

Catboat Association Bulletin



No. 163



Winter 2014

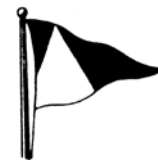
ON THE FRONT COVER

Molly Rose, a 28 ft. catboat built in 1935 by Erford Burt on the island of Martha's Vineyard, is owned by Peter L. Arguimbau of Greenwich, CT. Here she is pictured in New Jersey, across from the Manhattan skyline.

Many know the captain by his wonderful paintings. Last fall he, Bob Luckraft and Jim O'Connor took the vessel on a journey from Long Island Sound up the Hudson River and back. O'Connor is an avid photographer in addition to being a great catboat sailor. Each year he publishes a special catboat calendar and he often shares his best photographs here in the Bulletin. See page 32 for Jim's account.

Catboat Association

www.catboats.org



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WHAT TO DO ...

WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS:

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



Editors Note:

Greetings readers!

We've got a great issue this winter and my hat is off to all those who contributed. We received more stories than we are used to seeing.

By the time you read this issue, we will have had our annual meeting in Groton. There are three things we'd like to share with you.

First, we are in need for more editors. An appeal was made at the annual meeting to get a few more onboard. We've got Lou Abbey, Bill McKay, recently Gene Kennedy and myself. That is four. We've got interest and may sign aboard Ned Hitchcock and Bruce Almeida as we move forward.

Please help. If you've ever thought of polishing your writing and boating skills at the same time; consider joining this wonderful group of editors or contributing editors.

A key ingredient to being an editor is having a love for both catboats and the people who know more about them than ourselves.

Volunteerism is what drives this organization and no one appreciates it better than both the Bulletin readers and those who participate in its publication.

Secondly, we need some more help getting rendezvous stories and race results. For reasons that escape us, we are having increasingly more trouble reporting past events. Gayle Cornish, our new contributing editor, she is a star, coordinates the race results and rendezvous. It is a yeoman's job. If you don't see your favorite rendezvous and race in this issue, please thank Gayle for at least trying and know she can only report on what she receives.

As a member of the association, you can help by urging or helping those organizers collate these key event happenings. Our rendezvous reports and the future schedule provide a huge service to the membership. Please help push. You'll not only be helping Gayle, you'll be helping your fellow sailors.

And thirdly, the summer ahead will be an especially special sailing season. We know it. We can already feel it.

For those of us in New England, we've got the Mystic Seaport 172-year-old whaleship *Charles W. Morgan* cruising from Connecticut to Massachusetts and back. What a big event! We already know of one rendezvous being organized in Vineyard Haven on the weekend of June 21 and 22, to coincide with the ship's visit for a week. Likely there will be more as the ship sails through Buzzards Bay and heads into Cape Cod Bay and returns to her home port at Mystic. There could be more.

Next June, Chesapeake Bay catboaters are planning a super cruise to the Northern part of the bay, to Bohemia River, where they will visit a 100-year-old Crosby cat.

Happy sailing!



Here we go again!!

It's never too early to unburden yourself...take a load off, avoid the Fall rush and submit a nomination before the sailing season begins! Give the Awards Committee something to do instead of sitting around waiting for the snow to melt! Is there someone you know who has built a catboat, restored a catboat, made a significant contribution to CBA or...can walk out to their mooring without getting their feet wet?! We would like to consider them for one of the special CBA awards, but without your nomination, that won't happen. So...get off your duff and send us a nomination for a CBA member that you think should be recognized for significant achievement over this past year or over any year for that matter.

The awards are described in the back of the CBA Yearbook (membership directory) along with a list of the past honorees by award. Every year the Bulletin features articles about the award presentations made at the annual meeting. This is your chance to participate in this process. Nominations may be submitted to any of the members of the awards committee:

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Thank You John Kurgan

We wish to thank a local generous man for his fine contributions to the last several issues of the Bulletin. John Kurgan is an artist residing on the Southcoast of New England. As a lifelong boating enthusiast he paints and draws sail and power boats in pen & ink, oils, acrylics and watercolors. His knowledge of boats and boating comes from sailing local waters for more than 35 years.

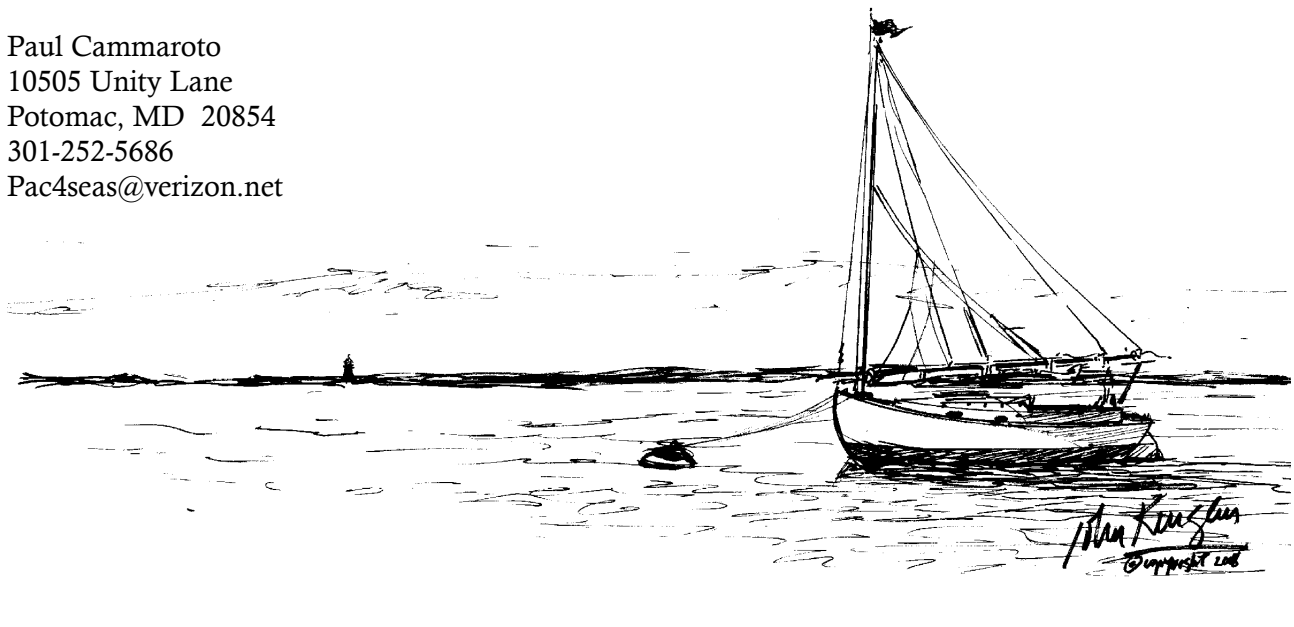
Early in his career John exhibited his art at many venues including the Mansfield Art Show (a jury show where he received top honors) and The Harbor Gallery in Mattapoisett. He was the youngest person ever to have a one man show at the Public Library in Acushnet, Massachusetts. In recent years he has exhibited at the Marion Art Center.

John Kurgan Associates
24 Main Street
Mattapoisett, MA 02739

BoatUS Membership

Having a membership in both the Catboat Association and BoatUS does have one advantage. Remember that when you renew in BoatUS you get a 50 percent discount on your annual membership because you are a member of the Catboat Association. Use the Cooperating Group Program code: GA83247B

For more information you can call them at 800-395-2628, write them at CoopGroups@BoatUS.com or visit their group program website: <http://www.boatus.com/membership/group/default.asp>



Over the Bar



Jack

Gayle Cornish

After a long battle with heart disease, John Vaughan “Jack” Cornish, 73, died on June 19, 2013. Jack was a painter and professor of art, headed the Fine Arts Department of Kean University for many years, a model train enthusiast, sports car lover, but most of all Jack loved his grandchildren and sailing.



Jack started his sailing adventures in his 20's, and participated in many races in the Raritan Bay and New York Harbor, as well as racing a Star on Lake Hopatcong. Jack met his wife, Gayle, in 1991, and they were married in 1994. He “compromised,” his racing style by buying a C&C 29, as a cruising boat, and Jack and Gayle spent many summers aboard *Moondance*, sailing from the Keyport Yacht Club to many destinations in New England, or simply staying aboard, relaxing as one can do, only on a sailboat.

Whenever we would cruise into Wickford, RI, Martha's Vineyard, Block Island, Mystic Seaport, Jack's attention would often be turned to one beautiful catboat or another. “Someday,” he would say, “someday, THAT is what we will be sailing.”

In 2010, Jack bought *Kalyra*, a Marshall 18, formerly named *Magic Dragon* and enjoyed two wonderful years of sailing her. “Kalyra” is an aboriginal word, meaning a “wild and pleasant place,” a fit description of a catboat. Although he was only able to attend two CBA annual meetings, he enjoyed every minute of being with other catboat owners. *Kalyra* has been moved from Lake Hopatcong, to Barnegat Bay, and is awaiting Gayle to acquire the skill to be at the helm.

Jack was “Grampy” to nine grandchildren and two great grand-daughters. A family joke was how lucky he was to have jumped right to the Grampy role (the parents of whom are Gayle's children), without the struggles of parenthood! This was, indeed, the defining role of his life.

Jack had the ability to inspire creativity and self-confidence in his grandchildren, and all those he

taught, by encouraging expression through art. He had no rules other than to trust where your heart and soul tells you to head, then go for it!

A small foundation, “Grampy's Paintbrush” has been initiated in Jack's memory.

“Grampy's Paintbrush” will provide an annual award for creativity in art to a student in each of the schools that his grandchildren attend, will attend, or have attended. Contributions may be sent to: Grampy's Paintbrush, c/o Gayle Cornish
Box 82, Allenwood, NJ 08720

Lillian

Mat Leupold

Lillian (Erickson) Leupold died on Dec. 2, 2013 from complications arising from Alzheimers. She and I sailed *Stumpa* our Marshall Sandpiper in Duxbury where we had mooring privileges in her sister's Eagles' Nest Cove “back-yard.” *Stumpa* was our first saltwater boat. Prior we sailed mainly on lakes. In Duxbury we had to time our sailing to when there was water under the boat.

Stumpa brought us to the CBA and the many friends we got to know at annual meetings. *Stumpa*, pronounced like oompa, is a Swedish pet name bestowed upon Lillian by her mother when she was a rotund child - a fitting name for a catboat.

We were married sixty years ago in Sept. 1953 on the same day as John and Jacqueline Kennedy.

We joined the CBA in July of 1988 after buying our Sandpiper before renaming it *Stumpa*.

Stumpa was distinctive with her blue cuddy with a portlight on each side, and more distinctive with the gold ball at the masthead. Lillian gold-leafed the ball and made the blue/yellow (Swedish colors) streamer which told wind-direction.

She and I had good times sailing *Stumpa* with family and friends. Lillian had her 89th birthday on the Friday, Nov. 29 before the Monday when she passed away.

Barbara

Robert Luckraft

Barbara A. (Fitzgerald) Crosby, 89, of Osterville, passed away on December 15, 2013, after a brief illness. Barbara was Vice Commodore at the Wianno Yacht Club and a long-time serving member of the CBA Steering Committee. Her enthusiasm and love of catboats was shared by her surviving husband, David (Bulletin Editor), her son, Andrew (Clerk), and daughter Carol (Annual Meeting speaker and instrumental in the publication of "The Catboat Era in Newport, RI").

Barbara's home was always open to catboat people. She loved the history of her family and her town. Barbara was Vice President of the Barnstable Historic Commission and the Trayser Museum Management Committee. She was on the Board of the Osterville Historical Society and was instrumental in preserving the Cammett House and Herbert F. Crosby's boat shop.

She loved sailing with her husband, caring for her children, and playing with her grandchildren.

Donations can be made, in honor of Barbara Crosby, to the Osterville Historical Society, PO Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655.



New Members

Dave Calder, Membership Secretary

WELCOME ABOARD to our new members who have joined since April 15, 2013

Dave & Val Adams

Robert Brown

Joe & Ginny Bucciaglia

Harry & Kate Church

John Clark & Carolyn Pratt

David & Darlene Dameron

Gillian Davis

Lou & Vickie DiPalma

Bone & Bee Elmore

Walt Fitzhugh

Paul Gelep & Ellen Dray-Gelep

Garth & Jean Grimmer

David & Kathy Holbrook

Geoffrey & Rosalie Hollings

Nate & Julie Howell

David Jahn

Greg & Nan Johnson

George & Sandra LaLonde

Tom & Peggy Larkins

Curtis & Wendy Levinson

Don & Sarah Libbey

Steve Lipka

Jere Lundholm & Harriet Forkey

Steve & Paulette Mancuso

Bobby & Gail McDonald

Dave & Deborah Means

Joe & Gwen Platzer

Don Poole & Dawn Sternlieb

Matt & Rosanne Rainis

Brian Roderick

Gary & Bella Schpero

Rick & Karen Spilman

Robert Subranni

Roy & Kathi Troendle

Bob & Linda Tudor

George Varga

Carlos & Martina Vergara

Jim & Martha Walsh

Chris & Diane Wenz



Illustration by
Frank Lovewell



Rogue Island

Clinton W. Trowbridge

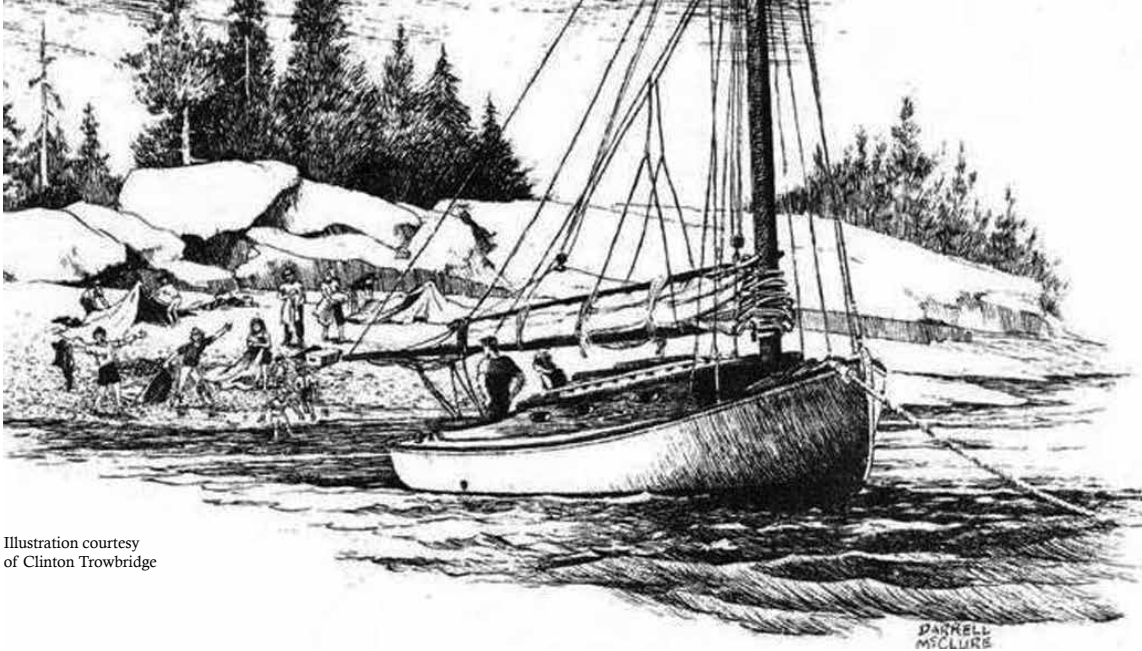


Illustration courtesy
of Clinton Trowbridge

“Will we make it?” I shout out to the man on the bridge we are approaching, but he doesn’t answer. We are sweeping down on him at about 4 knots. I have misjudged the strength of the current and am past the aid of the engine’s reverse. I am not thinking clearly enough to consider the possibility of dropping the anchor off the stern. Immediately! Before it is too late! I can see the man’s face now. He’s looking down at our approaching mast top with great inscrutability.

“Are we going to hit?” I scream it this time. It’s impossible that he does not hear. A dramatic pause. He holds out his arm in front of him, sighting with his hand. “Can’t say,” he says, and the shadow of the bridge engulfs us. Smooth water rises in white crests a foot high on the black, wooden pilings not a boat’s length ahead. We are in the sluice now. All I can do is try to keep the *Scatt* straight down the middle.

If the top of the mast does not clear the bridge, either the *Scatt* will come to a grinding and immediate halt, slew around in the current, and perhaps tilt over enough to capsize; or, more likely, the forestay will snap like a violin string, or wrench its chain plate out of the bow, and the mast splinter off at the deck and crash directly onto me. If the mast itself misses me,

the whip-like stays will not. Katherine and Lucy, on the floor of the cabin, will be all right. Phil is safely in front of the mast on the bow, staring up at the bridge.

From this angle it looks certain that we will hit. It’s a little like coming down the big hill on the roller coaster toward the black mouth of the tunnel below and seeing very clearly that even if you make it to the bottom, there is just not enough room to get through. You sink down in your seat to make yourself smaller and grip the bar in front of you and shut your eyes and scream. You haven’t meant to do that, but everyone else is screaming. Suddenly, you’re in ecstasy. You scream and scream, at the top of your lungs; and when you get to the bottom you’re flushed and excited and you get in line right away to go back up again.

But here you can’t scream. The motion is too slow, for one thing, and what would the man on top of the bridge think if you did. It is more like the feeling one has skidding a car on the ice: a sort of slow motion breathlessness. You do what you can, against all instinct you steer into the skid, but you know there’s not really much you can do. You’ll either hit that telephone pole or you’ll miss it. You

take an almost detached view of your situation. You hold your breath and, perhaps, at the last moment, you shut your eyes.

The roar of waters is in my ears and the bridge itself seem to collapse over us like a circus tent. It is dark and I cannot see, and I hear nothing but this sound of cataracts, I wait for the crash, endlessly. Has it happened already? Am I coming out of consciousness? I lift my right arm and it brushes against the side of the motor hatch. I roll over onto my left side and squint up at the blackness. No, I'm all right. I haven't been hit. Then what...

The light is blinding and I turn away from it instinctively. I hear a shout from the bow but from this position all I can see in that direction is the side of the cabin. I look toward the stern and there is the bridge and the man looking down at us. For a second it is like living through a playback of a home movie. The boy comes out of the water feet first and gracefully arches up onto the diving board, and everybody laughs. But, of course, I see what it is. We're through the bridge. We've made it. We're safe!

I feel the sweat pouring down the back of my neck. I yell out something, I don't know what, and Lucy's head emerges from the cabin, eyes round in disbelief at the passing roadway.

"Mark it on the chart, will you, Phil?" I say. "The fourth log from the top has to show."

"Let's make it the fifth, O.K.?"

"O.K." I say. Suddenly, it is all a great joke, a bit of hokum. I look up gratefully at the solid-looking, varnished mast as it cuts through the bluest of blue skies. Jonesport is to our left. The 50 or so houses of Beals Island are mostly down the Reach a bit further on our right.

That damn bridge, I say to myself, grinning at the memory of what the lobsterman had said earlier that morning when we asked him how much clearance there was.

"Forty, fifty feet. Christ, I don't know. Puttin' that bridge in from Jonesport to Beals Island's like pavin' a gold brick walk t' the shit house." And it was a toll bridge at that—fifty cents each way—as expensive as the George Washington Bridge. No wonder most of the people from Beals still went to the mainland in their boats.

"They had a town meeting over to Beals Island 10, 12 years ago," the lobsterman went on, "about building something or other across to Great Wass Island. They wouldn't have to wait till the tide was out to slog over in their clamming boots. Well, some of them had in mind a regular causeway, granite

blocks and everything, with a paved road across the top of it, but there was a considerable number who didn't want nothing. Let 'em wait for the tide the way they always done was their feeling. There was only three families over there anyhow, and no proper road at all. Even the road on Beals was only gravel. A paved road on top of a causeway would cost as much to build as a regular wharf. But there was still a good number of people who wanted something. I'd say the house was about half divided.

"Well, it was a pretty noisy meeting, with a lot of people getting up and down.

"Way in the back was Ezra Beal, 82, and as lively as a flounder. Well, he wasn't being recognized so as how he could speak. He had his hand waving around but there was so much confusion, Dave Alley — he was moderator — didn't see him. That's what he said afterwards, anyway. So old Ezra just yelled out. He's got a good, strong voice and right away people quieted down. You could tell he had a mind-full on him. 'It ain't no distance 'tween the two a tall,' Ezra booms. 'By gorry, I could piss halfway 'cross that gut. Damn if I couldn't."

"You're out of order," snaps back Dave. Quick as a whip, Ezra bellows, "And if I was in order I could piss all the way 'cross it."

"That was the end of the meeting and the end of the causeway. It wasn't till last year that they got it through, and that was only because Old Ezra weren't there anymore to defeat it. 'You're out of order,' he said. 'Yes, and if I was in order...!'"

We are coming up to the dock and there is the family, just driving up. We walk over to help them down with stuff. If the wind holds, we'll be at Roque by 2 or 3 o'clock.

The first time we came to Roque Island on the *Scatt* was the summer before, but that was only for the day. This time we were all going to spend the night. My first trip to Roque was with my parents when I was 11 or 12, and I even remember the way the path that crossed the island looked. There was the lobster boat smelling sharply of bait, the green and yellow striped suspenders of the man who took us over. I can see the fan of brown wrinkles that spreads from each eye; his hair, short and trim and gray, like the deck of his boat; a line of white just above his shirt collar that looked as if someone has pasted it there. He had us put on musty-smelling orange life preservers for the trip over from Roque Bluffs. I remember how awkward and foolish I felt wearing it and how silly I thought it was to have to. There was a lot of spray, and it didn't take long for my eyes to begin to water

as I sat there on top of the cabin roof, just behind the anchor, looking out over the sharp, raised prow; not wanting to miss even a single tree of the approaching land. I had to look back and wipe my eyes every once in a while, furious at the time it took. How could my mother and father sit back there in the cockpit where they could see only what went past them, happily talking to that man. How could they not feel what I found myself trembling with: the sense of discovering a kingdom.

I feel the excitement build in me again as we approach the end of the Thorofare and the beach comes into view. No other boats! This is our lucky day.

Roque Island is all the other islands off the Maine Coast recreated as one — with the added attraction of one perfect beach from the Caribbean. What is known as Roque is actually a group of islands — Great and Little Spruce, Double Shot, Anguila, and Halifax — that extend from west to east for some three miles. Roque itself, which is two miles long, hangs to the north of this all but linked chain. Its shape — that of a firmly squashed “H” — gives it both the southern and northern harbor. On the chart, Roque Harbor, the 1 x 3 mile bay that is virtually landlocked by this archipelago, looks something like a giant fetus; the smooth crown of its head the mile long beach; knees tucked up around Lakeman Bar, and Marsh Islands — semi-detached peninsulas off the eastern tip. And looking south across this bay from the top of the 150 ft. cliffs that rise from the eastern end of the beach, it does not seem absurd to think in terms of images of gigantic birth, or to experience this island kingdom as Eden, the Promised Land drenched in milk and honey, a paradise awaiting a golden race. When I came here as a child, what I felt was a sort of Swallows and Amazons sense of adventure and discovery. Now I was the Lieutenant Christian and Ishmael, Old Joshua Slocum and Robinson Crusoe, Melville himself. But even more importantly I was on the *Scatt*. The *Scatt* had brought us here. And she would bring us to other places. This was no ordinary boat, but our own, staunch ship: a sea-going, cruising yacht that held, at the moment, a compliment of 13.

The beach was not the best place to anchor; we would go there now to unload; put the bow of the *Scatt* right up on the sand, stern anchor set, and form a human chain from cabin to beach along which would quickly pass all our gear. The others would sleep ashore in three large tents, but Lucy and I would take the *Scatt* up into Bunker Cove for the

night. I would not try to anchor off the beach, even though I had seen other boats do it. It was too risky. Anyway, Bunker Cove was the coziest anchorage on the coast. When we'd finally gotten there that previous summer — after a good hour and a half of slogging into freezing, rain-filled wind — we sat tight in the only really good spot and watched two other boats flounder and scramble for something that would hold them. There was a gorgeous, deep maroon Herreshoff-type cutter of about 40 ft. that lurched herself over onto the pilings of an old fishing weir across the Thorofare from us in Patten Cove, though without damage, apparently. The other boat — a 35 ft. ketch that motored up from where it had anchored off the beach — finally tied a bowline to a tree on Little Spruce Island after repeated failures to get an anchor fast in the current of the Thorofare. No, Lucy and I would head for Bunker Cove as soon as we'd all had dinner and while it was still light.

We were just about to go when I heard cries from shore; arms waving me in. It looked like Dunkirk: everyone down by the water, extra clothes and sleeping bags held high. Don't tell me they were all going to come out here?

Sand fleas! Millions of them, as large as cockroaches. “In my sleeping bag!” Peter says hysterically. “Each one with real pinchers that BITE!” Well, what can we do. I motor the *Scatt* back into the beach and we commence with the Exodus, leaving the tents and camping gear where they are. 13 people sleeping on the *Scatt*! 13 people just being on the *Scatt* is crowded enough, but sleeping! Just finding a place to lie down is going to be a major problem. Fortunately there are no mosquitoes.

I wrap the end of the flying backstay around my sleeping bag at the knees and secure it to the cleat, thus giving myself a better chance of not falling overboard in the night. My shoulders are in the widest section of the deck, back by the stern where the cockpit coaming circles over to the wheel. Even so, my right shoulder presses up against the wood, while my left sticks just over the inch-high outer rail. I am lying down, however; fully, if uncomfortable, stretched out. That is more than Phil is. He lies huddled, fetally, on the 4 ft. x 3 ft. engine hatch. Lucy has a place in the cabin, but I do not exactly envy her. Paul and Patrick are burrowed in blankets at her head and tail. Tessa lies noisily on the floor 6 in. away and Katherine and her three occupy the rest of the 10 ft. bunk. Jean, the youngest, is a nice quiet 2 year old, but still... The two boys will probably end

up on the floor beneath where my parents regally occupy the 9 ft. starboard bunk. It is crowded and it will undoubtedly be noisy in the cabin, but at least they've gotten rid of Phil, who had planned to sleep on the floor just under the ice chest and storage cabinets, feet dangling back into where the motor is housed and the bilge. Phil snores like the proverbial man cutting wood. So now I have him 4 feet away from me. I roomed with him at college. We can share the outer darkness and the night, my sister reasons. Gus is out here too. He has made a sort of hammock out of the sail and is lying in that. Good luck, Gus.

Phil and I talk for a while and then I hear the rasping sound of a wood file, and I know that it is just a matter of time until the trees start coming down. I lie there on my back on the hard deck strangely happy, anyhow. Venus casts her silvery path across the bay at our feet. She is so bright she seems sibling to her fair cousin the moon. More stars emerge. There is a light breeze from the sea that keeps the mosquitoes away and stirs tiny wavelets that make soft music with the hull.

Muffled noises from inside the cabin rise to an occasional cry, a reprimand, a plea. Tomorrow we will have races on the beach. We will climb the cliffs again and stare out over the bay, the magic circle of

spruce-fringed islands and the pure, white, empty crescent of sand. We will have a gargantuan grilling of hamburgers and hot dogs at noon and some of us will dip into the mild surf and pretend it is warm enough. In the late afternoon, we will pack up our tents and slowly steal away so that everyone else will be able to get back to Hancock Point by evening. Lucy and I and Katherine and Phil will find a cozy anchorage for the night and take a leisurely three days to make the return voyage. We know now about the bridge.

Phil has settled down into his bucksaw-kindling stage: a good sign. Things are quieting down below: the distant drone of bees. Waves beat antiphonally against the sounding board of hull and deck upon which I rest, and I count shooting stars until my eyes will stay open no longer. The *Scatt* could even hold a few more, I think. The thought drifts in and then out of my mind again, pleasantly, like mist in a valley; and then I fall asleep.

Clint Trowbridge was the featured speaker at this year's annual meeting. He lives in Sedgwick, Maine. His popular and fascinating catboat memoir, "The Boat That Wouldn't Sink" is available from the CBA Bookstore.



No more NOAA Paper Charts

Dave Calder

News Flash: The Government is going out of the nautical chart printing business.

NOAA's Office of Coast Survey, which maintains over a thousand nautical charts of U. S. coastal waters announced on October 22, 2013 that it would no longer print the nautical charts starting on April 13, 2014. Fear not, this does not mean that nautical charts will no longer be available. The Coast Survey Office will continue to provide other forms of nautical charts including print on demand charts and versions for electronic charting systems.

NOAA's Office of Coast Survey is our nation's nautical chart maker. It's ancestor was formed in 1807 by President Thomas Jefferson and has been in continuous operation ever since. Starting in 1862 lithographic nautical charts have been printed by the U. S. Government and sold to the public through commercial vendors such as marine suppliers and other outlets. Federal budget realities and the decline in demand for lithographic charts have led to the decision to stop production.

Captain Shep Smith, chief of Coast Survey's Marine Charts Division is quoted as saying "With the end of traditional paper charts, our primary concern continues to be making sure that boaters, fishing vessels and commercial mariners have access to the most accurate, up-to-date nautical chart in a format that works well for them. Fortunately, advances in computing and mobile technologies give us many more options than was possible years ago". Smith continues "Customers frequently ask us for special printed features such as waterproof charts, special papers, or chart books containing additional information. We are investigating new opportunities for companies to fill market niches using the most up-to-date information available directly from NOAA."

NOAA is continuing to provide other forms of chart data for Print on Demand (POD) charts available from NOAA-certified commercial printers. NOAA electronic navigational charts and raster

navigational charts used in a variety of electronic charting systems are updated weekly and are available for free download from the NOAA Coast Survey web site. NOAA announced a new product available for free download online on a trial basis, full-scale PDF nautical charts. These charts were available from October 22, 2013 to January 22, 2014. The trial period was to give the public an opportunity to respond and evaluate usage. Does the boating community find these charts useful? Is there a better way to provide these free products? Should NOAA continue the new service?

The key features of the new PDF chart service are:

Updated Weekly. Charts updated with corrections from Notice to Mariners.

Available Immediately. New chart editions available 2 to 8 weeks sooner than traditional NOAA paper charts.

Enhanced Readability. They are printed with brighter colors, easier to read.

Printable. They can be printed on any color printer but require 36 in. plotter to achieve 1:1 scale.

Easy to view. The files can be viewed with free PDF readers such as Adobe Reader. They can be zoomed to be easily readable on the computer.

The reaction from most people responding with comments to NOAA has been very positive. I have tried the new service and was very favorably impressed. If the site is still active (<http://nauticalcharts.noaa.gov/pdfcharts>) I recommend that you try it. I am confident that the positive public comments will convince NOAA to make the service permanent. NOAA is clearly moving into the 21st century.



A Tale of Two Photographers, both Catboaters

Brian Smith



Photo - Brian Smith

Jack Bradley.

It was a little over 5 years ago that I went to look at a used Marshall 22 in Harwich, MA, just one town away from my summer place in Chatham. The boat was an older one, a 1968 and I didn't care for the layout down below. But I did enjoy meeting the seller, Jack Bradley! His boat was named *Jubilee* and he chartered it out of Saquatucket Harbor. Reluctantly he was selling his boat for health reasons.

I told him that although I wasn't interested in making an offer on his boat, I might be able to assist him in selling it because I am a photographer and could place some digital photos online. He then told me that he too was a photographer and once was the photographer for Louis Armstrong during the 60s. We talked shop for a bit but then parted ways and I bought my current boat, *At Ease*, a 1978 M22.

Flash forward four years to a year ago when I was finishing reading a biography on Louis Armstrong, having always had an interest in his music. I then had a location shoot in New York City shortly thereafter and decided to visit Louis's home in Queens that is now a museum. As I took the tour, I saw numerous black & white photos credited to Jack Bradley - the same guy whose boat I once looked at. As I drove back to the Boston area, I wondered what he was up to and if he might be interested in coming out for a sail with me so I wrote him a letter explaining that we met once before and that I'd be happy to take him out if he called me.

My phone rang about a week later with Jack on the other end of the line. He said he'd be delighted to go out. Several months later, summer arrived and he was able to sail twice before the season ended. It was a great experience for both of us I think. I got the joy of watching a sailor sail again while listening to some great Louis stories and he of course got to feel the pull of a slightly weathered helm.

I wanted to share this story because maybe there are other catboaters out there who know of an old timer who sold his or her boat but might still enjoy a sail. After all, we will all eventually have to sell our boats someday but would still like to feel the helm from time to time.

Jack kept saying to me during that first sail, "You have no idea how much this means to me." as he tacked his way out of Stage Harbor on my boat. I told him, "I think I do know Jack, I think I know."



2013 Race Rendezvous, Part II

Gayle Cornish, Editor

Editor's Note: OAK RIDGE, NJ: Some days it is so hard to believe that almost a year has gone by since I agreed to be the Race/Rendezvous Editor for the CBA Bulletin. Other days, it seems like so very long ago that I was with you all in Mystic with Jack Cornish (see page 5) who was wholeheartedly agreeing to help me with the technical parts of the editing. As most of you know, Jack died in June, after a long struggle with heart and lung disease. He lived with his sense of humor and hope intact until the end, although much of the time between February and June was spent in the hospital. For each of the issues since I have been "Editor", Bill McKay has actually done most of the work of getting the articles into a final format for submission. Bill, I thank you so much! Perhaps it was fortunate that so (relative to past years) few Race/ Rendezvous articles were submitted; it provided a good learning opportunity for me. However, I am hoping that ALL of you will work with me in 2014 and submit more write-ups about your events. I learned late in the year that some of the articles that were sent to gayle.cornish@catboats.org did not reach me. Until I can figure out why that happened, please cc all of your submissions to gcornish2@gmail.com. And one more request: Although I sailed as first mate with Jack for 20 years on our C&C 29, Moondance, and for two years on our Marshall 18, Kalyra, I was seldom at the helm/tiller in either boat. As a personal challenge, I have moved Kalyra from Lake Hopatcong to Beaton's Boat Yard on Barnagat Bay, and I am determined to learn how to sail her competently. If any of you in the NJ area would like a willing student or race crew, please contact me. Maybe next year we can have a write up about the Harvey Cedars Labor Day Race!

Thank you all for your support, Gayle

The Great Whitehall Bay Catboat Race & Rendezvous

Butch Miller

The twenty-third annual Great Whitehall Bay Catboat Race & Rendezvous was held Sunday September 1, 2013 at the Providence Yacht Club in Annapolis Md. Begun by the late Capt. Bill Hoover on his home waters in Annapolis MD, this event is traditionally the CCBA's most popular of the season. Carolyn, Bill's first mate, has strived to continue the tradition by graciously hosting the event since his passing in 2005.

New to the event and racing this year were Denny Byrne and Nancy Ward sailing *Gratitude*, and Peter McAliney sailing *Zeta Marie* with the experienced Dave Park. Rounding out the fleet were Paul Cammaroto and Andrea sailing *Bubbly*, Dave Morrow and first mate Kim sailing *Anna*, Butch Miller sailing *Dusty*, Marc Cruder and Steve Flesner sailing *Wanderer*. A favorable weather forecast brought back David Bleil sailing *Gull*, who wisely shied away last year due to predicted storms for the return trip.

After last year's drifter all welcomed the fairly steady 10 kn. winds out of the south into the open mouth of the bay that made for one of the best days of sailing we've ever had at this event for the smaller boats.

Two races of: "around twice, up and back" were held. The race committee set the marks early so as to avoid a bit of pre-race stress. Great idea but upon returning to the course it was found that the wind had shifted about ninety degrees. After a scramble to shift the marks, the route was changed and all was well for a start. Not! A call went out about grounding at the pin end. !@#!@#\$%. So much for stress-avoidance.

After clean starts in both races, it was as pretty much "ducks in a row," and as expected *Anna* (pass the glasses so I can find her) took the lead, followed by *Bubbly*, *Gull*, *Gratitude*, *Dusty*, *Wanderer* and *Zeta Marie*. There were a few passes and crossings, but for the most part the boats finished in that order. Congratulations go out to *Gratitude* for challenging *Gull* most of the day as it was their first time racing this year. *Wanderer* was challenged by the lack of gale warning and the starts and the grass on the other side of the fence challenged *Dusty*.

Carolyn's Mars and Tonic Bar was opened following the race setting the mood for the award ceremony where the Capt. Bill Hoover Perpetual Trophy, a mounted Mystic 20 half-hull donated by Peter Legnos, was presented to *Anna* for their first place finish. Cups were presented to *Bubbly* for second and to *Gull* for third place.

Many thanks to Carolyn Hoover for putting the event together once again and for the dedication and hard work she has put forth to continue the tradition of this special event. Also thanks to the Millers for co-hosting, and special thanks to Richard Rodgers and Jim Mohler for providing, and manning, the committee boat.

RESULTS:

Place	Skipper	Boat	Design
1st	Dave Morrow	<i>Anna</i>	Marshall 18
2nd	Paul Cammaroto	<i>Bubbly</i>	Marshall 18
3rd	David Bleil	<i>Gull</i>	Mystic 20
4th	Butch Miller	<i>Dusty</i>	Marshall 18
5th	Denny Byrne	<i>Gratitude</i>	Marshall 22
6th	Marc Cruder	<i>Wanderer</i>	Wittholz 25
DNF	Peter McAliney	<i>Zeta Marie</i>	Herreshoff 18



Carolyn Hoover presents the Perpetual Trophy to Dave Morrow.



Gull heading for the start line.

Patuxent River Shootout or 4-Sided vs. 3-Sided!

Steve Flesner

MAY 26, 2013: The CCBA held the 8th Shootout over the Memorial Day weekend at the Calvert Marine Museum in Solomons Island, MD. The Friday before the weekend looked a bit foreboding with a strong front from the north blowing 30 knots with gusts up to 35 and temperatures in the low 60's. As Butch Miller would say, "it looked like a big boat trip," and as it turned out, he was right! Pete McCrary took one look at the white caps on Friday afternoon, launched *Tattoo*, his 14' Lightcraft in the river, notified the Coast Guard and made a successful, probably a bit wet, dash to the calmer waters inside Solomons one mile from the launch ramp. Marc Cruder and John Brown departed Annapolis (Ponder Cove) at 0530 in *Wanderer* on Saturday, double reefed, plenty of sail tape and with an outgoing tide. Wind at Thomas Point was 18 knots sustained with gusts to 25. They made hull speed+ and arrived at Drum Point in 5.5 hours making the museum's boat basin a few hours later. Marc estimates they were making 7.5 knots "over the ground" possibly setting a new speed/distance record for *Wanderer*! The more prudent contingent of Marshal 18's trailered in, Butch Miller - *Dusty*, Paul Cammaroto - *Bubbly* and Dave Morrow - *Anna*. The four Nonsuch guys Al Suydam - *Rejoice*, David Darmstadter - *Blue Heron*, Butch Garren - *Whiskers* and Tom Jones - *Kit Kat*, had their boats in the various marinas in Solomons so they just toodled over Sunday morning! Saturday evening, guided by Butch Garren, 17 of us met for dinner at the Ruddy Duck, a local brew pub. Good food, good brews and great company!

So where does the 4 vs 3 come from? Marc suggested that it looked like a "Nonsuch Invitational," given their fleet in Solomons; possibly one of the larger fleet of 22's known to exist! Traditional catboats have four sided sails (Gaff Rig), Non-such guys have three sided (Sloop) and still believe the world is flat once you leave Solomons! Actually, this was really shaping up to be a unique opportunity to see just how the two types of catboats performed in what we described as lively conditions, 15 - 20 kts still blowing from the north with gusts over 25, but in the high 60's. Al Suydam held the Captain's meeting at 1100 and explained the course - similar to last year but starting at a mark on the far side of the

river given the wind direction. The first leg would be to windward. Ken Spring and Ned Sprague would be on the committee boat, reading and napping!

Given the fact that we had eight boats and many folks without boats, each Capt. screened his crew and all were accommodated who wanted to come on board. This year's "ringer," Katelin Wells, went with Paul and Andrea on *Bubbly*. Turns out she has an extensive catboat background and lived just down the road from Marshall Marine and used to ride her bicycle to the original Beetle shop. She even wore a cap that said Padanaram, a dead give away! Bob and Gail McDonald from NC went with *Kit Kat*, Steve Flesner (cat-less) and Adam Hantman on *Rejoice*, Scott and Darcy were on *Loveboat*, aka *Whiskers*, Denise and Jennifer on *Dusty*, Matt and Noelle, with dad along as crew, on *Wanderer* (John Brown was given shore leave), Kim and Spencer on *Anna*, and Catherine and Cooper (their dog!) on *Blue Heron*.

The first race saw *Anna* first across the start line closely followed by *Whiskers* and *Bubbly*. *Dusty* decided to take a different approach and headed for the Eastern Shore but realized that since they could see no other catboats, returned post haste! The 2 1/2 mile course was covered in a bit over an hour giving ample time for a second race. The wind had piped up during the last two legs of the first race, so the Nonsuch guys tucked in a reef leaving the 4-siders under full sail. Once again *Anna* jumped into the lead followed by *Whiskers* and *Wanderer* who would soon be in their own close quarters battle with *Wanderer* coming up to only a few feet of *Whiskers* starboard quarter before having to back down before someone fainted! The remaining fleet had their own exchanges over the course but none could catch *Anna* who finished first in both races. Upon returning to the boat basin, all agreed it was two of the best Shootout races we have had and there were some interesting observations made concerning the 3-siders and the 4-siders. They mixed it up and neither dominated the other in overall performance.

After the trophies were given out, the lies resumed, some even related to the day's races! The usual gourmet pot luck was held; smoked turkey breast, ham, NC barbeque, a polish sausage, egg and horseradish dish along with Chinese and Italian dishes, assorted salads and desserts; all non-fattening of course! Once the party wound down, a few of us met in *Wanderer's* cockpit for a few more libations and to resolve what appeared to have been an error in calculation. *Dusty* finished well after *Wanderer* in both races so being the honorable thing to do; Butch

Miller presented Matt Cruder with the third place trophy and asked for another dark and stormy. I apologize for not getting a picture of the presentation, but my camera wouldn't focus! Bill Hoover would have been proud of the heritage he left behind, we do not protest races, we resolve, then have a cocktail! *Wanderer* made it back to Ponder Cove on Monday evening after an 11-hour slog north, a bit slower trip than on Saturday.

My thanks go to Butch and Karen Garren, Al and Nan Suydam and of course Lois, my better half, for helping make this year's Shootout such a success. As well as Ken Spring for again serving as the committee boat extraordinaire (it's a classic wooden boat!). It's always a lot of work, but it's always a lot of fun!

"Official" Race Results from the Race Committee and corrected for Portsmouth ratings - corrected results follow:

RESULTS:

Place	Skipper	Boat	Model
1	Dave Morrow	<i>Anna</i>	Marshall18
2	Paul Cammaroto	<i>Bubbly</i>	Marshall 18
3	Matt Cruder	<i>Wanderer</i>	Wittholz 25
4	Butch Miller	<i>Dusty</i>	Marshall 18
5	Butch Garren	<i>Whiskers</i>	Nonsuch 22
6	Al Suydam	<i>Rejoice</i>	Nonsuch 22
7	Tom Jones	<i>Kit Kat</i>	Nonsuch 22
8	David Darmstadter	<i>Blue Heron</i>	Nonsuch 22

Race Committee Boat - Ken Spring

- 1 Dave Morrow
- 2 Paul Cammaroto
- 3 Matt Cruder (Dusty Miller standing in for Matt who later received the Plaque)



Dusty pushing from behind.



Wanderer challenges Whiskers on the Windward Leg.



Patuxent River Shootout, left to right, Ken Spring with Dave Morrow 1st, Paul Cammaroto 2nd, Butch Miller 3rd...later corrected to Matt Cruder.

Prospect Bay Catboat Regatta

Roger Compton

SEPTEMBER 14, 2013: For the second consecutive year, a brisk northwest wind on a beautiful Saturday graced the site of the 2013 PBCR. Five assorted catboats started an eight-leg race in various conditions of reefing. It was a genteel affair with no contacts and no protests

As the race committee was retrieving the race marks from the Bay, Rich McLaughlin arrived in *Tenacity*. Mistiming a draw bridge opening at Kent Narrows caused him to be listed as DNS for this year's race. Following the race, the competitors (and Rich) joined their fellow Chesapeake Bay catboaters

at the home of Jill and Roger Compton for an evening of lively discussion (mostly catboat related), refreshments, and a potluck supper. The host and race committee chair awarded trophies for the 2013 PBCR.

There were four sanctioned race events on the Chesapeake Bay during the summer of 2013, the cumulative results of which resulted in the naming of the 16th Washington Irving (Tut) Tuttle Memorial Trophy winner. This year's winner, by a similarly small margin over second place as in the below-reported results, was Butch Miller sailing *Dusty*.

Using our locally developed Dunn/Hoover modified Portsmouth number handicapping algorithm, the results were as follows:

RESULTS:

Place	Skipper	Boat	Model	Corrected Time
1	M. Cruder	<i>Wanderer</i>	Wittholtz 25	60.92 min
2	P. Cammaroto	<i>Bubbly</i>	Marshall 18	60.95 min
3	B. Miller	<i>Dusty</i>	Marshall 18	63.15 min
DNF	D. Bleil	<i>Gull</i>	Legnos 20+	DNF
DNF	D. Park	<i>Sarah K.</i>	Hereshoff 18	DNF

Corsica River Race

The Corsica River Yacht Club Annual Regatta

Dave Bleil

JULY 27-28, 2013: Although the weather forecaster was not playing nice, the actual weather was not too bad for the weekend. On Friday afternoon boats headed for the Rock Hall Yacht Club by invitation from Richard McLaughlin, a member of RHYC and CCBA. The trip up to Langford Creek was mostly motoring. The Rock Hall Yacht Club featured a lively bar and suitable menu for an overflow crowd of members and guests. An increasing breeze straight up the river into the exposed anchorage of the RHYC left the Catboats rocking and rolling all night.

Tenacity, *Shoveller*, *Wanderer* and *Gull* departed in the morning mists for the 0900 skippers' meeting at the home of the Corsica River Yacht Club. We all checked in, received our dinner ID tickets, and enjoyed breakfast and hot coffee in the assembly hall. The course was announced and cue sheets handed out. Dinghies were left at anchor and the Catboat fleet headed out, joined by Ben and Emma Heilman in their Marshall 15 *Mephistopheles*. Milling around us were 404s, Comets, Penguins, Windmills, and various configurations of Lasers.

Classes were started according to class flags flown from the committee boat. Conditions were becoming boisterous so *Gull* tucked in a reef. The NOAA weather radio was calling for severe thunder storms that evening or next day. After experimenting with the course and anticipating the wind to increase, *Gull* tucked in a second reef. Big mistake. The wind not only did not increase; instead it subsided a bit. After the first race the reefs came out. Three races

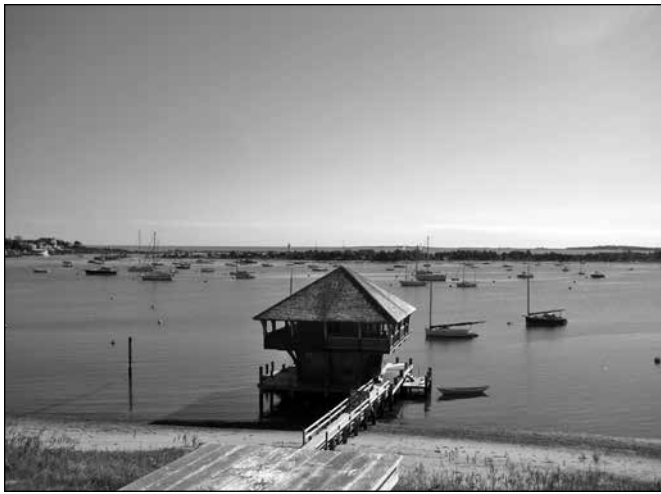
were sailed on Saturday with *Dusty* and *Mephistopheles* dueling it out for first place, often side by side.

Late afternoon had the fleet returning along with the larger boats from the Cross Bay race. The beer truck was open for business and the barbeques were roasting chickens for the evening's feast. The traditional Bluegrass Band, now known as the Chester River Runoff, was entertaining the crowd. A well-fed crew turned in that night listening to the weather forecast of severe weather in the morning. In spite of the forecast, the night was calm, but the mood was nervous in the morning. Because of the long trip home coupled with the probability of severe weather on the way, *Wanderer* and *Tattoo* elected to skip the Sunday races and head home after coffee and donuts. The CRYC Race committee was cautiously rearranging the sailing course to the inside of the Corsica River so that the smaller boats would have only a short distance to safety. This resulted in a twice around triangular course crosswise to the river current. With all classes of boats on the same course there was a lot of traffic to track. Anticipating a probable bailout and decision to head home part way through the race, *Gull*, towed her dinghy to the course and left it anchored in the shallows out of the way (once we had figured where out-of-the-way was).

The forecast bad weather did arrive late Sunday afternoon catching *Wanderer*, *Dusty* and *Gull* on route, but close to home. The rain was heavy but the storm was not nearly as bad as others that have followed CRYC Regattas.

RESULTS:

Place	Skipper	Boat	Model
1	Ben & Emma Heilman	<i>Mephistopheles</i>	Marshall 15
2	Butch Miller	<i>Dusty</i>	Marshall 18
3	Ohlmacher & Bleil	<i>Gull</i>	Mystic 20+
4	Richard McLaughlin	<i>Tenacity</i>	Marshall 22
5	Michael Crawford	<i>Shoveller</i>	Fenwick Williams 25
6	Marc Cruder	<i>Wanderer</i>	Wittholz 25
DNF	Peter McCrary	<i>Tattoo</i>	Chesapeake Lightcraft 14



Vose Family Boathouse surrounded by Cats.



Photo - Mark Alan Lovewell

Late Friday afternoon guests met at the Norton Boathouse, on the Edgartown waterfront, for a gam. The host was the Martha's Vineyard Preservation Trust.

Marthas Vineyard Rendezvous

Terri Potts-Chattaway

EDGARTOWN: It had been two full days of pouring down rain and with the promise of Andrea's strong winds to continue, we weren't sure what to expect from the Catboat Rendezvous. Though we have owned a catboat for over twenty years, this was to be our first direct experience as a member of The Catboat Association. Will there still be a parade and race as previously announced? Surely they will still hold the luncheon. Will anyone even show up? We wondered these questions as we walked into the Vose Family Boathouse, sitting on the edge of Edgartown Harbor, and found ourselves surrounded by fifty or more catboat enthusiasts. Evidently we had underestimated the hardiness of New Englanders, not to mention the passion of catboat owners.

Not only had a few stout sailors brought their boats over from Cape Cod in the midst of an impending tropical storm, but some had come as far away as Western Massachusetts, just to enjoy the camaraderie and love of catboats. I asked Jay, "What is it about catboats? Why is there such a following for this type of boat?" I sail her. I have even fallen in love with her. But I've sailed many other boats. And I love some of them too, particularly our Hardin 45, *Cadenza*, on the west coast. So what's so special about a catboat? "It's the history," he said. "They are a part of the New England culture, tradition."

One might add that they are comfortable and sturdy too as the typical catboat has a wide beam. The mast sits far forward on the bow. She almost always has one sail, the mainsail, which is gaff-

rigged. She also sports a centerboard which on our boat draws three feet of water when she's down and eighteen inches when she is up. This allows for sailing into shallow ponds, of which there are many on Martha's Vineyard.

No one really knows when the first catboat was built, but they can be traced back to the 1800s. Known for their versatility they were used for both pleasure and work. Many a fisherman would sail in the summer and then remove the mast, utilizing its wide beam and low freeboard to scallop in the winter. The catboat became a common sight in New England as it became more and more popular. And by the looks of the gathering at the boathouse, these boats still hold their allure.



Edwina B., a Manuel Swartz Roberts catboat is an Edgartown resident and was part of the event.

Never quite sure how to engage myself in conversations in a room full of strangers, I stood in the background watching as groups of people mingled on the deck excitedly reconnecting with old friends and sharing new stories of their adventures. Jay, eager to join in, introduced himself and instantly became one with the catboat community. Lingered about, I slowly fell in step as I came to see the rendezvous as laid-back and informal, the participants warm and welcoming.



Greetings!

The event formally started as Mark Lovewell began introductions. His brother, Frank Lovewell, said a blessing and we were regaled by beautiful poetry thanks to Steve Ewing and Joe Eldredge. With a promise from Mark that, “something will happen” (A parade? A race maybe?), he declared the festivities officially begun. I smiled at Jay and noted how this “ceremony” was not unlike Opening Day for yacht clubs.

After enjoying a bite to eat - delicious fish chowder made by Mark and a scrumptious ham soup made and brought all the way over from Mashpee by Moe & Bill McKay – Jay and I noticed the weather changing. It looked like it might cooperate after all. Not wanting to miss the fun, we quickly left to go and bring our catboat down to the boathouse. We keep *Skipjack* moored up in Katama Bay. We often laugh about the journey we have to take just to reach her. It’s a bike ride from the house to the boat and then we pull the dinghy across deep sand, turn her over and row her out to the mooring. Needless to say, after doing this, it wasn’t surprising that we were almost late for the festivities.

As it turned out, the race was cancelled. A good call, I would say, as we all struggled to properly set our sails – which meant reefing – in 15 to 25 knot winds while being pulled by current and dodging moorings and boats.

Soon we were dressed and ready for the parade. Though there were only seven boats that actually took part - *Vanity*, *Sea Chantey*, *Glimmer*, *Ocmulgee*, *Sea Smoke*, *Calico* and *Skipjack* - there was diversity and much history displayed for the viewing audience.

Vanity, a 22 ft. wooden catboat built in 1923 by Edgartown’s infamous Manuel Swartz Roberts, is steeped in local tradition. Now run by the Martha’s Vineyard Museum, she was once owned by Captain Oscar Pease. She is also known to be the last working catboat as Captain Pease continued to use *Vanity* for scalloping as late as the 1980s. Both *Sea Chantey* and *Glimmer* are Marshall 22s, owned by Mark Lovewell and Jim O’Connor, respectively. *Ocmulgee*, though owned by Steve Ewing, was crewed by a “younger” group who I never got a chance to meet. They had



Steve Ewing reads a poem.



Joe Eldredge reads a poem.

energy and a competitiveness that challenged our cat. Riding our stern with their Marshall 18, I thought for a moment - maybe we *are* racing. *Sea Smoke*, another Marshall 22, is owned by Bill Gately who brought it all the way from Bass River. And then there was *Calico*. 116 years old! And the first yawl rig on a catboat that I'd ever seen. Owned by Bill and Moe McKay, I hear they have great stories to tell. And finally, there is our catboat, a Herreshoff 18 Americat, *Skipjack*. She was built by Nowak and Williams in 1974 for the Bicentennial and Jay has owned her for over twenty years. Seven boats, all with the title, "catboat," yet individual and unique, quietly displaying their classic beauty and ancestral heritage. I finally understood the loyalty and devotion attributed to this tradition, the catboat history.

The parade ended as we doused our sails and headed back to the boathouse where a few die-hard catboat fans were waiting for us. They welcomed us with hats and beers and tales of catboat regattas. And so the day ended as it had begun, sharing stories and our love of catboats.



Bill McKay in *Calico* enters Edgartown harbor.



2014 Race/Rendezvous Schedule

Gayle Cornish, Editor

Editor's Note: *Members of the Catboat Association and other local groups have scheduled races and rendezvous for 2014. If there are other regional catboat races, cruises and gatherings planned by groups or individuals, we would like to know about them. If you don't see your favorite rendezvous listed here please get in touch with the organizer. They may not have told us about their event yet. Our success at putting this list together depends entirely on those hosting the events keeping us all informed.*

Please check out the Catboat Association website for new listings and updates. You are encouraged to attend any of the scheduled events; write, e-mail or call the race chair listed here. Also, please remember to notify the contact person should your plans change. We look forward to publishing the results of your get-togethers and races. Hosts: please send any changes to info below (e-mail, phone numbers, etc. , (gayle.cornish @catboats.org)) so we can keep the list current.

Thank you, Gayle.

June 6-8, 2014

Martha's Vineyard Catboat Rendezvous in
Edgartown, MA
Mark Alan Lovewell
P.O. Box 2034, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568
mark@markalanlovewell.com
(508) 696-4655

June 20-22, 2014

Whaleship Charles W. Morgan visits Vineyard
Haven, MA.
Brock and Hope Callen
110 Main Street, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568
sail_mv@verizon.net
(508) 696-7644

July 11-13, 2014

Vineyard Cup
Brock and Hope Callen
110 Main Street, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568
sail_mv@verizon.net
(508) 696-7644

July 18-20, 2014

Martha's Vineyard Catboat Rendezvous in
Vineyard Haven, MA
Mark Alan Lovewell
P.O. Box 2034, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568
mark@markalanlovewell.com
(508) 696-4655

August 2-3, 2014

Padanaram Rendezvous, Padanaram, MA
Geoff Marshall
PO Box P-266
55 Shipyard Lane, South Dartmouth, MA 02748
mcs1@hotmail.com
(508) 994-0414

August 2-3, 2014

Hyannis Rendezvous, MA
Skip Hall
P.O. Box 1059, So. Orleans, MA 02662
skipperdo@comcast.net
(508) 255-2266

August 9, 2014

Arey's Pond Cat Gathering, South Orleans, MA
Tony Davis
Box 222, South Orleans, MA 02662
catboat@cape.com
(508) 255-8977

August 16-18, 2014

Bass River Race and Rendezvous, Bass River, MA
Paul K Cook, Rick Farrenkopf
25 Woronoco Road, Weymouth, MA 02191
(617) 365-1952, (508) 776-1074
Paul_K_Cook@Raytheon.com
rickscatboat@aol.com

August 23, 2014

Annual Townie Hornor
Perpetual Sail Around Catboat Rendezvous,
Osterville, MA
Paul and Karin White
295 Route 6A, East Sandwich MA 02537
(508) 888-1394, (508) 284-7773
pwwcarving@comcast.net

Sept 13, 2014

Pat West Memorial Gaff Rig,
Schooner and Catboat Race
Jeffrey Craig
135 New York Avenue, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568
508-693-5793

WESTERN LONG ISLAND SOUND:

The Catboats of Western Long Island Sound welcome all who sail or trailer their catboats in the area to attend any of these events. Please contact the event coordinators listed below for further information and encouragement to join this active fleet.

June 8, 2014 (Sunday)

Mayor's Cup Race, Stamford, CT
John Reffner
97 Ocean Drive East, Stamford, CT 06902
jareffner@cs.com
(203) 348-8098

June 21, 2014

Noroton Yacht Club Catboat Regatta, Darien, CT
Frank Kemp
20 Seagate Road, Darien, CT 06820
fkemp@optonline.net
(203) 656-1129

July 12, 2014

Sprite Island Yacht Club Catboat Race,
Norwalk, CT
Robin Varian
14 Mallory Lane, Redding, CT 06896
bwvarian@mac.com
(203) 938-4149

July 21, 2014

Duck Island Gathering
Old Saybrook, CT
Craig Elliott
celliott02@charter.net

August 9, 2014

Norwalk Islands 'Round the Islands Race,'
Norwalk, CT
Roger Klein
48 1/2 Roton Avenue, Rowayton, CT 06853
rogerklein@optonline.net
(203) 899-0402

August 23, 2014

Indian Harbor Yacht Club
"Go Your Own Way" Regatta
Mark Williams
60 Old Farm Road, Pleasantville, NY 10570-1508
(203)258-4755
mxwmxw@yahoo.com

August 30, 2014 (Raft up)

Huntington Lighthouse Music Festival
Hank Bungart
13 Cortland Court, S. Huntington, NY 11746
us51311@verizon.net
(631) 423-4345

September 13, 2014

Indian Harbor Yacht Club Classic Yacht Regatta
Mark Williams
60 Old Farm Road, Pleasantville, NY 10570-1508
(203) 258-4755
mxwmxw@yahoo.com

September. 20, 2014

Norwalk Yacht Club End of Season Regatta
Jay Fallon
2 Bryan Road, Rowayton, CT 06853
jtfallonmd@me.com
(203) 857-4770



ANNAPOLIS, MD: Members of the Chesapeake Catboat Association (www.Chesapeakecatboats.org) have scheduled these races, rendezvous, cruises and gatherings for 2014. Catboat skippers who sail or trailer to the Chesapeake area are welcome to take part. Please write, e-mail or call the chair of the event for more details not included here.

May 24-25, 2014

Patuxent River Shootout, Patuxent River, MD
Steve Flesner, Butch Garren
2037 Indian Circle, St. Leonard, MD 20685
flesner00@comcast.net, theengraver@comcast.net
(410)586-8179, (410)394-0014

June 15-21, 2014

2014 Long Cruise, Bohemia Rhapsody
Marc Cruder
514 Heavitree Garth, Severna Park, MD 21146
heavitree@comcast.net
(410) 987-9616

July 26-27, 2014

Corsica River Races, MD
Rich McLaughlin
116 Pine Valley Drive, Avondale, PA 19311
richardmcl@comcast.net
(610) 268-3780

August 30 - Sept. 1, 2014 (Labor Day Weekend)

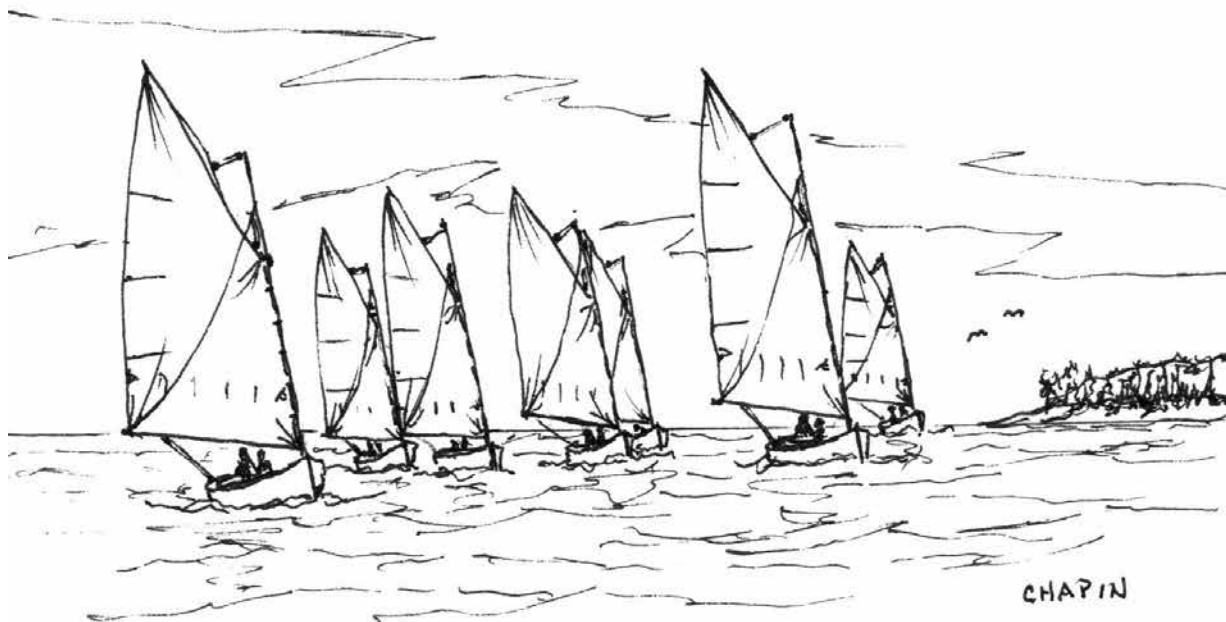
Great Whitehall Bay Race, MD
Butch Miller
307 Bentons Pleasure Road, Chester, MD 21619
anmiller03@aol.com
(410) 271-2540

September 13-14, 2014

Prospect Bay Race
Roger Compton
38 Greenwood Shoals, Grasonville, MD 21638-9658
rogerhcompton61@hotmail.com
(410)-827-6019

October 4-5, 2014

Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum,
St. Michaels, MD
Dave Park
105 Heritage Blvd., Milton, DE 19968
parkwye@gmail.com
(410)-827-4168



Big Catboat

Steve Ewing

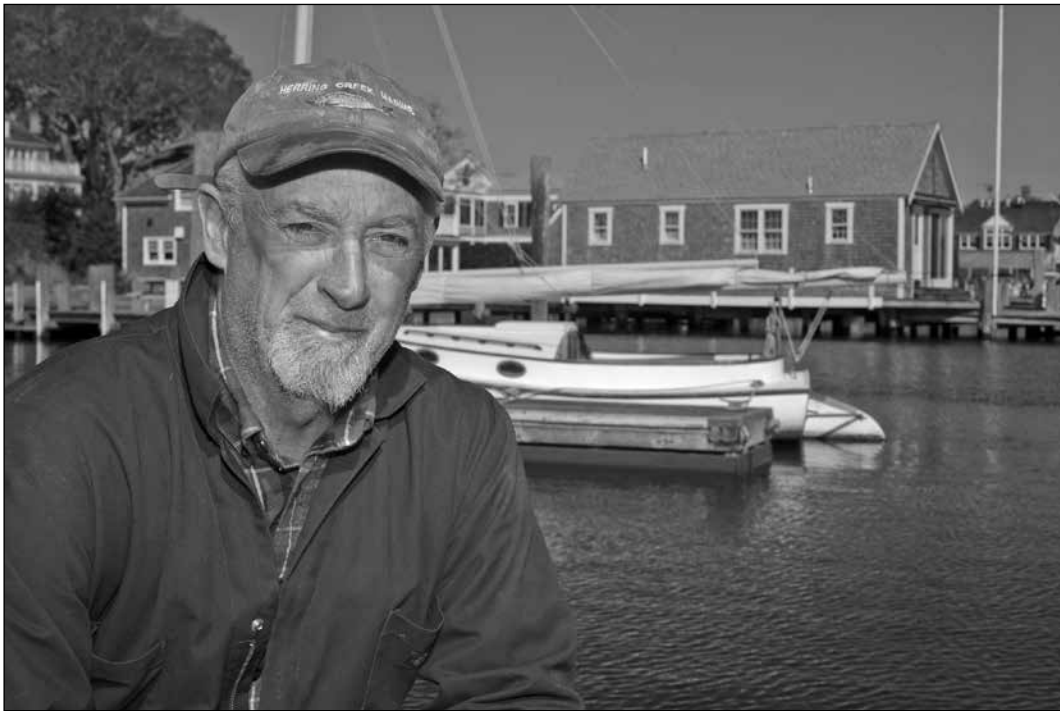


Photo - Mark Alan Lovewell

Steve Ewing an Edgartown catboat sailor, a dock builder and the town's poet laureate contributed this poem. He wrote it after being inspired by watching the century old catboat *Old Sculpin*, sail out the harbor in the spring of 2012, heading for her home back on the Cape. At the time, she was sailed by her owner Bill Mullin. She has since been sold. The catboat was built in Edgartown.

I saw her
Heading out
The *Old Sculpin*
It was a breezy Sunday
Nor'west and clearing
After a good Southeast blow
The day before
We'd been hunkered down

In the old
Boathouse
Warmed by good
Fish chowder
And catboat tales
Old Sculpin was moored
Out front
Tuggin' at her pennant

In the short chop
While we gabbed on
'Bout boats
'Bout Manuel
'Bout her age
100 this year
To see her heeling
This morning

Jerkin' at her sheet
In the gusty breeze
Made her look alive
That old wood
Seemed so young
Proudly
Sailing by



Storm King

Dan McFadden

Editor's Note: Dan McFadden works at Mystic Seaport as director of communications. He spends a lot of time sharing the story of the museum's mission of preserving and protecting the nation's great maritime heritage with the local and national media. Preserving old boats isn't just his vocation it is an avocation. On his own time, he is taking steps to preserve the history of one beautiful wooden catboat. Recently McFadden and his wife Jen acquired the Crosby catboat Storm King.

We all like to think we find the right boat at some point in our lives. With our second catboat, I think I have now.

Before *Storm King*, I bought our first *Gloria L*, a Marshall 18, in 2004. I had been transferred back to Connecticut after a number of years on the West Coast where I had owned a number of keelboats. Although I grew up in upstate NY, I was familiar with catboats from summers in Woods Hole and had always loved their shape. The move back east was my opportunity to finally scratch that catboat itch.

Gloria L was a great boat. I subsequently got married and my wife Jen and I sailed her out of Noank until last year. For our purposes, it would be hard to find a better boat for the area. However, I am at heart an old boat guy, and I confess to sometimes having a wandering eye when passing by a mooring field, and I have been known to peruse the boat classifieds when no one is looking. After a job change to take a position on the administrative staff at Mystic Seaport, I knew we were in trouble when we took a short sail on the Breck Marshall. Wooden boats just handle so differently and that experience brought home how much I missed the displacement and feel of a wooden hull.

Of course, boat shopping when you know what you are looking for is always a matter of good timing, money, and time. And one is generally short of all three. That said, knowing the costs of an old boat, I think the hardest part was patience. There were several great boats we looked at over the last four years, but for one reason or another they just weren't quite right. The one that got away, I thought, was *Storm King*. She was advertised in the *Catboat Bulletin* and just as I got motivated to give them a call she was off the market. Thus, when she was advertised in the *Bulletin* again last spring I did not hesitate to act.



Daniel Crosby's trademark: coaming of tongue and groove staving.

Boats do not survive for that long without people who care, and *Storm King* was fortunate to have owned by CBA members David and Rosamond Wadsworth for a total of 58 years. "The boat came in 1955, I came in 1960," Roz quipped to me on one of our calls. They sailed her out of Westport Point, MA, and I suspect a number of readers are familiar with her.

We arranged a viewing, haggled slightly, and had a deal. I feel they wanted a steward who would take care of the boat and I was looking for an old, historic cat to take on. Mission accomplished all around.

Daniel Crosby built *Storm King* in 1903. She is 20 feet long and 10 feet wide with oak frames and cedar planking. Like many of the catboats of the era, she has a short bowsprit and the spars are solid spruce with galvanized fittings. She was probably built to have an auxiliary engine, which presently is a 22hp Palmer M60 installed new in 1965 (She came with the original owners manual!). The cabin sides and coaming are tongue-and-groove staving

all around, a Daniel Crosby trademark, I am told. The keel and many of the frames appear original. It was a lot of fun to poke around with a flashlight prior to purchase and find so many of the original construction techniques intact

Like any 110-year-old boat, *Storm King* has been modified over the decades, and if she had not been she probably would not be here today. Her decks, cabin top, and cockpit floor are now plywood sheathed in fiberglass. Her cabin top may have been raised (no complaint here), and she has been extensively replanked and refastened. The cabin furniture has also been modernized and the centerboard trunk and rudder were rebuilt. The result is that she is structurally stiff and, most important; the distinctive Crosby lines are still intact, which is a testament to the skill of the late shipwright Roger Sartini who did a thorough restoration in 2010.

What is next? She has been out of the water for several years. The first task is to carefully recaulk her and get her back in the water to properly take up. The cockpit and cabin staving has some minor rot in spots, as does the sheer plank on the starboard side and the hatch tracks. Nothing major as far as I can tell, but some interesting projects for sure. The engine itself is solid, but the peripheral gear is shot so there is some replacement math to calculate.



Dan and Jen McFadden and their “new” catboat.

Our plan is to get her in the water next year and spend the summer and fall learning her ways. Further restoration or improvement will come from that. We will sail her off our mooring at Lord’s Point in Stonington, CT. A big goal is to sail her to Martha’s Vineyard for the annual catboat rendezvous in June 2015. We’d aim for 2014, but I have a certain Mystic Seaport whaleship to help get to the Vineyard that year that is taking up a lot of my time.

The primary task is to get her back in the water ASAP. One of the things I have learned in my work at Mystic Seaport is that old boats are best if they are used. Once she is a going concern again and we are learning how she sails, we can assess future work.

The obvious question is “What is the origin of the name *Storm King*?” That’s one I cannot answer. The Wadsworths told me the previous owner was one A.B. Tingley of Barrington, RI, who had owned her for about 25 years. She came with that name and they assumed that was what she was always called.

Researching her history is the other half of the project. The builder’s plate is gone and her registration does not have the original hull number. It was a thrill to visit the Osterville Historical Society this past fall and see a Daniel Crosby builder’s plate from the same year *Storm King* was built and know that a similar plate was on her. It would be very satisfying to unearth the real number. The 12-digit alphanumeric serial ID the State of Massachusetts assigned her is not the same as, say, “32.”

Picking her up at the F.L. Tripp & Sons boatyard in Westport Point was truly an enjoyable moment. Once she was loaded on the trailer, pulled out of the storage shed, and readied for the road, we had a great “goodbye and good luck” moment from the staff who had looked after her and were happy to see her embark on a new chapter in her career. It brought home the importance of keeping the old boats going—even if it meant taking a Massachusetts catboat to the foreign waters of Connecticut.

Editor’s Note: Dan McFadden would like to hear from any CBA members who may have information on *Storm King*’s history. He can be reached at dan@dvmcfadden.com.



Cruising

Steve Flesner, Editor

The Maiden Summer

John Bishop

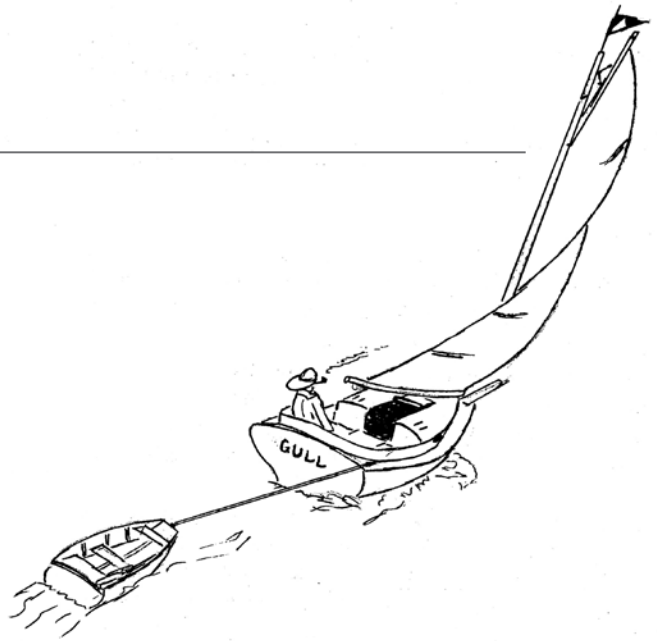
The late afternoon sun is streaming into our apartment in Greenwich Village, but as it's not quite three-thirty we know that summer is over with five cold months before we hoist the sail on *Kingfisher*. She sits on stands at a boatyard in South Bristol, Maine, about 250 miles from her maker in Padanaram. Last week I spent a pleasant morning at the yard taking her apart, thinking about all the places she'll take us in coming years.

We've had wonderful vacations aboard a chartered boat in the Greek Islands, and dreamed of owning a boat we could cruise in ourselves. I've sailed small sloop-rigged boats for years and have loved the sensation of tacking two sails, the exhilaration of a planing hull, and getting every little lift by tweaking the jib sheet. In a previous chapter of her life, Wendy had cruised in a Marshall Sanderling so she advocated for the simplicity of the single sail and the comfort of broad beam and spacious cockpit, not to mention, after a decade with my beloved *Daysailer*, a head.

We looked at a couple of Sanderlings, but since I am of a certain size we wondered if they would be big enough. Geoff Marshall took us for an afternoon spin in a borrowed Marshall 22, and our course was set. The boat was not as fast and nimble as my fifty-year-old *Daysailer*, but she had lots of power, and a certain stateliness that appealed to my sense of grandeur.

A month or so later, our friends at Marshall told us that the *Nellie J II* had been offered for sale, Marshall 22 hull number 250 built in 1999. I was away on business so Wendy got there first. By the time I got home the train had left the station.

Mariner literature is full of tales of disaster befalling carelessly renamed vessels. Boats sink, engines fail, couples split up, or you're forever cursed to forget the limes. *Nellie J II* must have been a very personal name. The previous owners had obviously loved the boat. She was in wonderful condition and



well equipped for comfortable cruising, a treasured member of the family that we assumed included her namesake. We felt it would be disrespectful to sail her under the name of someone we didn't know. Our cove on Maine's Damariscotta River is home to many kingfishers, those sprightly, slightly odd-looking wonderful chattering flyers, so we renamed her to give her a new sense of home. As a nod toward Poseidon and Neptune, however, we kept *Nellie* as moniker for the trusty Yanmar-20 – as in, when the wind dies in late afternoon and the tide is pushing us toward a ledge, we “fire up ol' *Nellie*.”

After a positive survey and a flurry of paperwork, we settled into spending cheerfully on essential gear (some of which is still in its original packaging). We made new friends at the winter meeting of the Catboat Association who encouraged us in our plan to sail *Kingfisher* to her new home in Maine as our first cruise. In the early spring we went to Padanaram for a visit and had a picnic on board, on stands in the yard. One of the Marshall guys walked by and quipped, “All you need is some water.”

Beware...

On the Ides of March in 44 BC, Julius Caesar was betrayed and assassinated on his way to the Forum. On the Ides of March in 2013, I was betrayed by a ladder in a hundred-twenty-year-old pipe organ (in real life, I provide and maintain pipe organs for churches), and dropped from a height of six feet in the aspect of a snow angel onto a flat wood floor. As I watched the ceiling recede, *Kingfisher* flashed through my mind. There followed quality time with

paramedics, an ambulance, braces, two surgeons, and a startling introduction to the mysteries of the sciatic nerve.

Undaunted, *Kingfisher* was launched in early May, and on the 18th we motored to New Bedford and back to get the hang of it. The next day we hoisted the sail for the first time. The Ship's Log cites, "Sciatica Sail. Oof!" I had surgery on May 30, and three weeks later, essentially pain-free, we had an overnight cruise to Cuttyhunk.



Early morning coffee at Padanaram.

A word about Wendy's reference to the simplicity of one sail. The mainsail on my Oday *Daysailer* is a whopping 102 sq. ft. The "simple" single sail on the Marshall 22 is 388 sq. ft. It has two jiffy reefs, which to the uninitiated seem like seventeen extra lines that can wrap around your neck as you lower the sail. Raising the sail, we marveled at how much line is drawn into the boat. There are exactly as many halyards as in my *Daysailer*! Jibing shows the true length of the sheet as it piles up around your feet and tangles in the wheel, and dropping and furling all that cloth is like a ride in a washing machine. A main and a jib with halyard and sheet each seem simpler to me...

We shared a big learning curve. We learned that *Nellie* would gasp if we failed to open the vent valve on the top of her fuel tank. We learned that it's useful to stow the rudder-lock before letting go of the mooring, especially in a snug harbor. And on our second "surprise jibe," Wendy realized the contradiction between the familiar rudder and the new wheel.

On July 1, with thunder and tornado warnings playing on the car radio, we drove to Padanaram, loaded our gear on board, spent the night on Geoff Marshall's mooring outside the swing bridge, and set off early the next morning to make the 11:45 slack tide at the mouth of the Cape Cod Canal. It was blowing about eighteen SSE, and the bay was plenty choppy. Thankfully, Geoff had helped us tie in a reef, but even so, it was our first time in rough conditions and I was uneasy at the helm. It was a good hour before I was convinced that *Kingfisher* wanted to float as much as we did. After two thrilling intentional jibes and with plenty of mysteries remaining in the art of the lowering the sail, we pulled into the lee near Pocasset to wrestle with the acre of cloth – then realized that the surface and the bottom were too close together. We motored out of the two-foot-deep Cable Area and with perfect timing, barreled into the canal at more than nine knots. At the winter meeting we had heard the catty comment, "If you wanted to go fast, you should have bought a bicycle!" We were pleased to be passing the bicycles on the shore road. We made more than forty miles that first day and spent the night at a marina in Plymouth.



Wendy at helm doing 9 knots in the Cape Cod Canal.

We spent the second night on a Harbormaster's mooring in Cohasset Harbor, arriving moments behind a thirty-five foot cigarette boat, adorned with four well muscled, oiled, and tattooed men, not quite as young as they thought they were, roaring in from Boston for a quiet dinner. I imagine they were sitting on a thousand horsepower, because idling into the harbor they made more noise than an entire

NASCAR race. We were enjoying quiet cocktails when they set out after dinner, and Wendy surprised me with the gestures she offered them as they idled by. As the sun set and we ate dinner, an older woman circled the harbor in a tiny catboat, weaving through the fleet, just as she had as a teenager when she first learned to sail.

Friends have a house a few doors up the hill from the Annisquam Yacht Club in Gloucester, so we had a guest mooring reserved for our third night out. It was Friday, July 4 – hot and still. We motored north away from Cohasset passing Boston’s drunken holiday boating at a safe distance, and were awed by the stately *Queen Mary 2* steaming toward Boston at more than 25-knots on the last leg of her passage from Southampton. After a quick consultation we agreed to let her cross our bow.

Keeping the special pleasures of holiday boating in mind, we eschewed the Annisquam River to sail around Cape Ann. A single-class race was in progress in Sandy Bay. Having had lots of experience on race committees, I figured out the course. As the fleet of Rhodes 19s bore down on us, the lead skipper boring holes through our hull with his glare, I realized my miscalculation at the cost of my favorite hat during a sudden and noisy jibe.

Secure in the knowledge that we would be on the agenda of that evening’s race committee meeting, we passed serenely into the lee around Halibut Point, dropped the sail, and motored into a spectacular display of beer-driven boating festooned with tattooed oiled torsos, heading toward Wingersheek Beach for holiday cheer, some of the most ungentlemanly boating we’d ever witnessed.

After covering about 35 miles and surviving the racing skippers and the raging bulls, we were rewarded to be met by a lovely young woman dressed in white. No need to lash myself to the mast as she was at the helm of a snappy club launch that dropped us on the dock for an evening with friends, good food, and sleeping between sheets.

We had come more than a hundred miles from Padanaram, much of it in the thrall of *Nellie*. We had topped off the twelve-gallon fuel tank as we left. I had read about fuel consumption in the Yanmar manual and done the math, supplementing my confidence with the wood dipstick provided by the former owners, but Wendy was nervous about fuel. No diesel in Annisquam, so as we motored north on Friday morning, she poured through our cruising

guide, called several shore establishments that seemed to have disappeared, and finally suggested Newburyport and the Merrimack River.

Years ago I had completed a project at a church in Newburyport, where a parishioner had told me about the pleasures of sailing a motor-less fifty-foot schooner up and down the Merrimack. I had never been on the water there, but knew that there’s a powerful tidal current. I made a gentle protest knowing that the tide was on the ebb, but was overruled. We snaked through lots more beer-and-tattoos and headed up the river. After an hour during which we gained only the length of the breakwater, I made the skipper’s decision and went back to sea, feeling smug having regained my confidence after having lost my hat to yesterday’s race. We found a breeze, chose Isles of Shoals as our destination, and had a marvelous sail to a mooring under Star Island where we had cocktails and dinner to the tune of the closing ceremonies of a Unitarian retreat.

Wendy had run Beacon Press for more than a decade and was eager to visit the island. Saturday morning as the Unitarians were stirring and the southeasterly wafted the smell of bacon from the hotel toward our mooring, Wendy made her move. “We’re going to breakfast.” We had a nice hike, ate heartily, and the gift shop provided me with a new floppy hat.

Back on board, we consulted the chart, and set a course for Kennebunkport, sure to find fuel there. A light breeze quickly increased to fifteen, and we had a fine close reach to the Kennebunk River where we tied up at a snazzy marina and filled the half-full fuel tank.

We were short a few essentials, and the marina staff recommended HB Provisions in downtown Kennebunk, saying that our purchases would be delivered to the dock. We made the hot and sweaty walk through the holiday throngs to find that we would have to spend fifty dollars to qualify for the delivery. The essential vodka put us handily over the limit, and proprietor Bonnie Clement delivered us along with our hooch back to the dock.

Months later we were delighted to read of Bonnie’s marriage to her longtime partner Helen in the *New York Times*, including a photo of their great friend George Herbert Walker Bush seated in his wheelchair, resplendent in mismatched pastel socks, signing their marriage certificate as witness.



Kingfisher as seen from Eastern Egg Rock,
Muscongus Bay, Maine.

Photo - Derrick Z. Jackson

Back on board during our evening rituals, we read ominous forecasts for Monday and decided to try to make the fifty-five miles home on Sunday. We rose at 0500 and brewed coffee underway, saving time by cutting inside a rusty buoy of the Presidential Security Zone as we passed Walker Point. We motored all day through the breathless sunshine until we picked up a southeasterly near Seguin Island near the mouth of the Kennebec River and sailed into home waters, familiar from years of buzzing around in our run-about. We passed The Cuckolds at the mouth of the Sheepscot, and with the steady southeasterly just made it past the lighthouse at the north end of Fisherman's Island. We jibed to the east around the light, and jibed again to head north into the Damariscotta River. We lost our breeze at Christmas Cove and motored home, chattering with friends who buzzed out to meet us. We had left by car and it was a thrill to come to the dock and walk up the yard to our house.

We had been teasing each other about sea legs, walking about on land like drunken sailors, and in the middle of the night the tide came in and I rolled out of bed.

If we had purchased a thirty-something-foot sloop with a genoa jib, we might have made the trip in three or four days, but even a beautiful girl does not turn heads when racing by. We were complimented every day we were out, and it never got old. We were thrilled when people called "Pretty Boat" or gave us "thumbs up" across the water. Motorboats came close, asking if they could take our picture. The

last evening of our trip, as we turned into our river, a sloop sailed up to us hailing that he wanted a closer look at the beautiful boat, and it turned out he was a friend of ours. It's kind of nice turning heads at our age!

Altogether, we spent eighteen nights onboard last summer. We visited friends on local islands, and anchored in quiet coves in the islands of Muscongus Bay. We experienced the magic of the first cocktail after a day on the water and the first coffee in the morning. Nothing ever tasted better, and we didn't forget the limes. We made and froze sauces and stews in our kitchen, and onboard we boiled pasta, fried potatoes, and provisioned with fresh greens.

We are both self-employed and share frenetic schedules shuttling between residences and business travel. *Kingfisher* has proven to be a settler for us. Together, we revel in the pleasure of the boat, and together we've shared the learning curve. The trip from Padanaram was a first for us both, and we were giddy like kids at Christmas as we arrived home after six days and more than two hundred fifty miles.

We're grateful to our friends at Marshall Marine for their support and guidance, especially Charlie Adams whose first child was born during the flurry of our departure from Padanaram, and Geoff Marshall who encouraged us, taught us how to tie reefs, and made his yard's facilities available to us. We're grateful to Don and Nancy Jones who sailed and cared for the *Nellie J II* before letting us have a turn. And I just gotta say, Wendy was right about Catboats.



Cruise to Olana

Jim O'Connor



Liberty Island and Ma



Photo - Jim O'Connor

Manhattan to starboard.

Olana is a Persian Castle built by the famous Hudson River School painter, Frederic Church in 1854 set high on a hill with views of the Catskills, overlooking a thirty mile stretch down the Hudson River in Hudson, NY. Our objective was to sail up the Hudson from Greenwich, CT in much the same manner that it was done before power, in peak foliage to view the splendors of this vital waterway.



Photo - Jim O'Connor

Ready to shove off.

We left Greenwich, in mid October, aboard the *MOLLY ROSE*, a 28 ft. catboat built in 1935 by Erford Burt on the island of Martha's Vineyard. She's currently owned by Peter Arguimbau. Peter

along with Bob Luckraft and myself made up the crew. Each of us own catboats but for me it would be the first cruise aboard a large wooden cat.

Departing late in the day got us through Long Island Sound and into the East River at sunset. As we motored up through Manhattan and under the Brooklyn Bridge in the darkness, we were being illuminated by the lights of the city buildings. Finding a slip in New Jersey, we had the Manhattan skyline spread out before us.

We were up before sunrise to capture the early light and photograph the NYC waterfront, weaving and dodging heavy vessel traffic which included ferries, water taxis (they produce a nice 4 ft. wake) and helicopters landing near Wall Street!

Heading up the Hudson the scenery changes dramatically a few miles north of the George Washington Bridge; from the hustle and bustle of the city into a rural quite tranquil setting. On the left, the high cliffs of the Palisades are framed with just turning foliage, while on the eastern shore, the commuter trains roar in and out of the city. Quite the contrast! We motor sail, fighting a surprisingly strong current early on but enjoy excellent speed once it turns in our favor. We end up just around West Point where we drop anchor in a small, shallow cove and a 6 ft. hole out of the way of the barge traffic. A long day but we made 46 nm.

The next day brought a welcomed southerly breeze that pushed us along with a favorable current over 8.5 knots throughout the day. In the town of Kingston we met a group of young Vermont farmers who were delivering their products on a sailing barge,

CERES, on her maiden voyage. *CERES* left Shoreham, VT and was in the process of making way to the NYC farmer's market, a 330 mile trip. We spotted a bald eagle all the while keeping an eye out to avoid logs, branches, a NY Yacht Club cruise and even a basketball floating by. We pulled into the town of Catskill, our furthest north port, and picked up a slip. Over 52 nm today along with temperatures in the 70s. Time for some shore leave!!!!



Photo - Jim O'Connor

Manhattan.



Photo - Jim O'Connor

Bob and Peter buying fresh produce off *CERES*.

On the return trip, a couple of days later, the foliage had turned to near peak making it seem like we were on a new leg of the journey. The trip lasted 6 days, three up and three back. We did a fair amount of night time cruising either with a 4 a.m. start (Bob never sleeps in!) or until 8:30 p.m. or so some evenings making for 10 to 12 hour days. The GPS was really helpful at those times. We had to be super alert for anchored vessels, vessels making way under tow and tugs pushing barges. It had me wracking my brain to try to recall the navigation lights I had to memorize while taking a course for a captains license quite a few years back. We cooked dinner onboard four nights in a great galley with standing headroom and a propane stove. Although we motorsailed most of the time to make time, we were able to catch a southerly wind on the way up in the afternoons and turn the diesel off once there was enough wind. Coming from more open water sailing, it was definitely a different experience. The combination of great fall weather, the sights and exploring the river with good friends helped make this a very memorable trip and would highly recommend it, if you ever get the chance.

Epilogue

Oh, and we did make it to Olana! Took a cab from Catskill, our northern most point of the trip. Olana did not disappoint! Fabulous views and stunning architecture!



Yarns & Adventures

John Orlando, Editor

Editor's Note: Once again I must say it is a pleasure for me to be the editor of this column. A while ago I was simply in the panic mode worrying about the next article. I went on the CBA list serve and on my knees begged for help, asking for contributions from the members. A number of fellow Catboaters came to my rescue, one in particular is Peter Yaremko. Peter is a member since 2004 and hails from Truro, MA. He sails a 23 ft. Menger named Copy Cat. Peter is also submitting a follow-up article for the next bulletin on a passage through Buzzards Bay. Peter I can't thank you enough.

The Fat Guy in the Fat Boat

Peter W. Yaremko

I grew up in the Forties and Fifties the son of a cop in the oil refining and heavy industrial City of Perth Amboy, New Jersey. The town's greatest endowment was its prominent location at the confluence of the Kill Van Kull, the oily channel separating Staten Island from New Jersey, and the Raritan River, which spills out of the Garden State's famous truck farming region into Raritan Bay. Hence Perth Amboy's moniker of "Queen City of the Raritan Bay Area." On Dad's infrequent days off from patrol duty and moonlighting as an ironworker, a favorite family pastime was to spend the afternoon at the beautifully peaceful park and boardwalk that edged the city's waterfront like the lacey hem of a pretty girl's slip.

It was there that I fell in love with the graceful sailboats that danced en pointe on the shimmering waters of the bay -- toy ballerinas on a mirrored music box. In the seemingly endless sunshine of a young boy's summer afternoons, I never guessed back then that there would be no boats in my life for another half-century.

Only when I had worked my way through school and was nearing the end of the career I had worked so hard to establish did I have the leisure time and the financial wherewithal to return to the dreams of my youth -- sails stout against the wind, the gritty rub of salt on skin and the slap of water against hull.

I was living in San Francisco at the time. What better place to learn to sail? If you can sail in San Francisco Bay, people told me, you can sail anywhere. I enrolled in the Spinnaker Sailing School. And in a 22-foot Santana I learned the points of sail ... to raise

and reef sails ... to tack and to jibe. Master just that much, my instructor said, and I could sail around the world.

I was tested, and before you could say Jack Be Nimble I was certified by the American Sailing Association in basic keelboat sailing and coastal cruising. I was pretty pleased with myself.

But I did no sailing after becoming certified. Because about this time I relocated to the East Coast, where we had built a house in Truro, on Cape Cod, where I launched my corporate communication company -- writing speeches for executives, producing meetings and events, and creating marketing videos.

I was working practically seven days a week, but the sailing bug was still nibbling at me. I went sailing on Great South Bay a few times with my friend Chuck, who also happened to be our company's audio engineer. He had grown up in Amityville, Long Island, and had been messing around in boats since he was a kid. He owned an old Herreshoff that he was forever tinkering with.

I told him I wanted a sailboat of my own, and he said a New England catboat would be just the ticket. There's only a single sail to worry about, a hugely broad beam for almost unsinkable stability, a big cockpit from which to handle all the lines. A cat was eminently easy to sail, he assured me.

"You'll be the fat guy in the fat boat," he grinned.

So I read up about catboats, and sure enough, Chuck was right. I fell in love with the looks and legends of a cat.

Then Chuck took me to meet Bill Menger at his catboat works in Amityville, along with Jerry Thompson, who supervised the fabrication of the boats and was also the chief cheerleader of the Menger brand.

In a worn, warehouse-sized building on Great South Bay, Bill was designing and building superb catboats in 14-, 19- and 22-foot versions. Bill had dragged a trailer inside – the kind used as a field office at construction sites. The trailer was Bill’s man cave, crammed with charts, supply catalogs, and assorted boat parts.

He was proud of his Menger Cats and especially delighted that his 22-foot model could achieve seven knots, with enough headroom below decks for a six-foot man to stand tall.

I was intoxicated. The hull molds lying about, the catwalks and lift chains -- everything about Bill Menger’s place excited me to the point of goose-flesh. It didn’t take me long to decide on the 22-foot cruiser.

The Menger 22 is equivalent to a 27-foot sloop, displacing 6,500 pounds. It has a shoal of 2 ft. 6 in. with the centerboard raised. I ordered mine with a gaff-rigged tanbark sail, gallows crutch, and a dry head that eliminated one through-hull.

What I did not know was that cancer would soon claim Bill ... and that I had just ordered the last Menger Cat to come off the line.

I handed over the first of many checks and began the excruciating wait for my new love to be hand-crafted by Jerry and his crew.

And my period of foreplay began.

I joined the Catboat Association.

I read every book about cats that’s been published.

I attended the Newport Boat Show.

I drove up to Portland for the Maine Boatbuilders Show.

I attended the CBA meeting in Newport.

I made arrangements for mooring at Parkers Boat Yard, a second-generation, family-operated facility on Red Brook Harbor, in Cataumet, Massachusetts.

I took subscriptions to every sailing magazine I came across.

I rode the Long Island Railroad out to Amityville every chance I got to watch the slow progress at Menger Boatworks.

I did everything except go sailing.

The day finally came when Jerry had taken the boat off the line and put her into the water. My wife and I went to the boatyard and stood on the dock watching our newborn be put through her sea trials.

A week later, on a warm but breezy spring afternoon, our two daughters, one son-in-law and three grandsons drove from their homes in Connecticut to Amityville, where my wife broke

a bottle of bubbly against the vessel’s hull and christened her *Copy Cat* in honor of my work as a writer.

I, of course, was as nervous as a new father. So on *Copy Cat’s* maiden voyage, I made sure everyone was wearing a PFD and we motored away from the dock and into Great South Bay.

The afternoon wind was kicking up enough to get me thinking about a reef, and I remembered the rule: “If you’re thinking about reefing, it’s time to put one in.” But because I was so nervous, I opted to not raise sail at all, and we remained under power for our jaunt around the bay.

A few days later, Chuck and I went out together on an afternoon sail. He kept the boat into the wind while I raised sail, and, from the helm, he set her up so she just about sailed herself. Chuck allowed that *Copy Cat* was a beautiful boat. We sat on the gunnels, relaxing while the boat bounced along on a peaceful port tack.

“This is the whole trick to sailing,” Chuck smiled, “not to do anything that might cause you to spill your refreshing rum drink.”

Another week went by and it was Memorial Day. I announced to my wife that I would take her sailing. But I had a lot of trepidation at the thought of skippering the boat without a more seasoned sailor aboard. On the train ride out to Amityville, I reviewed my notes on how to raise the sail.

I removed and stowed the sail cover and we were off -- motoring out from the Menger Boatworks dock into Great South Bay. I put her nose to what I thought was one o’clock off the wind and started hoisting halyards. The boat wasn’t pointing to one o’clock at all -- but more to six. When the wind caught her from behind, the boom swung over in an accidental jibe and she heeled suddenly and severely, almost putting my wife over the side.

That was just the beginning of a wild day. It was Memorial Day, and Great South Bay teemed with boats of every description – mostly power vessels and even jet skis. But, except for our inauspicious start, we sailed nicely until we neared the causeway that links the southern coast of Long Island to the barrier island where Robert Moses State Park is located. There we tacked around and started a run back to the Menger dock.

It seemed that we were constantly awash in the wakes of powerboats, however, either passing us from astern or heading in the opposite direction. Finally, I turned on the engine and my wife took the helm. I

lowered the sail, guided the boom into the gallows crutch and secured the sail ties. I was finally able to collapse onto a seat for the ride home under motor. The mast continued to swing wildly as we were rocked by the wakes of passing boats, and my mouth was dry from the tension of the afternoon.

“What?” Chuck howled when I told him about our first solo trip on *Copy Cat*. “You went out on Memorial Day?”

Being a green neophyte, I never imagined how busy Great South Bay would be on the opening day of the summer season. In retrospect, I realize how fortunate I was to be on the water without mishap that day – considering how little experience I had. In fact, I read in the next day’s newspaper that a jet ski operator was decapitated when he unwittingly crossed a ship’s anchor line. They say God protects idiots, babies and drunks. He must also keep his eye on ingenuous new boat owners who don’t know what they don’t know.

What was making me such a nervous sailor? It finally hit me:

1) I’m not a tinkerer. I know nothing about engines, so I’m afraid that if a problem develops while I’m out on the water, I’m not able to grab a screwdriver, open the hatch, and do a fix.

2) I never learned how to swim! So if the boat heels in a gust, I’m afraid that I’ll wind up in the drink.

With these two factors working against me, Chuck just shook his head at the idea that I ever wanted a sailboat.

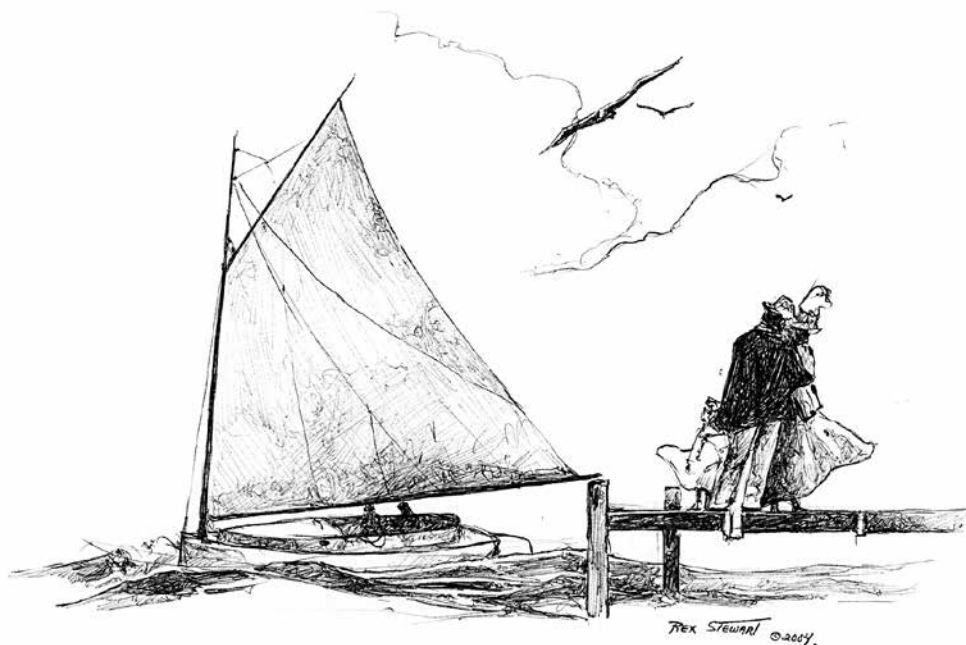
I felt like a fat guy trying to run a marathon. Except I was a fat guy in a fat boat. But I was determined to do it – to overcome my fear ... to learn to swim ... and become an apt sailor.



The author at the helm.

Chuck agreed to help me deliver *Copy Cat* to her new homeport. He figured that it would take us five days to sail up from Great South Bay to Buzzards Bay.

I convinced myself that with such a passage under my belt, and Chuck’s tutelage along the way, I’d be a veteran by the time we reached Red Brook Harbor and motored to my mooring at Parkers Boat Yard.



Boat Building and Maintenance

Bob Reddington, Editor

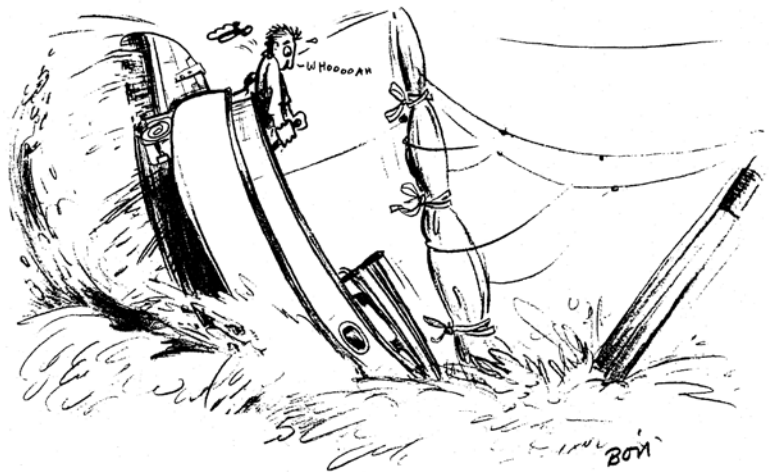
Late again, that's nothing new for me. I've been told that I would be late for my own funeral.

Now we have an update from Frank Camm whose building an 18 foot "Fenwick Williams" catboat up in Canada. His first two reports were in Bulletin #158 and #161. He's looking for a summer launch 2014. Lots of luck Frank. The detail work has just begun.

I have nothing yet for the Spring Bulletin, so somebody out there please save my butt. Besides boat building and maintenance we need help in all departments. Find a spot and volunteer your expertise. we need you! As for me, send to Bob Reddington, 235 Lake Avenue, Bay Head, N.J. 08742. Share your goodies.

*Your sinking shipmate,
Bob Reddington*

P.S. Not really being into computers, my onboard computer is on my shoulders. It's got things nobody else has.



Project Status: I think the principal accomplishment for the third year of my project is that I am now actually working on a boat. In the early days of the project I worked on tasks that prepared the groundwork but this year has been different in that the project has progressed to the point where a Catboat has emerged and I can better appreciate just what a fine design I have the privilege of working on. During the third year of my project I completed the following major tasks:

1. I completed the gaff and gaff jaws. I hadn't given much thought to what is involved in building gaff jaws especially for a gaff that peaks up as much as the Fenwick Williams 18. Nonetheless, after some careful planning, I laminated oak strips and cut out the jaw pieces, turned parrel beads from black locust and made the gaff itself using some nice clear white spruce. I decided to do the final gaff jaw shaping later when I have the mast completed which will allow me to get the angles just right.

Catboat Project – Year Three in Review

Frank Camm, December 2013

Background: This is a follow-up report to my two previous articles on the construction of a Fenwick Williams 18-foot catboat which were published in the Catboat Association Bulletins (numbers 158 and 161). It is a pleasure to prepare these reports since it gives me a chance to think about what I have done over the last year and it takes my mind away, at least briefly, from thinking about how much still remains to be done!



2. I made a dozen ash blocks using bronze flatbar and Tuffnol sheaves. That was a slightly whimsical digression from the critical path but I just couldn't resist. And of course when I started them I had no idea how much time and effort they would take. In the end, however, I was very glad that I had made them and think that they will suit the vintage boat quite nicely.
3. With the slightly warmer weather in March, I started applying the XYNOLE polyester fabric to the outside of the hull. I was pleased with my fabric choice and think that it provides a good base for the three coats of epoxy that were used to fill the fabric thus providing abrasion resistance and, hopefully, making penetration of water unlikely. I was lucky to have my friend Al Mason help by mixing many batches of epoxy for me so I could focus on applying the epoxy in a timely way.



4. Sanding the epoxy coated hull started to get a bit tedious but just at that point I was done so it wasn't too bad at all. Once again I concluded that the 18 is just the right sized boat project for me.



5. In May I build a set of large wheels and a turnover jig to embrace the boat during the roll-over. Most boatbuilding books show these devices, and if you are wondering if they work effectively, I can report that they do and are definitely the way to turn over a beamy catboat hull which weighed approximately 900 pounds at that point.



6. I turned the boat over using a crane which resulted in a trouble free and safe turnover. Needless to say, when the boat was half way over I was a bit tense but everything went according to plan.
7. I designed a steel cradle and had it built at a welding shop. The design will allow the centerboard to be removed from below while the boat is on the cradle when maintenance is required.



8. Because of the model I had developed the previous year, the construction of the centerboard trunk went well. I built the board itself and got

it into the slot and then constructed the trunk around it. This meant that I didn't have to jack the boat up to insert the board from below. Because of the curve on the aft end of the trunk (which makes entry and exit through the companionway easier) it is not possible to insert the board from above. I also installed fabric, epoxy, barrier coat (Interprotect 2000) and bottom paint to the trunk components before assembly of the trunk.



9. I built the centerboard itself of one quarter inch mild steel plate sandwiched to half inch marine plywood. I wanted a narrow board (since the slot is none too wide) and one that would not warp or swell up. The board is covered with fabric, epoxy, barrier coat and bottom paint. It is pretty heavy and will reduce my ballast requirement by about 200 pounds. The board definitely has negative buoyancy!

10. I built and installed the two bulkheads.



11. I constructed the deck frame consisting of beams and a ledger defining the edges of the cockpit and cabin. Beveling the frame took quite a bit of time but the time spent paid dividends when I did the deck.



12. The FW18 plans show square corners on the combing which I thought would have been atypical so I developed radiused corners at the aft end of the combing and a single large radius curve for the forward edge. Fortunately I found a plan view drawing of the FW22 which was a contemporary of my boat and I used it as a guide for my modification. I laminated the combing on a temporary jig constructed right on the deck frame. The combing is comprised of five layers of 3 mm (1/8 in.) okoume plywood and lots of clamps. You just can't have too many clamps!





13. My most recent task has been installing the deck which is made of two layers of 6 mm okoume plywood with staggered joints. The two layer approach worked well for me and I doubt that a single layer of 12 mm plywood would have conformed to the crown curve and the sheer curve.



14. While not completed, I am currently working on laminating the cabin beams which will be installed after the interior has been installed.

Lessons Learned: This past year has reminded me many times that the lessons I learned during the first two years are still very relevant. Careful selection of a project that has appropriate scale is most important. And doing something on the project on a regular basis (preferably daily) is critical. I find that if I am facing a new, somewhat daunting challenge, it is important to dive in and just get started. Then it seems to fall into place, but getting started is important if the overall project is to progress satisfactorily.

I am also very conscious of how important one's friends are since they can be counted on to enquire about the project, give support, and maybe even complement the builder on the results achieved! Given these caveats, you may be wondering if the project is still fun. Indeed it is still great fun and it is quite exciting to see a catboat actually emerge and become more catboat-like as the weeks pass. Studying plans provides a good insight into the boat being built but nothing compares to having a physical object to view.

Intentions and Hopes for 2014: I recently decided that, at the risk of making the project more like a job than I had intended, I will try to switch into overdrive and finish the boat so that it can be launched in the summer of 2014. I don't really know if that is feasible but I am going to try. It's not that I am tired of boatbuilding, it's just that I am getting very excited about sailing a boat of this size and character that I have constructed myself.



Restoration of the Catboat *Romance – Uh – Esmeralda*

Tom Hyland



Esmeralda is back on the water. Photo from the author.

Editor's Note: Last winter we reported on Tom Hyland's catboat *Romance* being lifted up by Hurricane Sandy and sent inland. The insurance company totaled the vessel. Here, Hyland reports he not only restored the vessel, he restored her original name.

Super storm Sandy devastated Great Kills, Staten Island, New York and left the *Romance* high and dry on the rocks. Rocks and fiberglass don't go together very well. We were left with 150 or so small holes from the size of a dime to one half dollar.

Employing the services of Bogaart Boats, (Andy Bogaart), the whole boat was sanded, bottom soda blasted and the holes filled in and left to set up. Thereafter four coats of primer and four coats of paint were sprayed on. The bottom was finished with three coats of primer and two coats of bottom paint. Topsides, the toe rails were filled and painted. Geoff

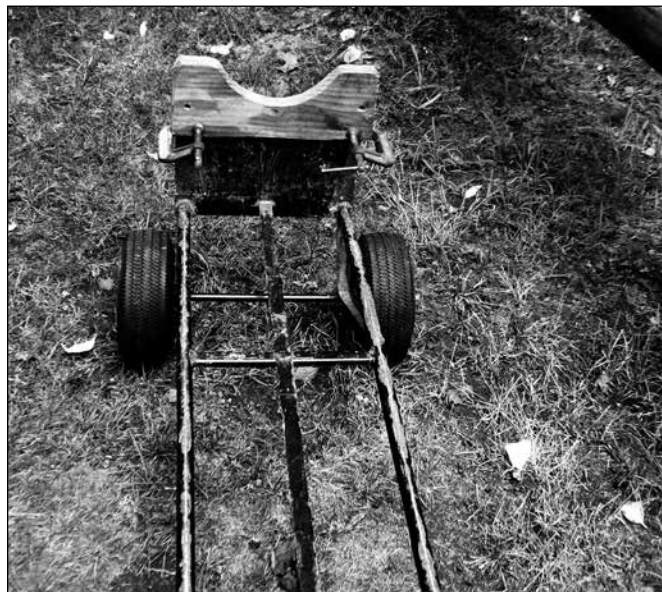
Marshall brought me a set of rails and the bronze one half inch round molding to complete the job.

She was *Esmeralda* when I bought her, but not knowing who she was, I changed her name to *Romance*. All my boats were named *Romance*. Once I found out who *Esmeralda* was, I changed her name back to the original. Her name is on the binnacle.

Mast Carry Along

Robert Luckraft

Moving a large mast is hard enough with two people, try it with one. Robert Luckraft, captain of *Genevieve* of Waquoit offers this solution as an idea for others, that may prove helpful. In submitting his idea, he wrote: "Photos say it all."



Robert Luckraft's idea.



CBA Discussion Group

C. Henry Depew, Editor

Q: *Anyone have an opinion of the type of wood to be used for trailer bunks or should I use rollers to support the boat?*

A: Respondents to the question covered the subject in great detail. Bunk boards out of wood need a cover to protect the hull. This covering is usually indoor/outdoor carpet or canvas. Another approach is to use some of the new plastic strips (about 1 - 1 1/2 inches wide) on the bunk boards as the "cushion." It was noted that the bunk boards should be strong wood free of knots and twists.

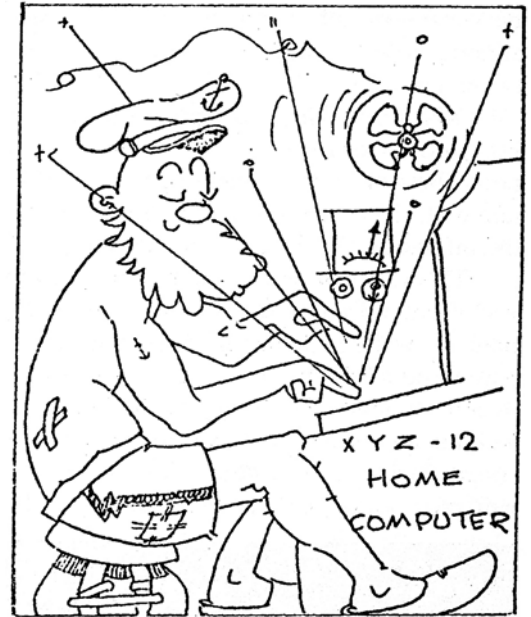
In answer to the actual question, pressure treated 2x4 (or 2x6) with carpeting was recommended as was cyprus or oak. It was noted that cyprus or oak was better than pressure treated lumber, if you have an aluminum trailer. If it is a galvanized steel trailer, pressure treated is fine.

In the general discussion (beyond what type of wood), it was noted that the boat should sit on its keel on the trailer with little weight on the bunk boards. The rollers between the keel and the trailer support the weight of the boat while the bunk boards hold the boat upright.

Q: *My wife and I are going on a cruise in November. It will be 16 days from Florida, across the Caribbean, transit the Panama Canal and end up in San Diego. Needless to say there will be a lot of time to read. I've been collecting some books, but would like some suggestions from you. I'm looking for books on handling a catboat (launch, sail, anchor, dock, retrieve trailer etc.). I've been sailing my catboat for many years, but am looking to learn something new. I just picked up an almost new copy of the newest version of "This Old Boat." Are any of you familiar with it? I had not heard of it. I have skimmed through it (very difficult to not stop & read before the trip) and have found it to be fascinating. Anyway, whatever you can suggest will be appreciated. Thank you all in advance.*

A: Respondents offered a variety of publications they thought of interest. In no particular order:

"The Boy, Me, and the Cat by Henry Plummer." Can't miss this one.



"Catboat Summers" by John Conway. Best how to play on a catboat primer ever.

"Building the Crosby Catboat" by Barry Thomas. How they built one at Mystic.

"At Sea in the City" by William Kornblum. Big catboat in NYC.

Sailing stories? Anything by C.S. Forester, Patrick O'Brian, or Alexander Kent.

"Peking Battles Cape Horn" by Irving Johnson.

"Sailing Alone Around The World" by Captain Joshua Slocum

"Riddle of the Sands" by Erskine Childers - surely among if not itself the best gungholing fictional book

"Moby-Dick" by Herman Melville

"Old Man and the Sea" by Ernest Hemingway

"Before the Wind" by Charles Tyng

"The Boat Who Wouldn't Float" by Farley Mowat

"Small Boat to Freedom" by John Vigor

"The Practical Mariner's Book of Knowledge" by John Vigor,

Almost any book by the following authors was recommended:

Joseph Conrad, Ernest Shackleton, Jack London, Charles Darwin, Eric Hiscock, Joshua Slocum, Frances Chichester, Alec Rose, Robin Lee Graham, Dougal Robertson, Bernard Moitessier, Robin Knox-Johnston, Chay (Sir Charles) Blyth, John Guzzwell, Robert Lewis Stevenson. And you're never too old for Arthur Ransome's great books. Again not catboat specific, but the small sailboat cruise books (especially for we of the Chesapeake Bay) written by Robert de Gast.

So many books, so little time.

Q: *Can anyone tell me why catboats seem to have larger inboard engines than sloops of similar displacement? I am re-powering a 25.5ft. wooden catboat with a 12,000 lb. displacement.*

Answers Summary: Respondents noted that catboats have the room for the larger engine and a catboat needs more power to cut through tidal currents & weather. Cats are not known for speed... but rather stability and stout seaworthiness.

At the size described, you have a wide, tall catboat with an extra tall mast, with a lot of wind and wave resistance. A smaller engine would be a mistake.

Q: *I'm working with Historic New England and the Quincy (MA) Yacht Club on a small exhibition and we'd like to use a photo or illustration of a boat from the original Quincy catboat fleet. The boats were built in 1916-1917. I'm having trouble locating any photos of these boats in the Club's archives, the Quincy Historical Society or library, or in Historic New England's archives of yachting photos. It may be that none exist, but I thought someone on this list might have suggestions of yachting organizations or historic archives that would be worth contacting.*

A: Thanks for this little bit of history. I searched a bit of the Nathaniel Stebbin's collection on SPNEA's website<<http://www.historicnewengland.org/>> and found some material from 1917 where they are talking about the start of this Quincy Cat fleet.

Note: There was a thread on the list about the boats used in the America's Cup race and what happens to them when the race is over. Thus the question, why not race the America's Cup with catboats?

Respondents thought that that was a good idea. The hottest racing boats in the late 1800's were cats. As regards to sailor's skill, I was witness to that at the *Silent Maid* vs *Kathleen* match race in Pleasant Bay, where skill (and a little bit of local knowledge) made *Kathleen* the winner. Catboats rule!!!

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

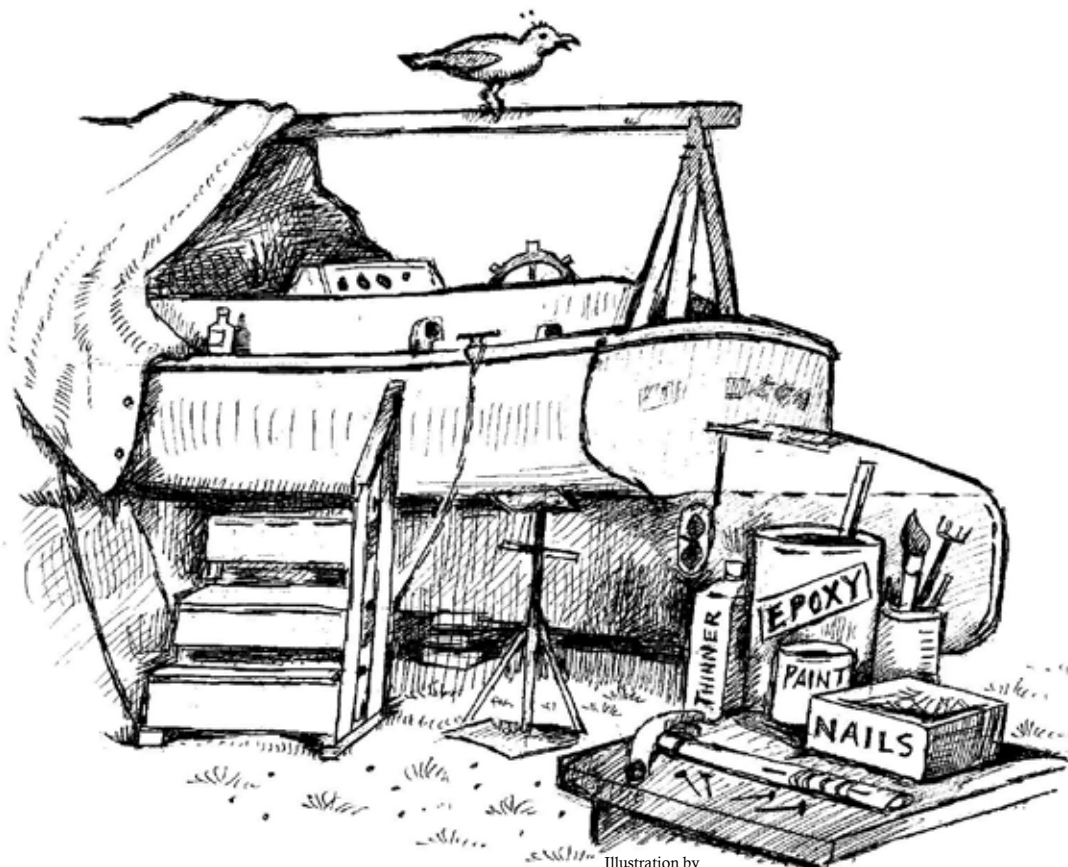
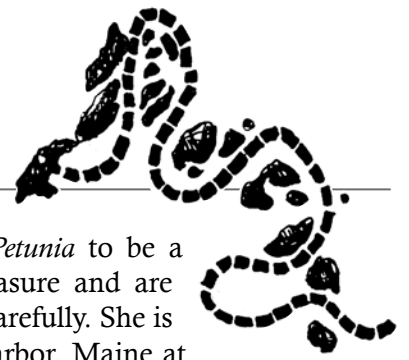


Illustration by
Frank Lovewell



Short Tacks



Our Family's Crosby

Tom Sieniewicz

Petunia is a 22-foot Crosby, with a builder's plate that says "*Seacat II 1969.*" I understood that the Breck Marshall was built in 1969 as well, probably both hulls done under the watchful eye of the same Crosby old timers. *Petunia* spent 20 years on the west coast (having been purchased from a Crosby family member I am told)...on Orcas Island. I bought her 4 years ago online, sight unseen, and had her shipped from practically the furthest west port to the furthest east port in the US.

The guys in Washington poured 10 gallons of seawater into her bilges and she went overland. She arrived two weeks later in Southwest Harbor with about 5 gallons of Pacific Ocean still in her bilges. I had always dreamed of having a Crosby ever since spending my summers sailing my Beetle on the

Cape. We consider *Petunia* to be a bit of a national treasure and are stewarding her very carefully. She is kept in Southwest Harbor, Maine at the Ocean House Boatyard under the careful care of Ryan Donahue who seems to love her as much as we do.

She has a 13 hp. Beta Marine diesel engine and a new sail made by Nate Wilson. Coincidentally, he made a sail for her about 25 years ago, when she was kept on the Cape. She also has a wood stove in which Maine cedar is burnt to make tea, to cook our meals and to keep us warm. She has oil lamps and antique running lights.



A calm anchorage, lessons, heat and dinner.



Pequod, being sailed in the picture by my youngest son Jasper, 11, is a boat that I have had since I was 11. I sailed her each summer at the Barnstable Yacht Club on the Cape where she was looked after by Bunny Howard at Howard Boat. She is a Concordia beetle, built in 1957 well looked after although her iron fasteners are starting to go.



We fear that she will have the same fate as her namesake, Captain Ahab's Yankee Whaler!!! Jasper and his 13 year old brother sail her in Somes Sound, Maine on Mt. Desert Island and she is moored with *Petunia* in Broad Cove at the top of the Sound. They sport the same hull colors. Jasper soloed on *Pequod* this year, and he and his brother also can handle *Petunia* alone, the sail is so heavy that it takes both of them to raise it.



We cruise *Petunia* up and down the Maine coast and have been out on her for as long as five days. My daughter Stella's first entry in *Petunia's* log, "She has only been in the family 3 days but I feel like she has been with us forever"... a boat with a soul who has found the right crew to fall in with. She has a library of 20 books, a painting collection (I am a painter) and all of her cutlery is sterling silver and maybe, just maybe, it all came from pirates.



Satchel Sieniewicz, learning knots while on the starboard berth. *Petunia's* library, and the mythical portrait of "Aunt Petunia"



Catboats have been in the family's blood for 3 generations my mother Ellen sailed in Barnstable from the 30's to the 90's and crewed with Jim Kittredge, Bun Howard and others there.



Martha Sieniewicz, at the helm.

Tom finally issues an invitation: "So Catboat Association members will just have to come to Maine to see her."



"You are all welcome."

Lookin' for Cats!

Steve Flesner & Ruby

In early September, Lois and I loaded up the camper and headed north to Maine in search of catboats. Ruby, our Corgi and "road cruise" companion isn't fond of cats, but she does like catboats! Her mission: Find Corgis! A few days later, when we arrived at Mt. Desert Island, the count was 4 catboats, one along the road and three on moorings – to 0 Corgis...not much for 700+ miles. The following day, not wanting to be the underdog, Ruby turned up 4 Corgis at our campground on the island...we were even! We explored the island for the next few days spotting a few catboats before starting back. We stopped just outside of Searsport along Route 1 to check out the wooden catboat we had seen on our way up the coast. It was covered sitting in front of the O'Donovan & Doyle Wooden Boatworks. John O'Donovan was kind enough to give me a tour of their facility. Prior to opening O'Donovan & Doyle, John worked for Beetle Cat in Wareham, MA and was involved in the building of *Kathleen*. His shop is currently rebuilding a 60 ft. wood classic motor yacht that looked pretty impressive. He also had some other interesting projects outback waiting for room in the shop. The covered catboat was *Sea Pup*, 21 ft., built in 1937 by Manuel Swartz Roberts of Edgartown, MA. John said they are awaiting a decision by her current owner, a woman in upstate ME, as to how much work she was willing to "spend" as the hull needed refastening among other things. Bill McKay found this ad for *Sea Pup* that you might find interesting; <http://www.davidjonesclassics.com/sail/1335/sea-pup-21-roberts-catboat-1937/>. Another classic that needs to be saved....don't they all!



Sea Pup at O'Donovan & Doyle Boatworks.

Meandering south along Route 1 and 1A, we decided to check out the Blue Hill area and stop by the WoodenBoat School and store. While in the store, I mentioned I knew two of their instructors who are also Chesapeake Catboat Association members. Martin Gardner (Catboat Sailing course) and Al Suydam (building model R/C sailboats); expecting a discount...no dice! While Lois shopped, I went over to the boat shop to check out the latest projects the students were working on. Lunch was in progress, so I was allowed to wander through the shop which is normally closed to visitors while the students are working. Most students stay at the Wooden Boat dorm in Brooklin which is just down the road. For the heartier, there is a grassy campground with excellent facilities that Ruby was exploring. It's only a short walk to the boat shop. After that, we headed to the WoodenBoat dock to check out the fleet. Wow, some really beautiful traditional boats hanging off moorings along with a slew of catboats...we hit the mother lode! A group of editors from "WoodenBoat" magazine were having lunch in the open ground floor of the building overlooking this magnificent view. One could easily see what keeps them entertained... a view you would never grow tired of. Ruby sniffed around and decided this was a place we should come back to and stay awhile, even if there were no Corgis, she could put up with catboats!



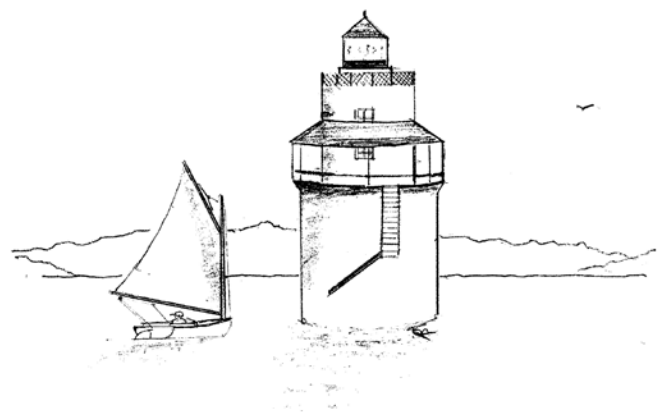
Cats at the Wooden Boat School.

A few miles down the road was the famous (for the rich and famous) Brooklin Boat Yard. Needless to say, it's quite the place. There were at least 6-8 wooden boats of various sizes being worked on in a

number of different shops. The mooring field in front of the boat yard dock was filled with a fleet of drop dead gorgeous and expensive boats...and nestled amongst them were a hand full of catboats...ah, the trip had been worth it! As for the Corgi count, Ruby suspects because they are so special you just don't find them everywhere! And why we were able to find so many catboats, it's pretty simple...we had a Corgi with us!! If you haven't been up to that part of Maine, you owe it to yourself to check it out...just don't expect a discount at the store, but then again, that didn't keep me from picking up some really neat catboat stuff! Woof, woof!!



Ruby waiting...patiently...for a piece of Moody's Walnut pie.



Origins of the Word Catboat

Bruce Lewellyn

My wife, Jean, and I, now ten-year residents of Martha's Vineyard, acquired our second and current catboat, *Mariah*, a Peter Legnos-designed and built Mystic 20 in 2012.

We recently bragged of our new catboat's lovely lines to Traugott Lawler, our next-door neighbor for 30 of the years we lived in Hamden, CT. Traugott is a Yale University English Professor and Chaucerian scholar with a fascination for language and the meaning and origins of words.

"Why," he asked innocently, "is it called a catboat?"

We explained that it is so called, because of the design, a shoal draft boat with a centerboard and a single, gaff rigged sail with the mast stepped well forward.

"But where," he persisted, "does the term 'catboat' come from? What does it mean? What is its derivation?"

I had to confess there was, to my knowledge (nor to the knowledge of the Catboat Association, for I had read and related to him the Association's disclaimer of a known derivation of the term) no known source for the word.

"Well," said our friend the professor, "that's not acceptable and - very probably - not right. Let me see what I can find out."

Within days I had in my email inbox a message from Traugott forwarding to me an email sent to him by Roland Berns, who is on the staff of the Dictionary of American Regional English at the University of Wisconsin. The Berns message contained a response to his inquiry sent to Judy Lund, former Curator of the New Bedford Whaling Museum, Catboat Association Historian and Steering Committee member. She begins her reply by saying modestly, "There are a variety of theories about the name catboat. Take your pick. I'm attaching two. There's also a theory that one of the Crosbys described his new little boat as 'quick as a cat.' No one is certain."

The first "theory" she proffers seems to me more of an affirmation than a contradiction of the second. She has pasted into her reply a 2006 Brent Putnam post in the Catboat Association Discussion List, which quotes Roger, an Australian owner of a Bolger catboat, who posted in the TrailerSailor.com Catboat forum a reference to Simon Baker's book, "The Ship, Retracing Cook's *Endeavor* Voyage." Baker, Roger

says, credits the Navy Board with suggesting in 1768 that Cook consider a "cat-built [steeply broad-bowed] vessel" for his voyage. Roger then points out that the anchor was raised to the "cat-head," which I take to mean the fore deck, a term he says was used in English as far back as 1626. But as I said, it appears to me that this is all consistent with Ms. Lund's - to me - compelling synthesis (set forth below, unedited, in its entirety exactly as it appeared in Roland Bern's email to Professor Lawler, using both a distinct font and indentation to denote the entirety of her contribution with the internal quotation marks indicating the excerpts from - and the bracketed material inside the quote marks, I believe, being the asides of the author of the 1885 New Bedford newspaper article Ms. Lund shares with us, her readers):

Another Possible Source for the Term Catboat?

Judy Lund

So far, no one has come up with a satisfactory explanation of the origin of the term catboat, and the origin of the boat itself. I was reading the [New Bedford, MA] Republican Standard for some local history, when I came across an article entitled "Nautical Terminology." It was written in September 1885, when Puritan and Genesta were competing for the Americas Cup. The discussion was about the virtues of cutters (*Genesta*) and sloops (*Puritan*).

The article says that in America we have the parent craft from which these two types are offshoots--the catboat. In Holland, kat was the anchor, and small leeboard boats took out the kat from the large craft, either to anchor or to kedge along. The term cat survives in big vessels, in the catheads, the support for the anchor, and cat holes (hawse holes) and "in America the word cat has clung to a small sailboat, which without doubt in colonial days had one leeboard on each side, just as those highly varnished Dutch boats. Yankee ingenuity soon perceived the uselessness of two leeboards when one sliding keel would do the business better; it would hold the water deeper and keep the boat from drifting with the wind. [Just ask Bob Luckraft how well his boat sailed without its centerboard!] Deck was added, so that a sudden sea would not swamp her, but the one big sail was kept because it is so easily, quickly and economically managed. This is the ancestry of the catboat, most engaging of crafts, and most useful in all but ignorant hands [!]."

This explanation certainly makes a lot of sense. It's as cogent an explanation as I have heard. Sources

of course are non-existent, and the article is unsigned. Nevertheless, I think it is on to something.

As do I. You and I are adults who have written and read for our entire lives and become 21st century devotees of devices with screens equally facile with words and pictures. It is hard for us to imagine what flashed through the mind of an illiterate British sailor when he first heard a Dutchman call an anchor a “kat”. I would bet that he pictured in his mind what he associated with the sounds he heard. So initially he may have imagined a furry feline, until he learned that this sound from a Dutch seaman referred to an anchor, not an animal. Since he most likely could neither read nor write, we can, I think, be sure he did not puzzle over whether the sound was spelled with a “c” or a “k.”

The working language of sailing in those times was for the most part spoken, not written. However, as the term worked its way into the hierarchy of the navy, someone had to make that choice. When it finally did get written down, if the term “kat” had been spelled by the British as the Dutch spelled it, we would have known it was a Dutch word that meant “anchor.” On the other hand, if the term had been translated into English, the “cat-head” would have been the “anchor-head” and the “cat-hole” the “anchor-hole” or at least “hawse hole”. In either case the little boats that took the anchor out would have been “Dutch anchor boats” or “katboats.” If the theory is right - and, as I said, I find it quite compelling - the predecessors of our boats were “katboats” and we did indeed lose a lot in translation.

Thank you, Traugott, and Roland, and Roger, and especially Judy. I, at least, have the answer to Traugott’s questions.

A Lonely Southern Wooden Catboat

Doug and Gina McQuilken

After relocating our catboat from Connecticut last year, we set a goal to get enough completed to make a respectable showing for a “project boat” at the 2013 Georgetown Wooden Boat Show, in Georgetown, South Carolina in October. Here we are “manhandling” the boat from blocks and stands to the trailer. I forgot what a chore this was!



My wife pitched in, and we plugged, epoxied, and varnished the topsides. This turned out to be the most attractive aspect of the boat. Here is *Valiant* ready to go.

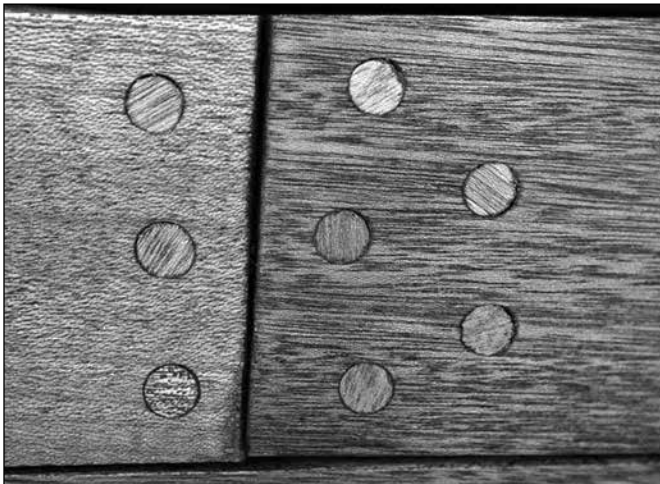


At the boat show we attracted a lot of attention. Many attendees have never even seen a catboat. In addition, we were the only project boat. We put out a table with splining gear, clamps, wood plugs, and my trusty flexible backsaw. We had non-stop questions regarding where to source lumber, steaming, SS vs.

bronze fasteners, splining, caulking, epoxy, power options, varnish – just about anything boat-related. In the next photo, bottom right, is the original rudder which was a real conversation piece.



Interest was evident beyond the casual show-goers. We were even interviewed by the local cable TV network as we had one of the few very old boat designs there. In addition, *Valiant* was included in the artistic photo series published on the Myrtle Beach Sun website.



A few weeks before the show we were dismayed to hear that there had been a major fire in the historic waterfront section. It was “touch and go” for a bit as to whether the show would go on. Clearly, this would be important to the community as it’s their most productive fundraising event. Here is a photo of the boat show with the damage in the background. There is a brief article about the fire at this link: <http://www.moultrienews.com/article/20131023/MN01/131029956/0/MN&slId=1>



Despite having only a single catboat entry, the boat show was an overwhelming success by any other measure. There were over 120 boats from as far away as Texas. The awards dinner served 800 exhibitors, sponsors, volunteers as well as friends and family. It was a mad rush to the buffet table but there was enough food and drink for all.

While we didn’t win our class, we had a great time meeting new friends and exchanging boat lore. We have our objectives set for next year and met many fans who expressed interest in seeing progress. But what we really need is more participants from the CBA! For show signup details, please refer to their website: <https://woodenboatshow.com/>

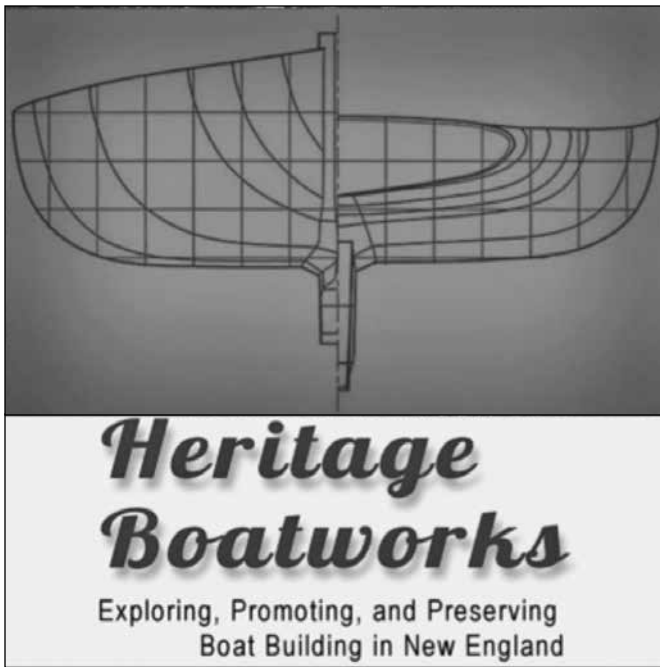
Heritage Boatworks

Jed Lavoie

After some serious conversation with my wife, Meg, about life, career, family and the future, I realized I had not really thought much about the question: “What would you really do with your life if money was not a object?”

Some time after that, the answer to that question came easily; building boats and sailing, followed closely by spending time with my kids. Everything I enjoy involves boats. What could I do with my life that would entail a flexible work-from-home environment, make me some money, and still allow me to talk, build, and sail boats?

Enter Heritage Boatworks. I was just starting to listen to the new craze called podcasts. Well technically, podcasts have been around since about



2005, but only recently has it surged to become so popular that large corporations are dedicating teams of people to it. It is basically information on demand in an audio format. It is a lot like listening to a radio show dedicated to whatever subject you desire and available to download onto your PC, laptop, phone, ipod, etc so that you can listen to it anytime, anywhere, and at your own pace. If you don't use iTunes, just browse to www.stitcher.com have a look around for an idea of the broad range of topics. Eventually, the wheels started turning and I wanted to do my own podcast. So my concept for Heritage Boatworks was to build a website containing a blog, a monthly podcast, and a tool review section.

The blog contains a little bit of everything. This is the piece of the puzzle that will allow me to continue building boats. I write about my progress, my thoughts, my tips and tricks, and anything else to do with boats and boat building.

The podcast is my favorite segment of the site. With the podcast, I travel to boat builders all over New England and interview them. The interviews are very informal and I do very little editing on the production side. I want them to have more of a coffee shop conversation feel than a structured interview. This piece of the puzzle allows me to share the stories of these folks and to also build a

community of people with similar interests. I love going to boat shows and talking to the builders about their craft. This gives me an excuse to do it all the time. The boat building profession seems to draw an eclectic group of folks all with interesting histories. So far I have only two interviews posted, but they have been fantastic and I have gotten quite a bit of praise from the limited listeners I have so far.

The tool review section is where I hope to monetize a bit eventually. It will take a year or so to build up some traffic and a subscriber base. The tool review section is my way of leaving a door open to a couple of options once I gain some momentum.

For now and the foreseeable future, money is in fact an object and I don't see myself quitting my day job any time soon. I have zero expectations of striking it rich on a project like this and I have no intention of trying to do so. I have told my wife that my financial goal for Heritage Boatworks in 2014 and 2015 is to make enough money to pay for my boat building addiction. That should run roughly around \$2000 per year if my calculations are right. The nature of the site is to do something I enjoy and to share these wonderful stories with the boating community. I am having a blast doing the interviews and maintaining the site so for now I just want to keep adding subscribers and keep building, talking, and sailing boats.

Here is some more information if you'd like to connect. If you are an iTunes, YouTube, or Stitcher Radio user, simply search for "Heritage Boatworks Podcast." Otherwise, go to my site at www.heritageboatworks.com.

Feel free to poke around, but there are 3 important links at the top.

Podcast – This is where you can find the show notes for each episode, pictures, and a place to actually listen to the entire episode.

HBW Blog – This is where you will find all of my blog posts. They are mostly about boats and building my Bolger Bobcat, but some random topics occasionally find their way in. Put your email in on the right side if you want to be notified of new blog posts.

Contact Us – This is where you can sign up for my monthly newsletter. If you don't want to be bothered, at least drop me a note to say you stopped by. I do not SPAM or share addresses with anyone.



Reflections

Judy Lund

First and most immediate, as we leave the mooring I can relax and ponder the wind and the weather, usually sunshine. Sailing is the one place I cannot work. Because I still can get seasick after more than 50 years of sailing, I can't do needlework or read, as others do, and I won't risk an electronic device which would require reading anyway, so it is forced relaxation, something I am reluctant to admit I need. Maybe that gives me more time to think.

As I wonder where we are headed, or where we will end up, I think of all the places we have been. We've covered a lot of territory over the years. Thinking of all those places, I recall the time the kids played over the edge and collected (illegal) scallops while we were stuck on a sandbar in Nantucket waiting for higher tide. I can still see Dr. Mary Bradford's face the morning Amy announced to her very early that she didn't throw up last night (she had the night before, causing us to tow her sleeping bag behind the boat for the day). Maybe that was the last time Mary rafted with *Red Squirrel!*

Then there was the Fourth of July weekend in Menemsha when Julie hooked her backside with a very rusty fishing lure. A handy state trooper took us to the Vineyard Hospital, but told us he would be much too busy to take us back when the lure was extracted. So what do you do, you call Pinkie Leavens for a ride back to the boat. Too busy that trooper was, chasing speeders, and of course he stopped our good Samaritan Pinky, who was in a big hurry to deliver her passengers and get back to her family's holiday celebration.

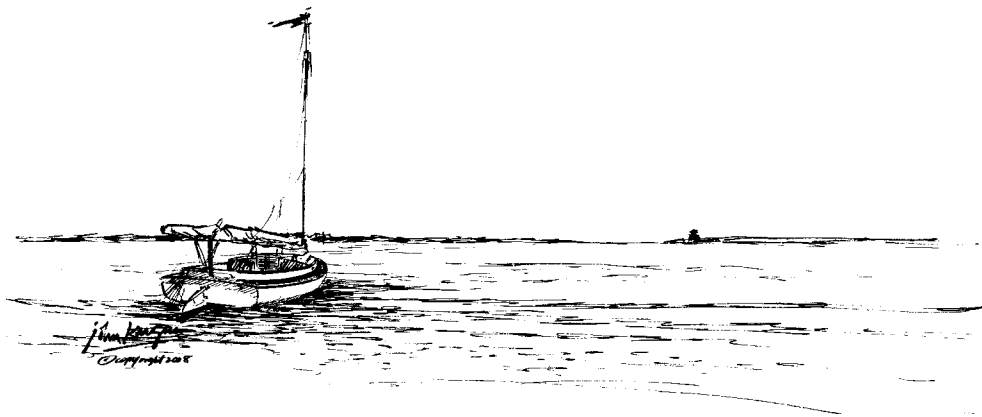
We've also had some memories I'd just as soon forget as well---the night we weathered a

mighty mean thunderstorm in the upper reaches of Tashmoo, the only sailboat around. (We had a ground plate installed at the end of that season.) There was also a bad ride in the 18, when the wind and the tide seemed to out-power the outboard as we tried to reach Hyannis harbor. Then there are the numerous returns from the North of the Cape Race into the southwest breeze at the end of the day as it barreled up Buzzards Bay to meet us as we came out of the Cape Cod Canal. (I don't know why it took us so long to get a dodger.) There are lots of personal memories.

Professionally I think a lot about men who went sailing, so it is logical that I also think beyond myself, of the folks before us who sailed cats. A number of whaling captains ended their days carrying day-trippers and passengers around the islands in commodious catboats. Having sailed the world's oceans in much larger vessels, were they unhappy to be reduced to such circumstances, or happy to be away from the wife for a day on the water? Did the numerous builders of the old wooden cats often get out to enjoy a sail in them? Who first figured out that a sail far up in the bow worked pretty well? These are the imponderables.

I also think a lot about John and Pinkie Leavens, who got us all together with their friendly smiles and their interest in the lore of these boats. They thought like souls should get together to talk and enjoy sharing all the sorts of things I have said above, both good and bad---to think about the people who sail and have sailed these boats, built these boats, and maintained them.

What do you think about while sailing?



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

163-1. 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, bucket & chuckit, Farymann 7HP diesel (hand or electric start; less than 100 hours on the engine), Sestrel box compass, 15# anchor. Foresail, mainsail and fisherman staysail like new. Fast and handsome. She is presently hauled out in Barnstable, Cape Cod. She has been repainted inside and out and looks spiffy. REDUCED even more. Asking \$10,500. Phone 508-362-3760 or email hickman31@verizon.net. William B. Hickman.



Also, new 6'-8" x 3'-8" Murray Peterson dinghy available for \$1500.

163-2. For Sale: 1974 Marshall 22. Diligent is a fine example of earlier Marshalls. The layout is standard with the exception of the removal of the through hull head. Porta-Pottie installed in its place. The cockpit is large with easy access to the engine compartment. The cockpit sole is a removable mahogany grating level with the engine cover. The sail has plenty of life left, new battens were installed two years ago. Aux. power is a 22hp Palmer engine with less than 500hrs. The hull and bottom are in great shape. I painted the interior and the deck two years ago. I have kept her in sail away condition. In addition she comes with a Fairclough winter cover just reconditioned over the summer. Boat stands are available should you need them. The other



more common items are also included, vhf, lines bumpers, etc. Asking \$18,000. Contact Len van Vliet at 860-388-5221 or vortex5221@yahoo.com

163-3. FOR SALE: 1984 Sturdee cat 14'-4" catboat In Greenwich Ct. Hinge mast and boom painted buff. Marconi sail, 4 new battens, 2sets of reef points, lazy jack, deck paint buff + 5 coats of varnish on all teak. 4HP 4 stroke yamaha outboard(2005). runng lights, boat cover, EZ load boat trailer(2009) with lights and hauling guides. 150lb mushroom, 10"x10"x3/8" chain with swivel, 2 nylon brides with stainless steel thimbles, mooring ball, jim bouy, winter stick with float, 5 large and small shackles. 1 gallon of bottom paint, 1 quart of buff paint plus varnish. All of the above at reduced price of \$6,500 as is. contact info: Ramon Sanchez 2036375640 Jim Hughes 2036610912 email: eric.sanchez45@gmail.com



163-4. For Sale: 1928 Wooden 28' Catboat "BLUE GOOSE", built in Taunton, MA, by Brown Boat Building. 28 ft on deck, with 6-ft bowsprit and 4-ft rudder. Previous owned by Spaulding Dunbar of Chatham, MA for 40 years, now berthed in Beaufort, NC. Completely rebuilt by Pease Bros. of Chatham in 1992. Oak frames, cedar planking, 50 HP BMW 3-cyl diesel, boat is fully found and ready to go. Hull, equipment,



sail all in excellent condition. Owner loves her dearly but has aged out, having sailed her consistently for 20 years. Recent survey replacement cost: \$157,000. Asking price: \$34,500. Contact Tom Harper, P.O. Box 1031, Burlington, NC. 336-227-1153 harpoon1@bellsouth.net

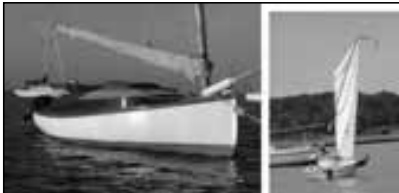
163-6. For Sale: 1976 Marshall Sanderling 18' Catboat Hull #356 with Dilly twin axle trailer. Well maintained from top to bottom. Includes 2 sails, 1 Haarstick and 1 Thurston, sail cover, 2009 Yamaha 4 hp 4 stroke outboard with engine cover, 10"x15" Lewmar forward hatch, main hatch screen and sun shade, front opening port, bimini cockpit cover, anchor deck pipe, light weight Danforth anchor with chain, new cockpit cushions, transom and rudder steps, porta potty, Origo alcohol stove. Additional photos and information upon request. Located in Historic Wickford, RI. Asking \$12,750. Call Paul at 401-255-8394 or email pnr01@aol.com



163-7. FOR SALE: 1988 22' Marshall Catboat, in outstanding condition. Lovingly maintained and cared for, many extras. Traditional white hull with bowsprit & anchor roller, buff decks, mast and spars, white cockpit & blue cabin cushions, buff dodger, sail, & wheel covers, brass rub rail, teak trim around cockpit seats, teak staving in cockpit and bulkheads, head with Y valve, chart drawer, Origo alcohol recessed stove, louvered mahogany forepeak doors, Yanmar 2GM 18 hp diesel, Datamarine Dart 4 electronics, Standard marine radio, stereo w/2 speakers, Ritchie 5" BN202 compass, brass tide clock, lazy jacks, bronze rudder and transom steps. All in excellent condition and ready to sail. Located on Shelter Island, NY. Asking \$29,000. Please contact: jroyer@nowallied.com or (201) 739-6303.



163-10. For Sale: 1933 Herbert F. Crosby 16' Catboat and 8' Dinghy. JENNY is 16 feet long, with Cuddy Cabin, spruce mast with Douglas fir boom and gaff. In excellent condition with Garmin GPS, two mooring pennants, 5 hp 1999 Mercury 5 outboard (well maintained) with gas can. New batteries, Danforth anchor, pickup stick, cockpit bench cushions and rudder lock. Interior contains two storage shelves and full pine ceiling. Ventura trailer Model VB-2200 (2001). New sail cover and cockpit cover. Solar panel battery recharger. Custom jack stands and keel blocks. Paint: off -white topsides, green bottom paint, above waterline seam compound and brown below waterline seam compound. The dinghy is fiberglass, Marblehead & Manchester SailOar 8, eight feet long, bronze oarlocks, new centerboard, rudder and sprit rig with new sail. These items are being sold as a unit and are not available separately. Must be seen to be fully appreciated. Moored at Fairhaven, MA \$14,000. Contact: Garry L. Sherman (781) 326-3362 Email: glsass@live.com



163-11. 1990 Menger 19 Catboat. Our much loved AliCat is for sale. New tabernacle mast, lazy jacks, bronze steps on rudder and transom, 4" Ritchie compass, depth finder, electric and automatic bilge pumps, inboard diesel 9 H.P. Yanmar IGM, running lights, 2 brass cabin lights, masthead light, new red sunbrella bunk cushions, 12V deep cycle battery in case, Danforth anchor with deck pipe, anchor chocks on deck, varnished ash drop leaf table on centerboard trunk in cabin, ash trimmed shelf on forward and aft bulkhead, seven lockers under bunks, laminated ash and mahogany tiller, two net hammocks in cabin, varnished ash wainscoting on cabin sides, teak and holly sole, molded cockpit with two lockable hatches, cetol on teak, Load-rite trailer (w/galv 3 keel rollers, jack stand). Additional photos available. Location central Vashon Island, WA. Asking \$19,500. Dan (206)383-6584 4bockus@gmail.com



163-12. FOR SALE: 1972 Herreshoff America 18', located in Brookhaven Hamlet, Long Island, NY. 2002 Yamaha 5 HP outboard. Fuel tank. 2 sails. Lazy jacks. Recently replaced rub rails and centerboard. Bunk and cabin cushions. Bronze rudder and transom steps. Many extras. \$6,000. Call Bill Muller at (718) 254-6258 (weekdays), (917) 282-7940 (cell).



163-13. For sale: 1986 Marshall 15' Sandpiper Hull number 228 Includes sail, Sail bag and all rigging and aluminum trailer and retractable outboard motor mount. The boat has been retrofitted with a mast hinge. Also the addition of side stays to add stability. She has a few nicks and scratches from many years of use. Aft seven feet of the rub rail on the port side is missing due to mishap with a dock. Sails and handles great. Lots of fun for beginners and pros alike. Boat is located in Illinois. \$10,000 OBO. Contact: Taylor Kennedy Airmektk@aol.com



163-15. For Sale – Hermann catboat 17' - PARTS ONLY – Sail (Marconi headed) – Boom, rudder, tiller – other small parts. (Thanks to Hurricane Irene boat was lost) sail and boom recovered. If interested contact J. T. at jtsancomb@snet.net or (203) 281-3462.

163-17. For Sale: 15' Marshall Sandpiper Catboat (1997) Excellent condition, all woodwork has 8 coats of cetol Sails- 1) (2010)- Beaton Sails 2) original Motor- 2013- 6 HP Yamaha four stroke (\$1,855) less than 10 hours. Brand new four stroke motor bracket. Load Rite Trailer and spare tire BONUS FEATURES: Sail cover and cockpit cover new in 2010 (color-toast) - Seat cushion, lazy jacks, 4 life jackets - Safety lines, signal, anchor. \$13,900 Located in Long Beach Island, NJ, contact Tom (609)-709-0921



163-18. For Sale: "Frisson," Gary Hoyt design cat-rigged Freedom 21 built by Pearson & Tollotson. Has been owner maintained and includes a Triad custom trailer. She has been sailed on a lake in northern VT for the past nine years. Haarstice fully battened main with two reef points. Main is reefed from inside the cockpit.



Light air jib good to about 12 mph and two spinnakers, one repaired and old, and one that is newer and lightly used. The spinnaker is set using the patented Hoyt gun mount, which allows one person to hoist, jibe and douse the chute, all from the cockpit. Lazy jacks make lowering the main an easy job. Free-standing carbon fiber spar, aluminum boom. Spring-loaded outboard motor mount but no motor. Cockpit cushions and all interior cushions included. Down below there is a counter for a sink and stove plus two 6'6" bunks. A sturdy table sets up in the cabin or cockpit. Separate forward cabin has provisions for a Porta-Potty, which is included. Rigging and sailing instructions also included. LOA 21'8" LWL 17'8" beam 8'0" Draft, fin keel 3'9", displacement # 1800. Asking \$3,000 OBO. Delivery available. Contact Louis Thiem, Townsend, MA. Tel. 617.901.0233. thiem@comcast.net

163-19. For Sale: 1969 Marshall 22 Cat, Nine Tails. She is ready for a new owner with lots of work done this past year, New Rub Rails, all new wiring, new bilge blower, freshly painted mast and topsides, new gauges on a nice running and clean Atomic 4, all new filters, fuel pump and alternator. Two sails, cockpit sun shade, anchor and rode, bumpers, and other extras, Nine tails sat on the hard for many years, most of the hard work has been done, needs interior sprucing up, some work on the beer cooler. She is located in Eastern Long Island. \$12,750. OBO. Please email richardb26@yahoo.com or 631-765-8177



163-20. For Sale: 1975 Cape Cod 17' Catboat, keel model built by Cape Cod Shipbuilding, No. 275. Aluminum mast; Sitka spruce gaff and boom. 8hp Nissan long shaft motor, Danforth anchor, fenders, vented gas tank in the rear lazarette (not in cockpit space), 2 sails: one tanbark, one white; sail cover. New running rigging and Ronstan blocks, bronze gaff saddle (Bristol Bronze); set of 2 bronze boarding steps (Marshall Marine) not mounted; new Garelick outboard motor mount; 2 Lewmar deck organizers, 2 Lewmar halyard clutches; all teak brightwork refinished with varnish; mast hoops varnished; Davis tiller control for self-steering. Cockpit has three opening seats, green seat cushions, a white Dri-Dek floor, and gunwale mount swim ladder. All interior woodwork refinished with teak oil; interior cushions (blue); sink and porta-potti in the cabin: solar vent mounted on the cabin roof. Custom trailer with new bearings and new wiring in 2011; titled and registered in NJ. Newly awlgripped hull, dark blue, and white and cream topside finish, with freshly redone red antifouling on the bottom. Retabbed in 2001 by a previous owner, with a survey available. Asking \$11,000 / offers. Additional photos on request. Leicadave@gmail.com, 646 783 9098



163-21. FOR SALE: 1974 Marshall 18. Comes with a registered Shorelander trailer and 2007 Yamaha 4-stroke 4 hp long shaft. This catboat has been well maintained through the years and is ready to go. List of upgrades in 2013: all teak was stripped and refinished with 4 coats of Cetol, topsides and coamings were Awlgripped off-white and look beautiful, new teak handrails, new portable head installed, newer sail purchased from Marshall Marine in very good condition, all spars painted buff. Also includes a Danforth anchor, cabin and cockpit cushions, and some extras. Deck and cabin top have original light blue gel coat. Moving up. A bargain at \$6900. Contact Kurt Peterson (508) 524 6903 or kurt65@gmail.com



163-22. For Sale: 1935 22' Catboat "Teaser" built in Beverly, Mass. Completely restored. Winner Best Restoration Boston Antique and Classic Boat Show. Gaff rig with sails included. Atomic 4, centerboard, ready to sail. One owner for 28 years. Loved dearly and needs new caretaker. Additional photos available at <http://catboatforsale.blogspot.com> \$26,000. Call Dana Marcorelle at 978-621-5452 or email bmarcorelle@verizon.net and come see her. Worth the ride.



163-23. For Sale: 1975 Marshall 15' Sandpiper - Hull# 51) in good condition. One owner, Includes sail, 4hp outboard and trailer. Ash gunwales and oak cockpit coaming. Located Virginia Beach, VA. \$7000. Contact Ray Grover 757.288.0391 ray.grover@me.com



163-24. FOR SALE: 1978 Marshall 22' cat. "Fantail" Sloop rig with roller furling jib. Well maintained with original inboard Grey Marine engine in good condition, low hours. \$20,000. Located Plymouth, MA. tarlanding@verizon.net Call Paul at 508-746-4437.



163-25. For Sale: 1990 8HP Suzuki outboard LS in excellent condition. Never in salt water and with very few hours. It is in exceptional condition and additional pictures are available to prove it. It is considered one of Suzuki's best. It comes with the Suzuki manual. Selling because I have too many motors. Price is \$725. Please email me for more pics at wabraley@comcast.net



163-26. For Sale: 1996 Arey's Pond 14' catboat, Kiffie, in good condition. All equipment is original and in good condition. The mast was replaced with a hollow Douglas fir mast three years ago. Other equipment includes a Lil-Rider trailer which was rebuilt in 2010 and in serviceable condition; anchor, paddles, and a Spartan outboard motor bracket. Asking: \$10,500. Contact: Suzanne Leahy at Pleasant Bay Boat and Spar Co Phone: 508-245-4688 Email: sleahy@pleasantbayboatandspar.com



163-27. For Sale: 2003 Compass Classic 14' Cat catboat in excellent condition. This owner commissioned Pleasant Bay Boat and Spar Company to replace the coaming and rails, and upgrade the spars and running rigging. The sail is in relatively good condition, new to this boat in 2008. The Shoreland'r trailer is a 2008, also in very good condition. The package includes an Edson outboard bracket, cushions, and cockpit cover. Asking: \$9,000. Contact: Suzanne Leahy at Pleasant Bay Boat and Spar Co Phone: 508-245-4688 Email: sleahy@pleasantbayboatandspar.com



163-28. For Sale: 2001 Compass Yacht Rainbow 14' catboat, Karin Elizabeth in good condition. This boat has been lovingly sailed and cared for in Mousam Lake, ME. The boat has been stored inside for the past six years, and all equipment is original, including a Load Rite trailer, sail, cover, anchor and pump. Asking: \$4,000. Contact: Suzanne Leahy at Pleasant Bay Boat and Spar Co Phone: 508-245-4688 Email: sleahy@pleasantbayboatandspar.com



163-29. FOR SALE: MARSHALL 22 COCKPIT CUSHIONS. Complete set of four fitted cushions; very good condition; blue vinyl with white piping, as supplied by Marshall Marine. I will also have them at the CBA annual meeting in Mystic. \$400 obo. Contact: Pete, Wickford, RI, 401-269-1012, email pmgalster@gmail.com

163-30. FOR SALE: 1988 MARSHALL 22' SLOOP RIG CATBOAT In just-restored condition, with all extras. Recently painted black hull, with bowsprit and anchor roller, buff decks, newly painted buff mast and spars. White cockpit with new tan cushions. New buff wheel and sail covers, brass rubrails, teak cockpit and bulkhead trim. Portable head chart drawer original alcohol recessed stove. Louvered doors all. Yanmar engine 2GM-20 16 h.p. Engine being rebuilt all new components. Call about details of electronics. Ritchie compass new depth sounder. Rudder and transom steps, solar fan, all teak redone with Cetol. Located at Galveston Bay. Contact Eric Smith by phone (832)468-2082 or email at eric77574@yahoo.com . Asking \$29,000 or possible trade for Marshall 18' or smaller boat with mast hinge and cash difference.



163-31. For Sale: 2003 Trinka 10' Rowing/Sailing Dinghy Model with Highlander trailer and 2 hp 4-stroke Honda outboard. Amenities include: tan bark sail, teak floor boards, stainless lift system, extra towing eye, 2 canvas boat covers (one custom to fit over lift system), and oars. Pristine condition, stored in heated garage, used twice. \$4000 firm. Serious inquiries only. Contact D. Hantman, 860-535-3995.

163-32. For Sale or Trade: 2006 Jones Brothers 18 Cape Fisherman for Marshall 18 or 22. Will possibly pay added cash for a late model Marshall in excellent condition. Prefer a boat in the greater New England area. My boat value / price is \$20,000. Please call 978-314-9409. osloson@comcast.net M. Lian



163-33. For Sale: 1995 Menger 19 Catboat in very good condition. 9 HP Yanmar Diesel. Stainless Steel fuel tank inspection port. White interior, varnished ash wainscoting cabin sides, teak and holly cabin sole, centerboard trunk w/ varnished drop leaf table, and Porta-Potti. Automatic/electric bilge pump, nav. lights, 2 brass cabin lights, Tabernacle mast, cabin top hatch w/screen , bronze folding steps on rudder & transom, cabin cushions, Harken blocks, lazy-jacks, single line reefing. Brand new sail (never used) plus original sail (in picture). New boom cover. 3200 lb. Capacity Load Rite trailer with new tires. Always fresh-water sailed, boat stored inside. I am 2nd owner; selling for personal health reasons. Located in Memphis, TN area. \$20,000 OBO Call Russell Jones at 901-496-5866 or email at attydrjonesjr@bellsouth.net



163-34. FOR SALE: 1976 Traditional style 14.5' wooden catboat Authentic look and easy to sail. 14'6" long, 6'7" beam. Draft 12" board up, 3' board down. Amazingly comfortable for such a small boat. Red cedar on white oak frames, West System construction, mast hoops new 2008. Original sail with bag; minor mends, but otherwise in good condition. Anchor & rode, paddle. Boom tent cover new 2007. Complete and sailable today, but would



benefit from repainting and varnish touch-ups. Trailer suitable for yard use only. Asking: \$5,000 Location: Onancock, VA (Eastern Shore) Contact: Haydon Rochester, hrjr2@verizon.net or 757 709-1822.

163-35. Desperately seeking tabernacle mast for 1968 Sanderling. Due to the age of my boat my mast is not suitable to be converted so I am looking for a used one. I live on Cape Cod, where moorings and slips remain a hot commodity. I would like to be able to experience sailing Cape Cod Bay, Pleasant Bay and Nantucket Sound. With a Tabernacle Mast I would then have the ability to move around during the summer! Donald Poole 508-255-0477 Brewster MA dpoole@outermostlandsurvey.com

163-36. For Sale: 1966 Fenwick Williams designed 21' Catboat. Lobelia, built by John Little. White oak frames, white cedar planked. Traditional canvassed decks, trimmed in teak. Mahogany, teak and oak cockpit, seats, bi-fold doors and trim. Laminated mast, boom and gaff. Fittings all bronze. Wood / bronze blocks. Sail 2 yrs. old. Head, sink, folding table & two full sized berths down below. 16 hp. Yanmar diesel, SS fuel tank. Wheel steering. A real classic. Flat bed trailer / cradle available. \$28,500 Canadian. Laying Nova Scotia. James @ 902-866-4055 email steadybrook@eastlink.ca



163-37. FOR SALE: 2002 Menger 19 Catboat. Tabernacle mast, tanbark sail w/cover, lazy jacks, jiffy reef, trailering-winter cover , Porti Potti, new cockpit cushions, bronze steps on rudder and transom, manual bilge pump, 2005 Johnson 8 h.p. engine in well, running lights, 2 brass cabin lights, masthead light, bunk cushions, 12V deep cycle battery in case, Danforth anchor and 150' line and chain, varnished ash drop leaf table on centerboard trunk in cabin, ash trimmed shelf on forward and aft bulkhead, storage under bunks, laminated ash and mahogany tiller, two net hammocks in cabin, bronze cat's eye ports, varnished ash wainscoting on cabin sides, teak and holly sole, molded cockpit with two lockable hatches, cetol on teak, inside winter storage, freshwater use only, Load-rite 3200# cap. trailer (w/ galv. rollers and bunks, 3 keel rollers, jack stand, surge brakes, and spare tire). Additional photos available. The boat is in excellent condition both mechanically and cosmetically. Located on AuTrain Lake in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. Asking \$25,500. Call (269) 372-8009 or (269) 370-6404 or email, dave@nancyanddave.com

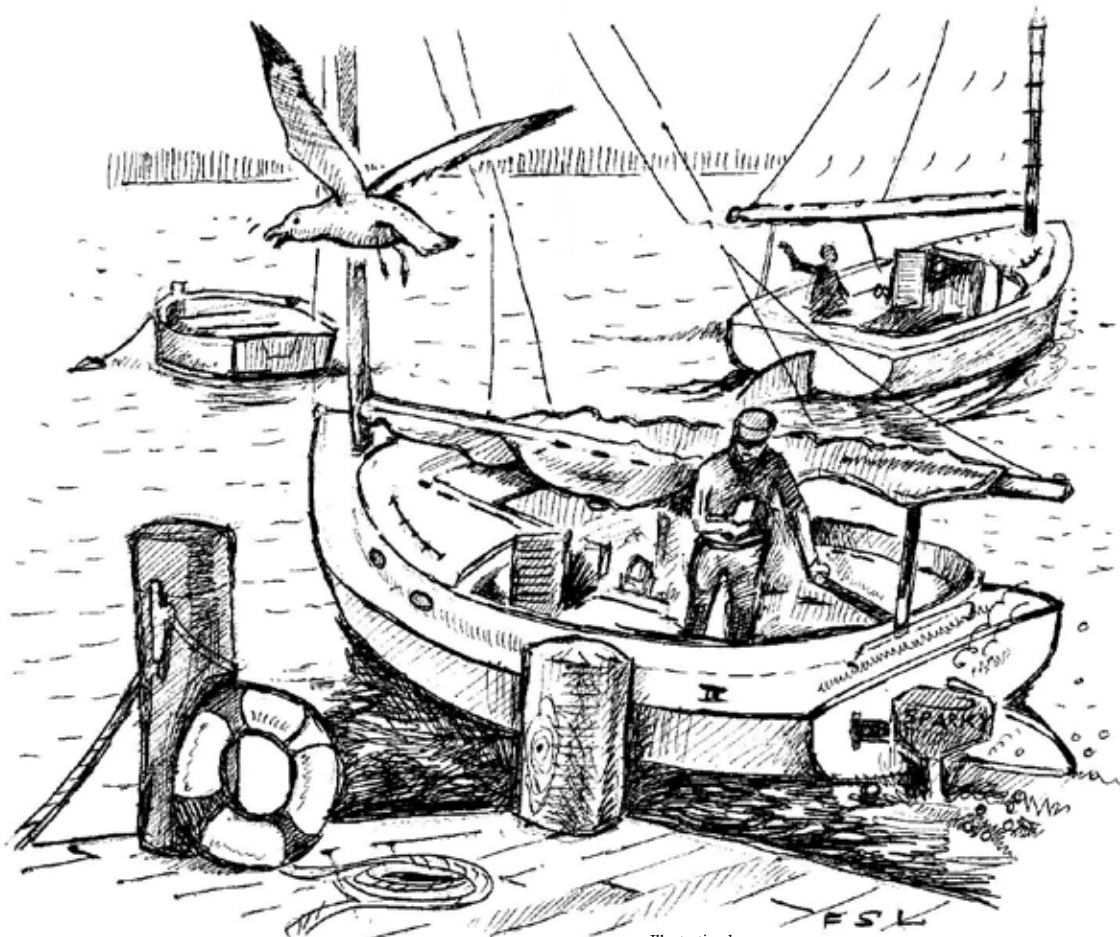


Illustration by Frank Lovewell



Show Us Your Sterns

Bill McKay – Editor

Editor's Note: Lead editor Bill McKay is always out and about with a camera. Whether he is on the water or on land, this creative sailor continues to look for great photographs. Here is an assembly of photographs of the sterns of boats he has taken along with other photographers. We invite all members to contribute their own collection of catboat photographs, photo essays and illustrations. We want to feature you in the next Catboat Bulletin.



Photo - Steve Fleener



Photo - Bill McKay



Photo - Frank Show



Photo - Bill McKay



Photo - Bill McKay



Photo - Jim O'Connor



Photo - Bill McKay



Photo - Bill McKay



Photo - Bill McKay



The Catboat Association

Mail completed form to:

Dave A. Calder, membership secretary
Box 775
Sudbury, MA 01776-0775
dacsail@catboats.org



*Founded 1962
Incorporated 1983*

Membership Application

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

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

Name: _____ Spouse: _____

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

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

(IMPORTANT: Please supply Zip + 4 Codes)

Dates mail goes to 2nd address: _____

Catboat Name: _____ Year: _____

Date Purchased: _____

Home Port: _____

Former Names: _____

Former Owners: _____

Designer: _____

Builder: _____

Where Built: _____

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

Description: _____

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

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

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

Make Checks Payable to: Catboat Association, Inc.



CATBOAT ASSOCIATION STORE MERCHANDISE ORDER FORM

Item	Color	Size	Qty.	Price	Total
NEW!! Fleece Blanket - Navy				\$20.00	
NEW!! Silk Scarf – Navy with burgee & catboat pattern				\$25.00	
T Shirt - Grey S, M, L, XL, XXL				\$17.00	
Staff Shirt - Navy S, M, L, XL, XXL, White S, XXL only (Specify Original Logo or Burgee only)				\$30.00	
Baseball Cap - Color Choices Below*				\$16.00	
Bucket Hat - Specify Original Logo or Burgee only				\$16.00	
Visor - Navy or White, Specify Original Logo or Burgee only				\$12.00	
Long Tie - Silk, Navy				\$25.00	
Bow Tie - Silk, Navy				\$25.00	
Burgee Pin				\$10.00	
Magnet				\$5.00	
Cotton Patch				\$3.00	
Decal				\$2.00	
Catboat Pin				\$10.00	
Wool Blazer Patch				\$25.00	
Tie Tack				\$6.00	
Burgee				\$20.00	
Totebag - S, L				\$20/\$25	
Tumbler - 12 oz or 16 oz				\$8.00	
Mug				\$10.00	
CBA Glasses - 14 oz Cocktail or 16 oz Pint				\$12.00	
Cocktail Napkins (100 ct)				\$5.00	

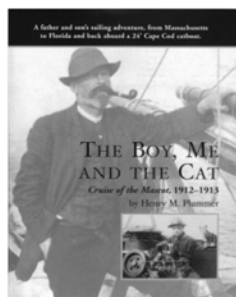
* Stone, (Please Specify Original Logo or Burgee only), All other colors, Nautical Red, Periwinkle, Pale Pink, Lime Green, Baby Blue in burgee only **Total of All Columns \$ _____**

Name
Address
City, State, Zip

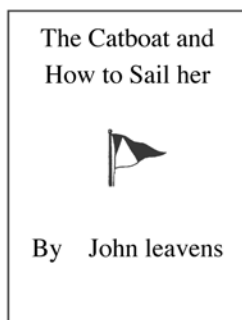
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 Order online at: ces.landsend.com/the_catboat_association

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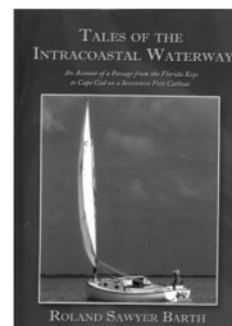
The Boy Me and the Cat by Henry M. Plummer
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The Catboat and How to Sail Her edited by John H. Leavens
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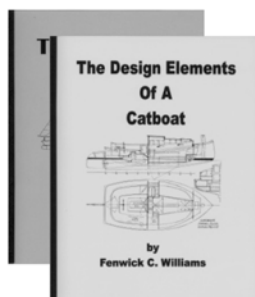
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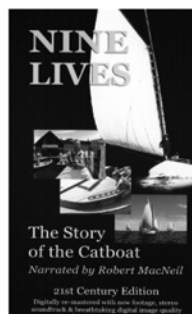
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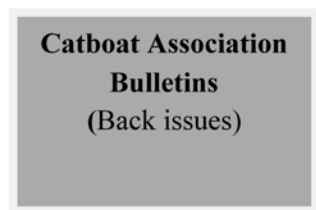
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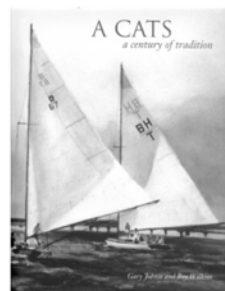
Cape Cod Catboats by Stan Grayson
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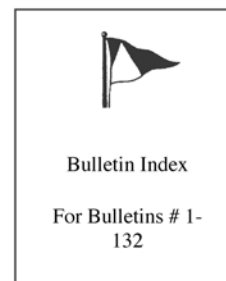
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A Cats --A Century of Tradition by Gary Jobson and Roy Wilkins
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For Bulletins # 1-132

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

ON THE BACK COVER

Petunia, a 22 ft. Crosby, built in 1969.

Pequod, a Concordia beetle, built in 1957,

Tom Sieniewicz of Mt. Desert Island, Maine here follows the wake of his son, Jasper. The boy is about to find out how much wind is left for his cat when she gets into the shadow of the gaff sail of a big Crosby catboat.

Petunia is this interesting family's platform for summer sailing, music, reading and art.

Read and see much more of these boats and the delightful family who sails them on page 46 of this Bulletin.

