

Catboat Association Bulletin



No. 151



Winter 2010

HARBOR ON THE FRONT COVER

Nantucket Freeze Up, 1918
Steamboat Wharf
(photo courtesy of Bill Sayle)

Catboat Association

www.catboats.org



BULLETIN NO. 151

Winter 2010

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THE CATBOAT ASSOCIATION BULLETIN

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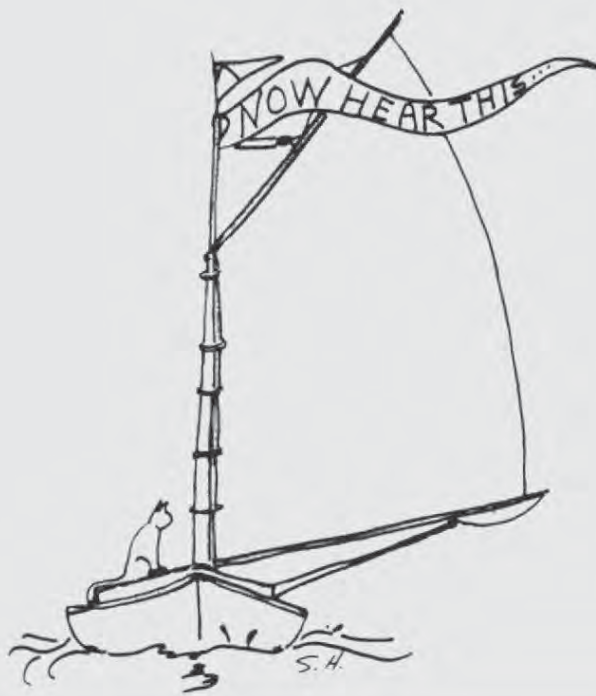
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WHAT TO DO ...

WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS:

Notify the Membership Secretary, Dave Calder, at the address above.



– *Bulletin Editorial Board*

Writers, Editors, Proofreader NEEDED

The Bulletin has a changeover each year as people finish their five year reign and move on to write for the NY Times or Monthly boating magazines. David Davis and Mary Jo Valdes have graduated (we appreciate their work very much) so we need at least one **EDITOR** to oversee that piece. It is mostly a computer job, collaborating with the other 4 editors for each issue. Once every 5 issues, an editor takes charge of collecting, organizing and getting the info to the printer. The process is very clear and quite easy as every step of the process is written out; the other editors help out as needed. Please volunteer.

Proofreader: A person is needed to proofread the Bulletin twice as it is being organized for printing.

Writers: All sections of the Bulletin can use the help of new writers: cats being built, cruises, old stories, historical events, book reviews – there is no limit to the needs of our association.

Please contact any of our editors, or contributing editors if you would like to help out in one of these jobs. Thank you.

Issue 150: The Fall Bulletin had some printing problems in the earlier copies; most especially in the printing of the photos. The printer has acknowledged this and will correct the problem. If your issue was in any way marred, you may get another complimentary copy from the CBA publications site (listed at end of bulletin.) Please mention in your request what the problem was; thank you.

Race/Rendezvous schedule for 2010: This was set at Annual Meeting and will be available ASAP on the CBA listserve; and also printed in total in the Spring issue of the Bulletin

2010 Useppa Island Catboat & Wooden Boat Rendezvous

It's that time again! The Useppa Island Yacht Club is once more hosting its biennial catboat rendezvous. This year we are combining it with a gathering of classic wooden boats. Preference will of course be given to wooden sailing vessels. If that is a catboat all the better. We will be racing our catboats as in past years but the focus will be on fun and games and sharing our love of these special vessels. Useppa Island is a tropical paradise located on Florida's southwest coast.

We are a bridgeless island surrounded by the pristine waters of Pine Island Sound. The sailing, fishing and boating are exceptional, especially in February.

Island management is offering special discounts on accommodations and dockage for this event.

The dates are Thursday February 25th through Saturday February 27th.

Participants are encouraged to arrive on Wednesday the 24th. Come earlier or stay later and take advantage of five or seven day additional discounts. Dockage space is limited, so please contact one of the following as early as possible to ensure your participation.

For more information contact Michael Albert at mycopres@aol.com or

Jay Taylor at jaytomato@aol.com or look for our information on the CBA Website.

Mystic20.com

My love affair with the Mystic 20 catboat began at a young age, cruising with my grandparents aboard *Barnecat* on Barnegat Bay. *Barnecat* is long gone, having found a new home and a loving owner on Long Island, but the dream has remained. In 2007 I purchased hull number 32 currently named *Heron* and undergoing restoration in southern New Jersey. As an extension of my passion for these beautiful boats and in an effort to raise awareness of and to maintain a registry for them I am planning on creating a website dedicated to the class. The domain of mystic20.com has already been acquired and production will begin shortly. Current or past owners interested in participating can send me email at mystic20admin@gmail.com.

It is my intent to dedicate a full page to each of the boats with owners encouraged to upload current photos and text. I have been thankful thus far for the positive feedback and interest I've received for this project and look forward to the continued support of the community. Looking forward to getting to know the group at the annual meeting in Mystic this February!

Best regards,
Benjamin J. Normann

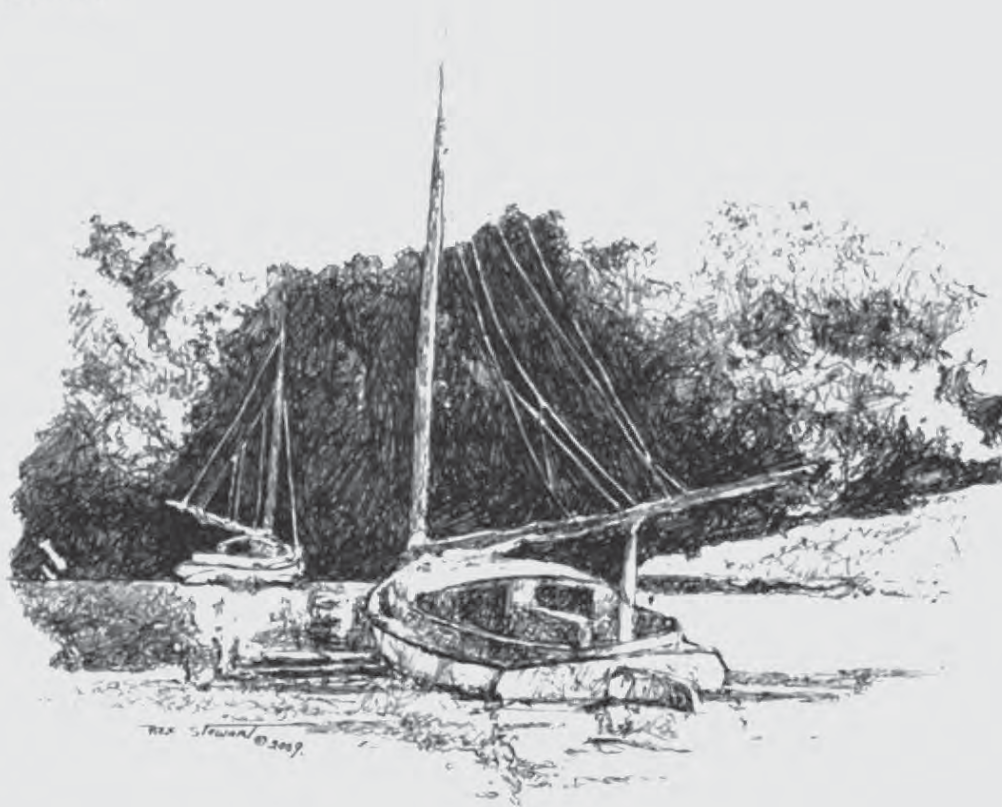
Martha's Vineyard Rendezvous

Something new for 2010. Just wanted to let everyone know that we will be hosting the Martha's Vineyard Rendezvous on the weekend of July 16-18 in conjunction with the Vineyard Cup. This three day event, located in Vineyard Haven Harbor, is open to boats from 18' and up and is a fundraiser for Sail MV. They hold an afternoon race on Friday, a distance race on Saturday and a pursuit race on Sunday. They describe the weekend as fun and affordable.

Right now the plan is for us to race in the gaff rigged division on Saturday. We will still be presenting separate awards/ trophies to the catboats divisions (wooden, glass, first Vineyard cat) as we have done in the past but the catboats will also be competing against the rest of the gaff rigged boats for additional prizes. Anyone who wants to race the other days is welcome; the entrance fee will cover all three days.

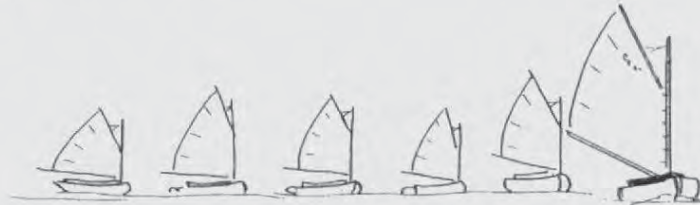
Boats can register on line shortly at vineyardcup.com. In the meantime, check out the photos from 2009 on the website and plan to join us this year.

Jim O'Connor



2009 Race/Rendezvous Results, Part II

– Lyn Behne, Editor



Editor's Note: The following is the second in the series of reports of the 2009 Race/Rendezvous scheduled by the CBA and CCBA members.

Lyn Behne is the contributing editor for the races and rendezvous. Questions, comments and reports should go directly to her at ymilb@aol.com or 6 Hawthorne Lane, Niantic, CT 06357 Tel. 860-691-2074

17th Arey's Pond Annual Cat Gathering

– Tony Davis

HARWICH, MA – Ninety participants registered for our 17th Annual gathering, and only 20 boats finished in a fog-laden, no-wind shortened course event. Sixty-four boats made a valiant effort to cross the starting line.

The Annual Alan McClennen Sr. award for the boat and owner that best represents the values and traditions of sailing on Pleasant Bay was won by John and Mary Kelsey.

The Carl Richter Memorial trophy, Arey's Pond mooring customers or employees who sail with the most class and style, was won by Phil Dickinson and Dick Emmett.

Thank you to the committee boat crew: Bill Wibel, Mykee Sokoloff, Ellen Dickinson, Bob Wilkinson and Harry Terkanian. Thanks to Dik Dee & Steve Spirito who manned the patrol boat. Thanks to Jim Studley for the Cannon. Thank you, too, to Eric Sewer and The Steel Drum Band

Most of all, thanks to the Cat Gathering participants who raised \$1,350 for the Friends of Pleasant Bay and \$975.00 for the Friends of Arey's Pond.



The committee boat fires the cannon.

Photo by Jim Preston



Sarah heads into the fog.

Photo by Jim Preston

THE RESULTS:

Place	Captain	Boat	Design
1	Geoff and Kristin Marshall		Marshall 18
2	Phil Dickinson & Dick Emmett	<i>Figaro</i>	APBY 16 Lynx
3	Bill Piersol	<i>Bay Fly</i>	Marshall 18
4	George Seibert	<i>Gata Gorda</i>	Marshall 18
5	Jenny Avellar & Suzanne Leah	<i>Mad Max</i>	Baybird
6	Robin Treese		Baybird
7	John Laurino	<i>Business</i>	Compass Classic
8	Bill & Scott Clary		Marshall 22
9	Warren Breckenridge	<i>Dorothy B II</i>	APBY 14 Cat
10	Charles Baldwin	<i>Kasper</i>	Fenwick 18
11	Christophe Oliver	<i>Catmin I</i>	APBY 16 Lynx
12	John Pappalardo	<i>Catnappin'</i>	APBY 14 Cat
13	Don Snyder	<i>Patience</i>	Beetle
14	Frank Strauss		Classic Cat
15	Tabitha Vania	<i>Cricket</i>	APBY 14 Cat
16	Joe Ballow		Baybird
17	Jim Mackey & B. Perry	<i>Wild Dove</i>	Marshall 18
18	Joe Tamsky		Compass Classic
19	Joseph Brevard & Janet Whitman	<i>Bay Berry</i>	Fenwick Williams 15
20	Mike Duggan	<i>Harmonia</i>	APBY 14 Cat



The fleet under full sail.

Photo by Jim Preston



Drifting along.

Photo by Jim Preston

Casco Bay Cruise

— Anne and Greg Bridgman: Jenny Jorgenson and John Van Orden

WEST BATH, ME – The morning of Saturday, August 15, dawned gloriously sunny with calm seas and no wind. Fortunately, by race time at 1 PM, we had a comfortable 6 to 8 kn. wind out of the SW and a spectacular New England day that would be remembered deep into winter by the crews of the small, but enthusiastic, fleet.

Sadly, we lost a wonderful contributing sailor and friend shortly before race day. To honor Dory Ford, the racing crews sang (*a cappella* and mostly in tune) “When the Saints Go Marching In” at the ten-minute warning horn. It was nice to hear the spirited voices across the water and think that Dory heard them, too.

Four cats this year (less than half of our normal contingent) and strangely, no *Priscilla*, our Marshall 22 icon of every race (mostly winning!) since 1980. In spite of having to adjust to a race sans *Priscilla*, *Solitude* and *Surprise* showed little mercy and launched themselves over the starting line in a near perfect start. *Rosamond* favoring the east end of the line was

across in third, followed in fourth by the recalcitrant *Telos*. *Rosamond*, employing her typical mystical magic, rounded Birch Point on the way to our first mark ahead of the other cats with a hefty lead. She maintained her advantage well into the second leg. However, the conversation aboard *Rosamond* proved much too absorbing for her skipper, and the other two Marshall Sanderlings snuck up almost unnoticed.

The three 18s converged simultaneously on the second mark. *Solitude* rounded first, then *Telos*, then *Rosamond* and *Surprise* in a tight pack (NASCAR, eat your heart out). The final leg, which was downwind, saw *Rosamond* sneak by *Telos*. *Rosamond* may have been helped initially by the skipper's having been banished to sit on the boom, although it was actually a little too much weight forward. That is why every catboat needs a little kid or two aboard. The Marshall 18s finished within 25 seconds of each other (for all

intents and purposes a photo finish) with the elegant *Surprise* filling the horizon shortly behind.

The second race, always handicapped based on the finishing time of the first race, worked out nicely. No matter what the three Sanderlings did, they couldn't overtake *Surprise*. She finished first by a full three minutes followed by the trio of Marshalls. This time the difference whittled down to a mere ten seconds between the three vessels. Fire and ice followed, hosted by Jenny Jorgenson and John Van Orden (who sailed their pretty newly restored ketch, *Aquila*, in the non-catboat class).

In 2010, the Casco Bay Cruise will be held on August 21st. We hope you will be there!

THE RESULTS: 1ST RACE

Place	Captain	Boat	Design
1	Jeff Geiger	<i>Solitude</i>	Marshall 18
2	Anne Bridgman	<i>Rosamond</i>	Marshall 18
3	Ken Thompson	<i>Telos</i>	Marshall 18
4	Jon Agne	<i>Surprise</i>	Wilton Crosby 25

2ND RACE (HANDICAPPED)

Place	Captain	Boat	Design
1	Jon Agne	<i>Surprise</i>	Wilton Crosby 25
2	Jeff Geiger	<i>Solitude</i>	Marshall 18
3	Anne Bridgman	<i>Rosamond</i>	Marshall 18
4	Ken Thompson	<i>Telos</i>	Marshall 18



Rosamond, Telos and Solitude coming downwind, together again.



Surprise and Solitude trading tacks before the start.

Cats and Gaffers Race

– Rick Batchelder

ESSEX, CT – On Saturday August 15 at about 1:00 PM we started the first of five races on the Connecticut River. Once again, Sandy Sanstrom headed the race committee, this time with the assistance of his son, Jason. Our committee boat, *Pieces of Eight*, returned this year, courtesy of the Maritime Education Network in Old Saybrook. She's a big old wooden lobster boat and really adds some class to the race.

Sandy laid out a short triangular course off the north end of Nott Island. The short legs of the course kept the boats close together and made for a very exciting set of races. We didn't need to dodge tires and driftwood this year, but a low tide and hidden sandbars kept things interesting. A pleasant breeze from the south kept the boats moving against the incoming tide.

We had a small, but varied "fleet" of four boats with two Sanderlings, a Marshall 22 and a sloop-rigged Legnos 20, with Peter Legnos himself as a crew member. The boats stayed close together throughout the races, with frequent changes in the lead, but Stray won all five races by a nose.

After the races, we gathered at the Black Seal for drinks, dinner and a brief awards ceremony. Steve Bieglecki provided the handsome wooden plaques presented to the participants. Also on display was the Stueck trophy, a painting of a catboat sailed single handed, with the names of past winners on small brass plaques mounted below.

Thanks to Jerry Roberts and the staff at the Connecticut River Museum for providing such a great place to have our little gathering. Hope you'll join us next year and make it a bigger gathering.

THE RESULTS:

Place	Captain	Boat	Design
1	Rick Batchelder	<i>Stray</i>	Marshall 18
2	Sherman Crites	<i>Zippy</i>	Legnos 20
3	Len Van Vliet	<i>Diligent</i>	Marshall 18
4	Joe Stoltz	<i>Koshka</i>	Marshall 18



Zippy, Koshka and Diligent closing in.

Photo by Robin Batchelder



Koshka and Zippy at the mark.

Photo by Robin Batchelder



The spectator fleet.

Photo by Robin Batchelder

Chatham Yacht Club Regatta

– Roy Terwilliger

CHATHAM, MA – The 2009 Chatham Yacht Club Regatta was held on August 1 and 2, 2009. There were two Marshall 18s and eight Beetle Cats competing.

THE RESULTS: MARSHALL 18S

Place	Captain	Boat	Club
1	Jim Mackey	<i>Wild Dove</i>	Chatham YC
2	Bill Piersol & Gail Briere	<i>Bayfly</i>	Namequoit Sailing Assoc.

THE RESULTS: BEETLE CATS

Place	Captain	Club
1	Roy and John Terwilliger	Chatham YC
2	Tina Spring & Carol Blair	Chatham YC
3	Carl Dickson & Jesse Ransford	Chatham YC
4	Cathy Taylor & Kim Baylis	Chatham YC
5	Alan McClennen Jr., Brendan, Cailyn & Sophia	Chatham YC
6	Carolyn Paczkowska, Kenny & Annemarie	Chatham YC
7	Ryan Murphy & Nathaniel Doyle	Chatham YC

52nd Duck Island Gathering

– Tom Klin

OLD SAYBROOK, CT – Six Marshall cats, both 18s and 22s, competed in the 52nd annual Duck Island Gathering off Old Saybrook on July 18, 2009. Special guest Geoff Marshall crewed aboard Steve Bieglecki's newly launched *Allure*.

Captains Ed Godfrey and Joe Stoltz served as our valiant race committee. Long-time catboat friends who joined the post-race festivities included Carol and Neil Titcomb, Linda and Sarge Tower as well as the rest of the Stoltz family. The day was bright and breezy, providing for four races around the course.

THE RESULTS:

Place	Captain	Boat	Design
1	Bill Stubenbord	<i>Sea Fever</i>	Marshall 18
2	Larry Ritzhaupt	<i>Jezebel</i>	Marshall 18
3	Betsy & Robin Varian	<i>Sea Smoke</i>	Marshall 22
4	Robin & Rick Batchelder	<i>Stray</i>	Marshall 18
5	Steve Bieglecki	<i>Allure</i>	Marshall 18
6	Len Van Vliet	<i>Diligent</i>	Marshall 22



At the starting line.

Harvey Cedars Labor Day Race

– Margaret Buchholz

LONG BEACH ISLAND, NJ – Organizers of the 22nd annual Harvey Cedars Catboat Race on Barnegat Bay were delighted with the turnout this Labor Day weekend, September 6, especially considering the dreary weather conditions. North winds around 15 kt. with gusts from 20 to 25 (depending on who is reporting) blew the fleet of 23 catboats around the 7-mile course, twice around Sandy Island.

In the Fat Cats class Craig Hafer came in first in *Spirit of '67*, Larry Murphy second in *Ca Boom* and John Spitznagel in *BL1* third. Craig is a first-time entrant and his 1967 Sanderling has been beautifully restored with a blue hull. (Does that make it go faster?)

Winners in the Bob Cat class were Tyler Menninger first in Mom's *550*, Charley Rue second in *FatCat* and Emil Leibman third in *Echo*. Tyler skippered for the first time in mom Jamie's boat (hence the name he taped over the stern) and Jamie crewed for him along with Grandpa Brian Harrison. He came in first overall, not just in his class, pretty good sailing, I'd say, and unusual for a Bob Cat to beat the big boats in the heavy air.

In the Li'l Cats class, Dave Wood in *Sprite* came in first – yes, again, and second overall. Weaver Lilley was second in *Jilcy* and Tony Sherman was third in *Scat*. (Yea! That's my doc!)

Three boats dropped out, two because of the strong winds and one because of equipment failure. The Demming boat broke her rudder, which led to the boat beaching, which led to a broken centerboard – all of which led to a torn sail! Bad luck. Jeff Wingate and son Jake towed the boat in – a difficult task in the rotten weather. Jim Bigham, Frank Shuler and daughter Maggie piloted the second crash boat.

Robert Rue presided at the opening and closing ceremonies with his usual grace, even if he did strip down to his political T-shirt. (Robert came in fifth with several inches of water sloshing in the bottom, as he had grabbed a broken pump.) Wendy and Bill Clarke, Tim Cornell and his son William and Jim Faus manned the Committee Boat and handled the starts and finishes.

Harvey Cedars again thanks the Barnegat Light Yacht Club for the committee boat and race buoys – and especially the leftover keg of Rolling Rock.

THE RESULTS: CATS OVER 18 FT. – FAT CATS

Place	Captain	Boat
1	Craig Hafer	<i>Spirit of '67</i>
2	Larry Murphy	<i>CaBoom</i>
3	John Spitznagel	<i>BL1</i>

CATS 15 TO 17 FT. – BOB CATS

2	Charley Rue	<i>FatCat</i>
3	Emil Leibman	<i>Echo</i>
1	Tyler Menninger	<i>550</i>

CATS UNDER 15 FT. – LI'L CATS

1	Dave Wood	<i>Sprite</i>
2	Weaver Lilley	<i>Jilcy</i>
3	Tony Sherman	<i>Scat</i>



The foul weather is reflected in the yellow oilskins that Jamie, Weaver and son August Lilley, the *Jilcy* team, are wearing.

Norwalk Islands Catboat Race

– Mats Josefsson

NORWALK, CT – September 22, 2009, was the best day of the season. There had been a few good days but this one was splendid. It was a day for the big boat and John Reffner Junior was the expert skipper of *Sally E*, a big boat that could stand up to the gusts that drove the smaller boats to head off, or pay out the main.

The course was a mix of “around the buoys” and good old fashioned free-form exploring, particularly when it came time to get through the cut where there are no firm boundaries, only firm rocks and spartina grass.

After re-setting the line due to winds shifts and an unusually aggressive start with some boats barging, the fleet sailed a short beat followed by what turned out to be an upwind/reach leg to Green’s Ledge Lighthouse. There, the boats were “welcomed” by a group of concerned divers; sometimes races can run amuck. The usual know-the-way Jay Fallon was seen heading to Portugal when the divers brusquely threatened to call the marine police if the catboats got closer than 100 ft. After rounding Green’s Ledge there was a 2 mi. drag race down east to the cut between Shea and Chimon Islands.

Local knowledge desired course was towards Japan. So much for local knowledge.

New cat boater Ken Wolen got *AnnaLeah* off to a good start and reported in at the docks just in time for the start of the gam. Way to go, Ken! Catboat alumnus Michael Madigan was on board as crew. He is looking to buy a catboat so that he can join us next year!

Kemp and Klein split tacks all the way through the cut and swapped claim on third place a couple of times. Klein eventually claimed third by 20 seconds in a 2-hour race!

The Western Long Island Sound Season Catboat Championship was won once again by Mats Josefsson in *Malö*.

THE RESULTS:

Place	Captain	Boat	Design
1	Mats Josefsson	<i>Malö</i>	Marshall 18
2	The Reffners	<i>Sally-E</i>	Atlantic City 24
3	Roger Klein	<i>Owl</i>	Marshall 18
4	Frank Kemp	<i>Lovinde</i>	Marshall 18
5	Jay Fallon	<i>Kismet</i>	Marshall 18
6	David Earle	<i>Swallowdale</i>	Herreschoff 18
7	Ken Wollen	<i>AnnaLeah</i>	Herreschoff 18



The race is on.

North of the Cape

— Doris Johnson

PLYMOUTH, MA — There were 14 catboats rafted up on July 11, 2009 for the morning skippers' meeting at The Nummet, equidistant between Duxbury and Plymouth harbors. After Bryan Belsito announced the course set by the race committee, the North of the Cape fleet took off with winds of 10 kn. filling their sails. The wind picked up during the race, gusting to 20 kn. and sending the catboats zipping around the 12-mile course. The winner, *Manatee*, crossed the finish line in just an hour and a half and the last boat finished in 2 hours and 13 minutes. Nifty going for a bunch of big-hipped catboats!

The finish line was crowded as the nine leading boats finished just one second apart. The big Marshall trophy was carried to Sagamore Beach aboard *Manatee*, a Marshall 22 skippered by Kevin White. Right on his transom was *Ishmael*, a Marshall 22 from Falmouth with Jay Webster at the wheel.

The crisp white clouds in the deep blue sky made it a picture book day for sailing and enjoying the post-race gam and cookout. Hosts Mike Radoslovich and Kevin Doyle had the grills ready at Rocky Nook in Kingston. Race committee members John Wheble and Bryan Belsito presented trophies to the winners and memorabilia to other participants.

THE RESULTS:

Place	Captain	Boat	Design
1	Kevin White	<i>Manatee</i>	Marshall 22
2	Jay Webster	<i>Ishmael</i>	Marshall 22
3	Paul Miraglia	<i>Fantail</i>	M-22 sloop
4	Mike Thornton	<i>Ripple</i>	Marshall 22
5	Greg White	<i>A.A. Holmes</i>	Marshall 22
6	Paula Fleck	<i>Catnap</i>	Marshall 22
7	Jerry May	<i>Maytime</i>	Marshall 22
8	Bryan Belsito	<i>Patuxet</i>	Marshall 22
9	Wyatt Stevens	<i>Skimbleshanks</i>	Marshall 22
10	David Morrison	<i>Annabelle</i>	Marshall 22
11	Sanford Leslie	<i>Paradox</i>	Marshall 18
12	Mike Dawley	<i>Kitten Kaboodle</i>	Marshall 18
13	Mike Radoslovich	<i>Cat Nap</i>	Hermann 17
14	Ted Lorentzen	<i>Wuli</i>	Hermann 17



NOTC catboats begin arriving at The Nummet.



NOTC raft — a web of dock lines.



Raftup receiving numbers and racecourse directions.



Maytime heads away from the raftup.

Great Whitehall Bay Race

– Butch Miller

ANNAPOLIS, MD – The nineteenth running of the Great Whitehall Race, on August 6, 2009, proved to be one of the best in recent memory. Six boats participated in near perfect conditions – bright with the winds out of the NE around 10 kn. with occasional significant gusts, virtually no seas and a noticeable lack of powerboat wakes. Great conditions for our mix of cats.

Whitehall Bay was its usual challenge, being a small body surrounded on three sides by a tree-lined shore with a gap in the NE corner, a.k.a. “The Slot,” and a tidal current down the center. Playing the drift, headers and lifts caused by these features is an art form particular to this venue. The course layout was changed this year to a shorter, more traditionally shaped triangular course, allowing the option of one or more races of twice around, then up and down as the weather dictates. The race committee also managed to keep its commitment to have the marks remain in position. Although less interesting, pier dodging, groundings and sails through anchorages were mostly avoided. What would Bill think?

Peter Legnos made the trip down from Connecticut to join us again and to sail one of the local Mystic 20s against two others in a much-anticipated “Battle of the Mystics.” Unfortunately, due to weather and an errant thrust of a dipstick only *Gull* managed to post. Peter did manage to slide into a welcomed crew position on *Gull*, much to the rest of the fleet’s dismay. Hopefully, next year we’ll manage to get all three boats in the same place at the same time.

The weather allowed two well-fought races, having various upwind tacking schemes, a few lead changes, some mid-course “conversation” and two cats that lost their way.

The social half of the day was also a great success despite a surprise plumbing issue, which rendered the clubhouse unusable. Thanks to our intrepid co-host Caroline Hoover and the fine weather, the Pot Luck was moved to the lawn and the clubhouse was never missed. The Capt. Bill Hoover Perpetual Trophy, a mounted Mystic 20 half-hull donated by Peter Legnos, conceived to honor Bill’s character and his contributions to the CCBA and catboating, was presented to David Bleil for his first place finish. This was the first win for *Gull* at her former homeport in many years, making it an even sweeter victory for

Prospect Bay Catboat Regatta

– Roger Compton

PROSPECT BAY, MD – On an overcast Saturday afternoon, September 12, three catboats hit the starting line for the last race of the summer of 2009. The wind was gusty and from the NNW. Between mechanical breakdowns, business trips and parenting responsibilities, our normal seven to nine competitors failed to materialize. The good news was that everyone came away with silver.

Following the race, the competitors, their families and non-competing members of CCBA enjoyed refreshments and fellowship at Jill and Roger Compton’s house. In addition to the trophy presentation for the 2009 PBCR, the Washington Irving “Tut” Tuttle Perpetual Trophy was presented to Dave Bleil and *Gull* for finishing first in the season-long series of CCBA sanctioned races in the Chesapeake Bay.

For more information and photos, see www.chesapeakecatboats.org.

THE RESULTS:

Place	Captain	Boat	Design
1	Dave Bleil	<i>Gull</i>	Mystic 20
2	Steve Flesner	<i>Scotty</i>	Marshall 15
3	David Bevan	<i>Mariah</i>	Marshall 22

David. The Potluck again opened with Mary Dunn's always-anticipated shrimp dish. This year the soppers made it to everyone's added enjoyment. It was noted that the clean up was much easier on the grass.

An added attraction was the appearance of *Chesapeake*, the O'Malley's new to them 1910 Bugeye Yacht. It seems their Marshall 22 was getting a little cramped for their changing style so they sized up to something that wields a hundred pound hook. She's a beauty and some racers couldn't resist stopping by for a tour on the way in from the course. She sailed down from Havre de Grace, a trip of over 40 miles, as was Butler Smythe's up from Solomon's.

Of course, there are many thanks to bestow: to Caroline Hoover for her 19th hosting of the event and saving the day; to the Millers for co-hosting and to Dave Park for manning the committee boat and keeping the cats in order. Well, all but two.

For more on the Chesapeake Catboat Association please see www.chesapeakecatboats.org.

THE RESULTS:

Place	Skipper	Boat	Design
1	David Bleil	<i>Gull</i>	Mystic 20
2	Steve Flesner	<i>Scotty</i>	Marshall 15
3	Marc Cruder	<i>Wanderer</i>	Wittholtz 25
4	Butler Smythe	<i>Caerulean III</i>	Menger 23
5	Butch Miller	<i>Dusty</i>	Marshall 18
6	Deborah Kerr	<i>Patience</i>	Handicat 14



The 1910 Bugeye Yacht, *Chesapeake*, caused quite a stir.



2009 Padanaram Rendezvous

GLASS CATS

NAME	BOAT NAME	TYPE	ELAPSED TIME	PLACE
Appleton, Charley	<i>Emmalina</i>	Sanderling	1:33:48	1
Lund, Ned & Judy	<i>Red Squirrel</i>	M-22	1:39:38	2
Hagedorn, Charles	<i>Sailor Dog</i>	Sanderling	1:40:24	3
Elliot, Will	<i>Henry M. Plummer</i>	M-22	1:41:51	4
Belsito, Bryan	<i>Patuxet</i>	M-22	1:45:05	5
O'Connor, Jim	<i>Glimmer</i>	M-22	1:46:18	6
Peterson, Eric	<i>Loose Cannon</i>	M-22	1:48:35	7
Ullian, Arthur	<i>Egret</i>	M-22	1:48:45	8
Boyce, Peter	<i>Whisker</i>	Sanderling	1:50:06	9
Webster, Jay	<i>Ishmael</i>	M-22	1:50:35	10
Putnam, Brent	<i>Cranberry</i>	M-22	1:51:38	11
Rebello, Skot	<i>Caterpillar</i>	Sanderling	1:54:27	12
Smith, Jerry & Sammy	<i>Puddleduck</i>	M-22	1:55:30	13
Donovan, John	<i>Minus</i>	M-22	2:00:53	14
Lague, Larry	<i>Chantey</i>	Sanderling	2:02:45	15
Greene, John	<i>Sonatina</i>	M-22	2:03:33	16
Fleck, Paula	<i>Cat Nap</i>	M-22	2:04:36	17
Thornton, Michael	<i>Ripple</i>	M-22	2:06:23	18
Baron, Buzzy	<i>Mother Goose</i>	M-22	2:07:23	19
Hawes, Peter	<i>Brig A Doon</i>	M-22	2:13:11	20
Braley, Wayne	<i>Ahoy</i>	Sanderling	2:16:30	21
Spindola, Ken	<i>Spinney Too</i>	M-22	2:18:23	22
Ente, Steve	<i>Harvest Moon</i>	M-22	2:19:30	23
Lorentzen, Ted	<i>Wuli</i>	Herman Cat	2:26:07	24
O'Driscoll, Kevin	<i>Shannon Marie</i>	Herreshoff Amer.	2:27:31	25

ALTERED CATS

Walsh, Larry	<i>Tango</i>	M-22 Sloop	1:42:27	1
Titcomb, Carol & Neil	<i>Calynda</i>	Wood/Altered	1:59:40	2

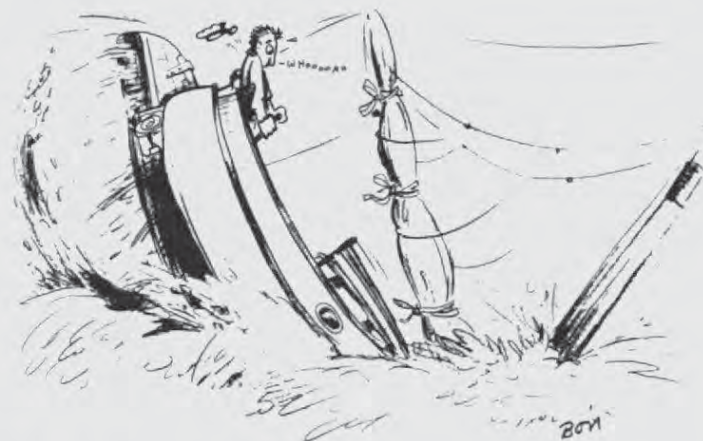
WOOD CATS & NONSUCHS

Fallon, Tim	<i>Kathleen</i>	Wood	1:27:28	1
Calder, Dave	<i>Southpaw</i>	Nonsuch 30	1:41:29	2
Jodice, Jerry	<i>Mamie</i>	Nonsuch 30	1:42:26	3
Beattie, Doug	<i>Gannet</i>	Wood	1:48:24	4
Argimbaugh, Peter	<i>Molly Rose</i>	Wood	1:58:28	5
Perkins, Cal	<i>Cape Girl</i>	Wood	2:17:29	6
Gratz, Bruce	<i>Lottie Cates</i>	Wood	2:31:19	7
Conway, John	<i>Buckrammer</i>	Wood	DNF	



Boat Building and Maintenance

– Bob Reddington, Editor



Fuel Tank Siphon

– Brent Putnam

FALMOUTH, MA – We purchased our Marshall 22, *Cranberry*, in February 2006 – just as MBTE was being phased out of gasoline in favor of ethanol as an oxygenate. At the time, various boating publications had articles warning us about the dangers of ethanol: It degrades fiberglass fuel tanks; it's a solvent, so it will clean your fuel system, but that means fuel filters, pumps and carburetors would now be clogged with the loose deposits; gas with MTBE doesn't mix well with gas that has ethanol; ethanol will dissolve some hoses.

Cranberry still has the original Palmer P-60 gasoline engine, and she had come with a full tank of gas – gas that had MTBE. Although her prior owners had taken good care of the engine, we decided to cover all of our bases by rebuilding and replacing the fuel system, some of the parts being original.

First, we had to get the gas out of the tank. Like most engine installations, the components are confined and hard to reach. Although there is a valve in the system, there is no room beneath it for a container large enough to catch the gallons of fuel I'd be draining. A siphon was needed. A simple hose would do, but it would probably curl inside the tank, leaving a significant amount of gas at the bottom. Moreover, we needed to control the flow. The tank holds 13+ gallons, but we only had 5-gallon cans available. Finally, since we might have to fill and empty the cans several times, we weren't up for the

Hello Shipmates:

When someone throws you a life preserver, you say, "Thank you, thank you..." and then some. My thanks goes out to Brent Putnam of E. Falmouth, MA, who sails *Cranberry*, a 22 ft. Marshall. Brent came up with three very interesting articles this month: "A Man overboard", "A Mainsheet Block and Cam Cleat" plus "A Fuel Tank Siphon." Thanks again Brent. I was getting ready to go down for a third time.

I am just treading water right now. Which one of our members or more is going to save my hide for Bulletin 152. I can only stay afloat with your input. So, it's cold outside and the boats have been put away. Sit down and send me something. Surprise the hell out of me.

Send to Bob Reddington, 235 Lake Ave. Bay Head, NJ 08742

Glub, glub... only down twice. Please prevent any more submersions. Throw me a line (on paper that is)

Your sinking shipmate,
– Bob Reddington

old-fashioned way to start the siphon. A mouthful of gasoline might not kill you, but it certainly won't taste good!

The answer was a siphon custom-made for this purpose.



The assembled siphon.

List of materials:

- outboard fuel hose (Shields 315 Silverado 2000, 116-315-0386, 3/8 in. ID, length to suit)
- teflon tape
- 20-in. piece of 1/2 in. copper pipe
- (1) valve (Moeller 033300-10)
- (1) 1/4 in. NPT bronze tee
- (3) fuel hose barbs (Moeller 033405-10, 1/4 in. male NPT to 3/8 in. hose)
- (4) stainless steel hose clamps to fit outboard fuel hose
- (1) 1/4 in. NPT brass close nipple
- (1) primer bulb (Uniflow 034590-10, 3/8 in.)

The length of the hose and pipe will be determined by your needs. The pipe needs to be long enough to reach the bottom of your fuel tank, and you'll need enough hose to get from the deck to the ground, in addition to a short length (about 12 inches) for the primer bulb. Measure carefully!

One of the fuel hose barbs was placed in the end of the copper pipe and then soldered using a propane torch. Check your soldering job to be sure that there are no holes.

unattended on the bottom of the tank. A nearby cleat helps secure the hose. At the ground side, a funnel is used to direct the flow of fuel from the bulb and valve into the can. The bulb creates the vacuum needed to start the gravity flow, and once started, I can open and close the valve as needed to control the flow.



The siphon in use at the can end.



Pipe in tank.



A close-up of the valve assembly on the siphon.

The tee connector forms a junction between the main run of the hose leading to the copper pipe, the valve, and the 12-inch hose that connects to the bulb. The close nipple connects the tee to the valve; you could also use a valve with two female connectors. The other two fuel hose barbs connect the tee to the main hose and the bulb hose. Teflon tape is used in every metal-to-metal connection, and every hose-to-barb connection is secured with a hose clamp.

The siphon works as designed. As you can see in Figure 3, the copper pipe is long enough to rest

Note that this siphon can only be used when the boat is on the hard. With the boat in the water, you won't have enough vertical distance for the siphon to be effective. Moreover, while in the water, any fuel spilled will be much harder to contain and clean up. If you must empty the tank while the boat is in the water, you should enlist the help of a marina or public safety professional (fire department, harbor master, Coast Guard, etc.).

Mainsheet Block and Cam Cleat

– Brent Putnam

FALMOUTH, MA – We've owned two Marshall catboats (a Sanderling and a now a 22) both of which came equipped with a horn cleat at the back of the cockpit coaming to secure the mainsheet. Although this does the job, it has its shortcomings, including:

- You can lose the end of the mainsheet
- When sailing (racing, especially), it is hard to make minor adjustments to the mainsheet
- The time it takes to uncleat the sheet could be time enough for a knockdown (see *Bulletin No. 140, Spring 2006*, page 37).

The answer was to replace the horn cleat with a block and cam cleat arrangement, of which there were several possibilities. One was to install a shelf that would support a block and cam cleat on a swivel base; Marshall Marine was one potential source for this. Another was to simply mount the swivel on top of the steering mechanism behind the wheel. Each option required some effort – if not expense – to implement, and if we didn't like the way it worked, there was no easy way of going back. We needed something quick and simple and (relatively) inexpensive that we could test without much effort or sacrificing the existing cleat.

Several manufacturers build a single swivel block with an integral cam. We purchased one by Harken, model 2615, because it was the right size and conveniently available at the local West Marine. With the addition of a shackle big enough to pass through the cleat, we were in business.



Mainsheet block and cam cleat assembly installed on the existing horn cleat.

The only drawback to this arrangement is that at some angles, such as that seen in figure 1, it can be hard to uncleat the sheet with one hand. Because the whole assembly can move, it helps if the sheet is at a higher angle when you pull down to release it. Pulling at this angle is awkward, but it is still faster and more convenient than fighting with a sheet secured to the horn cleat.

This arrangement has worked well during several seasons, satisfying all of our requirements. It allows for a faster, easier release of the sheet, it prevents the sheet from getting away, and it makes minor adjustments of the sail more convenient. It was less inexpensive than a fixed mount or shelf, with the added benefit of keeping the space above the steering mechanism open, so we can still use this area as a seat – something a fixed mount or shelf would have prevented.

Man Overboard Tackle

– Brent Putnam

FALMOUTH, MA – When we purchased our Marshall Sanderling, there was no easy way to get back into the boat if you jumped or fell out. This was quickly solved with the addition of the ubiquitous bronze steps (purchased from Marshall Marine) to the rudder and transom.

Our Marshall 22 has no such steps, but it came equipped with a folding aluminum ladder that attaches to the starboard side with brackets. It's not as sturdy as the bronze steps, but it keeps one clear of the inboard propeller.

However, while both options work well for someone who has the strength to get back aboard, they are of little value to someone who is unconscious or injured.

At some point we realized that the boom could serve a purpose beyond controlling the foot of the sail. By setting the topping lift to keep the boom over our heads, it becomes a davit, and the mainsheet can be used to lift heavy objects and control the swing of the boom. Moreover, making this idea work was as easy as adding a carabiner – large enough to fit over the traveler – to the mainsheet block.



Carabineer attached to the lower block and traveler.

Note the use of a carabineer with an eye. When initially trying this on our Sanderling, we found that the shackle on the block would get jammed alongside the traveler when tacking or luffing. The eye keeps the block shackle at the smaller end and everything moves more smoothly.

Figure 2 shows the basic concept. Here you see a milk crate, but this could be a person, a dog, an outboard or any heavy object. We used this on our Sanderling to remove the outboard from the transom for races and commissioning/decommissioning. The carabineer fit on the handle of our 4-stroke Mercury, but you could also make or buy a harness to fit around the engine head.



Figure 2 – An example of how the man-overboard tackle is used.

Yet another application is to get someone or something from the boat into another boat or a dingy, or onto a dock. Simply swing the boom over and back.

Although we've yet to use it in an emergency situation, the carabineer gives us piece of mind when we're out on the water. Catboats have a lower freeboard than most boats, but this is of no value to an injured or unconscious person. For them, the carabineer could mean the difference between life and death.



A Visit to Tilghman Island

– Wayne Cole



Serenity in all its glory – looking westward from Tilghman Island.

On our way South this past spring for Grandparent's Spring Break, Dolores and I stopped by Tilghman Island, MD to join a contingent from the Chesapeake Catboat Association (CCBA) for a visit with Maynard Lowery's son Doug.

Steve Flesner hosted our visit. Steve and his wife Lois had organized a group of local catboat enthusiasts to escort us on a tour of the catboats on the island and a visit to the Lowery Boat Building Shop. It was the highlight of our trip!

Tilghman Island is one of those special places that have retained the essence of a traditional working waterfront community. It reminded me of Cape Cod and the Islands 40 years ago. Hopefully, it will not be changed too drastically as it attracts more and more visitors. Fortunately it is, as Steve states, "at the end of the earth" so it does not attract travelers passing through to some other destination. You have to want to go there as it is at the end of a very long road.



A traditional Chesapeake Skipjack, the *Rebecca Rourke* - one of the few working skipjacks on the Bay.



Tilghman Island fishing boats on Knapps Narrows. Knapps Narrows separates Tilghman Island from the mainland. Access to the island is via a drawbridge over the Narrows.

After arriving in the early evening we had to have dinner at a local restaurant overlooking the harbor where oysters on the half shell were promptly ordered and enjoyed. The next morning Steve and Lois escorted us to the Lowery Boat Building shop to meet Doug Lowery.



Sign over the door to Maynard and Doug's shop

Doug proceeded to give us a tour of the shop describing the various pieces of equipment that he and Maynard had renovated and fabricated. Just outside the shop was a sloop Doug had just restored. We were told the sloop had been built at the Cape Cod Shipbuilding Company in Wareham, MA sometime in the early 1900s. Doug was then presented a new CBA Burgee from the CBA contingent present in appreciation for his and his father's contribution to the catboat community at large.



Doug Lowery (L) with Steve Flesner holding the new CBA Burgee. Butch Miller standing to right of Steve with myself to the right of Butch.

Outside the shop we were shown a 15 ft. 2 in. Wittholz designed catboat, *Miss Valerie*, built by Maynard and Doug, and a restored sloop named *Hi Ho*. Subsequent to our visit we learned that Valerie Bianco had purchased *Miss Valerie*. "Miss Val" had made the CBA Bulletin staff aware of Maynard's last boat, *Pyewacket*, a Fenwick Williams designed 16 ft. catboat, which is described in *CBA Bulletin 147*.



The Wittholz designed catboat *Miss Valerie* named for Maynard's close friend known locally as Miss Val. Note the outboard motor mount on the rudder.

I emailed photos of *Hi Ho* to Wendy Goodwin of Cape Cod Shipbuilding to determine its pedigree. Wendy stated the following in her reply: "It is a Senior Knockabout, LOA 23 ft., LWL 17 ft., and Beam 6 ft. 6 in. We built both open cockpit & cuddy cabin versions with oak frames & cedar planking."



Hi Ho a Cape Cod Shipbuilding Senior Knockabout sloop.



Interior restoration details of *Hi Ho*.



Hi Ho after launching, ready to go sailing.

We all then proceeded to have lunch at the Harrison House on Tilghman Island where Hall and Mary Kellogg joined us. When we were introduced to the Kelloggs, who live on Tilghman Island overlooking the Choptank River, we were told they had just opened the Tilghman Watermen's Museum.

Doug entertained us with stories of his remembrances of Maynard. It was obvious they were a very close father and son boatbuilding team. According to Doug, Maynard lived in the Harrison House as a boy. The following story was particularly entertaining: "My dad came into the shop one morning announcing some person named Don was going to come by to inquire about a boat. Later that day a caravan of black limousines with darkened windows appeared and out stepped Secretary Donald Rumsfeld!"

After lunch we were invited to see some of the Lowery built catboats in a nearby storage shed. Carl Griebel, owner of Severn Marina next door to Maynard's old shop on Knapps Narrows, met us and showed us two of Maynard's cats. We then began to fade as the day before we had driven through from South Dartmouth, MA. So we decided to excuse ourselves stating we would take a quick tour of St. Michaels, MD as we were half way there – the tour did not last long as a late afternoon nap became most necessary. We reluctantly left Tilghman Island the next morning at 5:00 AM as we were due to meet friends in South Carolina that day.



Dolores and I next to *Kit Kat*, a 1975 14 ft. John Goeller designed catboat.



Catnapper a 1993 16 ft. Fenwick Williams designed catboat.

Steve subsequently sent us an e-mail stating he and Butch went on to visit more of Maynard's catboats. "We also saw *Miss Dollaway*, a 2004 Lowery built Fenwick Williams 16 ft. open cockpit cat in the water at the Severn Marina next door to Maynard's old shop....she looked sweet sitting there in the water. Bob Keene, a wooden boat builder near Tilghman summed it up when he said that Maynard's boats are distinguished by their trim work and details. They kind of sit up in the water in a perky way that makes them easy to spot. Maybe the Fenwick Williams design had a lot to do with that! Anyway, it was nice to see her in the water."

As Steve would say, "Seeing 5 Lowery built cats makes for a good day!"



Catnipper, a 1998 Fenwick Williams 16 ft. Lowery build catboat. Note again the outboard motor bracket on the rudder. Also, great canvas work on the cockpit cover.

After visiting such an interesting place and meeting with enjoyable people we wished we had scheduled more time on Tilghman Island with the CCBA folks – hopefully another visit will be forthcoming in the not too distant future.



Building Fenwick Williams' 16 Ft. Catboat in Wood-Epoxy – Part 1

– Chris Sawyer

Growing up on the shores of San Francisco Bay, I sailed and raced Bear boats, Stars, and Snipes but was always attracted to the design and simplicity of the catboat. During my summers, while in high school, I worked maintaining yachts in the San Francisco Marina and was fortunate to gain experience working on wooden boats. The traditional details on these yachts were etched in my memory through long hours of sanding, varnishing, painting and cleaning, particularly on *Yankee*, a 50 ft. gaff-rigged wooden sailing vessel. *Yankee* still sails the waters of San Francisco Bay. Fifty years later and on a much smaller scale, many of the elements of these boats have found their way into the 16 ft. Fenwick Williams catboat I am currently building.

For many years I had dreamed of building a wooden catboat and though I had built a 14 ft. Penguin as a teenager, I had no other boatbuilding experience since. So, in retirement I decided to hone my skills with a warm up project. The Arch Davis designed 14 ½ ft. Penobscot row boat filled this bill perfectly. It was completed and launched the week I purchased the plans for the Fenwick 16. Motivation for selecting a Fenwick Williams cat came from reading *Catboat Design* by Williams published in *The Catboat Book* by John Leavens 1973, and further discovering that plans were still available for a design I very much admired.

Although I live near Monterey Bay in Central

California, many of the best sailing and cruising locales are elsewhere and include San Francisco Bay, the Sacramento/San Joaquin River Delta and several large lakes, all of which are, for me, best accessed by trailering. Consequently, dry sailing and ease of trailering and rigging were essential requirements in the selection of the size cat (8 ft. in beam max.) and construction method (not carvel planked). Whenever my cat is not being sailed, it will be stored on its trailer and must be ready to use without the need to swell.

Getting Started

I researched the various alternatives to carvel planking and, all things considered, felt strip planking was my best construction option. After further internet research and reading *A Manual of Strip Plank Construction Techniques* by Paul Fisher of Selway Fisher Design, I was sold on this approach. The next hurdle was dealing with the lofting of Fenwick Williams' design. I presumed lofting would be a daunting and time consuming task for someone, like myself, without training or experience and wanted to avoid any amateurish inaccuracies in the hull. I was impressed with the strip plank manual so I decided to get in touch with Paul at his firm in England and seek counsel. He offered, for a very reasonable fee, and I accepted, the option of putting my plans in his computer's Yacht Cad program and avoiding the lofting process altogether. He soon supplied me with all the offsets for 15 sections (every 12 in.) plus the stem and transom. Also included was a dimensioned drawing of the strong back structure required to set up and align the frames as well as the specifications for proper strips. All the information was simple, precise and accurate. Besides the purchase of Fenwick's plans, this was the wisest investment I would make in my project. Using the offsets I was able to expand each half section to full size on lightweight plywood. These were used as routing templates for each station.



Penobscot row boat constructed in wood epoxy with plywood lapstrake planking next to the builder.

Hull Construction

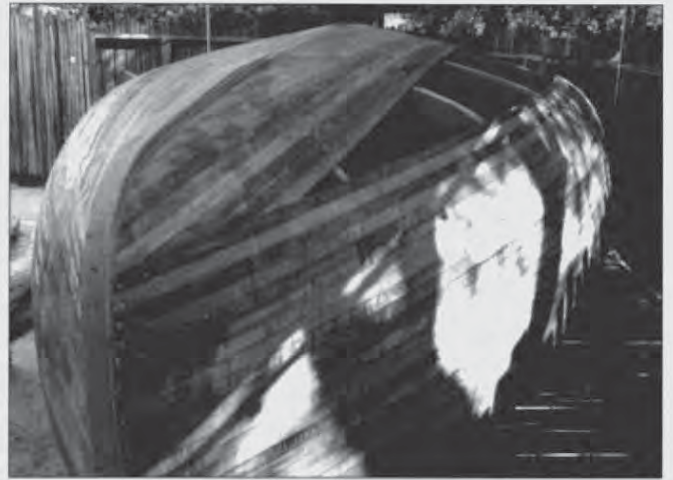
The first step was to cut full $\frac{3}{4}$ " in. particle board forms for each section, fabricate corresponding band sawed frames and attach one to the other. I chose to laminate Sitka Spruce for the frames, Douglas Fir for the laminated stem, keel and floor bracing, and apply $\frac{1}{4}$ in. teak to marine plywood for the transom. All of this was attached to the squared and leveled strong back, topside down, with painstaking accuracy.



Sawn spruce frames attached to plywood mold sections in place on the strong back.

I had a lumber mill with a molding machine supply the planking strips (bead and cove profile) from vertical grain Western Red Cedar. These were then bonded with epoxy to each other and fastened to the frames with No. 8 stainless screws. For edge fastening, where needed to hold the strips together, I employed stainless ring nails. System 3 Epoxy was used throughout the construction. I started using this product because Arch Davis recommended it in my first project. It's easy to use since the 2 to 1 mix can be minutely adjusted for working temperature variations. Because the cedar planking consisted of narrow strips ($\frac{5}{8}$ in. x $1\frac{1}{4}$ in.) with vertical grain on both face and edge they took compound bends easily without steaming – this was fortunate, as I have no facility for steaming.

The strip plank construction I used on the hull required only 8 sawn frames and allowed the elimination of 14 steam-bent ribs called out on the plan. The laminated fir stem and inner keel are much lighter than the deadwood required by carvel planking. This coupled with the lightweight wood species used will cause the boat to be considerably lighter than the plans anticipate. Consequently, more ballast than normal will be required to bring her to a proper



Strip planking almost completed prior to fiber glassing the hull.

waterline. For that reason, I glass reinforced the bilges throughout with 2 layers of heavy roving and a layer of heavy woven cloth. The same treatment was applied to the entire forward most section to reinforce that area of high stress due to mast torque.

After the hull was fully planked and faired, I fiberglassed (10 oz. cloth), primed and painted the exterior while it was still in the upside down position. Turning the hull over and placing it on the prepared dolly was a simple task for six strong men. When we turned the hull I estimated it weighed about 1000 lbs. My guess is that I might double that weight upon completion. Once the boat is on a trailer I will be able to determine the actual weight.

I was then ready for the next phase.



Hull with skeg, rudder attached, painted and ready to be turned over.

Deck, Cabin, and Cockpit Construction

The final trim-out phase was quite time consuming as I elected to face all vertical inside surfaces with individual v-grooved strips – teak in the cockpit and red cedar in the cabin (reminiscent of *Yankee*). Rub rails, toe rails, hatch top and all other exterior bright work are teak. Ocume marine plywood was used for decking, cockpit sides and cabin sides. The cabin top was constructed of leftover hull planking strips applied over minimal framing. The remaining exterior surfaces were also fiberglassed and then painted.



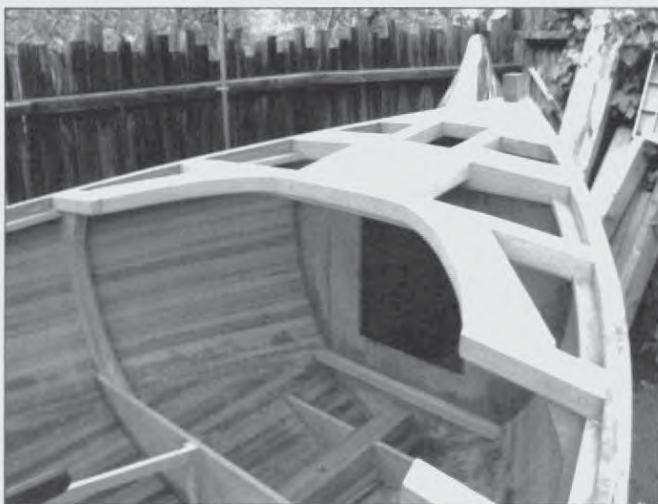
Cockpit framing.



Cabin sides, cockpit combing, and cabin roof in place.



Cabin top construction



Forward framing shows the structural approach to support the mast.



Cabin inside detail.

Hardware, Sails, and Spars

It was important to me to stay with traditional bronze hardware throughout, much of which is still available through various suppliers that I located on the Internet. However, I was unable to find some of the fittings Fenwick Williams designed and detailed on his plan. These I molded in lost wax and cast (cat eye ports) or fabricated from bronze stock (rudder fittings and boom crab).



Cabin sides painted showing bronze port and boom crab.

The boom and gaff are of Sitka Spruce and will utilize bronze track and slides as opposed to lacing for ease of dry sailing. Of course traditional hoops will be used to attach the sail to the mast, which is carbon fiber from Arey's Pond Boat Yard. I opted for an extremely lightweight mast to make stepping possible by only my wife and myself.

Comments

In every respect I was very pleased with Fenwick Williams' plans (5 pages in all). Though there were very few dimensions called out, everything was drawn perfectly to scale with nothing omitted. In addition, the plans for the 16 footer came with a collection of the designer's notes, suggestions and comments in his own handwriting. These plans are available at a very reasonable cost through Murray G. Peterson Associates, Jones Cove, So. Bristol, Maine 04568.

Since I live in California, I really only see other Cats in pictures as there are very few on the West Coast; but researching many articles and resources has help me immensely to progress through the various construction stages. After reading the articles in the CBA Bulletin about Maynard Lowery, I contacted Steve Flesner from the CCBA (Chesapeake Catboat Association) who put me in touch with Maynard's son Doug Lowery. Steve generously sent me his large collection of Lowery's catboat photos, which were a big help with construction details. Doug is continuing the Lowery tradition of building wooden catboats in the family shop on Tilghman Island, MD. Doug and Maynard had built a number of Fenwick William cats.

Editors Note: Chris Sawyer lives in Carmel Valley, CA near Monterey (about a 2 hr. drive south of San Francisco where he has developed a passion for building boats. In Part II he plans to cover all the details of finishing the boat and will hopefully describe, including pictures, the launching.



“This was Potomac River”

CCBA Cruise 2009

– Marc Cruder

Introduction:

Venturing south early this year, got us more than we bargained for in foul weather, light winds, hot sun and longer distances on the broad lower Potomac. However, we initiated new solo cruiser Steve Flesner, who stepped up and delivered, completing his 5 year restoration of *Tuckernuck*, a Mystic 20 in time for the cruise. Although a broken gaff early on almost broke his spirit, he persevered, proving the condition of the original single cylinder Yanmar, while honing his sailing skills while learning a new boat. We welcomed southern cruisers we hadn't seen in a few years, had a few drive-in dinner guests and got to see some very nice natural surroundings in the creeks of the Potomac. Swing-man John Brown was back and split his time between training aboard *Tuckernuck* and recuperating aboard *Wanderer*. Finally, “mother nature” and sanity altered our last night out to a more than pleasant stop at St. Jerome's Creek. Grab your charts - Here's how it went....

Returning Cruisers

- Marc “*Everybody down and get a line on the dock*” Cruder with part-time crew John “*I'm the next Don Dunn*” Brown sailing *Wanderer* - Wittholz/Prudence 25.

- David “*Have you checked the weather - the squall will be through around 8*” Bleil with crew Jim “*The place is frickin' empty*” Ohlmacher sailing *Gull* - Mystic 20.

- Butch “*Bring it over to the shop*” Miller sailing *Dusty* - Marshall 18

- Rich “*I know you're busy, but I have a question*” McLaughlin with crew Mike “*Nimble in the dinghy*” Crawford sailing *Tenacity* - Marshall 22.

- Dave “*Just polishing my bright work*” Park sailing *Pussy Footin'* - Mystic 20

New Cruisers

- Steve “*No More Excuses*” Flesner with part-time crew John “*There is a Porta-Pot on this vessel, isn't there captain?*” sailing *Tuckernuck* - Mystic 20.



Cruisers we met along the way

- Stuart “*G-flex to the rescue*” Hopkins sailing *Muskrat* - Yawl rigged Marshall 22

- Sid “*Bubba light rigged*” and wife Gail “*I'm the only thing he hasn't gotten rid of after all these years*” Tiesenga sailing *Quest* - Menger 23

Cruise Support along the way

- Pete “*I'm meeting a high school classmate - she's not my wife*” McCrary

- Matt “*You've got weather coming your way*” Cruder

- Butler “*Pax River gaff fleet escort boat*” Smythe sailing *Caerulean* - Menger 23

Saturday, 6/06: Pre-cruise staging

Arrived at St. Leonard's Creek with swing-man John Brown to board and make final preparations aboard *Wanderer*. I moved the boat here the previous weekend instead of adding two more days on each side of the cruise. *Tuckernuck*, *Gull*, *Tenacity*, *Pussyfootin'* and later *Dusty* were present and accounted for to complete the initial flotilla. Although we were all moved onto our boats, Steve Flesner hosted burgers on the grille, finalized *Tuckernuck's* provisioning and got the grass cut (with a little catboat help) before we all called it an early night. As this would be the first long cruise for both *Tuckernuck* and her owner, swing-man Brown was detailed to *Tuckernuck* during the day to provide moral and physical support while retaining a berth aboard *Wanderer* for recharging at night.



Wanderer setting first sail.

Sunday, 6/07: Day One - Destination: Smith Creek

Weather: Sunny and fair with light south winds, increasing through the day to 12 kn.

We had a first leg of over 35 miles, and needed to catch the fair tide so all were up at about 0600 to a light breakfast ashore of coffee, bagels and yogurt. At the last minute, Grandma Grace (my wife Deb's mother) made a batch of raisin scones that I brought up from the boat to round out the fare. They were a big hit and almost gone at their first appearance. After thanking our hosts, the group was away at about 0710, including *Tuckernuck* finally, after 5 years on the hard. There were photo opportunities aplenty as we powered down the creek for the Patuxent River with *Wanderer* bringing up the rear.

Raised sail once on the Patuxent with all catboats in sight ahead but keeping close tabs on *Tuckernuck*

as captain and crew were getting acquainted. Initial indications were good when I saw *Tuckernuck's* sail go up and I could take a few pictures. The wind was light so we were all under power as we headed southeast towards the bay with our sails acting as perfect shades against the rising sun. By 0910, we were abeam the Drum Point flashing red with *Tenacity* and *Dusty* ahead and the three Mystic 20s astern after a stop at Solomon's Island. Came off the engine at about 0935 to give the Mystic 20s and particularly *Tuckernuck*, a chance to catch up. We were steering a course of about 130 degrees PMC (per magnetic compass) with a light following west wind exiting the river.

At 1000, rounded the remnants of Cedar Point Lighthouse on the south side of the Patuxent, moving at about 3 kn. per GPS under power and sail again, with no sea state but a foul tide that would be with us all day. By 1130 we were passing inside and abeam the USN aerial bombing targets with a freshening south and slightly east wind moving us along at about 4 kn. per GPS on a magnetic compass course due south toward Point No Point Lighthouse. Conducted the noon radio check with all in sight and on radio except for *Tenacity*, obviously somewhere well ahead of us. By 1300 and still under power and sail hauled in tight on the gallows but pulling, *Wanderer* was unnaturally but comfortably tacking between 140 degrees and 200 degrees PMC, moving at about 4.5 kn. per GPS against south winds now up to about 12 kn.

At 1430, we rounded Point Lookout by "chicken jibe" as the wind continued to freshen and I was alone on the big boat. The new course was about 340 degrees PMC, with *Pussyfootin'* nearest astern. We were both on a run now and off the engine moving briskly. In another hour, we found the No. 2 red marking the entrance to Smith and Jutland Creeks at Calvert Bay. The chart indicated shallow water outside the buoy line and as I shaped up for it, I decided I wasn't up to the two jibes it would take to sail *Wanderer* through alone with full sail up in a following wind and sea that were now showing sustained whitecaps. Discretion being the better part of valor, I added the engine and dropped sail, navigating the buoy line under power. Rounded the #6 red off Wynne at 1600 entering Smith Creek, then navigated to anchor in about 9 feet of water a half hour later, rafting up to long lost (at least for most of the day), *Tenacity*.



Raft ups at Smith Creek.

The anchorage was easy to find to port. *Muskrat*, the yawl rigged Marshall 22, was not to be missed, nor was the sky blue of *Tenacity's* spars. That said, the boats kept rolling in with some taking advantage of fuel and ice at Point Lookout Marina just north of Smith Creek. The boats set up in two raft ups in something of a small boat/big boat split with *Dusty*, *Pussyfootin'* and *Gull* in one raft while *Tenacity* and *Wanderer* were eventually joined by *Quest*. Last but not least after a fuel stop for 1 gallon of diesel were Capt Brown and his charge, Seaman Flesner, in *Tuckernuck*, who survived the first day to raft up with the big boys. The usual swim call, then happy hour ensued aboard *Quest* at the invitation of Sid and Gail Tiesenga with requisite dinghy photo ops.

Note: All was well until I found part of my gaff tongue on the deck. Further inspection indicated the rest of it was up in place at the front of the gaff jaws. This was a replacement piece that had been on the boat at least 3 seasons, but alas had a lamination (perhaps in the wrong direction) with a starved glue line. I was looking for a solution or might have to sail without it...more to follow.

Monday, 6/08: Day Two - Destination: Canoe Neck Creek – St. Clements Bay

Weather: Sunny & Fair with winds light from the south increasing to 5 kn.

Smith Creek was a nice spot with undeveloped and natural surrounds. There was a light breeze all night so we were not bothered by insects. The raft-ups stayed intact overnight. In the morning, I rowed over to the small boat raft-up to find that *Dusty* had some 5-minute epoxy suitable for my gaff tongue repair. Back on *Wanderer* and after breakfast, *Muskrat* came

by and had the latest from the Gudgeon Brothers - G-Flex epoxy. *Quest* offered up small stuff to wrap the repair as a clamp and the die was cast. I worked the repair while Capt Brown drilled Seaman Flesner and *Tuckernuck* around the anchorage.

After the repair was set and curing, indications were that the Mystic 20 practice session was finishing up, so we were underway under power at about 1030. Bringing up the rear again but with milder conditions than when we came in, I cut the outboard channel short, rounding up on the fish trap in Calvert Bay at about 1130 to be swarmed by all manner of biting flies and no-see-ums. It was a crazy "bugs a plenty" situation from out of nowhere.

Conducted the noon radio check with a visual on all boats ahead, while having communications with *Tuckernuck* and *Tenacity*. At 1415 I was abeam Piney Point under sail and power on a course of 310 degrees PMC making about 3 kn per GPS. Checked the epoxy repair to the gaff tongue out in the cockpit sun and found it set up and ready for re-installation. By 1500, I was abeam the Ragged Point spider buoy to port, with *Quest* astern and *Tuckernuck* on the starboard beam. At 1630, I came up on the red/green "HI" buoy on the south side of St. Clements Island and shaped up for St. Clements Bay.



The Roll Cloud in Canoe Neck Creek

Sailed into the first cove to starboard in Canoe Neck Creek behind *Quest* and *Dusty*. Dropped sail and anchor, then took *Tuckernuck* on the port side to find they had broken their gaff, and *Tenacity* on the starboard side. We immediately had to mitigate the situation by consoling and cajoling Steve with Dark and Stormies, promising we'd all look at the problem

and put our heads together on it...later. Capt Brown, now over the worst of the day and duly fortified, provided dinghy taxi service for *Quest*. *Wanderer* entertained all comers with Gosling's and Ginger Beer as the cockpit filled up in every direction.

Note: Steve was understandably frustrated at losing half his propulsion and even ceremoniously put the sail cover on to indicate he was done. But after soundly criticizing a prior repair that Steve did not make, we talked him out of packing it in, although we couldn't talk him into a temporary repair.

Tuesday 6/09: Day Three - Destination: Colonial Beach, VA

Weather: *Overcast with a line of storms initially – winds south at 5 kn.*

With low mileage to our next stop and some questionable weather gathering, we were in no rush to move out early. That said, some had other plans and we would lose our southern members to other commitments. *Muskrat* was off and away at 0700 just before the national weather service came across the VHF with a severe weather alert. For those still anchored, the weather alert manifest itself as a large horizontal "roll" cloud with brief, subsequent showers and lightning.

Once the weather rolled through I reinstalled the repaired gaff tongue, but not before losing a stainless 3/8 inch nut over the side. A galvanized nut was found among several holding the steering wheel shaft carrier bearing, so the installation was complete. Aside from *Muskrat's* G-flex epoxy, *Dusty* came through with the cordless drill and 3/8 inch bit to chase the hole through the tongue to remove excess epoxy. So it was truly a group effort and I learned what I should have in an on-board repair kit.

With my gaff repaired and the weather clearing, boats were getting underway. *Quest* was the next boat out of the creek at 0900 and headed south, with the others close behind. *Tuckernuck* opted to stay with us under power alone, and so received Captain Brown aboard for the day. *Wanderer* was away under power at about 0915 and abeam the No. 7 green in Dukeharts Channel on the north side of St. Clements Island by about 1015. Set sail at 1030 with a light wind from the south on a course of 280 degrees PMC moving at about 2.5 kn. per GPS. By 1100, I was abeam the No. 14A red nun off St. Catherine Island and moving only slightly faster at about 3.0 kn per GPS.

Made the noon radio check with our contingent back down to 5 boats, all in sight ahead. *Dusty* answered up, while *Tenacity* was sighted exploring the southern



Quest under full sail.

shore of the river, presumably looking for the entrance to Popes Creek, the sight of the George Washington Birthplace National Monument. The wind continued to be light from astern with no seaway. Although the boat was moving, there was wind across the deck and the sun was high, which moved me to walk down the rudder for a quick dip at about 1330. Thank God for rudder steps. The casino on the peninsula that is Colonial Beach was more than evident ahead. In another half hour, dropped sail in the vicinity of the red No. 4 at the entrance to Monroe Creek on the south side of Colonial Beach, VA. By 1430 we were all tied up in the transient slip area of Colonial Beach Yacht Center, only to find the marina and the Blue Heron Pub closed...the first miscalculation of the trip.

The ice truck was making a regular delivery, so we negotiated a few bags from the driver. The marina owner lived just a mile down the road, quickly found out we were there and came to introduce himself. He explained that since everyone else closes on Mondays, he closes on Tuesdays, but recommended the Happy

Clam at the north end of Monroe Creek. We then confirmed the combination to the showers agreeing to settle up in the morning. CCBA member Pete McCrary arrived by car and wisely chose to drive to dinner.

So, with the Happy Clam on the agenda, all agreed to be aboard *Wanderer* at 1730 for a catboat ferry ride to dinner. Made phone contact with my son Matt, who had the day off from deckhand duties aboard the *Woodwind Schooners* of Annapolis and was also driving down to meet us for dinner. Confirmed he was en route. We did not check the weather before leaving the dock. How much trouble could you get into on a creek only going about a mile in bright sunshine?... apparently more than you'd think.

We left the dock under power only and shortly noticed a quickly darkening and I mean darkening like black, sky making up ahead of us. Just about the time that I realized we wouldn't make it all the way to the restaurant, *Dusty* remarked; "Can't this thing go any faster?" Well, more speed or not, I had a decision to make and quick. I saw an open slip with 4 pilings a few docks ahead of the Happy Clam and decided that was the new destination. Luckily I had rigged mooring lines at every cleat before we left, so all that was left was the last command of: "Everybody down so I can see....when we hit the slip, get lines on the dock!"

Just then, the wind hit that 10 inch diameter mast and we were setting down and away from the dock in an instant. I only had one shot at it and threw the rudder hard left while kicking the BUKH 20 for all it was worth overcoming the force on the mast just long enough for the all catboat crew to get lines on the dock and pilings in every direction. An impressive display of seamanship that I'd have been pressed to do alone. Now the rain was coming down in buckets, but we were secure. Some crew ran ahead and got permission from the dock owner to tie up and use his yard as an easement to the Happy Clam. Lived to sail another day.

We had a nice dinner with full crew, slightly wet down but not defeated. Matt showed up within 10 minutes asking if I had gotten his phone message about weather coming our way. He struggled over the high and windy 2-lane Route 301 bridge and experienced the storm ahead of us. Of course I was in no position to answer electronic devices jingling in the cabin. Nonetheless all were safe. We enjoyed local seafood while lightning flashed and rain continued outside.

With a few cars available, some chose alternate return transportation. The rest embarked aboard *Wanderer* at about 2030, huddled in the cabin hoping for the best. The rain had stopped and the only thing I had to worry about was finding the day marks in the dark and navigating around the crab pot fields. Gave a short aviation style safety briefing for the return trip to ensure everyone knew bunk cushions could be used as life jackets in the event of a water landing. With vigilant lookouts John Brown and David Bleil on deck, we were moored back at Colonial Beach Yacht Center at 2130 after ensuring "tray tables were in the upright and locked position" prior to the docking maneuver. It was nothing like the previous one.

Took Matt aboard for the night, relocating swing-man Brown to a berth aboard *Dusty*. The other cats were moored alongside; not in slips, so there was some unexpected outcome from the storm, which called for mooring adjustments, but all finally settled down. That was enough for one night. Thank you Mother Nature – Lights out.



American Gothic -- Catboat Style.

Wednesday 6/10: Day Four - Destination: Nomini Creek – South side of the Potomac

Weather: Sunny with winds from the south at 5 kn.

The weather settled down and it was an uneventful night at the dock. Glad to spend a little time with Matt who had not been aboard for an overnight in quite awhile. We laid in to wait for the marina to open. With good weather forecast for the day, *Tuckernuck* decided to go solo continuing the trip under power, now that every day would only bring her closer to home. So having been displaced again, Captain Brown reported back aboard *Wanderer* and

immediately got busy cooking up chorizo and eggs for three. I was glad to have him back. We would keep an eye on *Tuckernuck* from a distance while John might get a chance to recuperate from his day in the sun on the Mystic 20.

We squared up with the marina at \$1.50 a foot. Some waited on the gas dock attendant. Matt killed some time rowing the dinghy around, then we walked around the boatyard to inventory what was on the hard, finding at least one old Mathews flush deck cruiser that was in nice shape for its age. Finally, Matt handled my dock lines and then took off down the road by car. It was 1000 when we got away from the dock. Set sail shortly after to keep John shaded from the morning sun that we were headed into. Within an hour we were off the engine and enjoyed a nice southeasterly sail on a course of about 160 degrees PMC, moving at about 3.5 kn. per GPS. .

By 1300 we were abeam Mt. Airy, VA with Currioman Bay in sight. At 1415 we were abeam the PRV6B Marker off Hollis Marsh. In another half hour, we added engine to stem the tide as we came up on the No. 2 red at the bottom of Nomini Bay, picking up the channel to Nomini Creek. By 1600, after navigating local watermen working the creek, we were anchored off Mount Holly at the bottom of Nomini Creek. *Dusty* and *Tuckernuck* rafted up along side while *Gull's* crew joined the happy hour aboard *Wanderer* after a requisite swim call. *Tenacity* found a good spot up at the top of Nomini Creek and stayed there for the night. Everyone to their own hooks for the night. *Tuckernuck* completed a solo day without incident and stayed alongside.

Thursday, 6/11: Day Five – Destination: Port Kinsale on the West Yeocomico River

Weather: *Overcast; with winds from the southeast at 5-10 kn.*

There was a nice breeze in the creek so we started sleeping on deck until rain later drove us back into the cabin. Despite the weather, which came and went, it was a quiet night on the hook. Got underway in the morning under power at about 0830, watching the watermen work and surprised at how quiet they were. As is usually the case on the Chesapeake, the ways of the local watermen are regional. In this case, the workboats on Nomini Creek were consistent in their use of technology, with transoms modified to accept modern 4 stroke outboards. Honda was the engine of choice. The result is we were not awakened as we have been in some creeks at very early hours by straight

exhaust V-8 auto engines. It was interesting and not the result of gentrification on the creek as there was no modern development of note. Seems it may just have been for efficiency.

In about an hour, we were out of the creek with no sign of *Tenacity* as we passed the green No. 5 behind White Point where they had anchored. Off Kincopisco Point we set sail on a course of 060 degrees PMC and came off the engine as we traversed the width of the river. At 1115 we crossed bows with *Dusty*, then tacked around to a course of 150 degrees PMC and back on the engine to stem the tide headed for Sandy Point on the south shore. We tacked around again at 1145 to 100 degrees PMC with a good visual on Piney Point and moving at about 3.5 kn. per GPS. In another hour, we tacked one more time shaping up on a course of 160 degrees PMC for the Yeocomico River, with *Dusty* astern.

The predicted scattered thunderstorms looked like they were making up in the western sky and we hoped we might beat the weather to the dock, but it was not to be. At about 1430 in the vicinity of the No. 2 flashing red off Lynch Point at the mouth of the Yeocomico we were hit by a passing squall. Since we had time to watch it coming, John and I were already in foul weather gear with a good compass heading to the No. 3 green, our next intended mark in the river before visibility due to rain, went to zero. We were under power, but also full sail, so it got interesting for a little bit. The quick wind increase churned up the shallow water off the point and of course backed around so we had no choice but to follow the wind, since the sail was up. We sailed almost in a full circle over the course of the 10 minutes it took the squall to pass, while were taking rainwater into the cockpit sufficient to require one of us to bail. Of course the water was pooling where the drain wasn't, since we were heeled.

Just as we thought we had things under control, visibility came back up enough for John to say: "Well, there's the beach," to which I responded: "That's not good, steer away from that." In the end, the squall passed as if nothing had happened, the sun came up and it was hot again. John remarked: "My, wasn't that refreshing" and "the boat pulled us through again."

We took the opportunity to douse sail and noted everyone else was docked except for us and *Dusty*, who was now cutting Lynch Point close to get into the river. By 1600, we were in a slip at Port Kinsale Marina with the rest of the catboats. Most were in before the squall. *Tenacity* and crew watched from the

bar, and *Tuckernuck*, under power alone, bare-knuckled it abeam the last buoy before the marina when he lost visibility. So everyone had some fun.



Catboats at Port Kinsale.

We found the showers, got cleaned up and met for happy hour at the Moorings Restaurant at about 1730. Stuart and Dee Hopkins (*Muskrat*) drove in to join us for dinner with proof of having battled the "roll cloud" of two days earlier. Stuart produced a picture of the roll cloud and a shot of his GPS showing a speed of 7.1 kn. in his Marshall 22 cat yawl. Quite impressive. The menu and its execution were not to be faulted and all left pleased. Some of the group reformed in *Wanderer's* cockpit to explore a nightcap with Sailor Dave or at Kentucky Tavern. Another good day.

Friday, 6/12: Day Six - Destination: St. Jerome Creek instead of Smith Point

Weather: Clearing with winds from the southwest, moving around to the north

Up and making coffee at 0700 after a somewhat muggy night in the marina. Fuel, ice and dockage fees were paid off followed by a captains' meeting on the dock. Considering the predicted winds and the distance down the Little Wicomico on the south side of the mouth of the Potomac, consensus was to take advantage of the southwest winds and turn the corner on Point Lookout to duck into St. Jerome Creek, which is the only inlet on the bay between the Potomac and the Patuxent Rivers. There were no negative votes, this being the down side of the trip and the group collectively getting "channel fever."

With a plan in place, we were underway at about 0900 and I was making a second pot of coffee so we

could enjoy the donuts John brought along. By 1000, we had raised sail and were moving nicely with the wind astern and with all catboats ahead making for Point Lookout. At 1100, we jibed around to intercept *Tuckernuck* who seemed to be heading a little too far south. On the 1200 radio check we got a positive status on *Tuckernuck*, so decided to track him visually as we came up hard on the wind about 1230, rounding Point Lookout and moving up the western shore at about 4.5 kn. per GPS. *Tenacity* was already up at Point No Point and reported he had a good course and was continuing on instead of stopping. Wished he and his crew safe home and then got down to navigating into St. Jerome Creek. This is a tricky creek with a switchback entrance between two sandy and shallow spits of beach. Some years back, I tried it under sail in *Sylph*, my Hermann 17, but had too much foul tide running through the opening and had to resort to the outboard. This time, wind was ample but not heavy and tide was fair, so I decided to give it a shot under sail. We sailed the buoy line, dropped sail and put out a stern hook without engine. Sometimes things just work, and you can never practice enough without the engine.

Everyone found their hook, while we took *Tuckernuck* alongside. The decision was a good one. We were settled by 1400, the weather was perfect and swim call was the best of the trip. St. Jerome Creek has a sandy bottom, so even the water color is uncharacteristically tropical in appearance. With a nice wind in the creek and sun, but not scorching, the atmosphere and conditions were right for a leisurely afternoon of recharging and recreating. A suitable happy hour ensued as we added *Dusty* alongside. John decided to cook up some type of pork tenderloin surprise as he extolled the benefits of cooking by "reduction." There was plenty all around, none of it helping any of us reduce.

Dinner was topped off by local entertainment as we watched what we thought was a controlled burn become an uncontrolled fire. *Tuckernuck* called it in to 911, specifying location in the creek. That almost immediately got the local fire siren going, but then we listened to the fire trucks drive around to the south side of the creek, until they were just looking across the water at the fire. Needless to say, the structure burned as we watched by binoculars. The north side of St. Jerome Creek is now speckled with new, large second homes, unoccupied during this event. We did all we could do, the fire burned down and out...no thanks to the local fire department. You win some and you lose some I guess. Enough fun for one day. Everyone was ready for the final leg back to the Patuxent River.

Saturday 6/13: Day Seven - Destination: Homeward Bound/St. Leonard's Creek

Weather: Overcast with north winds at 5 – 10 kn.

Up at 0600 with a no nonsense breakfast of coffee and hard boiled eggs compliments of *Tuckernuck*. Added some diesel to *Tuckernuck's* fuel stingy one-cylinder Yanmar and then got the group underway under power by 0700. Navigated the channel out and set sail off Point No Point at about 0730, retaining the engine to stem the ebb. Our course was due east at a speed of about 4.0 kn. per GPS with all catboats ahead under sail. *Tuckernuck* took station crawling under power up close to the western shore where he was easily visible. After an hour, tacked around to a course of 330 degrees PMC and increased throttle to give us another half knot of speed. A little after 1000, we tacked around to our due east heading again, off the first of two domes prominent and visible between Point No Point and Cedar Point on the south side of the Patuxent River. At 1155, we were up fighting a strong ebb at the mouth of the river, taking several tacks to clear Cedar Point. On the 1200 radio check, had communications with *Gull*, *Tuckernuck* and the Patuxent River welcoming committee catboat *Caerulean*.

Tacked around into the Patuxent at about 1225 and off the engine, sailing at a good 4.0 kn. per GPS. Sighted our charge *Tuckernuck* officially in the river. Although we should have stayed with him, it was too late, we were headed for the barn now, but kept the radio on just in case. At 1300 the wind died and we were still fighting the last of the tide. Kept the sail up for shade and came back on the engine. Passed under the Route 2/4 bridge and around Point Patience at 1400. By 1430, the sail was down and we were headed for St. Leonard's Creek with *Gull* and *Tuckernuck* visible astern. We turned into St. Leonard's Creek at 1500 and were tied up at 1530.

We had plenty to do to clean up the boats as *Tuckernuck* came around the last bend an hour later. After a successful docking maneuver, we cleaned up and took a minute to congratulate Steve Flesner on his first long cruise complete, despite the adversity of a broken gaff. He was presented, or more correctly "re-gifted" a bag of exotic buckwheat pancake mix, reminiscent of another infamous Mystic 20 sailor, Captain Bill Hoover, marking Steve's and his Mystic 20's accomplishment. He is expected to have everyone aboard for breakfast on next year's long cruise.

The remaining group left their boats in anticipation of the Pax River Shootout the following weekend and emptied the Flesner driveway of extra cars. Cruise Complete.



Tuckernuck headin' home.

Epilogue

Although a bit more arduous and complicated due to pre-staging than most of our cruises, we succeeded in getting on the Potomac the first night, where we joined our more southerly located members. On average, weather was good but hot due to consistently low wind speeds that were made up for on more than one occasion by line squalls, lightning shows or just plain downpour including a rare "roll cloud" sighting. That said, everyone handled conditions without further weather induced mishap and we all agreed that we now had some appreciation for the lower Potomac River.

On the upside, except for *Tuckernuck's* gaff giving way just behind the jaws due to a less than well executed previous repair not made by the owner, and my broken but repaired gaff tongue thanks to a better prepared member who always carries epoxy on board, all the other boats ran flawlessly. We spent a good deal of time powering under sail to provide ourselves shade, and work against foul tides in light wind while certainly giving the auxiliaries a work out. We congratulated Steve Flesner for making *Tuckernuck* "swim" again and look forward to her return under sail but enjoyed watching Steve gain confidence and perspective on what it takes to complete a long cruise with this group.

A special thanks to our southern members for making the effort to intercept our path and join in some catboat camaraderie, as well as to the Flesners for hosting the pre and post-staging that enabled our success. I expect a low-impact cruise next year in the mid-Chesapeake focused on several of the rivers on the western shore. Keep an eye on our website at chesapeakecatboats.org, as plans develop. With another successful cruise down, look for us again in 2010 on the Chesapeake Bay.



Yarns & Adventure

– Bill McKay, Editor

Editor's Note: It is nice to welcome back to our pages Charlie and Maxine Peek who contributed to this issue. Thank you to them and to our other three writers.

Bill McKay
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The Peek family joined the CBA in 1967 when we purchased the Charles Crosby catboat, *Valiant*. We have a large family and everyone became an avid catboater. *Valiant* gave us ten years of sailing enjoyment in Niantic Bay and Fishers Island Sound before we had to sell her due to a job transfer to Florida. In 1983 I retired and we relocated here in western New York state on Keuka Lake, one of the beautiful Finger Lakes. We immediately had to have a catboat, a Marshall Sandpiper, which we named *Catawba*, after a grape variety long grown in this vineyard county. In 1995, I sold the boat to my daughter, Stephanie and her husband, Stephen Piccone. They are now CBA members and sail out of Larchmont, NY.

It should be noted that *Valiant* had a number of former owners of renown, including Whit Anderson, Peter Wells, and Walter Whitaker. One of the earliest owners was Bert Gibbs who, after the Hurricane of



The Peek family fills *Valiant's* large cockpit.

1938, acquired her from one of the Crosby yards in Osterville for \$900. He single-handed her back to his homeport of College Point, Long Island, NY and, during that trip, encountered a serious storm. Because the boat was such an uncomplaining staunch craft in the face of the storm, he named her *Valiant*.

Messing About in Our Boat

– Maxine Peek

My husband, Charlie and I are both good sailors. No, I'd better qualify that... he is an excellent sailor, and I never get seasick. Oh, I have learned to refer to ropes as lines, to left and right as port and starboard, but my real expertise has become producing meals on a tiny alcohol stove in an unbelievably cramped cabin.

For several years we owned an ancient Crosby catboat. These are broad beamed sailboats, originally built for earlier commercial fishing, and now used for pleasure sailing. We had plenty of room on deck for six or eight people to lounge and sail comfortably. The open cockpit, more than half the length of the boat, had been used to store lobster pots and tubs of longline, with enough space for the bait and whatever the usual crew of a man and a boy managed to catch. All of this space was now available for the sailing and sunning enjoyment of quite a few people. The cabin, with two bunks/seats, was provided to allow fisherman to gain shelter on fishing ventures that sometimes could last for several days. Some modern sailing craft boast of standing headroom in the cabin. Our cabin had sitting headroom only if you placed your head carefully between the overhead beams, and avoided making any sudden moves. In order to ply my cooking trade, I had to emulate a circus contortionist. The one-burner alcohol fueled stove hung on the cabin bulkhead. (That's sailor talk for the wall between the cabin and the open deck.) A gimballed hanger kept the stove level while the rest of the boat, including the cook, tilted and swayed.

Instant coffee was my best effort under sail, and even making that sometimes resulted in scorched eyebrows and burned fingers. Once we were at

anchor, however it was DINNER TIME. Salt air and cool breezes whetted appetites to the point where a simple meal of stew or chowder was greeted with cries of joy. For obvious reasons I prepared these “feasts” before leaving home, so that all I had to do was heat and serve. Along with my main course, I would heat rolls or garlic bread by wedging a foil wrapped packet against the top of my cooking stove. A homemade pie was my usual finale for a meal afloat.

The first summer we owned *Valiant*, we sailed on every available day. We enjoyed some great cruises with family and friends, and our dinners afloat were always enjoyed. In fact, things went along so smoothly that I was becoming quite smug about my shipboard meals.

One beautiful Sunday afternoon, our guests were four friends who had never sailed with us before. We enjoyed a pleasant cruise and then “tied up” at the dock. Our husbands went to visit other boatman while the ladies helped me organize dinner. My “piece de resistance” that day was a big pot of chili that I had cooked the night before with tomatoes, garlic, chili peppers and cumin; all blended with ground beef and kidney beans. It simmered fragrantly, giving the whole boat the air of a Mexican café.

As I lifted the pot from the little stove, we must have been hit by the wake of a passing boat, because the boat lurched, and the pot fell out of my hands and onto the floor. As I reached for it, some of the thick chili oozed from the pot. I righted the pot almost at once, but not before half of my chili had escaped.

I was simultaneously wailing and trying to think of a nearby eatery – there were not any – when my friend, Lois, sprang into action. In the smallest part of a second, she was on her knees carefully spooning the chili back into the pot and reassuring me. She declared, “It’ll be fine; we’ll just boil it up again before the men get back.”

The third woman on the boat was a dedicated Girl Scout leader. Years of eating sandy “smores” had given her the intestinal fortitude to be part of “operation salvage.” As soon as the chili was back in the pot, I removed all traces of the mishap with a giant sponge. I decided that the cabin floor was, if not exactly sterile, at least very clean. We regularly swabbed the old boards with salt water, never soap or chemicals.

For some reason, our dinner that night seemed particularly delicious. Probably it was just that we were so hungry from our autumn sail. On the way home, my husband remarked, “That chili was your best... what did you put in it?”

Keeping a straight face, I told him. “It wasn’t what I put in it, but rather what I put it in, that made the difference.” It’s good for husbands to be confused now and then.

Postcards From Home

– Shannon Kelly Winning

Editor’s Note: Shannon Winning is a freelance writer, waitress and mom living in Highlands, NJ. Also the daughter of longtime member of CBA, William Kelley.

I count among my blessings the few times I have sailed across beautiful waters in faraway places. After college I sailed with friends in an old wooden schooner across the navy blue waves of the Pacific off the coast of Australia, to tour the brilliant white sand beaches of the Whitsunday Islands. Later, as a grown woman on my honeymoon, my husband and I skimmed along the aqua blue Caribbean in the shadow of mountainous tropical green islands.

Yet when I dream of my perfect sail, I crave the familiar over the exotic. If I could leave it all for a few days (or hours even) I would go back to the places that have marked my growth from childhood to adulthood, from the places I played as a kid to where I hope to bring my son and daughter as they grow. Though now, naturally, I would do this without them. After all, I did say perfect sail. There is no greater bliss than that feeling of freedom as you leave Thing One and Thing Two for a night with Grandma and Grandpa.

And so, on a warm July evening, this is what my husband, Stephen, and I are doing. We return to my roots on the Shrewsbury River in Oceanport to set sail from my parents’ house on their Sanderling.

When we set off it is still light, with the sky turning golden and the crickets begin to sing. Out the back door we step barefoot into the cool, thick, green grass and make our way to the dock. I love the feel of its wooden planks under my feet, still warm from the sunshine of the day. The planks are starting to warp from years of weather and they curl up a little on the edges. I love that this dock is worn because it reminds me of all the years it has been here for me. I spent the greater part of my childhood playing on and under this dock, exploring the mud and torturing sea creatures.

The dock sits on Blackberry Bay, which is nothing more than a little tributary of the river, small enough that you can almost wave to the people on the boat ramp across the way. I look down at the water. It is high tide, thank God. This river is so shallow that we joke not to worry if your boat sinks because you can always walk home. I know this river well from years of sailing, motoring and kayaking here. I know the location of every sandbar because I have personally scraped the bottom of every boat I have had on each one, and yet we will still probably run aground somewhere. But just for a few seconds. Any more and one of us might be forced to go overboard and shove us off, and I am far too afraid of crabs to let that happen.

We load up our provisions of snacks, blankets, sunscreen and beer and cast off. We motor out into what we have always called "the bay", which isn't a bay at all but the actual river. Here we hoist the sail, a noisy event with the motor going, the spars clanging and the sail rustling like stiff paper. We kill the engine, the sail fills and suddenly – it's quiet – quiet enough that you can hear the water move past the hull as we begin to glide across it.

There is something especially sweet about the summer evening air when you are on the water. It is light and fragrant and when it fills your lungs, you feel lighter. And as it blows through my hair, it takes with it all the stresses of my week. Gone are the bills, the whines of children, the futile worries about the future.

The sun begins its descent, the sky growing more orange and yellow, and so we turn our attention to the West. Here on the Shrewsbury, and on its sister river, the Navesink, the sunset is *the* event. When it begins it is the only show in town. Behind us people gather on the deck of the Shrewsbury Sailing and Yacht Club to watch it as they have since the 30s.

That is where I learned to sail and later taught classes of children and adults. I always preferred the kids over the grown-ups because there was more laughter and silliness and no hint of ego. But adult classes, in the evening, were all about the sunset. I would sit out in the middle of the river in my coach boat and announce its arrival as if this were the lesson to which my students should pay most attention. It was always a chore, when I had already had a long day, to rush from my regular job as a reporter to get to the club in time for lessons. But when that sky turned the color of port wine cheese and the clouds lit up from the inside, I thought, What was I worried about again?

Tonight the sunset does not disappoint and we are silent in reverence of God's magnificent canvas. As its warm colors fade into the cool hues of indigo and violet, we sail slowly down the river toward Sea Bright. On the river, when the sun goes, the wind usually does too. And so we take down the sail and start the engine and putter out toward our destination, Sandy Hook. Turning northeast up the river we head toward the Sea Bright Bridge. The waterway narrows here and the water becomes turbulent and seems almost alive. The current rushes the water under the bridge and out with the receding tide. The rushing tide pulls on the buoys and makes them look like they will rip from their anchors. Our dinky motor welcomes the help and we too slip under the bridge and past the mansions of Rumson. Familiar and relatively unchanged since I was a child, these homes are a pleasure to look on with their immaculate green lawns pouring down the hill. I point out my favorite to my husband (for the hundredth time), the white one with the octagonal guesthouse, which is bigger than our own home.

We talk about stopping at one of the waterfront restaurants here, maybe The Quay. We decide instead to preserve the quietness of the evening for now and continue on. The only thing that breaks the peace is a few lone jet skis, but once the sun is really gone they will be too.

Quickly we reach the marshes where the Navesink mixes with the Shrewsbury and together they slip further out underneath another bridge and into Sandy Hook Bay and eventually the Atlantic. From here we can see the island that I have always referred to as Starvation Island. It is where when we were young, my parents brought me and my siblings for beach parties, along with a bunch of friends and an impossible number of children. And it is where my husband brought me by kayak for our first date and wooed me with marinated lamb kebobs and Earl Grey iced tea. Later, after we were married, we would return several times by kayak, once to camp and again cook meat on a stick, perhaps our favorite thing to do. Now renamed Pirate Island by our son, it is again a faraway, mysterious place for children to explore – all 20 feet square of it.

Continuing on with the tide, we decide to make our way out to Highlands and into the shelter of Sandy Hook. We drop anchor for the night at Horseshoe Cove, named perhaps both for its shape and its crabs. I try not to think about the crabs. We decide that tomorrow we will swim onto the beach to do a lot

of nothing. When we are good and crusty with salt we will head over to the Windansea restaurant across the river in Highlands. After an early dinner (I think I'll have the Cajun salmon sandwich) we might motor back to the Shrewsbury and sail home. Maybe we'll pick up the kids and take them for a sail.

But that's tomorrow.

I know from experience that the water here is a dingy estuary-green. But tonight, under a full moon it's a sparkling onyx. The moonlight is so bright and clear its like daytime with a blue camera filter making it just *look* like night. The waves gently rock us and there isn't the sound of a Jet Ski anywhere. If I had an umbrella in my drink, we'd be in Elvis's Blue Hawaii.

I say to Stephen, "You look good in the moonlight. We should do this more often." He smiles back at me with his serene smile that I haven't seen in a while.

I grasp for the right words to capture the sense of this moment. Peace? Yes, but there's more. It's traveling the world to see, to "experience" only to turn into your own driveway and to say, with a thud in your chest, "There it is - home."

A Night Passage to Padanaram

— Brent Putnam

FALMOUTH, MA -- There are times when passage-making at night is required. Note that there is a significant difference between sailing and passage-making. Sailing at night can be scheduled during a full moon with favorable weather in a familiar setting, whereas passage-making takes you to a distant, and sometimes unfamiliar, destination on a set schedule, with less consideration for the weather.

In our case, we wanted to attend the Buzzards Bay Rendezvous a few years ago on July 28, but immediately after attending the Martha's Vineyard Rendezvous on July 14, we would be heading to Florida for two weeks. The only way we could get our Marshall 22 *Cranberry* to the second rendezvous was to reposition her via an overnight passage from Edgartown to Padanaram. A quick call to Geoff at Marshall Marine confirmed that they had a mooring *Cranberry* could use while we were away, so we started to make plans.

Because Rebecca had to make the final preparations for our two week absence, the Buzzard's Bay part of the trip would be a solo adventure. I had my own preparations to make, and because this would be my first overnight passage, every precaution was taken.

With young children and a spouse who is not yet much of a sailor, I've grown accustomed to wearing my PFD almost all the time. Knowing that a man overboard becomes a small target very quickly, my PFD has a small multi-tool, a cheap compass, a signal mirror and two aerial flares stuffed into the pocket of the vest, and a dual purpose light/strobe secured to the vest with a Velcro strap. If I were to go overboard, I would be seen.

However, it is always better to avoid going overboard in the first place, especially when alone at night. For this trip, I purchased a harness and tether and secured a u-bolt to the port side of the cabin bulkhead. At six feet, the tether is just long enough for me to sit comfortably on the port side of the wheel. More importantly, it is short enough to keep me in the cockpit to starboard, and attached to the boat to port.

The family part of our journey began on Friday, July 13 when we left Falmouth for Edgartown. I've read that it is bad luck to start a journey on Friday, and Friday the 13th is just that much worse, so I was expecting some disaster to befall us. However, whatever bad luck we might have had coming to us probably played itself out during the race on Saturday. A poor start and some bad roundings led to a really lousy finish - the worst luck of the entire two week trip.

Immediately after the race, the girls and I dropped off Rebecca at the ferry dock in Edgartown. She'd get back to Falmouth several hours before us and pick up the girls when we arrived at Green Harbor.

From there, it was a quick trip back to Eel Pond just outside Edgartown harbor to pick up our anchor and *The Puck* (our dingy), and to drop off the crew of *Vanity*. We managed to scrape our way out, over the bar that lay across the entrance to the pond, narrowly avoiding getting trapped by the outgoing tide.



Sunset in Green Harbor, the start point of the journey.

We arrived at Green Harbor around 7PM and proceeded to clean and pack the boat. My cell phone battery had died, so Rebecca had taken it home with her to charge so I'd have it for the passage. Victoria and I walked down the street to a friend's house and called from there.

Besides having the PFD, harness and tether, I replaced the pig stick with a radar reflector. Light fog was forecast, and I knew that almost any boat big enough to worry about would have radar. Within the cockpit, I had two lanterns in reach – one 6-volt floating type, and one wired to the boat battery – and an air horn. A handheld compass would serve as a backup to the bulkhead-mounted Ritchie and give me a way of checking bearings. Rather than coffee, soda, energy drinks and/or candy, I had a water bottle and a bucket of Shaw's chocolate chip cookies for hydration and nourishment. The cookies would help keep up my energy without the worry of crashing from a sugar or caffeine high.

There would be no GPS aboard. We don't own one, and the compass, good charts and my own knowledge of the area were more than enough. Also aboard was a red light that I made years ago for use with my telescopes at night. The large, red LED provides enough light to read by, but doesn't ruin night vision. The only downside is that the red light makes red markings (like headings and distances on the Richardson's charts) disappear. I compensated for this with a hand written list of my buoy waypoints.

On the off chance that I might have to leave *Cranberry* in favor of *The Puck*, I prepared a ditch bag that contained two handheld flares, a small PFD so the bag will float, signal flag, water bottle, handheld VHF in waterproof bag, waterproof headband light, and yellow poncho.

Rebecca and the girls said goodbye and headed home, but I waited a bit. Aside from the desire to double-check everything, I wanted to time my passage through Woods Hole, which, because of its location between Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound, has a swift current. On this night, the favorable ebb tide wouldn't start until after midnight, and I estimated about 2-3 hours travel time to Woods Hole.

At about 9pm, I cast off from the town dock at Green Harbor, but the wind, although light, was blowing on shore and keeping *Cranberry* against the dock. I had to go forward, kick *Cranberry's* bow away from the piling and then jump back into the cockpit and put the engine in gear.

That accomplished, I pulled out my spotlight to help me find the channel to Vineyard Sound. Inside

Green Harbor, the buoys are unlighted but do have reflective tape. In short order, I was outside the harbor, and aiming for the red buoy number 2 just offshore.



Plotted course of *Cranberry* through Vineyard Sound. The actual course took me further west before turning south.

With some distance between *Cranberry* and the shore, we hove to. I was nervous raising the sail. The haze reflected some ambient light from the shore, but I was really just feeling my way around in the dark. Fortunately, the weather was more than cooperative, with quiet seas and a 10-knot southwesterly - perfect sailing weather.

One of the things I learned rather quickly was that distance at night is difficult to judge. The charted trip would take me from one lighted buoy to another, and because the lights are visible from two miles away, I would see the next buoy long before I actually got there.

In spite of this initial disorientation, the trip from the buoy number 2 outside Green Harbor to the red buoy number 16 outside Falmouth Harbor was a relaxed, close-hauled sail along the coast of Falmouth. Because this part of the Falmouth shoreline has a number of rock groins extending from the beaches into Vineyard Sound, I had to tack out a few times to get some breathing room.

Aside from the tides and current in Woods Hole, the other favorable change I was anticipating was the wind backing to the south. The southwesterly breeze was good enough to take me west along the south coast of Falmouth, but getting to Woods Hole or the other side of Buzzards Bay would require some serious tacking unless the wind shifted. However, when I reached the red number 16 buoy at 10:15 PM, the wind hadn't yet backed, so instead of heading directly to my next waypoint off of Nobska Point, I continued west.

It was along here that the wind quieted. Passage-making is about staying on schedule, so I started *Cranberry's* old Palmer and headed south to the red buoy number 26. The transmission was in need of some adjustment and would slip if I gave it too much throttle, so I took my time.

Aside from the challenge of passing through Woods Hole, other boats were my biggest concern. Although I doubted that there'd be any recreational boats out at this time of night, fishing vessels and ferries were always present. In Buzzards Bay, tugs with tows could present a bigger challenge, as the two are separated by a cable which is effectively invisible.

However, I would only see three boats tonight, and two were on this leg. A small motor boat of some sort – a fisherman probably – was the first to cross my path. Later, as I got closer to buoy 26, a ferry passed well ahead of me on its way from the Vineyard to Woods Hole.

By the time I reached the number 26 buoy at 11:30 PM, the wind had finally backed to the south and was picking up again.

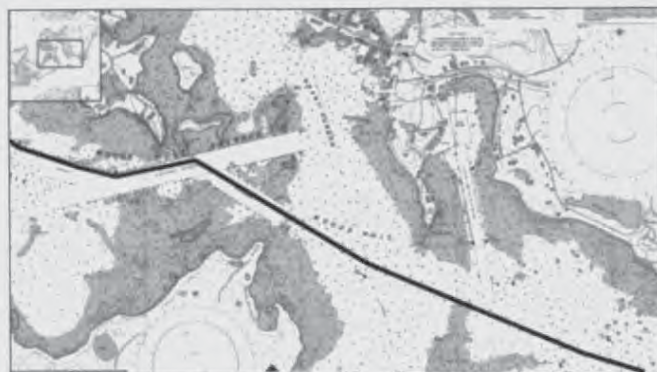
Here I was presented with the most confusing - and dangerous - part of my journey. Woods Hole is a narrow passage between Cape Cod and Naushon Island, the northernmost of the Elizabethan Islands which separate Buzzards Bay from Vineyard Sound. It is a rocky area with a number of lighted and unlighted buoys marking the various channels. Added to this is a dazzling array of lights from the Woods Hole/Martha's Vineyard Steamship Authority, the Coast Guard, and the various research institutions which call this part of Falmouth home.

As I headed to my next waypoint, I was momentarily caught aback by the spectacle. Which blinking buoy was which? Was I heading in the right direction?

I slowed my progress and double-checked my course, chart and surroundings. A GPS would've been useful here, but it was really just a matter of getting my bearings. Although the buoy was too far away to see its number, I focused on the 2-1/2 second red flash and its relation to Nobska Light. At 11:45 PM, I passed the red buoy number 2 and entered Woods Hole on the slack tide.

The next 15 minutes were the most harrowing of the entire night. As I passed the Coast Guard station and a large yacht heading east, through Broadway, The Straight, and the Branch, I had to look for and identify the green 5, red 4A, red 6 and red 10. At one point, I looked up to see the unlighted green number

3 buoy passing just a few feet from my starboard side. The end of the boom clanged against the can in an eerie reminder of our first race in Padanaram.



Course taken through Woods Hole.

In hindsight, I should've entered Woods Hole via the more southerly channel and then taken the hard turn west down The Straight. While this is not as direct a route, it involves fewer changes of direction, an important consideration when navigating with limited visibility in such a tight space.

That said; I reached the green number 13 buoy at midnight. I was in Buzzards Bay.

As per the plan, I called Rebecca to notify her of my position. I didn't tell her about the close encounter with the green can; I saw no need to worry her now about something that had no effect on the outcome of the journey.

From Woods Hole to Padanaram it is a relatively straight run across the Bay on a heading of about 300 degrees WNW. My waypoints included the green number 9 buoy which marks the shipping channel, and the red 4 and green 5 which, with several other pairs of buoys, mark the channel into New Bedford.

The south wind made for a glorious close reach across the Bay. According to my log, I was making about 5 knots or so with a 10-15 knot wind and 2-3 foot seas. Some stars were visible, but only overhead; haze masked anything closer to the horizon.

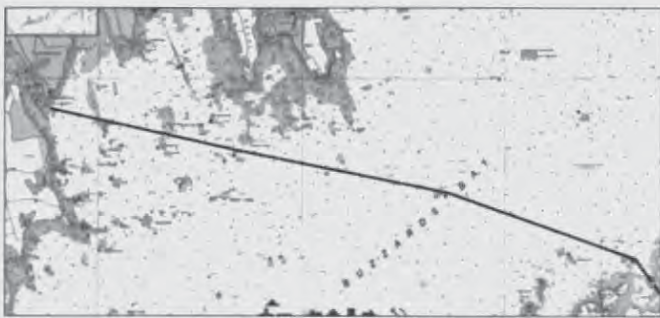
Throughout the journey I had the VHF on and tuned to channel 16. While it was generally quiet, it occasionally provided some entertainment. Several times during the night one could hear incoherent babbling. Words could be understood, but the sentences made no sense. Perhaps some guys drinking and fishing?

Then there was the guy who said "white power" at intervals of about an hour. The Coast Guard would follow with a warning that 16 was reserved for hailing

and emergencies only. After the 2 AM “white power” the Coasties didn’t respond, but somebody replied, “Get a life.”

Perhaps the most interesting thing was a Coast Guard “pan pan” asking boaters to look for a blue pleasure boat with four persons aboard. At first I didn’t catch the location, but eventually heard “Maryland.” For those of you familiar with radio wave propagation, there are times when VHF – which is supposed to be line-of-sight only – can have signals carried hundreds and thousands of miles. This was apparently one of those nights.

The VHF was a welcome companion as fatigue started to set in. I wasn’t tired - I didn’t feel the need to doze off – but halfway across the Bay I began to have trouble focusing on the compass as it moved with the motion of the boat.



Course taken across Buzzards Bay.

Fatigue will play tricks on your mind, and it happened to me not long after passing the New Bedford channel. A wave off the port quarter caught some of the light from the stern light. I saw it out of the corner of my eye, and before I was able to recognize it for what it was, I jumped.

Fortunately, I was nearing the end of my journey. The flashing red mark at the end of the Padanaram breakwater soon appeared where expected and I hove to off of Clarks Cove. Once again, I found myself feeling my way around the dark as I dropped and secured the sail, assisted only marginally by the sky glow from nearby New Bedford.

I motored into the harbor between the fleet of moorings to the bridge dividing the inner from the outer harbor. I tied up and waited for the opening at 3 AM.

Only after 3 AM came and went did I realize that the sign on the bridge said to “call ahead for an opening” at that early hour. “sigh” I turned in, got a few hours of sleep and woke at 6 AM to slip through

the bridge at 7AM. Rebecca and the kids picked me up at Marshall Marine an hour later.

Two weeks later, we returned for the rendezvous, just in time for the race.

Overall, I was pleasantly surprised at how ordinary and uneventful the trip was (excepting the close call with the can in Woods Hole). My extensive preparation and familiarity with the area were the biggest keys to success; I certainly don’t recommend transiting Woods Hole after dark unless you’ve been through in daylight.

Weather also played a major part. Had it not been so favorable, I probably would have canceled the passage. After all, there was no need to be in Padanaram, only a strong desire.

That said; there are some things I would add or do differently:

- A grease pen to mark my waterproof chart would’ve been more convenient than trying to hold the pages of a wind-blown notepad

- Some way to secure the wheel (a bungee?) would have made the trip a little more comfortable, allowing me to let go of the helm for a few minutes

- A red headlamp so I could see without ruining my night vision and have both hands free

- Monitor channel 13 (bridge & tow traffic) in addition to channel 16

- Get more sleep before hand, have a companion, and/or break the trip into shorter legs

- Memorize the sequence of buoys through Woods Hole

- Better yet, memorize the chart for Woods Hole

- A light mounted near the bow for visibility when navigating in tight quarters

- Leave a float plan with a relative. I’ve always done this in the past, but this time I forgot. Although Rebecca knew the details of the journey, the stress of an emergency situation can lead to forgotten information.

I’m looking forward to doing this again.

The Tyranny of Timidity at the Tiller

— William C. Winslow

You wake up to a beautiful sailing day, fleecy clouds scudding across a bluer sky on gentle zephyrs of wind. Pack the lunch, apply the sun block. Let's go. Well, yes. But then I get to the marina and look up at the 50 ft. pole where the flag is in rigid formation, flying straight-out, stiff as a board. I pause. Boy, that's a hurricane up there. I bet it's really going to be blowing once I get out of the protection of the inlet where I am moored. My stomach tightens. Maybe it's going to blow 15-20 kn. Not a good day for soloing. Let's check NOAA on the radio. What did that discombobulating voice with the vaguely Swedish accent say? Small craft warnings? Local waters or Great South Canyon out to sea? I'm starting to panic. Yep. I have a good case of timidity at the tiller even before I've slipped the dock lines. Maybe it's a good time to stay in port and shine brass?

One of the reasons I sail a catboat is that it's relatively safe. I'm not one of those white knuckle high performance freaks who is never so happy as when the lee rail is under water and the boats is exceeding its theoretical hull speed. No siree. Give me a level boat that mostly sails on her lines, whether close hauled or running free.

Of course, catboats are not immune to their environment. I soon discovered skipper's panic the first time I sailed through The Race, that notorious body of water where all of Long Island Sound flows into or out of a constricted area between the Sound and Block Island Sound. Talk about confused seas. The current can whip along at six kn. and steep waves can quickly build up when the wind is from the wrong direction. The first time I encountered The Race, I got mauled. It was like being in a gigantic washing machine. A heavy weather helm didn't help my morale and I thought I was going to go over and drown.

Another time Nelson, my crew, and I came surging down the Connecticut River closed hauled and spun out of the river's mouth into a real blow, winds 20-25 kn. gusting to 30. I should have known something was wrong when we couldn't see another sailboat in sight. Yes, we were reefed but my shaky confidence ebbed when Nelson put on a heavy duty self inflating life jacket. The next two hours beating through heavy waves to the Gut between the North

Fork of Long Island and Plum Island was one of the most tense of my sailing career. It turned worse when we rounded the Gut and ran for Greenport. Six ft. combers were rolling in from Block Island Sound. *Phoebe Ann* was surfing and I expected that any second a huge wave would roll over us or we would broach. Nelson, who owns a 34 ft. boat and loves this kind of weather, didn't say anything.

Winds aren't my only phobia. At anchor in New Harbor of Block Island, we went to sleep under a canopy of stars but woke up the next morning under a blanket of fog. As travel schedules had to be met for my crew, I reluctantly agreed to get under way although I couldn't even see where the entrance to the harbor was. Fortunately, a big topsail schooner was powering out at the same time and we followed her 20 ft. off her taff rail. Then she turned north, and we had to go west. We were on our own. The hand held GPS I had recently bought had no way points—I didn't know how to use the unit—but I could find out our present position. By hit and miss, we plotted our way on a paper chart in the general direction of the first key buoy and found it through the soup. And so on.

Now, after sailing for over a decade, have I learned anything? Yes. I took the flag down that flew off my front porch so I wouldn't be intimidated by a stiff wind so early in the day.



CBA Discussion Group

– C. Henry Depew, Editor

Q: *I am looking for some bronze cleats.*

A: Respondents provided a variety of sources. Some recommended a Herreshoff style cleat on the bow, and the hollow base bronze for the springs and stern. The size of the cleats would be proportional to the size of the line. One "Rule of Thumb" is size of the cleat is 16 times the diameter of the line (1/2-inch line equals an 8 in. cleat). There was also noted the need for room for the backing plate under the deck would determine the size of the cleat to be used.

Q: *The old alcohol stove is in need of repair, and I'm considering a new (different type?) of stove. What have others found works best for making coffee and light cooking? Although I won't carry extra weight for it, if the new stove gives a little cabin heat, that'd be okay.*

A: Respondents recommended the use of a single burner butane stove as the butane canisters are reasonably safe, easy to store, and are available in kitchen supply stores everywhere. One person stores the three or four canisters in a small igloo cooler outside the cabin when they are sleeping. It was noted that the storage of fuels for all stoves is an issue. And, the check valves are not ultimately reliable.

The concern with butane (and LP gas) was leakage when the stove is not in use. Thus, some respondents stick with the alcohol stoves and suffer any other consequences. It was noted that a fire blanket and fire extinguisher should be mandatory near your galley and ready to use. If you go with alcohol, the use of small, light-weight pots and pans was recommended as they heat quicker. An 8 in. fry pan and a one to two quart pot are considered all that is need for most meals.

Another respondent uses the Force 10 and loves it. Practical Sailor is reported to have a stove review on their web site. Look for "compact-galley-stoves" as the subject. In fact, take a look at their November, 2009 issue for a review of "solid fuel stoves".

For all stoves that are not fixed in place, it was noted by a number of respondents to the general question that the ability to move the stove to the cockpit was of great benefit. And if there are major problems, the whole thing can be pitched over the side. Of course, you will need to replace the stove, but the fire problem is no longer an issue.



Q: *I have a "stainless steel" rudder assembly that came off a sunken boat. The rudder was covered with various marine growth, but shows no rust once the growth was removed. The local re-cycling place says that since the metal reacts to a magnet it is not "stainless". What else could it be?*

A: Stainless steel gets that way by being alloyed with chromium. Stainless which also has nickel in the alloy is not magnetic, but so-called "400 series" stainless has no nickel in the alloy and is magnetic.

In addition to austenetic, martensitic and ferritic stainless steels, there are also high-nickel content alloys that are heavily resistant to corrosion and used in specific applications where corrosion resistance warrants the extra cost. Many of these are sold under the brand name of Inconel (International Nickel Corp) or Monel (stainless/brass/copper alloy). Monel is used for down hole cable wrap and heavy duty boat propellers. Inconels of various grades are used for nuclear reactor fuel cell cages, Hydrogen fuel cells, jet engine seals, etc.

Magnetic permeability is the ability of a material to carry magnetism, indicated by the degree to which

it is attracted to a magnet. All stainless steels, with the exception of the austenitic group, are strongly attracted to a magnet. All austenitic grades have very low magnetic permeabilities and hence show almost no response to a magnet when in the annealed condition; the situation is, however, far less clear when these steels have been cold worked by wire drawing, rolling or even centerless grinding, shot blasting, or heavy polishing. After substantial cold working Grade 304 may exhibit quite strong response to a magnet, whereas Grades 310 and 316 will in most instances still be almost totally non-responsive.

In summary, the rudder is a form of stainless that has enough iron to attract a magnetic and enough chromium/nickel not to rust in salt water. For more information on stainless steel and boating take a look at the section in *BoatWorks* pp. 54-55 in the November, 2009 issue of *SAIL*.

Q: *I'd appreciate hearing from those of you who have installed 12V winches on the cabin top to help in getting the sail aloft. I'd appreciate anything from: "Don't do it" to "Do it this way", or "If I did it again, here's how I'd do it."*

A: Respondents noted that some people use either a cordless or cord drill that is rigged to turn the winch. A right-angle drill attachment is recommended. You may have to make the piece that goes between the drill and the winch handle socket. You might want to make two so when one goes overboard, you can still "grind the winch."

One respondent uses an anchor windlass with a foot button switch on the cockpit deck. A circuit breaker is used to turn the power on and off so stepping on the foot switch by accident will not be a problem. The throat and peak halyard are first wrapped around the hub with the throat on top. Once raised to its proper spot it is taken off and cleated. The throat is then raised. The unit is very powerful and care **MUST** be taken to insure that nothing gets tangled during the raising of sail. It is so powerful that I think you might be able to drive the mast down through the boat. The set up could use some sort of cam cleat on the deck for the throat halyard as it often looses a bit during the transfer from the hub to the cleat. The set up was also considered great for taking people to the top of the mast.

Another respondent mounted a little 12V gearhead motor from Leeson Electric in Grafton, Wisconsin (they call them "washguards" because they are designed for use in wet environments). It is so compact, powerful (the model M1125267 which

produces 220 in./lb. of torque using 11 amps so re-charges are few and far between was the example used) and maintenance-free that you forget it's there. A little forward and reverse switch makes setting and striking (unfurling and furling) a non-event.

Q: *The packing in my packing gland no longer keeps the water out when the propeller shaft is at rest. I have tried tightening the nut, loosening the nut, and all the other "adjustments" with no success. I believe that I need to replace the packing itself. The problem is how to do this and not sink the boat in the process. Any suggestions?*

A: Most of the respondents to this question advised beaching the boat or hauling it out so the job would not be rushed (by incoming water). It was noted that some special tools would be needed (basket/sink wrench or large slip-joint pliers and a "packing pick"). It was noted that a major consideration was the amount of room available around the packing nut/gland. Once the new packing was installed, the nut needed to be adjusted to allow a slow drip when the shaft was turning and no drip when the shaft was at rest. One respondent sent a scanned article (source unknown) on how to do the job that was most helpful.

Q: *I'm currently building a Gil Smith designed (c. 1890) 21 ft. 6 in. Great South Bay racing catboat in Alaskan cedar and am looking for a supplier of mast, boom, and gaff. Can anyone put me in touch with a spar supplier who is familiar with gaff rigs (wood or aluminum), or does anyone have a damaged or used rig lying around that you would like to sell? Her specs are as follows,*

Mast 22 ft. 8 in.
Boom 21 ft. 8 in.
Gaff 15 ft. 6 in.

A: The request for assistance came from a member in Florida. Hence, a number of suggested solutions were some distance from him, although contacting such places would probably provide additional information of use.

A couple places that could help you in the Northeast that were mentioned included::

1) Marine Restoration
(marinerestoration.com/).

They specialize in spar making and are very catboat literate and friendly.

2) Beetle Inc. - beetlecat.com - The Beetle shop has been building catboats since Gil Smith's time and two of the current shipwrights there have actually built Gil Smith catboats in the past.

One responded noted that, "If you have the confidence and skills to build a Gil Smith racing cat, then you should consider building the mast, gaff and boom. Check out **WoodenBoat** archives for an article on the birds nest style of constructing a hollow mast." The other spars can be solid: Sitka spruce if you want to go light but expensive, or clear fir, which will be heavier.

There is a very active program at the Florida Gulf Coast Maritime Museum in Cortez, FL. They have a very active wood boat building program. They have built many catboats. Contact Roger Allen for more information..

A good source for hollow spars is "The Workshop On The Water" part of the Independence Seaport Museum in Philadelphia, PA. John Brady who runs the workshop has built many catboats as well as spars. He and the workshop do excellent work. Being in Florida though, I would agree with another reader to try Roger Allen at Cortez first. Both do excellent work, but Roger is closer.

Q: *I've just become the proud owner of a '67 Marshall Sanderling with an outboard and have a few questions for the group. Please note that, while I'm interested in what's "traditional", I'm more interested in what works best (which, in some cases, is likely to be the traditional). Also note that 90% of the time I will be single-handing. My previous experience is with sloops (Soling, O'Day 22, Com-Pac 16).*

1) My boat has horn cleats on the bulkhead for the halyards and topping lift. I'm considering moving them to the cabin top or locating a cam cleat there and leaving the horn cleats where they are. Has anybody made this kind of change and what did you use?

2) Is there an advantage to the three-strand for halyards? I've always used double braid except for anchor and mooring. Any recommendations here?

3) Any recommendations for adding a cam cleat for the mainsheet?

A: **Question 1** - Respondents noted that rope clutches on the cabin top work very well. The benefit is once the throat of the sail is at max height, you don't have to cleat it off; you can continue to raise the peak and you can add stop knots so the gaff will not hit the deck if you let the line go. It will also enable you to readjust without uncleating.

Another idea was to use the cam cleats on the cabin top and leave the cleats on the bulkhead. If the

cam cleat failed, the old cleats were still available. It is considered much easier to get the sails up with the clutches/jam cleats and then tie the halyard to the horn cleat afterwards.

An additional idea is to have jam cleats on the cabin top which allows one to quickly secure one halyard and then focus on the other (the topping lift is just a regular horn cleat). Some use braid on the halyards to avoid the stretch that 3-strand is subject to. Having to re-sweat the halyards under way to take up the stretch could be irritating, I think.

Question 2 - There was some discussion on the list between double-braid and twisted line with the note that either would work with the proper blocks. It was suggested that one use braided line for halyards. Avoid the type with a slick shiny finish, or the type that is soft and hairy. Some use 3/8 in. double braided halyards and a 5/16 in. topping lift. The major question was one of stretch in the line, although it was noted that Dacron gives you good line with no stretch.

Question 3 - One person noted that he just passes the main sheet over the cleat once and tucks a loop under (between the top of the cleat and the main sheet) - just pull on the slack end to release or take-up.

A number of respondents use a hex ratchet block just aft of the centerboard trunk. It works better for the skipper than the crew, who has to go around the sheet on a tack, and dodge on a jibe. When you measure the boom for where the mainsheet block goes, allow for the boom bail angle, which hangs at about 45 degrees.

One person noted that getting a longer main sheet than is required, so you can cut off a foot from an end each season which moves the wear spot. It was noted that the mainsheet for a Menger 19 with a four part fiddle block set is 66 ft. of 5/16 line. This leaves about a five foot tail (more or less) when you tie a figure eight knot restricting the forward reach of the boom, to preclude prying the gooseneck out of the mast/tabernacle. Incidentally, to prevent twisting when using braided line, the boom bail fiddle block is restricted from swiveling, the traveler block with cam cleat is allowed to swivel.

Marshall supplied one respondent with an assembly consisting of a Harken combo jam cleat w/ spring-loaded flexible block, together with a stainless steel saddle for mounting to the aft end of the centerboard trunk. Together with a bail and block for the boom, this arrangement has functioned flawlessly ever since.

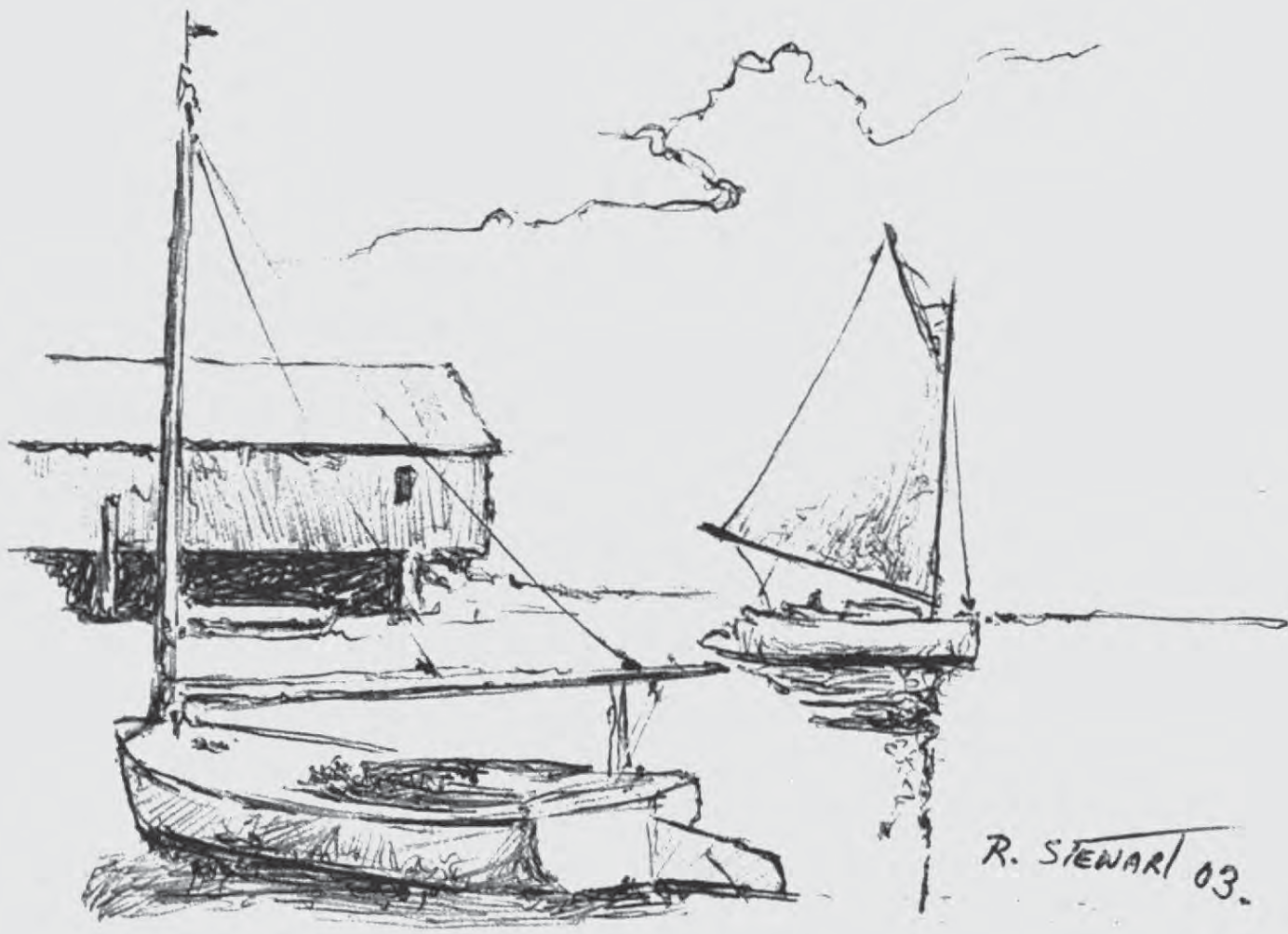
One person has a cam cleat attached to the mainsheet fiddle block that moves along the traveller bar. They always know where the sheet is and can pop it in and out of the cam quickly when they want direct control.

Questioner Response:

Great suggestions. I've been looking at the Lewmar clutches as they seem to be the best under load for this kind of application. I will likely be going to double braid either this coming season or next. I'm up near Manchester, NH on Lake Massabesic...a few

other catboats on the lake but no other Marshall. The winds on this lake are very shifty, but not so much that I want to hang onto the mainsheet the entire time. Sometimes a quick release is called for ;-)

List Reader's Note: My thanks to my wife, Judy, and member Bill Hickman who read all of the above and offered suggestions and corrections. Any errors at this point are mine.



CATFOOD

– Jane Walsh, Editor

“Honey, It’s Italian Night – Venetian Style!”

Buon giorno Fellow Catboaters:

It is pouring cats and dogs on this October morning on Cape Cod as I pen our adventure in Venice, Italy last month and share with you some authentic Venetian recipes. *Sonatina*, our catboat, was retired for the winter months on Labor Day this year in preparation for our two week journey to Italy with our final stop in Venice. It is easier to cast off lamentations about our short sailing season this year with the wonderful memories of Italy which linger and delight us.

While sitting in St. Mark’s Square with the towering basilica behind us, enjoying the energy from the throngs of tourists and the beautiful shadows and lighting created by the setting sun into the Square, John telephones our fellow catboater and Venetian native, Marco Dissera Bragedin. “Pronto.” Marco answers. “The Venetian Catboaters are gathered at a pizzeria next to the marina where the catboat fleet resides.” “Come and join us and visit our catboats”, Marco insists. Excitement abounds as we walk to the far end of the lagoon called “St. Elena” to meet this wonderful group of old and new friends. We first made Marco’s acquaintance here on Cape Cod in 2004 when he and his wife, Roberta and daughter, Caterina, visited Cape Cod as guests of the Diamond’s and Daley’s (*Wave*) who reside in the sleepy Waquoit Harbor.



We arrive at the pizzeria and are greeted by over a dozen catboaters who are planning their next day’s “race.” Soon we are escorted over the bridge and into the marina to see this beautiful fleet. Marco’s boat, *Cassiopea*, (of the famed constellation) is the first in sight. *Cassiopea* is a Wittholtz designed Cape Cod catboat built in Italy. Like the other catboats in the fleet, it is elegant and distinguished amidst 500 other vessels in the marina. We are invited aboard to tour these lovely catboats. They are warm, cozy, and inviting on this cool September evening. Marco breaks out a bottle of “Prosecco” and toasts to us as well as the other catboaters that have gathered with us in the cockpit of *Cassiopea*. Marco and the Venetian catboaters presented me with a gift. I was honored and moved to receive **Venice and Food**, a cookbook of Venetian favorites in English!! After a wonderful visit, Marco walks us to the vaporetta (water taxi) where we board to return to our hotel.

The next morning, John met Marco back at the marina to crew on *Cassiopea* for the race! As you can all imagine, this was the highlight of John’s trip to Italy – a rare and unique opportunity to sail on a



Livio De Marchi, Marco and John at pizzeria.



Marco on *Cassiopea* offers a toast

catboat in the Adriatic Sea. Roberta, Caterina, and I met the sailors after the race and regaled in their day over a Venetian cocktail called "Spritz." Our friends escort us to one of their favorite restaurants and we dine Venetian style in this city of memories. It is hard to say farewell to our friends, but we hope to see each other soon as they are planning another trip to the US in the summer of 2010!



Marco, Roberta, Caterina, Chris, Jane and John – an evening in Venice, Italy

So, when we long to return to Venice over the cold winter months ahead, we will toast Marco and crew with a fine glass of wine from our little Cape Cod home where it will be "Honey, It's Italian Night – Venetian Style" and we will feast on "Bigoli in Salsa", a recipe from Roberta's kitchen in Venice and or perhaps "Pasta e Fagioli" a recipe from my new Venetian cookbook!

Bigoli in Salsa

(Wholewheat Spaghetti with Anchovies and Onions) Yield - 4 servings

(Roberta prepared this traditional Venetian dish for us in 2004 while visiting in Waquoit)

½ cup olive oil
 2 large onions (halves and sliced very thin)
 5-6 Anchovy fillets – from tin or jar
 1 lb. wholewheat spaghetti (Bigoli)
 2-3 tablespoons minced fresh parsley
 Freshly ground pepper

Heat oil until very hot in a large skillet.
 Add onions; lower heat and cook uncovered until withered and transparent.

Stir in anchovies. Cook very slowly until they can be easily mashed with a wooden spoon. They should dissolve until the mixture becomes smooth and paste-like. Add pepper, turn off heat, and cover.

Cook pasta accordingly to directions. Italians prefer their pasta Al Dente – with a slight bite to it, never soft or mushy.

Drain and stir into the warm anchovy and onion sauce. Sprinkle with parsley and serve.

Pasta e Fagioli

Pasta and Bean Soup – A peasant dish - 4 servings

1 pound dried beans – white kidney beans or cannellini beans (ok to substitute red kidney, pinto or cranberry (borlotti) beans)
 (soak in 1 ½ quarts of tepid water for 12 hours to soften)

4-5 cups cold water
 1 whole medium onion
 1 whole medium carrot
 1 stalk celery
 Sprig of fresh rosemary
 5 oz. short pasta (short rigatoni)
 Salt, pepper and olive oil
 Optional: Small piece of pancetta or bacon

Put water in a large heavy pot and add onion, carrot, celery, beans, rosemary, and pork. Cover and cook at a slow boil for about 2 hours until the beans are soft. Puree the vegetables and about ¼ of the beans in a food mill or processor and return to the pot. Bring soup to boil and add the pasta. Cook until the pasta is done, about 10-15 minutes. Let sit 15 minutes before serving.

Ladle into bowls, salt and pepper, and add a few droplets of olive oil and enjoy!

Spritz

½ ounce of Aporel (Aperitif similar to Campari)
 ¾ cup of white wine
 Splash of soda
 Serve in a tall glass over ice and garnish with a Spanish olive and lime wedge.

"Boat" Appetito!
 Jane



Cats for Sale



Cats for Sale is a free service for active CBA members wishing to buy, sell, or trade catboats and related equipment. A \$35.00 fee will be charged to all non-members.

Internet publication of your listing on The Catboat Association's website: www.catboats.org will run concurrent with the printed Bulletin. Good quality photos of your cat, or related equipment are encouraged and are a great way to help sell your cat. They will be published on the website; and will also be added to the printed Bulletin, if space permits.

All listings must be received in writing, please do not call! Please type, print or e-mail to the address below.

Your listings must be received by December 15th, March 15th, or September 15th to insure being published in the winter, spring, or fall printed issues of the Catboat Bulletin.

Listings will not be reprinted, unless requested in writing, stating the previous issue and the ad number. If you sell your boat or equipment before the above deadlines, please notify in writing (e-mail preferred): Please limit your ad to 300 words. Editors are not responsible for accuracy of content.

Spencer Day, 7 Cottage Place, Milton, MA 02186-4504, or cats4sale@catboats.org

FOR SALE: 1990 Menger 19' catboat, tabernacle mast, Yanmar 9 hp. diesel inboard, navigation lights, cabin lights, cruising package, (sink, alcohol stove, porta-potti), drop leaf cabin table, two 8' Sunbrella bunk cushions, 2 Sunbrella cockpit cushions, and Sunbrella sail cover, bulkhead compass, VHF and depth finder, two anchors, one with chain and rode, PFDs, fire extinguisher, electric bilge pump, five cat's eye windows, and other extras. Bronze step on transom and folding step on rudder. Winner of the 19 and over catboat class at the 2007 Sayville Yacht Club Catboat Rendevous. \$18,500. Location Patchogue, Long Island, New York. Contact Denis and Patty Hurley at 631-369-9295 or nowl@optonline.net



throughout, Dynel deck, 300# fin keel, lead trimming ballast, double berth, hanging locker, sink with pump, wood burning stove, alcohol cooking stove, electric navigation lights, depth sounder, bucket & chuckit, Farymann 7HP diesel (hand or electric start), Sestrel box compass, Garmin GPS-50, 15# CQR and 100# mushroom mooring anchor with chain. Foresail, mainsail and fisherman staysail like new. Fast and handsome. Now \$18,000. She is presently hauled out at ShipShops on Bass River, Cape Cod. 508/771-2534 or email hickman31@verizon.net. William B. Hickman



FOR SALE: Main sail for gaff rig sailboat. Good condition. Hoist is too big for a Beetle Cat class dimensions. Dimensions are: Foot: 12' 9", Hoist: 8' 9 1/2", Head: 8' 4", Leach: 19' 9", Leach Roach (Max): 9". 3 batten pockets, no reef points. 3/4 slides for external track on Head and Foot. Rigged for mast hoops on hoist (Hoops not incl.) but can be changed easily to slides. Located Old Saybrook, CT. Call Joe Stoltz at 860-391-5074 or email at northcoveassociates@yahoo.com



FOR SALE: WoodPussy 13.5' catboat #790. Fiberglass. White hull and green deck professionally painted; built in early 1960's and has been completely restored and upgraded. Minimum weight boat. Beam: 6'. Displacement: 430 lbs. (all up). Draft: 10" board up 36" board down. Proctor D aluminum mast, and a stiff aluminum boom with internal sheeting. Two Eggers sails, 1998 Long trailer. Full tent cover. Harken blocks throughout. Boat is 11 time winner of WoodPussy National Championship, and 12 time winner of Solo Bowl Regatta. \$4,900. Boat can be seen in Monmouth Beach, NJ. Denis Farley, email denispl@verizon.net or phone (732) 571-5142.



(sister ship' photo)

FOR SALE: 2006 Omega Mainsail for Sandpiper - with window, in very good condition (only one small patch). Includes battens, and sailbag. Price \$200, FOB Brick, NJ. Contact Peter Lenshoek at 732-330-9750.

FOR SALE: 2007 19' cat-schooner BRILLIG, 7' beam, William Garden Design #130 plywood hull with fiberglass sheathing and teak trim

FOR SALE: 2 Outboard motors. One 1995 Nissan outboard, 5 HP, 1 cylinder, 2 stroke, long shaft. Little use, runs fine - \$600. One 1976 Evinrude 6 HP, 2 cylinder, 2 stroke, long shaft; needs new head gasket and throttle bracket. Was running this past summer. Easy fix for right person. - \$300. Contact Joe Stoltz 860-391-5074 or email: northcoveassociates@yahoo.com



FOR SALE: 1998 Marshall 15' Sandpiper - Gideyup (Hull #409) - open cockpit version. White hull with buff deck. Like new condition with 12 coats of Captain's Varnish on her teak trim. Mast hinge installed by Marshall Marine in 2009. Load Rite single-axle trailer with buddy bearings, new LED lights and good tires, green boom tent, green sail cover, green bottom paint, 2-tone cockpit with non-skid, molded red boottop, garboard drainplug, teak storage shelves, sail close to new quality and SailCare maintained, lazy jacks, shock cord reefing, mast collar, Harken mainsheet system. Windex wind indicator. \$17,500. Absolutely pristine sailboat! Rarely used 2004 4-cycle 2hp Honda outboard motor with motor bracket included. Located in Central New York State. Ed Haley 315-725-8382 or eghaley@twcnny.rr.com



FOR SALE: 1986 Marshall 18' Sanderling catboat. Diesel engine (new Yanmar IGM10 in 2002 with 120 hours). White hull with buff deck. Mast hinge being installed by Marshall Marine right now. Bronze running lights and compass. New battery. Bronze boarding steps. All natural teak trim including bulkhead, hatch cover, centerboard trunk cap and cockpit trim recently finished with 6 coats Captain's Varnish. Sail maintained by SailCare with a couple small patches. New 2009 LoadRite trailer with spare tire. Recently upgraded cockpit with gelcoat and non-skid. Mooring lines, lifejackets, fenders and anchor. Winter cover, cockpit tent and sail cover. Bunk mattresses, cockpit cushions and porta-potti. Located in Central New York. \$26,000. Ed Haley; email eghaley@twcnny.rr.com or call 315-725-8382. Other pics available upon request.



FOR SALE: 1986 Marshall 22' catboat. 2cyl Yanmar Diesel Inboard - Yard Serviced. Light Blue Deck, New Sail Cover 2008, New Sail 2005, All new running rigging and blocks 2005, Spars Repainted 2005, Cockpit Cushions. Located in Surf City, NJ on Long Beach Island. Asking \$27,500. and will consider trading for a Sanderling



as partial payment. For more info and pictures Contact Chris Mele. Christiangmele@yahoo.com or call 908-962-2289.

FOR SALE: 1999 Menger 19' Catboat. Tabernacle mast with Lazy Jacks. Fully Equipped: Jiffy Reefs, Cockpit tent and lines, Cushions in great shape. Sleeps two with slide out galley and proper marine toilet. Only draws 24" of water with center board up. Great boat for pond or sail it out the breachway and over to Block Island. New Tidewater trailer. Honda 4 Stroke 9hp outboard. Asking \$19,000. If interested contact Sherry Drude (401) 364-0680 or ribeacher34@hotmail.com.



FOR SALE: 2001 LoadRite trailer custom fit to hold a Marshall 18' Sanderling catboat. 5 keel rollers and two bunks. Never submerged in salt water - hardly any rust. \$1,500. Located in South Plainfield NJ. Please contact: Chris Mele 908-962-2289 christiangmele@yahoo.com



FOR SALE: 1976 Fenwick Williams 25' Catboat -Shoveller (sister to Cimba, Mamie, and Paula),cedar-strip planked hull [no caulking required] on oak frames in good condition, standing head room, 32 ft. wooden mast ,hoops and spars in excellent condition, 1991 Yanmar 3GM diesel engine in good running condition, 3-blade prop, 20 gallon alum. fuel tank, 12 gal. freshwater with hot water heater [off engine], teak bowsprit with Bruce plow anchor and roller, bronze boarding steps on rudder and transom, large varnished folding tables on centerboard trunk, 2 quarter berths 6' long, head plus sink and large holding tank located in forward cabin with privacy door, large gimbale propane stove with oven [not currently used but in place and can easily be activated], small galley sink with hand and foot pump, forward hatch with solar fan, cabin forward and rear opening ports, large cockpit with varnished mahogany seats and companionway doors, featured in the book "Cape Cod Catboats"; boat located in Greenport, Long Island N.Y., offered at \$25,000. Contact Richard Ronzoni 516-365-7949 or email catboat3@yahoo.com



FOR SALE: 1976 Mystic 20' Catboat Hull #31 "Little Wing". Significant reconditioning in 2007: new bottom job, repainting from the water line up. Hood sail, running rigging in great shape with double reefing system & lazy jacks. Gaff and boom are Sitka spruce with painted aluminum mast. Engine replaced in 2007 with new BMW 7 HP D7 diesel engine; new owner's and maintenance Manuals; burns ¼ cup of diesel fuel per hour. Two new batteries (2008) with complete electrical system and onboard charger with 35' dock extension cord, illuminated cabin and compass, Hummingbird depth finder, VHF radio, AM- FM / CD Stereo, running and anchor lights. Equipped with fan, built-in porta-potty and stainless steel galley sink (on board water tank) and single burner on gimble. All exterior teak bright work painfully restored.



with new custom teak grating in cockpit floor. Hunter Green bimini and custom teak crutch. Original interior in good condition with beautiful wood staving, teak edging and trim. All interior and exterior seat cushions intact and in good condition. Primary anchor (with chain rode) mounted to bow sprit for easy release and retrieval. Spare anchor and miscellaneous equipment. Boat easily trailer-able with aluminum folding tabernacle mast. Reconditioned single-axle painted steel trailer with custom 8' tongue extension (for easy off and retrieval) and 15 inch load rated tires (and new spare) with galv. rims and fenders, buddy bearings and surge brakes. This boat is a beautiful solid sailer and a real attention getter in great shape ready for her next owner who loves classic beauty and function. Located Tampa, FL. Offered at \$17,500. For additional information e-mail david.valladarez@vci-ad.com or call 813-786-6791.

FOR SALE: 2005 Ted Brewer Design 21'7" Cape Cod Cat. 10 ft beam. 6800 lbs. West coast fixer-upper. Needs some real work around cockpit and cabin and has a centerboard trunk leak. Yanmar 2GM20 fresh water cooled diesel engine. Very quiet. Sail area 374 sq ft, 32 foot wooden mast. Classic wooden blocks and leather hoops. Leather gaff saddle. Roomy beautiful cabin, ash interior. Two berths. Leather cushions. Bronze opening ports. Bronze skylight and light fixtures. Solar fan. Galley. Fresh water tank. Dickinson propane heater. Large comfortable cockpit seats six adults with elbow room. Raymarine autopilot. VHF. 20 gal fuel tank. Boom tent. Porta potty. Shore power. Must sell. Price reduced to \$10,000, includes trailer. Work needed on centerboard trunk, coaming needs major work, and other odds and ends. Pictures of problems available upon request. Located Puget Sound. Currently on a trailer and ready to move. For information, email leslicush@comcast.net. View additional pictures here.



FOR SALE: 1973 Marshall 22' catboat. Yanmar 18hp diesel (under 300 hrs.), VHF, Compass, Depth sounder, 2 newer batteries, 2003 sail in good condition. Varnished Teak wheel, New head, Danforth anchor plus rode, Fenders, PFD's, Docklines, Bronze steps on rudder, New sail and wheel covers, Steel cradle, Dinghy. Asking \$18,800 USD. Lying Hamilton, ON. E-mail Brian Dickey at bdcickey4@cogeco.ca for photos and equipment list, or phone 905-528-8255.



FOR SALE: 2006 Marsh Cat 15' catboat. Joel White Design; epoxy glued marine plywood lapstrake, built by a retired craftsman. 6'11" Beam, Draft w/ centerboard up 9" w/CB down 2'8". Retractable rudder; boom tent, sail cover, 2HP 4 stroke Honda (May 09), and a trailer. Gaff rigged with a North Sail and small Doyle jib. Mast on tabernacle. Trailer in excellent condition; boat stored indoors on trailer. Boat in mint condition, a true classic! \$11,500. Located Bokeelia, FL. Email for more pictures at chendr7108@aol.com or call Roy Hendrickson at 239-283-5471 or 603-520-4974 for more information.



FOR SALE: 1969 Marshall 18' Sanderling catboat, Hull #97, second owner. Sail, cockpit and cabin cushions, cockpit floorboards, portipotti, custom teak cabin lining, teak drop-leaf table over centerboard trunk, large Sunbrella cockpit cover/sunshade, all auxiliary equipment such as fenders, boathook, life cushions, Danforth anchor chains and rode. Sail cover needs replacing. 9.8 Johnson OB with EZ Lift Outboard Bracket. In water in Oriental, NC. Call Phil Minton at (252)637-6893. Asking \$5,000 OBO.



FOR SALE: 1976 Herreshoff America 18'2" catboat. Bicentennial Edition "Catywampus". Hull #363. Built by Nowak & Williams. Very good condition. New Thurston sail 09', 03' Tohatsu 6 hp 4 cycle w/charging circuit, 6 gallon gas tank, 09' battery, custom cockpit cover, sail cover, all original teak trim in good shape finished with Sikkens Light, rebuilt rudder 03', bottom sanded and barrier coated with two coats of West Epoxy in 03', VC-17 bottom paint, Sunbrella cabin cushions, new oak mast hoops 03', spare mast, centerboard, centerboard winch assembly, and sails. lazy jacks, Newer Garhauer blocks on main sheet, All Coast Guard safety equipment. Trailer in fair condition. Located Vermilion, Ohio. \$7500. Contact Jim Williams at: jimwill@centurytel.net or call (440) 967-3503



FOR SALE: 1973 Herreshoff America 18' catboat. Outstanding condition. 2 sails, including flag sail in good condition. Dark blue 'Sunbrella' sailcover custom made 2008. All running rigging replaced 2008/2009. Aluminum mast and spars, quarter lifts. 2004 four-stroke Nissan 6hp outboard with less than 25 hours/ fits into well in cockpit. Two gas tanks (3 and 5 gallons). 2004 overhaul includes: Complete gel coat resurfacing on hull and interior; professionally installed electrical system deep-cycle battery, running lights, mast head light, VHF radio, bilge pump, cabin light and fan. Teak coaming cap, grabrails, and rubrails stripped and varnished with Cetol 2009. Immaculate interior with blue cushions, portable head, CD player, flares/ lifevests/ fire extinguisher, 12 volt accessory power port. Barn-door rudder resurfaced, new SS skeg installed, and bottom scraped and painted 2008. Bulkhead mounted compass. Danforth anchor/chain/rode. A wonderful little boat that is well equipped for weekending or daysailing. Asking \$8500. Slipped in the Elizabeth River, Norfolk, VA. Ask for John at 757-343-5542.



FOR SALE: 1980 Marshall 22 Sloop Chance Along. Universal 5416 diesel, new Bimini, complete enclosure. New halyards, 1995 new mail sail, GPS, VHF, 2 autopilots, commercial PFDs. All brass cleats and wheel, new belts and hoses. 20 and 25 lb. CQR anchors. Call for pictures, survey or more details. Health forces sale. Location Florida. Asking \$22,000 OBO (see another picture at 145-35). Contact Capt. Harvey Phillips at 239-218-6969 or email captcharv1@verizon.net



FOR SALE: 2003 Arey's Pond 14' Catboat. Custom finish, Sitka spruce spars, fiberglass hull and deck, trim, teak coaming, rails and floorboards, bronze fittings, ash and mahogany tiller, traditional oak mast hoops, spun Dacron halyard and sheets and positive flotation. Teak covered centerboard, brass motor mount (no motor), teak seats, Harken Swivel Cam M/S System, brass rub rail, Davis wind Indicator, 1 year old trailer, Lazy Jacks, Sail in very good condition. Boat yard maintained, always inside winter storage, great condition. Asking \$16,300. Call Jane Renken 612-877-0614. Will meet half way or deliver summer 2010 end of June if needed.



FOR SALE: 1971 Americat 22' Catboat. Designed by Francis Sweisguth. Fast, close winded catboat with standing headroom and enclosed head. Comfortable family cruiser, great daysailer with huge cockpit. Similar in size and layout to a Marshall 22, Scoter was the smallest official "tall ship" in the 2000 NYS OpSail parade. Since purchase in 1996 we have done all the operational bits - new standing and running rigging and blocks ('96), teak cabin-top handrails ('96), new bronze through hulls and all hoses, etc ('96), VHF radio ('96), all new wiring and electrical panel, dual battery system ('96), midship spring-line cleats ('99), new Yanmar 2GM-20F with 3 bladed prop, teak binnacle w/compass, single-lever engine



control and folding cockpit table, depth sounder & knot meter (all '00), new mast-top antenna ('03), batteries ('04 & '05), new topside paint and lettering ('04), steel centerboard removed and completely overhauled ('05), custom cockpit awning with removable sides for complete enclosure ('04), new auto bilge pump ('07). New sail and binnacle covers ('08) New polyurethane paint on topsides, cabin and nonskid deck ('09). \$18,000. Located in Groton Long Point CT. Call Kate for more info 914-693-6058, or email kate@kghermancpa.com

FOR SALE: 1988 Mollycat 17' catboat. One of the best looking catboats on the west coast!! 17' LOA, 16.1' LWL and 7.5' Beam. Designed by Gerard DeWitt for windy San Francisco Bay, Molly displaces 3000 lbs., including 1000 lbs. of lead ballast. Options include a 9hp Yanmar diesel inboard engine, cockpit cushions, a hinged mast, a 2-axle trailer with surge brakes, bronze ports, a depth finder, and a full canvas cover less than 1 year old. Clean and in good condition, \$7000. Contact John Holtrop at 760 375 2076 or jholtrop@iwvisp.com



FOR SALE: 1973 Concordia Beetle Cat. Original Beetle Cat built by the Concordia Company in 1973. Hull #1585. Reworked and repaired with bronze fasteners in 1998 by McClave, Philbrick & Giblin. New canvas and coamings in 2004. New sail in 2004 (old sail still useable and included). Anchor, spare tiller, spare rudder, cockpit cover, winter canvas included. Trailer included. Located in Noank, CT. \$7200 or BRO. Contact Daniel. Crowley@thehartford.com 860-547-8820.



FOR SALE: 1963 'Loon' 24' cat ketch, wood hull built 1963 Tuckerton, New Jersey, cedar planking on white oak frames, outboard bracket, 8' beam, centerboard, sailing fall 2008, currently drydocked in Southwest Harbor, Maine. \$2500. Call 207-546-2927 or email 4master@downeastwindjammer.com Steve Pagels.



The Catboat Association

Membership Application

Mail completed form to:

Dave A. Calder, Membership Secretary
Box 775
Sudbury, MA 01776-0775
dacsail@aol.com



Founded 1962
Incorporated 1983

One-time initiation fee:	\$25.00
Annual membership dues:	\$25.00
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED	\$50.00

Includes all publications for the year joined. Annual dues thereafter are payable January 1st.

Name: _____ Spouse: _____

Street: _____ City: _____ ST: _____ Zip: _____

2nd Street Address: _____ City: _____ ST: _____ Zip: _____

(IMPORTANT: Please supply Zip + 4 Codes)

Dates mail goes to 2nd address: _____

Catboat Name: _____ Year: _____

Date Purchased: _____

Home Port: _____

Former Names: _____

Former Owners: _____

Designer: _____

Builder: _____

Where Built: _____

Length on Deck: _____ Beam: _____ Draft (board up): _____ Sail Area: _____

Description: _____

May we publish your telephone number in our Membership Book? () Y () N Telephone No. (_____) _____

Would you like your E-MAIL address printed in the Year Book? () Y () N Email: _____

Date of Application: _____ (Please list any additional information on other side.)

Make Checks Payable to: The Catboat Association



CATBOAT ASSOCIATION MERCHANDISE

APPAREL

	Quan.	Price
A Gray T shirt - S,M,L,XL,XXL		\$17.00
B Staff shirt - navy or white S,M,L,XL,XXL Navy Shirts: Please specify Original Logo or Burgee only		\$30.00
C Baseball Cap and Bucket Hats - (all cotton) tone Please specify CBA Logo or Burgee All other colors Nautical Red, Periwinkle, Pale Pink, Lime Green, and Baby Blue available in CBA Burgee logo only		\$16.00
D Visor - navy or white		\$10.00
E Tie - long silk navy		\$25.00
F Tie - bow silk navy		\$25.00

ACCESSORIES

G Lapel Pin colored burgee		\$10.00
H Tie Tack colored burgee		\$ 5.00
I Catboat Pin		\$10.00
J Cotton Patch		\$ 3.00
K Wool Blazer Patch (NEW ITEM)		\$25.00

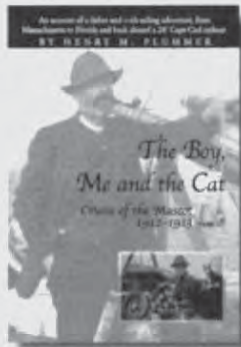
MIXED MERCHANDISE

	Quan.	Price
L Decal colored burgee		\$ 2.00
M Burgee 12 in. x 18 in.		\$10.00
N Tote Bag large		\$20.00
Tote Bag small		\$15.00
O Tumblers please specify 12 oz. plastic with catboat or CBA patch		\$ 7.00
16 oz. plastic tall or short with catboat or CBA patch		\$ 7.00
Lids 16 oz.		\$ 1.00
NOT PICTURED		
P Ear Ring color burgee post		\$10.00
Q Coffee Mug		\$ 8.00
R CBA Cocktail Napkins (100 ct)		\$ 8.00
S Glassware please specify: Pint beer glass with CBA logo		\$10.00
Old Fashioned glass with CBA logo		\$10.00
T Denim Long Sleeved shirt with CBA logo		\$35.00

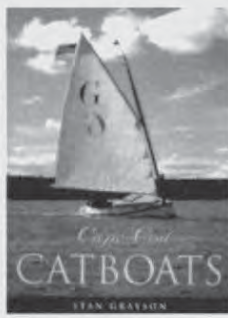
Total for merchandise \$

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\$29.95 (Hardcover)



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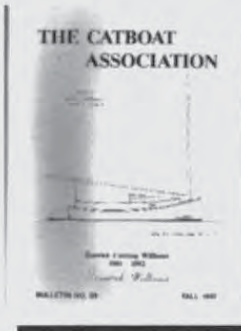
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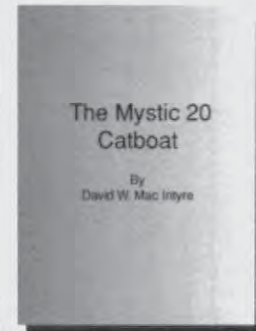
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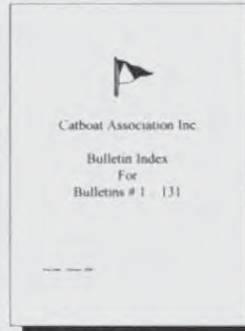
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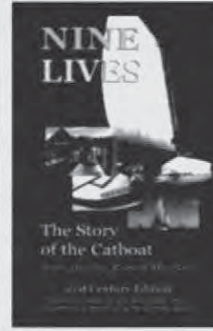
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Enclosed is my check for \$ _____ (Make checks payable to Catboat Association, Inc.)

CATBOAT AND PASSENGERS ON BACK COVER

Nantucket, North side Steamboat Wharf

Catboat *Lillian* – built 32 ft. long in 1888; lengthened to 40 ft. about 1916. Sailed passengers to Wauwinet; 105 aboard on one trip.

(photo courtesy of Bill Sayle)

