

Catboat Association Bulletin



No. 173



Spring 2017

ON THE COVER

The cover photo is a photograph of the 86-year-old catboat *Edwina B.*, of Edgartown, MA. The historic lighthouse in the background is Edgartown Light.

The photograph was taken by Jim O'Connor, an extraordinary catboat photographer. He took this picture in September of last year (2016).

The captain of *Edwina B.* is Mark Alan Lovewell, editor of the Catboat Bulletin.

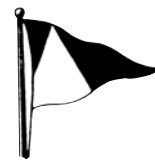
This was not an easy photograph. Jim put his wife Kim at the helm of their catboat *Glimmer*, while he kept clicking the shutter. The two catboats crisscrossed the outer harbor like dancers in a hall.

The best photograph of the bunch is the cover shot of this year's Catboat Calendar. This second shot too is pretty special.

There are two stories in this issue about *Edwina B.*, for she has been repowered with an electric motor. See page six for more.

Catboat Association

www.catboats.org



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Spring 2017

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THE CATBOAT ASSOCIATION BULLETIN

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

Published three times annually by the Catboat Association, Inc., 262 Forest Street, Needham, MA 02492-1326. Entered as pre-sorted, third class mail at main post office, Providence, RI: February 15, May 15, and November 15 - Copyright 2017, all rights reserved.

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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!

Calling All Catboat Kids... Jump Aboard!

The Catboat Bulletin and friends are looking for young sailors to write stories and share pictures of their adventures on the water this summer. We are sure some of you out there would like to become a writer and not necessarily for a homework assignment. It wouldn't be graded and there won't be any red correction marks on it! So how about coming up with your own article or poem that we can publish in the Bulletin? Hey, wouldn't that be cool?

Think about what you enjoy about catboats. Is it racing, cruising or when you have the mainsheet in your hand and you became Captain of the ship? What do you like most about catboating? It could be anything because it's your idea. Did you do anything last summer that involved sailing a catboat that sort of just stood out because it was fun? Tell us about it from your perspective; we want you to share your story. So, how about it? Let's see what ya got outside of those electronic devices and tweets!!!

Send your story or poem to the lead Editor of the Bulletin.

Membership Survey

The Catboat Association seeks your input on a number of membership related topics. Here is a chance for you to weigh-in on matters concerning the present and future of the Catboat Association. You will receive an email with a link to the survey soon after this Bulletin arrives in your mailbox. If you don't have an active email account, we can provide you with another method to respond. Please let us know at either survey2017@catboats.org or via regular mail. Write: Survey 2017, c/o Tim Lund, 262 Forest Street, Needham, MA 02492-1326



It Shouldn't Happen Again

This spring issue of the Catboat Bulletin comes to you late. It is one of the most important issues of the year, because it is supposed to be an opener for the sailing season.. I offer you sincere apologies for missing our deadline. The simple excuse is that your lead editor, me, got overwhelmed with the details of full-time jobs, family and redoing my house which includes plenty of discomfort. This delay wasn't supposed to happen and it did. We'd like to reach out again to our friends to get some more top-notch editors aboard. We need help in making sure that this volunteer effort doesn't hit a log jam again. And for me personally, I thank my catboat friends who work hard, very hard to help me keep my chin up.

Mark Alan Lovewell



Letters to the Editor

Thank you

To the Editors:

What a total surprise to be honored with the John Killam Murphy Award at this past annual meeting. I will say that out of all the associations, clubs, societies and organizations that I am a member, the Catboat Association is the absolute best!

I am completely honored to be associated with the membership of this great organization.

Very best regards,
John Agne

Remembering Robert L. Reddington

I love colorful people; those special folks you can't not-notice or forget.

Among the most memorable of Catboat Association characters, I've had the pleasure to know, was Bob Reddington. To many he was known simply as "Bad Bob." He was genuine. Bob was a waterman, a sailor who loved the catboat and would do anything he could to help out a fellow catboat sailor. His decades of service to our Association is well documented and recognized.

Bad Bob was a self-appointed watch dog for the association, a man who was never shy to make certain the organization remained true to the original charter. Bad Bob held a steady hand on the CBA's leadership wheel. He enjoyed telling stories of its formation and its earliest of years.

In the early 1960's many of the wood catboats were in poor shape. Most of the boats had already been lost and an era was coming to an end. Fiberglass had just become the material of choice. Catboat owners came together to share restoration ideas, document catboat history by way of the Bulletin and to hold race rendezvous. Mystic Seaport, another non-profit with a similar mission statement and aspirations, served as a base of operations where the first annual meetings were held. Isn't it good to know that after all these years we both not only survived but are well and strong as ever?

Some of you know that my 24-foot wooden Crosby catboat *Genevieve*, is in fact Bad Bob's beloved *Do Me*. He owned *Do Me* from 1970 to 1987. His vanity license plate was DO ME, and his wife's was

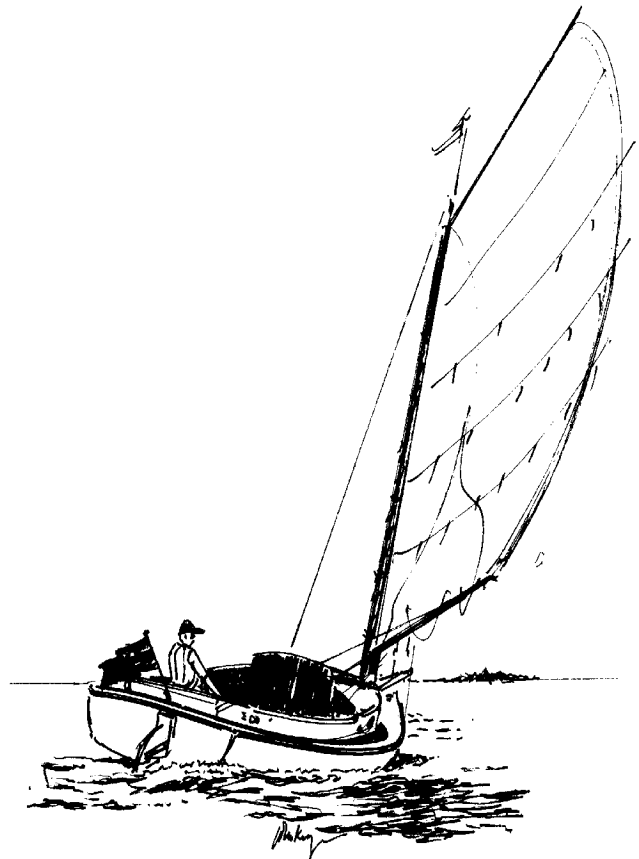
DO ME 2! It may be surprising for you to learn that Bob was not responsible for naming the boat. It was F.O. Charles DeWalt (1962-1967).

DeWalt wrote: "Her name came up when my wife asked me what I wanted a boat like her for. I kept saying she would Do-Me."

Bob was always happy to accept an invite to sail onboard *Genevieve*. He smiled ear to ear when he was at her helm. Think of him the next time you see me in *Genevieve* and smile.

We owe our organization's success to the many kind, dedicated folks like Bob Reddington who gave to us so much. Bob survives in and with all of us.

Fair tides old friend.
Bob Luckraft



Over the Bar

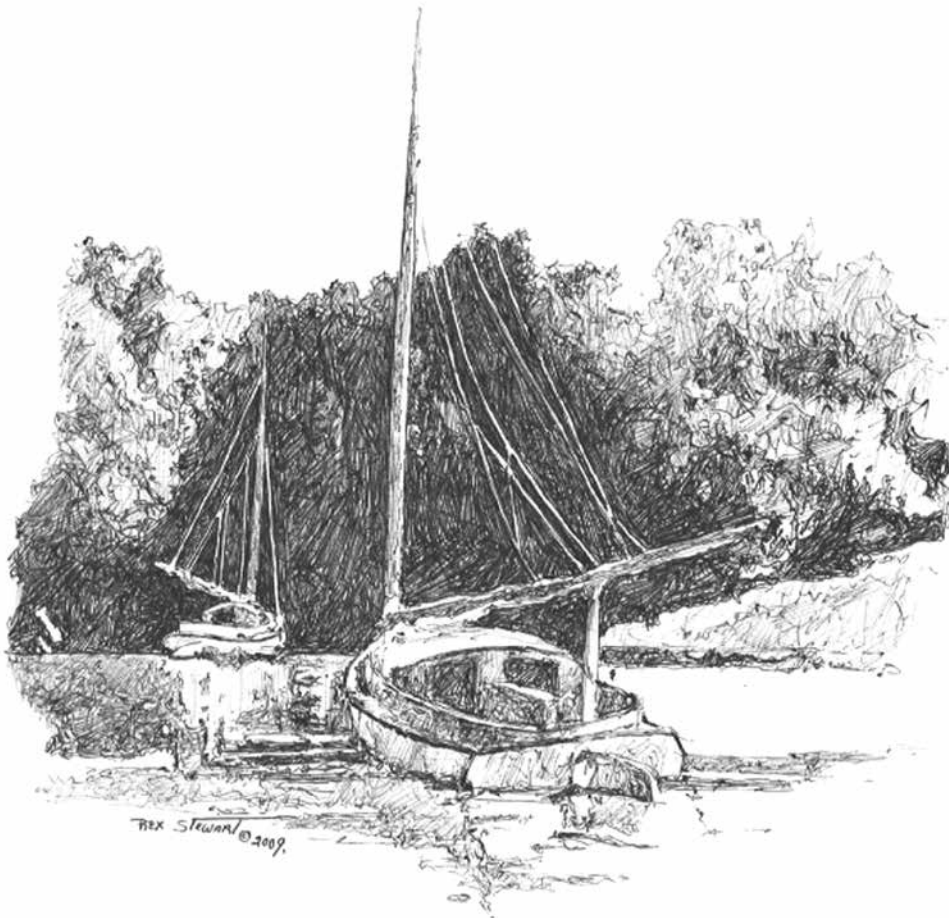


Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell

Jon Agne.

Word has reached us at press time that we've lost two wonderful members of the association. They are **Delores Cole**, wife of Wayne, of South Dartmouth, MA and **Jon Agne**, of Brunswick, ME.

Jon is this year's recipient of the John Killam Murphy Award. Minutes after receiving the award, at this year's annual meeting, with a pen in his hand, he wrote a letter which we share in the letters to the editor column. Jon passed on Sunday, May 21. He was 58 years old. Jon sailed a wooden catboat named *Surprise*.



Edwina B.

As written by Peter Brewer, son of the first owner; with help by George Griswold II



Photo by Jim O'Connor

Edwina B. in Edgartown.



Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell

For many summers Boatner and Wendy Reily used to host catboat gatherings at their home in Green Hollow, Edgartown.



Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell

At home in Edgartown.



Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell

Author, Peter Brewer with his son Clark.

Edgartown, MA – In the beginning was the 22-foot catboat *Squab*, built 1930-1931 by Manuel Swartz Roberts, known for his cats. Roberts built over 200 catboats, intended for honest Island work, and for the pleasures of Martha's Vineyard summer visitors.

Oscar Pease recalled in 1974 she had been ordered originally for an Edgartown summer resident named Frederic Foster Carey, but was bought off-Island and later spent much time in Woods Hole harbor. Others report Carey's Uncle William Dinsmore had some part in the order.

Squab was refused by the Edgartown man. Roberts put her up for sale.

John (Jack) Howie Brewer of Quincy, MA, bought her in 1931 when was age 32. He was my father and he based her in Hingham Harbor and cruised and sailed her with great delight in Massachusetts Bay for the next six years. Brewer was a vice president and general manager for Storrs and Bement Co., of Boston, a wholesale paper house.

My father described her as "the most catboat that one man could sail, carefully and well." It was during the depression and my father loved to hoist sail and sit next to the wheel and sail out of Hingham Harbor.... and leave all his worries behind.

Squab had a four-cylinder Grey engine for power. My father served in World War I as a teenager,

learning to fly the rickety U.S. planes, and continued a good many years later in the Army Reserves. With big a big war looming in Europe, he rightly knew the US was sure to get in and that he'd be recalled to Air Corps duty as a retreat. He sold *Squab* in 1937 for \$1,050 to Prince Sears Crowell, then 34, whose family had long had summer ties in Woods Hole. Crowell was already a fierce racing competitor with his 18-foot Knockabout, *Imp*.

My father, like so many other owners, wished later that he had not sold her. He mustered out of Air Corps service in the summer of 1946, after 4 ½ years of war. One of his first interests was to drive to Woods Hole and try and find her. She was tied up at the Falmouth town dock, next to the National Marine Fisheries Service.

In the time that my father had been away, Crowell had changed the name of *Squab* to *Gnome*. She became very much the family catboat. They sailed the Cape and Islands waters for nearly a quarter a century.

A hurricane damaged *Gnome* and Crowell sold her in 1961 to John and Edith Bruce of Woods Hole, who spent the next two years rebuilding her.

The Bruce family retained the name *Gnome* and he sold her in 1963 to Bartley Dunbar, an able sailor originally from Chatham, where his father, Spaulding Dunbar, was a noted marine architect and boat builder who had owned two catboats over the years.

Bart Dunbar renamed the catboat *Sea Urchin*. He was in the Navy at the time, assigned as executive officer on a minesweeper based near Sandy Hook. He sailed *Sea Urchin* on weekends gradually down to his Jersey shore base. He tied the catboat alongside the minesweeper and pulled out the four-cylinder Grey.

Bart rebuilt the now-middle-aged workhorse Grey engine and began to enjoy the catboat, noting that single handling her required all his attention without a lot of time to grab a sandwich or other necessities.

Bart was married to Kit Tobin, a skilled sailor. She grew up in her family home in Vineyard Haven, a town on Martha's Vineyard. Bart remembered that one of their very best wedding presents, from one of his Dad's good friends, was a big bundle of sailcloth, enough to build a new sail for *Sea Urchin*.

Then the Navy transferred him to the Naval Academy teaching staff in Annapolis. Bart and Kit reported for duty, sailing in aboard *Sea Urchin*.

Kit Tobin told me one the most memorable times of her life was sailing *Sea Urchin* into Annapolis

Harbor in early evening. She said they picked up a mooring pointed out by the Academy's sailing master, and I believe she said that officer was her brother, Toby Tobin, another gifted Island sailor in the Navy.

A few days after their arrival, Kit said she and Bart were summoned to the office of the Academy Commandant, who greeted them with a grim face. The Commandant said, in the strong voice commandants are known to employ: "It has come to my attention that you have moored a sailing vessel on my mooring." He was silent briefly to allow the two to begin perspiring. He went on "This seems to me to be a most interesting sail type. Do you think it possible that I might take her for a sail?"

Bart and Kit agreed readily that it was not only possible, but a welcome idea that the commandant should have the pleasure of sailing *Sea Urchin*.

Bart and Kit began to think of cruising sail a bit more generous in size and in December 1965 sold *Sea Urchin* to an Annapolis broker who had a strong request from New Orleans for a worthy Cape Cod catboat. The Dunbars acquired a somewhat larger John Alden design sailboat.

As an aside, it is worth noting: Bart and Kit left the Navy later, and began casting about for a new interest. The Navy had decided to pull most of its mammoth operation out of Newport, R.I., leaving much of its waterfront docks and buildings woefully worn and shabby. The Dunbars bought a rundown dock section called Bowden's Wharf. They worked like stevedores to rebuild, restore, remake and revitalize that section into a waterfront jewel, an astonishingly successful attraction for visitors and residents that endures today.

The request to the Annapolis broker came from George Frierson, a New Orleans dealer in marine engines who had helped a friend sail the generous, sturdy Crosby catboat *Tang* to New Orleans from Connecticut. The broker carefully put *Sea Urchin* on a truck and she was hauled to New Orleans.

Frierson grew up sailing and racing Biloxi cats, working in Mississippi waters going back to the 19th century. He enjoyed *Sea Urchin* through the 1960s, but his heart yearned for *Tang*. When his friend allowed, he might part with *Tang*, Frierson bought her. The catboat already had a nearly new engine and Frierson had her 40-year-old hull fiberglassed. Meantime, another good sailing friend, New Orleans businessman, George (everyone called him Jack) Griswold, said he would like *Sea Urchin*.

Griswold wanted to sail her off his winter home at Boca Grande, FL. He bought her in 1969 and renamed her *Edwina B.* for his wife Edwina Bramhall.

Griswold sailed her with great pleasure in Florida waters. In 1976 artist, Wellington Ward, painted a picture of her under sail, Griswold at the wheel, on a close reach. The painting is a celebrated marine painting, earning much praise.

Griswold termed *Edwina B.* "My pride and joy." He said she still had her original mahogany cabin doors. And he carefully measured her dimensions: the length 21' 2" and beam 9' 5 1/2".

Griswold died in 1984 and his son George brought the boat back to New Orleans. She was kept on the Mississippi Gulf coast until 1987 when she was shipped back to Martha's Vineyard to be rebuilt to be shared by the extended Griswold family.

They hauled her to Erford Burt's yard in Tisbury near Lagoon Pond. The restoration job was done by Alba Briggs. He worked a year and a half to

rebuild her into a virtually new catboat with a hard-composite hull. George Griswold Jr. said that she virtually has two hulls.

Wendy Reily, George Griswold's daughter, and her husband, Boatner, both of New Orleans, had a summer home at Green Hollow in Edgartown Harbor. They sailed *Edwina B.* summers with enthusiasm.

Edwina B. became a celebrated catboat in Edgartown waters. The Reily family shared in the fellowship of catboating, being very active in the Catboat Association and for many years hosting the Edgartown Catboat Rendezvous. Boatner's grandson Will was at the wheel when she won the Catboat Association wooden boat race off Edgartown in 2002.

To further her care and see that she keeps sailing, in late 2010, George Griswold, Boatner and Wendy Reily donated *Edwina B.* to the Martha's Vineyard Preservation Trust.

Edwina B. Goes Electric

Mark Alan Lovewell

There are many great stories of old catboats that defy all the odds. They survive storms, out maneuver bad luck and somehow keep away from the nasty afflictions of rot. Few old cats outlive all the vagaries and challenges ahead.

What is amazing for us is that the 22-foot catboat *Edwina B.* of Martha's Vineyard has had more than her share of catboat challenges. She has cruised more life than most captains, We think of her as a very lucky lady.

Last summer *Edwina B.* received a brand new electric motor, which replaced a tired old Palmer gasoline engine. The new motor gives her a whole new life in a bustling harbor that requires plenty of maneuvering, even before we raise sail.

The 85-year-old catboat belongs to the Martha's Vineyard Preservation Trust and she has defied the challenges of her sisters and brothers. Of the more than 200 catboats that Manuel Swartz Roberts built more than 50 years ago, *Edwina B.* is only one of six that still sails. Life has not been easy, except for the love of many caring owners.

She has sunk more than once, has endured more than one hurricane. Like so many wooden boats, she has been tormented by all the vagaries that go with wood. And not like most of her New England colleagues, she lived for a time and sailed the waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the waters of the Chesapeake.

She is a beautiful catboat, with plenty of brightwork. She is a day sailboat, with no accommodations below deck for overnighting. And for many many years she graced the waters of Edgartown, usually loaded with a couple of anxious happy sailors.

Six years ago she was donated to the Martha's Vineyard Preservation Trust by long-time catboat enthusiasts and Catboat Association members Boatner and Wendy Reily and Wendy's brother George Griswold II.

Edwina B. is a fixture to the Edgartown waterfront, along with those who sailed her. For many years, Boatner and Wendy hosted the summer Edgartown catboat rendezvous. They shared their



Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell

On the hard and ready for launching; this 85-year-old gal is fitted with a new electric motor and a three-blade propeller.



Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell

Bo Reily, son of Boatner and Wendy Reily, with his uncle George Griswold go sailing last summer and get a taste of the new motor.



Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell

Left to right Gene Leonard who installed the motor and Martha's Vineyard Shipyard president Phil Hale.



Photo by Nis Kildgaard.

Author and captain of Edwina B.

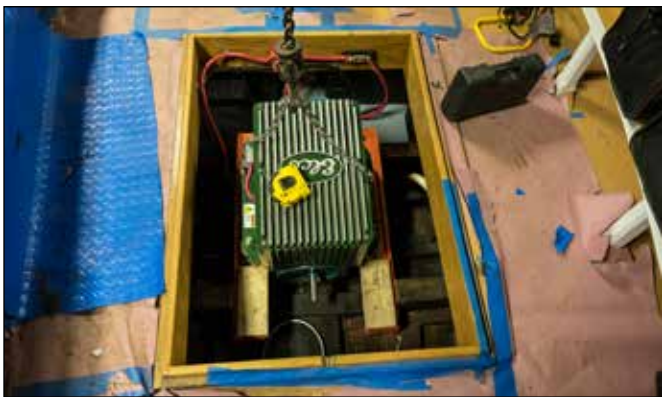


Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell

Elco Motor in her bed.

home beach and dock at Green Hollow, a spot down harbor near Katama Bay. Their home is just out of the way of the hustle and bustle of the busier central harbor.

Among so many of the elder Catboat Association membership, it is hard to find anyone who does not remember those gala summer gatherings; and yes, *Edwina B.* was a big part of the good looking cats in

attendance. Even more bizarre, Peter Brewer, one of the most respected of Catboat Association members, knew the boat when he was a kid. His father was *Edwina B.*'s first owner. (See the attached story written by Peter with the help of George Griswold.)

When word got around that *Edwina B.* had new owners, there was a sigh of relief and welcome on the waterfront. The Martha's Vineyard Preservation Trust owns a lot of the island's historic landmark buildings, from the Flying Horses, the oldest carousel, in Oak Bluffs, to the Edgartown Whaling church. The trust takes care of their properties, often transitioning them to be more vibrant and as active as ever, while also looking spritely and friendly.

Under the Preservation Trust's friendly umbrella, *Edwina B.*, the old lady, would be taken care of. For reasons that still escape my thinking, I was asked to be her captain. *Edwina B.* is a complete joy to sail.

Like all of the Preservation Trust properties, *Edwina B.* shares a piece of the island's history. Catboats are a big part of the maritime lore, for not only Edgartown but the surrounding waterfront community. That is no surprise, for the Martha's Vineyard Museum has another historic catboat,

Vanity, which belonged to Catboat Association member Oscar Pease. *Vanity* was a working catboat. *Edwina B.* has always been a pleasure craft, though these two boats share the same lines and work of its builder, Manuel Swartz Roberts.

Edwina B. came to the Trust in super condition, having been maintained well by the Reily and Griswald families. Having sailed the previous summer and every summer before, she was immaculate. Still, a wish list arose pretty quickly and through the help of the trust's donors and the *Edwina B.* family, she received a new sail and last summer a new electric motor.

The decision to go from that old tired Palmer inboard engine to electric was an evolution over several summers and a number of people wanting her to be okay.

Edwina B. is berthed next to the historic Memorial Wharf in Edgartown. She is tied between a spile and a dock, next to the Preservation Trust's other property, the Norton Boathouse. It is a public place with a lot of foot and boat traffic.

Edwina B.'s berth, her home, is a storied place, the core of the harbor's history. So many visitors and friends of Edgartown come down to the dock looking for the town's connection to its past. They find it looking at the old cat and the Norton Boathouse. The Norton Boathouse is another Preservation Trust property, with a history that goes back to the days of local fishermen owning shacks on the waterfront to stow their gear.

Edwina B. is within 500 feet of where she was built, the site of Manuel Swartz Robert's boatbuilding shop, today called the Old Sculpin Gallery, another of the Preservation Trust prized possessions. Her home is a far more congested location than the mooring at Green Hollow.

With her new location being a challenge for that old temperamental engine, conversations began in earnest on what the options were for repowering her.

Some talked about putting a diesel in her. Others spoke of rebuilding the old Palmer engine. But it was a late summer casual conversation between Chris Scott, executive director of the Preservation Trust and Bo Reily (Boatner's son) that pointed everyone's thoughts towards an electric motor. Reily thought it was worth investigating.

In the winter, 2015-2016, the work began at Martha's Vineyard Shipyard in Vineyard Haven, her home in the winter.

An Elco 1200 electric motor was selected. While there were modifications to be made to the old cat,

you'd be hard placed to find that the transition altered her look. Gene Leonard, who had worked on *Edwina B.* as her mechanic, for many more years than he remembers, was charged with making the transition. A cabinet maker, John Thayer, of Vineyard Haven, made the hidden wood alterations. He built a flat wood platform just below the cockpit sole, forward near the centerboard for the easy storage of three 150-pound batteries.

Leonard discovered *Edwina B.* was far more ready for the new age than expected. The heavy marine batteries weighed about the same as the lead ballast that was removed. Lead for lead, the new lead held electricity.

While the electrified vessel went in the water in early summer of 2016, it wasn't until mid-summer that *Edwina B.* was fitted perfectly with her new motor.

The only other significant change was that her old two blade propeller, was replaced by a new three-blade propeller that matched the power of the new motor.

At full speed, *Edwina B.* reaches just about hull speed. And with her new power source, she is far more capable of handling the current and traffic that flows by Memorial Wharf, and far more spritely about negotiating the boat congestion in the area.

She has enough battery reserve to operate six hours at full speed, which is far more than we ever need for a day of sailing.

Charging her batteries is easier than filling the gas tank with gasoline and far less odorous. Charging her batteries with shoreside power takes but a few hours, far less time than it takes to charge a cell phone overnight.

Edwina B. is an amazing craft and she has an amazing history. I offer one wish to the reader. Enjoy your sailboat and keep track of her story. You not only have the joy of knowing it, you give it to future owners down the road.

When I sail *Edwina B.* across Edgartown waters I not only enjoy the moment, I also get to enjoy the presence of her many previous owners and friends.

An old catboat is no different than a historic house in a historic neighborhood. With depth, we get to relive our community's many stories.

Edwina B. is a special lady and her gifts to our local waterfront are beyond measure. I know. When I take charge of her wheel and go sailing, I see smiles and waving hands from so many of her new and old friends.



Catboat Catboat Catboat

Dave Clark



Cat Nap Beating a Rhodes 19

The editor of the Catboat Association Bulletin said if I use the word catboat three times in a piece for the bulletin, he would publish it. Like the characters in the movie Beetlejuice, the editor is stuck with the following tome much like Beetlejuice was stuck with the other living dead until his name is repeated three times.

Rather than writing about sailing on the *Hollyhock*, a 175-foot Coast Guard buoy tender facing Cuban gunboats as a junior officer in the Coast Guard, I will tell the story of my catboat. There, I used the word catboat seven times now including this sentence.

I sail a Minuteman catboat that I named *Cat Nap*. I could have named the boat Rodney Dangerfield because the Minuteman gets no respect.



Buoy Tender *USCGC Hollyhock*.

Although, I consider myself a catboat person, the Minuteman doesn't conform to the classic lines of the catboats of legend. For one thing, it doesn't have a barn door rudder. I'm not sure why anyone would use a barn door as a rudder unless you were stuck for a rudder, lived on a farm and had an extra door to your barn that you weren't using. Seems like a lot of trouble to go to for a rudder that acts as a brake when you pull on your tiller but it's hard to argue with traditionalists.

In addition to having a narrow rudder, the Minuteman's kick-up rudder will swing up if you find yourself in water where your rudder has become a de facto depth finder and the depth to the sea floor it found is not sufficient for the rudder to pass over. My rudder can also be considered a spade rudder although somewhat larger than a spade rudder on a sloop.

True to Rodney Dangerfield form, the centerboard also doesn't make traditionalists' eyes water with memories of the many times they banged their shins on their centerboard trunks that formed a formidable barrier in the center of their traditional catboat. The centerboard on the Minuteman also swings up with a pull on one line next to the two inch high centerboard trunk. The board easily pivots up when despite your superb seamanship you find you have found a depth too shallow to pass over with the centerboard down.

The other thing traditionalists seem to like in a small catboat is bailing out the cockpit after a strong rainstorm has blown their tent aside. John Fox, the architect of the Minuteman decided that he did not want to bail out a small catboat so he made the Minuteman self-bailing. This was heresy to the traditionalists.

To traditionalists, the name Halsey Herreshoff is only spoken in hushed tones with great reverence. His Herreshoff America catboat was outfitted with a sail that had a thirteen star flag built into it. I think Squadron Yachts who built the first Minutemen (or is it Minutemans?)

saw an opportunity to confuse catboat folks who still think my Minuteman was designed by Halsey since Squadron also produced the Herreshoff America, Herreshoff Eagle, and the Herreshoff Scout.

When I bought my Minuteman, it was because I wanted my kids to sail with me. When I got Ben and Jenny out on my first sailboat, they would clutch the mast and scream, "We're all going to die!" whenever the little sloop heeled over.

The little sloop was called a *Surprise*, and it produced plenty of surprises, but the cockpit was small and we could bail it out fairly quickly. The *Surprise* appropriately had a large red exclamation point on the sail.

I decided that to get the kids on a sailboat with me without lashing them to one of the spars, I had to get a boat that was more stable, so I started looking at catboats. Oh, and I also needed to find a boat I could afford and found that traditional lines in a catboat come with a price tag.

My search for a cat took me to Cape Cod where I knew there were cats. As Tony Davis's bumper stickers say "I found my cat at Arey's Pond." Tony, the owner of the boatyard, directed me to a boat in my price range that was being sold by a retired ophthalmologist who lived on the other side of the pond. I had never heard of a Minuteman but, the price included a dinghy with oars, a small Yamaha outboard and the boat was on a trailer.



I learned a few things when getting acquainted with the vessel that would periodically suck money out of my wallet. The first lesson my back learned was the boat was not as light as my little sloop when I tried to move the trailer. The weight difference

between the boats was about 450 lbs. plus the weight of the rust encrusted trailer easily added another 100 lbs.

Although the boats were both 15 feet long, the *Surprise* had a beam of 5 feet vs. the Minuteman with a beam of 6½ feet. I learned that a beam of 6½ feet was really narrow by traditional catboat standards. If I had a real catboat the beam would be over 7 feet, but I thought the Minuteman's beam provided the stability necessary to keep my kids from screaming about their lives being in peril. Although my kids were both great swimmers, the extra beam of *Cat Nap* did not quell their fear of being dumped into whatever body of water we were sailing on.

I named my little boat *Cat Nap* to give the kids the impression that the boat was a gentle, calm, and safe-sailing craft. Unfortunately our kids didn't buy my ruse, although they kept me confused by their love of rollercoaster rides.



Fortunately, when I towed the boat back to our home in New Hampshire it was raining cats and dogs which cooled down the wheel on the trailer where one of the bearings had seized.

Although our kids still didn't want to sail with me, I found my new passion in racing on a lake near our home in New Hampshire. I also found that I had a big advantage racing a catboat against a variety of small sloops in that my handicap allowed me to finish a race a half an hour after the leader and still win.

Now *Cat Nap* is back on Cape Cod, and I am racing against other catboats with better handicaps than mine. I'm trying to adjust to not having an unfair advantage and not getting respect from the traditionalists. But life is good... our daughter sailed with me last summer.

P.S. My Minuteman was built by Nauset Marine in 1985 and was one of the last they built since the only future on the Cape was in selling "real" catboats. If you want to resurrect "A New Breed of Cat," I saw the molds for the boat were advertised: Minuteman 15' Catboat molds Hull, Liner, Deck, Cuddy and Floor molds \$3,800 OBO.

Dave Clark lives in West Dennis, Massachusetts.



Minuteman Hull Mold.

Destination Lake Erie

Blair Gillette

After cruising the Finger Lakes and Lake Ontario, an itch had developed to sail further west. The plan was to drop *The Great Pumpkin* (19 ft. Menger) in "Clinton's Big Ditch" (the Erie Canal) and head to Lake Erie via the Niagara River. This would be a solo trip with hopes to avoid canal walls, small craft advisories, and Niagara Falls.

On September 12, I drove to the Arrowhead Golf Club with catboat in tow, where they have a small canal-side marina and boat launch. Their \$5.00 parking fee for the week was outrageous. I challenged the attendant to pay \$5.00 per day, but he laughed and said I would just have to deal with their \$5.00 weekly fee. The *Pumpkin* was launched without issue. Her mast would remain on the crutch until Lake Erie.

Heading west to Brockport, the Yanmar was running comfortably at 2000 rpm generating 4.5 knots against a near .5 knot canal current. At 1710 hours I radioed the Brockport lift bridge operator without reply. I checked the canal schedule and discovered they closed at 1700. Note to self – canal hours change in September. There was a low wall with cleats on the east side of the bridge providing a quiet spot for the night with a short walk to town.

The next morning I hailed the bridge operator at 0700 hours. He was confused with my location and sudden appearance. Bridge operators normally pass along canal traffic info to the next bridge. Since I dropped in late the prior day, I wasn't yet on their logs. As an aside, the lift bridge operators are the best – a friendly bunch, always looking to help with local

knowledge, offer helpful warnings, and typically have the bridge bells ringing on approach. The Brockport operator hopped in his car and drove to the Park Ave. Bridge and I was soon underway; two bridges down, 11 to go until Lockport.

When single-handling, essential break times require precautions while underway, particularly when navigating canals. One option, stop in the middle of the canal. The problem here tends to be currents and windage. Both send you anywhere but the middle of the canal. The new heading tends to be a wall! Another option is to lower speed on a straight away, and engage the autopilot. This works well except when passing under power lines, which on the *Pumpkin* triggers tiller mania, a compass condition with urges to auto steer into the nearest bridge!

I arrived around 1400 hours in Medina – 25 miles for the day. I found a spot along the town wall that provided good shade, along with loads of seed husks. I took a quick walk around town and met a local fellow Bob on my return. He was catching some sun in his motorized chair. Bob was gracious in offering a bit of history including stories of the nearby sandstone quarries that supplied the region in times past. I declined Bob’s offer for a beer given prior plans to attend to the stuffing box and needed adjustments. After returning from dinner, the tug *Syracuse* had docked for the night, to resume her travel east in the morning.

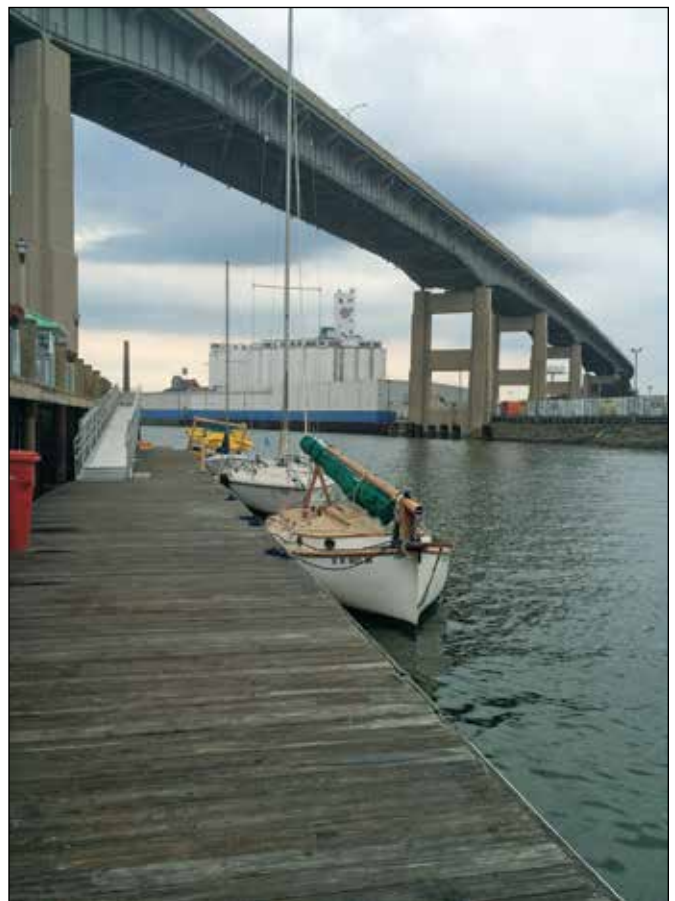


Canalside Diner.

The next day started around 0800 hours with good weather. Traveled through several historic canal towns including Middleport and Gasport, the latter named in 1826 for flammable coal gas rising

from a spring. After 17 miles, Lockport appeared and the operator was hailed and the locks were made ready. In 1825, Lockport was originally a series of 5 locks. In 1914 they were rebuilt in the current two flight series with 24.5 ft. rise per lock. With a boat hook firmly holding a hanging cable, it was a fun ride up through the locks to the last section of the canal before meeting up with the Niagara River. The next 7 miles were a manmade 30 ft. “deep cut” through rock, which had the feel of small canyon. (Note: stories of blasting this section and other canal stories are found in an interesting book by Jack Kelly “Heavens’ Ditch - God, Gold, and Murder on the Erie Canal”).

I arrived in Tonawanda, the final stop on the Erie Canal, around 1400 hours to tie up for the night. While it was only another 13 miles to Lake Erie, there would be a stiff current on the Niagara River and it was best to stop for the day. Tonawanda reflected an urban landscape including restaurants and pubs along the canal. There was a comfortable spot on the south side with floating docks and well kept boater facilities nearby.



Canalside Tonawanda.

The next day started with an exit from the canal, heading southbound on the Niagara River. A 1.5 knot current slowed progress to around 3.5 knots. Other than border patrol boats, the river was quiet on mild September weekday. As the river narrowed, speed continued to drop, averaging 2 knots at 2,100 rpm, and sometimes less. The next stop would be the Black Rock Canal along the east side of the river. The canal is the only sane way for a small craft to navigate this section of the river where currents and rapids run close to 5 knots. Once through the canal, it was another 4 miles to Lake Erie. Arrived at 1300 hours and docked at “Canalside Buffalo”. The mast was raised for a return to the lake and a late afternoon sail with a NW 8 to 10 knot breeze. After trudging up the river, it was a welcomed change of pace to be under sail on the lake.

I tied up for the night at “Canalside Buffalo”, with no other boats sharing the dock. The next morning provided a pleasant surprise with a new neighbor docked at my stern. The *US Brig Niagara* had arrived from Erie Pennsylvania during the night to stay in Buffalo a few days for tours.

After breakfast, I departed Canalside harbor for another sail on the lake. It was a warm day with clear skies and winds blowing 8 to 10 knots. After hoisting sail, there was an unwelcomed snap and whoosh of the boom - the shackle on the main sheet block had shed its pin to the great lake. After a bit of flailing and some maneuvering, the boom was fixed to her crutch. I motored back to the harbor and soon learned there were no facilities nearby with parts. A bit desperate to follow the *US Brig Niagara* out to sail, a new shackle pin was jury-rigged using a screw and cotter pin – certified for light winds only.

I proceeded to the lake and hoisted sail. I motor sailed to catch up with the *Niagara*. It was a terrific day, being on the great lake, and having the opportunity to watch a historic tall ship under sail, firing one of her 32-pound carronades. I soon learned that the *U.S. Brig Niagara* is a 1988 replica of the relief flagship of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry serving during the war of 1812. Original timbers from her 1913 and 1938 reconstruction were used in her latest incarnation.



U.S. Brig Niagara - Tonnage rules!

The following day brought rain and wind advisories to the lake, and a perfect opportunity to bum around Buffalo and the Canalside Park. Canalside had ongoing events and a Navy/Military park that included *USS Littlerock* and *USS Croaker* – plenty here to explore. At the end of the day, the mast came down with sails covered and rigging tied off for the trip back down the canal.

The next morning, a break in the weather enabled an escape from the harbor. Once on the Niagara River, her currents helped generate between 6.5 and 7.5 knots and added some distance from storms moving in on Buffalo. I was soon on the Erie Canal. After 34 miles, arrived at Middleport for the night. A delay for tour boats at the Lockport locks circumvented a more typical 40 mile day.

The last day was a comfortable sun filled trip through the canal and lift bridges. Arrived back at Arrowhead with time left to load the trailer and talk with a few golfers who stopped by asking about the boat. It was a terrific 8 day adventure. September provided good weather and little boat traffic. As the new season approaches, hopeful next stops include the Thousand Islands, the Hudson River and Lake Champlain via the Champlain canal.



Dave Calder, Membership Secretary

Eric Peterson



Dave Calder.

Ever wonder who opens your membership dues envelope or who handles online dues payments? Well, fellow sailor, Dave Calder is the man behind the scenes who gets buried in hundreds of pieces of mail every Winter.

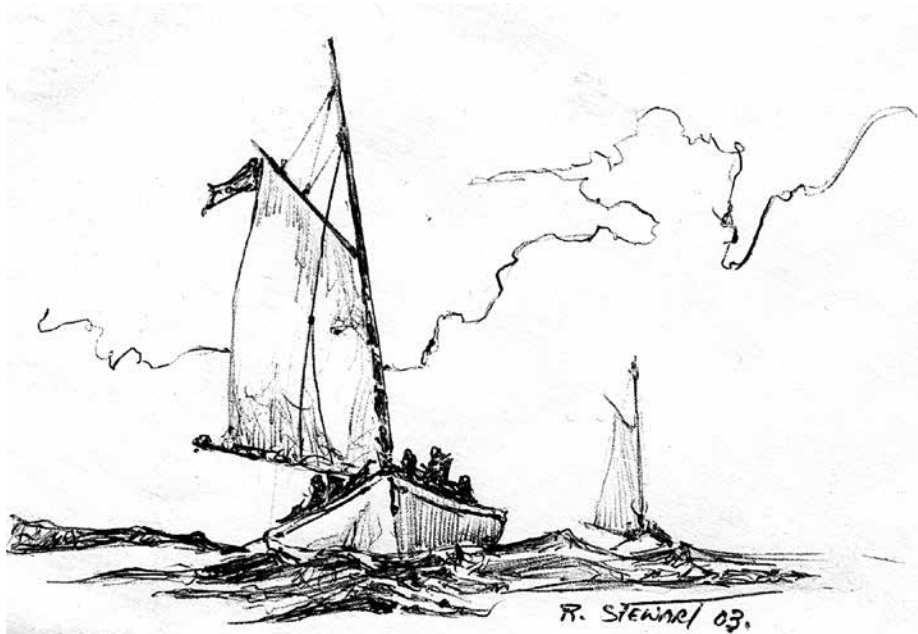
Dave is a lifelong sailor who owned a lovely Marshall 22 named *Snow Goose* when I first met him almost 25 years ago. He has been a familiar face at the Padanaram rendezvous over the years always

arriving by boat from his homeport of Robbins Island, MA, which is north of Boston.

His home is a three-day sail away. Dave later owned a Nonsuch named *Southpaw* and he took great pride in her. She was perfectly equipped by Dave for his needs. In more recent years, Dave has been cruising to Buzzards Bay and beyond with another old time catboat, Jerry Jodice, who owns the beautiful Fenwick Williams 25, *Mamie* (later named *Gannett*).

Dave is a great guy, always upbeat and always willing to roll up his sleeves and get through the mountain of dues envelopes he faces every year. Would you like to make things a bit easier on Dave? You can do this by renewing your membership online.

Yes, this can require some patience retrieving passwords and navigating the Catboat Association website for the first time. But going online gets easier all the time as our tireless band of volunteers continue to tweak the website. Their goal is to make life easier for all. Thank you Dave for all of years of service to the Catboat Association! Your hard work is greatly appreciated!



Painting a Cat

Jim Grenier

Not all kids are lucky enough to be born into a family with a catboat, or have relatives or kind neighbors that have one. Some of us had to come into catboating sideways. Sometimes you simply have to find a way to wriggle into your own luck. Looking back on how I became a catboat kid, I now see I did a lot of wriggling.

I got my first real job and five whole dollars from falling asleep at the dinner table.

Normally, I wasn't noticed that much at dinner. Dad would be staring off into space thinking about work, fishing, or his dogs; Mom was busy feeding my baby brother Donny or chasing after my four-year-old brother Tom; and my eleven-year-old brother Mike would be rambling on about dinosaurs no one had ever heard of. But I guess my sleeping at supper with my ear dipped into the mashed potatoes finally caught some notice. Mom and Dad carried me up to my bedroom asking me if I felt okay. Yeah. Fine. Let me sleep.

It was the autumn of 1960, I was eight years old I wanted a particular model boat so bad I decided to try and make some money and buy one myself. It cost \$5.89. In my family, kids weren't brought up to expect to be given anything other than the roof over their head; breakfasts, lunches, and dinners; and chores. My allowance was 25¢ a week and I was expected to keep my room, backyard and thoughts clean. I also wiped dishes every other night.

Mike was in a similar situation: he swapped dish nights with me; had to keep his room clean; sometimes mowed the backyard; raked when leaves dropped, and shoveled when the snow arrived. But it was now only April, so he swept the sidewalk out front, and fed the dogs (and their puppies until they were sold or given away.) For this he got a princely 50¢ a week.

Most afternoons Mike would be off with his friend Plunk on their bikes doing newspaper deliveries. Plunk cut him in on the profits, sometimes as much as \$2.00 a week! One day Mike told me that if I did his house chores he'd give me his 50¢ allowance. A jump from 25¢ to 75¢ a week meant in eight weeks I could buy that model boat! I'd also have to give up some afternoon TV shows to get everything

done, but I'd do almost anything for that boat. It was advertised on TV! I bragged to my friends, and anyone who would listen that I was going to buy it with my own money.

So I began doing Mike's chores. It was hard doing everything. I wore myself out so much I fell asleep at the supper table on Friday, which you already know. My mother, certain I had some rare fatal disease, rang up the doctor who came to check on me the next morning. This was back in the days when doctors would actually come to your house.

Dr. Johnson took my temperature, looked in my ears, shined my eyes, listened to my chest through an ice-cold stethoscope, and I don't remember the other stuff. Finally, he simply asked me why I was so tired; why did I fall asleep at supper? I told him about the model boat, doing Mike's chores, and how I needed to earn money.

Dr. Johnson looked around my room, and noticed the dozen or so sailboat drawings I had taped up on the walls. He asked me if I liked boats. "Especially catboats," I said. The doctor paused then said he had an idea for me.

"Ever painted anything?" he asked. "Not like painting a picture, but like a real boat or a fence or chair?"

"I painted the seats in the pram my Dad and Pèpère made."

"Yes, I've seen that boat. It's a beauty." (It was actually fairly homely; he was lying.)

Dr. Johnson rubbed his chin, looked around my room and said, "I have a boat. A catboat. Your favorite, as you say. I need the seats painted before I launch it in a couple of weeks. Do you think you could do that?"

"Probably, but I don't have a paintbrush," I said.

"Well, I can get you a brush, paint and anything else you need. Let's ask your folks if you can start today."

I couldn't believe my luck: a real grown-up doctor was offering me a job! And better yet, a boat job! But even as an eight-year-old, I was more than a little cautious. "How much will it pay?" I was hoping for at least a dollar. That would be a jump-start toward my new model!

“If you do a good job, maybe two dollars; a great job, maybe more. But if you rush, gob it on and it has runs or drips in it, then less. Can you do a good job if I show you how?”

The deal was struck. We shook hands and everything.

When we got back downstairs ol’ Dr. Johnson told my Mom that I was the healthiest eight-year-old he’d seen in a long time, though I had “bit off more than I could chew” with Mike’s chores. He explained his offer, which I elected to take, providing she and Dad would agree to it. All the details came out and my Mom shot an accusing eye at Mike who was sitting nearby. I was afraid Mike would get into trouble because of me, but nothing really happened except Mike had to go back to doing his own chores.

So later that morning Dad gave me a ride down to the Falcon Marina on River Street. I’d been there a bunch of times before, because my friend Alan Falconi’s parents owned it. There were a couple of catboats mixed in with sloops and cabin cruisers there. I loved all kinds of boats and admired most of them in the yard.

We met Dr. Johnson at the boatyard diner where Alan’s Mom cooked, served soup and sandwiches. Dr. Johnson bought me a tonic (soda, or soft drink for readers outside of New England) and my Dad had a cup of coffee and smoked. When we were finished we went outside to look at the seats that needed painting.

We walked over to *Remedy*, which I knew was an open catboat powered by a British Seagull outboard, now off the boat. There was a canvased deck in the bow, under which you could keep lines, fenders and stuff. I’d seen *Remedy* hauled about a week ago and put in her cradle. It was about 15-feet long and was very wide. I bet you could put six grownups, a couple of kids and a dog or two in that boat. The seats on each side were about eight feet long, built from long wood slats with spaces between. I had to clamber up onto the cradle to see over the coaming.

“Do you think you can paint these things?” The doctor pointed to the slats that ran fore-and-aft along each side. There were also some that went side-to-side by the centerboard trunk. The seats were painted gray, but the paint was well-worn, cracked, peeling, and lifting in spots. “Wow, that’s a lot of seats to paint!” I said. This was going to be a big project for a little kid.

The mast, rudder, and outboard were stored somewhere in the boat barn. I asked if that box in the

middle was for the centerboard (heh, heh, I was just showing off a little.) The Doctor and my Dad were both surprised at the question: the Doctor because I knew what I was looking at, and my Dad because he didn’t know what it was and I did.

But Dad looked pretty pleased too. “He’s s really into boats, takes out books from the library, draws pictures of them all the time” said my Dad. “They come out pretty nice. He’s boat-crazy.”

“We’ll have to see what kind of artist he is with a brush,” said Dr. Johnson. Turning to me he asked, “What do you think? Are you ready to paint some seats?”

The Doctor’s detailed instruction about scraping, sanding, priming and top-coating followed. “Any more questions?” Dr. Johnson asked. I said I didn’t and that was that. There was a lot to remember, but I listened as well as I could.

To make sure I was doing it right, Dr. Johnson had me scrape and sand a whole seat slat. Dr. Johnson would point out small areas I missed. I’d run my small hands over different spots so I could feel imperfections. I got a splinter at a spot where a piece on the end was splitting. Dr. Johnson gave my finger a squeeze and plucked it right out and put a band-aid on it. And just when I thought my slat was nice and smooth, he said, “Now let’s sand the whole thing again with lighter sandpaper.”

So I sanded and sanded some more with a finer grit paper, but this time it went more quickly. Then I ran a sticky cloth over the slat, and you should have seen the dust that came off! Then he had me wipe it with a rag wetted with turpentine (“turps” he called it). I liked that turps smell, sort of like pine trees or something.

“I think you are going to be a great painter,” Dr. Johnson told me. “If you can get all those slats that smooth, it will make for a beautiful paint job.” I felt like a million. Maybe someday I would be a great painter. I was only eight years old, and on my way.

By two o’clock I was almost done sanding. My pal Alan came by and asked if he could help. But this was my job, so I thanked him and said I wasn’t in charge of hiring. He ended up scraping barnacles off some other boat.

By two o’clock I was done with the final sanding. I had feathered every unpainted patch into the old paint and couldn’t feel a single imperfection anywhere. I had even found some paint lifting under the seats and had scraped and sanded there too. Dr. Johnson stopped by and asked if I was done yet.

“Not yet. I still need to wipe it down one more time.” So he brought me another sticky rag and a whole square can of turps so I could wipe up every bit of the sanding dust, even the dust that had fallen into the bilge.

There was this skinny guy who worked at the yard. I’d seen him puffing his pipe, hauling stuff around, driving a tractor, moving a boat and wedging boards in its cradle. He’d been eyeballing me all day. Made me nervous. Maybe I was doing a job he might have gotten if I wasn’t there. He finally came over and looked inside the boat.

“That’s a swell job you’re doing there. How’s it coming?”

“It’s coming okay. The seats are smooth, except for where that piece is busted on the edge over here.” I’ve always been honest, even with creepy guys in boatyards.

“I can fix that for ya. Piece of cake. I’ll be right back.”

Now I was really nervous. Would I have to pay this guy if he fixed something on my job? I didn’t want to have to give away any of the money I was earning.

About three minutes later, the man was back with some odd-looking metal things, two small blocks of wood, a hunk of wax paper and a bottle of glue. He climbed up into the boat with me and pulled that broken piece of wood clean off (now I was very very nervous!), smeared some glue on the seat slat where it was broken and some on the broken piece. He stuck them back together, put a piece of wax paper over them, placed those thin pieces of wood over the waxed paper and then fastened down those metal things to hold it all together. “That should do it, should be good as new by tomorrow morning.”

“But I was going to start painting these seats today.” I was one determined kid.

“Well, you can paint all you want, except for this one spot. The glue has got to dry first. Oh, and be sure to prime all those bare spots first, right? You know you need to prime them, right? You also need to let that primer dry before you put on the topcoat.”

Yeah, I knew, but Dr. Johnson only left me the finish paint. “Dr. Johnson told me to just use two coats of this stuff.” I pointed to the unopened quart of gray marine paint.

“Don’t want to do that! I’ll get you some primer from my truck, you can’t use gloss paint for a primer, it won’t hold up.”

“I don’t have any money. I can’t pay for it.” You only have to have been a kid to understand how distraught I was. I was just the worker. I wasn’t in charge of paying for anything, and Dr. Johnson might be mad if he got a bill from this guy.

The man smiled, “Not a problem. On-the-house. Be right back.” As he shuffled away, he turned around and asked, “Need a brush or anything else?”

Maybe he’s not quite as creepy as I thought.

My Dad said to always speak up if you want help. “I have one already. Do you have a can or something I can put my turps in to clean the brush?”

He gave me a thumb’s up.

I primed every bit of raw wood on those seats, tops and edges. I even did a few spots on the underside, even though no one would see them. But, to be honest, I didn’t do a whole lot of sanding there in the first place. The seats were now more primer-white than the original gray.

The yard guy, ironically, was named Guy, but he pronounced it “Ghee.” At least it sounded like it had an “H” in there. French, he said.

Just before my Dad showed up I had cleaned the brush out just like Guy showed me. Guy pronounced it “Perfect.” Then he sprayed a bit of WD-40 over the bristles. “Keeps them from getting too stiff,” he said.

I put him back on the creep list when he rubbed my hair and laughed. But I guess he was just showing he liked me.

Guy said, “It’s good you quit when you did. Late afternoon is not a good time to paint, especially glossy paint. Y’know why? It turns dull overnight.” That didn’t make any sense and I said so.

Guy explained, “The air cools down and tiny bits of moisture thicken up and drop all over the paint. They will kill the shine. With paint, the dew’ll drown the gloss. I can show you boats here in the yard where it’s happened because the owners don’t know no better. Always stop painting by four o’clock, maybe five in come July, and you’ll always end up with a shinier paint job.

My Dad arrived and offered a cigarette to Guy, but Guy waved his pipe back and said he didn’t smoke cigarettes. I liked his pipe smell better than my Dad’s cigarettes.

I put the topcoat of paint on the seats the next day after Sunday school. Guy was there too and he showed me how to put a little turps in the paint and stir it up; thinning it out so it would flow better. Then he showed me that if I pulled new wet paint

into the last stroke I did, it would blend right in. He had me do it my way and then his and, wow, what a difference!

So, because we thinned the paint and I was very careful to paint the way Guy showed me, the seats came out super-shiny, without a drip, wrinkle, drag mark, or bad spot anywhere. Looked like glass! I even put a coat on those primed spots under the seats as well, which was tricky, by the way, laying in the bilge and all. My Dad always said to do the best job you know how.

Just as I was cleaning the paintbrush again in the can of turps, Dad and Dr. Johnson pulled back into the boatyard in Dad's Dodge. The gravel lot was dry and dusty and I was afraid the wind might blow dust onto my new paint job, but it didn't. Whew! They got out of the car and came over to look inside the boat. I was sitting on the centerboard trunk holding the can and brush, trying to figure out how to get out of the boat without stepping on wet paint.

They peered inside. "Your boy is a true artist, Bob. Those seats look great!" said Dr. Johnson. "Makes the rest of my boat look shabby. That's a five-dollar job if I've ever seen one!" He reached out to touch the paint and I think I screamed, but I'm not sure. I know I yelled at him to not touch the wet paint. I had never yelled at any grownup before and figured I was in for it, but both men laughed. So did Guy who was across the way smoking his pipe in the shade of another boat.

"How long before it's dry?" the doctor asked.

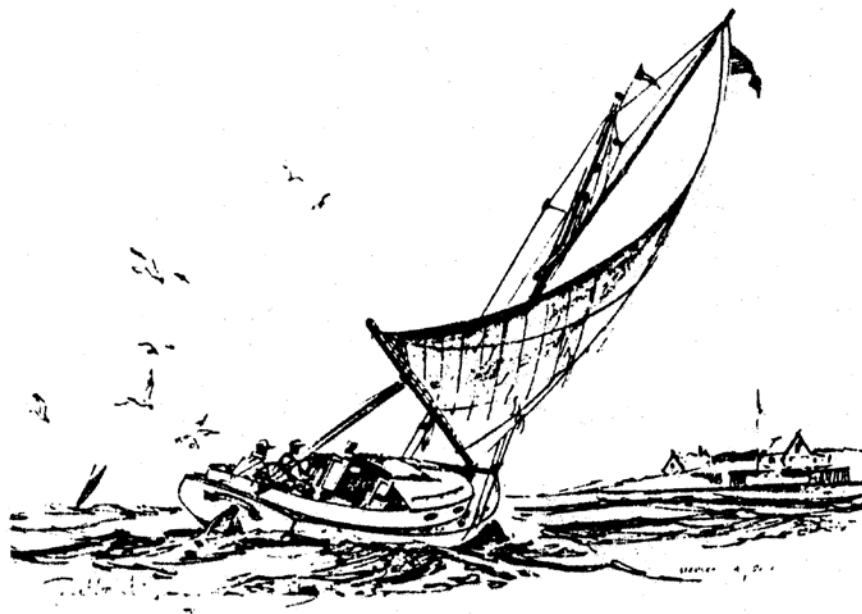
Guy shouted across "That's good lead enamel, so give it at least a day before you even try to touch it." He turned his head, but all heard him say, "Boat owners, sheesh!"

And so, I had worked on a catboat, made \$5.00. Guy asked me to come back the next weekend to give him a hand with some other boats and earn some more money. Dad said, "No," that I should wait until I was a bit older before I started hanging around boatyards. I reminded him that my friend Alan practically lived there. He used a typically evasive Dad-ism answer and said he'd "think about it."

The Doctor, however, made me a promise on the spot. He said that if I could help him do some more painting on the hull, I could take a ride with him when his boat was launched and he'd show me how to sail it. That was a promise I sure hoped he'd be keeping. I was over the moon.

Two weeks later I bought that model with my own money. And though it wasn't a catboat, it was a "kissing cousin"—a sleek 16-inch plastic scale model of a Friendship sloop! Sails, topsail, rigging—the whole shooting match. It even had decals for the transom and trailboards. I spent about a month trimming, sanding, gluing and painting it. To this day I can recall the smell of glue and Testors model paint. And that gaff sloop became a prized possession. It stayed with me until a couple of years ago, replaced on my mantle only when a friend built me a gorgeous wood model of a Crosby Catboat, which has now taken its place.

That model Friendship sloop was gifted to my six-year-old granddaughter last Christmas. She has been fascinated by it since a toddler. Someday, when she's a bit older, maybe when she's eight, I'll tell her the story of how it came to be.



Tracey B.

Trevor Deegan



Photo Anita Winstanley Roark

Tracey B.



Photo Jim O'Connor

Sailing in the crowd.

Born and raised on Cape Cod, living in Brewster, I've always had a fascination with boats and sailing. I bought *Tracey B.*, an 18-foot wood catboat in November of 2015, at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy's annual boat auction. I was the only bid. Two years before the auction, while working at Arey's Pond Boat Yard, I had the chance to look over and fall in love with her. At the time she was named *Selvetta* and even back then was up for sale.

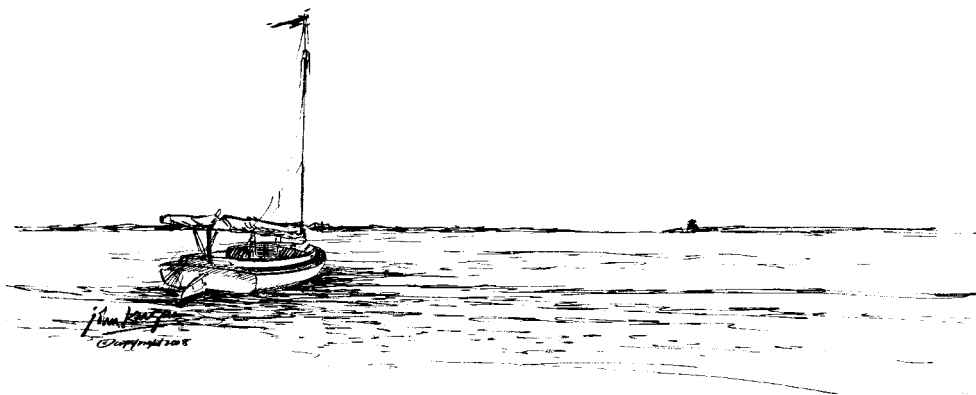
Once I got her home, I repainted the cabin interior as well as cockpit staving, rub and toe rails, and re-built the old oak planked rudder as a plywood structure. She was launched and re-christened *Tracey B.* on 28 May 2016. My first sail on her was July 2.

Tracey B. was designed by Ron Carter and built in 1983 by The Landing School in Arundel, Maine.

A couple of boats of this design were built by the school between 1983 to about 1997. She is cypress planked on oak frames, oak keel and centerboard, and bronze fastened. She measures 18 feet from stem to stern, the beam about 9 feet, and drawing about 36 inches of water. The spars measure out to: bowsprit 4 feet, mast 27 feet, gaff 17 feet, and the boom 19 feet. She sets a roller-furling jib off the bowsprit, and the main has three sets of reef points for just about any weather Pleasant Bay can throw at us.

The photograph was taken by Anita Winstanley Roark on August 20, 2016, at the 24th annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering. I was skipper, Toby Macort and Max Macort were jib-sheet tenders, and Danny Branco was centerboard man and lookout.

A second photo was taken at the same event by Jim O'Connor.



Catboat Association 55th Annual Meeting

Mark Alan Lovewell

Photos by Mark Alan Lovewell.

The annual Catboat Association meeting was held in late January, a bit earlier than in past years, farther away from the previous Super Bowl weekends and that was just fine. Though January is when snow flies in the air and many creeks, brooks and ponds are covered with ice, still, the spirit of summer sailing and sharing fellowship with friends goes a long way to counter log cabin fever.

From Friday afternoon, January 27 to Sunday morning catboaters had something hot cooking on the cast iron stove and it steamed and rattled non stop.

With all the gala and tight comradery of a small rendezvous in a little harbor, this big event attracted hundreds of sailors from far and wide, from the mountain and valleys of the Appalachians to the shores of the Atlantic. The Mystic Marriott Hotel and Spa in Groton was again the perfect venue and winter took the weekend off. Throughout the hotel, catboaters staged their own little meetings, sharing big plans for the coming year apart from scheduled events.

The featured speaker, Mary South, editor in chief of Soundings Magazine pulled all the rigging together. She repeated what is often said, that sailing is about people and special vessels. It is the spirit of journey that brings sailors down to the water, the docks and wharves all around.

Ms. South shared her story of different vessels as though she had lived more than one lifetime, more than one journey for one sailor. Every vessel is a close friend.



Mary South.

The Saturday workshop events filled the sailor's day. The morning workshop Catboating for Beginners was hosted by Eric Donald Peterson. He took each of the newbie catboaters on a new journey through the parts of the rigging, the sail and the boat, concluding that it really is a lot easier to sail than you first think. Catboats are a natural craft from look to function.



Eric Donald Peterson is at the helm of a beginners workshop on how to sail a catboat.

Charlie Adams of Marshall Marine, in South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, talked about racing the Marshall Marine Sanderling and listeners paid close attention to the little details, that in racing are all big. Racing Sanderlings is as serious a venture as racing any other faster and bigger one design. Adams held his audience close hauled as he spoke from experience about the nature and rules of racing and the behavior of these boats. His stories came from Buzzards Bay, one of the favorite sailing and racing places of Southern New England.



Charlie Adams.

For those who fear the winds and waves of boat insurance, association member Ed Meaney gave a talk. He is a spirited fellow, a man who manages every time to get passionate about a topic most sailors would rather converse about with a low breathe.



Ed Meaney.

A trusted navigator who can usually wiggle his way out of every tight jam, Henry Marx of Landfall Navigation gave a sobering talk about boating safety and every sailor’s responsibility to be Boy Scout prepared for what might happen, as well as what often does happen. Marx is a favorite speaker. His words of advice came to aid the wives and mates of most vessels in understanding what they can do keep safety aboard while captains try and rule over their boats in sometimes treacherous waters.



Henry Marx.

The greatest “take away” that sailors earn by attending the annual meeting is getting a reminder just how special this sailing community is among

friends. Participants attend to get their love of the water rejuvenated. A highlight therefore at the annual meeting is the awards ceremony that goes with lunch. Here the organization honors those who seem to lead the group with their love for their boats, their sailing pursuits and especially those who spend unrecordable hours building, repairing and upholding the traditions of boatbuilding in word and by example.

Attendants to the annual meeting can all share in that greater love, even if their busy lives allow them to only claim a piece of it.

The work of the awards committee cast a warm feeling of catboating throughout the weekend. Recognition was given to familiar faces, those already well regarded by their peers.

Jon Agne, of Brunswick, Maine was this year’s recipient of the John Killam Murphy Award. In presenting the award Ed Meese of the awards committee said: “It was without question to this year’s nominating committee that we all recognized a person who contributed his time and good efforts as well as someone who dedicated additional time to maintaining and sailing a classic wooden sailboat.

“He has preserved all the traditions of sail in catboats with both his donation of time and loving care for a classic wooden catboat,” Meese said.

Meese said Jon Agne served on the steering committee of the association, served on the awards committee and with great prowess, he sailed his 25-foot Wilton Crosby designed catboat *Surprise* from his home in Brunswick, Maine all the way to Mystic Seaport in 2012 for the association’s 50th anniversary gathering. *Surprise* was built in 1970 by Newbert & Wallace.



Jon Agne receives award from Ed Meese.

Editor’s note: please see the only letter to the editor in this issue and it is from Jon, written by hand soon after receiving the award. And with sadness, not too long after the annual meeting, Jon Agne crossed over the bar.

Dave Park, of Milton, Delaware, is this year's recipient of the Broad Axe Award, an award given to a boat builder who clearly demonstrates great craftsmanship. "this year's Broad Axe Award is for the restoration of not one catboat but for many," said Paul Cammaroto, who presented the award. Listing off a number of different boats, Cammaroto said: "Surely none of these boats would have remained afloat and sailing without his herculean efforts and determination to not let them fade away into history as so many have before."



Dave Park receives award from Paul Cammaroto.

Jane Walsh, of Sandwich, Massachusetts, received the much coveted Dolphin Award for her many years of service to the Catboat Association as both a writer and a spirited enthusiast. Butler Smythe said that the committee chose Ms. Walsh for her repeated service to get things done: "...This awardee is applauded for volunteering to provide and ongoing support to the Catboat Bulletin." Retracing her work, Smythe said that Ms. Walsh began writing her Catfood column in the fall of 2008.

Smythe said: It is a column "that encourages the pursuit of good eating onboard our boats, something that goes beyond a Myers & Tonic and a can of Dinty Moore stew."

She was also praised for documenting the Mystic Seaport 50th anniversary gathering in 2012 with a camera. "When called upon she ensured the Catboat Association had consistently good and comprehensive photographs to document the events. That effort was no small feat and were it not for her photography, and due diligence in recording sailors having a good time, our job of sharing the story would have fallen far short of everyone's expectations," Smythe said.



Jane Walsh receives Dolphin Award from Butler Smythe.

For the Catboat Association organization, a key ingredient to the whole weekend was wrapped up in a few minutes with the formal annual meeting. Standing dutifully at the podium, Tim Lund, president of the association tapped the gavel a few times, moving the meeting through what has become a cheerful formality. True to the association's protocol, the key parts were covered swiftly like a boat being launched from a steep marine railway. The applause marked the end, and the sailing craft was off to another year.



Tim Lund, president of the association, ran the annual meeting.



From Nantucket, Bill Sayles (left) attended the weekend festivities. Here he is sharing stories with New England maritime artist Peter Arguimbau of Greenwich, CT.



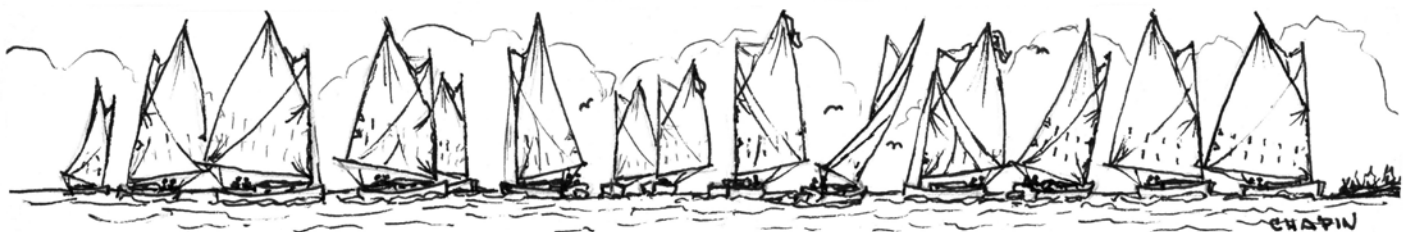
Many attended the multitude on display at the Vendor Boat and Resources Show.



Gayle Cornish, the association's race and rendezvous top enthusiast, gathered the dates and pertinent details for the sailing seasons upcoming events.



Eric and Dawn Peterson worked the table answering lots of questions, not to mention they organized the weekend event from top to bottom. They were assisted by granddaughter Grace.



Osterville Historical Museum

Judy Lund

Mystic Seaport has some catboat stories, so do the Herreshoff Marine Museum, Cape Cod Maritime Museum, the Martha's Vineyard Museum, and others.. But if you are looking for Mecca you'll find it at the the Osterville Historical Museum on Cape Cod. Osterville is the home of the various Crosby boatyards, builders of the greatest number of wooden cats. The Osterville Historical Museum tells their stories.

On Sunday morning of the winter rendezvous, Jennifer Williams, director of the Osterville Historical Museum told in pictures, videos, and publicity the story of her museum and all it offers. She detailed the activities going on during the summer, which for those cruising cats looking for fresh produce includes a farmers' market on Fridays.

The director welcomes all catboaters to visit during the summer. She also admitted that although the museum closed in the winter, if her car is in the driveway, she will welcome you. To keep up to date on museum activities, see <http://ostervillemuseum.org>.



Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell.

Jennifer Williams, director of the Osterville Historical Museum.



2017 Editor's Choice Award

Steve Flesner

The Editor's Choice Award recognizes the contributions made by the Bulletin editors, staff and those who contribute time and energy in making the Bulletin the best read magazine since the Sears Catalog! The award is a Boston ship's strike clock and a barometer mounted on a wooden plaque. Bill McKay donated it to the CBA after his wife Moe noted that it quit striking years ago!

A close examination by this author revealed that the strike switch had been turned off (Moe denies any knowledge of this!). A new quartz mechanism replaced its inner workings and it ticks and strikes like new again. Presentation of the award is now included in the Awards Ceremony so everyone out there could see who it is awarded to.

This year, I relinquished the award with his unscripted rendition of "My-ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling, now it's your ding-a-ling" (who knew he could sing!!), while Mark Lovewell, Lead Editor, presented it to, much to his surprise, Butler Smythe.

The award recognized Butler's contribution as editor of the Sailing Technique and Seamanship sections of the CBA Bulletin. For those of you unfamiliar with a ship's strike clock, it strikes every hour and half hour beginning at 1200 hours marking a 4 hour watch and then repeats itself for the next watch cycle. Counting the strikes tells the watchman what time it is: 1230 is one strike; 0100 is two strikes; and so on until 0400, 8 strikes; then it repeats.

The clock also allows you to know when it's 3 am. That probably has something to do with why there is a turn-off switch and it spent so many years turned off!



Butler Smythe receives Editor's Choice Award.



Boat Building and Maintenance

Restoring a 1967 Sanderling

Buck Crowley

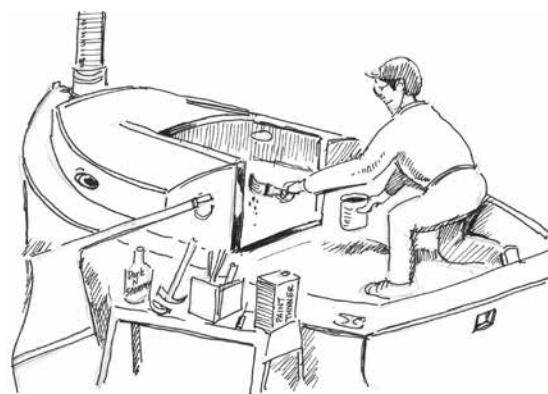
It all began with an ad on Craigslist in San Francisco. I was looking in the Boats for Sale section for a small, trailerable sailboat to take my family day sailing and camp cruising when I found it. Originally from New England, and, unlike many Californians, I know what a catboat is and specifically what a Sanderling is. I had read about a cruise in one along the Elizabeth Islands years earlier in “Small Boat Journal”. The listing was for a “1967 Marshall Sanderling, \$1,500.” It seemed worth checking out.

As it turned out, the boat was part of an estate sale. Sitting in a slip in Sausalito, *Walden* was looking very tired. The gelcoat was chalky white and the deck faded buff. The mast, gaff, and boom were bare aluminum. I had no idea how long it had been sitting there, but for \$1,500 it seemed like a bargain, and a straightforward, short-term project. Buff out the hull, a little paint, and we’d be good to go. “Two weeks,” I told my 12-year-old daughter when she asked when we could go sailing.



Before the restoration.

Bringing her home by water. I thought it wisest to motor this unknown vessel the 40 or so miles from Sausalito to Petaluma. With a borrowed outboard mounted on the stern, *Walden* and I headed out into San Francisco Bay and then turned north. With the throttle of the 5 h.p. Honda wide open we were barely making 2 knots. At that rate we’d miss a favorable tide and would run out of fuel long before we got to



Petaluma. Something was wrong. The water of the bay is murky, and incidentally very cold, but even so I could see the boat had some growth on the bottom. A few miles along our route the chart suggested a protected cove where I could get a better look: China Camp State Park, the site of an historical Chinese-American fishing camp. With its small arcing bay and sandy bottom it seemed like a perfect spot to see what was up. I put on a mask and went over the side. Just below the turn of the bilge one could see the problem: there was at least five inches of growth, including market-ready mussels, attached to the hull. A scrub brush wasn’t going to do the job so a paint scraper was employed. Working in four-inch passes, a half hour or so later I had enough of the muck off the hull to try again. What a difference! This time we were sliding along at hull speed with the engine set at less than half throttle. The sun broke through the fog, the birds caroled overhead, and now the whole world seemed a wonderful place. We eased into the docks in Petaluma later that afternoon.

A little later, more Craigslist searching located the appropriate trailer to get *Walden* into my backyard. Getting the boat on to the trailer was fairly easy, but I was hesitating and wondering how I was going to unstep that heavy mast safely without the use of a crane. I had enlisted the help of a friend, Rick Hurt, a San Francisco Bar pilot for the move. Feeling I was overthinking all of this, Rick climbed up on foredeck and proceeded to lift the mast straight up and out. How exactly we then got it safely on the ground I don’t recall, but I do know that a good amount of adrenalin was involved.

My two-weeks estimate turned out to be a little optimistic and it would be six years before the boat would see the water again. My daughter was by then

off to college and never got her sail. I'm a woodworker by trade and I had built a few small boats before, but I was either willfully ignorant or delusional in my estimate of the amount of work involved. Time, neglect, and water had worked to turn a once solid boat into a major restoration project. What follows is my best recollection of the major steps involved.



The foredeck before the restoration.



The cockpit before.



The Cabin before.

The existing interior was removed with what turned out to be an invaluable tool for the whole project, the oscillating saw. It could safely cut through fiberglass with good control and without throwing clouds of hateful fiberglass dust everywhere. The interior was rebuilt with 1/2-inch Okoume plywood. Water had leaked into the cabin bulkhead causing the lower half to rot out. It was removed and replaced. The cockpit sole (deck) was flexing as the screws fastening it to the floors (the "beams" that run athwartships) had pulled clean out. So it came out too. The flotation foam under the cockpit was completely waterlogged. That too was removed. Curious, I weighed some of the foam pieces as they were pretty heavy. Periodic checking throughout the summer in the California sun gave no indication they were drying. They never did dry so they were left out (no new foam was part of the reconstruction). I tabbed in new floors in the cockpit constructed of 1/2-inch Okoume plywood, and then attached 2x2 in. solid fir to them to give the deck screws something solid to dig into. I let in 1x2 in. fore and aft as well to give backing to the seams of the new plywood sole. The new sole was fitted and glassed in.

Instead of replacing the seats as original, it seemed better to make free-standing removable bench-topped lockers for each side of the cockpit. Divided into thirds, these would be gear storage boxes. They were made removable by adding cleats to the cockpit sole for attachment points. A gap was left at the bottom to provide for drainage and ventilation.

The original cockpit coaming was made of light plywood covered in plastic laminate topped with something akin to a split hose. This came off and in its place I installed solid wood staving



New lockers and coaming.

imitating the look of the original wooden cats. My staves were made from the wood of huge old-growth redwood wine barrels. Cutting these on my table saw released the odor of the wine saturated in the wood. This coaming was capped with a rail of Honduran mahogany.

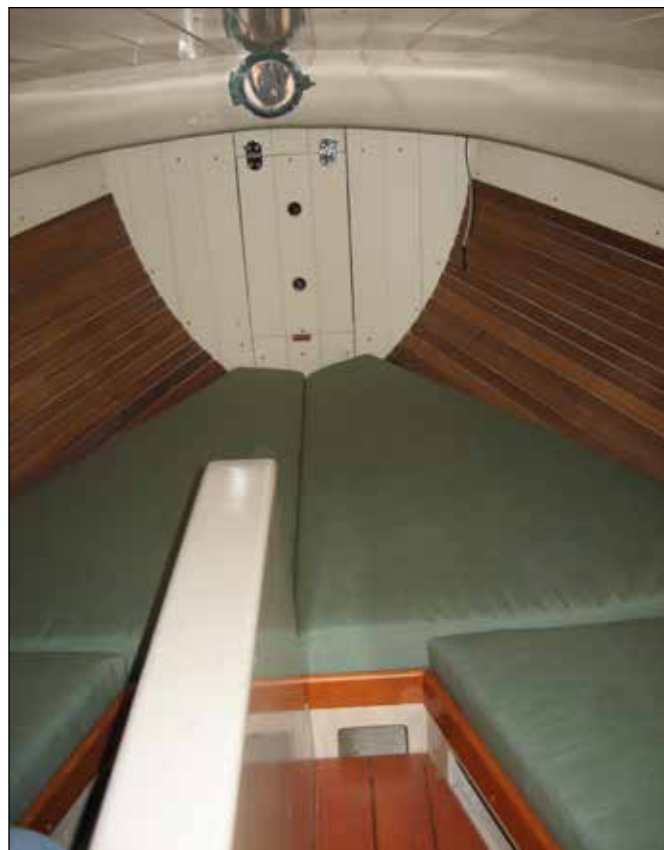
The plywood centerboard had delaminated and was no longer serviceable. I made a new one from old growth Douglas fir 2x4 in. salvaged from our local landfill. These days around here the best wood can often be found at the dump as waste from construction demolition. The new centerboard was built from this material in the traditional manner, except I used fiberglass rods as drifts and epoxy as the glue. The board was then faired and shaped to what I hoped would be workable foil. To weight the board, I cast lead inserts to fit in holes bored into the new board and made multiple trips to the harbor incrementally adding more weight to get the board to sink without being overly difficult to raise. The original board pivoted on a glassed-in bronze pin. This had worked fine for thirty years but I wanted to be able to remove the board for future maintenance. For the new arrangement I made a “hockey puck” of epoxy, glass and graphite powder for the board to pivot on. This was made to form a tight fit inside the centerboard trunk and to provide internal backing support for the centerboard trunk itself. The puck was kept in place by a bolt through it and the trunk.

The stock centerboard trunk itself was just rough glass and not very attractive so I decided to cover it with a shroud. This would be constructed as a free standing box made of plywood and solid wood and would go over the trunk itself. To avoid the risk of this binding, the centerboard the only point of contact was where the pendant emerged from the trunk.

Rebuilding the inside of the cabin was a challenge. I am used to construction that is plumb level and square, and of course a boat is none of these. Also at 6-feet 5-inches tall, I’m not well-designed to work in the tight confines of a small slippery hull. I did learn a few things, however. One very really helpful discovery: hot melt glue is a godsend for temporarily holding in place whatever was to be installed permanently.

The finished interior closely resembles the original with a few additions. The bulkhead forward was covered with an access door to hide the mast in the forepeak. The hull was lined with a ceiling¹

made of ¼ in. x 1½ in. western red cedar. These were fastened to ribs added to the inner skin. The ribs were laminated in place and “clamped” using hot melt glue. The ceiling was then screwed to the ribs leaving 1/8-inch spaces between each piece for ventilation. The overhead was covered with a light plywood grooved to imitate a solid wood cabin top. The result I was aiming for was a bright cozy dry cabin with access to the entire hull.



The cabin afterwards.

Note the ceilings on either side, the covered centerboard trunk, the berths, and the finished overhead.

On the exterior, I stripped off what must have been thirty years of bottom paint, which I then barrier coated. Above the waterline, I re-faired the hull, using indicator paint, epoxy filler, and long flexible sanding boards. The topsides were primed and painted with Interlux Brightside. Below the waterline the hull received two coats of ablative, red anti-fouling paint. When the brass rub rail was removed from the gunwale, I found an irregular gap where the hull and deck joined. This was filled and taped over. I added a one-inch mahogany rub rail and put the original brass

(1) Ceiling: The thin lining or inboard sheathing covering the frames of a wooden boat installed to provide insulation, deaden sound, reduce condensation and provide a more finished appearance.

rail on top of that. Noticing that rain water tended to pool along the toe rail because there was no way for it to escape. I cut out a section of it. (This is now a standard feature on Sanderlings.)

The original gooseneck for the boom was screwed into the mast. The aluminum around the screw holes was severely wasted from galvanic corrosion. It didn't look sound, so I cut the mast at this point and made an internal sleeve out of more of my salvaged wood. I used the bird's mouth technique to make a hollow, 3-foot mast section and glued it inside the old mast with, if I remember correctly, 5200 epoxy. I then prepped and painted the mast, boom, and gaff with Interlux Brightside Sundowner Buff. I ordered a new gooseneck from Marshall Marine that forgoes screws and works by clamping the gooseneck to the mast -- a big improvement. The new gooseneck also has the turning blocks built-in for the halyards and topping lift. The original rig had a double block attached to the deck on the starboard side for the halyards and a small single block on the port side for the topping lift.

With my wide centerboard shroud in place, the old cabin doors became unusable so new ones were made along with new handrails that matched the curve of the cabin side. The deck, cockpit, and seats were painted Sundowner Buff, all vertical surfaces were painted white, and I added a little nonskid to the cockpit and deck paint. The topsides were painted one of the Brightside off-whites. I don't recall if I rebuilt the rudder itself, but I did replace the gudgeons and pintles. I replaced the white oak tiller with a curved one of my own design made out of Honduran mahogany.



New companionway doors.



New electrical panel and locker. There is a matching locker on the other side.

A basic electrical system was installed consisting of a battery, master switch, panel with fuses, and associated wiring for two interior cabin lights and the running lights.

This is just a summary of how the boat was restored. Many times I thought of just getting rid of the whole thing. My somewhat obsessive nature wouldn't allow me to cut corners but I used to joke with Rick that if somehow the boat caught fire while I was away, I wouldn't come looking for the person who torched it. When I think of the time spent and what I put in to the restoration, well, it's good I wasn't trying to make a living doing this.

I renamed and relaunched the boat *Whistler*, feeling that she looked a bit more swan than cat-like. After launching, though, I only sailed her a few times. Petaluma is many miles away from open water up a narrow tidal estuary. Going to San Francisco Bay and back takes the whole day. Also if you don't already know, the Bay is famous for its strong winds and deep water, not exactly the conditions a catboat was designed for. Trailer-sailing was not really viable either without the tabernacle mast Marshall now provides. It only seemed right that she should go back home to New England. So, after a long cross-country drive in 2012, Skip Stanley and his wife Teri met me as I pulled into the boatyard in Noank, CT. An hour later they were towing her to her new home in Hull, Massachusetts, where they sail her to this day on the waters of south of Boston.

Whistler found a great home. Skip has continued to tweak and improve on what I just started, and it's always a treat to see how well she looks. We stay in touch and I sail with him when I am back in New England. He sails the boat often and well. My biggest concern in selling her was that all my hard work would be wasted if the boat fell into the wrong hands. I needn't have worried. I took a lot of ribbing for all the time in effort that went into the restoration, but I am glad that by my efforts I probably saved what is now Skip's boat from the landfill and know she will be enjoyed for years to come. I have a Flickr account



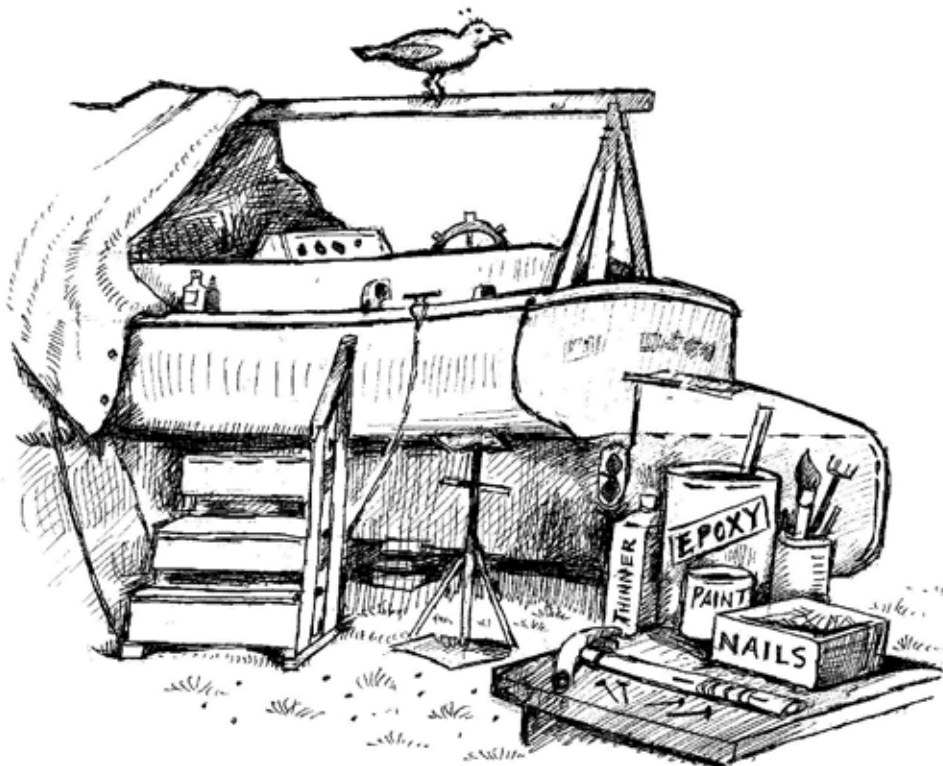
Whistler ready to sail.

and the pictures of the *Sanderling* continue to be my most popular images.

The author grew up on the Boston's South Shore where he sailed out of Hingham Harbor on other people's boats, most notably an Alden Indian and a big daysailing catboat. After college he worked as delivery crew, fisherman, and tugboat deckhand until he picked up carpentry as a trade. He moved to California in 1987 but returns each year to vacation on Penobscot Bay. He and his wife Eb live in Petaluma, California.



The author sailing *Coot*, a Sovereign Mud Hen.



Yanmar Mystery

Ed Flint

My friend Dick, a Massachusetts catboat man, visited me in Texas recently. My objective was to give him a taste of sailing on Galveston Bay along with a little exposure to the Gulf Coast.

We set out in my Menger 23 from the marina off Clear Lake on a blustery February morning with winds gusting to 27 knots. The Yanmar 2GM20FW started immediately with a good stream exiting from the exhaust. The first reef was already tied-in.

We exited the Clear Lake Channel into Upper Galveston Bay and motored out into the bay. We first had to sort out minor issues with the reefing lines and halyards before we could point the bow to the proper angle to the wind for hoisting the sail. That done, I hoisted away while Dick used the engine to hold the bow a few degrees off the wind.

We had been motoring for about an hour when the high temperature alarm sounded and Dick informed me that no water was exiting the exhaust. We promptly shut the engine down. Almost simultaneously, in the gusting wind, a batten became entangled with the portside lazy jack. The wind's pressure on the sail made it impossible to separate it from the lazy jack or to lower the sail. We were adrift and out of control.

I fetched a small anchor from the lazarette, tied its rode to the bow cleat allowing sufficient scope for the 12-foot water depth and tossed it over. It held. My next step was to cut the lazy jack in order to regain control of the sail. With that done, I hauled the anchor with the aim to sail back to the channel and go as far as possible along the narrow return route. If we were unable to sail all of way back to the marina we planned to drop the anchor again and call my friend Everett for a tow.

Near the mouth of the channel, Dick suggested that we give the engine a try. It cranked up immediately with a good flow of exhaust water. I furled the sail while Dick steered us back to the marina under the power of the Yanmar. Safely moored, we ran the engine for half another hour at various speeds up to 3000 rpm without it overheating. Since that experience I have run the engine four or five times at the dock and once for two hours on the Bay without it overheating.

At this point, I must add that I had exactly the same experience about six months earlier. In that

instance, after anchoring, I opened the seawater pump to have a look at the impeller. It was in new condition and when I tried the engine again it ran perfectly as it did on numerous subsequent trips on the Bay. My friend, Everett, suggested that perhaps a plastic bag was sucked against the seawater intake port and, when the engine was shutdown, it became free and drifted away. His theory is that the bags typically float about a foot or two below the surface. But could this happen twice? Galveston Bay is not the cleanest body of water but I've not experienced this problem in my previous ten years on the Bay. However, I have not been able to come any other possible explanation.

It is true that the Yanmar engine has a history its seawater/exhaust gas mixing elbow plugging with scale deposits. This results in insufficient cooling water flow and the engine overheating. The plugging occurs over time and the diminished exhaust flow can be observed and the elbow changed to avoid overheating. The cast-iron mixing elbow cannot be cleaned either with acid or mechanically. I have replaced the mixing elbow on my engine twice in twelve years. I welcome any comments, please write me at emflint@hotmail.com



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: I purchased a LED plug in light with a G9 base to replace a Halogen plug in light with a G9 base. The LED light plugs in, but it is not as "tight" as the Halogen it is replacing. Anyone know why there is a difference in a G9 base between types of bulbs?

A: Although it was noted that the base dimensions shouldn't change due to type of lamp, respondents agreed that the problem could be that either or both were produced by "offshore" manufacturers (China, Asian, etc.) who don't always adhere to standards.

Q: Does anyone have specs for the thickness of the centerboard on an Atlantic City AC24 Catboat? It's come time to replace mine which was steel with stiffening straps. This board is so corroded it's difficult to tell whether it is 1/4 in or 3/8. I want the new one to be strong laterally, but not so heavy or thick that it does not function well. Thanks for any input.

A: While most respondents suggested checking with the manufacturer, it was also noted that most steel centerboards for catboats are 3/8" thick. However, also noted was that some boards were 1/4" thick with stiffing straps. One respondent said he would go out and measure his boat's centerboard thickness and get back to the questioner.

Q: My 1970 Cadillac (470/72 engine) has developed a "leak" in the left side exhaust manifold that cannot be fixed. I am looking for exhaust manifolds for both sides

(might as well replace both) but am having little luck. Does anyone on the list know of a source for really old Cadillac car parts? I have tried the Web and cannot find a supplier. Perhaps a junk yard in your area?

A: A number of excellent sources of replacement parts and suggestions for a fix to the problem resulted. The questioner sent back a thank you with a note that the part needed was found.

The response to a "non catboat" question as well as the offer to go out and measure a centerboard to see what the width was are examples of the kindness of those on the List and the value of the List to all. Most of the questions that appear on the List are related to the engine/propulsion, the sails/rigging, or hull considerations and all get answered for the most part by people who have "been there and done that".

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.



Sailing Techniques and Seamanship

Butler Smythe, Editor

Introduction

Butler Smythe

The CBA Annual meeting has come and gone, and we've finally gotten more snow here in Maine, yea! As I look back at last year and the timing of everything: from new garage (boat house), delivery of my Marshall 15, and the sale and shipping of my Menger 23 to FL, the Trinka in the water at the club dock in early May, and the first sail by mid-May. Hopefully will do better this year! With almost 24 or so inches on the ground as I write this, it's easy to imagine that spring is around the corner and then I'll be out sailing again. That's a glass half full!

Thanks again to those who contribute to this section— 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 me at butler.smythe@catboats.org, or call me at 207-374-3838 if you have any ideas or inputs!

Last month I thanked Bill Cheney for supplying his story on his mooring projects and with much thought, as well as the ice this year, I'm getting closer to keeping the mooring ball in the ice next year (vs. the winter stick) and saving over \$300 in the process. I'd gain access to my boat earlier in the year and save bucks to boot☺. I'll hopefully have something to write about in that regard next year. Enjoy!

Francis Beaufort and the Beaufort Scale

Skip Stanley

We've all been there, heading out to our boats – looking out at the water, checking the wind, estimating the its speed, figuring its direction, and assessing what it will mean in terms of where we'll sail, whether we'll be beating or reaching, and what it might do while we're underway. We think about the times before, how the day went, and what that will mean for today.

We know that nothing can turn a day like a rapid change in the wind. One minute we're sailing along just fine and the next we're taking spray over

the side, fighting to stay upright, and thinking about putting a reef in. Other times, the opposite happens; we find ourselves becalmed.

We assess the wind by looking at the water. We know for instance that a sea like glass means calm; "cats paws" mean there's a light breeze; while breaking whitecaps signal moderate and (for a catboat) the need for putting a reef in the sail. We figure the speed to the wind in knots by experience too: 1-2, 3-5, 10-12 etc. And these also correspond to "forces" 0, 1, and 4 respectively. And where are these found? – The Beaufort Scale.

It may surprise you to know that, prior to 1806 there was no standard way to record wind speed. Each captain had his own way of recording it. Wind direction was easy – it came *from* a direction; but estimating the wind's speed, that was a different matter entirely.

Francis Beaufort was born in Ireland on 27 May 1774, the son of a prominent intellectual, Reverend Daniel Augustus Beaufort. Though he claimed to have wanted to go sea from the age of five, he would not actually embark on a seagoing career until the age of fourteen. As a boy, through his father's connections, he would study privately under Dr. Henry Usher, the professor of Astronomy at the University of Dublin. At the Dunsink Observatory he would learn astronomy and the use of the many instruments used for observations including telescopes and sextants. He learned the stars and how to calculate latitude and longitude from celestial observations. These would prove invaluable when he later embarked on a seagoing career first with the British East India Company and later in the Royal Navy.

His earliest weather diaries stemmed from these times at sea. He would consistently record his observations in the language of the day – moderate, light airs, clear, cloudy, etc. By 1792 his journal had expanded to eight columns that detailed the day of the week, the date of the month, the wind, the ship's course, distance, latitude, longitude and "place where taken." Originally he referred to it as a hobby or insanity. By doing so, however, he gained excellent skills in observation and record keeping.

While serving as First Lieutenant onboard the *HMS Pheaton* during the French Revolutionary War

he was gravely injured during the storming of a Spanish brig off the town of Fuengirola. His injuries were severe enough to end his naval career. While he was convalescing, the war ended.

In 1805, he went back to sea and was later given command of the *HMS Woolrich*, once a fleet 44 gun-fighting machine, now converted to a storeship. With Napoleonic Wars entering a critical phase, he felt brushed aside again. Still, he kept up with his journals. His weather diaries, in particular, were becoming increasingly detailed. He used the terms fresh breeze, moderate breeze, squally, or light airs. Beaufort realized the limitations and inconsistencies of this practice.

The author Daniel Defoe recognized this also. In his account of the Great Storm of November 1703 apply entitled *The Storm*, he described the differing perceptions of winds and weather among English and foreign sailors: “Such winds as in those days have pass’d for Storms, are called only a Fresh Gale, or Blowing Hard. If it blows enough to fright a South Country Sailor, we laugh at it: and if our Sailors bald Terms were set down in a Table of Degrees, it will explain what we mean: Stark calm, Calm weather, A Little Wind, A fine Breeze, A small Gale, A fresh Gale, A Top-sail Gale, Blows Fresh, A Hard Gale of Wind, A fret of Wind, A Storm, and a Tempest.”

This was the problem Beaufort recognized in 1806. All British commanders were required to keep a ship’s log but there was no standard way to record the observations. On 13 January 1806 he sat down and wrote the following table that would enshrine is name in history.

0	Calm	7	Gentle steady gale
1	Faint breeze just not a calm	8	Moderate gale
2	Light air	9	Brisk gale
3	Light breeze	10	Fresh gale
4	Gentle breeze	11	Hard gale
5	Moderate breeze	12	Hard gale with heavy gusts
6	Fresh breeze	13	Storm

He did not stop there but went on to add the state of the atmosphere was to be recorded with one or two letters, for example blue skies (*b*), hazy (*h*)

damp air (*dp*), foggy (*f*), rain (*r*), squally (*sq*), and so on. Further columns were used to record position, wind direction, barometric pressure, temperature, and time. It was beautifully simple and it would go in to be a building block of modern meteorology.

When later ashore again, he arranged the meeting of Captain Robert Fitzroy, of the ship *Beagle*, and Charles Darwin author of *Origin of Species* and the *Theory of Evolution*. Fitzroy was sent on numerous surveying missions all over the world. It was prior to one of these voyages that Beaufort noticed the Fitzroy’s journals were filled with descriptions or the wind such as “half a gale’ and ‘a furious gale.” But how fast did the wind blow? Beaufort instructed Fitzroy to keep a careful meteorological register and attached his wind scale. And the rest, as they say, is history.

It’s easy to take this for granted with our vast communications networks allowing us to get up-to-the-second data from all over the world. But in the 19th century the world was still attempting to understand the weather. Ship’s logs were an invaluable source of data, taken every hour, at the same time, all over the oceans. Thus the need for a standard scale. The Beaufort Scale has been modified slightly over the years but the basic terms are much the same though additional information has been added. The descriptions seem to have reached an apex as published in Appendix V to the *American Practical Navigator* (Bowditch), 1984 edition.

In looking at the table, I noticed something interesting, and somewhat charming, in this version of the Scale. In the center of the three columns under Estimating Wind Speed is one for Estimating Wind Speed Near Coast. Here you will notice it describes the behavior of “smacks;” a smack being a small coastal sailing vessel often used for fishing. You can easily the parallels between a smack and a catboat. From a long way off, the observers could see what the other boats were doing and figure the wind accordingly. You probably do this naturally too – checking out the amount of canvas the other boats are flying out on the bay. As it was then, so it is now.

Sources:
 Moore, P., *The Weather Experiment*, New York;
 Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2016.
 Defense Mapping Agency Hydrographic/
 Topographic Center, Publication 9, *The American
 Practical Navigator*, Washington D.C., 1984.

**BEAUFORT WIND SCALE
WITH CORRESPONDING SEA STATE CODES**

Beaufort number or force	Wind speed				World Meteorological Organization (1961)	Estimating wind speed			Sea State	
	knots	mph	meters per second	km per hour		Effects observed far from land	Effects observed near coast.	Effects observed on land.	Term and height of waves; in meters	Code
0	under 1	under 1	0.0-0.2	under 1	Calm	Sea like mirror	Calm	Calm; smoke rises vertically	Calm, glassy	0
1	1-3	1-3	0.3-1.5	1-5	Light air	Ripples with appearance of scales; no foam crests	Fishing smacks just bare steerage way.	Smoke drift indicates wind direction; vanes do not move.		
2	4-6	4-7	1.6-3.3	6-11	Light breeze	Small wavelets; crests of glassy appearance, not breaking	Wind fills the sails of smacks which then travel at about 1-2 miles per hour	Wind felt on face; leaves rustle; vanes begin to move.	Calm rippled; 0-0.1	1
3	7-10	8-12	3.4-5.4	12-17	Gentle breeze	Large wavelets; crests begin to break scattered whitecaps	Smacks begin to careen and travel about 3-4 miles per hour.	Leaves, small twigs in constant motion; light flags extended.	Smooth, wavelets, 0.1-0.5	2
4	11-16	13-18	5.5-7.9	20-28	Moderate breeze	Small waves, becoming longer; numerous whitecaps	Good working breeze, smacks carry all canvas with good list.	Dust, leaves, and loose paper raised up; small branches move.	Slight, 0.5-1.25	3
5	17-21	19-24	8.0-10.7	29-38	Fresh breeze	Moderate waves, taking longer form many whitecaps; some spray	Smacks shorten sail.	Small trees in leaf begin to sway.	Moderate, 1.25-2.5	4
6	22-27	23-31	10.8-13.8	39-49	Strong breeze	Larger waves forming; whitecaps everywhere; more spray.	Smacks have doubled reef mainsail; care required when fishing.	Larger branches of trees in motion; whistling heard in wires.	Rough, 2.5-4	5
7	28-33	32-38	13.9-17.1	50-61	Near gale	Sea heaps up; white foam from breaking waves begins to be blown in streaks.	Smacks remain in harbor and those at sea lie-to.	Whole trees in motion; resistance felt in walking against wind.	Very rough, 4-6	6
8	34-40	39-46	17.2-20.7	62-74	Gale	Moderately high waves of greater length; edges of crests begin to break into spindrift; foam is blown in well-marked streaks.	All smacks make for harbor, if near.	Twigs and small branches broken off trees; progress generally impeded		
9	41-47	47-54	20.8-24.4	75-88	Strong gale	High waves; sea begins to roll; dense streaks of foam; spray may reduce visibility		Slight structural damage occurs; slate blown from roofs.		
10	48-55	55-63	24.5-28.4	89-102	Strom	Very high waves with overhanging crests; sea takes white appearance as foam is blown in very dense streaks; rolling is heavy and visibility reduced		Seldom experienced on land; trees broken or uprooted; considerable structural damage occurs.	High 6-9	7
11	56-63	64-72	28.5-32.6	103-117	Violent Storm	Exceptionally high waves; sea covered with white foam patches; visibility still more reduced		Very rarely experienced on land; usually accompanied by widespread damage.	Very high 9-11	8
12	64 and over				Hurricane	Air filled with foam; sea completely white with driving spray; visibility greatly reduced				9

The Mooring Outhaul

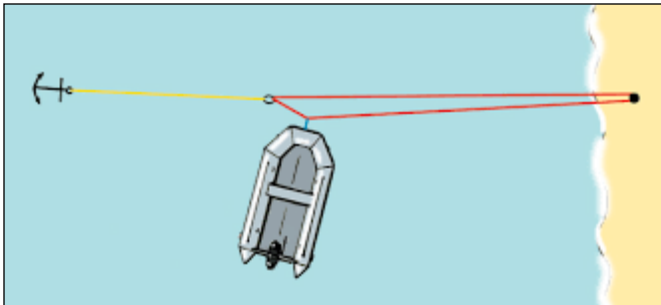
Butler Smythe

My guess is that many reading this column that may have no familiarity with a mooring outhaul, what it can be used for as well as how to set one up. I hope there is some useful information in the following but I'll note up front that there are many variations possible in the design and function, as well as possible risks in some applications. I've provided a simple design that works in most conditions.

Thought not always practical, possible or needed, it is generally best to keep your boat's hull off the bottom to protect the paint and hull from rough or damaging objects. Depending on the bottom material and tides, like here in Maine (i.e. rocky/coarse at times), grounding a boat, even for 20 minutes can lead to one impossible to relaunch or hard to recover should it float away if unsecured. Trying to land ashore for short periods of time without a dinghy in tow, for a picnic or exploring, can be made

less stressful and fun at the same time. If you are unfamiliar with a mooring outhaul and experience one for the first time, please read as accidentally cutting or getting caught in an outhaul line led ashore is not a welcome experience for the outhaul owner or yourself! It does happen.

As a kid spending time in Maine during the summers, one of my reflections has always been on the outhaul that was used to keep our small powerboat afloat in front of the house during all tides, yet accessible to us for picnics on Long Island (the big Maine one in Blue Hill Bay). With tides that vary as much as 12+ feet (two times a day), access was critical. Who wants to limit their time on the water because of lack of access? Generally speaking, an outhaul is used to keep small shallow draft boats (i.e. dinghies) tied to the shore or a dock as in the photo and simple graphic below. Larger boats might use them but general on non-tidal bodies of water. Imagine your dinghy or even a small catboat on one. It is rare to see a keelboat on one, which could tangle in the outhaul line run, but it can be done.



A Simple Outhaul consists of an anchor; chain, “pulley, ” and a closed loop line led ashore, as well as a place to secure the line. Mine consists of:

1. my boat’s anchor, or a small rubber coated mushroom anchor based on winds/bottom conditions), shackled to
2. a length of heavy chain that helps to keep the shank horizontal to the bottom and increase bottom friction as well as set the anchor.
3. My “pulley” is a line led through a loop of thick soft clear PVC tubing with a bowline at each end and held together by a stainless swivel shackle. The other shackle end attached to the chain.
4. A line is led through the “pulley” and the ends tied together, using a figure eight knot or two bowlines - easy. The line length is based on distance needed from shore. My anchor line suffices.
5. Ashore I use my boathook jammed in the sand, or a fixed object like a rock or tree to secure the looped end. No tension is needed.

I carry all on the boat in the soft plastic pail depicted in the figure below.

The simple outhaul is suitable for picnics and perhaps a night ashore. To minimize what you carry onboard, your existing anchor and chain can be used with the rode configured as your outhaul line. All you need to carry is the “pulley” and any needed shackles! It is rather simple.

A “Hi-Tech“ Outhaul, simply adds a float. This outhaul generally would be used from a dock or the shore, and which is set for longer periods of time. It consists of the same parts noted above (recommend the mushroom for long periods in the water), but adds a surface float capable of holding an all chain rode to the surface, or a line led from the chain’s end. The advantage to this is that other boaters will be more aware of the mooring line and it’s proximity to the shore. I use a bright green floating polypropylene line in this case, which keeps the line cleaner at the surface and helps to mark the line and the float, especially when the boat is not moored on it. Note the line on the surface in my power boat photo.

The “Simple Outhaul” only needs a float added, with a line that can be secured to the existing anchor shackle (not the turning part).

Critical thoughts...

1. Use a float for busy areas or longer-term use.
2. Minimize friction points. Use the simple soft “pulley” only.
3. Using floating or sinking line is a personal preference. For short-term use (picnics or overnight), sinking is easier to stow (existing anchor rode). Longer term I like floating.
4. Chain can be heavy onboard so mine is just 9-10 ft long. It does its job so you decide.

Keep it SIMPLE! The less friction on the line the easier it is to haul a larger boat to its mooring. I’ve seen outhauls with three “pulleys!” The two ashore were sadly made of rusting metal and only served to separate the lines from entanglement, and had a tendency to jam with seaweed when on the line. The swivel shackle I use (stainless) prevents that.

Should your boat have a tendency to tangle with the outhaul line, one end of the outhaul can be secured to a stern cleat and the other to the bow. The disadvantage to this is that wind and current will have more effect on the boat, and the anchor that secures it to the bottom. Making sure the ends are properly secured to a cleat is critical in this configuration.

The following photos depict my setup and hopefully make the arrangement clearer.



Bottom Story

Butler Smythe

Rafting during the CCBA Cruise was always fun and sometimes an adventure, as we often found obscure shallow bodies of water for late afternoon raft-ups during the hot days of early summer on the Chesapeake. Some would try to get closer to shore – I could never guess why.

One sunny afternoon, during our cruise in 2010, I found myself alone with a nice spot to anchor in a fairly protected area. I was not too far, but far enough from the shore to allow swinging room, and plenty of space for others to raft up. In no time I had three or four catboats alongside, from a wood Fenwick Williams 25 to a Marshall 18, all rafted up to me with my Fortress FX-16 holding us securely to the bottom. I'll note that the FX-16 held me securely to the bottom (mud) during 90 kts. of wind during Hurricane Isabel in 2003. Three anchors out and only one held – the Fortress!

I took off in my Trinka to explore the shore and was gone and returning in about 20 minutes – leaving the others to get settled. As I turned around to face the raft, I noticed the trees moving – or so it seemed. With the wind blowing from my right the masts were moving to the left with the trees in the background clearly displaying the movement. It looked like no one was aware of the event and I hurried back to address the issue.

In short order I secured the dinghy close aboard and started the engine. I went to the bow to haul up the anchor (easier for me to do it myself) and got most of the muddy (yech!) chain aboard and left the muddy chain ☺, as I remember, in someone's hands as I went to the wheel. The culprit was a long black log jammed in the flukes of the anchor that would not allow the anchor to hold or reset. This was not the first time, nor the last, that I had this problem in the Chesapeake.

With the luxury of the Menger's diesel I motored the raft as best as I could downwind until I could "safely" turn upwind and reset the raft. Motoring a raftup is not ideal and turning rather humorous. One of my obstacles was a Mystic 20 anchored downwind in what I soon discovered was "slightly" shallower water - girrr. As I rounded the boat close aboard, I felt the raft slow and I increased the engine speed to something over 3200 r.p.m. (might have been 3600), to power through the mud the Mystic 20 must have been riding just above. Stopping would not have been good. As we fended off and rounded the Mystic I looked back to see amply clouds of brown water stirred by my prop and the keels of at least two of us on the raft. Before long we were back in deeper water. This time two anchors were set on the off chance that the same problem should reoccur. Phew! Logs and branches go somewhere, and when they eventually sink, you'll eventually snag one – I did.



Sail Color

Butler Smythe

Most sails we use these days are white, cream or red. I won't address the dirty ones ☹.... In most cases the color is a personal consideration based on availability, cost, or a standard look. When I bought my Menger 23 back in 2000 I chose cream for two reasons: 1) a more classic look and 2) easier to see in the fog. Believe it or not the latter was my biggest consideration and still is. The contrast of cream on white is greater than white on white, and while the chances of it being a factor were small (they're larger in Maine!), I was working in Maryland as a safety engineer for NASA at the time. I still think the same.

A white sail was my second choice and white is the color of my Marshall 15's cruising sail (2 reefs). The cost of a cream sail is \$200 more than a white according to Quantum and only comes in the cruising configuration (2 reefs). Of course my current sail is a cruising one and is just fine, and who knows when/if I'll race much... so that is a consideration - for me at least. More research on sail material to come.

Now there is red. Red sails are hotter in the sun than white and I have to assume do not last as long because of that but that is supposition. Even so, red sails are harder to see at night due to their darker color and potential lack of contrast with the surroundings. They look great on some boats but were never on my list. They are a welcome choice by some and create a welcome diversity out on the water.

See or be Seen

Butler Smythe

Sailing at night or in the fog can create interesting problems, both for navigation and for seeing others. You can help being seen by others, especially if they have radar on board, and if they use it. For longer voyages or when fog might be a factor, I will carry a portable radar reflector (Radar Target Enhancer (RTE)) made for Davis – the Echomaster. It is easy to stow (closed) under the foredeck when not used. When it is deployed, I can haul it up off the deck using the flag hoist, to a point where it is clear of the deck and then secured to the base of the shroud and back to the mast – centering it to prevent excessive swing and to not hit the mast. It is only used when/if needed. On a larger catboat there is certainly more room.

Based on testing results: <http://www.ussailing.org/wp-content/uploads/DARoot/Offshore/SAS%20Studies/2007%20Radar%20Reflector%20Test.pdf>, the Davis Echomaster was far superior to tubular RTE's that might seem easier to use on a small boat. Performance is key and it's interesting to note that the reflected signal goes up by the fourth power of the radius. Anything is better than nothing to be more visible when you're in the fog or it's dark out, but as the tests show, tubulars are not worth the money!



Apps

Butler Smythe

The following application (App) summaries are not intended to provide a full review of any App I note below, just my personal useage/preferences and why. If you're on the other end of technology... – my mother is almost 92 and uses an iPad, does Facebook and eMail and uses Apps - not a lot and needs some help, but we all do at times.

I carry a "smartphone" all the time and have for years. In my case I also carry a WIFI tablet (iPad mini) for longer trips as the larger display is much easier see and more effective for navigation. I use the hotspot function on my iPhone to connect the tablet to the internet. Some provider plans do not give you this option, such as the AT&T plan with unlimited data. I avoid that limitation.

Critically important to me - I protect both devices using a LifeProof case to help protect both during unintentional drops and exposure to water. I shattered my iPhone display at CBA's 2016 annual meeting in fact (parking lot while exiting my car). That was before the case. It helps to protect but the displays can still be shattered.

The short list of marine related Apps I use on my Iphone follows. All are probably available on Android devices and ALL are FREE in their basic versions. If I've upgraded I identify why. None of the following replace paper charts, my eyes and ears or the seat of my pants, but what they do provide is additional information I might not otherwise have – like changing winds and bad weather you can't necessarily see or predict with your eyes alone.

Marine Traffic – Automatic Identification System (AIS)

This application provides identification of ship and boat traffic for those vessels equipped with AIS that are actively reporting, or are being reported buy others (only if the reported vessel has AIS). It does not display all vessels with AIS systems installed. It should be used as a supplement to other means of identification under adverse conditions (night/fog, etc.). Vessels not being reported and those without AIS, are not visible in this system.

It helps to supplement other sources of information. Caution should be used.

Comments: I have used it as a standalone and with the AIS installed on my Menger 23 and it works. I also noted vessels not being reported. Sole reliance on it concerns are valid.

Weather Underground - Weather

Helps to provide current day and projected weather conditions as well as access to temperature, radar and other important information before departure and current conditions. Bad weather (rain, lightning, etc.) tracking is available on any boat.

It's real and available. Fog is harder to see and its path harder to predict, so here in Maine. knowing its limitations is only common sense.

Navionics - Charting

This App is Great! And it's FREE. The application gives you accurate charts, plotting tools, speed and location information, wind forecasts, and a variety of other tools that help to supplement paper charts that are still needed on board.

Why I like it: Most of what you need is Free and the charting tools are great. The Paid App adds currents, weather, tides and some other tools that can be beneficial. It is an all inclusive tool for the most part.

Navionics+ for US is the paid version at \$9.99/year. I upgraded for 1 year to test and found that the paid version's current depiction is not a detailed current overlay as I'd hoped but is a specific location graphic depiction (not enough areas IMHO). I will add that the graphics are pretty darn good and it graphically depicts tide and current in the chart format. It's worth a try. This App can easily "replace" many of the others noted here though weather radar and wind projections are not available. This tool replaces the tide app I had used and there are many of them....

Currents – Oh I wish!

Why there is no good online App for Currents in a chart format, that addresses current over time, is beyond me. I've used paper current charts in the early 90's for the Pacific NW and they were both accurate and indispensable! Here in Maine the same would be true but I've found nothing.

Sail Flow – Wind (current and projections)

Provides graphical depiction of wind and wind forecast for your selected area. It gives you graphical overlays for predicted/forecast and actuals/observed. The forecast page also gives you predicted weather to tie that to the winds. Tides are also available.

Simple, easy to read and relatively accurate. Nothing is perfect when it comes to weather but this is close. If you're into weather modeling, this app lets you pick the model that is used for the predictions. Free so why not give it a try. If you chose to upgrade to the paid version it gives you nautical chart depictions and other stuff but for 4 bucks a month... not in my budget!

Windfinder – Wind (current and projections)

Pretty much as above but more visually pleasing. It also gives you a super may with overlay that shows winds over time. Projections are out for over a week so a handy guide as long as things don't dramatically change.

Quick and easy to use and relatively accurate. As long as a station is relatively close by and comparative to your location it should work great. This is the tool we use for racing up here. I upgraded to the Pro version (only 2 bucks) to get rid of ads and get the superforecast, which is based on a different model and can be more accurate.

Speedometer – Speed and other related data

Gives you speed in various formats, tracks trips, allows you to add waypoints, altitude, and other stuff.

When I mount my iPhone the large displayed speed is readily readable and accurate. I use this for sailing, power and my bike! In addition it gives you direct access to your tunes.

There's a lot in this App, except there are no nautical charts. I use Navionics for that.

BoatUS -

Lat/Long, weather (basic), tides, link to call for a tow.

My Membership information is readily available as well as my member number. It also provides very basic weather and member contact info., phone numbers, etc. Service locations are limited to West Marine Stores – pretty useless. I don't use West Marine unless there is nothing else. I do use BoatUS Insurance (now underwritten by Geico)!



Many of these Apps also have Web based tools that give you even more information and in a much easier to view format.



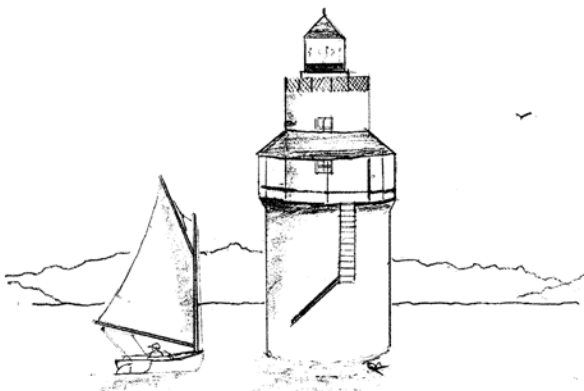
Yarns & Adventures

John Orlando, Editor

Spring is sprung and most of us have our boats commissioned and ready to go. In my case, it was a very tiring and a bumpy road to get here but it was all worth it. I have this little treat for everyone to enjoy. Just sing along together with friends the Willie Nelson Classic "On the Road Again," of course, with some adaption to tell the world how we Catboaters feel about spring.

On the water, again,
Just can't wait to get on the water again,
The life I love is making havoc with my friends
And can't wait to get on the water again,
On the water, again, going places that I've never been,
Seein' things that I may never see again,
And I can't wait to be on the water again,
On the water again,
Like a band of drinking buddies, we go down the
waterways,
We all are the best of Friends!

The following was submitted by Bob Campbell, a new Catboat Association Member that has recently purchased a Marshall 22 that was formerly owned by Mike and Marty Powers. In the spring, he plans to sail her home from Marshall Marine to the Great South Bay. Bob is already planning to attend the Catboat Rendezvous at the Sayville Yacht Club in September.



Things Were Not Always So

Bob Campbell

I hold a full certificate from the United States Power Squadron and a 100 Ton Merchant Mariner Credential from the United States Coast Guard for sail or power-driven vessels in near coastal waters. But things were not always so.

I was lucky enough to qualify for a partial scholarship to a well-known boy's prep school in Garden City on Long Island. In fifth form, as the junior year of high school was called, I decided I wanted to attend college, but didn't have the where-with-all to pay for it. My advisor was an elderly gentleman in his sixties. I held him in the highest regard and decided to ask him about summer job opportunities.

Garden City has three golf courses, all within short walking distance from my school. It seemed reasonable that a good paying summer job could be found there. With this thought in mind I approached my advisor who I shall call T.W. He had been a village mayor and a fire chief. Who better to ask about what I had in mind?

I told T.W. about my desire to find summer employment nearby. He listened quietly and asked if my family had connections with any of these golfing clubs? They did not. I suggested that I could carry bags of golf clubs. T.W. asked if my father was a golfer. The closest my father had ever come to the sport was to pick up stray golf balls that had found their way onto the railroad tracks where he worked. Not close enough mused T.W.

Then he explained that a successful caddy not only carried bags of clubs, but also offered sage suggestions on which club to use, how the sand traps could be avoided, and which side of the cup to favor on the putting green. Since I did not know the lay of the land, T.W. observed, only a duffer who knew less than I would take me into his employ.

T.W. had a better idea for me. You see he owned a camp on Long Island where I would not need

spikey golf shoes or other expensive attire. All that was necessary was a will to work and the appetite to down three good meals at the camp dining hall each day. For that I was amply qualified.

Then he told me more about his camp. He had a rifle range with real rifles and bullets too, horses to ride, and expansive sand dunes for color war. He would even pay me ten dollars a week while I was having all kinds of fun. Get a footlocker he advised and a sleeping bag too for when you go out for overnight hikes. I was only sixteen and this was starting to sound like boot camp. Maybe trying my luck at being a caddy wasn't as impossible as T.W. had made it sound.

I reported to camp and was assigned a cabin. I would be the counselor. There would be an assistant counselor and a cabin O.T. (old timer) who could not have been more than twelve. I was at the top of a hierarchy where campers became O.T.'s; O.T.'s became assistant counselors, and assistant counselors were promoted to counselors. I was an enigma to the campers in my cabin and to the leaders who I needed for support because I had been none of these. Somehow, I had to sustain my role of counselor and forestall the mutinous looks of my cabin mates.

In addition to being the camp owner, T.W. was also a colonel in the Civil Air Patrol. The man owned three airplanes! Republic Seabees, they were called... four seaters with a single pusher prop. Regular little flying boats they were. Two were for spare parts and the one which he flew was painted bright red. When he was in flying attire T.W. would wear a white scarf, leather helmet with aviator goggles, and his large handlebar mustache. I read Snoopy in the Sunday Funnies and T.W. reminded me of the Red Baron in his red flying machine, held together with bailing wire and canvas cloth.

On Wednesday nights, the camp cooking staff had off. The counselors would lead their charges down to the rocky Long Island Sound shore and prepare a kitchen. The campers, under the supervision of the O.T., scavenged the beach and the dunes for driftwood. A fire was built and hot dogs were roasted.

While all of this was going on a red flying boat (we nicknamed it the flying red brick) would glide down out of the sky and land gracefully on the smooth waters of Long Island Sound. Campers with special letters of permission were marshalled to the shore and lined up for the entertainment of the

evening. The Red Baron would nuzzle the nose of his airship up to the sand and the chosen campers would be ushered aboard three at a time by the flight crew.

With the passengers, aboard in life jackets and belted into their seats, the seaplane would be pushed out and turned into the wind. Then with the roar of the engine they would skip off across the water and lumber up into the sky. For the next fifteen minutes, we would watch them overfly the beach and make S turns over the sound. What a sight to see a plane fly close enough to see the faces of the pilot and passengers.

Finally, the oldest of the campers boarded the last flight. Once in the air they flew the same circuit as before. But then the Red Baron began to climb several thousand feet into the air. This signaled the crowd that the main event was about to begin. We were to be treated to T.W.'s equivalent of the Coney Island Cyclone. Up and down the red brick flew. Engine screaming on the way up. Wings screaming on the way down. I can only imagine what the inside of the cabin sounded like.

The red plane eased up to the beach one last time and the passengers slipped out the door and into the shallow water under the wing. They were laughing and jumping up and down as they came ashore. Their friends greeted them and everyone talked at once. You see, flying the cyclone with the Red Baron was a badge of honor that only the experienced flyers could ever hope to achieve.

It was assumed that all counselors could do anything...waterski, shoot, ride, and of course, sail. So, after dinner one evening I walked down to the waterfront on Great Pond and asked the supervising counselor on duty if I might borrow a Grumman sailing dinghy. He told me where to find the sail and reminded me to take a life jacket. I also took a paddle.

While preparing to get, underway I heard someone shouting, "Uncle Bob, Uncle Bob." One of the campers from my cabin came bounding down to the water's edge. He was tired of playing softball and thought a sail with his counselor would be more fun.

Reluctantly I agreed and told him to get a life jacket...and a paddle. He wanted to know why he needed a paddle. After all, we were going out in a sailboat, not a canoe. When you are a counselor your directions carry great weight. Soon the little guy was back, lifejacket tied on and paddle in hand. He shoved us off the beach and I pulled the sail in until we began to go.

We sailed here and there with the sail on one side of the little dinghy or the other, but never able to sail close to the wind. Downwind we went, away from our beach and down toward the other end of Great Pond where the snapping turtles lurked.

The evening wore on and everyone left the waterfront. We heard Taps being played and imagined all the campers lined up around the flag pole. The sun set and the hubbub of the camp died down. Everyone was back in their cabin being tucked into bed. But not my little camper. He thought sailing around in the dark with his counselor was the greatest adventure ever. That is until I pulled out my paddle and told him to start paddling back to the camp beach. He protested loudly and demanded to know why I just didn't sail us home.

Then reality dawned on him. Uncle Bob couldn't sail. He had gone out with a counselor who

couldn't sail! He sat there immobile in disbelief until I told him the snapping turtles would get us unless he paddled as hard as he could.

We returned to the cabin an hour after Taps. My assistant counselor and the O.T. had tucked everyone in. After I tucked my little guy in I had to explain to my assistant that we had gone for a moonlight sail... and paddled home.

The next morning at breakfast every camper in the dining hall knew not to go sailing with Uncle Bob. I spent the rest of the summer sailing solo on wooden sailfish and aluminum dinks. But after that first night I never paddled home again.

The following summer I was asked to work at T.W.'s camp once more, but not as a counselor. There was an opening in the kitchen and I became one of the cooks. My salary jumped to \$35 a week and I had Wednesday afternoons off to sail.



Cruising

Steve Flesner, Editor

News from Down on dee Bay, Hon!

Steve Flesner

It might have been a cold, cold winter up north, but down here on dee Bay we enjoyed a mild winter with just a dusting of snow, and I only saw skim ice on the creek a couple of times. The oyster harvest was exceptionally good making the watermen happy. Of course, they always want just a bit more but then so does Mother Nature!

We take our oysters pretty seriously down here. Back in 1870, the “oyster wars” started. There were two conflicts: one between the hand-tongers and the dredgers and one between the dredge boats from Virginia and those from Maryland (and, later, “pirate” dredgers from New England). In 1871, thousands of dredge boats invaded river waters supposedly reserved for hand tonging resulting in a shooting war on the Chester and Choptank Rivers. When the Chesapeake Catboat Association (CCBA) cruised those rivers on their long cruises, it was much quieter! Maryland formed an “oyster navy” which was as crooked as a cork screw and was later replaced with the Marine Police that evolved into the state’s Department of Natural Resources (DNR).

Lucky for us, the CBA and the CCBA get along much better than the oyster guys! Of course if you were to take a closer look at oystering on the Bay you might ask yourself why DNR has to keep such a close watch on the watermen...to the extent that there is a tall video surveillance tower on Deal Island that monitors the Bay from the western shore to the eastern shore 24/7. Think it has something to do with the independence of the watermen? You got that right! As an aside, while up in Groton, CT, for the annual meeting I sampled a variety of farm-raised oysters from Connecticut and Rhode Island and decided they were just about as good as ours, even without the lemon and horseradish!!

The CCBA Long Cruise is scheduled for Sept 17-23, 2017. We hope to see some CBA boats joining us with or without their “pirate” flags!!! Marc Cruder

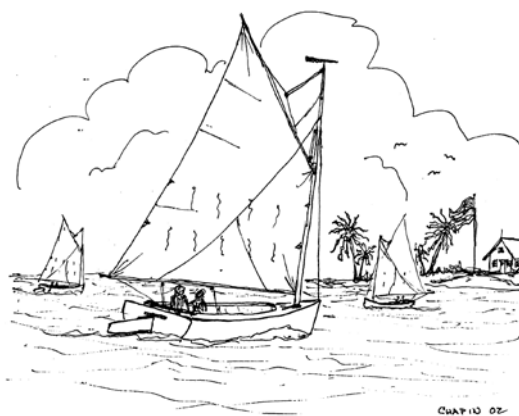


Drawing courtesy of Frank Lovewell

and David Morrow have laid out the cruise itinerary and it looks like something for everyone. We could call it a Six-Day Romp on the Miles and Wye Rivers with a return to some favorite creeks, anchor in some new spots, and a day put aside to see what is new at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St. Michaels (ice crème parlor is just down the street!).

With plenty of launch sites and the promise of seasonal fall wind and weather, we hope it will motivate and facilitate participation by catboaters beyond the Chesapeake Bay. Low mileage legs ensure a “sail everywhere” itinerary. Further detail of the cruise can be found on the CCBA website, www.chesapeakecatboats.org under the events section. Questions can be directed to our Cruise Commander, Marc Cruder at heavitree@comcast.net. Hope to see you down here. Ya’ll come now, ya hear!!

That’s about it for down here on dee Bay, Hon!



The Voyage of the *Toccata*; Two Coots in a Cat

Michael H. Lang

This voyage was the result of a swap between two lovers of catboats. Tom Jansen was looking to downsize from *Toccata*, his 17-foot Cape Cod Catboat (fig 1 Cape Cod Cat Specifications) I was looking for a small cabin catboat to replace my open 15-foot Legnos Mystic River Catboat, because my wife, who loved to sail, needed a cabin as she was prone to sunburn. Tom and I connected and a swap was arranged. All that remained were the logistics; Tom and *Toccata* were in Westport, MA, and my boat was in southern New Jersey.

I wondered why Tom had chosen the name *Toccata*. My stepfather, Boris Lang, was a classical pianist, so I knew that *Toccata* was a virtuosic, fast moving, form of music. Sure enough, it turned out Tom was also a professional classical musician. The cat sound within the apt musical reference insured that we dared not change a name with all that going for it.

Back to those pesky logistics. Bringing the Mystic River Cat to Tom's house in Westport, by trailer was a snap. More challenging was how to bring *Toccata* down the coast to its new home port of Bridgeport. The original intention was to trailer it, but then my friend Dennis Brunn suggested a sea voyage, and the flood gates opened and ideas poured forth: we could visit Mystic Seaport, we could tour some of the coastal villages like Old Saybrook, we might even visit Dennis's old home town of Northport on Long Island. Dennis is the skipper of the *Belva Ann*, a Herreshoff Eagle, berthed on the Chesapeake. What started as a pleasant daydream soon became more like an actual possibility. Seven days at sea. A piece of cake!

Serious questions were raised. *Toccata* is a small, oldish (1974), catboat. Was she up to such a long voyage? Both Dennis and I are of retirement age and essentially experienced day sailors. Did we have the stamina and ability to pull off this bucket-list adventure? Were we in our right minds? But at each meeting, the "room was humming harder," the plans advanced and details were hammered out.

Dennis said, "Mike let's do this trip." So a Waterway Guide, Eldridge's Tide and Pilot book, charts and various safety essentials were purchased, and it looked more and more like this trip would

take place. As luck would have it, Dennis was able to take a navigation course just prior to our intended departure date. This important fact cemented my determination to make the trip. Nonetheless, second thoughts abounded, particularly when more than one overheard comment ascribed insanity to our stated intentions to undertake the voyage.

At each subsequent meeting it was clear that while I was keen, it was Dennis who was throwing himself into the project full-tilt. Guess most voyages have a gung-ho leader and gaggle of passengers and crew who cling tightly to their life vests while mentally reviewing all the many things that could possibly go wrong. Dennis made list after list, charted our course down the coast under various tide, current and weather scenarios, he researched harbors of refuge in case of inclement weather. The course itinerary was impressively detailed with course headings and, I had to admit, things seemed to be very much in hand.

Sea Trial and Mystery

We were very much aware that neither Dennis or I had ever sailed in *Toccata*. So Dennis and I motored up to Westport to check her out and take her for a sea trial on a chilly April weekend. Tom took us on a tour of Westport, which is a lovely, rural, community with farms and cottages by the sea. It has a large resident population of ospreys of which they are justly proud. Finally, we went to the boat yard where *Toccata* had recently been launched. As it turned out, Carey's Boat Yard was a very small, rustic, affair on the West Branch of the Westport River, almost completely lacking in amenities; it did not even boast a porta potti. Ed, the owner, lived on the large wooded property in a lovely shingled house on a rise up from the yard itself.

This boatyard is not like what one thinks of a marina or even a working boatyard. There were about 20 boats of various descriptions and conditions scattered about in the open along the shore line of the river. With tongue in cheek, Tom referred to the yard as "Club Ed." It is dominated by two ancient rusting diesel cranes. The first is at the head of the long driveway and serves as the yard's sign. It is truly a case of "You can't miss it." The other is in use at the water's edge, entirely covered in rust, so that there is not a spot of paint remaining anywhere. (fig 2 crane at boatyard) That it is operational defies belief, particularly, as the tall crane boom is surmounted by a huge osprey's nest. It was a funky place all right.

Our first look at *Toccata* revealed that she was just as Tom had described. She was a sound boat

with evidence of her years. Tom admitted that her decks leaked a bit. When Tom and I started our negotiations I had asked him if he thought *Toccata* was capable of a 6-day sea voyage and he assured me she could handle it. After all, she had a new sail and a recently installed Yanmar diesel. Tom graciously helped us rig the sails and go over engine basics (figs 3, Tom and Dennis work at rigging, but no rudder!). One crucial issue reared its head immediately. As we happily looked at *Toccata*, we could see that something important was amiss: she did not have a rudder! Tom quickly put in a call to Ed who assured him it was placed on an adjacent dock for safekeeping after it started slatting about in a storm. The only problem was that it was not on that dock, only a vivid scrape of blue paint attested to the fact that it had been there at some point. Now, however, it was nowhere to be found. Hours were spent looking for it on the assumption that someone had moved it again, or it had slipped into the water somehow.

We probed in the mud amid complete bafflement and hoped Ed would arrive soon with an answer. One clue was that the dock where the rudder had been placed was in the process of being installed and was simply tied off to the rock strewn shore with no ramp so it could only be accessed by boat from the water. We wondered why Ed had removed the banging rudder and hauled it into another boat in order to move it to the second dock. It must have been a hard lift from a boat to move it to the adjacent dock. That rudder weighs a ton! Why not just tie it off securely? (Later, when asked about this, Ed just shrugged and muttered about hindsight) All these thoughts raced through our minds as we contemplated the reality that we would not be able to take *Toccata* on her sea trail unless the rudder was located.

As if things were not bad enough, I had a near disastrous fall off of the "pier" that led to the dock where the rudder was last seen. Actually, it was not a pier that anyone would recognize as such, rather it was just a 10 inch wide beam that can be seen in the photo. There was no way to reach to this dock except by walking tightrope-walker style, balancing on this long narrow beam that ran parallel to the shore over jagged rip-rap. (fig.4 narrow pier/beam seen in foreground) A number of large, rusty, iron bolts protruded from the beam. There was no direct access to the floating dock from this beam. You had to do it on all fours, crawling very carefully over the wet rocks. Not standard dockage to say the least, but hey, it was early in the season and things were still a bit

loosey-goosey. And as we were sure the rudder was down there somewhere, we had to keep searching. Sure enough, despite being ultra careful, I slipped off the beam and fell on the rocks below, tearing the seat out of by jeans on the rusty bolt and so very narrowly missed getting impaled. Thankfully I emerged from the damp rip-rap badly shaken up, but in one piece. Clearly, this was not the shaping up as the boy's best adventure as initially envisioned.

Eventually, Ed arrived to help in the search. Ed worked 3 jobs and as a result, was often away from the yard. He turned out to be a rangy, taciturn gentleman of middle age who somehow exuded an air of gentle competence. and wide experience. Ed turned to, and joined us in looking for the rudder, poking in the mud off the docks with a boathook. He even moved one of the docks so as to be able to probe beneath it. The bottom was composed of mud that was thick and heavy, so the rudder if it had slipped into the water should have been visible at low tide.

Repeated searches of the river bottom as well as the boatyard proved fruitless. The next thought was could it have been stolen? All heads were being scratched; who would steal a heavy "barn door" rudder? Was it an act of some sort of retribution, simple vandalism, or perhaps thieves who wanted it for a nautical driveway sign or restaurant wall motif? No one knew the answer.

I could see Ed was as mystified as we were about the rudder's disappearance. After a fruitless search, Ed went to his phone to make some calls. Ed did not have much to say about the rudder except that it was very "strange," and then he would gaze off into the distance. "No one is on the water yet," he mused. "It has been so darned cold this spring. Of course, there have been some fellows out early for quahogs", he added with a knowing look.

Clearly he had some ideas about who might have been to blame. Eventually we decided to give up for the night. We intended to return in the morning in the hope that the rudder could be found at low tide, or that Ed would have come up with some leads. All in all, it certainly was a strange introduction to Westport.

As it was still April and quite cold, we opted to stay at the Paquachuck Inn, a local bed and breakfast in nearby Westport Point rather than on *Toccata*. We had made reservations beforehand via the internet and thought we had received confirmation. When we informed Tom where he were staying he said, "Oh, yes, Brenda's place, well there are a lot of stories

about Brenda,” and then he went silent. Asked to be more specific, he said, “Well, I don’t really know, ask my wife Barbara.” Later, when I had the chance, I did ask Barbara and received the same mysterious and frustrating half answers, alluding to various goings on at Brenda’s place, but nothing specific. All this added to the growing sense of unease that we had been experiencing.

Later we pulled into Westport Point, a charming, small community of gray shingled homes, rolling gently down to a cluster of atmospheric dockside buildings, fishing boats and rental skiffs. (fig. 5 Westport Point Harbor). We found the inn quickly as it stood out as the tallest building on the point (fig 6. Paquachuck Inn) . Not so easy to find was the proprietress. No one answered our knocks on the front or back doors. Eventually, finding the side door open we entered and began to nose about. It seemed clear that the establishment was not ready for prime time; cleaning paraphernalia was strewn about as were several odd shoes and pieces of clothing. Finally we found Brenda the owner in the kitchen who was obviously quite surprised to see us. We identified ourselves and said we were looking for our rooms. We were greeted with an outburst: “Oh, I had not confirmed your reservation...We are not really open yet”. Thankfully, that was immediately followed by “Don’t worry I can put you up!” After our long drive from New Jersey, the day of rigging *Toccata*, and our frustrating search for the rudder, we were in no mood to have to search out other accommodation.

More to the point, was the fact that we really wanted to stay at her B&B, since we could already see that it was an out-of-the-ordinary hostelry that immediately appealed to us. It was full of scrimshaw, whale vertebrae, ship models and other nautical motifs, as well a lot of artwork that we learned later was Brenda’s. Her artistic touch was everywhere, with an eclectic mix of old and new, yielding a unique charm. Humor was in on display with a piece depicting the demise of the Wicked Witch of the West; only her shoes remained. (fig. 7. Wicked Witch of the West by Brenda) But it was the waterfront setting and the old, timbered building itself that set the welcoming tone. Brenda informed us that it originally was an old chandlery, which certainly it smacked of the sea. We both decided that it was so charming that after our adventure, we would return in warmer weather with our spouses for an extended stay.

Brenda turned out to be very outgoing and personable. At breakfast she told us she had worked

at Woods Hole doing aquatic research and had spent many years at sea. She had recently retired and decided to turn her B&B from a part-time occupation into a full-time one. Brenda certainly seemed to know everyone in town and was intrigued by our story of the theft of the rudder. At first she seemed to find the theft almost funny, but quickly the twinkle faded from her eyes and she focussed on the dire implications for our planned sea trial and the problem of locating a replacement if it came to that.

As I watched her face I got the distinct impression she was going through her mental rolodex to see which local scoundrel might have absconded with our rudder. Again, no firm answers, just that inscrutable look that hinted at secret knowledge. It must be a Westport thing, I decided. But she felt that surely the rudder would turn up. Heck, stealing a rudder is lower than horse thievery and we know what happened to horse thieves when they were caught. So who in their right mind would risk it?

After breakfast, Dennis and I decided to return to Ed’s yard in order to try to spy the rudder at low tide. Once there we went through all the motions of the previous day; probing with the boat hooks and peering everywhere we could think of all to no avail. The sucker was just gone and Ed had come up dry too. Still, he felt it would turn up in short order. After all who would do such a thing? It was just “strange.” Dennis and I were truly stymied. We could not try out *Toccata*, so after stowing her gear we decided to head home. Ed and I agreed to stay in touch. Good news was sure to come soon.

But days passed and Ed had heard nothing. It began to sink in that this rudder was not going to simply turn up. I became more and more convinced the rudder had been stolen. So I decided to be more proactive and reported the theft to the police department in Westport, the Westport Harbor master and F.L. Tripp & Son’s Boatyard, a Westport institution.

Finally, I placed ads in several local newspapers offering rewards with no questions asked. I also contacted a number of vintage maritime antique shops thinking the miscreants had sold it off. All to no avail. Most disconcerting was that the date for our voyage was fast approaching. This loss was a serious problem because finding a replacement would not be easy or cheap. Rudders are not often stolen. My boating fraternity had never heard of such a thing. Was fate or some force trying to send us a message here? Was this voyage jinxed? Should we

heed this omen? Nerves already a bit on edge became noticeably more frayed.

After several weeks of waiting in vain for the miscreant to come forth, and toying with the idea of making a new rudder from plans, I contacted *Toccata's* builder, Cape Cod Shipbuilding and we learned that while the Cape Cod Catboat is no longer in production, as luck would have it, a single spare rudder was on hand. Ed arranged to have it installed in time for our planned voyage in May. We would not let this setback spoil our adventure. Still, we were very much aware that the sea trial and voyage were now one and the same.

Return to Westport Point

Finally the date set for our voyage was upon us and we again found ourselves at Brenda's. At breakfast the talk soon veered to the missing rudder. Brenda said, "Everyone has had heard about the theft." Then she laughed and said: "Why the theft of the rudder is the talk of Westport Point." Turning more serious she said, "I think it was the work of river rats, who we think have been involved in several minor thefts in the area." I immediately thought of the phone calls Ed had made on the first day we discovered the theft. I guessed for him it was probably a case of rounding up the usual suspects. Finally, we said our goodbyes to Brenda and headed to the boat, leaving us still wondering if the rudder would ever be found.

Day One

As we began to unpack the car with all our belongings and ship's stores, spirits were high, but I must confess to having a certain edginess about our impending voyage. For on thing I had just managed to fall out of a metal lounge chair and badly scrape my shin bone; it needed attention if it was not to become infected. A sea voyage in a small boat was not ideal, but I could not in good conscience cancel at this late date.

This was a real offshore adventure in an old, unfamiliar, boat captained and crewed by a couple of old coots. What else could go wrong? A heck of a lot I knew, so the what if's cascaded through my mind building up like a snowball rolling down hill as it closed in on old Wile E. Coyote. I was more or less able to deal with this feeling of impending doom, but only at the expense of my digestive tract which was trying hard to get my attention. And it did make me recall the old adage "If you are keeping your head when all those around you are losing theirs, perhaps

you have not correctly assessed the situation."

Meanwhile, Dennis, who had asked me to provision *Toccata*, went through my assortment of quickie veggie chili, and Indian and Mexican meals and politely offered his cache of canned beans and stew "Just in case." So we checked our equipment and loaded the stores. I spent the night on board in order to guard the new rudder, while Dennis and Linda slept at the B&B. Lucky devils!

Day Two: Westport River

Awoke a bit damp, stiff and sore. "The old bones will just have to adjust," I say to myself.

As if calculated to add insult to injury, at the moment Linda got into her car to return to civilization, she informed me with a sly cackle, "Dennis snores.... a lot."

Dennis scoffed, "Load of rubbish.

"Hah, snoring, is that all?" I say, "No worries mate" But it was just one more tiny imponderable to add to all the other concerns.

After an early breakfast we shove off for a nice run down the Westport River only to run aground having selected the wrong channel. A first test for us, but no recriminations, just nice teamwork to get us off the sand bar and into the right channel and we were back in business and anchored for night.(fig. 8 Mike at mouth of Westport River) (fig 9 Dennis checking ground tackle) We received a nice bon voyage from Tom and wife Barbara who came down to the beach and took photos. (fig.10 But what is Tom really thinking?)What was Tom thinking? The old adage about the happiest day in you life is when you sell your boat came to mind. Or did he harbor real worries for our safety? Did he know something adverse that he had not shared with us?

Dastardly thoughts would keep me awake most of the night. A light meal and we turned in. Noticed a bit of water in the bilge. The deck leaking? Gee, these were very tight quarters, a bit damp Loud snoring confirmed. The prospect of seven days (and nights) at sea began to pall, but there was no turning back.

Day Three: Westport River to Pt. Judith

Started out reefed due to an abundance of caution, but soon shook it out. Nice sailing, but wind and waves begin to build off Newport. Enjoyed seeing the huge Newport cottages that line the shore. My impression of the coastline is the amazing extent it is filled with McMansions and other less pretentious housing developments. My other impression is the prevalence of brown jellyfish in the waters from

Westport on down the coast. Swimming seems a dangerous pastime around here. Lobster pots abound and we are sorely tempted, but refrain. "Heck, we would rather eat canned stew right?"

Wind and waves picked up and I became instantaneously seasick when I ventured into the cabin to get my hat. Heck, it was like being whirled around in a clothes dryer. I am never seasick, but I have never been in such rough water before. I again wonder if I am up to this trip, especially after I become sick in a second attempt to enter the cabin. I know, slow learner.

Luckily after a brief spell of being green at the gills, Dennis suggested I look at the far horizon, and soon I feel fine and the worry begins to recede. I noticed Dennis had an annoying habit of not fastening his life jacket. I do mention this and his behavior is modified, somewhat, for a bit.(fig 11 Dennis being nonchalant)

Nearing Newport, we see a tall sailboat, clearly a racing boat. It made several tacks and returned to port. We chuckle that the conditions are too tough for them. Careful, pride cometh before a fall: suddenly we see a line of very small buoys holding up a long fishing net that stretched from side-to-side in front of us. Holy Cow! And which way to head? A quick choice brings us luck as we tack to starboard and are able to reach the end of the buoys without becoming entangled. We are amazed that such a hazard is allowed. Is it legal? It was very poorly marked. By this time Dennis and I sense we are good shipmates, capable of remaining amiable under the various vicissitudes that are part of an extended voyage in a small boat.

Later in the day the wind and waves increase further and we drop sail and try to motor up the coast to Pt. Judith but the cannot make headway against the strengthening wind, waves and adverse tide. So we turn tail and look for a safe harbor. We find it at Dutch Harbor though this requires backtracking over an hour which is dispiriting. Dutch Harbor is a small, very pleasant sheltered cove with waterfront farms and a few lobster boats where we anchor for the night. (fig. 12 for this we sail) Dinner is canned food prepared on our small alcohol stove. Dennis opted to save the Indian fare for another night. Noticed more water in bilge and had to pump out several buckets of water. The Whale gusher pump clogged, we had to use a backup hand pump. It was hard to credit leaky decks with the amount of water. Charts were checked, but an early night and a welcome rest--until

then the racket began. Dennis had to be poked several times. (fig 13 please don't disturb snoring)

Day Four: Dutch Harbor to Stonington

We get off to an early start at 5 a.m. Off of New London, we see a sail training boat, several large ferries and a large, strange ship (looked commercial but not sure) that makes a loop and heads straight for us, but veers off in good time. Whew! Conditions are favorable. We have good sailing and soon pass Pt. Judith. We make such good time with fair winds that we opt to pass Stonington in favor of an anchorage off Fishers Island in order to make up for having to backtrack the day before.

As winds and current remain fair we reach Fishers Island by 5 p.m. We spy a lovely schooner off Mystic going down the coast. Enjoyed a peaceful anchorage with a few neighbors who are very quiet, but have to take their two poodles by boat for a walk on the shore several times a day. Nice meal of canned turkey stew. Dennis forgot we were going out for Indian (Yeah, right!) More water in the bilge and still not sure of the source. Dennis's night time wind ensemble was in its full glory. I try to tell myself people actually can get used to living with this kind of racket and achieve sleep.

We awake early in dense fog and can't see a thing. The mist hangs on for hours. It lifts a bit and then comes down again. The colors are amazing: the striking interplay of white fog, the sea, and the filtered sunlight from the trees on shore. Added to all this was the haunting sound of fog horns.

Fishers Island seems more low key than other shoreline communities. The homes are often more modest and on larger parcels preserving a green pastoral ambience. While it is private, one can go ashore and rent bikes for a tour. Wish we had the time as this was a special place. Eventually the fog lifted enough to give about a mile visibility so we shoved off close to noon. Off Fishers Island is a large lighthouse on a small island with a residence that is completely off the grid using wind turbine and solar panels...very cool!

Day Five: Fishers Island to Old Saybrook

This was a hot day with long motoring, little wind and adverse currents. The Yanmar is a great little engine and never missed a beat. We see grand, old, homes along shore. I believe one belonged to the actress Katherine Hepburn. We decided to spend the night at a marina. It was great, I mean really great, to have a shower. I completely understand Dennis' preference for dinner at the shoreline pub over a

meal on board. We saw another catboat and several growling cigarette boats, also night heron and a frisky otter playing in the rocks.

Day Six: Old Saybrook to Branford

We had a good start with a fair current, which later turns foul. Clouds build on shore, but we stay clear of most of the weather. (fig 14 navigator at the helm) This was a day of a combination of motor and sail. Sailing past the beautiful Thimble Islands was a high point of the voyage and I look forward to having the time to gunkhole around this area. Branford is a beautiful harbor with great rock outcroppings. Water in the bilge is now a constant companion, but not a huge worry as rate did not increase.

Day Seven: Branford to Bridgeport

This was a gray day, rainy but high north winds and a fair current. The conditions were very rough with high, hissing waves, but they got us going at hull speed without motor. *Toccata* handled rough water with aplomb. And here came the trickiest part of the voyage: as the weather dramatically worsened off of Bridgeport, it became necessary to reef the sail, which was not a pleasant prospect under the rough conditions. Dennis went forward as I tried to keep *Toccata* under control. I felt sure he was going to be bounced off, but amazingly he held on and did the job. With hindsight he should have had a lifeline, since there would have been no way to retrieve him had he gone overboard. Of course, we should have reefed much earlier. We dodged a bullet, no doubt about it.

Captain's Cove in Bridgeport's Black Rock Harbor was our port of call and it looked very welcoming. (fig 15 Black Rock Harbor) We were wet, dirty and tired, and a bit homesick. My shin wound had begun to throb and we were home none too soon, I needed medical attention and a good night's sleep. Dennis said leave the Indian fare on board for another day, right! We saw a welcoming osprey flying over Bridgeport. Nice!

Envoi

To this day the mystery of the purloined rudder is not solved. From Westport, Tom Jansen reports, that in an amazing coincidence, the rudder on his Mystic River Catboat has gone missing! Rudder thieves of Westport strike again? The re-occurring bilge water in *Toccata* was traced to several scupper hoses in the cockpit that were not attached! This summer Dennis wants to sail *Toccata* over to Northport.

I respond, "Only if we can make it a day trip, if you get my drift, Dennis! "



Jim O'Connor and his wife Kim aboard catboat *Glimmer* in Edgartown Harbor. Their dog Marshall is aboard and hiding.

Tech Cruising Tips

Jim O'Connor

Editors Note: Here are some suggested phone applications from a noted cruiser. Jim O'Connor and his wife Kim are a familiar face among catboaters from Chatham to Long Island. They sail their lovely 22-foot Marshall catboat Glimmer to a lot of places and are most often accompanied by their black Labrador dog Marshall.

Jim is also a celebrated photographer in this publication. Each year Jim publishes a Catboat Calendar. His home port is Vineyard Haven, Martha's Vineyard. The two live in West Tisbury.

I still remember sailing just a few years back when it seems like, the only tech "thing" we had on board was Loran with a 3-foot antenna which I ended up breaking just about every year. Those were simpler times, for sure. Back then I took navigation courses at the local Coast Guard Station in Menemsha on Martha's Vineyard during the winter months, passing the time until we got back on the water.

I still recommend learning the basics of plotting and dead reckoning, set and drift. In the event your electronics fail you or you just want to turn off and tune it out. Still, it is nice to know if that ominous cloud formation is heading right towards you!

After spending the last 2 summers cruising aboard our Marshall 22, I thought it may be of interest to fellow catboaters to list some technical apps that

have proved useful to us. Some I use occasionally and some of these I couldn't imagine leaving the dock without.

You'll need a cell phone/iPad or compatible device. Surprisingly, in our experience, cell coverage is pretty good within 5 or 6 miles of the coast.

Tide Table -- Take along a tide table. They are especially helpful when attempting to anchor in unfamiliar, shallow areas (why would you not want to do this on a catboat?). Using your phone's internal GPS you can pull up your location's tide schedule along with the tidal range which can help deciding the best spot to drop your hook.

Sail Flow or Wind Guru -- Use either of this phone apps as an aid. Both of these apps give detailed, hour-by-hour wind predictions of a specific location of your choosing that I've found relatively accurate, although in my opinion they both tend to overshoot slightly on the maximum wind speeds. But hey, better that than going out in a predicted 15 knot breeze that ends up a smokey 25-30 knot wind smashing every item aboard to bits.

Navionics -- A chart plotter. It works just like a full GPS system and is one of my favorites. You can enter your route manually or have the app plot it using its auto-routing feature. Navionics gives you your boat speed, compass bearing, the direction and speed of any currents and the ETA of your destination along with updated charts. I use this app along with my GPS, which is mounted to the bulkhead and is sometimes too far away from the wheel to see critical chart details.

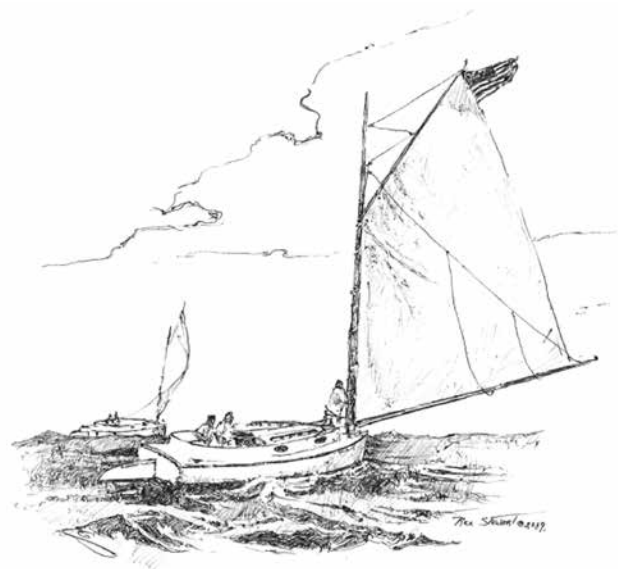
Marine Traffic -- A must have for most of us who don't have radar on our catboats. This app shows the location of ships near your vessel. It uses AIS which stands for Automatic Identification System, a radio-based system required for most commercial vessels that shows you other ships' location, present course and speed along the direction they are moving with other identifying data. The information is shown on a Google map as color icons pointed in the direction they are moving. It shows pleasure craft that have voluntarily signed up (recently becoming popular). It has been an invaluable addition for those pea-soup passages like the 8-hour trip we had last summer from Block Island to Pandanaram in 1/4 mile, at best, visibility. The one drawback is that it doesn't

show other vessels your position. One limited way to have that is to install the app **OnCourse**, which will broadcast your position to other vessels that are also using Marine Traffic. This is not a substitute for real AIS transmissions. For that you will need to install an AIS transponder along with registering your vessel. The AIS transponders are not inexpensive, starting around \$600, but neither is peace of mind!

Drag Queen -- A simple app that will let you know if you are dragging anchor. Again, this one uses your GPS position and you enter a distance range that if you go past, the alarm goes off. It also acts as a "good-night's-sleep" aid!

NOAA Weather/Dark Sky -- To help enjoy the day safely on the water, keeping a close eye on the weather is important. The NOAA app is incredibly accurate and in Hi-Def. I have recently been using Dark Sky which provides down-to-the-minute forecasts for your exact location. You'll know exactly when the rain will stop or start right where your boat is. Both of these apps are not only good when boating but also whenever you want to check on approaching storms.

Dockwa -- This app allows you to view marinas status to check on prices for moorings or dock space, request a mooring, reserve and pay for your mooring -- all through your phone. In just a couple of years, more and more harbor masters and marinas have signed up for the service and although I have not personally used this app I've heard from other friends they give it 5 stars.



Rendezvous and Race Results

Gayle Cornish, Editor

Eighth Annual Townie Hornor Sail-Around

Bill McKay

OSTERVILLE, MA: August 26-28, 2016: This rendezvous, like most catboaters, is getting better and better with age. And unlike some of past year's late August events, the weather was perfect for the eight boats and crews who attended this historical gathering. You have heard before that Townie Hornor used to host this event way back in the late 60s. From "CBA Bulletin No. 23," 1968, we read one of Townie's first invitations to his rendezvous. This is near a half-century ago, and Paul White has kept the memory alive.

July 13, 1968 - Edgartown-Osterville "Rendezvous Sail" with rendezvous at Crosby Yard In honor of Frances, the first Crosby cat to be built in a third of a century; Edgartown Yacht Club assisting.

Friday the 26th was bright and blue as cruising cats arrived to enjoy the hospitality of the Wianno Yacht Club. Their fine facility just down the street from "Crosbytown" and around the corner from the great village of Osterville was the perfect meeting place for moorings and overnight dockage.

Folks spent the afternoon or evening relaxing on the waterfront, wandering Osterville, or shopping at the Farmer's Market at the historical museum.

Saturday was another beautiful day, which welcomed local catboats up to the time of the noon parade. They came from Mashpee, Bass River, Martha's Vineyard and Cotuit. There are a lot of catboats within a short sail of Townie's old boathouse and home. Even in a parade rather than race, there is a lot of milling around, positioning and waiting for the drawbridge to open for a fleet of seven cats and one stinkpot.



Rugosa, Crosby 1920, and crew.



Place of honor for wood cats.



Salina from Popponesset Bay, Mashpee.



Caper from Bass River.



The Calendar Folks are here on *Glimmer*.

After heading under the bridge and past the historical Crosby boatsheds, sails were raised into a perfect SW wind and the counter-clockwise loop was begun. Google this Osterville / Cotuit, Cape Cod location and understand what a great place this is for a Sail-Around. Some did the river inside the spit; others went outside and re-entered at the Wianno cut. Moe and I, in the “committee boat,” were very happy NOT to be needed for anything but tagging along and smiling at happy sailors.



Committee Stinkpot, Mashpee.

For a few hours, the catboats enjoyed their trip around the loop, among the grateful local folks in all manner of weekend boats.



Two of the oldest Crosby cats, *Pinkletink* and *Genevieve*, back where they were built.



Glimmer from Martha's Vineyard.



Stirlings in *Harbinger*, another Woodie from Mashpee.



The inside fleet.

Mid-afternoon to early evening was a fine time to tour the Osterville Historical Museum, specifically the several Crosby Boatsheds. Museum director, Jennifer Williams, has opened this fine and diverse facility for the Catboat Fleet each year.

Check out their website for the variety of features this museum offers:



Visit *Frances*, the honorable catboat that inspired this rendezvous so many years ago.

Our hard-working and gracious host, Paul White, has announced that the 2017 sail-Around will be the weekend of August 25 to 27. Breaking news has it that the Chart Room, a fantastic restaurant at Kingman Marine, Redbrook Harbor, Falmouth, will be opening a dining place in summer 2017 right on the Crosby docks. This will be a fine extra for the rendezvous. We hope you can join us. Email Paul White: pwcarving@comcast.net for more info.

2016 Participants:

<i>Rugosa</i>	Wood, Crosby 1920	Paul White
<i>Genevive</i>	Wood, Crosby 1927	Bob Luckraft
<i>Harbinger</i>	Wood, Landing School	Bill Stirling
<i>Pinkletink</i>	Wood, Crosby 1932	Eric Peterson
<i>Caper</i>	Marshall 18	Bill Holden
<i>Salina</i>	Marshall 22	Bob Betts
<i>Glimmer</i>	Marshall 22	Jim O'Connor
<i>Nonnie</i>	Stinkpot	Bill McKay



Fire and Ice for 30 happy catboaters.



Catboat Association 2017 Race/ Rendezvous Schedule

Gayle Cornish, Editor

Editor's Note: Thank you all so much for sending me your Race and Rendezvous Schedules for the 2017 sailing season. I wish you all the best of speed and pure joy as the season moves along. Please send the results of your races as soon as available. This year, we would love to have your racing "stories" ... the crazy things that are somehow always happening ... as well as the finish results. Have fun!

May 2-5, 2017

The Classic Boat Rally, Beaufort, NC
Beaufort Yacht And Sailing Club

May 6-7

First Annual Lowcountry Catboat Gathering
Beaufort Yacht and Sailing Club
Beaufort, SC 29907

Contact: Marvin Day
843-929-9978

marvday@msn.com

May 27-28, 2017 (Race 28th)

Patuxent River Shootout
Calvert Marine Museum
Solomons Island, MD
Contact: Steve Flesner
Flesner00@comcast.net
410-586-8179

June 10, 2017

Prospect Bay Race
Contact: Butch Miller
410-271-2540
anmiller03@aol.com

June 11, 2017

Mayor's Cup Race, Stamford, CT
Halloween YC
Contact: JohnReffner
97 Ocean Drive East, Stamford, CT 06902
jareffner@cs.com
(203) 348-8098

June 17, 2017

Martha's Vineyard Rendezvous, Edgartown, MA
Contact: Mark Alan Lovewell
mark@markalanlovewell.com
(508) 696-4655

For details visit website:
<http://markalanlovewell.com/catboat>

June 17-22, 2017

Sail Boston 2017
Parade of Sail: Saturday, June 17
For all information:
Sailboston.com

June 24, 2017

Noroton Rendezvous, Noroton, CT
Noroton Yacht Club
Contact: Frank Kemp
20 Seagate Rd., Darien CT 06820
(203) 656-1129

July 8, 2017

Sprite Island Rendezvous, Norwalk, CT
Sprite Island Yacht Club

July 8, 2017

North of the Cape 50th Anniversary Race and
Rendezvous
Michael Thornton
21 Landing Road, Kingston, MA 02364
617-435-6516
21sestone@comcast.net

July 8-9, 2017

3rd Annual Barnegat Bay Rendezvous
Beaton and Sons Boatyard
72 Beaton Rd, Brick, NJ
Contact: Henry Colie
201-401-0292
Cat Gathering, fun “raid” race, evening clambake

July 15, 2017

Martha’s Vineyard Rendezvous,
Vineyard Haven, MA
Contact: Mark Alan Lovewell
mark@markalanlovewell.com
508-696-4655
http://mark@markalanlovewell.com/catboat

July 15-16, 2017

Wickford Catboat Rendezvous, Wickford, RI
Pleasant Street Wharf
Contact: Peter M Galster
151 West Main St., Wickford, RI 02852
pmgalster@gmail.com
(401) 269-1012
Eric Collins
Pleasant Street Wharf
pswinc@verizon.net
(401)-641-8993

July 15, 2017

Duck Island Rendezvous and Race, Old Saybrook, CT
North Cove Yacht Club
Contact: Craig Elliott
28 Hunter’s Run, Storrs, CT
celliott02@charter.net
410-586-8179

July 21-23, 2017

Corsica River Yacht Club Regatta Weekend
Contact: Rich McLaughlin
610-268-3780

July 29-30, 2017

Padanaram Rendezvous
Marshall Marine
Contact: Geoff Marshall
55 Shipyard Lane
South Dartmouth, MA
Geoff@marshallcat.com
508-496-7002

July 29, 2017

Go Your Own Way Regatta, Greenwich, CT
Indian Harbor Yacht Club
Contact: Mark Williams
60 Old Farm Rd. Pleasantville, NY 10570
mark.williams.T@gmail.com
203-258-4755

August 4-6, 2017

Buzzards Bay Rendezvous, South Dartmouth
New Bedford Yacht Club
Contact: For all details of race:
buzzardsbayregatta.com

August 5, 2017

Round the Islands Race, Norwalk, CT
Norwalk Yacht Club
Contact: Roger Klein
48½ Roton Ave., Rowayton, CT 06853
rogerklien@optonline.net
203-899-0402

August 12, 2017

Bass River Rendezvous
Contact: Rick Farrenkopf
35 Riverdale South
South Dennis, MA 02660
rickscatboat@aol.com
508-776-1074

August 19, 2017

Arey’s Pond Cat Gathering
South Orleans
Contact: Tony Davis
catboat@cape.com
508-255-8977

August 26, 2017

9th Annual Townie Hornor
Sailaround
Osterville, MA
Contact: Paul White
pwarving@comcast.net
(508) 888-7773

August 25-26, 2017

Cats and Gaffers Regatta, Essex, CT
Pettipaug Yacht Club
Contact: Rich Batchelder
204 Middlesex Ave., Chester, CT 06412
rick@chesteraf.com
(860) 526-4637

September 2-3, 2017 (race 3rd)

Great Whitehall Bay Regatta Weekend
Contact: David Morrow
david@maritimeins.com
(410) 757-1060

September 2, 2017

Huntington Lighthouse Concert, Huntington, NY
Contact: Hank Bogart
13 Cortland Court, Huntington Station, NY 11746
Us51311@verizon.com
(631) 423-4245

September 9, 2017

Norwalk Buoy Rendezvous, Norwalk, CT
Norwalk Yacht Club
Contact: Roger Klein
48½ Roton Ave., Rowayton, CT 06853
rogerklein@optonline.net
(203) 899-0402

September 15-16, 2017

Indian Harbor Classic Regatta, Greenwich, CT
Indian Harbor Yacht Club
Contact: Mark Williams
60 Old Farm Rd, Pleasantville, NY 10570
Mark.Williams.T@gmail.com
(203) 258-4755

September 17-23, 2017

Miles & Wye Rivers Long Cruise
Contact: Marc Cruder
heavitree@comcast.net
(410) 987-9616

September 22-24, 2017

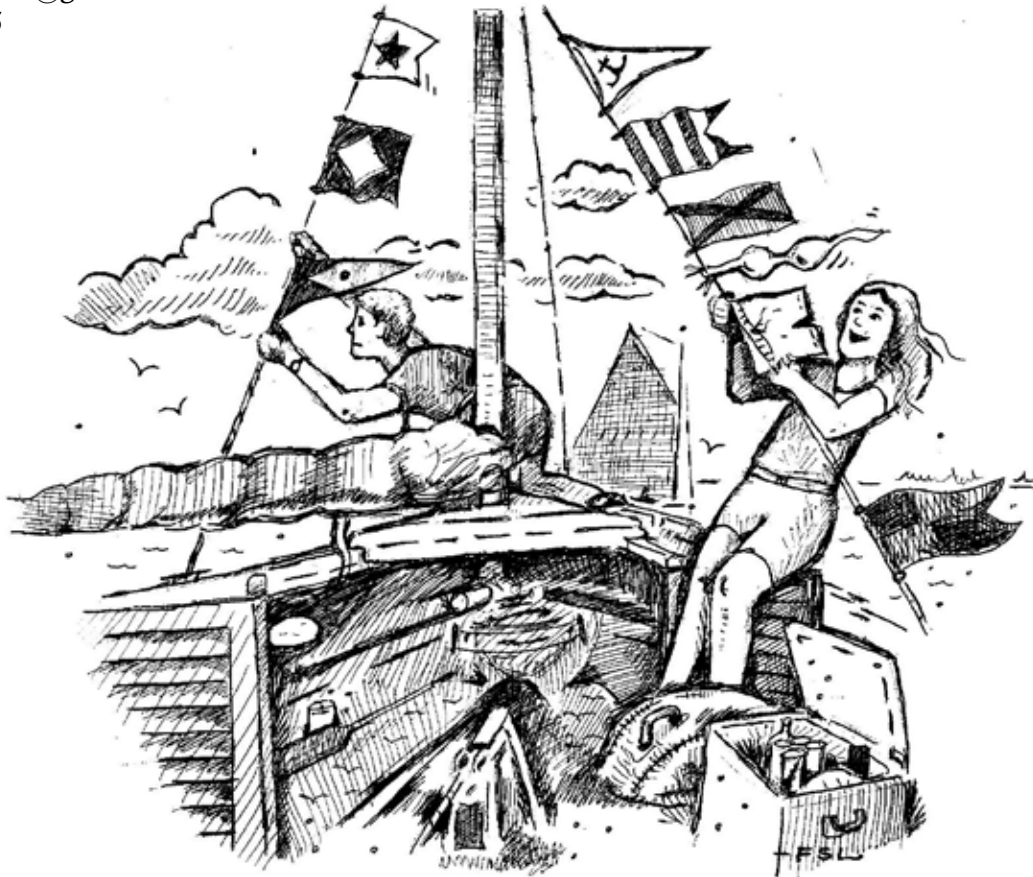
Sandpiper Nationals
Duxbury Yacht Club, Duxbury, MA
Contact: Sandpiperclass.org for details

October 6-8, 2017

Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival
Cheapeake Maritime Museum
St. Michaels, MD

October 14-15, 2017

Wye Wild Goose Chase Weekend
Contact: David Bleil
dbliel@verizon.net
(410) 721-0375



Sandpiper Worlds in February 2018

Gretchen Coyle

Now is the time to reserve your spot at Useppa Island, Florida for the Catboat Rendezvous/Sandpiper Worlds, taking place from Wednesday, February 21 to Saturday, February 24, 2018. The Useppa Island Club will once again have limited accommodations to rent; so call the office at 239-283-1061 (Useppa Island Club, P.O. Box 640, Bokeelia, FL 33922) for specifics. Be sure to let them know you are part of the Catboat Rendezvous/Sandpiper Worlds.

Activities will include a Captains' Meeting and Welcome Party on the beach Wednesday evening the 21st. Racing off the beach will start on Thursday morning Feb. 22 with lunch on the beach. Dinner will be in the Tarpon Thursday evening. Friday, Feb. 23 will be a lay day devoted to fun on Useppa – with an afternoon Bocce Tournament. Friday night will be a free night to enjoy on your own.

Racing will continue Saturday morning, February 24 with lunch on the beach. The Banquet and Awards Ceremony will be at the Collier Inn Saturday evening February 24th.

Come early, stay late, and enjoy the beauty of Useppa Island and all it has to offer from the beach, pool, tennis courts, croquet lawn, and new bocce courts. As usual we hope to have catboat enthusiasts of all types and makes. What makes this Rendezvous so special is the camaraderie of fellow sailors and catboat lovers!

For a registration form please email useppacatboat@aol.com for further details, clarification or questions. Think ahead, next winter will be here before we know it. See you February 21st – 24th on Useppa Island, Florida.

2018 USEPPA Catboat Rendezvous/Sandpiper 'Worlds' Entry Form

SKIPPER'S NAME: _____

CELL PHONE #: _____

ADDRESS: _____

EMAIL: _____

CREW _____

BOAT NAME: _____

BOAT MODEL AND LENGTH: _____

Sign us up for the Bocce Tournament _____

AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$ _____

The cost of the event is \$165.00 per person, including non-sailors. Please enclose a check with this completed form to confirm your reservation. We must limit the event to the first 100 people. REGISTRATION AND CHECKS MUST BE RECEIVED BY February 7, 2018.

Please make checks payable to: Michael Albert
PO Box 640
Bokeelia, FL 33922



Keeper of the Light

Jay Webster

As we know from the Winter Bulletin, we lost our friend and “shipmate” Bob Reddington back in January. “Bad Bob” was one of the great characters we have had the pleasure of meeting as members of the Catboat Association.

Bob was a great sailor, but not the “yachty” type and more often showed up in khaki shorts and white socks with a plaid shirt or a “Bad Bob” t-shirt. Often he slept in the back of his van and “made do” with the rest of the necessities. Underneath this outward appearance Bob was a wonderful, interesting and friendly guy who knew all about catboats and sailing them.

Bob was well known for his extensive collection of everything catboat, from stem to stern and tip of the centerboard to the top of the mast.

Looking back through old Bulletins you can find numerous articles and comments by Bob about sailing gear and sailing catboats. He served as editor of the “Catboat Building and Maintenance” section for many years and was a longtime member of the Steering Committee, almost never missing a meeting.



Bob Reddington.



Without question, Bob’s most interesting and incredible article appeared in Bulletin #50 in June 1976, telling the tale of his longtime desire to sail *Do Me*, his 26 foot wooden Crosby catboat, to the January Annual Meeting, a 200 mile trip from Mantoloking, NJ, to Mystic Seaport in Connecticut. Bob states the trip did not start with the sail north and east in January 1975, but two years earlier when he began to gather gear, lumber, lines and even an ice breaker for the trip. After two years of preparation, Bob completely repaired or replaced most every part of *Do Me*.

Sea trials began in late December 1974 and early January 1975. Bob and his crew of two to four “shipmates” braved wind, storms and bitter cold to prepare for the voyage. Finally, on January 11 *Do Me* began the intrepid sail in winds of 20 knots with gusts to 27, lifelines in place and a steady speed of 10 knots. Bob stated that although his crew performed extremely well in the rugged conditions, he was, nevertheless, not sure of whether or not they were in control of the boat. They encountered waves that buried the bows of freighters and tangled his sheet line around the prop and centerboard in a bitter cold rain. He remarks that they later heard reports of 65-mile-per-hour gusts and 12-foot waves, which at times washed right over *Do Me*. Fortunately, after somehow successfully making it into the East River in New York, Bob and the crew wisely waited for better weather and made much needed repairs, including re-sewing the batten pockets, which ripped away as they lost their battens in the ferocious winds.

With better winds for the next five days, *Do Me* arrived at Mystic Seaport on January 24 and docked at the Seaman’s Inne to become the focal point of the many catboaters who had gathered for the Annual Meeting.

This unbelievable catboat adventure yarn conveys the essence of one of our finest “shipmates.” “Bad Bob,” we will miss you.

Book Review

Ned Hitchcock, Editor



Humor in Books

Mark Alan Lovewell

There is one aspect of sailing that crosses all sailboats and that is humor. You can own a 50-foot Maine built schooner or a bathtub rubber duck, we are all in the same stream; a love for a good laugh.

The more I sail, the more I need to make sure I've got levity stored onboard. I am sure you are the same. Because without humor, a cruise, an afternoon sail, an hour of painting varnish can be brutally painful.

My favorite writer of humor right now is John Vigor. He's written a number of good books and I am not familiar with all of them. But I am clearly aware of his writing.

For quite a few years I've followed his blog and they are all fun. He stopped writing his blog in November of last year, but all of them are still online. He's been writing his blog since 2008.

God bless him for managing to crank out more than one blog a week. It is very unlikely that if you visit his website you'll run out of things to read. The website for his blog is: <http://johnvigor.blogspot.com>

He starts each blog with a story and then his story. And he finishes his blog with two concise approaches to making sure you are smiling at the end. The first he calls: Today's Thought and that can be a thought from some sailor more famous than him. And then he finishes with a three or four line joke called Tailpiece.

Humor is tough writing. For me and for others, humor is the toughest form of writing that anyone can take on so I'll not make an attempt to write something funny here.

Visit his website johnvigor.com and you'll discover that the site has plenty more to peruse. There is a webpage for his books, ten of the twelve he's written. The price per book isn't too bad, when you consider the price of maritime books these days, and certainly the cost of seeing a therapist.

I am a great fan of good humor. My greatest complaint about English literature is that Mark Twain didn't spend more time on the Mississippi River. Oh, he got a good dose of humor there and while growing up. And he did write about crossing the ocean in a ship. But, had he spent more time in little boats, I think he and the rest of us would have all benefited.

Take a look at John Vigor's blogs, before he gets smart, and puts those words between two covers and charges you money. Everyone knows a catboater doesn't like to spend money.

Here is a way to get a laugh for free.

We on the Catboat Bulletin are looking for humor, still. If you've got your own recipe, your own words of wisdom, please share.



New Members

Dave Calder, Membership Secretary

WELCOME ABOARD to our new members since April 14, 2017

Adams, Charlie & Sarah (New Bedford, MA)
Antos, Jeff (Scituate, MA)
Audette, Steve & Karen (Concord, MA)
Babbin, Greg (Rochester, NH)
Baggott, Paul & Carol (Warren, RI)
Bost, Larry & Cathi (Surry, ME)
Bourneuf, Joe & Susan (Ipswich MA)
Brennan, Michael & Marilyn (Narragansett, RI)
Broom, Anthony & Julie (Branford, CT)
Bullerjahn, Erik & caroline (Weston, MA)
Chandler, Steve & Connie (Bridgewater, MA)
Day, Marvin & Mary (St. Helena, Island, SC)
Ellison, Hans (Portsmouth, NH)
Estrin, Somer & Susan (Mount Sinai, NY)
Fallon, John (Winchester, MA)
Gahre, Ken & Gail (Oceanport, NJ)
Gosselin, Jack & Stephanie (N. Stonington, CT)
Hay, Bob (Lake Panasoffkee, FL)
Head, Deborah (Lee, NH)
Jeon, Andrew & Scott Ariel (Provincetown, MA)
Latham, Jim & Linda (Oak Harbor, WA)

Look, Dan & Anne (Cary, NC)
Main, Marie (New Rochelle, NY)
Meier, William & Kristin (Mystic, CT)
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)
Patza, Lee (Mount Vernon, WA)
Rowland, Charles (Lewis Center, OH)
Sinowitz, Lenny & Elaine (Closter, NJ)
Smith, Ellen & Cliff Hogan (Hobe Sound, FL)
Somers, Glenn & Kate (Gloucester, MA)
Strach, Susan & Tom Angell (N. Scituate, RI)
Stone, John (Garner, NC)
Thees, Larry & Patti (Brielle, NJ)
Thomas, James & Sheridan (S. Dartmouth, MA)
Tulloh, Nick (Durham, NH)
Weiss, Andrew & Ellen (Philadelphia, PA)
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

173-1. 2006 Marshall Sanderling, mast hinge, cabin and cockpit cushions, sail cover, new running rigging, new gooseneck fittings, teak drop leaf centerboard table, deck discharge head, solar vent, cabin clock, Garmin GPS, compass, battery with solar charger, IGM Yanmar diesels new trailer. Lots of extras including spare parts, tools, antique chart plotting instruments and all flares and PFDs. Bronze transom and rudder steps as well as a "Murphy Stick" to keep rudder fixed while on mooring. All Harken sheet system. Ensign flag and stick as well as a burgee pig stick. More boat than needed at my age! Excellent condition. asking \$30,000 or trade for a Sandpiper plus cash Text 978-314-9409. Martin Lian osloson@comcast.net



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 reduced to \$8,000. Please email: hjschel@bellsouth.net Or call: (337) 365-7258 for questions.

173-4. 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



173-5. FOR SALE - 1986 Marshall Sanderling 18' catboat, hull #627; new 6HP 4-stroke OB, tiller steering, tanbark sail in excellent shape, several covers and extras (alcohol stove, folding sink, cockpit cushions, depth indicator, compass, bronze steps on the rudder & transom, masthead light, anchor, porta-potty, PFDs, etc.), no trailer. Boat is out of the water at my house in Harvey Cedars, Long Beach Island, NJ due to recent knee replacement surgery. REDUCED. Asking \$11,900 OBO. 908-399-4044, rleschander@gmail.com



173-6. 17' Hermann catboat for sale. Fiberglass, Gaff rigged. Designed by Charles Wittholz. Reluctantly, listing for sale. Includes trailer. Sail in great shape. In 2016; New rudder, new tiller, new mast, new hardware, new headstay, completely rewired, new bilge sys, new solar panel w/ charge controller, new bluetooth stereo... I have an 8HP Johnson I will include in the sale. I also have a rebuilt Yanmar 1GM10 (0 hrs) that I would consider selling if you would like to have an inboard instead for an additional price. All boat work was done to highest standards with best material. Please see the craigslist ad below for more pictures or contact me anytime and I'll get right back to you. Thanks, Ryan ryanlangley@hotmail.com or 603-380-2352 <https://southcoast.craigslist.org/boa/6021592057.html>



173-11. 1973 18' Herreshoff America Catboat (#HA251) -- Felix, Old Greenwich CT -- Builder: Nowak & Williams Bristol RI -- Sail: Thurston Quantum (260 sq ft) w/ American flag' & reefing assembly, oak mast hoops, lazy jacks - Honda 5hp 4 stroke motor in excellent condition, maintained by Herman Marine Stamford CT, winterized and stored indoors (2012); stern mounted with tilting



mechanism to eliminate salt and barnacle damage. The motor well is sealed to streamline hull by reducing drag; doubles as good cooler space -- Roomy self-draining cockpit -- Spacious cabin, teak topped centerboard cover doubles as rainy day cocktail table, 6'6" V-berth for 2, 5 cabin portholes -- Centerboard system updated 2010 - Original cast bronze cleats and hardware - All solid teak raised panel cabin doors and cockpit seating - Teak coaming, rub rails, cabin shelves and trim -- Danforth style anchor & bumpers, 2 manual pumps, 2 dock lines, 4 PFDs - Cushions for below and above decks - New-ish steel centerboard replacement - Recent replaced rudder gudgeons / pintals and tiller -- Collapsible swim ladder -- Icom hand-held radio -- Full length tarp & "tent supports" -- Four winter storage boat stands & chains - Boat Dimensions: LOA 18.17', Beam 8', Disp 2300 lb. Please call to see boat: Pat Linskey, 203 832 4536, or email at patrick.linskey@gmail.com PRICE \$7000.

173-13. 2000 Menger 23 Kema Texas (\$28,000) -- Yanmar 2GM20F, jiffy reefing, marine head, steering pedestal with teak table, compass and depth sounder, VHF radio, masthead antenna, lightning dissipater, two 12 volt batteries, anchor chain and rode, anchor chocks behind mast, rope deck pipe, steps on transom and rudder, dodger, pressurized water system, shower at stern, stainless steel sink, folding table, 4 interior lamps, electric bilge pump, louvered cabin doors, cabin top hatch, opening port in head, covers for sail, wheel and steering pedestal. New bottom paint, hull waxed September 2016. Raymarine ST4000 and new toilet installed recently. I will contribute towards transportation cost. Contact: flint1866@gmail.com



173-16. 1998 Charles Wittholz 17' CatBoat. Located in Nova Scotia, "Cat Breton" was professionally built with attention to detail by Big Pond Boat Shop, under the watchful eye of her original owner. Her hull is chine, sheathed in fiberglass over Douglas Fir frame and Marine Grade plywood, with molded fiberglass centreboard trunk. Equipped for cruising and day sailing, Cat Breton is well appointed and well maintained - including beautifully crafted Sitka Spruce mast (2012) and new 5hp Honda long-shaft



outboard (2016). Marconi mainsail with 2 reefing points, custom mainsail cover. Yacht braid halyard, topping lift, reefing lines and mainsheet all led to cockpit. Rigging includes new stainless steel standing rigging (2012), new Harken triple and Lewmar fiddle blocks (2016) on mainsheet, Harken 6 winch and Spinlock clutch (2008), lazy jacks, and jiffy reefing. Updated wiring, new battery switch and electric panel (2013). Equipment includes navigational and cabin lighting, Danforth anchor with chain and 100' rope rode, bulkhead compass, digital depth sounder, VHF radio & microphone, folding leaf c/b trunk table, cabin cushions (for single berth plus double berth) and bedding / duvet bags, Jabsco marine toilet, ss galley sink, Origo alcohol cooking stove, and much more. 1999 single axle Karavan trailer and wood cradle included. Seller purchased "Cat Breton" from original owner, and has sailed her since 2002 in Atlantic waters surrounding Halifax NS. LOA 17'1", Beam 7'10". Priced at \$10,000 (\$Cdn). For more information, contact seller @ 902-240-1123, michaelapril@gmail.com

173-18. 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



173-20. 1935 Lark scow spars and sail. My father built a gaff rigged Lark scow and launched her in the summer of 1935. We broke up the hull 30 years ago. I have the spars and sail. All have been stored inside since 1935. Can anyone use these? The spars are located in Higgnaum, CT. Mast 3" d, 18.5 ft long, boom 2.5" d 19 ft long, gaff 2" d. 10 ft long The canvas sail is located in Calais, VT. It was made by C. E. Beckman Co, Yacht Sails, New Bedford, Mass in 1934 or 1935 and was only used a couple of times that first summer. Luff 9'-6", foot 15'-6", leech 21'-0" with a 6 inch roach, head 8'-8"; sail weight 17 to 18 lbs peterharveyvt@gmail.com or 1-802-229-4026

173-22. 1987 Stur-Dee Cat for sale. Good condition, you'll enjoy tending to some details like rail and bottom. Original sail in good condition, old but useable cockpit cover, all rigging useable. Karavan trailer in very good condition. 2.5 hp Yamaha



outboard bought 2015, barely used. Boat in Hudson River for ten years, previously in Martha's Vineyard. Now in Kingston, NY. Asking \$6000. Contact Mary @ rangesmary@gmail.com, 845-389-7853.

173-24. For sale: 1972 Marshall 22 catboat. Hull no. 292. 7.3 Dacron sail made by Doyle sail in 2007 (used five seasons). Palmer gasoline engine (587 hours). 2 Danforth anchors, Cockpit and cabin cushions, Dodger made by Steele & Rowe in 2014. Sail and wheel covers. Reduced to \$16,000. Located in southeastern Massachusetts. Contact: lisaelliott36@gmail.com 508-994-1250



173-27. For Sale: Legnos Mystic 20 Mainsail 4 oz. Red, White, & Blue from hull #1. Good condition. \$750. Dick Kohn, PO Box 313, Staten Island, NY 10308 "Star Reef" phone 718-948-0845



173-33. 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. \$14,000. Contact Gregg at (772) 215-0730



173-34. 1980 Marshall Marine 18' Sanderling. Mast hinge, sail cover, cabin and cockpit cushions, bronze steps on transom and rudder, anchor, trailer, Mariner 8 hp outboard, located in Cataumet, MA. \$13,000 Contact: burns_mg@yahoo.com



173-36. FOR SALE: 1973 Herreshoff America Catboat. Built by Nowak & Williams. Good condition. Fresh water sailed only. North sail. Includes EZ Loader trailer and Johnson 15 HP outboard that fits in motor well. Newer laminated tiller. Tabernacle mast. Knot meter & depth meter. Full cockpit cover. Autohelm. Compass. Many extras. Motivated to sell! Reduced to \$4,900. Cleveland, OH. Contact Floyd Biery at 216-849-6167 or fbiery@gmail.com



173-38. 1984 Morris 24' Bahama Sandpiper Cat-Ketch. LOA: 24' Beam: 8'0" Draft: 20"/48". Disp: 4000lb Shoal draft w/CB and kick up rudder. Draws less than 2'. 2003 Yamaha 8 HP high thrust electric start. Solid FG hull and deck. Gaff rigged with bright Sitka spruce spars. VG Main and mizzen sails. Bronze deck hardware. Designed by Chuck Paine and built to a high standard by Morris Yachts. The bright work is well-maintained. Beautiful interior with fir ceilings and teak trim. Sleeps two in spacious 1/4 berths aft. Forward settees could easily be converted to a vee-berth. Nice sized galley/sink area to the starboard and full sized chart table to the port. 20 Gal fresh water. Five opening bronze ports with screens and screened dodger. The boat was refit in 2011, including bottom job, awl-gripped decks, house and cockpit, and non-skid gel-coat. Danforth anchor and rode, interior and cockpit cushions, VHF. A yard trailer is also included. This boat is in excellent sail-away condition. "Egret" is located in Bayport, Long Island, New York. \$13,499. For more information please contact the owner, Dave at 631-807-1383. Email: DPurnhag@Optonline.net ; Additional photos can be viewed on <https://baytripper.smugmug.com/EgretForSale/>



173-39. 14' Classic Catboat, production fiberglass cat with seats, molded cockpit with teak trimmed seats and bilge. Boat is in excellent condition. Factory teak trim not installed until last year. All brightwork redone a year ago. Has excellent sail and cockpit cover. Also comes with ready to go trailer and 2 hp Yamaha 4 stroke engine on removable bronze bracket. Stored in barn and covered with sheets. Compare to new at \$21K or Arey Pond Boat yard listing for \$10K. Asking \$6900. Peter North peter@northco.org (207) 319-7580



173-40. 1972 Classic wooden 25' Catboat SURPRISE offered for sale. Built in 1972 by Newbert and Wallace of Thomaston, Maine. A naval architect took the lines from a Circa 1900 Crosby catboat and these were used to create a new boat. Traditional plank on frame construction of cypress over white oak frames. Boat has been totally refastened below waterline in 2014. Her hull is in excellent condition. Power is a Yanmar diesel and sail was new in 2016. SURPRISE is a fast and stable boat to sail and is a real head turner. Boat is fully found and located in Brunswick, Maine. Asking \$28,500. For further information please call (207) 449-9801 or email kscrocker@comcast.net



173-42. 1973 Legnos Mystic 20 (Hull #33) – "TANUKI" Restored 2015, excellent condition, and, well equipped. 9hp YANMAR IGM10 diesel rebuilt in 2015 (less than 20 hours on engine), original Sitka Spruce Spars with new running gear (Harken Blocks, and, Classic Lines), 252 Mainsail (Thurston), with two sail covers, Tan (new) and Red (original). Hull refurbished and painted in 2015 - Forest Green Hull (Awlgrip 2000) with fighting Lady Yellow and White deck (Awlgrip 2000). Two 12 Volt batteries with Pro Sport Marine Battery Charger, and, Blue Sea Systems AC/DC Management Panel, Electric Bilge Pump. Electronic equipment includes; Raymarine a95 Multifunction Touch Display Chartplotter on RAM swingarm Cabin Mount, and, Standard Horizon Explorer GX1700 Marine Transceiver. TANUKI has the usual assortment of ancillary equipment; 2 anchors (one with chain and rode, and, one with just anchor line), Cockpit Cushions, Cabin Cushions, Full Set of PDFs, Fire Extinguisher, Porta Potty, Iwatani 1-Burner Countertop Butane stove, Boat Hook, Drop Ladder, and, 30 Amp / 125 Volt, 50' Shore Power Cable. etc.). In addition, TANUKI sits on a new Triad, Single Axle, Trailer (roll on roll off) designed by Pete Legnos specifically for the Mystic 20 (trailer has never been in the water). Asking \$18,500. For more information, please email Bill Burdon at ooink@cox.net or visit the Great Catboat Adventure at <https://facebook.com/The-Great-Catboat-Adventure-556571714422636/>



173-43. 1976 Marshall Sanderling. New running rigging, teak drop leaf centerboard table, bronze transom and rudder steps, solar vent, 2 sails, 6 hp outboard, Porta potty, LoadRite trailer. Inside storage, mint condition. Located Brookhaven, LI. \$10,000. 631-286-0001



173-44. 2013 Howard Boats 14' Fisher Cat, built in Barnstable, MA. For sale with 2013 LoadRite trailer. Both are in excellent condition. Was not used last season. Boat has a custom fitted (by Howard Boats) Marshall Marine folding tabernacle mast for easy quick rigging, no mast stepping. Full set



of gear and many extras. Combination sail and cockpit cover. Sail cover for traveling, custom Sunbrella winter over; custom lazyjacks, snap in seat cushions, anchor and rode, bilge pump, Edison removable bronze outboard motor bracket. 2012 Honda 2hp. outboard. Sail, spars, and rigging in excellent condition. Located in Portland, CT. Will consider reasonable offers. Asking \$19,700. John Shepard jwshep@sbcglobal.net (860) 304-3566.

173-45. For Sale: 1928 wooden 28' catboat "Blue Goose". Built in Taunton, MA, in 1928 by Brown Boat Building. 28 ft on deck, plus 3-ft bowsprit and 4-ft rudder, 11ft 8 in. beam, shoal draft fixed keel, 3ft 8in. draft. It's time, or past time, for her to have a new owner to watch over her. I've "aged out". Thus, a low, hopefully attractive, price, \$19,500. She's in good condition, with a few things that do need attention soon. Had a major rebuild/restoration in 1991-93, and extensive work in the last 3 years under our stewardship. 32 HP Universal diesel. Have spent \$20+k in the last 2 yrs for rework, upgrades, engine. 30amp shore power, 1000 watt inverter, Statpower charger, dual grp 27 batteries, power halyard windlass, VHF, depth sounder. 9 original bronze portlights. Presently in the water and ready to sail, after annual regular maintenance. Recent CBA Bulletin articles, #164, 165, 167, 168, 169, 170. Those articles, and more info, can be seen at <http://www.boatanchors.org/BlueGoose.htm> Ready to sail, \$19,500. Thanks for looking. Al Parker, anchor@ec.rr.com, New Bern, NC. phone (252) 636-0837



173-48. Brand-new Murray Peterson dinghy, never used. 6'-8" x 3'6". Carries two, maybe three. Two-piece AVON oars. Just the right size for a catboat. \$2000. Seagull Plus-four outboard, \$100. 100 pound mushroom anchor with chain, \$100. Located Cape Cod. Bill Hickman hickman31@verizon.net



173-49. For Sale: 1978 Marshall 18' Sanderling catboat. Sailed every season in NY Long Island Bay. Second owner, well cared for. Yamaha 9HP in perfect running condition, used very little. No major problem this beauty is only 38 years old and carries herself well. Sail in great condition and most of the hardware was replaced or restored. Comes with gas tank, two anchors, sail bag, fenders and lines. All you need to do is launch and sail away. Included are a few extra parts and some products for the care of the boat. 9hp Yamaha two stroke outboard is properly maintained and winterized, and 5 Star trailer (note one disc brake not in use, all other wiring functional). D. Marin dmyena@gmail.com (631) 800.9977



173-50. Menger Cat 15. A solidly built boat. Great as a trailer sailor and equally at home on a mooring or slip. Stunning lines, excellent craftsmanship in its construction. I love mine. Purchased from original owner. Boat is shown with and without removable dodger. Features include: Aluminum Folding mast, Fiberglass hull, deck and cockpit. Like new trailer. Like new 4hp F4C-Outboard. Amazing to sail in less than a foot of water with board up. Mast will fold for trailering with boat completely rigged. Boat has a removable dodger. I have been sailing with it off. Integrated motor mount/ well. Positive floatation. All woodwork is Teak. Anchor, Cockpit cushions. In driveway in Mashpee Mass on Cape Cod. Spring commissioning is complete: New bottom paint, Hull and cockpit – waxed, All woodwork refinished. Still manufactured by Thompson Boat Works. Base boat presently sells at for \$16k without motor and trailer. Asking \$7,990. Please call or text Doug at (860) 918 2591



173-51. 1991 Menger 19' catboat. Well loved, well maintained 1991 19 foot Menger catboat with 10 HP Suzuki outboard used as family day sailor is for sale. Gaff rigged with tabernacle mast. All equipment for day sailing including 2 anchors with chain and line, docking lines, fenders, custom sail cover, cabin cushions, brass cabin lights, fiberglass galley with butane stove, dropleaf centerboard table, life jackets, swim ladder, and porta potty. Trailer and boat cover included. Located in the Westerly, RI area. \$17,000 Call Gail at 401-487-2346 or email ornstein@cox.net



173-52. 1986 Marshall 18' Sanderling catboat. 6hp Yamaha OB (fall 2014), 2 sails, sail cover, cabin cushions, lazy jacks, new porta potty and safety equipment. Includes 1999 Load Rite trailer.. Located Beach Haven, NJ. Asking \$12,000. Call Ron (732) 430-9143 or email ron32s5@yahoo.com



173-53. 2002 Marshall 18' Sanderling. "Blue Skies" is a one-owner boat in excellent condition. Well cared for and maintained by the Chatham Boat Co. for her entire life. She requires almost no spring prep to launch. Thoughtfully optioned, she is equally prepared for casual day sailing or the occasional over-night excursion. Stable and well-mannered, the Marshall Sanderling is a capable classic with room for the entire family to enjoy as well as for an evening cocktail cruise with friends. She's currently in the front yard at the Chatham Boat Co. even though she's being brokered officially by Marshall Marine in South Dartmouth. You



can check out their website for info and for more photos. You can stop by the yard in Chatham any time for a look. You can't miss her on the lawn, wishing she was in the bay instead. Also included is a Johnson 6HP 2-stroke outboard in very good condition. No trailer. Marshall Marine in Dartmouth, MA has the brokerage on this boat, but we're trying to work with them to the benefit of our customer, the owner. Asking price of \$21,900 and located on Cape Cod in Chatham, Mass. You can call the Chatham Boat Co. at 508-945-4948 or email Charley at charley@chatboat.comcastbiz.net

173-54. 1980 Atlantic City 24' Catboat. New sail. 18HP Yanmar diesel, well maintained with less than 1000 hours. Teak interior with ash overhead. 6' 2" headroom. Stand-up Head. Pressure Water in both Sinks. 2 Burner Alcohol Stove. Datamarine Knot Meter and Depth Finder. Within last few years replaced Batteries, Head, Pressure Water Pump, Fuel Tank, Bilge Pump and Sail Cover. 3 Anchors and all the usual gear included. \$18,900. Peter Boniface 508-360-7168. E-mail: Bonifacecva65@gmail.com



173-55. 1990 Marshall Marine Sanderling 18'. Yanmar 1GM10 inboard (professionally serviced-new motor mounts). Custom teak woodwork in cockpit (by Marshall). New Quantum tan sale and cover. Dodger. Raymarine Auto Pilot. Depth finder. Velocitek speedometer. Cushions for berths and cockpit. Porto potti. In water in Westport, CT. Still in production – price new is >\$60K. Asking Price \$20,000. Email cfw296@gmail.com or call 203-247-4170.



173-56. 1992 Bigelow Kitten. 'Elizabeth' - a 14' Bigelow 'Kitten' catboat built by R. Bigelow & Co in 1992, in excellent condition, reluctantly offered for sale by her second owner. Priced at \$5,000 USD, storage trailer and boom cover included. Survey and shipping can be arranged. Contact owner at 1-902-826-1929 or gordon.davis@ns.sympatico.ca



173-57. FOR SALE: 1982 Menger 17 Catboat, "Scalawag." White hull and cockpit, light brown cabin top. A solid and seaworthy example of this fiberglass catboat in excellent condition for its year. Converted to tabernacle mast in 2010, with oak mast hoops, new running rigging, lazy jacks and topping lift. Two sets of sails, one fairly new with battens, the other original, in sail bags, along with green sail cover and matching mast boot. Boom crutch. Original rudder with Menger's trademark stainless steel



folding step (another, bronze step is on the transom) for getting into and out of the water; new mahogany and ash tiller; new tiller stay. Weighted centerboard, electric and manual bilge pumps, Danforth anchor with chain and rode, running lights, boat hook. Sunnto compass; hand held, submersible ship to shore Standard Horizon radio. Cabin with 2 portholes, sleeps 2; brand new pull-out galley designed and made by Thompson Boatworks, with small sink, brass water pump, plastic water storage tanks, storage space, cups, plates and flatware for four. Newly upholstered cabin and cockpit cushions, drop-leaf table, gear hammock and varnished shelf. Porta-potti, men's commode, broom, garbage bin. 2010 4-stroke, electric start and self-raising 9.5hp Honda OB motor, 3-gallon gas tank with fuel line, Exide heavy duty boat battery. 1982 galvanized Shoreline trailer w/ new 1,000 lb Seashore swivel tongue jack and new lighting set. Varnish on slide-in cabin door and rub-rail needs renewing, two tiny dings in fiberglass bow. Too old to sail any more. Located in Dover, New Hampshire. Reduced for quick sale, \$12,500 OBO. Contact Mike Scammell 603-969-3392 or ms474@columbia.edu any time.

173-58. For Sale with Trailer: 1977 Legnos 15' Mystic River catboat. "Mother Courage II" built by Legnos Boatbuilding Co, Groton, CT. Fiberglass hull with teak trim. Topsides and sail are soft gray color. Spars are varnished spruce. Oak mast hoops. Bronze hardware. Fiberglass deck has traditional appearance of old canvas decks which were painted with Miami Spar Tan. Cockpit is round and comfortable. Mainsheet easy access through jam cleats mounted on centerboard



trunk. Varnished oak tiller can be set in adjustable comb to keep boat temporarily on course. Flagstaff is rigged at masthead for Catboat Association or other pennant / burgee. Swim ladder, anchor and rode. Ingenious self-bailing rig included to self-pump any rainwater from the cockpit, working by wave action sitting on a mooring; works well. Transom has a place for a small outboard (never used one); boat sails in practically no wind, but bronze oarlocks allow for use of long oars for entering a slip in close quarters, either sitting on centerboard trunk or standing and facing forward. Everything in good order and ready to go, including trailer. REDUCED to \$4000. Also available is 4hp 4-stroke Yamaha like-new outboard for \$800. Contact Phil Fleischman 508-693-5562 or philipnextdoor@gmail.com - CBA member since 1972 or PO Box 1951, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568

173-60. 21' Fenwick Williams catboat ROSEBUD, formerly BUTTON (listed in The Catboat Book). Custom-built in Harwichport, MA, 1964. Winner "Best Sailboat" Salem Antique and Classic Boat Festival in 2009 and 2014. Cedar on oak. Teak decks, teak cabin sole, teak engine box and teak trim. Huge comfortable bunks, mosaic-top galley area. Rare octagonal bronze opening ports. Totally rewired from stem to stern 2012. Twin marine deep cell batteries 2013. Solar panel. VHF, Garmin depth finder. Twin electric 800 gph bilge pumps 2016/2017, manual gusher. Mast, spars: Sitka spruce. 372 sq. ft. Oceanus vertical cut sail 2012. "Posh" three-strand running rigging and sail lashings for that classic touch. Heavy bronze fittings throughout. Wood/bronze blocks. Oak mast hoops. Original Volvo MD2 rebuilt in 2011, runs exc. New Dynastart 2014, spare rebuilt 2014. Spare transmission and engine parts. Several anchors including a new Fortress lunch hook, 300ft anchor rode. ROSEBUD is a lovely, heavy cruiser with many nice touches. Must be seen. In water now, Salisbury, MA. Contact Jim 978-388-4445, or email jim@renegadestudios.com \$22,000



173-61. 1932 John Alden Design 28' Catboat. Full headroom down below! Re-rigged as a cat yawl for ease of handling. In the water, Bar Harbor, Maine. Asking \$8,500 Capt Steve Pagels 4master@downeastwindjammer.com 207-546-2927



173-62. Sail cover, blue, for Marshall Sanderling, \$ 350. Skip.37@hotmail.com

173-63. 1995 Menger 19' Catboat. This lightly Used Menger 19 has recently been removed from long-term storage for some repairs and commissioning and is in the water ready to sail away with her new owner! Tan Bark Sail and Cover. Hinged Mast Tabernacle. 12-Volt System. Email Roger at roger@glynsmarine.com



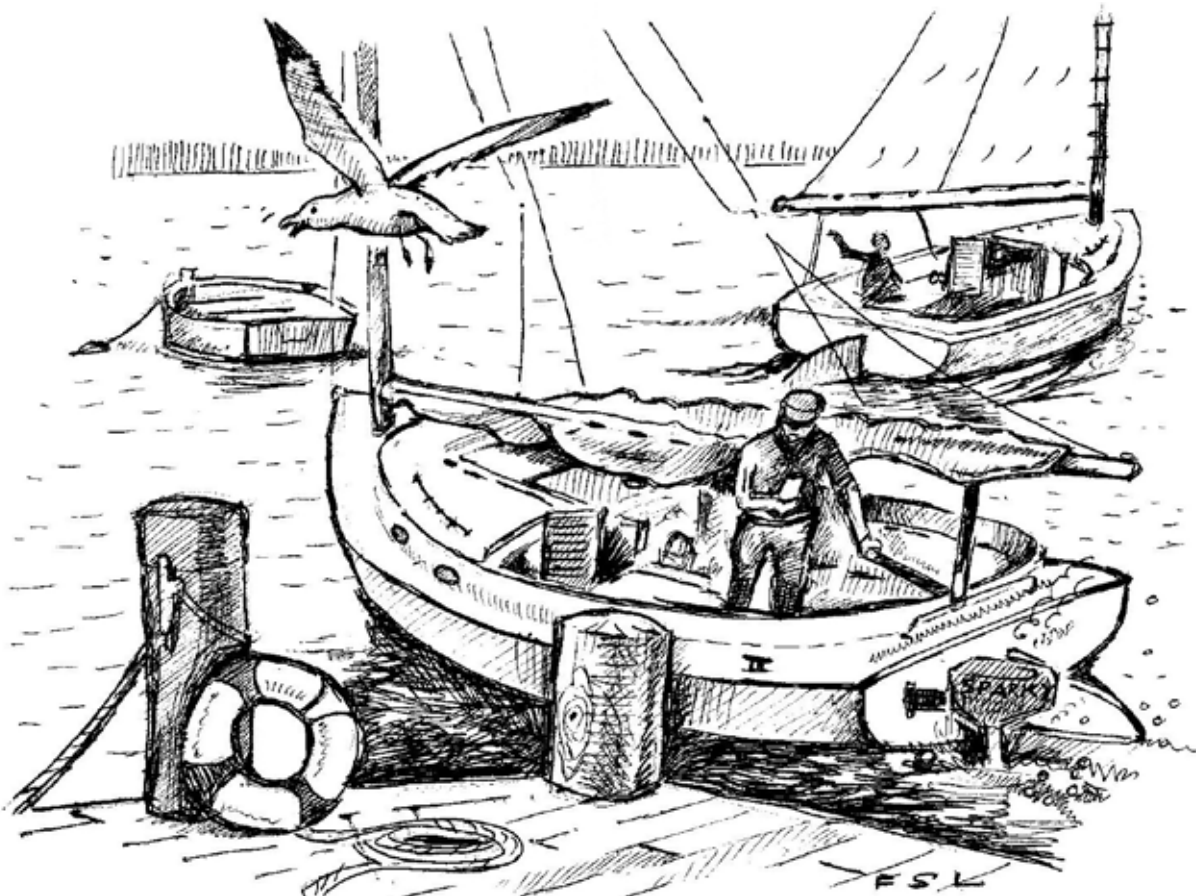
173-64. 1974 Herreshoff America 18' Catboat for sale in Jackson, Mississippi. She has the original flag-set sail which is in workable condition. 1994 Honda 5 hp motor will run but is generally unreliable. Her woodwork needs attention. She has been in fresh water for the previous ten years. I'm asking \$2,000. hpizzetta@gmail.com



173-66. 2004 Com-Pac 17' Sun Cat. The boat is located in Monmouth Beach, New Jersey. I moved to Florida and want to now sell the boat. It has a brand new 6 hp Tohatsu outboard and is on a trailer. The boat and sails are in excellent condition. The boat shows like it is maybe three years old. Find out more about this boat here. She is easy and simple to sail for beginners and a family. \$10,200. Craig Reynolds porto64@hotmail.com or 732-823-2296



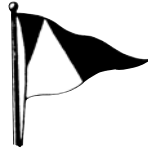
173-67. 2008 Areys Pond Cat 14' This Areys Pond 14' Cat is in pristine condition. It is a lightly sailed fresh water (Lake Erie) boat, and has no nicks, dings or scratches. It has always been stored indoors and professionally maintained. Fiberglass hull, Spruce spars. Loaded with extras, it has all teak interior, including teak seats, Coaming, Centerboard trunk and floor boards,. It has 6 coats of Cetol on the teak, brass rub rails, Harken blocks and main sheet system, Vintage style braided running rigging (except mainsheet), spring line cleats, Lazy Jacks, Tiller Tamer, Flag Halyard with Pigstick and more. The sail is in excellent condition, no tears or stains. It has a bronze engine mount and a 2015 Honda 2.3 HP outboard engine with less than 3 hours . The Full Cockpit /Sail cover is in excellent condition. It was completely re-stitched in 2015 and new shock cord 2016. The trailer is like new and has not been on the road since the boat was delivered. Extra equipment includes dock lines, fenders, 3 life jackets, anchor and line and other miscellaneous items. Email for a full list of options included and additional photos. Located Catawba Island (Port Clinton), Ohio The current new price as equipped is approx.. \$33,400. Asking \$22,900. Serious offers will be considered. cwrowland@aol.com Home phone (740) 548 4976, Mobile (614) 738 0195



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 \$ _____

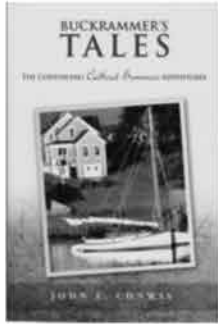
<i>Name</i>
<i>Address</i>
<i>City, State, Zip</i>
<i>Phone</i>

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



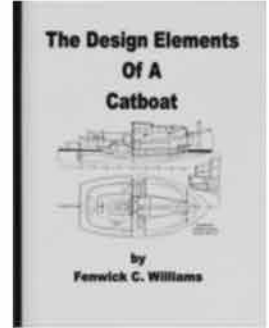
Buckrammer's Tales
by John E. Conway
\$19.95



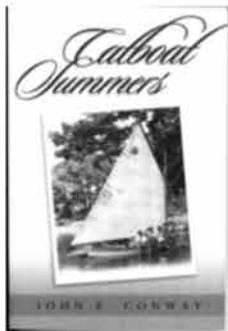
"The Catboat and How to Sail Her"
edited by John H. Leavens
\$10.00



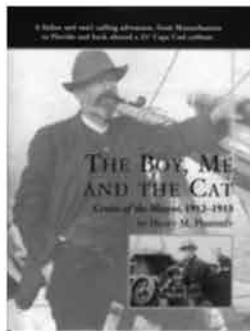
"The Competitive Cat"
Racing Small Gaff-Rigged
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\$19.95



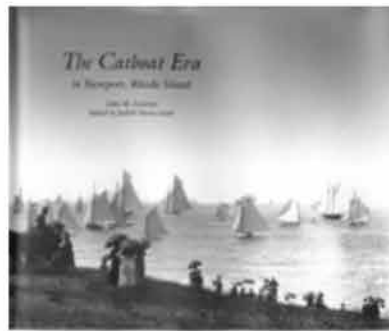
The Design Elements
of a Catboat
by Fenwick Williams
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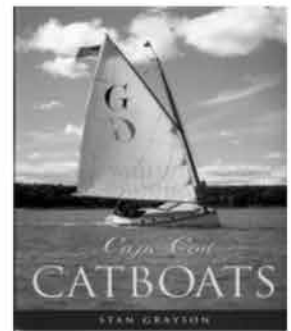
Catboat Summers
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\$15.00



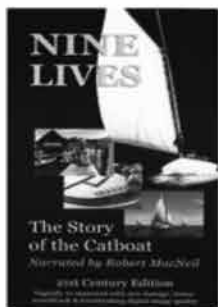
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\$29.95 (hardcover)



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



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



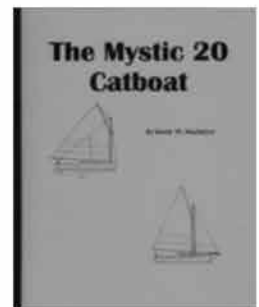
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rigged yachts \$15.00



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and Roy Wilkins \$49.95
(hardcover)



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



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

To order publications: List items you want and mail with check to: Mary Crain, 17 Ocean View Avenue, Mattapoisett, MA 02739. Shipping and Handling are \$2.00 for EACH item. Foreign orders, please include \$5.00 extra.

ON THE BACK COVER

A 1905 Rotograph Co. postcard of New London, CT, from the Mystic Seaport collection, shows an unidentified catboat anchored in the Thames River. In the background can be seen the city's skyline and the City of Lowell, a steamship of the Norwich Line that ran overnight runs between New York City and New London.

Passengers of these steamships would then catch connecting rail service to Boston or Worcester. The City of Lowell was built by the Bath Iron Works in 1894 and would operate until 1938. She was scrapped in 1946 after serving as a barracks ship in New York during World War II. (1977.108.10 Given in memory of Mr. and Mr. Jacob Solomon.)



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A 5418 View of New London, Conn.