

Tales from the Third Annual PAYC Treasure Hunt

Mike Gill – Winner

Team: *Deena Ann* and *Chesapeake*

Once again the treasure hunt on lake Sabine has turned out to be another great adventure. It was a nice sail over to our first clue, Deena had entered the numbers into the GPC and we were close haul right to the mark. The wind was a little strong, and my helmsman Freddy had a little trouble keeping the boat on course. After a while I decided to just level the boat out so that Freddy could enjoy his beer. We noticed that the rest of the fleet was heading to the south end of the lake and wondered several times if Deena had entered the wrong numbers, Freddy asked several times "don't you think we should enter the numbers for the last clue that everyone else got and head for it " this was a clue that all boats had received before the hunt. I kept telling him to just keep on course.



Chesapeake, our sister ship was close behind us and looking pretty sweet as she plowed through the waves, It look like they had a little smoother ride than the *Deena Ann*. As we got closer to the mouth of Johnson bayou we called *Chesapeake* to see if they were ready to launch the ultimate treasure finding vessel. *Chesapeake* called back and said they were having problems with a tangled head sail. We look back and could see her heading north along with the hopes of finding the treasure. Sense our shore boat was heading north and we were so close to the treasure, we decided to try entering the bayou under sail. We dropped the main and reefed the head-sail and slowly started into the mouth of the bayou. There was a line of crab traps in the middle so this looked like a good place to enter....wrong. We went aground but not to bad because we only had a small peace of head sail out. We started the motor, eased back then decided to try the other side. As we headed to the south side of the cut, the depth started to get a little deeper. There were some fishermen on the south bank watching and probably wondering what the heck we were doing. Deena was looking at the map calling out the clues and Freddy was up front looking along the shore line. Freddy said " there is the plank it has to be there " all

on board was getting excited. Freddy jumped off and swam to shore Once he got to shore, he walked down the plank, stooped over, and came up with a treasure chest. There was a loud cheer from shore and a loud cheer onboard the *Deena Ann*.

We called our sister ship *Chesapeake* and let her know that we had found the treasure. Plans were being made as to how we could pass the treasure over to the mother ship. *Chesapeake* had worked out the problems with the headsail and was heading back to the south. We made course to intercept her. As we came close to her stern, she let out her head sail so that we could catch her. The *Deena Ann* ducked her stern and came along *Chesapeake* leeward side and passed the treasure, it was a perfect pass.



Now that we had passed the treasure, we were on to our next destination and it wasn't looking to good. The rest of the fleet was there waiting for us. Preparations were being made to protect the mother ship, we could not let her get captured. Plans were being discussed buy the crew as to how we could keep our treasure. These plans would soon change.

After all of the excitement of getting the treasure and how we could keep it safe, a new exciting venture was about to begin. This would be getting back to the slip before the bad weather hit, it did not happen. Sails were dropped and tied down, anchor dropped, and things down below were put away. As all of you know, it got a little rough that day. The winds were gusting up to fifty. We waited out the storm below then headed back to claim our victory.

It was a fun day that turned a little messy. We are looking forward to next year's treasure hunt.

Jim Pearson

Team: *Faith* and *Wenonah*

We hope everyone got back in OK, without any damage. We heard from most boats while we were out there. For our part, we had very little fuel in our tank and the outboard kept coming out of the water in the swells. We had taken all our sails down before the wind hit and thought that we might anchor. I then realized that I had taken the anchor off the boat and put it in the dock box. So we had no choice but to run the engine. At least we had our GPS so knew where we were relative to the pilings. Our GPS quit about the time we saw the outer pilings and the motor ran out of fuel as we pulled into the slip.

We just left everything wet and headed back in the motor home after we got in. The dog was in the kennel in the motor home and didn't like the storm much either. Will probably head to the boat on Monday to clean up and put on covers.

approximately 45 minutes the rained slowed, we pulled the sunken kayak topside, pulled up the anchor and headed home. Everyone was mad at Blake because he was the last one with the bolt which fastens the anchor into the roller davit. Ruth hung in there well and was only a slight shade of green.

We motored the final 2.5 miles back to the Marina, with buckets full of water balloons, wet clothes, a dirty cabin and hungry boys.

What an awesome time we had regardless of the weather. Compliments to the Commodore on another well planned treasure hunt. We can't wait for the fourth.

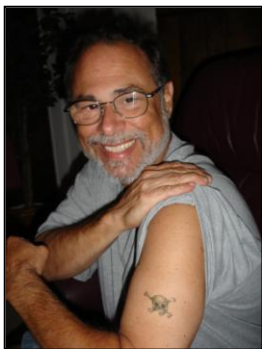
Bill Worsham
Team: *Grand Cru* and (Mike Wise)

Howdy yawl,

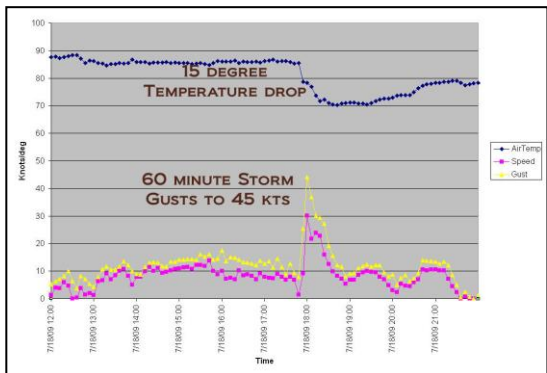
The forecast at noon was a 30% chance of scattered showers so we took our windbreakers. Of course there was an occluded front to the north but a check of the radar showed only two small cells north of Lufkin. Teamed up with Mike Wise and his crew, the treasure hunt began with a great SE wind at 12 mph. My Geocacher crew (Mike Pedigo and Andre' Rosales) clocked us at 6.3 mph in a slight chop to windward - what a day. Warning, when you switch to speed on your GPS it may erase your cache coordinates. Because of a backup GPS we found our anchorage and the guys rowed directly to the cache in a bayou behind Blue Buck Point. They returned with an empty wine bottle in hand and mud head to toe. Only one team was given the map to the treasure and then had to run a gauntlet of water balloons to safely return to port. Ok, we tied off the dinghy, raised the anchor, reported to Mike, and headed north to challenge the treasure boat when the Commodore announced over the radio that the treasure hunt was abandoned due to the weather (thanks to Butch Neely for the warning). We looked across the lake and there was definitely darkening skies over Port Arthur. We had a great wing and wing run until the wind died about halfway across. The dying wind and dark blue frontal clouds (si



occluded) signaled time to get the sails stowed and throw out the anchor - a 12 pound Danforth with 15 feet of chain and 150 feet of half inch three strand nylon. The temperature dropped 15 degrees with a NW wind at 20 mph eventually building to gusts of 50 to 60. After fifteen minutes, we noticed the buoys to the crab traps were traveling NW. Fifteen minutes later we decided to put up the storm jib and release the pressure on the dragging anchor. **IMPORTANT NOTE:** When hanking on a storm jib in 40 mph winds be sure that all of the sail is under control. Those hanks are dangerous. I finished setting up the storm jib and we began reaching back and forth with the anchor calling the tack. That is when the DINGHY BEGAN TO FLY at the end of its tether eventually settling when half full of water. When the lightning and rain subsided we cut the anchor rode and had a beautiful reach back to port hampered only by the dinghy. When attached to the starboard quarter it balanced the lee helm caused by the storm jib. Thanks to Richard Briggs for welcoming us in from our stormy adventure and for notifying the Treasure Hunt committee that we were safe. I guess it has been 25 years since the last OCCLUDED FRONT caught us in Galveston Bay in the infamous Lakewood Yacht Club Shoe Regatta storm. It was midnight before the 150 boats in the racing fleet were accounted for. The 2009 PAYC Treasure Hunt fleet all returned safely as of 8:00 p.m. Saturday, July 18, 2009 and a great time was had by all. Thanks Art.



Carolyn Worsham (from Virginia where there was no storm!)



Brad Worsham, when informed that Bill (his father) had been caught in the Treasure Hunt storm, captured the Sabine Pass weather report for the afternoon. It confirmed the report of the sailors – gusts of 45 kts (~52 mph) which quite likely were greater over the open water than at the Sabine Pass Weather Station.

Brad also reminded us of a J/24 that we raced against in the '80s named ***Endless hours of tedious boredom interspersed with moments of STARK TERROR!*** The afternoon could have been described as ***An afternoon of great fun punctuated with an hour of STARK TERROR!***