

Chesapeake Catboat Association

Special edition 2025

Volume 34 Issue 5

All the catboat news that's fit to print.

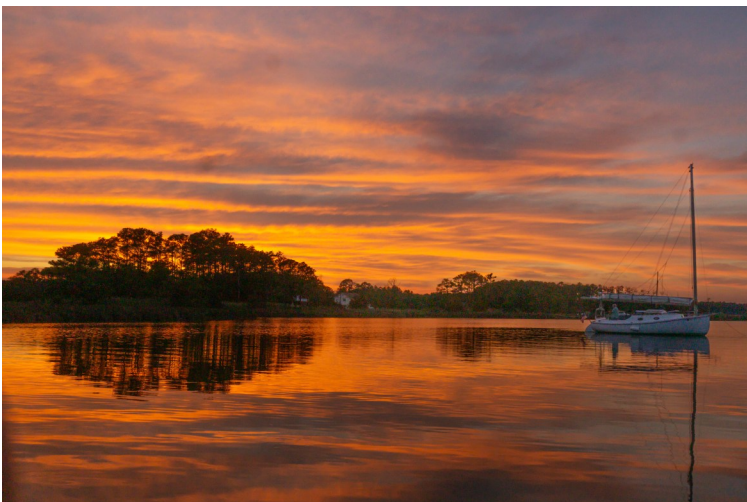
Editor: Craig Ligibel; craig.Ligibel@vml.com

Long Cruise draws a crowd. A trip not to be forgotten.



“To the Islands”

This year's destination, as requested by *Curlew's* crew, was to the islands of Smith and Tangier in the central Chesapeake Bay. They both lie approx. 10NM off shore from Crisfield, MD. but in different states. Smith Island being in Maryland, Tangier in Virginia. Smith island in Maryland is the larger of the two having three towns while the smaller Tangier in Virginia has one. Most of the area denoted to each is mostly underwater or marsh.





Long Cruise continued

Our original plan was to sail to and stay on each island but a reconnaissance mission by Scout One Feather, Phil Livingston revealed that, since our last visit, there are no longer any transient facilities or a decent anchorage within reasonable rowing distance. The plan changed to making Crisfield a home base and ferry across but the trip to Smith was stymied as the ferry only runs on weekends starting after Labor Day. So, Smith was out altogether. Marc on *Wanderer* had intended

to forgo the islands, instead opting to modify his itinerary to visit a friend in Reedville, VA on the Western Shore, but just as far south. Marc's comments about his adventure are added to each day.

The intrepid fleet: *Curlew* – Kate Grinberg and Tim Kallman, *Lark* – Butch Miller, *Patriot* – Phil Livingston, *Tigger* – Frank Newton and *Wanderer* – Marc Cruder.



Day One – Sunday, Sept. 14 – Slaughter creek on the Little Choptank river, 30NM for most.

Lark and *Tigger* departed Island View marina on Kent Island at 9:30am into a dead calm, sunny morning under engine. Perfect motoring weather. We arrived at Chapel Cove on Slaughter creek around 4 to find *Patriot* from Oxford at anchor. *Curlew* from the West River arrived shortly thereafter to join us in the raft-up. For dinner, the five of us hopped aboard the *Tigger Taxi* to one of the two local spots on the creek-Boats and Hose restaurant (that's

hose like in garden, not another meaning). B&H is a local first responder-themed former grocery/hardware store with good food and great service. The last time we were there it was packed and short staffed. One of the customers actually got up from her table and helped serve us. That's the kind of place it is. *Wanderer* from the West River tied up to their bulkhead just in time to join us. At some point during dinner, it was decided to make another itinerary adjustment due to the forecasted gale and rain on Tuesday. We would skip the stop at Solomons and head directly for Crisfield so as not to get trapped in Solomons and miss our ferry reservations. The forecast for Monday was expected to be dicey also so reefs were put in before settling-in for the night. Calm. No bugs.

Day Two – Monday, Sept. 15 – Crisfield off of Tangier Sound, Southward 50NM

Awoke to clouds and 65*, NE 10-15 and building. Anchor up at 7:30am

As we made our way South along the eastern shore past Hooper's, Bloodworth and South Marsh islands, the fleet separated into two groups *Lark* and *Patriot*, then *Curlew* and *Tigger*. The latter caught the former after the former turned into Kedges Strait and into head winds, later reported by others to be 20-30kts, gusts to 40+ (streaks on the water) and 4-5' seas. *Lark* powered up the engine to make it past the leeward Solomons Lump shoal light. Shortly thereafter, Phil saw my centerboard from the side and I saw his from his stern. All sails dropped after that. It was a long motor into Crisfield. One of those where you can see the town but have to run past it along the shore and around a point before turning towards the town still having most of an hour to get there.

Long Cruise continued

We arrived at Somer's Cove Marina around 6:30pm after a difficult 11hour day. Stirred but not shaken. Docking was a chore with our cat headed rigs in the wind. No dinner, cockpit cocktails, cheese and crackers on *Curlew* was all we could manage. The marina is huge having 500 or so slips, 50 of which were taken up by members of a trawler group having a week long gathering. I think that group has more gray hair than ours. But no early to bed that night. Sadly, to say but one of the trawler group went missing in the gated marina. She was assumed to have fallen into the water on the way back to her boat so the search was on. Dozens of people were out in the occasional drizzle with their flashlights and EMTs with their big lights, all calling her name. Helicopters and divers arrived but had no luck that night. She was found on land the next afternoon on. Tragic.

Marc: "Wanderer headed southward made good time under favorable wind and tide with a single reef, but experienced the same building seas. I decided to quit 5 miles short of Great Wicomico Light which is the entrance to Reedville, doused sail and ducked into the well-marked breakwater at Smith Point on the south side of the Potomac at about 4:30 pm, into the Little Wicomico River. There amongst all the leased bottom engaged in aquaculture, I found a lee just past the #14 red nun and dropped anchor. Dark and Stormies followed by some Hormel Chili by oil lamp light completed the evening fare, but not before a very nice sunset ahead of the pending stormy night and gale force winds out on the Bay."

Day 3 – Tuesday, Sept 16 – Lay day in Crisfield

The gale arrived with rain and lightning. The crews enjoyed a late breakfast up the street at Gordon's Confectionary, a quant waterman's hang-out last remodeled (and scrubbed) in 1954. Open at 4am, they serve breakfast all day and lunch fare. The rest of the day was spent mostly in the cabin listening to the rain and thunder. Dinner was had, after a walk in the rain, at the Water's Edge Café, a small simple restaurant in the west side of town. The food was good especially the Terrible Tuesday Chicken Dinner, most of a bird seasoned and deep fried, eight pieces. To our dismay, it was BYOB. The walk back in the deluge was fun until I found the paper with the gate combination had melted. I was stuck outside the gate and had to wait for security to let me in. Back at the boat, I shed my soaked pants in the cabin and tossed them out into the cockpit. The marina laundry became a very popular spot.

Marc: "Wanderer had a peaceful night anchored with lots of rain but no lightning or thunder. It was corned beef hash and hard-boiled eggs for breakfast, before calling Smith Point Marina to see if they had any transient slips. I got underway under power to double back to the marina, only to find it was less protected than the anchorage in the lee I had found. Just when I was ready to head back to the anchorage, my friend from Reedville showed up, so we went to lunch at Leadbelly's, the only restaurant open for business in Reedville. It was across Cockrell Creek from where the Menhaden fleet tied up. The car ride to and from Smith Point Marina took in most of what there was to see in Reedville, so not a wasted trip. Once back at the marina, Wanderer made her way back to the peaceful anchorage with the storm blowing all around. Light snacks for dinner after a mid-afternoon lunch in Reedville."

Day 4 – Wednesday, Sept 17 – Ferry to Tangier Island

After another late breakfast at Gordon's, we walked to the ferry for the noon boarding. The ride to the island was just over an hour for the fifteen of us on the three hundred passenger vessel. Tangier is another victim of changing times, sea level rise and land subsidence like Smith Island. Once a thriving town based on crabs and oysters, it's failing as harvests dwindle, the waterman age out and the young ones pursue other occupations off the island. Unlike Smith there is a K-12 school of 30 or so students. It had one graduate last year. The Smith Island kids take the mail boat to Crisfield then a bus to school. We had a hot dog and ice cream at Four Brothers Crab House and Ice Cream Deck. No inside tables. Of course, our roving ambassador "Hi, I'm Jersey Frank, who are you?" Newton found some friends, a spunky older woman driving a golf cart in a striped pink seersucker jump suit and sweater, and the mate on the ferry who grew up in Jersey. After arriving back in Crisfield, we took a drizzly walk to dinner in town at Chesapeake Seafood and Steak. BYOB again, but we came prepared. More rain that night.

Marc: "With wind from the south, hazy visibility at best and the chance of more rain, a lay day at anchor was the plan for Wanderer. Skies did clear substantially after intermittent rain all day, which made for a good "Boat Appreciation Day" cleaning and, fixing odds and ends. Dinner was all out, including Zatarain's Red Beans and Rice with smoked sausage to end the day prepared to get underway under sail for Reedville in the morning."



Long Cruise continued

Day 5 – Thursday, Sept 18 – Tedious Creek off Fishing Bay between the Honga River and the Nanticoke River, Northward 22NM. Cloudy, wet, N 10-12-0

Gordon's at 7am. Says Barbra the waitress from behind the counter "Ben's cooking. Don't get the sausage". It's that kind of place. Fueled up then shoved off around 10am. Nice sail north for a while with the reef still rigged from Monday. Tacked up Tangier Sound until just after noon then motor sailed. Dropped sail when the sun came out around 3:30 just east of Bloodsworth island. Arrived at Tedious around 6pm and anchored in 3 ½' in soft mud at low tide which is average throughout the creek. There are dozens of crab boat mooring poles but only a few boats at private piers these days. Had our first cockpit cocktail raft-up of the trip. *Curlew* split off which was a good thing as the remaining three-boat raft drug anchor for a short way overnight. No problem.

Marc: "With the wind easing around to the Northwest and clear visibility, Wanderer proceeded to Reedville, but not before a hearty Spam and more hard-boiled eggs for breakfast. The run southwest was a surprise of an extensive network of fish traps (pilings with nets strung between them...and not lit or particularly marked or on the chart!). This was a transit meant for daylight only and in good weather. Wanderer made it to her appointed slip; found by navigating the correct string of PVC pipes, and was a guest ashore for the night. The rest of Reedville was explored including the Reedville Fishermen's Museum, home of the restored skipjack Claude W. Somers and deck boat Elva C."

Day 6 – Friday, Sept 19 – St. Jerome Creek off the Chesapeake north of the Potomac. Westward across the bay, 20NM. Sunny, 5KT W.

Woke up to heavy dew on a sunny morning. First morning with coffee in the cockpit in four day giving a nice start to the day. Frank had come down with a cold, so feeling miserable he headed home stopping at Knapp's Narrows for the night. Then there were three. Up anchor around 8:30 with the reef still in as we would be motoring into a light head wind. Easy drive except for a short drift to avoid a cargo ship. The entrance to the creek is a bit tricky with having to decide whether to honor the red at the point of the dry bar. The bar being a few yards to the left of the red or take open water to the right of it. *Curlew* followed protocol with no worries. *Lark* and *Patriot* chickened out and went wide with no problem. There used to be a parallel dry sandbar on the other side leaving a tricky but well-founded slot to go through. *Curlew* went for fuel while *Patriot* and *Lark* weaved through the privately marked channel to the southern cove. While I anchored with *Phil* off exploring, I noticed an ivory-colored sail ghosting its way through the narrow windy channel. It was *Wanderer* rejoining the group after his trip south. Remarkable feat of sailing. Cockpit cocktails were enjoyed on a fine evening then *Curlew* and *Wanderer* peeled off to their own hooks. Nice evening



Long Cruise continued

Marc: "Last time I sailed into St. Jerome Creek, it was a narrow switchback entrance with lots of current. This time the land on the northern side of the entrance was gone...eroded away. There was only a solitary red nun not much more than a boat width away from the sandy beach on the south side of the entrance. As I came up on the red under power but with the sail up, I hailed a local fishing nearby and asked if the red nun was in the "right place." The answer was: "pretty much." That did not instill confidence, but I left that red to starboard. As soon as I did, the local yelled: "Hard to Port....Hard to Port!" Without thinking I went hard to port and did not go aground as I picked up the next set of buoys into the cove where the catboats were. Lived to sail another day!"

Day 7 – Saturday Sept 20 - Back to Slaughter Creek, NE 30NM Cloudy ENE10 to E15+

All departed and took various courses up and across the bay around 8am. *Curlew* lost throttle control just outside the inlet and anchored. Seeing that, Marc went to offer help. Turns out that a screw holding the cable had come free and was quickly repaired. 10kt winds piped up out of the ENE to 15++ making for an interesting close hauled motor sail across the bay. Fortunately, when I reached the eastern shore the predicted shift to due east happened allowing me to head straight up the coast. Unfortunately, it brought the wind and seas onto the nose while trying to navigate the crab pots through the narrow eastward pass over the bar that used to be James Island. Dropped sail as soon as I had made it through the pots and had room. Arriving around 4pm, we all tied up at the pier of Palm Beach Willies, a casual Tiki Bar type place, for a well-deserved drink and dinner. Anchored again in Chapel Cove with thankfully fewer skeeters.

Marc: "About 10 am while coming up close to the western shore from St, Jerome's, a school of small dolphins broke the surface and swam along with me close aboard and parallel to my course...close like I could have reached over the side and touched them. Was too engaged to catch it on the camera."

Day 8 – Sunday, Sept 21 Headed home. Mileage varies, 30NM for Lark. ENE 8-10-8 then 4 on the Nose.

Having a long day ahead all raised anchor by 7am. *Patriot* and *Lark* headed for the fuel dock that was supposed to open at five. No dice as the self-serve pumps were kaput. Had to wait until 8 for the store to open. That morning was the best sail of the trip. Still had the reef in so it was smooth and easy making 4.5 to 5knt. I wanted to leave the reef in until I saw what the Choptank had in store. Turns out the wind was the same at its mouth so the reef came out for a continued nice sail then the engine on at the tip of Tilghman island. The wind came onto the nose after the turn north into Eastern Bay so eventually dropped sail at Lowe's Wharf to putt-putt the rest of the way. It was a beautiful day with many sailboats headed home from St. Michael's.

Our late summer trips usually bring a mixed bag of weather but the Nor'easter added something special and made for some exciting passages and wet days. Lark covered about 230NM. Visiting Crisfield and Tangier was interesting and the highlights of the trip. We also enjoyed a couple our favorite anchorages in that area of the bay. Of course, the comradery among our fellow cruisers is always special.



Thanks to Kate for most of these photos

Commodore's Corner, 11/11/25



The last sailing events are in the bag and we have one more event to wrap up the 2025 season. The "To the Islands" cruise was a blast, literally, with the Nor'easter that blew in on the second day. Flexibility was the mantra this year. The "Wild Goose Chase" was a much tamer event with two of the best sailing days of the year.

We did miss out on the Corsica race as they "couldn't properly support us" due to a lack of a race committee. (I really think we got lost in the transition to new event management). However, we're back in for next year. I think they missed our entertainment factor. Unfortunately, it's back to the July date.

As for our final event, the Holiday Party, see the announcement within and please let Frank know you're coming.

As for new business,. Between the hustle and bustle at the annual meeting check-in and the many past -due submissions (September!), dues collection was a mess last year. To simply things the 2026 *deadline* will be January 30. It may cost a few of us the price of a postage stamp but it will go a long way towards accuracy, reducing extra work and the need for many directory updates. I'll keep a flow of reminders going.

The upcoming annual Catboat Association meeting on Jan. 23-25 will be having a lunch presentation somewhat close to us. Capt. Iris Clarke of

Selina II out of St. Michael's will be giving a presentation about the boat and her successful cruise/ touring business. Marc Cruder was instrumental in her being selected for the luncheon presentation.

Looking forward to see you humming along at the party in a few weeks.

Butch Miller

Cat Herder



Christening *Kimberly Ann*

On Sunday October 26, 4 generations of Morrows gathered at Whitehall Yacht Yard to christen our 2022 Marshall 22. My parents even made the trip down from North Jersey! She's named Kimberly Ann for obvious reasons. (Not the least of which is that after 37 years of marriage I know the original will be sticking around.)

We broke with tradition a bit, and after a prayer, Kim poured Prosecco (the name-sake's favorite) over the bow. We then toasted her with home-made Limoncello. (another of Kim's favorites)

The weather was perfect and no one fell off the dock! I am looking forward to sailing *Kimberly Ann* with the grandchildren next year.



Silent Maid Visits the Chesapeake

This Fall *Silent Maid* visited the Chesapeake Bay for the Cruising Club of America's Fall Cruise.

She arrived at Bert Jabins Yacht Yard in Annapolis nestled in her custom cradle on the back of a semi-truck. She was rigged, launched and motor-sailed by her Master, Henry Colie, to Solomons, MD.

We came aboard there and did an informal race from Solomons to Mill Creek, VA. This was my first time crossing the mouth of the Potomac in a catboat. We had 2 reefs in and could have used a 3rd even though this was the "small" rig with "only" 800 sq ft of sail! (The big rig is 1400 sq ft)

For the next 3 days we sailed around the Wicomico & Rappahannock Rivers visiting protected creeks and the Ditchley Cider Works in Ditchley, VA. Each night we rafted up with the Nellie Crocket, a Chesapeake Buy Boat celebrating her 100th year on the water.

—David Morrow

Wye River Goose Chase – October 17,18,&19 2025

After the Nor'easter the weekend before, the Weather Gods provided us with great weather for the Goose Chase.

The wind was out of the North on Friday at 10-15 with gusts to 25. Frank Newton and Dave Park on *Tigger*, Menger 19 were the first to arrive in St Michaels at 1:30. Jim and Becky Carter on *Rebeca Ann*, Menger 19 were next. Right behind them was the Commadore, Butch Miller and his wife Denise with their faithful hound Lenny on board *Lark*, Americat 22. Bruce Ogden and Jill Segraves on their Shannon 34, *Avalon*, along with Roy Henwood on his Ellis 23 were there already. Jim Palmer on *Mysticat*, Marshall 18 and Bob Leigh on *Leighway*, Menger 19 came down from the Magothy River and anchored out in the cove by



the museum. Marc Cruder on *Wanderer*, Whitholz 25 came in from the Rhode River and also anchored out in the cove. Phil Livingston aboard *Patriot*, Marshall 18 arrived at 4:30 after a really rough slog up the bay into the wind all the way. The fleet was complete when Rich McLaughlin on *Tenacity*, Marshall 22 arrived.

At 3pm Bob Tierney, a probable new member, led us on a tour of the ship yard at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum. We were joined on the tour by Fred Sherriff and Bob Corney who came by car.

After the tour Bruce and Jill hosted all of us on *Avalon* for a wonderful GAM. During which Fred presented Frank and Bob Leigh with beautiful half models of *Tigger* and *Leighway* their Menger 19s, which he

had carved by hand.

Following the GAM, sixteen of us walked over to Foxy's Grill for dinner. We were seated in a dining room by ourselves and served by Reeseey our favorite waitress. After ordering our meals, to fill the time, Fred handed out raffle tickets then conducted a raffle of several nautical items that he no longer needed including the infamous nautical trivia book.

After dinner, Bruce and Jill again hosted us on *Avalon* for red velvet cake with cream cheese icing which Jill had baked.

The next morning everyone was waiting outside the Carpenter Street Saloon for them to open for breakfast at 8am. Robin took good care of all 14 of us and sent us on our way with full bellies.

Many sailors headed home after breakfast due to the weather report of rain and a gale Sunday afternoon. By the time we rafted up on Dividing Creek off of the Wye River the fleet had dwindle from eight catboats and two power boats to four catboats and one power boat. Marc hosted us all on *Wanderer* for the GAM and some great snacks. Afterward everyone anchored on their own and had a peaceful night listening to the arriving geese.

The next morning everyone was on their way home at 7:30.

The weather was great for the weekend and everyone made it home safe.





Call for calendar pictures!

Send in your best photos for **2026 CCBA** desktop calendar.

Send to:

craig.ligibel@vml.com. Need by Dec 15.



Holiday Gathering

Sunday, December 7, 2025 @ 2PM

Dock House Restaurant, Kent Narrows

Last chance of the year to gather with your Cat Boat friends for libations and late lunch or early dinner. RSVP to Jersey Frank Newton by phone, text or email at

908-581-8774 or finewton3@yahoo.com

Hope to see you there. Don't forget your Kazoos!



Chesapeake Catboat Association – Labor Day Weekend Recap - 2025 Harris Creek Rendezvous and Race – Bozman, MD

By Al Renzi

Sunshine, steady wind, and spirited camaraderie defined this year’s Labor Day gathering at our home on Harris Creek. Catboat sailors and drive-in guests alike enjoyed a weekend of sailing, seafood, and shared stories—anchored by the warmth of the CCA community. We had a total of **10 catboats** present and over **20 catboaters** participating across the two-day event .



Boats began arriving throughout the day, anchoring just off our pier and shuttling ashore via dinghy to the floating dock. By late afternoon, the festivities were underway with fresh home-raised, oven baked oysters, accompanied by snacks and beverages brought by attendees. As the sun dipped low, the group headed to **Chesapeake Landing** for a casual dinner of fresh seafood and local fare

The morning began with coffee, hard-boiled eggs, and baked goods on the screened porch. A pre-race meeting at 10 a.m. set the stage for the 11 a.m. start, timed perfectly with the high tide. The race unfolded under ideal conditions—sunny skies and a steady breeze—making for a memorable sail on Harris Creek.



We were fortunate to have Thierry (Jerry) Danz arrive from Baltimore with his trawler and 15ft Marshall Sandpiper in tow. Thierry’s trawler served as the committee boat which provided Catherine and I a wonderful panoramic view of the race. The fleet looked stunning against the backdrop of Harris Creek.

The race began with a tight start, followed by light winds that challenged the fleet early on. Fortunately, the breeze picked up appreciably on the downwind leg and the final upwind leg, leading to a spirited finish.



Race Results

1st Place: Thierry Danz in *Ducky II*, a Sandpiper

- **2nd Place:** Butch Miller and Bob Corney in *Lark*, an Americat 22

3rd Place: Bill Stratton and JoAnne King in *Muriel*, a Marshall 22

That evening, we hosted a BBQ featuring grilled chicken, burgers, vegetables, and dessert. Our fellow catboater, Jersey Frank Newton, led the BBQ operation, preparing a delicious spread of burgers, chicken, corn on the cob, and squash. Big thanks to Frank for his help and culinary leadership. Attendees brought side dishes and beverages to share, and the evening concluded with the presentation of three handcrafted artwork awards by Catherine honoring the top three finishers.

