

Catboat Association Bulletin



No. 166



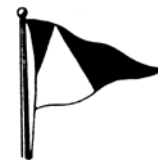
Winter 2015

ON THE FRONT COVER

Jim O'Connor of West Tisbury is an avid catboat sailor and photographer. For seven years he has produced a Catboat Calendar for his friends and followers. The pictures come from his trips around Cape Cod and the Islands. The photograph on the cover of this Bulletin was taken midday while in Osterville, Cape Cod on a recent cruise. Jim was sailing in his Marshall 22 catboat *Glimmer*, with his wife Kim and their black lab Marshall. They were participants in the Annual Townie Hornor Perpetual Sail Around Catboat Rendezvous in the Seapuit River in Osterville. The catboat in the center is *Old Sculpin*, a Manuel Swartz Roberts built boat. Jim took the photograph and processed it to create a painterly feel.

Catboat Association

www.catboats.org



BULLETIN NO. 166

Winter 2015

IN THIS ISSUE...

Lead Editors: Mark Alan Lovewell and Bruce Almeida

- 3 Now Hear This**
- 4 Letters to the Editor**
- 5 Feature Articles**
 - Whaling Captains and their Cats – Judy Lund
 - Did the Greeks have a word for it? – Bob Hilton
 - Tomorrow – Nate Peterson
- 10 Yarns and Adventures** – John Orlando, Editor
 - The Right Boat for Us Now – Bob Chapin
 - This is Why I Sail – Brent Putnam
- 13 Race/Rendezvous Results** – Gayle Cornish, Editor
 - Edgartown Catboat Rendezvous – Terri Potts-Chattaway
 - Annual Vineyard Cup Regatta – Andrew Staniar
 - Vineyard Haven Rendezvous – Mark Alan Lovewell
- 18 2015 Race/Rendezvous Schedule** – Gayle Cornish, Editor
- 20 Piloting, Navigation and Electronics** – Brent Putnam, Editor
 - Navigating Woods Hole – Brent Putnam
- 25 Cruising** – Steve Flesner, Editor
 - Catboats around Long Island – Frank Kemp
- 35 Boatbuilding and Maintenance** – Bob Reddington, Editor
 - Muskrat* – Stuart K. Hopkins
 - Lady Bug*, a Beetle Catboat model – William Hickman
 - Presto Progress* – Frank Camm
- 43 CBA Discussion Group** – C. Henry Depew, Editor
- 45 Catfood** – Jane Walsh, Editor
- 46 Short Tacks**
 - Tales of a First Mate – Gene Kennedy
 - News from the Chesapeake Bay – Steve Flesner and David Bleil
- 50 Stray Cats**
- 50 New Members**
- 51 Barn Door Posting**
 - So You Want to Host a Rendezvous – Mark Alan Lovewell
- 53 Book Reviews** – Ned Hitchcock, Editor
- 55 Over The Bar**
- 56 Cats for Sale** – Spencer Day, Editor
- 61 Chesapeake Bay Cruising Cats**
- 62 CBA Membership Application**
- 63 CBA Merchandise** – Mary Crain
- 64 CBA Publications** – Neil and Carol Titcomb

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WHAT TO DO ...

WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS:
Notify the membership secretary, Dave Calder,
at the address above.

Now Hear This!



Our thanks go out to Butler Smythe, who has volunteered to be our contributing editor for Sailing Techniques and Seamanship. We are looking forward to him sharing these important considerations with you in future Bulletins.

Butler has a ton of experience: Naval Officer based in Pensacola FL; San Diego, CA; Whidbey Island, WA; Cubi Pt., Philippines and Yokosuka, Japan. In '94, he sailed their Island Packet 35 from Anacortes, WA to San Diego, CA for a job reassignment, living aboard for 5 years. While in San Diego, Butler worked weekends as a Yacht Broker, representing Grand Banks and Island Packet, and was the Editor for a quarterly Island Packet 35 Newsletter. Upon his military retirement in '98 he worked as a yacht broker in Vero Beach, FL before moving to Annapolis, MD to work as a consultant at Naval Air Station Patuxent River, MD.

Butler is now cruising and racing his Menger 23 catboat, *Caerulean II*, as well as crewing on Atlantics and other sailboats (J-122), and is a member of the Kollegewidgwock Yacht Club (KYC).

Recently fully "retired" (July 2014), he now a permanent resident of Blue Hill, Maine. Read his account of his catboat relocation in the Cruise Section of Bulletin 165.

Race/Rendezvous Reports

We know it is a huge job planning, watching the weather, hosting and taking part in a Catboat Rendezvous. We visit and participate in several each year and are always amazed at the wonderful time that people (especially New Members) have at these events. Lately there seems to be a lull in the Fall Bulletin in reports for us to share with readers. Perhaps the organizers can't do them as they are so busy giving everyone a good time? Perhaps photos don't get taken in the rush and people feel there is nothing to hang the story on? Perhaps people wait until winter or spring and it never gets done? Whatever the case, we believe that local news is enjoyed by my CBA members and hope this next year brings us new articles, new writers and new points of view on these memorable get-togethers. NO one needs to fear putting one together; all of the editors are very happy to help you prepare a report.

Jump Onboard

Please join with us at the Winter Annual Meeting of the Catboat Association from Friday, March 6 to Sunday March 8 in Groton. There is a new workshop. Editors of the Catboat Bulletin are hosting a Saturday afternoon fun gathering and we'd like you to attend. It is called: How to Write, Photograph and Illustrate Your Own Catboat Story. Writers John Conway and William Kornblum, Illustrator Frank S. Lovewell and Photographer Jim O'Connor and others will share tips on how to get started and turn out a great work. The workshop will end with the announcement of the winner of The Catboat Bulletin Editor's Award for 2015. The one hour program starts at 4:30 p.m. See you then.

I Was Struck By...

Mark Alan Lovewell

On a Friday night in early December we attended a Catboat Association stuffing party at the home of Paul and Susan Cook of Bass River. This is an annual event where members, all volunteers, gather to put together that important envelope with the details of your upcoming annual meeting. It also includes the membership renewal coupon and you

most certainly should have received one, filled it out and mailed it in -- if you are reading this.

The night-time gathering came together amid the busiest season of the year, between Thanksgiving and the December holidays when we all have plenty of errands to do. I was struck by the number of people who showed up. This was no little group of mailers. They came from all over Southeastern Massachusetts. They came from Padanaram area, crossing the Cape Cod Canal to get to the party. Three of us came from Martha's Vineyard, which means we rode the ferry.

Going back to the early days of the 53-year-old association, the leadership gathered in New Jersey for their "stuffing party." A meal was included and we were told in those days it was lasagna. On this night, on Cape Cod, we ate super pizza with a mix of different toppings and health conscious salad.

Looking around the holiday decorated house at each of the participants, I think I counted well over 30. Everyone had a task. Every room was occupied, from the kitchen to the den. At the dining

room table, three association presidents sat together, chatting. They were counting and sorting the finished envelopes. What a sight. There was Tim Lund, our president. Next to him were Eric Peterson and Bob Luckraft, both former presidents.

How many organizations do you belong too, and we are not counting the federal government, when you see past and present leadership sitting together and having a good time? And, getting the job done?

Nearly all the work of the Catboat Association is done by volunteers. The organizing of the annual meeting begins right after the one-at-hand is finished. Work crosses generations of catboat enthusiasts. Much of the activity of the association happens behind the scene and it is done by noble groups of people.

So please, while you are cruising on the water or on land, say thank you to the friends you know who help us out. Give them a pat on the back. Let them beat you in a race? But even better, express an interest in helping out too.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editors,

Observation from an old Fart. I've been around a long time, probably too long. Maybe it is time to pack it in? You know, Swallow the Anchor. I've seen members come and I've seen members go, same goes for committees and officials. Some good and some I did not agree with.

I've been to rendezvous from Maine to the Chesapeake. Betty and I have had many a good time. What I saw at Padanaram this past summer was a reminder of some old times at rendezvous and races.

That Peterson Clan. They are musicians and entertained everybody for at least an hour with their instruments and songs. In the past we had many members who played their instruments at rendezvous. There has got to be those of you out there that are musicians so bring what you play. We will all enjoy it. No pianos please.

We also had some story tellers, some of them gone now some retired. Examples: Dave Pearson with his Tongue Twisters, (God) Good old Dave. Ben Brewster, where did he hang my dog collar. Frank Robertson with the cremation of Sam McGee.

Ned Kelly with different sets of lyrics from most sea chanties. Susan Maddigan with her Brogan Brothers, and then there were three. Linda Fife with her Blue Ribbon stories. And for Joshua Slocum who would pop out of the underbrush in his oilers and tell us of his trip around the world. Truly, Joshua Slocum was his real name. He was old and the cousin of the original Joshua and he lived in Osterville.

Now let's not forget the best storyteller of them all, Max Fife with his Little Hood Riding and many of his other stories. The kids would all gather around him young and old, from five years old to bigger kids, 65 years plus. No one could replace him. The kids all loved him.

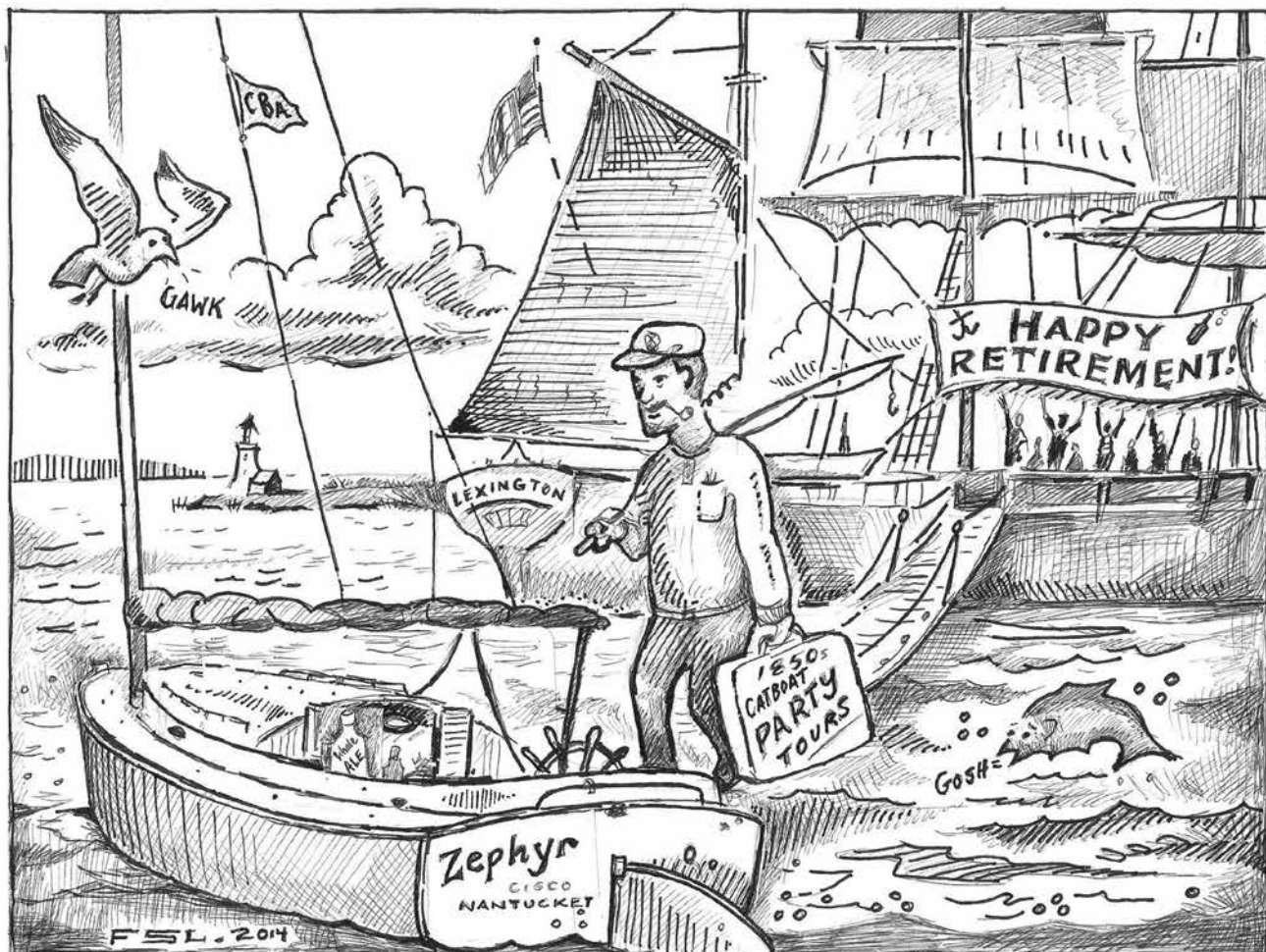
Talking about kids, we need more catboat kids at the Rendezvous. We now have a catboat kid as our president, Tim Lund, another catboat kid is our store keeper, Mary Cassidy Crain, so get it together. Bring your instruments, your storytellers and above all bring your catboat loaded with catboat kids.

Your sinking shipmate,
Bob Reddington.



Whaling Captains and their Cats

Judy Lund



Captain David Bunker II leaves his whaleship Lexington to sail in his new catboat Zephyr.

Illustration by Frank S. Lovewell

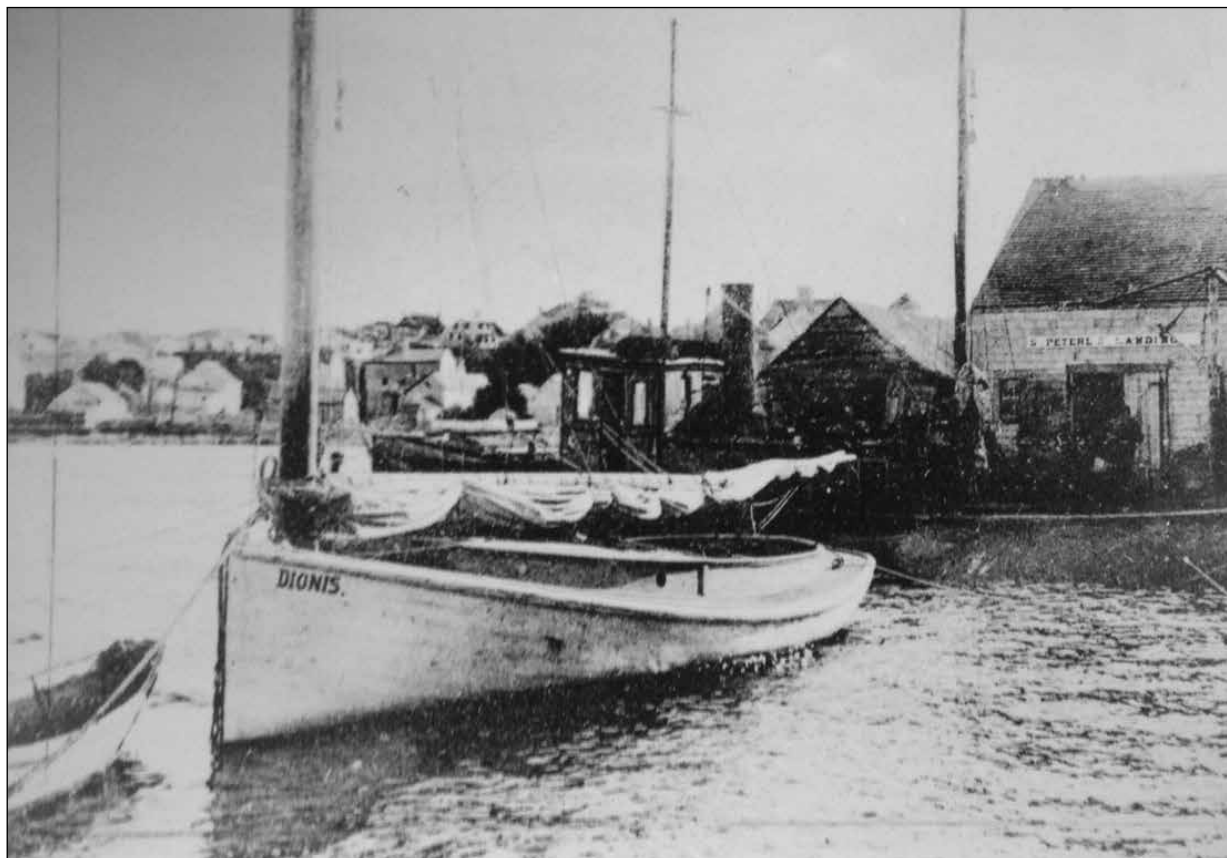
As someone who is supposed to know a little about whaling captains¹, I was interested and amused to find among John Leavens' files the notes from what appears to be a talk given by Maritime Historian Edouard Stackpole, the long-time head of the Nantucket Whaling Museum, on Nantucket whaling captains and their cats.

Whatever you may think about the whaling industry, it was in its time a necessary part of life, when whale oil was the principle illuminant before petroleum came into general use in the middle of the nineteenth century. New Bedford, the country's largest whaling port, became the Houston of its day—an oil town.

Whaling masters, at least most of them, were remarkable men. They took their ships and men through the world's waters, and brought most of them home, along with the liquid gold they sought--of course, at the expense of the whale population. They were extraordinary sailors. They knew the winds and the waters, and how to handle their big slow-moving vessels. It was not uncommon for a man to have his first command in his mid-twenties, and most retired by their mid-40s, happy to stay at home with their families. Although some masters made large amounts of money in the trade, most did not, particularly in the second half of the 19th century. The real money was made by those who

¹Lund (2001) "Whaling Masters and Whaling Voyages Sailing from American Ports."

retired from the sea to manage whaling voyages sailed by others. The rest found employment where they could, as customs officials, in the lighthouse service, and odd jobs in the community.



Cat *Dionis* of Nantucket about 1898 at Petrel Landing, Commercial Wharf. *Dionis* was sailed by former whaling captain Barzillai Luce. Photograph copied from a postcard by Charlie Sayle and given to John Leavens for the CBA archive.

On Nantucket in the late nineteenth century, there were few of these jobs---one Customs House, a few lighthouses. The island economy was in decline, except for the tourist industry, which began to mushroom after the Civil War. Combining their sailing skills with opportunity, at least six whaling masters put their skill to good use running party boats for the newly emerging leisured class. Among them were:

David Bunker II, master of the ship *Lexington*, 1848-1853, and the ship *Henry*, 1853-1858, both voyages to the Pacific Ocean in search of sperm whales. Catboat *Zephyr*, ex *Thorn*

Barzillai Luce, replacement master of the bark *Hecla*, voyage of 1859-1863. He apparently did a good job, because he was given command of *Hecla* for the voyage of 1863-1867, a Pacific voyage. Catboat *Dionis*

Obed Swain II, master of the ship *Catawba* on its voyages of 1848-1852 and 1852-1857, both Pacific voyages. Catboat *Sylph*

Joseph Winslow, master of the ship *Constitution*, voyages of 1852-1856 and 1857-1863, bark *Amy*, voyage of 1866-1870, all Pacific voyages. Catboats *Emily*, *Flor del Mar*

Perry Winslow, master of the ship *Phenix*, voyages of 1844-1847 and 1848-1853, ship *Edward Cary*, 1854-1858, and the ship *Elizabeth* of New Bedford, 1859-1864, all Pacific voyages. Catboat *White Cloud*

After a career sailing the world's waters, this may seem a bit of a step down, sailing the waters of Nantucket. On the other hand, they were sailors, and like us they loved the water, so it was a logical occupation---and it paid!



Did the Greeks have a word for it?

Bob Hilton

Readers of the Catboat Bulletin know that the word catboat is probably related to the term “cathead” which is defined in Wikipedia (2013) as:

“...a large wooden beam located on either side of a sailing ship, and angled forward roughly 45 degrees. The beam is used to support the ship’s anchor when raising it (weighing anchor) or lowering it (letting go), and for carrying the anchor on its stock-end when suspended outside the ship’s side. It is furnished with sheaves at the outer-end, and the inner end (which is called the cat’s-tail) fits down on the cat-beam. The cat stopper also fastens the anchor on. The purpose of the cathead is to provide both a heavy enough beam to support the massive weight of the anchor and to hold the metal anchor away from the wooden side of the ship to prevent damage.

In common practice, the projecting end of the beam was carved to resemble the face of a lion or cat. Whether the carving was due to a play on the already-existing name of the beam or the beam was so named because of the practice of such carving is unknown. The origin of the term “cathead” is obscure but dates at least to the 17th century.”

“The Oxford English Dictionary” gives the earliest known date as 1626. Should the Wikipedia article be revised to say it is a wooden or iron beam (as my old Webster’s dictionary does), or should it confine the term to sailing, or to wooden ships? The Wikipedia article goes on to give another use of the term:

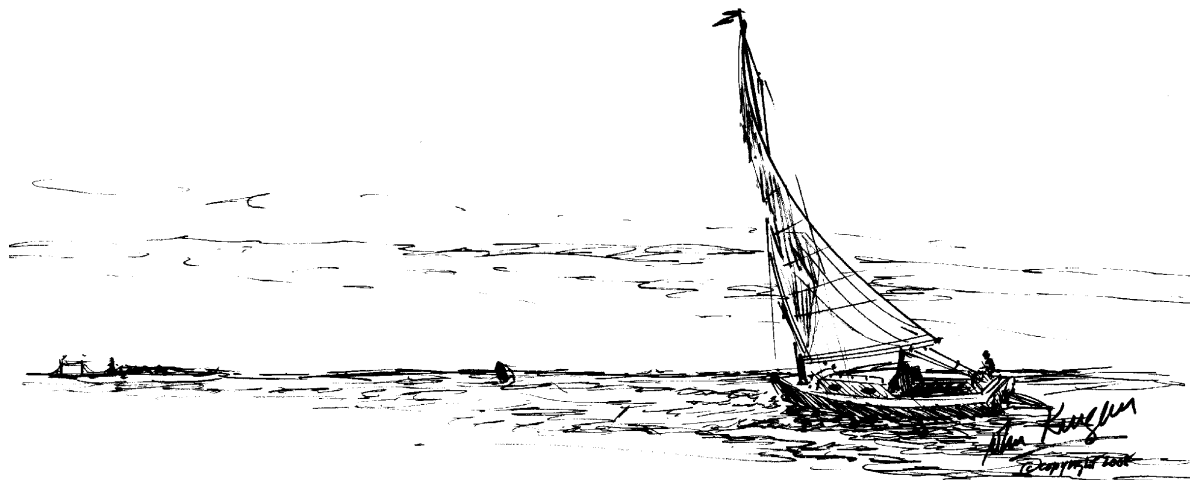
“A second “cat head” was associated with a ship’s anchor-cable and windlass. This “cat head” was a square pin thrust into one of the handspike holes of the ship’s windlass. When at anchor, the anchor rope (called a cable) was secured to this “cat head” with a smaller rope tie called a seizing. The English term for this pin was ‘Norman’. In German, however, it is called a Kattenkopf (cat-head), and in this case it is a reference to the traditional way the top was notched and chamfered off so that in cross section, it resembled the ears of a cat.”

Both of the Wikipedia entries refer to the English or German word cat, but it is noted that it is unknown whether this was from the existing name of the beam, or because the pin resembled a cat’s ears. It seems more probable and natural that the cat depictions come from the original name of the beam. The origin of the term cathead is described in Wikipedia as “obscure.” However there is a possibility from ancient Greek. “The Age of the Titans: the Rise and Fall of the Great Hellenistic Navies” by William Murray, Oxford University, 2012, describes standard Greek warships of the fifth and fourth centuries BCE. Murray writes that these vessels were, “called by their class name or by a descriptive name term ‘cataphract’ (kataphraktos) which means something like ‘armored’ or ‘fenced’ in the sense of having reinforced decks to protect the oar crew...” He goes on to write that “... the forward lateral end of the outriggers, the catheads, were strengthened...” in order to improve the ramming attacks by the bow which were important maneuvers in ancient naval warfare. These references are from the introduction and first chapter of the book. They may explain the etymology of the term. (An “aphractos” is an undecked open boat in ancient Greek). It might be noted that Murray shows a clear illustration of such a cathead on a “cataphract” model (page 19).

“Kata” as a Greek preposition and prefix comes down to us as “cata” in Latin and is used in English (think catatonic or catastrophe) and other European languages. Its initial meaning denotes motion from above or down upon; might this relate to bow locations and functions? The bow as the forward site for performing ramming, for anchoring or for the mast as on our catboats seems to show a common ancestry for the cat terms. Clearly “catboat” came into use last and if “cataphract” and cathead are related, it does not seem possible to say which came first. But perhaps the old phrase, “The Greeks had a word for it”, like a good anchor, still holds!



Peggy and Bob Hilton own *Margaret*, a Marshall 22 in Marblehead. They began in 1976 with a 15 foot Sandpiper and then moved up to an 18 foot Sanderling. Now they are retired from public library directorships – Peggy in Carlisle, and Bob in Lexington. Sailing out of Cat Cove they, along with their son Michael, his wife Carolyn and granddaughter Brianna, they have enjoyed the friendship and knowledge of the resident catboaters and visitors, both the experienced and the learners alike.



Tomorrow

Nathan Peterson

I conquer the mountain of bodies that is my three older brothers, creep past a snoring Dad, and slide past Mom, all with only five feet of headroom and no trace of the floorboards under the mass of beds and bodies in the damp and crowded cabin of our twenty-eight foot wooden catboat. She had been modified to sleep six “uncomfortably,” as Dad always put it before cracking a smile.



Youngest of four Petersons (circa 2001), *Molly Rose*. Eric, Nathan, and Kurt, going through the Cape Cod Canal.

Spending the summers on the boat was the only way I knew; I had graduated from the booster seat that was once strapped down to the engine box in the cockpit and was now a valuable member of our crew, eager to learn from Dad whenever the chance arose. The soft morning breeze slapped the halyards of *Molly Rose* against her sturdy wooden mast, the wind whistled through the lazy jacks, and she swung back and forth impatiently on her anchor, inspired by the captivating glow of the morning sun above the harbor. As the rigging climbed the sky and our old diesel motor sputtered to a silent halt, we were again at one with the ocean, eager to see what the new day would bring. The waves of Nantucket sound slapped playfully against the wooden planks of the hull that once belonged to the surrounding shores; they were alive now more than ever.

Dad strummed sea shanties on his four-string banjo, while Eric proudly plucked our old base, which was made of an old oar, a rope, and an upside-down washtub- an instrument only the Peterson

family could’ve conceived. Kurt and Ryan strummed a tired guitar or tried to suppress their laughter long enough to squeak a few notes out of the kazoo, while mom glued us together as she clacked along with a couple of spoons like only she could. I contributed the harmonies that were too high for anyone else to still sing as we quickly ran out of material and retired for the night, ready again for tomorrow.

We knew we were different, but we absolutely loved it. Each day brought new conditions, a new place, a new challenge, and new memories on top of the millions that we already had from our travels up and down the east coast. Every day brought change, but it was easy to embrace because I never did shift as my surroundings did. I grew more and more with each day, but somehow managed maintain the curiosity and inspiration that were instilled in me during this growth.



Nate delivering *Pinkletink* from Nantucket to Mashpee in 2013.

Over a hundred pounds and many miles later, I am still (and always will be) just a kid on a catboat, still restless for tomorrow.

Editor’s Note: This is the first article entered in Young Catboaters Speak. We ask you to encourage young sailors to offers their stories about their catboat experiences. Periodically we intend to reward them for their efforts.



Yarns & Adventures

John Orlando, Editor

The Right Boat for Us Now

Bob Chapin

GROTON, CT: We came to Catboating late! My father Dick grew up in Rhode Island, and spent the latter part of his boyhood on the water. He and his wife, Eve, brought up their four sons racing daysailers on inland lakes around the Southeast. Four boys provided a lot of crew power (it's not unlike growing your own baseball team), and to carry us all they brought the first Highlander to the Carolinas. The boys grew up and left, as kids are supposed to do, and the 20 ft. Highlander was too much boat for them, so they donated the boat to their yacht club, and looked around for a place to spend their retirement. I was lucky that they chose a place in Mystic CT, about 20 minutes from me and my wife.

My wife has hundreds of sterling qualities, but a love of being on the water is not one of them (a nice long, hot shower is about as much water as she's comfortable with). So I was delighted when my folks chose to settle down near us, and (more to the point) right near Long Island Sound. Given our history, it took exactly eight seconds of discussion to realize that it would be delightful to get a boat together. It was a much longer process to settle on an open-cockpit Marshall Sandpiper. It was long mostly because the prospect of owning and sailing a cat in New England was just SO wonderful that we wanted to enjoy every bit of the decision-making process, and to mentally "try on" as many different kinds of boats as possible. We found a good used Sandpiper in upstate New York, and Dick and Eve drove up and brought her back.

Like many used boats, the hull was in good shape, and she had had some touch-up varnishing done, but the rubrails were quietly composting in place, and I knew that I would need to replace them soon.

We keep the boat at the marina literally right around the corner from my place of work, and during the summer months we get to spend Friday afternoons afloat. The boat is just perfect for three adults of steadily decreasing mobility. As all CBA members know, the sail of a cat is surprisingly

powerful. We learned this the hard way, as one afternoon the wind died completely, and Dick and I had to paddle most of the way back. It's astonishingly difficult for even two paddlers to move a Marshall 15, yet that sail will push her along with no problem at all. That experience taught me to **always** sail up-tide of the marina, so that if Aeolus checks out and leaves us becalmed, we at least do not have to paddle up-current!

Mooring in Groton (and just west of Mystic) puts us in the way of lots of water traffic. There are all the yachts from further west on the Sound coming down to Mystic and the Islands, and there's the constant ferry traffic in and out of New London. More exciting are the submarines, which not-infrequently sortie from the sub base in Groton. Looking to seaward and seeing a thin black shape rise from the sea always quickens the pulse at least a little, and Dick, a Navy vet from the 50s, is a particular fan. Seeing that long low black line in the water moving along in utter silence IS a compelling sight. More entertaining are the Coast Guard escorts, who post-9/11 are charged with keeping civilian traffic away from the subs leaving and entering the Thames River. Two years ago, Dick and I were out and the wind had apparently gone off to do errands elsewhere, leaving us becalmed as we were headed across the channel. On our usual horizon-scan we saw one of the Coast Guard escorts come charging downriver straight at us, bow-mounted machine gun pointed only slightly above our heads. They came between us and the future path of the sub and the young crew member on the gun hollered at us to turn our bow 180 degrees and face away from the channel. Smiling slightly to myself I put the helm hard over, and when nothing moved, I replied that I was currently making all possible speed, waited two beats, and then pointed out that in this wind, we were just NOT a threat to the Navy or anyone else. After some brief on-board conversation, they smiled, waved, wished us a good day, and roared off to save the rest of the world for democracy.

One of the things I love about the boat is that it has no electronics to maintain. Lines and pulleys are exactly my preferred degree of technical sophistication. Eve fixed that one day. For a variety

of reasons, Dick and I swap tiller and mainsheet duties, which leaves Eve up front except for the occasional stint at the helm. On brisk days this also means that she gets the brunt of the spray coming up over the bow. She quickly decided that the boat needed a Spray Alarm, and she would fill that need. Any sheet of cool water that wets the front part of the boat was met with a loud squawk of dismay. We quickly arranged some better foul weather gear, but the Spray Alarm somehow continues to “work just fine,” although more in jest now than in earnest protest.

More fun was had this summer with the “escape” of the *Charles W Morgan* from her pier-side berth at Mystic Seaport, after her five-year re-fit. She took a sail around New England and then returned home. CBA members know the *Morgan*, as we were all given a grand tour of her during one of our recent Annual Meetings. Upon returning to New London after her journey around RI, and Mass. and Stellwagen Bank, she actually took at least one day sail from New London before unshipping all her ballast and getting towed home to the Seaport. Delightfully, that sail was on a Friday, and as we left the marina, we immediately spotted an unusual silhouette on the near horizon. We sailed up to investigate, and it soon became clear through the binoculars that this was a large bit of history, out for a spin. Not surprisingly, she had a swarm of small motorboats (and sailboats under power) around her, and for a while we joined in, just basking in the immense power of this slow sea-going refinery from 1.5 centuries ago. It was a double treat when the local tourist schooner *Mystic Whaler* came up and sailed on a parallel course. We had (of course) not brought a camera, but we have some wonderful mental images of the two bows side-by-side, headed downwind into New London Harbor.

No life with a boat is ALL fun and games, however. The rotting rubrails had been a constant small burr under my saddle, and last summer we decided to bite the bullet and replace them. I drove over to South Dartmouth and Geoff Marshall (that nicest of men!) sold me the necessary parts, and gave me a bit of instruction on the process. Fortunately, my three brothers decided shortly after this to descend on our place all at the same time for a work party “doing rubrails.” So I had a perfect trifecta of a weekend: I got to enjoy the company of my brothers (whom I admire and adore), we spent a gorgeous Fall weekend working outside, AND we spent it working on a **boat**. We not only replaced the rubrails but painted the deck and re-seated all the associated

hardware AND cleaned the hull. It really was a re-fresh for the old girl. What could have been better?

Dick and I spend a pleasant fall afternoon putting her to bed for the winter when she comes out onto the hard every September. This year we had a glorious fall afternoon: mid-70s, trees brilliant in the sun, not a cloud to be seen. It was more than enough to make me want to put her back in and go for one last spin. The anticipation of another wonderful summer on the water, sailing around in these interesting waters, is enough to carry me through each long, cold New England winter. Indeed, the ratio of the wet-time to trailer-time (about 1:3) is enough to make us *really* value all the summertime sailing we get. It's that much sweeter because it's so short.

We came to catboating late, but it was SO worth the wait!

This is Why I Sail

Brent Putnam

I have about two hours.

After an hour-and-a-half commute, I arrive home a little after six and immediately start packing the car. Gas tank, outboard, PFD. It's August, there's wind tonight, and I've not yet been daysailing this year.

Becky arrives. She suggests a trip to Oak Bluffs. We could do it, but it would take more than two hours and I have to work tomorrow. Becky would rather go somewhere instead of sailing aimlessly in circles, so she reconsiders. I put the outboard away. She prefers using the inflatable dingy, but *The Puck*, our hard dingy, is more tolerant of the kind of abuse that a hasty trip to the mooring will deliver.

There's a little activity at the town landing, but it's nothing like a summer weekend.

Daysailing doesn't require a dingy, so I leave *The Puck* at the mooring. Without it, *Cranberry* will leave almost no wake at hull speed. I open the throttle and we charge down the Childs River, trailing what look like ripples on steroids. At the confluence of Eel Pond and the Seapit River, I round the point and head north toward Waquoit Bay.

There's almost no wind as I move against the outbound current, but as soon as we clear Washburn Island, my private signal starts to whip in the east-southeast breeze. I motor well out in the bay before

cutting the engine. I had put a reef in at the mooring - the National Weather Service predicted 10-15 knots with 25-knot gusts - so the sail goes up quickly.

Standing in the cockpit with the boom over the starboard side, I pull in the sheet. *Cranberry* shoulders into the water and moves ahead.

Waquoit Bay is about two miles long by one mile wide, oriented in a northeast-southwest direction. Most of the bay is about five or six feet deep. This is catboat country, and for the most part I have it all to myself this evening.



Waquoit Bay to Myself.

I'm close-hauled on a port tack, working my way away from Washburn Island and the bars that extend east into the bay. Halfway down the bay, I fall off the wind to the southwest and trim the sail for a close reach.

I've been sitting all day at work, so I remain standing in the cockpit. The pig stick is squeaking. I'm wishing it wasn't. As annoyances go, it could be worse.

The stress of the day disappears as I feel *Cranberry* heel underneath me. With every gust, *Cranberry* spills some wind and moves on. I'm hardly touching the wheel as I get drunk on the salt air. Who says you can't balance a catboat?

As I approach the last set of channel buoys, I tack. The mainsheet gets caught on the port cleat. I round up to give it some slack, and – SURPRISE! – the boom swings over my head as I'm bending over to free it. That was close.

With the sheet free, I turn to port and trim the sail for a broad reach up the bay.

I'm outside the channel and the tide is out. The centerboard isn't all the way down, but it still starts to drag in the shallows. We're floating, and *Cranberry* is building her own breakers as she plows across the bar. The board stops dragging.

Down the bay and back is all I've time for, so I round up near the Mashpee mooring field and drop the sail. I snap a few pictures as I secure the sail cover.



Fire in the Sky.

It's supposed to rain tomorrow, so I didn't expect much of a sunset. As though acknowledging my presence, the sun lights a small fire in the clouds.

This is why I sail.



Race Rendezvous Results

Gayle Cornish, Editor

Edgartown Catboat Rendezvous

Terri Potts-Chattaway

Saturday, June 8th couldn't have been a more perfect day. The sky was clear, except for a few puffy, white clouds off in the distance, the temperature was a comfortable 74 degrees, and there was a 12 knot breeze from the WSW. It was the kind of day when the bay sparkled with what looked like a scattering of diamond pieces. Compared to last year's blustery 25 knot winds where everyone had to reef, this day provided the perfect setting for a catboat parade and race.

Jay and I were heading down Katama Bay on *SkipJack* when I first spotted them through the multitude of boats now moored in the harbor. Catboat masts are distinct as they are three-quarters tan and the top quarter is painted white. There they lay, ten catboats of various styles and sizes, surrounding the Vose Family Boathouse, swaying on their moorings, seemingly anxious to be let loose. I was anxious myself, to see these beautiful boats sailing in full form, together through the harbor.

The boathouse was already a flurry of activity. Catboaters mingling about, admiring each other's boats while Mark Lovewell and friends busied themselves with the task of setting up lunch." Ah, the bread!" Pam exclaimed as I walked inside. "I was wondering where the bread was." We were given the task of driving to Vineyard Haven and picking up the bread from The Black Dog Bakery. Evidently there was a momentary thought that we might not keep up with our end of the bargain." Oh, and butter! You remembered the butter! Thank you so much." Pam continued as she put me to work.

It is an annual tradition, this Edgartown Catboat Rendezvous. It is a weekend-long celebration, but the Saturday afternoon gathering at the Vose Family Boathouse is the main event. It is a time for camaraderie and refreshments, namely the famous, delicious, soups; Fish Chowder and Ham & Vegetable by Mark Lovewell and Maureen & Bill McKay, respectively. So important is this tradition, Maureen and Bill brought their soup in Friday night,

all the way from the cape, even though they wouldn't be participating in Saturday's luncheon - as they had to head back to Mashpee for their granddaughter's graduation. Hence, the bread, to go with the soup.

The informal ceremony began with Mark warmly welcoming all the catboaters who had traveled in for the weekend. Some people came with their boats, others not. There must have been over fifty people listening as Mark regaled us with the history of his family's boathouse. It is generations old and much love goes into the preservation of such a building that lies over the water. The most interesting fact he shared was that long before the boathouse was on the property, Manuel Swartz Roberts learned to build catboats on the very land we were standing on. This is the beauty of catboats and Edgartown and the people who love both; the history is respected and kept alive in the storytelling.

The ceremony continued with Mark inviting his brother, Frank, to say a blessing over the fleet. Next up was Steve Ewing, Edgartown's first Poet Laureate. He recited two touching poems he had authored about family and boating. And finally, and always a delight, was Joe Eldredge who, instead of sharing his poetry this year, talked about sea shanties and challenged us to write one about catboats. Of course I looked at Jay and said, "I think that means you."

We broke bread and shared a few more stories and laughs. Then, excited to get to our boats and have a sail, we headed out. All ten boats parading out of the harbor, showing off the unique design and character of our cats.

The race itself was a bit loose, as were the rules, but still quite competitive. A few close calls at the start and around the mark. Luckily, no damage and not much yelling, either. It was all in good fun. *Pandora* rounded the mark first and it was *Pandora* that won the race, we thought. Turns out Eric Peterson on *Pinkletink*, officially won.

In any event, *Pandora* is a stunning 20' catboat; an original, one-off wooden boat, designed and built by Bernie Huddlestun around the Marshall 18' hull. She is owned by Burt & Drew Staniar and is sailed out of Stage Harbor, but it was the father-son team of Drew and Parker who proudly took home a trophy.

With the formalities over, it was time to take *SkipJack* and head back up the bay and put her to bed. The sun was lower in the sky, now, so it was cooler and the water had turned a deeper shade of blue. Jay was at the helm and I was sitting on the bow, both of us quietly reflecting on the day's activities. A few lone sunbathers were packing up their picnic along the beach. A speedboat of teenagers passed us by. They waved. Jay looked at me and asked, "Are you happy?" "Delighted!" I said, unable to wipe the smile from my face. For what could be better than "messing about in boats!"



Photo Woody Bowman

The fleet heads out of Edgartown Harbor.



Photo Woody Bowman

Annual Vineyard Cup Regatta

Andrew Staniar

By way of background, the annual Vineyard Cup Regatta is the largest fundraising event for the Sail Martha's Vineyard Nonprofit Organization. Sail Martha's Vineyard is dedicated to celebrating the island's maritime heritage and educates over 400 young sailors every summer. This year, the 3-day event hosted 198 entries, from schooners to catboats to modern design racers. The catboat fleet has only one start, which is on Saturday.

July 10 started as a calm and beautiful sun drenched morning, with a 10-15 SW breeze forecast for the afternoon. The catboat course started on the eastern side of Vineyard Haven Harbor, travelling north, out and around East Chop, then southward to a temporary mark off the Edgartown Beach and

finishing near the R "2" Bell at the northern end of Edgartown Harbor. However, none of this prepared us for the light wind frustrations to follow.

The race started at noon with a light three knot southerly providing a downhill start. The fleet was tightly packed with varying puffs shifting the leader board every few minutes. *Moon Shadow* was the most starboard cat and began to pull ahead on what seemed to be her own delicate breeze. The fleet followed to the right, with *Moon Shadow* rounding East Chop with the lead. Now the frustrations began in earnest as the fleet, already just ghosting along, sailed under the lee of East Chop's bluffs and parked. With the wind registering zero, sails flapped in the small waves. To add insult, we ran smack into the full moon ebb, which began to carry the whole fleet backwards toward Cape Cod at about 2 knots. Onboard *Pandora*, our family crew frustration was high as we discussed alternatives: Put out the anchor

and wait for the southwest breeze? Sail east, out of the island's lee? Do nothing and have lunch in Falmouth? Start drinking?

At this point we noticed that *Mariah*, a Mystic 20 and furthest to the east, was riding a slight northerly puff (Where the "\$#@*" did that zephyr come from?) and began to reach around the entire fleet. The objective now was to go backwards more slowly

than the rest of the boats. Tantalizingly, the fleet could discern the promised 10 knot southwesterly approaching, yet it was still a mile away and taking its own sweet time. Early puffs came from SE, W, SW, and S, in no particular order. Everyone tacked repeatedly trying to get either south or west of competitors. *Pandora* got lucky, caught the first of the building southwesterly and came in first.

FINAL RESULTS:

1.	<i>Pandora</i>	Bernie Huddlestun 20	Burt, Drew & Parker Staniar
2.	<i>Isabella</i>	Bella	John Stout
3.	<i>Chocolat Chip</i>	Marshall 22	Richard Washington
4.	<i>Moonshadow</i>	Marshall Sanderling	Tad & Judy Crawford
5.	<i>Catfish</i>	Marshall 22	Gordon Litwin
6.	<i>Julia Lee</i>	David Stimson 21	Charles Bowman
7.	<i>Mariah</i>	Mystic 20	Jean Lewellyn

Vineyard Haven Rendezvous

Mark Alan Lovewell



Racing off East and West Chop.



Photos by Dawn Peterson

Vineyard Haven had a considerably improved catboat rendezvous this past summer. More boats, more organization and a catboat race that was designed and run by catboaters.

The July 19 weekend weather might have only been slightly better, but no one complained. So let us call it ideal. Martha's Vineyard isn't always the easiest Island to get too. But on this weekend, again the weather cooperated with those who sailed and those who "iron sailed."

Fourteen catboats attended and most finished the race. Sailors came from across the Sound. They crossed Buzzards Bay and through Woods Hole Passage, and they crossed Nantucket Sound. One catboat named *Pearl*, came from Duxbury. Most arrived for the Friday afternoon gam, in my backyard, in downtown Vineyard Haven.

The Fire and Ice event started off with great fellowship. There was so much enthusiasm amid the gang, one would have thought these poor sailors had been adrift and hadn't seen each other in months. Their celebratory joy colored the whole weekend.

Those that didn't show up Friday, came speedily on Saturday morning.

Key elements that went with the success began at the outset with support from the town's harbor master Jay Wilbur. Wilbur knows catboats, sailed them, and told us all he appreciated our presence in the harbor. He not only helped sailors find places to tuck their boats for the night, he came to the event's Saturday evening awards ceremony.

The Saturday morning skipper's meeting was held at Owen's Park, the best sailor's meeting place in town. The race was officiated by Eric Peterson, past president of the Catboat Association, and an authority on knowing how to run a competitive race. Peterson, members of his family, and his catboat *Pinkletink* was there to participate. Peterson ran the skipper's meeting, answered questions and sailors rushed to their boats to be in the ready.

Other distinguished guests included Tim Lund, president of the association, and captain of *Red Squirrel*.

In the spirit of true sportsmanship and comradery, the start of the race was delayed a bit, so that one of the crewmembers could arrive after coming over to the Vineyard by ferryboat.

Peterson designed the race, a government mark to government mark race of 7 or 8 miles. What could be simpler? Peterson said he wanted the race to last about two hours, and it came darn close.

At a start in the outer harbor, the sailors' first leg was a beat to East Chop. From there they turned and went out into the middle of the sound to a gybing mark.

The final leg was a run into the current to West Chop. "It was a tricky little leg, as the current was almost going as fast as the boats," Peterson said afterwards.

Wind wasn't always reliable in the whole race course. One of the fleet's fastest Marshall 18s, *Shelle Belle*, got stuck in an area of dead air. This was a surprise to many, as this is one of Cape Cod's fastest sailboats.

When it came to making the race even more memorable, Dawn Peterson, Eric's wife, assisted. All hands full. With granddaughter Grace in one hand, she held a camera and took pictures with the other.

A Fire and Ice gathering and awards ceremony took place late in the afternoon, at this writer's home.



Left to right: Eric Peterson gives First Vineyard Boat across the finish to *Moon Shadow*; Mait Edey and Tad Crawford.



Eric Peterson gives First Place 22-foot catboat across the finish: *Red Squirrel*, Tim Lund and KC van Colen.



First wooden boat to cross the finish: *Pinkletink*: left to right: Miss Bethany Kate Peterson , Colby Wollerscheid, Eric Donald Peterson. Eric Peterson gives award.

The trophies were stunning, made on the quick. They were shiny varnished tropical hardwood. Each trophy had writing in blue and white paint, along with a black and white drawing of a catboat. Peterson

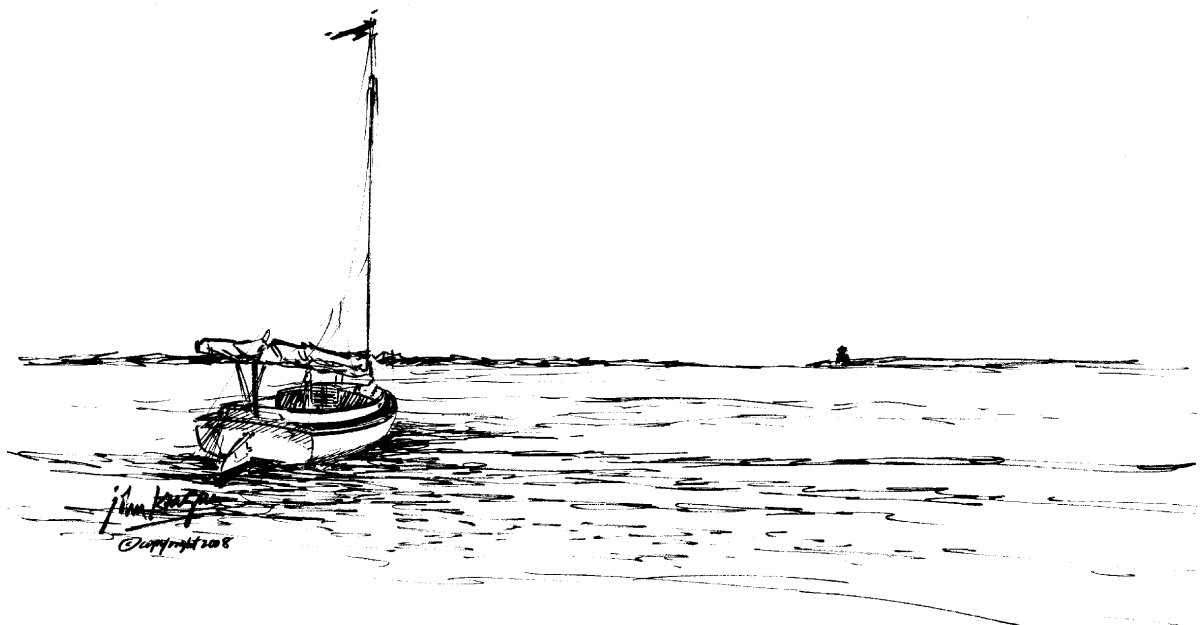
explained his technique, for coming up with a prize, well within budget. The 8 inch tall trophies were cut from an old spar he had at the house.

Other sailors and their boats participating included: Jack and Betsy Hoey of *Pearl*, Menger 23; Richard Washington, *Chocolate Chip*, Marshall 22; Woody Bowman, *Julia Lee*, Stimson wood 21; Jay Webster, *Ishmael*, Marshall 22; Cheryl and Peter Wildermuth, *Shell Belle*, Marshall 18; Bill Holden, *Caper*, Marshall 18; Dillen Owens, *Dark Star*; Ryan Peterson, *Genie*, Marshall 22; Bob Luckraft, *Genevieve*, Crosby wood 24.

Plans are underway for the coming year's Vineyard Haven catboat rendezvous. The race will take place Saturday, July 18, 2015. I will again host the weekend event.

So many sailors have stepped forward to give their support to this event. Members of the Cape Cod Chapter of the Catboat Association have resurrected the Squeteague perpetual trophy that hasn't been used in years and given it new use. See you in July.

Place	Boat Name	Captain, Boat Length
1st Vineyard Boat	<i>Moon Shadow</i>	Mait Edey and Tad Crawford, M-18
1st 22	<i>Red Squirrel</i>	Tim Lund and KC van Colen
1st Wooden Catboat	<i>Pinkletink</i>	Miss Bethany Kate Peterson , Colby Wollerscheid, Eric Donald Peterson, Crosby 21.
2nd place 22	<i>Salina</i>	Bob Betts
3rd place 22	<i>High Tide</i>	Alan Wilson



2015 Race/Rendezvous Schedule

Gayle Cornish, Editor

***OAK RIDGE, NJ:** To date, these are the scheduled events, which we have received. If there are others out there, please send to Tim Lund for posting on the website and to me so I can keep the list complete. We look forward to publishing the results of your summer get-togethers and races, so send them in come September. Thank you, Gayle. (gayle.cornish@catboats.org)*

Cape Cod Catboat Association 2015 Rendezvous Schedule

June 13

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

July 18

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

August 1

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

August 8

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

August 15

Arey's Pond Cat Gathering
South Orleans, MA
Tony Davis
Box 222, South Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-897 Email: catboat@cape.com

August 22

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

September 8-10

**Great Provincetown Schooner Regatta
Cape Cod Catboat Race and Long Point Race**
Dr. Cheryl Andrews
PO Box 539, 56 Howland Street
Provincetown, MA 02657
candrews@provincetownschoonerrace.org
nedhitchcock@comcast.net
508-487-7245



2015 Chesapeake Catboat Association Race/Event Schedule

March 14, 2015

CCBA Annual Meeting 1200-1600

Rock Hall Yacht Club
22759 McKinleyville Rd.
Rock Hall, MD 21661
RSVP To Rich McLaughlin
610-268-3780

May 23-24, 2015 (Race 24th)

Patuxent River Shootout

Calvert Marine Museum
Solomons, MD
Steve Flesner
2037 Indian Circle, St. Leonard, MD 20685
410-586-8179

June 14-20, 2015

2015 Long Cruise

“Sail Everywhere Cruise” Lower Choptank River
Marc Cruder
514 Heavitree Garth, Severna Park, MD 21146
410-987-9616

July 25-26, 2015 (Race 25th)

Corsica River Yacht Club Regatta

Rich McLaughlin
116 Pine Valley Drive, Avondale, PA 19311
610-268-3780

September 5-7, 2015 (Race 6th)

Great Whitehall Bay Regatta

Butch Miller
248 Poe Ct., Severna Park, MD 21146
410-271-2540

September 19, 2015

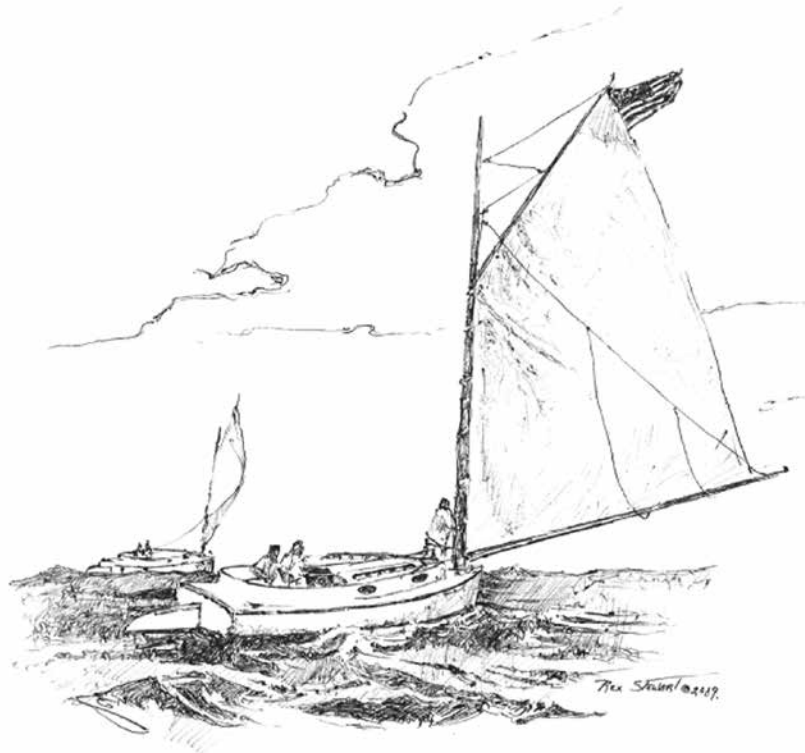
Prospect Bay Race

Roger Compton
38 Greenwood Shoals, Grasonville, MD 21638
410-827-6019

October 3-4, 2015 (sail in dinner 3rd)

Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival

Chesapeake Maritime Museum
St. Michaels, MD
Dave Park
105 Heritage Blvd., Milton, DE 19968



Piloting, Navigation and Electronics

Editor's Note: The dictionary defines piloting as "the determination of the course or position of a ship by any of various navigational methods or devices." To navigate is "to direct or manage a ship on its course." Electronics? Well...you get the idea. With that in mind, please take a moment to reflect on the past year... Did you get from your home port to a point beyond the horizon? How? Did you purchase a new GPS or depth finder? Does it work as advertised? Tell us about it! Inquiring catboaters want to know!

Brent Putnam
brent.putnam@catboats.org

Navigating Woods Hole

Brent Putnam

A hole is any inlet or passage between islands. In Massachusetts, this naming convention can be seen all along the Elizabeth Islands which separate Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound. Quick's Hole lies between Nashawena and Pasque Islands, and Robinson's Hole separates Pasque and Naushon Islands.

Further northeast, between Nonamesset Island and Cape Cod, is Woods Hole. Defined by Nobska Point to the east and Uncatena Island to the west, Woods Hole is the busiest of these passages. Boat traffic from New Bedford and the Cape Cod Canal to the west, and from all around Nantucket Sound to the east, transits back and forth through this narrow, rocky passage.

For many, Woods Hole is an intimidating waypoint on an otherwise easy trip. It need not be. Grab a chart and follow along as we navigate through.

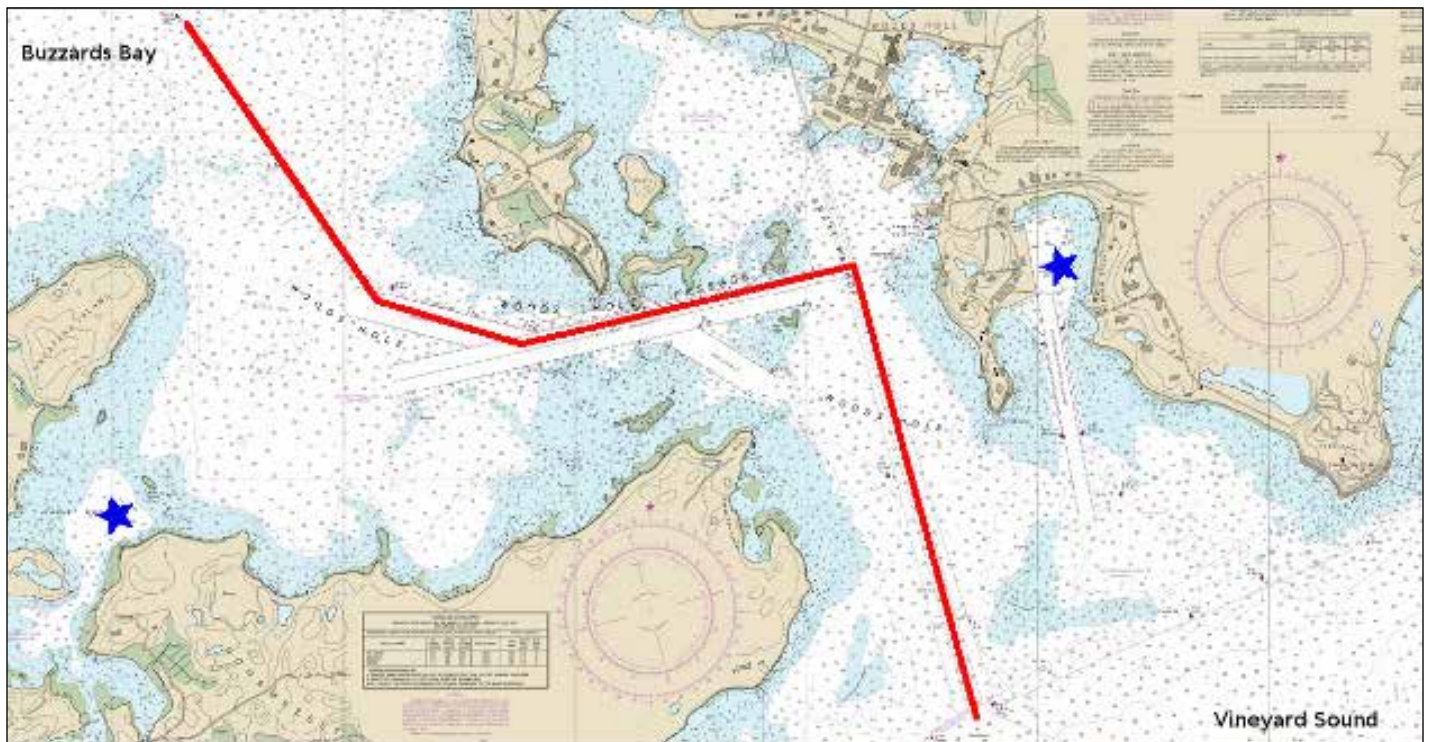
General Precautions

If you are contemplating a trip through Woods Hole for the first time, some general precautions need to be taken:

1. Because they can only navigate within a narrow channel, larger deep draft vessels such as fishing boats and ferries have the right-of-way here (COLREGS Rules 9(b) and 9(d)). For these ships, most of Woods Hole is a narrow channel – some parts more so than others.



2. It's best to transit the Hole no more than 30 minutes either side of slack water. The maximum currents in Woods Hole can peak at over 4 knots as quickly as 2 hours after slack. Although this is less than the theoretical maximum speed of the larger catboats, it is not flat water even in good weather. The current travels around and over various rocks and ledges, roiling the water, and wakes from passing power boats, especially those traveling against the current, only add to this. Remember also that the theoretical maximum speed is theory, which goes out the door when towing a dingy or fighting a headwind.
3. As with any place on the water, weekdays are better than weekends. In particular, there are fewer pleasure boats with their inexperienced skippers.
4. Go in daylight. There are lighted buoys and markers for navigating at night, but with so many in such a small space, it can be confusing. Moreover, they can get lost amidst the lighting in and around the village of Woods Hole.
5. Go under power. Keep the sail up if you want, but because of the current and narrow channel, you lose the advantage of right-of-way that sailing usually offers.



Overview of Woods Hole

There are several different routes that can be taken through Woods Hole. Some are charted, some are not. For a first time passage, we stick to the KISS principle and focus on the route with the fewest number of turns, depicted by the line on the accompanying chart labeled Overview of Woods Hole. Note that because of the nature of navigating on the water, the headings provided here may vary by several degrees in either direction and are therefore approximate.

For further detail please refer to chart #13235 – Woods Hole, which can be viewed online at www.charts.noaa.gov/PDFs/13235.pdf. The full page chart depicted in this article is only a segment of that chart.

Vineyard Sound to Buzzards Bay

Summary: Head due north from the southwesternmost red #2 buoy on Vineyard Sound. Just past the red #8 nun, turn due west through The Strait and proceed about 1/2-mile to the red #6 nun. From there, turn to the northwest, following the markers to the green #13 buoy in Buzzards Bay.

Detail: Although there are precautions to be taken when traveling in either direction, the Vineyard

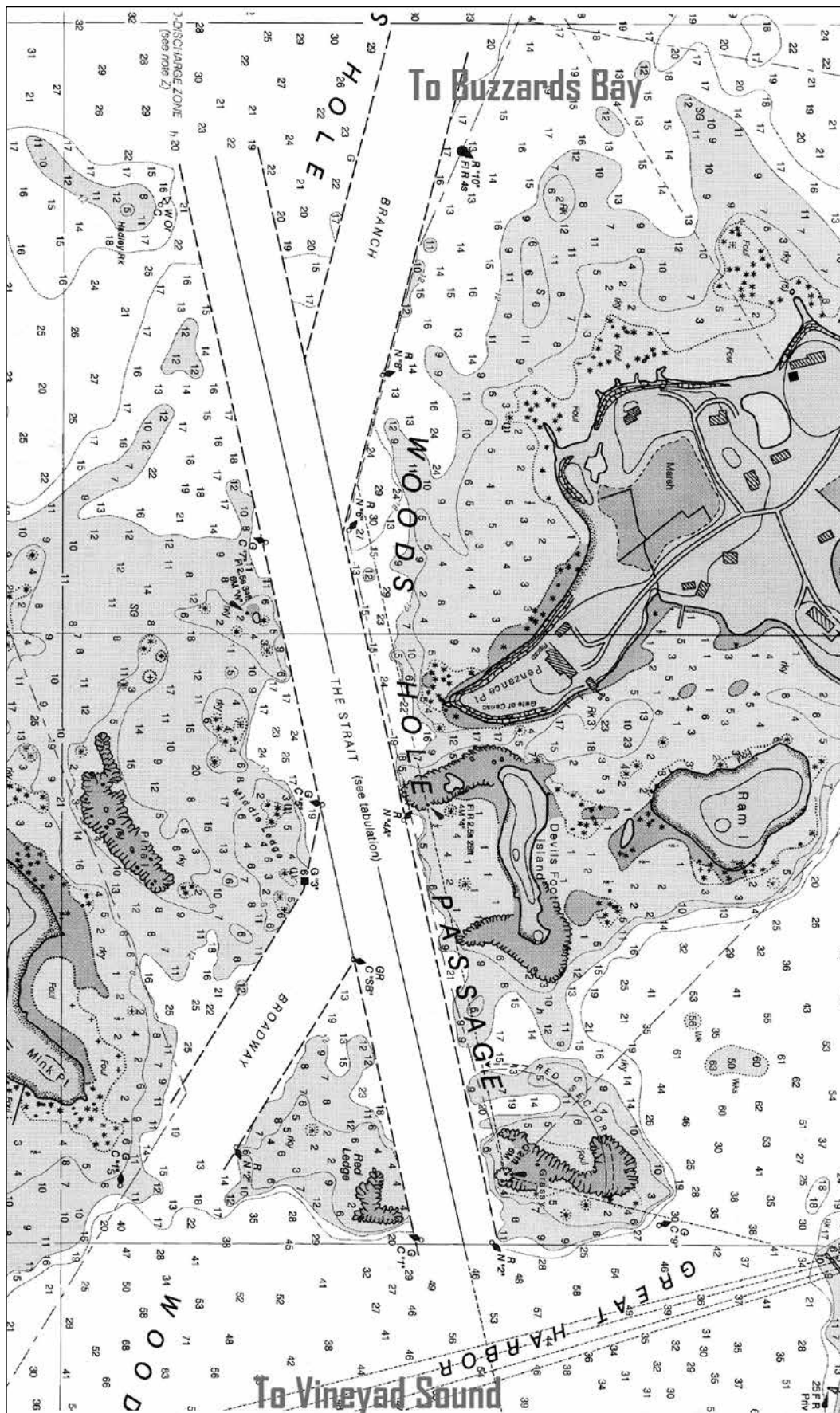
Sound to Buzzards Bay route is probably a little easier. For starters, you are “returning” to Buzzards Bay, so the trip from the Sound will have the red markers on your starboard side.

Moreover, unlike Vineyard Sound, the currents in Buzzards Bay are light – at most about 1/2-knot to the northeast or southwest – so entering Buzzards Bay presents no special challenges.

The biggest challenge is the westbound ebb current, which is generally about 1 knot more than the eastbound flood, and it peaks more quickly – about 2 to 2-1/2 hours after slack. Although traveling with the current will speed your passage, it will also speed your way into a rock or buoy if you are not careful (hence the recommendation to transit at slack tide).

On the Vineyard Sound side of Woods Hole, there are two red #2 buoys that lie in a roughly northeast-southwest line from Nobska Point. We start at the southern-most red #2 buoy and proceed due north. Along the way, you will pass the red #4 nun to starboard, the green #5 buoy to port, and the red #8 nun to starboard.

The Strait is the primary route through the Woods Hole Passage. Conveniently, it runs directly east-west magnetic. A short distance past the red #8



Woods Hole detailed.

nun, turn west and enter The Strait between the green #1 can and red #2 nun. There is less than 1/2-mile from here to the end – the green #7 can and red #6 nun. The pinch point is about 2/3rds along the way, between Devil’s Foot Island and Penzance Point to the north, and the Middle Ledge to the south.

There are places where you can safely pass outside the channel markers – The Strait is not one of those places. Stay in the marked channel. When you reach the green #7 can and red #6 nun, turn a little to starboard and follow the red markers up the Branch to the red #10 buoy. Then continue on a 340 degree heading northwest to the green #11 can and finally to the green #13 buoy. Congratulations! You are now in Buzzards Bay!

Buzzards Bay to Vineyard Sound

Summary: Start at the green #13 buoy and proceed southeast about 160 degrees magnetic until you reach the red #10 buoy. Turn a little more east to the green #7 can, at which point you will proceed due east. When you pass the green #1 can, turn due south to Vineyard Sound.

Detail: Leaving Buzzards Bay via Woods Hole, the green markers will be on your starboard, and the eastbound flood current is slower and peaks later – about 2-1/2 to 3 hours after slack. This gives you a little more flexibility, which you may need when planning a long passage. More on this in a moment.

Starting at the green #13 buoy in Buzzards Bay, head about 160 degrees southeast for about 1/2-mile. At the red #10 buoy, start turning east toward the green #7 can. You may see the nearby “W” marker (mounted atop a rock) first. At the green #7, turn due east, keeping the green markers on your starboard. Watch out for westbound traffic from Broadway as you pass the green #5 can. About 1/2-mile later, you will encounter the green #1 can. Turn due south, passing the green #5 buoy to reach the red #2 buoy and green #1 can. Congratulations! You are now in Vineyard Sound!

The biggest difference between the westbound and eastbound trips is that unlike Buzzards Bay, there is a relatively strong current in Vineyard Sound – sometimes exceeding 3 knots – which ebbs to the southwest and floods to the northeast. Slack in Vineyard Sound is about 50-75 minutes after slack in Woods Hole. This creates a scenario where you may leave Woods Hole and encounter a southwest-bound current in Vineyard Sound.

Here you can take advantage of the longer window available when traveling eastbound through Woods Hole. Transit the Hole on the flood, an hour after slack, and you will enter Vineyard Sound on its slack. If your itinerary takes you eastbound to Stage Harbor in Chatham, you will have the flood current for most, if not all of the journey.

Laying Over

If you arrive too soon or too late to catch the slack, you have options on both sides of the Hole. These are marked by stars on the accompanying chart labeled “Overview of Woods Hole.” East of Woods Hole, between Nobska Point and Juniper Point, is Little Harbor, the home of Coast Guard Station Woods Hole. It is fully exposed to the south-southeast, but the fetch is limited by Marthas Vineyard just three miles away.

As previously noted, there are two red #2 buoys that lie in a roughly northeast-southwest line from Nobska Point. The easiest way into Little Harbor is to start at the north-easternmost #2 buoy nearer Nobska Point, and then head northwest to the red #6 and green #7 buoys that mark the channel into the harbor. Inside the harbor, there is space to anchor due west of the green #9 can, and due east of the red #10 buoy. You could also head further up in search of an empty mooring, or anchor in the northeast shallows of the harbor.

To the west is Hadley Harbor. A fine hurricane hole, many consider Hadley a destination onto itself. To get here from Buzzards Bay, travel south from the green #13 buoy on a heading of about 195 degrees magnetic to reach the markers into Hadley Harbor. You can anchor here, or continue around the east side of Bull Island to the more sheltered inner harbor. Expect crowded conditions on the weekends.

Alternative Routes

There are other ways through Woods Hole. Aside from the unmarked routes south of The Strait (not recommended without local knowledge), one could take Broadway. Heading east, Broadway begins at the green #5 can at the mid-point of The Strait, between Devils Foot Island to the north and the Middle Ledge to the south. It turns southeast roughly along a northwest-southeast line.

Broadway is a more direct route, but there are pitfalls. The Woods Hole current is strongest right where you need to turn at the green #5 can. It’s not

uncommon to see this buoy leaning at a 45-degree angle. Moreover, the current cuts across Broadway. This is less of a problem in a fast moving powerboat, but catboats aren't powerboats, and can be propelled onto Middle Ledge or Red Ledge – which flank the channel to the west and east, respectively.

Current aside; the intersection of The Strait and Broadway is a tricky one. Westbound traffic from Broadway has the right of way over eastbound traffic in The Strait, but it must yield to other westbound traffic already in The Strait (COLREGS Rule 15(a)). However, if you are transiting eastbound with the current, this can conflict with the rules which require vessels moving against a current to yield to vessels moving with a current (COLREGS Rules 3(q), 9(a) (ii), 15(b)).

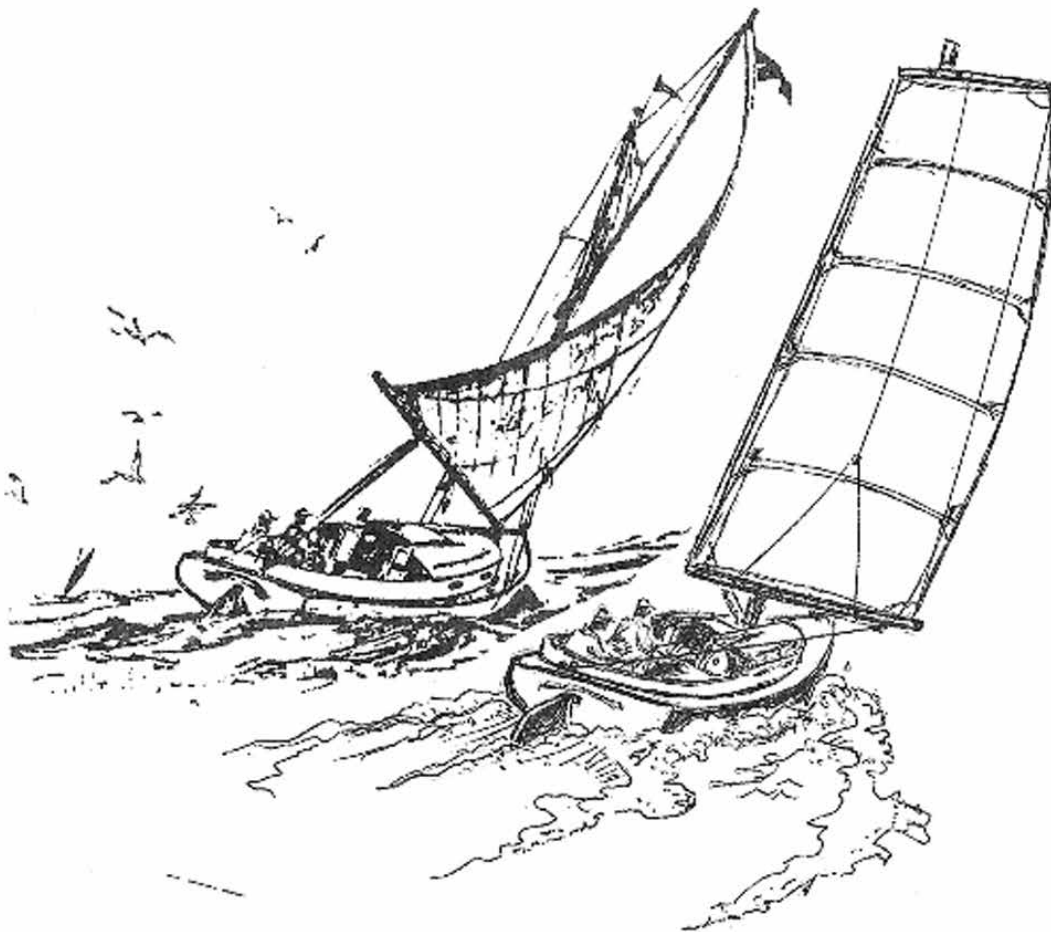
Confused? Avoid Broadway.

Finally, a word of encouragement. Many catboaters have passed through Woods Hole safely

– some many times, at night, and even under sail. If you are heading to a rendezvous that requires a Woods Hole transit, you could get your feet wet by following another catboat. Whether in the company of other cats or going solo, heed the warnings and follow the markers and you'll do fine!

Sources

The two primary sources of current information for Woods Hole are the Eldridge Tide & Pilot Book, published annually and available from most marine and book stores, and NOAA, which maintains the NOAA Tides & Currents website. The latter can be found using “NOAA tides and currents” in any Internet search engine. The direct URL is www.tidesandcurrents.noaa.gov/. From the home page, select Products => Tidal Current Tables => (choose the year) => Massachusetts => Buzzards Bay => WOODS HOLE, THE STRAIT.



Cruising

Steve Flesner, Editor

Catboats around Long Island

Frank Kemp

Quotes from the Spring of 2014:

1) "Sail around Long Island on a Catboat? You can't do that!"

2) "Hey, that's done every year at the Around Long Island Regatta (ALIR)!"

3) "Around the island, eh? Why bother?"

4) "That's a long trip on a Catboat! Where would you sleep?"

These comments from friends and family were typical during the months before our July 2014 trip – and all were off base to some degree.

The answers to the questions were:

1) Yes, we could do that – 225 miles in six pleasant days – with time in port for lobster dinners each night.

2) No, it's not done every year – the ALIR starts from Rockaway Point and finishes at Hempstead Harbor, which is technically only $\frac{3}{4}$ around – it wisely avoids having sailboat racing along Manhattan's East River or busy New York Harbor.

3) Why bother? Well "Because it there" and "It seemed to be a good idea at the time," or "If you have to ask, you wouldn't understand!"

4) And "no," it's not a long trip on a Catboat – it's actually quite a refreshing way to spend a week, alone during the day, and in the evenings, supper, in good company. For full disclosure, *Owl* and *Lovinde* had sailed to Mystic for the 50th reunion – only a 3-day trip.

Here are some notes on the trip made by the two Catboats - both Marshall 18's.

Owl was captained by Roger Klein of Rowayton, CT, and *Lovinde*, captained by Frank Kemp (your author), of Darien, CT.

The plan was hatched, and vetted, at the 2014 Annual Meeting in Mystic. We had placed a request



Drawing courtesy of Frank Lovewell

for advice in the Catboat ListServ (which was recapped in the CBA Bulletin) and several members offered their insights as to the passage through New York Harbor, the East Rockaway Inlet and passages along the Great South Bay to Shinnecock Inlet and its canal.

As the departure date of early July approached, we prepared our boats in parallel, adding fuel storage, additional ground tackle, and creature comforts in the cabins. In a completely unscripted act of preparedness, we both put on older sails: *Owl* resurrected a previously sidelined main, while *Lovinde* sported a second-hand sail purchased through the internet. After all, this was not a race, and it seemed foolish to put too many hours on the relatively new sails normally used in summer regattas at home.

Both Roger and I are instructors for the Darien Sail & Power Squadron, and realize the importance of a "Float Plan" to aid search and rescue efforts, should there be a need. To make it easy to track our locations, and our anticipated daily destinations, we set up a blog for the trip. The blog is still on the air – at www.CatboatsForever.blogspot.com. With the aid of a good friend, Peter Adler, of Darien, the blog was kept up to date with daily journals, and a prediction of where the next day would take us. If there had been an emergency, Peter, in his role of "Ground Control" for the trip, would be able to narrow down possible locations for our search, as well as provide the vital information to describe our boats. We both owe Peter a "doff of the cap" for his shore-based support system.

The False Start – and the Irrelevance of a Schedule

Well, the July 1 departure date arrived – and we had a good first leg of the trip to City Island. However, the approach of Hurricane Arthur caused an “agonizing reappraisal” of our options: go forward, or go back. As background: Roger is a retired commercial pilot, having served PanAm and Delta Airlines in a distinguished career of international flying. Roger knows weather. Roger knew that it was not going to be pleasant boating for anyone on the south shore of Long Island for the following week – he did not want to be anywhere near Hurricane Arthur in an 18’ Catboat. Moreover, the exit from New York Harbor, and the 18-mile dash to East Rockaway Inlet in the open ocean, along a lee shore, was not to be undertaken in what was predicted to be 15 to 20 knots with gusts up to 30 knots. Seas 2 to 4 feet. Small Craft Advisory.

So we returned to home port – with the story that we tell the students in the basic boating course ringing in our ears. The story goes: “What is the most dangerous item to have on board a cruising boat?” Flares? Anchor windlass? Alcohol stove? The answer is: “A Schedule!”

So we had definitely blown our schedule on Day-2 of the adventure. Time to retreat, re-supply, reconsider, and wait it out.

The Real Start – and the trip through New York Harbor

One week later – we restarted the adventure – well rested, and ready to go. The trip to City Island was accomplished in good spirits. The strong breeze from the southwest could have pinned us against a lumpy Connecticut shore for the passage west. However, in a bold stroke, Roger suggested that we cross to the north-shore of Long Island – and sail westerly in the lee of that shore, reefed, in relatively untroubled waters, as the short fetch argued for minimum wave action. He was right: the plan worked.

The next day we were joined by “Day Crew” for the exciting trip through Hell Gate and what followed. Peter Adler and Pat Linskey (owner of *Felix*, a Herreshoff 18 in Old Greenwich) arrived at 5:45 a.m. for the super-early departure. Hell Gate was only 8 miles away – and “Slack-High Tide” was to be at 7 a.m. A perfect start for the day.

The trip through Hell Gate and the East River was splendid – a calm summer’s morning, no wave action, *Lovinde* with a reefed main up to steady the rock and roll – *Owl* didn’t bother – bare poles. The



Frank at Hell Gate.

current started slack and then built up to about 5 knots in our favor. We have a picture of a GPS screen that shows a Speed-Over-Ground of 9.1 knots. Midtown and Wall Street from sea-level is always a thrill – in the quiet morning air – it seemed a movie-set. It is! Then past the new park south of the Brooklyn Bridge, wave to friends who had come down to wish us well. At that point, traveling at 9 knots, we could only wave as we passed – there would be no hope of making a U-Turn to go back and visit – we were on our way.



Owl and *Lovinde* at Wall Street.

Passing under the Verrazano was my “magic moment” for the morning – I had been through and around the harbor several times (but not on a Catboat) – but the imagery of being in a small boat under the massive bridge made my morning. It is big! The open span runs 4,260 ft. with 228 ft. clearance overhead. So no need to duck. The passage under the big bridge gave me the goose-bumps. Funny thing.

Then the passage that was the major concern (spoken and unspoken) of the trip: the open Atlantic Ocean for 18 miles to the East Rockaway Inlet. Yes, there could be shelter behind Coney Island, or in the Rockaway Inlet to Sheepshead Bay, but they would be dead-ends for the trip – since the East Rockaway Inlet is the first access to the “inland passage” that would be our pathway to Shinnecock Inlet and Canal.

The breeze was slight – and encouraging enough for *Owl* to raise her sail, and *Lovinde* to shake out the reef that remained from the harbor passage. Motors were off for a while, to “keep it real.” As per advice from Catboat colleagues, we paralleled the east side of the Ambrose Channel, staying well away from the string of big ships entering the harbor, and staying well away from the rough water at Rockaway Point.

The ocean swells were nominal. That is – we could feel the gentle rhythm of rise and fall, but nothing alarming – they were just “there” as traffic noise might be present near a major highway. The time passed quickly, the 18 miles passed quickly, and soon we were in the welcoming passage at East Rockaway Inlet.

Remember those ocean swells? Well, when the “nominal” ocean swells encountered the breakwater and beach at Silver Point (the south arm of the Inlet) – the gentle swells were large enough to entertain surf-board riders – riding the crashing waves into the shore. Those waves were not so “nominal” after all – they were BIG! Another goose-bump moment, celebrated by honking on the air-horn: we had made it! Indeed, we had been out there with the big boys ... but the big boys were behaving. We had received a providential warning not to be out there in any but these ideal conditions – those waves would have been very ominous in anything other than our pleasant day.

So now we were back in civilization: Atlantic Beach, Long Beach, Lido Beach, the Reynolds Channel, and then up through the marsh-lands to Freeport for the evening. Our Day Crew’s mates: Jan Linskey and P.J. Adler, had driven down through New York City rush hour traffic to Freeport to



Owl – Roger and Peter Adler.

rendezvous with us for dinner, a good talk about the day’s adventures, and to pick up their spouses. Later that evening, when the Day Crew team departed, we tallied up the distance for the day, 50 miles by water from our start at City Island. The boost from the ebb current through the harbor had really helped.

Three days: Great South Bay, Shinnecock (the Canal) and Peconic Bay to Shelter Island

The next three days were the model for the trip – 25 to 30 miles per day – leisurely, scenic, new waters and basically, just “fun.”

The departure from Freeport saw a combination of tight channel navigation through the great marshes of southern Long Island, and the first of many bascule draw bridges whose operators were most helpful and courteous to a couple of dinky Catboats with 24 foot masts. Then it was on to the open waters of Great South Bay. *Owl* and *Lovinde* parted ways for the afternoon: for *Lovinde*, a short visit with friends at Point of Woods broke up the afternoon; for *Owl* an almost visit with a friend in West Islip (and a little bottom bump off Sampawams Point). A grand sail for both in the late afternoon found us in Patchogue

for a rendezvous at the end of the day and dinner with Rogers's West Islip pal.

The next morning we departed Patchogue in good time (7:30 a.m.) and in the cool cloudy morning, before things began to cook, we "made tracks," – or "made waves." At a steady pace we continued to the very end of Great South Bay and entered the narrows at Brookhaven, Shirley and Mastic Beach, where the channel leads to Moriches Inlet and the beginning of the canal and narrows portion of the trip. Soon we were passing the north end of the Moriches Inlet – a desolate and 'no roads' area to starboard (the south) – the barrier beach is really wild at this point, and our imaginations provided the only view of the actual inlet, as it is blocked, cork-out-of-the-bottle by intermediate islands. The power boats that passed us, making the transit of the inlet, were all heavy-duty, sea-worthy vessels. After Moriches Bay, it was back to the canal - Quantuck Canal to be specific – where the cut is the front-and-back-yard for the many homes along the shore. Making the passage was like a moving view of "Rear Window" – all sorts of activity – up-scale and modest, pre-Sandy survivors, and post-Sandy construction sites. Lots of activity, lots of things to watch as we scrolled by.

The tidal variances out here are not great: 2 to 3 feet. But the current velocities are very apparent. Case in point: as we were leaving Great South Bay – the current was with us (tide coming in – we were going with it) ... but as we approached Moriches – the current was against us (same tide coming in – but through a different inlet ... consequently it was now against us). So we had crossed a "continental divide" of sorts – there must have been one place where the currents were not doing anything: just slack.

In the vicinity of Moriches the terrain got wilder. Remember when Sandy cut three new inlets in this area? One is in the state wildlife area (still not repaired – they are studying whether to fix it or not). The other two were on each side of the Moriches Inlet. The State of New York moved quickly to repair these breaches, lest they widen and become unstoppable. As we motored along, glancing apprehensively at the ocean "just over there," the boats that passed us were on their way out to the fantastic fishing grounds – 50, 60, 70 miles off-shore – the Hudson Canyon. They may stay out there for 24 or 36 hours, 6 or 8 friends to a party, sharing costs, and the fun.

Continuing to the most narrow part of the channel – as it narrows to be a canal – at Westhampton and Quogue – where you get close-up views of the waterfront homes' yards again – and playthings of

the residents: jet-skis and muscle boats. Not many sail boats over here.

By 1:00 p.m. we were getting close to the Shinnecock Inlet, another case of the "plus or minus" factor of one knot of current. Nearing Shinnecock there are a great number of summer homes out on the barrier beach, and again, more beautiful homes facing the bay. This winter I'd like to take the car out to these islands, and see the structures first-hand.

Once up in Shinnecock, we explored the idea of measuring our masts against the railroad bridge crossing the Shinnecock Canal (the middle, and the most problematic of the three low bridges over the canal). The current was against us, which was good, as it provided a slowing and steadying force. As *Owl* eased up to the bridge, *Lovinde* stayed back, on radio, to offer any prediction as to whether it looked good or not. Damn. No good - by about two feet. Roger backed off (but first, he 'tapped' the bridge with his mast, just to be sure), turned, and we met at an abandoned dock to confer about our options. The next low tide would be around Midnight - and even then, with the slight tidal ranges in this area, close to the ocean, – it still might not work. So we decided to go back to "Plan A" – which was to take the masts down.



Low Bridge.

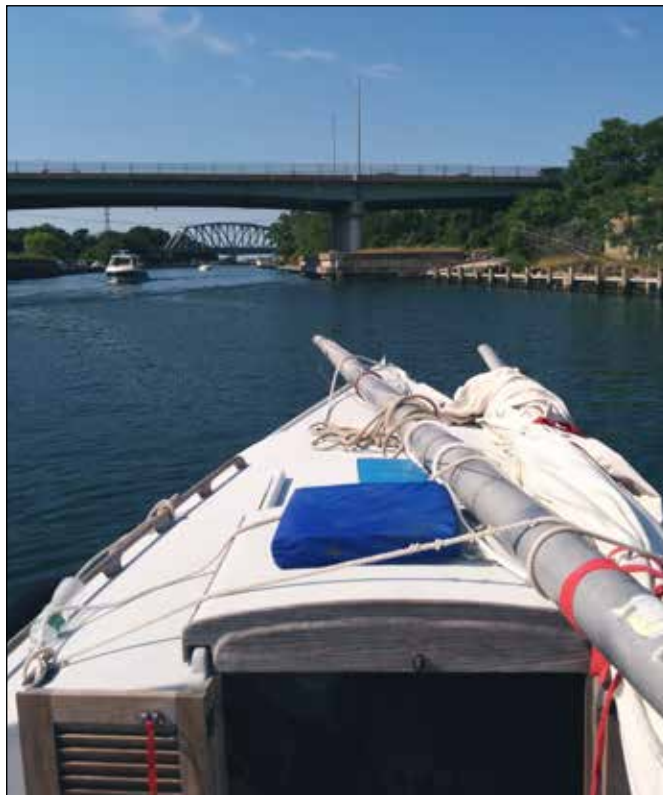
At a nearby dock, *Owl's* mast, on a hinge, came down without much trouble – it was designed to do this. *Lovinde*, on the other hand, presented a challenge of disconnecting all lines and booms that encountered the mast so that the mast could be raised and then put-down horizontally on deck. Removing and replacing the mast in mid-summer is something like doing an appendectomy



Mast removal crane.



Mast down at Shinnecock.



Mast down on *Lovinde*.

on yourself – you can do it, but it’s not a lot of fun. A hand crank crane at either end of the canal was a great help. There is a picture of all this – not a dramatic picture, mind you, since when Roger was on the crank, and I was steadying the mast, who was there to take a dramatic picture? However, you can see a picture of the bridge, and the crane, taken in February when Roger reconnoitered the area.

Anyway, by dinner-time, the boats were all together again, the afternoon was well spent, and we settled down in the county-run marina on the east side of the exit of the canal. A walk through the parking lot and we bought dinner at the adjacent beach-front snack bar looking out over The Great Peconic Bay – a fine end to a fine day.

So, after just a few days, we have “turned the corner” on the trip: the transit of the canal really means that we are on the return leg.

The next morning, day # 5 of the trip, we left Shinnecock and with plenty of wind, again on the nose, took a long, reefed, tack across to Mattituck on the North Fork (yes, the same town as the port on Long Island Sound, but there is no canal or cut-through – this is just the other side of the same North Fork town), where the breeze filled to allow approach to Robins Island. We beat north along the island and into Cutchogue harbor for a look-see. Peaceful, quiet, beautiful: no muscle boats, no jet skis (well, maybe one). Then, without the reef, what a relief, south along Little Hog Neck and round the point and tacked over to the South Fork (West of Sag Harbor), and then north along Jessup Neck for the exit from Great Peconic Bay. Then, just a few miles counter-clockwise around Shelter Island to Deering Harbor

– where the Shelter Island Yacht Club provided our mooring (and dinner) for the evening.

On our approach to the club, we did a ‘fly-by’ of the club’s mooring field, admiring the assembled yachts, and were met by a pleasant couple sailing a beautiful blue hulled Herreshoff 12 ½. They waved, and seemed to appreciate the company of our two Catboats.

Later, having picked up moorings (the first of the trip – all other over-nights had been dock-side) we took the launch in to the club for lemonade on the porch and supper. Like an apparition from the Annual Meeting – Captain Henry Marx (Landfall Navigation, Stamford) appeared from the next launch landing. He had been teaching a seminar at the club on boating safety, fire extinguishers, etc. with the cooperation of the local marine fire departments. What a pleasant surprise.

Before supper, with the lemonade in hand, and gazing out at the beautiful mooring field, there was time to look back on the day, and the “Inner Game of Sailing.” Today was classic: clear, good winds, a pleasant port waiting, and no navigation issues to deal with (i.e. no GPS waypoints) ... just practical problems like: get around this island, stay clear of that shoal, and come in as close to the shore as prudent on the short tacks. Part of the fun today was tacking up along Jessup Neck, where starboard tack took you out into the white capped waves coming down the bay, while port tack took you back into the calmer waters where the wind was as strong, but the intervening sand-bar/groin prevented the waves from building up. Just working the boat to windward – that’s what we do ... what we are really practicing in the round-the-buoys races ... but in this case – this was for real: getting up the bay and into the next adventure. It had been a very good day.

Just as I was finishing my lemonade, and getting ready for dinner – a couple came over and introduced themselves: they had recognized us from the harbor this afternoon. Indeed, they were the couple who had handled the Herreshoff 12 ½ so well – and accompanied us down the fairway.

In fact, there was a very good reason that they were interested in our Catboats – you see, Ed and Joy Bausman are the owners of *Emma* – a Marshall 18 – exactly the same as *Lovinde* and *Owl* – and CBA members.

This afternoon they were out at the mouth of the harbor, enjoying the superior day in their Herreshoff and noticed two Catboats approaching.

They deliberately circled around us and accompanied us into the harbor. Residents of Shelter Island and members of the Club, they had come over this evening to seek us out and chat about Catboats. They have been to many CBA Annual Meetings and several rendezvous at Duck Island – Westbrook, CT.

A Catboat veteran of 15 years, Ed was able to provide some advice for getting a Catboat through Plum Gut – our next challenge. With many things to talk over about Catboats, junior programs, club operations and the attraction of new members, the Bausmans asked us to join them for dinner, which we did. What a delight – and at mid-dinner we were introduced to the real “Emma,” – their niece, for whom their Sanderling is named.

By the time we parted, after desert and coffee, we were old friends, and pledged to rendezvous at the Catboat Association annual meeting next winter in Mystic.

The final day – and the Plum Gut’s Extra Hour

This was a classic, classic day - a long one, yes, but an epic voyage from Deering Harbor, through Plum Gut - and then DIRECT to Darien. Home. The start of the day was about 6:30 - the crossing of the Gut was about 8:30 - and then some loooooong hours on a bearing directly for home.

The rhumb line from the gut to Norwalk’s Greens Ledge Light is 275 magnetic - and we were on it all day long. Any thoughts of stopping over at an interim harbor were quickly abandoned when we saw what a boost the flood tide was giving us up the LI Sound from Plum Gut and the Race. We slowed down around New Haven and Bridgeport - the flood tide was spent about noon - and in the afternoon we had dismal 4 kn. progress. But all in all, we arrived in the neighborhood about 7:00 p.m.

Here is how it played out. In the morning, early off the moorings at Shelter Island Yacht Club, we worked up the coast along Long Beach, to Orient Point. Ed Bausman’s suggestion for the transit of Plum Gut worked perfectly – in fact we have a picture to prove his point.

Ed had noted that the “typical” boater in our situation would travel up to Orient Point, spy the lighthouse, and then use it as a turning point to pivot into the Sound. Not good. They get beat up in the tumultuous waves in the Gut, and are not happy. Rather, he suggested, stay clear of the Gut, point to the north-east to head toward, and get close to, Plum Island, and THEN turn north-west to travel near to

Plum Island's coast-line, as close as prudent, until clear of the confused water in the Gut. This system worked very well for us.

Sure, the water was roiling and confused where we were, but it was worse "over there" to our port and further out towards the center of the channel. High speed within the gut? Again, about 9 knots on the GPS. And then for the next half hour or so, a steady 7.5 to 8 – and for the next several hours: 6 to 7. We were moving right along.



Plum Gut to port.

Once clear of the turbulence and velocity of the Gut, we were the beneficiaries of the current coming through The Race – which turns and picks up its flow one hour after the Gut. Accordingly, we had an extra hour of favorable current – a 'seven-hour' favorable current, rather than the typical six.

I think that we had already made a subconscious decision to go for the "home-run" for the day – but this sustained boost of favorable current sealed the deal. Now, we were: "Homeward bound."

There is another secret to coming into the Sound via Plum Gut, rather than the Race or Fishers Island Sound: it's closer to home! Roughly speaking, Plum Gut is south of Saybrook, while the Race is south of New London, and if you are coming out of Fishers Island Sound you are barely past Mystic before Long Island Sound opens up.

More specifically, Plum Gut is "only" 56 miles from Greens Ledge Light. Add another 9 miles to the Gut from Deering – and there you have it: a 65-mile day.

What do you do, then, for the next eight hours, on the long ride home? Beats me. I don't know where the time went – I knew it was going to be a long ride – I knew it was going to be boring – I knew

that the wind would eventually come up in the late afternoon (it always does) – and the time went by. Roger and I had a deal that we would check in with each other 'on the hour.' The conversation would go like this: "Owl, this is *Lovinde*." "Owl here." "Owl – this hour we averaged 5.5 knots, we have 26 miles to go, and our ETA is still 6:30 p.m." "Very good, steady as you go, talk to you in an hour. Standing by on 72." "Roger, Roger: standing by on 72." And then the new hour would start.

What do you do for the hour? Set the VHF to scan all stations – listen in on a race committee looking for enough air to start their race. Drag the anchor line behind, so as to unkink it. Vary the diet: one hour for Chips Ahoy, one hour for Fig Newton's. Charge the cell phone off the spare 12-volt motorcycle battery. Do a calculation as to gas consumption and figure out what the safety margin will be for fuel. Call radio checks on the Sea-Tow automated answer-back system.

Well – that used up about 55 minutes – during the next 5 minutes, gather, and log the statistics for the next cryptic hourly check in with Roger: average speed, distance to go, ETA. Roger sighted three sea turtles in eastern LI Sound during the breaks and photographed one. And then the next hour begins.

Look, it was a long trip – right down the center of the Sound. But it made the Sound "ours" – i.e. from end to end (end to Home) – we 'owned' it today. The day went by – the miles went by – and it was good.



Lovinde and *Owl*.

About Branford, however, the flood current gave out – and the ebb started – and then the hours got longer. But a breeze came up: a little sailing, a little motor-sailing, then a little sailing. None-the-less - it took an age to get by New Haven, and then, Bridgeport was a real problem: it is big. You start seeing Bridgeport's features long before you are south of them ...and then when you think you are past the mouth of the harbor – the ferry crosses waaaaay in front of you. Bridgeport is not done with you, yet.

Then the local landmarks start to appear – Penfield Light falls behind you, and then the fine stretch along Fairfield, Southport, Sherwood Island – leads to Cockenoe and the Norwalk Islands: HOME.

After a dock-and-dine layover in Norwalk to wait for high tide, Saturday evening, around Midnight, *Lovinde* silently eased alongside her dock at Holly Pond – fenders aside, dock lines at the ready, running lights glowingand then ... the trip had come full circle.

Monday afternoon, six days prior, “Catboats Around Long Island” had started with working down to City Island, and now, it was complete.

Here is a recap of the days, ports and mileages:

- Day 1 25 miles - Home to City Island
- Day 2 50 miles - City Island, thru New York Harbor to Freeport, LI
- Day 3 30 miles - Freeport to Patchogue
- Day 4 30 miles - Patchogue to Shinnecock Canal
- Day 5 25 miles - Shinnecock Canal to Deering Harbor, Shelter Island
- Day 6 65 miles - Deering Harbor to Home

The trip totaled 225 miles – that's about 37 miles a day. We had estimated a trip of 250 miles at 25 miles a day, for 10 days. The difference in the distance is accounted for a liberal allowance for the daily trips in and out of overnight harbors. In fact, since there were fewer days, there was less of this type of 'overhead.' The day through New York Harbor (50 miles) and then the final day homeward bound (65 miles) skewed the average – which was somewhat between 25 and 30 miles per day – a comfortable number.

The trip was a “bucket-list” project – something that Roger and I had always wanted to do. When people asked: “Why are you doing this?” – I tried to explain it, using terms of “the love of sailing,” “new ports,” “adventure,” “because it's there,” – but often

gave up in exasperation with: “If you have to ask ... you wouldn't understand the answer.” I know that is kind of shallow – but the real answer is: I always wanted to sail around Long Island, because: it's there. That's that.

What a fine way to spend a few days – Roger and I were always in radio contact, never more than a mile apart, and often within photo range. In the evenings, over a good dinner, we had lots to talk about, and half the time we were in the company of friends – so it was nice to be flying solo during the day – but it was also nice to have good company at the end of the day.

The Geography Lesson

The trip was a geography lesson about the south shore of Long Island – I had been fixated on Great South Bay – the open area between the coastal towns and the strip of barrier islands on the ocean. Now, I understand that Hempstead Bay, to the west, is a quite significant resource for fish and wildlife – an area of wild beauty, check-marked by the mosaic of saltmarsh islands. Initially I was queasy about “Swamp Thang” and the bugs ... but after two days of passage – I admired the vast undeveloped habitat, sustained by the tidal pump of East Rockaway and Jones' Inlets – the life-blood of the area.

Then the Great South Bay – followed by the canal system that brings you to Moriches Inlet, and finally Shinnecock. I want to drive out there some time this winter and explore the long strips of barrier beaches that are accessible by the bascule (draw) bridges that we encountered. There is a lot of scenery that is unavailable from the deck of our little boats – the parks, the inlets, and the shore-side communities perched on the barrier islands - - - I saw many places that I would like to come back to, and explore when I have time.

As for the bridges – I believe that there were 15 bridges – some high-fixed bridges with vertical clearances of 40+ feet (our masts are 24 ft.) – and the rest were operated by bridge tenders, who would all answer your call on VHF channel 13. All were polite, responsive, and only one required a delay – and that was only about 5 minutes, while we circled, awaiting a break in the traffic. The final series of fixed bridges at Shinnecock – at 22 ft. – did require the masts to be pulled – a loss of a couple of hours of effort – but what had to be done – was done – and that was that.

Sailing and Equipment

And now – the sailing. First of all – there was a fair amount of motoring, so the interludes when we did sail – were a delight, a respite, a welcome relief. The motoring was not onerous – it was reasonable and appropriate to have good control in Hell Gate and New York Harbor, the saltmarsh channels, and the final dash for home. But the other times: were glorious. Running across Great South Bay to Patchogue, reaching across Great Peconic Bay to Cutchogue, beating close hauled up Little Peconic Bay toward Deering. These were ‘quality times’ to be cherished, nourished, and filed in the good-memory bank, where they can rattle around with the other ‘good-times.’

And now, for anyone considering special preparations for such a trip – here are some observations:

ANCHORS - Normally I only have a “lunch-hook” on board, but for the trip I borrowed a “big” 25-pound Danforth, attaching my own 150 ft. ½ in. line. Good to have on board, and I grinned when I looked at it, and the space it took up under the back bench. I cannot imagine the circumstance when it would have been needed: we were never more than a couple of miles from port, and never out in a storm. Will I have a 25-pounder on my next trip? Sure. But check with me if I even think of using it. Not likely.

RADIOS – Two hand-held in the cockpit: one on 72 for talking with *Owl*, and one on 13 for traffic with the bridge-tenders. To have only one hand-held, and having to swap back and forth, would have been a pain. A third radio, a fixed-mount radio with the DSC (& MMSI) was always available in the cabin. It is powered by a 12-volt motor-cycle battery, all packed in a yellow plastic work-box from Home Depot. A small emergency antenna also fit within the work-box. I am toying with the idea of making a bracket for a larger, 3 ft. antenna, to fit in the stern flag-pole socket, but offset so that the main boom will not sweep it away. Handy for improving VHF reception on those long days where there is nothing better to do.

GPS - I am still enamored of the tiny Garmin GPS III that I have had for years. Last spring, I lost it around the house, bought the big Garmin 640 to replace it, and then, hurrah, I found it again. Great for putting in a quick waypoint for reference, and then, on one display, seeing: speed, course to mark, course over ground, distance to mark (and a lot of other stuff on alternate displays). The 640 just

does not cut it in the open cockpit – the display is not powerful enough to see from any distance, I have to hold it under my nose to read it – and its battery power seems to be about two hours, max. After the two hours it will run off of the motorcycle battery in the yellow box ... but that’s no way to live. Even if I find a replacement for the 640, I’m still going to keep a low-end small GPS powered up and available in the cockpit, to serve as an overall trip-computer and back-up.

SAIL - Both Roger and I took our regular “rendezvous” sails off for the trip, and substituted older sails that could stand the flogging about that the trip promised. It was a good move – as sail covers were not always applied when we stopped, and yes, there was a certain amount of flogging while under power.

FUEL - *Lovinde* carried six 3-gallon tanks (each in a plastic tub to guard against spills), *Owl* carried two 6-gallon tanks and one 3-gallon tank. While it appeared that *Lovinde*’s old engine was running ‘rich’ – i.e. using more fuel than *Owl*, it did not seem to matter, as the 65-mile sprint on the final day used only five of the six tanks on board – i.e. we finished with one tank to spare, and that was very satisfying. However, for another similar adventure, I might ditch the 3-gallon tanks in favor of the 6-gallon style, provided I can find an appropriate small “wheelie” to move the twice-as-heavy tanks over the parking lots and docks we encounter along the way.

ENGINE - I will seek out a replacement for my bent-up prop, and hopefully find yet another one as a spare. Good to have on board. My old 6 hp. long shaft 2-cycle Johnson has stood by me, I’ll stand by it, for another season, at least.

Co-Conspirators

My co-conspirators on the trip? First of all: *Lovinde*. The boat is sound. The boat takes care of me. Remember the confidence that reefing brought on Days 1 and 2? Fine. Remember the grounding on one of Great South Bay’s mud flats? Of course you don’t, ‘cause I didn’t write about that one – editorial control, y’know. I was “texting at the tiller” – and that’s not a good thing to admit to the youngins!

Lovinde is a ‘work-boat’ – that is – a lot of work would bring it up to the brilliant standard that Roger sets for his *Owl*. What a beautiful boat *Owl* is. But *Lovinde* is my pal – she is a good trustee, a guardian, a play-pal who gets me there – safely – and with oh, so much joy and good cheer.

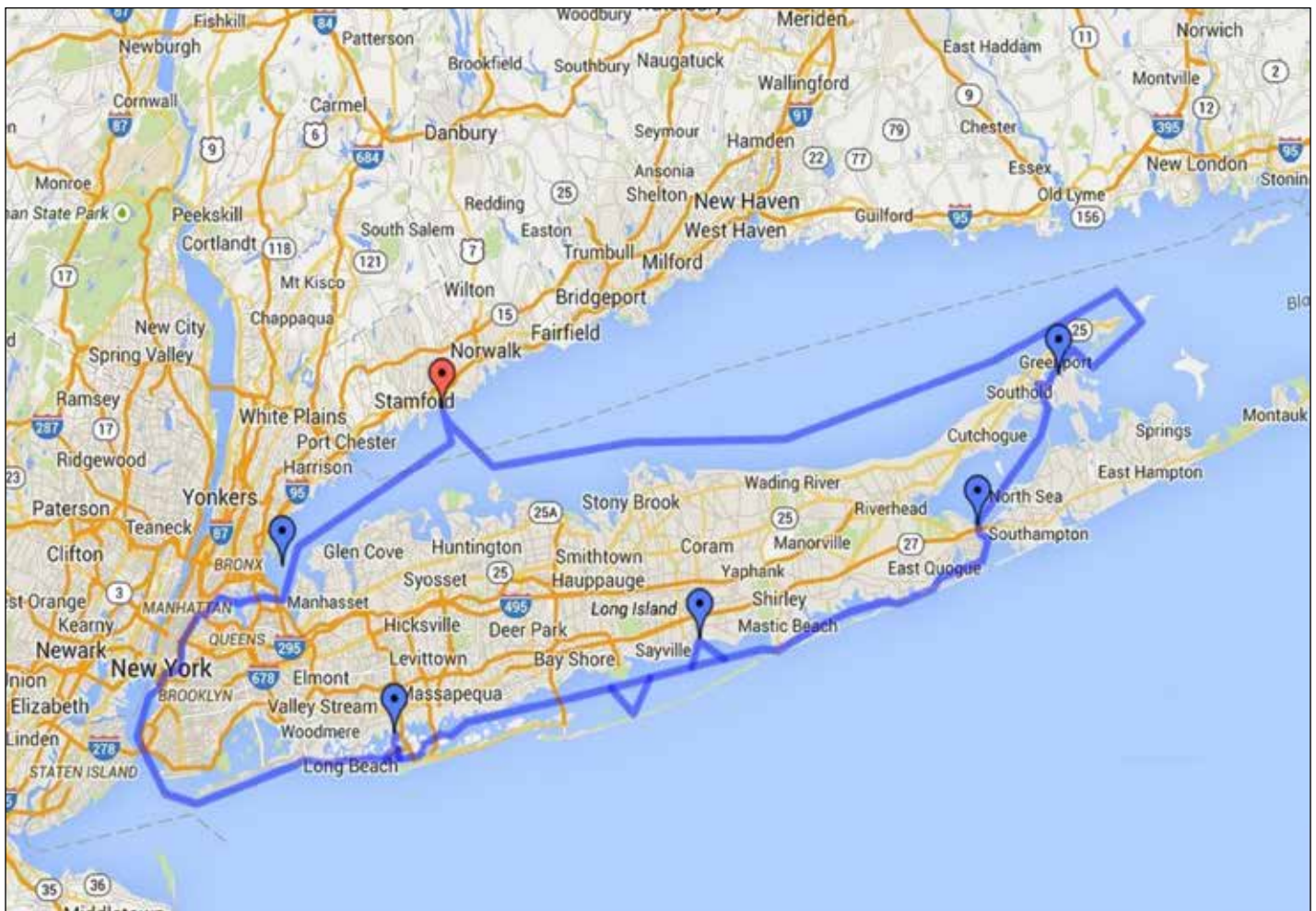
The other co-conspirator? Roger Klein – who had this trip on his ‘Bucket List’ too. I haven’t talked to him about this – but I have to say – that this trip – or another one like it - is STILL on my Bucket List. This event does not get ‘scratched off the list’ the way Morgan Freeman and Jack Nicholson scratched their adventures off their ‘to-do’ list. No ... this type of a trip is a ‘keeper,’ – I’ll do it again in a heartbeat ...or two!

Considering those heartbeats: we will probably look into some other interesting destination for the next Catboat adventure. I like the boat, I like the experience, and I like the portability and sociability

of the whole thing. That’s why the Catboat is such a successful class – why the Annual Meeting of the Catboat Association is such a hoot: people love these boats, for good reason.

OK – that’s about it for my friends who might have looked on this trip a bit skeptically – I hope I have answered your questions about all this – and that you now know the difference between a Catboat and a Catamaran (think: Marshall vs. Hobie-Cat!). I look forward to answering your questions – and hope that you catch some of our enthusiasm for all this.

Signing off for Catboats Around Long Island 2014 - - - - Catboats Forever!!!



Boat Building and Maintenance

Bob Reddington, Editor

Catboaters and their ideas, plus innovations

A man wants to take down his mast so he can go to different waters. He finds trouble at the knuckle so what does he do? He uses a lever to lift the mast. Problem solved.

Another catboater has a drop table attached to his centerboard. He is large and the space between the bunk and the table is too small. So, he takes off the table and puts a drop hinge on the table. Now we got room.

The next guy wants ventilation in his boat. So he leaves the bow porthole open. Bunks get wet when wind and rain come in. So he rigs a gutter and cup. Another catboater rigs a pole on his trailer and car bumper so he can step the mast on his small catboat.

You'd be surprised how ingenious, how some of our catboaters can be. How about repairing cracks and blisters in your fiberglass boat, fixing your rudder and stepping the mast. There are at least a dozen ideas that include outboard wells, building boom gallows, making your own steam box, making your own boat pole, repairing your wooden mast, attaching fender boards, awning dodgers, self-steering devices, making different types of wind indicators.

They will paint grain on an aluminum mast so it looks like wood, raising the boat into the air so they can paint the bottom; putting an outboard on the rudder, installing an electric winch with a foot switch, lacing sails on the mast so there are no hoops, putting a boarding ladder on the transom, creating man overboard tackle, putting a light bulb in the bilge to keep the engine warm in cold weather.

If something needs improving or fixing I'd call on a catboater. They've got the know how to right all the wrongs.

Let's go back to 1996. Eighteen years ago we heard from Stuart Hopkins of Wicomico Church, Va. "Stu" took an 18-foot Marshall catboat and put a dog house and bridge deck on her. Skip ahead to 2006 and 2007, Catboat Bulletins No. 141 and 142. "Stu" took a 22-foot Marshall cat and did a number on it. Here we go again, skip ahead to 2014, he really goes into detail on *Muskrat*, his 22-foot Marshall. Incidentally, *Muskrat* is for sale.



We also hear from Bill Hickman from Barnstable, Mass. He built a desktop model of a Beetle Catboat, called *Lady Bug*.

As, I've said in the past; send your stuff to the proper editor, cruising to Steve, food to Jane, history to Judy, piloting to Brent, races to Gayle, adventures to John and of course me, boatbuilding and maintenance to Bob. Bob Reddington, 235 Lake Avenue, Bay Head, N.J. 08742

The *Muskrat* Extreme Makeover

Stuart K. Hopkins

Twenty years ago, having retired from ocean cruising and built a house on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, my wife Dee and I bought a thoroughly dilapidated 1966 Marshall 18 ft. Sanderling, and used brutal methods to give her a complete makeover. The result was a cat yawl with a permanent doghouse, easy



The *Muskrat*'s little sister and forerunner *Dabbler*, ex Marshall 18 Sanderling.

chairs, a small galley, and a woodstove. We explored both shores of the southern Bay in her. We called her the *Dabbler*. We reported on her in Bulletin No. 113.

In due course fate thrust into our hands a thoroughly dilapidated 1971 Marshall 22. A neighbor was moving to the mountains. "Would we, as a favor, at a distress price . . ." Well, our bodies were getting a tiny bit creaky, and a bigger, beamier, heavier displacement version of the *Dabbler* sounded like a wonderful idea. All we had to do was get out the Sawsall and transmogrify her a little.

We dubbed her the *Muskrat* and followed the tried and proven path. Gutting the cockpit to bare hull by liberating lots of rotten and waterlogged plywood; attacking the cabin top with the trusty Sawsall and covering the hole with a wood/epoxy doghouse; installing a new diesel; converting the gaff cat rig to gaff yawl with jib; enhancing the interior for comfort and charm.



My wife Dee's preliminary sketch showing what we were aiming at. In the end the house was longer and lower, and the mizzen grew to a standing lugsail with a 10 foot yard.

The new cockpit

As we had done in the *Dabbler*, we dropped the new cockpit sole a few inches, compensating for the loss of the questionable self-bailing feature (into the centerboard trunk through pitifully-small scuppers) with a big diaphragm bilge pump. Generous scalloped cutouts outboard were added where the new sole is bonded to the hull to drain directly into the bilge when the boat is heeled. Scuppers forward drain into the bilge when boat's on an even keel. A fitted Sunbrella cockpit cover snaps on to keep out rain at anchor, at docks, or in the boatyard. Increased

space under the seats (which, being fiberglass, were retained) allows more stowage: a second portable potty, plastic bins with engine spares, tools, safety equipment, dock lines and fenders, wood for the stove, etc. Lift out fiddles keep everything in place.

The old Palmer gas engine got replaced with a silk-smooth 13.5 hp. 2-cylinder Beta Marine diesel on massive new beds, flanked by two 10-gal fuel tanks and the original 20 gal. water tank. The engine box with hinged lid makes a handy coffee table, complete with fiddles.

We added a husky autopilot so we could sit under the projecting doghouse out of the wind, rain, or sun, keep a lookout through the windows, and check the course on the GPS. The shippy spoked wheel, impractical with main and mizzen sheets wandering about in the same space, gave way to a leathered destroyer wheel.

Doghouse

With a big portion of the original cabin top Sawsalled out, we designed the new house by eye (my wife Dee's artistic eye, to give credit where due), using cheap underlayment plywood for a mockup. When she said "go" we built the real thing with marine ply and epoxy, laminating the crowned roof over the mockup. We copied the *Dabbler's* removable polycarbonate window system with "eyebrows" that trap the 2mm Lexan panes and keep water out. The house at one stroke provides shelter for the cockpit and more space and light below. It weighs less than the fiberglass, hatch, and louvered teak doors we removed.



The epoxy/marine ply doghouse was assembled in our shop. Two people could easily carry it to the *Muskrat* where we picked it up with the gaff and slung it aboard. Dee is waiting to guide it in place.

Down below

Stepping down into the cabin allows a 6 footer to stand up with two inches of headroom to spare. He or she can stand up at the galley counter, stand up to handle the halyards, reefing, and furling lines that come in through fairleads in the forward face of the house, stand up to put his or her pants on, or just stand up to view the whole horizon – 360 degrees. For ventilation, any of the six polycarbonate windows can be removed from inside. The forward pair can be replaced with mosquito screen.



Halyards and reef pennants enter the doghouse to starboard; all except the luff reef line are controlled by sheet stoppers, and can be led to a winch. To port are the jib furling line, and lazy jack lift.

The cabin sole, if it can be styled that, is simply outdoor carpet over transmogrified lead ballast. The ballast, in 20-lb. pigs, originally lurked, loose, under a wood sole, but that was rotten too, like the cockpit's underpinnings, and had to come out. (Loose ballast down in a deep-keel boat may be OK, but in a design with very shallow rise of floor, not so OK. We found half the pigs wedged up under the starboard bunk instead of flanking the centerboard trunk where they belonged, no doubt contributing to the heeling moment when to leeward). We got the pigs into the shape we wanted by melting them in a makeshift foundry (cast-iron Dutch oven over a propane “hog burner”) and pouring the lead into a deep stainless-steel steam-table pan bedded in sand. The result was lead wedges that function as the cabin sole. This operation turned out to be easier than we imagined. A carpenter’s adjustable bevel gage, spirit level, and ruler were used to test the angles of the rise and run of the hull adjacent the centerboard trunk, and the

needed thickness of each wedge. Our measurements were replicated by shifting the pan in its bed of sand for each successive pour, and controlling the depth of lead with a line scribed inside the pan. The width of our “mold” dictated five wedges per side, diminishing in all dimensions from aft. Average weight turned out to be 50 pounds, so we wound up with 500 pounds of ballast, which with a 350 lb. galvanized centerboard (installed after we found the original glass over plywood board warped and wedged in its trunk) gives 850 pounds, the same as the standard Marshall 22. With an indoor-outdoor carpet fastened in place with Dot snaps, even bare feet can hardly sense any unevenness. Each of the ten wedges, save for two which can be lifted out to access the centerboard pin, is trapped in a bed of 5200 water-proof adhesive polyurethane. The “lead floor” gave us three extra inches sitting legroom and standing headroom.



Original 20 lb. lead ballast pig and 50 lb. wedge, one of ten custom cast to make a level cabin sole 3 in. lower than the original. We used a power plane to refine the fit, bored a hole in each for a lifting loop, and used the gaff to get them aboard.

Because a big part of our plan for the *Muskrat* was comfortable fall and winter cruising, we decided to insulate the hull and overhead in the cabin and forepeak. Sawn $\frac{3}{4}$ in. x 1 in. spruce “ribs” were epoxied to the hull and infilled with $\frac{3}{4}$ in. foamboard, glued to the hull with Liquid Nails construction adhesive. Overhead, foam fills the space between the deck beams. Varnished white cedar ceiling (2 in. x $\frac{1}{4}$ in. strips) fastened to the ribs and beams with oval-head brass screws, completed the job. This was particularly happy work, both because the result gave us warmth and freedom from condensation, and because it hid forever the raw, rough, mildew-trapping fiberglass finish typical of these early boats. Of course the insulation is equally valuable in hot weather – especially considering *Muskrat*’s black hull.



Insulation covered with 2" varnished cedar strips, was applied to the hull and cabin overhead in the forepeak and main cabin.



The cedar ceiling produced a quantum change in the whole atmosphere down below. Cozy and welcoming, and unlike the original ugly raw fiberglass, good to the touch.

Which brings us to the wood stove. We have been longtime fans of wood stoves. Dee left San Diego for the Caribbean with her first husband and a cast iron FATSCO Tiny Tot. Stuart left Chicago bound down the Mississippi in his Sea Wind ketch with a Tiny Tot. We had one on the *Dabbler*. The *Muskrat's* is a cooktop model that will boil up the coffee water while heating the cabin. To complete the cold-weather arrangements a marine-grade automotive-type engine hot water heater, operating off the diesel's closed cooling system, blows warm air into the cabin. The big doghouse windows take over with passive solar heat when the sun's out.

Up forward

The fore cabin of a 22-ft boat is not likely to amount to much. The original layout included a *very* narrow berth opposite a marine toilet (1 ft. 8 in. at the head, 1 ft. 10 in. at the foot). Dee tried it once or

twice, but did not find it a pleasurable experience. I took her word for it. Happily for us we invented a hinged, cantilevered extension that yields a full-size bunk (2 ft. 6 in. at the head, 2 ft. at the foot, and 6 ft. 3 in. long. For comparison the main cabin berth is 2 ft. 7 in. at the head, 2 ft. 4 in. at the foot, and 6 ft. 1 in. long). Raising the extension allows easy access to the portable toilet. The new bunk, coupled with the insulated cedar-clad hull and overhead, transformed



Nearly the best idea we had: A cantilevered bunk extension for the minimalist forward berth. The scars show where the original was tabbed to the hull and bulkhead.



Our wider bunk would crowd the knees a little when using the portable toilet opposite unless raised as shown. With the cushion in place, it is held vertical by a lanyard.

the forepeak into a comfortable, pleasant space instead of a dreaded one. It's the preferred berth in warm weather, being right under the fore hatch. A second portable toilet in the cockpit accommodates the midnight needs of the main-cabin occupant.

The rig

The cat yawl rig with bowsprit and bumpkin on the *Dabbler* proved such a success we mimicked it on the *Muskrat*. Die-hard catboaters will decry it as heresy, but it has too many advantages to ignore: 1) It tames the notorious weather helm carried by all catboats (tamed it almost out of existence until we made a bigger mizzen). 2) Squalls and heavy wind are met by just dropping the main. 3) Going downwind invites using the main and mizzen wing and wing. The jib can be furled or poled out opposite the main. 4) Heaving to with the jib furled and mizzen sheeted home allows setting or striking the main, or reefing it, with the helm untended. In a heavy squall with sea room, the same rig with the wheel locked will let you lie to and go below for a cup of tea. 5) In moderate winds, just tack and leave the jib sheeted aback and you're hove and can consider options or take a lunch break. 6) Ease the mizzen broad off (the sprit boom keeps it from skying), drop the main, sheet the jib in tight, and the *Muskrat* will self-steer herself nearly dead down wind indefinitely. 7) With the jib furled and the main doused in the lazy jacks, leave the mizzen sheeted home when preparing to anchor – the boat will shoot straight to windward while you amble forward to ready the ground tackle. Let go the hook and the boat will gather sternway and drift straight back until the rode's snubbed. Since the *Muskrat* anchors by the tip of her long snout and has some windage aft -- the deck house and mizzen mast -- she lies like an arrow, instead of shearing about restlessly like normal cats. 8) You can furl the jib to simplify short tacking to windward, as up rivers and creeks or in a crowded anchorage. The boat will sail just as close to the wind, but a little slower.

The spars

The original 28-year-old aluminum mast was compromised above the partners by corrosion under fittings that were installed without bedding. The butt was split due to corrosion between it and the aluminum end casting. These were serious faults in a free-standing mast carrying a big gaff sail. Since we were planning a slightly smaller mains'l anyway, we cut off a couple of feet at the butt and used part of the offcut as a doubler in way of partners, gooseneck fitting, turning blocks, etc. To make it big enough to

do that we slit a two-foot section, slipped it over a piece of railroad track suspended between two saw horses, and wacked on it everywhere with a heavy mallet until it opened up for a slip fit. We bedded it in place with Marine Tex, an aluminum-powder-thickened epoxy putty, and while clamped with big band clamps, put a few machine screws into the mast near the edges of the slit. The stainless gooseneck and the halyard turning blocks below it are fastened through both layers, bedded on Marine Tex. The mast is now stronger than new, and unlikely to suffer corrosion again.

The new spars -- mizzen, bowsprit, and bumpkin -- came out of two 23 foot x 4 inch diameter tapered aluminum flagpoles. The manufacturer rates these poles for winds up to 104 mph when flying a four by six foot flag. We couldn't relate that to the probable loads on the *Muskrat's* rig, but Dee says they *look right*, so I think they probably are. The mizzen can be stepped by hand.

Muskrat's sparred length is 34 ft., but the bumpkin can be housed (comes inboard under the port cockpit seat), and with the bowsprit unshipped the LOA is back to 22 ft. 2 in.



The *Muskrat* anchored in our favorite hidden cove, showing off her half-wishbone sprit boom.

The Sails

Working sail is 459 sq. ft. (compared to 388 sq ft on the stock Marshall 22). In light to moderate winds we can set a mizzen stays'l and swift along under 589 sq. ft. of sail.

Since I'm a self-employed sailmaker, the *Muskrat* has had a series of sails lavished on her. We refer to

her, tongue in cheek, as “the company boat”, and have used her as a trial horse from the outset. The first suit of sails for the new rig included a smallish furling jib, a full-batten gaff main to suit the shortened mast and boom, and a full-batten Bermudan mizzen. Next came an improved main, and the bigger mizzen. Using the same mizzen mast, this required resorting to a 4-sided sail, a full-batten lugs’l, which has proved to be very efficient on all points of sail, and results in a modest weather helm when close hauled. After we stumbled on a lovely pair of bottom-handle bronze winches and mounted them outside the cockpit comings, a bigger overlapping furling jib joined the team. A third full-batten gaff main, incorporating what we learned from the first two, waits to be bent on.



Photo Steve Fleener.

Sliding along with a reef in the main on a Chesapeake Catboat Association cruise.

The Building of *Ladybug*

William Hickman



Model *Lady Bug* ready to sail.

My late wife, Milly McSherry from Milton, Mass, was New England Beetle Cat Champion in her age group as a child (and later crewed on two winning Adams Cup teams), so I decided to build a model Beetle Cat for our yacht club, which has a fleet of Beetle Cats.

I approached the present owner of the rights to the design for a lines drawing, but he felt that he would prefer not to provide one. I am a naval architect and it was at that time putting a new garboard strake in an existing Beetle, so I took the lines off of her and made my own drawing. Close enough for model work.



Lady Bug amid a fleet of half models.

Editor’s Note: *Muskrat* is Hull #35. Stuart would be interested in tracing her ownership history and can be contacted at dabblersails@gmail.com or 804-580-8723. She was briefly listed on the website *Cat’s For Sale Sneak Preview* section and was quickly sold. All is not lost however as *Muskrat* will remain in Reedville, VA, and the proud new owner has asked Stuart if he will show him the ropes and go sailing with him. Dee Carstarphen, his wife, is a founding member of the Seven Seas Cruising Association and has cruised from California to the Caribbean, cooked aboard schooners in Maine and gunkholed the length of the U.S. East Coast. She has written a number of beautifully illustrated books about her experiences and sailing adventures available from Pen & Inc. Press.

The model is built on a scale of 2 in. = 1 ft. 0 in., or one-sixth size, making the model two feet long. I built a proper mold with ribbands just like building a full-size boat, but planked it with three layers of 1/32 in. mahogany veneer laid diagonally. I used a regular desk stapler to staple the layers on until the epoxy set up. After sanding inside and out, I bent in the 1/8 in. square oak frames and glued them in place. Three minutes boiling in a frying pan and you can tie a knot in them.

The deck is 1/8 in. plywood covered with an old T-shirt set in epoxy. It is screwed and glued to the deck beams, which are somewhat oversize but out of sight. The mast is a dowel properly tapered. Boom and gaff are of boxwood, with an inverted HO gauge railroad track set in a groove to serve as a sail track, with HO track connectors as sail slides. A beautiful mainsail with battens and grommets was made by an elderly lady in England.



Model boat building of *Lady Bug* includes everything, down to the detail.

I have an English friend who makes live steam model locomotives, so the turning blocks, rigging blocks, and tiller straps were made by him. The rudder pintles and the cleats were made locally by Rob Wadleigh, who also does superb work.

Then what to name her? I considered *HEMNIPTERA* (a species of beetle), *TOBERMORY* (after the cat in the Saki story who could talk, and would prowl around English country house parties behind doors and then come down at dinner and recite what he had seen and heard. Naturally all nine lives were endangered). *PUDENDUM* was vetoed by headquarters, so we ended up with *LADYBUG*.

I hope you like her.

Presto Progress

Frank Camm

ST. ANDREWS HARBOUR, NEW BRUNSWICK: In 2011 Frank Camm began building a stripped plank Fenwick Williams 18-foot catboat named Presto. Catboat Bulletins have shown the progress, beginning in the Spring 2012, Issue No. 158. Here is his report.

You might be interested in seeing some recent pictures of *Presto* – still a work in progress! I got the cockpit pretty much finished although the benches are not fastened permanently and the bilge pump is only partially installed. Also the trim around the top of the combing hasn't been started.

I have the guts of the wiring done. Although the wires haven't been fastened to the bulkhead yet. The battery box, main fuse, battery switch and panel are in place and some of the circuits have been run. I have the coaxial cable for the VHF running to the base of the mast and the second length in the mast with the terminals soldered on.

All photos Frank Camm

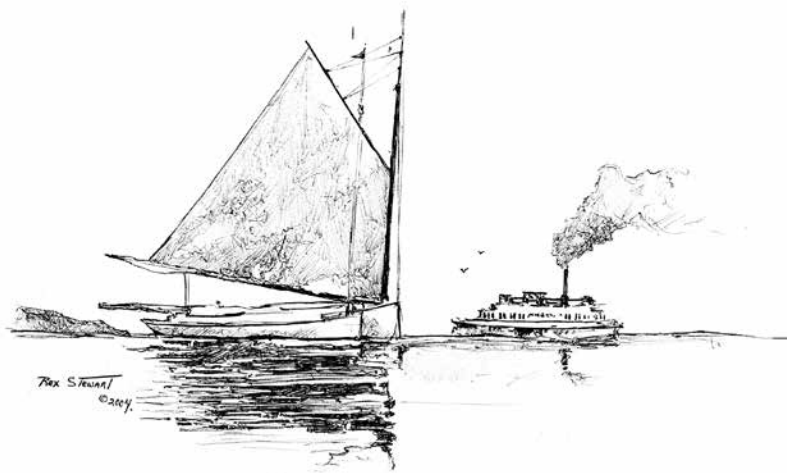
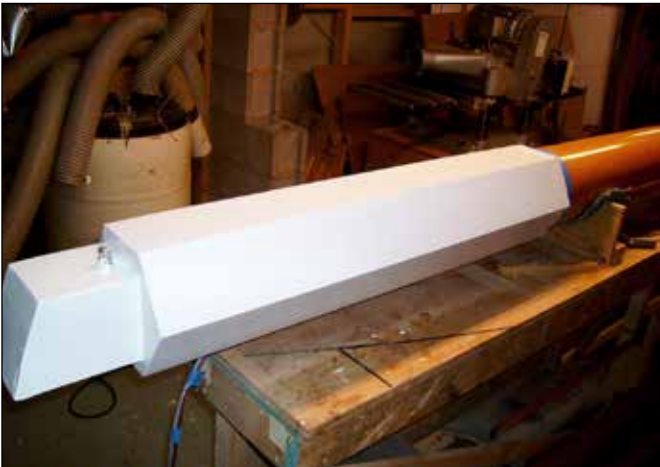




The continuity tests I did seem to indicate they should work correctly. I have a few minor things to complete on the mast itself but after a final coat of white paint it will be complete I think. My next thing is to glue the mast hoops that I steam bent before it got cold. But the real challenge now will be to build the boom with all the necessary reefing arrangements and connections for the mainsheet etc. It will be nice to move on to something new and challenging.

I didn't feel much like any serious effort this past Sunday afternoon so I turned a mahogany flagstaff which I think will be OK. I hope that I can fly my Canadian flag off the leech at the top when sailing. I am not sure that it is Canadian practice but it sure looks great on American gaffers so I am going to emulate them in that respect. The flagstaff will be used when I am aboard and the sail is not deployed.

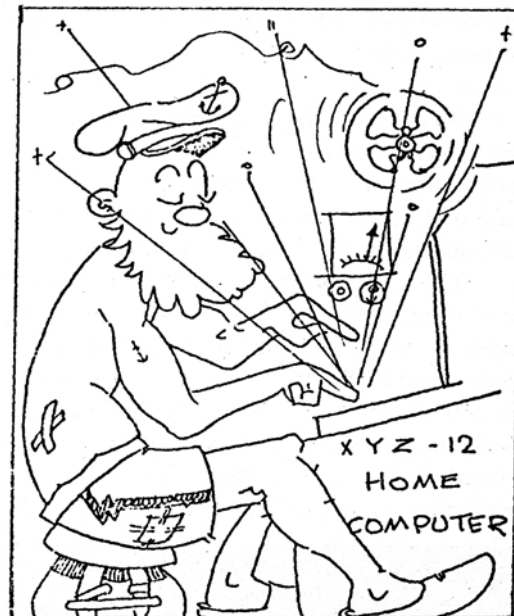
I hope everything is going well for all of you and that you will have a wonderful holiday season. All the best to you in 2015 (launch year!).



CBA Discussion Group

C. Henry Depew, Editor

Editor's Note: The catboat discussion group is accessed by joining the *LISTSERV* from the Catboat Association's web page www.catboats.org. Anyone can join for free. The talk can range from serious to whimsical. Below is only a sample of the interesting things we discuss. Come and join the group. Get information or put in your two cents' worth. It is always entertaining – most definitely one of the best catboat resources available, next to the Bulletin.



Q: *I'd like to find out what pros and cons are for leaving the mast stepped when the boat is on stands for the winter. The boatyard suggests taking the mast down every other year to reduce stress on the hull while on the stands. I have an Atlantic City AC245. Any suggestions? Thanks in advance.*

Answers Summary:

Respondents agreed that taking the mast down was a good idea for two reasons. First, when the boat's in the water, the hull is supported and loads distributed across the entire underwater hull area. On the hard, there will be point loading at the mast step and since the mast is at the way pointy end, there may not be a lot of structure to support the weight, plus the additional wind stress (it may not seem so, but mast, boom, gaff, rigging is actually a bit of windage, more than you might expect). Second, with the mast down you can check out the wiring and rigging, do some mast maintenance, and renew the mast coat next spring. Also noted was by taking the mast down you ensure that the mast has not "welded" to the foot or been "crumpled" at the base from downward pressure.

Q: *Had the idea to pour a lead keel plank to fasten to the bottom of my boat, thus getting ballast out of the bilge and lowering the CG of the weight making it more effective. Any good reasons not to do this?*

Answers Summary:

Respondents noted that a concern was the structure's ability to have a lead keel plank added to the outside of the existing keel. There was the

question of the hull's ability to take the weight on the outside, how to secure the lead, and the effect on the boat's stability. The keel plank would lower the center of gravity but such a move will also create a "stiffer" ship resulting in a shorter period of roll. The keel plank on the outside will probably affect the trim which may require some internal ballast.

Q: *What things can be done to make a Sanderling more suitable for cruising -- both in the cabin and in the cockpit?*

Answers Summary:

Respondents would add a bowsprit and leave an anchor up there with a line running aft. Anchoring solo in a blow can be a challenge without that setup. Leave the headstay where it is and just add a short bowsprit to take care of the anchor. If you do not want to add a bowsprit it was suggested that you have your anchor rigged for deployment with the line through the bow chock and keeping your anchor in the cockpit or lashed to deck outside of the coaming as this method works great for anchoring without leaving the cockpit. (See Spring 2014 Issue No. 164 Re mooring & anchoring a cat boat single-handed). It was noted that your anchor chain should be 1/2 the length of the boat and have plenty of rode.

Once the sailor has all the items suggested in response to the question, there may not be room on the boat for people. You need an ice chest, jugs of water, a porta-potty of some sort, mosquito screening and netting for ports, companionway doors and hatch, and a camp stove. A forward

hatch for ventilation was suggested, as well a deep cycle battery to run the LED anchor light, an AM/FM radio, and the autohelm. Then of course, there is the need for navigation aids like compass, charts, depth sounder, GPS, VHF marine radio, dock lines, fenders, anchors, tide tables, etc. It was noted that some type of sun shade (a Bimini) would also be nice as the Bimini keeps dew from forming underneath the cover, protects from vertical rain or sun at anchor.

Q: *A few years back I purchased a 1985 17' Menger with several pieces of canvas - dry storage cover, 2 sail covers, hatch covers.... one is a square shaped piece with grommets around the sides. Does anyone know what this is for? It doesn't seem to specifically fit anything on the boat.*

Answers Summary:

Respondents wondered if the item could it be just for covering the cabin companionway? It would be smaller, say 3' wide or so. That is where a lot of rain water gets in with driving rain from the stern direction. If bigger, it may be a cockpit cover. Look for snaps installed around and under the outer side of the coaming.

Q: *Does anyone make a cover designed for a Menger 19 with the mast up? We have the winter cover which is great, but that is designed for the mast down. I am looking for something that would protect all the teak while in the slip during sailing season.*

A: If you contact Jerry Thompson at Menger Boatworks - they can supply a canvas cockpit tent/cover that will cover the aft section. Or, you can make one yourself from Sunbrella or similar material.

Q: *When refurbishing the mast, do I remove all the hardware before I start?*

Answers Summary:

Respondents suggested removing everything before starting on the mast. When you are done, it was suggested when you reinstall, use a corrosion inhibitor. For priming aluminum masts, make sure to get a self-etching aluminum primer or etch the aluminum prior to priming.

If you are simply working with previously painted surfaces, it was suggested that you lightly sand, clean with a degreaser solvent and spot prime as needed before you reapply two good coats of enamel.

Q: *Anyone have suggestions to keep critters out of the boat in winter - mice, squirrels, raccoons, etc. I once read that moth balls may do the trick. I am up for suggestions.*

Answers Summary:

Dryer sheets (those fabric softener/anti wrinkle things) seem to be a pretty potent pest preventative. One respondent has scattered them around under work benches and in his shed with good results. It was also noted that both dryer sheets and mothballs are seriously toxic and you should ventilate the cabin completely before going below for any length of time after their use..

Q: *My Menger 19 sail has 2 reef points. The boat feels overpowered in winds consistent at 15 knots with gusts into the low 20's even with the 2nd reef tied in. I would like to modify the sail and add a 3rd reef point. I am limited in reducing the sail area because of the gaff saddle and hoops which stack up on the mast tabernacle. The dimension from the top of the boom to the center of the gaff saddle is approximately 17 inches, when the gaff is completely lowered. I would like to reduce the sail a bit more. Any ideas or comments are appreciated!*

Answers Summary:

You might consider getting the sail recut with a hollow leech, also eliminating the need for battens, but at the cost of already lackluster light air performance. One respondent who sails a Menger notes that he puts in an early first reef and they were good with the second to about 25 knots at which point it's tighten the topping lift, slack the peak, and head for home. Got to accept it's not a heavy weather boat. Also to be considered is what any sail plan change does to balance of the boat.

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



CATFOOD

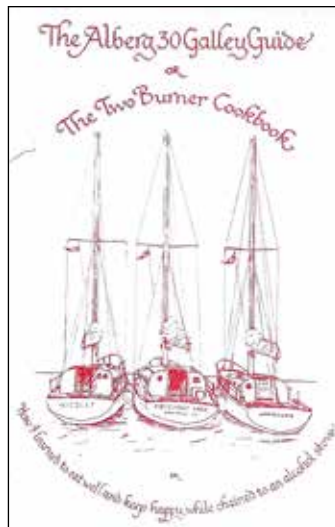
Jane Walsh, Editor

Happy New Year, Catboaters!

Last Spring I received a gift from our fellow CBA Member, Bill Holden, from South Dennis, Massachusetts. He has been a member of the CBA since 2008 and he sails, *Caper*, an 18 foot Marshall Sanderling. Bill gave me a cookbook entitled "The Alberg 30 Galley Guide." This fun cookbook is a compilation of recipes and helpful galley tips, from members of the Annapolis Alberg 30 Association, of which Bill's sister is a member. This group sounds much like the CBA. They have been organized and active since 1965, they gather together on Wednesday nights for racing in the summer months, they raft up or cruise together every other weekend and they host winter seminars and dinners.

This Fettuccine Alfredo dish caught my eye from the owners of the Alberg 30, Summer Sail.

- 1 8oz pkg.
cream cheese
- 1 stick butter
- 4-5 oz grated
parmesan cheese
- 2-3 eggs
- ½ cup cream
- 1 pkg. of fettuccine
noodles



Ashore: In a large bowl, melt butter and soften cream cheese and parmesan cheese. (A microwave at low power works well). Put eggs, salt, pepper, cream and cheeses together and mix thoroughly. Once mixed, freeze the sauce.



Aboard: When ready to cook the fettuccine on the boat, simply heat the sauce stirring constantly. Pour heated sauce over the cooked noodles and toss.

Add sautéed chicken or shrimp, if desired, or serve alone with a tossed salad.

I made a reduced fat version of this by using low fat cheeses, ½ the butter, eliminating the egg yolks, and substituting milk for cream.

I'll share more recipes from this fun cookbook in the issues to follow.

I look forward to seeing many of you in Mystic in March! The CBA ladies will be hosting a "Food and Fashion Afloat" seminar at 3:15 p.m. on Saturday. Come and see what's cooking and what our members will be sporting for the 2015 sailing season!

"Boat" Appetite!
Jane



Short Tacks



Writer at the Helm.

Tales of a First Mate

Gene Kennedy

For the past twenty years or so, I've had the pleasure to serve as First Mate on John Conway's *Buckrammer* and lived to tell about it. Since it is usually just John and myself onboard for our sails, I could easily be the Last Mate as well as the First. Although John is the Captain, he does dispense with having to call him with his full title of "Lord of the Seas and Master of All" which would be a mouthful to say as the topping lift parted.

My duties start in the Spring helping John move things around and when getting close to launching, asking if the all the plugs are in place. (John may be able to do without this question.) Come launch day, my job is to drive John's car (and John) to the boatyard, say a quick prayer to St. Elmo that *Buckrammer* comes to no harm during launching,

put the mast cradle and other accoutrements in the car and driving back quickly to my brother-in-law's dock so I can catch the thrown dock line and tie it off quickly to keep *Buckrammer* from journeying on to the neighbor's dock. For the Fall hauling the duties are in reverse order. (Oh, did I mention that John buys me lunch after launching and hauling?) An article could be written about the over twenty years of launching and hauling. Not much humor involved, but lots of minor horror stories about what the boatyard did this time!

During outfitting time, depending upon our schedules, I help as needed when the two person jobs occur, the bending on the sail being the main one. After thirty years plus of getting my Beetle ready every Spring, my duties during *Buckrammer's* outfitting are a lot less onerous than getting the Beetle ready and I'm not complaining!

Come the first sail, my duties become more defined. They include a general inspection to see if everything looks shipshape, but those of you who know John realize that he's a good shipshape guy. Although, one first sail, we cast off and started down the river and we both noticed at about the same time that the mainsheet was not in place. Better then than after we had hoisted sail. That oversight had to be a First Mate fault. But usually my contributions are much less exciting such as making sure the pretzel jar had been refilled. Although there is nothing wrong with the aged pretzels. Don't you have to age wine?

My duties under sail are not completely catalogued and have changed somewhat over the years. For example, I started out dropping the mooring buoy and picking it up the end of the sail, but two bad knees got me back to the helm, and the Captain drops and picks up the mooring buoy. I've since had both knees replaced, but I still man the helm and John hasn't asked me to switch duties, and I'm not complaining. Replacing my knees via the drive-thru lane was not difficult except for having to wait while they finished replacing the timing belt on the customer ahead of me, but that's a story for a different bulletin.



John Conway, the captain.

Once the sail is up, we've cleared the Knubble and the "iron breeze" is turned off, we settle into our duties. Mine being primarily at the helm and wondering when we will have lunch. Lunch is self catered and, while more-or-less satisfying, is nothing to write home about. The Captain always supplies the approved black cherry and orange sodas and the required Snapples. On my one overnight to Cuttyhunk on the *Buckrammer*, John was an inspired chef supplying dinner and breakfast for five from his small galley. The Scotch that John's son Ned had bought from Scotland was great also.

Once in a blue moon, John throws out a fishing line to amuse the resident bluefish. However to great shouting and whooping, John's friend Larry did catch a nice striper on one sail that became that night's sushi.

While most of our sails are ordinary in that we just sail and nothing much happens except that some days the wind is better, it's sunny, etc., everyday on the water than sitting on shore or, horrors, playing golf. However, since this is a family publication, I'll leave out the more exciting events such as a dismasting and a gale on the way to a Padanaram rendezvous. John tells it better in his latest book than I would. On the lighter side, one afternoon while off Horseneck Beach in Westport, we were hailed by a good-sized sloop (That probably had pressurized water and full head room, but I'm not jealous.). The entire hail was "Is this Cuttyhunk?". Struck speechless, John took a few seconds to reply that this was not Cuttyhunk and then pointed to the island about six to seven miles away. The sloop was last seen (by us anyway) heading straight toward Cuttyhunk on a course that led through the Hen and Chickens rocks!

It's been great fun being a sort of First Mate, and I look to continuing my duties next summer. However, if the Smithsonian wants the *Buckrammer* for the museum, it's been great sailing with the "Lord of the Seas and Master of All"!

News from the Chesapeake Bay

Steve Flesner & David Bleil

Marc Cruder has *Wanderer*, his Wittholz 25 on the hard indoors deep in the marshes of Cambridge, MD for a "face lift!" After getting two through college, it was time to spend some money on the boat

again. We look forward to a "revitalized" beauty next spring to go along with last season's new sail from John Jenkins. His list includes a new centerboard pin and pendant; bow sprit and cabin eyebrow; as well as replacing running rigging, a few blocks and getting some paint on the mast. The hull is also due for paint and maybe just one more prop change to a little less pitch. After 12 seasons wandering the bay, it's like painting a bridge; by the time you get it all functional, it's time for the second go around...with a little help from some boatbuilding friends.



Wanderer in the shed again.

Mike Crawford reports that *Shoveller* is on the hard at Long Cove Marina, Rock Hall, MD where they pulled the mast. Upon inspection, they found a soft spot on a scarf joint on one of the laminated layers making up the mast. He will be doing that repair plus checking blocks and other hardware along with a varnish renewal. The rest is seasonal painting and varnishing of all surfaces...a never ending process! Additional inspection will most likely reveal more issues that he hopes will be minor.



Members of the Chesapeake Catboat Association visit onboard *Shoveller* on her first cruise on the Chesapeake in 2010.



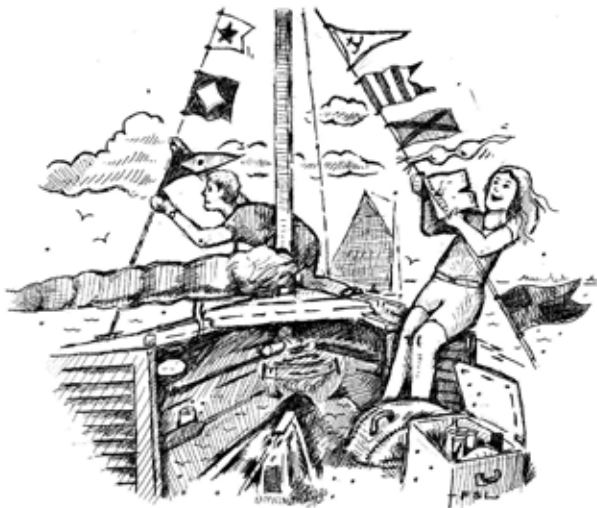
Terripan – *Snowflake* 1995 ready to launch.

Michael Keene, who works on wooden boats in Wittman, MD, just found a buyer for *Terripan*, one of Maynard Lowery's Fenwick Williams 16's. *Terripan* was renamed *Snowflake* by her seller, sound familiar...Donald Rumsfeld! She is being shipped to Toronto, Canada and will be sailing on Lake Ontario out of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, ok, so it's just a step up from sailing around Knapps Narrows and Tilghman Island! Dave Park, one of the senior CCBA guys said he is sure Maynard must be smiling about one of his boats going to a prestigious yacht club...we all are too! Michael mentioned that he also maintains a number of other Lowery catboats, *Pyewacket* (also called *Pyewacker* by Maynard!), *Miss Dalloway*, *Cat Napper* and *Cat Nipper*. *Cat Napper* may be on the market soon. He can be contacted at 410-820-9072, mjkeene@atlanticbb.net.

Small Craft Festival – David Bleil

A bit of a boisterous sail for *Gull*, double reefed, to St. Michaels. Three boats sailed in; *Dusty*, *Bubbly* and *Gull*. *Bubbly* had crew of two kids so it could not have been that boisterous. Due to the wind, the water level was extremely high, at the top of the sea wall in front of the Perry Cabin Inn. Ponds on the lawn indicated that the water had been even higher. Calls for the water taxi on VHF Channel 71 went unanswered; calls on the cell phone went to an answering machine. Eventually a hotel which apparently monitors the answering machine called back to say that the Water Taxi was not running because the water was over the dock (and the walkway between the museum and St. Michaels). A couple on a larger sailboat took us to shore in shifts on their zodiac. We toured the exhibits and used the upstairs bathrooms in the Crab Claw because the lower level of the Crab Claw was under several inches of water and the staff were all sloshing around in knee high rubber boots. Water was receding at that time and they were busy cleaning out the mud.

Eventually the water dropped enough for the Water Taxi to pick us up and take all of us back to our boats. *Dusty* served as our private taxi to take us to the Bevan's and there we used *Mariah's* slip because their boat had been hauled for the season. The Compton's were not there so David presented the Prospect Bay awards, with Butch accepting for Dave Morrow in absentia. Paul Cammarato received and was delighted with the W. I. Tuttle Memorial Trophy. He asked who Tut was and why there was a



trophy honoring him. This prompted a detailed verbal history of the early days of the CCBA (probably made enduring by a few dark and stormys), His kids seemed impressed with the tradition behind the award. Iris and her crewman from the *Salina* attended the dinner and learned a bit about the CCBA history.

Wye Wild Goose Chase – David Bleil

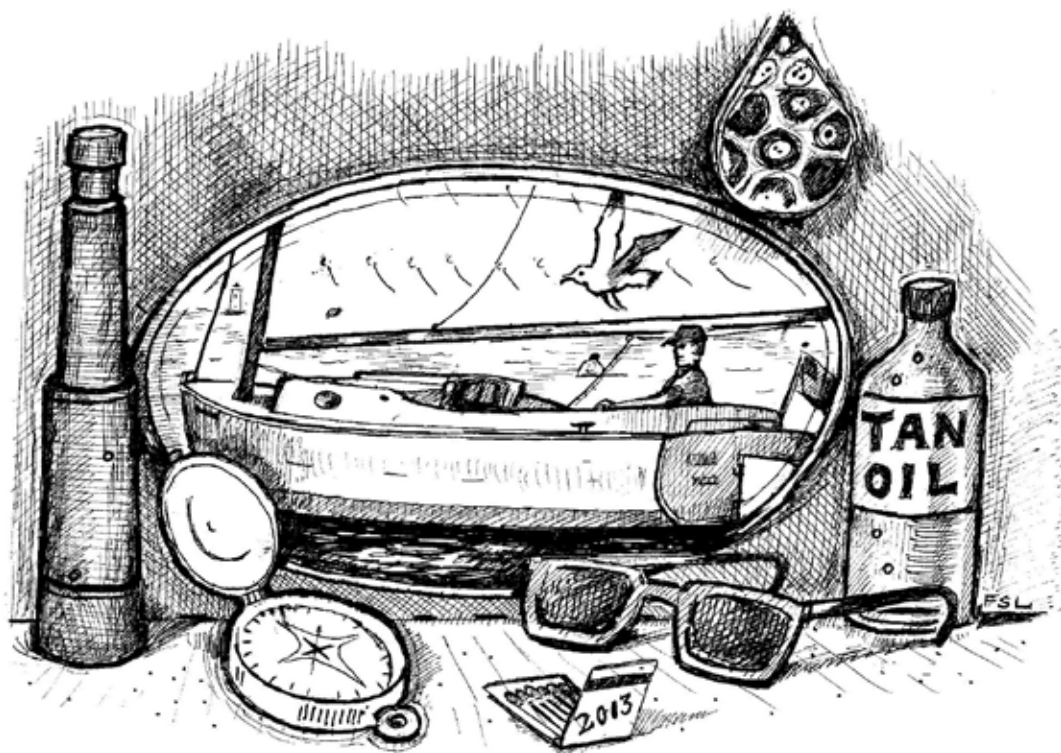
Again, not great weather, blustery and rainy on Saturday which probably kept the attendance down. Two boats showed, *Sarah K* and *Gull*. We spent a quiet night at anchor in Dividing Creek at the upper end, a group of four 40+ foot sloops dropped anchor nearby and proceeded to haul dinghy loads of teenagers to shore and later hauled them back. They were a peaceful bunch, some sort of club or church group, no noise during the night time hours. That did not apply to the geese who came and went all night.

The next day we motored out of the creek into the Wye, raised the sail and headed up the North-West Branch of the Wye. The day was cool, crystal clear and the wind died away to nothing. We shook out the two reefs in succession as the wind died.

Eventually Jim decided to start the engine - **Clunk**, then nothing. There was nothing obvious in the engine compartment. Jim Ohlmacher tried to spin the starter by shoring the solenoid with a screwdriver - no response. We drifted with full sail on almost no wind around the island to within sight of the bridge where we found Dave Park waiting for us. He towed us into the hurricane hole which was our destination and we spent another flat calm, cool night listening to geese and the occasional distant shotgun.

There was no wind that morning so Dave towed *Gull* down to Shaw Bay where we found a bit of breeze. We hoisted sail and were glad at that point for every square foot. We sailed *Gull* back to Roger Compton's dock and tied up. The starter has been removed and is being rebuilt, don't know yet what failed. The sail is off and masts (*Gull* and *Sara K*) will be pulled this week. When the rebuilt starter arrives *Gull* will motor over to Island View marina where she will be hauled for the winter.

An ignominious end to an otherwise good season.



Stray Cats

Word has reached us that there are two historic cats available for adoption. We've been told there is a 25-foot 1911 Charles Crosby cat, called *Sea Hound* for sale. You can view her specifics by going to www.peaseboatworks.com.

Another is *Sea Pup*, one of four remaining Manuel Swartz Roberts catboats resides in Searsport, Maine. Roberts built over 200 catboats at his shop in Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard. The Martha's Vineyard Museum has one of them, *Vanity*. The Martha's Vineyard Preservation Trust owns the second, *Edwina B*. Both boats reside in Edgartown. The third, *Old Sculpin*, resides in Chatham. *Sea Pup*, the fourth, is a 21-foot 1937 catboat. In a previous Catboat Bulletin listing for sale, it was reported that she was first used as a launch and ran between Woods Hole and Edgartown. For 30 years she had one owner.



John O'Donovan, who possesses her, wrote us and reported that the vessel is in need of a new owner and is up for sale. He runs O'Donovan and Dole Traditional Wooden Boatworks, in Searsport. He wrote: "Our plan with the boat is to try and sell her outright to someone with a plan, or best case, to find someone to give her a full restoration here in Searsport. She has seen quite a few stop gap repairs and it is time for someone to bring her back." For more information about the boatyard visit: www.odonovandole.com.

New Members

Dave Calder, Membership Secretary

WELCOME ABOARD to our new members who have joined since November 1, 2014

Dankievitch, Edward
Freeman, Fred
Hitchcock, David & Elizabeth
Hornyak, Ray & Bev

Lovewell, Frank & Pam
Magnavita, Jeffrey & Anne
Wallace, Charles



Barndoor Postings

So You Want to Host a Rendezvous

Mark Alan Lovewell

It is hard to imagine that in the summer, there would be room for a brand new catboat rendezvous. Looking up and down the coast, there are quite a number of wonderful catboat rendezvous with a large following, and most have gone on for generations.

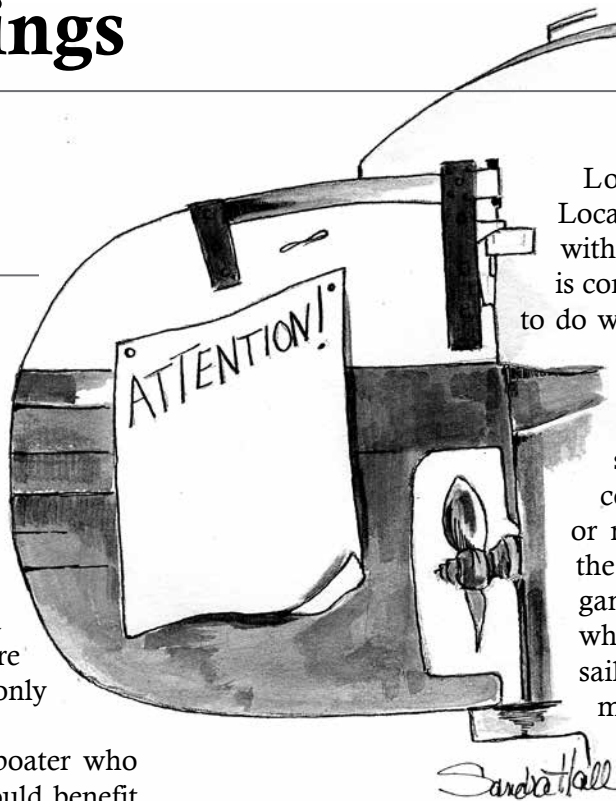
However, looking at a map with a little more focus, there are large areas where catboat sailors don't gather, where sailors only see each other on a one-to-one basis.

Last fall I got an email from a catboater who thought his coastal sailing community could benefit from a new catboat rendezvous, where there are none. He attended a rendezvous we had in Edgartown and thought he might do the same. By his judgment, not mine, he thought I could give advice on how to start a rendezvous. So what follows are some suggestions.

So how do you start one? In consultation with others, with the association president Tim Lund, and a core of friends who host rendezvous on Cape Cod, we've put together a recipe for a rendezvous. Mind you, this is how you start a rendezvous. Getting it to happen every year like clockwork seems a lot harder in my mind.

First establish the fact among a couple of your friends that there is the need. Grab a calendar and start pouring through dates. What Saturday? If you are doing this in an area where there are no rendezvous and there is a need, you've got a pretty clear shot. But woe to you for picking a date that conflicts with a more established catboat rendezvous in the area, or a nearby regatta. Talk to your sailing friends. Ask their advice and promise them they don't have to do anything if they would simply just give you positive feedback.

Low Cost: Whatever you do, the event has to be next to nothing to those who participate. You shouldn't expect to raise any money above \$20 a boat, and just do it to cover costs. If you want to charge more, you better have a sellable reason.



Location, Location, Location: Choose a place within the harbor, where it is convenient for the sailors to do what needs to be done: shower and bathroom facilities are optional but a selling point, shopping, and near a convenient beach, dock or marina. Then there is the gam. Will you have a gam on Friday night and where? Where will the sailors gather Saturday morning before the race? Where will they gather for an awards ceremony

near the end of the day? Check out your plans with those in the know. Elicit the support of the local harbor master. If you've got his support, make him an honorary guest, making sure he gets an invitation.

Once you've got an indication of support, contact the Catboat Association race and rendezvous editor Gayle Cornish, as soon as you can. You want your event promoted among the membership. The deadline really should be before the annual meeting. Or, at the very least, the deadline of the spring issue of the Catboat Bulletin, which usually is the same date as the annual meeting. By notifying the organization, you bring your event under their wing. The association provides insurance coverage for each rendezvous run by an active member and will also prepare and submit all necessary paperwork to the local Coast Guard affiliate. Both of these coverages require that the Catboat Association be notified of your event in advance.

Surround yourself with good positive friends who will give you support. Talk it up among your sailing friends. Print a tract/brochure, or even a business card with the date, that you can hand out when you meet a friend accidentally in the grocery store.

The next part is really key to the success of your first rendezvous, you must promote your event.

Send out invitations to all of the catboat friends you have... the ones you are counting on to show up. Treasure that list. But add to it. Invite those catboaters who are outside of the area, letting them know will cultivate a "talk of the town" following. Plus, you want sailors who find it more convenient to come by car.

The best advice concerns attitude too. Once you've put down the key ingredients: you've got the date, the place, the guest list and you've done all that is reasonable. You need to step back and let the event have a life of its own. In other words get out of the way.

Friends, relatives and people you've never met before may want to participate and participation is a key ingredient. This is not a dinner party with one cook, one host. This is a "potluck" event that is bigger than you can possibly conceptualize. Catboaters are an enormously generous group of people. So let them bring to your event that warmth that we've all felt at a more established event. Listen to them, every one of them.

Know your limitations. For instance, I have no expertise in running a race. From experience, I urge someone who knows how to run a catboat race to take charge. A catboat race run by knowledgeable catboaters is far better than any other option. Tim Lund, reminded me: "If you're not interested in a strictly competitive weekend, the Townie Hornor Sail-Around in Bass River, MA might be the perfect model." It isn't a race.

Lund continued: "The most fun I have at rendezvous is when there are more fun awards given than actual awards (Sammy Smith did this for years in Padanaram)."

Empower the women around you who are coming to your event. You want to give them the

utmost power and respect what they have to tell you. They know how to make an event a success. You don't.

Many rendezvous do have a Friday late afternoon gathering, a gam. You are expected to provide ice and a grill. That is where the term "Fire and Ice" comes from.

On Saturday morning, there is usually a captain's meeting preceding the race. And, there is an awards ceremony a few hours after the race. Fire and Ice are the usual; with an end of the day gathering. You are not expected to provide food. You've done enough.

By Sunday morning, many of the sailors will have left; to go home. But we've seen a couple of rendezvous that have some kind of breakfast event.

Looking at this recipe, from the bottom up, brings a couple of thoughts forward. The first, is to honor those who hold rendezvous whether it is the first or whether it is measured by the generations. As said earlier, there are rendezvous that happen every year. They are amazing events. Supporters of these events know many of the details that go into making a rendezvous successful one year, and more successful the second year.

I am in awe of all those quiet, and some loud, volunteers who make the difficult details easy, and bring absolute fun to the easy parts. Many of the faces are the same from year to year, and we should all take our hats off at some moment to value not only their generosity, but along with it their stamina.

If you've got more questions talk to our president Tim Lund. He was a kid when he attended his first rendezvous. If you've got some suggestions to add, please submit them. The subject is rich with details and subtle nuances. Please feel free to contribute. We'll run your words in a future Bulletin.



Book Reviews

Ned Hitchcock, Editor

Editor's Note: Many thanks to Peter Knowlton of Beverly, MA for his interest in doing some book reviews. He sails Willow, a Marshall 18 out of Manchester, MA. We look forward to hearing from him.

A new catboat book has come to our attention. "Silent Maid: a Catboat History," by Kent Mountford has been published with the sponsorship of Peter Kellogg. The book celebrates the history of the 33-foot classic Barnegat Bay Class B catboat, the Silent Maid. Built in 1924 she is currently at the Philadelphia Independence Seaport Museum and her well-known 2009 replica is actively campaigned on the classic racing circuit. The story is set in the historical and ecological framework of New Jersey's Barnegat Bay and traces the Maid's career of some 90 years. We hope to review the book in the near future.

It will be available at the Catboat Association meeting in March 2015 and can be ordered directly from the author (\$45 plus \$5 S&H) at KentMountford@chesapeake.net.

Also, Mark Lovewell has suggested another likely book for reviewing. It's "Victura: the Kennedys, a Sailboat, and the Sea." Written by James W. Graham it concerns the Kennedy family and their Wianno Senior, Victura. The book was recommended to Mark by the Vineyard harbormaster, Jay Wilbur, who found it worthwhile. It may not be a catboat, but it is certainly well-known to many of us and should be of interest to Kennedy buffs as well as historically oriented sailors. It's published by the University Press of New England and available through them or any of the usual outlets.



Dockmanship

By David Owen Bell

Cornell Maritime Press
Centreville, MD 21617
1992, paperback, 100 pages
(in print at \$6.95, available from
the usual sources for less)

Reviewed by Ned Hitchcock

I suspect most of us have experienced or watched more awkward or disastrous attempts at mooring than we'd like to remember. The author of this small handbook has developed a brief, thorough, and handy reference for beginners as well as those of us who may need some reminders about situations we're not familiar with.

He begins with an introduction describing the three components of docking: the things we can control (the engine/sail, rudder, and dock lines), those we can't control (wind and current), the human factor (attitudes, experience, etc). Learning to integrate these components is what the book focuses on. There are brief discussions of props and their rotation, rudder function, wind and current and line and fender handling methods.

The first chapter relates to handling vessels with inboard engines followed by chapters on outboards, twin screws (not much use to us) and sail. Each chapter follows the same format – docking port side to first in a calm, then with wind and/or current setting on (toward the dock), on the bow, setting off, and on the stern. This is repeated for docking starboard side to. He then discusses getting away under the same circumstances.

Having developed all the above information for each chapter, he takes on docking in slips and covers all the likely possibilities for that situation. The final chapter, "Advanced Techniques" covers warping, Mediterranean mooring, backing, turning on anchor, and emergencies.

The style of the book is plain and clear. The illustrations are simple and helpful. I found it a good

refresher for the course I improvised in bits and pieces over the years as Terry and I learned with our boats and by watching lots of boats docking at our local marina. The material covered is more thorough and not much different from that offered in "Chapman's Piloting & Seamanship" by Charles B. Husick, but it's far more accessible and will fit handily on even the smallest catboat.



Over the Bar



Photo Mark Alan Lovewell

Boatner and Wendy Reily.

William Boatner Reily III 1928 - 2015

The Catboat Association lost a wonderful friend. William Boatner Reily III, of New Orleans and Edgartown, died on January 5. He was 86 years old.

To many association members, Boatner was the best friend you could have on the water and certainly in Edgartown. When this captain was within hearing distance, the issues of the day were lighter, the work less trouble and the hour more fun. Years ago and for a number of summers he hosted the Edgartown Catboat Rendezvous, making the event, his dock and backyard a destination for sailors from all over Southeastern New England.

He had the demeanor of a Southern aristocrat. But once you were with him on the water, or just in the presence of boats, he treated you as an equal, like a brother. For wrapped in his Southern spirited charm was someone who enjoyed the fellowship of friends. He didn't hold back, in both his capacity to give and to share stories.

The only sailor who could keep him close to the dock, or close to the task was his lovely wife Wendy, a Southern belle. Her grace went beyond his reach. The two were married 57 years.

Wendy held Boatner to a higher standard, urging him at times to tighten his rigging, and keep an eye on his compass. Walking into a room of

friends, Boatner could change the ambiance of the room. When they both came in, their hospitality could warm a neighborhood.

Boatner was quick to acknowledge the expertise of others, and easy about introducing friends to new friends. He stood close to Oscar Pease, another beloved waterfront sage. Oscar was, a hardcore waterfront authority, and the last of the local fishermen sailors to use a catboat for business. Oscar's *Vanity* looked like a working catboat with barely any varnish.

Boatner sailed *Edwina B.*, a recreational cat with plenty of bright work. To see these two men of different backgrounds and different catboats stand side by side and be embroiled in a friendly chat, is a memory worth cutting in stone. Seeing the two out in the water captaining their catboats with others made boating so much a joy and another cherished thought. Both catboats were made by the same boatbuilder, Manuel Swartz Roberts.

Edgartown's legacy as a catboat port will be carried on through the generosity of Boatner and Wendy, in another way in years to come, through their love for their catboat *Edwina B.*

In the fall of 2010, the couple donated the 1931 Manuel Swartz Roberts built catboat, in pristine condition, to the Martha's Vineyard Preservation Trust, for safe keeping and to keep her sailing. And through that gift, of *Edwina B.*, and their love of sail and sailing friends, their story will continue.

Bill McKay, who first met the Reilys in 1992 at their home at Green Hollow at a rendezvous said: "During those catboat weekends, he even loaned out his workboat as a shuttle to town. We had a young daughter with us and he felt it was too far for her to walk. In the race that weekend, Boatner had the prettiest cat in the harbor, *Edwina B.* He was ever the gentleman in racing too; keeping his pristine all-varnished catboat out of the fray. He was comfortable going along for the ride and watching his guests enjoy themselves. In the future, every time I see *Edwina B.*, I will see Boatner there at her wheel."

Mark Alan Lovewell



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



166-1. FOR SALE: 2000 Compass Classic Cat 14' fiberglass catboat. The boat has been well maintained and includes a Magic Tilt trailer. The trailer was recently rebuilt with new wheels, tires, hubs and axels. All spars are wood and in good condition. The sail is original, includes a sail bag and was recently professionally cleaned by North Sails. The boat includes a canvas cockpit cover. The boat is located in Northeast Ohio. Asking price is \$5500. Contact Bruce Golden at percussiveman1@gmail.com or phone 330-653-9636.



without the maintenance of a wood hull. Cedar cockpit, oak rails and coamings, fir spars and original bronze hardware. Overall condition very good to excellent. Thurston sail excellent condition, still crisp. Includes a fitted 2003 E-Z Loader trailer with bunk boards, anchor and rope, paddle, cushion and Edson bronze motor mount. Boat and trailer currently registered in CT. More pictures available. Located in Mystic, CT. \$11,000. Call Les at 860-536-9883 for more details.

166-4. FOR SALE: 1996 Menger 19 Catboat. Well maintained and in excellent condition. Boat is equipped with a Yanmar 10 hp 1GM10 diesel engine, raw water flush out, engine owner's and shop manuals along with all spare parts needed for maintenance or an emergency, electric and manual bilge pumps, deep cycle and starting batteries with onboard charger. On deck boat has a tabernacle mast, lazy jacks, jiffy reefing, cockpit cushions, compass, bronze transom and rudder steps, running lights, sail cover, CQR and Fortress anchors, custom storage cover. In the cabin: DSC VHF with mast mounted antenna, radio / CD player with aux. music jack and cockpit speakers, two AC power jacks, small slide out galley with pump sink. Porta-Potti and ice chest / companionway step, drop leaf table. Magic Tilt trailer with surge brakes, and spare tire included, Located in Westport, MA. \$23,000. Call Dan Harrington (508) 965-1250 or email d86harrington@charter.net



166-2. FOR SALE: 26'7" Legnos Mystic 10-3. Ladybug, rigged as a gaff cutter with varnished wood spars. Tanbark sails by Jasper & Bailey. Green Awlgrip 2011. New standing rigging and new roller furling on yankee in 2011. New dodger 2012. Edson worm gear, rebuilt 2013. New interior cushions 2013. New 16 hp Beta Marine diesel installed 2009, 516 hours on engine. Equipped with GPS, VHF, knotmeter, depth sounder, Kenyon stove, Raritan head, holding tank, shower, refrigeration, LED lights. 6'2" head room. A beautiful boat who turns heads wherever she goes. Stored indoors in Old Saybrook, CT. \$45,900. Contact Peter Jenkin, Ladybug.Peter@gmail.com (203) 234-7794.



166-5. FOR SALE: 1973 Herreshoff America 18' catboat, 8 HP Yamaha 2008 outboard, flag sail, sail cover, galvanized trailer with LED lights, new centerboard pennant, good condition, could use some cleaning up, but very functional; professionally repaired cockpit floor, asking \$5750 OBO, 631-563-4856, spudsailor@aol.com



166-3. FOR SALE: 2005 Barnstable Catboat. 12 ft. 4 in. long, Hull 111 built by Howard Boats. A totally "true" fiberglass reproduction of the original wooden Beetle Cat. A white fiberglass hull identical to the wooden gaff rigged classic. Looks and sails exactly like the Beetle



166-6. FOR SALE: 1980 Sanderling 18' catboat, 2 sails, 2006 8HP Honda 4-stroke outboard, and 1981 Shoreline EZ-roller trailer. Trailer OK for local; may need work for highway. Middletown NJ. Contact ppfautz@comcast.net or Penn Pfautz at 732-673-0342. Asking \$11,000.



166-8. FOR SALE: 1980 Marshall 22' catboat. "Katrina". Sailed past 5 years. New rigging lines, Yanmar inboard 18 Hp, with all manuals. All electric working, in cabin and running lights. Radio in good order, sleeps 4 with comfort, all cushions, inside and out are in good shape, galley with propane, porta potty head, nice galley table, inside, and outside eating tables, fold up, utensils, plates and eating ware for six on board. This boat has taken many trips along the coast, with most all meals prepared aboard. Teak wheel, and rudder & hull mounted bronze boarding steps. 388 foot sail with three reef sets, easy to single hand for a larger catboat. Two anchors, one Bruce, one Danforth, with over 200' of anchor line. Reasonably priced at \$28,000. which is a great value for this much boat. For a Sanderling owner who wishes to upgrade to a Marshall 22 (inboard Sanderling preferred), I will consider taking Sanderling in trade, with balance for the 22. There is also an 8' sailing dinghy from the "SABOT" class, which could be in the transaction for a reasonable offer. Contact Bob Burns (860) 536-6407 or aiki.ledyard@gmail.com



166-9. 1999 14' Classic Cape Cod Catboat made by Compass Classic Yachts. Excellent Condition. Fiberglass hull newly painted. All Wood has been refinished or replaced. Sail in good condition. Boat is fun and safe to sail with a large open cockpit. Tohatsu 2.5 HP outboard and Magic Tilt Trailer. Located in Central North Carolina. \$8,500 Call or email for more information and additional pictures. Delivery can be arranged. 910-691-7599 or michelle.peele52@gmail.com



166-10. FOR SALE: 2002 Menger 19 Catboat in excellent condition. Second owner. Tabernacle mast, original white sail w/cover, lazy jacks, jiffy reef, full winter cover. Includes options for cruising with sink and manual water pump and double bunk insert and Porti Potti. Also bronze steps on transom, electric bilge pump, Yanmar engine professionally maintained, running lights, 2 brass cabin lights, masthead light, bunk cushions, 12V deep cycle battery in case, Danforth anchor with 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, screens for companion way and forward hatch. Includes ICOM VHF Transceiver, Ritchie compass and Garmin 541S chartplotter with in-hull transducer. No trailer included. The boat is in excellent condition both mechanically and cosmetically. More photos available by request. Located on Long Beach Island, NJ. Asking \$22,000. Please call (508) 517-2424 or email ericn30@comcast.net



166-11. 1999 Menger 19 – Electrical & Mechanical: Inboard Yanmar 9hp diesel with 110hrs., quick change impeller housing, 3-blade feathering Max-Prop, navigation lights, mast head light, 2 brass cabin lights, 2 deep-cycle 12volt batteries, 11-circuit 12V breaker panel with battery selector switch, digital battery voltage panel with selector switch, 12V outlet in cockpit, wind vane. Rigging & sails: Quantum Tanbark color sail, custom dodger, Harken blocks, Lewmar peak and throat halyard clutch blocks, lazy jacks and single line reefing system. Menger supplied sail and tiller covers. Deck & Hull: Tabernacle mast, cabin top hatch with screen, bronze folding steps on rudder and transom, fore deck anchor chocks and thru-deck anchor rode pipe, Danforth/rope/chain, 4 pc. teak drop board, 1pc. teak drop board with screens, teak cabin screen doors, cabin cushions, double bunk filler board with cushion. Electronics: Bulkhead mounted Ritchie compass; lighted, automatic/electric bilge pump, depth gauge with through hull, VHF with mast antenna. White interior with varnished ash wainscoting cabin sides, teak and holly cabin sole, centerboard trunk varnished drop leaf table, ice box and Porta-Potti. Additional: Sunbrella custom cockpit cushions with matching sail and tiller covers, Cordura winter cover, Interlux InterProtect 2000E Epoxy water barrier system, Micron CSC Copolymer ablative bottom paint, 3200 lb. capacity Load Rite trailer. Additional pictures are available. Boat is located in Brick, NJ. Asking \$25,000. Contact Bob Luchino @ 908 229-5724 or boblu001@gmail.com



166-12. 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



166-13. FOR SALE: 1992 Joel White 15' Marsh Cat, FRANKFORD YELLOW JACKET, ex-CATNIP. Professionally built in lapstrake ply by Great Lakes Boatbuilding, Michigan, with extra beam 7'7" (original 6'11"); bright-finished sassafras coamings and transom.



Extensive 2010-2011 overhauls by Philly Seaport's Workshop on the Water: hollow birdsmouth Sitka mast with solid Sitka spars; custom SS mast joint; new CB and rudder blade; SS standing rigging and bronze Edson motor mount. New lines and paint, inside and out. Two sails plus canvas cover. 2009 Venture trailer with fitted bunks. Stored indoors in southeastern PA. Nearly \$30,000 invested; asking \$15,000. Honda 2hp 4-stroke available for additional \$900. Ned Asplundh, nasplundh@yahoo.com or text/leave message on my cell 215-593-0409.

166-14. FOR SALE: 1973 Herreshoff America 18' catboat "MaryBeth" built by Nowak and Williams. Traditional "Flag" sail with sail cover and lazy jacks. Folding mast. Cabin top teak handrails replaced in 2014. New tiller in 2012. New skeg in 2009. Decks repainted in 2014. 2010 6hp Tohatsu 4 stroke outboard in cockpit well with very low hours. Also includes older trailer with new tires replaced in 2014. \$7,500. Contact John at uscgbmc1790@gmail.com



166-15. FOR SALE: 1993 Helton Solo II, 17ft contemporary Catboat. It is in excellent condition and was only used in fresh water. The beam is 7ft. 4 inches. displacement 1100 lbs. and the sail area is 150 Sq. ft. It has a Marconi rig with one rotating mast with lazy jacks that makes it easy to rig. It has a shallow winged keel that draws only 1 ft. 9 inches. The cockpit is over 6ft long and has two lockers, cushions and is self bailing. It also has a new bimini top. The cabin has plenty of headroom with a large V-berth, screened ports and a sink. It comes with a very lightly used 1992 3hp Johnson long shaft motor and the original Hustler trailer, both of which are in excellent condition. Other options included are a marine stereo, VHF radio, Ritchie compass, life lines and stanchions. \$3,800. Call Bob at 413-786-7243 or (cell) 413-478-9415. Email bobhager4@netzero.net



166-16. WANTED: for Herreshoff America 18, one Used Sail and one gaff spar. Please call Bob at 413.478.9415 or email bobhager4@netzero.net

166-17. FOR SALE: 1973 Herreshoff Catboat by Nowak & Williams, Gaff rigged, bronze hardware and ports, tiller steering, with outboard motor well, 2002 Honda 4 stroke 5hp. Heavy duty 26 ft. single axle trailer with new tires, made by Yarbrough Manufacturing Co. 3125 GVWR. Boat has 8 ft. beam x 18'-2" LOA, (20 ft. with bow sprit). Newer sail in excellent condition 2 sets of reef points, lazy jacks, nice boat in great shape but will need some varnish in spring. Complimented many times for its good lines and looks. Covered for Winter in Old Greenwich, CT. \$7200 call 203 637 9670 or email thalheimsix@hotmail.com



166-18. FOR SALE: 1990 8HP Suzuki outboard LS Never in salt water and with very few hours. It is in exceptional condition and additional pictures are available to prove it. No corrosion at all. It is considered one of Suzuki's best. It comes with the Suzuki manual. Selling because I have too many motors. Price is \$625 or BO. Located near Marshall Marine. Please email Wayne Braley for more pics at wabraley@comcast.net



166-19. FOR SALE: 1995 Menger 19' catboat with 2012 10 Hp Yanmar diesel engine. Excellent Condition. The Menger Cat comes from honest workboat stock. Tomboy's sail area, which is very generous, is workboat style too. Her fine lines, great sail carrying ability, and long waterline make her big enough to be a real pocket cruiser for a couple, a great weekender for the family, and a very friendly day sailer for six people. The yacht style cabin is light and airy with plenty of storage. All interior surfaces are molded fiberglass with smooth gel coat except for the real ash wainscoting on the cabin sides and the teak and holly sole. Fully equipped to sail with full battened mainsail, electric bilge pump and seawater pump, depth sounder and speed indicator, VHF radio, compass etc. A launching trailer is included. The 2012 10 Hp Yanmar diesel engine has very few running hours. Asking \$ 25,000. Contact David Pulsifer at 508-428-6900, 508-280-7703 (cell) or david@croscopyacht.com , Crosby Yacht Yard, 72 Crosby Circle Osterville, MA 02655.



166-20. FOR SALE: Telescoping Awning Poles – two brand new Forespar (part # 504000) telescoping awning poles which extend from 57" to 96". List on WestMarine.com (209494) for \$75 each, asking \$50 each. Please contact Bill Hall – 203-488-2746 or wdxhall@yahoo.com



166-21. FOR SALE: The Green Machine 1972 - 18' Marshall Sanderling Catboat - Hull #294 Located at Sandy Hook Bay Marina, Highlands, NJ Re-Furbished in 2008 & 2013 - Very Good Condition with new halyards, new mast & boom hardware, new cabin & cockpit cushions & new sail cover - 7.5 Mercury Outboard w/ long shaft Asking \$10,000 Call Drew – (732) 865-6874 or email – drew.deganahl@edragster.com



166-22. FOR SALE: Legnos Mystic 20 (Hull No. 24). Beautiful boat in very good condition. Bottom was refinished in 2006 by Reuwer Boat Works. Peter Legnos provided new tiller and larger rudder (per Gull specs) for the boat at that time. Boat has been maintained professionally by Weeks Yacht Yard in Patchogue, Long Island -- and stored indoors during winters -- since then. Aluminum mast from Marshall (2011). Exterior woodwork is all varnished regularly: boom, gaff, and teak hatch, doors, and toe rails. Yanmar diesel (8 hp) with upgraded control cable. Ready to sail away: includes, 252 sq. foot sail with double reef points and jiffy reefing lines, lazy jacks, boom crutch, sail cover, hatch cover, bronze cage blocks, cushions for V-berths, cockpit cushions, dock lines, bumpers, sink, water tank, portable head, bulkhead compass, anchor, running lights, interior lights, VHF, electric bilge pump, wired for shore power, custom canvas winter cover, and storage trailer. \$15K. Contact dkparkny@gmail.com or 917.576.9356



166-23. FOR SALE: 1969 Marshall 22. In 2010-11 received new main, running rigging, rubrail, eyebrow, & coaming, interior & exterior paint, galley and galley pump rebuilt, cockpit icebox removed and Yeti installed in cabin, forward berth lowered, head removed and Porta-potti installed, interior varnished, port lights lowered with new plexiglas, new rudder/transom step, new Ritchie bulkhead compass, 2 AGM 79 amp batteries, new elec. system w/ panel, running lights and exist. cabin lights rebuilt. Rebuilt Yanmar 2GM16 & stuffing box resealed and packed. 13 # & 18 # Danforth, 35 # Luke all with chain and rode. New steering gear and arm. 4 stands. Boat was on hard at Marshall for 19 years. \$18,500. Phone 508.385.5640



166-24. FOR SALE: 1984 Menger 17' catboat. Tabernacle mast, tan bark sail with lazy jacks and cover. 5HP Tohatsu and Northern trailer. Cabin with teak & holly sole, ash wainscoating, brass lamps, custom cruising storage and new Porta Potti. Standard Horizon VHF, Garmin GPS 76, Ritchie compasses, tide clock and barometer. Navigation lights, electric bilge pump, new cockpit tent, fenders, lines, life jackets and 15 lb Danforth with 100ft rode. Located Portsmouth NH - \$10,400. Additional pictures: Charles Lassen, charleslassen@gmail.com 603 433 2075



166-25. FOR SALE (or Trade): 1987 Cape Dory 26' - WILL TRADE FOR a Marshall Sanderling 18 Open Cockpit Daysailer or newer Marshall Sandpiper 15. Includes custom Hood Main, Genoa 140, Jib and Sail Cover made in 2008. Professionally maintained 2001 Four Stroke Yamaha 8hp with super reinforced fiberglass engine well mount. All systems annually maintained and fully operational. Sink, Alcohol Stove, Head with Holding Tank, Four Berths, Interior and Exterior Cushions, Dodger Fittings and Template, Two Year Old Halyards, Teak Interior, Marine Cooler, Dinning Table, Three Year old VHF Radio, Depth Finder, Fresh Water Tank, Two Year Old Marine Battery, Anchor with 200' Line, Fenders, Autohelm 800 Autopilot, Wind Scoop, Bug Screens, Two Swim Ladders and Manual Whale Bilge Pump. A safe classic family keel boat in Excellent Sail-Away Condition. Currently out of the water in storage in Dennis, MA. \$19,500 Cell 978-387-3120 or Email emichaelmiller@verizon.net for more photos and specs.



166-26. FOR SALE: 1984 Menger 17 Catboat. This beautiful boat is unexpectedly for sale, as I now have two catboats! I am in the process of upgrading paintwork and teak trim. She's in good condition, price includes-2013 Tohatsu 6hp 4 stroke outboard with very low hours. Good Thurston sail new in 2006. Trailer in good condition with new bearings, new battery, etc-write for more details. Located on Long Island, NY. Delivery possible. Priced to sell at \$10,750 email me at pcben@optonline.net



166-27. FOR SALE by Owner: 1982 Marshall 15' Sandpiper cuddy model, hull #169. New (8-10 hrs) 3.5hp Tohatsu 4-cycle OB. Sail away ready Spring 2015 with fresh bottom paint, all CG equipment and more. Located Kennerly Marina, Church Hill, MD. \$6750. Call Phil Donahue at marina: 410.490.0810

166-28. FOR SALE: 18 ft. HERRESHOFF AMERICA 1972, in very good condition. 2000 6-hp Johnson O.B. with 2 stage blower in well. Original Thurston flag sail in fair condition, 2000 Quantum Thurston sail, white, in very good condition with three reefs. Included: brass oil running lights, 12 V masthead and running lights, Porta-A-Potti, Raytheon VHF/FM radio, Lowrance Eagle depth sounder, fish finder with speed log and temperature sensor, bulkhead mounted compass, clock, fire extinguisher, flares and launcher, bilge pump, boat hook, swim ladder, mast head wind vane, two 6-gallon gas tanks, Danforth type anchor with 4 ft. of chain and 100 ft. rode, cabin bunk cushions, stainless steel solar vent installed 2013, tabernacle mast, new bottom paint 2013. New keel shoe, steel centerboard sandblasted and primed and painted 2013 1972 tandem axle trailer with brakes, not connected. Trailer sanded and Rustoleum painted 2013. Asking \$10,000 OBO Located Costa Mesa, California. haverlanddesign@msn.com



166-29. FOR SALE: 1973 Marshall 18' Sanderling Catboat in good condition. 1988 Thurston sail is in excellent condition; plus older sail. 1997 Load-Rite two-wheel trailer in excellent condition. Small outboard engine included. This boat has barely been used for about a decade. All sold as-is. The package is a great value. Located near Charleston, S.C. Asking price: \$5,500. Please contact John Reaves at john@lawreaves.com or (619) 525-0035. Somebody is on site to show the boat.



166-30. WANTED: Newer Marshall 22 catboat or equivalent, preferably located in the Pacific Northwest or Western United States. Contact Bob Breen at 253-235-9032 or bob@the-breens.com

166-31. FOR SALE: 1975 Marshall Sanderling, 5 hp Johnson outboard motor, two sails, sail cover, cockpit cushions, Harken blocks, other equipment. Boat in good condition, located Bay Head, N.J. \$9,500. Bob Reddington, cell 732-814-1737; Home 732-295-1590.

166-32. FOR SALE: 1974 Marshall 22' catboat. Sail in good condition, Reliable Palmer P-60 with recent tune-up, always starts. Dark green Sunbrella cabin and cockpit cushions. Two anchors, one mounted on bowsprit. Highly varnished "destroyer" wood wheel steering. Full mahogany trim package exterior and interior with bronze rub rail. Matching tan dodger, sail cover and wheel cover. Removable teak cockpit floor grates. Bronze steps on rudder and transom. Interior 12v and 120V lighting along with 2 brass oil lamps. McGyer rudder lock. New mast hoops. Four heavy-duty yard stands. Six new life vests and all required USCG safety equipment included. Chart Plotter GPS Bottom recently soda blasted and new Barrier coat, like new. All new rigging and lines and blocks 1 yr ago. Horizon VHF with Mast Antenna & handheld VHF. Two new batteries last year, 30 amp Shore power hook up. Full 12 gall holding tank and marine head, Alcohol stove and all sink plumbing, \$14,500. Contact: Michael. Kingston, MA. Tel: (617)-435-6516 northcompass@att.blackberry.net



166-33. FOR SALE: 1977 Stur-Dec catboat, 14' 4" length, 7' beam, 10" draft with centerboard up. Fiberglass hull with wood seats, flooring and coaming. Includes 2 1/2 hp Mercury outboard, new cockpit boom tent, and trailer with mast crutch. In excellent condition, with new bottom paint and waterline striping, and all woodwork recently refinished. A roomy and fun sailer, will hold 4 adults comfortably. \$3,500. Located in No. Fort Myers, FL. Call Jeff at 781.254.9515 jeffreywhite@gmail.com



166-34. FOR SALE: 1974 Herreshoff America 18 "Seawind" in excellent condition. Built by Nowak & Williams this centerboard pocket cruiser is powered by a 9HP Nissan outboard that runs perfectly. Thurston sail in good condition with reef points, bulkhead compass, Danforth type anchor with chain and rode, bunk cushions, and the centerboard was recently sand blasted, primed and re-painted. Boat underwent a complete re-work in 2011. Comes with a trailer in good condition. New Sunbrella sail cover purchased last year. Asking \$9,900 OBO. Located in Spruce Head, Maine. Peter L Joslin 404-971-3807 office/cell 404-745-8112 fax petejoslin1@gmail.com



166-35. FOR SALE: TED BREWER DESIGNED 12.5' CATBOAT. Built half scale from Ted Brewer's Chappaquiddick 25' design, "Freddie the Cat" is 12 1/2ft. long. The hull is cold molded of African mahogany veneer over cypress planks. The stem, ribs and other structural members are of white oak. The spars are of sitka spruce. Details of Freddie's construction were published in CBA bulletins #65 and #71. Complete with standing and running rigging. Includes two sails (newest built in 2010), oars and anchor. Boat stored under cover. Trailer included. Located Cedar Key, Florida. Asking \$10,000. Contact Bob Treat at (352)543-6881 or treatsfleet@gmail.com



166-36. FOR SALE: 1974 Marshall Sandpiper 15' catboat. Kittywake is the cuddy-cabin version of this stable fiberglass classic, and she's the prettiest girl at the dance. Drawing only 18" with her centerboard up, she easily seats four adults in her dry, commodious cockpit, making her perfect for thin-water sailing. I lovingly stripped and repainted her mast, gaff and boom, re-sanded and repainted her deck and topsides, applied many coats of Cetol to her teak, varnished her ash tiller, buffed her hull, repainted her boot stripe a vivid red, and applied two coats of blue Trinidad to her fair bottom. Her running rigging and Harken/Ronstan blocks are like new; she even has lazy jacks, jiffy reefing and a pig-stick atop her two-tone mast. Her sail is in excellent condition, and with both fixed and tilt-up motor mounts, float cushions, fenders, dock lines, bilge pumps, horn, paddle/boat hook and a small Bruce anchor with chain, she is ready to sail. Her Gator trailer has brand new tires, bearings and lights. Sadly, arthritic knees and a mending hip have taken sailing off my agenda. Kittywake is garage stored in Oriental, the sailing capital of N.C., and you can take her home for \$6,900. Call Judith at (252) 249-1657 or email WanderinJudith2@yahoo.com for more info and photos.



Chesapeake Bay Cruising Cats



This 25-foot Wittholz cat on the left is named *Planet* and belongs to Martin Gardner, an avid and spirited Chesapeake sailor. On some still mornings, and certainly at night as the sun drops below the tree line, these old boats seem to enjoy the camaraderie of a safe and quiet anchorage as much as the captains and their crew.

The Chesapeake Catboat Association CCBA has a long history of bringing sailors together for a multiple day cruise. They'll explore the waterways of the bay from as far North as Pennsylvania to as far South as Virginia.



Long trips include plenty of opportunity for downtime in the annual June weeklong cruise. The sailors will easily find a nice place out of the wind and drop anchor. Here they are in the midst of a journey up the Northern part of the Bohemia River. The catboat *Shoveller* is in the foreground.

The association is made up of well over 55 active sailors. They are a tight network, keeping in touch with each other throughout the year. Their association puts together their own newsletter and website www.chesapeakecatboat.org and there is plenty of excitement as the dates for summer events get scheduled. One essential ingredient with every gathering, includes an essential break from the rigors of life ashore and what is most important and essential, serendipity sailing. Their voyages are always different from one year to the next.



At the edge of a salt marsh. Marc Cruder and Dave Park find a quiet place away from the fray.



CCBA sailors gather in the cockpit of the catboat *Wanderer* and relax at the end of the day.

Many of the association events are chronicled by the association's catboat enthusiast and photographer, Craig Ligidel, who took these photographs. Ligidel sails *Mystic Wind*, a Mystic 20.

The Catboat Association

Mail completed form to:

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



*Founded 1962
Incorporated 1983*

Membership Application

One-time initiation fee:	\$20.00
Annual membership dues:	\$30.00
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: _____

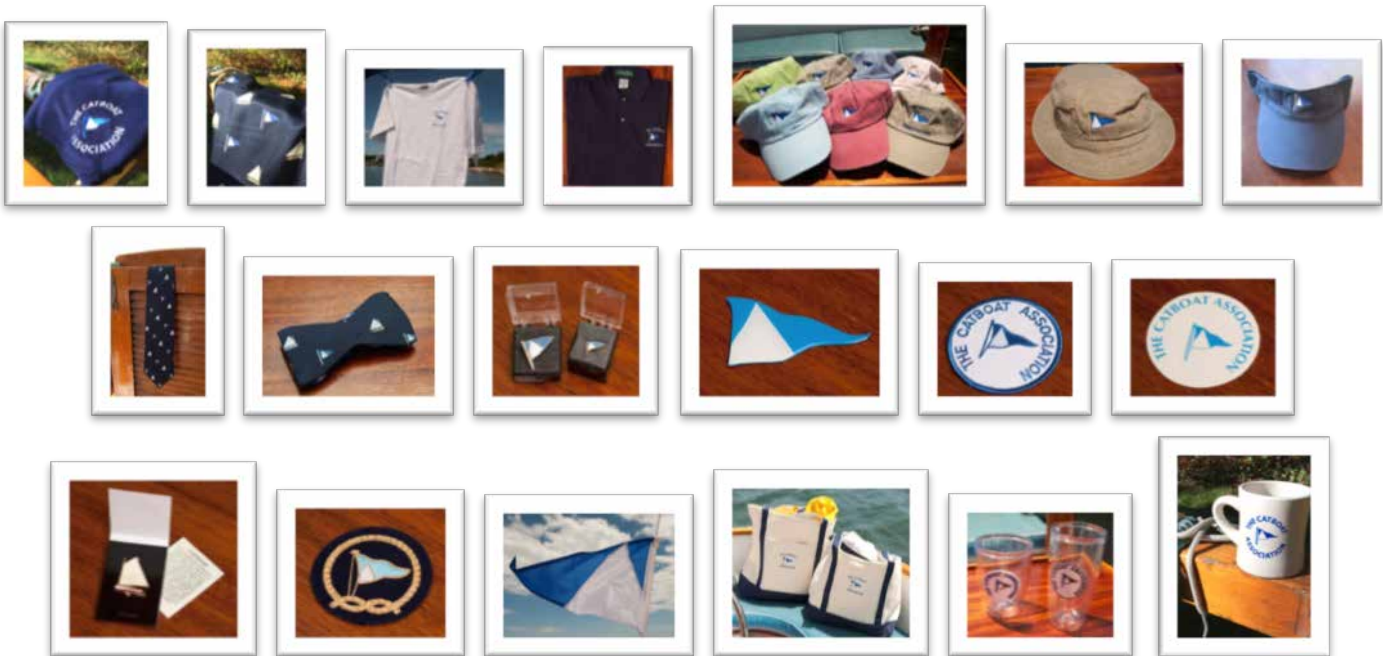
Description: _____

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

<u>Item</u>	<u>Color</u>	<u>Size</u>	<u>Qty.</u>	<u>Price</u>	<u>Total</u>
NEW!! Fleece Blanket - Navy				\$20.00	
NEW!! Silk Scarf – Navy with burgee & catboat pattern				\$25.00	
T Shirt - Grey S, M, L, XXL only				\$17.00	
Staff Shirt - Navy, S, M, L, XL, XXL, 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	

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

Name
Address
City, State, Zip
Phone

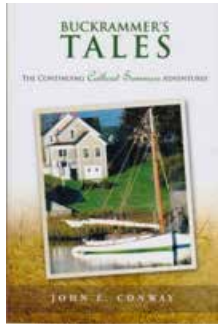
To order merchandise, specify color, size, quantity and total for each item. Make check payable to Catboat Association, Inc. in U.S. funds. Send ORDER FORM and CHECK to: Catboat Association Store, c/o Mary Crain, 55 Brandt Island Road, Mattapoisett, MA 02739. Questions? mary.crain@catboats.org; 508 758-8081 Shipping is included.

NEW!! The Catboat Association Store at Lands' End! Order additional merchandise of your choosing and add CBA logo for \$5.95.

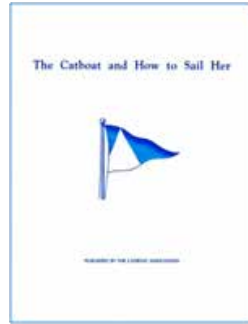
Order online at: ces.landsend.com/the_catboat_association



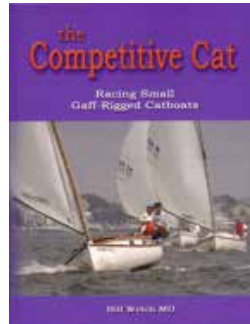
Catboat Association Publications



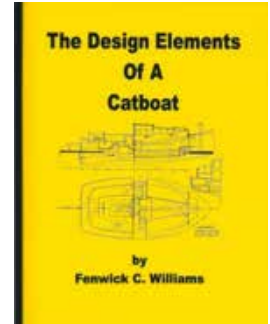
Buckrammer's Tales
by John E. Conway
\$19.95



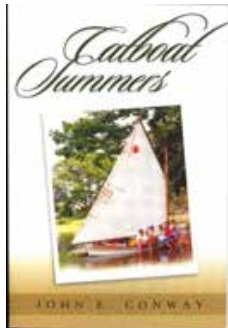
"The Catboat and How to Sail Her"
edited by John H. Leavens
\$10.00



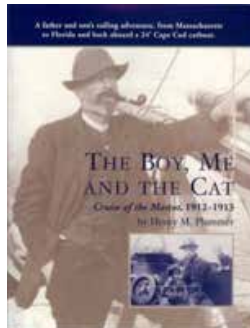
"The Competitive Cat"
Racing Small Gaff-Rigged
Catboats. By Bill Welch MD
\$19.95



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



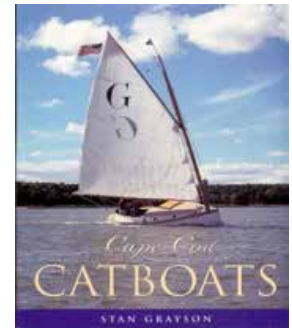
Catboat Summers
by John E. Conway
\$15.00



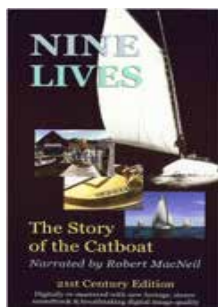
"The Boy, Me and the Cat"
by Henry M. Plummer
\$29.95 (hardcover)



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



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



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



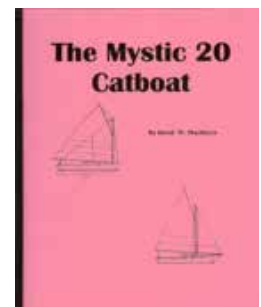
Reprints from "Rudder"
Design plans of 12 cat
rigged yachts \$15.00



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



The Boat That Wouldn't Sink
by Clinton Trowbridge
\$19.99



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

To order publications: List items you want and mail with check to: Carol Titcomb, 38 Brookwood Dr. Branford, CT 06405-2325. Shipping and Handling are \$2.00 for EACH item. Foreign orders, please include \$5.00 extra.

ON THE BACK COVER

The Chesapeake Catboat Association and small boat sailors met in June at St. Mary's City, for their annual Traditional Boat Festival. The square rigger in the background is the full scale replica of *Dove*, a 76 foot ship that brought settlers to Maryland in the 1600s. The photo was taken in 2005. Photo credit: Chesapeake Catboat Association

