

SQUADRON RENDEZVOUS AT CATSKILL 2003

Story By Jeanette Sangervasio, AP ... Photos by Steve Linderman, AP
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Water in the fuel tanks? This is serious! But Manny and friends worked days and nights to correct this problem. With the problem corrected, *Chardonnay* and crew could attend the Storm King Rendezvous by boat.

"See you at the farm," Chris and Pam said. "Farm? What Farm," I asked. "Catskill (Game Farm) Marina, of course," they answered. "That's cute. I like that!" They were waiting to fuel up *Family Tides* for the Catskill weekend (gas you know). *Chardonnay* was fueled up for the season (diesel you know).

We departed CYC Friday morning. Destination, "The Farm." We expected rainy weather that had been forecasted, and we did have showers. But, most of the 5 hour trip (trawler speed you know) was comfortable with clear visibility.

About 2 hours underway, I noticed a fast cruiser coming up behind us. Suspecting it to be *Family Tides*, I contacted them on Channel 16. Sure enough, Chris, Pam, Bethany, and boat guest Paul Genco were coming up fast on our port side. Switching to Channel 68, we exchanged friendly greetings. I told them not to expect us for lunch, but we'd be there for dinner that evening (trawler speed you know). "Take off your emergency brake," they teased, and off they went. *Family Tides* is a fast boat. I think I saw dollar signs coming out the exhaust (gas you know). The fuel consumption for *Chardonnay* is 4 gallons per hour (diesel you know).

We arrived at Catskill 5 hours later (trawler speed you know). Paul and Al helped Manny secure the boat.

Chardonnay was not the slowest boat at the rendezvous, but that was OK with Tony De Stefano who had a sailboat and beat us to Catskill in one day. He trailered his sailboat and launched it on Roundout Creek. He smiled as he described his style of sailing: Trailer it – sail it – then, trailer it home.



The SUV had plenty of room to transport Squadron supplies, the cage for Valentine, luggage, and bedding for the weekend, allowing them to sleep under the stars on the back deck of Al and Linda's new boat.

Al and Linda was very comfortable on their new Bayliner. They finally had plenty of storage space which they desperately needed. There was draws, hatches,, lockers – under this, under that – between this, between that – storage space. With 4 bushels of seafood for the weekend, with cooking supplies, plus all

their personal belongings, generous storage space was a must. The lower steering station seat folded down to extend the counter in the galley area. I commented, "It must have been a women's idea."

Linda and Al agreed.

There were 3 new boats at the rendezvous: Al and Linda's, Rose and Brian's, and Rick and Jackie's.

Rick and Jackie, very friendly new members, gave us a tour of their Carver double cabin. It was beautifully decorated, elegant and impressive. Welcome to your first Storm King Rendezvous.

Rose and Brian was docked next to Rick and Jackie. When I asked Rose about their new Silverton, she was so excited and thrilled to have this boat with just the right accommodations and large bridge. The Catskill weekend was their first long weekend on the boat. Their canine pet, Hope, enjoyed the climate controlled air conditioning all weekend long; except to go out for, well you know! What a cute fluffy baby.

Rose and Jackie wanted a tour of Nick and Helen's Trade Winds double cabin. So the four of us boarded *QMI*. Nick and Helene live on their boat all summer with Nick still working, and Helene retired. There is spacious living areas below in the cabin. How about that enclosed back deck with screens and solid vinyl windows? How nice is that!

It was now late Friday afternoon and the rain clouds had cleared. We were blessed with a beautiful weekend of hot, low humidity weather. Perfect weather for people and pets alike. The pets of the weekend were: Daphne Banks (Cavalier King Charles Spaniel), Bethany Jinks (Boston Terrier), Hope Moskowitz (Wheaten Terrier and Poodle), Valentine Pete



Lisa (Greyhound), and Bernie Bernado Ingrams (St. Bernard, a stuffed animal).

Friday night dinner group accounted for 30 or more Power Squadron friends. Some walked, and some rode to and from dinner. We all ate heartily, and how about that Garlic Butter! Yum! Yum!

With plenty of delicious food, wine, beer, soda, or water and good company, we were a lively group – as much laugh-





ter and conversation prevailed.

We felt quite stuffed and totally relaxed. Who ate or drank too much? It was hard to tell. No one was drunk; no one was staggering; no one

was dancing on tables. Everyone paid their bill and left tips for our patient, calm, and organized waitress.

However, two Power Squadron friends had a case of FORGET-FULLNESS. Or, they could have been unmindful, oblivious, absentminded, or distracted – or all of the above. One left a visor cap, and one left a hat at the restaurant. You know who you are! (Thanks Bill for driving to the restaurant Saturday for hat and visor. Next year, Brian, you can take charge of the visor, and Pam can make sure our P/C doesn't forget his hat.)

Many of us started to walk back to the marina including Manny and Nick. Did I mention, we were stuffed? There was so much food and drink for everyone. Apparently, Manny and Nick had room for dessert. They stopped along the way for Italian Ice – a real sugar high! Some people must have dessert no matter what.

It was a warm delightful night as we walked back to the marina together. We paraded past the local residents who were on the streets, also enjoying the evening air. The locals were of many descriptions. One of our Power Squadron friends remarked, "Did you see that haircut on that guy?" He didn't like the crazy haircut. "I can cut your hair that way," I teased. "No way!" That ended the hair cut conversation.

Conversation turned to the architecture on the historical buildings. "See the new construction on main street? Don't



walk too fast! Let's all stay together. Watch where you walk. We needed this walk."

Friday night at the marina found some of us clustered around, continuing

our socializing. It was after 10 PM. As I sat down to get comfortable, I saw Bethany. Bethany was excited to see everyone. I'll let Bethany tell her story.

"Thank you Aunt Jeanette. Daddy Chris and Mommy Pam came to the boat after dinner to walk me and let me socialize with our friends. No sooner had we walked up to join our pleasant group, that we noticed a young cat among them. I like cats. We have Micky, the cat, at home. I wanted to play with the cat. But Daddy Chris and Mommy Pam wouldn't allow that. I kept my eyes on that cat – around the tree, under



the picnic table, over to the left, over to the right, behind me, in front of me, cozying up to all my Power Squadron friends. Mommy Pam handed me to Aunt Jeanette. Mommy Pam needed to walk to the ladies room. That cat followed my mommy to the ladies room and waited outside the building for her. I kept my eyes on that cat. I was observing from afar. I was not happy with that cat. Emotionally, that cat was pushing me to the end of my rope, I mean the end of my leash! That cat was demanding too much attention from my mommy and everyone. I'll get attention too! I'll show off for Aunt Jeanette. I'll catch those flying bugs swarming around my head. Chomp! Chomp! – in the air. Wow Bethany! Aunt Jeanette was impressed. She laughed and was talking about me. I liked that. That other cat was now close by. Aunt Jeanette cautioned Mommy and Daddy about picking up a stray cat. It could be sick or infected, she warned. I'm glad she said that. That Cat had more than its share of attention that night. Tomorrow is another day, and I hope that cat isn't here on Saturday."

Thank You, Bethany. We love you.

It was now quite late, close to 2400. We retired to our boats. It had been a full day for people and pets alike.

We awoke Saturday morning to a sunny day and plenty of coffee and tea) to start the day. Jodi did bring coffee this year, along with her backup coffee supplier.

While enjoying my coffee, I noticed Mona. I was shocked to see her. She is known to be a night person, not a morning person, but there she was, walking, talking, and smiling. Andy was up and about, but then he is one of us morning people.

As we waited for breakfast, Steve Levinsky entertained us. Exhibiting his fine taste in women's apparel, he flaunted around the marina with one of Ginny's blouses. The puffed sleeves, and neckline embellished with fine embroidery, complemented the blue peasant blouse. Steve Linderman was camera ready, But

wait! Steve (blue blouse) needed a necklace. Ginny gave her husband the diamond heart pendant she was wearing. Now Steve (blue blouse) was ready for pictures.

Forward view, then side view, with full profile. Ginny remarked that the side view would be a good picture next to a picture of their daughter who was pregnant! We were thoroughly entertained including Commander Bob who looked most





impressed by Steve's exhibition.

All this funny, silly, joking, hilarity, stimulated our appetites. It was time for breakfast: crispy bacon, home fries, and perfect scrambled eggs (not too dry or too wet) coffee, juice, and rolls. Thanks guys for a delicious and hearty breakfast: Keith, Pete, Andy Danka, and Tony De Stefano.

Not everyone got out of bed for breakfast. Miss Erica was served

breakfast in bed. That's right, Jody delivered Erica's breakfast to the boat. Erica is not a morning person.

Saturday continued with the Craft Show and Farmers Market at Roundout Point, and this year a Thunderbird car collection. Many of us walked to the Point while others got their jet skies ready to go: Pete and Lisa, Keith, Diane, Kirstine, and Mike. Diane not only drives the jet ski, but she also drives the boat. Andy, Melanie, and Amy Danka were so impressed with the jet skies, that they bought one for themselves that weekend. Others went to the pool: Steve and Ginny, Linda and Bob, Pat, Helene, Yvonne, and Commander Bob. Spending time reading was Terry, Ilona, Pat, Helene, and Ginny.

Mary Ann and Bill Burbage arrived by car, and I saw them visiting with Terry and Rich. Rich made the rounds all weekend and generally relaxed with Terry. John and Fran Harrison traveled the longest distance from Florida, via their red Harley. They appreciated a refreshing swim in the pool also. (Have a fun and safe cross country trip on your Harley.) Steve and Yvonne Linderman delivered the cake. "Thank you." Steve was using his digital camera all weekend. Since they arrived by car, they slept on Bob and Kate's boat Saturday night. I saw Kate walk Daphne several times all weekend, but Kate did find time to sit down and relax with Jody as they played with their glass beads. Kate and Jody helped



Yvonne, Fran, Ina Feldberg, and Brice make ankle bracelets, book markers, necklaces, and earrings. The finished items were individually designed by each participant as

they picked and chose from the many colors, shapes, and sizes of glass beads. Kate and Jody offered helpful suggestions.

Bill Burbage attempted to fish, and did land a small one. He told me he had a few fishing advisers on the dock; P/Cs Andy and Chris and Tony Martin. Bill was convinced there was a big one waiting for him, but Tony Martin's cigar smoke kept the big ones away. (Is there no end to yet another fish story excuse, about a big one that got away?)

Manny, Nick, and Paul Genco took to the water in Nick's dink to visit John and Linda Padmore across the creek. Since they also own a Mainship trawler, Manny was very interested to see the boat. Manny found that boat for them at Hidden Harbor Yacht Club. The Padmore's had the hull painted, and Manny said the boat was in great shape inside and out.

As I looked out into the creek, I spotted Pete, Lisa, and Valentine on the jet ski. VALENTINE ON THE JET SKIM! I'll let Valentine tell her story.

"Daddy Pete and Mommy Lisa had an exciting weekend planned for me. They suited me in my own personal PFD. Mommy Lisa did not want me to be scared, and Daddy Pete was careful not to go too fast. We went out of the creek into the wide expanse of the Hudson River. Wow! So much water! I had to be brave. I wanted to tell Bethany, Daphne, Hope, and Bernie Bernado how brave I was. I rode th jet ski three times that weekend. Mommy Lisa took me swimming, and I slept under the stars with mommy and daddy. I can't wait to tell my friends back home. It was such an exciting weekend, and everyone was so friendly. I was the youngest canine there.



"Maybe because I'm so young, but I'm not sure about Bernie Bernado. Something different about him. I noticed he never went for a walk.

Whenever I saw him, he was with his Mommy Linda just sitting on her lap, kind of very still, and never said anything in doggy talk all weekend. I'm sure Mommy Lisa and Daddy Pete will explain Bernie Bernado to me when I'm old enough to understand. Anyway, I encouraged Miss Jeanette to take a ride on the jet ski and not to be afraid. Be brave like me."

Thank You Valentine. It was so nice to meet you and I hope you enjoy more rides on the jet ski. Daphne, Bethany and Hope told me they were very proud of you.

Lisa loaned me her PFD (purple, hot pink, fuchsia) It not only complemented the colors of their jet ski, it matched my multi-colored bathing suit. Pete's jet ski is a three passenger and very comfortable. It was very stable, even at 40 mph. I was hoping for 50, but Pete said water conditions were too rough. At one point, the speedometer got stuck. I was watching over Pete's shoulder. He tried revving the engine to correct the problem and said something was probably stuck under the jet ski. He said he could operate that way, but I said it would be ok if he needed to go into the water to check it out. Actually, I liked watching that speedometer, and I wanted it to





be working. "OK," Pete said, "but you need to weight the port side (or did he say left side?) while I enter the water on the starboard side (or did he say the right side?)" I was now alone on the jet ski.

Looking around I thought, this jet ski is big enough for four passengers: me, Manny, Pepper and Brady (our two Cats). Second thought was no, Manny probably wouldn't like the jet ski.

Back aboard, Pete had found the problem and the speedometer was working fine and we headed back to the marina. I understand why the jet skies are so popular – They are a great water toy. I'm hoping maybe Pete will let me drive the jet ski next year. Maybe we'll be able to go 50 mph. Thanks Pete. It was great fun!

When we arrived back at the marina, we noticed Al Iannacone had started cooking the seafood he and Linda brought. There was four bushels total: one crab, one mussel, and 2 clams. Chris was opening clams for clams on the half shell. Pam was close by sampling the clams joined by three-quarters of the Power Squadron at one time or another. Piled in the middle of the table, were the crabs; sweet, delicious, and messy to eat. Fran demonstrated the proper and simple way to crack open a crab, Maryland style. Commander Bob's favorite was crab, although he ate clams also. Kate preferred the mussels and she ate heartily. Stan was feasting on the seafood and was relaxing in his red and yellow lounge chair. Manny had his fill of seafood also. Rich Hollahan ate his share and even took home crab that Al was giving away.

In case you didn't know, Al and Linda were at Fulton's Fish Market around 3 AM Friday morning to get the seafood. They couldn't join us Friday night for dinner, because they had not slept and that meant early to bed. Thanks Al and Linda for all the sumptuous seafood. It was a royal feast. Saturday lunch also included: hero sandwiches, soda, and munchies.

After lunch, I heard a call for a walk to get ice cream. Manny and I and several others made our choices carefully. Chocolate was the favorite choice. Paul Genco's sundae was chocolate ice cream with chocolate sprinkles, literally overflowing. Pam is not what you'd call a dessert eater, but she thoroughly enjoyed that chocolate ice cream cone.



Returning to the marina, some were

reading, lounging, visiting, and even napping. Martin and Nick was discussing their favorite topic, the stock market. The afternoon was passing quickly and before you knew it – yes, it was time to eat again. Hamburgers, hot-dogs, salads, and so much more.

Lisa's sister, Cheryl and friend, Ed, joined us for dinner. Lisa said she recruited Cheryl to help with dinner. (What are sisters for, I ask you?) Martin missed Ina's meatballs, but I didn't see him depriving himself from the many choices available.

The dessert: cake and ice cream. Bob, our commander, was depicted on the cake. Someone commented that I gave him too much hair. Bob laughed. I did give him too much hair!



We crowded around after dinner – the laughter and conversation continued. Nick, Manny, and Chris told navy stories – entertaining Paul, Pam, and myself. Looking around, I saw Linda and Bob with Bernie Bernado. They were boat guests of Steve and Ginny. Bob is a good mechanic I heard, That's good *Cruise Planning* to have a competent mechanic aboard.

It was getting late. It had been a full day with friends. I saw Helene napping in the chair. Most of us bid our Good Nights.

Sunday morning was a repeat performance, sunny and bright. This was the departure day for most of us to return home. After a continental breakfast, an open Bridge meeting was conducted. Bob Banks was asking for articles for *The Crown*. (Why not, I thought.)

I hope all of you enjoyed this as much as I did composing it. Thanks for contributing information for this article. We missed our Squadron members who could not join us this year. But we hope to see you all at our September general meeting. See you then.