

Catboat Association Bulletin



No. 175



Winter 2018

ON THE COVER

Butler Smythe took the cover photograph in 2007 on one of the Chesapeake Catboat Association's (CCBA) weeklong cruises on the Bay. Despite the overcast and threatening sky, the CCBA gang proved hearty as they experienced weather of all kinds. This was often the norm and at times came in extremes. Do you ever wonder why we catboats are the only sailboats "hearty" enough to be out on the water? That seems to be the case on the Bay at least.

So on this 2007 cruise to the Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake and a lovely area known as Dames Quarter, these two catboats - *Winter's Dream* and *Muskrat* - snuggle together to ride out a hard shower. Good eats waited ashore. *Muskrat* is a special Marshall 22, modified as a cat-yawl, with a spacious interior and standing headroom. Part of this cruise was chronicled by Charlie Paparella of WBOC News (Delmarva), and can still be viewed at www.chesapeakecatboats.org.

Catboat Association

www.catboats.org



BULLETIN NO. 175

Winter 2018

IN THIS ISSUE...

Lead Editor: Butler Smythe

- 3 **Now Hear This**
- 5 **Letter to the Editor**
- 6 **Feature Articles:**
 - Catboat Stuffing Party – Bill McKay
 - Catboating – Phyllis Meras
 - Old England Catboat – James Stock
 - Catboats in Distress – A Cautionary Tale – Michael Lang
- 16 **Cruising – Steve Flesner, Editor**
 - Long Cruise – Marc Cruder
 - Lessons Learned - Old Sailor & First Time CCBA Cruise – Fred Sherriff
 - Down on Dee Bay Hon – Steve Flesner
 - New York Destinations – Blair Gillette
- 27-30 **Centerfold – Catboat Photography from the 1890's**
- 31 **Boat Building and Maintenance – Eric Peterson, Editor**
 - A Final Farewell – Eric Peterson
 - To “Varnish” or not to Varnish – Butler Smythe
- 36 **A Cat by Another Name**
- 37 **Rendezvous and Race Results – Steve Flesner, Editor**
 - Padanaram Rendezvous August 4-6, 2017 – Anne Smith and Kristen Marshall
- 40 **Sailing Techniques and Seamanship – Butler Smythe, Editor**
 - Dismasted – Skip Stanley
 - Homeward Bound – W.R. Cheney
 - Was that a Tornado? – Butler Smythe
- 45 **CBA Discussion Group – C. Henry Depew, Editor**
- 47 **Keeper of the Light – Jay Webster**
- 48 **Short Tacks:**
 - Wanderer's Winter Transit – Marc Cruder
- 50 **New Members – Dave Calder**
- 51 **Cats for Sale – Spencer Day, Editor**
- 53 **CBA Membership Application**
- 54 **CBA Merchandise – Mary Crain**
- 55 **CBA Publications – Mary Crain**

THE CATBOAT ASSOCIATION BULLETIN

Editorial Board: Mark Alan Lovewell, Butler Smythe, Skip Stanley and Dan McFadden.

Proofreaders: Butler Smythe, Skip Stanley, Mary Crain and Ned Lund.

Contributing Editors: C. Henry Depew, Spencer Day, Steve Flesner, Ned Hitchcock, Judy Lund and Butler Smythe.

Line drawings: Unless noted, contributed by: Rex Stewart, Dave Park, Charles Chapin, Frank Lovewell and John Kurgan.

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 2018, all rights reserved.

Where To Send... Editorial Copy

- *boat building and maintenance:*
Eric Peterson
112 Wading Place Road, Mashpee, MA 02649
(781) 856-8873 eric.peterson@catboats.org
- *book reviews:*
Ned Hitchcock
4 Clinton Place, New Bedford MA, 02740
(508) 349-1229 ned.hitchcock@catboats.org
- *cruising:*
Steve Flesner
2037 Indian Circle, St. Leonard, MD 20685-2400
(410) 586-8179 steve.flesner@catboats.org
- *history:*
Judy Lund
7 Middle Street, So. Dartmouth, MA 02748-3413
(508) 996-4864 judy.lund@catboats.org
- *listserv summary:*
C. Henry Depew
3316 Lakeshore Drive
Tallahassee, FL 32312-1302
(850)386-1665 henry.depew@catboats.org
- *sailing techniques and seamanship:*
Butler Smythe
P.O. Box 104, 37 Pemberton Lane
Blue Hill, ME 04614
(207) 374-3838
butler.smythe@catboats.org
- *social media coordinator:*
Carol Thorsten-Stein
52 Flash Road, Nahant, MA 01908-1153,
(978) 764-1536 carol.thorsten-stein@catboats.org
- *keeper of the light:*
Jay Webster
25 Reservoir Road, Apt. B3 Pembroke, MA
02359-2847
(781) 826-7748 jay.webster@catboats.org
- *editorial board:*
Mark Alan Lovewell
P.O. Box 2034, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568
(508) 696-4655 mark.lovewell@catboats.org

Dan McFadden
39 Boulder Ave.
Stonington, CT 06378-3004
(860) 333-7155 dan.mcfadden@catboats.org

Butler Smythe
P.O. Box 104
Blue Hill, ME 04614
(207) 374-3838 butler.smythe@catboats.org

John G. (Skip) Stanley
94 Clarendon Street
South Weymouth, MA 02190-1351
(617) 755-7269 skip.stanley@catboats.org

Directory for CBA

- *policy, guidance, & general information:* **Tim Lund**
262 Forest Street, Needham, MA 02492-1326
(781) 444-9695 tim.lund@catboats.org
- *awards nominations:* **Butler Smythe**, (Chairman)
P.O. Box 104, Blue Hill, ME 04614
(207) 374-3838 butler.smythe@catboats.org
- *invoices, donations, etc.:* **Tim Fallon**, treasurer
16 Maple Road, Warren, RI 02885
(401) 252-1672 tim.fallon@catboats.org
- *memberships & updates:* **Dave Calder**, membership sec.
P.O. Box 775, Sudbury, MA 01776-0775
(978) 443-8432 dave.calder@catboats.org
- *computer webmaster:* **Neil Titcomb**
38 Brookwood Dr, Branford, CT 06405-2325
203-488-3088
neil.titcomb@catboats.org and/or Spencer Day
contact info listed below
- *cats for sale:* **Spencer Day**
7 Cottage Place, Milton, MA 02186-4504
(617) 696-1067 spencer.day@catboats.org
- *CBA merchandise, bulletin back issues and publications:*
Mary Crain
17 Ocean View Avenue, Mattapoisett, MA 02739
(508) 758-8081 mary.crain@catboats.org
- *annual meeting coordinators:*
Eric and Dawn Peterson
112 Wading Place Road, Mashpee, MA 02649
(781) 856-8873 eric.peterson@catboats.org



WHAT TO DO ...

WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS:

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

Now Hear This!

BoatUS Membership

Please don't forget - if you are a member of BoatUS, you can get a 50% discount on your annual membership by applying the CBA's Cooperating Group Program code: GA83247B. For specific information you can call them at 1-800-395-2628, e-mail them at coopgroups@boat.us or visit their website: www.boat.us/membership/group/default.asp.

Remember to also ask about insurance – they insure boats too!

Rendezvous Schedule

The much anticipated Race and Rendezvous schedule will be available in the Spring CBA Bulletin Issue 176. If you are aware of a rendezvous or event coming up that is not listed, please alert the Catboat Association editorial board or any member of the Steering Committee. We may still be able to get the event listed on the association website.

Save The Date

The 57th annual Catboat Association Meeting will take place on the weekend of Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 25-27 January 2019 at the Mystic Marriott Hotel and Spa.

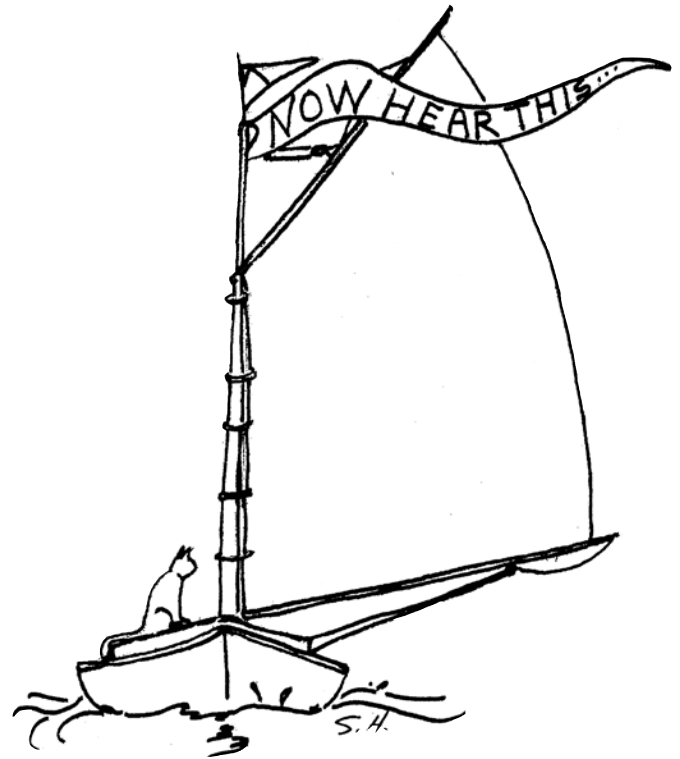
The CBA Awards Committee Needs You!

You might think it's early in the season for CBA award considerations, but really – it's not. Now is the time to think about the awards themselves and what they represent, think about who you know or who you might have heard about - then look, listen and make note of them throughout the year.

We want you to recognize a fellow catboater for their endeavors – many times just another thing they do and enjoy – but worth recognizing for the things that set them apart.

We'd love hear about things throughout the year, and help to make the award come together before you think it's too late – when the feelings one has in the midst of summer and fall activities, are only a memory.

The following are the eligible awards presented at our annual meeting – and found with more detail in the back of the Annual Directory.



The **John Killiam Murphy (JKM)** for the advancement of the principles and perpetuation of the traditions of sail as exemplified by the CBA.

The **Dolphin Award** for exceptional service to the CBA.

The **Broad Axe Award** for significant achievement in catboat construction and restoration.

The **Henry Plummer Award** for accomplishing a significant voyage of note in a catboat or to commemorate a significant act of seamanship.

DUE DATE: We've established 1 October 2018 as the due date for award submissions.

Please email or call if you have any questions. Send nominations to the Awards Chairman:

Butler Smythe
PO Box 104, Blue Hill, ME 04614
Home: (207) 374-3838
E-mail: Butler.smythe@catboats.org

And the members of the Awards Committee:
Philip Livingston (next in line)
phil.livingston@catboats.org
Skip Stanley (new guy)
skip.stanley@catboats.org

Members Remembered at the Annual Meeting

Bob Ornstein, husband of Gail, sailed *Catnip* out of Watch Hill, RI. Joined the CBA in 1997.

Dolores Cole, wife of Wayne, sailed *Catfish* out of Padanaram. Joined the CBA in 1975.

Jon Agne, husband of Megan, sailed *Surprise* out of Brunswick, ME. Joined the CBA in 1997.

Active member of the Steering Committee, past member of the Awards Committee, and current holder of the John Killiam Murphy (JKM) award.

Red & Mary Wright, sailed *Ferlie* out of Woods Hole, MA. Joined the CBA in 1989.

Minor S. Harris, Jr., husband of Bonnie, sailed *Cimba* out of St Simon's Island, GA. Joined the CBA in 2003.

Clint Trowbridge, husband of Elaine, sailed *Scatt II* out of Sedgwick, ME. Joined the CBA in 2014. Author of, "The Boat that Wouldn't Sink" and featured speaker at the 2014 CBA Annual Meeting.

Dick Moll, husband of Pat, sailed *Wasis II* out of Scituate, MA. Joined the CBA in 1967.

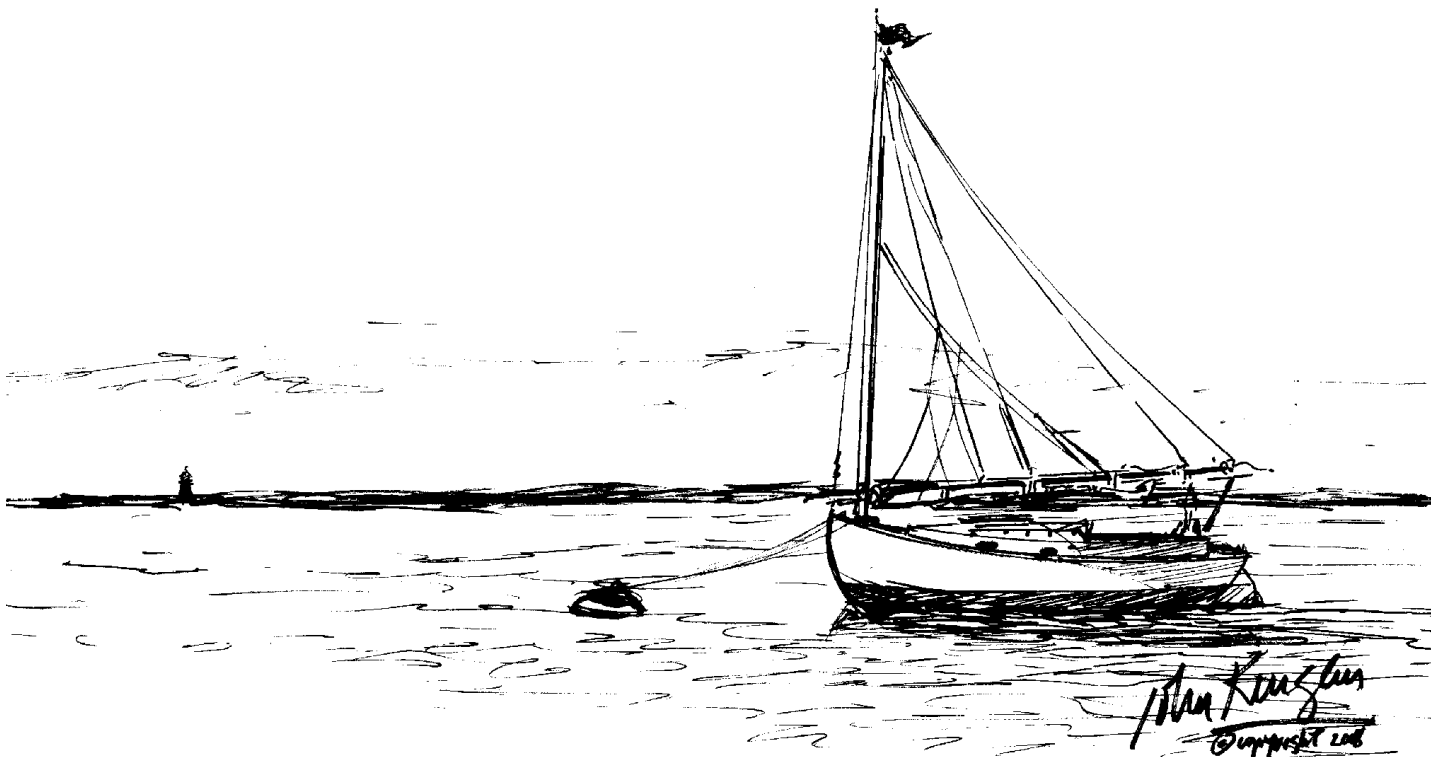
Bill Hickman, husband of Joyce, sailed *Brillig* out of Bass River, MA. Joined the CBA in 2006.

Pam Kruzic, wife of Victor, sailed *Evangeline* out of Ten Mile, TN. Joined the CBA in 2006.

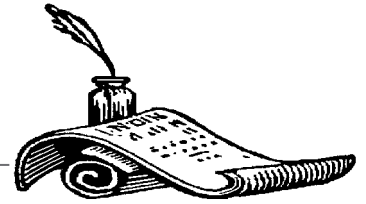
Mary Dunn, wife of Don, sailed *GranMary* out of Gray's Inn Creek, MD. Joined the CBA in 1995.

John Brown, Husband of Mei, sailed *Traveler* out of Solomons, MD. Joined the CBA in 1997.

As read at the annual meeting by Tim Lund.



Letters to the Editors



Catboat Postcard Collection Where am I?

Catboats have been on postcards for longer than all of us have been on this earth. They were once plentiful, but now all but impossible to find when you need one. Judith Lund has found three that have come from as many locations. This issue, we'd like to see if you can guess the location and date (rough year is best ☺) for the following three postcards? The winner gets both internal satisfaction and a CBA Burgee!

Please contact Butler.smythe@catboats.org with your best guess no later than 31 March. The winner will be announced in the subsequent Bulletin and the answers will be posted therein.

Those involved with the proofing of this Bulletin are not eligible.



Catboat Stuffing Party

Bill McKay

Saturday Nov. 18, Mashpee, MA: A catboat stuffing party is NOT what you think it is: Not a day on the water with aunts, uncles, children and grandchildren. “When are we gonna get there; you gotta bathroom on this boat; why is sailing so slow; when’s lunch?” A stuffing party is NOT the Spring event when you fill your racing machine with gas, water, canned goods, tools, extra parts, 200 lbs. of overnight items, extra anchors, chain, lines, ladders, and of course your Igloo cooler filled with a month’s supply of beverages. A stuffing party has nothing to do with the 25 lb. turkey, which is waiting for us at the Stop & Shop to be stuffed mid-week for Thanksgiving.

Rather, a Stuffing Party is a special evening, set aside to assemble the fliers inviting every member of the CBA to the Annual Meeting in late January. For a half-century, members get word of the meeting, its location, the events of the weekend, the request for dues and info about Mystic, CT. The party has been held in various locations over the years - from Connecticut to Massachusetts. The last ten years or so it’s been held on Cape Cod or at Padanaram - back and forth among the homes of the Lunds, the Cooks and the Petersons. This year, Eric and Dawn Peterson built an addition to their home, just to hold the number of Catboaters who showed up to work and play (aka eat a great dinner in a spectacular “catboating” home).

Truth be told, the Peterson addition started as a modest attached barn for *Pinkletink*, the signature catboat of the Association. Owned and sailed over 50 years by John and Pinkie Leavens, the boat now sails Nantucket Sound, carrying any number of Petersons: grandparents, parents, children and grandchildren, in its 85 year old cockpit.



Welcome Catboaters.

A perfect winter home for the perfect catboat.

Anyway, at four p.m. volunteers arrived, fortified themselves with snacks, and dove in to the task. Half the catboaters got right into it, those “folding-finger challenged” made sure that the hors d’oeuvres were busy. There was a lot of printed material in the boxes delivered by Tim Lund, but the work went quickly.



Three inserts in each envelope; thousands of pieces of paper to keep track of.



In no time, the job was done - envelopes were stamped and boxed for the post office. Then the fun really began. A generous spread of lasagna, meatballs, chicken and pasta were provided. Folks could spread out in the large family room, the kitchen, or an adjoining quiet little “boat room,” somewhat a museum I would say. Talk went from January’s meeting, to adventures of 2017, to spring plans for catboats in 2018.



Time to relax.



So, there you have it - a stuffing party. It is one of those events that keeps the CBA so vital after all these 55 years. This is another example of CBA volunteers taking a long day’s job for one person and changing it into a fast, easy and fun job with over 30 people. Such is a Catboat Rendezvous! Thanks to our hosts, Dawn and Eric Peterson.



Catboat ladies spanning 6 mo. to 70 yr.



Catboating

Phyllis Meras



Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell.

Phyllis Meras at the helm.

Back in the Winter issue of the Catboat Bulletin of 2014, association member Brian Smith wrote a feature article about a sailboat trip he'd taken in his catboat with a special guest. Smith is a photographer by profession and he recognized an opportunity to share a good sail with another respected photographer, a former catboat owner. He took aboard Jack Bradley, an aging fellow, who was also a photographer. From that experience together, Smith was so touched by the trip that he wrote about the sail. At the end of the article he wrote: "I wanted to share this story because maybe there are other catboaters out there who know of an old timer who sold his or her boat but might still enjoy a sail. After all, we will all eventually sell our boats someday but would still like to feel the helm from time to time."

I never forget Smith's story. Last summer, I had a chance to take Phyllis Meras, a celebrated writer and long-time friend, out for a sail in my catboat Sea Chantey. It was a two-hour sail. We left the harbor, sailed past the Edgartown Lighthouse and crisscrossed the waters with no planned destination.

Meras is an experienced travel writer and journalist. She has crisscrossed the world, visited more countries, than most anyone working today, for the State Department. She is a professional. And she has written a few books. She grew up sailing in the waters of Martha's Vineyard.

From that little sail, Meras wrote an article, which we share here.

— Mark Alan Lovewell.

Eight decades ago catboats were familiar sailing and fishing boats in Vineyard and Cape Cod waters. They were sturdy, roomy, gaff-rigged, with a single sail and a centerboard. They were considered the ideal first or second boat for young sailors. At the Harborside Inn in Edgartown, they were popular boats for guests to rent.

But there came a time when catboats began to be simply too sturdy to appeal to adventuresome fledgling Island sailors. They preferred Wee Scots and the Vineyard Haven 15 and 18 that Erford Burt began building at his Vineyard Haven boatyard. And so the Harborside Inn catboats were put up for sale. The *Ted* was among them and sometime around 1940 my brother, John, became the proud and adventuresome owner of one of them – a Manuel Swartz Roberts built catboat. In those days, a boatbuilding shop – not an art gallery – occupied what is, today, the Old Sculpin Gallery in Edgartown.

The shop smelled of shavings from the wooden boats being built and stored by one of the Island's master boat builders of the day. It was where, in winter, *Ted* was stored safely, my brother hoped, from autumn hurricanes and winter storms. But then the hurricane of 1944 struck the Vineyard and Edgartown's harbor front was awash. Many structures, including Manuel Swartz Robert's boathouse, were damaged. Boats stored there – *Ted*, among them – were washed across the way to Chappaquiddick.

For weeks, the following summer, John and I and assorted sailing friends would bicycle each morning from Oak Bluffs, where *Ted* normally bobbed at anchor, to Edgartown. Then we would ferry over to Chappaquiddick to do repair work on *Ted*. Happily *Ted* had landed somewhere near the Chappaquiddick Beach Club. She had not been seriously damaged. But after that, for some years, *Ted* was stored winters in our garage at East Chop, where the worst that could happen, was the nesting of mice up forward.

Ted was the second boat in my brother's life. The first had been a rowboat with a single sail, named *Pee Wee* (my nickname since I was five years younger). There were frightening adventures for me on *Pee Wee* when she went adrift across Oak Bluffs harbor with me, alone, in her, but, obviously, I survived.

Pee Wee was really an in-harbor boat, however. When John needed something bigger, *Ted* was the choice. Our Colorado-born mother loved the mountains, but feared the sea. She admired the beauty of waves, but was terrified of them. If my brother and I and a company of friends, including Jack Hathaway, now of Falmouth, set off on all-day sails to somewhere, she and Jack Hathaway's mother would be atop the bluffs at sunset to see if we were making it safely home. The favorite destinations in the World War II years, was Cape Pogue at the end of Chappaquiddick, for us sailing outside Vineyard waters was forbidden.

To ensure that he would be both a good and a safe sailor, my brother had sailing lessons. I, it was assumed, would learn by osmosis – simply by being aboard *Ted*. It didn't really work that way for me. Surely, it did for John, who fell in love with sailing aboard the 15-foot catboat *Ted* and went on to attend the Maine Maritime Academy. At the end of World War II, as an officer in the Naval Reserve, one of his jobs was returning sailing yachts that the Navy had borrowed from East Coast yachtsmen for potential war use in the Pacific. He had a fine time sailing them back to their East Coast owners.

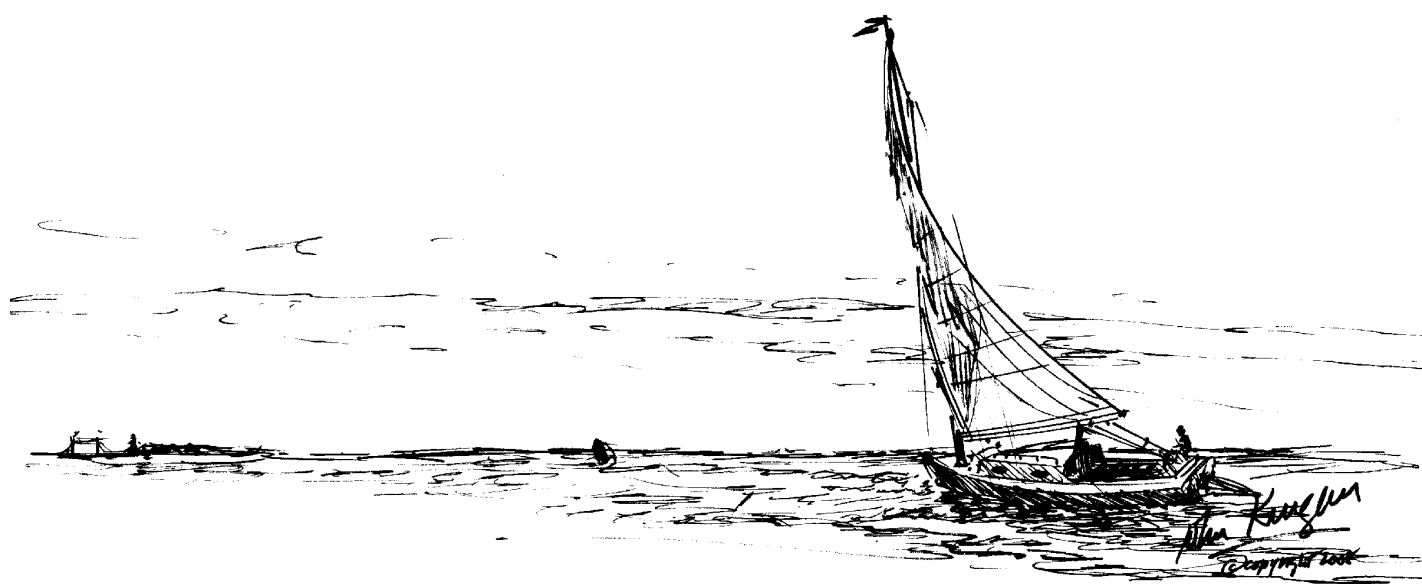
As for *Ted*, her end was not such a happy one. One fall, after John had returned to Harvard, a Yale friend (Yale must have started later than Harvard that year) asked if he could keep *Ted* sailing later in the fall. He was an experienced sailor and a good friend.

John saw no reason why he shouldn't. *Ted* was, once again, being stored winters in Edgartown.

Unfortunately, on the day chosen for the sail to Edgartown, a dry Northeaster was blowing. The sailing safety rules were forgotten, and the sheet was cleated. A gust of wind struck the mast; it snapped and *Ted* turned over. For the next four hours, the two sailors onboard held onto her. In the beginning, they cheerfully played the game Ghosts that was popular then. In the course of it, if you made a mistake, you became a quarter of a ghost, a half a ghost, and finally – a ghost. They stopped playing that game early on for *Ted* floated for four hours with John's two friends clinging to her until they were within two miles of Cape Cod. (One of those friends decided then that, if he survived, he would join the ministry, and he did.) Bigger boats would pass by, but missed seeing little *Ted* in the wave troughs. Finally, when it was almost dark, a fishing boat caught sight of them.

They got *Ted's* crew onboard, but could not latch onto *Ted*. And *Ted* was never seen again.

Somewhere, I'm sure, *Ted* washed ashore – whole or in pieces and, I hope, was reconditioned and was able to set sail again. Later, there was a *Winabout* in our lives – and she went on many Vineyard sailing adventures. In John's life, there was a 24-foot sloop named *Morning Star*, in mine a 12-foot Edgartown beach boat called *Bluebeard*. But there was no boat so beloved as that 15-foot Manuel Swartz Roberts built catboat *Ted*.



Old England Catboat

James Stock



Photos provided by the author

Catboating the English way.

Following dinghy sailing in my youth and many years offshore sailing in the Baltic, North Sea, English Channel, and Atlantic, I finally “swallowed the anchor” and sold my classic Kim Holman designed, Twister class yacht *Fly* in 2015. After a year of chartering AWBs (Average White Blobs) and being ashore, I needed a project, but what exactly?

A chum said the Cape Cod catboat design would be the ideal day boat for a gentleman, single handed sailor, sailing in shallow, sheltered waters (which we have in the large natural harbour at Chichester, England). Its form stability was well suited for the not so nimble (I have had knee replacements). It also has a large cockpit for the odd picnic trip with a crew (I like a party!). The rig was also simple (I am idle). It was a design emanating from working boat origins (I used to own a Hastings – fishing – beach boat). It would be acceptable to the large Bosham Sailing Club, Classic

Day Boat racing fleet where 70+ boats turn out each weekend (racing gets me out on the water).

Searching the Internet, I found only one other catboat of day boat size in the UK and this was a Selway Fisher design beautifully built in 2015-16 by Tavy Wooden Boats in Devon. Clearly there were no used boats for sale in UK. The only way forward was to build one myself or buy in America.

In August 2016, my wife and I visited our family and friends on Nantucket Island, and then across New England, sailing my cousin’s Beetle Cat *Breezy*, looking at new/used boats, visiting yards, museums, buying books, listening to catboat sailors and getting “immersed” in catboats. The upshot was that shipping a used or new boat back across the Atlantic was prohibitively expensive due to a weak GBP and expensive freight.

So, armed with a bit more knowledge and much enthusiasm, we returned to England in September with a view to designing and building my own catboat. The key was knowing what the purpose of the design was to be – sharing this with the right CAD designer and an enthusiastic builder of “one offs.” I considered self-build, but wanted to get on the water in 2017!



Author at the Helm.

For the design criteria, I intended to follow Cape Cod tradition, but amended to suit our local conditions on the south coast of England and in particular the Solent and the harbours around it: Chichester, Langston and Poole (the second largest natural harbour in the world). We have in the Solent around the famous yachting centre of Cowes, a stretch of water, which although sheltered by the Isle of Wight and mainland, has a tendency to produce a steep short chop. In fact, there is a sail known as a Solent Jib, which is made specifically to deal with these conditions.

Besides sea state, there is the matter of tides which run at 6 kn. plus, in the harbour entrances and although local knowledge is helpful for finding eddies, when you are racing you will need to buck the tide at some stage.

The most significant changes to a classic catboat design therefore were the foils and optimizing the hull shape, to meet the local needs. The rudder is lifting with a break away cleat in case of grounding, and the centreboard is aerofoil shape too – both to NACA specifications. The weight of the centreboard is 75 kgs and includes 12 kgs of lead for negative buoyancy. The rudder is also designed to take a “split,” laminated tiller, both features giving maximum mechanical strength.

Having spent years applying marine coatings, I wanted a simple life maintaining my catboat, so I decided on Corecell construction coated in Awlgrip and Coppercoat and lots of woody bits finished with Awlwood to retain the classical charm.

So, with these basic requirements in mind I briefed Justin Adams on the design specifications and Chris Somner of Cserve in Poole on the hull build, Wes Massam of Noble Masts, Bristol on my requirement for spars, and Michael MacNamara of X Sails, Norfolk on the sail.

The essential data ended up as being:

LOA 14 ft. 9 in.

Beam 6 ft. 11 in. (To fit through my 17th century cow shed door!)

Draft: 7 in. board up and 44.5 in. board down.

Weight 350 kgs equipped, but no crew.

Sail area 162 ft².

The first drawings came off Justin’s software on 16 October and the order was placed with Cserve. Justin works in Sweden, has a house on Alderney, Channel Islands, and thanks to the Internet, communications with all parties went smoothly. Cserve produced a

Facebook diary, which was great for monitoring progress and explaining issues when they arose.

<https://en-gb.facebook.com/catboatpoole/>

The construction of the hull was straightforward: Section stations in MDF cut with a CAD/CAM water laser jet and mounted on a frame. These were then laid up with planks and “steelers” cut from Corecell sheets rather than the more expensive strips. The upturned hull was then “long boarded” and fibreglass with polyester resin applied followed by more filling and fairing prior to paint shop treatment with Awlgrip, Stars & Stripes blue.

While this was going on I had Michael MacNamara design the sail prior to specifying the spars. On the Norfolk Broads where Michael has his loft, there are plenty of boats called Wherries that for years have sailed the canals and which have gaff sails. I wanted a cream sail, with brown stitching, traditional corner reinforcements and a cut that would allow the catboat to power through the Solent chop. I decided against hoops and adopted the Norfolk style of lacing. The 162 ft² sail was cut to perfection:

Luff 2870 mm.

Leech 6300 mm.

Gaff 3215 mm.

Foot 4180 mm.

With Michael’s information, I then went to see Wes Massam and determined the spars: hollow Douglas fir for the mast and solid Sitka for the boom and gaff. I also decided on stainless steel fittings throughout at this stage rather than bronze, simply because of the greater choice available with stainless and I wanted consistency throughout the boat. Mixing metals is not good practice and looks unplanned. Wes has his shop on a barge in the Bristol docks by the *SS Great Eastern*. He makes spars for J yachts, dhows, catboats and anything classic. As I flew Tiger Moth and Auster WW2 aircraft for 18 years I asked Wes whether he did wing spars. Sure enough on his second barge he had just about finished a complete build of a 4 seat Jodel aircraft! This was in addition to his 52 ft. Laurent Giles cutter, which he built and was alongside too.

With the help of various rigging designs I had seen in Stan Grayson’s “Cape Cod Catboats” we plumped for one on an Edson Schock catboat. While I wanted to use thumb cleats etc. for authenticity where possible, I also wanted the running rigging to be efficient, so Harken blocks were chosen for this reason.

By February 2017, we had spars and sails and Cserve was on to the “internals.” One catboat feature I particularly liked was on a model in the Cape Cod Maritime Museum. This was a laid plank foredeck within the cockpit coaming and corresponding floor boards in the cockpit sole. Since I was determined not to maintain teak wood I went with Flexiteek and have had great fun since getting observers to guess whether it is wood or plastic – the vast majority do not know it is the latter! It is interesting that the laid deck gives the appearance of the catboat being narrower than it actually is and I find this aesthetically pleasing.

I did not want untidy control lines running over the foredeck so these run through cheek blocks in accessible “boxes” either side of the mast and in a tunnel under the deck to a control panel with colour coded cam cleats. The latter was necessary, as I wanted Kingfisher traditional beige coloured cordage throughout and this firm offers a wide range of sizes, constructions and materials of which I used Dyneema and Polyester depending on the application. Only the forestay had dark grey coloured English Braids Dynastay which was a bit of overkill as one wag thought the forestay was only useful to keep the mast in the boat should you capsizes – I do not want to find out!

Another non-traditional feature I incorporated was a “kicking strap” (boom vang) simply to improve performance in our local conditions. This required a special mast band and under deck treatment for neatness and Dynastay instead of rope wire.

The under the foredeck buoyancy tanks have a drainage system as well as inspection hatches. There is also plenty of stowage area under the foredeck (aka the Picnic deck) for the picnic hamper from Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly. The side tanks are curved and have an undercut and with the slatted, partly overhanging bench seats look good and are very satisfactory for comfortable sitting, convenient bracing and for moving about generally. Much practical research went into getting all the dimensions and angles absolutely right. The outboard lockers are sized for UK cans of beer and French baguettes.

The centreboard case takes the mainsheet control to a convenient height off the sole. The wide laminated top of the case is ideal for crew to sit on going down wind. It is also a place to grip onto when moving about the boat. This sitting position also makes it easy to handle the centreboard lift tackle situated out board and aft on the picnic deck.

The deck fittings include retractable cleats so cordage does not get caught inadvertently. The bow fairleads are designed to accommodate oversized 20 mm mooring ropes with protective covering. A gasket covers the eight (marked) wedges for optimum adjustment and holding the mast securely in position.

The bifurcated mainsheet bridle at the end of the boom is another concession to modernity as it has the benefit of simplicity, economy, weight saving and most importantly, it is adjustable by the helmsman - depending on the point of sailing.

The catboat is moored rather than dry sailed, so in anticipation of a few summer gales - the cover has been designed as an over boom sail/cockpit cover and with ALL the halyards, lazy jacks etc. running forward to the mast. Windage is greatly reduced, with rigging forward at the mast and the overhanging boom resting on a cup shaped teak block on the transom.

Somewhat late, the catboat was towed on its launching trolley/road trailer combi to Bosham in Chichester Harbour for launch on 19 August 2017 almost a year after our visit to Nantucket Island. After much deliberation the catboat was named *Flycatcher* the first of a possible class maybe: Flycat.

Weather was 10-15 kn. and high water – perfect for full sail and two up: myself and the builder, Chris Somner. The first impression is that the boat behaved like a day boat and not a dinghy. The stability was unbelievable and for me was a perfect transition from a heavy displacement offshore yacht – I certainly did not want a tippy, skittish boat and *Flycatcher* was not that for sure.

The next test was how responsive was this boat going to be tacking up through closely moored boats in a narrow channel with gusting wind and not consistently in the same direction. The answer: no qualms at all. That rudder was mightily powerful and responsive with just the optimum amount of weather helm to “feel” the boat through the water. Neither was there any anxiety in the puffs – no side deck sitting here and that is what those side benches are for – being at leisure!

We were achieving 45-degree tack angle on the Hawk indicator and I am contemplating including a Cunningham tackle, which might help a little in a breeze. This is a boat that needs to be kept moving because of its displacement and pinching is not an option.

The board seemed affective as the ebb got up to about 4 kn. We tried a few gybes and there was

nothing there that was disconcerting. I was pleased that the mainsheet only went through single blocks thus greatly reducing snarl-ups and the potential for an inadvertent capsize.

Board 2/3 down was good on a reach and just a touch down on a run. The wake was quite flat although the bow wave pushed a lot of water, but then we were doing 5-6 kn. on a reach. On a subsequent sail in 20-25 kn. and one reef (single line system that works well) I found that two of us had to position ourselves as you would in a Finn dinghy, well aft – quite exhilarating.

I did not build this boat for speed, but as a benchmark it seems we can just hold our own with a 14 ft. Yachting World Dayboat which is about 50 kgs lighter, although in a blow off the wind I guess we would have the edge. With more practice, it “would be a damn close, run thing” as the Duke of Wellington remarked at the Battle of Waterloo.

The design of this catboat has met all my expectations and the performance and build quality outcomes have all been very satisfactory. Being “project manager” has been an exciting part of the journey, but I look forward to 2018 being a full year of racing and participating in regattas.

This will not be the first catboat in Chichester Harbour or in the Solent. A neighbour of mine in Bosham had one, *Pumpkin*, just after WW2 and we are not sure how it came to be in his family’s possession, but we have photos and maybe an American officer brought her over while serving here. Thanks to Stan Grayson’s book “Cape Cod Catboats” we do know that the first catboat to come to England was the *Una* at around 15 ft. and purchased in 1852 by Earl Mountcharles (he had a fleet of 18 sailboats). He raced it with great success on London’s Serpentine in front of Prince Albert (husband of Queen Victoria). It was then shipped to Cowes on the Isle of Wight in 1854 where she “cleaned up.” The British writer Dixon Kemp recorded that the sailors at Cowes, “Almost

regarded the *Una* as a little too marvellous to be real... and so no wonder in less than a year there was a whole fleet of *Unas* at Cowes, and about the Solent...the Earl’s sailing master, John Hollis, was very perfect in the management of the *Una*, and waltzed her about as cleverly as a Rhode Island fisherman in many sailing matches.”

No pressure on *Flycatcher* then!

Acknowledgement: Stan Grayson, “Cape Cod Catboats.”

The writer can be reached at: james.stock@fly192.me



Catboats In Distress - A Cautionary Tale

Michael H. Lang

Cat boaters come to love their quirky, old-fashioned boats from many different routes. My introduction to these unique boats marks me as an old fogey. It was way back in the late 1950's when I was lucky enough to be sent to a sailing camp called Chappa Challa located in Duxbury, Mass. It was run by the Smith family. Old Verity Smith actually travelled to our apartment in Manhattan to interview my family and I, before accepting my application. Those were the days when that sort of thing prevailed.

Camp Chappa Challa was a wonderful place for a city kid. It had lots of open fields and a long list of activities from swimming, arts and crafts and horseback riding and of course, all forms of boating. I was hooked and attended camp there for several summers and eventually became a counselor. Of course, sailing was the main event and the camp used two types of boats; Beetle Cats that the camp called Bugs, and sloops called (Duxbury) Ducks. I quickly learned the skinny regarding the respective merits of these two excellent boats. The word was that the Bugs, being tubby catboats, were "slow as mud" and that the slender Ducks were both sleek and fast. The Bugs were used mainly for the newbies to sailing and the Ducks were reserved for the older, elite sailors; a status to which all of us were expected to aspire. However, after sailing in both boats I quickly came to appreciate the security of the large cockpit and steady pace the Bugs offered as opposed to the Ducks, which while initially more exciting, offered few creature comforts for a day's outing on the bay. Thus I gained an early lesson that, for me at least, it was the quality of the journey that mattered, not the speed of the ride; the Bugs met this requirement hands down.



All of the boats at the camp were wooden and being old, they were horrible leakers. All had been given a fibreglassed outer skin, but they leaked copiously anyway since water poured in through the centerboard trunk. Pumping was a daily chore before we could raise sail and get underway. We kids learned sailing from Al Harriman who was a kind, outgoing fellow, but a strict disciplinarian. Of course, he was a hero to us youngsters as he seemed to know everything worth knowing about sailing and he was an inspiring teacher.

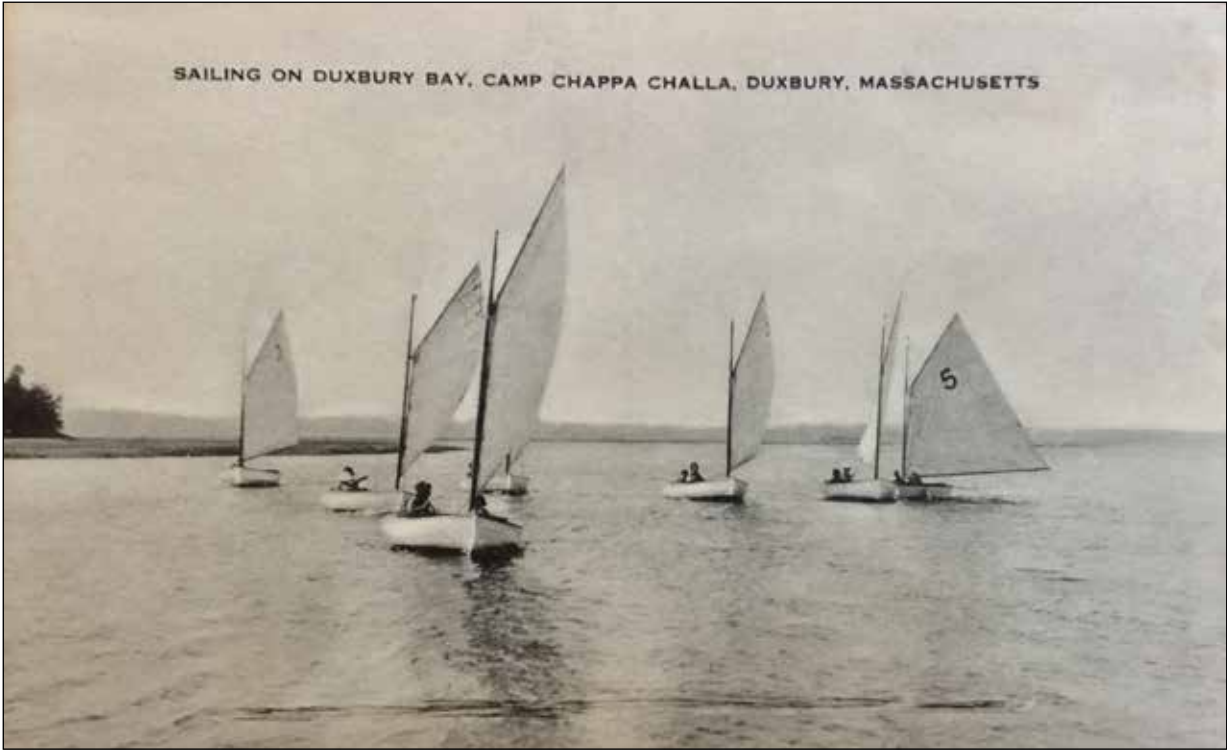
Al knew his stuff all right, and as it turned out, he was also willing to bend the rules on occasion. I recall one late afternoon, he rounded up several counselors and a couple of us more experienced campers for some extra curricular sailing. A hurricane had side swiped the coast and we were feeling the aftermath of high winds. Since the high winds were forecast to diminish, Al thought it was a great opportunity to teach us heavy weather sailing, but it turned out to be much more than he had bargained for. We took out one of the Ducks and several Bugs. At first all went well, and boy did we scoot around the bay. But those old Bugs lacked reef points and soon the wind was really piping up and, as many of us know, catboats in a high wind under full sail can become more than a bit hard to control, and no, we did not capsize.... it was even worse; the two Bugs snapped their masts at deck level and mast, sail and rigging all crashed overboard. I was in one of the Bugs and recall the sheer pandemonium that ensued, but Al, who was close by, organized a quick rescue and all survived, very shaken, but also very exhilarated.

I bet the Smiths made sure Al paid a price for his bravado. As mere campers we heard nothing more about this, but I do recall Al's feverish work in the ensuing days as he fibreglassed the broken masts back together. His rather clumsy repairs were functional, but certainly not pretty. Needless to say, this exciting and hair raising experience cemented my love for sailing as well as my fervent devotion to catboats with sails with reef points and my impulse to shorten sail at the slightest provocation.

Today rustic Camp Chappa Challa, where youngsters once learned how to sail, has been replaced by an upscale housing development. Ah progress!

Through the years I have owned a number of catboats. My first was *Selkie*, a beetle cat that I sailed with my family for several years on the Delaware River near Riverside, N.J. My second was a 15 foot Legnos Mystic River Catboat that we sailed first on the Delaware River and then in Cape May, NJ and

finally on Lake Waramaug, in Connecticut. Today we are back on salt water and happily sailing *Toccata*, our 17 foot Cape Cod Cat out of Black Rock Harbor, in Bridgeport, CT. About the only cat in the harbor, she garners many appreciative comments, focused on the merits of her sensible size and overall.



Cruising

Steve Flesner, Editor

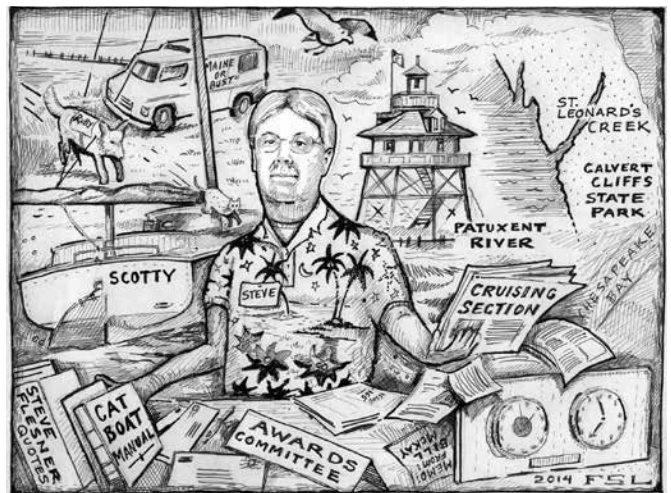
Miles and Wye Rivers Long Cruise - 2017

Marc Cruder

After a very complete 10-day trip down to the Pocomoke, it was a nice change to be back in the mid-bay with a low mileage 6-day itinerary. While low impact was the goal, we nonetheless encountered some weather typical of fall on the Chesapeake. So, there was some wind, rain, reefing and great sailing to creeks not previously enjoyed. Our stop in St. Michaels provided a chance to freshen up and enjoy food and drink ashore. Participation was good and all lived to sail another day. Here's how it went....

Returning Cruisers

- Marc ***"You may need to adjust your wick"*** Cruder sailing *Wanderer*: Wittholz 25 (Glass)
- Dave ***"Why is your dinghy under that dock"*** Bleil with crew Jim ***"Would you hand me a shirt for a change"*** Ohlmacher sailing *Gull*: Mystic 20.
- Butch ***"Direct drive"*** Miller sailing *Lark*: Americat 22
- Jack ***"If you don't mind moving, I might have some clams for you afterward"*** Smith sailing *Winter's Dream*: Marshall 18
- Martin ***"Would you like to participate in an anchor rode survey"*** Gardner sailing *Planet*: Wittholz 25 (Wood)
- Mike ***"She has needs"*** Crawford sailing *Homer*: Wittholz/Hermann 17
- Paul ***"Jellyfish lips"*** Cammaroto sailing *Frances B.*: Chuck Paine 32
- Phil ***"Creek Patrol Recon Commander"*** Livingston sailing *Patriot*: Marshall 18



Drive-By Cruisers (who joined us for a part of the cruise)

- Craig ***"Resin reinforced"*** Ligibel sailing *Mystic Wind*: Mystic 20
- Roy ***"I told you I'd make it"*** Henwood and crew Nancy sailing *Liberty*: Marshall 18

Sunday, 9/17 Destination: Shipping Creek off Eastern Bay

I was on my own this year, for the first time in a long time. My usual crew, John Brown, was battling what would be his last round with cancer, so was in no condition to join me. Life issues were still foremost in my schedule, so I did not attend any CCBA events again this year and was just able to get *Wanderer* ready for the cruise. Down to the dock early so, in addition to final loading, I could jump over the side and clean the prop. Moving into the fall makes this a little colder, but the water temperature was still tolerable for a quick dip.

With no one in particular to push my schedule, it took me longer than I thought, but finally, with dinghy in tow, I was away from the dock at about 1100. There was little to no wind, so I was under power out of White Marsh Creek.

Exited the Rhode River and cleared the fish traps off Curtis Point at about 1200. Set the sail as a sunshade and shaped up on a course just south of west for Bloody Point Lighthouse at the southern tip of Kent Island. Abeam Bloody Point at about 1315, altered course to 070 degrees per magnetic compass (PMC) up Eastern Bay under sail and power. I was abeam the red #2A on a heading for Tilghman Point at about 1430, then north of green can #3 at the last

clam line buoy just south of Tilghman Point at about 1515. Then tacked around to a course of 330 degrees PMC toward Shipping Creek.

At 1600, picked up the #2 red daymark, then the #3 green and a duck blind marking the entrance to Shipping Creek. Sighted *Mystic Wind* ahead underway and *Planet* anchored. Doused sail at 1700. Checked my cell phone to find an unanswered call from *Winter's Dream*, so called him back to learn there were more catboats about a ¼ mile up the creek anchored in the "north prong." At that revelation, scanned the horizon to find a cluster of buff masts. "Proceeded to the route" and was rafted alongside *Pride*, a Marshall 22 new to the group, by 1730. The first night included nine catboats: *Wanderer*, *Pride*, *Homer*, *Patriot*, *Winter's Dream*, *Planet*, *Mystic Wind*, *Gull* and *Lark*. Paul Cammaroto changed things up this year, leaving his Marshall 18 at home, but gracing the cruise with *Frances B.*, a beautifully restored Chuck Paine 32, relegated, because of her keel, to deeper water at the mouth of the creek.

Dinghies were used for the raft-up photo op and happy hour commenced. The 2017 cruise was off to a running and successful start.



The Usual suspects at Happy Hour.

Monday, 9/18: Destination: DeCoursey Cove off Wye Narrows

The first night festivities of continuous happy hour lingered on well after dark in *Wanderer's* cockpit, as is sometimes the custom. The group made a good dent in Jack Smith's Gosling's 151 and all the other heavy hors d'oeuvres. Stayed rafted up to *Pride*, rafted up on *Homer's* hook under calm conditions. No issues.

The late-night conversation started with mechanical striking clocks, since *Pride*, who also had one showed mine to be 4 minutes fast. Adjustment followed. Then we moved to oil lamps, of which I have two in the cabin, and then there is the anchor light - again oil. That made *Homer* bring out his railroad lantern (used as an anchor light), while *Pride* brought out a very nice trawler lamp, hung it from his boom, so now we had cockpit light. That made discussion turn to the optimum flame shape, which of course can only be had by trimming the wick into a semi-circle to produce the desired triangular flame profile. Way too many details after all that rum...but we were among oil lamp kindred spirits. Beyond that, it was a cool night and good sleeping...no bugs once all the oil lamps were lit.



Fred Sherriff and the oil lamp on *Pride*.

Up and ready to make corned beef hash and eggs, to find I had forgotten the corned beef hash. Had to make a quick substitution and layer the frying pan with Spam, followed by two eggs. In five minutes, you have a Spam and egg pancake that slides easily onto a plate. Following breakfast, cleaned up from extended

happy hour. Apparently, pistachios were new in the mix this year. I found them everywhere.

Underway under power at 0900 to visit *Frances B.* for a second cup of coffee on the way out of the creek, but never got there. Facing a trot liner down the middle of the creek and floats down the edges of both sides of the creek....AND not paying particular attention, I ran *Wanderer* hard aground with the board up. *Homer* tried but did not have sufficient muscle to pull me off. The trot liners came to the rescue (even though they had to ask me how to put the line I passed them around their cleat). They succeeded in getting me back out in good water. Voyage resumed. All underway except *Planet*.

Set sail exiting Shipping Creek on a course of 130 degrees PMC for the Miles River. All were ahead except for *Winter's Dream* and *Planet* astern. *Frances B.* on genoa alone to stay in the catboat pack. Skies were fair but becoming cloudy; winds northeast at about 12 knots. All moving briskly. *Mystic Wind* heading south down Eastern Bay and home.

Abeam flashing red #4 and Tilghman Point at about 1100 with rain beginning and visibility rapidly decreasing. Made the entrance to the Wye River at Bennett Point about half an hour later with weather clearing. Hove to under sail, advised *Frances B.* and made a liverwurst and onion sandwich in honor of Mr. Brown. Called the home front to check in since I hadn't the night before because we all were making rather merry. While I enjoyed my lunch, the rest of the fleet made their way into the Wye River.

Note: Sailor of the day on this leg was Jack Smith, who reefed Winter's Dream, started last, stayed upwind and passed the whole fleet on the way to the Wye, well done.

Made sail about 1230 and starting tacking into the Wye under ever-improving conditions. Catboats were distant but visible tacking ahead of me. After a great sail to windward as the tide became favorable, found the group anchored in De Coursey Creek. *Pride* was testing out a seagull outboard on his dinghy *Joy*. *Frances B.* was recovering from some event I did not witness, but had to do with jellyfish. At about 1500, I was boarded by *Winter's Dream*, *Lark* and *Homer* with an iPad, so they could show me *Planet's* video from Wooden Boat School, where he is an instructor. Good stuff.

Pre-happy hour about 1600, *Frances B.* came aboard to tell his tale of sucking his dinghy painter into his prop and to inquire about the floats on my

dinghy painter. I of course only had the floats on there because I had a similar experience some years ago. Apparently, I got the engine in neutral sooner. That said, Chief Cammaroto had another issue... he had lost one of his composite oarlocks during this harrowing event AND needed some first aid. I mustered up a spare bronze oarlock to make the dinghy functional and some aloe laden cream for his jellyfish stings. All retired to their boats to rest for the pending happy hour. Moved *Wanderer's* anchor by the stern when I overheard *Pride* say he had 80 feet of rode out by the bow in 10 feet of water. I was too close to him. That resulted in a discussion of preferred anchoring and what to do if everyone is not anchored the same. Those anchored on the bow will sail, and sail substantially; so sufficient sea room needs to be considered at every catboat anchorage.

By 1730 *Wanderer* had a full cockpit again. We continued with leftover goodies from the night before, along with some new additions, including Papa Cammaroto's "salseech." Made tentative plans for recon of Woodland Creek in lieu of the scheduled Hunting Creek. Assigned Major Livingston as backup to Butch Marine – Report to Follow. At 1900, all were dismissed. *Homer* stayed aboard for white chili with chicken. By 2100 anchor lights were on and all other lights out.

Tuesday, 9/19: Destination: St. Michaels, MD

At 0800, the creek patrol of *Patriot* and *Lark* departed the anchorage. It was another good night, with no big winds as expected, just a nice temperature drop. Had Granola and fresh milk for breakfast, followed by general housekeeping and reorganization/re-icing of the cooler. Organized the empty passenger bunk, refueled and put in a single reef. Pulled the anchor, drifted off, raising the sail. Only *Planet* in the anchorage.

Departed together about 1000 sailing downwind and outbound on the Wye. By 1100, we were abeam Bennett Point and the #2 red daymark. Wind picked up to the predicted 10-15 knots with 1-2 ft seas. Under these conditions, it was short two-hour sail as I entered St. Michaels harbor, dropped sail with the engine in neutral and completed furling. About the same time *Selina*, a large cat-rigged yacht of the 1920's and now 6-pack charter boat under the direction of Capt Iris, was hailing me down as she pointed out a catboat to her paying passengers. I was a little busy at the time to properly respond.

Rafted up to *Frances B.* and was thrown a hot dog in tin foil, just like at Camden Yards! *Lark* joined for lunch by dinghy; *Pride* came up with museum “comp” memberships and the combination to the rest room ashore. We were all set.

Found my anchor, picked a spot, then went ashore. Enjoyed the new exhibit of Robert DeGast photos with audio commentary; took a shower; got ice, then headed back to *Wanderer* for pre-happy hour. Plans ashore were loose with many choices, so no firm reservations made. The group found their way to the Lighthouse Restaurant just up from Town Dock. The barmaid, Corina, managed to effectively and efficiently herd all the cats. Decided to eat at the bar, which had an elevated position with open garage doors facing the harbor. It had the feel of a bridge deck with a nice breeze coming through. The Nanticoke Nector RAR (Real Ale Revival Brewing Co. Cambridge, MD) did not detract from the ambiance. Had a nice salmon sandwich and enjoyed catboat company. As far as I could tell, all survived and were accounted for.

Wednesday, 9/20: Destination: Hunting Creek off the Miles River

Up at 0600 making coffee. It was a windy night but all boats were in place. At 0700, sighted Major Livingston on patrol ashore. Picked up *Homer* by dinghy and proceeded ashore. By 0745, we were outside the Carpenter Street Saloon for breakfast with all catboaters. How can you pass up a good plate of S.O.S.? It was wonderful, as was the service.



Cruisers at Carpenter Street Saloon.

At about 0900 we were back at the museum chatting with Capt. Ed Farley on the skipjack *H.M. Krentz*. Then waited for the bugeye *Edna E. Lockwood* to be lifted onto her new log bottom. The process got

delayed waiting for the local press, so we contented ourselves with the progress report from Richard Schofield, the museum’s Assistant Curator of Watercraft.

By 0930, I was back aboard *Wanderer* and preparing to get underway. At 1000, powered out of the inner anchorage then set sail on a course of 140 degrees PMC down the Miles River. Off the #7 green daymark at the end of Long Point at about 1100. Checked my position by GPS. Found the entrance to Hunting Creek with one green and red plastic pair of buoys just inside the entrance. Began tacking up Hunting Creek.

At about 1230, dropped sail and anchored opposite Long Point Cut. Made another liverwurst and onion sandwich. During lunch, *Homer* came by reporting a leak and water in the bilges, while *Lark* passed by with a torn sail. Got back underway about 1315 under sail as *Gull* was approaching. Comfortably sailed the rest of the creek to find our anchorage. All secure by 1400. Read, napped and washed up.

Happy hour ensued aboard *Wanderer* about 1730. The group received the “creek exploration report” from the Protocol Officer. We tried to call Mr. Brown to tell him we were thinking of him. We left a message. Tried a second time a little later; no joy.

All eventually made their way back to their boats. *Homer* and *Lark* lingered for deep and thoughtful discussion. Even got a chance to talk to Kitty (*Homer’s Ex*). No dinner cooked again. Lights out.

Thursday, 9/21: Pickering Creek on the “Front Wye” River

It was a quiet night with no weather, lights or houses on the creek. The head of Hunting Creek, which we have been to before, is always a nice spot.



Gull in Pickering Creek.

Awakened about 0530 by the sound of a deadrise and the shine of a spotlight. During this waterman's second pass, he asked *Winter's Dream* to move so he could set a trot line "on the edge" of that shore. *Winter's Dream* complied and I went about making Spam and eggs. Wind was only expected to be about 5 knots from the north.

Departed the anchorage at about 1000 with *Planet*, leaving *Lark* anchored with no signs of life. We were able to sail in the light air, because it was on our stern. By 1045 we were in the vicinity of Long Point Cut. After multiple reports of Marshall 18's making it thru and considering the +1.5 to 2.0 ft higher tide due to Hurricane Jose, I sailed *Wanderer* thru the cut favoring the south side (more likely to be eroding) versus the north side (more likely to be silting in). Transit successful.

Stayed on a course of about 300 degrees PMC across the Miles River, up until the outer anchorage in front of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum. Tacked around about 1100 onto a course of 030 degrees PMC and intercepted *Salina* out with a party again. Exchanged pleasantries this time as I was in a position to provide my full attention.

At 1130 *Planet*, who did not sail thru the cut, but down around Long Point, caught up to and passed me while I was having lunch and *Wanderer* was self-steering a course of about 020 degrees PMC. *Planet* crossed my bow to confirm the self-steering evolution. Meanwhile *Lark* was sighted coming up from around Long Point.



Self-steering *Wanderer*.

Entered the Wye River at Bennett Point about 1330. Continued to navigate under sail and found the catboat fleet anchored in Pickering Creek about 1530.

Friday, 9/22 Warehouse Creek off Eastern Bay

As I had a commitment ashore, my plans were to leave the cruise early. The same was true for *Pride* and *Lark*. I was underway under power outbound from Pickering Creek at 0800 in company with *Patriot* and *Homer*. Cleared Bennett Point at 0930 and set sail with wind from the north. Parted company with *Patriot* and *Homer* as I rounded Tilghman Point at 1000 setting a course down Eastern Bay.

From here I will use notes provided by the Protocol Officer sailing *Patriot*, who made it to the last designated anchorage...or close to it, to complete the cruise....

"We were back in Eastern Bay with wind out of the North at 8 knots. Needless to say, it didn't take long for us to set sail and turn off the "iron genoa." Sail set, there was only the sound of the wind and bow wave, which added to the peacefulness of being with your boat. We were able to stay on a starboard tack for over two hours all the way to Cox Creek, which would take us into Warehouse Creek.

Upon entering Cox Creek, the wind died, so, I pulled on the "iron genoa" (all 6 hp) and motored the last couple of miles. Since *Patriot* was first to arrive I decided to do some exploring. I found Warehouse Creek was flat marsh grass and open to any wind that might come up, the same type of anchorage as last year on the Honga River. Further up, you come to a split. The choice is right or left. I chose right. The water was still deep 5-6 ft but not as wide. A much better anchorage, or so I thought, until I rounded the next bend and saw a fleet of crab boats which only meant one thing...rocking and rolling from all the wakes, large spot lights lighting up your cabin and maybe even a gentle knock on your cabin roof, asking if you would please move your boat, because, it is in the crab boat's trout line path.



Recon Commander at rest.

This usually happens around 4-5 a.m.! So, not a good option, but there was good water all the way to a dot of an island, which by the way, is on the chart, with a 4 ft mark right next to it.

I then worked my way back to the left spit and found a very nice anchorage. It had 4-5 ft of water and could accommodate ten catboats easily; all surrounded by eighty-foot trees. The best part was the great bald eagles that were flying in the area and perched up high on the tallest of trees, looking and watching me as I circled back around.

I left the eagle's nest and started back down Warehouse Creek. Coming around the bend I saw *Homer* at anchor. I found he was dead in the water, no engine. His battery was dead. Here on the CCBA Long Cruise you have only one real option... "Butch Marine"... The call was made. He was willing to help and would meet *Homer* at the launch ramp in Pickering Creek at 3 p.m., site of our first night. It was already 1 p.m., and zero wind. The only option was a tow. I came alongside, gave *Homer* my dinghy and towed him the 4.5 nm to the ramp.

Reaching the mouth of Cox Creek, I saw three other catboats. In the morning there were only going to be four of us for the last night, *Homer*, *Patriot*, *Planet* and *Gull*. The other catboat turned out to be *Liberty* with Roy Henwood and his lovely wife, Nancy. I told them we had a change in plans and would be spending the last night in Pickering Creek, just like the first night. With all three catboats in close proximity, all were informed of the new plan, but left to make their own choice. As we motored away, all three came about and followed us. I dropped *Homer* off at the

ramp and found the others in the same spot as the first night. I made sure everyone knew that the "staff meeting" would be at 5 p.m. on *Patriot*. An hour or so later, a strong sounding *Homer* came motoring around the corner and joined us. Yes, it was the battery.

That last night we decided it had been an excellent cruise. A toast was raised to Butch Miller for stopping his day and coming to help a fellow catboater. "What a guy."

Saturday, 9/23: Destination: Homeward Bound

At 0630, I idled out of Pickering Creek in the predawn light and headed for home. For me, the week had gone by much too fast, with too few pictures and not enough time with catboat people.

Epilogue

This year's cruise of only 40 miles over 6 days, exclusive of round trips to and from the cruise, which then might make the total break 100 miles; was mostly under sail with minimum engine use. While the ashore stops were not many or lush, the creeks chosen provided plenty of solitude and time for relaxation. The weather cooperated for the most part and even got exciting a few times. We were happy to have *Pride* along for the first time as well as *Frances B.*, which despite not being a catboat, deserved a good shakedown. I would like to thank the *Patriot* for taking over on both recon and completion of the cruise, as well as coordinating the Butch Marine bail out of *Homer*. I'd be remiss if I did not include, for the good of the order, *Patriot's* suggestions or lessons learned for good cruising:



Last raft up - Shipping Creek.

- Be able to carry/get more ice, especially if stops and facilities are not regular
- Put everyone's phone number in your cell phone...you never know when you might need someone or something
- Know what weather and wind are expected and adjust your boat's sail plan accordingly both at the start of each day and underway if necessary
- Know where you are and where you're going, with or without a GPS
- Know how many boats are in the group and if you are going off itinerary, tell someone; and
- For God's sake, put floats on your dinghy painter unless you plan to never back down!

Consensus for next year's cruise was not discussed to conclusion on the last night, as is our custom, but was hinted at all week. *Pride* was new to the cruise but planned to make it again. He is from the Chester River area, so to seal the deal, we will take to the Chester next year. We haven't been there since 2002. We'll take any consult from *Pride* to assist in our planning, but this time we're going above the Route 213 bridge. Look for 2018 cruise details as they develop at www.chesapeakecatboats.org. Maybe some of our catboat friends up north would like to join us...ya'll come down, ya hear...we guarantee a good time!

Lesson Learned - Old Sailor & First Time CCBA Cruise

Fred Sherriff

As background, I'm 76, sailed since I was six, owned and raced one design boats into my mid 30's, and owned and sailed boats on the Chesapeake Bay, Long Island Sound and Lake Michigan off the north shore of Chicago. Retired to the Chesapeake's Chester River in 2005. In 2004 I had Geoff Marshall build a 22 for me (Hull #262 named *Pride*) and sailed it pretty much by myself for the last 12 years, up and down Maryland's Eastern Shore. I like all weather and prefer 14-16 knots of wind. Cruising on the Bay has been a dream - not only the sailing, but the cocktail hour, tucked away without a light in sight at night.

I joined the Catboat Association several years ago, as well as the Chesapeake Catboat Association (CCBA); however, I have been pretty much a loner until this year. Butch Miller reached out to me to do the Corsica River Yacht Club Regatta with him in mid-July. What a blast! It took me back to my old



Pride and Joy at anchor.

Star Boat racing days, but more importantly it got me hooked into the CCBA. So, that is some background on Fred and a set up of the great time and lessons learned that Marc Cruder has asked me to pass along as a first-time cruise participant.

In mid-September the CCBA hosted a week-long cruise that started off the southern tip of Kent Island and did all the major rivers feeding into Eastern Bay. It lasted seven days and I can say this is the best vacation I have ever had. I have traveled the world, still ski in Colorado every year, but none of this compares to the time I had those seven days in September. We sailed 4-6 hours a day, rarely had to motor, had all kinds of weather and you couldn't have had a better group of individuals to travel with. The evening get-togethers on *Traveler*, Marc's boat, were wonderful. Bottom line, how often in your life have you been able to enjoy something you love to do with no interruptions for 4-5 hours a day for 7 days straight? I never had until this trip. My wife could tell it immediately over the phone on my evening check-ins. How wonderful this type of cruising is, was the biggest lesson learned for me. I'm going to try and make all the events in 2018.

One day we had storm warnings for too much wind. We reefed, which I had done on my own before, but the following day over a group breakfast in St. Michaels, I learned that maybe I should have put in the second reef, just in case it was too much wind - always easier to shake it out than put it in under sail, and to use a line to lash the foot grommet to the boom at that reef point. From this discussion I also needed a line to tie off the wheel to keep the boat into the wind if I ever have to put in a reef under sail. I sail 99% of the time by myself.

Marc gave me a polite lesson on anchoring when in a group. One of the days after arriving at one of our nightly anchorages, Marc, who was anchored

next to me, overheard me say I had scope out of about 9X. Shortly after that I saw him move to another spot in the fleet. Later he clued me in on the issue of cat's sailing at anchor and the risk of hitting other boats. Also, many of the others, if not most, anchor with stern to the wind to minimize the sailing, not to mention catching any breeze that will make your sleeping more enjoyable.

After Paul Cammaroto's mishap of catching his dinghy's painter in his prop while anchoring, and sucking the dinghy under the boat, the lesson to have floats on your dinghy's painter was pretty obvious. I now have *Pride's* dinghy's painter with floats. It was nice having the dinghy along, it gave you plenty of flexibility to participate and explore.

We had just one day with onshore hot water showers available and I really needed my shower at the end of the day! I have a sun shower but rarely use it. Marc warned us to bring one, so I brought mine and filled it before I left my home pier, refilled in St. Michaels and had a nice shower every night. The cat's long boom to hang it from, and the rudder to sit on, make it simple to use.

As you all know, each sail is different, and we are always learning. What was different on this group event was the positive coaching, with the sole intention of increasing my cruising enjoyment. For those of you who really want to enjoy your time sailing/cruising and haven't taken the leap to get involved in the CCBA long cruise, make it a priority and give it try. My hats off to Butch Miller for getting me to make the leap.

Down on Dee Bay Hon

Steve Flesner

Oyster harvesting season runs from October 1

Editor's Note: David Bleil reminded me that the weekend before the traditional start of sail dredging season, Maryland used to showcase the skipjacks - which were all clean and freshly painted - at a race outside of Annapolis called Chesapeake Appreciation Days. At those races, catboats were allowed to participate, recognizing their own workboat origins. It is from participation in Chesapeake Appreciation Days that a group of catboaters got together and founded the Chesapeake Catboat Association (CCBA).

thru March 31 with the month of October reserved for divers and watermen using shafts and patent tongs. At the end of October, crab pot hauling gear is pulled off the boats, and overnight replaced with oyster dredging gear as the watermen want to be out there on Dee Bay at first light on November 1st, the opening day of the oyster sail and power dredging season. Maryland residents are allowed 1 bushel per person per day; Mon-Fri, sunrise until 3 p.m.; Sat, sunrise until-12 p.m. Oysters must be 3" measured from hinge to bill along the longest part of the shell. Watermen have a different limit on 2-man dredge boats, 30 bushels a day, not to exceed 15 per man. Skipjacks have a much higher limit than motorized dredge boats. On push days, which are the two days a week that a skipjack can be pushed by a yawl boat rather than be dredging under sail, a skipjack can harvest 150 bushels. The price of oysters has nearly doubled in two years from \$26 in the 2012 season to \$50 in 2015 largely because of the dearth of oysters from Louisiana which continues to suffer complications from the Deep Water Horizon oil spill and Hurricane Katrina. So, a skipjack could haul 150 bushels at \$50 per, that is \$7500 a day with four crew plus cost of fuel, which could mean more than \$1000 a day per person.



Donna Lee from Chance, MD unloading oysters.

At one-time, motorized dredges were banned to make oysters harder to catch so the supply of bivalves on public oyster bottoms would last longer. Later the law enabled skipjacks to dredge under power of the yawl boat on certain days of the week, in part to keep the skipjacks in business and as an acknowledgment that the old boats were more expensive to operate than motorized dredge boats - wood vs. glass. Once there were 2000 skipjacks on the bay - now there are 30 and only 7 actively fish each year

Ok, so where am I going with this...well, watermen can really be creative. When the Maryland Department of Natural Resources began getting calls from watermen seeking to register skipjacks for oystering, they were excited that an old way of life was coming back to Maryland waters...or so they thought. Not so, the watermen were taking advantage of a loophole that allows them to simply put a mast on a motorized boat and thereby qualify for the increased harvest allowed skipjacks. Maryland natural resources law allows for an oyster dredge skipjack to be pushed two days a week by a yawl boat, which is any kind of motorized boat. As long as the boat in question has a mast and be pushed by a yawl boat, it technically meets the definition of a skipjack. While these boats have been converted to meet a technical definition of a skipjack, it remains to be seen how many will be licensed by DNR giving them an unfair advantage over real skipjacks and dredgers due to the larger limits and less operating maintenance and operating

expenses. They would probably try that on a catboat if it were not for the rudder!

One Hooper Island waterman who dredges for oysters said he wasn't angry about the creative definition of a skipjack, "I don't see nothing wrong with it. If watermen are upset about their peers using a Carolina skiff to push around an oyster boat, it's because "they ain't got one themselves." I would say, how do you argue with that logic, but I won't 'cause I'm not a watermen nor am I that "creative!" Oh, and by the way...no respectable watermen would refer to it as a dredge boat, it's a "drudge" boat, what are you some kinda city fella?

Sometimes down here on Dee Bay Hon, it ain't all that it should be, nor that it seems.

New York Destinations

Blair Gillette

Ventures on the Erie Canal, Hudson River, Lake Champlain, Thousand Islands, and Cayuga Lake, sum up this past cruising season: 1500 miles by trailer, 500 miles over water and 29 nights aboard a 19 ft Menger.

The best weather was on Lake Champlain with 10-14 knots of following wind for both legs of a 5-day trip, heading north from Whitehall, NY to Burlington, VT and back to Whitehall. Similarly, a mid October sail on Cayuga Lake was exceptional, with a following 10-14 kn. breeze for both legs of a 70-mile two-day run from Ithaca to Union Springs and back. Lake Champlain in particular exceeded expectations with the backdrop of the Adirondacks, cliff lined shores, and overnight anchorages at Fort Ticonderoga, Shelburne Bay and Converse Bay, along with an overnight stay at an early 1800's marina at Chipman Point.

Difficult moments or conditions were relatively few. The most challenging included an overnight stay at Newburgh on the Hudson. The exposed marina and flood tide naturally pinned the boat to the dock. Unnaturally, the great super yachts of the Hudson River plowed merciless wakes. It was a washing machine event with extreme cleat testing and concluded with a couple sad fenders. Other than that, dealing with a stolen trailer license plate and forgotten truck keys were simple matters of patience, or lack thereof.



Yawl boat with Skipjack *Helen Virginia* from Chance, MD.

The Thousand Islands was the most favored destination this season after Lake Champlain. In late September, *The Great Pumpkin* was towed to Cedar Point State Park. Their terrific well-protected marina made for an easy launch, mast stepping, and stay the 1st night.



Erie Canal, Frankfort NY.

Day 2 started with an early departure and a 7-8 kn. breeze to help cross the river into Canadian waters. Two sloops were making way from a Canadian port to the US and shared their weather and wind assessment over the radio. In passing the islands, most were populated with sizeable cottages or homes – only accessible by boat. This appeared to suggest a desire for solitude, while forgiving the 20,000-ton cargo ships that occasionally block the sun. Verizon also had a knack for breaking the solitude – they thoughtfully captured my coordinates and promptly texted assurances there would be extra charges to pay as an international border-crossing marauder.

After a bit of weaving through islands and rocks, I arrived at the Canadian Narrows. Reckless currents and eddies appeared as the river's waters converged

on a 600 ft gap in the main channel. At times, steering for nearby shores was a bit unsettling, but necessary to maintain a proper heading (or side slip) between islands. As I neared the Thousand Islands Bridge, a serious looking Canadian border patrol officer mounted on his personal watercraft approached. He took a moment to ponder the catboat, likely thinking this American traveler could stumble into control issues and disrupt tour boats, or worse, attempt to land on a Canadian shore. The day concluded with a return to the American shore and docking at the Alexandria Bay Municipal Marina.

Day 3 started with breakfast in town, then a short motor to Boldt Castle, claimed as the most visited destination on the river, or something like that. It was fun to tour the castle and grounds and then jump their shuttle to tour the enormous Boldt Castle Yacht House where antique boats are kept, including some of the Boldt fleet and a 1892 steamboat, *Kestrel*.

By midday, it was time to head up river through the American Narrows – definitely a motoring event with prevailing SW winds directly on the nose and opposing 2+ kn. currents. Arrived at the Clayton Municipal Marina after closing, but had called ahead to reserve a spot at the mostly empty slips. This place was nearly new with classy docks and facilities.



Clayton NY, Thousand Islands.

Day 4 started with breakfast in town at the Koffee Kove and then on to the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton. They report having 300 boats on display including an in-water display with several antiques ready to ride. While in town, I checked out a nearby launch and concluded it had potential as a future departure point with long term parking a few blocks away. The day concluded with a sail around the Clayton area before staying another night.

Day 5 set a course for Cape Vincent, located on the south shore, at the entrance to Lake Ontario. Arrived around 1300 hours at the town docks and walked the village. Cape Vincent is quaint and quiet with a few stores and a ferry to Wolfe Island. There were no facilities for boaters nearby, but there was a long breakwater that provided some protection if staying the night. At 1500 hours it was time for a short sail back to Cedar Point in a following 7-8 kn. breeze. This was the final night on the water with demasting and haul-out planned the next day.

There were many other memorable moments this season. Kingston, NY on the Hudson was one. Roundout Creek appeared to be home to a number of tugboats including the *Cornell* and *Gowanus Bay*. The Hudson River Maritime Museum is located next to the Kingston Municipal Marina along with the Riverport Wooden Boat School. It was here I spied the only other catboat, *Tidbit*, this season. *Tidbit* was in terrific condition and out for a sail on the creek with what appeared to be a couple guests of the school.



Tidbit.



Sailing on Lake Champlain.

Should time and weather permit in 2018, a return visit is planned to the Thousand Islands, with Canadian destinations in mind, and another venture to Lake Champlain to explore the northern territory, and hopefully a new destination with a stop at Lake George.



Catboat Photography from the 1890's

When John S. Johnston took the three photographs that follow, how could he have imagined that his 8x10 inch glass plate negatives would turn into digital files, available on the Internet from places like the Library of Congress – over 118 years later. This photographer, who specialized in maritime and landscape photography, took these in the late 1890's and the three shots show he must have had an affinity for catboats. They were special boats, and prevalent, especially then.

Mr. Johnston passed away just over a year after the center photo was taken at the seemingly young age of 60. He'd caught a severe cold while photographing the Columbia Shamrock America's Cup races and died of heart troubles at Niagara Falls while trying to recuperate (albeit alone). Little is known about his life, except that he was born in Britian (Ireland or England) and his photographs were published in "Outing" magazine, Forest & Stream (that's correct) and other 1890's periodicals.

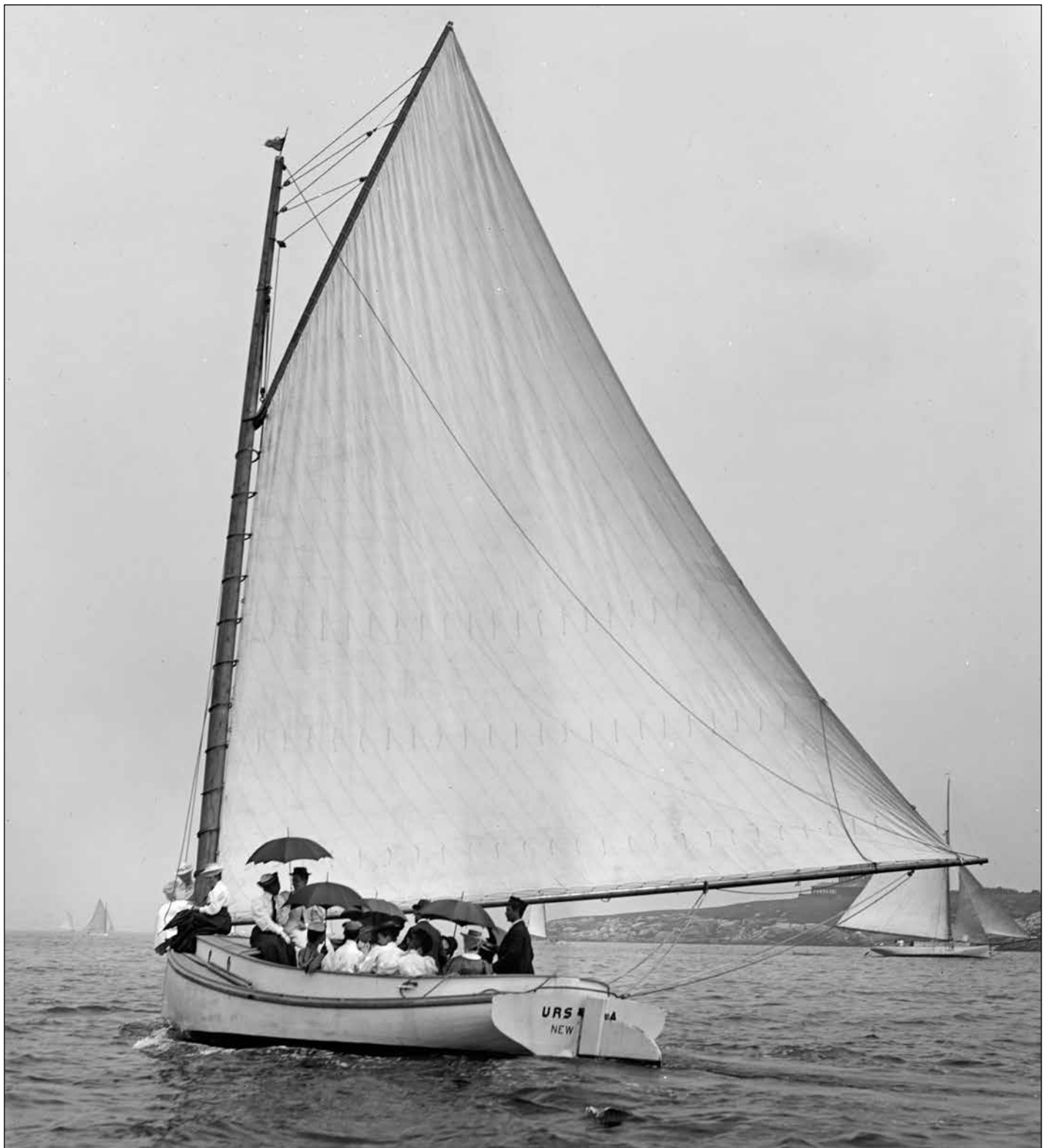


Observations: The "Catboat *Fanny*, Larchmont" was taken in 1890 - probably off the Larchmont Yacht Club according to the library file. Two port lights peek out from the cabin house forward, indicating that this is a Hanley perhaps. The full cockpit cover protects the well-dressed excursion participants from what might be a hot summer day, though some relax over the cabin top with what appears to be the skipper at the wheel and another hand aware of the photographer's intent.



Observations: The “Start of cabin catboats” was taken July 30, 1898 - Probably an Indian Harbor Yacht Club regatta according to the file and boy are they beautiful. Note the huge cabins, especially on the center catboat with its massive butterfly hatch that dominated the cabin top. The decks are clean and neat, with one carrying two crew forward - intent on the competition. The overhang of the bow on “T78” and her five reef points clearly show she has the power and means business. A stake boat for the starting line is just off her bow.





Observations: The “*Ursula*, a Newport catboat,” was taken in 1895, only four years after she was built by Charles Albro according to the details I found in “The Catboat Era in Newport, Rhode Island,” by John Leavens and Edited by Judy Lund. In her 25’ 2” length she’s carrying 14, from what I can count, with plenty of parasols protecting all the women on board and one soon to be raised. I count only three men. In this phase of her life she’s a party boat and looks like she’s got a short reef in as well. Look at the Gaff – it looks like it’s got a splint. In 1896 she was actually raced.

Boat Building and Maintenance

Eric Peterson, Editor

A Final Farewell to “Our Sinking Shipmate”

Eric Peterson

The Boatbuilding and Maintenance section of the CBA Bulletin lost an iconic old salt, a man involved with the CBA since the very beginning. That was Bob Reddington and he passed late in 2016. When John Leavens first had the idea to start the Catboat Association, he told Bob Reddington about his plans. Bob said, “That will never work,” and so Bob was not one of the founding members. But Bob has been a member since the very beginning, never missing a winter meeting in over 50 years. He was the only one to attend the meeting one year when he drove to Mystic from New Jersey in a blizzard. Another year he sailed his 1927 Crosby cat *Do Me* (now *Genevieve*) from Bay Head, NJ to Mystic, CT, leaving in January with literally a ton of equipment and not arriving back in New Jersey until March of the same year. The journey included his brave (or crazy) son-in-law, plenty of bad weather, a bit of rum, lots of ice and snow, and a lack of government markers which had been hauled out for maintenance.

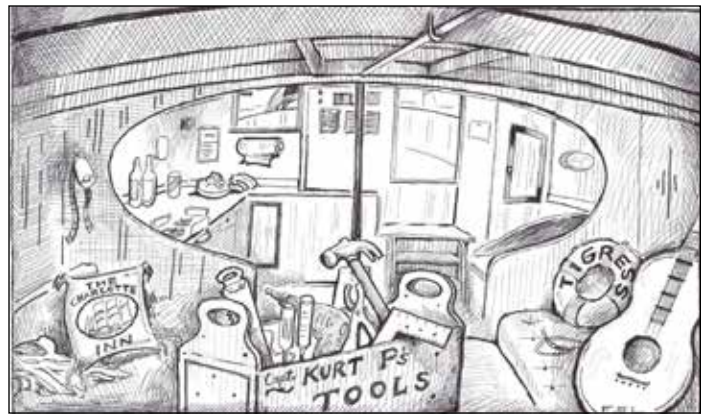
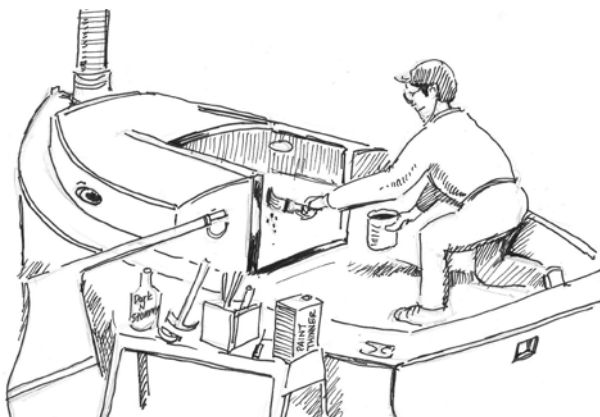


illustration by Frank S. Lovewell

Bob not only provided great ideas and articles for the Bulletin, but he was also available to any catboater in the world who reached out to him for advice, parts, or any other resources to keep their catboats going. Bob was a wonderful friend to many, many catboaters. In his old age, Bob loved to drive north from New Jersey at 50 mph in his van for Steering Committee meetings, Rendezvous, and the Winter Meeting. As long as it wasn't winter, Bob preferred to sleep in his van, which was equipped, much like a catboat. Before heading north, Bob would check in with many of us to see who needed what - chocks, cleats, countless other bronze parts, anchors, line, chain, lead pigs, spars, sails and catboats! It has been said that Bob owned over a hundred catboats during his long life, some for only fifteen minutes.

He had two homes in Bay Head, NJ, one that he lived in with his wife Betty, and the other that looked like a marine consignment shop. The yard was small, filled with piles of anchors, rowboats, buoys, bow rails, spars, consoles and trailer parts. The inside was full of old flares, running lights, sails, life jackets, catboat bulletins, harpoons, mooring balls and historic documents from the very early days of The Catboat Association. There was barely enough room to walk through the abutters who took pride in their million dollar beach houses and were probably not as fond of Bob as we were.

Bob went by several names, Robert, Bobby, Bad Bob, and the name he gave himself - Pain in the Ass! That was because if you were president of the CBA, which I was for a while, Bob promised to be a pain in the ass to help keep the organization running smoothly, which he did for decades. So now I shall step into Bob's shoes as the Boatbuilding and Maintenance editor. It's a humbling honor and I'll do my best. So long old buddy, I miss you.

To “Varnish” or not to Varnish

Butler Smythe

Everyone has their own feelings about the wood on their catboat (even on the boats of others), which can range from envy to horror. On one’s own boat, that feeling may range from “I love it” to “I hate it,” or question whether they have wood on the boat at all. Some may hold a belief that the wood will take care of itself in time. Some falsely believe that about fiberglass too. In both cases, ignoring it depreciates the look and value of the boat. Neatness does count – if you want envy! Horror follows.



The Horror of a bad Cetol Application.

My intention is to briefly address options for wood (interior and exterior) elements. I’ve tried all of the five noted over the last 26 years, starting with my 1989 Nor’sea 27, whose exterior went “eau natural” (and uncovered) in her water slip in the Pacific NW for the three (3) years I owned her, with only a touch of varnish for good measure on her tiller.

To keep it simple I’ll break my options down in five (5) separate categories, with general comments and some positive’s and negative’s for each as I assess them. In almost every category there are plenty of products offered that support the options, but I’ll address what has or has not worked for me in particular, with a couple of photos where appropriate (good and bad). Please note that this is not a “how to.” You can find lots of great videos online these days, especially from sites like www.jamestowndistributors.com, and everyone has their own opinion. There are lots of do’s and don’ts with wood – some published and others not. My number one “don’t” is the pressure washer. My advice is to never use one on wood – especially teak decks. It weakens soft fibers in wood and helps

water penetrate weaker areas (joints and protective coatings) and can cause other underlying problems. I believe the only place for one is when cleaning the bottom ashore. Soft rags only on wood, and if you have to brush wood for some reason – please do so across the grain.

1. **Varnish** – The bottom line for varnish is that if you want to see your wood and appreciate it’s value, varnish is the best investment you can make – for you and for those that love it’s durability and look. For those that don’t, like some potential buyers who may see it as too much work, I’ll address that in Number 5 below. Varnish application can be impacted by temperature, sunlight, application tools, and in some cases techniques of application, and with new products on the market, you can now make it as hard or as easy as you want, given a good baseline to start with. You’ll always find that the “old guys” like the tried and true methods they have used for years and shy from the new stuff, long after it’s been proven to work.

With all applications having bare clean wood, properly taped (especially if you or the product are messy), sanded and clean to start with, is best. Over previously applied and clean older surfaces, a light sanding is ideal. If it’s peeling and or black underneath – Strip it! New varnish will not help – only traps in the bad, to then quickly fail again.

I’ve experimented with a few varnishes and had found many that worked, but always keep looking. I’ve even applied one brand over another and they all work. I will admit that I’ve never used a 2-part and probably never will. Last fall I took to the Internet again with one goal in mind – finding a sturdy, good looking varnish that was easy to apply and that wouldn’t kill me in both application and “smell.” I also didn’t want to have to start from bare wood if I didn’t have to and had winter indoor projects to do. For me (and these were my choices) I found Totalboat’s *Lust* and *Halcyon*. One in the can and the other in a bag! I wasn’t at all sure about my patience anymore and gravitated to Halcyon for starters – in my basement. It’s tipping point was it’s container – a bag with a cap that can be evicted of air and easily/neatly closed. It also forces you not to use the varnish can – a no-no!

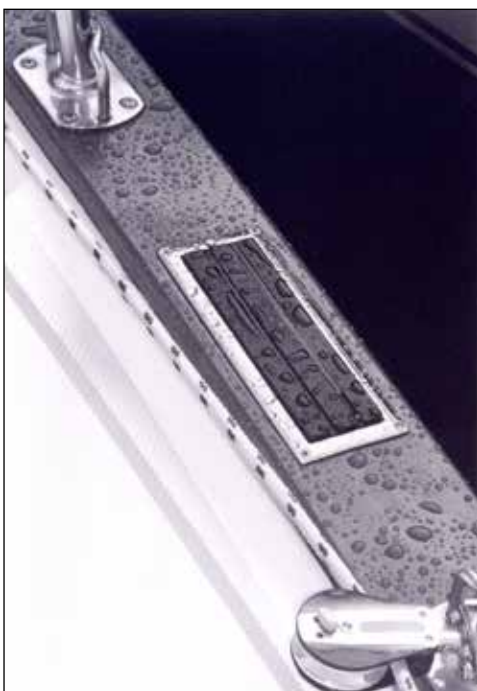
What I proved to myself was that I could take a 51 year old head cabinet door and teak floor grate, that had both seen better days, completely sand them down to bare wood and apply eight (8) coats of varnish in one day (9 hours work total), with time to play in the middle and no sanding between coats. If my goal was a perfectly smooth finish I would have

sanded the last coat and used a fine brush to apply the last – and may – but for now it’s very much good-enough. I used foam brushes and only swapped them out every 3 coats. Time will tell on overall durability, but inside the boat, UV is not really much of an issue. I have a lot of exterior brightwork for the spring, with three maintenance coats planned (and more in worn areas). Knowing I can sand and potentially tape the boat one day, then do all the bright work (>3 coats) the next, makes my sailing season that much longer. *Lust* has (from what I’ve read) more color and UV protectant and may be a better choice for the exterior. Jamestown actually has a video of varnishing a Beetle Cat mast with *Lust* on their website.

Some Varnish Plusses: Varnish creates a hard yet flexible surface sealing the wood from water/contaminants if applied on an unbroken surface. All have some level of UV protection and when applied correctly can look utterly amazing. 10+ coats may be an exterior base.

Some Varnish Minuses: If penetrated by water/dirt, miss maintenance coats - typically in the spring - or have excessive UV, it’ll peel/fail, so cleanliness is paramount and neatness really does count. Cleaning of brushes can be a pain but worth the finish and remember – foamies do work.

One of the best books on the subject, and one that is beautiful in its own right is “Brightwork, The Art of Finishing Wood,” by Rebecca J. Wittman and published by International Marine, 1990.



Halcyon and Interior Projects.

2. **Cetol** – My first experience with AksoNobel's Cetol came with an Island Packet 32 back in 1993. It came with three factory coats, which I was advised were insufficient and I luckily believed the broker. Two more went on and I started my learning process – still using the product over 24 years later on my Marshall 15. I maintained the surface by cleaning it every couple of weeks (lived aboard the 2nd IP we had for 5 years) and applied maintenance coats every year – minimum of two. The first Cetol product was a dark color many hated, but I was used to it. Over time it got a bit darker, but a clean surface makes a world of difference and I saw other boats that were far darker than mine. Today I would have opted for the lighter color if it had been available, with only a “clear/gloss” maintenance coat. Some use the latter as the only coating, though there is less UV protection in so doing, but the replication of varnish is closer.

The number one failure point of Cetol is the user. It must be cleaned of contaminants (dirty air is the worst) and salt does not help. Applying good over bad, especially in the case of Cetol, can be horrid - literally. Cetol breathes unlike varnish, with water and dirt attaching themselves to the surface in short order, penetrating the coating and the wood beneath. Once there, its literally toast. Cetol does not like standing water when the surface is “old,” and when penetrated it will peel up. Water will bead-up when it’s effective. Penetration comes faster than with varnish and higher traffic areas will need more attention and maintenance coats. I took protective measures to address that issue (see the photo below). The photo depicts the boarding area on my boat that was 7+ years old at the time, and the Cetol had been regularly maintained. The last two years were uncovered, in the water, in Annapolis MD, with both snow and dirty air. I coated the Cetol in the fall (2 coats), as depicted.

My current Marshall 15 has the “clear/gloss” Cetol finish as initially provided by Marshall Marine and maintained by its two owners. While its effect is varnish “like,” its durability is not that of a varnish. It works very well though, and is easy to maintain.

Some Cetol Plusses: It is easy to apply and dries fairly quickly but I wouldn’t expect much more than 2 coats a day. It is good looking when applied correctly and it’s easy to apply touchups to well cleaned surfaces.

Some Cetol Minuses: The relatively soft material may be degraded in high traffic areas (especially compared to varnish), making it a more permeable surface (it breathes) than it already is. It may be hard to tell where it has worn thin and definitely needs to

be kept clean. As stated, it doesn't like standing water for too long (like low points in a toe rail). You can't paint or varnish over it (you can try...) and is hard to remove as it soaks into the upper layer of the wood when applied.



Caerulean (IP35) Cetol.

3. **Oil** – You'll primarily see the oiling of wood with teak or mahogany on catboats, especially their trim. Oiling exterior (and interior) woods, like the oiling of wood cutting boards, allows for the penetration of the oil below the surface level, where it protects and preserves wood with varying colors the user can choose from. The effect on the surface is minimal and lets you see and feel the texture of the wood. Multiple coats are needed to fully and evenly penetrate the wood, and like other finishes, preparation is imperative.

Application may include taping, as oil can be messy and getting it on fiberglass decks that can then become slippery. The sanding and bleaching of wood may be needed just like other products, if the wood is in poor condition. Poor is a relative term in that rough and speckled/blackish surfaces are poor. While initial treatment may look great, longevity is not, and further treatment may be needed after 3-6 months – but application is relatively easy. Rough surfaces, especially where fibers of the wood are obvious, can become a trap for water and dirt that will cause the application to fail even sooner.

Some Oil Plusses: Oil protects the wood through more natural and less intrusive means. It is easy to apply and relatively easy to remove/minimize if another treatment is chosen.

Some Oil Minuses: Oil attracts and retains moisture, especially when salt (which holds moisture) is not regularly rinsed, even with more salt. The dirt it may hold needs to be displaced.

4. **Eau Natural** – The only wood that I would let go natural (with no "protective" finish) would be teak – primarily because of its natural oils that can keep the wood from drying out or rotting, as many others might do over time. Some (like pine) can rot or discolor faster than you would imagine. But remember, teak too will dry out over time and regular wetting (salt water is OK) helps to clean dirt and contaminants from the surface that naturally changes to a beautiful gray surface. Good teak is getting harder to find in case you're curious.

Some Natural Plusses: Looks great when teak grays and very easy to apply (got you there) with the biggest requirement – keep it clean and don't pressure wash!

Some Natural Minuses: You will need to keep the wood clean and washing it with salt water during the season (best), and clean and dry before covering - if that's what you do – will help protect the wood from drying out.

5. **Paint** – Like varnishes, paint comes from many manufacturers, in versions and restrictive uses that can overwhelm many whose use is only "casual." Even application methods vary from spray, roll and tip, and just the brush (in it's own flavors) and there might even be a dipper out there, though I don't recommend it. I like paint as it gives you the option of color and variety, making your boat different from every other that is the "same." Paint is also more forgiving with the ultimate UV protection and casual touchups more the norm. Painting a catboat is said to give it a workboat finish and I did just that on my Menger 23. It was originally Cetol'd. It was a hard choice but it worked, because my ability at the time to properly care for the wood on the boat was impacted by it being kept in the water all year round in Solomons, MD, uncovered and with air quality that was detrimental to keeping the Cetol – long lasting.

The reality at the time was my desire to also address gelcoat fading (severely in my aesthetic mind) on the decks and cockpit of the boat. To address that issue, I had the deck, cockpit and cabin top awlgripped – and while at it – the mast, boom and all of the exterior teak. That action – specifically the wood – may shock some, but believe it or not, the Awlgrip failed only in low spots where water was able to compromise the coating and where the rub rail joined, and the joint allowed water to penetrate. It was tenacious elsewhere and would be relatively easy to "recoat" troubled areas. The toe rail design facilitated the failures where water would pool, as it did so on the rub rail. I accepted the failures and was actually

pleasantly surprised at the tenacity elsewhere. It also kept its gloss or was easy to maintain.

One of the things some do on their boats – giving them the advantage of an easier “return” – is taking well and properly varnished bright work and selectively painting those areas you chose - after a light sanding. The varnish prevents the paint from “soaking” into the wood, making for easier removal, should one chose to do so. If the varnish below the paint is compromised by water, etc., it all comes up, but only in specific areas and blending a repair is easy. I did not do that, as mine was never varnished.

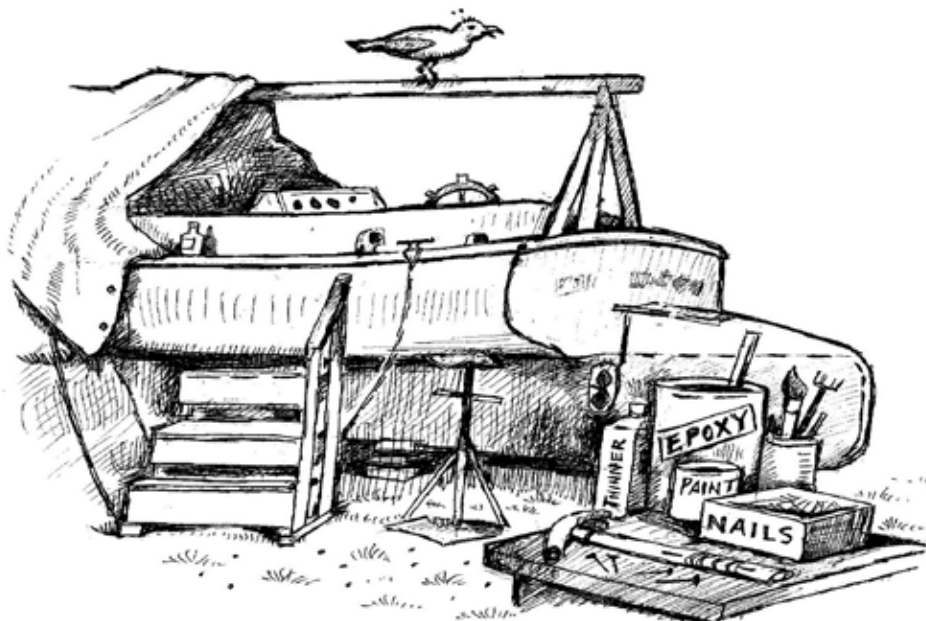
The word paint for boats encompasses everything from paints typically used on houses, specialty boat paints like Interlux’s Brightside and AksoNobel’s Awlgrip, to Rustoleum of all things. They all have their place.

Some Paint Plusses: Paint provides a workboat look that can be exceptionally diverse, yet allow application of varnish in areas that deserve it – like wheels and tillers. It can be relatively easy to apply, long lasting and forgiving when repairs are needed. Look at almost every modern wood boat made today... they are all painted to some degree – again with some varnish or other products as well.

Some Paint Minuses: Some can fade relatively quickly, but that may be the eventual desire – gloss is not for everyone. If improperly prepared and used it can prematurely fail. Peeling is the nature of failures, unlike a stain, which tends to soak into the upper layers of wood like oil. That makes stain harder to remove as well.



My Awlgripped Menger 23 and a “Painted” Wittholtz 25.



A Cat by Another Name

Butler Smythe

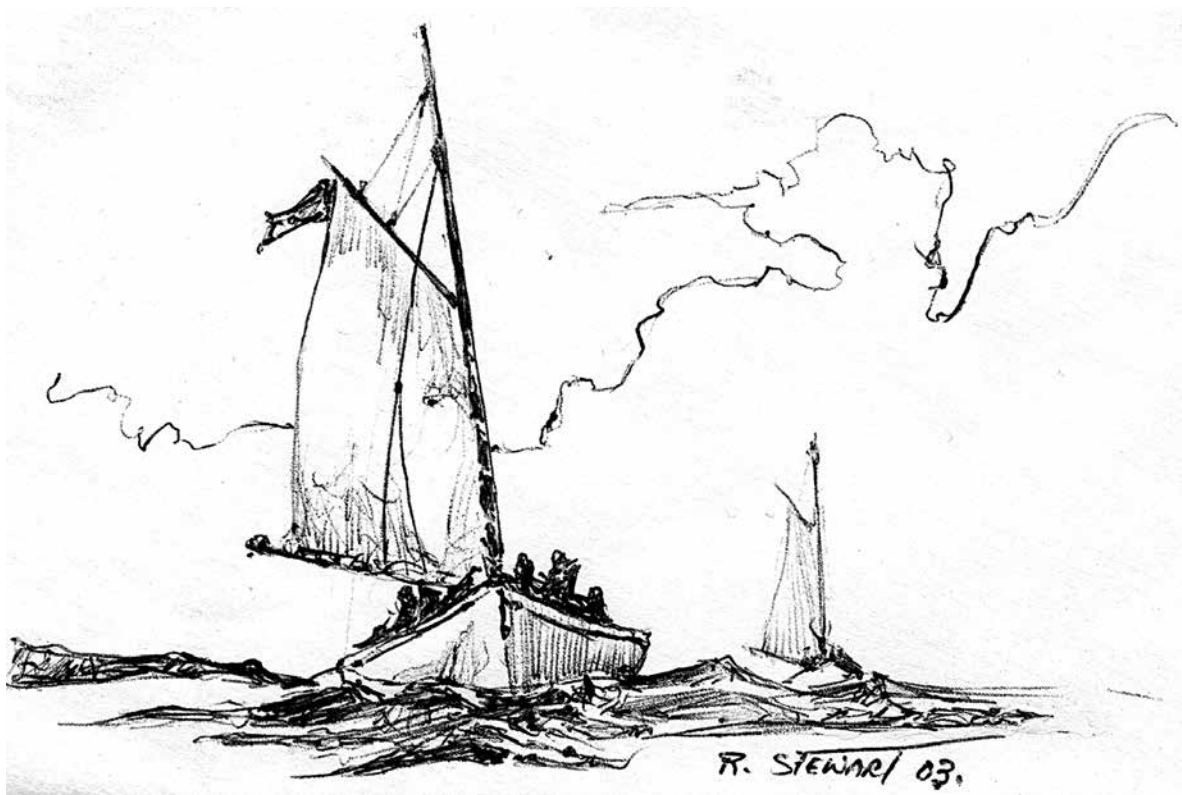
When I joined the CBA in 2000 I started my anticipation path for every CBA Bulletin that was to show up at my door. I joined immediately after placing an order for my Menger 23 in 2000 and my anticipation continued to grow until I finally (PHEW!) took delivery of *Caerulean III* in 2003. The issues kept me sane.

The first package that arrived from the CBA contained not one but three (3) CBA Bulletins ☺. The one that stood out to me – and still does – showed me how small the world is we live in. The Winter 2000 Issue (17 Years ago!) had a beautiful old catboat on its cover, with an unusual hull shape at 27 ft. overall and a 19 ft. waterline. The only overhang was what should have been in the water on a conventional cat. It got me going.

As I read through the pages and the enamoring photos, I came to a story about a boat relaunch. It didn't hit me until I started reading the next story,

and I was struck by the name of the original owner – George I. Rockwood. I knew him and had flown with him in the Navy, yet it was not the George I knew. Couldn't have been. The boat was built in 1932 and they didn't have jets then.

I kept reading and quickly sent an e-mail to George. Turns out he was not that “George,” but one two generations later, the original owner being his grandfather, and yes – I'd seen the boat before he reminded me. It was the half-hull hanging over the fireplace at his home on Whidbey Island, WA. So when I looked back to see what I could add to the Winter Bulletin, I thought of that first Issue. The half-hull of the boat is now in his brother's hands in Wisconsin – and still buried in a box after his last move. His priorities are out of whack – he's not a boater! I had to check again. What was the boat? *Charlotte II*, a boat that is now called *Pinkletink*. I'll get a photo for another issue.



Rendezvous and Race Results

Steve Flesner, Editor

Padanaram Rendezvous August 4–6, 2017

**They Came, They Saw, They Turned Around to
Check the Keg**

Anne Smith and Kristen Marshall

Everyone had been following the forecast for the weekend due to the threat of impending wind. At the skippers meeting it was strongly advised that all use their best judgment as to whether or not to sail. We would do our best to run a race for those that wanted to go out, but it was advised that any and all may want some extra bodies on the rail. Many opted for the street fair in Padanaram Village, but 11 hardy skippers decided they would brave the weather and head out for a race.

The wind was a blustery and steady 25 out of the east with gusts to 30, making for steep Buzzards Bay chop, even just outside the harbor. The volume of spray made up for the lack of rain, and by the time most had cleared the breakwater, four had immediately decided they should go check on the keg to make sure it was still cold. One by one most of the others followed. The race committee on *Catapult* buried the bow a couple times and decided anchoring out there for a starting line was not in anyone's best interest, so any official races were cancelled. Two extra hardy souls (Tim Fallon on his brother's *Sanderling* and Luke Nagle on *Buon Giorno*) decided to stay out and match race to the windward mark in the lee of Fort Tabor - for fun, and Charles Hagerdorn on *Sailor Dog* sailed out from Salter's Point to the starting line, to find that everyone had decided better of the whole thing.

In fine Padanaram form, the party went on as planned, with grills aflame



and prizes all around. Nathan and Joy Titcomb outdid themselves once again, with two outstanding brews to share:

Rendezvous Pale Ale: *Perfect for that rendezvous north of the bridge, where the water is skinny and friends are warm and plentiful.*



Rex Brewer on *Peregrine* with a beautiful reef.



Bruce Gratz takes the infamous *Elmo* out on the high seas.

The Catboat Sessions: *The incredible smoothness will invite you to come back for more than one.*

Though most trophies are staying snug in their freshly made boxes (thank you Neil Titcomb!) for another year, the Padanaram Spirit Award was presented with appropriate fanfare and appreciation to the inimitable Bruce Almeida, whose adeptness at executing the many details that help make the Padanaram rendezvous special, coupled with a year-round gregarious and welcoming catboat spirit at Marshall Marine, and in gunholes far beyond makes our annual gathering, a must-stop on every catboat cruiser's summer tour.

In the "everything but the kitchen sink department," the following special recognitions were made:

For the four hardy 22's who made a go of it: Richard Dow on *Puddleduck*, The Lund Clan on *Red Squirrel*, Rex Brewer on *Peregrine* and the Goldmans on *Hobbes* - fun water shooters for their battle to the top of the heap.

For the crazy Sanderling sailors who made it up to the windward mark and continued to sail for quite a while: Tim Fallon and Luke Nagle took the usually coveted last place (not this year!) Rendezvous bags.

1. We heard Tim Lund had a hard time sleeping sans companion on the Lund family sleeping porch in Nonquit, so he received a very large and cuddly octopus buddy to keep him warm.
2. Bob Luckcraft – we're so delighted you keep coming back, so for you, a boomerang! We hope it keeps working.

3. For our keg-sitters extraordinaire (who took the 18' trophy last year on *Inception* but took a weather-related pass in 2017), Nathan and Joy Titcomb some fun party treats complete with a big bag of pistachios to go with their amazing beer!
4. Brave soul Jon O'Billings took a stab at soloing, and in the interest of keeping him around for future festivities, he received a life jacket and a drink clip.
5. John King came all the way from Tennessee! We hear it's hot and sunny down there! So for John, a parasol to keep him cool, while sailing his soon to be delivered Marshall 22 (complete with parasol stowed away so the TSA didn't confiscate it).
6. And to Bruce Gratz on *Elmo* (formerly of Wayne Cole and formerly of Eric Peterson), what else? A little Elmo doll to acknowledge his new captain responsibilities onboard his sweet little water ride.

On a somber note, we lost three wonderful people since our last rendezvous that have given generously of their beautiful catboat spirits to make this and many other catboat-related activities special. To Jon Agne, Dolores Cole and Bob Reddington, we send our love to your families and wish you fair winds and following seas. You are deeply missed.



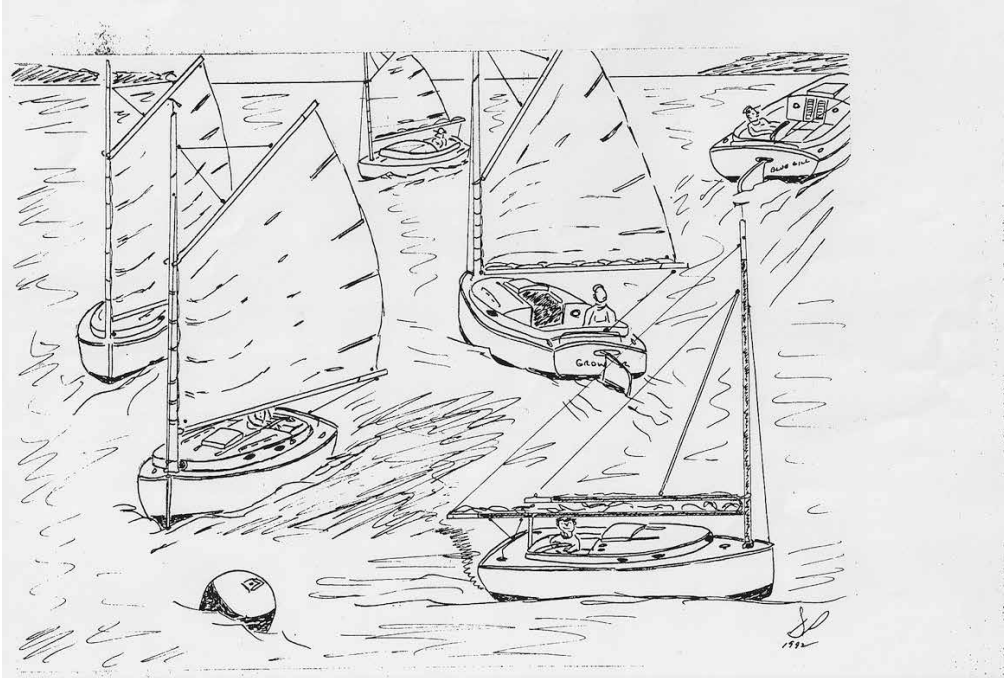
Luke Nagle and crew celebrating in the lee at windward mark.



Bruce Almeida receiving well-deserved Padanaram Spirit award.



Brew masters Nathan and Joy Titcomb on *Inception*.



Sailing Techniques and Seamanship

Butler Smythe, Editor

Editor's Note: Anxious? I hope you are – summer is right around the corner and winter thoughts generally hit on the past year, things to do over the winter as well as the upcoming season. Hope that all are wonderful thoughts. This issue brings some interesting thoughts and events too. Please enjoy and reef early – if you can!

Dismasted

Skip Stanley

I knew I was pushing it but I wanted to get one more sail in. I was holding on to the end of the season. It was mid-October and by rights I should have taken the boat out the week before. But my 83 year-old father, sister Kimberly, and brother-in-law Rivet were visiting and I was stretching things to get them out on the boat. My dad lives in South Carolina and my sister lives in Colorado and they don't get out on the water very often. And I knew it going to be the last sail of the year.

It was a bright, sunny day: a little breezy though – blowing 10-14 out of the west. Kind of on the edge, but I figured throw a reef in and we'd be okay. And once underway, there'd only be one stretch where we'd be completely exposed to the wind and seas after being in the lee of nearby Bumpkin Island. The rest of the time we'd be in sheltered waters. We'd be reaching out and back and shouldn't get too wet.

Off the mooring I motored *Sandy Toes*, a vintage 1967 Sanderling, over to the Hull town float where I'd pick them up. While there, I put the reef in (better at the dock than underway, right?). They showed up a short time later and climbed aboard. We motored off the dock and once clear of the mooring field raised the sail. We sailed south passing in the lee of Bumpkin and out across the exposed portion of the Hingham Bay. It wasn't as bad as I expected, in fact it was pretty nice. We sailed to the Hingham Yacht Club mooring field, a couple miles or so, then turned around.

We'd been sailing for about an hour when, about a mile from the dock, bang! I had been looking down and when I looked up I saw nothing where the mast should have been. It had buckled and the whole rig: mast, boom gaff, sail, halyards, everything, was hanging over the starboard side. Oh boy. It broke right at the deck. Instantly the day went from routine to anything but.

To turn up in to the wind, I lowered the engine, got it started, and put Dad on the helm. He headed up at bare steerageway. The mast had broken completely and was held by the forestay; the halyards prevented it from going completely over the side. The ring where the mast passed through the deck was broken, as well as a small section of the starboard toe rail.

I went forward and secured the mast to the cleat on the foredeck. Back in the cockpit, I cast off the halyards, and Rivet and I began bringing the remains of the rig on board. We got the boom aboard first, then the sail, then the gaff, and last the mast itself. These were secured to the starboard grab rail with mooring lines. Then we turned and headed back to the town landing. My sister, who has the delightful habit of smiling through a crisis, asked, "Would anyone like a sandwich?" I would.

We rigged lines and fenders to go port side to. Once there, we began de-rigging. Well, it turns out that this is not as easy as you'd think because things are not quite where they should be. The boom was sideways, the gaff was pinching the sail, and the mast was lying to top of everything. Where to even start? The outhauls, I guess. Then the hoop shackles. And so on. We figured it out as we went along. Little by little we managed to get the sail off. Then the gaff was unbolted and laid on the dock. The halyards and topping lift, the sail, the boom, and the mast itself as well. Fortunately, I have racks (for carrying kayaks) on my truck so I could take mast, boom and gaff home with me. The boat went back to the mooring for the night. The next day *Sandy Toes* came out of the water. Season over.

Mulling things over, I think I know how this happened. Over the course of the season I'd arrive at the boat to find the mast turned to the right. And from

to time to time I'd go into the forepeak and straighten it out. Well, over the course of the season this motion likely wore a groove in the mast just enough to create a fault and that was all it needed to fail. I was reminded of something we used to do as kids. One of us would stand on an aluminum can; it would easily support our weight. Then someone else would just jab the sides and the whole can would collapse. The same principle applied here. Under enough stress, a small fault was all that was need for the mast to fail.

As for the timing, if this were going to happen at all, it couldn't have happened at a better time. We were near the dock, not miles from home. No matter what, it was the last sail of the season and I had plenty of help on board at the time and afterwards. As it turned out, it would take a good portion of the winter to get a piece to replace the broken section from Marshall Marine (as usual they were great), even though I have a tabernacle. And the deck ring and toe rail repairs would also take time. These would be part of the next spring's preparations. Buck Crowley, who restored the boat, made me a new deck ring. All this would have taken away sailing time had it happened during the season.



The Broken Mast.

I'd never been dismasted before, so this was something new. So what did I learn? I guess the first thing is to take care of things when you notice they need to be done. I never figured the mast had worn enough to fail. I knew it was turning; the screws weren't holding the base to the mast firmly enough. I figured I'd take care of it when the season was over.

Now I know better.

Secondly, I know that I'd know what to do if that ever happened again. These situations are often one-time events. You don't get to practice them; you don't go out and dismast yourself. I'd know what to do if it ever happened again, though I certainly hope it doesn't.

One more thing, I hoped my dad, sister, and brother-in-law enjoyed the sail but not to expect that level of excitement every time!

Homeward Bound

W. R. Cheney

Arriving at Pulpit Rock along North Haven's northern shore, you come to a minor fork on your way into Pulpit Harbor itself. Straight ahead lies the harbor, but to the right there is a narrower stretch reaching off to the west-southwest. This is Minister Cove or Cabot Cove as some folks call it due to the preponderance of Cabot's summering along its southern shore.

Yogi Berra once observed that if you come to a fork in the road, you should take it. I know just what he meant, and when I reach the entrance for Minister Cove I always hang a right, and head in. A bit beyond the rather tightly packed mooring field therein lies a shallow pool that might not suit more affluent mariners in larger boats, but is just right for me and my engineless catboat *Penelope*. It's tranquil and secure in there, and I'm not likely to have many neighbors or be jostled by traffic in the busy main harbor.

One crystalline Maine morning this past July I woke up with bright sunshine flooding *Penelope's* cabin as she lay peacefully in this favorite little pool. Nothing stirred. The water around us was as smooth and as flat as glass and the colors on shore, rich greens of spruce and hardwoods, yellows and gold of grass, seemed preternaturally bright. Overhead a dome of cloudless, intense blue gave promise of a sparkling day ahead.

The southern shore of Minister Cove rises rather abruptly to form a ridge and close off most of the view of Pulpit Harbor proper, but today, towering above that ridge were three spars, indicating the presence below of a very substantial schooner.

When I rowed out of the cove to take a look, she turned out to be the 183.7 ft. L.O.D. *Adix* out of London, proof positive that, post Brexit, there must still be a prosperous Englishman or two left with some discretionary income. A slim, steel hulled greyhound

of the sea, I learned later that *Adix* has made a passage from the U.S. to the U.K. at an average speed of better than ten knots.

I had a load of oysters on board *Penelope*, which had been delivered the previous evening by my good friend, lobsterman and oyster farmer Adam Campbell. Now I wanted to sail them back to Swan's Island as quickly as possible.

Oysters left stored pell-mell in sacks, will slowly lose juice as the shells relax and open slightly. I wanted to get my new supply back to my refrigerator at home where I could store them on their backs (the rounded side which acts as a cup from which juices can't escape), and put a timely halt to this process.

Sailing out of Minister Cove is not always easy. The wind in that narrow, high walled gut can be fluky and perverse. On this day, although a steady seeming SE breeze of three or four knots had begun flowing over *Penelope* while she lay at anchor, conditions were very different once the sail was up, and the anchor shipped. Now the wind came very softly in fits and starts from a variety of directions that had only one thing in common. At four knots or two knots or nearly zero, they were always from a direction in which we might want to go.

Ahead to the SE lay the mooring field with its collection of meticulously maintained Cabot owned wooden boats. The challenge, indeed our sacred obligation, was to tack up to, and through, that tightly packed fleet without collecting any paint or varnish that didn't belong to *Penelope*.

On several occasions we would be climbing up a little zephyr that might just get us upwind of a nice Bristol fashion Bullseye or a venerable Crowningshield knockabout, when the breeze would change direction or quit altogether, and we would have to put the helm over and go down behind her. Then the shore in that narrow place would loom, and we would have to jibe around, finding ourselves more distant from our goal than ever, and drifting still further back. It was a dicey business but we did eventually get out of there leaving the Cabot fleet unscathed.

The wind outside the harbor was stronger and steadier, but it was from the SE, and looked like it would stay that way. SE is not a good wind for a direct return to Swan's Island from Pulpit Harbor via Merchant Row.

A glance at the chart confirmed that we would have the breeze right on our nose for most of the day, and a look at the actual conditions in that direction showed that we would be sailing right into a massive fog bank too.

I decided to head NE for the western end of the Eggemoggin Reach. We'd have a fine day reaching among some beautiful islands and the morrow, with predicted NW winds would, with luck, see us home via the Reach, and the oysters safely on their backs in the refrigerator.

As we approached lonely Compass Island, the breeze picked up and the first tentacles of the fog bank I'd noticed earlier began to reach our area. Soon that small emerald outcropping was only a vague shape as the temperature dropped and the damp, swirling mists enveloped us. With age I've become more a fan of balmy sun-filled days, but there was a grim drama, and a harsh, ominous beauty to this that reminded me of younger, more adventurous times.

Beyond Compass we picked up the faint outline of Little Spruce Head Island off the starboard bow, and steered more to the east to get in between it and Great Spruce Head. There we scudded northward in a dim dank world surrounded by vague shapes, pushed along by a full sail breeze, a dim, dark shape ourselves, rushing headlong into a realm of featureless obscurity.

Rounding the high north end of Great Spruce Head, we once again sailed into sunnier, warmer weather, and though we had enjoyed the drama of our recent windswept, fogbound passage, we were just as happy that it had been short.

Off to the east now lay Pickering Island and one of my favorite anchorages. I thought about heading over to spend a lazy afternoon in the sun, reading and perhaps enjoying a beer or two. But it was still early afternoon and the idea, after all, was to progress as far as possible toward home. I thought if I could beat up the Reach as far as the Deer Isle Bridge, it would help ensure that we could complete the last leg home next day.

The breeze had moderated down to a pleasant seven or eight knots as we neared Pumpkin Island, so I was surprised rounding the corner into the Reach to encounter a real blast of wind. It was the same SE breeze we had been enjoying, but in the Reach it was suddenly twice as strong, fifteen, maybe eighteen knots.

For those headed in an easterly direction, a SE wind transforms the Eggemoggin Reach into the Eggemoggin Beat. We plugged away out there for a half hour or so, tacking back and forth in a nasty chop, and luffing in the frequent powerful gusts, but it wasn't pleasant, and we weren't getting very far. "Tomorrow is another day," I said to myself and turned her around, now running hard for Orcutt Harbor, that long deep gut which has Cape Rosier as

its western shore, and would be our anchorage for the night.

Next morning dawned chill and damp. A low ceiling of dark gray clouds scudded out of the northwest bringing a cold drenching drizzle. But by noon the rain was gone while the wind remained constant, NW at a useful ten or twelve knots.

We headed out into the Reach and began running SE in fine style. As we blew past the Benjamin River and Center Harbor, I began to get a lot of exercise at the wheel, holding her down in the gusts and then letting go as she eased and started to go by the lee. Clearly, it was breezing up.

Six and a half to seven knots said the GPS. With roaring water under the quarter, and the dinghy riding high on a cushion of foam, we were enjoying the proverbial “sleigh ride.” Not a Christmas card-sleigh ride though, more like a sleigh ride in a Russian troika with ravening wolves in pursuit.

They say that the time to reef a catboat is when you first think about it. Well, I was certainly thinking about it now, but decades of sailing the Maine coast have made me reluctant to reef under any but the most convincing conditions. The weather is so changeable and wind speeds can fluctuate so frequently, that you can spend whole days just reefing and unreefing, getting nowhere.

Passing close by White Island, it was becoming clear that I wouldn't be able to hold her down in the gusts much longer. Any more wind, and she would start trying to sail right under the seas ahead, this accompanied by increasingly violent rhythmic rolling, a kind of death spiral for catboats, best avoided.

Once safely past the island, I hove her to, swigged up the topping lift, and lowered the gaff to a bit below horizontal. This process, called “scandalizing,” reduces effective sail area drastically, and is a quick and dirty substitute for reefing. I think it's called “scandalizing” because it looks so awful. With the gaff sagging down and away at an awkward angle, we look like a bird with a broken wing.

Thus eased, *Penelope* settled down to a slightly more sedate sleigh ride, and was happier still when we had cleared the Green Ledges, and were able steer more south for the gap between Hat and Marshall islands. A somewhat precarious run became a safer reach.

Reaching Burnt Coat Harbor at last, I figured our adventures for this cruise were over. All I had to do was tack up harbor through the lobster fleet and the visiting yachts to my mooring off our house at the head of the harbor.

To that end, I peaked up the sail again because you can't really go to windward with a scandalized sail. Right there we enjoyed a brief lull, but being in harbor had done nothing to moderate conditions. Almost immediately - WHAM! - we were hit by the first of a long series of really powerful squalls.

The squalls came like fierce dark animals, rushing towards us over the harbor surface. Fortunately they were easy to see, sometimes one dark squall with a darker stronger one on its back. You could prepare for their blows to some degree, but *Penelope* staggered up harbor dipping and weaving like a drunkard. A reef or two would have sure been welcome now, but there was no room for reefing here.

I was afraid to try to pick our mooring up in that erratic, blasting tempest, so we anchored close by. Taming, furling and covering the sail were a real struggle in that much wind and then I had to row upwind to the dock, a matter of only sporadic progress between squalls. Already pretty weary, I found that part unnecessary icing on the cake. Then it was up a long steep hill, lugging oysters, camera equipment, and an accumulation of garbage and dirty laundry.

Home at last, this old boy was ready for bed. But first there was the matter of carefully laying a couple of hundred oysters on their backs in their own snug refrigerated bed. We all slept well that night.



Was that a Tornado?

Butler Smythe

Last summer on a lovely breezy Sunday afternoon I decided to go out and watch the lasers (20 or so) racing on Blue Hill Bay. I usually buzzed around taking photos on my powerboat, but this time went out on my Marshall 15 *Piscin*, putting her through her paces to see just how well she did against them.

I've had a few opportunities to sail in the company of the fleet of Herreshoff 12 1/2's/Bullseyes, when not otherwise occupied racing Atlantics, and easily matched them as I sailed up and down the bay – offset from their actual course. Subliminally I was hoping that we'd add a Sandpiper or two to the club - in hopes of creating a fleet. The existing fleets and now the new fleet of Lasers, that is 15-20 strong after just one year, and the writing was on the wall – so why not have fun while watching.

The day was actually very lovely, warm, with a light chop, scattered clouds and winds gusting between

7-15. Perfect to gets lots of speed and keep pace as much as possible. I was not reefed, as was normal. Always off the course itself, I was heading upwind with a beautiful view of the mountain and the fleet when I saw a strange wind pattern on the water just ahead of the approaching wind line. It was a circular pattern about 15 or so feet in diameter that slightly disturbed the water ahead of the darker wind line – right in the direction I was going – which was good. Interesting – it was a microburst of sorts. I thought better of the wind and pointed *Piscin* directly into the pattern because there was no avoiding it, and with a wind shift I could “easily” tack to any new course. I centered myself in the boat with the sheet in my right hand free from the new jam cleat mounted on the aft end of the centerboard well, and the tiller in my left. I was ready.

Within seconds the sail shifted rapidly from port to starboard (several times) and the boat settled on a starboard tack. The problem was that I’d sensed what I thought was a shift to a port tack and had quickly shifted to the port side, moving the tiller in my hands and accidently moving my sheet hand down enough (didn’t take much) for the sheet to catch in the jam cleat. With the sail sheeted in, the port rail quickly went under and nice clear salt water rolled over the coaming into the boat. Remember – this is taking place in less than 10 seconds.... I quickly moved to the upwind side (starboard) and then realized the sheet was secured – pulling it up to release while I tried to get to the rail. With the sheet free I payed it out as best I could and the boat settled flat in the water with cool salt water in the cockpit rising up my shins!

What was most interesting as I glanced in the boat was to see everything floating free (important stuff was in my pocket or in my waterproof bag) was the sound. Was I sinking? The loud and disconcerting sound of air being displaced by water resounded in my ears, and at first I thought that perhaps the watertight seats were not so watertight. I quickly realized that the sound was caused by seawater displacing air between the hull and cockpit liner thereby generating the “awful” sound. Anything that gives you a sinking feeling is awful – in so many words.

That sound soon stopped and there I was in the middle of Blue Hill Bay, up to the middle of my shins in saltwater. I resolved to clear the boat but first dropped the main into the lazy jacks and left the sheet free to prevent any wind from affecting the sail and negatively heeling the relatively immobile boat. There was no intent to make the sail look shipshape ☺. After I’d moved to the stern to keep weight off

the bow and back where the primary floatation was, I realized that I could easily move around the boat without causing unrecoverable trim changes. I started what was to become an overly long pumping operation with had my trusty Beckson “Thirstymate,” rated at 13 gpm. I was very glad it was on board and that I never tried to use the tiny (cheap) West Marine pump that came with the boat. That one was relegated to the trash can! High capacity and a long hose are paramount. A short hose tends to return to the cockpit when pumping and wastes time. After little research I found their Model 524C - capable of 30 gpm – can be bought at almost \$225! If they made an affordable one I’d recommend it.

I have no idea how long it took me to clear the boat (20-30 min. maybe) and return to sailing with the Lasers, but I do know that if I was not in good shape it would have been a lot longer. The biggest lesson learned for me was centered on the jam cleat! A slight movement downward unintentionally set it and that was the cause for my pumping. That and keeping your valuables secured – mine luckily were.

The photo below is NOT from the day noted above. It represents ½ the amount of water and no flotsam – and came after just two days of hard rain and no cockpit cover ☹. This was a much easier pumping evolution.



½ my Cockpit Flood Waters.



CBA Discussion Group

C. Henry Depew, Editor

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

***Q:** I will have to replace my Menger 17's centerboard pennant soon. With the boat on the trailer I am unable to lower the CB enough to see how the pennant is fastened to the CB. How does the pennant attach to the CB? Is there a thimble spliced into the end of the pennant, with a shackle attaching it to a hole, or is it some other method? Is there a DIY way to lower the CB enough to do this myself?*

***A:** If the Menger 19 is the same, there is a simple hole in the CB for the pennant attachment. If you have access to a sling lift to pick the boat up, not a problem. If you have to work with the boat on a trailer you can build a secure cradle/frame and raise the cat enough to pull the trailer out until it is past the centerboard trunk. Then, dig a hole of sufficient size and depth to lower the board (assuming the boat/trailer is on dirt and the hole can be filled in properly afterwards. Also noted was that some people careen the boat on a beach and install a new pennant during low tide.*

***Q:** Any ideas what is involved in replacing the doors on a Herreshoff America 18? Where can I find the doors and at what cost?*

***A:** One respondent suggested using the old ones as the template and simply make new ones. Another had the same suggestion, but thought a cabinet shop might be a better approach as they have the tools and wood. If you have trade school handy, some of the students might like to make the doors as a project.*



***Q:** I used your online index for finding article Art Chaplin wrote on converting to gaff Wittholz rig. I have a Marconi rig Wittholz and was interested. That publication is not offered in hard print. Are the back copies on line as well?*

***A:** From No. 1 to the present, all of the CBA Bulletins are available. Many of the oldest Bulletins are photocopies of an original or master copy that we use for this purpose.*

***Q:** Are telltales useful on a gaff rig sail and if so where should they be located?*

***A:** It was noted that a lot of the people who sail gaff rigs pride themselves in not using telltales on their rigs. With a gaff sail, it is really easy to tell if the shape is proper. Let it out until it luffs and pull it in to the point it stops luffing. However, some sailors use telltales all the time.*

When used, the telltales are set back from the mast about 16-18 inches, three pairs on the luff, and one pair back from the gaff the same distance. These

are set far enough behind the mast to show the flow over the sail, beyond the eddies created by the mast or gaff, and just forward of the deepest draft of the sail.

Another respondent uses the Ensign off the gaff as a telltale. If the flag curled behind the sail, he knew the main was stalling and he should either head up or ease the sheet. Which drew the response that the Ensign was not a useful telltale that helps with fine-tuning the sail trim. The flag tends to curl behind the sail, even when the sail seems properly trimmed. Little telltales in the sail itself, 18 inches aft of the luff, provide much better information.

Q: *What the heck is a Deck Crab?*

A: On a catboat a "Deck Crab" is a pedestal, for lack of a better word, mounted on deck directly aft of the mast. Its functions as a pivot for the boom and removes those forces the boom places on the mast. Pick out most Fenwick Williams designed cats, he used deck crabs all the time. Barry Thomas has documented these quite well in his book, "Building the Crosby Catboat," and has very detailed drawings in the back of the book showing exactly how it is made.

If one is to use a crab, you have to understand that everything...yes, everything on a catboat is interrelated. If you are using a deck crab, the sheer has to be just right to get sufficient height of the boom over the forward hatch without having an overly tall deck crab. Then there is the question of the sail geometry, as the boom would have to be mounted higher off of the deck in order to get the clearance over the forward

hatch and the occupants in the cockpit (the MOST important factor).

It was also noted that an important factor to consider is if your particular boat was, in fact, designed for one, and if not, could the deck structure handle the stresses involved?

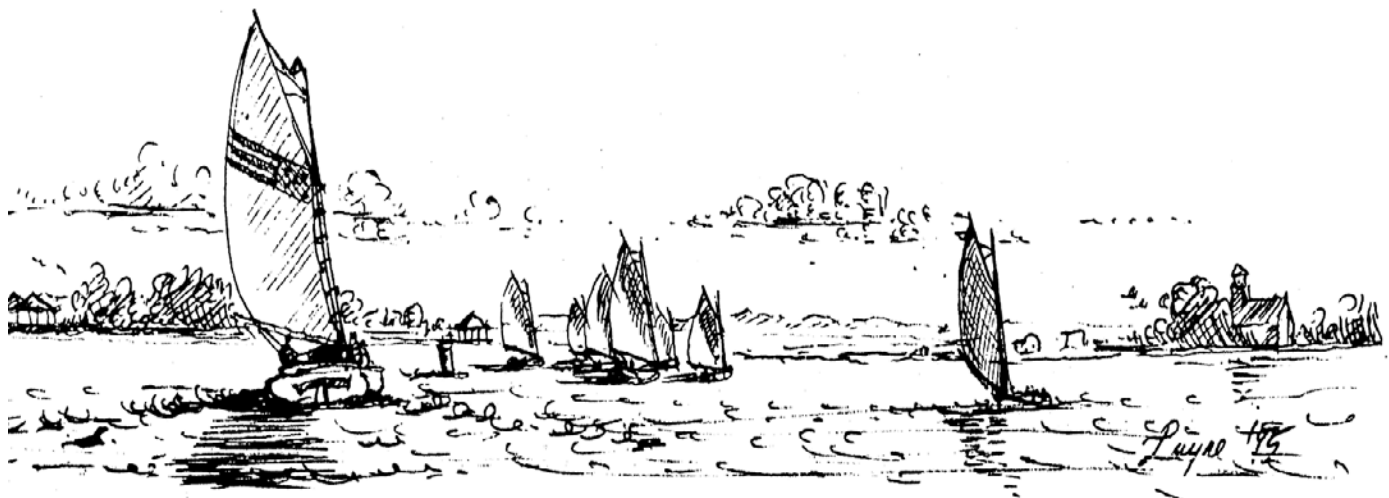
Q: *I find that except on certain points of sail in very stiff winds, the sail folds (i.e., really bad wrinkles) at the inner end of the sail battens. Only the short, top batten lies properly. Basically, the battens do nothing to hold the leach up, and the wear at the bottoms of the batten pockets will take its toll. Am I doing something wrong with sail trim and is this correctable? Or (alas) is this bad sail cutting?*

A: Could be the length of the battens & pockets; if they're too short, it could cause the behavior you mention. Could also be the battens, i.e., they're too heavy and/or stiff.

Do you have your battens in properly? Many people err; the proper rig is with the thick end of the batten at the after (leech) edge of the sail, thin end into the pocket first.

Follow Up: Upon careful examination of the sail and battens, the questioner discovered that the battens were in backwards. Changing the battens around solved the problem.

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



Keeper of the Light

Jay Webster

A Sea Venture

Jay Webster

I am writing remembering my friend Ted who crossed the bar this past November. Ted was an adventurous, fun-loving guy who loved to sail his Beetle Cat *Gay Blade*. The *Gay Blade* was painted black with a red and white checkerboard deck, always a sign that Ted was with the top of the fleet in a race, or that something humorous was going on, such as a wrestling match on the checkerboard which ended up as a capsized "Beetle" in a dead calm.

When we were about sixteen or seventeen, Ted thought that it would be fun and a good idea to take a small dingy from Falmouth to Martha's Vineyard for the Edgartown Regatta in order to save the ferry fares.

We borrowed an eight-foot plywood pram from a friend and a 1936 Neptune outboard from another friend for the crossing. We set out from Falmouth late on Friday afternoon with a smooth Vineyard Sound, and, of course, some liquid refreshment. It was a beautiful sunny summer afternoon on the sound and we enjoyed a great crossing, thinking that we were pretty smart having saved the ferry fare. We took pride in waving to the "envious" by-passers.

As we approached West Chop on the Vineyard side of the sound, about two miles into the trip, we noticed some rough, choppy water, which seemed to be swirling. The locals sometimes call it a "squirrely" area. We soon discovered that we were in fact into whirlpool-like waters with the boat turning in a circle as the tides, current and ferry wakes converged. Being savvy young seamen, Ted and I were not greatly concerned ... until the trusty Neptune flipped off the transom of the dinghy into Vineyard Sound, never to putt-putt over the seas again.

Fortunately, we did have oars and were able to row our ship to shore onto the beach. Leaving the dinghy, we next travelled by bus to Edgartown. When we got to Edgartown we learned that most of our friends, "the troops," had not had to pay for their bus ride from Vineyard Haven to Edgartown. It seems that when the bus driver saw the big crowd of "troops"



coming from the ferry for the regatta in Edgartown, he decided to get the larger bus parked nearby for the trip. It turned out that the "troops" had already boarded the smaller bus and that the keys were in the ignition. You guessed it, one of the adventurous young men jumped into the driver's seat and off to Edgartown they went!

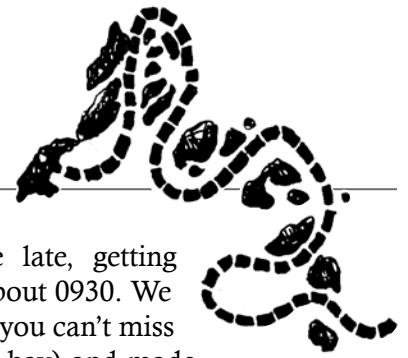
As one would expect, the "authorities" met the small bus in Edgartown and the adventurous young driver was in trouble. However, at that point one of the enterprising young men on the bus opened the back door and most of the "troops" left the bus by the rear door, but "forgot" to pay the fare.

As you can surmise, Ted and I did not save much money that weekend. We obviously did not get the "free" ride, we paid the passenger fare back to Falmouth for the ferry, and the car ferry fare to bring the dinghy back on our friend's Jeep roadster. We also paid our friend for the outboard we lost.

Oh to be young again!



Short Tacks



Wanderer's Winter Transit

Marc Cruder

Matt and I moved cars on Friday night, then got underway early Saturday morning. It was above freezing, but just barely. There was some wind, but not much. We came out of the Rhode River heading for the fish traps off Curtis Point, then set sail on heading of about 150 magnetic, which is a diagonal down the bay instead of shooting across to Bloody Point and coming down Poplar Narrows. We could see Coaches Island (you can always see Coaches Island) and there was minimal commercial traffic (one car carrier coming up the bay at 17 kn., who quickly crossed in front of me instead of me, him), so we stayed in the open bay looking to skirt Poplar Island, which is low and in front of Coaches Island. The heading would have us just off the "Poplar Island gas buoy" as Mr. Brown would say.

So, you see some strange things on the bay in November. As we started across the bay, we came on a deadrise making short passes perpendicular to our course, and then saw two guys low in the water, that looked like they were on an overturned boat. Matt said...they're in the water.... let's go help. So, we headed for those we thought were in the water, but got waived off, as we got closer. They were not in the water; they were in a duck boat with a string of decoys in front of them. The deadrise was their chase boat. I guess they were "sea duck hunting" as they call it. As we continued west, we heard a few shots....it was almost us!



Marc – Old man and the sea.

We left a little late, getting away from the pier about 0930. We found Poplar Island (you can't miss it once you cross the bay) and made an opening at the Knapps Narrows Bridge at about 1300. Remember... "red right returning" no matter which end of Knapps Narrows you enter. West of the bridge, there was at least one skipjack tied up, Maynard's old place (looking abandoned) and several catboats afloat at the local marina. One was one of Maynard's Fenwick Williams 16s; another was a Marshall 22; and then there was *Periwinkle*. She was about 25 feet long as we pulled up next to her, but looked high and pudgy. The cabin sides were wood (because you could see the rot), the port lights were strange, homemade and Atlantic City 24 – esque, but the cabin top had a lot of crown....so not an AC. An old CBA Directory (1991) shows a boat named *Periwinkle* as a 1981 wood boat 23 ft. 8 in. long built by Wisner Brothers in Perth Amboy, NJ and designed by owner Donald Mackenzie. Looks like what we saw. Perhaps the proof of concept for the AC 24?...who knows.



Matt - Young man and the sea!

Coming out of Knapps Narrows, the wind eased further so we powered on a nice clear and somewhat sunny day until we made La Trappe Creek and were anchored at about 1600. It was going to be cold, so I shut off the engine battery switch and removed/replaced the deck vent cowls with their deck plates to hope the engine compartment would retain some

heat for starting the next morning. In the cabin, I lit both oil lamps, and when Matt complained he could still see his breath, I put a homemade cabin heater on one of the alcohol stove burners with the flame turned up. The heater was a six inch piece of pipe open with a top on it, but able to vent, with 3/8 inch horizontal rods in it. The pipe device funnels the flame and heats the rods so the whole thing radiates...not cherry red, but hot to the touch. I used it to get the cabin up over 50 degrees one winter to paint the insides. It works. So now that Matt was comfortable, we had happy hour (didn't need much ice for the Dark and Stormy's) then a healthy helping of Zaterain's Rice and Beans to which we added Andouille sausage. All cozy and fed, we hit the sleeping bags.

Aside from the geese that occasionally got themselves in a tizzy, there was the distinct sound of a lone loon. You can't miss the sound, and according to this month's "Chesapeake Bay Magazine," they are winter regulars on the bay. We slept fine. The stove went out about 0200, but we didn't miss the extra heat. When we got up in the morning, it was 26 degrees according to hand held devices. Refilled the stove, started the supplemental heat, made coffee and then a good pan full of corned beef hash and eggs. After breakfast, the engine started with a little propane pre-heat on the intake manifold and we were off again. Underway at 0830, we made Ferry Point Marina about 1030 and tied up as directed in slip 46.



Haul out at Ferry Point Marina.

The sun came out and it was a nice day. Matt and I downrigged and prepped *Wanderer* for the haul and mast pull. No issues. Winterized the engine, but had to leave it sucking out of bucket of antifreeze, because I had to start it one more time to get to the dock. Insurance will no longer let you tie up overnight in front of the Travelift. Matt had to head back, and I stayed the night ashore with Tom and Judy Howell on Richardson Road. We had dinner at the Cambridge Diner, the place with the homemade bread and rice pudding.

Raining the next morning, made it over to Ferry Point Marina. Weather cooperated... "rain before 7, done by 11" as the locals say. When the marina crew started to arrive, we moved the boat, discussed the plan with the Travelift and crane operator, and made it happen. Bottom and centerboard cleaned (I should say stripped of what little paint I had on it after 3 seasons), centerboard pennant attachment checked, mast pulled and all spars loaded aboard. Hydraulic trailer was next, with successful transit to the shed. Just need to go back to drain the fuel and retrieve the dirty dishes.



Going down the road.

Wanderer may have an extended stay ashore, as much topside work is due (read painting after 15 years, including non-skid on the decks), and Matt is interested in getting *Sylph* back on the water. So, we'll see how the winter goes. I have some other priorities.

All in all, a good trip. Glad Matt came along for back-up to keep me out of trouble. Not as easy as just going around the corner to Bobby Orme's but nonetheless a good "short cruise" which allowed us to eat up stores left over from the fall trip to the Miles.

...and as they say....that's the story Jerry....



New Members

Dave Calder, Membership Secretary

WELCOME ABOARD to our new members since December 14, 2017

Carstensen, Matthew & Erin (Osterville, MA)

Casey, Brian (Dayton, NV)

Hoover, Pete & Michelle (Bolton, MA)

Maldonado, Luis & Helen Gollner (White Plains, NY)

Oates, Robert (Farmington, CT)

Putnam, Andrew (East Boston, MA)

Putnam, Kaytlen (Chandler, AZ)

Putnam, Victoria (East Falmouth, MA)

Raft, Dinnie & Wanda (Littleton, NC)

Ryan, Matthew (Westford, MA)

Segal, Earl (Oxford, MD)

Shuler, Scott & Judith (Oxford, MD)

Smith, Mark & Janet (Cleveland, OH)

Smullen, Peter (Kissimmee, FL)

Sullivan, Gail & Richard (Babylon, NY)

White, Brad (Hopewell, NJ)



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

175-1. 1973 Marshall 18 with tandem trailer. New Ritchie compass, depth finder, bilge pump, new Lehr 5 HP propane outboard with 10/hrs. Extra sail, stored indoors, great boat for family fun or class racing. \$8000 Contact Sam at adamss@sbregional.org



175-3. 1978-98 Marshall 18' Custom Sanderling. SUNSHINE is a unique Marshall Sanderling. Built in 1978, the boat was delivered unfinished and the owner spent twenty years completing her with a custom wooden sloop rig, traditional wooden deck hardware and running rigging, custom cabin storage, wood staving in the cockpit, teak grating on the cockpit sole and a Honda inboard Saildrive. She also has modern features such as a roller furling jib and winch on the cabin top. During the twenty years she has been sailed, she has been in Buzzards Bay, MA and for the past decade has been cared for by Marshall Marine during the offseason. She is a special catboat with many traditional features and is in good condition for her age. Price: \$12,000 Contact: gbcanning@charter.net or call Marshall Marine 508-994-0414



175-2. 1981 Marshall 18' Sanderling. A common sense daysailer/weekender, offering a spacious cockpit and roomy cabin unrivaled by any boat of similar length. Easy to single hand, sail with kids, or sail across the bay with four or five friends. Paradox includes wheel steering -- a very convenient option -- and has just undergone an extensive refit. Her bottom was stripped and redone with 5 coats of barrier epoxy; her cockpit sanded clean and repainted; her brightwork stripped and redone with Cetol.; topsides buffed and polished. She has a new Doyle sail, new sheet, halyards, reefing lines, and lazy jacks. Equipment includes: a Honda 5hp-four stroke outboard; Harken mainsheet system; single line reefing; birth and cockpit cushions; two anchors and rode; bronze step on rudder; swim ladder; four boat stands; and more. Asking \$12,900. Email tomr@trankin.com for complete listing.



175-4. Quantum Thurston Marshall 22 Mainsail used 4 seasons. I had a new Thurston Quantum sail built in the fall with a graphic depicting the name of my boat. This is a beautiful cream colored sail that is in good condition and ready for many more years of sailing. The sail suffered a small vertical tear in the top batten panel this summer and was repaired by the Thurston Quantum Loft in Rhode Island. After the repair and some minor refurbishing, Steve Thurston appraised the sail at \$1400 to \$1500. This is the text of the appraisal and a copy appears with this ad. January 4, 2018 Robert Campbell Marshall 22 Mainsail Sail Appraisal: Dacron mainsail in 7-ounce Contender cream-colored fabric 2 reefs, 4 leech battens, leech line, sailbag Condition: Very Good Value \$1400-\$1500 If you decide to purchase the sail I will bring it to the Catboat Association Convention in Mystic the end of January. Otherwise, it can be shipped UPS for about \$35.00 Contact Bob Campbell email NRX500@gmail.com or cell # 516-819-5399



175-5. For sale: Aluminum Spars from a Herman Cat built by Cape Cod Shipyard. Mast is 25' 5" long, 6" at the base, tapering to 4" at top. Gaff approx 14' long and Boom approx 17' both are also aluminum. Gaff needs wooden Jaws re-made. Everything needs a cleaning and repainting asking.... Make offer \$\$ everything is located in Port Jefferson, NY. Contact Ed at Dankievit@aol.com or (631) 786-6496.

175-6. 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). Asking \$8,500. D. Marin dmyena@gmail.com (631) 800.9977



175-7. 1994 Marshall Marine 18' Sanderling. Ready to sail with Hinged mast, White hull with blue bottom. Blue cabin and blue cockpit cushions, bronze steps on transom and rudder, anchor, depth indicator, 8 hp Suzuki outboard in running condition, gas tank, anchor, Thurston sail, sail bag and sail cover,. Owner maintained. Proven race winner for many years. Located in West Dennis, MA. Asking \$13,500. Contact Peter 413-496-2863 or email wildermuth101@msn.com



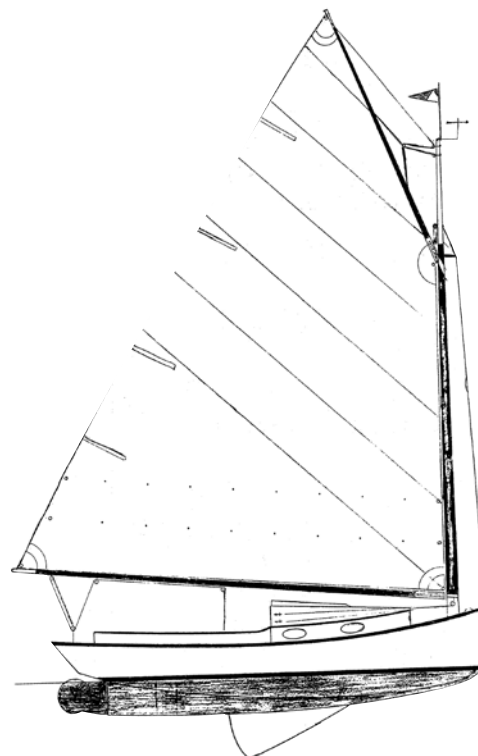
175-8. 1995 Marshall 22 Catboat (Hull #235). Double knee replacement has slowed me down. Will replace M 22 with a Sanderling. Exceptionally well maintained, white/buff, brightwork completely restored in 2016, all standard equipment, fitted out for cruising. Mechanical: Yanmar 2GM20; new 3-blade propeller, Raritan head, holding tank and macerator pump; bowsprit mounted anchor roller, 7.5kg Bruce and S920 Danforth anchors with chain/ nylon rode. Cabin has teak and holly sole; SS sink with Fynspray bronze pump; folding louvered cockpit doors; single burner butane stove; new Maroon cockpit cushions in 2016. Electronics: Icom M-402 w/ VHF mast mounted antenna; Raymarine ST4000 Wheelplot; Raymarine ST50 Tridata and ST50 Wind Indicator, with masthead mounted sensor; Kenwood AM/FM/CD stereo. Bronze rudder/hull mounted steps; spring line cleats; Ritchie 5" bulkhead mounted compass; brass rub rail; solar vent in forward hatch; 120V shore power system with mounted battery charger, shore power cord and outlet; Thurston sail w/ 3 reef points; new buff sail cover in 2016; new Harken main sheet system in 2017; new running rigging - Harken blocks and Sta Set Vintage lines in 2016; Cockpit awning. Located Fairfield, CT \$47,000. Contact Ed Brennan at epb2626@aol.com



175-9. 1995 Marshall 15' Sandpiper. "Thumper", very good condition, mast hinge, Thurston sail, sail and cockpit cover, Harken main sheet system, lazy jacks, white and tan deck, aqua green bottom, canvas winter cover, 2017 Honda 2hp outboard motor, Lil Rider heavy duty trailer. Fully equipped with extras. \$15,000 firm. Joseph Marino - Jmarino0215@optimum.net (973) 200-0392



175-10. 1993 Herreshoff America 18' catboat. Built by Squadron Yachts / Nauset Marine, Inc. She's been a freshwater-only boat for last 24 years. Good condition. Includes EZ Loader trailer and Mariner 9.9 HP outboard with a motor bracket. Original cost of boat (US\$ 22,500) and trailer(US\$3,500). Boat is in North Hatley, Quebec, Canada and can be delivered in the US in Newport ,Vermont. Asking US\$10,000. Contact Jean-Pierre Fruchet 514-814-1940 or jfruchet@gmail.com



The Catboat Association

Membership Application

Mail completed form to:

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



*Founded 1962
Incorporated*

One-time initiation fee:	\$20.00
Annual membership dues:	\$40.00
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED	\$60.00

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
Fleece Blanket - Navy				\$20.00	
Silk Scarf – Navy with burgee & catboat pattern				\$25.00	
T Shirt - Grey S, M, L, XL, XXL				\$17.00	
Staff Shirt – Navy Original: L, XL, XXL, Burgee only: L, XXL				\$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	
Decal				\$2.00	
Catboat Pin				\$10.00	
Wool Blazer Patch				\$25.00	
Tie Tack				\$6.00	
Burgee				\$20.00	
Totebag				\$20.00	
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)

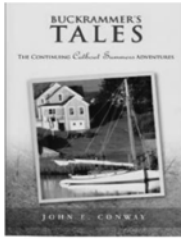
Total \$ _____

Name
Address
City, State, Zip
Phone

To order merchandise, specify color, size, quantity and total for each item. Make check payable to Catboat Association, Inc. in U.S. funds. Send ORDER FORM and CHECK to: Catboat Association Store, c/o Mary Crain, 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 ORDER FORM



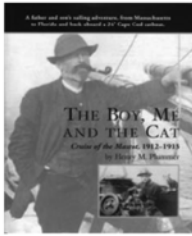
Buckrammer's Tales



The Competitive Cat



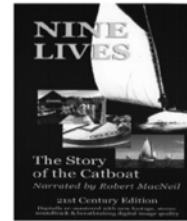
The Catboat and How to Sail Her



The Boy, Me and the Cat



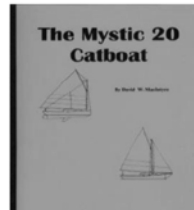
The Catboat Era in Newport



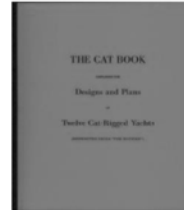
Nine Lives DVD



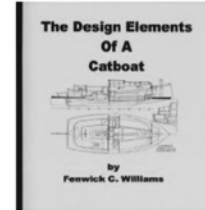
The Boat That Wouldn't Sink



Mystic 20 Catboat



Rudder Reprints



Design Elements of a Catboat

Item	Quantity	Price	Total
Buckrammer's Tales by John E. Conway		\$19.95	
The Competitive Cat by Bill Welch, MD		\$19.95	
The Catboat and How to Sail Her edited by John H. Leavens		\$10.00	
The Boy, Me and the Cat (hardcover) by Henry M. Plummer		\$19.95	
The Catboat Era in Newport, R.I. (hardcover) by John H. Leavens		\$19.95	
Nine Lives – The Story of the Catboat (DVD)		\$24.95	
The Design Elements of a Catboat by Fenwick Williams		\$15.00	
The Mystic 20 Catboat by David W. MacIntyre		\$15.00	
Reprints from "Rudder" – Design Plans of Twelve Cat Rigged Yachts		\$15.00	
The Boat That Wouldn't Sink by Clinton Trowbridge		\$19.99	
Shipping and Handling: \$2 for EACH item.*			
ORDER TOTAL			

*For International orders, please include an extra \$10 in addition to Shipping and Handling.

Name : _____
 Address: _____

 Phone Number: _____

To order merchandise, specify 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



Photo courtesy of Butler Smythe

A long trip up the Choptank River to Deale, MD and a comfortable resting place for a few catboats. The masts reflected in the water give away their type and the calm – something to relax you.

ON THE BACK COVER

The “Pier at the inlet, Atlantic City, N.J.” was taken by an unknown photographer between 1900 and 1906 on an 8x10 inch glass negative. It speaks of the warm summer day, the calm breeze, and the crowds that must have ventured out on the water on these large Atlantic City catboats. In the middle of the photo is one catboat that must be almost 50 feet and those around it have wood fenders hanging off their sides, their sails scandalized as they wait for more passengers – parasols and plenty of hats. The catboat front and center has her fenders on deck and sail full as she works out to open water.

017482 PIER AT THE INLET, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



DETROIT PUBLISHING CO.