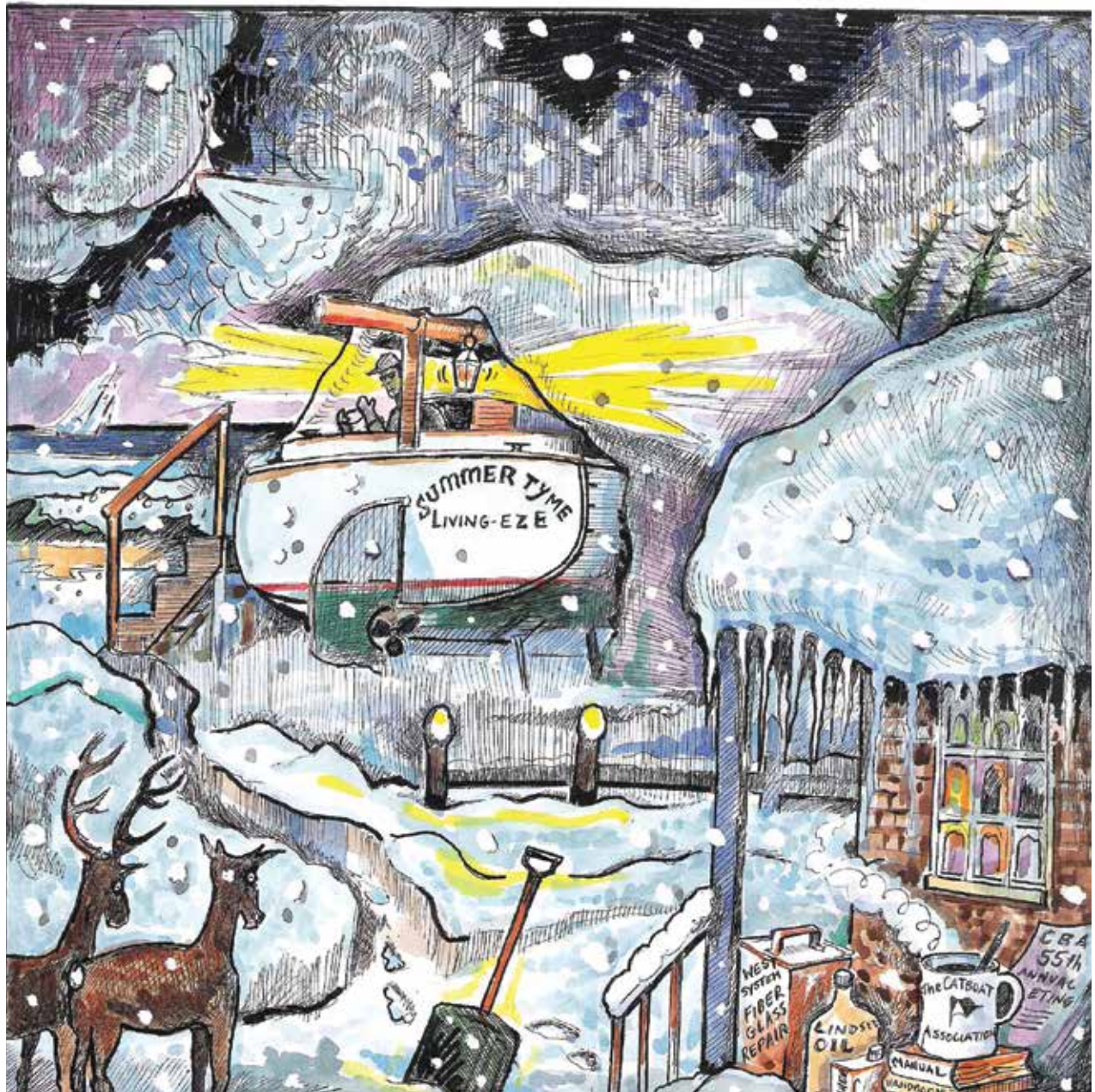


Catboat Association Bulletin



No. 172



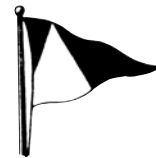
Winter 2017

ON THE COVER

So many catboat sailors endure the cold winter and wait for the first sign of spring. Catboat Association illustrator Frank S. Lovewell has put to pen and brush an illustration that will touch so many sailors and remind them that it isn't so bad. There is good news, the sailing season approaches.

Catboat Association

www.catboats.org



BULLETIN NO. 172

Winter 2017

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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!

BoatUS Membership

Having a membership in both the Catboat Association and BoatUS does have one advantage. Remember that when you renew in BoatUS you get a 50 percent discount on your annual membership because you are a member of the Catboat Association. Use the Cooperating Group Program code: GA83247B For more information you can call them at 800-395-2628, write them at CoopGroups@BoatUS.com or visit their group program website: <http://www.boatus.com/membership/group/default.asp>

Rendezvous Schedule?

What is your rendezvous schedule? We need your Catboat sailing events for the 2017 sailing season. If you haven't yet submitted your planned events to Gayle Cornish, our rendezvous coordinator, please do so immediately. The summer season is quickly approaching and we want to list your event in both the upcoming Spring issue and on the Catboat Association website.

North Shore Catboat Connection

Early last year, a group of North Shore catboaters formed a catboat organization and they now have North Shore Catboat Connection with over 20 members. Mike LaBrie of the catboat *Bugsy*, and Peter Knowlton of the catboat *Willow*, both Marshall Sanderlings have been reaching out to sailors from Hull to Newburyport, MA. If you are in the area get in touch with them. They'd like to hear from you. Contact either Mike at mjlabrie1@mac.com or Peter at pknowlton44@gmail.com.

Shock & Awe!!!!

You probably saw a little of both at the CBA 55th Annual Awards Ceremony! Details of the award presentations will be covered in the Spring Bulletin but in the meantime, it's not too early to think about next year's nominations. You will have all summer to consider who should be recognized for their efforts.

The Awards Committee would also like to thank those of you who submitted nominations this past



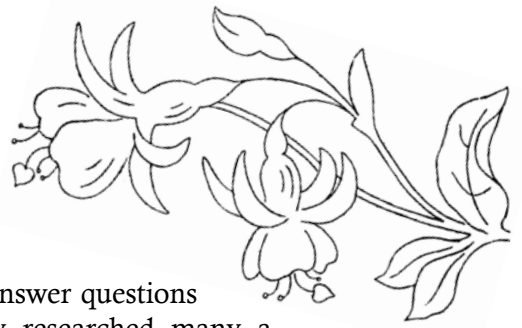
year and they look forward to more of you making an effort to do so next time around. Remember... without your nominations we have no awards! In the meantime, see you out on the water!

Save This Date

The 56th annual Catboat Association Meeting will take place on the weekend of Friday, Saturday and Sunday, January 26, 27 and 28, 2018 at the Mystic Marriott Hotel and Spa..



Over the Bar



Robert L. “Bob” Reddington



Photo by Kent Mountford

“Bob”

With great sadness, Robert L. “Bob” Reddington crossed the bar on Tuesday, January 17. Bob was a celebrated member of the Catboat Association and his friendships extended across many harbors and rivers. Bob epitomized the enthusiasm that the best of us have for our catboats and catboaters. Plus he loved to share stories about both. He will be sorely missed by so many of us.

Bob was born in Verona and resided in Bay Head, N.J. full time since 1969. He was 86 years old. When he died he was surrounded by his loving family.

He was predeceased by his beloved wife, Beatrice Ann in 2012; his son, Robert J. Reddington; his daughter, Cheryl Ann Martindell and his sister, Pat Rogers. Surviving are his daughter; Mary-Jo LaRue and her husband Todd and his son John Reddington and his wife Terri; his brother Rick Reddington; his grandchildren; Lee, Lindsey, Logan, Michael, Matthew and Mary.

Tim Lund, Association President said: “Bob was the essence of a catboater, including being small and squat. He was graceful in his own way, friendly and inviting to all. He always made himself

available to answer questions and doggedly researched many a catboat historical quandary.

“While not a co-founder of the 54-year-old association, Bob claimed to have been at one of the meetings involving its formation. He officially joined the CBA a couple of years later, in 1963.”



Photo by Kent Mountford

Always at the helm in life.

At this year’s annual meeting, held on Saturday, January 28, Lund said the following:

“When I inherited the position I now occupy, former CBA chair Eric Peterson told me that the job came with something. More specifically, someone. That someone was Bob Reddington. Bob was the memorable, friendly, the unhearing conscience and memory of the CBA.

“Late this fall Bob called me to share that he would not be making any more Steering Committee meetings, which typically take place in southeastern Massachusetts. Bob would drive himself to these meetings, sometimes starting out in the dark hours of the early morning in NJ, navigating many hours on I-95 north at the blistering speed of 45 miles per hour, stopping frequently along the way. That phone call suggested to me that the end of an era was near.

“Bob was an honorary lifetime member of the CBA. He was a member of the Steering committee for many years. He is also the only recipient of the Catboat Association’s most prestigious awards

presented annually, the John Killam Murphy Award, the Dolphin, and Bob was the first recipient of the Broad Axe.

“And, as Bob would always end our phone calls, Hello, Goodbye.”

In lieu of flowers memorial contributions can be made to Deborah Hospital Foundation, 212 Trenton Road, Browns Mills, NJ 08015 or Pt. Pleasant Beach First Aid and Emergency Squad. To send condolences please go to www.obrienfuneralhome.com.

Mark Alan Lovewell

Members Remembered at Annual Meeting

Robin Varian, husband of Betsey, sailed *Thumbcap* out of Old Saybrook, CT. Member since 1991.

•
Skip Hall, owner of a chocolate lab, Bosun, sailed *Scootin* out of Orleans, MA. Member since 2000.

•
David Wadsworth, husband of Rosamond, sailed *Storm King* out of Westport, MA. Member since 1963.

•
Jerry Valka, husband of Lin, sailed *Diversion* out of St. Clair Shores, MI. Member since 2006.

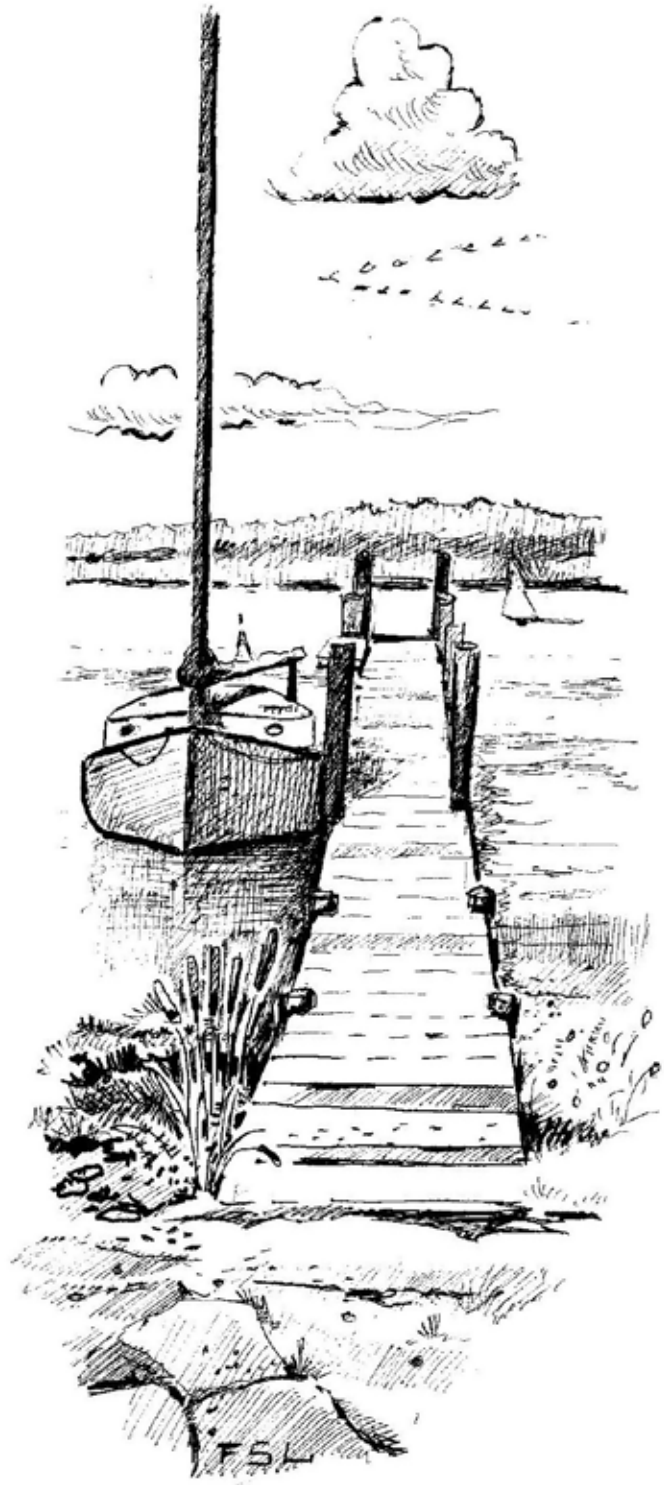
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Jacques van de Kerckhof, husband of Christiane, sailed *Swamp Yankee* out of Mattapoisett, MA. Member since 1992.

•
Bill Elliott, husband of Lisa, sailed *Henry M. Plummer* out of Fairhaven, MA. Member since 1979.

•
Mario Cruder, husband of Viola, Father of Marc, sailed *Liberty* out of Cresskill, NJ. Member since 1984.

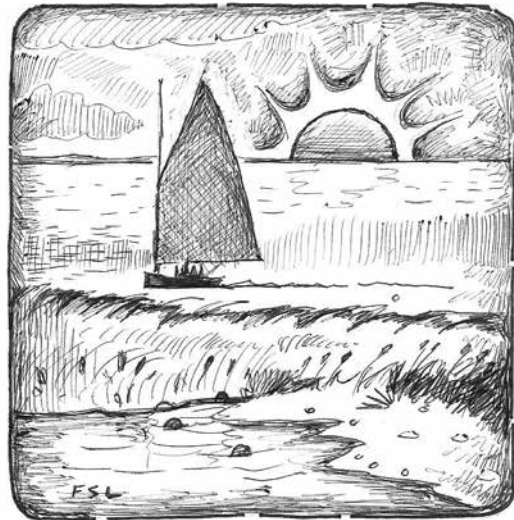
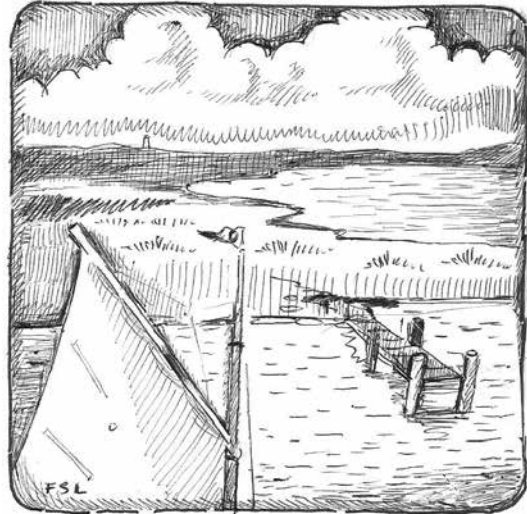
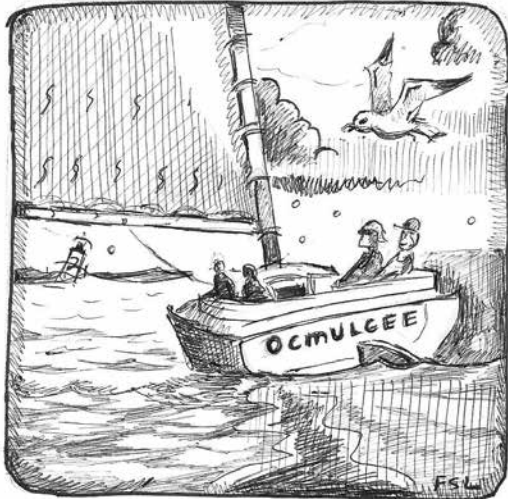
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Bill Haberer, husband of Elizabeth, sailed *Buttercup II* out of Hendersonville, NC. Member since 1981.

As read at the annual meeting by Tim Lund.



Ocmulgee

Steve Ewing



Illustrations by Frank S. Lovewell

We sailed away
by the light of the day
to the pond where
the bay scallops grow
Where the littlenecks sleep
in the sandy deep
Where the sea rushes in
with the flow

We made our way
through the mouth
of the bay
a small family of four souls

In the warm of the sun
for some leisurely fun
in our 18-foot cat
we did go

Sailing right in
with the flood to the brim
and the southwester
filling our sail
In our wee little boat
we looked pretty afloat
with our happiness
chock to the rails

This family of four
could ask for no more
than a catboat
just 18-feet long
She was formed of the pride
that keeps cats alive
through the test of a
New England storm

As we rounded the point
dividing the bay
we set our sights
on the South End
Where the crescent
beach leads
to a narrow Lagoon
through a channel
with twists and
sharp bends

We pulled up the board
as we scrambled ashore
to a day that
shimmered like gold
We swam in the waves
on this grand holiday
Such a fine happy sight
to behold

Our stout shallow rig
graciously big
only runs 18 feet long
When the centerboards up
she sails in a cup
or the dew on an
early spring lawn

As the sun tumbled down
we made our way round
to the beach on the curve
of South End
We cooked up some food
while the moon
lit our mood
and barn swallows
circled our heads

Back on the cat
now the wind had gone slack
we settled ourselves
for the night
Two little boys
all done making noise
With the stars dancing
lovely and bright

We sailed away
by the first light of day
from the pond where
the scallops swim free
Our sweet little cat
on an easy light tack
Our two boys their momma
and me



Photo by Mark Alan Lowewell

Steve Ewing.

Editors note: Steve Ewing, is the poet laureate for the Town of Edgartown, a town on the island of Martha's Vineyard. Steve sails an 18-foot Marshall catboat called Ocmulgee. The name of the catboat is an important one. She is named for the whaling ship sunk by the Confederate raider Alabama June 19, 1862. The captain of Ocmulgee was Abraham Osborn Jr. of Edgartown. Captain Osborn, his crew and ship are a big piece of the history that goes with the town.

Steve has contributed poems to the Catboat Bulletin in the past.



Fifty Years of Sanderlings at Shrewsbury Sailing & Yacht Club

Bill Van Winkle



In 1965, Comets were the dominant fleet at SSSYC, with the Blue Jay and Woodpussy fleets coming in a close second, along with a rather large and active cruising class.

That first summer, 1965, *Puddle Puddle* competed with the cruising class and, as printed in the 1966 SSSYC Yearbook, won that Championship!

The 18-foot Marshall Sanderling drew so much interest that by the 1966 sailing season, there were six listed in the yearbook

as the Cape Cod Cat Class, including *Gallia IV* #50, Gordon (Jim) Litwin's new boat.

The Sanderling literally took off in popularity, which is no surprise, due to its unique characteristics: a perfect day-sailor for the Shrewsbury River in that, with the centerboard retracted the boat has a draft of just 18 inches, and yet a cockpit which can easily accommodate 5 or 6 adults, not only for an afternoon sail, but also for a cocktail & diner cruise, along with a cuddy cabin where two 6 ft. berths and a porta potty give it an overnight capability.

The hull shape and gaff rig, boasting 265 sq. ft. of sail, all designed by Breck Marshall, combine to give the Sanderling a remarkable upwind speed, such that it out-points and out-foots, on a boat-to-boat basis, sloop rigged cruising sailboats up to about 24 feet in length.

These features attracted the attention of not only the cruising group, but also those more competitively minded skippers, such that the SSSYC Sanderling fleet added new members each year, reaching 18 members in 1970, 26 in 1975 and 30 by 1980.

Our 2015 SSSYC Yearbook lists 32 Sanderlings, with 11 that were in the 1980 Yearbook, as follows:



Photo credit: Amy Millnes of the SSSYC

Sunflower, taken at Shrewsbury.

Back in the spring of 1965 sailing changed in the Shrewsbury River, in Oceanport, N.J. A new design of an old rig appeared on the water and it was the first of many of the 18-foot Marshall Sanderling catboat. Prior to that time, it is believed no one had seen a gaff-rigged catboat in the area since the early 1900s.

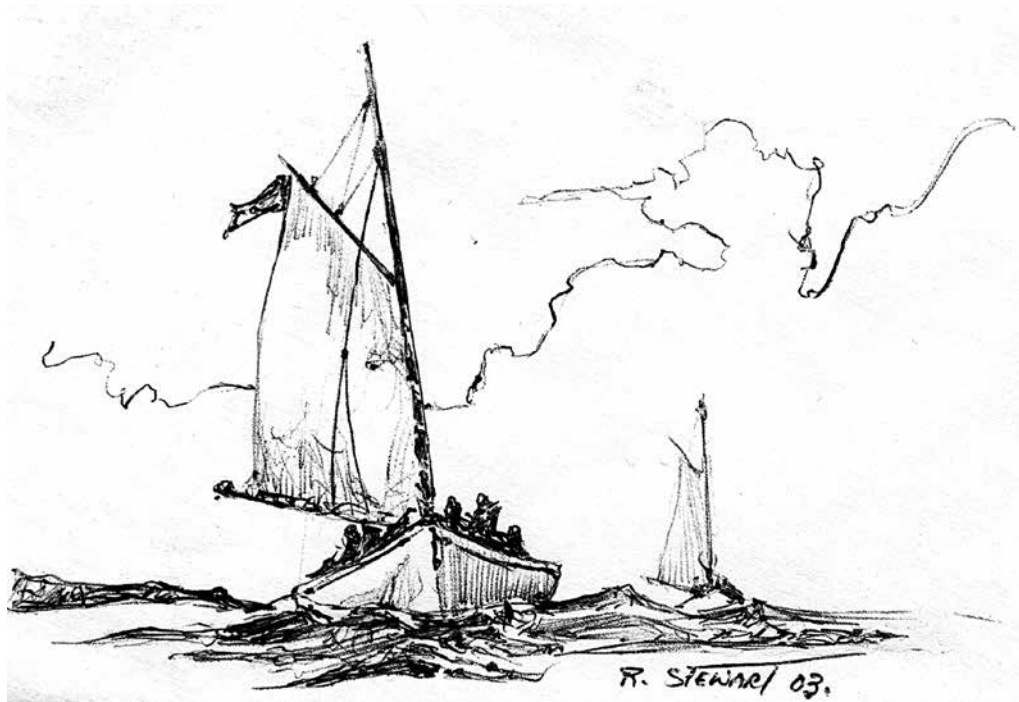
Dave Kingston skippering *Puddle Puddle*, sail number 15, caused quite a stir around the river, but most especially at the Shrewsbury Sailing & Yacht Club (SSYC), Oceanport, New Jersey.

Sail Number	1 st Year	Original Skipper	2015 Skipper
15	1965	Dave & Carolyn Kinston	Guy & Gail Hembling
50	1966	Gordon Litwin	Gordon Litwin
70	1967	Ted Dilger & Bill Reaves	Pete & Karen Seligman
88*	1968	Bill & Beverly Van Winkle	Bill & Beverly Van Winkle
100	1968	Leighton & Anita Waters	Leighton Waters, Jr.
99	1969	John & Louise Stives	Doug & Liz Stives
97	1970	Joe & Thea Lucarelli	297 Thea Lucarelli
123	1970	Dave & Ann Heenehan	Kevin & Maureen Kearney & Meg Heenahan
161	1970	Put & Peggy Brodsky	Eric & Beth Carlson
206	1971	Bill & Iris Kirkpatrick	Iris Kirkpatrick
227	1978	Tony & Rosemarie Terra	Tony & Rosemaria Terra
391	1979	Jim & Susie Widdis	Jim & Susan Widdies
433	1979	Fred & Jo Beshore	Fred & Jo Beshore

**Note: #88 is believed to be the only Sanderling to arrive at SSYC on its own bottom, having been sailed from Marshall Marine, South Dartmouth, MA to the Shrewsbury River in 1968 by Bill V W & Alan Schneider, a voyage of 5 nights & 6 days.*

Amazingly, 10 of the 13 boats that have been at SSYC since at least 1980, are still owned by the same families. That remarkable staying power alone says just how much the Sanderling fits the SSYC lifestyle and Shrewsbury River conditions.

In January 2017, the SSYC added yet another member to their Sanderling fleet. The very active and competitive membership continues to thrive after all these years.



Becoming a Catboat Kid

Jim Grenier



Writer and sailor Jim Grenier.

We welcome Jim Grenier's writings to this issue. Grenier sails a 21-foot Fenwick Williams catboat called Rosebud out of Harwichport, MA. The vessel was launched in 1964 and was originally named Button. She is featured in "The Catboat Book" by John M. Leavens. Grenier has sailed her for about a decade and he keeps her in the Merrimack River. Depending on the tide, he will venture out into the open Atlantic.

His favorite first mate is his wife Lyn. "She sails with me 50 percent of the time. I often have friends come along as crew," he said.

Grenier tells us that he likes to wrap facts and fiction together.

Previous to owning this catboat, Grenier had another 18-foot Fenwick Williams cat called Rosebud. "The Rosebud name did not come from the "Citizen Kane" movie, nor the Dick Van Dyke episode. It actually came from within the Kurt Vonnegut novel "God Bless You Mr. Rosewater," he said.



"And there is no boat as fine a teacher as the humble catboat."

In a discussion with Mark Lovewell in February of last year, he asked if someone could write more articles directed to our catboat kids. If the bulletin readers like this story, I can continue the series.

Maybe you will figure out where this story takes place, though I've altered names of places in order to keep the location obscure and protected from outsiders, as well as the names and reputations of both quick and dead. Perhaps it sounds like a place where you grew up or currently live. Could be.

The important thing is there is much to learn that only a boat and water can provide. And there is no boat as fine a teacher as the humble catboat.

"You're too little to row."

That September I was five-and-one-half years old. I was with my older brother Mike, my Dad, and

my grandfather Pèpère, and tossed around in a ten-foot plywood pram.

It wasn't my first boating trip. I'd been helping paddle a canoe all over New Hampshire and Maine since I was three. I had great pride in my contribution to the building of the pram. I was given the task of painting the seats, testified by thick drips on the edges, thick and wrinkly sags, and nearly-bare spots in other places. It was my very first paint job, not counting finger paints, of course.

About 8 a.m. Dad parked our fading 1951 Dodge sedan and took the pram from the roof racks. A Hercules holding the boat above his head, transforming into a horseshoe crab as he ducked under the upturned boat and waddled it down the ramp to the water. Pèpère hoisted me up and dropped me into the boat alongside my brother Mike, sharing the wide seat in the stern. Dad was in next at the rowing position and Pèpère pushed us out and tried to jump aboard but ended up doing more of a sideways roll than a jump. His rubber boots were full of water.

Dad rowed us out to the mouth of the river. The outgoing current and a westerly were providing a considerable assist. Proclaiming we were "in the right spot" Pèpère threw the anchor out. It was the first time I'd ever seen an anchor used and anchoring was good fun. Pèpère had a pretty good arm for a grandpa. That rusty navy-style hunk of metal splashed at least 20 feet in front of us, the anchor rode racing out in pursuit. Years later I learned this wasn't the proper way to anchor, but it certainly was entertaining at the time.

The current was running strong, so we swung around to face into it and snapped up short so quick I almost fell backward out of the boat. Pèpère let out more line and tied it off to a cleat at the bow. Dad shipped the oars and one of the blades hit me in the arm. I tried not to cry, but when Mike started making fun of me I stopped. Never give your older brother satisfaction. That was (and still is) my rule and the rule of every younger brother ever born.

We had a couple of metal buckets: one held our hand lines, and the other held our bag lunches. On the floor between Dad's seat and Pepe's perch in the bow was a thin, wet cardboard box. Pèpère said it was "a flat of worms," In it was the bait from The Striper Shop, though when I looked in all I saw was a mat of seaweed. Dad reached under the seaweed and pulled out the most horrible thing I'd ever seen: a wriggly, nightmarish seaworm, with innumerable thick short legs and a pincer beak that sissored at me. It was nothing like the benign worms I dug for pond fishing. I refused to touch it.

I was disappointed that I couldn't bring my fishing rod, but in the confines of that small, crowded boat, I saw how more practical the hand lines were.

So Dad baited hooks for Mike and me and we unceremoniously plopped them into the water. Dad then explained how to feel the bottom with our lead weights, how to hold the dark codline between our fingers and keep the wood spool under our feet so it wouldn't go overboard if we hooked a big one. I caught a small flounder and Mike caught an eel. Pèpère caught nothing the whole time—only because he didn't bait his hook; saying it wasn't necessary to show off and catch more than anyone else. Dad caught the best prize of all: a sleek gray shark with barbs on its dorsal fin and tail. I remember being scared as it thrashed around, but Dad thunked it with a billy club and tossed it over the side. It was a tough little shark and swam away.

Of course no decent boating story can be told without describing the food. Plus, now that I've recalled so many things about that ancient event, I'll let you share in this disappointment as well. My Mom was notorious for making absurdly scant meals (which might be another set of stories for a different publication, maybe *Starvation Life*). I didn't know it at the time, but we were poor, and Mom stretched the budget paper-thin in every way.

The day before, I had distinctly heard my Dad request she pack us two sandwiches apiece, and very specifically egg salad ("mushy egg," my favorite) or bologna and cheese. Of course, neither of these items

arrived in those brown paper bags. Instead, I tore the waxed paper from my single wimpy sandwich: white bread thinly troweled with nothing but "Sandwich Spread." In case you don't know what that is, simply imagine mayonnaise and relish mixed together. We ate "special sauce" sandwiches long before MacDonal'd's existed. We shared a small glass bottle of milk to wash it all down with. Pèpère had his own small bottle of amber liquid.

Lunch (or any meal) on a boat can occur whenever the crew is hungry and there is something aboard that can be eaten. Our crew was famished by 10 and by 10:15 we had eaten but were still hungry. My Dad remarked that it is good to be hungry and cold when fishing, but I fail to see any reasoning behind that to this day. We killed time by watching a distant sailboat zip back and forth across the bay.

The rising wind whipped the water around us. The ripples built into chop. Our little boat bounced about and yawed wildly. Waves formed, increasing in size, spray skimming off the whitecaps and into my face. Mike's Red Sox ballcap blew off and floated away. I made sure to make fun of that, but he gave me that look and then I felt bad for him instead. Pèpère stuffed his little bottle into his pocket and proclaimed we had caught enough fish for one day. It was time to get back to the car. A unanimous decision.

That's when I asked if I could row. Obviously, I didn't get to row a stroke. But Pèpère did, at least until he gave up. It was upsetting to me then, that Pèpère's face, normally full of wrinkles and laughter, could become that contorted and change to sunburn red on a cloudy, windy day, with a blood vessel on his brow standing out like a an embedded blue worm. His eyes, normally full of fun, bulged as he croaked "I'm done in."

My Dad swapped places with him and pulled like a demon. He sang "Frère Jacques" to help keep his rhythm. He knew only a single verse and sang through it over and over, in both English and his native Québécois. But we hadn't progressed any further—in fact we were going backwards—when Dad told Pèpère to throw out the anchor again. It got tangled in the line and Pèpère had to throw it out a second time. Dad explained to Mike and me what "futile" meant. A word I still never use if I can avoid it.

He said we'd simply have "make do." In "dadspeak" this meant we would stay there a while and wait and see if conditions might change. We were fighting against the current and the wind; we were simply not going to get back to the car until much

later, maybe not until mid-afternoon. Somehow he knew the current was eventually going to run the other way or the wind might shift. I believed him. I had total confidence in all things Dad.

He re-baited our hooks.

We had watched the once-distant sailboat turn toward us and yet we could see the full shape of the sail slung out to one side. I could see white water curling at its bow. It was headed smack towards us. The sail changed shape at the top as the sailboat scudded beside us and the lone sailor asked if we were okay. Pèpère said we were fine, but Dad asked him if he might flag down a powerboat to tow us back to the landing.

A quick thumb up from the sailor, “No problem.”

He fell behind us about 150 feet and turned back up into the wind. His engine fired up a steady thump-thud-thump. The sails slid down, cloth snapping and cracking in the wind. The sailor wrapped some line around the boom, gaff and sail and kept drawing upwind toward us. As he came alongside, he dropped a couple of canvas fenders over the side, took the anchor line from my grandfather, and carried it to a cleat beside the thick mast way up in the bow. As his boat moved ahead, he pulled our anchor up and put it on his deck. I thought he might fall off as there was hardly anyplace to stand, but he danced delicately right back to the cockpit.

“I’ll help you boys out,” he said. “Put those two cubs in here with me, or you can all climb aboard if you want.” Mike and I clambered onto his boat—a circus trick—our pram was leaping about, and we wore blocky cork lifejackets. The sailor helped us aboard. Compared to our tiny boat, the sailboat was a solid platform, it was definitely moving up and down, but not in leaps like Pèpère’s pram. Then Dad and Pèpère also scrambled aboard. There was plenty of room.

“Everyone aboard? John Thurlow at your service. And who are you fellas?”

My Dad introduced us all to Mr. Thurlow. Thurlow said he knew one of my uncles. It was, and still is, a small town.

A black block of a head with gaping jaw and sharp teeth appeared in the companionway. “And that’s Cringle, my first mate. She’s real friendly, so don’t hesitate to say ‘hi’ and pet her.” We weren’t afraid of dogs. Mike and I had two Springer Spaniels at home, and my Uncle Normy had a black lab like Cringle. Mike petted her on the top of her head and stroked her ears. She nuzzled him in the tender spot

that we don’t talk about in good company. Mike quickly backed away, and I laughed, as usual.

Pèpère and Thurlow conversed a little while my Dad brought our anchor and line back to the cockpit. The sailor told Dad how far back to let our boat drift, then showed him how to tie it off with a clove hitch on a square post that jutted up from the deck behind us. A very simple wrap that I didn’t think could possibly do the job, but it held.

All this time we were inching forward. I could tell by watching the duck blinds on Wooduck Island, off to our left. Clearly, we were slowly making way against the wind and the current.

Mr. Thurlow asked us to move a bit forward so he could “goose up” the engine. Mike and I dropped into the little cabin with Cringle. I reluctantly hopped down, worried about my own family jewels. Mike had to duck his head and had to crouch a bit. We began poking around in the dim light streaming in from the two elliptical windows. Cringle disappeared into a cubbyhole in the bow of the boat. She had a snug bed there made from a pile of lines, oilskins and army blankets.

There was a small gimbaled cookstove, a teakettle, two bunks with cushions and pillows, and a coffee cup hung on a hook. The whole cabin was just a bit bigger than our backyard treehouse, and much better in every way.

The engine noise shifted from the quiet, slow, thump-thud-thump to a louder chugga-chugga. Our new friend had opened the engine box and we turned to look down at the engine: a big flywheel on the front, spinning away, and the propeller shaft turning at the other end. As we picked up speed, I watched the pram toss its nose up and ride on its midsection, casting a small wake of its own. Except for riding atop the Dodge, that boat of ours had ever gone so fast.

Dad shared his Marlboros with Mr. Thurlow and Pèpère. I was always impressed to see him cup his hands around a match to light up on a windy day. I didn’t want to smoke but still wanted to learn to do that. But I couldn’t even touch matches until I was eleven and in Boy Scouts. Once Dad’s cigarette was glowing red, the others touched theirs to his hot cigarette tip. When you are five and a half, so much is interesting and indelible.

They traded jokes and anecdotes about boats, capsizes, and some things I didn’t understand and cannot recall. Pèpère offered up his little amber bottle, but Mr. Thurlow said, “not while I’m driving.”

So, we were now safe, and headed back upriver to the car. I struggled up onto the centerboard trunk, holding onto the boom above me. Mike crawled out to the cockpit to see the compass. We are kids, so we were very curious about this guy and his boat.

“How come you only have one sail?” Mike asked, “I thought sailboats had two.”

“I thought sails were supposed to be triangles. Yours isn’t.” I said. “That’s how I draw them.”

So, as I’m sure you guessed several paragraphs back, I was on my first catboat.

We weren’t running up the channel with all the other boats. Instead, we were slipping over Joshua flats, a shallow pan of sterile and polluted (once clam-infested) mud that is exposed at low tide. Pèpère was getting nervous because he knew the flats, and at low tide it is sometimes high and dry.

Mr. Thurlow said it was fine because his boat wouldn’t hit bottom except near the landing. Then he explained about this big board he had on a pin hinge under the boat: when it was down he could sail, but when it was up he could motor almost anywhere. Neither Dad nor Pèpère were sailors, so it was years later I discovered what he was talking about.

True to his word, we tucked right into the landing. Dad climbed up by the mast and swung down into ankle-deep water and held the catboat off, while Thurlow kicked the engine into neutral. Held in place by an eddy, that boat barely moved while Pèpère hauled in the anchor line to the pram and brought it ashore.

Cringle thought the commotion was all good fun and bounded up to the mast to see what my Dad was doing. She sat there with her head drooped, looking over my Dad like a cartoon vulture on a branch. I thought that was hysterical. It remains one of those “photos of the mind” that I have kept all these years. It still makes me smile.

Mike and I scrambled up the narrow side deck, said goodbye to Cringle, and jumped down into Dad’s strong arms.

My Dad never had much money on him, but he offered to pay Thurlow for his help. Chivalry is a wonderful tool to use in a story, but I saw Thurlow take 50¢ to “help cover fuel” (probably equivalent to 4 gallons of diesel back then) and the remaining half pack of Marlboros. I guess he also ended up with Pèpère’s bottle. We stopped at the store and Pèpère got another on the way home.

As Dad dumped the seaworms and seaweed into the water, we carried all our other things up to the car. Mr. Thurlow backed up his boat into deeper water and swung the bow into the wind.

Tugging on the halyards, his sail transformed from wrapped bundle into a huge sheet, fluttering and snapping loudly in the wind. The boat swinging further, Mr. Thurlow pulled a line at the back of the boat and the sail shifted from flapping cloth into a graceful wing; like liquid to a solid. The boat heeled just a bit, the engine shut down, and the boat sailed silently away into deeper water. There was no noise except the wind and the few gulls fighting over our seaworms. We all watched Mr. Thurlow and first mate Cringle sail away. I caught letters on the transom. Mike, a fourth grader, said it spelled *Dog Watch*. I thought it a very curious name for a boat.

My Dad warned us not to tell anyone about what happened. He was embarrassed about the whole affair. But how could I not brag to my friends? It was, without any doubt, the most exciting thing that had ever happened in my whole five-and-one-half years. I was only beginning first grade and I already had an adventure better than any of my friends. Bragging rights are prime social currency when you are a little kid.

That was the one and only time I went pram fishing with both my Dad and grandfather at the same time. I went plenty of times with just my Dad and Mike.

But I saw Mr. Thurlow’s catboat sailing in the bay many times after that.

My family would often visit an aunt and uncle’s summer cottage on the salt marsh. On a high tide, sometimes we’d spy Thurlow’s catboat grazing over the submerged sea grass between the marsh and Wooduck Island. Mike and I would climb up on the porch roof and wave and shout “Hey Mister Thurlow! Hey Cringle! Hey *Dog Watch!*” I can’t say for sure if Mr. Thurlow figured we were the boys he pulled off that pram on that cold blustery day, but one time he dipped *Dog Watch*’s gaff and waved back.

From that day until I entered high school, every sailboat I ever drew—and I drew a lot of them—had a gaff sail.

Mr. Thurlow popped into my life again when I had my paper route, and he taught me about boats, sailing, and a whole lot more. These are stories for another time.



Tenacious

Jim Grenier

When we relaunched our old wood Fenwick Williams cat, *Rosebud*, she floated fine, but I still had a nagging leak flowing in from somewhere on the starboard aft quarter. It streamed in steadily for three days so I planned on careening her on the local flats to inspect her seams and told her so in no uncertain terms. Sometimes a master must be firm with his charges.

On day four I jumped aboard on the late outgoing tide and checked the bilge. *Rosebud* decided she'd stop leaking altogether. She had listened and responded. Or maybe it was her pride. The mysteries of cedar planking, cotton caulking and seam putty are formidable.

Though that worry was over, I had another. My original 1964 Volvo, though rebuilt, was still relying on an original-vintage dynastarter, which was becoming spotty and unreliable, much as I have as I've also grown older.

Now in case you don't know what a dynastarter is, I'll tell you. This is a combination starter motor and generator for my Volvo MD2 diesel; a belt-driven item that does double-duty onboard *Rosebud*. We need it to start the engine because there is no place for a crank start. And it charges the batteries so that, well, you can start the engine. When the engine doesn't fire up, it becomes a serious issue in the Merrimack River, because at times the current runs between 4- and 5 kn, and except for slack tides, at least 3-1/2 kn. *Rosebud* can, at best, run at 4-1/2 knots with a favoring wind, so getting back to a specific mooring is possible, but wind and tide never promise me anything except to be unfavorable. Hence, a boat without an engine on the Merrimack is a boat that doesn't leave the dock or mooring.

I had fortunately collected two spare dynastarters, and they were in the shed. One turned out to be rusted junk inside and the other would spin up and did get me through a couple of weeks without any issue, but also ultimately also became unreliable. Sometimes it wouldn't turn over, and most the time it wouldn't charge the batteries.

But with summer slipping away, Lyn and I took a cruise anyway. We spent a week puttering around Salem Sound, visiting catboat friends, hanging out



Rosebud.

on the dock at the Salem Antique and Classic Boat Festival, spending time at Little Misery Island, going to a big band concert in Gloucester with our friends Carol and Paul Schwartz, and other events. We had a blast, but that unreliable dynastarter was always on our minds.

You might ask why I didn't just go buy a new starter for the engine. Well, please remember it was a 50-year-old Volvo. If you know Volvo, even modern parts are sometimes hard to get. For my engine, well, "hard-to-get" would have been an upgrade from "they-don't-exist." I have been scouring for MD2 parts for many years, buying up whatever I could find. On eBay I'd seen only a couple of ancient dynastarter rebuilds of questionable reliability. And those I could find were just shy of \$1000 each. Crazy money, if you ask me.

I took one of my dynastarters into my local rebuild shop and he took one look at it and practically threw me out of the building. He had rebuilt it before and said he swore he'd have nothing more to do with ANY dynastarter. I guess they are complicated.

So Lyn and I elected not to put our sailing guests in a situation where we'd make them late for whatever they might be doing at the end of the day, the next day or the next week. We spent many cancelled

sailing days swinging on our mooring, or timing our daysails with favorable tides. Normally, I try to sail at least three times a week, but probably averaged only one a week in 2014. I nursed my replacement dynastarter through most of the summer, but it was always a crapshoot: some days it would fire up like a champ and others it would simply sit there and refuse to play the game at all.

Six weeks prior to haul out I started fretting about how I might do this. I was feeling a bit desperate. What if I couldn't get her off the mooring and up to the club gin pole to pull her mast? What if she wouldn't make it upriver to the haul out ramp? Would I need to call a busy marina and hope they could find a time slot to come tow my boat and haul her out? I could only stay on my mooring so long, as my yacht club closes in mid-October. Getting on a haul out list is a major issue in Newburyport; there are many boats and these schedules are made up early.

I know what you may be thinking. Why not get a tow? Well, I have a certain reputation to defend around here. Unlike nearly everyone else on this river, I've never taken a tow and I didn't want one now. It wasn't a life-threatening situation where I'd quickly eat my nautical pride. Even when Lyn and I were in Key Largo, becalmed three miles from shore in TWEETY, a sweet chrome-yellow beetlecat, I refused a tow and we paddled the boat in.

I settled in front of my computer went online and researched deeper on my dynastarter problem. I found a site where you can cross-reference engine parts for similar or near-enough-that-it-MIGHT-work parts. I wrote down all the cross-referenced numbers and started an online search for each. It took several more days before I found a factory in Italy that had manufactured these things for Bosch. Correspondence with them proved they could indeed send me one, but I'd have to tack on 49 others to the order as well. I actually thought about it, but decided I could easily purchase a new installed engine—or, perhaps, a whole new boat—for the same cost.

After about a dozen more failed leads, I finally found a new dynastarter for sale in England. It looked a bit different than the ones I already have but the specifications looked correct. Plus, it was half the price of the sketchy rebuilt ones I had found on eBay and was actually brand new. Apparently it was used in some '60s German cars.

With two weeks to go, I ordered it up. Then I went back to dickering with my engine. I'm not sure if

it was my banging on the cast iron dynastarter housing, replacing wires, or my sailor-colored language and wrench-wielding skinned knuckles that kept that engine starting up sporadically, but we did manage to get through the rest of the season, more or less.

The new dynastarter arrived four days before my haul out. I begrudgingly paid the customs fee, but Uncle Sam must have his due.

Installing it was easy enough, except I made several runs to the hardware store to get different-sized bolts, bushings, etc. to modify brackets in order to fit the two together sufficiently. When the new one finally spun up, the engine spritely came to life in a way I hadn't seen all year. And the ammeter showed a strong 13.4V charge! I did a goofy dance of joy. I'm sure you know the one where you jump up and down punching the air with your fists, hooting all the time "It works, it works!"

I can't describe how light I felt after that summer-long weight had been lifted from my shoulders. And yes, I was able to stay on schedule, managed to get my mast out at the gin pole and my boat hauled on deadline.

I think a lesser man would have simply given in or given up, hung his head earlier in the season, and opted for a whole new engine. But, of course, a lesser man would own a sloop, ketch, yawl, schooner, skiff, runabout, bassboat, or some other stinkpot.

A lesser man would never have owned a catboat in the first place.

Postscript: Once the boat had been hauled and trucked to my yard I gathered all my derelict dynastarters (except the rusty one that I took to the scrap yard) and drove them to Hub Automotive Rebuilders in Ipswich, MA. I told them to do whatever they could, cannibalize if necessary. After being shot down by the other rebuild service, I expected them to tell me to take a long walk of a short pier. But they said "We'll see what we can do."

A week later, I got a call and they said they had one ready for me. I couldn't believe my eyes when I picked it up. It looked better than the new one I had just bought. Nicely painted, new brass posts, it was perfect. When I brought it home I tested it out. It ran as well, if not better, than my English import. Now I have an excellent spare dynastarter in case anything should happen to my imported one.



Yarns & Adventures

John Orlando, Editor

Editor's Note: To my dear friends and loyal catboaters: spring is now upon us. In fact Mr. & Mrs. Springtime just knocked on my door to graciously remind me what is in store for commissioning my Marshall 22 catboat Erica Lee.

Well my friends, I must admit I have neglected maintaining the old girl's engine and I have a heap of work to do which includes: work on the engine mounts, rebuild the starter, rebuild the injectors, replace the fuel lines. I could go on and on. A lesson could be learned by all. Keep the fuel clean and algae free.

I learned another lesson, taught to me by a very close old friend who has since crossed the bar. Pete Curie, was a sport fishing guy and he named all of his boats: For Petes Sake. I loved this man, as he always told me: "John never tell your wife what you spend on the boat. He was one-hundred percent right. Husbands and wives can get in some heated disagreements over that subject. So fellows, if your loving spouse is not in love with your catboat as you are: Mums the word.

I want to ask of all my readers for help, Articles have become somewhat scarce

Send me anything that you might think will be of interest to Bulletin readers.

Robert Steele has sent me the following catboat experience that could be humorous to fellow sailors.

Catboat Experience

Robert Steele



Emily J. in Cuttyhunk Harbor.

My wife and I enjoyed sailing our Marshall Sanderling *Emily J.* to Cuttyhunk from So. Dartmouth and going way up inside tying up to one of their pilings to spend a night or two. We had a wonderful time.

When leaving, I always had the itch to sail off the piling and out the channel into the bay, but never quite had the courage, always starting the outboard and waiting till we were outside to raise the sail. One

Sunday morning getting ready to leave, conditions were perfect for my long awaited leave under sail.

The wind was SSW, blowing about 10 kts; tide outgoing. What could go wrong? We had our dinghy tied to the stern cleat but the cockpit awning was still up. To remove the awning I had to uncleat the dinghy then uncleat the awning, then recleat the dinghy.

Everything went well. Putting gear away, getting up the sail, untying us from the piling and getting underway; we were off and moving. Now going out the channel at Cuttyhunk, there is a beach on the south side that is very popular and on this day was full of beach goers.

With my catboat under full sail and me standing at the helm very proud of my accomplishment, the beach goers were as excited as I was. They all waved, some with both arms and jumping up and down. My wife had been in the cabin stowing one or two more items when she stuck her head out and said, "Bob, look behind us". There in the channel about a hundred yards behind us was our dinghy.

I had not retied it to the cleat, after removing the awning, but instead had tied it just good enough to reach the channel. It untied.

Now I had to turn up into the wind; lower the sail; start the outboard, do a U-ey in the channel

and go back for the dinghy. From there in order to proceed into Buzzards Bay, we put up the sail again.

Was fortunate there was very little traffic at the time. I did get a round of applause from the sidelines.



Cuttyhunk buoy.

The Night Satan Played My Banjo . . . *Or, why I sing sea chanties and play too many musical instruments.*

Mark Alan Lovewell

It all started with a dream the other night. I was on my catboat *Sea Chantey*, really soaking up a peaceful night of sleep when I was impolitely awoken. There he was wearing red; he had a red tail and a weird looking cap.

Satan was shaking me from my sleep with his dirty hand extended. In the other hand, he was holding my banjo.

“Wake up,” he said. “I got to talk to you!”

He strummed my banjo and made it sound really delightful.

“This instrument that you played earlier tonight at the catboat rendezvous dinner.”

“You were awful. It was the worst.”

But while smiling, he added with a soft voice: “I liked it.

“You know why I liked it?” He paused. “Because you were slightly out of tune. Your songs

were too slow. And you made the audience really uncomfortable,” he said. Your audience went home feeling sickly, he added.

Then the old man with horns coming out of his head had a bigger than life snicker on his face. His eyes were gleaming. He looked like he was going to crack a joke. “I have a proposal,” he said.

“You know you are going to hell,” he said. It is obvious. All that back-talk you did to your substitute teacher when you were in the first grade. All the heavy drinking you did when you ran through college. And all the awful things you said about those politicians running for office.

“You, my friend, are going to hell,” he said.

“But, I’ll make a deal with you,” he said.

“I’ll give you a chance for time off,” he said.

If you continue to play your banjo the way you did last night, I’ll shorten your sentence. Every time you play the banjo for a minute, in the same terrible way you played it tonight, I’ll reduce your sentence by one year. One minute of banjo playing and that takes one year off your sentence for eternity.

Now mind you, I am skeptical any time I pick up the telephone and someone makes a pitch, or a sales talk. I hang up when some idiot offers me a special deal, selling insurance, offering me a Russian wife, or a new fangled electronic flashlight. But, this offer was perfect. One minute of banjo playing and I get a year off from an eternity in hell.

I said okay. He smiled at me.

The next night, I went back to sleep with my banjo on my stomach. I was a little nervous.

At 3 a.m.. in the morning I hear a harp playing. I look up and there is this man with long white hair, a beard and a robe. He is standing at the gangway. It was Saint Peter.

Saint Peter was holding a key. He looked around my cabin like there was something he wanted. He began the conversation with: “Well, Mark, it’s certainly good to see you.”

He began: “I heard your concertina playing a couple of nights ago. You were pretty good. I won’t say anything about your banjo playing, but I did like what you do with that concertina.

“I want to make a proposal.”

“If you will continue to play the concertina . . . I am not sure you are bad enough to go to hell, but I can delay the obvious outcome and maybe get you to Heaven.”

Would you believe it. My second night, my second dream and Saint Peter, standing on the deck

of my boat, he tells me he will give me some time off from hell if I play the concertina.

You are all wondering what happened the third night... It was nothing like either the first or the second. The wind was blowing and my boat was rising and falling with every big wave. I was a mess. It was a hard night and I was afraid the anchor of my boat was going to part company and I'd be ruined on the rocks.

A man with a crown on his head magically stepped onboard. He was scarier than Satan. There was no smile. And though he wore a gold laced robe, prettier, than the man that visited the night before... this guy had a salt and pepper beard. The gems in his crown sparkled.

But he was smaller than the other two. He was a little man with a large voice. He had the demeanor of everything I had read about Napoleon.

"Who the heck are you?" I asked.

Oh, he didn't like my question. He looked at me as though I was stupid. You know how someone looks at you as thou you are stupid?

"I am King Neptune", he said. And then a large gust of wind ran through my cabin.

This was King Neptune?

This fella was short and agile on the deck.

"Oh no! You aren't going to make a proposal to me too?" I asked.

I was livid. For now three consecutive nights, I haven't had enough sleep in my berth for one night. Now there is this little man, I don't know, standing on my catboat reminding me of what I'd heard the first and the second nights.

Every time he says something, the wind blows like hell through the cabin and the waves outside rage. There is lightning overhead.

"What do you want?"

"Well," he said. "I heard your singing sea chanties and playing the banjo a few nights ago. I was touched. Nobody sings those songs anymore. It was really good. You were slightly out of tune, but you were good enough for me."

"I got a proposal," he said. "And it has nothing to do with your banjo playing. You are on your own with that instrument."

"But if you will continue to sing those songs. No matter how stupid your sailing, no matter how ridiculous you are at handling your catboat, your slippery bad knots and your terrible galley cooking..."

"As long as you sing sea chanteys... I'll keep you safe and delay your visit with those other two boys... as long as possible. You will hopefully die at a very old age," he said.

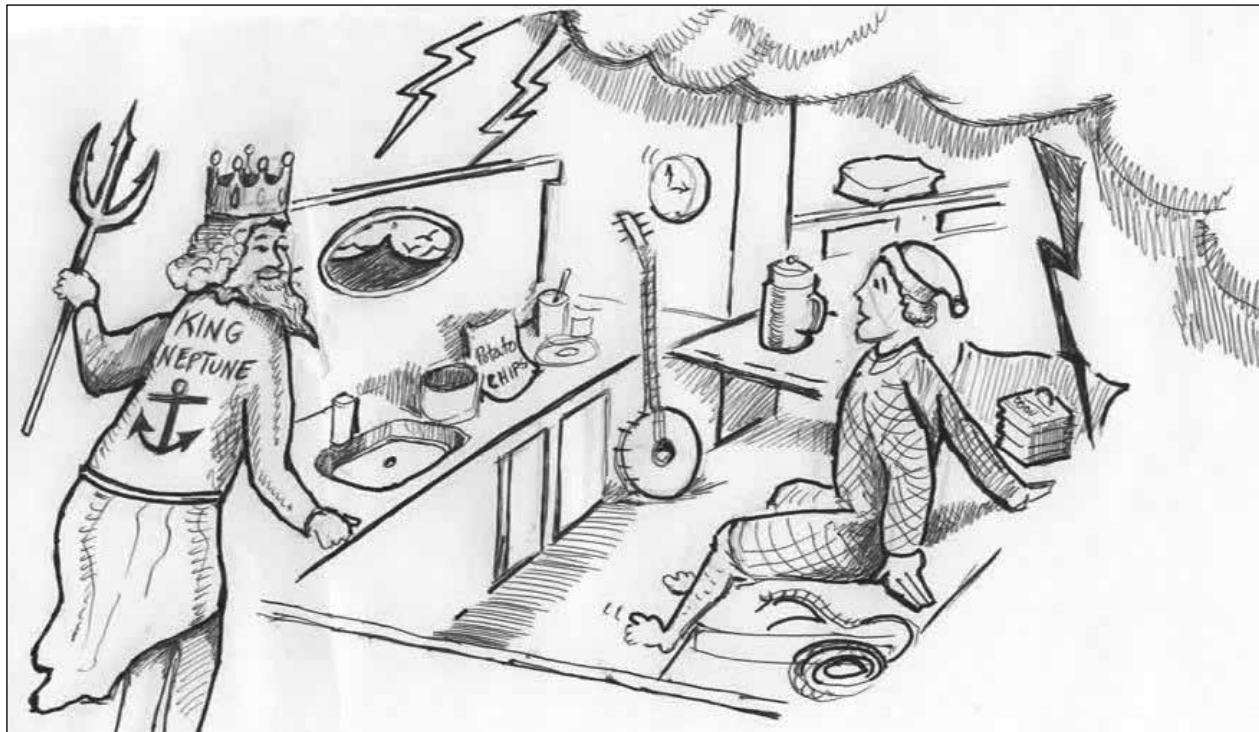


Illustration Frank S. Lovewell



Rendezvous and Race Results

Gayle Cornish, Editor

Sandy Toes and the Great Chase Race

Skip Stanley



Photo courtesy of Barbara Field (Hull Yacht Club)

Catboats *Sandy Toes* and the Herreshoff catboat *Ally* at the start. *Ally* is sailed by Guy Duplessis and Lilli Hayes.

So, have you ever heard that catboats are too slow, that they're built for comfort not for speed, or that they can't keep up with today's modern boats? Well, not so fast... (ha-ha)



Author on the left with Tim Joost.

In September, fellow CBA member Tim Joost and I participated in the 26th annual Great Chase Race run by the Hull Yacht Club of Hull, Massachusetts. The Great Chase is a fun, low-pressure regatta; one of the last of the year, and a chance to get underway with A LOT of other sailors. More than 100 boats of all sizes, designs and classes participate. And this year was no different.

It was my second Great Chase. Last year Tim and I sailed it in his boat *Moxie*, a Herreshoff America. So this year, it was my turn. We would use my boat *Sandy Toes*, a 1967 Marshall Sanderling.

Race day was cloudy with a gusty easterly wind. We decided it would be best to make our way to the start with one reef in the sail. Underway about 10:45 a.m., we headed to the start, which was to be in the vicinity of Sheep Island near the middle of Hingham Bay.

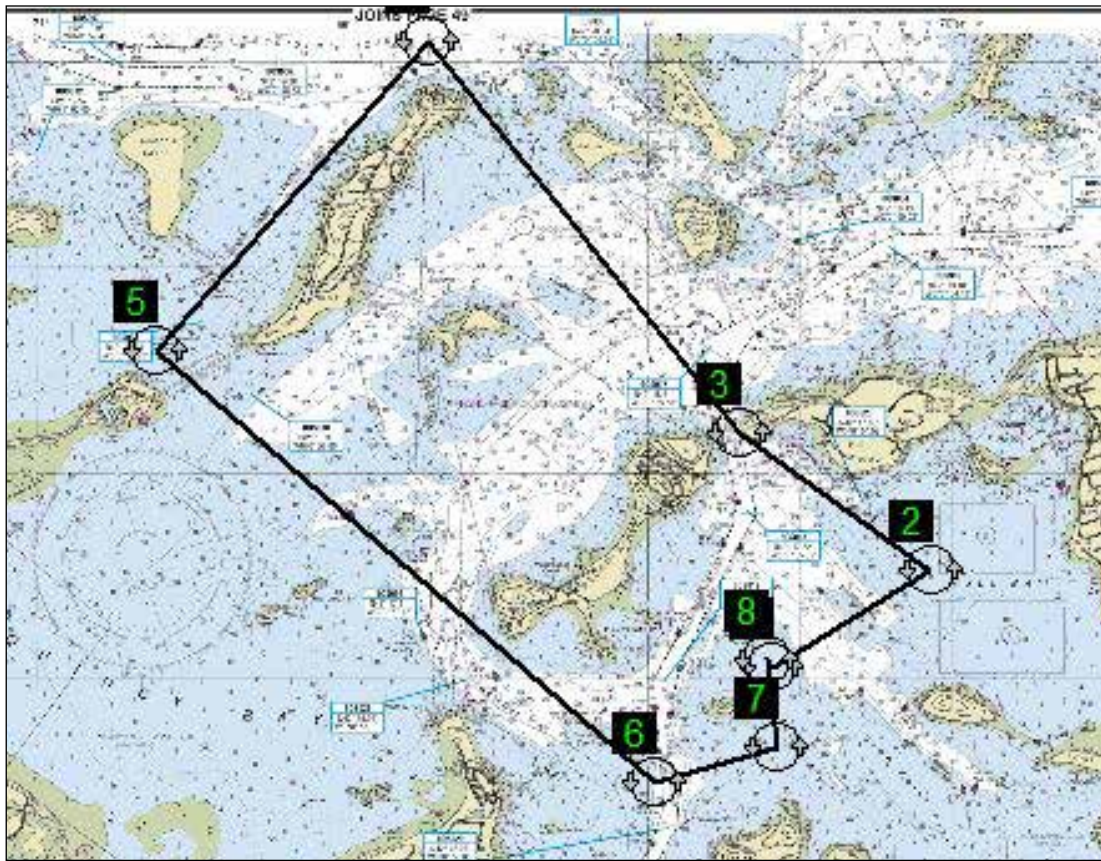
We made decent time sailing out making a couple long tacks so as not to arrive too soon. The race was to start at 1:00 p.m. By the time we neared the start, the wind had dropped somewhat to about 10-12 knots and backed a bit to the northeast. "You know," I said to Tim, "I think we could take the reef out; this is a race after all."

There were five fleets in the regatta: A through D and One-Design. Because we were sailing a catboat we were assigned to the D fleet. We were also given a 1 minute, 6 second head start. The start was just north of Sheep Island and would go northeast toward Hull to the first mark, then turn northwest through Hull Gut out to Long Island to the second mark; southwest down the coast of Long Island to the third mark; then southeast through West Gut, around the fourth mark and back to the finish.

We shook out the reef and headed for the start. We crossed the line right on time and took off for the first mark.

Alone at the first mark, we turned for the Gut. "Tim", I said, "I know they'll catch us, it's just a matter of when." We were following a "lead boat" which was there to make sure all participants knew where the course was.

Hull Gut can be tough if the tide is running, but it was approaching high water slack and we passed



Great Chase Race Course.

though easily. On the way though, we had a brief rain shower but not much to speak of really. We kept following the lead boat we picked up the second mark. Looking back, we could see all the other boats crowded together going through the Gut. We were happy not to be there.

We rounded the second mark and I tuned the helm over to Tim. We had lunch. It was a pleasant run down the coast of Long Island. For all my sailing in and around Boston Harbor, I'd never been in this area. Part of the Boston Harbor Islands National Recreation Area, Long Island has a number ruins of its past uses, including as home to a civil war training camp. It is currently home to the Boston Public Health Campus facilities. However, in 2014 the bridge from the mainland to the island was deemed unsafe and was taken down, cutting off those facilities indefinitely. We continued following the lead boat. It seemed a little strange – it was just us and it for the longest time. “Where is everybody?” asked, rhetorically.

I took over steering again and we rounded the third mark, tuning southeast, and headed for the opening between the abutments where the Long

Island Bridge used to be. After passing through the abutments, we headed for West Gut. West Gut is much wider than Hull Gut and much easier to pass through, despite the ebb tide. It was here the first boats passed us. They were Thunderbirds, racing machines, and they were *moving*. Then more boats started to catch us, larger boats with larger crews.

We turned the fourth mark but couldn't see the finish (it was on the other side of Sheep Island). We



Passing the Long Island Bridge abutments and heading for West Gut.

Photo courtesy of Kate Richardson. (Hull Yacht Club)



Photo courtesy of Barbara Field, (Hull Yacht Club)

Catboat Sandy Toes passes by the committee boat.

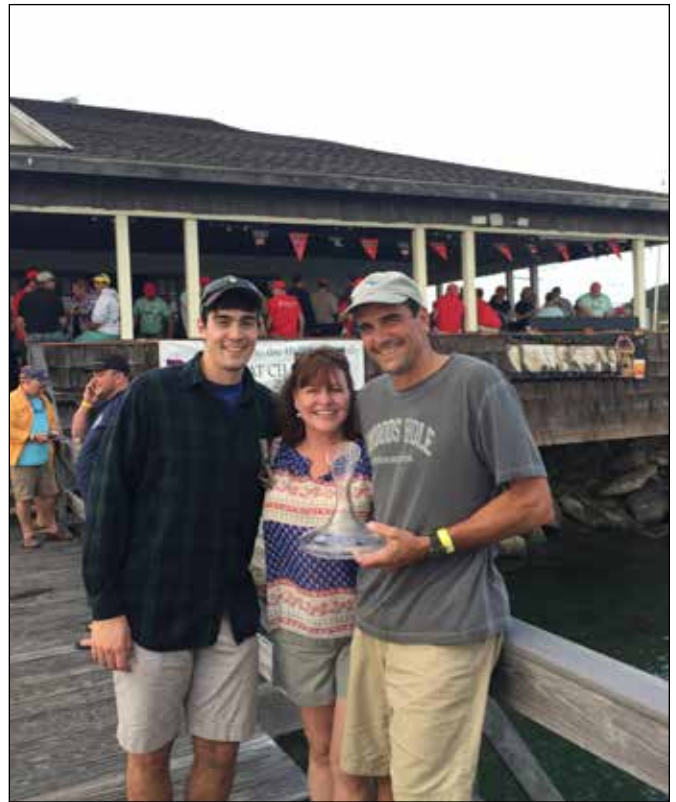
decided to head south and take the Island to port then turn for the finish. More boats passed us. With a couple more tacks we crossed the line.

We sailed back to the Yacht Club. Our wives and my son met us at the after-party. We grabbed a bite and a beer. My wife asked if we'd won. I told her "I think so..." but I really didn't know, handicapping being what it is. Other crews arrived. At the awards ceremony the trophies were passed out in reverse order, starting with fifth place. But I didn't think any boat of our size had passed us.

Finally, the first-place awards were passed out and the Race Director said something like, "It must have been a 'catboat wind' today because today all the catboats made it around the course (as if that's

something unusual); in fact today a catboat won the D Fleet – *Sandy Toes!*"

It was fun getting that small recognition (in fact, we bested most of the fleet; how 'bout that!) It especially was fun to do so in a humble, little catboat.



The author on right with his wife Teri and son Wade.

Arey's Pond Catboat Rendezvous

Andrew Staniar



Photos by Jim O'Connor

A clowder, Arey's Pond is famous for lots of sailboats, and sailors.

Arey's Pond Boat Yard Cat Gathering in Orleans on August 20 is the biggest traditional sailboat event on Cape Cod. The sailing weekend included a wide range of sailing classes including: Arey's Pond cats 14' 16' 19' & 22', Baybirds, Beetle Cats, Cape Cod

Cats, Compass Classics, Crosby's (16' 25'), Handy Cats, Herreshoff 18', Marshalls (15' 18' & 22's), plus a Crocker Sloop, a Ness Yawl, and a Wianno Senior. There were 96 participants and 84 of them finished in a Saturday race.

For the entrants, there were unique challenges:

Number of boats: The sheer size of this fleet creates its own craziness. The starting area in Little Pleasant Bay is both shallow and relatively narrow, so there is always a flotilla milling around the starting area. While a photographer's dream, it is a bit of a sailor's nightmare. A vigilant crew is mandatory. In addition, with so many boats, there is a wide spectrum of sailing experience and skill levels; from first timers to hardened racers.

The race course: It is only about a mile between the starting line and The Narrows, which provides little time for the fleet to spread out. For perspective, the Narrows is a 75-yard wide bottleneck between Little Pleasant Bay and Big Pleasant Bay, and at times, it feels like you need a shoehorn to get your boat through the passage with all your newly acquired "neighbors". This year's race was especially exciting as the fleet beat to windward in light air and a foul tide. After The Narrows, the course bears off to starboard with the first mark in front of the Wequassett Inn. Leaving that mark to port, the second mark is off of the Eastward Ho Golf Club's 8th fairway. After rounding to port, it was a broad reach back through The Narrows to the finish line.

The Race Committee, chaired by Tony Davis (President/Owner of APBY) helped alleviate these challenges. At the Skipper's Meeting, Tony emphasized safety; "This is a catboat gathering, not a high-powered catboat regatta. The goal is for everyone to have fun; safely!" Taking into account the 10-knot southeast breeze, Tony asked all skippers to start on port tack heading down the bay. This eliminated any potential chaos caused by a hard charging starboard tacker. Finally, the RC utilized three separate starts, based upon boat size, which helped split up the fleet.

As it turned out, the winning strategy was to start near the port end of the starting line and try to hold high on the long port tack. This allowed a few boats to make it through The Narrows without tacking, saving time and distance.

As we ramp up to next year's historic 25th Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering, this year's 24th was a worthy penultimate event. On the day of the race, 96 participants had signed up, and 84 boats finished the course. The post-race award party included excellent food, music by the Magic Steel Band, and award images painted by Steve Kennedy. It was quite an event to behold. All proceeds from the event were distributed to the Friends of Pleasant Bay and the Haiti Fund.

Awards and photos can be found on the APBY website: <http://areyspondboatyard.com/apby-news/here-are-your-24th-annual-cat-gathering-results/>

It was truly a breathtaking scene and Arey's Pond Boat Yard would like to thank everyone who helped in any way, as well as all of those who participated.

Mark your calendars for the 25th Cat Gathering, 18-19 August 2017!



Catboat Juliet.



Tracy B., a vintage old cat.



Catboats Old Sculpin and Genevieve.



Sailing Techniques and Seamanship

Butler Smythe, Editor

***Editor's Note:** As I write this, all my boats are nestled on their trailers and stuffed in their respective garages, waiting for commissioning that will come before they know it. It seems that every one of these bulletin pieces comes before I know it as well. Thank you to those that have contributed to them – it helps tremendously!*

If you have something you'd like to submit please do. If in doubt - lets talk about it. I ask for inputs on the "Catboat Association Lounge" Facebook page so please join there. You can also email, or call me at 207-374-3838 if you have any ideas or inputs!

I want to thank Bill Cheney for supplying the following story taken from his new book "Penelope Down East." Not everyone who has a mooring will service it himself or herself, nor certainly write about the effort if they do. Bill's lovely story gives me pause – for only a second – on doing my two moorings here in Blue Hill. Davey does them so much better. But I have nothing to write about in that regard. Enjoy!

Servicing the Mooring

W. R. Cheney

A bright still morning in late June. Half tide. These are the conditions I have been waiting for in order to service my mooring for the coming season. It has to be calm so there is little risk of swamping my minimal dinghy while I work.

Half tide is ideal because there will be enough slack in the rode so than I can get a substantial section up into the boat for cleaning without having to lift the heavy chain off the bottom. Since it is only the upper portion of the line (the part nearest the sun) that accumulates weed, there is no need to clean any lower.

Less than half tide and I would risk not being able to get back to shore over the rapidly emerging mud flats.

I capture my English Setter Sparky and shut her in the house over vociferous protest. She likes to assist me in all my projects, but her presence can be problematic around boats and mud.

Now I pick up a spar buoy and the pendant from last year and head for the dinghy. I am also carrying a dull kitchen knife, which will be used to cut and scrape kelp and other growth from the rode. Dull is good because while the knife will easily cut through stems and strands, and scrape off mussels, it will not damage the nylon and Dacron of the lines.

The descent to the shore is steep and uneven and due to the fact that I recently tore a ligament in my knee, a little painful and uncertain. As I dodder downwards I reflect that age is catching up with me, and I wonder how long I will be able to do these things.

I reach shore in company with a swarm of deer flies. Our part of Maine is not really suitable for civilized habitation until sometime in early July when, for some reason, these creatures moderate their behavior. Today I know I am going to lose some blood as I alternately row and swat on the way out to the mooring.

Getting to the large white ball, I realize I am not going to be able to get it into the boat while seated on the thwart. The ball is too big for me to get my arms around it without leaning perilously out over the water and inviting capsizing. I will, however, be able to get it aboard by kneeling in the bottom and bringing the ball in over the transom.

Sounds straightforward enough, but with the knee and a certain amount of stiffness that comes along in bigger doses every year with our move to Maine, it is not so easy. I find that I am whimpering and groaning, and talking to myself while doing these simple things.

The ball comes in and I get to work with the knife. The ball itself is relatively clean and I reflect that it would have picked up more growth in a week down in the low country of South Carolina where we winter than it has over a whole season here in Maine.

Now I start hauling in rode and cleaning it. Here the growth is pretty impressive. Long fronds of kelp come up, their roots straining to penetrate and disrupt the strands of the line. I pull at some of them, but they are pretty tough when dealt with that way. The knife is the answer.

Along with the kelp is green weed, hairy fiber, worms and mussels. A crab falls into the bilge along with a baby eel. I was always taught that eels were born in the Sargasso Sea, and made their way here after a long and arduous journey. It hardly seems credible that this tiny, fragile creature could have made that epic trip, but I know he did. Very carefully, I scoop him up and drop him back into the harbor. Such a miraculous voyager deserves consideration and respect.

The rode is clean now, but the dinghy is a real mess. Full of crud. I am covered with it too, and I smell like the sea bottom.

I bend on the pendant with a bowline and a hitch (I know, I know, should be an anchor hitch, but somehow I never learned to tie one). Then I use a rolling hitch to connect the spar buoy with the pendant and the job is done!

Since I am on the water anyway, I don't go home right away, but head out into the harbor. I may not be able to walk very well these days, but I can still row, and it feels good to work the muscles in my arms and back.

A light South wind is ruffling the water, which sparkles and dances and it brings the fresh scent of the sea from over Harbor Island. There is a tang of spruce in the air too. My heart leaps, and I realize I am as happy as I ever get. There is a whole summer of this ahead.

***Editors Note:** For clarification, the referenced spar buoy is actually the pickup pole buoy/buoy mast, depending on where it is referenced. Spar Buoy is generally known in Maine as a winter stick that is greatly beneficial in areas that ice over. Bill uses his ball all year round. I'm sticking with my winter stick. It's one of those in the mass of ice 2 years ago.*



Docking

Butler Smythe

The most “exciting” (psychologically at least) time underway can often be just getting underway, whether it is from your slip, mooring or trailer. Then there is the “docking” aspect when you return. In aviation, the takeoff and the landing are the most dangerous phases of flight. On the water, this is often because complacency, objects like docks and other boats, and even the inopportune running out of fuel that can occur when you are closest to inanimate objects.

And then why is it that when you approach a dock (includes slips and other hard objects like other boats) people watch; they stand there and when you need their help they don't move; or when you don't want or need them they seem to come from out of nowhere? Even worse, they know what they are doing (maybe) and tell you what to do despite the fact they may not fully understand things going on in your boat or in your head.

Picking up a mooring cannot be left out, and learning to make it look like you were practicing can take on a new art form. I've had my share of over and under shoot attempts. I was just smiling to myself thinking of someone attempting to pick up a mooring downwind in a crowded anchorage, at speed, with a bowman dedicated to the task - with only his/her feet attached to the boat – but not for long ☺.

As many can attest, the most watched event imaginable in any marina is docking in a public place. It can be a psychological detractor for the skipper if they let it be. It gives me chills sometimes having seen much larger boats than a catboat become subject to unintended collisions and personnel mishaps under the visual gaze of others - sometimes at the hands of others who did not intend to make them become a cocktail conversation. Sometimes you may need help, other times it only makes it worse. Practice can be your best friend.

Practice in private when you can. I remember spending well over an hour shooting approaches to my slip in Solomons, MD, at various speeds (under power) and angles of approach, backing in and out, controlling the boat both forward and in reverse, just to gain more confidence in the boat and myself. It was fun! If it had been a crowded marina my guess is someone would have thought me a bit crazy. Fine. Doing things for the first time when it counts most can lead to OOPS events.

There is also no specific order implied in the following – just a brain dump.

Assumption #1. Under sail or power, most of the following applies except when obvious ☺.

Assumption #2. We're talking about docking and picking up a mooring unless otherwise stated. You may have more than the following and I'd be interested in hearing.

1. **Into the wind (current?).** Under sail or power, use the wind to help you maneuver and slow down, or drift down onto the dock. Generally, heading into the wind/current or having the wind push you towards the dock (off the beam) can be helpful unless the wind is too strong and damage might occur. You'll have more control with forward momentum - after all the boat was optimally designed to move that way. If you have an alternate, such as the downwind side of a dock, let the wind keep you off the immobile object and use the boat's power to get alongside. But if a stronger current counters the wind, let the current be your guide. Landing with the wind (especially a lot of it) can be dangerous and downright scary for a boat moored downwind of you and your insurance company, so avoid it at all cost.
2. **Don't move on the boat!** People (i.e. crew/passengers), even on larger boats, have a tendency shift their weight unnecessarily when approaching a dock or mooring – they just do. On smaller boats the effect is immediate and visible. Imagine four people on a Marshall 15 shifting their positions/weight at the same time when approaching the dock to “help.” The boat heels enough to actually help turn it away from the dock, and the helmsman has to adjust the helm unnecessarily, beyond what was intended – and sometimes with not enough effect, resulting in your shooting a poor approach. The boat should be balanced and the skipper should be able to control the boat completely with power, sail and helm. Only when needed should people move to help and only those that are needed to do that. The skipper should control personnel movement and those movements should be slow.
3. **Fending Off.** Have a boat hook handy especially for moorings. Fending off a dock with feet or hands is dangerous. Losing your footing or falling between the boat and dock is avoidable. Stepping (not leaping) off the boat to hold the boat clear and secure lines is better than trying to do it from

the boat. The best help someone on the dock can provide is hold the boat off the dock (amidships). Pulling the boat towards the dock with the bow line can lead to a situation where a boat's bow is firmly tied to a cleat while the stern is drifting away and your dockside line handler casually saunters off to the next task....

- a. One note to make about boat hooks. Ever tried to push off something with one of those collapsible (sinkable) aluminum boathooks? Solid wood shafts and the bronze/stainless hooks don't, and they float vertically too. Comes in handy when you drop one overboard.
4. **Throwing Lines.** If at all possible, hand the dock lines (both at the same time) to someone on the dock who can then temporarily secure the boat. No running is needed with a catboat unless it is 100' long! If you are only close enough to toss a line, the bow should be first, tossed over a receiver's outstretched arm (arm out parallel to the boat/dock). Ever tossed a line to someone's chest and the bitter end whips their face or they close their eyes to avoid it and miss? Throwing from 20' out simply means you should shoot another approach – nothing wrong in that. See page 7 of the December issue of “Points East” for a bad approach and long toss. The image below shows a long toss to a guy that may get a face slap and the line is inside the lifeline too ☺.



5. **Free the sheet and dock lines** - keep them in the boat. Neatness does count and tripping over lines or having them drag in the water to foul a prop or prevent boom movement can be hazardous. If approaching under sail, ensuring the sheet is

free will help enable the boom to find its own neutral position (luffing) rather than contributing to unwanted boat speed. Dock lines should be secured to the boat and free to be handed ashore. The bow line, should be lead aft to the cockpit outboard of any shrouds or lines (like a fender) so that both can be handed ashore. No need for someone on the bow.

- a. When landing at a dock, one person ashore should be able to control a boat with bow and stern lines in their hands. That concept is foreign all too often.

There is a proven art in securing lines to a cleat as shown in the following. The first photo is proper, the second too common and wrong. It takes time to remove (a maze) and serves no purpose after the last loop depicted in the Good Cleat. Check your cleated lines if someone else secures them.

For more specifics I recommend looking at the BoatUS link below. I'm a proponent of companies that deal in boats, their safety and support, and help to lobby for those things. That and they constantly look for the right insurance for the same.

<http://www.boatus.com/magazine/2015/june/tying-up-at-the-dock.asp>



Good cleat.



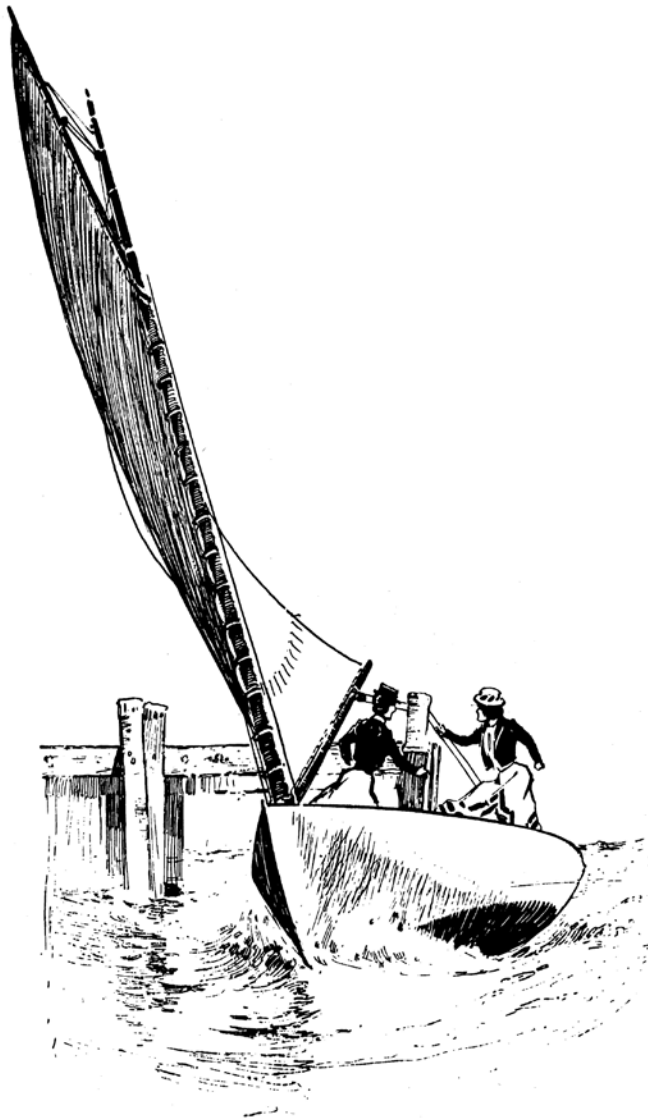
Bad Cleat.

6. **Topping lift - secure early.** If you leave your topping lift overly loose, such that when the sail is dropped the boom is low enough to bash heads

and bodies, secure it at the appropriate point early. If you find you have to drop the sail fast, you'll have one less thing to hamper movement in what might be a crowded cockpit. I've found that my Marshall 15's topping lift does not need to be adjusted which is helpful. My Menger 23 did.

7. **Use your centerboard.** With the centerboard down, you can more tightly maneuver (pivot) the boat approaching a dock or a mooring. I generally have my centerboard up when sailing downwind, but with the board down I can tack back up into the wind much faster, and with a tighter turn, making a landing more controllable and any upwind sailing to reach my moorage, more effective. Sailing single-handed, which I generally do, your centerboard pendant location will dictate when to do this.
8. **Drop the sail – when you need to.** I sail on and off my mooring, but never did so to my slip – when I had one. I've never had a desire to tear or tar my sail on a piling, nor hit a line handler with my boom. It is all a choice and one that you need to learn to manage and plan for. If the wind dies and you're short of the mooring – what do you do? If the wind pipes up - or shifts - and your heading to the dock, what do you do? Think about those things when you can – there is nothing wrong with being proactive. Have the boathook ready, lines and fenders secured, and be ready to react or clearly ask that someone else does.
9. **Know how to slow down and not sweep the dock.** Sailing to the dock can be damaging to the boom, boat and to those on the dock should you not be able to control it. It can hit people, other boats, lines can snag on cleats, and hard impacts felt from the boat or boom. Approaching at a reasonable speed that can be managed aboard or by fastening a stern line is best, especially when the wind allows the sail to luff within the beam of the boat or over the side opposite the dock. Slowing a boat from the stern first in this case may be more appropriate.
10. **Lines ready and try not to toss them.** Approaching the dock at a safe slow speed that allows a line handler on or off the boat to gracefully hand the lines from the boat ashore – even from amidships – while the same linesman can gently step on the dock and fend the boat off, is preferred.

11. **Do not leap – ever.** Leaping ashore is ripe for slipping on the dock surface, missing it altogether, or getting entangled with someone already there who tries to catch you (yikes). People always stand where you want to be. It just happens. Remember, if you leap you must be too far to step, and getting back on the boat if you miss will be tenuous at best.
12. **Fenders.** Fenders are great but trying to secure them last minute only adds to potential bedlam. The optimum approach, fending off, getting lines ashore and securing the boat, are proper and sequential acts. Adding the fenders before the approach or once the boat is secure, makes more sense. But if you use them remember to bring them back on board once you leave. Fenders down when underway – ☹.



Towing

Butler Smythe

Towing - Do you? My guess is most have towed a “dinghy” that may have been anything from the sacrilegious inflatable (sorry), to a more traditional vessel like my own – a Trinka. Optimally a dinghy tows great and rows even better – not all do. My variance into the “bad towed boat realm” was bad, but could have been worse! I towed my composite (42lb) 18’ kayak at the beginning of our 2011 CCBA cruise to Smith Island. Why did I do that? – I was selfish and wanted to get some exercise when anchored, breaking up a long CCBA cruise. It worked for one day – it was hot, calm and waveless.

Heading south the next day the wind piped up sufficiently that running before the relatively light winds had me being passed by my faster kayak that wouldn’t seem to obey my thoughts. My worry was it would broach or run into me – or even encircle me if I let it. Luckily we were passing the mouth of the Patuxent River (and home for me) and I beat feet for my dock and expeditiously relieved myself of it - never to be towed behind again. And I did catch up to almost everyone (dinkless) - with a favorable wind and a much more relaxing afternoon.

You can tow a kayak, don’t get me wrong, but it should have some drag (heft) and hopefully track on its own. The optimum kayaks for this are the short, heavier rotomoulded types. I have not seen a good plastic sea kayak tow well. They too are faster than our catboats can be. What is fast? Mine will get to 8kts in flat water. A typical short plastic sit on top type will achieve 4 kts – maybe – and sufficient to stay behind most catboats.



Towing *Trinka*.

See or Be Seen

Butler Smythe

One of the biggest fallacies I've heard, on or off the water, is that you cannot see a wood boat with a radar. Not true! It is generally the operator of the radar who does not know how to operate his/her radar – that is the primary reason. There is often plenty of reflective material – even an inboard engine, that will provide more than an adequate return. The following is an image taken from an older 9-mile Furuno ('94 model) of wood boats gathered for the start of the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta in 2010.

Bottom line, even in optimum conditions, don't assume those with a radar know how to use them or use them. But to be more visible, it's a good idea to enhance yourself in low visibility conditions by using a lightweight corner reflector, raised to the top of the mast with a flag halyard, if available. If unable to raise one, it doesn't hurt to have one secured on deck in the correct orientation. Something to carry on board at least.



Wood Boat Returns.

Aesthetics of Reefing

Butler Smythe

Tying in reef lines along the foot of the sail, especially when you have time and the length of time they are needed is known, may make their use a no brainer. After all, that's what they're there for. But I've found slab reefing to be more than adequate for short outings when there's a good chance I'd be shaking the reef out if the winds decreased. When the fore and aft reef lines are properly taught, the foot can be held down on the boom at or near the aft reef point, and the sail shape should be fine with good tension along the foot.

I still remember a boat, raising its sail at the dock to shake out two reefs it had in –no wind conditions. Forgetting about the reef points in the body of the sail tied to the boom, perhaps anxious because it was a rendezvous for a production manufacturer and all eyes (and ears) were on them... RIP! Torn from the luff to the leech, horizontal to the boom. The only thing holding the sail down was the fore and aft reef points ☹. Now that was a cocktail conversation.

The images below show various configurations as the captions relay. The only photo I have of a large catboat sail reefed in my (slab) fashion is of my Menger 23 (miss her ☺) with one reef. Wasn't trying to be neat either. Note the nice shape and lack of wrinkles in the sail. The loose (unreefed) portion of the sail does hang loosely below the boom, but this isn't really a problem. Of course, using the reef points would tidy this up. You can keep an eye on the boom, there is a bit less windage, and visibility is better without the loose sail in the way. In the end it may come down to your own personal preference.



Tight Reefed Catboat.



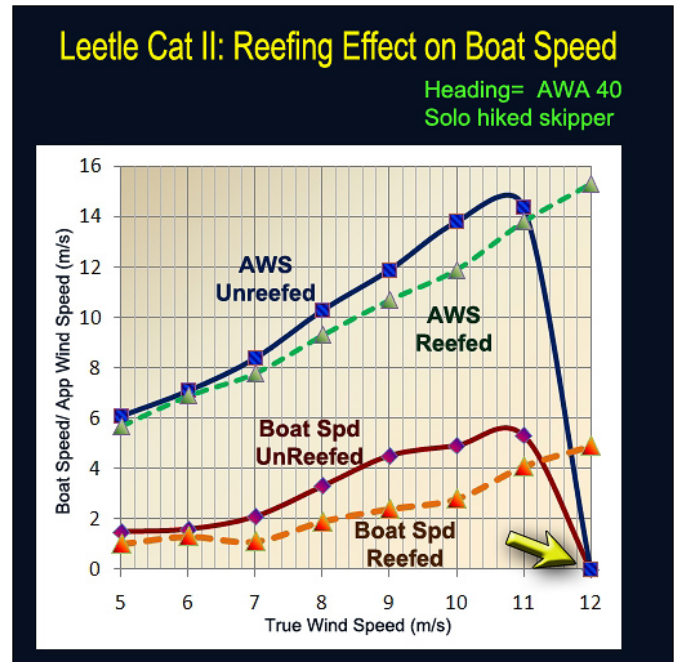
Better Reefed Catboat.



Slab Reefed Menger 23.

Effects of reefing are depicted in the graph below for a simulated catboat. Though this is not an analysis that should be used verbatim, the effects still apply. So what does the following graph tell us? Simply displayed (boat speed & apparent wind speed are graphed), there is a point at which your sail will become a hindrance to you, and at a specific wind speed and wind angle, a reef will allow you to sail faster, in more comfort, and with less weather helm. Too early you will not sail as fast and too late – well that can have many variations. Knowing what that point is for you is most important. Is it speed or is it comfort? The latter will vary from person to person

and boat to boat. The reverse is also true – when do you shake it out? In a catboat, the rudder is often telling you something.



Reefing Effect.

Had enough reefing?

An Imaginary Day Underway

Skip Stanley

Are you someone who always does things the same way or differently every time? I don't know about you, but seems to me I never do things the same way. Do I stow my boots and put on my boat shoes then put away my gear, put the centerboard down, take the sail cover off, and check the bilge? Or check the bilge, put away my gear, put on my boat shoes, then put the centerboard down? You get my point, the order really doesn't matter. But when it's time to let go, the sail's gotta be up, the board's gotta be down and the tiller's gotta be free. Well anyway, seeing as this is the winter bulletin and most of our boats are laid up on trailers or stands, let's go for an *imaginary* sail.

The first thing I'll do today is check is the bilge. How much water did she take on since the last time? Is there anything else to worry about? If need be, I'll pump it out. Then I'll stow my stuff.

Preparing to get underway, I take off the rudder keeper to free the tiller. I put the centerboard down. Clear the sheet from the cleat. Take off the sail cover; roll it up aft to forward. Put the burgee on the flagstaff. Bring the sail cover back and stow it. Tie the bitter end of the sheet to the cleat (so when the sail is raised and the boom swings out, the sheet won't be pulled clean over the side). Take the gaskets off the sail, stow them. Move the dinghy to the mooring.

Back in the cockpit, I take up on the topping lift to lift the boom out of the boom crutch. Unship the boom crutch and stow it. Shift to the starboard side, take up on the halyards – uncleat and haul away, give the peak halyard a couple extra pulls to bring the peak up a little higher than the throat. When the luff's tight, cleat the throat halyard, haul up the peak, cleat the peak halyard. Coil both halyards and belay them. Now the sail's flogging. Slip back under the boom and slack the topping lift; belay it. The sail swings out but with the bitter end tied off, the sheet stays on board. This is key as you don't want to start making way too soon. Time to cast off.

Looking at the wind and the swing of the boat, gauge when's a good time to head up to the bow. With a boom that runs the length of the deck, wait till the boat swings one way then make my way forward to let go. There's only so much time to do this, she's going to swing back and you want to be back in the cockpit before that happens. Otherwise, you'll be hanging off the bow (been there, done that).

Drifting off the mooring, it's often a good idea to let the boat swing to see where she's heading before sheeting in (you don't want to bump your neighbor). Other times, you can sheet in right away. And off we go.

It's a little magical – sailing; being pushed along by the invisible wind (no noisy motor), which is something I never tire of. I don't mind the slow pace. I'm in no rush to get there (wherever “there” is). This a big part of the appeal; if it wasn't, we wouldn't be sailing. It's pretty holistic – the whole experience - more in tune with the wind and waves. You have to work with them, you can't just power through them. You have to think tactically; you have to plan ahead. You also have to anticipate things going wrong.

On my first sail last year, shortly after I got underway, I looked up and saw a three-inch tear in the sail near a batten sleeve (oh boy). I was alone

and figured it wasn't going to get better. So, I turned around and headed back to the mooring where I spent the next two hours with a needle and thread making the repair (sigh).

I like to pick a destination – even though it's the trip itself that matters – any direction except downwind to start. I like to run home.

Heading back to the mooring, size up the situation. Where's the wind coming from? How's the approach going to be made? Under sail, I find most often the landing will be made with the dinghy to leeward, meaning it will be on the same side as the sail. Not optimal, but okay. Catboats are finicky when it comes to heading up and there's a lot more wiggle room if the approach is made to put the bow between the ball and the dinghy.

I often find that if I make the approach, if something is going to go wrong I'm in a better position if something does go wrong. If all goes well – great. If not, that's okay, I planned for that. As way comes off, go forward and grab the mooring (a boathook comes in handy here); secure the pendant to the bow cleat, and scamper back to the cockpit.

Back in the cockpit, I take up on the topping lift, clear the halyards and lower the sail. I keep the peak higher than the throat to keep weight forward and the throat saddle coming down. The sail gathers in the lazy jacks. I ship the boom crutch, slack the topping lift, and lower the boom into the crutch. The boom's no longer swinging; things quiet down considerably. Now I can secure things at a more leisurely pace.

I tuck the sail bungees (gaskets) in my belt so they'll be at hand while I furl the sail. I push the sail to the starboard side and create a nice belly along the boom to fold it into, then roll it onto the boom and secure it. I take the slack out of the halyards and topping lift, coil and belay them on their cleats. Take the burgee down; put the sail cover on (forward to aft). Take the dinghy off the mooring and tie it astern. Secure the rudder; raise the centerboard. Pump out the bilge. Bring the gear topside and secure the cabin.

Before this final step, I often to take a minute to reflect on the sail, to just sit back for a minute and take it in, and make sure I haven't forgotten anything.

Then I pull the dinghy alongside, toss my gear in, climb in and taking one last look back to make sure all is shipshape, I row ashore.



Mystic Seaport

Mystic Seaport may be the Museum of America and the Sea, but it is an especially appreciated place for catboat sailors. The museum links the past with the present in so many ways, every day, especially during the sailing season. Catboating is alive and an ongoing story. Take for example the assembly of photographs here, the present and past.



Photos Andy Price, Mystic Seaport staff photographer.

This image is of the catboat *Breck Marshall*, part of the watercraft collection at Mystic Seaport. The Marshall was constructed in the Museum's John Gardner Small Boat Shop in 1986. Modelled after the Crosby catboat *Trypheana*, the boat seeks to replicate a typical Cape Cod catboat of the early 20th century. The boat was built with the financial support of the Catboat Association as a tribute to *Breck Marshall*, founder of Marshall Marine, and functions as an active exhibit by taking museum guests for short cruises on the Mystic River. Those interested in the construction of *Breck Marshall*, can consult the book "Building the Crosby Catboat," by Barry Thomas.

"This picture was taken August 10, 2015 just before 2 p.m. *Breck Marshall* is seen sailing upriver with a full load of passengers," said Andy Price, photographer. "The catboat's typical wide beam and significant sail area in the single gaff sail are apparent in this image. The bow wave suggests the breeze was up and it was probably a short trip back to the dock, my idea of a perfect afternoon."

Of the centerfold photograph, Price said: "I shot this photo on April 28, 2016 at 6:15 a.m. when the angle of sunlight was still quite low. I like the early morning because the light at that time of day produces more interesting shadows that highlight details you might miss under full overhead sunlight. I chose to fill the frame with enough of the hull to emphasize its shape and also show that the construction has to accommodate a pretty dramatic design curve. To me, it looks like *Breck Marshall* is ready to sail on a perfect morning."







Mystic Seaport has an extensive collection of photographs of waterfront scenes along with all kinds of historic documents. This is a photo from the Merritt-Chapman & Scott Corporation, a marine salvage firm, of what is believed to be New York harbor circa 1896. It is thought that the photo may be documenting a special event as the tugboat and derrick are dressed with flags. The party on the catboat may have turned out for the occasion. (Mystic Seaport No. 2008.28.4.117)



This image was taken from a glass negative taken by Edward H. Newbury sometime in 1896-1897. He captured passengers boarding the steamer *Mystic*, at Steamboat Wharf in what is now downtown Mystic, CT. We don't know much about the catboat *Nylla*, but the steamer was not long for the area. Built in Westerly in 1896, she was sold to interests in Cuba in 1897. (Mystic Seaport No. 1980.41.430)

Short Tacks



Catboating in France

Pierre Godinot is an avid French sailor and a retired physician. For the last year he has been sailing a catboat called *Padouk Love*. The boat is seven years old and Godinot describes her as nice and the construction is “amazing.”

“It is a very good sailboat, measuring 4.85 meters (16 ft), sail area 23 sqm (75.5 sq ft).”

“I am now going to sail in lake Lac du Der in the Province of Champagne near Reims. The lake is 4,800 acres in size and was created in 1974. It is the greatest artificial lake in Europe.”

“I send many greetings from a catboat lover.”



Padouk Love.

What is Bill Sayle up to Now?

Bill McKay

Pinkletink's rebuild won Bill Sayle of Nantucket the Broad Ax Award in 2000. Other rebuilds, hosting Nantucket Rendezvous and other service to the Catboat Association won Bill and Judy The John Killam Murphy Award in 2014. *Pinkletink* went to a new home at Eric Peterson's in 2015. Did this translate to retirement and no more projects in Judy's garage? Hardly!!!!

Bill had enjoyed his total restoration of *Snapper*, a 1910 Nantucket Butler catboat; detailed in "CBA Bulletins No. 154 and 156."



After *Pinkletink*, Bill also bought two Wenaumet (Bigelow) Kittens; one to spruce up a bit for sailing and the other to do a complete rebuild. Read up on the history of these fine Cape Cod catboats on www.mostsailboats.org/category/bigelow/



Nantucket Harbor, 2014.

Over the last few years, the second Bigelow has been restored and will be sailing this spring. So is this the end for Bill Sayle? Again, hardly!!!

His new project will bring happiness to those who love wood and fiberglass. Given the advantages of each material, some combination makes sense. So another project is getting a lot of attention and will probably be sailing this summer. You are wondering what is going on in Judy's garage?



What will exit from Judy's garage in July?

Well, you will have to wait for the surprise. Be sure to read the Fall Bulletin, in which I will share the entire project with you, an interview with Bill and photos of the entire process and the "new" boat sailing on Nantucket Harbor.



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 <<http://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: The gaff saddle keeps "sticking" as it goes up the mast. Solutions?

Answers Summary:

Responses ranged from replacing the pad inside the saddle to making sure that all the halyards are running free. Some people use an organic pad, while others found furniture glide pads work nicely, and others suggested artificial turf. In terms of the halyards, it was noted you need the proper size line for the halyards and they should not be twisted (rotating blocks may be the culprit). Putting some of the load on the topping lift may also help.

It was noted that, with a full peak, you should make sure that the gaff isn't hanging up on the throat block/tackle and the halyards are free from the saddle. One suggestion was to change from a square saddle to an oval saddle (with slippery plastic "grass" mat glued inside) to prevent the saddle from catching halyards while on a port tack.

Some humor in the responses resulted from the person who wrote they secured the pad to the saddle with money staples. That response raised the question of what is a "money staple?" One conclusion was that "money staples" are made of boat bucks (\$1,000 denomination). It was suggested you need several glued together to provide the necessary padding security, but it was concluded that the writer meant *monel* staples.



Q: My 6 year old outboard has been running rough for 2 years...and I just found the culprit: a corrosion hole in the exhaust manifold (part of the block) allowing exhaust fumes to re-circulate into the carb. I think it was caused by a fault in the casting. Has anyone had a similar experience? Suggest a better manufacturer?

Answers Summary:

As usual with this type of question, responses varied. One respondent has a Nissan 8 hp two stroke that is at least 10 years old which starts easily and works well. Another respondent thinks highly of his Tohatsu 6 hp sail pro because it has an alternator, plenty of power for a Marshall Sanderling, and is much lighter.

While most respondents recommended using Ethanol-free gas to cut down on internal corrosion (both engine and fuel tank), one person recommended aviation gasoline, available at any airport that has private/light aircraft and has no ethanol. He noted that the 100 octane rating does not hurt most outboards.

Q: I feel I have not mastered a process of raising sail while keeping it going into the wind that I might use if sailing alone. I am always sailing with someone and can see I might have problems with this if sailing alone.

Answers Summary:

This question has come up before in one form or another. Most of the responses noted one should head the boat into the wind, let the topping lift carry the load of the boom, while the lazy jacks are slack, and then raise the gaff and sail as quickly as possible.

Some respondents had the tiller between their legs while raising the gaff and sail, while others simply have the boat on a tack, let the main sheet run free while raising the gaff and sail. Some keep the centerboard down and some have it raised. The board down will provide some weather helm while the board up will let the boat drift to leeward.

Once the gaff and sail are all the way up, you can then adjust the halyards, topping lift and jacks if necessary. Get the sail up and then worry about the other things.

A number of respondents referred to *The Catboat and How to Sail Her* as it answers most all of any questions you might have. The book is available at the CBA website.

Q: Does anyone have any idea of the cost of annual maintenance on a wooden (versus plastic) boat?

Answers Summary:

One respondent has a boat that is 118 years old and is doing fine, but noted that the question of wood or “plastic” in terms of maintenance is a very difficult question to answer. Generally, if the boat has been consistently maintained over her life, the annual out of pocket costs should not be high at all. However, it was noted that one can have problems with rot, seams, or fastenings. If such should happen, MUCH work is required.

Then there is the question of what woods were used, what fastenings, how long she stays in the salt water each year, and the maintenance schedule of the owner in terms of longevity. It was noted that if you have a wooden boat, you either need a lot of skills or a good deal of money to keep it in operating condition and not deteriorating. A parting note in the discussion was the desirability of leaving a wooden boat in the water so the wood does not shrink. Salt water is preferred over fresh water, but in both cases the wood does not shrink and the seams stay solid.

The discussion about maintaining a wooden boat moved into keeping the paint up (looking good). It was noted that varnish looks nice, but requires a lot of work. The various Latex paints give you nice color and easy touch up when required and do not require as warm a temperature to set properly as do oil based paints.

Q: I was wondering what experience folks have had with hawse pipes and stowing the rode below in the forepeak? There's not much on the subject in either the bulletins or on the Listserve.

Answers Summary:

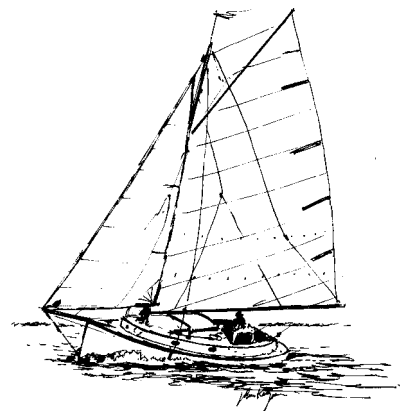
The respondents who had a hawse pipe recommended ideas. Most have the pipe just forward of the mast with the anchor and chain secured beside it. Some stow the anchor rode at the mast step inside the boat, while others use a mesh bag or open sided laundry basket under the deck in the fore peak to hold the rode and let it dry out.

A large oval hawse pipe was recommended so you can also slide the chain down and just leave the anchor secured on the deck. Either the round or oval was considered useable; it was just a question of where to store the chain. One respondent spliced the anchor rode to the chain so all could pass through the hawse pipe. The anchor was shackled to the chain when needed.

Unanswered Question

Q: Does anyone know the maximum height from waterline of mast and raised gaff of a Menger 17? I know the mast height from DWL is 23', but not what is the height of the raised gaff is.

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.





Henry Depew, a long-time columnist.

Henry Depew

Mark Alan Lovewell

Henry Depew has been writing the CBA Discussion Group column for the CBA since the spring of 1998. He tells us the column arose after having a conversation with Robert Luckraft, then the CBA president. Depew shared the idea that there was a lot of good information on the Internet, with the Listserve and he proposed an idea; to survey and summarize the postings for a column.

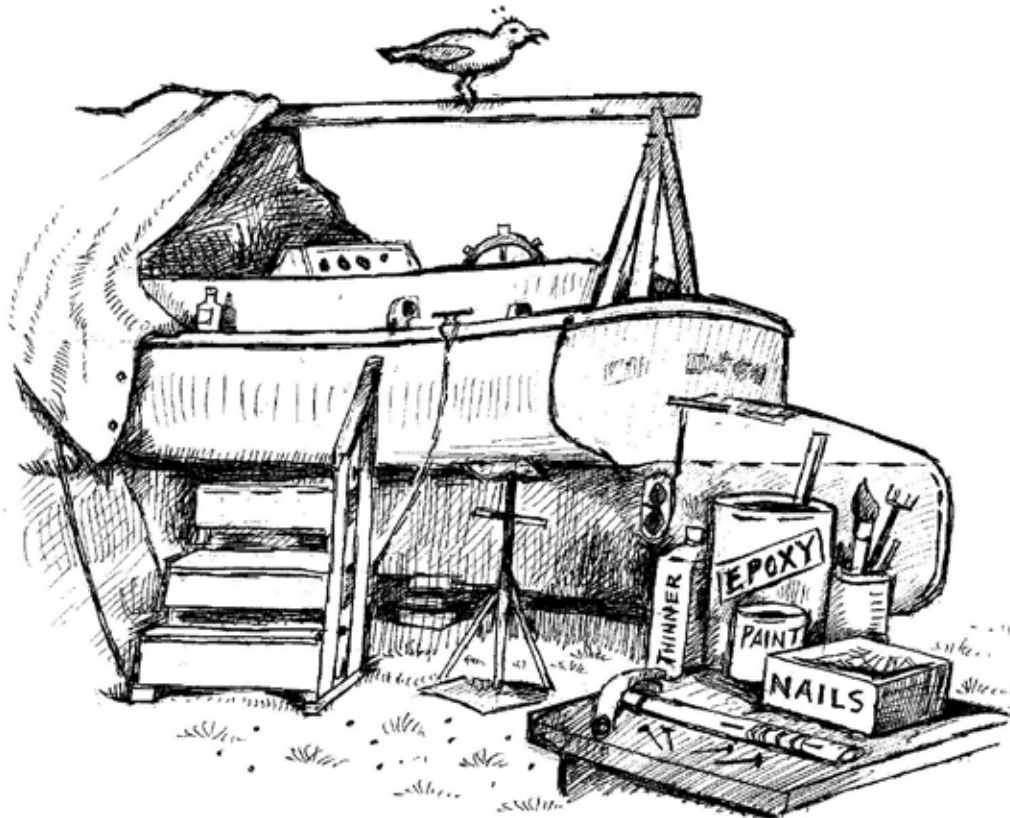
Luckraft agreed and suggested that since it was his idea, why not take it on as a project. The forum has pretty much stayed the same since.

In this digital information journey, Depew said he took suggestions from CBA member Bill Hickman. Depew is already a well-versed authority on boating. He has been enjoying boats of all kinds since he started learning to sail on an Optimist pram on the Manatee River, in Florida. Depew has been boating on the Gulf Coast of Florida in the Sarasota, Tampa Bay and Apalachee Bay. He and his wife Judy have been married since 1968. His favorite sailing place is Apalachee Bay.

Subscribers to *Messing About in Boats*, a magazine published in Wenham, MA, already know this writer and his wit and wisdom. He began writing for the publication in August of 2006.

Reflecting back to those earlier years, Depew said his first computer was a Kaypro, with a CP/M operating system. "I still have it in storage. The early CBA material was done on a DOS computer." Today he writes with Windows 2000 Professional.

We appreciate the work this writer has done for catboaters and catboating for a long time.



Cruising

Steve Flesner, Editor

Down on dee Bay Hon

NOW HEAR THIS - You are invited to join the Chesapeake Catboat Association for their annual long cruise! This year's cruise dates are September 17-23. The daily itinerary has yet to be determined, but the cruise area will be the Miles and Wye Rivers to include St. Michaels. We will also incorporate locations with close proximity to launching ramps for trailer-sailors interested in doing all or parts of the cruise. Fall cruising on the Chesapeake is not to be missed. Cooler temperatures, fall breezes and much less boating traffic make for an amazing experience. Plus, we will still be catching crabs!!! Watch for further details in the next CCBA newsletter that can be found at chesapeakecatboats.org.

The Nonsuch fleet at Solomons Island increased to 7: 5-22's, 1-26 and now a 30. Butch Garren, Al Suydam and Ed Bannick sailed Butch's new/used 30 on its maiden voyage from the Corsica River just below Rock Hall to Solomons Island. They had planned on a two day transit, but mother nature provided winds blowing from the north 20-30 kts. Before turning south at Love Point off Kent Island, they bucked winds on the nose barely making 2-3 kts for 2 hours, however all that changed when they turned south seeing a steady 8-9 with an occasional 10 on the anemometer. They arrived at their slip at 5 pm, after 10 hours and 70 miles. Of course we traditional four sided guys take that claim from the three sided guys with some skepticism...we were also glad not to have been trying to keep up with them!

The CCBA Steering Committee held their planning meeting at Thursday's Steak & Crab House in Galesville on November 12th. While most of us drove in, Marc Cruder sailed in with *Wanderer*, taking advantage of the beautiful fall weather and wind. Craig Ligibel showed up in his '56 MGA with the top down. We plotted the events for 2017 over platters of fresh shucked oysters and bowls of the best cream of crab soup I ever tasted. We also drank a lot of beer! Marc sailed off solo, even though some of us offered to hop on board as crew just for the day! Craig drove home with the top down once again reminding us that MGA owners are well accustomed to heat!



Drawing courtesy of Frank Lovewell

Marc winterized *Wanderer* the following day, while Butch Miller waited a few more weeks before finally hauling *Lark* on December 5th. He mentioned he may have waited a bit too long because the bucket he was soaking his lines in was frozen solid a few days later! I guess our sailing season is a bit longer down here on dee Bay Hon, but winter finally catches up!



CCBA Steering Committee after oysters and beer!

Following in the Footsteps of Benedict Arnold

David Morrow

Nearly 240 years to the day after the Battle of Valcour Island, I launched *Anna* in Malletts Bay, Vermont.

Benedict Arnold commanded an out-gunned and out-numbered fleet of American war ships against the British on Lake Champlain in October 1776. He knew the larger and less maneuverable ships the British had just built in Canada would wait for a favorable following wind to head down the lake. Arnold hid his fleet in a cove behind Valcour Island and waited for the enemy to sail past. When the British ships were about 2 miles below the island he attacked with his much smaller but more agile boats. The larger and more cumbersome enemy ships were badly beaten.

My trip had been in the works for several years, ever since our son Spencer decided to transfer to the University of Vermont. Malletts Bay is a well-protected and deep body of water with several marinas on the south side and some residences scattered around the perimeter. Water depths show on the chart in the 60' to 80' range though this year the lake is down at least 10' due to a lack of snow melt from the previous warm winter and a very dry summer. The water is crystal clear and even in a breeze the chop is minimal.

After launching at the local public ramp, I powered out into Malletts Bay to my weekend slip. The foliage was just beginning to turn, the air was crisp and the skies were cloudless. With practically no breeze on the water, I didn't feel guilty heading to the slip and not sailing right away. The break gave me time to check into my hotel and grab some lunch.

By mid-afternoon, sailing conditions had improved. So *Anna* and I headed out. We sailed out Malletts Bay, through the narrow channel and into Lake Champlain. Now, having grown up sailing on the Barnegat Bay and then spending the last 30 years sailing on the Chesapeake, I can tell you that when I see bottom, I get nervous. My mind knows lake water is clear, and that a Sanderling only draws 18" or so with the board up, but heading out and seeing grasses gave me the willies. Okay, the chart said eight to 10 feet of depth, but that was little comfort! Heck, there aren't eight to ten feet of water anywhere on the Barnegat that I know of, but I was still nervous!

Anyway, the clear water up there takes some getting used to!



Motoring out Malletts Bay in crystal clear water.

As I sailed towards the New York state line, I could see Valcour Island in the distance. There were maybe three other boats out on the lake and the breeze was building steadily. I tied in the first reef, but it wasn't enough. To make matters worse, I hadn't run the line for the second reef. So I tacked for home and had a screaming reach back through the cut into Malletts Bay. The breeze held all the way to the marina. Even with the big breeze, the seas were minimal and the sail back to the marina was fast and smooth.



Anna reefed and on a screaming reach.

Day 2 on the lake was very overcast with periods of light rain and lots of breeze. Being smarter than I look, I remembered to run the second reef line – and tied the reef in at the dock. This worked out very

well as the wind held strong and *Anna* was balanced perfectly as we sailed around Malletts Bay. Too much wind and not enough local knowledge kept me from venturing out into Lake Champlain. (Oh yeah, and great college football games on TV in the afternoon).

My final day of sailing was much colder than the first two. Temps in the low 50's, a nice breeze and overcast skies made me glad I brought along all the warm clothes I did (I could have used more). Spencer came along and did a wonderful job steering and taking a few photos of our adventure. Interestingly enough, the wind did the opposite of the first 2 days and slowly died as the day progressed. We started with both reefs still tied in and within an hour and a half had full sail out. However, by 3 p.m., the skies were dark, the wind was gone so we motored to the launch ramp to haul and prep for the trip home.



Blue skies and clear blue lake water.

Here are a few things I learned from this visit to Vermont. Before I left on my trip, I wasn't aware Vermont had been suffering through a very dry spell due to a lack of snow pack melt and little rain during the summer. So, the foliage colors were muted and the lake level was way down. Next year I'll watch the season a little closer and time my trip accordingly – aiming to hit the foliage peak during my visit. (I was early this year)

I was barely prepared for the colder weather. It was in the low 80's when we departed Annapolis, which makes packing for the cold difficult. Cool, damp 50's requires planning and foul weather gear!

Finally, three days of sailing isn't nearly enough. My next visit will be for a week so I can get over to the New York State side of Lake Champlain and do much more exploring. After all, I need to see Valcour Island and hide in the same cove as Benedict Arnold!

Catboat Prowl on the Pocomoke 2016

Marc Cruder

After a “sail everywhere” itinerary on the Little Choptank, we planned a bolder adventure. Taking into account “bucket list” wishes and throwing normal cruise conventions to the wind, a 10 day cruise advertised as “not for the faint of heart” was organized to the “dark water” river on the lower Eastern Shore, known as the Pocomoke. Aside from increased length and mileage, we also changed the time frame from spring to fall. The experiment, a year ahead of cruise 2017, where we hope to entice some of our New England catboat brethren to join us, would prove a good gamble with generally cooler temperatures and steadier wind. We did have a few rainy days on the Pocomoke, but generally speaking, participants hailed this adventure as one of the best in several years. Here's how it went....

Returning Cruisers

- Marc “*I have no local knowledge*” Cruder with crew John “*Blind man steering*” Brown sailing *Wanderer*: Wittholz 25 (Glass)
- Dave “*Bucket list*” Bleil with crew Jim “*Now that's a meat loaf*” Ohlmacher sailing *Gull*: Mystic 20.
- Butch “*I'll get there, but my mast is 35 feet*” Miller sailing *Lark*: Americat 22
- Jack “*The Gosling's flag is up*” Smith sailing *Winter's Dream*: Marshall 18
- Martin “*I seem to be floating off*” Gardner sailing *Planet*: Wittholz 25 (Wood)
- Phil “*Out front*” Livingston sailing *Patriot*: Marshall 18

Drive-By Cruisers (who made the leg north from Crisfield to Dames Quarter)

- Steve “*I didn't even get a Dark and Stormy out of this*” Flesner crewing on *Lark*
- Mike “*I'd really like to breath marine air tonight, if I can help you with that*” Crawford crewing on *Planet* and overnighting on *Wanderer*
- Rich “*Your're probably the best smelling one here*” McLaughlin also crewing on *Planet*

Friday, 9/16 Destination: Slaughter Creek on the Little Choptank River

Things were just different this year as life intervened for more than one of us. It started when John Brown battled a “full body infection” that eventually took sight from one eye and left him seeing only shadows in the other, while simultaneously battling cancer. Things were so bad at one point, Commodore Flesner and I visited Mr. Brown and gave him what John called the “catboat farewell.” It wasn’t meant to be. He bounced back thanks to the wonders of genomic medicine, except for his sight. This was the year I was considering going on *Traveler* as crew. Instead, despite his limitations, I took him aboard *Wanderer*. We’ve been sailing together a lot of years. He knows the boat, so only one of us needed to be able to see. The other needed to be able to take orders...and that’s the way it went.

Beyond that, I lost my Dad of 86 in the spring. I was just finishing a splice in new running rigging when I got the call. That was early April. He passed quietly with family around him, but preparing the boat went to the bottom of the list. Good that the cruise was in the fall, because it took me all season to get back to it. I didn’t attend any CCBA events, but finished what I had planned, which included completing the new running rigging, making a new set of leathers for the gaff jaws and installing some tropical wood strips of unknown species in my cockpit between the engine hatch and wheel for better footing. All this got done and I was ready when Mei brought John down on departure day with enough food for a one month trip. Obviously John couldn’t help or see the breadth of the final provisioning. Regardless, she loaded John and his accoutrements onto *Wanderer*, saying: “Now you caretaker.” The challenge and responsibility was accepted over coffee and Little Debbie cakes (a tradition usually reserved for the outbound transit). Then Mei was put ashore and we were underway out of White Marsh Creek under power at 0750.

Part of the purpose of the trip was to find out just exactly what John could do or not do. So once thru Bear Neck Creek and onto the Rhode River, I gave John the wheel. With “blind man steering” and limited traffic, he took *Wanderer* out the river between the #2 day mark and the duck blind without issue. He later said he could read the clouds (which, themselves are moving), but this first trick at the wheel would prove to be beginner’s luck.



Blind man steering.

About 0830, I took the wheel to navigate the crab pot field and get us beyond the fish trap off Curtis Point to raise sail and head down the bay. By 1200 we had a good visual on Sharps Island Lighthouse and John was making liverwurst and onion sandwiches for lunch (another cruise tradition). The sandwiches were not as precise, there were more crumbs in the cabin, but they tasted just as good and I didn’t have to make them. So John was earning his keep.

At 1300 we were abeam Sharps Island Lighthouse and by 1430, we were rounding Ragged Point under sail. At 1515 we picked up the Slaughter Creek channel day marks and sailed all the way to the fixed bridge before dousing sail. At 1600 we docked at what was the Taylor’s Island General Store; of late, the Island Grill. We found the place empty with a big “For Sale” sign taped to the window. That’s what happens when you don’t call ahead.

Patriot had followed my lead and docked. *Planet* was drifting off the dock when we ascertained there would be no eating ashore here. *Gull* radioed they were still an hour out. So, we called “Palm Beach Willie’s” at Slaughter Creek Marina, which we passed on the way in. They were open. Problem solved.

By 1700, we reassembled barside at Palm Beach Willie’s after taking advantage of the transient docks. Happy hour ensued followed by dinner. *Gull* and crew made it for dinner. *Lark* joined just as we were finishing up. Then all found a place on the creek on their own hooks. The temps were cool. There were no bugs and it was a good first day.

Saturday, 9/17: Destination: Lakes Cove on the Honga River

Up at 0600 making corned beef hash and eggs. There was a light southeast breeze and all had survived the night. It was a quiet anchorage and the moderate temperature made for good sleeping. By 0830 we were under power out of Slaughter Creek. By 0900 we had set sail and were heading west out of the Little Choptank. By 0930 we were thru the cut between James and Taylors Islands under sail with *Lark*, *Patriot* and *Planet* ahead, while *Gull* was astern.



Patriot full and by.

Around 1030, we started to fight the chop tacking into a southerly wind. Put the engine on and hauled in the sail to increase heading 20 degrees and maintain speed. Continued down bay overtaking *Planet* and *Patriot* who were both under sail only. At the noon radio check, *Lark* was well ahead looking to round the bottom of Hooper's Island due to his 35 ft. mast and approach the Honga River from the south, while the rest of us were planning to get into the Honga River midway via the 35 ft. fixed "bridge to nowhere." Admitted to being on engine. *Planet* relieved to know he was not beaten honestly. More liverwurst and onion sandwiches for lunch.

At 1515, doused sail with *Patriot* behind and *Planet* ahead still under sail. Motored to the bridge experiencing wild currents and a power boat outbound that I had to show a hard port bow to more than once to get a port to port passage out of him. Entered Lakes Cove and found things a little windy. Passed *Lark*, *Planet* and *Winters Dream* on the hook to find a 5 ft. spot on the north side of Asquith Island. Anchor down and swim call at 1800. No time for

happy hour, but there was time for some centerboard grounding....pull the pendant up Professor!

Had Mei's Chinese ribs and rice for dinner. There was no cell phone signal in the anchorage but the moon was rising. We were deep in the marsh. Another good day.

Sunday 9/18: Destination: Crisfield, MD

Another good sleeping night, although the wind stayed up and moved around to remove what little lee we were in. So the anchorage was getting all the wind there was to get coming straight up the Honga River. Breakfast was mini-wheats and fresh milk with bananas. There was no evidence of any gastrointestinal distress from Mei's ribs. We experienced a beautiful sunrise and cool temps for a most pleasant breakfast at anchor.

At 0700 started the engine, got the anchor up and made the rounds. All were set navigationally. *Winters Dream* was pulling out at Dames Quarter and trailering to Crisfield; our next stop. By 0730 there was a light breeze and no sea state, so we ghosted out of the Honga making about 3.5 kn. per GPS southbound. The area on both sides of the river is just low natural marsh absent any visible human inhabitants. It was natural beauty at its finest.

Cleared the Honga at 0830, continuing to navigate southeast and outside of Bloodsworth Island, past the "prohibited area." Made visual contact with the bombing range ship. By 1130 we were coming around the bottom of Holland Island Bar. For the 1200 radio call, turned off the engine in the vicinity Holland Island Bar Light and had lunch. *Lark*, *Gull* and *Patriot* ahead, while *Planet*, under power was long gone.

Made Solomons Lump at about 1400, on sail alone with a favorable heading. At 1430, sighted the condominiums at Crisfield. Made the entrance to the Little Annemessex about 1600, watching the locals navigate, cutting out half the buoys in the entrance channel, so followed their lead. By 1715, we were tied up a Somers Cove...last in.

Another hour found us at the Waterman's Restaurant. We met a snappy waitress who asked for CCBA member Larry Antonik (who was not with us...but everyone knows Larry), had a good meal with a side of catboat camaraderie. After dinner, it was a long, hot shower back at the marina. Another long, but good day with pleasant temperatures.

Monday, 9/19: Destination: Pocomoke City on the Pocomoke River

Spent a restful night at Somers Cove; no issues. Store opened at 0800. All boats got “iced up” and the group was underway by 0830.

Outbound from Crisfield, we entered Broad Creek at the #2 Red, after watching *Gull* take a potential sidebar toward Jenkins Creek, before Major, Ret. Livingston (*Patriot*) took command as lead boat, proceeding to Broad Creek. These are the navigational advantages to being the last boat out.

Exited Broad Creek at 0945 to find winds south at 10 kn. Set sail and course to 080 magnetic for the #1 PR green day mark. We were comfortably making 4.5 kn. under sail only according to the GPS.

At 1100, we noted a squall making up. Sighted an area of saplings that conformed to shallows on the chart, so adjusted course to sail upwind to hedge our bet with the oncoming weather. Waited just a little too long as the rain came quickly and visibility went to zero as we doused sail. Mr. Brown was taking helm commands for this evolution. All secure; no issues. Kept the engine “ahead” and waited for visibility. As the weather cleared, we found a large barge anchored right in front of the #1 PR day mark we were looking for. Obviously this was a fleeting area. Also sighted the channel markers to the community of Saxis on the south side of Pocomoke Sound.

Entered the barge channel enroute “the cut” above Williams Point at about 1130. Exited the cut at 1200 and found ourselves at the mouth of the Pocomoke River. Killed the engine, made lunch and the noon radio check, then proceeded north on the river.

At about 1415, came across a down-bound tug pushing a gravel barge ahead. We could see him above the marsh grass a few bends ahead of us. Raised the tug captain on Channel 13 and told



Gravel barge on Pocomoke.

him we’d tuck into the inside of the next bend. He thanked us for the courtesy. (You tuck to the inside of the bend, because if the tug and tow are going to side slip, it will be to the outside of the bend).

By 1515 we were tied up in Pocomoke City at the public dock in front of the Riverside Grill after two hours of fairly substantial rain enroute. Passed the others in the group already tied up. Had some radio comms, received the shower combination and parked John at the bar.

Finished the night with dinner ashore. Commodore Steve called by phone to check on the group. The weather continued to be wet and the forecast did not call for any change in the next two days. The group agreed to an “all hands” meeting in the morning to discuss our collective plans.

Tuesday, 9/20: Lay-day due to weather – Pocomoke City

Quiet night at the public dock, although the boat moved around some due to the river current with an occasional soft tap on the pilings.

Up at 0630 making coffee. A few minutes later, spied *Patriot* on recon to find the alleged head and showers. At 0700, report back was that the rather rustic facilities were on the north side of the drawbridge in the riverside park. One for each gender; cold water only.

At 0830 we brought the first staff meeting of the trip. Consensus was to stay put due to weather (it had not stopped raining since we arrived). There was also the fixed bridge north of the drawbridge to consider for at least one of our members. With no markings on the fixed bridge for air draft and the river conditions being high with more rain coming, the whole idea of moving became a non-starter. With this major decision made, retreated to the cabin to cook breakfast.

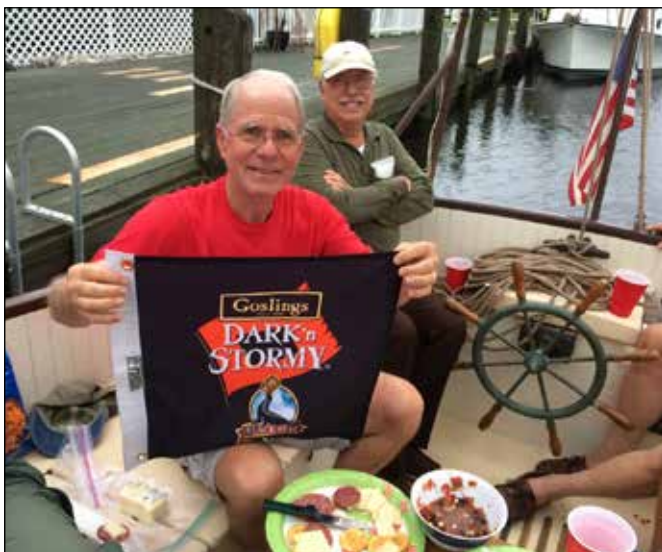
After a leisurely morning meal, walked the town....and got drenched. Not much in Pocomoke City any more, except the 1921 movie theater, many closed store fronts and Victorian houses in need of repair. The group met for lunch at the Riverside, but having had a late breakfast, I napped, then cleaned and stowed the boat, before stocking up on ice from the local convenience store. Around 1430, John and I went up to the Discovery Center, where we found nice historical presentations including a Maryland Public Television film about boat builder Jim Richardson of Cambridge building a bugeye. Also found the rest of the troops in the Discovery

Center doing their laundry. The head docent saw the drowned-rat looking crew and offered the use of their laundry facilities. So some were waiting out their laundry by being historically enriched. Not a bad way to spend a rainy day.



Dockside on the Pocomoke.

The weather cleared enough to establish “happy hour” in *Wanderer’s* cockpit with the whole group. *Winters Dream* gifted a Gosling’s Dark and Stormy flag to the cause for future “flag’s up” libatious events. Salami, cheese, salsa and scoops in addition to drinks. A card was circulated and signed to thank the Discovery Center for the use of their laundry equipment and their refuge. Dinner at the Riverside Grill followed with more than competent wait staff to handle the group.



Flag's up!

Plans were for another night at the dock, breakfast ashore at 0630 followed by a 0730 departure.

Note: During happy hour, the railroad bridge south of us ominously closed and we watched a train go over. Called the Pocomoke City bridge tender to confirm this was normal ops and that the swing bridge would re-open so we could be downbound in the morning. He gave me the railroad's phone number, but assured me the train would return over the bridge and then be open again....that is just what happened. Crisis averted to the relief of all.

Wednesday, 9/21: Destination: Crisfield, MD

Another quiet night at the Riverside Grill dock. Up at 0530 to make a first cup of coffee before walking to breakfast as prearranged with Major, Ret. Livingston (*Patriot*). By 0630, several of us were having breakfast sandwiches in Pocomoke City. Met some of the locals and enjoyed supporting a new local business owner.

By 0730 we were away from the dock, monitoring channel 72 and downbound. Made good progress with the current. Hit a patch of rain about 1000. Turned the corner at the #23 green buoy into the cut about 1030. Once thru the cut, we ran the red side of the channel a little too wide and the centerboard hit the bottom. Got ourselves back in the channel, then watched *Lark* follow suit sniffing the bottom, but a little harder. We were favoring the red side of the channel because every buoy including one day mark on the green side of the channel looked like it had been run over by the normal barge traffic.

Cleared the barge channel at the 1PR day mark about 1145. Had lunch at 1200, made the noon radio check, then set sail for Broad Creek as we proceeded to transit Pocomoke Sound.

Hit Broad Creek per the watermen ahead of us, entering the channel between the #4 and #6 buoys. Kept the engine on standby and only used it for upwind legs not possible under sail alone due to the narrowness of the passage. Overtaken by a returning deadrise during this transit.

Exited Broad Creek at 1330 still under sail. Tacked right up to the #11 green, doused sail and found slip D13 in Somers Cover Marina.. All fast by 1430. Another good day underway. Took a rest, then went off with the group to The Water's Edge Restaurant. The pizza was oily, served by some heavy local talent, but the service was reasonable. Spent a quiet night in the slip.

Thursday 9/22: Destination: Dames Quarter, MD

Breakfast at Gordon's....a local institution.... once we found it; a block west of the Waterman's Inn. There is no McDonald's in Crisfield, so this is where all the retirees hangout....the waterman retirees. It's always a challenge to get off on the right foot with the locals and this visit was no different.

We walked in. The grease smoke was thick and visible enough to hurt your eyes. The regulars baited us into sitting down near them, only if we could tell them "a fish story." I quickly told them we had no fish stories and that it was worse than that...we were "blow boaters!" Not missing a beat, one of them then asked me: "So if you're a sailor...did you sail into Crisfield harbor, or did you use auxiliary power?" I recounted my sail from Pocomoke Sound thru Broad Creek up to the green #11 and was told: "Then you're a sailor!"



Gordons in Crisfield....5 star rated!

After that everyone was fast friends. We heard about his father, Captain of the skipjack *Ruby G. Ford*, who sailed her to the dock at Ego Alley in Annapolis, without ever touching the push boat. Then they pulled out their smart phones and showed us videos of the Labor Day docking contests...that's backing into the dock. Then there were more old family photos of the *Ruby G. Ford*.

Had egg, cheese and scrapple on a hamburger bun that you would not have thought came from the same kitchen. It was delicious. We were joined by Commodore Steve (*Scotty*) and CCBA members Larry Antonik (*Purr-fection*), Rich Mclaughlin (*Tenacity*) and Mike Crawford (*Shoveller*); all whose boats didn't make it. Larry was driving back to Dames Quarter,

while the Commodore was making the transit with *Lark*. Mike and Rich would be aboard *Planet*.

Departed at 1000 under power and due to the foul northerly wind, took the Daugherty Canal. Exited the canal an hour later and set sail on a northeasterly heading. The 1200 radio check had all catboats in sight, while lunch was enjoyed underway. It was a nice long sailing leg that lasted about two hours until we turned the corner at Sharkfin Shoal Light. At 1430 we made Great Shoals Light and by 1500 we were sailing into Dames Quarter Creek. We had been given warning and followed Larry's cypress topped PVC marks identifying the shift in the local sandbar. All anchored in Larry's cove by 1530.

Water taxi service was provided by jon boat until all were ashore. A brief happy hour outdoors ensued that was mosquito free...a rare situation in Dames Quarter where that insect is informally referred to as the state bird. Again, it was fall and the time of the year gave us a leg up on our winged friends in this part of the bay.



Jon boat eval at Dames Quarter.

Vehicles of those without boats provided the transportation to a local restaurant mall-type of place with plenty of culinary choices along with a brew pub with a variety of libations. A good time was had by all with no fuss or muss put upon our host. Upon return, I negotiated shore side accommodations for myself and crew, rather than bumble out to the boat in the dark with the blind man. The other side of that arrangement was that one of the boatless offered to spend the night aboard *Wanderer* so he could breathe a little marine air. I was happy to accommodate Cap'n Mike Crawford.

Friday 9/23: Destination – Fox Creek on the Honga River

No issues ashore and breakfast waiting for us at 0730. After sufficient coffee, general recharging and camaraderie, the group was off and underway by 0900. *Wanderer* set sail immediately upon exiting Dames Quarter Creek.

It was a full day of sailing. Had Great Shoals astern in an hour and Sharkfin Shoals behind us in two hours. At 1130 we rounded Bishop's Head Point and the 1200 radio check was in the vicinity of Hooper's Island Light with all catboats in sight.

Proceeded up the Honga River and into Fox Creek about 1400. Set the mass raft up about 1430 with all boats except *Planet*, who was characteristically "napping" on his own hook. An excellent sailing day was had by all.

Saturday 9/24: Destination – Slaughter Creek on the Little Choptank River

Had a nice quiet night on the hook, with no weather or bugs. *Lark* had stayed rafted up to *Wanderer* for the night, while the others went off to their own hooks. It was an absolutely beautiful morning as we made coffee, heated up homemade sausages donated by *Lark* and ate the left over croissants that Larry had packed us off with.

By 0800 we were underway under power south around Asquith Island then north and out the 35 ft. bridge just north of Hooperville. Transited the bridge at about 0930, then came right to a course of 300 degrees magnetic, setting sail in about 10 knots of wind.

At the 1200 radio check we were abeam Cove Point Light and adjusted our course, tacking in toward the Eastern Shore to reduce the sea state we were experiencing and to maintain some reasonable speed. Several more long tacks and we were through the cut at James Island with full board down about 1400. In another half hour we picked up the buoys into Slaughter Creek and were anchored just south of Slaughter Creek Marina by 1500...just in time for a nap.

After the respite, picked Martin up off *Planet* and moved *Wanderer* into the transient dock. Dinner ashore for the group, including crab balls, crab dip and mussels. All were content with our adventure, despite the longer duration and thoughts started to turn to next year's cruise. Once some preliminary consensus was reached, all moved to their boats and found a spot to anchor in the creek.

Sunday 9/25: Destination – Homeward Bound

Good sleeping on the final night due to a noticeable temperature drop, but all good and certainly no insects. Again, the pleasure of fall cruising.

Underway under power at 0700, making the farewell rounds on the way out, boat to boat. *Patriot* was up and at the ready, so followed us out of the creek. At 0730 we both set sail on a course of 330 magnetic, cutting well inside both Ragged and Hills Point daymarks with full board down due to the high tide, making about 5 knts.

Note: As I always say, with a centerboard boat on the Chesapeake Bay, the chart and buoys are like the pirate code....merely "guidelines"....

By 1030 we were abeam Sharps Island Light and by 1200, Coaches Island. Lunch was the order of the day, followed by putting the engine on as the winds diminished. Picked up the Rhode River buoys by 1330 and found ourselves docked at Ponder Cove on Whitmarsh Creek by 1430. This gave John and I plenty of time to unload the boat and wait for his ride home. Another cruise down.

Epilogue

This year's cruise of almost 250 miles over 10 days and the first ever Fall Cruise was characterized by comfortably cool weather and consistent winds that made for long stretches of good sailing daily. Rain for several days and high river levels did keep the group from going farther than Pocomoke City, but the balance of good weather, facilities and food ashore more than compensated. Special thanks to CCBA member Larry Antonik, who, assisted by neighbors Alane and Tom, coordinated a great road trip to Salisbury for some interesting eats and great catboat camaraderie. On all counts, the Fall Cruise may be here to stay.

Consensus for next year's cruise focused on the Wye and Miles Rivers in the central bay to include some time ashore at St. Michael's to take in the latest at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum as we try to lure some catboat sailors from the CBA membership at large, to join us. We haven't cruised this particular part of the bay since 2001, so we all could use a refresher. Keep an eye out at www.chesapeakecatboats.org for details and itinerary for the 2017 cruise as it develops.

It Depends...

Butch Miller aka "Butch Marine"

Editor's Note: *Butch has been sailing the Chesapeake Bay for years. Lark, his Americat 22 and even Dusty, his Marshall 18, is the go-to boat if someone has a problem on a cruise. It's what you carry on board that can make the difference and what you don't have that can make for a miserable day! He recommends reading Herreshoff's book, "The Compleat Cruiser" for starters.*

When I was tapped to write 500 words on catboat cruising tips, I figured no problem. However, after some thought about the wide and varying cruising grounds of our audience, I was stuck on two words - It Depends. Really, it does. As an example, while fisherman anchors are very popular along the coast of New England, you might just as well toss over a butter knife down here on the Chesapeake. So probably the most valuable tip I can offer is to consider the old five W's: Who, When, Where, What and Why. For your consideration, I offer the following:

Who?

Crew or single handing? If single handing, you'll be spending the bulk of your time at the helm so comfort and safety are high on the list. An occasional break is necessary but you'll want to have drinks, snacks, navigation aids, horn, etc. and possibly a bucket near at hand. Better yet, two buckets – one for the boat and one for you. A device for locking the wheel or tiller, or an auto pilot will allow you to step away from the helm at least long enough to grab something. You are alone so an overboard situation, especially if unconscious, could be deadly. Wear a life jacket. Inflatables are great. You may also consider dragging a line and be sure to keep some weather helm so the boat won't sail off without you. After watching a rescue attempt by a boat and a helicopter a hundred yards off the beach in six feet of water where the "victim" couldn't be seen on a sunny, near calm day (he wore a green colored PDF and they were looking in the vicinity of his boat that had drifted a considerable distance from where it had capsized). I now carry in the pocket of my inflatable, a strobe, dye pack, mirror and a

whistle. If it's really ugly I hang a handheld VHF on the waist strap. A ditch bag may be in order if you're far from land. If you're fortunate to have crew along, added consideration for their comfort and safety will go a long way to avoiding a mutiny and remember they probably want to actively participate. If you're with a group, rafting up for cocktails and bologna (the verbal kind) can be the highlight of the day and is a great opportunity to discuss the next day's leg. Raft up etiquette calls for the arriving boat to provide its own lines and fenders.

When?

Seasons vary, not only in temperature and wind conditions, but day length, so consideration should be given to those factors in planning including distance to travel for the day. I'll forgo the long list of common sense items. A simple boom awning or even an umbrella will do wonders for sun and rain. Wet feet are miserable on a cold day but a delight in a cool bucket of water on a torrid one. Buggy season?

Motor/sailing is a method and skill that will allow you to make way more productively and safely in heavy winds and chop, than under engine or sail alone. Instead of ramming dead into the seas under engine or falling way off and unable to tack under sail alone, try putting in a reef or two and have the engine ticking over. This will keep you more stable than under engine alone, allow you to head up a few degrees more and power through the chop and tacks better than under sail alone and save a considerable amount of fuel. Try it, you'll like it.

Where?

As previously mentioned, our cruising grounds vary considerably so local conditions will need to be considered when outfitting your catboat as well as planning the trip. Some food for thought are the tides and currents, bottom type, obstacles such as bridges, fog, rocks, wind fetch and direction, and even local customs. These can determine propulsion, ground tackle, navigation aids (no sextant needed here), masthead anchor light or "Bubba" light. Mostly anchored out or tied up at a marina? A shower every few days is a treat. Places to eat, shop, fuel, ice, pump out?

What?

Big cat or little cat? Big difference!! Think big cat=RV, little cat=tent camping. While size probably won't determine your cruising ground, it can greatly

affect not only your comfort but if you go out at all. Days that are merely uncomfortable on a larger boat can be miserable –or even dangerous – on a small catboat. If you're really cruising, you'll sail in many different conditions and be a better sailor for it. One can gain more skill in the varying conditions on a week-long cruise than in many seasons of day sailing in nice weather and the *Dark N' Stormy's* taste oh so much better after a good romp in the rain. The ability to reef quickly and easily is a must. If you are in a group please take consideration of the little guys. More importantly, the skill of each skipper.

Probably the biggest factor in regard to difference in boat size is comfort and if single handing, think fatigue. So the considerations in the Who section carry more weight in a small cat.

Regarding food prep, I precook and freeze everything that I can and pack it along with frozen gallon water jugs. The square ones pack better. I don't bother trying to pack in order of usage, it never seems to work. Hardboiled eggs with fruit cups are an easy breakfast especially when you need to jump up and get underway. I precook a dozen and they last at least a week in the cooler. Cans O' Crap as my mate calls them last forever, can be stored nearly anywhere, are easy to heat up and some are good cold. For heating, I mostly use a JetBoil camp cooker. With it and a French press, one can have coffee before another stove will warm water. I did switch from a butane stove to an Origo alcohol burner after a frightening epiphany I had with grease spattering within a few feet of a six gallon gas can.

I guess this is the appropriate section for what comes in handy so I offer the following for consideration in addition to the usual stuff in no particular order: Kedge anchor, two coolers (one for drinks and the other for food), umbrella, fly swatter, two cockpit rags (one for you and one for the boat for dew and spills), drink holders of some sort, GPS and charts, bug spray, screens, boom tent or tarp, seat cushions that drain (open weave fabric with reticulated foam) for a dry and cool fanny, big hat, rubber boots, two buckets (one for you and one for the boat), a spare of everything and tools to make repairs, glue, caulk, duct tape, vinyl tape, sail tape, ditty bag, needle and thread for clothes, fishing gear, hand held VHF at least, ditch bag, trailing line, depth finder, Solumbra sun protective gloves, wide brim straw hat,

chart envelope, Dawn soap, Woolite for clothes, baby wipes, presoaped bathing cloths, SunShower, Poo Pouri, fabric door mat (towel) for companion way entry and use on pier, trash containment, cabin fan, collapsible water bags, mop, kitchen sink.

Note: Butch Marine carries everything including the "kitchen sink"!



A few of my favorite things!

Why?

This may be the biggest factor to consider when planning a catboat cruise. Why are you doing it? To get to a destination, to spend time on the water, to be with your fellow catboaters, to escape, or all of the above.

Well, I've rambled enough to exceed the 500 word request, so I'll quit here. Hopefully, this article will be helpful in planning and enjoying your next catboat cruise. Please get out there soon even if just for a weekend.



Book Review

Ned Hitchcock, Editor

Inspecting the Aging Sailboat

By Don Casey

The International Marine Sailboat Library
McGraw-Hill Companies
Camden, Maine. 1997, 2005.

Reviewed by Ned Hitchcock



Ten years ago my wife, Terry Gips, and I decided we needed to expand our sailing horizons and began a search for a boat somewhat larger than our 14 foot Arey's Pond catboat. We knew what we wanted more or less and asked all our catboating friends for advice. We got a lot, some helpful and some not so helpful. I wish we'd had something like this book to help us in our searches. It's a thorough evaluation of what to look for whether a boat's old or new, and as I'm now finding out, it works well when you're giving the boat you have a more thorough going over than it may have gotten in the past few years.

For those with years of experience, much of the information will be second-nature. For newbies, which we were, this could be quite helpful.

The author sets out several goals involving "what to look for" in the boat you'd like to buy or that you own. Key "how-to" questions include distinguishing cosmetic from structural damage, understanding which faults can be remedied and which can't, judging the condition of what you can't see from what you can, and knowing when a boat's been well used and when it's used up.

He then goes into a number of chapters focusing in detail on particular issues. They include the hull, the rig, the deck, the engine and steering, electrics, and several others. A good example of the kinds of questions he develops is in the chapter on the hull. His discussions of each of the subheadings under "the hull," are fairly thorough and cover the territory pretty well. They include is the hull "fair and true? Are there signs of stress or trauma, delamination (He focuses on fiberglass boats and avoids discussion

of wooden hulls as a topic requiring specialist knowledge.), gelcoat problems, blisters, moisture problems, what is the state of the keel, rudder, cutlass bearing and propeller, and through-hull fittings. Each subsequent chapter is equally detailed, and all are illustrated, sometimes amusingly.

Finally he writes about "other considerations" which include the design, reputation, performance and value of the boat in question. He outlines a boat-buyer's 30-minute survey which he suggests could save the cost of repeating full surveys if problems arise with a boat. He discusses the how-to's of hiring of a professional surveyor.

Overall, with ten years of time to realize how much we didn't know and that we will indeed need help in assessing a thorough overhaul of the boat we found, completed, and launched in 2007, I'd say *Inspecting the Aging Sailboat* would have been helpful then and will be now. I have a couple of reservations about some of his advice. In the chapter on the 30-minute survey, he recommends using an awl or small screwdriver to poke into suspicious areas of the hull, deck, etc. I'm not sure all sellers would be happy about that. With permission, maybe it'd be OK. Perhaps more to be wished for would have been some advice regarding your relationship to the boat as an owner. I'm thinking of some questions from Susan Canfield, a marine surveyor, that I ran across in the May 2007 issue of BoatU.S. Magazine. They included "How long do you expect to own it? Do you have the skills, interest and time to repair and maintain it? How much can you afford to spend per year?"



Keeper of the Light

Jay Webster

In the Fall Bulletin I wrote about Captain Nickerson of Pleasant Bay, an old Cape Cod catboat fisherman. Captain Nickerson was well known for his catboat sailing ability, and I mentioned he was known for his skill in always being able to reef according to the varying conditions of the Cape waters.

In the same Fall issue I enjoyed reading an excellent article on single line reefing with photographs by Dave Morrow. Coincidentally, as I reached back into old issues of the Bulletin for interesting material, I came across an extensive article on reefing in Bulletin No. 93 published in the Fall of 1990 by Tom Claflin entitled "Some Notes on Reefing."

Claflin begins by stating that it is easy for catboaters to regard reefing as an undesirable event, maybe an epic struggle against the sea, or at the very least, a chore to be put off as long as possible. Does this sound familiar? He also clearly points out that this attitude misses the point of reefing and that reefing actually improves the performance of a sailboat in a stiff breeze. The boat sails faster and is more comfortably handled than without a reef. He discusses basics of reefing and then describes the hove-to method, the downwind technique, when to reef, tying in reef points, and the many different rigs for reefing with illustrations. (After reviewing the methods and rigs, I think that Dave Morrow's article, with accompanying photos, may illustrate the simplest of the many different rigs.)

I like the often-stated concept "that if you're thinking of reefing, you should reef." We all know that it's a lot easier to shake out a reef under sail than to put one in while sailing in windy conditions and choppy waters. Of course, when high winds are forecast, it's always easiest to reef while on our mooring or at the dock.

Interestingly, Tom Claflin comments on using an engine while reefing and states that an engine can be more of a nuisance than a help. I was surprised by this because that's the way Diane, my able crew, and I usually reef, perhaps because we most often sail in Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound with their frequent rough waters.



Claflin also mentions reefing has been a popular subject over the years and has engendered much discussion. He goes on to say Bulletin No. 89 contained a questionnaire about reefing and writes about the many comments catboaters made on the subject. I also learned that many prior bulletins contained articles on reefing. Bulletins No.s 38 and 53 even had reprints of reefing articles from "Yachting" and "The Rudder" magazines. Obviously, reefing is a subject of great interest to all catboaters.

Anyway, reefing is always an interesting subject to us catboaters with our big sails. I highly recommend reviewing these great articles by Tom and Dave before you set out into strengthening winds and rough waters next season. And now, if you don't know already you can easily find these articles on the Catboat Association's website.



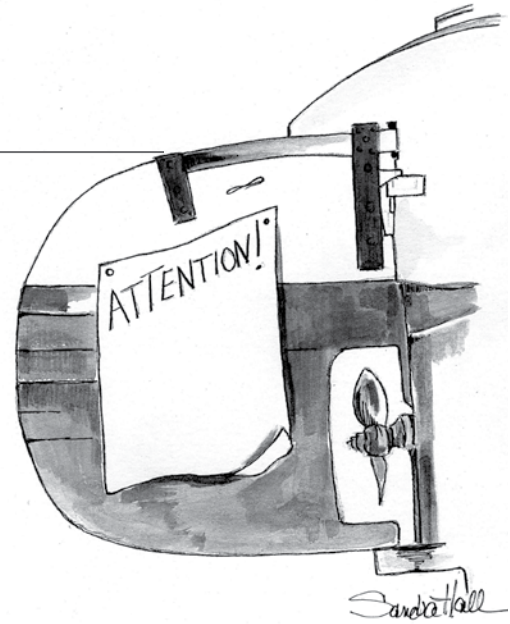
Barndoor Postings

Hooray for the Quincy Cats!


Mark Alan Lovewell

It is a rare but welcome moment when another publication comes out with an article that is perfect in every way. Three years ago the magazine *Historic New England*, published the following, as a full page tribute that is here worth reprinting, unaltered.

We thank the magazine, the writer Kris Bierfeld; we thank the Boston Public Library/Leslie Jones Collection; and the Quincy Historical Society for allowing us the opportunity to share this article that was published in the summer of 2014. It took significant legwork to get all the necessary permissions. Thank you to all involved.



EVERYONE'S HISTORY



Hooray for the Quincy Cats!

Founded in 1874, the Quincy Yacht Club, in Quincy, Massachusetts, emerged as a dominant force in the Massachusetts Bay regatta season, thanks in part to the club's Challenge Cup, proposed in 1898. Calling for boats no longer than twenty-one feet, which might require only a three-man crew, the Challenge's smaller specifications brought the luxury sport of yacht racing within reach of people who were not extremely rich. By contrast, yachts built for the America's Cup races were often one hundred feet long with crews of seventy, making that prize something only the world's wealthiest men could pursue.

In 1916, Quincy Yacht Club member Carl Snow created the first one-design racing class yacht, a fifteen-foot catboat—a type of sailing vessel with one mast set far forward, typically with a gaff-rigged sail. The design was so innovative that it caught the attention of the Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels. Before Snow could deliver the first order of these compact and agile "Quincy cats," Daniels cabled the yacht club, "You will appreciate that these small crafts would be very efficient in case of difficulties with any foreign powers in the destruction of undersea boats that might threaten our coast." The government commandeered the fleet and held it at the ready to patrol Boston Harbor for enemy submarines. Fortunately, the catboats were never needed in that capacity and returned to race from 1917 to 1940.

With their masts down, the Quincy catboats looked a little bit like bathtubs. When the fleet took part in regattas, competing yachtsmen would tease good naturedly, "Rah a dub dub, three men in a tub—hooray for the Quincy cats!" By the 1930s, many Quincy cats had been handed down to members' children in favor of newer designs. As powerboats increasingly came into favor, the Quincy cat fleet eventually disappeared. Today, the club no longer hosts regattas but remains active in the Quincy Bay Race Week Association, while several other local clubs continue to compete for the prestigious Quincy Yacht Club Challenge Cup.

—Kris Bierfeld
Editor and Publications Manager

Photo showing members of the Boston Public Library/Leslie Jones Collection. Exhibitors courtesy Quincy Historical Society.

TO learn more about the Quincy Yacht Club and to view an online exhibition, visit HistoricNewEngland.org/EveryoneHistory.

Quincy Yacht Club

1000. SAILING For Ladies and Children from 3 to 6 P. M.

1000. Ice Cream and Cakes. FREE FOR CHILDREN. from 1 to 6 P. M.

ABOVE The catboat Dorothy (shown here with a Bermuda rig) sails in Quincy Bay in the mid-1930s. Tickets admitted Quincy Yacht Club members and their families to community events.

Source: 2014 *Historic New England*



New Members

Dave Calder, Membership Secretary

WELCOME ABOARD to our new members since November 10, 2016

Chandler, Steve & Connie (Bridgewater, MA)
Day, Marvin & Mary (St. Helena, Island, SC)
Fallon, John (Winchester, MA)
Gahre, Ken & Gail (Oceanport, NJ)
Hay, Bob (Lake Panasoffkee, FL)
Head, Deborah (Lee, NH)
Main, Marie (New Rochelle, NY)
Milam, Mark & Tammy (Lafayette, LA)
Moore, Denny (St. Augustine, FL)
Myers, Donald & Eileen Garnder (Westwood, NJ)
Nichols, Charlie & Lisa (Paso Robles, CA)
Murphy, Chris & Barbara (Chilmark, MA)
O'Brien, Bruce & Maureen (Whitman, MA)
Sinowitz, Lenny & Elaine (Closter, NJ)
Smith, Ellen & Cliff Hogan (Hobe Sound, FL)
Somers, Glenn & Kate (Gloucester, MA)
Wilkinson, Robert & Judith (Orleans, MA)



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

172-1. 1973 Cape Cod Shipbuilding 17' Catboat in shoal keel design, hull number 373. Hull and deck in good condition, with almost-new Quantum sail, spruce gaff & boom, and Loadrite trailer. Recent owner was halfway through cabin refitting to add ash ceiling when he passed away earlier this year, so new owner will need to complete that work (firring has been installed, and all ash ceiling strips are milled, but they will need fitting, installation and finishing. Estimate of 30 to 40 hours to fit and finish cabin ceiling, reinstall navigation lighting and panel, clean up and repaint cabin interior (Interlux paint included), and get the cabin into Bristol condition Newly installed Bomar translucent deck hatch aids with ventilation. New Quantum sail in 2014, with fewer than 20 hours of sailing time on it. Road ready Loadrite trailer included - new 2017 Tohatsu 6hp SailPro 20" shaft engine available as upgrade for \$1290 (dealer cost) Boat is sold in as-is condition. Preference would be for potential buyers to inspect boat prior to agreeing to sale, but delivery meet-up with guaranteed buyers anywhere within 350 miles of Chicago is available for modest cost (assuming deposit is received prior to delivery). More info - matt@offshore-chicago.com Asking: \$ 7900



172-2. 1992 Menger 23' Cat Boat Hull #1 "MANDOLIN". 2-cyl Yanmar 2G20F (rebuilt 2013). New Motor Mounts (2013). Dripless shaft coupling. 2 Sails (1-Quantum tanbark- 1 white Thurston). 2 Lofrans electric Winches (TH & Peak) new halyards 250'. 1 Electric Center Board winch. 1 New Yanmar electrical panel and 2 new Seadog panels. New Uniden Marine radio 2015. Raymarine auto pilot. Quadraphonic (4) speakers stereo-new 2015. Raymarine Depth and Speedo. Garmin 492 GPS. Tacktick (now Raymarine) wireless wind speed and direction finder. 2 New Batteries (2014). Hot and Cold pressurized water. Full mainsail traveler. Nicro fresh air solar fan. Diesel fuel gauge and ammeter. Ritchie bulkhead compass. S.S. propane 2 burner stove w/ warming oven. Stand up shower. P&S stainless steel Heller lights (Special). S.S. Throat Saddle. Teak and Wainscoting hinged cabin doors. S.S. CQR anchor and 150' rode with chain. Mack Stack Pack sail cover w/ lazy jacks. 4 line clutches. New custom cockpit cushions (full length). Hobbs hour meter for engine. Life preservers 6-8. Painted wood grained painted- Mast, gaff, boom. Bottom blasted and 4 coats Interlux moisture barrier. 5 Brownell jack stands. Many additional items. \$29,900. Located Staten Island N.Y. Owner: Richard Tullo 1 718 356-0016. Cell 718 689-0563 E-Mail oldhudson@aol.com



172-3. FOR SALE: 1975 Marshall Sanderling 18' Catboat. Comes with custom fitted Load-rite heavy duty trailer. Bottom in terrific condition painted with ablative bottom paint. Also has 2000 Johnson outboard long shaft motor. Comes with porti potti, anchor rode and good standing rigging. Also has factory installed mast hinged tabernacle, Easy up and down for trailering. Like all older Marshalls this boat needs attention to soft spots on the cockpit sole and bench work. Boat located on the central Florida Gulf coast. \$7200 for boat, motor and trailer. Call Bill at 352-397-8760 or email wsloan908@gmail.com. Will deliver within reasonable distance



172-5. 1978 Legnos Mystic 20 - Excellent condition located in South Florida. Yanmar diesel, updated electrical system with 12vdc panel, Awlgrip finish inside and out, fresh varnish. Hardly used Mack sail (2012), Sunbrella cushions covers, etc. \$16,000. Call 722-486-3100



172-7. 1974 Sanderling 18' Marshall Marine Catboat 18' length, 8'6" beam, 22" draw board up - 48" down. A VERY stable boat designed for shallow choppy waters. Single handles well. Stored on lift last 15 years. Fiberglass hull, deck, floors, bulkhead. Completely restored in 2006, faired, gelcoated, decks redone, all new finishes, cockpit redesigned with enclosed storage under seating with deck hatch accesses in lieu of open benches. Floors and bulkhead reconstructed using fiberglass coated foam core boards using honeycomb subfloor configuration. Cabin finished with gelcoat, headliner, many upgrades including cabin courtesy lighting. Wiring redone and new fuse/breaker box installed. Equipment includes a 2014 Suzuki 6 HP 4-stroke outboard with internal 1 ltr tank and external tank connection. 100 hour reconditioning performed spring 2016. Has two 16" danforth type anchors one has 10' chain and 100' line. Portable gas tanks (2 @ 1 ga, 1 @ 3 Ga) Sail has two reef point lines with jiffy reefing each end of boom; sail is in usable condition, no holes; equipped with several telltales and lazy jacks. Sail cover and deck cover. New 2006. Seat cushions in cabin (v-berth will sleep 2 tall people) 4" foam with cloth covering and mesh underside; cockpit cushions similar, 3" thick, blue to match sail cover. Has removable porta-potty. Table straddles centerboard trunk in cabin. Cockpit has two transom drains with expansion plugs. Sliding cabin cover. Teak trim and cabin louver doors. Two-wheel trailer with custom bunks, in good condition, roadworthy. Tires 3 years old. Location: Cape Coral FL. Sale on "as-is, where-is" basis. will entertain offers. Suggested price \$9500. Contact owner at 239-257-5157 or email johnsilver309@gmail.com



172-8. 2003 Menger 15 "Tomcat". 15' LOA, 7' beam, 7" draft board up 3'6" board down. Tanbark sail, aluminum spars, custom cockpit cushions, 4 Hp 4 cycle Mercury outboard, 2 wheel trailer. Registered and licensed in Texas, located in Rockport, Texas. A fast fun little catboat built to the inspiration of racing sandbaggers, very shoal draft making exploration and beaching easy. \$9000 firm. Contact jameskunc@aol.com



172-10. 1965 Marshall 18' Sanderling. WINNING SANDERLING #25. Owner retiring at age 94. Trophy shows 12 year unbroken wins. Looking for buyer, preferably for racing. Includes reefing Quantum racing sail, 6hp Evenrude motor, anchor, new sail cover, Petit hard bottom paint, porta potty, lunch table (fits over centerboard trunk). \$9,500. Located Red Bank, NJ. Santo Pezzutti 973 865-5313 SPezzutti@verizon.net



172-11. 1973 Marshall Sanderling 18' catboat. Reluctantly offering for sale. Re-powered in 2007 with Yanmar 1G in great condition and serviced annually. Boat recently refurbished including- All wood stripped, sealed and varnished; Cabin and cockpit repainted with 2 part epoxy; New 'sound-down' soundproofing of engine box; All new halyards, sheets and Harken blocks; New 'toast' Sunbrella cockpit and cabin cushions with matching custom Sunbrella mooring tent. New Marshall tabernacle mast in 2014. New 2013 Load Rite Elite trailer in excellent condition. Extras include stern/rudder steps; custom rudder crutch; stainless cabin ventilation cowls; Harken trim system and more. Boat is in Ogdensburg, NY near the 1000 Islands. REDUCED to \$12,500 OBO. (315) 323-0777 nate.howell@gmail.com



172-12. For Sale: 1982 Clark Mills SunCat CATS AWEIGH from the same molds as Com-Pac SunCat. Marconi rig with hinged mast, sail area 165 sq. ft., 20' LOA, 15' LWL Beam 8' Draft 2'. Rare special keel model (no center board to mess with or repair) with rare OEM bowsprit and small roller furling jib, only a few made. Mast height above water: approx. 28'. Boom length: 14' 6". Spent the past 2½ years in total rehab. Here is your opportunity to



own a classic cabin SunCat. An excellent day sailor and weekender in good condition. Simple to sail yet robust and rugged in its design and construction, this boat is still being manufactured by Com-Pac today, nearly 40 years after its initial design by Clark Mills. Hull spray painted and deck rolled/brushed. New tinted Lexan portlights. New batteries, new battery switch, new custom circuit panel, new navigation, anchor and steaming lights. New automatic bilge pump, new Guppy (Whale) manual bilge pump (accessible from cockpit). Raymarine ST1000 Tiller Pilot. Recent standing rigging, new running rigging, all teak recently oiled, new bottom paint. Bronze through-hulls, Danforth anchors fore and aft. Still a couple of small jobs to be done (caulking teak trim at boom crutch trim and caulking original teak handrails, if I don't finish these jobs, I will provide allowance) Qualifies for Florida Antique Vessel Registration of \$6. Trailer has never been in the water. Appropriate vintage 2.5 HP Nissan Outboard Motor with recent work. Original, but serviceable sails. I am only the 2nd owner of this unique and rare vessel. Located Port St. Lucie, FL will consider delivery for expenses. If you ever wanted a SunCat here is a historic original for ¼ of the new price and less than ½ of the used price. More than \$6,000 spent on restoration (Have Receipts and Pix). NOT A PROJECT BOAT, READY TO SAIL TODAY! Tow vehicle is available. \$7,000 OBRO Contact: jim.roberts@r2uti.com

172-14. FOR SALE "Spirit of Liberty" - 1982 Atlantic City 24' (the most spacious modern catboat built) 11' beam, 2' draw, 6'2" head room. 18hp Yanmar diesel. Always yard maintained. Luxurious bright work. Bowsprit. Beautiful spoke wheel. Mahogany interior, hanging locker, 3 bunks. Teak and holly sole. Marine head in separate forward cabin with door. New sail and lines. Autopilot. Two anchors, dock lines, fenders, and more. Full dodger. Cockpit tent, cockpit cover, sail cover. NEW: Holding tank, fuel tank, VHF Radio, Compass, Bilge pump, centerboard (strengthened 2016/17) Galley: 2 burner alcohol stove. 25 gallons fresh water. Three batteries. 12-volt outlet. AM/FM disk player, 2 speakers in cabin - 2 speakers in cockpit. Transducer for speed, temp, depth. Rudder strengthened w stainless steel plates. Interior and cockpit cushions. Centerboard hidden in a trunk out of cabin. Cockpit folding table. The ideal coastal cruiser and party boat. A steal at \$19,500. Selling owner: Klaus D. Vogt, Martha's Vineyard, MA (914) 633-3200; email: kdvogt@me.com



172-15. 1972 Herreshoff America Cat Boat 18' Black Cat is a pretty boat and well maintained. 2016 Tohatsu 6 hp 4 stroke- used this summer only - 4 hours. Like new Sea Lion trailer . life jackets, danforth anchor and rode. marine stereo, speakers, new vhf. led mast light, porta potti. All wood trim Cetol treated. Crisp flag sail- North Sails. mainsail cover and winter boat cover. \$12,500 capecodmarlene@comcast.net 508-566-6139



172-16. 1988 Marshall 22 Sloop. Offered by original owner, recently reconditioned by Marshall Marine in 2013. Powered by Yanmar 2GM diesel, rebuilt by Mack Boring with less than 40 hrs. Sails reconditioned, jib and main sail covers are new . Equipped with automatic bilge pump, 2 new batteries, Uniden vhf, Raymarine Bidata depth finder, auxiliary 12 volt receptacles, sound system speakers, Richie compass and LED interior lighting. CQR anchor on bowsprit. Lots of teak with Cetol finish. bronze rub rails and hardware, cockpit grates, cushions for cockpit and interior bunks and porta potty. Extra mahogany accents in cabin, small galley with sink, cutting board, fold-up table, chart drawer. Also rudder step. Boat has been covered every winter. Located on Long Beach Island, NJ. \$22,500 Call: TOM FOSTER 609-618-5503



172-17. 1973 Nowak & Williams 18' HERRESHOFF AMERICA This classic gaff rigged sailboat features solid fiberglass construction with ample mahogany & teak trim (cabin doors, coamings, rails, trim, etc.). Primarily used for cruising, she features a cozy cabin w/two 6' berths, SS sink, stove, PP and storage. Spacious cockpit with wrap around teak seating that also covers O/B well in stern (preserves timeless profile and eliminates fouled mainsheet). Full cockpit cushions and cover, sail cover and extra sail. All the usual catboat equipment plus many extras including tabernacle mast, anchor bowsprit and custom canvass berth covers. Well found, yard maintained. Price includes 2014 6hp, 4-cycle O/B and single axle Load Rite trailer. DUNLIN is located on Long Beach Island, NJ. Marina has slip available for 2017. \$7,500 Contact Justin at baxterbroker@aol.com for add'l. info and photos.



172-18. HA18 Ketch conversion. Herreshoff America 18 converted to an open Ketch. 258 sf of sail, bimini, sleeps 2 inside, new main and mizzen 2016. \$9,990. 917-848-2383 jeangmicle@gmail.com



172-19. HA18 Schooner conversion. Herreshoff America converted to an open schooner. 258 sf of sail, all sails 2016 Brookhaven, NY \$9,990. 917-848-2383 jeangmiele@gmail.com



172-21. WANTED: Tabernacle Mast for Marshall 18' Sanderling. Call Dave Hasbargen 713 466-9061 or email notadev@yahoo.com

172-22. 1978 18' Marshall Sanderling White hull with beige non-skid tip. Very good condition. Hull compounded and waxed and bottom sanded and anti-fouling paint annually. Teak sanded and cetol applied several years ago. New centerboard. Sail cover and winter cover included. Cabin and outside cushions in very good condition and stored at residence. Seven year old motor is a Yamaha, four stroke, 6 hp. Sail in good condition. Located in Brick Township, NJ. Asking \$8,000. Contact Alice Stumpf at 732 232-3068 or stumpfra@comcast.net

172-23. For Sale: Sea Song a 1987 Menger 17. Trailer in excellent condition with new tires and bearings. Yanmar 9 h.p. inboard in very good condition, the head was rebuilt, new fuel injector, fuel pump and all fuel and water lines replaced. The cabin interior was repainted, cushions recovered and cabin sole replaced. Tabernacle mast with new running rigging and lazyjacks. Includes a bimini. Sail is original in good condition. Comes with swim ladder, porta potti and many extras. Trailer sailed in fresh water last 5 years. Located near Toledo Ohio. Asking \$9,500. Contact Pat Nicely at 419-330-9699 after 6. Or email at iffenwhen.nicely@gmail.com



172-24. Menger Cat 23, hull #13, first registered 2007; FELICITY was purchased 2009, continually add-ing features. Always winterized, spars stepped, bottom painted, bright work recoated and hull polished, stored/covered on trailer.



Length 22'6"; beam 10'; draft 2'6"/5'6"; mast 34'; sail 435 sq. ft.; dry 6500 lbs; 18 hp Yanmar freshwater-cooled diesel, 12 gal. fuel, 55 gal. water, 6 gal. hot water (pressurized); waste 22 gal.; 30 amp shore power. Electrical system 3-110v plus 14-12v circuits, 4-position battery switch. Batteries charging: solar panel, alternator, 110v on-demand charger. Cabin has 6'2" STANDING HEADROOM. Berths for two plus optional third with vented storage below, cabinets behind, pin-railed shelf above. Cabin has opening port, 12v fan, 10" hatch, solar vent, removable/hinged

companionway doors; heated by engine via forced-air hy-dronic unit or 110v ceramic heater. Galley: recessed 2-burner stove, deep S/S sink, 110v or 12v refrigerator/freezer, folding table, drawers and cabinets. Enclosed head w/full headroom within fiberglass / Formica "container" with sump pump; sink, hand-held shower, comfort-height toilet, opening port, storage shelf, towel bars, hooks, mirror. Instruments: clock, barometer, hand-held VHF and Fusion AM/ FM/ VHF/ Satellite stereo, Ritchie compass, ST60+ Tridata depth, speed, time, ST60+ wind speed/wind data; CPN700i multimedia chartplotter. Running rigging and jiffy-reefing lines feed through Harken blocks and clutches to cockpit; mainsheet traveler. Second sail (80%), adjustable lazy jacks, sail cover, mast-mounted pig stick. Plow anchor on teak bow-sprit w/roller, hawser pipe, rope/chain locker, capstan winch, fluke anchor in lazarette. Self-bailing cockpit, seats with angled coamings, deep water-tight lockers under; raised lazarette/ helmsman seat; shower, ice chest/table. Wheel steering; ST-3000 autopilot, chart-plotter pedestal. Boom gallows. Cockpit boom tent w/clear side/forward curtains. Includes all cushions, fend-ers, dock lines, anchoring lines, shore power cords, water hose, flag, stern steps, rudder pintle stick. Custom tandem-axle TRIAD trailer for highway travel and off-season storage with shock absorber, hydraulic brakes, 3 jacks, adj. poppet pads and mast support. Asking \$58,000 complete. Located Duxbury, MA. Delivery within 100 miles. R. Loring (781) 943-2713 or email duxbay2@comcast.net

172-25. 1985 Atlantic City 24. GERALDINE is a twenty-four foot Atlantic Cat Boat by Mark-O Custom Boat. Built in 1985 in Sea Bright, NJ, with a 2001 Yanmar 2GM020 18 HP engine, all of her canvases, cushions and dodger have been recently replaced and are in beautiful condition just waiting to be enjoyed on a summertime excursion.



The cabin offers space and coziness rarely found on a sail boat of this size, with ceilings at 6'2" the feel is airy, open and able to sleep six. A very rare offering with the current owner spending over \$20,000 recently on a small refit at the Hodgdon Yard in Boothbay Harbor, Maine; records of work done are available upon request. GERALDINE offers ease of handling with just one sail, and has a wide beam for stability and comfortable accommodations usually found in a larger vessel. Presently equipped for near coastal navigation, GERALDINE's woodwork has been well maintained over the years as is evident by her attractive exterior trim and interior painted surfaces. Asking \$28,500. Located in Rockland, Maine, contact Bill Morong at Yachting Solutions, cell 207-720-0477, office 207-236-8100; email bill@yachtingsolutions.com

172-26. 2002 Marshall 18' Sanderling "Blue Skies" Hull #767. Classic, fast, and sweet-sailing cat boat. Excellent condition. One-owner; yard-maintained. Fiberglass hull with teak trim and aluminum spars; custom teak on cabin bulkhead & centerboard trunk; Quantum Dacron sail; all standing and running rigging; 2001 Johnson 6hp 2-stroke motor, yard-maintained; transom-mounted motor bracket; 10lb Danforth anchor with chain and rode; 500 lbs. lead ballast; Horizon VHF radio with mast antenna, cockpit extension; 12V marine battery to power radio & running lights; three 3-gallon fuel tanks; cushions for cabin v-berth and cockpit bench seats, like-new condition; porta-potti; Kidde dry chemical fire extinguisher; fenders and dock lines. \$25,000. hgabriel@androncc.com Harold Gabriel 914-755-2494



172-27. For Sale: 2014 Com-Pac Horizon Catboat. This catboat is 20' in length, has two bunks below decks, a galley and a head with a porta-potty up forward with a privacy curtain. She also has a 5 horsepower Lehr outboard propane engine, a beige sail cover and bimini, a transom boarding/swimming ladder, two large cockpit lockers, a bulkhead mounted compass, and a dining table. The butane stove is mounted on the counter extension. There are also two sinks with hand pumps, one in the galley and the other in the head. A 10-gal water tank has a deck fill. There are many other features in this nearly new, barely used cruising cat. She is trailerable, quick, responsive, and fun to sail. I lost my husband and skipper a few months ago and can't handle this boat alone. Asking 25,000. Contact Betsy at (203) 417-4847 or by email, bwvarian@me.com.



172-28. WANTED: Tabernacle mast or just hardware for 18" Herreshoff America Cat. Call or email Dave: 610-217-1199 or danthony17@msn.com

172-29. Tango is a 1980 Marshall 22 Sloop that is in very good condition. Her engine has been rebuilt 2016, New complete wiring 2015, New Dodger 2016, Universal Diesel, 3 Blade Propeller, Teak Wheel, Orig. Running Lights, VHF Radio w/ Antenna in mast, Harken Blocks through out, Teak Grating in Cockpit, Wheel and Sail covers, Cockpit Cushions, Marine Head, 2-Burner Alcohol Stove, Interior Trim in Teak. Located Rhode Island. \$19,500. Larry Walsh walsh.architect@gmail.com (401) 784-8200



172-30. FOR SALE: 1982 MARSHALL MARINE 18' SANDERLING updated & yard-maintained, in near-mint condition. Here's why: It has a new Awlgrip Forest Green hull, white boot-stripe & beige decking with a trailer-ready "Tabernacle" hinged-mast & comes with Highland double-axel trailer, a new Quantum cruising sail, a Colie Dacron Racing Sail & a Sobstad cruising sail. Rigging includes Lazy Jacks, new Garhauer Marine blocks & Harken self-tailing ratchet winch. She has a distinguished racing record as GYPSY on Chesapeake Bay & Penobscot Bay & later as WILD DOVE at largest annual catboat gatherings on East Coast. Equipped with yard-maintained 2008 Tohatsu 9.8 HP 4-stroke electric-start outboard with mounted hydraulic motor bracket, a Gel Deep Cycle Marine Battery (1 charge/year), running lights, a VHF Marine Radio, a Garmin GPS, a 2013 Ritchie 4" bulkhead compass & cover. Custom sail-cover, custom cockpit rain-cover, bronze steps on rudder and transom, detachable custom stainless steel ladder with transom mounted ladder brackets, Danforth anchor & chain, 75 pound mooring & chain. Cabin has 3" foam berth cushions, shelves installed over double berths, Teak drop leaf centerboard trunk table with the house-end of centerboard in Teak & an extra Bow-Eye porthole. Cockpit has foam seat cushions & Marlinspiked ash tiller. New Cetol 4-coat finish on Boom Crutch, Teak Rub Rails, Coaming Cup, Cabin Hand Rails & Louvered Companionway Doors. Bottom has fresh double-coat of red anti-fouling paint. Well cared for by her only two owners & "Dry Sailed" for 76% of her life. Make us proud & continue the tradition. Maintenance records available. Priced reasonably for all extras at \$19,900. Located Orleans, MA (508) 255-5636 thedjcapehouse@comcast.net



172-31. 1945 Beetlecat hardware for sale. Over \$1,100 from factory. Located ME. \$525. Harold Nilsson. hnilsson@myfairpoint.net 207-737-4870



172-32. For Sale: 1983 Marshall Sanderling 18' catboat with Inboard engine and trailer. Well maintained in good condition. Fiberglass white hull, tan fiberglass deck, white topsides and red bottom paint. Tiller steering and centerboard trunk. Cutty cabin with 2 bunks. Teak handrails and trim, bronze cleats. Aluminum mast, boom and gaff. New sail made in 2011 in good condition with



3 sets of reefing points, 2 sets of reef lines, lazy jacks and new tan sail cover. Bunk and cockpits blue cushions, teak rudder stick, porta potty, anchor, 2 dock lines, boat hook, 4 fenders, 3 Type II life jackets and 2 self-inflatable life jackets. Hand held radio, Running lights, 4" Danforth compass and Datamarine S200DL Depth sounder. 1983 Yanmar 8-HP inboard diesel engine, maintained by boat yard mechanic annually, with battery and 10-gal. plastic portable tank. Aluminum Lady Bea trailer with 4 wheels and travel lights. Located in Mattapoisett, Massachusetts. Reduced Asking Price \$ 15,600. Call Christophe Henry at 978 413 5664 or email at cmhenry60@gmail.com

172-33. Reduced. 21' Fenwick Williams Catboat ROSEBUD, custom-built in Harwichport, MA, 1964. Winner "Best Sailboat" Salem Antique and Classic Boat Festival in 2009 and 2014. Cedar on oak. Teak decks, cabin sole, engine box and trim. Huge comfortable bunks, rare octagonal bronze opening ports. Rewired stem to stern 2012. Twin marine deep cell batteries 2013. Solar panel. VHF, Garmin depthfinder. Twin 800 gph bilge pumps, manual gusher. Mast, spars sitka spruce. Oceanus vertical cut sail new 2012. "Posh" three-strand running rigging and sail lashings for a classic touch. Heavy bronze fittings throughout. Wood/bronze blocks. Oak mast hoops. Original Volvo MD2 rebuilt in 2011, runs exc. Spare transmission and engine parts. New centerboard 2004. Danforth-type anchors including a Fortress lunch hook, 300ft. anchor rode. Must be seen. Located Salisbury, MA. Contact Jim 978-270-5495, or email jim@renegadestudios.com \$22,000



172-34. Herreshoff America centerboards available, We are in the process of finishing a new batch of HA18 centerboards, 1/2" steel with 3/16" stainless insert for the pennant attachment. We don't make a lot of money on these, so to cover costs we are asking \$950. These are finished, clean edges, ready for whatever coating



you want to apply. I just sold three and will have 2 more finished soon. I am located on Long Island, NY and would prefer you to pick up. I am an avid Herreshoff America owner doing this more as a hobby than a business. spudsailor@aol.com

172-35. 2004 Menger 19 is in New Boat Condition - new unused tan bark sail & cover - hinged mast tabernacle - custom winter and trailer cover - new custom trailer - 12 V electrical system - never slept on - stored inside for last 6 years - teak all done bright - She is defacto a new boat at 1/3 the price - I acquired her last year for many years of great catboat sailing, but alas, a health condition forces sale... davidshineman@gmail.com 410 263-5737 - \$20,000



172-36. FOR SALE: 2007 19' cat-schooner BRILLIG, 7' beam, William Garden Design #130 plywood hull with fiberglass sheathing and teak trim throughout, Dynel deck, 300# fin keel, lead trimming ballast, double berth, hanging locker, sink with pump, wood burning stove, alcohol cooking stove, electric navigation lights, bucket & chuckit, Farymann 7HP diesel (hand or electric start; less than 100 hours on the engine), Sestrel box compass, 15# anchor. Foresail, mainsail and fisherman staysail like new. Fast and handsome. She is presently hauled out in Barnstable, Cape Cod. She has been repainted inside and out and looks spiffy. REDUCED even more. Asking \$9,750. Phone 508-362-3760 or email hickman31@verizon.net. William B. Hickman.
Also, new 6'-8" x 3'-8" Murray Peterson dinghy available for \$1500.



172-37. 2004 - 18' Sanderling Daysailer. Blue sail cover, cockpit cover, and seat cushions in very good condition. Racing mainsail with see thru panel. Stern bracket with T1003 Torqueedo electric outboard. Buff aluminum spars, All britework stripped in 2014 with four coats Cetol, re-coated annually-excellent condition. excellent 2013 Loader trailer built for boat hull. New braided halyards and mainsheet in 2016. Boat comes with 4 life jackets, 2 toss cushions, danforth anchor and rode, new battery in 2015. A fun and comfortable daysailer for the whole family. Located in Mystic, CT. - \$22,000. (860) 536-3244 roccorod@tvconnect.net



172-38. 1981 Marshall Sanderling, Hull# 492, Located in Charleston, SC This Sanderling is in Swell shape. She's a new addition to the Lowcountry. A fine member of the fleet, Skimmer comes with traditional tanbark sail, 4HP Yamaha four stroke outboard. and tandem axle trailer upgraded with new wheel bearings and bunks. Nice interior, original hull and deck gelcoat in very good condition. Priced to sell at \$12,500. Email Nelson at nelsonohl@icloud.com for information.



172-39. Wanted: Companionway doors to fit 31" x 41" opening. Prefer louvered. Off size is OK if they can be cut down or enlarged a little. Please send photograph, condition and price or call Leif Eriksson. Thanks for your help. (252) 671-9495 hsgleif@aol.com

172-40. Anna Leah, A Beautiful 1982 Herreshoff America 18' Catboat for sale. Manufactured by Nowak and Williams in 1982. Well maintained. Lots of teak and brass. 15hp Inboard 2-stroke runs great. Recent bottom paint and topside well cared for with recent paint. Maintained each year. Includes two sails, one with American Flag. Lazy jacks, Porta Potti, Cabin Lights, Front opening port, Bunk Cushions, Bow Sprit, Drop Leaf Teak table, Sink, Solar Powered Cabin Fan, Anchor Deck Pipe. Great for racing, fishing and just for pleasure. A very stable sail and ready to sail now. This classic beauty always gets lots of positive comments. The Anna Leah comes with a newer Venture trailer set up for the boat. Asking \$8500. Located on Long Island Sound in Stamford CT. Email kpwguitar@gmail.com for more photos Ken 203-329-0042



172-41. 1981 Legnos Mystic 20, "Rumbucket", Hull #50, 2nd from last one built. She has all the improvements made by LBI over Mystic 20 production run. Yanmar IGM runs like it should. Inline Racor fuel filter, newer shaft from coupler back including cutlass bearing, three bladed cupped prop. Refinished wooden spars. Original 282 Mainsail with many years left (long storage). Needs new sail cover. Bowsprit with Lewmar Delta anchor & chain. Cockpit cushions, Cabin cushions and woodwork below in good condition. Depth sounder works good. Many recent improvements including: Hull, cockpit & decks stripped back to bare gel-coat, three coats of West System epoxy applied with Barrier Additive, followed by AwlGrip primers & AwlGrip topside paint. New items: Running rigging; Main-sheet blocks (inline doubles); Free standing



fore deck block (spring type); Double sheave type cabin-top fair leads (leading back to cockpit); Jam cleats. Engine thoroughly cleaned and painted with genuine Yanmar paint. Engine hatch fitted with Mylar backed "Sound down" noise reducing insulation. Stop cable replaced. Impeller & engine block zinc replaced. New 110-volt, bulkhead mounted, 12-volt battery charger installed. More New items installed: Rule bilge pump and float switch; 12-volt battery; 8 breaker 12-volt electrical panel; Bulkhead mounted compass on Strb side of main entry doors; Flexible 17-gallon water tank; 12-volt water pressure pump, plumbed to water tank & deck shower; Marine deck shower, hose & shower wand in cockpit. Single axle Manning trailer in good condition. Comes with the usual assortment of equipment that make her a sail-away catboat. REDUCED to \$15,000. Marco Island, Florida. Contact Toby captfletcher@hotmail.com 850-238-2264

172-42. FOR SALE: 1986 22" Sloop-rigged Marshall Catboat "Vol-au-Vent". Very light use, excellent condition, and professionally maintained, including inside winter storage. Traditional fiberglass white hull, green bottom, red stripe, buff decks and teak soundproof engine cover, hatch, louvered doors, centerboard trunk drop-leaf table, drawers and trim around seats. A beautiful head-turning boat with toast dodgers and sail covers. A roller-furling jib. Three berths with new berth and cockpit cushions that are toast with white piping. 20 hp Yanmar diesel engine, double battery with control panel. Self-contained head, fully insulated ice box, electric bilge pump, self-bailing cockpit. Ritchie 4 1/2" compass, radio, fathometer, auto pilot. Aluminum fuel tank and stainless steel water tank. Two anchors (1 Danforth), sink, stove. The boat is fully equipped and ready to sail now. There are too many extras to list here, but an inventory can be supplied, if interested. Comes with T 6" fiberglass dinghy with oars. Asking \$35,000, located in Duxbury, MA. Please contact Francois or Anne Poulet at: (617) 227-6979, cell: (917) 903-5197 or e-mail: annepoulet@yahoo.com



- 172-43. Items for sale:
1. aluminum mast 25.5 ft x 5"
 2. 250 sq ft sail
 3. boom
 4. gaff
 5. fiberglass rudder and tiller

All from a Cape Cod Shipbuilding boat #674. I believe they are identical to the eqpt I had on a Herreshoff America 18 footer. I am 82 yrs old and no longer sail. I thought these might be of some help to one or more members. Theodore R. Lange. Please contact me at your convenience at: Cell - 772-332-8374 email me: trlange34@icloud.com

172-44. 1974 Marshall 18 Pinecone, a very clean 1974 Marshall 18 sets on her mooring in Barnstable Harbor waiting for a new owner who has time to sail her. Price reduced \$7,500. Mooring can be shared for the upcoming season and possibly beyond. Call Dean Coe or text 508-648-2303. blue sail boot, cabin cushions and cockpit cushions. 2013 5 HP, 4 stroke Tohatsu motor. Dean@deancoe.com



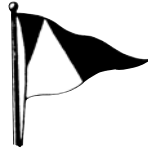
172-45. Rare 1915 Crosby 25' catboat in good condition for her age. Extensive repairs in 2006. Shortly thereafter used as a touring/day sail vessel until 2012 when we purchased and transported it to New Iberia, Louisiana. Fuel: Diesel; Hull Material: Wood - White Oak; Beam: 10 ft.; Draft Board/Drive Up: 3 ft. board up and 6 ft. board down. Engine Make: Westerbeke; Length Overall: 25 ft. The Silence Dogood is a classic wooden sailing and lobster fishing vessel. Classically gaff rigged, wooden from bow to stern, and fitted with many traditional features. Sail is included. Built by the Crosby Boatyard in Osterville, MA. We re-caulked, re-painted the hull and upgraded the Westerbeke engine in 2012 shortly after purchase. We have enjoyed the Silence as a recreational vessel along the bayous of Louisiana since 2012. Please note: The original craftsmanship of this catboat has been preserved. In 2005/2006 overall work by former owners included new mast partners, deck beams and foredeck, fully re-fastened under the waterline with silicon-bronze fasteners, half floors around centerboard trunk, 2 full floor timbers, housing around rudder post through hull, two 750gph bilge pumps (one port, one starboard), one 1500gph auxiliary pump, two house batteries, one starting battery; solar charging. 40hp Westerbeke diesel engine, starter, alternator, and fresh water pump. Original Edson steering gear, mahogany wheel. The boat is in good condition. It has leaks in hull seams which need re-caulking but has otherwise been maintained. This is a local pick up only. Sale price does not include transportation of vessel to buyer's location. Buyer is responsible for transporting catboat from New Iberia, Louisiana to their desired destination. Price: \$11,500. Please email: hjschel@bellsouth.net Or call: (337) 365-7258 for questions.



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

Item	Color	Size	Qty.	Price	Total
NEW!! Fleece Blanket - Navy				\$20.00	
NEW!! Silk Scarf – Navy with burgee & catboat pattern				\$25.00	
T Shirt - Grey S, M, L, XL, XXL				\$17.00	
Staff Shirt - Navy, S, M, L, XL, XXL, Specify Original Logo or Burgee only				\$30.00	
Baseball Cap - Color Choices Below*				\$16.00	
Bucket Hat – Stone, 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	
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 – Classic (16 oz) or Traveler (16 oz with Lid)				\$12/\$14	
Mug				\$10.00	

Stone, Stone/Blue, Nautical Red, Periwinkle, Pale Pink, Lime Green, Baby Blue (Please Specify Original Logo or Burgee only)

Total \$ _____

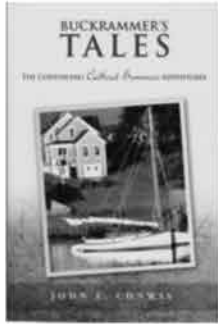
<i>Name</i>
<i>Address</i>
<i>City, State, Zip</i>
<i>Phone</i>

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, 17 Ocean View Avenue, 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



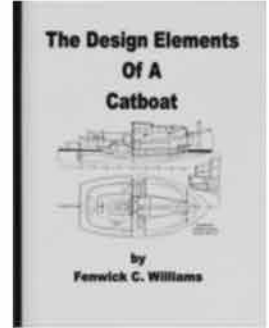
Buckrammer's Tales
by John E. Conway
\$19.95



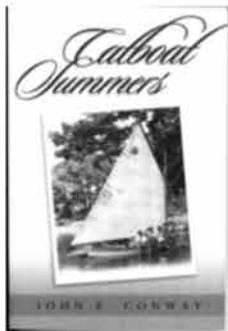
"The Catboat and How to Sail Her"
edited by John H. Leavens
\$10.00



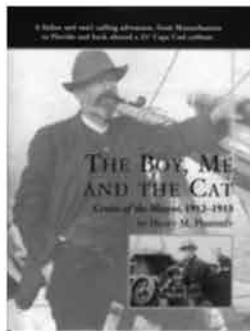
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\$19.95



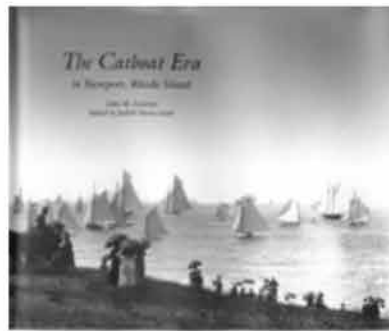
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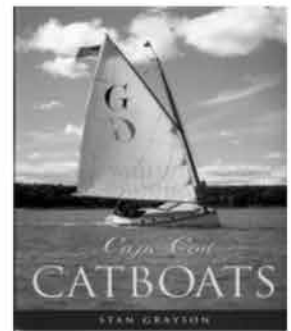
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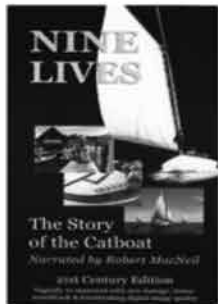
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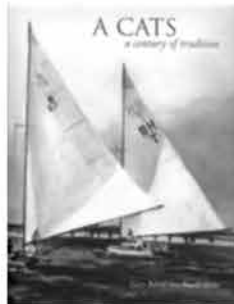
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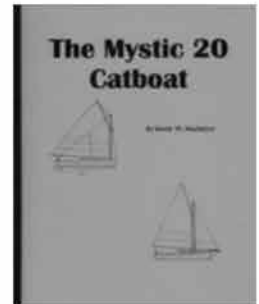
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by David W. MacIntyre
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ON THE BACK COVER

The sailing community lost a dear friend earlier this winter. Bob Reddington passed over the bar. Catboat Association illustrator Frank S. Lovewell has put together a drawing of what Bad Bob might look like today. He is still sailing. We think Bob is aboard and at the helm of King Neptune's catboat *Salacia*. The King is learning a lot as they cross Barnegat Bay. See page 4 for the story.

