewmember of the offending boat jump up, run to the stern, and start reeling in one of the many fishing lines they were dragging. No wonder they would not yield the right of way. They were busy fishing. On a sailboat? Oh well. Only a movie camera would do justice to the look on the man's face as he tried to reel in all his fishing lines. You would have thought we raised the "Jolly Roger" and exposed our cannons. (Maybe we should have.)

Thanks to the crew from *Mug Whump II*, especially Elizabeth who staked out tables and grills, we had a wonderful landside location for a picnic gathering. The raft was *Classie Chassie* and *Ayewash*, with *Mug Whump* at dock and *Shermax* by car. We were joined by some nontraditional boat (power) friends of Rich and Dianne, Tom, Linda, Jay and Judy.

Philip's brother, Charles Padgett, and Bev, Jennifer and Diana Davis also arrived to the activities by iron living rooms on wheels (oh well).

Now, what is this about police? Have you ever seen a DNR rookie, still wet behind the ears, with a law enforcement job to do? Well, Charlene Padgett and I had to go back to the raft boats to turn on anchor lights and take Bev and Jennifer's big, heavy, cumbersome, oversized, full (do you get the idea?) bags to their boat. Now you must keep in mind, I have the young and good-looking member of the

Padgett crew onboard the dink. Would you think the young DNR rookie would want to check me out for boat numbers? Ha Ha, what an excuse. Stop one. Then he stops us to make sure we would have the anchor light on. Stop two.

Now we prepare to board the raft-up and Charlene asks, "What's coming out of your boat?" Did we find a problem? Oh, someone left the water on, of course, to help keep the Bay full and all of our potable water gets pumped into the Bay - while we picnic. Ha Ha, have a good laugh. Charlene and I clean up the mess and head back to the party.

Ah, but who shall lurk in the dark of night? Could it be? No! Yes! DNR rookie looking for yet another criminal "Pull over", he shouts and flashes his powerful lights. "What, no tail light?" says he with a tone of authority. "Yes," says me. "I do have a 360°, here behind the engine." "OK" says he, "I'll let you go this time." Amazingly, while he spoke, he never looked at me. Wonder why? Thanks, Charlene.

Sunday morning, up at the crack of dawn, off to fetch fresh water. Rich, Dianne, Carolyn and I off to Zahnizers to fetch a refill. The sun is waking with a beautiful clear sky and a north wind. Since we are up and replenished, we decide we will head for Dun Cove.

As we approach *Mug Whump* at Zahnizers, Philip is busy doing his morning exercise routine. Tired and sweaty from the vigors of his morning routine, Philip still manages a smile and a weak wave as he bids us farewell.

We spent most of the day motoring against a head wind. We arrive "early" at the Chop Tank and figured we left so early, there would be lots of time to sail the river. Dianne took a death grip on the wheel and a smile to replace the brightest sunshine. Now we were sailing.

Dianne relinquished the helm when the wind died down to less than 2 knots. Then off to Dun Cove. Much to our surprise, *Mug Whump* had beat us in and sat comfortably at anchor. Our friends on *Pura*

Vida (C320), Leroy and Peg Salazar (who came from our marina) had come to join us, and they too were set. *Surprise*, with Ed and Connie Dooley, was just pulling in and no sight of *Ayewash*.

Classie Chassie set anchor and *Pura Vida* and *Surprise* joined to start the raft and the happy night, I mean happy hour. Before the boat stopped moving, Ed, Connie, Leroy and Peg came aboard and the festivities began. You know the routine - food, drink, drink, food, and more, more. Soon we sighted a launch from *Mug Whump* with more pirates. Again we were boarded, more food, more drink. What could be next? Philip, Elizabeth, Charlene, and Philip's brother Charles not only brought food and drink but watermelon, which was a hit. There certainly could not be more food and drink; it was reaching 1900 and no sight of *Ayewash*.

Around 1930, who should hail us? Of course, *Ayewash*. In typical calm, cool fashion, Mike says, "*Classie Chassie*, this is *Ayewash*. Where do you want us?" We slip them in between *Classie Chassie* and *Surprise*. Now Mike, Bev, Jen, and Diana also board *Classie Chassie* with more food, more wine. You might think the food, drink, and stories went on forever - it did. I think we had enough food and drink for a week.

The wind started picking up as night set in, so we set out a second anchor off *Ayewash*. With too much food, drink and fun, we all decided it was time to rest. With all said and done, the dink loaded with trash, we went to bed.

I sit here Monday morning, after my shower, watching a beautiful sunrise and trying to write my report for Mike. I hope he can read it. This has been a good weekend so far - beautiful weather, with full moons and wonderful sunrises. An osprey is flying over now, with his breakfast tight in his claws. I think I will stop and cook breakfast.

Sorry you missed this raft weekend; we all missed you. Please join the fun another time. The next event is the Oktoberfest raft-up Sep 29-30 in the Rhode River with raft captains Wayne and Joan Savage. ☞



**September 29 - 30
Rhode River**

Wayne and Joan Savage
Jubilee

Can it be? Fall is here again, the sailing season is coming to an end, and we haven't seen much of the Bay this year! I am reminded of this as we prepare for the annual CCYC Oktoberfest raft-up in the Rhode River (off the West River) set for September 29 - 30. This year we will once again be the raft captains for these festivities.

We will bring the bier garten, Um-Pa-Pa music for atmosphere while we dine on bratwurst and drink Oktoberfest beer, our other favorite thirst quencher. The club will provide the Bratwurst and beer, while the partygoers bring German hors d'oeuvres and cuisine to taste and share.

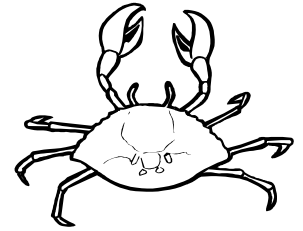
To get to the raft site off Big Island, enter the West River, keeping Red 2 to your starboard. The channel is narrow at that point with shoals on both sides, but with plenty of water. Proceed up the West River about a mile to where the Rhode River enters the West River on your starboard. Round a second Red 2 and head directly up the Rhode (about 348° M) to where it opens into a semicircular bay. Round Green 7 to port and proceed west to Big Island, which will not be hard to identify. *Jubilee* will be there about 3:00 PM, monitoring Channel 72 every half hour. We will be standing by to provide rafting assistance.

Please give us a call (301-762-6752) or send an email (wsavage@aol.com) if you plan to join us this year so that we can ensure there is enough beer and wurst. It just won't do not to have enough for everyone.

This event is always a great time. We're looking forward to seeing everyone again. Come on by, have a good time! ☞

**Crab Feast
Aug 4th, Harris Crab
House, Kent Narrows**

Mike and Bev Davis
Ayewash



The Crab Feast this year was a real test in flexibility. We planned to raft-up in Kirwan Creek and dinghy to Harris Crab House located in adjacent Kent Narrows. *Ayewash* was to be the anchor boat and we arrived early on to set the hook. Unfortunately, this was also the weekend when hydroplanes were scheduled to have races at the Narrows. The races are usually held on the other side from Kirwan Creek but not this year. We found our course blocked by barges and spectators, so we had to scramble. Luckily, a quick call to the restaurant confirmed they still had temporary slips available for us and off we went.

After *Ayewash* was tied up, we were joined by Vice Commodore Richard Schatz and Diane Benyus (C25 *Aire Borne*), Bo and Joyce Chesney (C30 *Cool Change*), and new members Joe and Camille Collins (C36 *Windswept*). Since the event is come-by-sea-or-by-land, once inside we were joined by Wayne and Joan Savage with daughter Cameron and her baby (C36 *Jubilee*), Don McBride (C30 *Coelummar*), and Ray VanHorn (C30 *Scimitar*). Everyone had a great time and after the feast, *Ayewash* and *Aire Borne* took slips at a nearby marina and *Cool Change* and *Windswept* sailed up the Chester River for a raft-up in Queenstown for the night. ☞

A Two Weeks Update

I received the following note from Bill Weeks (C36 *Fortnight*) for CCYC:

I am planning to go south this year. The planned departure date is the week of September 24th, about. I would like to hear from anyone planning to go

south. I plan to take my time with my days. I estimate 25 travel days to Miami, and plan to take about 45 days to do it.

Contrary to popular belief that I will never quit work, this is the year I try. Who knows, I may not like this sailing stuff and go back to work. But right now, I will retire in September and never go back.

We moved down here full time last year and love it. The pace of life is much slower and it's nice. Sharon retired last year and does not miss work a bit. I have been working about ½ time and come to DC more than I would like. The only thing Sharon misses is Tysons Corner Mall; as you remember it was about

two blocks away. Now she has to drive all the way to Fredricksburg. I guess that saves me money, but I must change the oil in her car much more often.

We have a small marina (Coan River Marina) down here that will sell me anything in the West Marine catalog and will meet their price most of the time. They do good work and are very friendly as is everyone on the "Neck". We love it. Say Hi to everyone and we will see you on the water.

Bill and Sharon Weeks, *Fortnight*. ☞



Upcoming Events



Sep 29-30

Oktoberfest Cruise/Raft-up
Rhode River
Raft Captain – Wayne and Joan Savage, *Jubilee*

Oct 27-28

Halloween Cruise/Raft-up
Weems Creek, Severn River
Raft Captain – Mike and Bev Davis, *Ayewash*

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