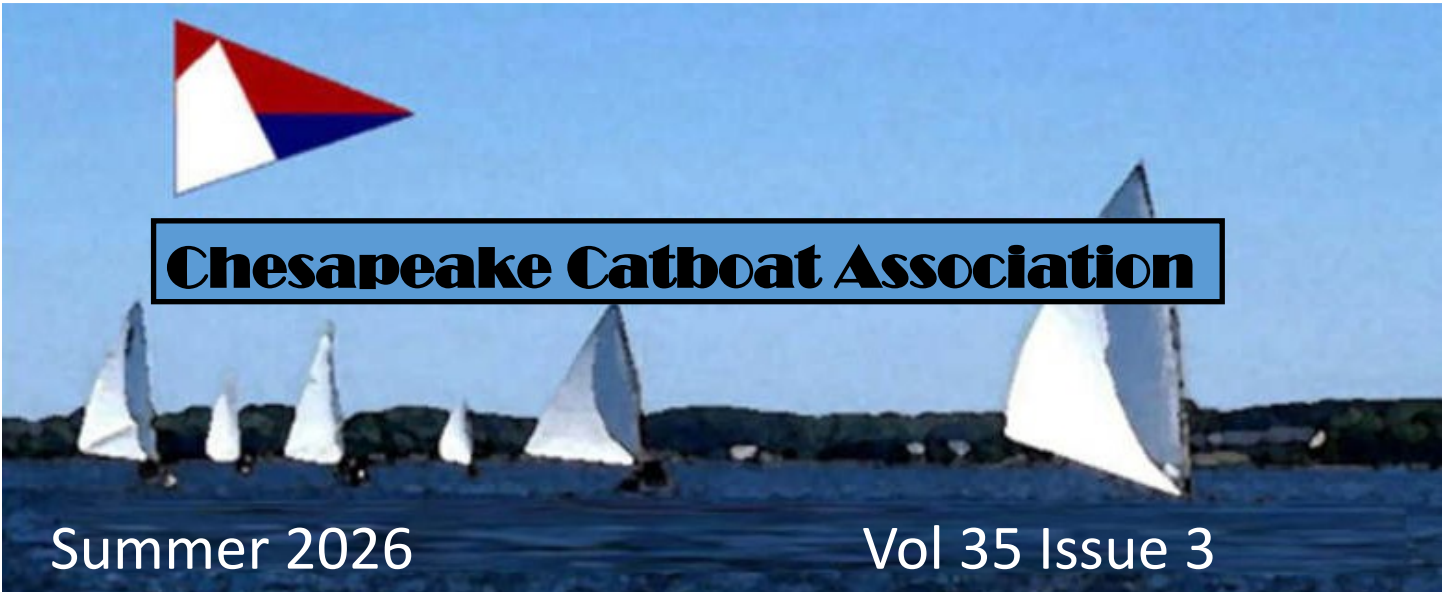




Chesapeake Catboat Association

Summer 2026

Vol 35 Issue 3

All the catboat news that's fit to print

Editor: Craig Ligibel craig.Ligibel@vml.com

Baltimore Harbor Sail 250 Celebration.

Five catboats and one power boat made it to the Lighthouse Point Marina in Baltimore Harbor to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence the weekend of July 25th to 28th.

Phil Livingston, on Patriot, left Oxford, Md on Wednesday, June 24th and sailed and motored to Kent Narrows for the night. Digger Vermont and Josie Smith, on Pip Squeak, left Island View Marina, also on Wednesday, and motored through Kent Narrows and across the bay to Rock Creek at the mouth of the Patapsco River for the night.



Butch Miller, on Lark and Frank Newton, on Tigger left Island View Marina Thursday morning and met up with Patriot at Kent Narrows for the 9:30 bridge opening. Rich McLaughlin, on Tenacity met up with the fleet on the other side of Kent Narrows.

The wind was out of the South at 8 to 10 knots which made for a nice crossing of the bay highlighted with the arrival of the USS Eagle and Mercea, from Romania entering Baltimore Harbor.

As we entered the mouth of the Patapsco the wind began to build to 10 to 15 with gust to 25, which created some challenges to drop sails and motor the rest of the way under what is left of the Francis Scott Key Bridge. As the main channel into the harbor was closed until 4pm for the air show practice, we headed to the lee shore for some protection from the wind. When the channel was opened, we continued on to Lighthouse Point Marina where we were greeted on A dock by Digger and Josie who had motored from Rock Creek earlier before the channel was closed.



After securing the boats and registering at the marina office, we all met at Pussers Tavern on the upper deck at the marina. Emma, our server, took good care of our dinner and drink orders.

Bruce Ogden and Jill Segraves arrived on Avalon, from the West River and went out to dinner with some friends who were also staying at the marina.

The next morning the catboaters headed to the Sip & Bite diner, which had been recommend by the locals at the marina. They were correct, the Sip & Bite was a great choice, where we were taken care of by Lynn, a personable diner waitress. On the way back to the marina we stopped at a West Marine to check out their going out of business sale.

Back at the marina, Butch put the cockpit cover over Lark and took the six of us for a tour of the harbor and the tall ships tied up to various piers. After the tour we anchored off Ft McHenry for the air show which was fantastic, narrated by our own pilot Ironman Phil.

Back at the marina we cleaned up and walked to the Good Vibes Cantina for a little Mexican food. Bruce and Jill went to an Oriels game.

Saturday morning, we gathered in the lounge at the marina, had coffee, and waited for the Lighthouse Deli to open for breakfast. With full bellies we walked to Caton Park for the Water Taxi which took us to Fells Point. Another tour boat took us out to Ft McHenry, for a tour of the fort and to watch the air show again, this time on land.

Back at the marina we gathered on Lark for a GAM. Bob and Elaine Leigh joined us as they had driven from Annapolis. After the GAM, we all returned to our cabins after a full day.

Sunday morning started cloudy, Phil left at 5am and once out in the bay had a good sail back down the bay with the wind out of the North East. The rest of us waited for the gas dock to open at 9 and motored all the way back home with some rain along the way. Bruce and Jill past us on their way back to the West River.

Altogether "A Once in a Lifetime" experience was had by all. This may have been the last time we may have the opportunity to see as many of the tall ships in one place in our life time, especially so close on the water.

Frank Newton

Up River. Down River. A blow out!

The Up River race was unfortunately a blow out with winds at the start gusting to 20 or so with seas too big to get the sails up. Once we made up the river a few miles, the waves receded so we were able to sail. Lark had a double reef and needed it on the curvy river. Lots of rounding up in the gusts.. We enjoyed an afternoon in the shade and some great hospitality at the Country Club. Fred made some fantastic mementos. Pics by Josie



The Down River started out with 5-8knts but picked up during the race. Of course we were back in the pack just ahead of the Sunfish. The event was a perfect example of a failed attempt at herding cats. It was a downwind start with the starting line between a buoy and a flag on a pier. The finish had a gate to go through then the line was between another buoy and a flag on a pier. Only one boat managed to do it correctly, Jim and John in Mysticat so despite being the first across the line, they would have won among the catboats by following the rules. Lark was the only other boat to get the finish right but the only boat to screw up the start. We'll know better next time. With the gusty conditions and smart tacks there were a few lead changes over the 13 mile course. At one point, Mysticat and Muriel broke away and were the first to finish.

I did have an unusual sighting on the way across Prospect Bay on the way home. About halfway across I bore off to windward to avoid a log. Instead of drifting away it started coming toward me. It was a raccoon headed somewhere. Have seen some odd stuff on the water but...

Regarding emails, we had a flurry this morning of emails using reply all to old email in order to contact the group. Please remember that members come and go so those lists are probably out of date. If you'd like to send a mail to the whole group, please either send it to me and I'll forward it or let me know and I'll send a mail with the list that you can forward. Also, please be cognizant that not everyone wants a Reply All if they're not involved. Thanks.-Butch Miller

***Congratulations** to Jim and John on their win. Fantastic show to come in 11th among that fleet. A catboat midway down the first page of the report!!*

Thanks to Bob Corney, Fred Sherriff and Rich McGlaughlin for a fantastic weekend on the Chester River.

More Sail 250 reports—Digger Vermont

Josie and I did not get pip squeak into the water until the morning of Wednesday, June 24th. Finally in the water! We loaded the boat and a little after noon took off for -- if all went well, Baltimore -- if not, back to our slip. I guess it went well. We raised the sail, and all was well except for missing aft second reef tie down. The wind was pitiful so we doused the sail, dropped the motor and started for Kent Narrows and then across the Bay; the destination -> Mike's Crab House North on Rock Cr off the Patapsco R.

We got to Rock Cr a little after 7 PM and found Mike's, but finding Mike's dock and dine slips was a lot harder. Calling the restaurant was no help, they had no idea. Asked someone walking down the dock who shook their head and shrugged their shoulders. Finally we found the slips with a little red sign that said, "Mike's." By the time we tied up and finished eating at the Crab House it was an easy decision to squat the slip rather than find a place to anchor.

Thursday morning we left Rock Cr at 9AM. It was about a two hour ride up the Patapsco to get to Lighthouse Point Marina in the Baltimore Harbor. If we didn't make it through the "box" before noon we would have to wait until after 4PM to get to the marina. Due to the air show a large safety area spanning the Patapsco was designated as the "Aerobatic Show Box" and "closed to all vessels" between 12 noon and 4PM.

Before that morning the largest harbor Josie and I had navigated was Annapolis. Baltimore Harbor is certainly a step up and with feelings of trepidation we entered the Patapsco. In the end commercial traffic was very light seeing only one large barge being pushed down stream. Even the recreational traffic was light, with only a few motorboats making us bounce around in their wakes. Having only read and seen pictures of the Key Bridge's collapse, going through it close up was something. As we went through the channel on the east (north?) side of the bridge a loud steady booming coming from the work site marked time and could still be heard miles up stream.

We motored through the box well before the noon deadline arriving at the marina a little after 11AM. A little earlier we had gotten a phone call telling us to tie up on the outside of Dock A. I cannot recommend Lighthouse Point Marina. The office and shower rooms are located far from most slips; a distance of three to four city blocks from where we were docked. It took close to six minutes to walk from our boat to get to the restrooms. The shower rooms themselves are far from a selling point for the marina. On the mens side one to two of the three stalls were out of service at anytime. A single roll of paper towels floated between the restroom sink counter and and shower room counter on the other side of the facility. And it was hot in there! No, it wasn't hot because it was hot outside, it was hot because hot air blew out of the heat vents the entire three days we were there.

Josie and I spent the afternoon on pip squeak. We watched as the USCG Cutter Eagle motored pass us to the Inner Harbor with its sailors stationed on the yards a hundred or more feet above the water, and held our ears while the flying teams soared above us practicing their maneuvers. At four o'clock it grew quiet, the box reopened, and not long after Tigger appeared with Tenacity not far behind. The disorganized dock hands kept changing their minds about where they should dock and it became more complicated when Patriot and Lark appeared a short time later. In the end the Mengers stayed together where they were and they were, separated from other three tied up several hundred feet away. Sometime later Jill and Bruce arrived with Avalon and tied up even further down the dock.

Earlier in the day we had put the awning up on pip squeak to make shade and keep some of the coming rain out of the boat. All was good until the center pole snapped in the wind. The day had started out calm, but as the day wore on, it grew progressively windier, with the gusts blowing pretty hard. It was the first time for our awning to be up in that kind of wind and I looked upon it as a test of its capability. Well it exposed a weak point that we'll need to repair and address.



Thursday night most of us had drinks and ate at Pusser's. After that some cigars were smoked on Lark while I sat nearby on the

Thursday night most of us had drinks and ate at Pusser's. After that some cigars were smoked on Lark while I sat nearby on the dock. In a marina filled with hundreds of large motorcraft five small catboats lined up next to each other generated a lot of interest and many people would stop to chat throughout the weekend.

Though I did not like the marina, all the people I met were friendly. We got to know Rosie, a small black dog that had been adopted only a few weeks earlier and was experiencing her first time on docks at a marina. I first saw her too frightened to ascend the ramp to the gate until she suddenly found the courage to ran up it and onto firm ground. For the next several days I enjoyed seeing her and her growing confidence. Each time her tail wagged more as her fear was replaced with curiosity and an interest in everything and everybody around her.

Friday, Butch offered up Lark as a tour boat. Under the shade of its awning we made a loop of the inner harbor where we got to see the tall ships up close and from the water. By the time we turned around to head back down we started to hear the roar of jets beginning their practice run. We motored down as far as we could to the the edge of the box where we put out an anchor along with an assortment of other boats who had done the same. For the next several hours we watched the different teams go through their routines in practice for the official show on Saturday.

That evening we walked a few blocks to a busy area with a number of restaurants. After some debate we settled into a booth at a Mexican restaurant, the place we had originally set out for. I enjoyed the food and drink, but some others not so much. I thought the birria tacos were the best I have yet to have. Afterwards, Josie, Rich, and I stopped across the street at a pie shop with at least twenty different ones to choose from. Josie and I agreed, if we lived in Baltimore the pie shop would be a regular stop. Back at the marina there was more gathering in Lark with conversation between us and the passersby until the end of the evening.

Saturday we toured by land and sea. After starting out with breakfast at a liquor store (yep, a liquor store that served up weekend brunch!) it took some time to figure out how to buy tickets for the water trolley, and then where to catch it from. We were not alone in our confusion. While standing in long disorganized lines throughout the day many conversations were started with the question, "Is this the line to go to...?" We had a fun conversation with a woman living in Baltimore and her auntie visiting from Sudan. Of course auntie will go back to Sudan to tell people she had met Jersey Frank.

Our whole group started out together by taking two different trolleys to get to Fort McHenry, the best place to watch the air show on land. For Josie and I this was the third day of watching very loud jets fly overhead, though each day was from a different vantage point. Before the end of the show we were tired and hot. Walking to the cool down area under shade we found chairs surrounded by fans adding their own prop noise to that of the jets overhead. There we found the others of our company who had gotten there ahead of us enjoying the cool artificial breeze. Shortly thereafter we caught the next water trolley out from the fort. At the end of that leg Josie and I separated from the rest of our group to take yet another water trolley to the inner harbor where the tall ships were docked. The area was packed with people from all over and it took some amount of maneuvering to make our way down the dock. We weren't surprised to see long lines of people waiting to tour the ships and decided not to stand in line with them. Back at the marina the evening was spent in a gam on Lark, the cockpit stuffed with people including Bob and Elaine Leigh who came to join us.

Phil left early on Sunday before us at about 5AM. The rest of us released our dock lines and left a little before 9AM for the Clinton St fuel dock to fill up when they opened. The prediction was for light air so we knew it would a day of motoring the 35 nautical miles to the home port. Again there was no commercial traffic, but a large number of recreational boats surrounded and passed us on their way down the Patapsco toward the Chesapeake. Josie who likes to take the helm while motoring was kept busy at the tiller navigating through the wakes that felt like being in a washing machine on the heavy duty cycle. The day was foggy and slow to clear up. Going across the bay our four catboats spread out, at times the others were just a shadow in the distant mist. Continuing into the Chester Tenacity disappeared to continue up river while we turned south toward Kent Narrows. The wait for a scheduled bridge opening was not long, but there was enough time for pip's fuel tank to be replenished from the auxiliary tank. On the way to Baltimore we burned about a third of a gallon an hour while going at a speed of little more than four knots. At almost six knots on the way back home it was probably twice that much.

Commodore's Corner. Butch Miller July 2026

Hot, Hot, Hot here in our neck of the woods. Our fantastic Spring had to end sometime.

The sailing season has started off busy with an event every week beginning with a rained out West River event leading into another stinker at Prospect Bay. Placing this year was dependent on which route was taken around the islands. A figure eight won the day. Then there was an impromptu overnight up a creek off the Miles River. Perfect down wind to and a howler on the way home that prompted a mid-way layover to wait it out for a while. The new events on the Chester Up the River and Down the River were a mixed bag. The Up River race was cancelled due to wind at



the start although it was a great ride after we rounded a bend. The Down River was a mixed bag of many classes from A Catamarans to Sunfish. After a slow start, things picked up about half way down where we got ahead of the Sunfish. Only one catboat finished cleanly as the rest of us can't seem to follow instructions. They proudly finished in the middle of the pack. On the last weekend of the month, five boats headed to Baltimore for three nights to see Tall Ships and Air Shows. My ears are still ringing.

Thanks to all our hosts who make these events happen. June was a blast but I'm ready for a rest in July.

On the nature front, Porpoise have made their way up further into the mid-bay and into creeks near us to feed. Very unusual to be up into the creeks. The Menhaden fleet is taking a huge toll in the bay and the fisheries on the East Coast. Hungry Osprey chicks are dying in the nest and the large fish are disappearing. Now the hungry porpoise....

We are looking for a newsletter editor to take over as Craig would like to retire. He's done a fantastic job for us for many years and deserves a break. If we want the newsletter to continue, we need someone to take over. The newsletter doesn't need to be as professional as Craig's. The new editor can make it their own as Bill has done with the website and simple is fine as long as the news gets out. Thanks.

That's all I have for now.

Tilghman Weekend July 30 - August 2 Contact: Al Renzi – 484-356-8291 or al@yellowspringsfarm.com

Long Cruise Patriot Cruise, Sept 8 – 23

or Jamestown and Beyond, Sept 8 - 27

Contact: Marc Cruder, 410-729-5305, mccruder2020@gmail.com

Wild Goose Chase October 16 - 18

[Contact: Frank Newton](mailto:finewton3@yahoo.com) - 908-581-8774 or finewton3@yahoo.com

Holiday Party Dec. 6

Dock House Restaurant, Kent Narrows @ 2 PM

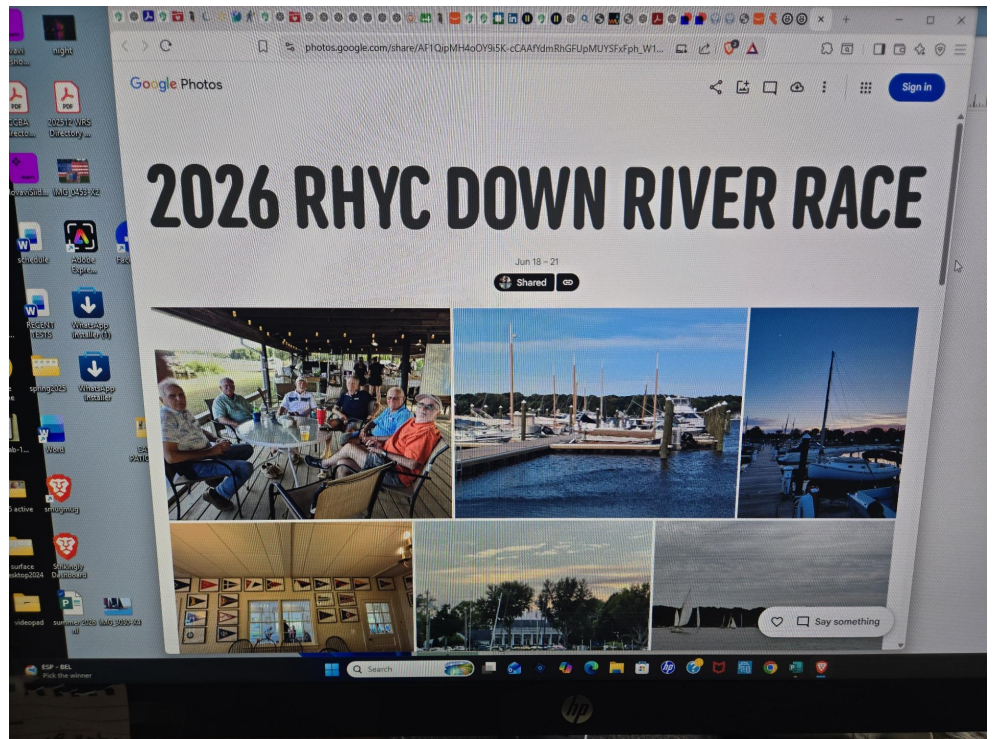
Contact: Frank Newton - 908-581-8774 or finewton3@yahoo.com

Hello CCBA Friends,

I made a Google Photos album of the 2026 Down the Chester River Race. It's mostly photos I took during the race, plus some of the photos recently distributed via email. To view the album, visit the "members only" section of the website, or just click on this link:

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/uijf28tD56BAX4x6A>

If you have photos you would like to add to the album, or you would like to comment on the album, it is set up to allow anyone with the link to the album to do that using Google Photos (requires a Google account). I think this is a good way to collect all the great photos and memories of each event.



Each personal Google account comes with 15 GBytes of free storage, so if you want to create your own albums and share them with the group, there's lots of space for that. There are plenty of other tools that let you create and share albums, but I like Google Photos because it is free, provides lots of storage, and is easy to use. If you have a photo album you would like to share, regardless of what tools you use, please send me a link and I will add it to the "members only" section of the website.

Bill Stratton

Everyone always asks, "How can I sail on the Living Classrooms' boats?"... well now you can!

The Summer Sunset Sail Series 2026 is presented by the Living Classrooms Foundation in partnership with The Local Oyster from April to September.

Sail aboard the Living Classrooms vessels: The Schooner *Lady Maryland* and the Skipjack *Sigsbee*!

All Summer Sails here:

<https://www.eventbrite.com/cc/summer-sunset-sail-series-with-the-local-oyster-4830391>

Happy Hour spread featuring locally farmed oysters on the half shell, sustainably sourced shrimp cocktail & other snacks for our vegetarian guests. Each cruise will offer beer & wine from local breweries, wineries & distributors! Tickets are limited and must be purchased in advance. Open to guests 21 and older only; Tickets non-refundable.



Team Ligibel celebrates
Sail 250 with gutter boat
races and a sail on a CRAB
Freedom 21.

Wanted. CCBA Newsletter editor

Part wordsmith. Part juggler. Part mind reader.
Must love boats, deadlines and chaos.

JOB DUTIES:

- ✓ WRANGLE ARTICLES
- ✓ EDIT (GENTLY)
- ✓ MEET DEADLINES (HA!)
- ✓ MAKE IT FUN TO READ
- ✓ REPEAT

REQUIRED SKILLS:

- DEADLINE TETANUS
- SPELLING (MOSTLY)
- THICK SKIN
- SAILOR HUMOR
- MIRACLE WORKER

DEADLINE:
YESTERDAY

RING!
RING!
RING!

FROM: FLEET 2
SUBJECT: ARTICLE
BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH...

ONE
MORE
THING...

DON'T
FORGET
ANYTHING
(HA!)

FIRST
DRAFTS

STYLE GUIDE

- ✓ OXFORD COMMA (SOMETIMES)
- ✓ ACTIVE VOICE
- ✓ SHORT SENTENCES (HA HA)
- ✓ NO YAWNS

HOUSE RULES

1. KEEP IT POSITIVE
2. NO POLITICS
3. NO BORING STUFF
4. INCLUDE BOATS
5. SEE #4

TODAY'S PLAN:

- EDIT RACE REPORT
- CHECK FACTS
- PHOTOS
- LAYOUT
- NAP
- ALL OF THE ABOVE

PHONE CALLS
✓ COMMODORE
✓ RACING CHAIR
✓ CRUISERS
✓ CLASS REP
✓ SPONSOR
✓ MY MOM

THE
CCBA
HANDBOOK
(aka THE BIBLE)

THINK YOU'RE
CRAZY ENOUGH?
WE NEED YOU!

APPLY WITH:

- ♥ SAMPLE ARTICLES (OR ANYTHING AT ALL)
- ♥ SENSE OF HUMOR
- ♥ THICK SKIN
- ♥ LOVE OF SAILING
- (COFFEE HABIT OPTIONAL, BUT HELPFUL)

COMPENSATION:

Warm fuzzies. Eternal gratitude.
Close parking at the club. And the
satisfaction of keeping the fleet informed
(and entertained).

Immediate opening for experienced journalist. Only a few hours per issue-
Contact Butch Miller for details. anmiller003@gmail.com