

# Catboat Association Bulletin



No. 154



Winter 2011

## ON THE FRONT COVER

Summer of 1980. The catboat *Pinkletink*, of Chilmark, owned and sailed by the late John and Pinky Leavens, co-founders of the Catboat Association, rounds the mark off Edgartown during a rendezvous race.

*(Photo courtesy of Mark Alan Lovewell).*

# Catboat Association

www.catboats.org



**BULLETIN NO. 154**

**Winter 2011**

*IN THIS ISSUE...*

**Lead Editor:** Mark Alan Lovewell

- 3 **Now Hear This . . .**
- 4 **2010 Race/Rendezvous Results, Part II** – Lyn Behne, Editor
- 8 **Catboat *Priscilla*** – Mark Alan Lovewell
- 12 **Boat Building and Maintenance** – Bob Reddington, Editor
  - Cabin or Engine Area Winter Heater – C. Henry Depew
  - Hinged Mast Lever on a Marshall 18 – Bob Sweet
  - Does Your Catboat DC Electrical System Meet Federal Requirements? – Joseph M. Stoltz
  - Keeping the Bugs Out - Ken Sloan
- 20 **Cruising** – Charles Ladoulis, Editor
  - The Oyster Run – Three Days in the Life of an Engine-less Catboat – W.R. Cheney
  - Cruising the North Channel of Lake Huron – Ken Sloan
- 34 **Yarns and Adventures** – Bill McKay, Editor
  - An Inspired First Season – Jack Hoey
  - There's a Leak in My Birthday Cake – William Winslow
  - The Catboat as Nautical Gym – William Winslow
- 39 **Short Tacks**
  - Catboat *Snapper* – Bill McKay
- 41 **CBA Discussion Group** – C. Henry Depew, Editor
- 45 **New Members**
- 46 **Barndoor Postings** – John E. Conway
- 49 **Cats for Sale** – Spencer Day, Editor
- 54 **CBA Membership Application**
- 55 **CBA Merchandise** – Jim Burns
- 56 **CBA Publications** – Neil and Carol Titcomb

**THE CATBOAT ASSOCIATION BULLETIN**

*Editorial Board:* Lou Abbey, Paul Cook, Mark Alan Lovewell, Bill McKay, Karen Seo. *Proofreaders:* Ned Lund, Penny Levin.

*Contributing Editors:* Lyn Behne, Dave Calder, C. Henry Depew, Dolores Cole, John Conway, Spencer Day, Charles Ladoulis, Mat Leupold, Bob Reddington, Jane Walsh.

*Printer:* Advanced Graphic Services, 15 Hitch Street, Fairhaven, MA 02719.

Published three times annually by the Catboat Association, Inc., Box 72, Middleboro, MA 02346-0072. Entered as pre-sorted, third class mail at main post office, Providence, RI: February 15, May 1, and November 15 - Copyright 2011, all rights reserved.

## *Where To Send... Editorial Copy*

- *boat building and maintenance:*  
Bob Reddington  
235 Lake Avenue, Bay Head, NJ 08742-4750  
(732) 295-1590
- *book reviews:*  
Dolores Cole  
1 Mayfair Street, So. Dartmouth, MA 02748  
(508) 993-0133 dolores.cole@catboats.org
- *catfood:*  
Jane Walsh  
4 Anne Circle, Sandwich, MA 02563  
(617) 877-6719 jane.walsh@catboats.org
- *cruising:*  
Charles Ladoulis  
5 Grand Tour, Locust, NJ 07760-2342  
(732) 291-9446 charles.ladoulis@catboats.org
- *history:*  
Judy Lund  
7 Middle Street, So. Dartmouth, MA 02748-3413  
(508) 996-4864 judy.lund@catboats.org
- *piloting, navigation & electronics:*  
David Calder  
46 Wagonwheel Road, Sudbury, MA 01776-0775  
(978) 443-8432 david.calder@catboats.org
- *races and rendezvous:*  
Lyn Behne  
6 Hawthorne Lane, Niantic, CT 06357-1214  
(860) 691-2074 lyn.behne@catboats.org
- *sailing techniques and seamanship:*  
Mat Leupold  
246 Old Connecticut Path, Wayland, MA 01778-3114  
(508) 358-4897 mat.leupold@catboats.org
- *yarns and adventure:*  
Bill McKay  
79 River Road, Mashpee, MA 02649-3543  
(508) 477-9674 bill.mckay@catboats.org
- *editorial board:*  
Lou Abbey  
16 Bateman Avenue, Revere, MA 02151  
(781) 286-5004 lou.abbey@catboats.org  
Paul Cook  
25 Woronoco Road, Weymouth, MA 02191-1146  
(508) 760-5443 paul.cook@catboats.org  
Bill McKay  
79 River Road, Mashpee, MA 02649-3543  
(508) 477-9674 bill.mckay@catboats.org  
Karen Seo  
37 Farrar Road, Lincoln, MA 01773  
(617) 873-3152 karen.seo@catboats.org  
Mark Alan Lovewell  
P.O. Box 2034, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568  
(508) 696-4655 mark.lovewell@catboats.org

## *Directory for CBA*

- *policy, guidance, & general information:* **Tim Lund**  
262 Forest Street, Needham, MA 02492-1326  
(781) 444-9695 tim.lund@catboats.org
- *technical advisor:* **Roger Compton**  
29 Crescent Beach Road, Glen Cove, NY 11542-1398  
(516) 656-3243 roger.compton@catboats.org
- *awards nominations:* **Butch Miller**, chairman  
307 Bentons Pleasure Rd., Chester, MD 21619-2221  
(410) 271-2540 butch.miller@catboats.org
- *invoices, donations, etc.:* **Tim Fallon**, treasurer  
11 Monroe Avenue, Bristol, RI 02809-2322  
(617) 501-3744 tim.fallon@catboats.org
- *memberships & updates:* **Dave Calder**, membership sec.  
P.O. Box 775, Sudbury, MA 01776-0775  
(978) 443-8432 dave.calder@catboats.org
- *computer webmaster:* **Spencer Day & Neil Titcomb**  
Contact info. under *cats for sale* and *publications* (below)
- *cats for sale:* **Spencer Day**  
7 Cottage Place, Milton, MA 02186-4504  
(617) 696-1067 spencer.day@catboats.org
- *Bulletin back issues/publications:* **Carol and Neil Titcomb**,  
publications coordinators  
38 Brookwood Dr., Branford, CT 06405-2325  
(203) 488-3088 carol.titcomb@catboats.org
- *CBA merchandise orders:* **Jim Burns**, storekeeper  
78 Ridge Street, Millis, MA 02054  
(508) 376-5483 jim.burns@catboats.org
- *annual meeting coordinators:* **Eric and Dawn Peterson**  
112 Wading Place Road, Mashpee, MA 02649  
(781) 856-8873 eric.peterson@catboats.org



### **WHAT TO DO ...**

#### **WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS:**

Notify the membership secretary, Dave Calder, at the address above.



---

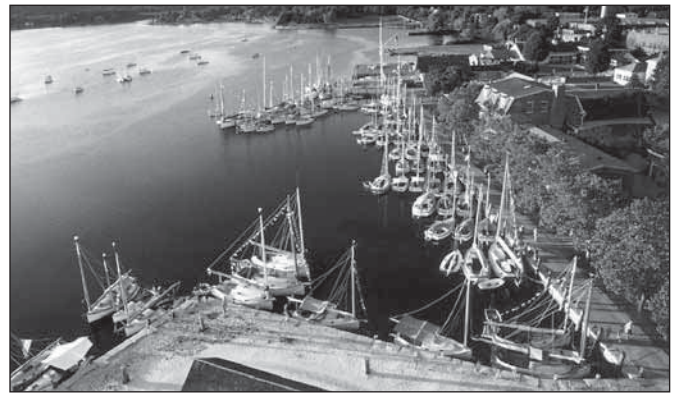
– *Bulletin Editorial Board*

## CBA Storekeeper is Needed

The CBA Merchandise Store is once again in need of an eager volunteer. Jim Burns, who has valiantly served for five years would like to hand over the reins to someone new. Duties include accepting and filling orders throughout the year, as well as attending the Annual Meeting and selling items to eager attendees. More information will be provided to those interested. Contact Tim Lund, president, at [tim.lund@catboats.org](mailto:tim.lund@catboats.org) for more information.

## Important Date

Remember to set aside the weekend of Saturday, July 7, 2012, and Sunday, July 8, for the association's 50th year celebration at Mystic Seaport. "Planning continues as we aim for a fantastic weekend, filled with events on and off the water. We are also looking for volunteers to help coordinate with Mystic and the surrounding facilities," said Tim Lund. Anyone interested can contact Tim at [tim.lund@catboats.org](mailto:tim.lund@catboats.org) for more information.



Catboat Gathering at Mystic in 1990.

Photo by David M. Courtney

## *Edwina B.*

The 22-foot wooden catboat *Edwina B.*, built by Manuel Swartz Roberts in 1932 in Edgartown has a new owner. Wendy and Boatner Reily of Edgartown, and New Orleans have donated the beautiful boat to the Martha's Vineyard Preservation Trust, a nonprofit organization committed to preserving many of the island's most treasured buildings. This is the trust's first boat. They already have a big piece of catboat history. The trust owns and maintains the Old Sculpin Gallery on Dock Street in Edgartown, where the boat was built, as were many others.

## Catboat Illustrations

Catboat Association Bulletin editors are looking for illustrations of catboats. Much has been talked about among sailors of their sketches and watercolors. A catboat sailing across the harbor still inspires artists. We think there are a few more out there. We'd like to see them for possible inclusion in future bulletins. If you've been sketching and tucking those nice drawings away, please bring them out and share them.

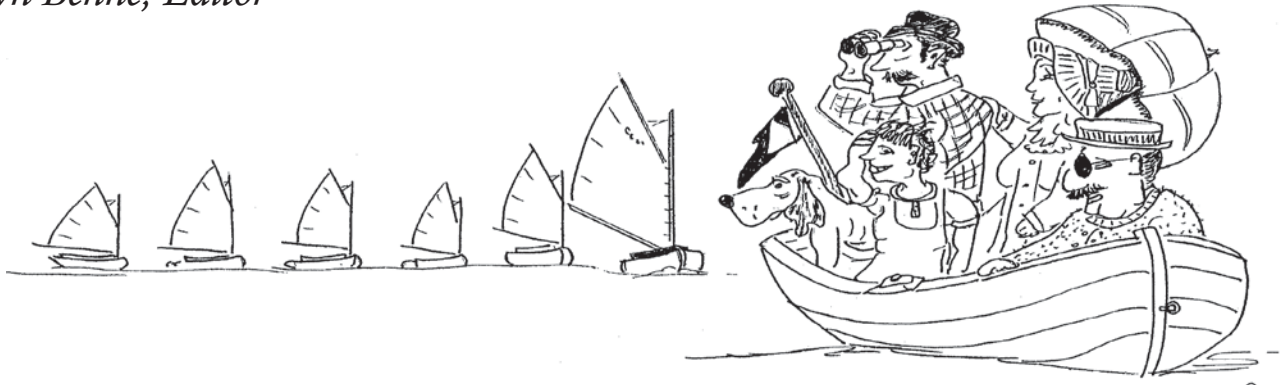
## *Drifter* Diaries

Kurt Peterson and Christina M. Raciti are nearing their fifth month of 'headin' south in a 35-foot Morgan blue sloop called *Drifter*. Kurt is the son of former Catboat Association president Eric Peterson and comes from a high seas sailing family. They left Cape Cod in October. The couple is sharing their adventure online via music, videos and slideshows with descriptions of ports and people they meet. As of this writing, they have crossed into Florida. Think sailing this winter by keeping up with them at the following URL: [kurtandchristina.weebly.com/index.html](http://kurtandchristina.weebly.com/index.html)



# 2010 Race/Rendezvous Results, Part II

– Lyn Behne, Editor



**Editor's Note:** The following is the second in the series of reports of the 2010 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 [lyn.behne@catboats.org](mailto:lyn.behne@catboats.org) or 6 Hawthorne Lane, Niantic, CT 06357, Tel: (860) 691-2074

## Corsica River Races

– Rich McLaughlin

**CENTERVILLE, MD** – Over the 24-25 July 2010 weekend, the CCBA was able to field three catboats with Ben Heilman and his Marshall 15, Mike Crawford with *Shoveler*, and Rich McLaughlin in his *Tenacity*. Three races were held on Saturday and two on Sunday. Ben finished first in all five races and *Tenacity* finished second in four out of five. Taking into account the Portsmouth handicap though, the results were a little different.

The owners shared their fun. Ben raced with his granddaughter, and Mike had his son, Tristan, as well as a friend on board, and Rich single-handed. Although very warm, the winds were good both days and evenings. Marc Cruder drove up for the Saturday evening festivities, as did Larry Antonik with his friend Donna. It was good to have their camaraderie and another CCBA member, John Bradley, attended, though he did not bring his sneak box or race this year. We missed competition from the event regulars: *Dusty* (Butch Miller), *Gull* (Dave Bleil), and *Wanderer* (Marc Cruder).

To add some fun to the after-event, *Tenacity* and *Shoveler* headed to Don Dunn's dock at the Gray's Inn Creek. As they were approaching the dock, a squall

hit. A little mayhem occurred as a strong gust partially unfurled *Tenacity's* sail, and pushed her up against the dock. Strong hands secured both vessels under Capt. Dunn's supervision. A drenched crew retreated home after an invigorating weekend of sailing with a saying in the back of their minds... "There is nothing to fear, but the pier itself."

### THE RESULTS:

| Place | Skipper         | Boat                | Design              |
|-------|-----------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1     | Ben Heilman     | <i>Mistoffolees</i> | Marshall 15         |
| 2     | Mike Crawford   | <i>Shoveler</i>     | Fenwick Williams 25 |
| 3     | Rich McLaughlin | <i>Tenacity</i>     | Marshall 22         |

## The Great Whitehall Bay Catboat Race & Rendezvous

– Butch Miller

**ANNAPOLIS, MD** – The twentieth annual running of the Great Whitehall Bay Catboat Race was held on Sunday, August 29, 2010. Started by the late Capt. Bill Hoover on his home waters in Annapolis, Maryland, this event is traditionally the CCBA's most popular of the season. Caroline, Bill's first mate, has strived to continue the tradition by graciously hosting the event since his passing in 2005.

## Prospect Bay Catboat Regatta

– Roger Compton

Nine boats of our eclectic fleet came together for two races on the short course set in the small tree-lined bay. Conditions were sunny and while Whitehall is known for its mischievous winds, this year they were exceptionally squirrely, but generally out of the NE at 5 to 10 kn. with gusts to 15 kn. Even the big boys out in the Chesapeake could be overheard on the radio commenting about the fades and snappy shifts.

With David Park manning the committee boat, all starts through the tight line were clean, but after that all strategy went out the window as the fleet scattered over the course chasing the shifts. The gusts kept the crews on their toes, especially on *Patience* which reached unprecedented speeds due to the addition of a ringer to her crew. Unfortunately, the thrill ride cost her a split joint in the mast. *Dusty* and *Shoveler* each took the opportunity to introduce Hoover grandsons Ken and Phil to catboat racing. The swapping of man for man between races went uncontested, as the committee is incapable of handling protests.

Once again, the Capt. Bill Hoover Perpetual Trophy, a mounted Mystic 20 half-hull donated by Peter Legnos was presented to Dan Oldale (*Hornet*) for taking the day. *Hornet* is the first to have her name on the trophy twice. His strategy to “stay in the middle” must have something to it.

The potluck again opened with Mary Dunn’s always anticipated “Shrimp and Soppers” and was filled out with a host of sweet and savory offerings. Caroline’s Mars & Tonic bar was well attended as usual and a great time was had by all.

Many thanks to Caroline Hoover for the hard work and dedication she has put forth to continue the tradition of this special event. Also, to the Millers for co-hosting and to Dave Park for manning the committee boat and keeping the cats corralled. It should be noted that with the handicap, fewer than 15 seconds separated the first and fourth finishers.

### THE RESULTS:

| Place | Skipper         | Boat                 | Design              |
|-------|-----------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1     | Dan Oldale      | <i>Hornet</i>        | Beetle Cat          |
| 2     | Butch Miller    | <i>Dusty</i>         | Marshall 18         |
| 3     | David Bleil     | <i>Gull</i>          | Mystic 20           |
| 4     | Butler Smythe   | <i>Caerulean III</i> | Menger 23           |
| 5     | Richard Rodgers | <i>Paws</i>          | Arey’s Pond 14      |
| 6     | Jim Ohlmacher   | <i>Pussyfoot’n</i>   | Mystic 20           |
| 7     | Marc Cruder     | <i>Wanderer</i>      | Wittholtz 25        |
| 8     | Mike Crawford   | <i>Shoveler</i>      | Fenwick Williams 25 |
| DNF   | Deborah Kerr    | <i>Patience</i>      | Handicat 14         |

**PROSPECT BAY, MD** – On Saturday, September 11, 2010, the Chesapeake Catboat Association’s (CCBA) last race of the 2010 season was held on Prospect Bay. The Prospect Bay Catboat Regatta (PBCR) was held in spotty zephyrs of 5 kn. or less and from directions varying from NW to WSW. Four assorted catboats competed. Two other competitors had to cancel at the last minute.

Following the race, the sailors and CCBA members who arrived by land enjoyed a potluck supper before the awards ceremony. In addition to the PBCR trophy presentation, the Washington Irving “Tut” Tuttle Trophy for best performance over the 2010 racing season was presented to David Bleil and *Gull*. Competition was very close with only one quarter of a point separating David in *Gull* from Butch Miller in *Dusty*.

The evening concluded with a period of silence to remember what happened to change all our lives nine years ago on this date. Members and guests shared remembrance of where they were on that day.

### THE RESULTS:

| Place | Captain       | Boat               | Design       |
|-------|---------------|--------------------|--------------|
| 1     | Dave Bleil    | <i>Gull</i>        | Mystic 20    |
| 2     | Butch Miller  | <i>Dusty</i>       | Marshall 18  |
| 3     | Marc Cruder   | <i>Wanderer</i>    | Wittholtz 25 |
| 4     | Jim Ohlmacher | <i>Pussyfoot’n</i> | Mystic 20    |

## Wickford Rendezvous

– Jason Grear

**WICKFORD, RI** — The 2010 Wickford Rendezvous took place on July 10 under a moderate southerly breeze. The first mark to windward was placed east of Fox Island rather than the usual Plum Island light, followed by a run and broad reach around Hope Island and then homeward to Wickford Harbor. Rounding Quonset on this last leg was livened up by a squall that brought the wind around from the north.

The Wickford Rendezvous was also the first of five races scheduled this year between the big wooden catboats *Kathleen* and *Silent Maid*. These boats sailed a different course: straight out to Plum Island light and back home. *Kathleen* won the start but *Silent Maid* took over on the upwind leg.

## THE RESULTS:

### Wooden Boats:

| Place | Captain    | Boat               |
|-------|------------|--------------------|
| 1     | John Brady | <i>Silent Maid</i> |
| 2     | Tim Fallon | <i>Kathleen</i>    |

### Marshall 22s:

|   |                         |                    |
|---|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 | Eric Collins            | <i>Sappho</i>      |
| 2 | Myrna George            | <i>Redwing</i>     |
| 3 | Rex Brewer              | <i>Peregine</i>    |
| 4 | Mike Brown/Glarke Costa | <i>Muttcockian</i> |

### Marshall 18s:

|   |                     |                 |
|---|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1 | Jay Kolyer          | <i>Mugsy</i>    |
| 2 | Charley Appleton    | <i>Emmalina</i> |
| 3 | Jason Grear         | <i>Selkie</i>   |
| 4 | Jack Ryan/Lucy Shea | <i>Bingo</i>    |

## Norwalk Islands Catboat Race

– *Mats Josefsson*

**NORWALK, CT** – September 18, 2010, was a glorious day for the Norwalk Islands Catboat Race. A light easterly breeze and six boats were on the line. New to our group was *Peregrine*, single-handed by Rex Brewer all the way from Rhode Island, en route to Annapolis. Our photographer, Mary Ellen, sailed with Rex, and took some excellent photographs along with more photographs by the skipper of *Downwind*, Ray Montana.

Several of the boats were positioned for the favored end of the line (committee boat end) obviously all wanting to be reaching for speed and hardening up to go upwind. The light wind was variable and not easy to predict. Frank Kemp in *Lovinde* made a 360, a kind of a sportsmanlike maneuver to avoid “barging” at the start, as he had to give way to *Sally E* who in turn had to give way to *Malö*, as there was no room between *Malö* and the committee boat. Once the gun went off, *Malö* thought he was over the line when he heard the official say *Downwind* was over. Consequently, *Malö* fell off to behind the line, “restarted” and *Downwind* maneuvered as required for an over-early start. Mark Engel in *Katie* had the best start.

The first upwind leg had lots of action in the light shifty breeze. The rest of the race didn’t really have any upwind legs as the forecasted SE wind never materialized. Frank Kemp in *Lovinde* managed to pass

many of the boats after his less than perfect start and finished second, overtaking *Sally E* on the second to last leg. (It must be the new sail giving him the speed advantage.)

Mats Josefsson in *Malö* took the 2010 Western Long Island Sound perpetual honors trophy for the tenth time in 12 years.

A gam and awards followed the racing with plenty of beer, cheese and post-race stories.

## THE RESULTS:

| Place | Captain        | Boat             | Design           |
|-------|----------------|------------------|------------------|
| 1     | Mats Josefsson | <i>Malo</i>      | Marshall 18      |
| 2     | Frank Kemp     | <i>Lovinde</i>   | Marshall 18      |
| 3     | John Reffner   | <i>Sally E</i>   | Atlantic City 24 |
| 4     | Mark Engel     | <i>Katie</i>     | Herreshoff 18    |
| 5     | Rex Brewer     | <i>Peregrine</i> | Marshall 22      |
| 6     | Ray Montana    | <i>Downwind</i>  | Herreshoff 18    |



Off we go around the islands. Photos by Ray Montana and Mary Ellen Lefkowitz.



Catboat vs. ugly power boat!



# Cats and Gaffers Race

– Rick Batchelder

ESSEX, CT – Cats and Gaffers 2010 began Friday, August 20, with the captains’ meeting, held this year at Marley’s on Essex Island. We walked there from the Connecticut River Museum, taking the ferry to the island. The food was excellent and the location beautiful.

Saturday we had a light breeze from the south and an outgoing tide, so the current helped us get to the windward mark quickly, and there was enough wind to fight the tide to the leeward mark. The current and light wind made rounding the marks a little tricky, and there were a few incidents. *Diligent* was carried into the committee boat’s anchor line and bumped into it. *Stray* was carried into the pin at the start of a race and was penalized with a 360 degree turn. At the leeward mark in another race, *Pounce* and *Jezebel* made a *Stray* sandwich (I was the meat) as we all bumped together and then proceeded to run over the mark. No harm was done and we went on with the race. Six races were completed on the triangular course set off the North end of Nott Island.

Photographer Eric Johnson was aboard the committee boat and took many fine pictures of the race.

After the race, we returned to the docks at the Connecticut River Museum for drinks, grilled burgers and dogs along with a great view of Essex Harbor. The museum had been damaged by fire a few days previously and the staff worked hard to get it back into partial operation.

Thanks go to Sandy Sanstrom from the Pettipaug Yacht Club for once again running the committee boat, Kathy David from The Maritime Education Network for the use of *Pieces of Eight*, the committee boat, and Jerry Roberts and Susan Daniels at the Connecticut River Museum for hosting us under difficult conditions. All proceeds from registrations and dinner went to the museum.

## THE RESULTS:

| Place | Captain         | Boat            | Design                |
|-------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------------|
| 1     | Rick Batchelder | <i>Stray</i>    | Marshall 18           |
| 2     | Larry Ritzhaupt | <i>Jezebel</i>  | Marshall 18           |
| 3     | C. Elliott      | <i>Pounce</i>   | Marshall 18           |
| 4     | Len Van Vliet   | <i>Diligent</i> | Marshall 18           |
| DNF   | Vince Elliott   | <i>Osprey</i>   | Herreshoff America 18 |



Sailing by Nott Island.



Racing to leeward.



At the finish line.

Photos by Eric Johnson



# Catboat *Priscilla*

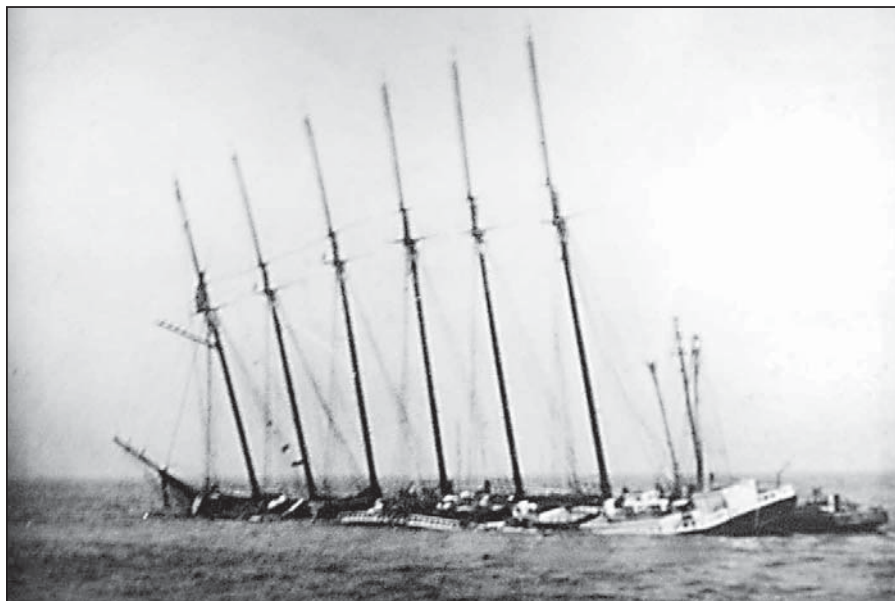
---

– *Mark Alan Lovewell*

It has been 101 years since the six-masted schooner *Mertie B. Crowley* ran aground, was destroyed on the shoals off Martha's Vineyard and the captain and crew were rescued by those aboard a catboat named *Priscilla*. The loss of the giant 296.5 foot schooner and subsequent rescue on January 23, 1910, is unusual in that there was no loss of life. All 14 aboard were saved. Two years later, the catboat captain, Levi Jackson, and his crew of four men were awarded medals by the Carnegie Hero Fund for their bravery.

To say this was a lucky rescue at sea in the midst of a big storm is an understatement.

Last summer, on Martha's Vineyard, family members who are descendants of those concerned, together with friends and neighbors, attended a series of four programs and one was held at the Martha's Vineyard Museum. It was an opportunity for grandchildren and great grandchildren to come together and share the stories they'd heard and read growing up. Even descendants of the captain of the lost schooner attended. It was a chance to share some of the memorabilia and bring life back to the old sea story.



*Mertie B. Crowley*

The wooden ship *Mertie B. Crowley* was sailing from Baltimore to Boston loaded with coal, when

she ran aground on the treacherous shallow Wasque Shoals off the southeastern corner of Chappaquiddick Island, part of Martha's Vineyard. It was an event almost impossible to prevent, for it came in the days before GPS, radar and other modern navigational aids. The ship had no propeller, only an auxiliary engine used for raising sail.

The culprit was a severe persistent ocean storm and fog. The captain and his crew had simply lost their way in the waters south of the Vineyard. Bad seas and poor visibility compounded an unfortunate navigational error and brought a quick end to the three-year-old Maine-built ship. The grounding occurred only two years and two months before the *Titanic* ran into an iceberg hundreds of miles to the north.

This was not a usual grounding. The ship was caught in a shoal three miles from shore, too far for a rescue from the beach by either lifeboat or through the use of a Lyle gun and breeches buoy. This rescue had to be done at sea, amid the crashing waves and shifting currents by Capt. Levi Jackson of Edgartown and his shallow draft 37 foot sailboat, powered by a 16 hp. motor.

Captain Jackson, only 5 foot 6 inch tall, was a celebrated fisherman in the waters around the Vineyard well before the rescue. He earned the nick name "Re-di-do-die", which translates from "ready to die." He had a "can not fail" attitude in the worst of seas, earning some of that confidence while serving at the lifesaving station at Gay Head in 1901, and through the years leading up to the famous rescue, when he put himself, his crew and boat through troubled seas from the waters off New Bedford to Georges Bank..

His tales were retold and often written about in news stories and books. He had a reputation for taking his auxiliary-run sailboat to places where larger schooners would not venture. Levi Jackson's life at sea knew few bounds.



The *Priscilla*.

The *Priscilla* had her own history and was worthy of a few tales of her own before the rescue. The first entry we know about her, came well before she was owned by the legendary Captain Jackson:

The New York Times, July 24, 1897, reported that the catboat *Priscilla* of Nantucket rescued the eight-member crew of the Brigantine *C.H. Sibley*, wrecked 15 miles off Great Rip. The crew was found a mile offshore.

Two years later, the Vineyard Gazette, a newspaper published on Martha's Vineyard, reported that "Cat-boat [Captain Benjamin] Morris of Nantucket, was on the King's railway last week. The *Priscilla* is one of the largest 'cats' we have ever seen."

In 1901, the New Bedford Evening Standard of July 9 listed: "For Sale – Catboat *Priscilla*, 37 ft. long, 15 ft. beam, in perfect order. This boat belongs

to the estate of the late Capt. B.F. Morris of Nantucket and will be sold. For further particulars apply to G.E. Moore, Nantucket, Mass. or W.R. Morris, 236 Walnut Street, Springfield, Mass."

Two days later the July 11, 1901 Vineyard Gazette reported: "Cat-boat *Priscilla*, of Nantucket, which has been purchased by parties in New Bedford, was here Tuesday night, sailing the following day for New Bedford. The *Priscilla* is 38 feet in length and one of the largest cat-boats hailing from Nantucket."

The *Priscilla* appears again in the Vineyard Gazette with the following January 19, 1905 report: "Cat boat *Priscilla*, of Cuttyhunk, Levi Jackson, master, which boat has been in these waters the past ten days, brought in one day during the week over eighty haddock caught off the Southside."

From the Vineyard Gazette, April 5, 1906: "The Jackson brothers [Bob and Levi] of Cuttyhunk moved their families and household goods here this week in their sloop boats *Mildred* and *Priscilla*."

The best story written about the *Priscilla* appeared in the New Bedford Standard Times, in 1910, shortly after the rescue of the *Mertie B. Crowley* and reads as follows: "Was Largest Cat in World" "The sloop *Priscilla* from which Captain Levi Jackson performed his noble rescue of the crew of the *Mertie B. Crowley* on Sunday [January 23, 1910], was bought about 7

years ago [1903] from Israel Swaine of Nantucket, and at that time was the largest catboat in the world, measuring some 37 feet. Shortly after purchasing the *Priscilla*, Levi Jackson had her remodeled into a sloop, and has used her for fishing purposes ever since. On account of its size when a catboat, the *Priscilla* was a difficult boat to handle, and two men were required to sail her. The *Priscilla* is often seen in New Bedford, where she comes to Childs' wharf with a load of fish. Levi Jackson is one of three Jackson brothers. For a while he lived here at the south end. One of his brothers is a pilot [Sam] and the other is a fisherman at Edgartown [Bob]."

The *Priscilla*, was rigged as a sloop with an added bowsprit for spotting and harpooning swordfish. In those days, swordfish came within a few miles of the Vineyard shoreline.

Now that the reader knows a bit more about Levi Jackson's *Priscilla*, here is the story about the rescue.

The *Mertie B. Crowley* was loaded with coal and left Newport News on the morning of January 18, bound for Boston. Three days later, she was hit by a severe storm with 50 to 60 miles per hour winds and fog.

Herb Ward, a great-grandson of Levi Jackson wrote in last fall's Martha's Vineyard Museum's *Intelligencer*: "On Saturday, the seas were rough. When the crew saw a lighthouse beam, they... thought it was the Shinnecock Light on Long Island. The direction of the vessel was changed to east by north in order to make clear passage between the Elizabeth Islands and Martha's Vineyard. However, the Crowley had made more headway during the storm than they realized. The next light the crew saw they believed to be Block Island Light, but it turned out to be Edgartown Light."

## 10 HOURS IN RIGGING, SAVED FROM WRECK

Captain's Wife and 14 Men  
Lashed to Crosstrees While Big  
Schooner Breaks in Two.

RESCUERS FACE WILD SEA

Go Out in Fishing Smack—Wrecked  
Crowley Mistook Lights Off Mar-  
tha's Vineyard and Struck Reef.

EDGARTOWN, Mass., Jan. 23.—The schooner *Mertie B. Crowley*, one of the few six-masters flying the American flag, lies to-night a total wreck on the reefs three miles off the southeast end of Martha's Vineyard Island. Already the *Crowley* has broken in two, and great seas are fast smashing her stout timbers. She was bound from Baltimore for Boston with coal, and to the bravery of Skipper Levi Jackson and his crew of four men of the Edgartown fishing smack *Priscilla* is due the rescue of the fifteen persons aboard—Capt. Haskell, Mrs. Haskell, and thirteen members of the crew.

At 5:35 in the morning, she grounded. Mr. Ward wrote: "The vessel was then forced broadside by the mighty ocean waves, with the stern facing toward the south shore of Martha's Vineyard, in a direction 180 degrees from where she had been moments before."

Aboard was Captain William H. Haskell, his wife Ida M., and a crew of twelve.

Word of the grounding traveled that morning, as quickly as information could travel in the days before telephone and radio. Three vessels responded. Levi Jackson's *Priscilla* left from Edgartown Harbor. There was the *Acushnet*, a revenue cutter out of Vineyard Haven. The third was a fishing boat *Viking*. But only Captain Jackson's shallow draft boat was able to get close enough to the broken schooner to bring help. The *Acushnet* and the *Viking* could only stand by at their anchors, and watch the rescue, concerned for their own safety.

"Nearer the shore the breakers lost some of their vitality in crossing the shoal, but out where the *Priscilla* was making her reckless dash for the wreck, the seas beat upon and broke over the outer barrier of the shoal with all their virgin force," wrote Phillips N. Case, in his book *Joy's Pier*, published in 1951.

Mr. Case spends pages in his book describing how Captain Jackson, in his own account, was able to sneak his boat amid the waves, into the lee of the broken ship and give his four crewmen, the opportunity to run their four 17-foot dories back and forth between the small sailboat and the towering troubled ship.

By the time the *Priscilla* had arrived, Captain Jackson found that the crew of the *Mertie B. Crowley* had all climbed up the rigging of the vessel and tied themselves to the mast. Even Ida Haskell was taken high aloft by the crew up the rigging and tied to the foremast, safe from the breaking waves. By midmorning, the great ship had broken into two. Waves hitting the listing ship often obscured her deck from sight.

It wasn't until after noon that the four dories were able to make it to the ship. The crewmen were brought to the *Priscilla* one at a time. The crewmen aboard the *Priscilla* were Patrick Kelly and his brother Henry; Eugene Benefit and Louis Doucette. One of the dories was reportedly smashed against the hull of the *Mertie B. Crowley*.

From the January 23 report that appeared in the *New York Times*: "Mrs. Haskell was the first to be transferred. She was lowered from her cramped position in the cross trees and down the fore rigging

Photo credit: New York Times Article

as far as possible. With the same nerve which had sustained her during hours of exposure she made a leap for the dory beneath, landed safely, and was saved.

“When the steward jumped for the tossing dory beneath him he missed and went overboard, but was rescued from the water by Patrick Kelly, one of the fishermen, who grasped the vessel’s fore rigging and clung to the steward’s clothing until another dory took them both aboard.”

The rescue took hours of effort amid the powerful seas. By the time the *Priscilla* arrived back at Edgartown Harbor, in late afternoon, there was a huge cheering crowd.



Captain Levi Jackson, in center, and the heroes.

A month later, Captain Jackson and his crew were honored by the Humane Society of Massachusetts. Two years after the rescue, in January of 1912, they were all honored again by the Carnegie Hero Fund and given medals. The captain received \$2,000. The crew members each received \$1,000.

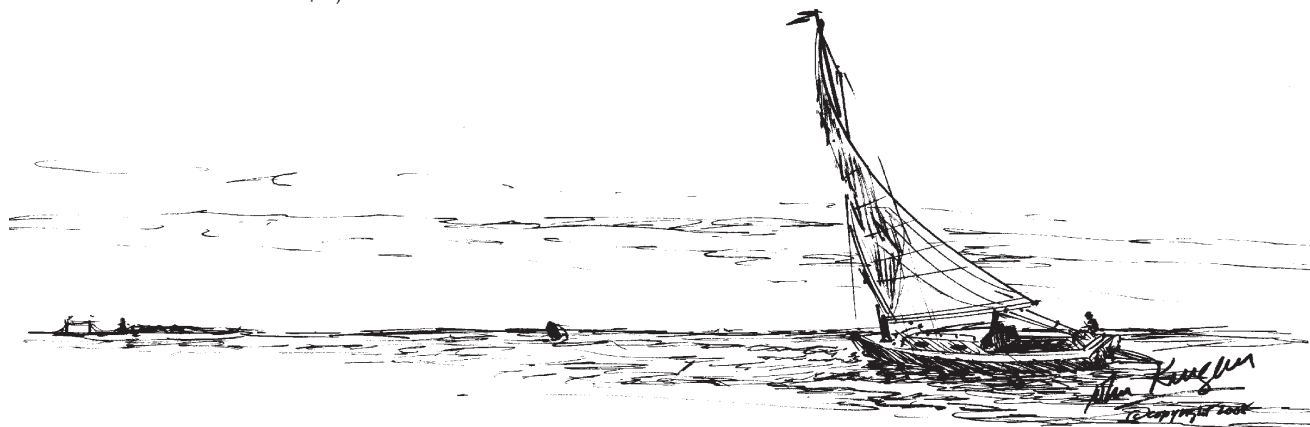
In 1912, with the \$2,000, Captain Jackson had a new boat built. She was named *Priscilla II*.

There is but one more mention of the *Priscilla* that appeared in the *Vineyard Gazette*, a retrospective story about the captain under the column name of “Interesting Vineyarders” and published March 2, 1928. In recounting the captain’s life story, the writer said: “Once more Captain Levi moved into a larger craft, this time a thirty-seven foot catboat [*Priscilla*], the largest one in the world, at that time. Large though it was, nevertheless it was only a catboat, built for carrying parties with a great open cockpit and low deck, almost down to the waterline, as is customary in this type of boat.”

“But her size inspired confidence and Captain Jackson boldly sailed to the grounds where only the schooners go at the present time: Georges Banks, Nova Scotia, Chesapeake Bay and out in the Gulf Stream. He tells of going to Atlantic City, when there were but four boats fishing there for mackerel. The people there were astonished at the appearance of his boat, never having seen one like her before.”

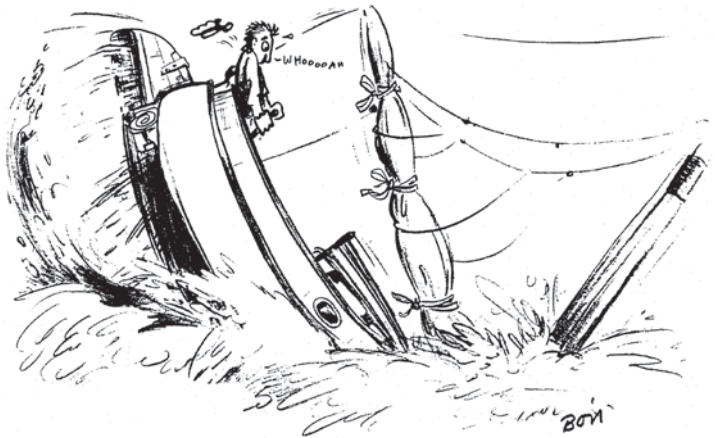


Carnegie Hero Fund Medal



# Boat Building and Maintenance

– Bob Reddington, Editor



**Editor Note:** Good news your sinking shipmate is floating pretty high right now even the water line is showing. Henry Depew, your bulletin discussion group leader, who lives in Florida, sends you his idea to put a little bit of heat in your engine area to prevent freezing. In “Bulletin No. 153” Ken Sloan told us about his 10 hp. air-cooled gasoline engine, he had stated that the manufacturer was out of business; not so. Write: Doug Brown, Brown Marine Engineering, Inc., 15706 Condon Avenue, Bldg A, Lawndale, CA 90260.

Name and address in letter posted May 15, 2010.

From “Bulletin No. 152” idea described by Roger Klein, Bob Sweet has made a similar tool for his hinged mast, but with a twist. The picture tells it all.

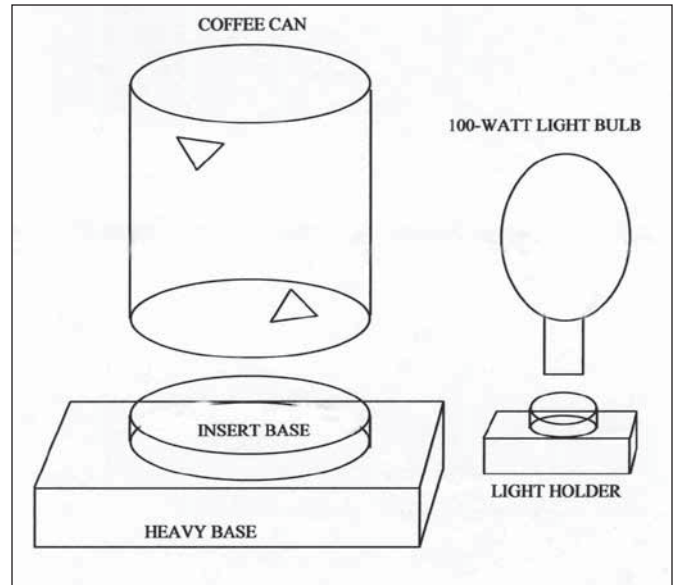
Joseph M. (Joe) Stoltz of Old Saybrook, Conn. sails Koshka, an 18 ft. Marshall Sanderling, sends us some interesting stuff on electrical systems, a bit long but worth the time to read it though. So remember catboaters, we are floating high right now but could spring a leak at any time. We still need your input. It should go to Bob Reddington 235 Lake Avenue, Bay Head, N.J. 08742.

Your sinking Shipmate,  
Bob Reddington

P.S. if you got to our annual winter meeting in February how’d you like it, I thought it was great.

## Cabin or Engine area winter heater

–C. Henry Depew



The above illustrates one way to provide heat to a cabin or engine area when the boat is not in use during the winter. The idea is to use a large coffee can, with holes at the base and near the top to allow air circulation. The light bulb supplies the heat while the can provides protection to the light bulb and acts as a radiator.

The coffee can should fit snugly over the insert base and there needs to be a “slot” cut at the appropriate place for the 110-power cord to get to the light from the shore power source. I used a standard automotive protected work light to do the same thing under the engine of my Sisu 22 when it was on the trailer in the back yard. This arrangement worked quite nicely in northern Florida.

## Hinged Mast Lever on a Marshall 18

– Bob Sweet

In regard to your article in the “*Bulletin No. 152*” by Roger Klein describing how to make improvements to a hinged mast, I have done the same thing but with a slight difference. For the plug I have cut off 13/16” in. on either side to allow my lever to fit into and lift the mast. I have attached the plug by using double-sided carpet tape. With the plug cut in this way I have not had trouble with the mast hoops catching in the opening.

I have used hardwood for the lever and a piece of square aluminum tubing for the stiff leg. (Only because I had access to this). You could use a cut off broom handle or a 1 in. hardwood dowel (broom handle) with a rubber cane cap so it will not slip on the deck.

I have been using this for three years and it works very well. I have also found that the hinge will stick if the mast is not vertical (the boat on a heel).



The Lever

If you have any questions you may contact me by email at [bobdianne@vianet.ca](mailto:bobdianne@vianet.ca) Or snail mail me as my name is in the annual CBA yearbook. I hope this is of help to anyone with a mast hinge.



The Lever and how to use it.

## Does Your Catboat DC Electrical System Meet Federal Requirements?

– Joseph M. Stoltz

Electrical systems on boats can be complex. They range from those with meticulously laid out and routed wires (conductors) and associated components to the “Joe Saturday” rats nest.

The U.S. Coast Guard does, however, have certain standards that are contained in the Code of Federal Regulations (CFR) and are requirements for U.S. boats, specifically 33 CFR Section 183. Whether you are building a new boat, refitting an old boat or adding new pieces of equipment to your existing electrical system, the federal regulations are there to protect your pride and joy. Not only that, it’s the law.

Let’s look at a typical catboat’s 12V electrical system (we’ll call her *Sparky*) and see how the federal regulations contained in 33 CFR Section 183 apply. To keep things interesting, let’s assume she has a 12V “house” battery and a 12V cranking battery for the engine. She will have an inboard gas engine and fuel tank tucked away under the cockpit sole. I could have made it a diesel, but gas inboards are so much more “exciting” when things go wrong electrically!

Each component of the DC electrical system is discussed below as the federal requirements relate to it:

## BATTERY

- A) **Movement** – *Batteries as installed must not move more than 1 inch in any direction when a pulling force of 90 lbs is applied.* Even if your battery is in a box with a cover and the box is secure, check to see if the battery can slide around in the box. If it can, you can always add some spacing material.
- B) **Contact with Positive Terminal** – *Each battery must be installed so that metallic objects cannot come in contact with the ungrounded (positive) battery terminal. This can be accomplished by means of a covered battery box or non-conductive boot over the terminal.* The goal here is to avoid sparks caused if a tool or something else metallic accidentally contacts the battery positive terminal. Since many times batteries share machinery spaces with gasoline fuel tanks and engines, sparks in a poorly ventilated space with volatile gases can ruin your day.
- C) **Fuel Lines** – *Each metallic fuel line and fuel system component within 12 inches and above the horizontal plane of the battery top surface as installed must be shielded with a dielectric material.* The idea here is again to prevent contact between a metallic tool touching the positive terminal and a metallic fuel line. The best bet is to not route the fuel line anywhere near the battery if possible. Same for rubber fuel lines. While they will not spark, any battery sulfuric acid fumes can damage them eventually.
- D) **Fuel Tanks** – *A battery must not be installed directly above or below a fuel tank, fuel filter or fitting in a fuel line.* Again, leaking electrolyte and sulfuric acid fumes can attack the fuel system components causing leaks and dripping fuel can attack the battery housing.
- E) **Vent System** – *A vent system or other means must be provided to permit discharge, from the boat, of hydrogen gas as released by the battery .* Hydrogen is very explosive. But it is lighter than air, so it will quickly disperse through overhead openings. Pockets above the battery that could trap and hold hydrogen need to be vented. A battery box whose cover forms a pocket must be vented. Pay close attention to batteries in isolated compartments. The best practice is to install batteries in well ventilated areas.
- F) **Battery Terminals** – *Each battery terminal connector must not depend on spring tension for its mechanical connection to the terminal.* The

integrity of the terminal connections are very important to stop sparking and overheating of the terminal. Vibration considerations are the reason spring tension terminals are not allowed. .

**Conductors – General - Each conductor must be insulated stranded copper.** What this means is that solid copper conductors, e.g. like house wiring, are not legal on boats.

Each conductor must be insulated with an insulation compound meeting one of the following:

- 1) Insulation listed and classified as moisture resistant and flame retardant in Article 310, National Fire Protection Association (NFPA) No. 70, National Electric Code;
- 2) A flexible cord type SO, STO, ST, SJO, SJT or SJTO listed in Article 400 NFPA No. 70, National Electric Code;
- 3) conductor that meets IEEE Standard 45;
- 4) conductor that meets UL Standard 1426

**Or. conductors can meet the following standards:**

- 1) The insulating material temperature rating requirements of SAE Standard J378B and SAE Standard J1127 or SAE Standard 1128.
- 2) A flexi Temperature rating of Society of Automotive Engineers (SAE) Standard J378B and SAE J1127 or SAE 1128.

These insulation requirements do not apply to communication systems, electronic navigation equipment, resistance conductors that control circuit amperage and pigtails of <7 inches of exposed length.

If you just go to your local marine outfitter, you don't have to worry because they stock marine grade wiring. Just check the labeling on the sheath to make sure it meets one of these standards. SAE = Society of Automotive Engineers.

### **Conductor Sizing –**

1. Except for intermittent surges each conductor must not carry a current greater than that specified in Figure 1 for the conductor's gauge and temperature rating.
2. For conductors in engine spaces, amperages must be corrected by the appropriate correction factor in Note 1 of Figure 1.



TABLE 5—ALLOWABLE AMPERAGE OF CONDUCTORS

| Conductor size (AWG) | Temperature rating of conductor insulation |                |                |                |                 |                 |                 |
|----------------------|--|----------------|----------------|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|                      | 60 °C (140 °F)                             | 75 °C (167 °F) | 80 °C (176 °F) | 90 °C (194 °F) | 105 °C (221 °F) | 125 °C (257 °F) | 200 °C (392 °F) |
| 18                   | 10   | 10             | 15             | 20             | 20              | 25              | 25              |
| 16                   | 15   | 15             | 20             | 25             | 25              | 30              | 35              |
| 14                   | 20   | 20             | 25             | 30             | 35              | 40              | 45              |
| 12                   | 25   | 25             | 35             | 40             | 45              | 50              | 55              |
| 10                   | 40   | 40             | 50             | 55             | 60              | 70              | 70              |
| 8                    | 55   | 65             | 70             | 70             | 80              | 90              | 100             |
| 6                    | 80   | 95             | 100            | 100            | 120             | 125             | 135             |
| 4                    | 105  | 125            | 130            | 135            | 160             | 170             | 180             |
| 3                    | 120  | 145            | 150            | 155            | 180             | 195             | 210             |
| 2                    | 140  | 170            | 175            | 180            | 210             | 225             | 240             |
| 1                    | 165  | 195            | 210            | 210            | 245             | 265             | 280             |
| 0                    | 195  | 230            | 245            | 245            | 285             | 305             | 325             |
| 00                   | 225  | 265            | 285            | 285            | 330             | 355             | 370             |
| 000                  | 260  | 310            | 330            | 330            | 385             | 410             | 430             |
| 0000                 | 300  | 360            | 385            | 385            | 445             | 475             | 510             |

NOTES

|  |                          |                |                |                |                 |                 |                 |
|--|--------------------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. See the following table:            | 60 °C (140 °F)           | 75 °C (167 °F) | 80 °C (176 °F) | 90 °C (194 °F) | 105 °C (221 °F) | 125 °C (257 °F) | 200 °C (392 °F) |
| Temperature rating of conductor .....  | 0.58                     | 0.75           | 0.78           | 0.82           | 0.85            | 0.89            | 1.00            |
| 2. See the following table:            | <i>Correction factor</i> |                |                |                |                 |                 |                 |
| Number of current carrying conductors: |                          |                |                |                |                 |                 |                 |
| 3 .....                                | 0.70                     |                |                |                |                 |                 |                 |

Figure 1. Table 5 From CFR 33 Part 183.425 – Conductors

Table 5 is used for the selection of conductor size. It is important to remember a couple of things:

- 1) Heat affects the allowable amperage a conductor can carry, e.g. inside an engine space vs. outside an engine space;
- 2) All conductors have resistance as current flows through them causing voltage to drop. Voltage drop is an important consideration. Especially when dealing with panel board feeds, bilge blowers, electronics and navigation lights.

Ask the following when selecting a conductor:

- 1) Current rating of the circuit?
- 2) Conductor insulation temperature rating?
- 3) Is the conductor in an engine space?
- 4) System voltage, e.g. <50 volts or >50 volts?
- 5) Will the conductors be bundled and if so, how many in a bundle?
- 6) Does the conductor insulation meet the necessary requirements?
- 7) Total run of the conductor out and back?

**Example Calculation:**

- **Circuit Load:** 15 Amps for our 800 GPH bilge pump.
- **Location:** The bilge pump is located under the cabin sole, but the conductor passes through the engine space to get there.
- **Bundling:** Let's say it is bundled with two other 12 volt conductors going towards the bow and mast head light. Since they are all <50 volts. No bundling correction is required by the CFR. If however, we also had a couple of 120 volt conductors bundled in, a correction factor would be required. But that's another story....
- **Voltage:** < 50 volts, i.e. 12 volt bilge pump and 12 volt mast and bow lights.
- You decide to use 75°C temperature rated conductor for the bilge pump. Let's see if that is acceptable.

Since the conductor will be running through an engine space, the amperage rating will be reduced due to heat from the engine. In order to compensate for this, Table 5 Note 1 applies a correction factor of 0.75.

So, looking at the Table 5, we can see that outside of an engine space a 16 American Wire Gauge (AWG) conductor will normally carry 15 amps, but when corrected for being in an engine space, it will only be rated at 11.25 amps (15 amps x 0.75 correct factor = 11.25 amps). Our bilge pump draws 15 amps, so running 16 AWG wire to it would be under sizing the conductor and could lead to problems.

Let's see if a 14 AWG wire would be a better choice. From Table 5, we see a 14 AWG rated at 75°C is 20 amps. We then correct for the engine space (20 amps x 0.75 = 15 amps). Since this is 100% of our bilge pump amps, 14 AWG may be used. Depending on the length of the conductor run, you may want to go up one more conductor size to eliminate or minimize voltage drop due to conductor runs that may be >20 feet out and back.

### Secondary Circuits of Ignition Systems –

- 1) Each conductor in a secondary circuit of an ignition system must meet SAE Standard J557;
- 2) The connection of each ignition conductor to a spark plug, coil or distributor must have a tight fitting cap, boot or nipple.

In other words on a gasoline engine, the conductors going from the coil, distributor and spark plugs must be fitted with boots that cover the ignition conductor. This is done for safety concerns due to explosive atmospheres in engine compartments and electrical arcing of uninsulated ignition components. The conductors also need to meet the specialized requirements of SAE standard J557.

### Conductor Protection –

- 1) Each conductor or group of conductors that pass through a bulkhead, structural member, junction box or other rigid surface must be protected from abrasion. This is because there are a lot of vibrations on boats and over time a conductor's covering can be worn away creating a possible short circuit. Electrical tape, grommets, caulking, piece of hose, etc can provide abrasion protection and make the boat compliant with this regulation. Most of the retail marine stores sell rubber grommets for just this purpose.
- 2) Each ungrounded terminal or stud that is continuously energized must meet CFR 18.455 (Over current Protection) or must have a boot, nipple, cap, cover or shield that prevents accidental short-circuiting at the terminal or studs. Any continuously energized terminal or stud that is not protected by a fuse or

circuit breaker, must be covered to protect from accidental shorting. Continuously energized means something that is directly connected to the power source without any switches, etc in line with it. A direct connection between the source and the terminal.

### Minimum Conductor AWG –

- 1) Each conductor in a multiconductor sheath must be at least a No. 18 AWG conductor;
- 2) Each conductor installed separately must be at least a No. 16 AWG conductor;
- 3) Each No. 18 AWG conductor in a multiconductor sheath may not be extended out of the sheath more than 30 inches.

*This section does not apply to communication systems; electronic navigation equipment; electronic circuits having current flow < 1 amp; conductors which are totally inside equipment housing; resistance conductors that control circuits amperage; high voltage secondary conductors and terminations that are ignition systems; pigtailed < 7 inches of exposed length; and cranking motor conductors.*

### Overcurrent Protection & Placement

**Each ungrounded current carrying conductor must be protected by a manually reset, trip free circuit breaker or fuse.** What this means is that, if used a circuit breaker must be of the manually reset type rather than the automatic reset type. The circuit breaker must be of the trip free type meaning the breaker will only open the circuit even if the handle is held in the "On" position.

- **Manually reset, trip free circuit breaker or fuse must be placed at the source of the power for each circuit or conductor except: If it is physically impractical to place the circuit breaker or fuse at the source of power, it may be placed within 7inches of the source of power for each circuit or conductor, measured along the conductor.**
- **If it is physically impractical to place the circuit breaker or fuse within 7inches of the source of power, it may be placed within 40inches of the source of power for each circuit or conductor, measured along the conductor, if the conductor is contained throughout its entire distance between the source of power and the required circuit breaker or fuse in a sheath or enclosure such as a junction box, or enclosed panel.**

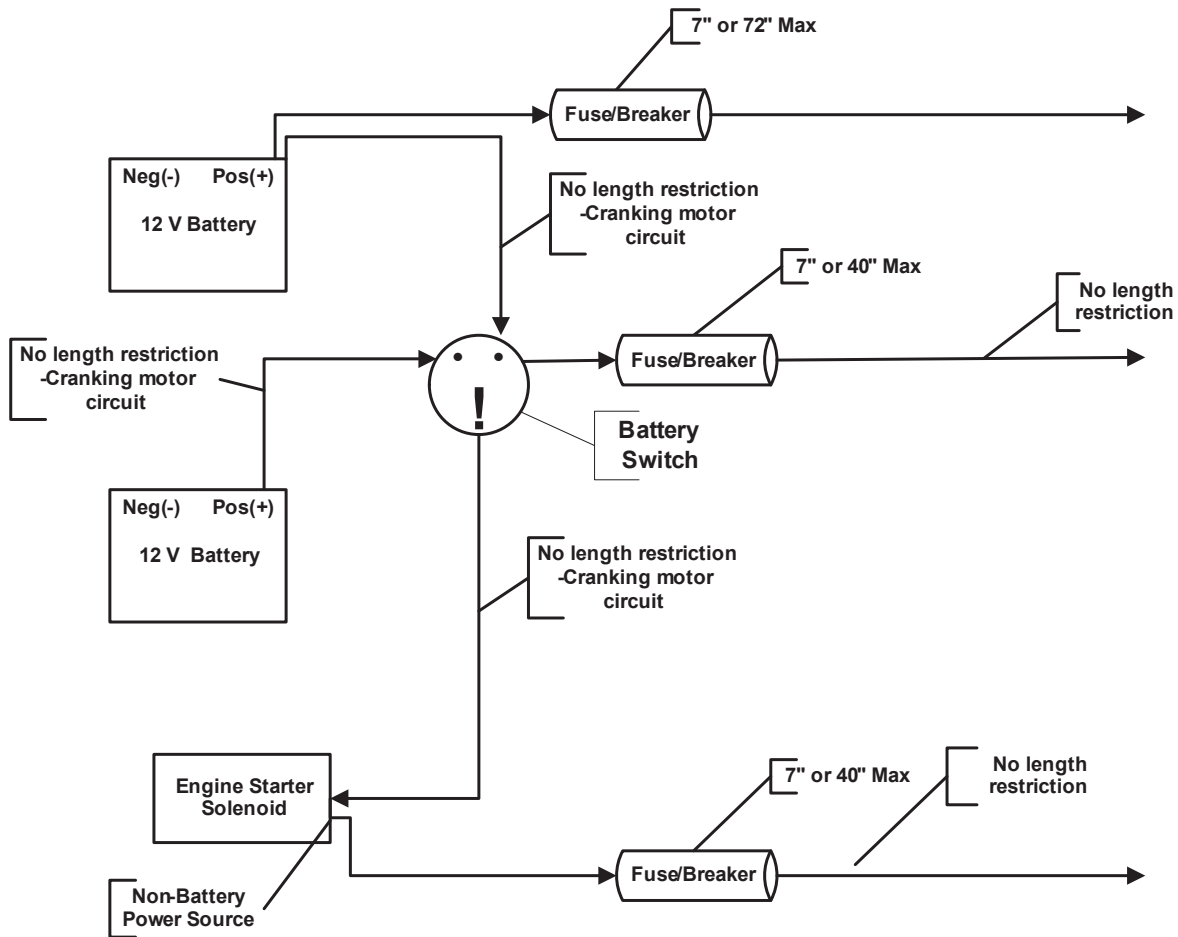
Basically, a conductor must be protected in the following way:

- 1) Where the conductor receives power;
- 2) Where a smaller conductor is connected to a larger conductor;
- 3) The point where a circuit initially receives power if the breaker or fuse is sized to protect the smallest conductor in the circuit.

*Note – Overcurrent protection for a power source coming off a battery is allowed to be within 72 inches if the conductor is contained throughout its length in a sheath or enclosure. The purpose of the sheath is for abrasion protection.*

Figure 2.

**Schematic Representation Showing Maximum Unprotected Conductor Lengths & Possible Placement of Overcurrent Protection for Ungrounded (Positive) DC Conductors**



**The Rules for Conductor Overcurrent Protection Placement :**

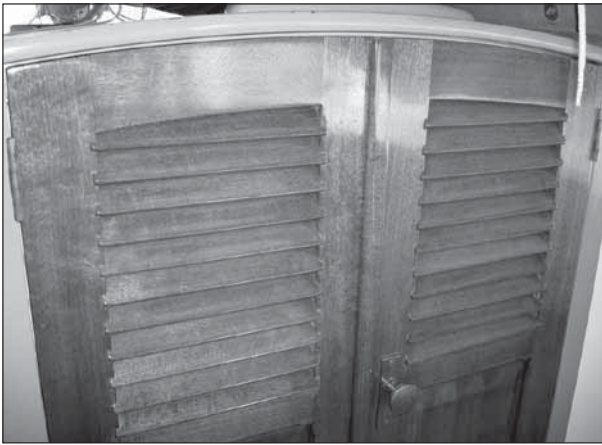
If conductor from a Battery - Then within 7" or 72" (if in a protective sheath, etc.) of the source of power .

If conductor from a Non-Battery (Battery Switch, Starter Solenoid , Generator , Inverter, Solar Panel ) – Then within 7" or 40" (if in a protective sheath, etc.) of the source of power .

Cranking Motor Circuits – No conductor length restriction

# Keeping the Bugs Out

– Ken Sloan



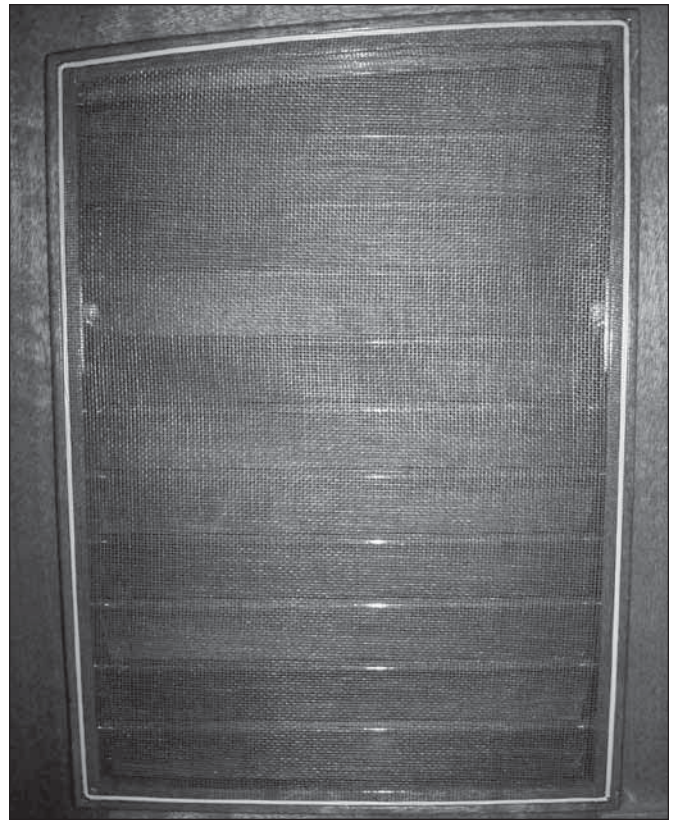
Outside view of both companionway doors.

In Wisconsin, especially on Lake Superior, sailing without screens is not an option. Screwing a bunch of clips or gluing Velcro to my companionway doors was also not an option.



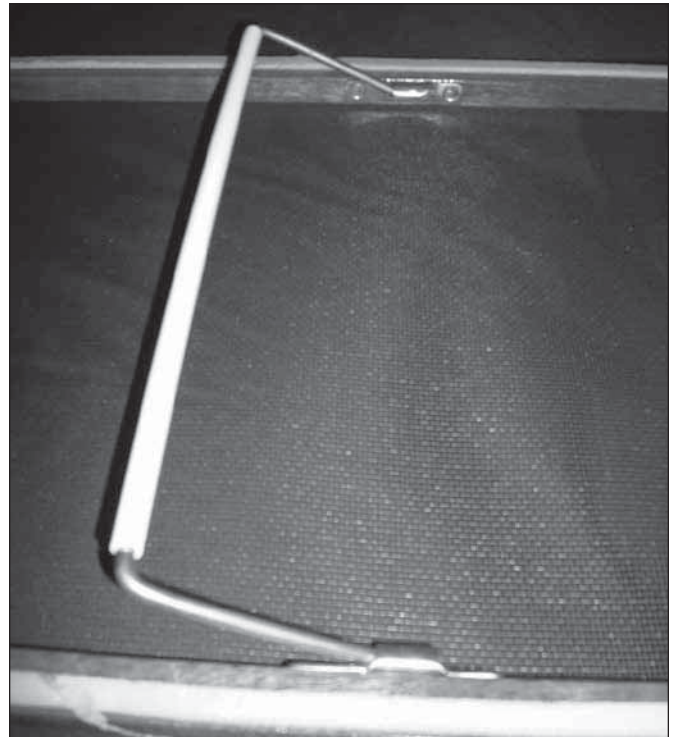
Close-up of the inside of one companionway door – no screen.

The louvers on my doors project beyond the frames on the outside, but are flush on the inside.



Close-up of inside of one companionway door – with screen in place.

So, I made up some screens to fit the inside each of door using fiberglass screen on a wooden frame.



Rod assembly used to hook the screen over a door louver.

A brass rod and some plastic tubing are used to hook the screen over the louvers. Foam weather stripping attached to the inside of the frame seals the screen and holds them in place so they don't slide around.



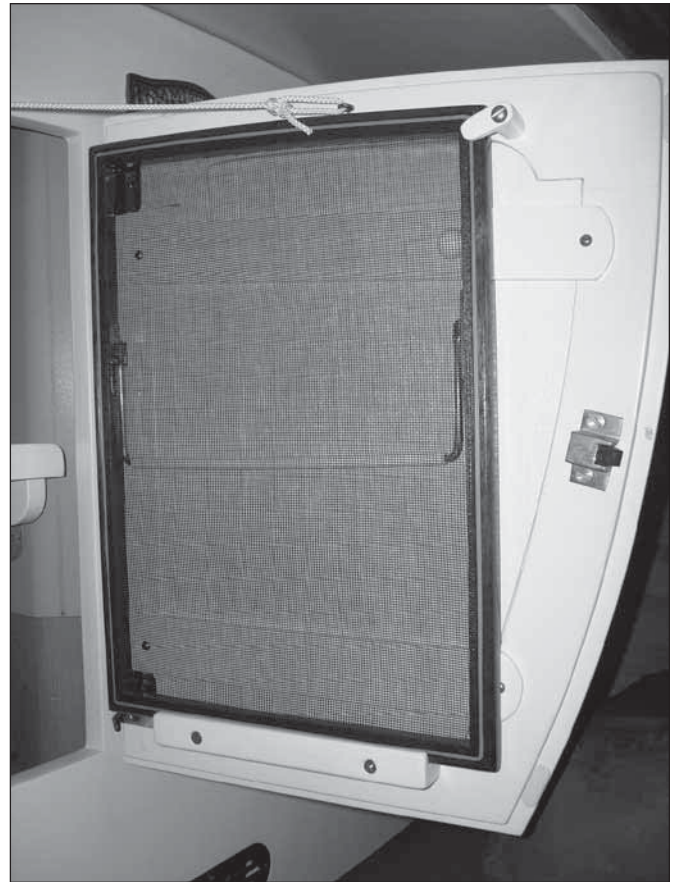
Close-up of pivot point on each end of the rod.

Brass pivot points on the inside of the frame anchor the rod in place. The stop holds the rod at the same angle as the door louvers, but allows it to pivot down for storage.



View of the attachment rod from the outside of the door.

The brass rod fits over a louver to hold the screen in place (as seen from the outside of the door). The plastic tubing prevents chafe.



Screen in stored position on the inside of a forepeak access door.

When not in use, the screens are stored on the inside of the access doors to the forepeak.

Now, if I could just figure out how to keep the bugs out of the *cockpit*.

Contact information:

Ken Sloan  
8181 Denoyer Drive  
Minocqua, WI 54548

1-715-356-4552

[thesloans@charter.net](mailto:thesloans@charter.net)



# Cruising

— Charles Ladoulis, Editor

## OYSTER RUN – Three Days in the Life of an Engine-less Catboat

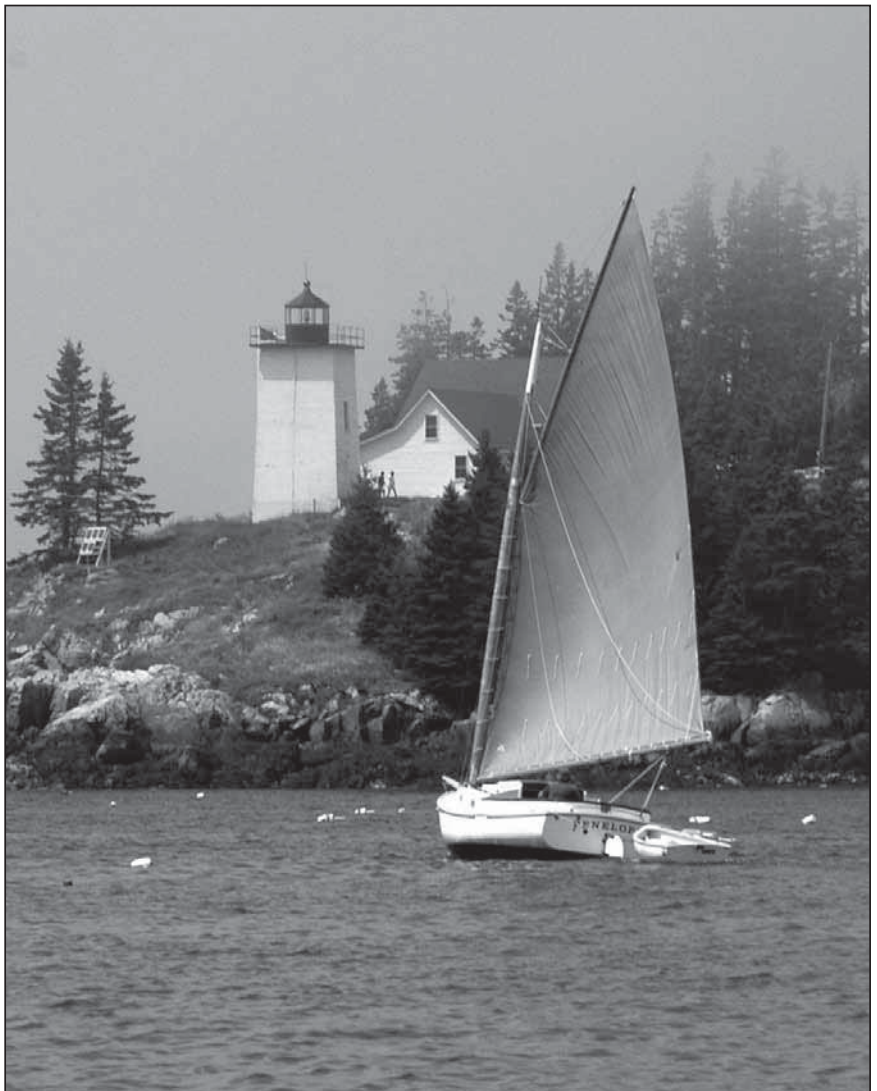
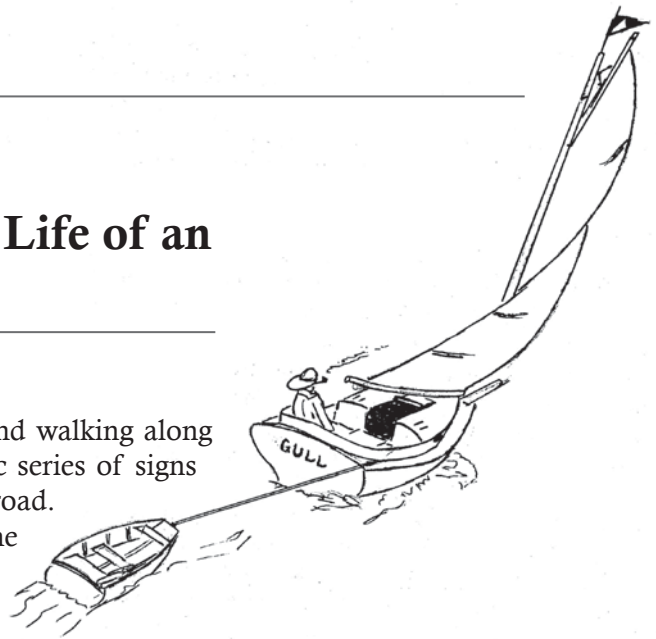
—W. R. Cheney

Stepping ashore at the public dock in Pulpit Harbor and walking along the road a way, visitors will encounter the first of a cryptic series of signs that say simply “Oysters” with an arrow pointing on up the road.

“Oysters what?” the uninitiated might ask. It’s a little like the part in “*Alice in Wonderland*” where she encounters a cake that says “eat me”, or maybe it’s more like finding a jelly bean trail in the woods that will lead you either to

hidden treasure or an evil witch. In any case if, — curious and intrigued —you follow the arrows, you will eventually arrive at the home of Adam and Mickey Campbell and their oyster farm on a brackish pond not far from the harbor. No witches here. Try one or two of their exquisite mollusks and you will be hooked for good. Such was my experience quite a few years ago, and I’ve been coming back ever since.

Once or twice a summer I saddle up *Penelope*, my engine-less Marshall 22 catboat, for the always eventful passage from home on Swan’s Island to the north shore of North Haven, Pulpit Harbor, and the oysters. Friends here on Swan’s Island have become aware of this activity and I now receive commissions to buy oysters for them also. The oyster runs have become a tradition while *Penelope* has, in a small way, become an oyster freighter. I like to think she may now be the only craft on the coast engaged in inter-island trade under pure sail.



*Penelope* at the start of the Oyster Run, out of Burnt Coal Harbor.

This past August 8, a Sunday, saw *Penelope* and your narrator headed out of Burnt Coat Harbor on our most recent single-handed oyster expedition. Clearing the harbor and heading up Jericho Bay, I was happy to note that we were enjoying a fresh breeze out of the south. Going west as we hoped to be doing for the rest of the day would be a lot easier and faster than it would be in the usual sou'wester. My wife had rightly insisted that I pay some bills and mow the lawn before leaving, so it was already after one p.m. and I had some ground to cover.

West past the Halibut Rocks, we went past Southern Mark Island, McGlathery, Round, Wreck and the rest of Merchant's Row. By the time we were level with Farrel Island it was after three and we had to decide whether to push on across East Penobscot Bay for some harbor on Vinalhaven or North Haven or to seek shelter on this side of the bay. On an engine-less boat there comes a time every afternoon when you have to decide whether to trust the breeze and push on or call it quits for the day. This is particularly true if pushing on involves passage over a large body of water. The risk, of course, is that the wind will quit when you are out in the middle and leave you with an anxious wait for new developments. Much as we like being on the water, more or less helpless all night drifts do not rate among our favorite pastimes.

This breeze seemed stalwart enough and was, in fact, strengthening so we decided to push on. It was also true that this night's forecast called not for calm but for SW breezes gusting to 25 knots. Under such conditions no possible harbor could be better than Carver's Cove right at the eastern entrance to the Fox Island Thoroughfare, and this was where we decided we wanted to go. Nearby Seal Bay - long a favorite of ours - would have been good too, but ever since Reed's Nautical Almanac cited the place as one of the most beautiful on the coast it has become way too crowded and the beauty, much of which had to do with pristine solitude, has become more difficult to enjoy.

Jumping off from the vicinity of Scraggy Island and The Brown Cow we have a straight shot for the Fox Island Thoroughfare with the sheet eased. It is breezing up to well over 15 knots and the silvery breaking waves are bathed in a copper-toned, late afternoon haze. If we were dead on the wind, reefing might be in order, but as it is *Penelope* likes it fine and flies westward.

Scudding by Widow Island and into Carver's Cove, we pass a 26 ft. sloop anchored just outside, the only place in the immediate area that offers little

protection from the prevailing and predicted strong SW wind. She is rolling in the chop and flying a yellow flag from her starboard spreader that looks for all the world, like a quarantine flag. She's also flying a U.S. ensign from her stern however so this is not likely to be some confused foreigner thinking he can get "pratique" at Carver's Cove.

I give up trying to figure out what she is and what she is doing out there in the wind and the waves and head on into the anchorage proper. It's nice to see another small boat out cruising (a rare sight these days) even if her skipper doesn't seem to know what he is doing. A whole squadron of Cape Dory boats of various sizes is already lying in the anchorage — an association cruise, I guess — but there is plenty of room for everybody in this very commodious place.

With the anchor down and the boat all squared away I bring out the Trac Phone and attempt to phone my wife. It's no go though, just as it has been at so many anchorages this summer. Cell phone service along the coast seems to wax and wane from year to year and this year is a bad one. Four or five years ago I could connect from almost anywhere. This year's attempts to use the phone are met with the message "no network" nine times out of ten. Sometimes you can go ashore and climb a high hill to try to get results, or sail out into open water. Sometimes it works; usually not.

A while later a large and powerful looking Winthrop Warner sloop, all fresh paint and bright varnish, comes in to add a little vintage class to the assemblage. In a conversation the next day her proud owner mentions that her current condition is the result of a three year restoration project, "24/7". I believe him and am full of admiration for the dedication involved. Thoughts of my own maintenance program, which is restricted to one afternoon every spring when I paint the bottom and the trim, leave me feeling suitably humble.

I have brought a couple of fresh haddock fillets from home, and, sautéed in olive oil along with a little Cajun rub, they go down very nicely. A couple of glasses of good chardonnay join the mix along with some great blues music that is coming in over WERU. The evening is passing very pleasantly. Short of a working phone, I can't think of anything more I need or want. We are snugly sheltered by the nearby shore and even the presence of the recently constructed giant wind turbines which now loom over the anchorage like alien invaders from "War of The Worlds" does not bother us much.

Monday morning arrives with the same stiff breeze and a thick o' fog. I can just make out the quarantine flagged boat out in the wind and the chop. He has moved and re anchored in an even worse place. Maybe she is a real plague ship I think, or maybe her skipper is doing some kind of penance. It sure looks like he is trying to make things as hard on himself as possible.

The wind and the fog don't promise much for an early start so I decide on a leisurely breakfast of steak, eggs and home fries. Part of the room left over from when we took the engine out now goes to house a Weber "Baby" gas grill. We keep a folding bicycle and a case of wine down there too. The grill is ballast most of the time and only comes out early in cruises when we still have fresh meat. Later the alcohol stove takes over and our cuisine goes downhill somewhat, descending from fresh fish, grilled chicken and steak to Spam, corned beef hash and other items of that ilk. It doesn't matter much though; it all tastes wonderful when you are out on the water.

Sated by a really good breakfast washed down by copious amounts of black coffee, we are ready for some exercise. For starters I row over to the largest of the Cape Doris to see if his cell phone works any better than mine. The answer is "no". The skipper says the further down east he gets, the more worthless his phone becomes. I could say that the further west I get, the more the same thing happens, but don't. The skipper then says I might have better luck trying the marine operator by VHF. Funny; he doesn't look that old. Marine operators are only a distant memory. The last ones gave up years ago, back when cell phones really worked out here.

Now I take a long row around the anchorage, starting slow and winding up hard and fast. You get plenty of exercise cruising an engine-less catboat but not much of it is aerobic. Rowing fills this gap and I love to do it anyway.

Along the way I pause by a seining dory moored off shore which has become headquarters for a raucous band of terns. They are using the old boat as a base for their acrobatic forays in search of food. Camera always close to hand, I have been looking for a chance to get some good shots of these elegant fliers. They let me get pretty close and I am hopeful there will be a useful result. One pair in particular intrigues me. The one I assume to be the male sits on the stem looking grumpy while the female circles and darts overhead delivering a torrent of imprecation, instruction, and criticism. Reminds me of certain moments at home.



A domestic scene.

Back alongside *Penelope* I notice that we have a stowaway. A large and truculent looking praying mantis is crouched on deck close to the scuppers. He is a lovely shade of green and looks right at home, but of course the side decks of a boat in strong winds are not likely to be a safe place for an insect, however truculent. His presence is a mystery because anchored, moored, or underway, *Penelope* has not been very close to shore for months. I decide to give his predicament some thought, but as I set my camera case down on deck a couple of feet away from him, he panics and takes off out over the briny deep.

Bad choice. He is not much of an aviator and his flight path quickly veers to the left and downward. He lands on his back and rides the crests in a sodden, unhappy way. He is lucky this is not a lake. At least there are no big bass lurking below, waiting to rise on such a succulent morsel.

Not overly given to sentimentality, I nonetheless feel somewhat responsible for this creature's plight. He was on my boat after all and, however unintentionally, I scared him off of it. Now I row over to where he is and get an oar blade under him. He gets the idea quickly and grabs hold. Now he is in the dinghy with me and I head for shore. He regards me from the stern sheets, then, not done with his ill-conceived attempts at aviation, he launches himself forward and lands in my beard. A bit panicked myself, I shake my head violently and he falls off into the bilge water where once again he sloshes around on his back. This is not going well for either of us.

I can't remember stuff I once knew about praying mantises. Can they bite? Do they latch onto you with those formidable looking mandibles and not let go? I don't think so, but I'm not sure, and I don't want to find out the hard way. I decide to let him be where



he is while I row as fast as I can toward shore. I'm not offering any more rides in my beard.

Touching shore at last, I offer him the oar blade again and he climbs on. I lay the oar blade on the transom and now only a six or eight inch jump will land him safely on shore. He jumps, but alas, it is only a five inch jump. Now he is the plaything of the waves washing up on shore. First he is carried up and in and he grasps for solid ground, but then the backwash gets him and he is pulled out into deeper water.

This happens over and over and he is beginning to look a little bedraggled. The dinghy is caught in the same wave action and I'm afraid we will crush him as we crash back and forth. Finally a wave sends him careening against a rock which is high enough to be dry on top. The mantis grabs a strand of rockweed and climbs wearily toward the summit. The rock is presently about a foot from dry land, but the tide is receding so if he bides his time a little he will be able to walk off unscathed.

I take this as my clue to depart. My karmic duties have been fulfilled. He is now in a better situation than when I found him. I wish him well and start back for my boat.

But now, of course, he is likely to step ashore and meet some fetching mantis lass. She will show him a nicely formed mandible, and one thing will lead to another. A part of mantis lore that I do remember is that just when he reaches the pinnacle of all his ambitions with her, she will bite off his head and that will be the end of his story. Well, I can't do anything about that.

The fog is lifting and the wind is falling light. I decide to take advantage of what is left of the breeze and head onward for Pulpit Harbor. We sail off the anchor and head back into East Penobscot Bay.

Leaving Carver's cove bound for Pulpit Harbor, we had a choice of going around North Haven either clockwise (west about) or counter-clockwise (east about), approximately the same distance either way. An easy decision because the first part of the counterclockwise route will be down wind. In an engine-less boat, you always take downwind when you can get it. Hardy, moralistic types who chose to do the hard part first frequently find that the wind will shift at some time during the day and suddenly they have the hard part last as well as first.

Running out of the anchorage, *Penelope* seems to be going about as fast as the light following breeze. Although we are moving along at a good three or four knots it seems airless and the sun is getting very hot. I

can't feel the wind on the back of my neck or judge its direction by turning my head and determining which ear is getting more. There are only the ripples on the water to tell me this.

I don't mind the heat and this easy ghosting along is delightful, but our peaceful idyll is shattered by the attack of a squadron of monster green flies. These fat airborne thugs launch their kamikaze raids from nearby land when the going is light. Blood-lusting, dagger jawed demons, they attack in fast low flying swarms, circling and diving to deliver their stinging bite. When they bite, you know it.

The battle rages. I'm reminded of old newsreel coverage of 1940s naval battles in the Pacific. Dive bombers and massive anti-aircraft fire. Flack filled skies; ships burning and trailing smoke. I'm bitten a few times and manage to kill several of my attackers. It's not easy. You have to finish them off after you knock them down. Just swatting is not enough; they will fall to the deck and lie there for a while then revive and return to the attack. I smash them with any hard object that comes to hand and toss them over side.

Damaged but undaunted we draw away from shore and the attacks diminish, then stop. We are off Babbidge Island now and look back to get a last glimpse at the wind turbines looming over Carver's Cove. Don Quixote would have picked up his lance and headed back, but we have other business and head north up the bay.

Off Sheep Island which we are rounding to begin our passage along the north coast of North Haven I can see that while we are enjoying a lovely breeze out in East Penobscot Bay, the water beyond Sheep is still and glassy. Off to the west it is dead calm as far as the eye can see. I think about staying out in East Penobscot and changing my destination to, say, Castine up the bay where the wind is still blowing. This would be the sensible windjammer's approach, but we can't be sensible. This is the oyster run. We have to get to Pulpit Harbor.

So out of the sparkling breeze-livened water and into the dead, glassy calm we go. We have Oak Island to starboard now and, not only is the wind gone, but the current is against us too. Pointed west we are in a race with a lobster buoy and losing. We are losing our race with Oak Island too as it draws slowly further and further ahead.

About now the windjammer *Heritage* appears out of the west, pushed along by her yawl boat. Built relatively recently expressly for the windjammer trade, this large cream colored schooner is one of the two or three loveliest boats on the coast.



*Heritage.*

As she passes, *Penelope* loses all steerage way and falls off until she is pointed back east and drifting along beside *Heritage*. The man at the wheel gives us a thumbs up and calls out, "Nice". Evidently he likes small gaff-rigged catboats, because he has complimented us before in previous encounters. We, needless to say, are delighted with recognition from such a source.

A very feeble zephyr now springs up out of the NW and we are able to resume our progress along the North Haven shore, albeit very slowly. A quarter of a knot against the tide is not much, but at least we are moving. I reflect that most of the north shore of North Haven, but particularly this stretch around Oak Island and Webster Head is frequently a dead spot. Of the many times I have been becalmed or struggled along in very light air, a disproportionate number have occurred right here. There are a few such places along the coast, and the engine-less sailor knows them by heart.

West, out beyond Webster Head, the water has begun to glitter and dance. The afternoon sou'wester is beginning to prevail. We inch along toward this welcome sight and finally start to feel the breeze.

Now we have a robust full-sail breeze and *Penelope* leans into it, eating up the miles as we tack along shore. A helicopter circles. Emblazoned across its side are the words, "BoatPix.com", so I guess we are having our portrait made.

A red lobster boat is working off the entrance to Pulpit Harbor and as we tack shore-ward, there seems to be a continuing conflict of interest between *Penelope* and this boat. Wherever I want to go, she seems to be also going, and vice versa. It is almost comical how often our courses converge, he heading for yet another lobster pot and I trying to get the most out of the wind. Of course I do what I can to stay out of a working boat's way, but we seem to have an almost magnetic attraction for each other.

Past Pulpit Rock now and entering the harbor proper I decide to hang a right and go up into Minister's Cove. This little gut is mostly used by a contingent of Cabots who own summer houses along the eastern shore, but beyond their moorings, there is plenty of room for a catboat to anchor, and the setting is far more tranquil than the always crowded main harbor.

I'm close hauled and driving at six knots toward a rocky shore - only yards away now. I must tack immediately but I sense more than see that my friend the red lobster boat will be directly in my path when I do.

I have no choice. Frantically, I give an arm signal indicating the direction I must go and put the helm over. If he doesn't get out of the way we are likely to collide. As we come up into the eye of the wind I hear a couple of violent crashes from the direction of my dinghy...

Now lobstermen have various attitudes toward recreational sailors. Some tolerate them and not a few even like them, especially if their boats are traditional or otherwise beautiful. Some see them as a mild nuisance. Still others are downright hostile, seeing them as a plague, feckless strangers from "away" with too much money and too much leisure. I had encountered all these attitudes at one time or another, but I had never made a lobsterman so angry that he would attack my boat, but this, I feared, was what was happening now.

Then a voice rang out, "There's some dinner for ya," it said. Looking into my dinghy, I could see that what had crashed into it was a fine pair of lobsters, and, looking over at the red lobster boat I could see

the smiling face of Adam Campbell, lobsterman and oyster farmer 'extraordinaire'. "All right!" I called over. "Thank you!" Then *Penelope* was almost on top of the other shore in that narrow entryway, and it was time to tack again and away.

We made our way through the Cabot fleet and found a quiet pool beyond the mooring field. Anchor down; we would just have time to cook our lobsters before dusk and the arrival of mosquito hour.

Anchored further up in the shoal water near the head of the cove was a small pulling boat covered by a tent-like canopy made from a blue plastic tarp. Somewhere around thirteen feet long, she looked like an Ian Oughtred-designed Scandinavian faering I had seen in "WoodenBoat", a beautiful craft, but very small. I could just make out a bearded face visible in an opening in the canopy.

Now here was a true minimal cruiser. Sailing as I do in a small, engine-less catboat, I am usually the minimalist in any anchorage, but this guy made me look like J. P. Morgan. I determined that I really wanted to talk to this fellow, find out how his cruise was working out and where he was going, but that would have to be for tomorrow. There wasn't time to cook and go visiting before the mosquitoes made their nightly visit.

I tried phoning my wife again, but that, of course, was hopeless. Then I tried phoning Adam Campbell or his wife Mickey to order up a load of oysters to pick up next day, but here at North Haven I couldn't even reach a number on the same island.

A voice was drifting over the water from the minimalist cruiser. Who could he be talking to? I couldn't believe that there was yet another person on that tiny boat. It just boggled the mind. Maybe he had a cell phone that worked better than mine. Or more likely, he was just talking to himself. All single handed voyagers are a little crazy, and many of them talk to themselves. I do it myself.

That settled, I got down to cooking my lobsters. Sadly I didn't have any butter to melt, but olive oil in

which a little garlic had been sautéed did well enough. There was more white wine and WERU came through with a good jazz program. We settled in for a tranquil and pleasurable evening as the stars began to wheel overhead. It's a hard life, but somebody has to do it.

Tuesday morning saw us up with the sun - around 5:30 a.m. I have a busy day ahead, and one of the things I am really looking forward to is a chat with the minimalist in the faering. A look up the cove however reveals that he has already departed. I wonder if he has left because he likes to take advantage of the morning calm to make good time on his epic rows, or did the morning mosquitoes drive him out. His canopy looked equal to any rain that might come up, and he did seem to have some kind of screening, but my own experience with makeshift tents and screens leaves me believing that the bugs always get in anyway. Sadly the details of his voyage and his beautiful boat will remain a mystery.



Morning at Minister's Cove.

I have a half a lobster left over from last night and this, along with some mayonnaise, is breakfast. I can't help thinking a little smugly, that my breakfast was probably better than that of the departed minimalist. Something makes me think his breakfast was like the ones which Scott and Helen Neering used to offer to the young idealists who came to help them with farm work. I can see the volunteers coming down from the sleeping loft bright and early on the first day, visions

of blueberry pancakes, home fries, bacon and eggs... a real hearty "Good Life" farm worker breakfast dancing in their heads. In the dining hall, the Neerings would offer them a cup of water, a handful of whole grains and a mortar and pestle with which to grind them up. Bon appetite!

I get in the dinghy and begin the long row to the town dock. From there I walk over the bridge and up the hill which leads after a half mile or so to the well-appointed island store. It is worth noting that the store is near Pulpit Harbor, not in the town of North Haven where you would expect it to be. There used to be a wonderful store in North Haven called Waterman's, but that is another story.

At the store I find a kind of raised platform outside, possibly used for unloading trucks. I clamber up on this (note that I have already climbed a substantial hill) and holding the Trac phone high over my head dial my home number. A tinny computerized voice tells me that if I want to use the such and such network, I must dial the whole ten digit number complete with area code. This I do and, wonder of wonders, I can hear my home phone ringing. Then my answering machine comes on. I manage to get out, "Hi sweetie, I'm at Pulpit Harbor", when the phone goes dead again and no amount of leaping in the air and holding the phone over my head will get the such and such network back again. At least my wife knows that the captain of her boat and the light of her life is still alive and that will have to do her for now.

I dial the Campbell's number and am delighted to find that not only does the phone work in this context, but one of these busy people is at home. I quickly arrange with Mickey Campbell to meet at the town dock where she will deliver my order of oysters. I then repair to the store and buy a twelve-pack of Coors, just to make the walk back to the dock more burdensome.

I'm back at the boat by noon with my beer and my cargo of oysters, but no wind is stirring so I get out my Deluxe Anti-Gravity chair and a book, and while away an hour or so waiting for wind.

Around one p.m. there is a stirring from the west and soon there is a pleasant five or six knot wind from that direction. We waste no time in getting the sail and then the anchor up and head out. Retrieving the anchor, the rode sticks in the bow roller where a shackle joins chain to nylon line. Perhaps unwisely, I decide to sail out that way and deal with the problem when we reach more open water.

Approaching Pulpit Rock and running before the pleasant little breeze, we notice that in spite of our efforts to steer away from it, *Penelope* seems intent on running right up on the rock. It is only by sheeting in the sail that we can make her veer off and away from danger.

About then a Herreshoff Bullseye comes sailing merrily by and leaves *Penelope* like she was standing still. Now we know something is seriously wrong. Bullseyes just don't sail by *Penelope*. I heave to and go forward to find that my dangling anchor has snagged a lobster pot and has been dragging it out of the harbor. This explains our steering problems and how the Bullseye could leave us in the dust. I free the lobster pot and finish retrieving the anchor. Then we are off after the Bullseye just to show who is really boss. They aren't having any though and quickly turn around, coming back in our direction. Ah well.

Down by Webster Head we run out of wind again. The same old dead spot. We drift for a while then things pick up a little and we are able to enjoy an uneventful crossing to the vicinity of Mark Island Light.

It's five in the afternoon by the time we are off Crotch Island and Stonington, but here the breeze picks up nicely. Fifteen knot wind or more from the South, a perfect wind for pressing on to Swan's Island. Once again we have to decide if we will trust a breeze to get us to our destination. At this time of day we still have three or more hours of light, but the wind frequently quits between now and dusk. We decide to give it a go, committed now because, once past McGlathery Island, there are no more safe anchorages till Burnt Coat Harbor.

This breeze that we have is wonderful with a full sail or a little more and from the right direction. South is much better than SW because the wind will not be so far aft and we needn't worry about an accidental jibe. Such an occurrence can have serious consequences when the sheet is way out. A bolt in the gooseneck can slam into the mast causing an unfair load and breaking the gooseneck. I learned this once, the hard way, and have been very careful about it since.

*Penelope* flies along this familiar route and we are having a great time. The current is somewhat against us and will be more so — dead on, in fact — when we get to Jericho Bay, but with this much wind it doesn't matter. We can give back a couple and still make nearly five knots over the ground.

As we pass the Halibut Rocks, the breeze begins to slacken a bit. It is falling away just when we need it most. With an incoming tide I realize I must sail for a point way south of Hockamock Head and hope that we can weather the line of ledges and small islands that make out from there.

This plan goes for nothing however because the wind dies altogether when we are in the vicinity of the nun off the High Sheriff. We lie off the Sheriff and begin drifting backward.

There is nothing for it. Out come the oars, a nice pair of long sculls that I used to use on an Appledore Pod. Hockamock Head with its lighthouse and the harbor entrance is visible a little over two nautical miles to the east. To get there we must skirt the aforementioned ledges and small islands for most of that distance, leaving them to port and down current.

Progress is painfully slow. I seem to be making a half or more like a quarter of a knot in the direction I want to go which is crab-wise, a little across and somewhat against the current. There is some residual chop too which slows the boat and rocks it, causing the boom to bang into my head if I don't duck repeatedly as I stand at the oars.

We gauge our forward movement by our relationship with nearby lobster buoys, and learn that, at our present rate, we are going to be out here a long time. This is about as tedious as it gets. One of my seventy year old shoulders is getting sore so rowing brings a measure of pain as an unwelcome addition to the mix. I can't stop though, at this point it is keep rowing or wash up on the ledges to port.

Tedium, frustration and discomfort reign for what seems like a very long time, then disappear altogether when I happen to look northward and see massive black thunderheads building there. We may be tired, and we may be sore, but we are no longer bored. Our new emotion is not exactly fear, but could be justly called healthy apprehension. I've been rowing for an hour now and have made maybe a third of the distance I need to go to get into harbor. The light is failing fast, partly due to the time of day and partly due to the boiling jet black clouds that have begun to cover the sky.

This looks like it is could be a serious storm. Very heavy weather is a real possibility. If I had sea room I would consider dousing the sail before it, but here I would then have no steerage and no control and ending the cruise on the rocks would be a likely conclusion. Another possibility is scandalizing the sail, but that too is an open water option. Now, with rocks and ledges in several directions, it would reduce

maneuverability to a dangerous degree. Nothing to do but press on, with lightning slashing down to port, and thunder, a sound like distant warfare, getting closer.

I feel the stirring of a breeze now and quickly stow the oars below. We begin sailing, the squall hits, *Penelope* staggers, and then we are literally flying. I have gone over seven knots a couple of times in this boat and I am sure we are doing so now. Fortunately we are running before it with the harbor entrance dead in our sights.

The day has gone pitch black and the thunder and lightning come from overhead, flooding our surroundings in garish, staccato flashes of blue-white light and bursts of crashing sonic mayhem. I'm fleetingly reminded of the strobe-lit discotheques we sometimes frequented back in the '60s and '70s. The lighting is right, but even their high-decibel pandemonium would seem hushed and sedate compared to this. We shoot in past the lighthouse as heavy rain begins to fall. I steer to port and we gain the lee of Hockamock Head.

There is no telling if the worst is over, or if the fun is just beginning. Discretion is the better part of valor so I heave to and anchor immediately. I have no thought of trying to find my own mooring up at the head of the harbor. No thought of trying to get to home and a warm meal. Right now I just want to sleep.

The issue may have been in some doubt, but all is well now. As my old-time Bahama acquaintances would have put it, "the oysters done reach"

---

## Cruising the North Channel of Lake Huron

- *Ken Sloan*

Since 1995, when I finished building my Wittholz designed 18 ft. catboat, the *Laurel V.*, most of my serious cruising has been in the Apostle Islands on Lake Superior - but I'm always looking for new places to explore.

A couple of years ago, while surfing the net, I came across a photo of a catboat nestled in a tiny bay between some huge granite boulders in the North Channel of Lake Huron. The narrative described the location as the Benjamin Islands and said that they had put-in at Spanish, Ontario. I brought up the

area on Google Earth and saw hundreds of wild, undeveloped rocky islands and small sheltered bays. It looked like ideal catboat country. I had to go.

Finally, in July of 2010, after obtaining and studying charts of the area, talking to the folks at the marina in Spanish, making sure my passport was up to date, and stuffing more provisions into the *Laurel V.* than seemed possible; I was ready.



Voyage of the *Laurel V.* - Lake Huron July 2010.

### Wednesday, July 7th.

It's about a 450 mile trip from my home in northern Wisconsin to Spanish, Ontario. I crossed into Canada at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, in a pouring rain, and arrived in Spanish on Tuesday evening. After spending the night in a local motel, the first thing Wednesday morning I drove down to the municipal marina to launch the boat

I found a very attractive, well designed facility that appeared to be only a few years old. The marina is modest sized with water depths around six to seven feet. In addition to a concrete boat launch ramp and long-term parking area, there is also Laundromat services, showers, a workout room, and a restaurant.

I raised the mast and slid the *Laurel V.* into Lake Huron without difficulty. While motoring slowly over to a dock to finish "making ready for sea", however, things started to go south. About half way across to the dock, the engine suddenly came to an abrupt stop. I tried to restart, but it wouldn't even turn over. Further investigation revealed that one of the reef lines

had somehow become wrapped around the propeller shaft! (Lines on a boat towed 450 miles can find their way into some very strange locations). Luckily, there was only a slight breeze which was gradually blowing me in the right direction. After several minutes of entertaining a number of dock watchers, I eventually slid up to the end of a dock and tied up.

The water in Lake Huron is crystal clear and, looking down over the stern, I could see the line wrapped around the propeller shaft. There were only a few turns and it didn't look to be jammed very tight, so I got out the boat hook and went to work. The first couple turns came right off without a hitch, but I couldn't quite get the right angle on the last one. As I leaned further and further out to get at it, I suddenly found myself toppling head first into the lake – which the bystanders REALLY found entertaining.

As I was falling into the water, I distinctly remember my brain telling me, "when you hit that water, your heart is going to stop – and you are going to die". This reaction was of course based on my Lake Superior sailing experience. There, the average water temperature is about 50 degrees, and if you dive into it, you WILL think your heart has stopped. BUT - this was Lake HURON – the water was actually WARM! Things were looking up already. I was not going to die! On top of that, I could now reach over and unwrap that final turn on the shaft with no difficulty at all. Best of all, I was able to politely refuse help from the crowd and finally use that folding step I had put on the rudder to allow me to get back in the boat –at least salvaging SOME semblance of seamanship for the crowd - "No problem folks - just routine". The nice marina lady felt so bad for me that she sprung for free use of the shower and locker room to change clothes.

All dried out, and overjoyed that my stupidity had apparently done no harm to my trusty little Tecumseh inboard; I motored out of the marina to seek adventure. The sun was very hot and the breeze was sporadic as I sailed/motored south out of the marina, trying to get a feel for the "scale" of the landscape. These islands were much smaller and

much closer together than those I was used to on the big Gitchi Gumee. The water was tens of feet deep (often much less!) instead of hundreds. This was going to be chart on the knee, one hand on the chart and the other on the tiller, sailing. Rocky undulating shorelines, patches of skinny water, lots of exposed rock, and islands everywhere.

I worked my way south and west between Green Island and Landry Point, then south to a narrow passage called Little Detroit. This passage, which lies between Aird Island and Black Fly Point on the mainland, has impressive solid rock banks rising up along both shorelines. There are a few navigational aids, but the Canadians leave a lot of room for adventure!

Once around Black Fly Point, a light steady wind developed. I set sail east across Shoepack Bay and into Dreamers Bay for lunch. It was a beautiful little bay with one small cabin along the shoreline, the first sign of habitation since I set out. Then it was southeast down McBean Channel, finally turning north between Oak Point and Hotham Island.

My destination was an anchorage indicated on the chart just around the point, but there was a big power boat already there, so I went a little further and anchored behind a small island in a bay just to the northeast. I didn't come this far to anchor next to a powerboat on the first night out.

It was so beautiful I had to share it with someone. I pulled out my cell phone to see if I had a signal. Earlier in Spanish my phone showed "no bars" at all, but here, lo and behold, I had "bars" all over! I called home and told my wife Laurel that I was still alive and all was well (the "dip" incident could wait till I got home). I also called my brother Gary, a 34 foot fin keel Beneteau sailor, who keeps his boat in Lake Superior and gloated. As it turned out, I had good cell phone coverage everywhere I went.

It was a balmy, moonlit evening. It cooled down a little and a thunder shower was predicted overnight (but never came). I swam ashore, climbed the rocks, and watched the native fishing boats heading in and out of the channel. I filled out the log, celebrated the end of the first day with a "drop 'o the blood" and turned in for the night. (Total days run: 9.4 miles.)

#### **Thursday, July 8th**

I woke up to cooler weather. About 70 degrees according to the radio, I think. I can never figure out the Centigrade thing. The forecast was for spotty showers and light winds around 5-10 mph. I think.

I can never figure out the kilometer thing either, especially when half the forecast is in French. My breakfast consisted of eggs, toast and OJ. Gotta eat them eggs fast as my icebox is good for about three days max.

My plan was to stick to smaller bodies of water with more potential "hidey holes" until I got a feel for the place. Lake Superior can be boring in the morning and terrifying the same afternoon. I wasn't sure what kind of weather to expect here. The local weather forecasts seemed to focus more on the UV index than wind and wave heights, but I gradually figured out that it was really not an issue. The wind seemed to be always "west at 10-15 kilometers/per hour", and the waves "less than one meter". The temperatures generally varied from hot to hotter. Showers were sometimes predicted, but never seemed to materialize.

I got underway and headed east through the channel between Hotham Island and the mainland. It was fairly narrow and had a number of rocks sticking up above the surface in places, so I motored through the bumpy parts and sailed in the wider sections. This is "First Nation" country - lots of cottages, small homes, and fishing shacks along the way. I continued southeast between Anchor and Lee Islands to the small village of McBean Harbour, then south past Beaudry Point and back into McBean Channel. From there, I turned west.

The wind had increased to a steady 10-15 mph. as the morning wore on and I had good sailing along the north side of Fox Island. I passed the Bower Rock and then it was southwest between Frechette and Eagle Islands to an anchorage in a small bay on the north side of Eagle Island. The sun broke out just as I dropped anchor, so I jumped overboard and took a bath. Despite the rocky nature of the upland, finding good holding ground for my Danforth has not been a problem. Lots of mud and clay bottoms. To the north, I could see Frechette Island. There's a small natural harbor on the south side facing my anchorage, and in it I could see a guy putting a roof on a house. It looked like he had the entire island to himself - including his own beautiful little harbor. I'm not clear on who owns what around here, but once you leave the mainland it appears to be largely undeveloped. This is the first house I'd seen on an island so far. No docks, no telephone poles - just water, rock and pine trees.

I cooked up some clam chowder for dinner and spent the evening lying on my bunk reading "*The Wanderer*", by Sterling Hayden while enjoying the

breeze coming through the fore hatch. Sterling really epitomized the true sailor - those who feel, in the words of Brooks Atkinson, that "Land was created to provide a place for boats to visit." Checked the anchor and hit the sack. Tomorrow: the Benjamin Islands! It is supposed to storm tonight again, but again, it did not. Is the weather here always this nice? (Total days run: 9.8 miles.)

### Friday, July 9th

I woke up to a thin overcast, calm and cool, washed down the boat fore and aft and cooked up the last of the eggs for breakfast. A nice breeze came up while I was eating (west wind 10-15 kilometers per hour – as usual). Weighed anchor and headed north and east around the north side of Eagle Island and ran down wind along the west side. Continued east between Eagle and Hook Islands to the south end of South Benjamin Island and anchored in the large bay on the south side of the island at about 11:30, and had lunch. I was there!



Sailing between the Benjamins.

I inflated my little dingy and rowed over to the east side of the bay and hiked to the south along the rocks. And I mean rocks – there's not enough dirt around here to make a decent mole hill. The landscape gives the impression that the glacier just came through last month. You can still see the long striations gouged into the solid rock from its' passing. No soil, just trees and plants growing out of cracks and humus filled depressions in the solid rock. Ripe blueberries and raspberries were everywhere.

I hiked down to the south end of the island where there are a number of small rocky islands along the

shore and came upon a couple of Canadian sailboats anchored in among the rocks, just as I had seen when I was surfing the net. One guy claimed it was actually HIS boat you can see on Google Earth! They said they come back to the same place every year, anchor with their sterns tied to shore, and use gang planks to disembark. "We even put in ring bolts to tie up to", the guy said. They stay all summer. He said he was only 45 minutes from his home dock. One guy was an engineer using his computer to trade emails and pictures with a factory in Brazil to diagnose a problem with a broken machine. The "wilderness" just isn't quite the same anymore.



Anchorage between the Benjamins.

I hiked back up the island and rowed back out to the *Laurel V*. I had no sooner gotten there, than a guy and his grandson motored up in their dingy and came alongside. He allowed that a south wind was expected to come up and some heavy swells may develop in the bay I was anchored in. Said he'd be happy to lead me through the rocks on the south end of the island (where I had just been) to a beautiful protected anchorage on the northeast side of the island. I took him up on his offer, deflated my dingy and away we went. Along the way, we motored between rocks no more than 30 feet apart. I could see more rocks underwater most of the way. True to his word, we never touched bottom and after a short while entered a spectacular anchorage between North and South Benjamin Islands. There were a dozen or so sail and power boats anchored in the center, but we scooted past them into a smaller shallow bay in close to shore where his swing keel Hunter 26 was anchored. You



gotta love a catboat. I ended up anchored about 50 feet from the huge “smooth rock” (a massive sloping chunk of treeless solid rock that extends almost a quarter of a mile from the shore to the top of the island). I had seen it on Google Earth, but it took a while to dawn on me that I was actually there!

My “pilot” turned out to be David Craigie of the sloop *Incipient*. He had discovered me while out exploring. Apparently, his wife Joyce had kicked him and his grandson out so she could bake a blueberry cake – she didn’t want anyone rocking the boat! Later on, he rowed back over to look over the *Laurel V.* and invited me over for a piece of fresh blueberry cake. He and Joyce spend most of June and July in the Benjamins every year.

Later, as we were enjoying fresh cake aboard *Incipient*, David suggested I obtain a copy of the “PORTS Cruising Guide for the Georgian Bay, the North Channel & Lake Huron” if I planned to return to the area. It’s apparently a treasure trove of information on port and cruising information. (I did order one when I got back, and it is.) He said he was heading back to Spanish the next day to hook up with a group of “trailer sailors” and invited me along. Since I had just got there, I opted to stay behind and continue to explore on my own. He suggested I sail over to nearby Crocker Island – another beautiful anchorage. We all shared a “drop ‘o the blood” and he rowed me back to the *Laurel V.* for the night. (Total days run: 8.7 miles)

#### **Saturday, July 10th**

Another sunny day, 70-80 degrees and a west wind blowing 10 mph. *Incipient* left to return to Spanish as I ate breakfast. I decided to spend the day exploring the island. It is completely wild with the exception of one small private parcel with a couple small cabins on it. After taking a number of pictures and returning to the *Laurel V.* for lunch, I decided to sail up to the north end of North Benjamin, which is the smaller of the two and even more rugged. I found a small bay about 25 feet wide that I was able to back the boat into and tie off to shore like the Canadians

do. I just had to try it. I didn’t have a gang plank, but the water was so shallow, I could wade back and forth to shore.

While reading after dinner, I actually saw my first mosquito in the cabin. On Lake Superior, screens are not an option. Here, I had not used my screens at



*Laurel V.* anchored Canadian style.

all. The poor thing was so small and emaciated that I almost felt sorry for it. Seemed to be all “buzz.”, I actually helped it to escape. Warm water AND no bugs, I think I may have died and gone to heaven. (Total Days run: 1.2 miles.)

#### **Sunday, July 11th**

After breakfast I waded ashore, untied myself, and sailed off to circumnavigate Crocker Island about a mile to the east. There are some spectacular sheer pink granite cliffs along its’ south side that must be over 150 feet high. As I rounded the southeast corner of the Island, I came across a small bay with a beautiful sand beach. Except for a small 50 foot stretch of sand along on the south end of South Benjamin, this was the first real “beach” I’d seen since leaving Spanish. Behind the beach, I could see a rustic table and a couple of benches. There wasn’t a soul in sight. I anchored in the bay, stuffed my lunch in a dry bag and rowed ashore.

While lying on the sand soaking up the sun after eating lunch, a small Canadian power boat rounded the point and headed in my direction. It also anchored in the bay and a man and women motored ashore in their dingy. I was afraid I had invaded their spot and I apologized for trespassing. They said not to worry; no one actually owned this beautiful spot. Apparently some local family had “adopted” it, built the “improvements”, and used it for camping. Others were free to use it when they were not. Some time ago, they moved away. After a nice visit, I rowed back out to the boat and continued on my way.

Based on my experience, Canada is full of very friendly people and they all think that catboats are “cute”.

By the time I had rounded the northern end of Croker Island and arrived at the anchorage on the east side where I had planned to spend the night, the wind had come up. It was blowing right into the bay, and I didn't like the looks of it. I decided to sail back and anchor between the Benjamin's again for the night. I had to reef the sail for the first time on the way across. (Total days run: 9.1 miles.)

### **Monday, July 12th**

I woke up to overcast skies and calm winds. Having gotten somewhat of a feel for the place, I decided to head out to the west into the actual North Channel. I would favor the south shore of Aird Island, just in case I had to run for cover.

The shortest route to reach the channel was through a narrow rocky passage between the two Benjamin's. While exploring earlier, I had watched a sailboat and a couple power boats go through, and thought I had the route figured out. I eased in at the slowest speed the old Tecumseh could manage, but just when I thought I had it made, I felt the keel thump on an underwater rock. Luckily, the *Laurel V.* slid right over the top and all we left behind was a little paint. I had turned southwest just a little too soon.

The sun came out, but still no wind, so I motored around the south side of Hook Island and then northwest to Aird Island. The “Chief” was up to the challenge and ran like a top for about eight miles to a bay on Aird Island, just west of Galbraith Point, where I anchored for lunch. The cheese and salami is looking suspect, PB & J from now on.

Got back underway, and shortly came upon another sand beach. Since they are apparently few and far between and it was HOT, I couldn't resist. Anchored off and swam in.



PB & J every day.

After cooling off, a nice gentle breeze came up - again from the west. I gave the “Chief” a rest and set sail. I worked my way along the south shore of Aird Island, weaving in and out among a number of small islands and exposed rocks to a bay between Aird and Klotz Islands where I anchored, all alone, for the night. I could just make out what turned out to be a YWCA camp off the end of John Island, two miles to the west - otherwise no houses, cabins, docks, power lines, or any other sign of man. (Total days run: 15.3 miles)

### **Tuesday, July 13th**

Another hot sunny day, but with an east wind predicted. I decided to take advantage of it to sail east through Whalesback Channel north of John Island, then swing south around it, and start working my way back to Spanish.

To get to the channel, I had to make my way through the east entrance into Moiles Harbor between Aikens Island and John Island, then north through the north entrance. Both “entrances” are narrow winding passages with high rocks walls on either side. Moiles Harbor consists of a couple large bays and is almost completely surrounded by land. The meandering “entrances” are not apparent until they open up before you, just when you think there is no way out. Both have a good deep channel (at least for a catboat) that allows one to enjoy the beautiful steep rocky shoreline as you motor through.

Once through the North Entrance, I entered Whalesback Channel and turned west along the north side of John Island. The Channel soon squeezes down to less than a mile wide and fills up with islands

of all sizes. There are so many that it's difficult to distinguish between islands and mainland. Luckily, the main passage is well buoyed and it was just a matter in getting in line with the "big boys", running downwind between the islands, and enjoying the scenery.

Once past John Island, I swung south between Gowan and Dewdney Islands into John Harbor and stopped for lunch. The water was deeper than the chart indicated and the scenery was wonderful. I continued on past the YWCA camp on the southeast side on John Island, rounded Beaufort Reef and turned north to sail between Aikens and Rainboth Islands (another spectacular passage) back into Whalesback Channel. From there, I swung east for a mile or so and then cut south between Jackson and the Otter Islands into Beardrop Harbor. I worked my way into the west end of the harbor and dropped the hook for the night, less than a mile as the crow flies from last night's anchorage. (Total days run: 20.1 miles.)

### Wednesday, July 14th

Hot again today. According to the weatherman, it has been 15-20 degrees warmer than normal for the last week. Near as I can tell, converting between Centigrade and Fahrenheit, it's close to 90 degrees. My goal today is to get in position for the run in to the marina first thing tomorrow morning.

I may have spoken too soon about the lack of insects in the North Channel. Every once and a while, I get buzzed by what I've come to call the "North Channel Blood Sucking Killer Wasp". At first glance it looks like a regular old Wisconsin deer fly, but these critters apparently have teeth. They don't come around often, but when they nail you it is a memorable experience! The good news is that they are just as dumb as the mosquitoes and easy to kill.

I got underway right after breakfast and sailed east through Beardrop Harbor, turned north between Passage and Shanly Islands and made for a nice little bay on the south side of Laurier Island where I dropped anchor and made lunch.

The afternoon forecast, however, called for 20 knot south winds developing the next morning. The bay I was in was open to the south and the channel I'd need to take back to Spanish was only three feet deep. That sounded a little hairy. Instead, I decided to scoot south to Cameron Bight, a protected bay on the northeast corner of Aird Island near little Detroit, and spend the night there. From that location it would be just a three mile run straight north through thicker

water back to Spanish. I hoisted anchor, moved over, and slept much better that night.

There are old sailors and there are bold sailors, I'm a very old sailor. (Total days run: 7.0 miles.)

### Thursday, July 15th

Hit the deck first thing and motored back to Spanish while it rained on and off. The "big wind" never materialized. Skidded the *Laurel V.* onto the trailer, had a great breakfast at the marina restaurant, and hit the road for home. (Total days run: 3.3 miles.)



O Canada.

All told, I covered about 84 miles over the water, saw some spectacular scenery, had great weather, and met some wonderful people. The water was warm, there were no bugs and I lived to tell about it. What else can an old catboat sailor ask for? The North Channel was all I hoped it would be and I will definitely be back!



# Yarns & Adventures

– Bill McKay, Editor

*Editor's Note:* Much thanks to Jack Hoey who has shared a many-sided account of his first 'retired' summer on his first catboat. And our resident author, William Winslow gives us two more of his many tales of his cat over the years. Perhaps now that many of us are 'off-season' for the next 4 months, we'll see some additional contributors in the Winter Bulletin? Send to Bill McKay, [wjmckay@verizon.net](mailto:wjmckay@verizon.net)

Bill McKay

## An Inspired First Season

–Jack Hoey

The last sail of the first season of retirement ends in October as it began in May. Once again *Oyster* and I largely have the bay to ourselves, the quiet broken only by the caws of terns working the schools of bait fish, the birds swooping and diving as they follow their prey.

We share the bay with the birds and the other two-legged creatures who still fish at this time of year. A fly fisherman casts into the edges of the working birds, the fisherman's filament arcing in a perfect S-shape before delicately landing on the water. An older oysterman steers a square bateau in concentric circles while his youthful stern man shovels seedlings from the flat-bottomed boat and tosses them into the cool, autumn air. The tiny shells glisten for a split second before disappearing beneath the summer-warmed water. The sun angles as low across the bay at 1 p.m. as it would at 4 p.m. on a summer afternoon, turning silver the white caps, the fly fisherman's filament, and the miniature mollusks whirling from the end of the oysterman's large flat shovel.

The oysterman digs into the pile as mechanically as a construction worker shoveling gravel. But these shelled pebbles will grow and thrive in the nutrient-rich, shallow waters of Duxbury Bay.

When I bought my Marshall Sanderling at the Chatham Boat Yard as my "retirement toy" in December 2009, I was only dimly aware that oystering in Duxbury Bay was a multi-million dollar business. I was told it was bad luck to change a boat's name and I knew she would end up moored near oyster farms. *Oyster* she would remain.



*Oyster of Snug Harbor.*

For the winter, I had *Oyster* delivered to Long Point Marine in Duxbury Bay's Snug Harbor. In early January, I had a torn rotator cuff on my left shoulder surgically repaired. I would not recommend shoulder surgery as a way to start one's retirement, certainly not if you are planning to sail any time soon. After six weeks of physical therapy, I asked the surgeon, one of the best in Boston, if I could sail my little catboat in June. He advised waiting six months, which would be sometime after July 4th.

But I couldn't wait to unwrap my retirement present. On the first fairly warm day in late April, I removed the shrink and sat on one of the spindle-legged bench seats in the cockpit, feeling a bit overwhelmed. The weakness I still felt in my left shoulder didn't add to my confidence, plus it had been twenty years since I'd had a sailboat of any kind. As I surveyed *Oyster* for the first time since buying her, I realized that her cockpit sole and the inside of the cabin badly needed repainting, and who knew what else she would require. Then at that very moment, as if on cue from a stage director, an SUV pulled up. The driver slowly unfurled himself and ambled over to *Oyster*. With his denim overalls, long-billed cap, grizzled face, and beefy frame, he looked like one of those carved sailors they sell to tourists on the Cape.

We introduced ourselves. I confessed that I was wondering if I'd been crazy at 62 years of age to buy an old catboat, especially given I was still recovering from surgery and had never actually been on a catboat under sail, let alone had the tiller in my hand. His name was Myron Sleeper and he admitted he also was feeling a bit overwhelmed. "I'm 78 years old and I just bought this wooden catboat. I had a fiberglass cat, but I wanted the real thing before I croak." He chuckled and pointed to his prize, *Oyster's* neighbor, a Fenwick Williams built in 1951 that clearly needed a lot of work. Myron became an instant inspiration.



Myron Sleeper.



Myron's winter project.

Over the next month we also became boatyard buddies. During work breaks, we surveyed each other's progress and shared bits and pieces of our lives. Myron was always willing to answer my catboat questions or offer friendly advice on how I should next proceed. Then, just before *Oyster's* launch Myron presented me with a book. "There are lots of ways you can get yourself into trouble when you are out there." He nodded in the direction of the bay. "This book has a chapter on seventeen ways to get into trouble and just as many on how to get out. You can't read it once. You need to read it again and again. It's an old book, but for that reason, it's got a lot in here that's peculiar to catboats."

He told me there was no rush returning the book, "Learning to Sail" by H.A. Calahan. "Judging by the work I need to do on this boat, I don't think I'll be needing it any time soon." I not only read Myron's book several times, but kept it on board *Oyster*, safely stowed in a plastic bag. Because it was first published way back in 1933, considerable space is devoted to the quirks of sailing catboats.

Calahan's book provided instructions on how to raise a gaff-rigged sail. Many "CBA Bulletin" readers may find this hard to believe, but until I read it, it had never occurred to me that my catboat would have not one, but two halyards. Having halyards for each end of the gaff (throat and peak) meant I would need to use both arms (and shoulders), something I hadn't taken into account when I pigheadedly decided to ignore my surgeon's caution. I raised the main for the first time in late May and for the next month or so, I could feel it in my bad shoulder. Who knew doctors occasionally are right? As the season went on, both my skill and my strength improved.

What most impressed me about Calahan's book was his comparison of sailing with riding a horse. In his first chapter, Calahan writes, "Of all the man-made things there is nothing so lovely as a sailboat. It is a living thing with a soul and feelings -- responsive as a saddle horse, loyal as a dog, and thoroughly downright decent." In chapter 14 on helmsmanship, Calahan elaborates on his equine metaphor. "A sailboat is the most alive creation ever made by man. She has her whims and moods and there must be a sympathy and understanding between the helmsman and the boat. The helmsman must develop 'good hands' just as the horseman must. So close is the relationship between the arts of horsemanship and helmsmanship that I make it a rule whenever possible to ride a horse with a good mouth on the morning of a race."

This struck a chord in me. I had ridden horses enough on family vacations out West to understand what he meant. You can feel your mount telling you what it wants to do. Thanks to Calahan (via Myron), I learned much faster to listen to what *Oyster* was trying to tell me.

I also bought the Catboat Association's "The Catboat and How to Sail Her." Both it and Calahan's book provide encouragement and instructions on reefing. When I mentioned to another sailor who claimed to be an expert that I was learning to reef, he sniffed, "If you have to reef, you don't belong on the bay." Actually, what I learned from both books and above all, a summer of experience, is that if you don't know how to reef, you don't belong in a catboat. The old saw remains true. Catboats, because of their large single sails, are meant to be reefed. The ultimate teacher for me was Plymouth Bay, whose moods I learned to respect.

Plymouth Bay consists of three adjoining bays - Duxbury, Kingston and Plymouth - which collectively open onto the Cape

Cod end of Massachusetts Bay through a one-mile wide channel between the heads of two sandy barrier beaches, Saquish, a nearly seven-mile-long crooked neck extending from north to south, and Plymouth Beach, a three-mile spit protruding south to north. Nearly four centuries ago this fortuitous configuration provided a just-in-time haven to the famously overdue and off-course Pilgrims. Today these narrow barriers protect oysters from red tides that occasionally afflict shell fishing along ocean-facing New England beaches.

However, like lakes, bays on serene days offer a deceptive sense of security. As seasoned mariners know, given enough persistent wind, particularly from certain directions, bays can very quickly turn surprisingly rough. For just such occasions, I practiced shortening the 230-square-feet of sail with rows of lines called reefing points sewn into the sail. *Oyster* has two rows of reefing points, one higher than the other.



How did the Pilgrims ever cross this bay?

For extreme conditions, a third row of grommets runs above the second reef line. Depending on the amount of wind, the sail area can be reduced by half or even more. Like a thoroughbred, when winds stayed up over 15 knots, *Oyster* signaled that she would be much happier with a single (first line of reefing points), and at over 20 or 25 knots, a double (second line) reef which cut her sail size nearly in half.

But on this final day of the season, no reefing is required. Yet even in the light wind, I need a fleece pullover and windbreaker under the lifejacket I always wear when sailing alone. Despite the layers of clothing, when the sail shades the lowered sun, I am cold. My shivers and the diving terns inspire me to get my blood moving. I'm going to try one last time to catch a blue or better yet, a striper.

I sail closer to where the birds are working and let the mainsheet out. I have learned that *Oyster* knows what to do when I spill the wind. The cat stalls as her inbred weather helm tries to head into the wind, only to fall off for lack of power. The slack sail provides just enough resistance to repeat this process of heading up and falling off.

While I've learned to park *Oyster*, I haven't figured out how to catch a fish. On my previous attempt, I actually hooked one for the first time all season. But I also had never used a spinning reel and hadn't noticed that it had a setting to increase or decrease the amount of drag. I tried to reel in the fish as fast as I could, but to my surprise, the line ran out faster than I could haul it in. Before I knew it, the fish, the popper and all my line disappeared. Embarrassed but determined, I went to a local bait shop where an understanding expert informed me that I had been "spooled", meaning that I hadn't set enough drag to offset the power of the fish. After selling me a new popper and installing new line, he showed me how to adjust the drag.

So on this, the final sail, I was re-armed and ready. After several casts with my new line and popper, a fish hits. I jerk the line to set the hook, but there's no resistance. I reel a bit more. Pop, pop, pull. A second strike. Still not on. On the third hit, I jerk and the fish is hooked. The fight commences. I begin to reel but this time, I add drag whenever the line begins to slip. No getting spooled this time. I work the fish closer to *Oyster* but the fish, perhaps sensing it's now or never, dives harder, bends the pole more sharply and suddenly, like the season, is gone.

## There's a Leak in My Birthday Cake

---

—William Winslow

Spring launchings bring anticipation and consternation: anticipation of a glorious new season of sailing, and consternation that you didn't discover the leak that opened up over the winter or that the iron sail won't turn over. June 12, 1995 held special meaning for me. Not only was it my 60<sup>th</sup> birthday, but I was at last ready to launch *Phoebe Ann Cowdrey*, a work in progress for 11 years.

There was hope that she would float on her lines and her bilge would be dry; there was fear she would not float on her lines and would fill up with water. This, after all, represented the best efforts of an amateur to craft a seaworthy vessel. But, as they say, the proof is in the pudding. Furthermore, we had invited fifty guests.

The day, a Saturday, started off with good vibes. The sun poured forth its light and warmth, and the boat mover showed up exactly as he promised. Launch time was 1 p.m. at a local marina. At 12:55, truck and trailer rumbled into the parking area and backed up to the boat ramp. At precisely 1 p.m. my wife smashed the environmentally correct (prescored and in a net) bottle of champagne against the bow, and *Phoebe Ann Cowdrey* slid into the waters of Little Peconic Bay at the eastern end of Long Island. Well, slid is not the right word: she was rather indecently shoved in from the truck trailer. But she floated right on her marks and the crowd erupted with wild applause.

Several of us maneuvered her to a dock nearby so people could come aboard. If you have never seen twenty-five souls on an 18-foot catboat before, it is awesome and also frightening. What would have happened if too many people had leaned over to one side to look at the large blue crab that scuttled by, or if that big guy in the straw hat had scrambled to the bow for a photo op? Fortunately, all maritime catastrophes were averted. The only souvenir I could find was a dent on a cockpit seat made by a woman's high heel. It looked like we were scot-free. Right? Wrong. Below decks, water oozed out from under the floorboards.

Now, I didn't know how bad the leak was or where it was coming from, but I knew it would be a major embarrassment if *Phoebe Ann* turned into a submarine. I rushed for the pump, the only piece of equipment aboard, telling everyone that it was an

ancient and honorable tradition for all wooden boats to leak at their launch. Just then, a friend arrived in his powerboat to tow us the half-mile to the marina. "Let's beat it out of here as fast as we can," I whispered. "It's going to be a race to reach my slip before we sink." I pumped furiously the whole way. The well-wishers had by then left for the birthday party at our cottage.

At the marina I bought the biggest tube of underwater caulking they had and smothered the entire bilge with thick goo. The marina brought over a portable pump.

I arrived home at my own birthday party just in time to claim the last piece of cake. It had a miniature sugar catboat on the frosting. I ate it in a single gulp.

P.S. I never succeeded in tracking down the source of the leak.

---

## The Catboat as Nautical Gym

—William Winslow

It is quite the fashion these days to look athletic. Slim is in as thousands of people spend thousands of dollars working out in local gyms. Never mind the fact that many of them drive up in SUVs, and after all that straining and sweating, amble on over to the donut shop. This behavior, of course, only succeeds in lightening your wallet. I have a better idea. It's called catboat sailing, and it has worked for me as skipper of the *Phoebe Ann Cowdrey*. Here is a step by step guideline so that you too can truly look like a cruise ship captain in those glossy travel mags.

### 1. Getting under way.

With increasing demand for moorings, many catboaters have been forced to tie up at slips, which often means backing out of one when you head out to sea. Don't despair. It's a great exercise in upper body conditioning. Catboats have a mind of their own in reverse. Push the tiller to port, and the boat might go to port. Just as likely she'll swing to starboard or even straight back. It's definitely a crap shoot, but you can make it work for you. Here's the opportunity for your first workout. Grab the boat hook and push off, from the nearby dock, the boat tied up across from you or some obstruction behind you like a sand bar. I guarantee your muscles will be aching by the time you get the cat headed in the direction you originally intended.

### 2. Putting up the sail.

Traditional catboat skippers don't raise the main with mechanical help, i.e. a winch. It's a nostalgic throwback to the days of wooden ships and iron men. On an 18-foot catboat like mine, it's the equivalent of lifting about 100 pounds of weight. The gaff makes the difference. It never goes up smoothly. Pull it up at the wrong angle, and the darn thing binds where the jaws connect with the mast. That means expended energy as you drop the sail a little and readjust. Great for the biceps though.

### 3. Steering.

When a catboat is overpowered, it has a tendency "to turn around and look you in the eye" - a product of the boat's notable, if not notorious characteristic known as weather helm. This is a condition when the boat wants to head up into the wind. It sometimes takes a massive amount of manhandling the helm to keep your course. Most people shorten sail to reduce weather helm. But think of the workout you get if you leave everything as it is, especially if you are on a long tack in windy conditions.

### 4. Grounding.

Now, why would anyone want to run aground? It was my first sail of the summer. I spied a twisted line snaking up the mast, and when I turned my attention to straighten it out, I ran smack into a sandbar. Most people would have hit the panic button or called the Coast Guard. Me? I just jumped off the boat into the two feet of water that finally grounds a cat and pushed hard on the bow. My legs got a workout; so did my abs and thorax. It's the ultimate in maritime exercising.





# Short Tacks

*Editor's Note: Here would be a great place for readers to let us know of their catboat projects in progress or to detail work they see in local boatyards. So tell us, "What is happening in your boat shed?"*



Open the doors to your barn for our readers.

## Catboat *Snapper*

– Bill McKay

“Hey, Is that *Snapper*? I haven't seen her since 1946.”

2002 – Opera Cup Race. Bill Sayle is joining the spectator fleet watching the start and hears an olde timer calling to him from an off-island boat. Bill is flying by the 80 strong Rainbow Fleet Parade in his recently purchased, launched and “questionable” Butler Cat, identified to be circa 1910. She is 15 ft. long, 6 ft.8 in. beam, and carries a tanbark sail; almost the same rig as a Marshall 18: same size mast and sail, and a boom and gaff which extend five feet beyond *Snapper's* stern. History tells us that on Nantucket in 1915 there was a whole class of these 15s sailing under the “X class” name. Stanley Butler was a Cape Cod builder in the Cotuit area (he designed the famous Cotuit Skiffs, still a large class today) who moved to Nantucket around 1900 and for near 30 years built many skiffs, cats and commercial boats.

That summer, Bill sailed the boat three times and she never swelled up; he knew she was suffering the results of 30 years in two different owner's barns.



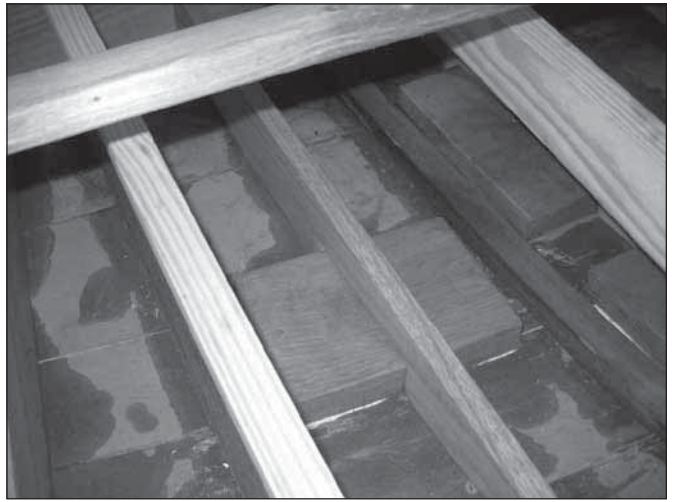
*Snapper* in her short 2002 summer.

Indeed on the third sail, in light winds, the mast snapped right off. That was the beginning of what will end up being a nine year rebuild. That first winter of 2003, Bill stripped the cat of her deck and replaced every other frame with white oak, fastened with silicon bronze. She then was covered for two years.

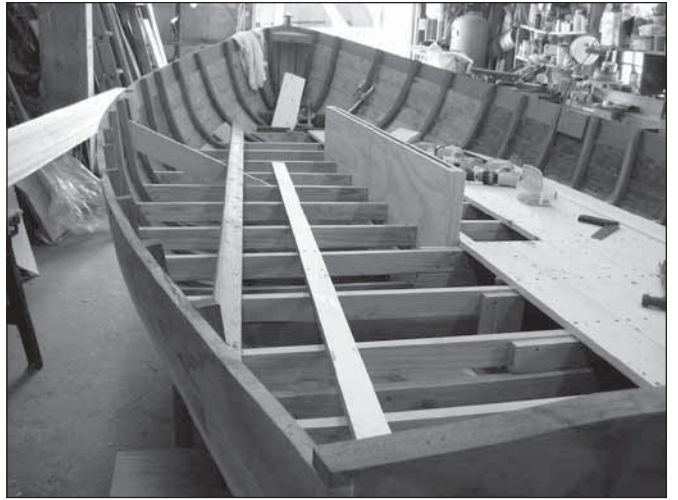
In 2005, time was made to replace all the other frames. This was followed by four more years in the yard, waiting for the right time for the next steps.

Finally in Fall 2009, Bill did the centerboard trunk, the new stern and prepared her for a new floor.

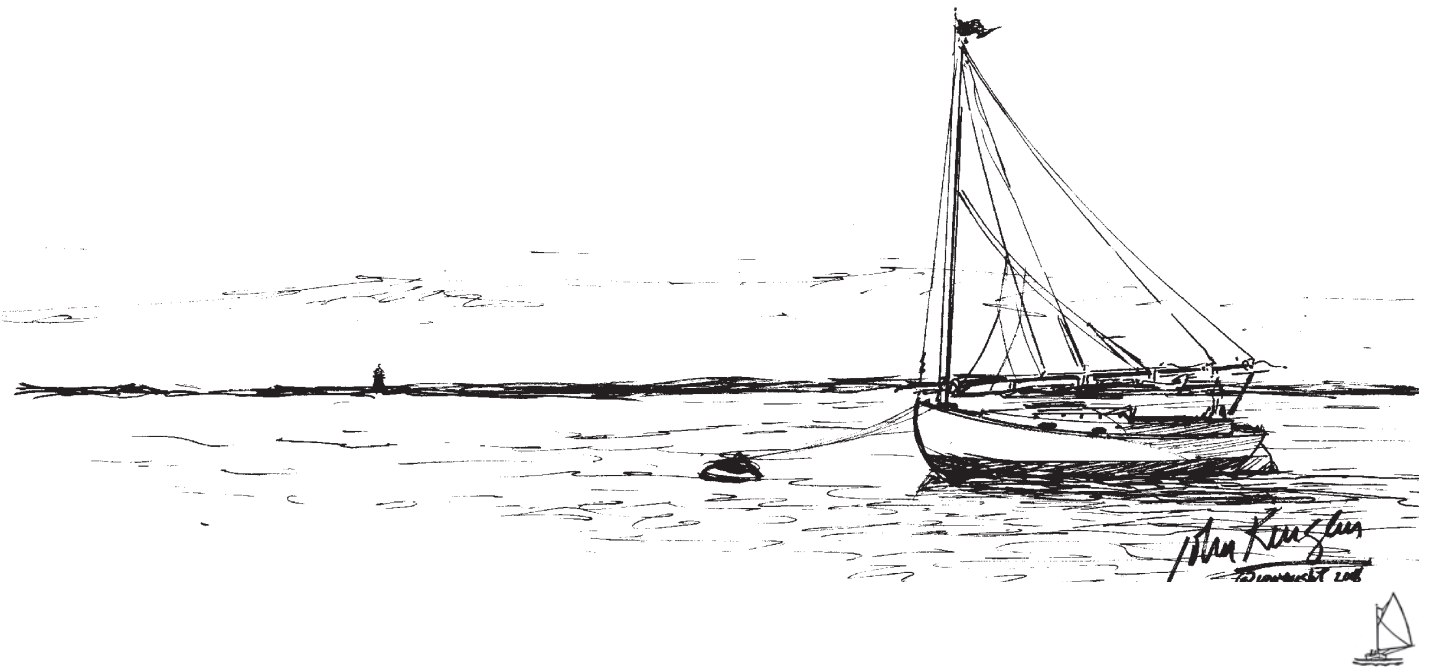
2011: Bill plans to build the deck, cover with Dynel and then do the finish work which will result in a summer launch. Still waiting on decisions about the rig; probably he'll have to build it himself. Expected launch will be sometime in the summer, this year. The practically unused “new” tanbark sail will look great back in Nantucket Harbor and she will sail under her olde name. Hopefully someone will again remember her and ask Bill, “Is that *Snapper*?”



*Snapper* keeps her shape with careful work on frames.



Floor is white cedar fastened with bronze.



# CBA Discussion Group

– C. Henry Depew, Editor

**Q:** *What kind of additive is recommended to winterize the water tank and fresh water system over the winter?*

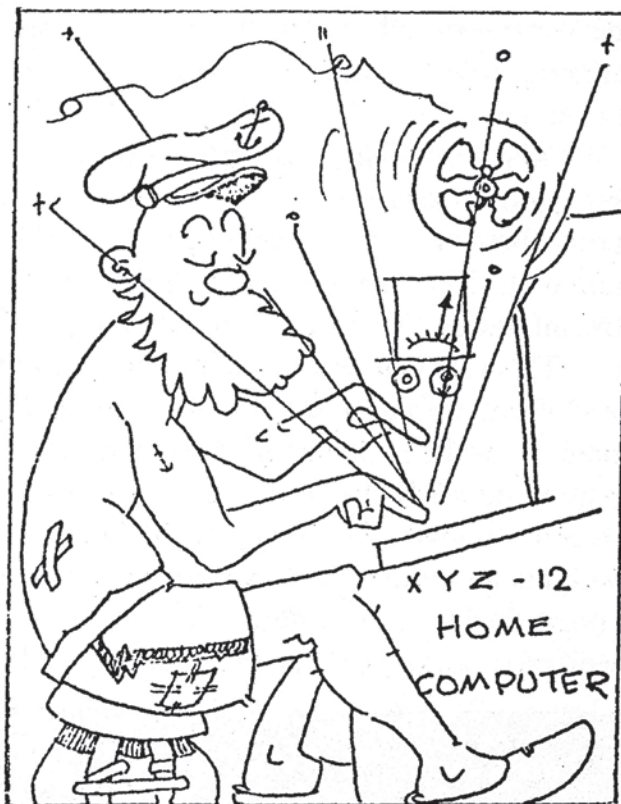
**A:** While there are some commercial additives for fresh water systems, one of the suggestions was to add about a gallon of cheap vodka and run the mix through the entire fresh water system. It was noted by one respondent that the vodka approach should make spring fitting-out a whole new experience. One respondent noted that while 80 proof vodka doesn't freeze until -16.5F, alcohol is volatile and as it evaporates the freezing point would logically seem to rise (as the proof goes down). Another respondent noted that the mix works just fine and the alcohol content does not drop that much. It was suggested that if you use the vodka approach not to let the boatyard know, or your tanks may be empty by spring!

**Q:** *How does one hold the boat into the wind while raising or lowering the mainsail alone? Which is considered the better choice (including the cost involved), a brake device for the steering shaft or an auto helm of some sort? Or, is there a third method?*

**A:** Most of the respondents use the topping lift to hold the boom when raising or lowering the mainsail. Some pull the board all the way up and let the boat "drift" a bit while raising or lowering the sail while others keep the board about 2/3<sup>rd</sup> down. No one seems to secure the helm although some straddle the tiller to keep some control since they have the halyards run back to the cockpit.

With a gaff rig, most seem to have no difficulty raising or lowering the sail on any point of sailing from wind ahead to wind abeam, provided the topping lift is set to support the boom and the sheet is absolutely free. Of course, with the topping lift on the port side of the gaff, the boat needs to be on the port tack.

One respondent used tiller pilots for many years, but has never found them useful in raising or lowering sail. They don't work at all when the boat is dead in the water. Another has a Sanderling with a wheel (Edson), and it has a brake; it has been used that way when under power and the respondent finds that the wheel still needs attention, particularly when the wind is brisk and the seas choppy. The autopilot idea seems unnecessarily expensive to me, unless one already has one aboard....



While not written specifically for single-handed catboat sailing, Bill Welch's "The Competitive Cat, Racing Small Gaff-Rigged Catboats" is considered an excellent primer on handling these beautiful boats.

**Reader's Note:** *A number of respondents would like a comprehensive article on single-handing a gaff-rigged catboat.*

**Q:** *Does anyone know of an environmentally friendly/home remedy mildew preventative? Jamestown advertises a 3M product (actually 3-in-1, a stain remover, a blocker, and a cleaner), but at \$10 a bottle, I'm wondering if there is an "old wives" recipe? I know bleach will remove it, but what do you use once you've hit the stuff with bleach?*

**A:** One respondent used the cut off ends of cedar fence post, scattered them throughout the wooden boat during the winter. They aren't all that aromatic, but the vapors really helped with mildew prevention. Another suggests an ozone generator left running in an enclosed space can do some mold and mildew eradication, but don't occupy the space while it's running (ozone is bad for lungs). For rot, applying ethylene glycol (automotive antifreeze) can kill the buggers. Saturating weakened wood with the

antifreeze and a thin epoxy mix can strengthen the wood.

According to Heloise, equal parts of white vinegar and hot water for everything. This approach is used by a number of the respondents. The question was how much vinegar and how much water as most did not use equal amounts.

According to Bill Menger's owner's manual -[allhandsandthecook.com/menger/Manuals/Menger%2019%20Manual.pdf](http://allhandsandthecook.com/menger/Manuals/Menger%2019%20Manual.pdf)

– lemon oil on the interior wood acts as a good polish and a mildew preventative, although the oil, obviously intended for polishing wood, not practical for fabrics and such; you may find the lemon essence as a strong enough ingredient in other “natural” based cleaners?

After reading the above posts to the list, one respondent noted, “I think it (vinegar & water) would work wonders for the smell of mildew, and possibly even attack the root cause of the odor. If then followed by some lemon cleaner or wax, you would have the beginning of the odor of a great salad.”

**Q:** *On my Sandpiper I find it really difficult reefing down once under way. The current arrangement is simply unmanageable when it is blowing hard and you're single handing. It seems to me, there must be an easier/safer method.*

**A:** Respondents noted that there is a good diagram at: [harken.com/pdf/4171.pdf](http://harken.com/pdf/4171.pdf).

Also, Bill Menger's owner's manual has good information (see previous item for URL).

As with raising and lowering the sail, running the halyards, the outhaul, and the downhaul back to the aft end of the cabin helps a great deal. It was also noted that one of the most important things to remember when reefing is that the sail must be FLAT when reefed, with little draft. It is not enough to just shorten sail; it must also have less draft.

Using two lines for each reef, one for the tack and one for the clew, was also recommended. A stainless steel hook at the gooseneck to hold the tack when reefing was recommended. And, everyone seemed to agree that it is important to keep that original turning block position on the boom for the clew -- that block is positioned to pull the foot of the sail taut when you put in that reef. You might need to add fairleads on the boom -- when each clew reefing line is not in use, and therefore somewhat slack. It can be a hazard when the boom comes across the cockpit; just about neck height, when you duck enough for your head to miss the boom!

One respondent fixed the dangling reef lines by using 8 in. long Velcro cable ties that had a loop on the end. You can thread them through the hole in the horn and double them back to form a loop, and then use them for line grabbers. If 8 in. isn't long enough, you can purchase them in longer lengths.

Another respondent has a short piece of the woven web tape (the stuff used to strengthen sail at corners, etc.) through each luff cringle. Sew a stainless steel ring to the end of each piece of tape. When you drop the sail, the tape and rings fall below boom with one ring on each side, pass a short piece of line through the rings and tie, raise sail. The length of the web tape is key, of course. There is not much movement while under sail which may be a function of the robands not being very long, or of being pretty stiff (it's a very sturdy web), or (at least upwind or reaching) of being in the wind shadow of the mast. Bottom line, they pretty much hang still.

Also highly recommended was “The Catboat and How to Sail Her”, page 33 -- Ways of Reducing Sail, good diagrams, etc. A CBA publication -- \$10!!

**Q:** *I'm looking for a beachable, open cockpit boat with a tabernacle, and my intention is to sail it dry, and park it in a garage. The boats I've run across, currently in production that meet my needs, are the Marshall Sandpiper, the Thom Cat 15 (formerly Menger 15), and the Com-Pac Picnic Cat. Any suggestions?*

**A:** All three boats received good reviews from those responding to the question. The decision seems to come down to what you wanted in the boat in terms of trailering and/or sailing. The Sandpiper needs more water for launching (see item on tongue extenders herein) while the Thom Cat and the Picnic Cat both have swing-up rudders, so should launch more easily. One respondent noted that if one can bear the thought of a Marconi rig (and simplicity) you might look at the Stur-Dee cat. It was also noted that one will find some reviews of sorts written about most of these small boats in Stan Grayson's book “Cape Cod Catboats”. It's a recent book, so the information gathered is very helpful and pretty accurate.

**Q:** *My AC-24 is in a marina on the Potomac in Washington, DC, and I want to hear opinions on whether to store it on the hard or not. It has a five month old coat of bottom paint, and the water near DC is essentially fresh. The marina has a de-icing system that constantly keeps the water moving, so ice buildup around the slips is minimal.*

**So, two questions. First, what is the consensus opinion for in the water or out of the water? Second, after how long should you let a fiberglass hull boat rest on the hard to let the glass dry out, so to speak? I have heard differing opinions on this.**

**A:** The first two respondents to this question gave opposite advice. The first recommended pulling the boat and the second recommended leaving the boat in the water. Thus it went for the entire thread with various reasons to leave the boat in the water or to pull it out. In either case, it was noted that you need to protect the boat from the weather with a tight tarp (of some kind) and keep the water out of the cockpit (or as one person put it, "A catboat's cockpit used as an ice tray is not a good idea.").

**Q: Does anyone know where to obtain a tongue extender? When I launch and retrieve my Sanderling, using a Load-Rite trailer made for the boat, I usually have my rear wheels in the water and my muffler bubbling merrily away....**

**A:** One respondent suggested putting a large dolly wheel on the forward "jack stand" that can carry the tongue weight, get about 15 feet of heavy chain, and some wheel chocks. Back the trailer down to the edge of the water and chock it. Disconnect from the car and add the chain. Pull forward to put the load on the chain and have the chocks removed. Let trailer and boat roll gently into the water. Reverse process when pulling. Reattach the trailer to the hitch on the vehicle while on the ramp. Otherwise, you will lose control of the trailer when on level ground. The nice part is that the chain coils up for easy storage.

The suggestion of leaving the "safety" chain attached to the boat and using the winch line was not met with approval by all as the line may not be strong enough for the load of the boat and trailer on a ramp and if the "line" is one of the nylons, it may fail.

What is always interesting is to see someone back down the ramp quickly, slam on the brakes, and have the trailer and vehicle slide into the water. A wet ramp can be a major problem both for the person trying to walk and a vehicle's wheels. Another good one - A well greased trailer's rollers will drop the boat on a ramp. Oops!

The use of a line to the boat and some careful backing was also suggested. The line is about 8 ft. longer than the trailer's length to the winch. The line is attached to the bow cleat. The line is neatly coiled and placed on the bow. The tie downs are then removed and the respondent carefully removes the winch hook.

He then backs the rig slowly into the water - hitting the brakes just as the boat is about to float. It rolls off. He slowly drives forward and the line tied between the winch and the bow pulls taut and the boat is pulled back to the shore.

Driving slowly and deliberately with proper preparation is the key to not embarrassing yourself at the ramp.

**Q: Above the waterline, is there anything special about the paint used on wooden boat exteriors? Intuition tells me that I want oil based exterior house paint. But, experience tells me that salt water is a harsh mistress.**

**A:** Everybody has their favorite paint. One respondent has had success with Interlux oil-based Brightside, but it was noted that there are a few things that don't work with oil based. One is they need warm/dry enough conditions for the paint to dry unless the boat is inside and heated. Another response was for Benjamin Moore latex house paint. Latex has come a long way and continues to improve. It was noted that latex tends to build up and isn't easy to fair out like oil based. When it is time to remove back to the primer, it does peel off pretty well. It was also noted that one paints the hull every year or so and a long-lasting paint is really not needed. However, if you want to avoid a yearly paint job, a topside paint job of sprayed Awl-Grip will last several seasons and has good impact resistance.

It was also noted that where the boat is used has bearing; if you are down south and keep your boat in all year, go oil. But in the changes of the north, you can get a longer season with the latex. And, it was noted that both look pretty much the same after the seagulls get them for a week or two.

Also noted was that sometimes workboat painters recommend a dark coat underneath and a light coat outside. The light coat reflects much harmful radiation and the dark coat absorbs what does get through to protect what is underneath.

**Q: I have a Teleflex single lever control, CH 1308, controlling a Yanmar 3GM30 on my Marshall 22. Original equipment on Marshalls for years. The problem is that it will not hold the throttle setting as it gets pushed to higher speeds. Rather, the throttle slowly slides back down to a mid-level RPM range. I can't see any place to adjust the friction of the control handle, and the topic is not mentioned in the installation instructions for the control.**

**A:** Those responding to this question noted that they had the same problem. One solution was to fit a clamp with a bolt around the cable housing. The bolt was tightened to create sufficient friction on the inner cable to prevent it from moving on its own. It was recommended to move this assembly every few years to prevent wear on the cable. Another respondent purchased from Marshall a little block with a bolt in it to clamp on the cable. All it did was apply friction to the cable.

**Q:** *I have a Menger 19 which has a swing-up centerboard that pivots on a 1/2 in. bronze bolt that goes through the centerboard trunk. It seems to have sprung a leak around the bolt. I have backed off the bolt and washer; there is no soft or plastic washer/seal in place, I have wrapped the bolt with (lots of) Teflon tape to act as a seal and re-tightened it, and it seems to be dry at the moment. There did not seem to be any type of seal in place before.*

*How is your pivot bolt sealed? What seems to work, and for how long? Is there a preferred sealing material or method? Are there any washers/spacers on the inside of the trunk, between the centerboard and trunk? Should there be? If so how do you replace them? Any recommendation for removing and replacing the pivot bolt (while keeping the centerboard in place and aligned?) Is there a preference for a stainless bolt over bronze?*

**A:** Respondents noted that the bronze bolt and washers are sealed with 5200 and should never be tightened or adjusted, you will crack the seal. It was also noted that you can easily over tighten the assembly. In some cases the builder relied on big washers to keep the water out of the cabin on their centerboard pivot bolts. Never mess with it when the boat is in the water. If the bolt is badly worn and you break it, you will be swimming very quickly.

All those responding noted that any repair on the centerboard bolt should be done out of the water and re-seal with the same type of material that was used by the builder. There was no preference for bronze or stainless steel for the pin.

**Q:** *We own a 1976 M22. My question is has anyone had experience with replacing an old M22 exhaust system with modern components such as a plastic muffler and heavy rubber exhaust hose, etc. We have a good mechanic at the boatyard, but I would like to give him a list of required parts. Any hints about installing such a system. Thanks.*

**A:** One respondent used a plastic muffler with rubber exhaust hose with good results.

**Q:** *My replacement outboard came with a prop that is: 8 1/4 x 5 and here is the situation. It moves the boat, but it is not getting a good grip on the water - it almost cavitates ...and it just doesn't back it up at all. I have seen on websites that a new prop is over \$100. OK - I may wind up spending that much ... but not before I check-in with this panel of expert colleagues. What think ye - oh seers of the Catboat clan? Can I find an "old" Evinrude prop - one with a higher pitch?*

**A:** Most respondents thought that an 8 x 6 "sailboat" prop would take care of the problem. However, it was noted that if you increase the pitch of a prop you may overload the engine. You want a flatter pitch for the slower speed. It was suggested that the prop be taken to a good prop shop to have it checked and/or replaced. You need to tell them the hp. and r.p.m. of the engine to get the proper pitch.

*Reader's Note:* After the above was printed in "Bulletin No. 153", an additional response to the question was received that may explain what was going on.

The refusal to back up the boat appears totally abnormal. There seems to be an essential element missing in the story, e.g. the immersion depth. Does the motor have the "long shaft"?

Typically 6 in. can be added to a motor's downward reach for use on a yacht.

Can (any!) air reach the prop? Is there anything protruding in the prop's path that impedes water from reaching the prop's front, the intake/inlet side, freely? A propeller engages water much as a wood screw engages wood. From the number of revolutions the distance traveled can be calculated, when allowing for a propeller a (small) percentage of slip.

Cavitation means that a vacuum develops on the blade. Pressure drops to zero.

It is here assumed that the prop reaches far enough into the water: that the static pressure in the water (equal to the immersion depth in inches of water) is high enough to prevent cavitation. On my 14 foot skiff, the water level is 9 in. above the OD of the 9 in. diameter prop.

With insufficient immersion depth, air may reach the prop (even at low r.p.m.) and get sucked into it. The mix of air and water will cause slip much earlier. Anything/any condition that encourages/ allows (any) air to reach into the prop's intake must be removed. If a prop's pitch were reduced, water would "stay" with the blade longer, i.e. to higher r.p.m. This can be seen intuitively: for zero pitch (a flat disk) water will keep stuck to the blade at any r.p.m., except

for centrifugal effects (at very high r.p.m.). Propulsive force would be zero. So if a prop cavitates, a lower pitch could be considered, but only when all other causes of cavitation have been addressed.

As the back side of a blade is less efficient in propulsion, that side (in reverse operation) may cavitate sooner than the front side, as evidently experienced, 100%!

At zero hull speed (boat tied to dock) the prop pumps, as it were, water through a tube with a diameter equal to the prop's diameter, much like a screw pump does, and slip is 100%. As the prop moves a load through the water, it "slips", but only a few percent, as water leaks from the back (i.e. pressure) side to the

front (i.e. suction) side, around the edges of the blades.

If the prop/motor were pulled through the water at a speed equal to r.p.m. x pitch, slip would be zero, and cavitation would (should) not occur. All the remarks above illuminate what is asked from the prop, how it may function. It outlines its functional model.

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

---

## New Members

---

– *Dave Calder, Membership Secretary*

**WELCOME ABOARD** to our new members since **October 25, 2010.**

Asrael, Stanley & Evelyn  
Briand, Homer  
Burns, Robert  
Caparco, John & Beverly  
Carpenter, David & Derinda  
De Basto, Ric & Maria  
Duggan, Dennis & Shirley  
Eldridge, Dick  
Gettens, Nancy & Anthony Giglio  
Hasbargen, David  
Hughes, Eric & Brownyn  
Keil, Darryl & Annabelle  
Utterback, Terry & Paula Daddio  
Kromhout, John & Gail  
Kukstis, Paul & Sheila

Lane, Ray  
La Riviere, Tim & Beth  
Lebrun, Somon  
Marshall, Nic & Kathy  
Martha's Vineyard Preservation Trust  
Percoski, Jamed & Amanda  
Pingree, Hawk & Suzy  
Shakun, Harlan & Mary Anne  
Sheehy, Richard & Lisa  
Sheppard, Ed & Jill Galbicsek  
Sleeper, Myron  
Weaver, James  
Westlund, Annie



# Barndoor Postings

## That Little Bill

### *The Unfolding Discovery of a Historic Catboat Document*

— John E. Conway

As a CBA member who owns and maintains an old, wooden catboat, *Buckrammer*; (Charles H. Crosby, Builder, 1908), I receive a steady stream of inquiries and correspondence from all manner of interesting people. These range from those who feel I must have some mental disability (I probably do!), to those who suffer the same, “olde” wooden boat illness and seek moral support; from adventurous souls who wish to learn more about sailing an “olden days” gaff-rigger to individuals who have been “touched” somehow by or have crossed paths with a photo, artifact or document connected with an ancient wooden boat.

Within this latter category, about a year ago, a neighbor of mine in Westport Point, Mass, Bob Kugler, reached out and asked if I had time to examine a few, catboat-related items he had unearthed.

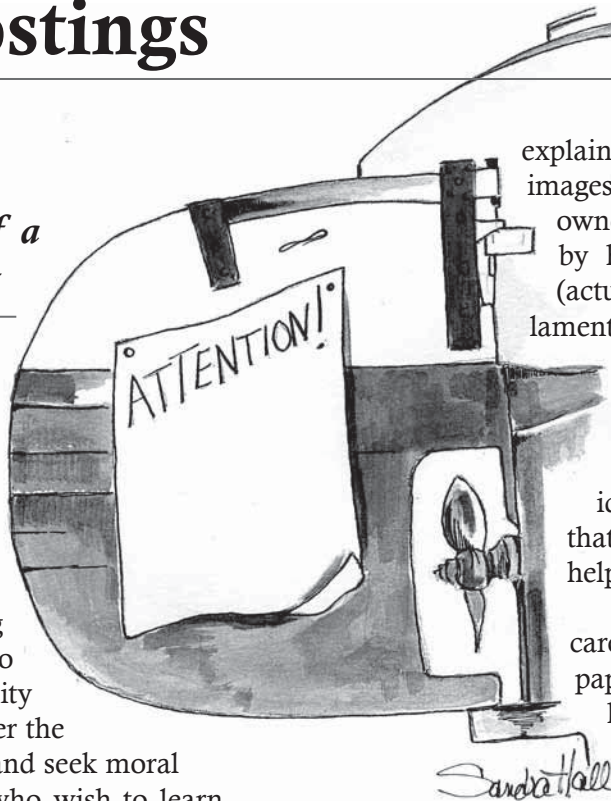
“Absolutely!” I quickly replied.

Bob traces his roots back to the colonial days of Massachusetts. Moreover, he and his family continue to live in the Philip L. and Kate Cory Grinnell house, a waterfront home built in 1885. Located in the historic district of Westport Point, the house sits on the bank of the Westport River. Its backyard terminates in a sturdy dock and a number of wooden boats find their home there (more on one of these boats later).

Arriving at the house, I knocked on the front door and was quickly greeted with an extended hand. “Come around to the side entrance. You’ll find it a bit easier,” Bob smiled.

I did so and soon found myself seated beside Bob’s desk and surrounded with the memorabilia of his historic family. Kugler pulled out a manila folder and opened it before me.

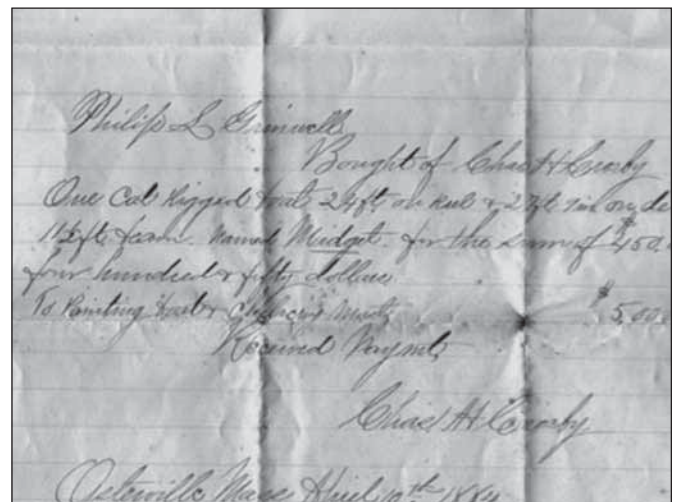
“I was going through some family files and came across these.” Four of the items were old photographs of catboats. The fifth artifact was a folded piece of very yellowed, schoolhouse style, lined paper. Bob



explained that the photos contained images of a variety of catboats owned and operated, he believed, by his family over the decades (actually, since the 1800’s). He lamented that he had only limited information about each of the boats and wondered if I knew of anyone at the CBA who could help with the identification process? I said that I did and would be glad to help.

With that, Bob picked up and carefully unfolded the yellowed paper. “How about with this?” he inquired, handing me the faded document. I examined the little scrap of paper and gasped. In my hand lay a hand-written, itemized, signed and dated (April 10, 1884) bill of sale from Charles H. Crosby to Philip Grinnell for a 24-foot catboat.

“Oh my God,” I squeaked. “This is incredible!”



Charles Crosby Bill of Sale; c: 1884

Bob managed a wry grin. “Since you own one of Charlie Crosby’s boats I thought it might grab your attention.” The Bill of Sale confirmed that Philip L. Grinnell had purchased and paid for the catboat *Midget*; Total cost? \$450 (plus \$5 for painting)! For



those who find it hard to read the document, I've reproduced a transcript below, misspellings and all:

*Philip L. Grinnell.*

*Bought of Chas. H Crosby  
One Cat Rigged boat 24 ft. on keel & 27 ft. 9 in. on deck.  
11 ½ ft. beam. Named Midget. for the sum of \$450.00  
four hundred & fifty dollars.  
Fr Painting boat & chelacing mast. \$5.00  
Received Payment  
Chas H Crosby*

*Osterville, Mass April 10th, 1884*

After recovering, I asked Bob if I could make scans of both the photographs and document and he graciously allowed me to do so. I promised to send these off to the CBA's semi-resident historians for comment and pledged to send him any and all feedback. I came back with my laptop and scanner and soon had everything in digital format.

Back in my own home office, I drafted emails to the CBA experts and awaited their replies. Stan Grayson, author of numerous boating related books: ("Cape Cod Catboats"; "Old Marine Engines"; "Engines Afloat", et al) and numerous magazine articles for "Wooden Boat" magazine and others, was first to reply.

*Hi John,*

*Thanks for sharing these!*

*You'll probably be surprised to learn that, of all the items, what interests me most is that little bill of sale. I have seen one or two such bills, I think reproduced in old Bulletins. But this is relatively early.*

*It tells us that an engineless 24-footer painted and with the mast "chelac(ed)!" went out the shop door for \$500. Twenty-six years later, a 24-footer with standard grade finish sold for \$750 but that may have included an engine at about \$175 - \$225. Taking the engine out, that would mean very little inflation in prices between 1884 and 1910.*

*And reference to the mast being finished with shellac is interesting because I don't think I ever saw such a reference before.*

*But the shocker, if you will, is that Charles Crosby didn't write "catboat" on the bill. He wrote "cat rigged boat." I find this at once astonishing yet not altogether surprising and it speaks again to the mystery of both the term "cat rig" and "catboat." And it may mean that the term "catboat" came later.*

*- Stan*

Impressed that Stan could extract such insight from so little data., I decided to conduct a little detective work of my own to answer the question, "What would \$450 mean to someone in 1884?"

For this I turned to the US Department of Labor Statistics for the census period 1880 to 1890. Turns out that the average annual income during this period was \$700 (!). Thus, a Crosby catboat would set the buyer back about 64% of their annual income. For fun, I used the USDLS stats for 2000 to 2010 to scale this up to today's numbers. Average U.S. income in this period was \$50,000. Applying the same percentages, a new catboat today would cost about \$32,000... not too far off from the cost of a Marshall 18-footer. Hmm... the Crosby boat may have been a good deal even by 1884 standards.

I reported the results back to Bob and he asked that I thank Stan and the CBA for our insights. Regarding the Bill of Sale, Bob promises to take good care of that folded piece of catboat history and was happy that he could add to our trove of catboat lore.

As for the photographs.... Bob believes that two of them have captured *Midget* under sail. Figure 2 shows the boat ghosting away from the western side of the Westport Point, Mass. town wharf (circa 1890) with owner/captain Phillip Grinnell "looking astern and whistling for a breeze."



Figure 2:  
*Midget* near the Wharf at Westport Point, MA.

The second photo (Figure 3), taken somewhere off of Horseneck Beach, Westport, Mass, shows Philip Grinnell relaxing at the stern quarter, accompanied by his wife Kate (Cory) Grinnell (of whale ship fame) and three nieces, (l to r) Hester Kugler (at the wheel), Lois Kugler and Amy Kugler.



Figure 3: *Midget* off of Horseneck Beach, Westport, Mass.

(Our panel of catboat experts made a number of discoveries in these and the other Bob Kugler photos... but that tale will have to wait for another time. Stay tuned.)

### Epilog

Among the many fine wooden boats at Bob Kugler's dock or in his yard lies the 20-foot, 1903 Daniel Crosby catboat, *Storm King*. (Figure 4)



Figure 4:  
Daniel Crosby's *Storm King* (c.1903)  
today in Westport. Mass.

As shown in the genealogy supplied by Carol Crosby, Daniel and Charles were brothers separated by about 5 years; Daniel being the older of the two. (Figure 5)

The old cat appears to be in pristine condition (we suspect excellent maintenance over the years along with a major rebuild a few years ago.) She is powered by a classic Palmer M-60 gas engine (which *could* stand a good servicing or could be replaced with a modern, small marine Diesel.) *Storm King* was owned by a now elderly relative of

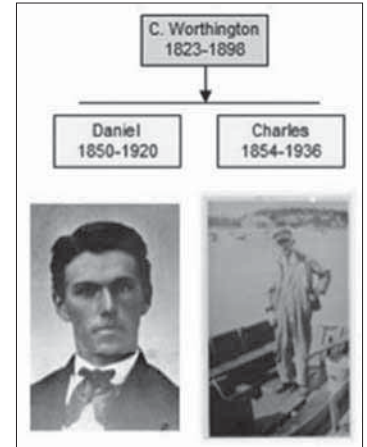


Figure 5:  
Daniel (l) and Charles (r) Crosby.

Bob's, David Wadsworth, who finds her just a bit too much to manage. As a result, she has been put up for sale. I can't think of a better boat to satisfy anyone afflicted with the wooden catboat bug.

Those interested can email me at [jeconway3@gmail.com](mailto:jeconway3@gmail.com) and I will direct you to Bob.

As for her moniker... this may have been derived from the 1902 hit song of the same name. We've been able to locate a copy of the sheet music (Figure 6).



Figure 6: Cover of  
"The Storm King" Sheet Music

... and you can actually hear a recording at:

[jfeenstra.com/ETPaull.htm](http://jfeenstra.com/ETPaull.htm) (Scroll down until you see "The Storm King" entry and then launch the MIDI file.

So not only could you own a classic, Daniel Crosby catboat... but her theme music as well!

It just does not get any better.

**Editor's Note:** John Conway is author of the bestselling "Catboat Summers."

Watch for the soon to be released sequel, "Buckrammer Tales."



# 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, 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*

154-3. FOR SALE: 1973 Marshall 18' Sanderling Catboat. Hull #275. White hull, dark gray cockpit, seat cushions, fresh topside Cetol in 2010. Bronze steps on rudder, bronze blocks on sheet. Compass, Battery and running lights, 2006 outboard 8hp with tuneup 2010. Complete cockpit and sail covers 2009. Bottom job (no blisters) 2008. Trailer included. Boat is located near Houston Texas. Owner is a fervent catboat sailer for 35 years but at age 81 it is just to much of a task. This boat has been well cared for and loved! Contact John Bradley (713) 524-2245 or david.bradley@att.net Asking \$8,000.



154-9. FOR SALE: 1998 Marshall 18' Sanderling catboat. A well appointed Sanderling in excellent condition that has been lightly sailed in Buzzards Bay. White hull with buff decks, red boottop stripe molded in green bottom. Epoxy barrier coat on bottom and spars painted buff. Self-contained toilet installed, drop leaf tables on centerboard trunk. Yanmar IGM inboard engine-309 hrs. Cabin light, Autohelm tiller pilot, Autohelm Y-150 Bi-Data instruments, running lights with battery. Flex-i-Teak installed on cockpit sole, shock cord furling gear, teak handrails on cabin top, teak trim around cabin trunk, shelves over berths, lazy jacks, Ritchie 4" compass in bulkhead, solar vent on cabin top, teak centerboard cap, bronze step on transom and rudder, carved name board, rudder stop bar, double bow cleats, flag halyard, Cetol finish on teak - 4 coats, sail cover - Toasted Sunbrella - new 2007, dodger - Toasted Sunbrella - new 2007, cockpit cushions, berth cushions - both pacific blue Sunbrella with white piping, 4 dock lines, anchor and rode, Asking \$27,900. Contact Harry Witt at 617-504-3898 or witt62@gmail.com



154-7. 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



154-8. FOR SALE: 1974 VintageCat 22. Looking for a catboat with 2 separate cabins, an enclosed head, stand-up headroom? Here she is! Fun to sail, and quick (same hull and rig as a Menger 23). Bottom already barrier coated, with anti-fouling refreshed 6 months ago. Mast repainted recently (since the picture was taken), centerboard rebuilt last spring. Needs a fair bit of cosmetic work outside and in to make her look right, but you could take her sailing tomorrow. Located in southeast Virginia. \$8500 now, but price will go up as work progresses. Contact David Blakey at dblakey@cox.net or 757-489-4121.



154-10. WANTED to buy: a STUR-DEE CAT catboat. Please email Pete Cardozo at aeromarine@hotmail.com or, call 804 462-3474

154-11. FOR SALE: 2002-2008 Bolger Micro Cat yawl. Built to his MICRO design, built all over the world and loved for its seakindliness, comfort, good sailing, safety and unusual, but somehow appealing, looks. She is a "box-boat, with plumb sides and ends, sprit-boomed leg-o'-mutton tanbark sails by Douglas Fowler, her masts far into the ends, the mizzen sheeting to a boomkin. She has two 7' x 2' berths with sitting headroom, abundant stowage under the cockpit, accessible from footwell, free-flooding ends fore and aft for anchor and rode, engine (Honda 8), fuel, fenders, etc. Very stiff with flat bottom laterally, lots of rocker fore and aft, regularly outsails theoretical hull speed. Runs free and



motors around 7 mph, reaches at 6 in good winds. Shallow ballast keel under body, with 425 pounds of lead, drawing about 20". Experimentally have mounted brass plate drop centerboard alongside keel and think this gives a little better windward performance in light airs. Excellent 2002 Long trailer with long tongue gets her floating when my rear wheels hit the water. With a crew used to the rig, it is 15 minutes to rig on the hard, then very quick to launch and retrieve. Boat weighs under 1000 lbs all together, trails behind light car. Stupid to sell the boat. Buying it makes MUCH better sense. \$6000. Photo is two Micros at the Phil Bolger Memorial gathering at Gloucester, MA, last year. Other photos by email on request. Mason Smith, Adirondack Goodboat, Long Lake, NY 12847, phone 518-624-6398 or email [masonsmith@frontiernet.net](mailto:masonsmith@frontiernet.net)

154-12. FOR SALE: 2001 Arey's Pond Lynx 16.5' Catboat. Excellent condition. The boat has a green hull and was AWL gripped in 2009. It has teak louvered doors, a bronze centerboard cam cleat, lazy jacks, tiller tamer, wood blocks with bronze shives, a teak bowsprit with anchor and roller, a 2001 Tohatsu 4hp engine, a new boom in 2010, a cuddy cabin with two berths 6.2 ft long, a porta-potti, seat cushions, sail cover, boat tent cover and fenders. No trailer. Asking price is \$23,500. Located at Arey's Pond Boat Yard, P.O. Box 222, So. Orleans, MA 02662. For more details contact Tony Davis at ph# 508-255-0994 or fax 508-255-8977.



154-13. FOR SALE: 1915 Crosby 25' Catboat. TANG is a documented Crosby catboat that underwent a complete rebuild in the 1980s and in 2005/06 was refastened below the waterline, had several planks replaced, new mast partner, several new floor timbers and other work. The boat has the original Edson worm gear and Merriman blocks. 40HP Westerbeke diesel. Some cosmetic work is needed but TANG is structurally sound and waiting for her next caring owner to take her into her second century. Asking \$18,000. Please contact Justin McAnaney at the David Jones Yacht Brokerage. Tel: 207-593-6767 or email: [jmcananey@hotmail.com](mailto:jmcananey@hotmail.com)



154-14. FOR SALE: 1937 Roberts 21' Catboat. SEA PUP is a classic 1937 catboat designed and built by Manuel Swartz Roberts of Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. SEA PUP was used as a launch from Edgartown to Woods Hole. SEA PUP has been under the same caring ownership for the last 30 years. Restored below the waterline in the early 1980s, SEA PUP underwent a comprehensive restoration by Vern Mowrey of the Yacht Shop during the winters of 2007/08 and 2008/09. SEA PUP was re-launched in August 2009 and has been used lightly and regularly maintained since then. SEA PUP has been stored indoors each winter. SEA PUP is constructed of long leaf yellow pine over oak frames. She is fastened with bronze and has a mix of bronze and stainless steel hardware, much of it original. She is trimmed in mahogany and fir in the cabin and cockpit. Having been built for use as a launch, SEA PUP has a particularly spacious cockpit, measuring 10' 2" by 8' 6". She will comfortably carry twelve+ passengers. She would make a wonderful family day boat and will attract attention in any harbor. 18HP Penta diesel with less than 200hrs of use provides an 8-10 knot cruising speed. 300 sq. ft. Dacron



sail. Asking \$26,000. Please contact Justin McAnaney at the David Jones Yacht Brokerage. Tel: 207-593-6767 or email: [jmcananey@hotmail.com](mailto:jmcananey@hotmail.com)

154-16. FOR SALE: 1985 Landing School 18'7" Carter Catboat. "Solstice" has a deep hull and large cabin for her length. She is mahogany planked on white oak, oak rails and cap, all bronze fastened and hardware. Yanmar 1GM, 0 hours just installed. Sitka spars and ginpole mast raising system using forward hatch. Masthead running lights. 2 marine batteries, auto bilge pump. Just completed out of water cosmetic restoration. All brightwork sanded to bare wood and finished with 6 coats Epiphanes. 2 coats barrier bottom paint including centerboard. Maple butcher block galley counter, undermount sink, bronze spigot. Shipmate stove, nice cabin cushions. Cockpit is refinished mahogany, teak floorboards. Edson wheel steering. Manchester sails in excellent condition. This boat has a bowsprit for cockpit anchor setting and jib. New Pert Lowell mast hoops. Anchor, rode, chain, bumpers, PFD's, dock lines. Roadworthy aluminum dual axle trailer included. Boat is currently out of water for the season in Plainfield, MA. Offered at \$28,000. Contact Stephen Bushway at 413-634-0029 and leave a message.



154-18. 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](mailto:kate@kghermancpa.com)



154-19. FOR SALE: 1969 Marshall 22' catboat. MOTHER GOOSE, recently refurbished. Added by new owner since 2005: Dodger, sail cover, wheel cover, head curtain, Sunbrella interior cushion covers, Awlgrip cabin sides and cockpit interior, new centerboard, new compass, new running rigging, electrical outlets, stove, portable head, fiberglass battens, burgee stick, dock lines, all Coast Guard equipment and many other accessories. Yanmar 2GM20 diesel engine, new in 1987. Doyle/Manchester sail, new in 2000. Lovingly maintained in Padanaram and Westport Point, MA. Asking \$22,500. Buzzy Baron, 9 Lawrence Ave., Westport Point, MA 02791. (508)636-6175. [Baron@bc.edu](mailto:Baron@bc.edu)



154-20. FOR SALE: 1996 Marsh Cat 15' Catboat. Joel White Design; 1400 lb displacement, 6'11" Beam, Draft w/centerboard up 9" w/CB down 2'8". cold molded epoxy glued marine plywood hull and decks, always stored in garage and trailered, never moored in water, hull built by L Daniel Fry, Williamsport, PA; Mahogany lazarette, boom gallows, mahogany seats and mast tabernacle built by Redds Pond Boatworks, Marblehead, MA; Tohatsu 5hp longshaft, Anchor, compass, , all wooden cleats, jiffy reefing, retractable rudder; manual guzzler bilge pump installed in Lazarette with two control valves, in excellent condition, set up to be extremely easy to trailer. Located in garage in Brewster, MA. Will reluctantly sell for \$6500. Email for more pictures richard.vogel@tufts.edu or call Rich at 617-412-1542.



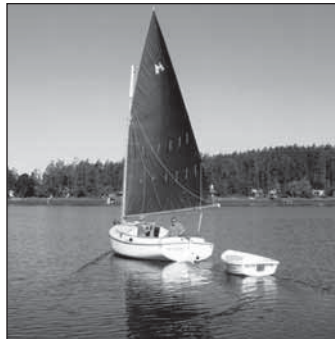
154-21. FOR SALE: 1972 Herreshoff America 18' catboat. Built by Nowak & Williams. Handsome, brand new paint, brand new Sunbrella cushions inside and out, sails in good condition, 3.5 Evinrude motor, 6 life vests, porta-potti, trailer, dinghy, extras, etc. \$7,800 Call Kattis Stengard at 772-766-1805.



154-22. FOR SALE: 2007 19' cat-schooner BRILLIG, 7' beam, William Garden Design #130 plywood hull with fiberglass sheathing and teak trim 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; less than 100 hours on the engine), 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. She is presently hauled out in Barnstable, Cape Cod. She has just been repainted inside and out and looks spiffy. New 6'-8" x 3'-8" Murray Peterson dinghy included. Asking \$16,500. Phone 508-362-3760 or email hickman31@verizon.net. William B. Hickman



154-23. FOR SALE: 1996 Menger 19' catboat, tabernacle mast, tan bark sail, two jiffy reefs, lazyjacks, lines, fenders. Yanmar 9 hp. diesel inboard in excellent condition, two batteries, navigation lights, cabin lights, cruising package, (sink, alcohol stove, porta-potti), drop leaf cabin table, neoprene cockpit cushions, bunk cushions, double bunk filler cushion, sail cover, bulkhead compass, two anchors, PFDs, fire extinguisher, hand bilge pump, bronze step



on transom. Load-rite trailer. The boat has been lightly used, much of the time in fresh water, well cared for and well stored off-season. Teak in good condition, has teak oil coating. Located Friday Harbor, WA. Asking \$25,000. Email suzy.pingree@gmail.com or call 360-378-2606.

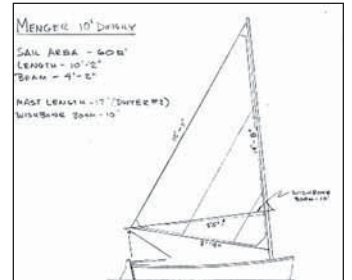
154-24. FOR SALE: 1977 Marshall 22' Catboat. Includes 1999 dual-axle Tow Master trailer, a 2001 9.9 hp Honda O.B., and 2 Main Sails. Was converted to a sloop rig in the 1990's and set up for serious racing and is now back to original configuration. Bow sprit, all sails and rigging including a jib, genoa, spinnaker and spinnaker pole from that conversion available. Very sound hull, very dry boat. Classic Edson wheel steering. Interior cushions in good condition. 3 anchors with chain and rode: Delta fast-set on bow, Danforth 15lb, and a small grapnel. 4 PFD's in new condition, & misc. required safety equipment. Auto pilot, Solar fan. Bimini, too many extras to list. Asking \$14,000. Located Marathon, FL. Email Laura Shell at laurashll@yahoo.com or phone 206-604-5447.



154-25. FOR SALE: 1974 Herreshoff America. Newly restored. New flag sail with 2 reef points, new 6hp 4-stroke engine, new paint and varnish, new cockpit cushions. \$10,900. firm. Located Naples Florida. New extendable-tongue trailer available at cost. Contact David Carpenter at 239-404-3688 or 239-649-1723 or email david.derinda@gmail.com



154-26. FOR SALE: Menger 10' sailing catboat dinghy. This sailing dinghy has a wishbone catboat sailing rig and is equipped with a centerboard and teak trim. The boat and sail is in excellent condition and has only been used a few times. It comes with oars and a trailer. \$1500. Contact Don Robbins.843-422-0666 or email: outnabout33@roadrunner.com



154-27. FOR SALE: 2000 Marshall 22' Catboat. "Harvest Moon". The Most Completely Outfitted Cruising 22 Ever Built and Maintained by Marshall Marine. This boat, in Like-New Condition, is ready to sail away with a features list including two sails, complete electronics package with radar and gps/chart plotter, ram-arm auto helm, ray marine tri-data head with electronic wind instruments and depth sounder, Icom VHF radio, loud hailer with electronic fog horn and bells, 4 Optima d34 batteries new last season, monel shaft, bowsprit with anchor and Fairclough winter cover. List is way too long to mention here. Asking \$75,000. Call Steve Ente at (508) 758-2473 or email spe@steveente.com



154-28. FOR SALE: 1981 Atlantic City 24' Catboat. Perfect for cruising. Sleeps 5 but luxurious for 2. Cabin headroom 6'2", enclosed head w/ separate washbasin. Newer Yanmar 2GM20 diesel. Full galley w/ 2-burner propane stove. Fathometer. Red Sunbrella sail cover, dodger, wheel cover. Installed VHF. Sail and cockpit cushions, good condition, cabin cushions, fair. Two NEW (2010 end of season) deep-cycle batteries. Centerboard pivot pin and seals replaced 2010. Located Chatham, Cape Cod. Asking \$18,500, E-mail: plew60@comcast.net or call 508-432-9731.



154-29. FOR SALE: 1973 Herreshoff America 18'2" catboat. Built in Clayton, N.Y., WINTER DREAMS is a rugged sailer out of Sayville, N.Y. on the Great South Bay of L.I., with a double-jacketed fiberglass hull, two bunks below deck, (and "fold-out" bunks in cockpit), teak trim, a barn-door rudder, aluminum mast, Bicentennial sail (patched) with reef points, lazy jacks, cushions, copper-lantern running lights (electrified by batteries), brass fog horn, Danforth anchor with chain, 6hp Johnson outboard, and port and starboard quarter-boards, each bearing the boat's name. WINTER DREAMS has been in our family for 18 years and was featured in "Season's End," published in SAIL magazine of December 2002, as well as in "Boating World". \$9,500 firm. If interested, call 631-513-0460 after 7p.m., or e-mail: wmcsweney1@aol.com.



154-30. FOR SALE: 2001 Marshall 22' Catboat. Beautifully kept, Flag Blue hull, white boot top, red bottom. Blue sail cover, dodger and cockpit cushions. Reliable Yanmar 2GM diesel inboard, only 225 hours. Manual head w/ holding tank. Stove, sink, fresh water, VHF, depth, bulkhead mounted compass, transom steps, two berths. "Le Q De Chat" is located in Old Lyme, CT. Bill McQuinn, Owner. Asking \$45,000. Please contact David Dorrance at 203-722-5334 or email: dwdorrance@gmail.com



154-31. FOR SALE: 1989 Marshall 15' Sandpiper catboat. "EEL" has cuddy with hinged mast. Rigged for racing through out. CBA champion 5x SYC, NERYC, 5 more trophies! 100% Harken fittings - 100% non-stretch braided line- windex - three sails - covers for cockpit, sail, and tiller - bow air bags and shelves. Included Loadrite galvanized trailer w/side guides and bow ss-eye plus ss hull lifting rig - spare tire w/bracket and jack - belt tie down - buddy bearings w/covers and a Honda 2 hp 4 cycle outboard w/bracket. Excellent condition - 7 coats varnish - loaded and ready to sail, dream, or race, but first 25K please, and thank you. Located NE Maryland, easy on easy off, I-95. Call K. D. Lee, 410.392.2804.



154-32. FOR SALE: Spars and Miscellaneous Rigging Items. Sitka spruce spars from 19' Catboat designed by Charles W. Wittholz. Mast is hollow design, 27.6 ft. overall length built from full length stock, 4 1/4" x 5 1/4" at deck level. Boom is solid single piece, 20' overall. Gaff is solid single piece, 14.7 ft. overall. Also included: stainless forestay and shrouds with bronze turnbuckles; throat halyard, peak halyard, main sheet with assorted blocks; hoops in varying condition; 30" x 1/2" bronze traveler, and a mahogany boom crutch. All items can be seen in Hanover, MA. Total price for all items is \$1900. Offers encouraged. Contact Steve at 781-826-2762 or blampied@gmail.com.



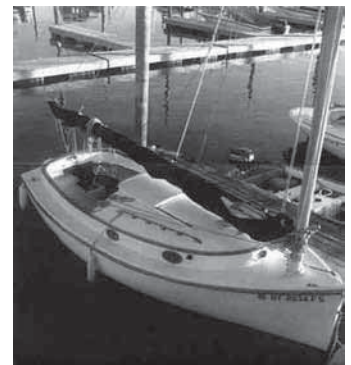
154-33. FOR SALE: 2004 Menger 19' Catboat, Johnson 6hp oboard, tabernacle mast, cruise equipped, mint condition, sailed less than 50 hours, cabin unused, cushions still factory wrapped, sail cover and boat cover. On lift in Magothy River @ junction with Cypress Creek, Severna Park, MD. Price \$23,950. firm. Stanley Asrael, 301-585-2568, stana01@msn.com



154-34. FOR SALE: 1994 Herreshoff 18' Catboat. Built by Dan Avoures of NOA Marine. Marconi rigged. Carbon fiber tabernacle mast. Harken equipped. Cushions in and out. Seldom used. Extremely good condition. Clean. Galvanized trailer. Located in Sebastian, FL. \$12,000. Mike Gallagher. Email tikipwd@gmail.com



154-35. FOR SALE: 1974 Herreshoff America 18'2" Catboat. Built by Nauset Marine of Cape Cod of hand laid up fiberglass with self-bailing cockpit. Very good condition. Original flag sail professionally maintained by UK Sails. 6hp 4-stroke Mercury O/B purchased in 2008 with less than 30 hours fits into cockpit well. All running rigging is new including lazy jacks and two jiffy reefs. All external teak on cabin, coaming, cabin doors, hand rails, seats, boom yoke etc. refinished with three coats of Cetol. Six bronze line cleats, five bronze cabin ports (one opening), two bronze anchor line chocks. White hull with new beige non-skid on cabin and deck. Laminated ash and mahogany tiller refinished with Cetol. Blue vinyl covers with white piping for cockpit cushions and two settee bunks. New sail cover and cockpit grate. Sink, porta-Potti, anchor and rode, manual bilge pump, life vests, boom tent and many other extras. Marina. installed electric system includes masthead light, running and stern lights as well as cabin lights; 12 volt panel with 650 battery, 110 volt charger and GFI outlet. Cockpit mounted Plastimo compass. A lovely classic boat for day sailing or a romantic weekender for two who are very friendly. Located on Hudson River in Ossining, NY (Westchester County) \$8,700 Jack Burke: 962-293-0499 or jburke@optonline.net



154-36. FOR SALE: 1998 Marshall 22 Catboat. "Sea Smoke" - Cabin Amenities: Standard layout, new Fynspray pump, 4" airex cushions inside and out, Butane stove, Toilet with holding tank; Engine-related features: New shaft and cutlass bearing, New engine panel and volt meter, 3-bladed prop, PSS dripless stuffing box, Automatic bailer, Low engine hours, Electronics/Navigation and Communication: Navigation lights, Depth sounder, VHF and masthead antenna, Ritchie 5" compass. Sails and Other Equipment: Lighter air and standard sail, Harken block and quick release cleat, Shock cord furling, Solar vent, Steps on rudder and transom, Mantis shade and dodger with new windows, New Edson destroyer-type wheel, 25 lb. CQR anchor on sprit with roller, Lightning protection. Asking \$49,500. The boat is at Pilots Point Marina in Westbrook, CT. If interested please call: (203) 938-4149 Or email: [bwvarian@mac.com](mailto:bwvarian@mac.com)



154-37. FOR SALE: 2007 Bolger 12'6" Bobcat. Like new gaff-rigged catboat built to or above the specifications in the plans by Philip Bolger and Harold Payson. The hull and deck are marine plywood covered in West System epoxy and fiberglass before painting. The interior marine plywood was sealed before being painted. The mast, boom, and gaff are spruce, sealed and varnished. Boat has only been sailed a few times, it's kept on a jetski lift at my dock. Now stored indoors for the winter. Everything, including the sail, is like new, except for the samson post, which came off a 1932 Richardson. The forecabin is full of flotation, as well as the port and starboard quarter areas. Rudder has the horizontal foot and hollowed trailing edge as designed by Bolger, giving the blade more bite and improving the turning action. Price reduced again for quick sale: \$3,000 with good trailer, titles on both boat and trailer. Construction photos available on CD. Located in Heathsville, VA 22473. Built by Fancy Nancy's Boatworks. E-mail Charlie Vinroot for more info and pictures at [cvinroot@gmail.com](mailto:cvinroot@gmail.com).



# 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        |
| <b>TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED</b> | <b>\$50.00</b> |

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: \_\_\_\_\_

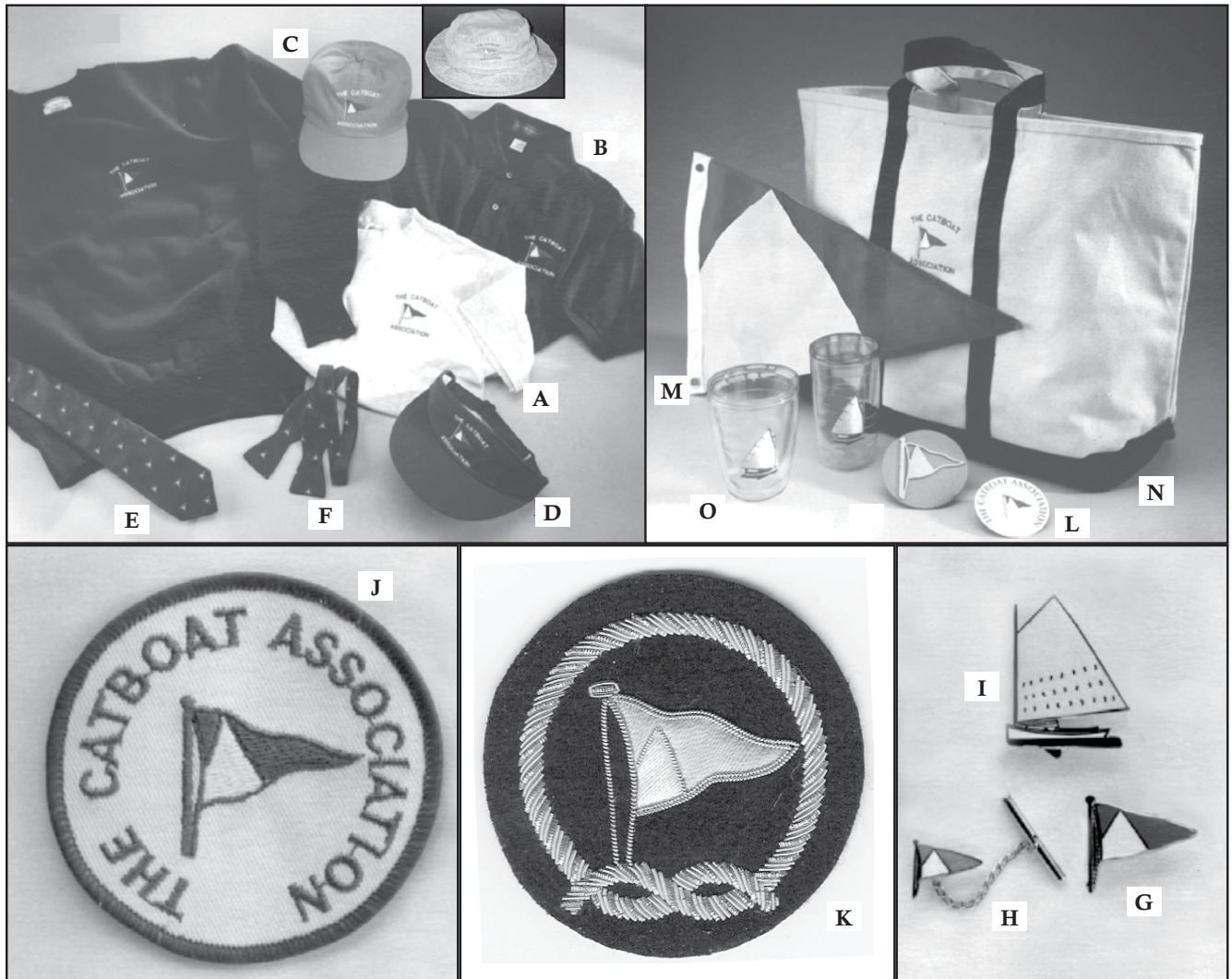
May we publish your telephone number in our Membership Book? ( ) Y ( ) N Telephone No. (\_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

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: Catboat Association, Inc.***





# 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<br>Navy Shirts: Please specify Original Logo or Burgee only.   |       | \$30.00 |
| C. Baseball Cap and Bucket Hats - (all cotton) tone<br>Please specify CBA Logo or Burgee - All other colors<br>Nautical Red, Periwinkle, Pale Pink, Lime Green, and Baby Blue<br>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

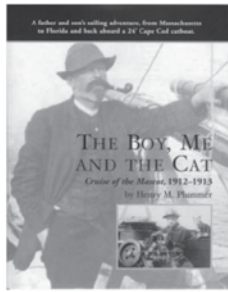
|                                 |  |         |
|---------------------------------|--|---------|
| G. Lapel Pin, colored burgee    |  | \$10.00 |
| H. Tie Tack, colored burgee     |  | \$ 5.00 |
| I. Catboat Pin                  |  | \$10.00 |
| J. Cotton Patch                 |  | \$ 3.00 |
| K. Wool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

## MIXED MERCHANDISE

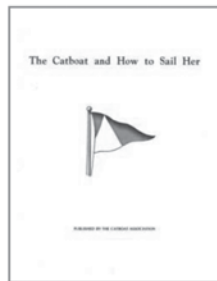
|  | Quan. | Price   |
|--|-------|---------|
| L. Decal, colored burgee   |       | \$ 2.00 |
| M. Burgee, 12 in. x 18 in.   |       | \$10.00 |
| N. Tote Bag, large   |       | \$20.00 |
| Tote Bag, small  |       | \$15.00 |
| O. Tumblers please specify:<br>12 oz., plastic with catboat or CBA patch |       | \$ 7.00 |
| 16 oz. plastic, tall or short, with catboat or CBA patch                 |       | \$ 7.00 |
| Lids, 16 oz.   |       | \$ 1.00 |
| <b>NOT PICTURED</b>  |       |         |
| 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:<br>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  | \$    |         |

To order merchandise, use this page (or duplicate), specify color, size, quantity and total for each item. Make check payable to **Catboat Association, Inc.** in U.S. funds. Domestic shipping \$2.00 per item. Send ORDER FORM and CHECK to: Catboat Association Store, c/o Jim Burns, 78 Ridge St., Millis, MA 02054; jim.burns@catboats.org; 508-376-5483.

# Catboat Association Publications



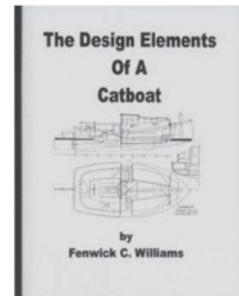
"The Boy Me and the Cat"  
by Henry M. Plummer  
\$29.95 (hardcover)



"The Catboat and How to Sail Her" edited by  
John H. Leavens  
\$10.00



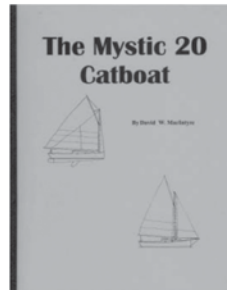
"The Competitive Cat"  
Racing small  
Gaff-Rigged Catboats.  
\$19.95



The Design Elements of  
a Catboat  
by Fenwick Williams  
\$15.00



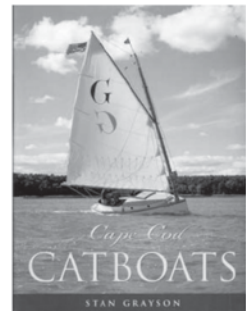
Catboat Summers  
by John H. Conway  
\$15.00



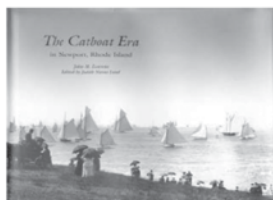
The Mystic 20 Catboat  
by David W. MacIntyre  
\$15.00



Nine Lives - the Story  
of the Catboat DVD  
\$24.95



Cape Cod Catboats  
by Stan Grayson  
\$39.95 (hardcover)



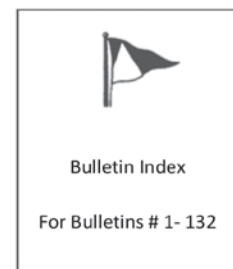
The Catboat Era in  
Newport  
by John H. Leavens  
\$34.95 (hardcover)



Reprints from "Rudder"  
design plans of 12 Cat  
Rigged Yachts \$15.00



A Cats --A Century of  
Tradition  
by Gary Jobson and  
Roy Wilkins  
\$49.95 (hardcover)



Bulletin Index  
For Bulletins # 1- 132

Index of CBA  
Bulletins  
#1-132  
\$15.00

To order your CBA Publications:

Payment by check or money order in US Dollars only.

Mail list of desired items with cost and S&H to:

Carol Titcomb, 38 Brookwood Dr., Branford, CT 06405-2325.

Shipping and Handling are \$2.00 for EACH item.

Foreign orders please include \$5.00 extra.

## ON THE BACK COVER

Edgartown Harbor, Martha's Vineyard, late 1930s, before Hurricane of 1938.

The 22-foot catboat in the foreground, named *C. Hero*, belonged to Eugene Lopes Benefit and was built in 1913 by Manuel Swartz Roberts of Edgartown.

As a young man in 1910, Mr. Benefit was one of the crewmembers in the catboat *Priscilla* and participated in the famous rescue of those aboard the foundering six-masted schooner *Mertie B. Crowley*. The story about the catboat *Priscilla* is in this winter's Bulletin.

The larger 28-foot catboat with passengers aboard is called *Enchantress* and belonged to Eugene's brother Joseph L. Benefit. Information about the photograph, which was a postcard, is provided by Edward (Eddie) Belisle of Edgartown, Joseph's grandson.

WATERFRONT VIEW, EDGARTOWN, MASS. 809

