

# Catboat Association Bulletin



**No. 177**



**Fall 2018**

## **ON THE COVER**

Cats at the 2017 Arey's Pond Boat Yard Annual Gathering.  
For additional photos from the APBY Gathering, turn to pages 39 and 42.  
Photos by Anita Winstanley Roark of Cape Cod Fine Arts.  
[capecodfinearts.com](http://capecodfinearts.com)

# Catboat Association

www.catboats.org



## BULLETIN NO. 177

Fall 2018

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## *WHAT TO DO ...*

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

# From the Editor

---

I hope you had a wonderful sailing season. Now autumn has arrived and, for those of us in northern climes, our boats have been winterized, put under cover and up on stands or trailers. It's a somber but necessary time for sure. But "putting her to bed" doesn't end there as Bill Kornblum shares in his tale of wintering the *Victor* in Quincy, Massachusetts a few years ago.

We are left with moments and memories to ponder over the winter: of calm mornings, and gusty afternoons, and lovely sunsets; of good food, often eaten with one hand on the wheel or tiller; and good times with friends, some of whom sailed with us for the first time. And the friendly competitions, races and rendezvous where winning was second to just being out with others who share the same passions (and a few beers and dark n' stormys afterwards).

This might as well be called *The Cruising Issue* as we are graced with the adventures three of our members: Woody Norwood shares his trip on the

Chesapeake in *Geezer*, Kevin O'Driscoll shares his trip on the New York Canal System in *Shannon Marie*; and Brent Putman shares part one of the trip he and his daughter made from Manteo, North Carolina to Falmouth, Massachusetts in *Lazy Lucy*.

The passion for catboats is as evident as ever in other contributions to this issue. Check out Tom Sieniewicz's *Why Catboats?* and Adrian Offinger's *My Lifetime with Catboats*. Bill Cheney shares a story of his quest for some oysters and Jim Grenier continues his story of being a catboat kid, which is aimed at young and old alike.

If, over the "off-season," you're inclined to share a story with us, feel to drop us a note. And we hope to see you at the annual meeting in Mystic in January.

Skip Stanley (skip.stanley@catboats.org)  
Lead Editor, Bulletin 177





# Now Hear This:

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## The Mission of the Catboat Association

*Recently endorsed by the Steering Committee:*

**The mission of the Catboat Association is to promote and preserve catboats and the traditions associated with sailing them.**

*By keyword/phrase:*

**Promote:** The activities of the Association serve to uplift and perpetuate the catboat as a traditional sailing vessel, from the turn of the century to the current day, continuing its relevance to the world of sailing. Promotional activities include presentations and lectures, displays of boats at boat shows, the selling of CBA merchandise, and the sharing of information about catboats through print, books, and magazines (including the CBA Bulletin), films, and electronic media.

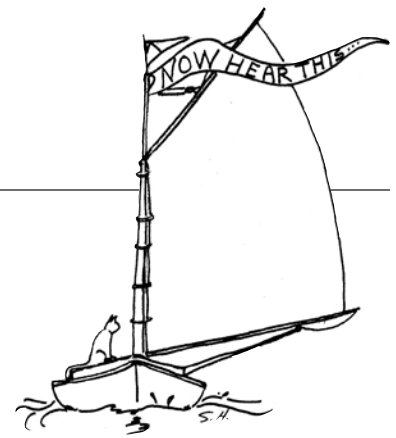
**Preserve:** The Association maintains the history of catboats through a many means including artifacts, books, and other items of historical nature. CBA members have restored and cared for numerous catboats, of both wood and fiberglass, some of which are over one hundred years old.

**Traditions Associated with Sailing Them:** The CBA perpetuates many of the traditions associated with sailing catboats including not only rendezvouses, races, regattas, cruises, gams, meetings, etc. but also such things as navigation, seamanship, and the art of sailing.

## 57th CBA Annual Meeting, Mystic Marriot

The honor of your presence is requested!

Seriously....we hope to see you at the 2019 Annual Meeting. This year's weekend-long extravaganza will be held at the Mystic Marriott Hotel, in Mystic, Connecticut and Spa from January 25th through the 27th. The ticket price includes a tour of the Mayflower II refit at Mystic Seaport Friday afternoon, an evening gam on Friday night, Saturday's seminars, the famous Catboat Resource Show, a banquet style lunch and feature presentation, and a Sunday morning presentation.



This year, the CBA engaged drone videographer, Brendan Harty of WaterWings, Ltd. to capture first-ever aerial stills and videos of a number of renowned boats owned by some of our members. Shown in the center-spread pages 40 and 41 are some air and sea shots of John and Pinkie Leavens' *Pinkletink*, the catboat that started it all. (Now skippered by Eric and Dawn Peterson). Check out the YouTube trailer titled "CBA 57th Annual Meeting Video Trailer."

## CBA Website

Check out the CBA website! ALL the previous Bulletins are available online from the very first three-pager to the current issue - 177 and counting. And what a treasure trove of information. Look under the Member Resources tab. You can view the past issues online or download them if you want. They're only available to registered members. So, if you haven't registered - do so.

## Writing for the Bulletin

We, the editors, are always looking for your stories. Here's the thing: We know you have stories to share. There are things large and small that happened over your sailing season that we, and your fellow members, would love to hear about. Catboaters, like cats, are a curious bunch. And who doesn't love a good sea story?

Take a look at the topics in the Bulletin, write it up, and send it to us. We use Microsoft Word. Include pictures too. Indicate where you think they should go in the body of your article (the printers will take care of actually putting them there).

Email your article and photos as separate files, content (.doc) and photos (.jpg), to the appropriate contributing editor. Not savvy with Word, don't let that stop you. Send an email and photos and we'll see what we can do.

Stories for the Winter Bulletin should be submitted by the first of the year 2019.

## Feedback and Letters to the Editor

Did a recent article or story get you thinking? Drop us a line; we'd love the feedback. We can reach out to the author to answer questions or get more information. You can email either the appropriate contributing editor (found following the table of contents) or write me at skip.stanley@catboats.org

## Bylaws Amendment

Over the past couple of years, the Steering Committee has gone through the process of amending the Catboat Association's corporate bylaws. We have made some minor updates that reflect changes over 30+ years of the organization as well as clarifying a few other items. As announced in January at the 57th Annual Meeting, we will be voting on the updates at

the 58th Annual Meeting. The new bylaws have been published on our website, with updates highlighted. They can be reviewed at the following URL: [www.catboats.org/ByLaws2018.pdf](http://www.catboats.org/ByLaws2018.pdf). If you would like a paper copy mailed to you, please send a self-addressed-stamped envelope to the following address:

Tim Lund  
CBA Bylaws Request  
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## Errata:

The photos appearing in the center spread of the spring Bulletin (176) were provided courtesy of William R. Cheney.



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# Over the Bar

## Robert O. "Bob" Hutchinson

Robert "Bob" Hutchinson crossed the bar peacefully on October 23, 2018, at Benchmark-Plymouth Crossing. Bob grew up in Plymouth and graduated with honors from Plymouth High School in 1945. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1950 and went on to complete his graduate degree at Boston College in Geophysics. He served in the U.S. Naval Aviation Service as a Midshipman during World War II.

From 1950-1954, Bob worked for the Geophysics Division, U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey in Washington, D.C. For 29 years, he worked for the government at the Air Force Geophysics Laboratory at Hanscom AFB. Working as a project scientist he made magnetic field measurements on the ground, from behind ships, onboard military aircraft and with sounding rockets, satellites and space probes. He traveled above the Arctic tree line to Ascension Islands in the South Atlantic, across the magnetic equator in South America and to the South Pacific. After retirement he started a second career teaching physics, math and geology at Duxbury High School and especially enjoyed teaching AP classes.

An avid sailor, he sailed Marshall Catboats along the coast from Connecticut to Maine. He was an active member of the North of the Cape Chapter of the Catboat Association and a founding member, boat owner, and later Commodore of the Duxbury Frostbite Society. In the early 1960s, Bob served as a sailing instructor and board member for the Duxbury Sea Scouts. Later in life he traded in the catboat for a 28 ft. Cape Dory motorboat and was a member of the Plymouth Yacht Club.

Bob was a past member of the Genesis Amateur (Ham) Radio Society holding an Extra Class license (K1EHJ), the American Legion (50+ years), the Rotary, Kiwanis and the Community Men's Club. Bob enjoyed cats, birding and nature and went on many elder hostel trips to Mexico, the Caribbean, Central America and cruises on the U.S. intracoastal waterways. Bob was predeceased by his wife of 50 years, Edith Hodgdon Hutchinson of Duxbury and is survived by two sons who spent much of their youth sailing in catboats with their dad.



# Winter Boat, Winter Captains

William Kornblum

Over the winter months, the *Victor*, a centenarian Crosby catboat, sleeps in the water at a quiet dock in the company of a few other vegetable fiber classics. Clad in fitted canvas and sitting in the water, their planks will remain swollen and watertight. Bilge pumps will take care of seepage, batteries will ensure that the pumps work. But a boat “sleeping” in the water is only theoretically dormant. In truth she is not nearly as asleep as those standing, as if on stilts, in a forest of rigging on the nearby shore.

For the captain of a wooden catboat “sleeping” in wet storage two hours from his home in the city, the ferocious winds of an early spring nor’easter conjure images of slush pooling on a sagging canvas cover. “Won’t the marina people let you know if there is a problem,” she pleads, aware that he is already thinking darker thoughts about batteries, pumps, and float switches. Compounded with cabin fever, such winter boat thoughts compel a man who lately lacks the excuse of a paying job, to make a winter boat visit.

Reaching the *Victor* these days requires a slantwise traverse of Long Island, following the parkways along the south shore beaches from Long Beach to Jones Beach to Fire Island, then across Great South Bay to the pinelands and wine lands of the North Fork, ending in Greenport on Gardner’s Bay, across from Shelter Island. Fortunately there is a lot to see and think about on the drive. At the Loop Parkway Bridge near the Jones Beach inlet, for example, an osprey pair have raised their chicks in a commodious nest of woven sticks, grasses, and the occasional strip of plastic sheeting. Shunning the ready-made platforms nearby, they chose to build their nest atop a wooden light standard at a spot where the parkway overlooks the channels and wetlands in the domain of Robert Moses, the Master Builder of Long Island’s parks and parkways. He would not have approved their choice of location, but the couple, let’s call them Roberta and Mo, knew what they were doing. Four nor’easters with gusts in the sixties have not managed to fully dislodge the empty osprey nest. If spring ever arrives the pair will return and rebuild this glorious bit of avian infrastructure.

A winter catboat can also be an attractive nest. When we were keeping the *Victor* in Boston Harbor at the Hull Yacht Club some years ago, we learned then that a hibernating catboat can attract the kindness of

strangers, and repay kindness with comfort from the storms. In 2015 while the *Victor* “slept” in the water at Captain’s Cove Marina in Quincy, Mass, the Boston area had a record 108.6 inches of snow. Nine feet. Family members living nearby could get a glimpse of her from the marina parking lot. They sent vague but hopeful reports after each blizzard: “Boat floating; cover seems okay.”



*Victor* and swamped motor boat.

When we finally made the drive up to Quincy in the early spring, the roads were clear but snow piles were mountainous. At the marina, my shipmate, Phillip, and I unzipped the awning hatch and climbed into the cockpit. The bilge was frozen solid; water had not quite reached the floorboards. At the starboard bow the tenacious awning was sagging and torn, but over the cockpit the canvas hung taut from boom to beam. A late winter sun heated the damp cockpit and we warmed ourselves further with a shot of ship’s brandy. We noticed a couple of telltale empty beer cans under one of the benches, a local brand.

Minutes later a friendly, red-faced stranger somewhere in his fifties greeted us through the awning hatch. We invited him aboard. Captain Charlie, we learned, lived with his father, also a charter captain, in the marina’s small neighborhood of “winterized” cabin cruisers. He said he loved the beamy catboat and



claimed he'd "been looking after the old gal" through the blizzards. "This wintah," Charlie said, "was the worst evah, wicked fierce, almost a killah." One night during a blizzard he almost lost his dad for good. Returning in the night from his neighborhood spa (an old New England term for a small local store) he fell into a huge snowdrift near the marina entrance. "The ol' cap'n surely wouldah froze," Charlie explained, "But I went lookin' for him and dragged him outta the drift."

We drank to his dad's narrow escape from the Grim Reaper. In the warm cockpit we agreed there was not much for us to do right then except enjoy a calm moment on the *Victor*. The batteries were charging, the bilges would eventually thaw, the float switches would activate, the pumps would work. My Boston family would come by to make sure that happened. We agreed with Captain Charlie that spring would come to New England (sometime). For insurance we left him a bottle of personal heating fluid and thanked him for his winter services (whatever they might have been).

Captain's Cove marina in Quincy, Massachusetts seemed to be almost an afterthought for the condo developers who owned it. Its managers were never around in the winter and were hard to find in the summer. It was a species of orphan marina where boat owners were free to fend for themselves, and so it attracted colorful dreamers with fantasy boat projects. The Brewers Marina in Greenport's Sterling Harbor where the *Victor* sleeps lately is a high-end, full-service boatyard with much more supervision, many more watchful eyes. Even so, the need to visit the winter boat is unrestrained.

Suspense mounts during the last twenty minutes of the drive along the North Fork to the marina in Greenport. The four violent nor'easters late this year (2018), unloaded the kind of heavy wet snow that rips a sagging cover. And how had the battery stood up?

When we arrived at the marina, we saw, even as we parked the car, that heavy snow and winds hadn't shredded the cover, although it had crept up over the stern as two of the lines around the hull there had snapped. But nothing was flapping or in danger of shredding. The bilge was dry. The air in the *Victor's* cabin was fresh, the wainscoting was mildew free. The captain bragged to his shipmate about the wisdom of completely emptying the cabin at the end of the season, and of keeping the boat ventilated, as the guru of catboat maintenance, the late Bob Reddington, always advised. We sat for a while in the covered cockpit and thought about things we might work on,



*Victor's* winter cover after seven inches of snow.

but the wind had risen and it was still bitter cold. We decided to go to lunch.

Warm in one of Greenport's delis, we lingered over pie and coffee. There was not much to do back at the boat, we rationalized. The *Victor* was still officially hibernating. On our return trip the sun broke from under low clouds. We drove homeward into a reddening sky. At the Loop Bridge we saw to our delight that Roberta and Mo had returned. They were already at work, weaving strands of dried eel grass and reeds into the remains of the nest they had abandoned in the fall. Will the day ever come, we wondered, when the *Victor's* winter cover will stand up to the weather as well as that bird nest high on the light pole at the Jones Beach Inlet?



Like Spring, *Victor* blooms again!



# Why Catboats?

---

Tom Sieniewicz

I feel compelled to write a love letter to catboats. I have been in love with them as long as I can remember. I love them all - fiberglass and wooden ones - but especially the wooden ones. I have been sailing them for 49 years.

Like those in love there is a kind of madness about people who love these boats. I have been trying hard to understand what it is about them that has this effect on us.

I do take comfort in the fact that I am not the only one who has these feelings. I look forward to the Catboat Association meeting in late winter, to be in a place where, amongst others of like passion, I feel normal. A place where a two-hour class on cooking on catboats keeps all of us in rapt attention.

Because I keep my two catboats within 26 miles of the Wooden Boat School, I was invited to Brooklin, Maine, five summers ago, to talk about my experience with catboats. Martin Gardner, an experienced, patient, and gifted sailing instructor and catboat enthusiast, runs a weeklong class on catboating. I have returned every year since to offer my views to the class, in seminar form – followed by sailing tours on my 1969 Crosby-built catboat *Petunia*.



*Petunia* underway.

Martin found me through the CBA membership directory as a catboat owner who moored close to Brooklin. Besides *Petunia*, I keep a 1957 Concordia Beetle, *Pequod* on Somes Sound on Mount Desert

Island. *Pequod* is too antique and too small to make the trip to Brooklin. (I fear the same fate as her namesake from Moby Dick.) But *Petunia* gamely makes the annual pilgrimage.

Like many catboats *Petunia* has a logbook in which I write a few notes on each of my voyages and if the weather comes in and I am at anchor I will write longer passages. It seems there is almost an infinite amount to say about adventures aboard a 22-foot, 49-year old wooden catboat. She has the effect of expanding my horizons in dream and in reality. These pages have made me try and conjure what it is about catboats that tugs and rocks me so profoundly.

I never thought too much about the log books until I took them to the catboat seminar and read some passages aloud to Martin's students. These seminars are enhanced by a gunnysack of show-and-tell objects from her cabin, so *Petunia's* distinct and beautiful scent, that any wooden boat has, fills the room. Granted the people who sign up for a week-long catboat class in remote Maine for a week are a self-selected group, and as I often arrive on the fourth or fifth day of the week, the whole group has been deliciously scratched and has catboat fever pretty bad. So my purring and sputtering bad prose and folk philosophy, which would give any academic a hairball, is coddled by the class like catnip by a house pet.

*Petunia* was perhaps the last wooden Crosby built. Likely some of the very builders are pictured in the accompanying photographs in the Mystic Seaport publication, *Building the Cosby Catboat*, by Barry Thomas. I was even approached online by a gentleman, John MacPherson of Sandwich, Massachusetts who was working at the Crosby yard in the summer of 1969. He said there were two boats built that year; one was *Petunia*. The other, *Frances*, now dry, is one of the centerpieces of the Oosterville Historical Museum. He ascribed *Petunia's* longevity to the fact that for most of her 49 years she has been kept either up here in the cold waters of the Maine Coast or, where I found her, in the frigid Pacific waters near Orcas Island in Washington State.

I consider *Petunia* a national treasure, and I have long contended that I do not own her but rather am

a steward of her until her next owner so that she may keep getting catcalled in American waters as she goes by forever and ever.



Comfortable solitude.

So together Martin and I have been exploring a central, interesting and arresting question with his catboat students over the years.

Why catboats? In our research, three categories of answers or rationales have emerged:

#### **The design and details.**

- They are simple, they have one sail, so it is easier to make them perfect.
- They have everything that I need.

#### **The sailing characteristics.**

- They are stable. They do not tip even though you stand on the edge. This is the very best kind of boat.
- They are a beautiful combination of stability and simplicity.
- You can sail them by yourself.
- They have centerboards and seem to need very little water to sail in.

#### **The way they prompt you to think and to travel in time.**

- They seem to be from another time and have the ability to transport you to that time.
- They have always had the effect on me of making me thoughtful. Does every boat do this? Some row boats do.
- I have always drawn them, and been drawn to them.

- They make me think forward.
- They always make me think about the future.
- They bring me peace.
- They are a lovely place to have a smoke.
- They are social. Many people fit on them comfortably at the same time. (Once trapped they have to listen to a captain's musings.)
- They are an American invention. They make me feel very patriotic and positive about the United States of America.

Did you notice they are so much bigger when you are on them than they are from afar? There is a dimensional magic to these craft. Even though my Beetle cat is only 12'-4" long, I have always imagined that it could sail to the horizon. Yet I worry about it as it bounces on the mooring in the wind. "*Pequod* is your Stradivarius," says my wife, Martha.

The sound of the water on the hull, and the smell of the wooden ones.

With one sail, they look easy to sail. However, as we catboat captains know, the most dangerous tack is a run. There is skill and an intimate knowledge you need to ride the line between speed and a flying jibe.

It is a powerful sail and if you have too much canvas up, rig and person are in danger. I have broken two masts on my Beetle. (As did my mother racing with Jim Kitteridge in Barnstable, Massachusetts, before the war (they still won). Jim has written of this in *The Beetle Sheet*. If you see him, it is still clear in his 90-year-old mind – (ask him about it.)

Children can sail them. Adults like them too. But unlike a Sunfish, there is enough old-fashioned sailing knowledge required. You can get into real trouble even on a Beetle if you do not know what you are doing.

I hear voices from the hull, accompanied by the sound of the sea on the sides of the wooden boat. Voices of the past, of family, of friends, of sailing instructors and crew members.

*Pequod* is named for Captain Ahab's, Ismael's and Starbuck's whaleship, rammed and stove in by an enraged white whale.

There is no prettier boat than a Beetle; I have been looking my whole life...but *Petunia*, if she knew, might be jealous.

My heart was taken 49 years ago and, I like everyone else in the Catboat Association, gets such joy at marveling why.





# My Lifetime with Catboats plus a “*Surprise*”

---

Adrian E. Offinger

It was back in 1935, when I was 15 years old and my brother Martin was 24, that my intrigue with catboats began. Martin located a 25-foot catboat for sale in nearby Southport, Connecticut. Together we bought her. Her name was *WAWA*, a name we never changed; we moored her in Saugatuck Harbor (Westport, Connecticut). From her decks we fished and clammed; we sailed *WAWA* as far as Port Jefferson, New York across Long Island Sound.

During one summer in the late 30's Martin and I planned a sailing trip to Greenport on the North Fork of eastern Long Island. We sailed as far as Plum Gut when we came upon two young men in the water holding on to their capsized sailing canoe. We picked them up and took their canoe in tow. Instead of beating further into rather strong headwinds, we dropped the two fellows off in Saybrook, Connecticut. For years after, we would hear from those two.

We sailed *WAWA* until the hurricane of 1938 took her life away! At that point in time, I had begun my freshman year at Yale and Martin was working as an engineer for General Electric in Schenectady, New York where he lived with his young family.

Now fast-forward: following graduation in 1942 and a stint as a metallurgist with Bridgeport Brass, I started my own heat treating business. I'd married Mary (Uhrig) in August, 1950. I missed sailing, however, and Mary agreed (i.e., allowed) me to look for a sailboat. I looked over several boats, but found the cockpit in each was too small—unlike the grand cockpit of a catboat!

Then I saw an advertisement in the *National Fisherman* for a 25-foot catboat located in Edgewood, Rhode Island, that I thought might be worth looking over. It was a 1920 Wilton Crosby built at the Osterville shop. Our long-time family friend, Richard Pearson, joined me for the drive to Edgewood. I quickly decided to buy her! Wendell Brown, the owner, showed me a photograph of his five children standing on the cabin top leaning up against the boom having a great time! Her name was *Elizabeth* (after his wife) and a two-cycle Lathrop engine powered her. Starting the engine, required priming the cylinders and rocking the flywheel. Maybe she would go forward; maybe she would go in reverse. We never knew which! And we needed to lubricate the cylinders frequently.

Mary and I welcomed our first child, Catherine (Cathy), in June 1951. Martin suggested we name the catboat after the new baby and the *Elizabeth* was renamed the *Cathy Ann*. Years later we would be blessed with Donald (Donny) in 1953 and then Harry (Hank) in 1956. Following Cathy's arrival, I'd cut a playpen in half and put it on the starboard berth down in the cabin securely tied to the hull. Each of the three kids were sailing well before their first birthday!

We enjoyed family sailing each summer on Long Island Sound and making excursions from Westport, Connecticut as far east as Nantucket in Massachusetts and cruising to so many harbors along the Connecticut shoreline, to Fisher's Island and Block Island, to Cuttyhunk and the other Elizabeth Islands, to Martha's Vineyard and along the north shore of Long Island as far west as Oyster Bay, New York. *Cathy Ann* was a comfortable boat for blue fishing and clamming as well as a great sailing boat. She carried 625 square feet of sail! We joined the Catboat Association and for a couple of seasons and tried racing in the Duck Island race. However, we found we weren't cut out for racing; we just enjoyed sailing and being on the water.

Around 1970 the boat was nearing its 50<sup>th</sup> birthday (same as me!) and the hull was beginning to show signs of stress and strain. I thought it best to let her go, but I so wanted to have another boat just like her! I located Edson Schock, a naval architect from Kingston, Rhode Island who was willing to come down to South Norwalk, Connecticut, where the boat was laid up, and take the lines of the boat and prepare a set of builder's plans. Somehow Wilton Crosby heard of my plan and offered me the original builder's drawings! These were provided to Newbert & Wallace of Thomaston, Maine who agreed to build us a replica of the Wilton Crosby catboat, complete with the long boom and 625 square feet of sail. Once complete, Hank and I sailed the new *Cathy Ann* from the Newbert & Wallace shop on the St. George River southward past Boston, through the Cape Cod Canal towards very familiar waters of Buzzards Bay and Block Island Sound and into Long Island Sound.

We enjoyed sailing the new *Cathy Ann* throughout Long Island Sound and traveling to Falmouth & Woods Hole to visit Cathy (who then and still works

for the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute). When around 2000 she too started to show signs of stress and strain, and was in need of a major overhaul, I asked Donny what he thought of replacing her with a powerboat for fishing and cruising. His response was whatever craft it took as long as we could be sure of enjoying the water.

This meant that I had to find a new owner for our dear *Cathy Ann*. I had one interested person. He came by one overcast fall day in the late afternoon. We had the whole of Westport's Saugatuck Harbor to ourselves. As I recall, we had a breeze of 15 mph. The interested party was none other than Jon Agne! He quickly fell in love with our *Cathy Ann*. The rest of the story is history.

Jon changed the name to *Surprise*. I knew this name through my reading of a 20-book series by Patrick O'Neil, the hero of which was Captain Jack

Aubrey whose ship was named *Surprise*. Jon had read the series of books too.

At any rate, Jon would stop by our home on his way from Brunswick, Maine to his job with Delta Airlines in New York City. We kept in and until not long ago he called to see if any of our kids would like to have *Surprise* back because of his illness. By then Cathy and Donny had acquired their own Marshall Sandpipers and graciously turned down Jon's generous offer. Cathy's *Tringa* rides at mooring in Woods Hole harbor and Donny's *Cathy Ann* rides at mooring exactly where *WAWA* and the first two *Cathy Anns* were once moored.

*Editor's Note: Friend and shipmate Jon Agne passed away on May 21, 2017. A memoriam can be found in the fall 2017 CBA Bulletin, No. 174.*

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## Yes, We Have No Oysters Today

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W. R. Cheney

Someone once said, "Go west young man," and I usually do although I'm not that young anymore. I go west not to build a sod house and start a farm on the great plains or to join the Forty-Niners seeking gold in California, but simply because I know that, however far along the mid-Maine coast I get in my engineless catboat, I can pretty much count on the prevailing onshore breeze to waft me back home to Swan's Island when I am ready.

There are other reasons too. Westward lies North Haven Island, Pulpit Harbor, and my friend Adam Campbell's oyster farm. At least once a summer I make the pilgrimage there to load *Penelope* up with oysters and then dash home with the precious cargo. Friends who are on my invite list for oyster and white wine orgies follow these oyster-bound sorties with interest, and when, as sometimes happens, I'm not successful in reaching my destination, their disappointment is ill concealed.

It took me several tries this summer. The first was a very promising start back in July. NOAA was predicting east winds five to ten for a couple of days. What better way to go, I thought. A gentle run all

the way; just the way I like it. Nothing demanding or dramatic. An easy run in the sun. A sybaritic sojourn among some of the most beautiful islands on earth.

Not halfway out of the harbor that sweet east breeze died two days ahead of time. The replacement, when it made its appearance, after a frustrating fly infested interlude, was about ten knots out of the northwest. Well, disappointing but still not too bad. We would be on the wind, not running, but it would be pretty much a matter of one tack going west.

Those guys in Washington, or wherever they are, had promised sunshine to go along with the following breeze, but ol' sol soon disappeared too, and the day assumed a sullen grayish cast while the temperature dropped noticeably. Our idyllic westward romp had been transformed into a colder, grimmer quest.

Off the south shore of McGlathery Island the northwest breeze began to falter. We had already passed the cut between McGlathery and No Man's Island that leads to the anchorages there, and with a now feeble wind and a strong westward flowing tide there was no going back. We'd have another shot at getting to the McGlathery anchorages when



we reached the opening between Round and Wreck Islands, but the same combination of feeble wind and strong adverse current would make success unlikely.

The last chance of finding an anchorage before being swept out into West Penobscot Bay, to become the helpless plaything of the tides on what promised to be a windless afternoon, was the little notch between Harbor and Merchant Islands over to the southwest.

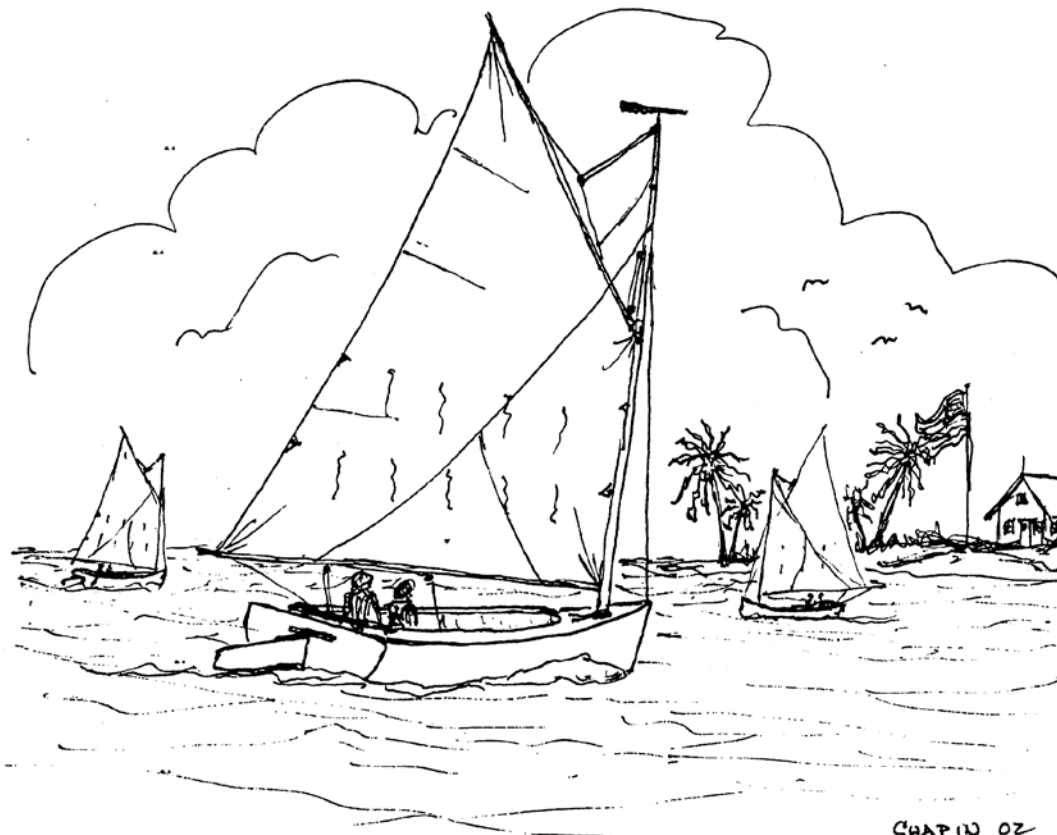
What faint zephyrs now prevailed were from the southeast meaning that I could point her almost south, upwind and up tide from the harbor, but a glance at my hand-held GPS showed that I could not hold her high enough. The westward flowing current would sweep me by Harbor Island before I could make the opening.

Time for the ash breeze. *Penelope* carries a pair of long sculls left over from a long defunct Alden Ocean Shell. I quickly deployed one to the starboard combing and began rowing as hard as I could. The GPS indicated that thus assisted, *Penelope* might just make it into the harbor. It was close, but after half an hour of intense effort, success at last. Exhausted but relieved, we made it into that bony little slot. A good thing too because the late afternoon, evening, and night that followed were as eerily still and windless as any I can remember.

The harbor formed by Merchant Island and its close neighbor Harbor Island is pretty much wide open to the northeast, east, and northwest, but *Taft and Rinedlaub*, the usually excellent Maine cruising guide, cites it as one of the best and most attractive anchorages in the area. One nice feature is that the very few dwellings along the Merchant Island shore are set so far back you don't see them from the water.

Next morning, a consultation with the weather radio revealed that the forecasts had been somewhat revised. The predicted westward flow had been postponed for a day or two. Now we would have the reverse for the day ahead (meaning I would face a dead beat all the way across West Penobscot Bay and around the corner to Pulpit Harbor, and then, with a renewal of the westward flow on subsequent days, a dead beat all the way back to Swan's Island. Heavy rain and thunderstorms featured as an added treat for those subsequent days.

Call me a quitter if you will. I took the friendly west wind and headed home. It goes without saying that certain ungrateful friends of mine greeted my oyster-less arrival with ill-concealed disappointment.



# My First Sail

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By Jim Grenier

Hopefully, you'll recall my previous article (Prepping *Remedy*, Bulletin No.176) on how I helped get Doc Johnson's open catboat *Remedy* ready for launch. That was back in 1962 when I was ten years old. I had put in a lot of fun hours, days even, helping Doc and today was my reward, a sail aboard *Remedy*. My first trip on a real sailboat.

It was a Sunday afternoon when my Dad drove the old Dodge into the Falcon Marina's gravel parking lot and dropped me off. Dr. Johnson was waiting for me and handed me a brand new crisp ten-dollar bill! I had forgotten all about getting paid for helping get his boat ready. How can you get paid for something you had so much fun doing? I reluctantly gave my Dad the money to hold for me. I didn't want to lose it. I had holes in both pants pockets.

"We'll be back around 4:30 or so," Dr. Johnson told my Dad. "We'll be sailing in the bay and we'll catch the incoming (tide) around four o'clock, so we'll be fine."

"Jimmy is pretty excited to sail with you, just make sure he stays in the boat and bring him back in one piece," Dad was speaking to Dr. Johnson but looking at me, "and make him wear a life jacket."

Once Doc and I got down to the boat and settled in, Doc had me untie the dock lines while he struggled to get the Seagull engine started. Seagull engines are supposed to be reliable and after about 20 yanks and a flooded carburetor, it finally coughed to life. Some of Doc's language was new to me, but based on the grunting and other salty words they mixed in, well, I assumed they weren't the kind of things to put here in my story. Let's chalk it up to "sailor talk."

Doc spun the engine around backwards and we backed out of the slip while I sat there on the starboard seat grinning my face off. He put on a straw hat; something he said kept the sun out of his eyes. I'd seen a barbershop quartet on TV wearing the same things and wished I had one too.

We motored downriver and followed the channel under the railroad bridge that was swung open. It was always open anytime a train wasn't using it. Then we went under the Main Street drawbridge that was much higher. The sign said 38 feet at low tide and our mast was only maybe 20 feet high, so it wasn't a problem for us.

The tide was ebbing and we were moving with the tide so it was a quick trip past the other docks and out into the bay. The wind was at our backs the whole time. We finally cleared the town mooring area and Doc turned the boat around, heading into the wind. He asked me to undo the sail ties, which, for some reason, he called "gaskets." He tied a dock line around the tiller to hold it steady and let the engine idle in gear while he untied the halyards. I released the knotted cord that held the centerboard up.

Doc hauled on both the throat and peak halyards at the same time. The sail flapped around until he secured the inside halyard and pulled harder and quicker on the other one. Up, up went the gaff peak and after a certain point I had to keep my head down because the boom jumped the crutch and bobbed and swung around the cockpit. My younger brother Tom had once hit me on the head with a stick, so I sure dodged the even bigger swinging "stick" on *Remedy*.

Dr. Johnson was a very good doctor and probably a good sailor, but a rusty teacher. I think he assumed I knew more than I actually did. He yelled for me to shorten the mainsheet, but I didn't know *exactly* what that meant, so I froze. I finally figured out what he wanted when he grabbed at the tiller and hauled in the line that was attached to the boom. We turned away from the wind and began to move forward. Doc stopped the engine, and we removed the scissor-like crutch from the aft deck.

Things then went real quiet. We were *sailing!* My first time *ever*.

Back in the early 60's, the bay hosted only a handful of small sailboats and a sparse fleet of outboard skiffs used for fishing for stripers, bluefish, and flounder. These days, there are many more boats of all kinds using the bay, lots of kayaks and stand-up paddleboards too. Lobster boats and head boats still head out past the bay to the ocean, leaving the small bay-boats to contend with the comber wakes they leave behind.

That day we were only one of three sailboats on the bay. One was a small blue-hulled lapstrake sloop, the other a handsome sailing canoe.

Every time we got close to the little blue sloop, Doc tweaked our mainsheet, topping lift and peak

halyard, racing the other boat. There was no real start or finish, just the attempt to catch and overtake it. Heading in some directions the other boat was faster but sometimes we'd pass him going another way. This, apparently, is an important part of sailing because you get to trim sail and hone your other skills as a sailor. It also provides bragging rights if you happen to win more than you lose. Winning is especially important to grownups but kids mostly care about having fun. You'll find it's a hard-and-fast rule that whenever two sailboats meet on the same course, they have to see who is faster.

Lucky for me we were zinging around with the other boat because I held the tiller while Doc pulled on lines adjusting the sails and trim. Sometimes he peaked the gaff and sometimes lowered it a bit depending on where the wind was. When the wind was behind us he'd raise the centerboard lowering it just before a wide loopy turn he called a "chicken gybe." Funny names for things on boats, right?

Eventually he let me handle the mainsheet and showed how to watch for and correct for luffing: the front of the sail fluttering. The worst thing we did was when the wind was behind us the boom came sweeping across the boat to the other side. Scary! "We don't want to do that again!" shouted Doc, as if it were my fault, when in fact I was only steering exactly as Doc told me to. "That's a gybe and it's dangerous! Might break something or somebody's head if you don't see it coming." I sure didn't know it was coming, and if Doc did, he sure never mentioned it. I guess a gybe and a chicken gybe are two entirely different things but both end up pointing you in the same direction.

We tried to sail around Wood Duck Island. The dense eelgrass in the narrow near the shore slowed us down. I didn't think there was enough water there to float a duck, let alone a boat, and, of course, I was right: we went aground, the centerboard plowing into black muck. We stopped cold. Sometimes, on summer days at my uncle's nearby cottage, I used to swim out near that spot and could always touch bottom, so I offered to jump out to try to push us off the mud. "You'll stay in the boat. Don't get any fancy ideas," said Doc.

The simplest solution was to raise the centerboard a little and keep sailing. But pulling hard on the centerboard pennant (the line attached to the centerboard) we found it wouldn't budge. (Doc later discovered that the slot in the trunk was jammed full of eelgrass.) We let the mainsheet run free so the sail

flapped, and then Doc lowered it. It came down pretty quick but the boom angled over the gunwale and sail drooped towards the water. Doc asked me to bring the mainsheet in, which was easy without any wind in the sail. I already knew from practice how to tie a hitch on a cleat, so I tied the mainsheet so the boom wouldn't bounce around.

I tried to fold the big canvas sail, bunching it up in my little arms. I didn't do a very good job and now it looked like a pile of Mom's laundry, but I kept it all in the boat at least. In order to keep the sail from unravelling and filling up the cockpit, we had to tie two of the "gaskets" together to wrap around the baggy lump of sail.

We discussed our problem for a minute, trying to pick the best course of action. He quoted some old advice on grounding a boat: "Come off as ye come on." The "ye" emphasizing its ancient, tried-and-true wisdom.

The Seagull outboard was lowered back into the water and Doc went through only five or six yanks when it sputtered and started. I don't know which model this engine was, but it didn't have a reverse gear. So Doc spun it around in its bracket until it faced completely backwards, with Doc hanging half out of the boat, hunched over the running engine, one hand extended onto the thumb throttle and the other holding tight onto the big rudder. The tiller was wedged between his knees, keeping it from moving. His straw skimmer hat fell off his balding head into the water and floated away, hanging up in the eelgrass. "Hat overboard!" he called. He put the engine in gear, slowly increasing the throttle until the water boiled around the transom. Still, we were going nowhere.

Then he asked me to go up to the bow, to hold onto the mast and jump up and down. "Maybe," he explained, "we can rock the centerboard loose. The first time I tried, the boat didn't even move. I simply didn't weigh enough, only about 62 pounds. I hopped back into the cockpit and rummaged under the foredeck and pulled out the anchor. It had to weigh at least ten pounds, so, added to my weight, maybe it would help! If I could have reached one of those lead pigs in the bilge, it would be easier to hold onto and it might have made my jumping better.

So there I was, jumping up and down on the foredeck, one hand on the mast and my other arm cradling the anchor, some chain and anchor line piled up around my toes. Not much room up there. Jumping wasn't easy! The engine was roaring, water churning white. I was starting to flag when I felt the

boat move just a bit. I kept jumping but had to put the anchor down onto the deck, because I couldn't hold it anymore. At long last we moved a little more, this time a bit backwards. Black muddy clouds formed around the boat and we inched a little more.

Suddenly we were moving backwards, faster and faster until Doc thumbed down the throttle and shifted the Seagull into neutral. He spun the engine back around and put it back in gear. We now were going forward again. Doc turned the boat so we could motor out of the eel grass. I thought we could get his hat back, and after a few bad swipes I finally snagged it with the boathook. Straw hats float very well, something to remember if you need a hat for your boat. They probably call them "skimmers" for this reason alone.

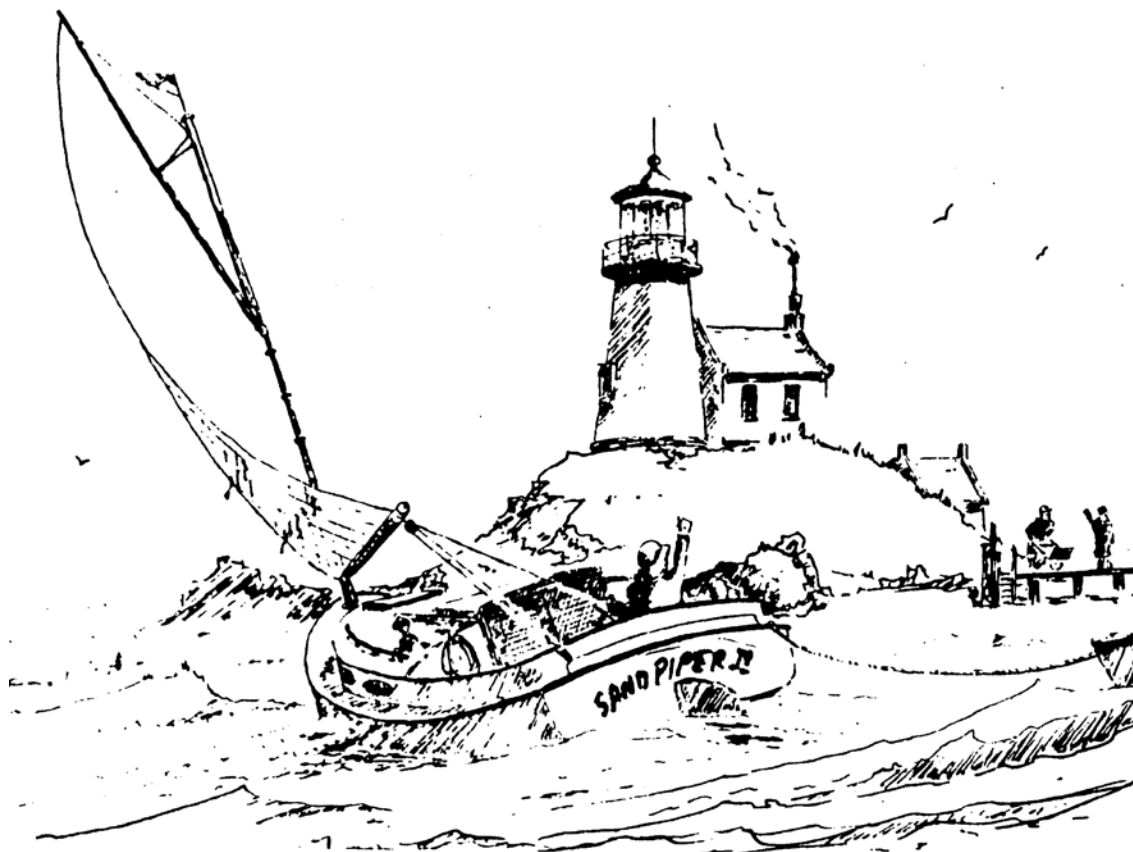
I stuffed the anchor below. We turned and made it to deeper water. We also noticed the tide had changed and was now coming back in from the ocean. Doc chipped in, "I bet if we waited for another ten minutes we would have just floated off."

Maybe that would have been a better idea than all the jumping up and down and hat-losing, but I still liked the idea of "Come off as ye come on." And, in my humble opinion, our method was definitely more exciting than just waiting around.

We headed northward back into the bay. The little blue sloop was gone. The water looked different now, smoothing out and glassy- as the wind was lessening. And the channel buoy was now a tell-tale tipping, a ruffle-wake showing the water pushing back upriver. Doc said it was time to head back to the Falcon Marina. Dad would be waiting for me.

But that was only the first part of my fist day sailing. There's more to come in the next part of the story.

*This is the fourth installment of Jim's continuing story. The first, Becoming a Catboat Kid, was published a couple of years ago in Bulletin 172, followed by Painting a Cat, in Bulletin 175, and Prepping Remedy in Bulletin 176.*





# Cruising

Steve Flesner, Editor

## A Check off the Bucket List!

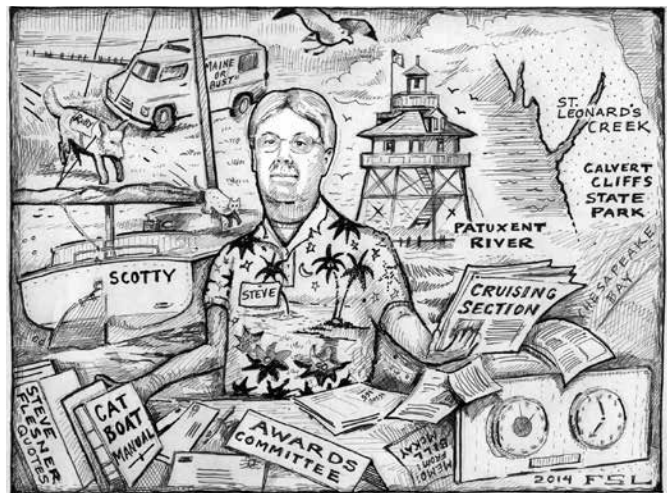
Kevin O'Driscoll

People seem to come up with bucket lists as they get older. My list has always had on it - doing the New York Canal system. For the last ten years of my sailing life I have thought and planned for this trip. I even took advantage of the fact that I was dismasted in 2011. I repaired the problem with a homemade Tabernacle system that allows me to step my mast by myself; I don't need a boat yard to do it. My 1974 Herreshoff America has been sailed hard and put away wet for ten years. The *Shannon Marie* has sailed over 10,000 miles in the last four years alone, a prerequisite for getting ready to sail to Lake Champlain.

Phase One: I hit every library sale for three years and collected over 30 audio books for entertainment. My wife Francine was on the hunt for sales to provision the *Shannon Marie* for this adventure. I left the dock with enough supplies and food for six weeks.

Phase Two: Researching locations for fuel, ice, transit docking, and bathroom calls. Francine and I took a recon trip to the canal system in April to see what I was getting into. The first individual we ran into was a doctor of history who works for the National Park Service. His specialty - the canal system of a New York. This gentleman supplied me with charts and information books for the whole Canal system. At the next lock we visited, we met a forty-year veteran lock operator who gave us a full tour of the lock and its operations. Situations like this happen to me all the time, it's called Kevin's luck! It's the luck where you don't get what you want, but you do get what you need. This came into play many times during my trip.

My fourteen year-old grandson Jake was going to meet me in Waterford, New York at the canal system Welcome Center. As my first mate, Jake has been sailing with me since he was four years old. However, with an eighteen-foot cat boat, a growing teenager, a 6'2" 240 pound captain, and six weeks of provisions, finesse in packing was essential. I already had two, three and a half gallon fuel tanks, to which I added two more six-gallon tanks. A total of 19 gallons of fuel or 350 miles range under just motor power. I also



made an awning out of PVC pipe and a tarp, which I stored in my dinghy along with a small generator for those times I couldn't find shore power. I inspected, compression tested, and tuned up my outboard motor. I installed a new Bruce anchor and stainless steel chain rode and line. New LED navigation lights, new stereo and new set of deep draw batteries were also installed. All new safety flares, horn and such were added to the mix.

Phase Three: Execution of the plan! The plan was to leave on June 14th so I didn't get caught-up in the Newport to Bermuda race. No such luck; small craft warnings had me leave a day later on the 15th. By the time I reached the Newport area, the race was in full swing. What seemed to be hundreds of sailing boats were leaving in waves from Newport Harbor. It was truly a spectacular sight. Unfortunately, I had to cut across all of their paths to keep going on my planned course. I was crossing paths with all those departing boats and everybody seemed quite pleased with me. In fact, I was told I was number one by several people. They were all showing me their middle finger that means I'm number one, right? I sailed into the port of Galilee and anchored off the beach for my first night.

Off before dawn to catch the tide going into Long Island Sound. Pulled into Milford, Connecticut late in the afternoon for fuel and ice. I planned on anchoring in Milford Harbor; however, there was no place available. Then Kevin's luck came into play. Leaving Milford Harbor in a different direction than I'd approached, I found a pretty little island with about twenty boats anchored around it. People were partying and swimming, a great anchoring spot as far as I was concerned. I anchored, cooked dinner, and crashed for the night.

Sailing away at dawn, I found my phone had not charged all night. This would be a problem because



my charts were on that phone. Kevin's luck to the rescue again. I sailed into Bridgeport and found a small dock behind a fish market that had its own fleet. I tied up and went in and spoke to the owner who took pity on me and called a cab to bring me to T-Mobile. Two cab rides and I was back with my phone working again.

I headed for Norwalk. The weather turned very foul. A patch of fiberglass that was over the hole for the cable in my centerboard trunk popped off. Every time the boat would come down off of one of the waves, a geyser of water would shoot up and into the cabin. I looked for a convenient group of masts sticking in the air and I headed for them. With more than six inches of water splashing around in the cabin, I started pumping out by hand and headed for the yacht club.

A former owner of my boat had replaced the steering system with a power boat steering system. The bracket that holds the steering cable decided this was a good time to break, only allowing the boat to turn to the starboard. Kevin's luck back to work again. I was lucky to have a perfect course right up to the Norwalk Yacht Club dinghy dock. A slightly put-off dock master told me I had to leave. I pointed out my steering was broken and I didn't want to bounce off any of their million-dollar yachts. He called the manager of a local marina, which was about 400 yards away, and had him come by. He got a slip for me at his marina and called the cab for me to go to West Marine.

As a customer, West Marine stores all your purchase information in their computer system, making it easy for them to bring up my previous purchase of the bracket that snapped. They sent the part next-day air to the marina where I was staying. The part was there at 10:30 the next morning; I was gone within an hour afterwards. What about the missing patch you say? The night before I had taken a tube of marine silicone sealant and coated the area around the cable hole in the centerboard trunk. I then saturated a piece of t-shirt material from a rag and made it into a patch covering up the hole. I then sealed the whole thing up with duct tape and crossed my fingers. It worked great, in fact it's still working 2100 miles later.

Leaving Norwalk I was heading into New York waters. Under the Throgs Neck Bridge, the Whitestone Bridge, past LaGuardia Airport, the sun was just going down as I blasted by Rikers Island at a nose bleeding speed of 10.1 knots. I dropped the sail and cut back to half throttle and was still flying. The East River

was like a Nantucket sleigh-ride. Dodging water taxis, ferries, and huge yachts, what a ride! Helicopters, floating booze cruises, the lights, the sounds, it is truly the city that doesn't sleep! I finally rounded the end of Manhattan and WHAM, 3.5 knots. The outgoing tide along with the normal current of the Hudson, plus a fully-loaded dinghy, put a damper on my progress. My little six horsepower Tohatsu Outboard was screaming its little valves out in the motor well. Even with all that noise, it was drowned out by the sounds of partying at the waterside clubs.

Eventually I came up to the *Intrepid* Aircraft Carrier Sea, Air, and Space Museum dock. I've been beside the battleship *Massachusetts* and it made me feel puny. Being near that aircraft carrier gave a whole new meaning to feeling puny. I sailed between the docks and spotted an early 60's style submarine, with a hanger assembly mounted on the rear deck to launch cruise missile type planes off the stern. This is very impressive to see when you're sailing beside it, but nowhere near as impressive as looking up on the dock and seeing a Concorde aircraft sitting there. I felt very humble in my little 44-year old Herreshoff.

Still sailing up the Hudson, I approached the George Washington Bridge. I noticed a large grey wall coming down the Hudson, a torrential downpour was in my future. Within fifteen minutes of this rain storm my Third Reef rain gear had soaked straight through, this was a first for me! Since I don't have a dodger, I was sitting on a cooler under my boom for a bit of coverage. Fun fact, there are secondary drains off the GW Bridge for heavy rain moments. I had the great fortune of going underneath one of these and it poured enough water into my cockpit that my fuel tanks that were low on fuel were floating. About an hour and a half later I found a small marina on the New Jersey side and dove in there for cover. I tied up till morning, picked up ice, fuel, made a head-call, and was off and sailing.

Under the Tappan Zee Bridge, past West Point, and up the river I went. Another fun fact: the deepest water I ran into along this whole trip was on the Hudson River at 178 feet deep. That is 78 feet deeper than the deepest part of Buzzards Bay.

At sunset, south of Beacon, I anchored beside the island with Bannerman Castle on it. Google Bannerman Castle - it's an incredible story. I pulled into the Beacon area, tied up to a kayak dock, and walked over to the train station to use the facilities. Returning to my boat I went into another adventure of saving a young boy from a flock of geese - a story for another time.



Passing the Tappan Zee Bridge



Bannerman Castle ruins from the explosion that made it famous.

The Hudson River was truly the hidden jewel of this adventure. I highly recommend a trip up the Hudson for anyone that wants to have a wonderful sailing adventure. I sailed non-stop till dusk arriving in Catskill, New York. Then it was dinner, head-call, and sleep in that order. Another day done.

Gone before dawn, I had miles to cover. I stopped at a marina at dusk for ice, fuel, dinner, and a much-needed shower. Back on the *Shannon Marie* to do some night sailing! The tug and barge traffic on the Hudson is impressive, to say the least. You don't think of upstate New York as a seaport, but it is! There are freighters as big as any that come into New Bedford tied along the side of the river all the way up from south of Albany to Rensselaer. I pulled into Rensselaer and tied up behind the *USS Slater*, a floating Museum on a former navy warship. It was about three in the morning and I knew I had to get up in four hours to

make the first Troy lock at seven a.m.. I only slept for three hours because I had to stop at a small pier on the way to the lock to lower my mast. After the obligatory 45 minutes of screaming, cussing, and all the other joys of lowering your mast single-handed, I was ready to rock and roll on the New York Canal system. Fun fact: it's 402 miles from the first Troy lock to Pope's Island, New Bedford.



Rensselaer, NY. Tied up behind the USS Slater - Maritime Museum.

Waterford, New York has the New York Canal system Welcome Center, right at the beginning of the Champlain and Erie Canal. They have dock space for about twenty-five boats and showers and ice are available. Shore power costs \$10 per stay - maximum stay: forty-eight hours. It's the only place along the way you have to pay for power; at all other welcome centers in towns along the canal shore power is free. Francine and my first mate grandson Jake showed up that afternoon. We took the afternoon off, went out and had a great meal, and slept in a motel room for the night, a true heavenly experience. Jake and I were dropped off at the boat after a great breakfast. Francine took off on an adventure of her own - to experience all the wonders of Cooperstown and the Baseball Hall of Fame.

Jake was offered the opportunity to pick which way to go first, Champlain Canal or Erie Canal? He chose Champlain and off we went. We unfortunately could only go about twenty-five miles and had to stop in Mechanicsville. We were finding that the timing of the locks was everything. They only work between seven a.m. and five p.m.. However, you're not allowed to stay on the canal because five p.m. is when the commercial barge traffic starts. They don't



Waterford Welcome Center.

want people anchoring where they could get harmed by the barge traffic. Jake and I took advantage of the situation and reassembled my awning system on the *Shannon Marie*. We now looked like The African Queen.

Three beautiful sailboats from Canada going south stayed at the welcome center with us that evening. I asked them where they were heading and they said to Cape Cod, the Vineyard, and Nantucket. I informed them that New Bedford had some of the best seafood in New England. It seems they took to my suggestion to stay in New Bedford because, as of September 15th of this year, their boats are still in New Bedford Harbor.

The next day we made it to Whitehall, New York, the end of the Champlain Canal and the beginning of the Champlain River which leads to Lake Champlain. At this time we found out we no longer could get a three or four G internet connection on the river. The *Shannon Marie* made it to Split Rock Mountain on Lake Champlain, but we no longer had even a phone connection. So we turned around and made it back to Whitehall by dusk. This was the end of the three 100-degree days with intermittent rain we had to deal with. We returned to Whitehall Marina, which had great amenities showers, ice, fuel, restaurant, and most importantly a bar and Wi-Fi!



Approaching Split Rock Mountain on the New York side of Lake Champlain



The ruins of an old boat barn.

We started out at seven a.m. for the Whitehall lock transit. Whitehall is lock #12; we made it to lock #11 where our luck kind of ran out for a while. We were stuck in the lock because of a stuck valve in one of the draining systems. I spent a few hours holding onto the wall waiting for someone to come fix the problem. These locks were made a hundred years ago, little quirks are bound to occur after that much time. This delay forced us to stay in Fort Edward which has a boat basin and park. At this particular park was a carnival which had rides, ice cream, and live concerts - an unexpected treat. We arrived at the Waterford Welcome Center the next afternoon. Our plan was to go west on the Erie Canal section next. Locks #2, #3, #4, #5, and #6 had to all be transited in one two-hour run.



Then a series of unfortunate events started to occur. The motor chose to die on us and took hours to restart. This was later traced to a faulty fuel filter. Then a grounding outside of a marina caused even more undue stress. My grandson had never seen any of the dark side of my PTSD. Though this dark benevolence was not aimed at him, nevertheless he became very worried. The icing on this poop pie was on the deck where the bracket that I replaced was starting to buckle. After some much-needed repairs, we decided to return to Waterford. A few phone calls later, we arranged for my son to come pick up Jake at the Welcome Center, it was July 2nd. We waited till the afternoon of July 3rd for my son and other grandson to show up. Working for Audi, my son used a Q5 SUV to come to New York. With all the room he had, I sent my generator and unassembled awning back with him. Jake and I had already re-stepped my mast. They took off that night and I waited for the first lock back to the Hudson the morning of July 4th. I had decided to return home to repair my deck, instead of hoping it wouldn't fail during the rest of a very long trip.

I stopped in Catskill again and topped off my fuel tanks, and loaded up on ice. I set off sailing again, right into the night. Over a hundred miles later, I was anchored off of Bannerman Castle Island again, for a bit of a break. Next morning, I kept sailing south, past West Point, under the Bear Mountain Bridge and into a severe squall. Definite small craft warnings should have been flying at that point. In the distance I spotted a group of masts at a marina and headed for them. I arrived at a very nice little yacht club along the side of the Hudson in Ossining, New York. It was 5:30 or 6 p.m. when I tied up at the first available space I could find. Having a severe case of sea legs, I stumbled down the dock and went looking for a dockmaster. I found a gentleman wearing a Hawaiian shirt, ratty shorts and flip flops coming out of the men's room. I asked him who to see about a transient slip? He responded, "Oh he's gone now, just see him in the morning. What are you doing here?" I gave him a brief synopsis of a trip up to Lake Champlain in my little 18-foot catboat and how I was on my return voyage. He mentioned it sounded like a hell of an adventure and invited me to come on over to the clubhouse and have a drink on him. I mentioned I'd like to take a shower first and I'd meet him there afterwards. He said, "Great and if anybody gives you any trouble tell them you're a guest of the Commodore." I asked him, chuckling, "Does the Commodore know that?"

"I better, I'm the Commodore; Bob Goldsmith

at your service." Kevin's luck to the rescue again! I sat out one more day waiting for the storm front to go through. This finally broke the hundred degree weather cycle.



One Tired Sailor, in 100-degree Plus Heat.

July 7<sup>th</sup>, a much cooler day, New York City here I come! I fortunately caught the eastern passage going from low to high tide. I kept up a steady 8.5 knots, with the sail up, and the motor running. Kept sailing clear into the night. Pulled into Bridgeport around two a.m.. Went and tied up to the dock I'd stopped at before when I had to get my phone repaired.

July 8<sup>th</sup>, gone before dawn, miles to go before I rest. I played and fought the tides all day till I limped into the port of Galilee late that night. I anchored off the public beach again. I had just finished my dinner and was resting comfortably in my cockpit contemplating the day when a pickup truck pulled up in the beach parking lot. A young couple with a blanket came on the beach. Unfortunately, I could hear every word they said, yet they were oblivious that my boat was literally twenty feet off the beach. Thinking they were alone, Jeffrey started getting a bit frisky. The young lady laughing started saying, no Jeffrey, stop Jeffrey, don't do that Jeffrey, the whole time very much giggling and laughing. I knew it was truly just a playful couple, however, I knew this intimate situation was going to escalate very quickly. Not really wanting to be an unwilling witness to this intimacy, I decided to speak up. Still laying low in my cockpit I called out, "Jeffrey, hey Jeffrey, no means no!" Holy crap (or something a bit saltier) was exclaimed by Jeffrey. Still not realizing I was anchored literally feet away from them, they were scared witless by my sudden outburst. They both leaped up, grabbed the blanket,

ran to the truck, and blasted it out of the parking lot. Better luck next time Jeffrey!

July 9th. I left at 5:30 in the morning with the fishing fleet. I motor-sailed the final 35 miles and arrived through the hurricane barrier at 2:30 p.m.. I took the 3:15 northbound bridge opening to home at the Whaling City Marina on Pope's Island. I was home at last.

The entire round trip was 987 miles, I left June 15th and returned July 9th. I averaged about 40 miles a day, even on the days I was sitting!

It's pluses and minuses time; every good review has them. We'll start with the minuses - number one: electronic charts. Electronic charts are great and very easy to work. However, if your phone gets wet as mine did up on Champlain, you lose them all. I luckily brought a backup phone, though older, it still worked. It however, could not bring up the charts. Charts programmed into my GPS were a great backup. Another thing was my lack of research on T-Mobile's cellular coverage. There were large gaps in their three to four G coverage; I should have checked on that. One more thing was the fact that I never took into account the operating hours and time it takes to transit a lock.

On the plus side it was a hell of a trip, the kind that belongs on a bucket list. As I said before, the Hudson was truly the jewel of this whole trip. So with a big check on my bucket list, which way to the ICW?

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## Cruising the Chesapeake in a Sanderling

Samuel W. "Woody" Norwood III

The day after Memorial Day in 2018, I departed Beaufort, South Carolina, in my car with my Marshall 18 Sanderling *Geezer* in tow and her tender, *Whipper Snapper* loaded upside down on the car's roof.

Bound for the Chesapeake Bay for about ten days of cruising, this was my fourth consecutive year of taking a couple of weeks in late May and early June to sail solo. The prior three years had taken me from Port Saint Lucy, Florida, to Beaufort, South Carolina (my home); from Beaufort to Oriental, North Carolina; and from Oriental to Cambridge, Maryland.

Sanderlings are convenient for doing this kind of cruising. They tow easily, are quick to rig and unrig,



Loaded up, moving out!

easy to launch, and retrieve on ramps, and have ample room for solo sailors and while tight, sufficient space for couples.

In Beaufort, I have neighbors who spend their summers in Cambridge overlooking the Choptank River. Allan and Carol Acree are also very generous with friends and their support this year and last made my voyages (I call my cruises "voyages") possible and convenient. Last year they drove down to Oriental and drove my car and trailer back to Cambridge where I ended my voyage. This year they helped me rig, launch and retrieve and de-rig in Cambridge.

My planned itinerary was as follows:

| Leg | Distance  |
|-----|---|
| 1.  | Cambridge to Tilghman Island<br>7 NM                              |
| 2.  | Tilghman to St. Michaels<br>21 NM                                 |
| 3.  | St. Michael's to Wye River (Skipton Creek) 11 NM                  |
| 4.  | Wye/Skipton to Rock Hall<br>25 NM                                 |
| 5.  | Rock Hall to Annapolis (Mill Creek near Cantlers) 16 NM           |
| 6.  | Annapolis to Herrington Harbor North<br>24 NM                     |
| 7.  | Herrington Harbor to Solomons Island<br>33 NM                     |
| 8.  | Solomons to Slaughter Creek (James Island, Little Choptank) 23 NM |
| 9.  | Slaughter Creek to Hudson Creek (a day of crabbing) 5 NM          |
| 10. | Hudson Creek to Oxford 20 NM                                      |
| 11. | Oxford to Cambridge 12 NM   |
|     | Total 207 NM  |



Of course, the actual voyage turned out to be a bit different. Weather matters. You do not want to be a slave to your plan. Having a plan, with options, allows you to adjust to circumstances.

Here is how it actually went.

On the first day it's important to have an easy one. Inevitably the start is a bit delayed. One needs to get comfortable settling into the voyage. It was a quick, four-hour sail over to Tilghman Island, going through the little bascule bridge at Knapps Narrows, which opens on request, and pulling into the last marina on the left, creatively named Tilghman Island Marina. There was not a good place to anchor. I had a delightful walk back to the bridge for a late afternoon beer and an early dinner.



My challenge - get it organized before dark.

It's important to get everything organized in the boat, and that is what I did before it got dark. Yes, there is a place for everything and everything has its place: I had bought an Origo 1500 stove and was determined to have a nice breakfast the following morning, with coffee, fruit, a V-8, and a couple of hard boiled eggs. The Origo fit nicely on a fold-up teak 20" X 20" table made for the cockpit - then it was off to St. Michaels, arguably the most visited little town on the Eastern Shore. Its main attraction is the Maritime Museum, really a worthwhile visit. Anchoring in St. Michaels is easy and plentiful.

For the following day I had planned to sail up the Wye River to Skipton Creek. The area up there is remote and beautiful according to all I had read. But, bad weather was coming and would arrive by mid-afternoon and last for all the following day. So, I decided to skip the Wye for now and go straight to

Rock Hall, going through Kent Narrows on the way. As I would be there for two nights and the weather was going to be nasty, I decided to tie up at (another creative name) Rock Hall Landing, which is the closest marina to town and just 100 yards from Waterman's Crab House.



Rock Hall Landing - Waterman's Crab House in the background.

The weather was going to be gnarly, but it did not stop the Rock Hall Triathlon, which just happened to be going on there that weekend. My dock spot was perfect for watching the swimmers emerge from the water at Waterman's and run enthusiastically toward their bikes while stripping off their wetsuits.

My friends/neighbors, the Acrees, drove over from Cambridge, and we all drove to Chestertown, another great little Eastern Shore town, for a walk-about. I had thought about sailing up the Chester River to visit this town, but the Acrees said they would take me there, saving a fairly long day of sailing. Yes, it was raining, as predicted, but upon arriving back at Rock Hall, we had a little wine and cheese in *Geezer* before going to dinner at Waterman's.

With the weather clearing and the wind filling in from the north, I had a perfectly wonderful sail down to Annapolis from Rock Hall. I sailed up Mill Creek where friends Bob and Cindi Gibson had promised me dockage at their little marina. Bob was kind enough to also take me into town to get some supplies for *Geezer* and *Whipper Snapper*. That evening David and Kim Morrow joined us for fine dining at Cantler's. Naturally, I ordered steamed crabs only to find out later that due to a cold spring and excess rain, the crab season was running about a month late and the crabs I ate probably had been trucked up from South Carolina!



Happy Hour at Rock Hall!

The following day was epic! We sailors might get a couple of days like this in our lifetime if we are lucky. With the wind from the north at 15 to 20 kts all day, I put in a reef before exiting Mill Creek. I had figured, conservatively, on taking three days to go south nearly 50 NM to Solomons Island, with stops at Herrington Harbor (North) and Flag Harbor. Leaving Mill Creek a bit before 9 a.m., I passed Herrington Harbor around 12:30 and flew past Flag Harbor at 3:45. I was boogying on a quartering run at five-plus kts pulling little *Whipper Snapper* behind me. Or so I thought. Sometime after passing Thomas Point lighthouse I happened to look back and realized *Whipper Snapper* was no longer tethered to *Geezer*. I jumped up and scanned the horizon behind me. I grabbed the binoculars and re-scanned. Nothing. I did a 180 and sailed back along the tracks I had laid on my chart-plotter. I also put out a call on the VHF asking if anyone had seen an orphaned dinghy south of Thomas Point lighthouse. I got a quick reply. "We saw her a minute ago and here are the Latitude/Longitude coordinates," came over the VHF. While some folks eschew the modern electronics, I can say that I sailed directly to the coordinates given, and there was *Whipper Snapper*, bobbing idly in the waves like a wayward lifeboat on the seas. With the boathook, it was an easy grab, and in 15 minutes I was back to where I had turned and skipping, now un-reefed, toward Solomons.

Solomons is a great little town. It has an Oyster Museum very worthy of a visit, which I did last year. The marinas close down at five p.m.. and I, arriving at six, motored to the back bay where there is peace and quiet for an anchorage. This is a wonderful spot.



*Whipper Snapper* - where she belongs!

The following morning I motored around to Zahniser's Yaching Center. Although there are fine places to anchor at Solomons, I was ready for a shower and another square meal. Zahniser's is one of many marina choices in Solomons, but I like it especially because they have a great restaurant - The Dry Dock - right there as well as a well-stocked marine store, and they have shuttles into town for groceries, pharma, etc. I was late for the shuttles (10:00 a.m., 1:00 and 3:00 p.m.) no problem. Bikes are there for loan. Off I went at 4:00 p.m. for more eggs and some bait for crabbing in the Little Choptank - next on my itinerary. I cooked the eggs on the Origo inside the cabin. The dinner at The Dry Dock was special, looking out over the water. They know how to make a proper Martini, and the food and service were superb.



Exploring Solomons and getting my exercise!



The Little Choptank is a great place for crabbing, especially early in the season. I brought along a crab net with a telescoping handle, as well as four crab strings. My vision was attaching a chicken neck to each string, with its lead weight, and letting each out to the bottom while at anchor. I was certain that crabs would grab hold of the chicken neck and take out cross-country, making an obvious tug. I would pull in the string ever so slowly, raising the chicken and its attached crab to near the surface and then snag the crab with the net. I set aside a whole day to do this in Little Choptank, with hints of the ripest locations from some locals who generously shared some secrets (or not). *(Editor's note. Never trust the locals to tell you where the crabs are, they keep that information close!)*

I skipped past James Island and Taylor Island and Slaughter Creek to Hudson Creek, reputedly a scenic anchorage. I was not disappointed with the scenery, and I fixed some miso soup and sardines with crackers and beef teriyaki jerky for dinner. Yum.

The weather again intervened. The following day I had planned to go crabbing in some special spots that I thought would be productive. But the forecast was for thunderstorms and rain for the next two days. So, no crabbing on this trip. I had pretty well gorged myself on restaurant-bought crabs imported from South Carolina anyway! With the prospect of two

days of rainy weather I decided to sail directly back to Cambridge, about 25 NM north and east from where I was.

My friends, the Acrees, met me with the car and trailer at the ramp in the late afternoon, and we were able to haul out and lower the mast before dinner time. We finished packing and loading *Whipper Snapper* on the car the following morning and I drove home to Beaufort.

*Geezer* and *Whipper Snapper* are now cuddled up under and by their canopy at Beaufort Yacht and Sailing Club. They look forward, as do I, to their next voyage. I have stripped out the cruising stuff. Locally, I'll be racing *Geezer* in the fleet. But in the fall, and next spring, look for us to be cruising, or "voyaging" as I like to say.

**Editor's Note:** *Woody planned to join the CCBA guys on their Long Cruise up the Chester River the week of Sept 16th. Unfortunately, Florence had other ideas and he stayed in Beaufort, SC. I contacted him on 9/16 and he reported back that he and Geezer were OK and would be looking forward to joining us on the cruise next year. He wasn't sure about the rest of the catboat fleet in the Carolina's, let's hope they are all OK.*

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## Sailing *Lazy Lucy* Home, Part I

Brent V. W. Putnam with Victoria I. Putnam

In May of 2018, my wife, Rebecca, and I purchased a new-to-us catboat, *Lazy Lucy*, a 24-foot boat based on the 21-foot Fenwick Williams design. Berthed in Manteo, NC, we had to get her home to Falmouth, MA.

This is the story of that effort, a journey of about 600 nautical miles over two weeks that took our youngest daughter, Victoria, and I through a creek, two canals, five rivers, seven bays, seven sounds, dozens of miles of Intracoastal Waterway, and three times into the North Atlantic Ocean.

**Sunday, May 27 - Manteo, NC to Elizabeth City, NC via Shallowbag Bay, Roanoke Sound, Albemarle Sound and the Pasquotank River**

"We all need to get out of our comfort zone, hop off the couch and do something that challenges body, mind and spirit." ~ Gary Sabin

We weren't lost per se, but there was a degree of uncertainty to our position that we weren't used to. The waters were unfamiliar; the compass was not yet mounted; the chartplotter still in its box. Not that it was a significant problem. The air was clear and the sun bright. The wind was favorable, blowing at about ten knots or so from the west. In this part of Albemarle Sound, the water is a consistent 14-18 feet deep and the few obstructions are clearly marked. We needed only to head north to reach the other side.

But navigation is never quite that simple. Back home in Nantucket Sound, we knew the landmarks; we knew where we were and the direction to steer. From Roanoke Island, we only knew that the Pasquotank was north; without the tools of navigation, distinguishing it from the other rivers that empty into Albemarle Sound would be a challenge.

The problem was compounded by our new boat, *Lazy Lucy*, or rather by what she lacked. As far as we could tell, *Lazy Lucy* had been used as a daysailer and so was not equipped for cruising – certainly not

for a cruise the likes of which we were attempting. Except for a healthy collection of dock lines, what little equipment she came with was wholly inadequate for a journey halfway up the east coast of the United States. Yet that was exactly what we had set out to do.

Twenty-four hours earlier, Victoria and I were 30,000 feet over the northeast United States on a Southwest Airlines flight. We each had two carry-ons, and somewhere in the cargo hold beneath us were three man-sized duffel bags and an overweight suitcase.

The TSA has probably seen a lot of unusual things over the years, but I have to wonder what they thought of our luggage. There was rope, bumpers, boots, books, a water hose, fly swatter, flags, pillows, linens, tools, spare parts, PFDs, boxes of electronics, solar panels, a Little John and even a crosscut saw. And that was only a portion of what we would need to bring *Lazy Lucy* home.

My anxiety levels were high throughout the flight from Providence. In Baltimore, we would change planes, increasing the potential for a missing bag. That could mean delays and/or additional, unplanned costs as we scrambled to replace the lost gear.

A shopping spree ensued upon landing in Norfolk. All four bags appeared on the luggage carousel, but there were some things – such as anchors – that simply would not fit in a suitcase. We stopped at Lowes to pick up metric wrenches and a pair of five-gallon jerry cans. At West Marine, we somehow crammed still more into the rental car, a Kia Soul. With each stop, we pulled out the checklists – the master list was eight legal-sized sheets – and checked-off more items.

A two-hour drive south from Norfolk, Manteo (pronounced “MAN-ay-o” by the locals) is a small town on Roanoke Island, just inside the Outer

Banks of North Carolina. *Lazy Lucy* was moored at the town dock, suspended in a spider’s web of dock lines between pilings that towered over her deck. We opened her up, did a quick check of the inventory aboard and proceeded to dump the contents of the Kia into the boat.

The shopping spree then continued for the balance of the afternoon and into the evening. West Marine offers a ship-to-store service for anything you can buy through their website, and the location in Nags Head was expecting us. Anchors, line, chain, stove, butane, cooler, flares, buckets, a solar vent, CO2 cartridges, and more, filled two shopping carts that they had waiting for us behind the counter. I had contemplated having everything shipped to the store near the airport, but now realized the wisdom of sending it here as we packed the car for a second time.

Stops at the supermarket, hardware store, and a HomeGoods followed, with a brief respite at an ice cream shop. Upon unloading the car again, dinner finally came at 8:30 p.m. at The Lost Colony Brewery and Cafe.

The bartender, Stephen, is a native to Roanoke Island and a resident of Wanchese who can trace his heritage back generations. I’d met him back in April when I was in town for the survey of *Lazy Lucy*. He recognized me – by sight, if not by name – and it was like seeing an old friend again. Victoria was so impressed by his congeniality and hospitality that she suggested we stay in town a little longer.

Even when dinner was done, we weren’t. It was back to Nags Head and the Enterprise Rent-a-Car office, followed by an interminable wait for a taxi to return to *Lazy Lucy*. Sleep finally came at midnight; we had been up since three a.m.

But that was yesterday. We departed Manteo at about seven a.m, passing through Shallowbag Bay to Roanoke Sound, following the narrow, well-marked channel of the Intracoastal Waterway. It guided us around Roanoke Island to the intersection of the Croatan and Albemarle Sounds off the aptly named Northwest Point where the markers ended rather abruptly.

“Good luck – you’re on your own now,” they seemed to say.

Sailors are a superstitious lot. I’m not sure how *Lazy Lucy* was christened, but it seemed appropriate to at least make an offering to the gods for fair winds and following seas. During our shopping spree, we found a liquor store. My first inclination was to grab a bottle of Sailor Jerry – which of course I did – but a couple



Equipment tossed aboard.

of local rums caught my eye. As Victoria steered us into the sound, I went forward, opened a bottle of “Queen Charlotte’s Reserve Carolina Rum,” poured a little over *Lazy Lucy*’s bow and took a swig myself. Good stuff.

Thus far we had been motoring along; the sail was still tied up, although the cover was off and stowed in the forepeak (and would be until *Lazy Lucy* was on her new mooring in Falmouth). Although Roanoke Sound is broad, it is very shallow, and since *Lazy Lucy*’s centerboard was stuck down, we didn’t want to take the chance of getting blown onto a bar. Here in Albemarle Sound, there was room to spread our wing, so we raised the sail – albeit with difficulty. *Lazy Lucy* leaned to starboard and surged ahead.

It was immediately obvious that some adjustments would be needed. The sail was laced to the boom, gaff, and mast; the latter causing some binding as the gaff was raised. It was not pulled tight at the peak and clew, so there were multiple creases up and down the sail from head to foot. There would be time over the next two weeks to correct this.



Sailing Albemarle Sound.

Not one to be without a backup of some sort, I laid the Suunto compass on the NOAA chartbook and gave Victoria a heading. It was close enough. Five hours after leaving Manteo, we were about a mile southwest of the Pasquotank River marker.

A leisurely crossing, there were a few splashes here and there as a building wind raised a few big waves amidst the short, steep chop. For a time we were able to move under sail alone, but as we entered the Pasquotank, the motor was on again, the wind having dropped back from twelve to fifteen knots to less than ten. We were moving nicely, motor-sailing at five and a half knots.

The Pasquotank River is fresh and brown from upstream runoff. It remains broad – one to two miles

across – for almost fifteen miles to Elizabeth City, at which point it narrows considerably. The city is a well-known stop for mariners traveling along the Intracoastal Waterway, in part because of a free town dock. (*An interesting aside – distances along the Intracoastal Waterway are measured in statute miles.*)

We were still learning how to handle *Lazy Lucy*, so our first approach to the slips along the bulkhead had to be aborted. The arrangement – short finger piers with pilings – favors a stern-to tie up, but with the crosswind we found it easier to pull in directly. It was 3:15 p.m. and we had covered about 45 miles.

Various guides mentioned that showers and water would be available, but nothing was immediately apparent. The only structure on the property was a small brick building that turned out to be a water department pump house. A sign pointed to the Visitor’s Center in the Museum of the Albemarle. A short walk revealed that it was closed.

The dock was part of a comfortable community park with benches, trees, some parking, and a water fountain. Some folks strolled along the waterfront, others sat on the benches talking. A panhandler asked if we could spare some change. There were a few boats in the marina and some car traffic here and there, but for the most part it was quiet.

Indeed, this community of 18,000 felt a little deserted. Perhaps it was just this part of the downtown area, or perhaps it was because it was Sunday. After all, there are still places in America, which are not bustling 24-7.

Although the lack of a shower was a little disappointing, the quiet was a blessing. As the cliché goes, the journey is the destination, and every stop along the way was an opportunity to see and experience things. Since most everything was closed, we took advantage of the quiet to unpack, stow and install much of the gear that we had just thrown below the day before. Bulbs in the running lights and the solar fan were replaced; a new thermostat was installed in the Yanmar; the compass and VHF were mounted. There were trash barrels scattered at regular intervals along the bulkhead; we filled two-and-a-half of them.

Two boats in the marina were attracting attention. The first was a large, cutter-rigged vessel from Canada with several young children aboard, one of whom was using a halyard as a swing. The other was *Lazy Lucy* herself. Our unpacking was interrupted a few times by folks complimenting *Lazy Lucy* and asking questions about her and our journey. Victoria got a little annoyed by one rather lengthy conversation that was delaying dinner, but the man – whose name I forget now – was



a catboat owner, or so he said. From his description, it was probably a sneakbox or Melonseed skiff. But one should never pass up an opportunity to talk with a local. He confirmed that the bridge blocking the river to the north opens on demand at any hour, and the lock for the Dismal Swamp Canal is fifteen miles upstream. We should be able to make the 8:30 a.m. opening if we left at dawn.

We had several citronella candles, but didn't need them. I fried up some burgers for dinner and Victoria cleaned-up. The setting sun left a golden hue over the river behind us, with the nearly full moon now prominent in the eastern sky. Having had just a few hours sleep the night before, we turned in as the sky grew dark.

**Monday, May 28 - Elizabeth City, NC to Portsmouth, VA via the Pasquotank River, Turner's Cut, Dismal Swamp Canal, Deep Creek and Elizabeth River**

"For a small boat adventure to truly be an adventure, there have to be elements of personal challenge, some danger, hardship (physical and mental) and a pinch of 'outcome uncertain.'" ~ Howard Rice

We were up at 5:00 a.m.. Sunrise would not be until 6:13, but nautical twilight began at 5:09. As we passed through the bridge at 5:30, there was enough light to navigate the rapidly narrowing river.

I was sweating it a little. During the sea trial back in April, the surveyor asked the owner to give *Lazy Lucy* full throttle. At the time, she maxed out at 4.4 knots, but yesterday the Yanmar was moving her easily at over five knots. If the local was right, we should arrive at the South Mills Lock around 8:30.

Nevertheless, I was concerned. Our planning was based on a conservative four knots; the fact that we had to make five for the next three hours was giving me some anxiety.

The wind was calm and the water flat. There was no threat of wakes – we were the only boat out here – so I pulled out the butane burner and put the kettle on for coffee and oatmeal.

Once out of sight of Elizabeth City, the Pasquotank River takes on a decidedly rural character. Bucolic is an apt description. There are scattered signs of civilization here: a few homes with docks, a crude billboard advertising a marina that sits up a narrow channel defined by local markers which resemble the tools of a pole vaulter. We passed through a low railroad trestle; the horizontal swing bridge had been left open for boat traffic and looked like it hadn't been turned in some time.



Looking astern on the Pasquotank River.

Although this is part of the Intracoastal Waterway, there are few markers. Occasionally we encountered an intersection and had to consult the chart. A hospital lay down one such channel off our port side. Shortly thereafter we encountered an extended boardwalk along the river; perhaps it is part of a walk or trail system belonging to said hospital.

Along the way I inflated the fender. They're the elongated donut style, with a hole down the middle for the line. I measured the old line we'd brought, whipped it and cut it to length before burning the ends. A figure eight knot on both sides of the fender keeps the line centered. We'd need these in the lock.

In Turner's Cut there were a few homes to starboard. A moldy fiberglass sailboat with classic lines but no sails was tied up to a dock. Yet another homemade sign made it clear that this is a no-wake zone. We were close, but not quite to the lock. My watch was telling me one time, my phone another, and I'm getting nervous. If we missed the 8:30, 11:00 a.m. is the next opening, but with 22 miles to the next lock, it could be a challenge to make the 3:30 p.m. opening at the other end. We could have been trapped in the canal overnight.

The cut bent to starboard and then to port where we saw the sign for the South Mills Lock. Depending on which clock to believe, it could have been 8:30 or 8:35. Did we miss the opening? I picked up the VHF and turned to channel 13, "South Mills Lock, South Mills Lock, this is the sailing vessel *Lazy Lucy* approaching from the south for the 8:30 opening."

A comforting voice acknowledged and instructed us, "When you come in, tie up on your port side. You'll be going up eight feet."

We rounded the bend and found ourselves staring up at the lock gate, a castle wall guarding the canal. We'd made it.

The gates opened and the lock keeper directed us to a spot not far inside. Still novices with our new boat, we overshot it. It didn't help that we forgot the bumpers, so we were also scrambling to place them before we left some paint on the lock wall. I gave Victoria the option of bow or stern and she went forward. The lock tender called for the middle of my line but I misunderstood and tossed him the whole line.

"Sorry," I apologized, "first time at this," as if he hadn't already figured that out. He put a turn on a yellow post at the top of the wall and sent the bitter end back down to me.

Victoria did a better job, tossing the middle of the line as instructed. With the eyes secured to the cleats and the bitter ends in hand, we held *Lazy Lucy* in place as the gate closed behind us, entombing us in the lock. A few moments later the water near the gates in front of us started to churn and we floated higher, shortening the lines as we went.



Inside the South Mills Lock.

More than three-hundred feet long and fifty feet across, the lock could hold many boats, but we were alone in there. I'd expected more boat traffic given that this is Memorial Day weekend. We were about midway down the lock, and as my head rose above the wall I saw the lock keeper sitting outside the control house waiting for the rise.

"How long have you been doing this?" I asked.

"Seventeen years."

"I'll bet you've seen a lot in that time," I remarked, alluding to my own awkwardness just a few moments ago.

He just nodded.

There's a lot that can go wrong in a lock. Fortunately, the balance of our time here is was uneventful. Once at the level, the gates opened.

About half a mile up the canal there's a bascule bridge – also controlled by the lock keeper. As we were gathering our lines and steaming out of the lock, he drove up the road to open the bridge. We waved as we passed by, thankful to have made it.

There are two paths from Albemarle Sound to the Chesapeake Bay. The Albemarle & Chesapeake Canal, also known as the Virginia Cut, would, at first glance, seem to be the better option. There is only one lock, and it and the bridges that cross the canal, will open 24 hours a day. The controlling depth is the Intracoastal Waterway standard of 12 feet, it is more than 200 feet wide, and there are marinas and other services along much of the route.

In contrast, the Dismal Swamp Canal is far more restricted. The two locks and two bridges only open four times a day, and once you're in the canal, the only service available is water and a dock at the Visitor's Center. It's shallow and narrow – just six feet deep for a fifty-foot width – and there's a speed limit.

It's these latter qualities that deter commercial traffic and fast powerboats, making the Dismal Swamp Canal a better option for a small, slow boat such as ours.

However, the former qualities – the limited access and lack of services – presented a challenge. We had to carefully coordinate our transit time with the lock openings, lest we be trapped in the canal overnight. Not that this is a problem. Opened in 1805, the canal was built entirely with manual labor and it's the oldest continuously operating man-made canal in the United States. The canal forms the eastern edge of the Great Dismal Swamp National Wildlife Refuge, and the combination of history and nature make this a destination onto itself. Anchoring is allowed in the canal, and many boaters have written of rafting up overnight with others at the visitor's center.

For us, the problem was simply time. We only had two weeks. The restricted access to the canal prohibited us from lingering, lest we miss a lock opening and get delayed a day.

The other challenge – a lack of services – was at the moment far from our minds. There was no fear of getting stuck since *Lazy Lucy* had been running well – so far.

The choice and overall timing of this leg turned out to be perfect. Flat water and a lack of boat traffic made it easy to continue with the housekeeping.

There was more unpacking, stowing and installing to be done. We brought a pair of Type III PFDs, but also had a pair of inflatable Type II PDFs with integral harnesses. CO2 cartridges weren't allowed on the plane, so we purchased them during our shopping spree; now I installed them. There were things that needed mounting – the antenna tuner for my ham radio, the smoke/CO detector, fire extinguishers, and more – so I pulled out my DeWalt and got to it.

The day before, I'd given Victoria the option of cleaning the galley or the head. Of course, she chose the former. It was time for me to do my part.

The compass, an old Saturn that had come with our first *Cranberry*, a Marshall Sanderling, did not seem to be calibrated. The long, straight canal was perfect for this – if I'd only known what I was doing. The Internet is a great resource, but nothing beats real experience – as we'd learn later.

It's a leisurely ride though the wilderness. Birds and turtles were seen all along the route. A couple of kayaks, a powerboat and a sailboat passed us going south, each making hardly a ripple on the water. Victoria is a magnet for mosquitoes and needs bug spray, but the overhanging trees and an increasingly overcast sky made it possible for me to forgo sunscreen. A few sprinkles portend weather to come.



Along the Dismal Swamp Canal.

We arrived at the North Bridge a little before 1:00 p.m.. There's time before the 1:30 opening, so I started to prepare the anchor when Victoria pointed out that there were cleats on the bulkhead to starboard. We tied up and ate lunch.

At 1:15 p.m., I called the lock tender.

"Well, I appreciate the heads-up, captain," replied a voice much more cheery than the first tender.

He told us to hang tight; he was at the lock, waiting for southbound traffic.

Some more insistent rain drops encouraged us to grab our slickers. A brief shower ensued.

Shortly after 1:30, the bridge opened. As the canal bent to starboard, some sort of flood control devices could be seen to port. We pulled into the lock, the Deep Creek on the other side noticeably lower.

Maybe it was because we now knew what we were doing, or maybe he was just more personable, but this lock tender was definitely more talkative. He asked of our travel plans and needs, and recommended a few marinas in Portsmouth. As we talked, a deluge began that forced him to retreat to his car to close the windows. Victoria and I, head to toe in slickers, stood in the rain, holding the lines.

On the way out, the tender hailed us on channel 13. The deeper water was more to port, he said. Until we were out of sight, he recommended course corrections to ensure that we stayed afloat in the narrow, unmarked creek.

According to the Skipper Bob publication, "*Marinas Along the Intracoastal Waterway*," Ocean Yacht Marina was the more sheltered of the two recommended marinas and closer to the city's business district, so when we arrived at the Elizabeth River at 2:30 p.m., I called them. We anticipated that it would take about an hour from there to the marina, but we hadn't counted on the train.

Deep Creek is decidedly less rural than the Dismal Swamp Canal, but as we turned onto the Elizabeth River, the urban surrendered completely to the industrial. Green banks and private docks gave way to commercial piers, pilings and bulkheads; overhanging trees were replaced with car bridges arching high overhead and train bridges that hovered just feet above the river, their center spans raised, but threatening to drop like guillotines or the axe of an executioner.



Along the Elizabeth River.



As we approached the set of bridges at Gilmerton – a railroad bascule bridge followed by a lift bridge for cars – we could see that the railroad bridge was descending. A motorboat zipped through, escaping the hatchet, but the door was closed for us. The current and wind were light, so it was easy enough to hold station.

We waited. The bridge remained down, but there was no train. A few other boats gathered around us and before long we were playing bumper boats – albeit avoiding bumping – as we all circled, backed and hovered near the bridge.

Someone hailed the bridge and the tender responded that a train was indeed coming. This would be a long train. In order to avoid any potential accidents – i.e., a collision with the raised bridge or a train in the river – the bridge has to be lowered and locked when the train is still far enough down the track to stop in case something goes wrong.

A rumbling was noticed. Eventually a rather long Norfolk Southern coal train passed by. As the bascule was raised, I called the lift bridge behind it. The sign claimed a 35-foot clearance, but we were not yet sure how high *Lazy Lucy's* mast is above the water and I'm taking no chances.

The bridge tender asked how much lift is needed; I asked for ten feet and he obliged. As we began to pass through, a rather large powerboat was southbound on a near collision course; the river bends sharply here so neither of us was able to see the other around the bridge. They slowed and we cut further to starboard, averting a disaster.

Once we were clear, someone hailed “the catboat that just passed through.” The other boat? The bridge tender? Obviously he knew what a catboat was, but he didn't identify himself. He informed us that we didn't need the lift – we would've easily passed under. I thanked him, noting that the boat is new to us, and kept a mental note.

Purple on the chart indicates restricted areas along the shore – the military is now interspersed with the industrial. To our port, an aircraft carrier with the letters IKE on the superstructure – the Dwight D. Eisenhower – was guarded by floating fence. A powerboat with blue lights flashing marched back and forth along the barrier.

More than an hour after our anticipated arrival at Ocean, we tied up to the fuel dock only to be informed that their pumpout isn't working. Our holding tank wasn't full, but it wasn't empty either. Not knowing how long it would take to fill the tank or when the

next pumpout would be available, we asked about options.

Tidewater Marina, we were told, is just a few minutes down the river and it has a functioning pump out. Initially, the intent was to return to Ocean, but it's almost 5:00 p.m. when we arrive and Tidewater is open until 6:00. There's time to not only pump out and refuel, but to get provisions in the store.

Showers, dinner at the restaurant in the marina, and a few loads of laundry were on the agenda before turning in for the night. We covered more than 51 miles today.

Tomorrow, the Chesapeake.



Tied up at Tidewater Marina.

## Tuesday, May 29 - Portsmouth, VA

“You can make any mistake you want, as long as you only make it once and you don't kill anyone.”

~Vince Arthur

This was not our day.

Sometime around 2:00 a.m., Victoria awoke to a soaked bunk. Something was leaking above her. We turned on the lantern. Water was dripping from the carling; a wipe of a towel erased the bead, allowing us to trace a new one as it originated from the middle portlight.

The rain was pouring hard. Fixing this from the outside wasn't a desirable option, but fixing it at all was going to be a dilemma. We had a variety of tools and spare parts on hand, but for some odd reason, I'd not thought of silicone or 5200.

Sifting through our inventory revealed some Coax Seal, a putty-like tape. I applied it to the edge of the portlight and the drip stopped.

A towel was placed over the soaked bunk cushion and sheets were shifted around. We turned in for the second time.

The plan was to leave shortly after dawn, but *Lazy Lucy* was living up to her name this morning. The



Yanmar would not start. Having not used the shore power overnight, our first thought was that the battery was not fully charged. Thankfully, we'd purchased a spare back in Nags Head.

Documentation for the boat included an electrical schematic, which detailed a dual starter/house battery system, and in my discussions with the previous owner, he noted that there were originally two batteries, but he had removed one because it wasn't needed.

Rather than remove the old battery to connect the new, it made more sense to just install the second and return to the original design. I found the unconnected cables, removed the electrical tape from the terminal ends and connected the ground to the battery. I then grabbed another cable and moved to attach it to the positive battery terminal.

"Dad!" Victoria yelled as sparks flew.

I was able to get the cable away from the terminal, but only because the latter had started to melt and the bolt detached itself from the battery. It was now welded to the cable. The battery was still intact, but I'd nearly blown up the boat – or so it seemed. Thankfully, there was no other damage and no one was hurt, but I cursed myself for my carelessness.

As with any disaster, there was an error chain – a series of events that had to happen for this to occur. The survey report had warned about wires of the wrong color – red where it should be black, and black where it should be red – and here was a black battery cable for the positive side. I had traced the circuit, but lost track of which was which and reached for the wrong one at that crucial moment.

What the surveyor did not warn me about – and which was suddenly and painfully obvious – was the lack of fuses on the battery itself. When we rewired *Cranberry* in 2012, we included fuses on both the positive and negative terminals of the batteries as recommended by the ABYC. *Lazy Lucy* lacked any such safety measure.

The day was still young, so we pulled out the AC cord and plugged into the shore power to charge the original battery. The store at the marina had Group 24 batteries, albeit wet cell instead of the AGM that I had just melted. We would have two batteries for the balance of the trip, but would swap them if needed (and it would be needed). The terminals for the spare wires were re-wrapped in electrical tape; I was not going to risk crossing them again.

More thought was given to our situation, and we determined that maybe the battery wasn't the issue.

After all, the engine was cranking. It had even started, although it ran only briefly.

Diesels need fuel, air, and compression to start. It had air and seemed to be getting compression, so maybe fuel was the problem. Although the tank was full – we'd added more than nine gallons the day before – it was possible that something had been stirred up during our trip across Albemarle Sound. Amongst the parts we brought with us were spare fuel filters, so I pulled out the toolkit and proceeded to remove the primary fuel filter element.

Well, I tried to remove the primary fuel filter element.

After starting to crush the element, it was apparent that the surface rust might be deeper than first thought. It had been there a while and it wasn't budging.

Tidewater had a small stock of parts, but a replacement fuel filter assembly wasn't amongst them. Ironically, the folks in the marina office recommended that we contact Ocean, which had an extensive service department. A quick call revealed that they did, in fact, have a Racor filter assembly. They set it aside for us.

Now, how to get it?

The folks in the marina office mentioned a local fellow who ran a shuttle service, but he didn't start runs until noon. I called anyway.

"If this is an emergency," he noted, "I can come over right now."

"I'm not sure what you call an emergency," I replied, "but we're trying to get home to Massachusetts and we need to pick up a part."

"I'll be right over."

Twenty minutes later, Greg had us at Ocean. The part they had for us was the exact same one we needed which meant we could use the spare filter elements we had on hand.

Back aboard *Lazy Lucy*, we set about replacing the primary and secondary fuel filters. The old primary was completely black, which was probably inhibiting the fuel flow. We installed the new filters, bled the fuel lines and...nothing.

Harold "Dynamite" Payson wrote of the need for a "moaning chair" in the boat shop. When boatbuilding, there are times when one encounters – or creates – a problem that causes one to moan in despair. He advised that a moaning chair is needed so you can sit and reflect on the issue.

It was past lunchtime. Sure, we had food aboard, but part of the attraction of a voyage such as this is the



Replacing filters and bleeding fuel lines.

exploration of new and foreign ports. Besides, crying in a local beer is more enjoyable than moaning in the cockpit.

We walked down to High Street, the commercial center of Portsmouth, and took in some sights along the way, including the old Portsmouth Light Ship, forever encased in a concrete drydock. Lunch was at Roger Brown's Restaurant and Sports Bar. We made a call to Ocean – which also has mechanics – but they were booked for the next week.

Upon returning to Tidewater, we again discovered them to be a valuable resource. The manager suggested Western Branch and gave me a phone number. Yes, they could send a mechanic down, but it would be an overtime call; it was already 4:30 p.m. and would be well past five before he arrived.

“That’s fine,” I sighed. My limited knowledge of diesels had been exhausted and the clock was ticking.

The day started wet, but slowly dried out. Scattered showers had tapered off and left an overcast sky. While waiting for the mechanic, there was more work to be done. We re-laced the foot and head of the sail to the boom and gaff, respectively, and I used more of the line we’d brought to make jacklines.

We were not the only ones with engine trouble. A fellow on a small, well-used inflatable motored up to the end of the pier next to *Lazy Lucy*. He appeared a little lost; I suspected that he was not staying here, but had come from the anchorage just outside the marina breakwater. We offered a hand and tied the dingy to the dock. In broken, French-accented English, he inquired about where he could get a length of hose, so we pointed to the marine store. He returned later in good spirits, having found a suitable replacement.

Around 5:30 p.m., the mechanic called looking for directions. We kept an eye to the dock. I’d expected a grizzled, greasy fellow, but Justin turned out to be a clean-cut young man in his mid-twenties.

After I explained what we’d done to change the filters and bleed the system, he pointed out yet another bleed screw on top of the high-pressure pump. He loosened it and with a few taps on the low pressure pump, bubbles were released.

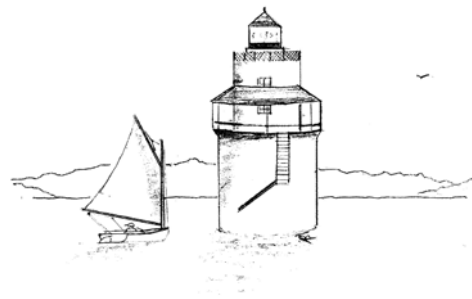
Justin followed the lines to the injectors, showing us how to check the high-pressure pump and bled the high-pressure lines. He had us cranking the engine as he bled the lines. Eventually, we had to swap the battery, having run the first one down.

It was probably the most expensive hour I’ve ever paid for, but it was worth every dollar. Sixty minutes after Justin arrived the engine was running and we knew much more about how to troubleshoot our little Yanmar.

Relieved but spent, Victoria and I had dinner at the marina again that evening. The weather forecast for the next several days was looking better. The rain which pummeled us early this morning was part of a larger, disturbed weather pattern that included some serious thunderstorms. While those missed the marina, it was apparent from the radar that – had we left earlier – we could’ve been dodging lightning.

Victoria opined that maybe *Lazy Lucy* wasn’t so lazy after all, but rather was looking out for us. Indeed, take care of the boat, and she’ll take care of you.

We were four days into the voyage and had covered less than 100 miles. We’d need to step up the pace if we were to get home in time.



# Cruising in a Marshall 18 Sanderling

Samuel W. “Woody” Norwood III

## Background

Cruising in a small sailboat for an overnight, a week-end, a week, or a month is fun, adventurous, interesting, at times challenging, and rewarding in so many ways. At the end of the trip you have actually accomplished something. You were an active participant, not just a tourist. You have dealt with the elements of weather and water. You have had a taste of what your forebears did a hundred or more years ago. You have experienced the magic of the setting sun at anchor. Cruising is a way to get completely away from your routine and to focus on the basic stuff of getting safely from place to place, eating simply, and refining your sailing skills.



Geezer In Port.

I have been cruising in recent years on a variety of small sailboats that included a Compac 16, a Flicka 20, and a Cape Dory Typhoon Senior (22 feet LOA). In the past two years I have been cruising on *Geezer*, a 2004 Marshall 18 Sanderling catboat I purchased in January 2017. Although Beaufort, South Carolina is my home, my cruising grounds have extended from Port Saint Lucy, Florida up the Intracoastal Waterway (ICW) to the Chesapeake Bay. Also, in 2010, I sailed my Flicka 20, *Jubilee*, from Beaufort to Nova Scotia, all “outside,” and back to Plymouth, Massachusetts and Newport, Rhode Island.

Now at age 77, I have settled on a Marshall 18 Sanderling for both racing and cruising for several reasons.

- These boats are equally competent for racing and cruising. In Beaufort, we have a fleet of eight (and growing) providing for spirited competition not only against each other but also in the PHRF regattas where we typically do really well.
- They are comfortable cruisers with sleeping accommodations for two and cockpit space for four.
- They are relatively easy to sail single-handed with just one sail to hoist and trim.
- With the centerboard up they draw only nineteen inches, and can go into shallow water and can even be beached.
- They are easy to launch and retrieve on a ramp.
- Weighing only 2,200 pounds, they can be trailered with a medium-sized car.
- The mast is on a hinge [tabernacle] about a foot above the deck, making it relatively easy for two people to raise and lower the mast. There is just one wire stay (the forestay), which means rigging and unrigging for the road is fast and simple.
- These boats maintain their value better than most sailboats. They have been in production for over 50 years. They are still in production in South Dartmouth, MA, under the leadership of Geoff Marshall, son of the founder. The older boats are race-competitive with the new ones.
- They are beautiful to look at. I need a boat with traditional lines and eye-appeal. I get admiring looks and compliments at every harbor.

Each of the past four years I’ve set aside about two weeks in late May and early June for a solo sailing cruise. On the Atlantic coast, this is the perfect time for cruising. It is after the often harsh northerlies of the earlier spring but before the heat and thunderstorms of the summer. I generally sail from south to north on the ICW, meaning that I am mostly reaching and running with the wind, a lot more fun than beating to windward while cruising.

Underway, I typically make 25 to 35 nautical miles a day. At an average speed of about 4 knots this means a seven to eight hour day on the water, not



counting marina stops for fuel, ice, and other supplies or use of facilities. I either anchor or stay at a marina every night. If you stay at a marina, it's best to call ahead; you generally need to arrive by 5:00 p.m. If I am anchoring I like to be at my destination by 6:00 p.m. When pulling a dinghy you can anchor (free) and row into town, a restaurant, a marina or a picnic spot ashore and return to your boat later.

I plan my trips in detail because detailed planning enables the flexibility that is needed to accommodate serious weather issues, boat breakdowns, and simple changes as you go. A plan is not a schedule. A plan includes routing not only for your intended journey but also for optional detours. If the weather is going to be really bad, stay where you are. I read a lot about the places I think I want to visit. I allow time to go ashore and walk around, have a nice dining experience, get a shower and use the clothes-washing facilities.

### Sanderling Modifications for Cruising

Although I am a traditionalist, I have made some modifications for safety, convenience, and comfort.

- **Chart Plotter:** I installed a Garmin EchoMap 64CV chart plotter (six-inch screen) that swings out from inside the companionway on a Ram double swing-arm mount. The chart plotter swings out from inside the cabin when sailing, and then, when not in use, swings back into the cabin where it is secure, out of the weather and out of the way.



Chart plotter mounted on a Ram double swing arm.

- **Depth Sounder (Transducer):** Do not buy the Garmin depth-sounding transducer, as it won't work on a sailboat. Instead, buy a separate Hawk-Eye D10D in-hull transducer and install it on the starboard side forward, as instructed (use slow-cure epoxy and nothing else). Mount the Hawk Eye reader just under the Chart Plotter. The digital read-out is easier to see than the in-hull transducer available from Garmin, and the Hawk Eye is cheaper.



Depth Finder, Hawkeye D10D.

- **Battery:** A stouter battery than the one that comes with the boat is needed. The original battery is appropriate for the running lights but won't be able to handle the loads of the other equipment you needed for cruising. I use an AGM (glass mat) deep cycle battery because it lasts longer and is totally sealed so it can be mounted sideways or even upside-down and won't be affected by your boat's wet environment. Because a full-size AGM is too heavy for the Sanderling, I use a military spec Lifeline GPL-UIT 33 amp-hour battery.
- **Electrical Generation:** When you are cruising you need to be able to re-charge your battery. Most outboard motors of 4 hp. or more can be fitted out with an alternator. If you are in the market for a new motor, get one with the alternator already built in. I recommend the Tohatsu four or six hp. "SailPro" with the 25-inch shaft. These engines put out 5 amps which will more-than offset the drain you place on the battery with your instruments. I typically use the motor at least an hour a day while cruising. The Honda engine is also a good choice but the charging system is not quite as robust as



the Tohatsu. By the way, I use less than a half-gallon of fuel per hour with my 4 hp. Tohatsu. I also have a **solar panel** but I use it only if I'm going to be off the boat for several daylight hours.

- **Electric Panel:** I usually get professional help on electrical installations from Marsh Harbor Boatyard on Lady's Island in Beaufort. It helps to have a single on-off Perko switch and a small (four or six-item) panel. The on/off switch allows you the convenience of shutting everything down with one clicking quarter-turn. One switch on the panel is for the chart plotter. Another is for the Auto-helm if you put one in (see below). Another is for a cigarette lighter receiver and two outlets for recharging cellphones and other electrical devices. The fourth could be for the Hawk Eye depth sounder, or running lights or interior lights, or, if you hard wire an interior fan, for the fan. Personally, I left the running light system from Marshall in place (a toggle switch) although I have replaced the leaky running lights from Perko with new ones also from Perko (there are as yet no classic one-for-one replacement running lights with the LED technology). I use the cigarette lighter receiver for powering the Hawk Eye transponder.
- **Cooking:** All you really need for cooking is a small single-burner camp stove and a whistling kettle to make boiling water. With boiling water you can make coffee (French Press or simple gold screen (see photo below)). You can make delicious complete meals from campers' freeze-dried food purchased at REI or other camping outfitters. You can soft-boil eggs for breakfast. The best stove I've found for a Sanderling is an Origo 1500 unpressurized alcohol-burning unit. Get the potholders to ensure the kettle remains on the burner in the event of unexpected waves.



The Origo 1500 cook stove with pot holders.

Do NOT use a propane gas stove as propane is heavier than air and can accumulate in the bilge and can blow up in the presence of a lit match. Pressurized gas or alcohol is also more dangerous and unnecessary on a small boat.



The cook stove out in the cockpit.

- **Ventilation:** Most Sanderlings do not have forward hatches. Instead, most come with a Nicro 3" solar fan. You need the solar fan with battery so it can run all night (I think not standard on most Sanderlings). The solar energy of the day is stored in the battery and runs all night. Set it with the blades that make it an *exhaust* fan. When travelling with the boat on its trailer, turn the fan off (there is a black button up inside) and close off the outlet by pushing up the rim from inside. At launch, be sure to pull down the interior rim and push the black button to start the fan. When sailing in hot weather, it's nice to have a second fan that can be folded away when not in use and pulled around into the companionway when needed. The one I use is depicted below and I plug it into the cigarette lighter outlet when in use.



The cabin fan when not in use.

- **Interior Lighting:** All that's needed for interior lighting is a battery-operated lantern hung from the cabin ceiling. Most use four or six D-cell batteries that are easily sufficient for a couple of weeks of cruising.
- **Anchor Light:** As a cruiser you will be anchoring, and you must have an anchor light. Fortunately, an anchor light does not actually *have* to be affixed to the top of the mast. If you have a hinged mast you cannot run wires to the top. The idea of an anchor light is to let other boats know that you are anchored at night (duh). Some people (most, I think) would argue that in a bay or harbor a light is better seen at a lower elevation than the top of the mast. Simply buy a battery-operated anchor light and attach it to your rigging. I attach mine to the lazy jacks while standing in the cockpit. Put yours where convenient and easily visible 360 degrees to fulfill the mission of the anchor light. It takes four AAA batteries, and a single set of batteries should be sufficient for a couple of weeks if you remember to turn the light off in the morning.



The anchor light hung from the lazy jacks.

- **Anchoring:** One essential key to sleeping well at anchor is to have an anchor that you trust for the bottom conditions (the other keys are allowing appropriate scope, using appropriate amounts of chain, and testing your anchor under stress of engine reverse). I like to be 100% confident in my anchor when I go to sleep. Other anchors might work perfectly well, but for overall performance, I bought a Rocna 9-pound fixed shank plow-type anchor. Yes, it's a bit pricey, but what's a good night's sleep worth, or, more importantly, your boat or even your life in a storm?

- **Convenience and safety:** Anything that allows you to not go to the bow, solo, in a catboat is a plus for safety. I have an anchor deployment and retrieval system that works perfectly from the comfort of the cockpit. I copied the basic concept from my friend, William R. "Bill" Cheney, author of *Penelope Down East*, who spends winters in Beaufort and summers in Maine. I built a board of teak, and then I added an articulating anchor roller that was not specified in Cheney's design. Bill Cheney claims that this is *his* design (I have not checked this out with the Patent office). In any case, it works very well as I have installed it on my boat, with an extra holding bracket. The base holding bracket is standard stainless one by three-inch U-bracket available at West Marine. The anchor system worked flawlessly this year in the Chesapeake in many anchorages.
- **Extra Leverage, a winch:** I added a Lewmar #6 lightweight winch this year to serve two purposes. First, I positioned it on the starboard deck to be in line with the gaff halyard to make it easier to raise the halyard in a blow going upwind. I actually injured my right hand in April raising the gaff to go upwind properly, stressing the arthritic joint where my thumb meets my wrist. The winch is very easy to install once you know how to take it apart (requiring a very small screw driver to loosen the housing ring). I used a backing plate made from a white composite backing material. This winch also serves to help bring up the anchor from a recalcitrant bottom. When retrieving the



The foredeck. Note the anchor board forward and Lewmar winch in the foreground.



anchor I simply wrap the rode three times around the winch and pull the boat forward over the anchor. If the anchor gives the slightest resistance I crank the winch to bring it up. I use about six feet of chain, so in my usual anchorages the chain is reaching the anchor roller about the same time I'm in the final stage of retrieval. If the anchor has mud attached to it, I let it drag in the water for a little while before securing of the anchor in its roller.

- **Dinghy:** You can cruise very well in a Sanderling without a dinghy. I did this from Oriental, North Carolina, to Cambridge, Maryland (about 300 nm) in May 2017. In 2018 I bought a Trinka 8 dinghy and love it. I hardly notice that it is back there and, in fact, lost it once by inadequately securing it to my boat in the middle of the Chesapeake.
- When I happened to look back and noticed that the dinghy was gone I backtracked and made a Channel 16 call. I got an answer giving the latitude and longitude and I sailed right back to it, losing only 30 minutes total. I think of the dinghy as both a safety and a convenience item. The dinghy is escape if something happens to penetrate the hull of your main boat and it is sinking. Otherwise, the dinghy is means of transportation from anchorage to shore. It is delicate getting into and out of the dinghy. The transition must be done with focus and care. But, what fun to use the oars to go where you want to go away from your main vessel. Mark Johansson makes each of these boats personally by hand. A good alternative is the Dyer Dhow Midget, made in New England, the prior dinghy of choice which I sold with my Cape Dory prior to buying my Marshall Sanderling.



Towing the dinghy.

- **Self-Steering and Autohelm:** When cruising solo, there are times when you want or need relief from the helm, if only for a minute, to fetch something from the cabin or longert to consult your charts, make notes, read, or fix something. I have two systems.
- **Adjustable ties to the tiller:** See the photo below. I like to tie the tiller when at anchor or at a dock or slip, and this system allows temporary self-steering for short errands while under sail.



Tiller with line for securing in port. I use this same line to hold the tiller briefly while underway.

**Autohelm:** I use a Raymarine ST1000 Tiller Pilot. As this gadget can use a lot of battery when stressed, I do not use it when sailing, but it provides a straight compass course when I am motoring across large bodies of water and not in danger of shallows. It is attached from under the tiller to an arm purchased separately. The other end goes into a brass sleeve which is attached to the seat with reinforcement (like a block of wood) under the seat.



The electronic Autohelm, a Raymarine ST1000 Tiller Pilot.

- **Human Element Range Extenders (“H.E.R.E.”):** Well, let’s just say it, we need to pee and poop. I take three red H.E.R.E. bottles plus a large, used V-8 bottle for accumulation until I reach a marina facility for emptying, typically daily.



Human Element Range Extenders (“H.E.R.E.”) bottles.

Defecating is a bit more complicated. I remove the trash bag from a 5-gallon bucket, put a fresh “Double Doodie” bag in the bucket, and fit a “comfy” seat on top of the bucket. The “Double Doodie” bag is actually a double bag, and the inner bag has a substance that converts your waste into an odorless gel. The bags are then sealed and rolled up and included with your trash when you get to the next marina.



“Double Doodie” bucket emergency toilet with bags.



“Double Doodie” bucket emergency toilet with seat in place.

- **Trailer:** It is hard to say enough about the advantages of being able to haul a boat behind a car to a place to sail. I have friends, and you do too, who love to cruise, but they have to get their larger boats to the place where they want to sail. Trailerable small boats can just be driven to places to put in and, launched, whether by ramp or by crane, and away we go. When our destination is reached, we haul out, load onto the trailer and drive home. For me, trailers are the way to go.

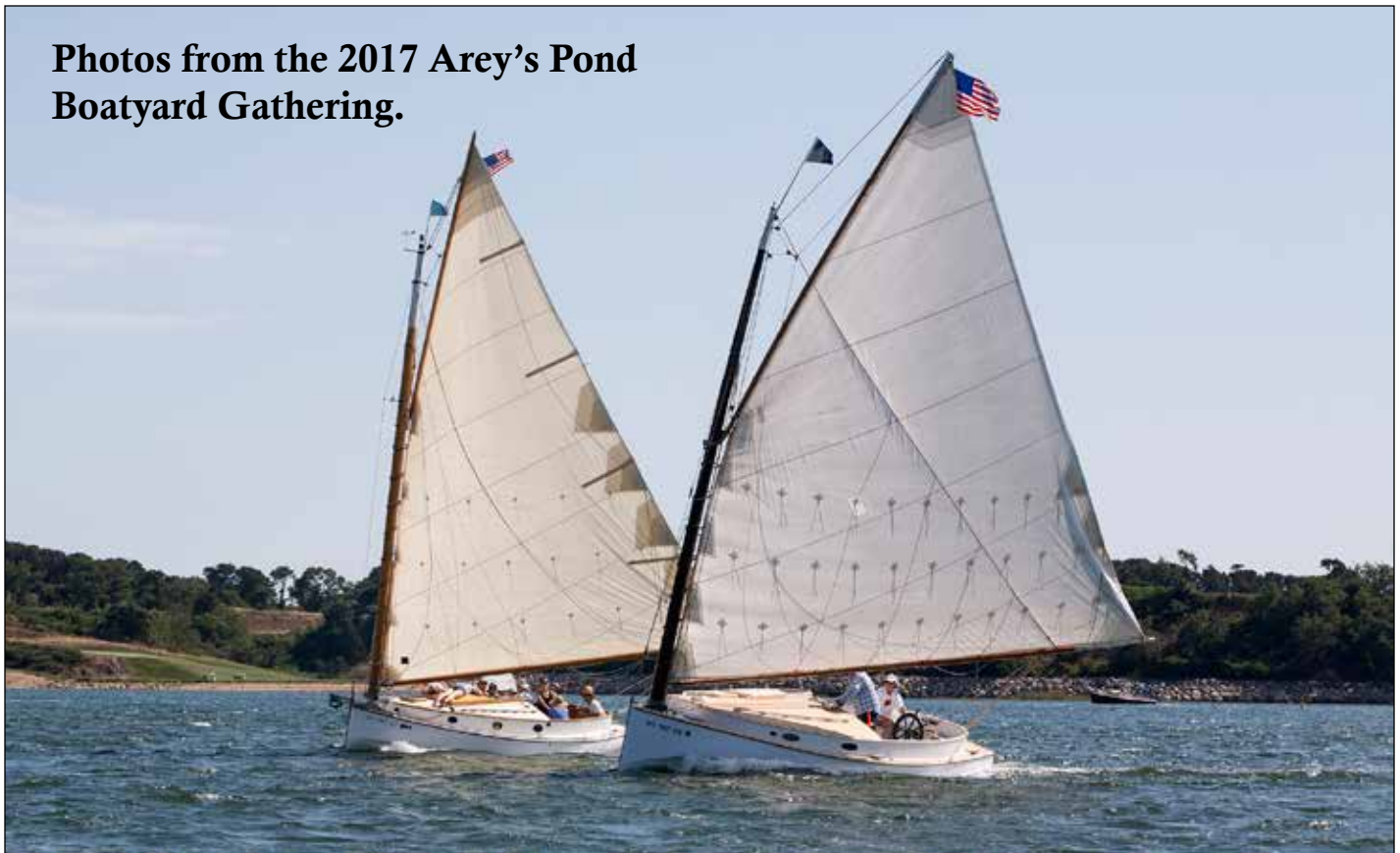


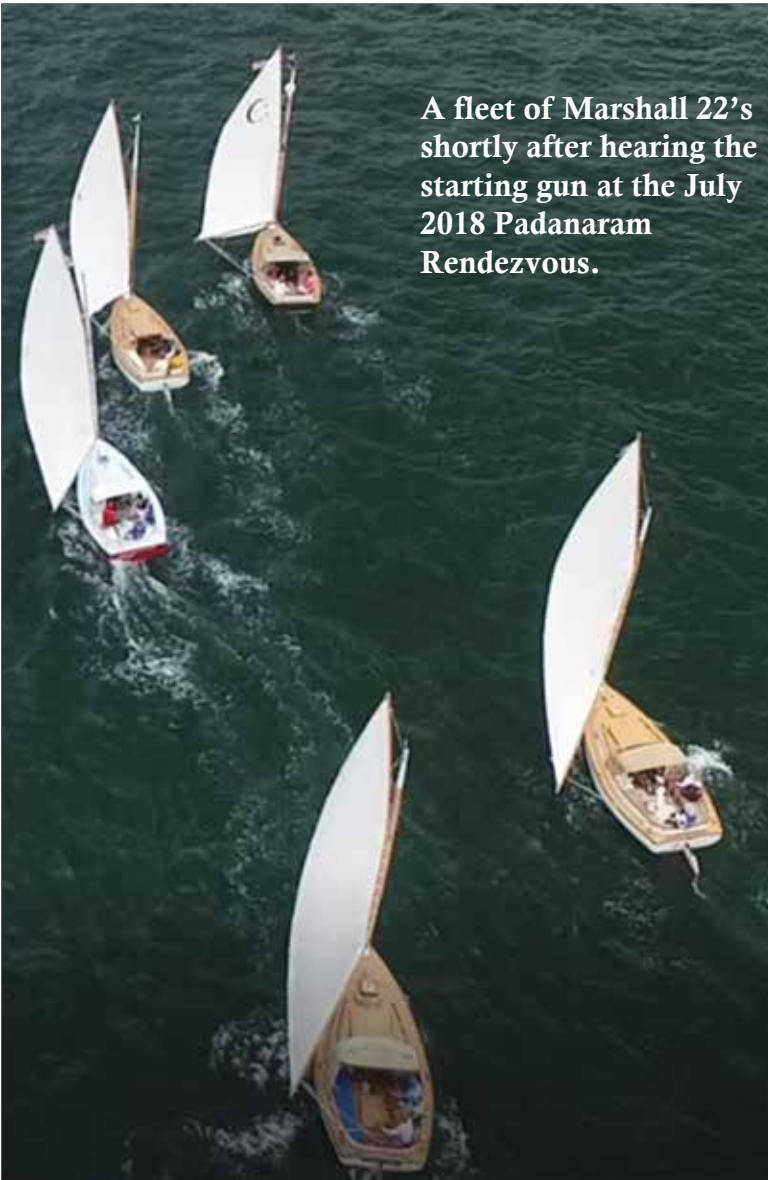
Geezer on the trailer, ready to roll.





**Photos from the 2017 Arey's Pond Boatyard Gathering.**





A fleet of Marshall 22's shortly after hearing the starting gun at the July 2018 Padanaram Rendezvous.

**Aerial drone stills taken by videographer Brendan Harty of WaterWings, Ltd. During the filming of *Catboat Legends*.**

Genevieve (Bob Luckraft at the helm) overtaking a hapless Marshall 22.



**This new media, combined with historic footage and photos, will be the 2019 Annual Meeting's keynote presentation featuring the tales of a number of the CBA's more remarkable vessels, all narrated live by their current skippers.**





Sea (left) and air shot (below) of John and Pinkie Leavens' Pinkletink, the catboat that started it all. (Now skippered by Eric and Dawn Peterson).



Check out the YouTube trailer for this event by searching on the title: *“CBA 57th Annual Meeting Video Trailer.”*



**Photo from the 2017 Arey's Pond Boatyard Gathering.**



# Boat Building and Maintenance

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Eric Peterson, Editor

## Building *Tom-Tom*

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Jim Ledger

My previous article was titled “Building *Mascot*” but I came to realize that that particular name had already been used on a most iconic catboat, namely the boat in *The Boy, Me, and the Cat*. Far be it for me to be so presumptuous as to try to fill those big shoes. Nevertheless I will soldier on under a new name, hopefully one not yet in use: *Tom-Tom*.

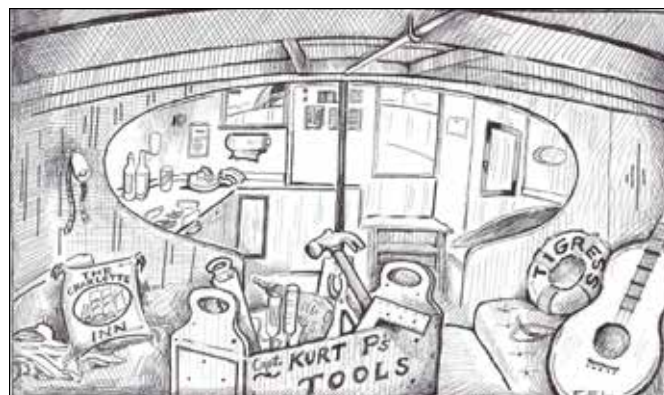
To recap, *Tom-Tom* is a 25-foot Ted Brewer Chappaquiddick design. She’s being built in what is best described as a semi-traditional plank-on-frame manner, deviating, at the builders’ whim, into more modern methods, such as a plywood and glass deck and laminated frames.

When I last reported here, the backbone had been completed and standing ready on the stocks. The centerboard trunk was built at this point, while easy access was available, without having the hull in the way. The board was also made and installed in the trunk at this time. Some of the floor timbers were also put in place, particularly those under the engine. This allowed the engine beds, drip pan, and engine to be fitted and installed while being able to stand next to the keel.

The transom was made and fitted onto the backbone at this point. The transom is a solid slab of inch and a half thick Sapele backed up by Locust.

A series of temporary molds was set up on the backbone. These were made of pine and defined the shape of the hull. The molds were then connected by a series of light battens running fore and aft. These battens occupied the space where the outer planking would eventually lie, and revealed the three dimensional nature of the emerging craft.

The frames themselves were not to be the traditional steamed White Oak. Instead, they were made from Locust, a strong, rather heavy wood known for its durable and rot-resistant properties. The Locust was ripped into strips and each frame laminated to



shape. These frames were spaced ten inches apart. The outer edge of each frame was beveled to fit against the temporary battens and the inner edge was beveled to match.



*Tom-Tom's frames.*

An unusual feature of this design is that the frames stop about an inch short of the keel, which leaves a clear space for bilge water and debris to flow towards the low spot of the bilge. This does away with the need for limber holes and the need to constantly clean them out as well as removing most of the stagnant pockets of water that can't drain. To retain the strength provided by the frame-to-keel connection each pair of frames has a corresponding floor timber to which it is securely riveted.

Planking began with the sheer strake, the topsides' topmost plank. This plank is made of Mahogany and is a quarter inch thicker than the rest of the planks below. This added thickness adds some strength where the deck and hull meet and provides good fastening for the deck, sheer clamp, rub rails, and toe rail.



When finished, the extra thickness of the sheer strake will show as an attractive shadow line on the outside of the hull.

I fastened down another three planks from the sheer strake and stopped there. The planks below the sheer strake are Alaskan Yellow Cedar, a wonderful planking wood. The fastenings are #14 bronze screws, going through the planks and into the frames. I stopped planking there and will finish it near the end of the build. Because the frames are laminated, as opposed to steam-bent, there is no reason that the planking needs to be complete to finish the remainder of the boat. There are advantages to having the framework open when completing the interior, not the least of which is that debris falls to the floor instead of accumulating in the bilge.



The sheer strake. Note the lower planking has been left unfinished at this point.

The sheer clamps, the pair of heavy timbers that run the length of the boat along each side just under the deck, were laminated in place using three layers of Douglas Fir. They provide a landing for all the deck beams and much of the strength of the hull-to-deck connection. These were bolted through the sheer plank and each frame.

The deck framing went in next. The short space between the back of the cockpit and the transom was completely filled with locust blocking between the deck beams. The foredeck was heavily framed with a heavy king plank and a wide athwartships block in the way of the mast hole. This, of course, is to counter the stress imposed on the hull by the rig. Three sets of hanging knees were fitted under the foredeck to further strengthen this area.



The bow knees.

Well, we're almost caught up. I'll leave some for the next issue. I would like to devote an article to my bronze casting efforts, with which I am attempting to produce the needed hardware for this build. While there have been many failures there have been some notable successes as well. A story for another day. Remember me when you're out sailing!

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## *Jane M* Gets New Cockpit Seats

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Dan Brannegan

*Jane M* is a wonderful Marshall 18 built in 1983. When I purchased her some ten years ago, she was in excellent condition and beyond fully equipped. Formerly named *Salty*, she was well known and a proven race winner. Thus, my work on *Jane M* over several years consisted only of polish, varnish, and some new halyards. Over a number of years the only "major" work was to install new pintles and gudgeons for the rudder.

One spring day, however, I ventured under the cockpit seats to trace a running light wire and found that the plywood of the cockpit seat had nearly rotted through. There was a seam of very advanced rot from the limber hole near the middle of the seat. The rot extended fore and aft from this point almost in a straight line about three inches inboard. Clearly, the water draining from the limber hole ran fore and aft just along the edge of the fiberglass tabbing that secured the seat to the hull. Examination of the other cockpit seat showed it to be in the same condition; only on the port side the condition was worse. (I



attributed this to the weight of the outboard on the port side causing a bit more water to pool on that seat). While the spindles provide support for the inboard edge of the seats and the cleats on the cabin bulkhead and transom provide two more secure anchor points, the outboard edges of both seats were severely compromised. As I am often lowering my full weight on the seat as I (gracefully) step from the foredeck to the cockpit, I thought something needed to be done immediately.

My fix was a simple brace of one by one inch pine just forward of the forward spindle. This looked horrible, blocked the flow of water from under the seats, and would never have qualified for honorable mention for the Broad Axe award, yet it worked. For most of a summer I was able to get both up and down from the foredeck without crashing through the seats. Additionally, I had enough confidence in my quick fix not to mention seat conditions to any of my guests (who already had enough to worry about).

Now the reader should understand, the new pintles and gudgeons were a big project for me. The prospect of new seats was, in my mind, a major rebuild! My first call for help and advice was to our good friends at Marshall Marine. To them, installing new cockpit seats is only slightly more involved than changing a light bulb. Their calmness was assuring. In that first phone call I was informed that this is a common issue in boats of a certain age. Second, they had pre-cut seats in stock. Third, they would be happy to do the job provided I get the boat to them. Finally, it was a straightforward undertaking that catboat owners do all the time themselves.

I did some probing of the yard manager at the boatyard where *Jane M* spends her winters. That conversation had the same tone as the one I had with Marshall Marine. Phrases included “straightforward,” “tabbing to the hull,” “fiberglass cloth and filler,” etc. OK, deep breath, I can do this!

Another call to Marshall Marine took away a bit more apprehension and started to build good karma around the project. First, I agreed to purchase the seats from Marshall Marine. In that conversation, they asked if I wanted new teak trim and/or new spindles. I declined both thinking that I could salvage both and refurbish them over the winter. During this entire conversation I kept thinking of whose truck I could borrow and how I would get the seats back to Mystic. Out of this fog I heard Charlie say, “We are heading for Mystic soon and we would be happy to drop them off at your boatyard.” I know you all understand that

these are the kinds of things Geoff and Charlie do all the time for us catboaters, but it is still remarkable to me and deeply appreciated.

So, last Fall, with the boat out of the water and bolstered by this unanticipated momentum, I gathered some tools and began to remove the existing cockpit seats. Removing the teak trim was uneventful. My skillsaw did fine in cutting the seats into manageable squares leaving only five or six inches of material on the outboard edge under the deck.

A safety note here: Any cutting of fiberglass should include proper respiratory protection.

The spindles were also easily removed. Now all that remained was the edge of the seats where they meet the hull. The good news is that with the majority of the seats removed, there was lots of room for me to work. As you would expect, the seats are tabbed onto the hull. Thus, if you cut through the fiberglass where it forms a 90-degree angle with the hull and seat, you will have freed the seat from the hull. I found the best tool for this to be an oscillating Dremel with a sharp right angle blade. This small, handheld tool did a quick job on the fiberglass and worked great on the hard to reach topside of the seat, which is under the deck.

Once the remaining portions of the seats were removed, I was able to peel away large strips of fiberglass tabbing. This resulted in a six-inch wide strip of paint free hull. This area was sanded well and ready for installation of the seats.

I did contemplate placing a layer of fiberglass on this six-inch wide strip on the inboard side of the hull. This would provide an excellent base to secure the tabbing for the seats. I did worry however, that this additional strip might interfere with the tolerances of the pre-cut seats. I choose not to add this strip, however, in retrospect; it would probably have been a good idea.

Over the winter, I stripped and re-varnished the seat trim and spindles.

Last spring, I found the seats at the boatyard where Marshall had left them. Then I spoke with the boat yard manager about fiberglassing basics. Fortunately, LBI is a local organization. LBI specializes in fiberglassing and were once the builders of the Legnos Mystic Catboat (one of which I owned for several years). LBI took time to listen to what I had in mind and helped me understand what I needed and why I needed it. Both the boatyard manager and LBI suggested I use a filler to help the radius of the tabbing. For just under \$100, I had filler, twenty

feet of six-inch cloth, resin, hardener, a small tool to remove bubbles from the glass, respirator, gloves and lots of mixing pots and stirring sticks.

Prior to installing the seats, I took the opportunity to clean, lightly sand, and repaint the cockpit area under the seats.

I only needed to trim a quarter of an inch off the aft end of the seats and they fit perfectly. Once the seats were in place I used stainless screws to secure them to the cleats fore and aft. The next step was to tab them in with fiberglass. I used the filler to form a reasonable radius under the seat where it met the hull. Then I tabbed the glass in place in about three to four foot sections. This work went quickly and the results were perfectly acceptable, particularly as you have to crawl under the seats to see any imperfections! Tabbing the topside of the seats was much more challenging, as this edge is eight inches or more under the side decking. The restricted room to work was a challenge, but in the end, it was just more time to complete than the underside. Once again, I was happy with the result. Even though a few spots did not look perfect, I am confident that the final result was very strong.

I primed and painted the seats, then replaced the spindles and seat combing. A fresh coat of paint on the cockpit floor (with some non-skid) made everything



Port side bench with Mystic Seaport catboat *Breck Marshall* in the background.

match. Finally, new wiring was installed and secured.

The time for this project was roughly one good afternoon for removal of the seats. Installation of the seats was done over two days (one seat each day). Painting and reinstalling teak and wiring were another two afternoons. (Time spent worrying about the project far exceeded actual work time).

Thirty four years from now, when the seats next need replacing, my experience will likely allow the time for this project to be shortened and the apprehension minimized. As I will be 104 years old,



The finished benches.



The *Jane M.*



# Rendezvous and Race Results

Steve Flesner, Editor

## APBY's 25<sup>th</sup> Annual Cat Gathering

Robin Davis



There was a lot of anticipation leading up to Arey's Pond Boat Yard's 2017 Annual Cat Gathering. It was to be a special occasion in celebration of twenty-five years of setting aside one summer day for gaff-rigged sailboats to form a procession across Pleasant Bay. A three-day event was planned. Included in the entry fee was a warm-up race on Friday, 18 August; a commemorative 25th anniversary pennant for the race on Saturday, and a send-off on Sunday for those who had sailed into Arey's Pond from distant ports.

The APBY Cat Gathering has always been family-oriented in nature. One Vermont sailor and his young son, who have attended many times, booked an APBY sailing school boat for the weekend, with the intention of having fun no matter what the outcome. There were many others, including long-time customers, Mike Duggan, and John and Mary Kelsey, who had participated in just about every Cat Gathering. Everyone was ready to enjoy another great APBY Cat Gathering.

On Friday morning, there was a brisk southeast breeze for the warm-up race. Twenty-seven boats from all classes participated. The race went quickly and smoothly led by *Sea Lion*, a wooden Wianno senior in the traditional class, skippered by Peter McClennen; followed by Rick Cain in *Pleasant Dreams*, a Marshall 18; and the Browns sailing the new APBY design, Caracal 19, *An Cat Mathair*. The conditions were perfect and the top boats sailed the course, which normally averages an hour and a half, in less than an hour.

On Saturday, it was a different story. The morning start had been scheduled to coincide with

participants returning from Big Pleasant Bay through The Narrows at high tide. However, during the night, a storm had dumped a record amount of rain, washing out roads and swamping many boats tied up at the dock and on moorings. The APBY crew came in early to clean up and bail, and the committee made the difficult decision to delay the start by one hour to give sailors more time to prepare their boats. The gale that had been forecast was not happening and there was no longer any talk of reefing.



First cannon, let the race begin!

By the time the committee boat headed down the river, there were 96 boats registered. It was an overcast day with light air from the south. There were no issues at the line and soon, with cannon shots for the three staggered starts, all the classes were underway. A parade of gaff-rigged sailboats set off across the bay towards The Narrows.

As in other years, this gathering was family-oriented in nature. One sailor from Vermont and his young son, booked an APBY sailing school boat and drove down from Vermont for the weekend, as they had over many years, always with the intention



of having fun no matter what the outcome. There were many others, including long-time customers Mike Duggan and John and Mary Kelsey, who had participated in just about every Cat Gathering. So it seemed that all of these loyal participants were about to enjoy another typical Cat Gathering, or *were* they?

All the boats made it from Little Pleasant Bay through The Narrows and headed to mark A, off the Wequassett Inn. Some of the lighter boats in the 14 foot class were catching up to the heavier boats from the previous two starts, so mark A became a traffic jam as the wind lightened, however, in time, the fleet started to spread out and began to head for mark B.

As the wind was dying in Big Pleasant Bay, *Pandora*, one of the fastest gaff rigged catboats in the world, skippered by Burt and Drew Staniar, crossed the finish line first at 1.25 hours; followed by Bruce Almeida in *Harvest Moon*. Many of the Marshall 15's and APBY Lynxes also made it across the finish line.

And then the biggest fear that Cat Gathering organizers had labored under during its 25-year history began to unfold. Because of the delayed start, the tide was now turning against the fleet an hour earlier in the race than usual. So as the wind diminished and the tide turned, there were more than 60 boats becalmed in Big Pleasant Bay, and if the wind did not pick up, the finish line would have to be moved to them.

At about the 1.5-hour mark, as the 14's were approaching The Narrows, the strongest current was beginning to push against them, and the wind completely died. The committee hoped that they would throw their anchors and wait for wind, but instead they were starting to drift backwards. So the committee called the finish line for the 14's at The Narrows. Thanks to communication from APBY staff in the patrol boat, there was reasonably controlled chaos calling off the finish times aboard Ben Zender's, *Daisy*, which served as this year's committee boat.

Participants still in Big Pleasant Bay radioed the committee by VHF reporting that it looked like a breeze would come up shortly. Aboard the committee boat, there was worry about the events planned ashore and the desire to get all the sailors in, but after 20 minutes, the wind did pick up out of the southeast and sailors who had been patient enough to wait made it to the finish line under sail.



Moon Dust, Congurer & An Cat Mathair heading for the finish line.

Ashore at the boat yard, there was a celebratory evening of music, awards, and catered cocktail and dinner hours. Musical entertainment for the cocktail hour was provided by the Bert Jackson Quartet, joined on base by customer, Rick Cain, who won the Marshall-18 class. The Vern-Mon Band played during the dinner hour. Food was provided by White's Catering (Orleans, MA); and wine was generously donated by Vintages Adventures in Wine (Concord, MA).

Awards, featuring an image by artist Karol B. Wyckoff, were presented and stories were told of Cat Gatherings over the past 25 years, such as the year *Bull and Bear* from Barnegat Bay participated and led a great fundraising event for the Friends of Pleasant Bay (FOPB) and local nonprofit sailing programs. As darkness came and the catboats rested on the docks and moorings, the fire pit was lit and the party went on well into the evening.

Sunday was a beautiful breezy day for the morning send-off for the catboat owners who had taken the time to sail from ports outside of Pleasant Bay to attend the weekend event. Marshall 22's had sailed from Padanarum, Martha's Vineyard, and Stage Harbor. As the visitors approached The Narrows, many Pleasant Bay catboat owners came out to show their appreciation and joined in a sail through the channel. The Arey's Pond crew shot the cannon to bid the guests goodbye and wished them safe passage.

The focus of this year's event, as it has been since the first Cat Gathering in 1992, was to honor the bay, its beauty and the FOPB volunteers who oversee its

health, ensuring that the natural habitat is preserved as much as possible in this ever-changing world. As the organizers try to emphasize each year, all who participate are winners. As a group of sailors, Cat Gathering participants had Pleasant Bay to themselves for a few hours and celebrated the bay's beauty with their wind-powered vessels, leaving no trace.

The Arey's Pond Boat Yard crew is thankful to all who participated and hopes that the annual gathering will continue into the future. Photo credits go to Anita Winstanley Roark, the APBY Office Manager and photographer at wrfa@masterfulart.com.

Cat Gathering Race Results can be found at areyspondboatyard.com (areyspondboatyard.com/apby-news/the-official-results-of-the-2017-cat-gathering)



## 2018 Cats N Gaffers Regatta, Essex, CT

Rick Batchelder

The Cats N Gaffers Regatta got underway on Friday August 24<sup>th</sup> with the captain's meeting and pizza party at the Pettipaug Yacht Club in Essex CT. Saturday was sunny with a light southerly breeze and an outgoing tide. Six boats met at the starting line, three Sanderlings, two Sandpipers, and a twenty-two, all Marshall catboats.



The Marshall Fleet.

We sailed a triangular course set by our race committee, Sandy Sanstrom, in the shallow water of the Connecticut River. The highest score of the six races was eliminated. The wind was on the light side, just enough for the smaller boats, but not enough to get *Tailwinds*, the twenty-two up to speed. *Fear Less*, a Sandpiper, came in first in five of six races.



Maneuvering for the start.



Rounding the windward mark.

After the races we had a cookout and awards ceremony at the Pettipaug Yacht Club, overlooking the Connecticut River, Joshua Rock, and Hamburg Cove. The setting sun made them glow as the moon rose in the east.



*Fear Less* pinching at the windward mark.

Thanks go to the Pettipaug Yachtclub, Sandy Sanstrom, and all the people who joined us. Any profits went to the Pettipaug Sailing Academy. Photo credits go to Robin Batchelder, great shots!

| Race | Results                | Skipper                       |
|------|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1    | <i>Fear Less, M-15</i> | Rob White                     |
| 2    | <i>Ouzel, M-18</i>     | Moses Lieberman/Judy Saunders |
| 3    | <i>Stray, M-18</i>     | Rick Batchelder               |
| 4    | <i>Pounce, M-18</i>    | Craig Elliott                 |
| 5    | <i>Salty, M-15</i>     | Sarge Tower                   |
| 6    | <i>Tailwinds, M-22</i> | Jack Gosselin                 |

## The Great South Bay Annual Catboat Regatta and Rendezvous

Philip B. Linker

The Great South Bay Annual Catboat Regatta and Rendezvous was held as usual at the Sayville Yacht Club in Blue Point, Long Island, on Saturday, September 8th. Three classes competed around the modified Gold Cup course under shifty north east winds, occasionally gusting to fifteen knots, which is usual for the Great South Bay where steady southwesterly winds are generally expected on late summer afternoons. Following the races, the competitors and guests enjoyed a cocktail hour featuring a raw bar with local Great South Bay clams and oysters followed by a delicious filet mignon dinner with fresh Long Island corn on the cob and pie a la mode for dessert and an award ceremony.

### THE RESULTS:

#### Handicap Division:

|    |  |             |                  |
|----|--|-------------|------------------|
| 1. | Phil Linker, Sayville Yacht Club       | Marshall 15 | <i>Memory</i>    |
| 2. | Bob Campbell, Wet Pants Sailing Assoc. | Marshall 22 | <i>Whisper</i>   |
| 3. | Ed Dankevitch, Northport Yacht Club    | Hermann 18  | <i>Catherine</i> |

#### Herreshoff Americas:

|    |   |                   |
|----|---|-------------------|
| 1. | Charlie Huberman, Wet Pants Sailing Association           |                   |
| 2. | Mark Seal of Sayville Yacht Club                          | <i>Jean Seal</i>  |
| 3. | Brian Kennedy, Sayville Yacht Club (sailing Ann Martin's) | <i>Bella Vela</i> |

#### Marshall 18's:

|    |   |                     |
|----|---|---------------------|
| 1. | Tom Montalbinem, Sayville Yacht Club sailing (Tusso's and Curran's) | <i>Fraidy Cat</i>   |
| 2. | Hank Frederick, Sayville Yacht Club sailing                         | <i>Phragmite</i>    |
| 3. | Mike Heinlein, Sayville Yacht Club sailing                          | <i>Beverage Too</i> |



# The 51st Annual North of the Cape Race

Michael Thornton

The participants enjoyed a gathering at the Plymouth Yacht Club the night before the race taking in Plymouth harbor and enjoying dinner served by the club's Friday Night Supper program.



Raft up and captains meeting at N "4".

The race began after a raft up and Captains meeting at the The Nummet N "4" buoy. The wind was light and picking for a beautiful sail around Clarks Island. The race course was an upwind start with all port roundings including Clarks Island. There was plenty of wind for a good start and a nice grouping at the pin with all boats headed toward Plymouth Beach.



Spreading the field.

The race continued up past Squish and Bug Light in Duxbury Bay keeping the island to port. The wind picked up during the race spreading the field of boats out into three groupings. Gerry May in *Maytime* led the first pack towards Clarks Island. The field was spreading out with Buckley in *Sequel* second in a Marshall 18. Buckley was in the lead with *Maytime* in second and *Baclaju*, a Sheverik 17 (which had just gone

thru a complete renovation by Jones River Historical Society) crewed by one of its restorers, Jack Burrey, along with Mark Guidoboni and Dan May, in third. Jay Webster in *Ismial*, Randy Cranton in *TipTop* and Michael Thornton in *Ripple* made up the second wave passing Clarks Island. The varying wind conditions proved an equal challenge to both the Marshall 22's and the 18's.



The after race "Gam" was held at Plymouth Yacht Club.

In the end the Marshall Trophy was awarded to Gerry May and his crew Katherine. Photos courtesy of Maddie Dawley.



Gerald May and Crew accepting award and prize.

## RACE RESULTS:

| Place | Boat                        | Skipper             |
|-------|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1     | <i>Maytime</i> M-22         | Gerald May          |
| 2     | <i>Sequel</i> M-18          | Paul Buckley        |
| 3     | <i>Bacljue</i> Sheverick 17 | Dan May             |
| 4     | <i>Ishmael</i> M-22         | Jay Webster         |
| 5     | <i>TipTop</i> M-22          | Randy Cranton       |
| 6     | <i>Ripple</i> M-22          | Michael Thornton    |
| 7     | <i>Sara J</i> M-18          | Joe Johnson         |
| 8     | <i>Phu Cat</i> M-22         | Greg Babbing        |
| 9     | <i>Budha</i> AC 24          | Michael Radoslovich |

# Oxford Catboat Parade – a Huge Success!

Judy Shuler & Steve Flesner

Friday, August 3<sup>rd</sup>, catboaters from around the region converged on the quaint town of Oxford, Maryland for their 1<sup>st</sup> Chesapeake Bay Rendezvous and Parade. On Friday, CCBA members from the Western Shore had an exciting sail across the Bay between the strong winds and dodging the floating debris moving down the Bay from the run off following recent heavy rains. The debris field was so bad some catboaters had to turn back and drive over the next day. Matt Cruder sailed *Sylph*, his Herman 17 across on her inaugural cruise after being on the hard for 13 years. On Saturday, seven boats, some flying colorful bunting and flags, sailed in the Tred Avon and treated Oxford residents and visitors to quite a sight: the first ever catboat parade on the Chesapeake! Boats ranging from 17 to 23 feet sailed out of Campbell's Town Creek Marina, down along the Strand, past a crowd at Town Park and down to Doc's Sunset Grille.



*Pride* Heading for the parade.

It was supposed to be an orderly parade, but once you cut the cats loose.... Well, anything can happen!



Is this a parade or a race...!

The boats provided plenty of photo opportunities, especially *Sylph* when she jibed right in front of the spectators at the park losing her Yeti beer can cooler over the side and forcing another jibe to retrieve it! Although he was encouraged, Matt Cruder refused to stand up and take a bow!

Saturday night, 29 catboaters met to enjoy a delicious dinner at their hosts Karen and Phil Livingston's boathouse (he couldn't get a permit to build a garage...go from there!). Breakfast was early Sunday before the fleet headed off in all directions. A good time was had by all!



Phil's boathouse and the dinner gang!

We really enjoyed the weekend in Oxford; it's just one of those friendly towns that even has world famous ice crème! Phil and Karen and the five other local catboat couples volunteer, as does practically everyone else in town, for what ever is needed. There were even "Welcome Catboater" signs posted here and there. One of the residents put me up in her 150 year-old home and gave me the run of the place along with her two cats and two dogs (I always carry dog treats in my pocket!). Marinas are everywhere and, of course, Cutts and Case, the famous wooden boat yard, is there...so, what else do you need? ...nutting' as far as I can see! It's a must stop if you find yourself on the Eastern Shore.



Need I say more??!



# Prospect Bay Race and Rendezvous 2018

Butch Miller

The annual Prospect Bay event was held June 8, 2018. Seven boats came to race, two by land, four by sea. The day was a typical June small-boat day on the Chesapeake, warm and windless. The committee-free race was a simple out and back, one or two laps if possible. *Lark* signaled the start with finish crossings to be reported via radio as previously announced. Of course, one skipper brought the dog and left the VHF at home...again. Following the start one competitor chose not to use the fair current and drifted back through the start line.

of locally distilled rum. The trophy was declared the best ever by the skipper who happens to have the most cups to fill.



Guess which one is going backwards across the start line?!

Eventually cat's paws arrived to get the fleet moving on the downwind leg in elephant walk fashion with *Anna* in the lead by a tail. Following the turn to windward she turned on the juice and gained her usual significant lead with the rest of the pack following in the same order established at the start. *Casco Cat* chimed up on the radio just after the windward turn to announce that he was returning to home port due to an impending mutiny. The race was called shortly thereafter before even *Anna* could make the finish. Finishing places were awarded to the three closest to the finish as handicaps were meaningless at that point due to the distance between boats.

Following the race, the group, along with shore support, met at Kentmoor Restaurant for lunch, libations, and awards. The host, looking for a trophy other than the usual cup, came up with something to fill all those cups and presented engraved bottles



Now that's a trophy!

Although the racing was a bust, the awards and the gathering of friends made for great day.

## RACE RESULTS:

| Place | Boat                    | Skipper         |
|-------|-------------------------|-----------------|
| 1     | <i>Anna</i> M-18        | David Morrow    |
| 2     | <i>Patriot</i> M-18     | Phil Livingston |
| 3     | <i>Bubbly</i> M-18      | Paul Cammarato  |
| 4     | <i>Lark</i> A-22        | Butch Miller    |
| 5     | <i>Pride</i> M-22       | Fred Sherriff   |
| 6     | <i>Casco Cat</i> H-17   | Frank Newton    |
| 7     | <i>Mystic Wind</i> M-20 | Craig Ligabel   |





# West River Heritage Catboat Regatta and Rendezvous Treats Participants and Spectators to a Fun Day of Racing

Craig Ligibel

Some would say the only thing more fun to watch than a catboat race in three to five knots of wind is... either watching grass grow or paint dry.

Au contraire!

Ten hardy catboat skippers and crews plied the placid waters of the West River just off the docks of Hartge Yacht Harbor in the first ever West River Heritage Catboat Regatta and Rendezvous held on May 27, 2018.

“We had boats of all sizes on the line,” said Regatta organizer Paul Cammaroto. “Most of the fleet was composed of Marshall 18’s, with a few 22’s thrown in, and a 14-foot Handi Cat for good measure. We even had an 18 trailered up from South Carolina.”



Looks a bit crowded!

The results of the race were never in doubt, as perpetual CCBA David Morrow led at the start...and at the finish. “The rest of us had a nice day on the water watching Morrow’s transom disappear into the distance,” says Cammaroto.



Lawn chair viewing stand!

We kept one eye on the weather but were blessed as the forecasted storms stayed well to the east. The day’s festivities were capped off with a pot-luck supper served on the spacious Hartge lawn overlooking the race course. A highlight of the supper was the plentiful supply of South River Suzie oysters shucked by your humble scribe.

One catboat groupie was heard to exclaim, “These old guys really know how to sail those boats. Obviously, the catboat is built for comfort and not for speed.” CCBA Commodore Steve Flesner agreed. “Some of our members may be showing their age, but there’s plenty of room for younger sailors to join the Catboat Revolution.”



Did I miss the boat??

Cammaroto’s teenage son Dominic was the youngest crewmember on the water. “I keep telling my Dad to look to the left...then look to the right. And if all he sees are people his age, he better get busy recruiting some younger sailors to keep the catboat tradition alive.”



# The Great Whitehall Bay Race 2018

David Morrow



Winners: Morrows, Cammaroto, and Livingston.

Butch Miller was awarded the inaugural “John Brown Memorial Trophy.” The trophy, which is named after John who passed away last year, goes to the catboater who best embodied John’s spirit during the racing. “John loved life...and he loved boats,” says Cammaroto. “He was most at ease sitting in his cockpit with an adult beverage in hand. Having just finished a three-week voyage from the Eastern Shore to Washington D.C. and back, with the ostensible purpose of visiting micro-breweries along the route... we felt Butch was most deserving of the first John Brown Trophy.”



Butch Miller with John Brown Trophy.

Catboats began arriving at the Providence community marina off Whitehall Bay on Saturday, September 1 in anticipation of the final 2018 racing event for the Chesapeake Catboat Association. They arrived from the South River and Eastern Shore by water and from Potomac and St. Leonard Creek, MD by trailer.

Sunday morning brought clear skies, high humidity and temps, and very little breeze. The race committee postponed the usual nine AM skipper’s meeting and soothed the anxious sailors’ souls with coffee and doughnuts.

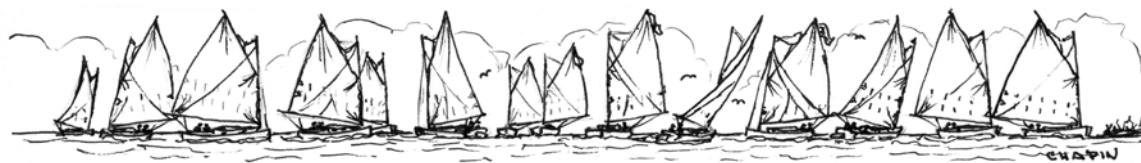


Cammaroto prepares Bubbly for the race...did she sink?

By 10:30, the breeze had filled ever so slightly, so the Race Committee (RC) and sailors headed out. The traditional Hoover twice around triangle ending with a windward-leeward course was set and the five catboats got off to a clean start around 11:30. Almost immediately the breeze started to drop; the powerboat waves began to increase and the RC realized we were all in for a long afternoon. It took the first boat almost an hour to complete the first triangle so the RC shortened the course to a once around finishing with a downwind leg. Even with the shortened course, the heat took its toll on participants.

## RACE RESULTS:

| Place | Boat                | Skipper                  |
|-------|---------------------|--------------------------|
| 1     | <i>Anna M-18</i>    | David Morrow             |
| 2     | <i>Bubbly M-18</i>  | Paul & Dominic Cammaroto |
| 3     | <i>Patriot M-18</i> | Phil Livingston          |







Matt Cruder cleaned house!



Paul Cammaroto 2nd place.



Franklin Newton in 3rd.

After the race, we gathered at the air-conditioned community club house for libations, hydration, and a delicious pot luck meal. Awards were presented including the Hoover Perpetual trophy. This year's winner, while not a new face to the CCBA, was a first-time skipper on his own. Matt Cruder sailed a mistake-free race and showed that he will be a force to reckon with in the coming years. David Morrow scooped up the Washington Irving ("Tut") Tuttle Memorial Trophy for participation throughout the sailing season.



David Morrow scoops the Tut Tuttle Trophy.

Thanks to Carolyn and Howard Hoover for again making this a very memorable event.

### RACE RESULTS

| Place | Boat                                       | Skipper         |
|-------|--|-----------------|
| 1     | <i>Sylph</i> , Herman 17                   | Matt Cruder     |
| 2     | <i>Bubbly</i> , M-18                       | Paul Cammaroto  |
| 3     | <i>Casco Cat</i> , Herman 17 (Marconi Rig) | Franklin Newton |
| 4     | <i>Lark</i> , Americat                     | Butch Miller    |
| 5     | <i>Scotty</i> , M-15                       | Steve Flesner   |





# Sailing Techniques and Seamanship

Butler Smythe, Editor

*Editor's Note: Ahem! I'm looking for stories and your thoughts on Sailing Techniques and Seamanship. As you can see from what I've written, or has been submitted, it can be on many things – and you've only just started. I'm going to stretch the concept a bit too, so we do want/need to hear from you. MY LAST COLUMN will be in the Spring 2019 Issue. The Editorial Board is looking for an editor for this section and for the Bulletin itself.*

## Painter Floats

Paul Cammaroto

Like the song says: “That good advice you just didn't take...”

We've all been there! Wondering why we didn't listen when good advice was being given. Like Apple is about to make a huge comeback - or get in on Netflix - when people were still wondering what the heck it was. Ok, so not all advice can reap such rewards. Some advice arrives to help you avoid some real unpleasant moments or pain. Like - don't stand-up in a catboat cockpit during a gybe; always drink upstream of the herd; always cleat the bitter end of your anchor line and never do snow angels in a dog park.

Well, now it's time to spread some advice. For a few years now I've remarked to myself that the green-hulled catboat has really overkilled his dinghy painter with all those floats he's added (that would be Mark Cruder with *Wanderer*). Well, I said to myself, I'll just use a polypropylene line, which floats, as my dinghy's painter. It worked for years without a problem. Until it didn't.

While backing down in a quite cove to set my anchor on our “long cruise,” I heard a crash and felt the impact of my dinghy slamming into the stern quarter of my boat, immediately dragging the dink underwater. My shock was luckily coupled with my reaction to put the engine in neutral, as my not-so floating painter was sucked into my prop, dragging my dinghy down with it.

Luckily I had a diving mask on the boat making it a little easier to clear the line from the prop shaft, but



Dink Sunk.

it still took many dives to accomplish the task since I was accompanied by dozens of jelly-fish (sea-nettles), which stung all my exposed skin - including my face. I felt a bit like Humphrey Bogart in the “African Queen,” as I had to repetitively get back in that not so friendly water until the job was done.

Floater – now I get it!

Searching on Amazon, I was able to acquire a “floated” poly line (one with small blue float things) that would normally be used to section off the deep end of a swimming pool. It works great.



Painter floats.

Good advice, like Advil, useless unless taken.

# Oh My God – He Intentionally Rammed Us!

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Butler Smythe

“Oh my God - he intentionally rammed us!” You got it - he did it.

So I bet you’ve never had to say that – maybe “whoops, you bumped me” or “oops, sorry I can fix that.” Maybe something more choice. And I didn’t say it, my eight year old did, as a kayaker intentionally rammed my eight-foot Trinka being towed about 20 feet behind my sailboat. Can you believe it? I’ve been in bad collisions while sailboat racing (two actually) but never this.

Here’s the story. I’ve got young witnesses (both younger than me at least).

Heading out from Northwest Harbor on Deer Isle, Maine on a lovely August day, heading for Pond Island for a nice swim and a walk on the beach, we sailed in a dying breeze - just hoping to say we’d been able to sail that day. We did sail a bit, but after crossing about two miles of open water and meeting shifty winds as we passed a few islands on the way to the next open stretch of water before Pond Island and then after huffing it out for another mile or so, I opted for the engine (the trusty iron genny I’m not afraid to use) and went forward to lower the main. The helm was ably “manned” and the lookout - just as able and attentive to the minutest details. He’s eight and really is!

Off to our starboard side, forward of the beam, was a kayaker in one of those heinous plastic ocean kayaks (yes, I am a kayak snob) and red of all things, making its way well out into the open Penobscot Bay, two miles from what I could ascertain as his origination point, and to who knows where next. I kept looking over my right shoulder as I lowered the main – Constant Bearing Decreasing Range (CBDR) was my best assumption. We appeared to be closing on each other at a spot in the bay. My helmsman had spotted him too and asked what she should do. I said maintain course as I tied the sail neatly to the boom. We still had time to do something if needed. The kayaker had shifted further off my shoulder, we were both going about four knots or so, and it was hard to tell if there was a real risk of collision because of his size and maneuvering; he was a kayak after all.

I’d finished with the main and went back to the cockpit and it became clear that he would pass clear of our stern – though it was obvious he was clearly

swinging his arms in a larger arc than before – was he was trying to speed up? Bugger!

We continued on our course and I actually ignored the kayaker, as he clearly would pass behind us, until my very observant lookout exclaimed – and rightfully so - “He just intentionally hit us!” Remember he’s eight and that *is* the correct assumption and appropriate description of what happened. His words may have been more precise - and more appropriate - as he’s been repetitively trained to only use the “word” correctly, but this is not that story.

Trailing about 20 feet behind us, tied to a brand new floating painter (bright yellow with red flecks I might add) - and yes, it does float, was my white eight-foot Trinka. The bugger (correct term) intentionally hit the starboard quarter of the dinghy and then said something I chose to ignore and did not clearly hear. The eight-year old did. No damage done but....

So who was in the right - the sailboat under power or the kayak? Think about that for a couple of secs...

Give up? So yes, I was under power and yes he was approaching from my starboard side. Both of those things were in his favor. In mine were mass, less maneuverability, and my assessment that we would clear him. Oh, and don’t forget he actually appeared to speed up as he clearly used his paddle in a larger arc - never obviously changing his course!

I have yet to read any specific reference in a “rule” regarding someone having to clear their “tow” from a crossing boater, or the need to do so. Crossing from the right does not give one the right to hit someone else. Always avoid/minimize if you can is what makes sense and avoid what can be avoided.

He didn’t use one strong stroke with the right paddle blade, or just stop paddling at all to avoid this intentional “collision.” I’ll also add – I am a kayaker, using my 21 foot surfski for exercise, and I’ve never approached another boat from the starboard side without being able to easily adjust my approach to avoid even the slightest hint of a collision, and if in doubt, I go behind – never in front! Out in the open water... it’s easier for the kayaker to assess. I also never use a channel when the law of gross tonnage is not in my favor.

**No “Right of Way”** – A commonly held misconception concerning the rules of marine navigation is that by following specific rules, a vessel can gain certain rights of way over other vessels. No vessel ever has absolute “right of way” over other vessels. Rather, there is a “give way” (burdened) vessel and a “stand on” (privileged) vessel, or there may be two give way vessels with no stand on vessel. A stand on

vessel does not have an absolute right of way over any give way vessel, for if there is a risk of collision, a stand on vessel is obliged to take action so as to avoid it (Colregs Rule 2 and Rule 17). Two power-driven vessels approaching each other head-to-head, are both deemed to be “give way” and both are required to alter course so as to avoid colliding with the other. Neither vessel has “right of way” (Colregs Rule 14).

For more information, see the following web sites:  
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/International\\_Regulations\\_for\\_Preventing\\_Collisions\\_at\\_Sea](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/International_Regulations_for_Preventing_Collisions_at_Sea)  
<https://www.rya.org.uk/newsevents/e-newsletters/up-to-speed/Pages/understanding-colregs2.aspx>

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## Boathooks

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Butler Smythe

Hey, we’ve got a floater! Bet you never heard that when referencing a boat hook. How about – Hey, we’re got a sinker.... My guess is if you own an aluminum boathook, especially one of those collapsible ones you let it get out of your hands, you at least thought about it as you watched it fill with water and escape to the bottom - trailed by air bubbles that you wish had stayed inside the water filling metal shaft - just a little bit longer.

After losing two of those darn things, I gave up on them for good back in San Diego, – pre-1996 or so - and went back to the basics. Wood and bronze (stainless is okay too) for me thank you very much. Boathooks do/will drop out of your hands and ones that float – especially handle UP - are precious. That’s because they will tell you where they are with the utmost confidence and will remain in reach, even from larger boats – within reason.

In the two photos that follow, one a hook of mine – the fancy one – is depicted with its stainless hook capable of being both able to survive severe impacts as well as grab and be pulled with brute force. I’ve even used mine as a shore anchor - jamming it in the sand to secure a dinghy’s painter to the shore while we went off to explore on a rising tide. The last photo was taken after I weakly tossed the hook into the air and watched it disappear in 20 feet of water, only to pop up handle first and settle there while I calmly took a photo and then retrieved it.

Ash-handled and bronze-tipped hooks are about 90 bucks (Hamilton Marine) and well worth it. You can even confidently repel boarders if you should so choose to do so. Remember – ash. If it’s pine, or some other wood, leave it alone.

Remember this too. If you want to impress your friends, *please* check the water depth first. There is nothing worse than tossing your lovely ash boathook gracefully in the air (Adonis like) and have it gracefully pierce the glassy water and become lodged in the mud only 6 feet below the surface – it could happen. It’s rather fun!



Boathook End.



Got a Floater.



# In Extremis

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Skip Stanley

It was a warm but cloudy day with little wind and, as I recall, a little foggy. We were out with my dad, just us kids and him, on board our 16-foot O'Day daysailer *Puffin*, in Hingham Harbor (Massachusetts), barely moving at all. Off in the distance, a motorboat was heading in our direction. I was steering and saw it coming toward us at I'd guess about fifteen knots. "Dad," I said, "That guy is heading right for us."

"Skip," he said, "We'll be fine."

"Dad, he's headed right for us."

He didn't look up but said, "Don't say things like that."

"No Dad, he's really headed right this way."

Dad looked up now and realized what was happening; the boat *was* going hit us. "Tack!" he yelled. But before I could move the tiller he grabbed it, and shoved it to port; we slowly turned to starboard. With a little speed, we might have gotten out of the way just enough for the other boat to clear us. But it was too late as the boat's starboard bow slammed our starboard quarter. It was pretty much a glancing blow, but it was enough to shake us up pretty good. The other boat pulled to a stop about fifty yards away. Four heads popped up. The boat slowly came back and pulled alongside.

I'd never seen Dad so angry; in fact it was the first time I ever heard him curse. The owner, I assumed, was more than sorry. Sheepishly, he apologized over and over. He actually said he thought he hit a buoy, though there weren't any around. Dad cooled down pretty quickly and the other boat went on its way and we went on ours. Luckily there was little damage, just a scuff on each boat. But it could have been a whole lot worse.

The big lesson for me was this: if you're going to get hit, take it on the bow. In grabbing the tiller and turning toward the other boat, Dad was looking to do just that. And with good reason: the bow is the strongest part of the boat and it will deflect the blow; and turning bow-on also lowered our aspect essentially making us a smaller target. These things I've never forgotten.

Which leads us to the topic risk of collision and *in extremis* situations.

People have asked me why the Rules of the Road exist and how they work. The simple answer is: to avoid collisions at sea. But why are they necessary, the sea is pretty big after all. But as you well know, despite its size, we inevitably find ourselves in situations where we have to avoid colliding with another vessel.

So, how do you determine risk of collision? The most common way is noting when the bearing of another vessel isn't changing and it's getting closer. It's what's known as Constant Bearing, Decreasing Range (CBDR). But that doesn't necessarily mean there's a risk of collision, not right away anyway. The situation could change in a many ways. An alteration of course or speed of either vessel or both vessels could change the situation and call for a reevaluation. What CBDR does mean is that the situation bears watching. The next thing, of course, is to evaluate the situation and how the rules apply. Are you the stand-on (required to maintain course and speed) or give-way vessel (required to maneuver)? And does the other vessel know that? In a meeting situation, would you go starboard to starboard? As the stand-on vessel in a crossing situation, how long will you hold your course and speed? And then there's the adage "a foot is as good as a mile," or is it? A foot of clearance may be good enough for sailing dinghies, but kind of risky for large yachts. How close is too close? How late is too late? It's up to you to decide based on the situation.

Which brings us to *in extremis* situations. Although not expressly defined in the rules, *in extremis* is understood to mean be any situation where *both* vessels must maneuver if a collision is to be avoided. In other words, the action of one vessel alone *will not avoid a collision*. It's a situation you don't want to come across because, as defined, a collision at the point of *in extremis* is nearly inevitable.

When you're the give-way vessel, being a safe and knowledgeable mariner, you of course make early and substantial maneuvers to let other vessels know your intentions and avoid even close quarters situations. But what about when you're the stand-on vessel and the other vessel just keeps getting closer? You need to act prior to that.

You don't have to wait for a CBDR situation to become *in extremis*. Rule 17(a)(ii) of the Rules of the Road allows a stand-on vessel to maneuver to avoid a collision when it becomes apparent the other vessel is not taking appropriate action... When that is, is up to you to decide. And at that point, you not only want to, you're obligated to; rule 17(b) requires action by *both* vessels to avoid a collision.

What happened to us in Hingham that day was a true *in extremis* situation (and resulted in a collision).

It became, and was, a situation where action by *both* boats was required; action by us alone was not going to, and in fact did not, avoid the collision. Dad acted, but his actions alone weren't enough. What he did do, however, was lessen the damage from the collision.

So, should you ever find yourself in a similar situation, take it on the bow.

Reference: Allen, Craig H., *Farwell's Rules of the Nautical Road*



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## New Members

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Dave Calder, Membership Secretary

***WELCOME ABOARD to our new members since March 10, 2018***

Aldrich, Melvin & Carol (Rock Hill, SC)  
Armstrong, Peter (Manchester, MA)  
Barker, Bob & Evelyn (E. Falmouth, MA)  
Byrd, Mike (Dothan, AL)  
Buchan, John & Susan (Newmarket, Ont.)  
Catlin, Jim & Carol (Menasha, WI)  
Chaikin, Harry & Sarah (Brigantine, NJ)  
Christian, Albert & Jimneta (Rockwall, TX)  
Cline, Matt (Springfield, OH)  
Colter, Carter & Willo (Milford, CT)  
Dooley, Matthew (Dennis, MA)  
Frisby, Don & Sally (Galesville, WI)  
Goldman, Dan & Rebecca (Williston, VT)  
Greenspan, Paul & Christine Wisniewski  
(Wellfleet, MA)  
Hanmer, Al & Lisa (Dover, MA)  
Hoinsky, Christopher (Milford, CT)  
Jollay, David & Jane (Cocoa, FL)  
King, Mary Beth (Bonita Springs FL)  
Knight, Dave & Marguerite (Chester, MD)  
Laverge, Albert & Kate (Riverside, CT)  
Lee, Bryan & Anne Marije (Marblehead, MA)  
Lima, Rafarl (Miami, FL)  
MacClausland, Lori (Manchester, MA)  
Mac Duffie, Alan (Falmouth, ME)  
McFee, Colin (Westport, MA)

MCGivney, Steven & Karen (Teaneck, NJ)  
Michaels, Rob (Andover, MA)  
Moorhoff, Tom & Ana Flores (Ithaca, NY)  
O'Banion, Wayne (Bellevue, FL)  
OLEary, Mark & Audra (Newbury, MA)  
Paytosh, Thomas (Bonita Springs, FL)  
Poor, Matthew (Portland, ME)  
Potter, Elizabeth & Joseph Bower (Edgartown, MA)  
Roberts, Whitney (Traverse City, MI)  
Samiljan, Peter & Sarah (Chestnut Hill, MA)  
Sawyer, John & Mardi (Hyannis, MA)  
Scott, Liv & Glenn (Jamestown, RI)  
Seymour, Joe (Baltimore, MD)  
Singer, Matt (Dartmouth, Nova Scotia)  
Sloan, Richard (Brooklin, ME)  
Smith, Annette (Shaw Island, WA)  
Smith, Ron (Olympia, WA)  
Stanford, Neill & Heike ( Bellingham, WA)  
Townsend, Doug & Kate (S. Dartmouth, MA)  
Unsworth, Brad (Lunenburg, Nova Scotia)  
Van Heynigen, Richard & Lisa Esperson  
(Falmouth, MA)  
Ware, James & Carolyn (Norfolk, VA)  
Watson, Sr., William & Beverly (Cheriton, VA)  
Wilson, Rob & Linda (Blaine, WA)  
Wright, Peter (Brielle, NJ)



# Navigation

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Skip Stanley, Editor

## It's About Time

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Skip Stanley

**Editor's Note:** *This is the first in a three-part series on time, rate, and distance, the foundation of all navigation.*

You know, there are people alive today who've never had to wind a watch. They were born after battery-powered watches came into being that's all they've ever known. I remember my first watch: it had a Cub Scout logo on the face and a grey band. It used to stop when I'd forget to wind it. In college, I recall, I had a self-winding watch. When I sailed on tankers, I had a wind-up stopwatch in the box with my navigation tools. I used it for celestial navigation and for timing the flashes on aids to navigation.

The ships I sailed on had two chronometers and, as a Third Mate, it was my duty to wind and check them. Each morning I would call the radio room and ask the radio operator to get the time tick. I'd compare it to the chronometer's time and record the difference and the rate of change. This was really more custom than anything else as we were running coastal and were never out of range of LORAN and Satellite Navigation (SATNAV) was just coming into being. Interestingly, because the SATNAV receiver had a digital readout of Greenwich Mean Time (GMT), I rarely even used a chronometer for celestial navigation.

Today we take for granted the phenomenal accuracy of our timepieces. It wasn't always so. It wasn't until 1762 that John Harrison created a clock capable of keeping accurate time sea (never mind on a wrist). Clocks on land were stable and used weights and pendulums because of the consistency of gravity

(and a stable location). The environment at sea has neither: it's damp, ships constantly pitch and roll, and the temperature is constantly changing (which caused the gears to expand or contract and the clock to speed up or slow down). Yet, an accurate timepiece was necessary to solve the problem of longitude. Harrison accomplished that and for that we navigators owe him a debt of gratitude.

There are essentially three kinds of time of interest in navigation:

- Time based on the earth's rotation – sidereal time and solar time.
- Time based on the earth's orbit around the sun – ephemeris time.
- Time kept by the knowing the exact number in cycles of a cesium atom – atomic time.

The time of primary interest to the navigator is a particular type of solar time: Universal Time (UT). Universal Time is mean solar time kept at the Prime Meridian in Greenwich, England. The Prime Meridian is where all longitude, east or west, is measured from.

Corrected for the earth's oscillations, Universal time is determined in theory by the apparent daily motion of the sun, but in fact is actually computed from sidereal time. This is known as Coordinated Universal Time (UTC), which is the same as Greenwich Mean Time (GMT). UTC is broadcasted via a very low frequency, which allows it to be received around the world and is what is heard when listening to the time tick.

A few years ago, when visiting my son Sean in England, we made a trip to Greenwich. Harrison's clocks are housed there and, incidentally, maintained in good working order. I stood, for a brief moment, in both hemispheres, on the Prime Meridian, the physical link between the earth and time.

<sup>1</sup>Some of you may remember calling the phone company to get the time. Well, incidentally, you can call 202-762-1401 and get the local time and GMT from the Naval Observatory. It's very similar to the time tick heard at sea.

<sup>2</sup>Because the earth's rotation is non-uniform, corrections must be applied to obtain more uniform time. The time of apparent noon (when the sun is over directly overhead), will be different than noon in the time zone you're in depending on where you are in that time zone. Earlier if you are east, later if you are west of the zone's center. The only place the two occur at the same time is in the middle of the zone, and even that can vary. Universal Time takes this into account to determine the mean time, which is then standardized around the world.





The Royal Observatory, Greenwich, England.



The author and son Sean at the Prime Meridian.

Time has always had a particular importance to the navigator for other reasons, not just for celestial navigation. It's not enough just to know where you are, but also when you are there. You can then apply a course, a speed, and a time interval and figure out you'll arrive in another location. Time also serves as a measure of safety: your calculations provide an idea when certain landmarks or lights should be in sight. When they're not, there may be cause for concern; you may not be where you thought.

Even as timepieces have become ubiquitous, time itself will always have a special place in the heart of the mariner. Something to think about sometime when you look at the watch on your wrist.

### The Time Ball

Did you ever wonder why a ball is dropped in Times Square on New Year's Eve?

Time balls, once principally used by mariners to check their chronometers, were once a common

means of ensuring clocks were correct in populated areas. Boston, for example, once had one on the roof of the Equitable Life Assurance Society building at the corner of Devonshire and Milk Streets.

On top of the Royal Observatory is a red ball. At one PM each day (not noon as it was in the U.S.) the ball is lowered so that all ships in Portsmouth Harbor and the Thames could check their chronometers. It's raised half-way up at 12:55. At 12:58 it's raised all the way up. At exactly 13:00 GMT the ball is lowered. Unlike New Year's Eve, the time is marked when the ball begins to drop, not when the ball reaches the bottom.

So, there you have it.



The red ball atop the Royal Observatory, an early "time tick."

Reference: *The American Practical Navigator* – Bowditch, Department of Defense, U.S. Hydrographic Office 1984

*A 1980 graduate of Maine Maritime Academy, Skip holds an Unlimited Second Mate license and sailed as a Third Mate with Exxon and as Deck Watch Officer in the U.S. Coast Guard.*



# Keeper of the Light

Jay Webster

Looking back through Bulletin 129, Fall 2002, I came across a wonderful article by our own Jim O'Connor. Jim is well known to us as a catboat photographer who shoots magnificent catboat photos for the Bulletin and the prized annual catboat calendar.

In the article Jim, a Martha's Vineyard resident, presents us with an interesting history of Edgartown's most famous catboat builder, Manuel Swartz Roberts. Jim had the good fortune to garner material for the article from interviews with the Catboat Association founder, John Leavens, and the legendary Edgartown catboat sailor and scalloper, Oscar Pease.

Manuel was born in 1881 and lived and worked on the family farm in Katama. Later, Manuel became interested in the beautiful shapes of catboats and worked for William King building catboats in Edgartown. Manuel eventually took over the shop at the turn of the century.

In 1905, Manuel moved the shop to the building that now houses the Old Sculpin Gallery, a landmark in Edgartown, a sailing loft in whaling days. Of course, he later named one of the most famous catboats he built *Old Sculpin*.

At the gallery, Manuel spent his career designing and building over 200 catboats, ranging in size from



12 to 31 feet. Manuel was paid \$150.00 for his first catboat and \$2,500.00 for his last catboat in 1948. Manley Crosby of the Cape Cod Catboat builders once told Manuel that he "built better catboats than we do."

In 1928, Manuel built the catboat named *Vanity* for Thomas Pease, the father of his friend and confidant, Oscar Pease. Thomas and Oscar used *Vanity* for towing boats and scalloping. *Vanity* is one of the last working catboats and currently is owned, and beautifully restored, by the Martha's Vineyard Historical Society in Edgartown. *Vanity* can be chartered by getting in touch with the Historical Society.

Manuel died in 1963 at the age of 82. The Vineyard Gazette stated that Manuel's shop became the village factotum at the time of his death. Manuel Swartz Roberts was clearly a catboat legend and Jim O'Connor did a great job in bringing his story to the Bulletin.





# Stray Cats

## Catting Around

Gretchen F. Coyle

Ever have the urge to run away for a few days? Well, a certain Sandpiper from Barnegat Bay decided to do just that. With a slip off her mooring one night, she took off at the mercy of the wind and tide. The next day the anxious owner (both the owner and boat's name are being eliminated) figured that the Sandpiper had headed south in a nor'easter.



Washed ashore.

Help came in the form of friends with powerboats checking along the east side of the mainland from Toms River to Cedar Creek. The word was passed on Facebook, by emails, and newspapers were prepared to put in short articles with the details. No luck.

Like most of our smaller catboats, depending on the state, there may or may not be numbers on the bow. The Coast Guard and Marine Police can be of help here, or sometimes they are not. Other boats have numbers from their winter destinations, as many people trailer their boats north and south depending



on the season. Sail numbers and names on the transom could easily identify a boat to a fellow fleet or yacht club member. But a fisherman or clammer would be totally clueless as to ownership.

Luckily this Sandpiper owner decided to look further south, determined that his boat's catting around days were over. With a lot of diligence and a little luck, she was found washed up in the reeds in Barnegat; scratched, muddy, and (if she were human) ready to go home.



On the beach, the lost is found and ready to go home.

An idea comes out of all this: wouldn't it be smart to have identification on the shelf of your Sandpiper or taped to the cabin wall? Just write down your name, address, phone numbers, and email. Take this information to be laminated at Staples. Make sure it is always in your boat. Then someone will be able to track down your wayward boat immediately. Even a person who has no idea what a catboat is.

**Editors note.** Harbormasters and the U. S. Coast Guard strongly recommend putting identification numbers on small vessels including dinghies, canoes, kayaks, etc. They even have stickers expressly for this purpose. These are available for free. Every year the Coast Guard and others spend countless hours searching for persons who may fall off vessels found empty and adrift. Help them out, mark your vessel.



# The Swamp Was Drained....

Steve Flesner

And look what I found, a Sandpiper in need of a good home, and some tender loving care, a lot of care! In early June, I received an unexpected email and photos asking if I knew someone who would be interested in a 1995 Marshall 15. The owner had recently passed away and the estate wanted it moved. I only had to read it once before saying YES...ME!



Drain the swamp!

I had seen this catboat back in the late 90's when she had been sailed on the South River outside of Annapolis, Maryland before being relocated to Huntington, West Virginia on the Kentucky border... far from salt water. Unfortunately, West Virginia is noted for white water rafting and its rivers mainly for coal barges, chemical plants, and steel mills, not necessarily for sailing, so this catboat sat outside for 18 years.

My first move was to contact a trailer repair shop in Huntington to pick up the trailer and see what was needed to make it road worthy for a 500-mile trip back to Southern Maryland. They basically rebuilt the trailer and (along with their coon dog) smiled when I arrived to pay the tab and take her back home! Just a reminder that nothing in life is "free!" A few days later, Butch Miller and I made the trek out to Huntington to bring her home. The scenery was beautiful, especially if you looked in the rear-view mirror and saw a catboat following you home!



Heading back to MD.

Once home, we cut the tangle of black lines, removed the junk and inspected it for any damage - there was none! Next came pressure washing.



Anything moving down there?

I took it to Flag Harbor and had the hull wet sanded, compounded, and waxed. We tackled the stains in the cockpit using an acid solution that the EPA probably wouldn't approve of! What was left of the varnish was removed with a heat gun and scraper. The brightwork was taped off, sanded and given seven coats of varnish with more to follow over the winter. Much to my surprise, the sail, which had been under the sail cover all those years, was in great shape with only some mold stains and grime that easily washed

out with Dawn, 409, and some sunshine. The cockpit cushions had fortunately been stored indoors and were like new. Butch is making a new sail cover and repairing the boom tent. I spliced and whipped the new vintage 3-strand New England rope, which looks really nice. To avoid another swamp, I installed a garboard plug since she will be kept on a lift. I had the outboard checked out and found it hardly used with very low hours.

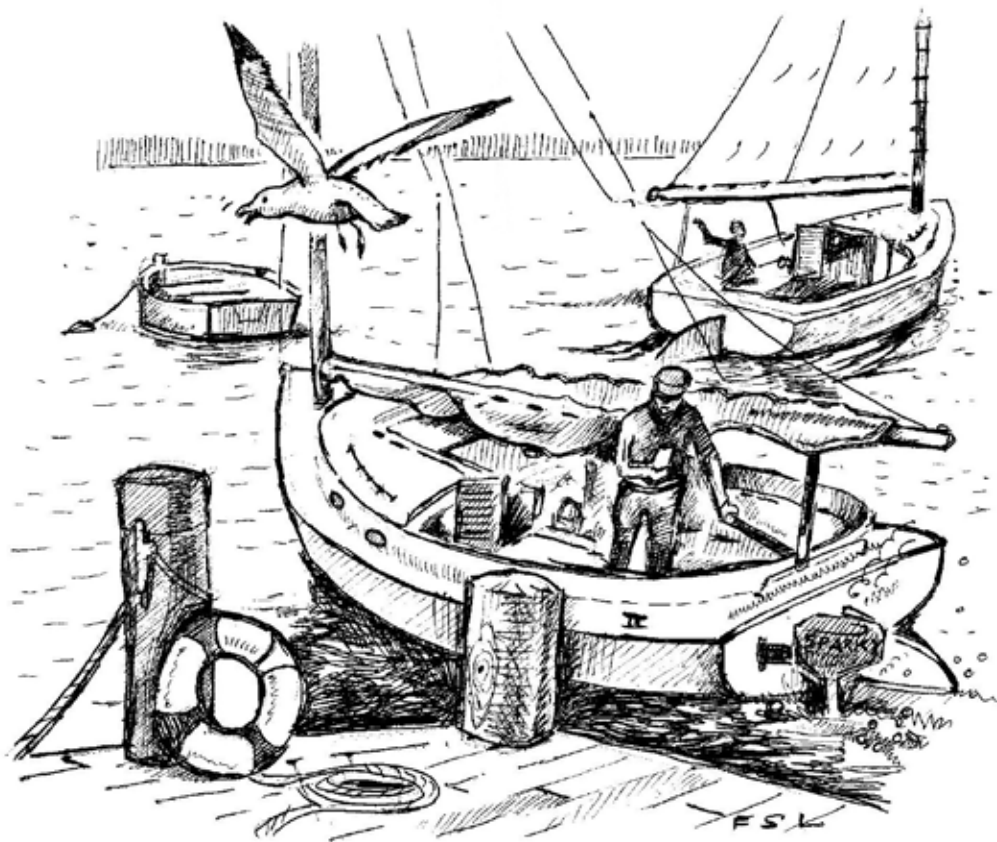
It took me three months, but I got her ready for the Great Whitehall Regatta over Labor Day. And yes, we did christen her with a bottle of champagne, but I'll be damned if I was going to break it over the bow! As for the name, no, not Green Slime or Swamp Rat, just doesn't seem appropriate, but *Scotty* sure does! Check out the book *The Boy, Me, and the Cat!*



Is this the same boat?

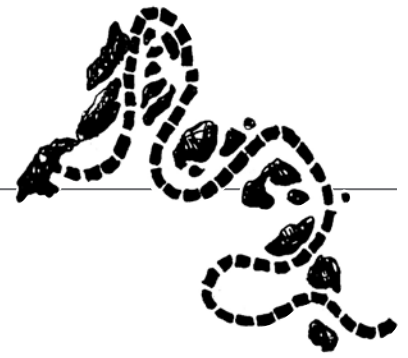


Labor Day, champagne and a launch!





# Short Tacks



## Musings

C. Henry Depew

*Editor's Note: While the CBA Discussion column has been discontinued, items of a general nature crop up from time to time that might be of interest to others. Thus, here are a few of the musings for your enjoyment.*

### Outboard and Mainsheet Problems

One problem with an outboard motor mounted on the stern of a catboat is the mainsheet getting caught up when tacking or gybing. One approach seems to be to hold the tiller between your legs, bring the mainsheet in, and move it over the outboard. It's necessary to control the slack while doing so to not get caught up in the "loose" line. Another approach is to run a line from the port stern cleat to a fairlead mounted on top of the engine nacelle, then down to the starboard stern cleat, making a triangle. The main sheet contained by the triangle is free to move back and forth on the traveler and should not wrap around the engine.

### Winter Covering

Some people use shrinkwrap for the winter cover, but such has clean up problems come spring. Shrinkwrap can cause mold problems in the boat over the winter if the ventilation is not sufficient. Polytarp and/or canvas seems to be the most used. However, Polytarp can have a problem with snow load and canvas needs moisture protection. One protection for canvas is a preservative like Thompson's Water Seal. The use of bungee straps to make things "tight" in either case is recommended. Marshall can supply a custom canvas boat cover which is nice, but very expensive compared to a tarp. A polytarp typically lasts two to three years, but slowly disintegrates leaving pieces all over the place. Treated canvas is highly recommended as it is considered much easier to "install" - especially in the wind. Putting a canvas cover on usually requires at least two people to get in place. One solution for wet canvas is to place a polytarp under the canvas cover. The canvas provides the support and the underlying tarp sheds the moisture.

If the mast is up, the boom can provide a "ridge pole" for the covering which will aid the shedding of snow and rain. If the boom goes to a crab below the mast position, you have the boom for use while the mast is down. In all cases, good ventilation is necessary to protect the interior of the boat.

### Chart Moisture Protection

If you still use paper charts, one way to protect them from water/moisture is to put some Thompson's Water Seal in a spray bottle and lightly spray both sides of the chart. Once it is dry, all should be good. I tried this out on some printed maps I made many years ago when working for the GIS Unit in the Florida Division of Emergency Management. The ink on the maps would smear when exposed to the weather while out in the field. After the spray had dried for a day, I tested this by spraying the treated maps with water from a hose. The maps stayed dry and the ink did not run.

### Outboard Considerations

Outboards for small/medium sized catboats (e.g., a Sanderling) must be of sufficient power to move the boat, while not being too heavy to raise when sailing. The main considerations are the horsepower needed and the weight of the engine. It was noted that a 5.5 - 8 hp. outboard weighs a lot and can be a problem both when in use while attached to the boat and in mounting or removing for maintenance. Here is short list of possible small outboards for use on smaller catboats:

Mercury has a five hp. "Sailpower" outboard that weighs 59 pounds

Yamaha has a four hp. outboard that weighs 49 pounds,

Honda has four and five hp. outboards that weigh 60 pounds.

In short, four hp. engines weigh about 50 lbs. and five hp. engines weigh about 60 lbs.

One concern with using a five hp. (or thereabout) engine is the ability of the engine to move the boat



adequately. If the object is simply to get away from the mooring/dock and out of the marina traffic before hoisting sail (and back to the mooring/dock) with no other expectations, the smallest of engines should work well, particularly if it has a prop and gear ratio favorable to sailboats. If the boat has to move through a chop, tidal race, or the like, more hp. is needed and up goes the weight on the transom. One possibility for those concerned about the weight of the motor is one of the electric trolling motors and such a system's battery could even charge up from a solar panel when the boat is not in use.

Then there is the concern about sheets getting wrapped around the engine when up for sailing. Another problem is that few of today's outboards have the propeller configuration and gear ratio to move catboats effectively and efficiently

Most outboards on sailboats with outboard rudders are on the starboard side of the rudder and thus can be lifted out of the water when on the starboard tack. Along with the weight of the engine (stress on the person, transom, etc.), keeping the propeller in the water should be a consideration.

### **Mast Noises**

Now and then, you get a noise from the mast. Usually, the sound is caused by wiring moving back and forth as the boat moves through the water and rocks a bit. This is usually fixed with some foam tubes that have the lines inside. The noise can also happen when the boat is at anchor, moored, or at the dock. The mast does not seem to move, wedges are secure, the mast step appears solid, yet there is a noise.

In some situations, the "clunking" noise can be heard and felt throughout the boat. In one case, the noise was made by the mast step being a bit loose in terms of the fit of the mast to the surrounding structure, the wedges provided a pivot point for the side to side movement of the mast. The mast moved "a bit" when not being pushed down tightly by the sail pressure. In another case it was the banging from the centerboard with the sound seeming to be further forward on the boat.

One way to determine the possible source of the noise is to get a couple of people on the boat and deliberately "rock" it side to side while a third person moves around listening carefully.

### **Marshall Sanderling Mast Plug**

The Marshall Sanderling has an opening on the forward side of the mast hinge that could use a

"plug" to fill the opening. One solution is to use a soft wood and cut a plug to fit. You could also use rigid structural foam to create the plug. Final fitting will probably require a rasp and sandpaper. A more simple approach is to use a piece of flashing metal cut to cover the hole on the hinge point. The piece is held in place with one of the metal tapes used in duct work (not cloth duct tape).

### **Single-handed Sailing**

There are two publications that are recommended reading for catboat owners who want to sail single-handed. One is *The Catboat and How to Sail Her*, available from the Catboat Association. The other is *Penelope Down East* by Mr. W. R. Cheney.

In general, if the sailor needs to coil lines or otherwise straighten things up, the recommended procedure is to lie-a-hull. To do this, you basically let the sail luff with the board up. The operation seems to work best if you pull the centerboard all the way up, slowly let main out to close reach, and set the rudder to turn boat slightly up-wind. Or, you can leave the board down, let the sail luff, and do what needs to be done. It depends on the boat's characteristics and wind/wave conditions. You might want to take someone with you (in case of problems) while you try out various operations on your boat.

For those with Facebook, check out The Catboat Association Lounge where catboat sailors tell stories and compare notes; another source of information.

### **The Pilot's Laws**

*The Pilot's Laws appeared in November 1984 in Bulletin No. 75 courtesy of the Old Gaffer's Association (and Mr. Bill Bridges). They're an amazing mixture of universal laws, proverbs and maxims for all who go down to the sea in ships. Many of the Laws appear to derive from such landlubberly pursuits as science and computing, but all have a relevance to boats and the sea. Extensive cross referencing has revealed the names by which many of the Laws are known ashore and the work of Paul Dixon in codifying The Official Rules must be acknowledged as the source of many of the shore side names. Here are a few.*

**Allen's Axiom:** When all else fails, read the instructions.

**Anthony's Law of Force:** Don't force it. Get a larger hammer.

**Anthony's Law of Tools:** Any tool, when dropped, will fall into the least accessible part of the bilge. Corollary: On the way to the bilge the tool will strike your foot (cf. Newton).

**Avery's Rule of Three:** Trouble strikes in series of threes. But when working boats, the next job after a series of three is not the fourth job it is the start of a new series of three.

**Bill Babcock's Law:** If it can be borrowed and can be broken. You will borrow it and break it.

**Extended Epstein-Heisenberg Principle:** In fitting out an old wooden boat only two of the three existing parameters can be defined simultaneously. The parameters are task, time, and resources.

If you know what the task is, and there's a time limit for completion, you cannot guess how much it will cost.

If you have a clearly defined task and a definite amount of money to spend on it, you cannot predict whether or when you will achieve it.

If time and resources are clearly defined, it is impossible to know how far you will get with the job.

If you are able to define all three parameters accurately, you have a fiberglass boat.

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## Making a Pig Stick with a Pennant Hinge (Swivel)

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Edwin Ferris

Old, used, or new, fiberglass fishing rods and discarded VHF antennas make great pig sticks. To make one, tap the top of the stick for a small SS machine screw. This screw will be used to hold the swivel in place at the top. It will be screwed into the top of the stick and locked in place with a stop nut. The pennant hinge itself is made from an appropriately fashioned bronze welding rod (readily available at most hardware stores) as follows:

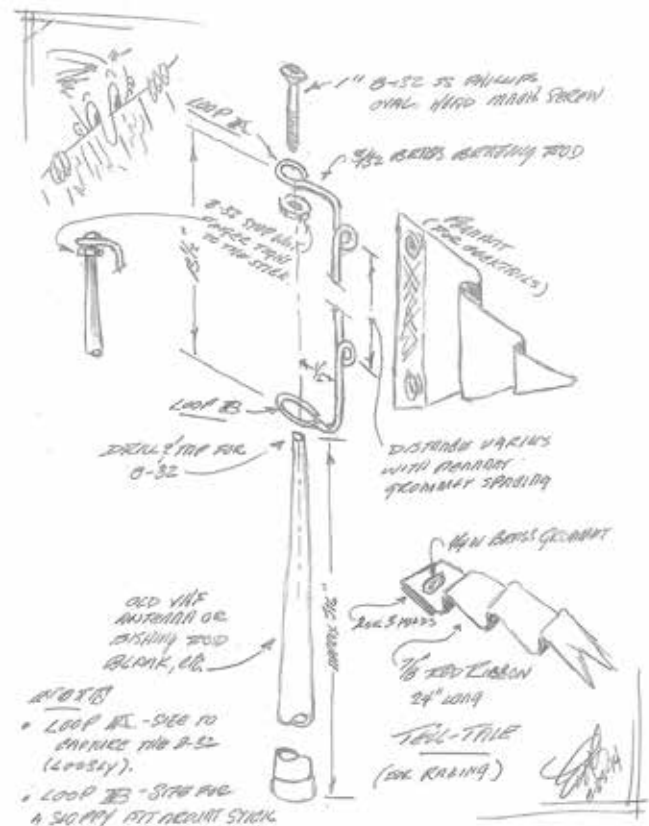
Use the welding rod that approx. 1/8 inch in diameter. I suggest using a smaller diameter rod until you get the gist of what you need to do to get the right dimensions.

A loop is bent into the top of this rod and then bent at a right angle. The loop must be the right size to be kept in place (loosely) by the top screw.

Next form two 360 degree small loops, one at the top and one near the bottom at the appropriate distance to match the grommets in your pennant.

Then form a loop (similar to the top loop) in the bottom of the rod. This must be loose enough to allow it to rotate around the stick. The pennant hinge should now attach quite nicely around the stick.

When you are done attach the pig stick to your flag halyard with two clove hitches approx. 18 inches apart. This sounds complicated but really isn't. Quite likely you'll screw up the first few attempts but keep going and you'll have a great pig stick. I've used mine on my Marshall 22 for years.



# 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](http://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](mailto:cats4sale@catboats.org)*

177-1. 1963 Cape Cod 17' catboat. Up for sale is a really great 17' catboat. Plywood with glass over, built by the Cape Cod Co. Ready to go with sail (Marconi rig) and sail cover. Comes with custom trailer with new electric wiring, good tires. Boat is ready to drop in the water and enjoy. Bronze Hardware, Nav lights. Just the perfect size to get into sailing and exploring the pockets of the Bay (Cape Cod or otherwise). REDUCED: Asking \$3,800 OBO. Accepting reasonable counter offers for a speedy sale. Wish her to be in the hands of an owner will give a little TLC and enjoy. Located MD. Contact David: [newfknight@hotmail.com](mailto:newfknight@hotmail.com) or (410) 703-1961



177-9. 2009 16' Fenwick Williams Catboat. Cedar strip-planked on Spruce ribs with extensive, finely varnished Teak trim. Carbon fiber mast, 5hp Honda outboard, all hardware traditional bronze. Galvanized trailer, Fully equipped and beautifully maintained. Located on the West Coast and offered at \$19,000. More photos, click here: <https://www.cnsawyer.com/catboat> . Contact Christopher [cns@cnsawyer.com](mailto:cns@cnsawyer.com) Phone: (831) 250-5799



177-4. 1980 Marshall 18' Sanderling. Very lightly used mainsail (2 seasons), low hour 2012 8hp 4 stroke Tohatsu outboard with electric start, Calkin's single axle trailer w/ new tires and one brand new wheel hub assembly, mahogany cockpit grating, cockpit cushions, Datamarine depth sounder, bronze boarding steps on rudder and transom, 2 burner coleman stove. Cockpit could use some paint but could be left for another year, otherwise ready to launch with a fresh coat of bottom paint. Hate to sell her but I got a bigger boat. Located on Martha's Vineyard. \$8500. 203-984-3995 or [tedokie@gmail.com](mailto:tedokie@gmail.com)



177-11. 1971 Americat 22' catboat. \$5000. Why so low? location, location, location. \* Located in Southeast Michigan; \* Currently out of the water (4/27/18); \* 1971 Fiberglass Hull, Aluminum Spars, Palmer P60 gas inboard. Newer cushions inside & out. Newer sail cover. Two sails. Fresh water boat. Same owner since 1985. Sailed every season. For additional information call 586.533.2952 or email [johnecycle@yahoo.com](mailto:johnecycle@yahoo.com)



177-7. 1973 Herreshoff America 18' Catboat. Built by Nowak & Williams. 9.9 Yamaha four stroke engine (low hours). Wheel steering. Teak cockpit floorboards. Teak and holly cabin floorboards. Sunbrella cushions. Aluminum mast and spars. Two berths below. Portapotty, sink, bilge pump. Draws 22". Good condition. REDUCED to \$5,500. Call or email Michael 609.425.2014 [mbmocnj@yahoo.com](mailto:mbmocnj@yahoo.com)



177-12. 1985 Marshall 22. Yanmar 3GM diesel completely rebuilt in Fall 2015 by Yanmar authorized dealer. All woodwork refinished in winter of 2017 along with all decks, sole and cabin top which were sanded, primed and finished with 2 topcoats of Epifanes Mono-urethane. Interior painted where needed. 2 sails (one new in 2013). Custom cockpit cushions, interior cushions for bunks, dodger, stainless steel water tank, new portapotti, built-in insulated icebox, 2 anchors, teak rudder lock bar, 2 batteries with control panel. bronze steering wheel, VHF radio, drop-leaf table on centerboard, twin Ritchie mounted compasses, bronze step on rudder and





transom, solar vent, sail covers and depth sounder. Asking \$34,900. Lots of photos available. Contact Charlie Adams at Marshall Marine 508-994-0414. email: [Charlie@marshallcat.com](mailto:Charlie@marshallcat.com)

177-13. Blackwatch 18' gaff cat. You don't have to take my word for it, but this is one heck of a sailing boat. Back in the '70s I designed and built a 50' cutter yawl! See you tube "Sail the Daedalus" a 6 minute aerial video. Ok, to Blue Water Manufacturing, Amarillo, Texas. Blackwatch 18. They fabricated 80 Blackwatch 18' cutters and on the same wide full keel hull they custom built only one Blackwatch 18' gaff cat, Then closed shop because of illness. The full keel draws 24". There is no cumbersome center board and no barn door rudder is necessary. There is lots of equipment including a 6 hp Tohatsu 4 stroke, long shaft Sail Pro. The two axle trailer is not great but it tows it around so far. This 84 year old loves this boat, but must finally sell her. \$15,000 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0G7auDMHoBY> Capt. Fred (251) 987-1200 [biophilial@gulfel.com](mailto:biophilial@gulfel.com) On the Gulf Coast of Alabama.



177-15. Rare 1968 17' Hermann/Wittholz catboat. "Piccolo" is a great boat: solid, seaworthy, clean, easy to sail and completely ready to launch. Restored with many upgrades. Easy to sail Marconi rig (new Thurston sail, 2017); buff sail cover; 4hp/4cycle Johnson (fluids and impeller already changed for the season); hull epoxy white with buff decks and cabin top (professionally re-cored in 2016); five bronze ports; bronze cleats, chocks, and transom and rudder step; oak bowsprit with cast bronze anchor roller; mahogany forward hatch with screen; mahogany rub rails and coaming cap rail; new (2011) fiberglass rudder and ash tiller (both built by Cape Cod Shipbuilding); spare (long) locust tiller; custom folding mahogany cabin table, teak cabin doors (with screen); sleeps 2 on comfortable 5" foam/memory foam bunk cushions; three anchors; fenders; multi-season ablative bottom paint; new porta-potty; roadworthy two-axle trailer with LED lights. I love this boat. Can be seen in Seekonk, MA. Asking \$8500. email Steve: [contacts@sdamico.com](mailto:contacts@sdamico.com)



177-18. Reduced! 21' ROSEBUD, formerly BUTTON, 1964. Winner "Best Sailboat" Salem Antique and Classic Boat Festival in 2009 and 2014. Bronze fastened cedar on oak. Teak decks, cockpit sole, engine box and trim. Interior w huge comfortable bunks. Rare octagonal bronze opening ports. Rewired 2012. Twin marine deep cell batteries, solar panel, VHF, Garmin depth finder. Twin 800 gph bilge pumps, manual gusher. Mast, spars sitka spruce. Custom Oceanus vertical cut sail new 2012. "Posh" three-strand running rigging and sail lashings. Bronze fittings throughout. Oak mast hoops. Original Volvo MD2 rebuilt in 2011, runs exc. ROSEBUD must be seen. Motivated seller, bought larger boat. \$18,000 Salisbury, MA. Contact Jim 978-388-4445, or email [jrenier@renegadestudios.com](mailto:jrenier@renegadestudios.com)



177-21. For sale: 1972 Marshall 22 catboat. Hull no. 292. 7.3 Dacron sail made by Doyle sail in 2007 (used five seasons). Palmer gasoline engine (587 hours). 2 Danforth anchors, Cockpit and cabin cushions, Dodger made by Steele & Rowe in 2014. Sail and wheel covers. Reduced to \$10,000. Located in southeastern Massachusetts. Contact: [lisaliott36@gmail.com](mailto:lisaliott36@gmail.com) 508-994-1250



177-22. Used Sail Wanted - Marshall Sandpiper Hoping to find something in great condition. Please Call 908-962-2289 or email [Christiangmele@yahoo.com](mailto:Christiangmele@yahoo.com)

177-23. One of a kind 18' wood catboat "Cleopatra" was originally started in 1990, but not finished out and launched until 2008 by her current Owners. "Cleopatra" has been a regular participant in the many Catboat Association regattas in and around Cape Cod. This well cared for catboat includes: Thurston/Quantum sail, sail cover, 10hp Beta Marine engine, Bruce anchor, swim ladder, electric & hand bilge pump, depth finder, compass, flares, cabin cushions, built-in icebox and sink. Located at the Beetle Boat Shop in Wareham, MA. Asking: \$16,000. Tel: 508-295-8585. E-mail: [info@beetlecat.com](mailto:info@beetlecat.com) Website: [www.beetlecat.com](http://www.beetlecat.com)



177-25. 2002 Menger 19 Catboat for Sale 2002 Quantum sail recently cleaned and serviced; single-line reefing for first reef; tabernacle to lower mast for trailering; sail cover recently serviced; 9 HP Yanmar 1GM10 diesel with recent water pump impeller and seals (2015), and exhaust elbow (2016); new stuffing box hose, clamps and packing (2013); 9-gallon fiberglass fuel tank with bronze deck fill; water-separating fuel filter; bronze seawater intake valve with strainer; whale gusher manual bilge pump in cockpit; automatic bilge pump; dual batteries with selector switch; running lights and mast-head anchor light; VHF radio with masthead antenna; varnished ash drop-leaf table on centerboard trunk; ash trimmed shelf on forward and aft bulkhead; two net hammocks; porta potti; double bunk cushion (makes port bunk 45" wide); ice chest; galley unit (slides under cockpit); Origo single burner alcohol stove; two brass cabin lights; single-axle 3600 LB capacity galvanized Load-Rite trailer with new tires, new galvanized rim for spare tire, new keel and wobble rollers, new surge brake coupler | actuator and brakes; recent bearings, bearing buddies, winch and safety cables. Other: cockpit tent-sunshade with Telescope aluminum struts (8x9 FT), Bottom Sider cockpit cushions, Fortress and Guardian anchors with chains and rode, solar charger. Asking: \$22,500. Contact: [noverstrom@comcast.net](mailto:noverstrom@comcast.net)



177-26. Sail for Marshall Sanderling by North 2017; used 4 times (NOT 4 seasons!); Window; 1 set reef points, sail is like new, very fast and very clean. Can deliver as far as the Jersey Shore. Asking \$1,150. Contact David: 443-994-0522; davidamorrow@me.com



177-29. 1968 Hermann/Wittholz 17' Catboat Great boat for cruising/day sailing. Moving up to Marshall 22. Gaff rigged and ready to go with 2 sails; hull white with buff decks and cabin top; teak rub rails, coaming cap rail, cabin doors and hatch; bronze cleats; bomar forward hatch with screen; Yanmar diesel (20 hrs since rebuild); new cabin cushions; 2 deep cycle batteries; multi-season ablative bottom paint; Loadrite (single axle) trailer in great condition; vhf radio with mast mounted antenna, magma propane grill, alcohol stove, 2 anchors, fenders, boat hook. Boat is on trailer in Point Pleasant, NJ. Asking \$5,000 obo Contact Jack at jack.greene51@gmail.com (732) 892-4762



177-32. For sale: 1929 Bigelow 18' catboat. Hull design based on Wenaumet Kitten. Sailed regularly for my 31 year tenure. B/O. Terms negotiable to the right person. Respond to smcebuilder@aol.com



177-33. 1981 Marshall Sanderling 18 for sale, located in Charleston, SC. Very comfortable Catboat. Tanbark sail, tabernacle mast, rigging, cockpit and berth cushions, and trailer are all in splendid sail or drive away condition. Asking \$13,500. Contact Nelson Ohl at nelsonohl@icloud.com for additional information and photos.



177-35. 1995 Marshall 22 Catboat BALD EAGLE (Hull #235). Double knee replacement has slowed me down. 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. Located at Marshall Marine, So. Dartmouth, MA. \$47,000. Contact Charlie Adams at 508-994-0414 Charlie@marshallcat.com

177-36. 1968 Marshall 18' Sanderling. Good condition. Fair sails, john, 6 HP outboard, trailer, compass, anchors, line \$7,800. With new hinged mast, \$11,800. Presently in the water at Great Kills Yacht Club, Staten Island NY. Tom Hyland 718-702-4478



177-38. Classic Catboat Yawl: Calico 23'9" Recently featured in the Catboat Association Bulletin #176 (Spring) article "The Story of Calico and the McKays". Northern White Cedar on Locust. Bronze fastened. Marconi rig. Genoa jib, mizzen, Leeboards. Sleeps 4, has wood burning stove, porta potty, 16hp inboard, extras. Looking for a good home for Calico. Illness forces sale. \$6500 or B.O. Mashpee River (MA). Jay Hanley 781-686-44219 or jay.hanley@gmail.com



177-39. 1973 Herreshoff America 18' catboat. 2015 Aluminum trailer, 5hp merc outboard, wheel steering, new cabin cushions, tabernacle mast, 5 year old sail (lightly used), located on Long Island NY. Asking \$7200. 631-356-3964 rfischer@drirelays.net



177-40. For Sale: 1975 Legnos Mystic 20 hull #19."Gull" one of two "big rigs" modified in '82 from 272 sq ft to 344 sq ft, lengthened spars & mast, enlarged rudder. Hull epoxy sealed in 98. Bowsprit w/Bruce plow design anchor. Electric & manual bilge pumps, running lights, 10 gal water tank and 10 gal diesel tank, sink, stove, porta potti, 2 bunks, Marine VHF, antenna on mast. New sail 2011 in excellent condition, beige sail, hatch and tiller covers in 2017, New Westerbeke 12c2 diesel, 2011, low hours, yard maintained 3 blade prop. 2010 Load Rite, 5 star tandem axle trailer, surge disc brakes, bearing buddies, never in water. Asking \$17,600 firm, located Hartge Yacht Harbor, West River, MD. Contact: David Bleil, 410-721-0375, dbleil@verizon.net

177-41. 1998 Marshall 15' Sandpiper catboat. New Quantum sail, custom cushions, Marshall well mounted stainless mainsheet block, collapsible mast, trailer. Perfect and ready for water. \$15,500. Greg Laakso gregcandy@comcast.net 508-681-8202





177-42. 2015 Marshall 15' Sandpiper Catboat with 2015 Load Rite trailer with third wheel spare tire mounted and a 2015 Torqeedo Travel 1003L electric motor (with battery and travel bags and new accessories). UBUNTU is in great condition and has every available option. Full cockpit model with hinged mast. Options include lazy jacks, shock cord furling gear, braided running rigging, Harken main sheet system, 4 coats of Cetol finish on teak, sail cover and boom tent (toast color), floatation bags, molded boot stripe, Harken cam cleats and turning blocks for halyards, bow eye, and removable stern engine mount. UBUNTU has the classic Marshall white hull with buff decks and green bottom paint. Gear includes a 2016 Mercury inflatable dinghy. Sail or drive UBUNTU and the full package away for \$25,000, far below replacement value. Bob Brigham, Poughkeepsie, New York, 845-214-7897 or email at: bobsailing2@gmail.com



177-43. ONTARIO - 1988 Marshall 22. Hull #220. Excellent overall condition. Royal blue awlgrip hull, buff decks, very smooth & fast green bottom with one season of bottom paint, white molded cockpit, twelve coats of fresh varnish. Fully equipped with every Marshall option when built. Raymarine instrument package with autopilot (wired in but not currently connected). Garmin GPS Chartplotter. Very clean YANMAR 2GM20 with 785 hours, full service annually. New starter 2015. White painted bilge. New stainless steel shaft / stuffing box / cutlass bearing in 2015. Recent North sail in new condition, serviced annually by North Sails. Braided halyards and main sheet. Shock cord furling on boom. Rudder lock. 20lb. CQR mounted on bowsprit, with chain and rode fed into anchor locker through bronze deckpipe, plus Danforth chocked on deck. Two-blade prop installed; three-blade prop included. Brand new head and macerator, never used. Two burner Origo 4000 stove and stainless steel sink in galley. Full canvas: Sunbrella (toast) sail cover / dodger / sun awning / side screens. Recent Sunbrella bunk (spa) and cockpit cushions (toast), all canvas is in excellent condition. Custom fitted Fairclough winter cover and four stands for off-season storage. Several more pictures upon request. Asking \$36,000. Located at Marshall Marine in Padanaram, MA. Contact Charlie Adams at Marshall Marine (508-994-0414), or Peter Galster @ 401-269-1012. Email: pmgalster@gmail.com



177-44. Handy Cat 2004 Clean and in excellent condition stored inside. Low maintenance fiberglass, this Handy Cat is a safe, (beam 6'8") fun, dry sailing, comfortable, boat for solo or family sailing. Retractable center board allows her to be beached. She draws 12" of water with board up and 54" with centerboard down. 2008 EZ Load trailer like new with oil hubs. No need to repack. Sail is excellent. Blue mooring cover. 2.5 Honda motor (still under warranty) available. Dean Coe 508-648-2303 Possible mooring sharing in Barnstable Harbor.

177-45. Mystic is a 1999 Menger 23 catboat that has been extensively updated and well maintained. She is a joy to sail and a great boat for gunk holing for a couple. 6' 2" headroom in the cabin. Good storage in outside lockers and inside cabinets / drawers. Comfortable V Birth for sleeping. She is nicely appointed with an electric flushing head, Holding tank, Hot water heater, fresh water tank, Shower, Galley has a two burner alcohol stove, Raymarine Auto Pilot, Depth / Speed, Wind Direction and Speed. Sail in great shape, Sunbrella Sail Cover and Dodger. All electric updated with top of the line Blue Sea breakers, Dual Bluetop Gel Batteries for Engine / House and LED lighting throughout. 30" Teak Wheel, center console with instrumentation and



folding teak table, New Dark Blue paint 2015 that shines like new. Reliable 18 hp. Yanmar diesel. 13" Two blade bronze prop, Motors comfortably at 5-6 kts. , under sail 12 kts of wind drives her along at 5 – 6 kts. \$39,000. drdameron@gmail.com Phone: (804) 894-0474

177-47. Oversized (420 sf +/-) rig for Marshall 22. Sail, boom, and gaff all in great shape. Located in SE CT. \$2,500 or BO. Call Jack at 860-428-5575 or jack@gosselin-associates.com



177-48. CLASSIC NEW ENGLAND CATBOAT TED BREWER DESIGN. 22'x10' Draft 1 1/2', 5' with keel down. Two electric & one manual bilge pumps, dual marine batteries, fixed & manual marine radios. 20 gallon tank & electric sump pump box. Custom teak wheel, Custom covers for wheel and sail. Depth sounder, knot meter, & ice chest. Gimbale stove on bulkhead & fixed stern mounted grill/w cover. Rigged for single hand sailing /w single line lower reef & dual line 2nd reef. Cam cleats for peak & throat sheets, Twin Danforth anchors, single cylinder inboard Yanmar diesel. Beautiful custom teak interior, stove, sink & porta potti. \$28,500, Contact Robert, 231-620-2041, b3205@aol.com



177-49. 1994 Marshall Marine Sanderling 18'2" Catboat. Includes: a Marshall hinged tabernacle mast, recently purchased Thurston mainsail, and tan canvas sail cover. Yanmar IGM 10 inboard diesel engine with only 554 hours. New Cetol bright work and bottom paint. The boat is at dock, rigged and ready to sail away on family cruise. Load rite trailer for sale separately. Asking \$24,500. Contact David Byrd (401) 932-3797 or dbyrd100@gmail.com



177-50. 1969 Marshall 22 catboat. Morning Star For Sale. It is with great sadness that we must part with our lovely boat who has shared with us such beautiful sunsets. She is one of the originals. We are the third owner in 50 years. The first was Peter Wells, the cartoonist of Cats and Jammers fame, who named her Aunt Gladys. Her second owner, Joe Lechleiter, named her Channel Cat and brought her to port on Long Island in 1976. We brought her home to Padanaram and Marshall Marine's good care in 2010. She is a charming boat with a wooden engine cover, prism lit forward hatch, oak mast hoops, enclosed head and lots of bright work and brass. 96 Westerbeke diesel engine, 96 sail, sail cover, cockpit awning, vinyl cockpit cushions, danforth and fisherman anchors. Over last seven years, engine, cooling water pump (2015), plumbing, tiller arm, transom restored, fuel injector pump rebuilt (2016), second battery installed, mast and spars, cabinsides, cockpit, coaming, toe rail and boot stripe painted





and exterior teak cetoled (2015). She received new running rigging, lazy jacks, gooseneck, wooden hoops, saddle wire and beads, rudder, eyebrow, rubrails, radio, wooden carved name board, cabin cushions, head, brass faucet, brass steps on rudder and transom, brass plate for mooring line, MacGuyer, bilge pump, through hull fittings, 2 batteries (2016) and lots of paint and cetol. The bottom has been sanded and painted, hull waxed each season. \$25,000. Please contact Charlie at Marshall Marine 508 994 0414 charlie@marshallcat.com

For more info and photos click here.

177-52. 1995 Menger 15' sandbagger-style catboat. White hull and beige topsides with teak trim and bronze deck hardware. 7 foot beam allows a generous cockpit with removable cuddy and Andersen automatic bailer. 600 lbs displacement but draws only 7 inches with the centerboard up. Aluminum mast (hinged for trailering), gaff and boom, 145 square foot sail. Molded outboard well in transom with neighboring locker for a fuel tank. Includes EZ Loader roller trailer (provided by Menger). Boat and trailer together weigh under 1,000 lbs. Also includes 1995 2hp Honda outboard (BF model, air cooled). Purchased from the original owner in 2007 and hardly used. Boat, sail and running rigging are all in very good condition. Trailer has surface rust in spots, but is sound and fully functional. Clean paperwork: NJ title for boat, original Certificate of Origin for trailer. Asking \$5,000. Boat currently is trailered in Little Egg Harbor, NJ. Photos coming soon (or contact me if you want particular views). Contact Tim at thrynick157@yahoo.com or (609) 812-5493



177-53. Marshall 18 Sanderling for sale. 1982 well maintained. Inboard Yanmar GM 1 engine with few hours since rebuild: Used only to go to and from mooring, less than 2 gallons/season. Runs great and starts instantly all season. Features Edson wheel steering with lovely bronze wheel. Under bench lockers, louvered cabin doors, trunk cap, porta potty, AM/FM cassette radio with power antenna. Updated electrical panel, working running lights, full cabin cushions. Thurston sail older but in good shape. Thurston sail cover. Located on Cape Cod. \$15,000. Please call Wen at 914-772-2560 or email wprice101@aol.com



177-54. 1996 Marshall 15' Sandpiper. Newer Loadrite trailer. Winters indoors. Lift hooks, Lifting bridle, Drain plug, Covers. Extendable Outboard Motor Mount, Trailer Dolly. Multiple Sails, Only 2 owners. Located NJ. Asking \$13,500. Phone (908) 797-6611 or email Scott at sglosenger@lehighindustrial.com



177-55. Used navy blue sail cover for Marshall 22. Asking \$150. It's in good shape and fits well. I recently purchased a new dodger and sail cover of a different color. Please contact Brian Smith at 781-290-6393 if interested.



177-57. HERRESHOFF AMERICA 18' CATBOAT (1974) - \$9,500 Beautiful 18' catboat, gaff rigged, in excellent condition. Brightwork, hull, deck and bottom have been well maintained and rudder is brand new (John Hammond Boat Repair, Spring 2018). Boat is fully equipped, includes trailer and reliable 6hp Yamaha electric-start outboard, as well as an array of boating accessories, including a new compass. "Stray Cat" is launched and ready for new adventures. Boat is at Ladd's Landing Marina, Grand Isle, VT, north of Burlington on Lake Champlain. Emily at Ladd's Landing is helping me sell the boat, contact her at 802-372-5320



177-58. 1976 Marshall 22 "The Dude" Yanmar inboard diesel rebuilt in 2014. All new rigging and new radio also in 2014. Tanbark sail. New mast and new stereo in 2015. Sunbrella sail cover and dodger. Excellent condition overall. REDUCED to \$15,000 or BO. In Barrington RI currently. Contact John Coen at jcoen1@me.com or 617 571-8938.



177-60. DYER 9' Sailing Dink. Excellent condition, sail in like new condition as well as mast, boom and gaff which are stored in a custom cover. Custom boat cover included also, both in toast sunbrella. Dink itself has very little use and has lifting eyes for use with a davit. Dyer rope rub rail and other extras. Dink located in central West Florida 35 miles N of Tampa Bay. Please email Bill at wsloan908@gmail.com or call cell 352-397-8760, \$1950

177-61. 1986 Naiad /Nonsuch 18. Built by Luna boat works Oakville Ontario. Cat rigged with a Marconi sail and wishbone All bright work just redone with five coats of Ceylon. 18 ft hull in excellent shape. Sail about five years old in great shape. Comes with bunk trailer with new tires and bearings You can google the boat to get all the information you need. Only 20 of these boats were made total. Asking price 5.500 US or b/o. Jbuchan@rogers.com Phone: (905) 898-1029



177-62. 2015 Marshall 15 Sandpiper Open Cockpit - Gaff Rig. Excellent Condition - Like New - Lightly Used and Professionally Cared For - Beautiful contrast of white deck and navy hull with red accent and engraved quarter board - "PAIDEIA" LOA: 15' 6" LWL: 14'9" Beam: 7' 1" Draft: 16" board up & 3' 9" board down. Sail Area: 166 sq. ft. Displacement: 1050 lbs. Ballast: 200 lbs. Located Nantucket, MA. Asking \$25,000. theresawoolverton@comcast.net 617-281-3683



177-63. WANTED: Marshall Sanderling. Looking to buy a Marshall Sanderling, any year or condition; Must be located in Florida, but I am happy to pick it up from Georgia or South Carolina; I would prefer an inboard model but I am also open to outboards. If you are ready to sell please contact me! Antonio Palazuelos, antpalarch@gmail.com 954 225 3337

177-64. Sea Duck is a circa 1920 catboat designed by Fred Goeller for Rudder Magazine. She's 16 feet and a joy to behold and sail. She was professionally restored in 2005 by Pleasant Bay Boat and Spar Co and came back into the shop in 2008 for stem work. Sea Duck is a wonderful catboat but my circumstances no longer afford me the space or time to keep her going. I have her history, original plans including the details of all the work PBBS did over the years. She deserves a good home. Contact Suzanne Leahy for more details and photos sleahy1951@gmail.com



177-66. 1990 Marshall 18' Sanderling with IGM 10 Yanmar diesel inboard. Less than 300 hrs. Older Thurston mainsail just serviced. Cockpit and cabin cushions. Custom cockpit cover. DF, compass, VHF, Load-rite trailer. Teak just refinished, new battery, life jackets, winter cover, etc. Many extra's. \$16,500. Also have Edson wheel kit for Sanderling made by Marshall for outboard model complete with rudder \$850. Located in South Jersey. mford1164@aol.com 609-294-0841



177-67. 2007 Marshall 15' Sandpiper. Immaculately maintained Marshall Sandpiper with great race history available. Turn key boat with many recent upgrades. Ceramic coated hull sides. Updated running rigging. Two year old mast up full side boat cover. Winter storage cover. 2 sails (2016 Beaton and 2014 Beaton). Additional 2018 Beaton sail with 3 days of use available at extra cost. TackTic Compass. Hull drain plug installed. Weighed in at min weight with corrector weights at 2018 Sandpiper Nationals. Boat has been stored indoors during winter season. MagicTilt trailer with non-flat dolly wheel installed on tongue. Asking \$19,500. Contact Sean at 917-699-6019 or seanbradley05@yahoo.com Boat is located in NJ. Delivery can be arranged.



177-68. For Sale: 1997 Catfish Beachcruiser-15'2"x 6'6" Sail area 139 sq ft Aux Power 8 HP Mariner. Built from Plans by Phillip C Bolger by my late Husband. Main Keel, white oak. Frames-aircraft grade spruce and white oak. All plywood-marine grade 1/4"+ Bilge panel up is mahogany. Hull outside covered in 10oz cloth w/ epoxy paint overlay. Hull inside up to floor level covered in 10oz cloth. All seams taped w/3" cloth inside and outside. All coatings epoxy and or marine grade. Mast 17'3", boom 15'4", gaff 10'4" all built up from aircraft grade spruce and fir. Sail from Sailrite Mfg. \$700.00+. Sail hardware by Schaefer. All fasteners SS or marine grade bronze. All deck hardware SS. 12 volt system includes bilge pump, normal running lights (bow, stern and mast)+ anchor light. Coast Guard inspected. Appraised boat at \$5000, trailer for \$2000. In water half dozen times and inside garage since. Excellent condition. Can



be seen in Proctorville, Ohio by appointment. Trailer custom built for boat, 620# empty. Pat Akers, pattyakers@outlook.com phone 740-861-9056

177-70. 1974 Herreshoff America 18' catboat. Nowak & Williams. Designed by Halsey Herreshoff as an easy, comfortable, family daysailer/weekender to celebrate America's Bicentennial. Fiberglass hull & deck assembly in very good condition built in Barrington RI. 18' long, 8' beam, draws 1'10" up, 4' down. Teak trim above and below. Spacious cockpit w/teak seats, stowage below, tiller steering. Aluminum mast & boom. Bronze & SS hardware. New centerboard of epoxy-coated steel. 2012 Mercury 4-stroke O/B, 2012 mainsail 260 sf. Attractive cabin includes 6'6" Vee berths w/filler, porta-potty, ss sink w/hand pump, 5 port lights w/1 opening-nice natural lighting. Full sitting headroom below. 2012 trailer w/spare wheel. Lightly sailed, professionally maintained and stored, Rascal is a terrific package! \$8500. Located in Maine. Kathe Walton info@jarvisnewman.us 207-244-5560. More details and photos on Yachtworld.com.



177-71. FOR SALE. 1972 Marshall 18 ft.Sanderling "Sourpuss II," hull #246. Very good condition and mostly original. Recent improvements include replaced lower bulkheads with 'glassed plywood (2012), replaced forward two feet of cockpit sole (2012), replaced rudder pintles and upper gudgeon (2012), replaced compass (2013), rewired navigation lights with new LED lights and added 12 v. auxiliary receptacle (2016), installed rudder lock bar (2017). Gear includes: Original mast and new mast (2012) with Marshall tabernacle (folding mast); 2013 Load Rite galvanized trailer with less than 500 miles; 2012 Tohatsu 6 hp 4 cycle outboard with 3 gal. tank; sail was new in 2011 (per previous owner); mini deep cycle 12 v. battery, bunk cushions; Danforth anchor with deck mount and rode; rudder lock bar; 3 boom crutches (short, tall, and travel w/ mast slot); custom mast lifting tool; custom mast raising rig that fits on trailer; one large bumper; running rigging including "pig stick" halyard. Asking: \$13,900 (boat- \$7500; tabernacle mast- \$2800; trailer- \$2800; motor- \$800). Contact: Bob Horne, 1552 Halladay Road, Middlebury, VT 05753, tel. 802-388-7188, rshorne@hotmail.com



177-72. 1978 Marshall Marine 22' "Pyewackett" \$22,500. Hauled out/ bottom job 11/2017. Berthed at Bay Waveland Yacht Club, Bay St. Louis, MS. Gray Marine 4 cyl. rebuilt 11/17 during haul out. Includes new cushions, new sail cover, extra sail + custom neoprene cover and custom trailer w/ saddle. CHRIS ROTH (228) 323-1105





177-73. Cassiopea is a keeled Catboat modeled after Charles Wittholz' Prudence. She is 25ft on deck with a 11.5' beam. Built in 1991 near Genoa Italy, she is Mahogany plank on frame. If you're a class boat racing fan, she won the Indian Harbor 2017 Catboat class and the Spirit of Tradition Division. and the 2017 Heritage cup Catboat class. With her wide beam she has plenty of room with 2 queen size berths. \$40,000 Contact Mark Mark. Williams.T@gmail.com Features:



Electric windlass, 100+ feet of chain. DC refrigerator. New water heater 2016; New wireless windex 2016; New waste tank 2016; New dripless shaft seal system and new bearings; Mast stepped, stripped and varnished 2016; Navtext data Depth sounder; Raymarine tiller pilot; VHF new 2016; Stereo with bluetooth new 2016; New battery charger 2016; Pressurized water and foot pump; Repainted 2018; Alcohol stove; 37 HP diesel Lombardini 1204 - more pictures are [HERE](#).

177-78. Sanderling M18. New retractable mast and 2 suits of sails, anchors, line, trailer. \$9850. Lying at Great Kills Yacht club, Staten Island, NY Tom Hyland, 718-702 4475. catboattom@gmail.com



177-79. 2001 Menger 19 Catboat Yanmar 1gm10, tabernacle mast, single axle Load Rite trailer Located in Beaufort, SC Asking \$17,000 email adameowens@gmail.com



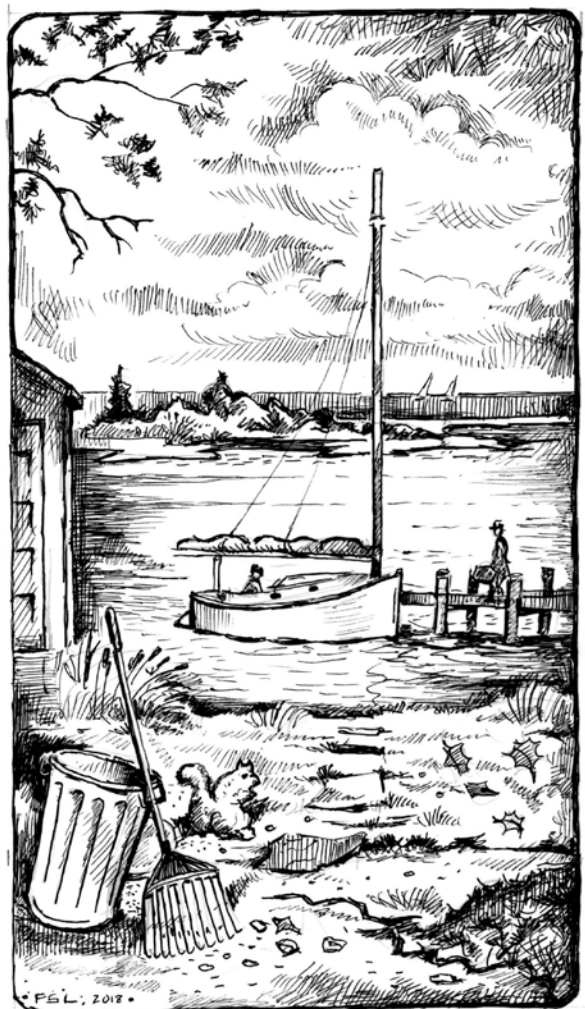
177-74. 19ft Myron Bigelow catboat built in 1937. Refastening almost completed. Newer sail. On local trailer, included. Located in MA, asking \$1,500. Call John 781-585-6962

177-75. Beetle Cat, bronze fastened. Deck needs new canvas. Complete rig but no sail. On a nice trailer in MA. Asking \$1,400. Call John 781-585-6962

177-76. 2002 Barnstable Catboat. With trailer and all (sail) this 2002 12.5' Barnstable Cat is for sale, \$8,000. New paint and varnish - excellent condition. Boat is located under cover on a trailer at Atlantic Yacht Basin, 2615 Basin Road, Chesapeake, Virginia. Chris Wenz 202-420-9345 cgwenz@gmail.com



177-77. 1975 Herreshoff America 18' Catboat. Better than new, built by Tillerson-Pearson. Lovingly restored / refurbished / re-fit in 2016. She's truly a delightful and beautiful little ship, repainted in 2016 in traditional nautical colors: beige hull and topsides, brown trim, burgundy cove stripe, off-white interior. Replaced running rigging in 2016 with New England Rope's Vintage line. Large, much-improved roomy cockpit (enclosed well), adding professionally-installed enclosed storage under seats, and cockpit Bimini. She has been completely rewired, including new circuit panel and all new cabin lights and deep-cell battery (all in 2016). Light-weight Carbon-fiber mast, boom and gaff, Pert-Lowell wood mast hoops. Brand-new Davey & Company bronze ventilator; Weems & Plath ships' clock. Beautiful and professionally-maintained sail in truly excellent condition (plus auxiliary older sail). Exceptionally clean re-painted bilge with new automatic bilge pump (plus auxiliary installed manual pump). Teak handrails, cabin doors, companionway steps, and interior accessories in Bristol condition. New, never-used porta-potty. Worry-free, annually yard-inspected centerboard. Lots of interior storage and new cabin cushions. ACCESSORIES include brand new anchor, chain and line, new life jackets, new galley stove, various covers, extra new line, Chesapeake Bay navigation charts, cockpit Bimini, and many extras and spares. ALSO includes SINGLE-AXLE TRAILER and new, transom-mounted 6HP Tohatsu OUTBOARD ENGINE (with engine stand). The boat also comes with a matching, beautifully refurbished 8' ROWING DINGHY with new mahogany seats. EXCEPTIONAL BUY. \$15,000 OBO. Located near Chestertown, MD. Call Dick Steeg (410) 725-9010 or email dicksteeg@icloud.com





# The Catboat Association

# Membership Application

*Mail completed form to:*

Membership Secretary  
262 Forest Street  
Needham, MA 02492-1326



*Founded 1962  
Incorporated*

|                              |                |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| One-time initiation fee:     | \$20.00        |
| Annual membership dues:      | \$40.00        |
| <b>TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED</b> | <b>\$60.00</b> |

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

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse: \_\_\_\_\_

Street: \_\_\_\_\_ City: \_\_\_\_\_ ST: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

2nd Street Address: \_\_\_\_\_ City: \_\_\_\_\_ ST: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

(IMPORTANT: Please supply Zip + 4 Codes)

Dates mail goes to 2nd address: \_\_\_\_\_

Catboat Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Year: \_\_\_\_\_

Date Purchased: \_\_\_\_\_

Home Port: \_\_\_\_\_

Former Names: \_\_\_\_\_

Former Owners: \_\_\_\_\_

Designer: \_\_\_\_\_

Builder: \_\_\_\_\_

Where Built: \_\_\_\_\_

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

Description: \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

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

***Make Checks Payable to: Catboat Association, Inc.***



**CATBOAT ASSOCIATION STORE MERCHANDISE ORDER FORM**

| <u>Item</u>   | <u>Color</u> | <u>Size</u> | <u>Qty.</u> | <u>Price</u> | <u>Total</u> |
|---|--------------|-------------|-------------|--------------|--------------|
| <b>Fleece Blanket - Navy</b>  |              |             |             | \$20.00      |              |
| <b>Silk Scarf – Navy with burgee &amp; catboat pattern</b>          |              |             |             | \$25.00      |              |
| <b>T Shirt - Grey S, M, L, XL, XXL</b>                              |              |             |             | \$17.00      |              |
| <b>Staff Shirt – Navy Original: L, XL, XXL, Burgee only: L, XXL</b> |              |             |             | \$30.00      |              |
| <b>Baseball Cap - Color Choices Below*</b>                          |              |             |             | \$16.00      |              |
| <b>Bucket Hat – Stone, Specify Original Logo or Burgee only</b>     |              |             |             | \$16.00      |              |
| <b>Visor - Navy or White, Specify Original Logo or Burgee only</b>  |              |             |             | \$12.00      |              |
| <b>Long Tie - Silk, Navy</b>  |              |             |             | \$25.00      |              |
| <b>Bow Tie - Silk, Navy</b>   |              |             |             | \$25.00      |              |
| <b>Burgee Pin</b>   |              |             |             | \$10.00      |              |
| <b>Decal</b>  |              |             |             | \$2.00       |              |
| <b>Catboat Pin</b>  |              |             |             | \$10.00      |              |
| <b>Wool Blazer Patch</b>  |              |             |             | \$25.00      |              |
| <b>Tie Tack</b>   |              |             |             | \$6.00       |              |
| <b>Burgee</b>   |              |             |             | \$20.00      |              |
| <b>Totebag</b>  |              |             |             | \$20.00      |              |
| <b>Tumbler – Classic (16 oz) or Traveler (16 oz with Lid)</b>       |              |             |             | \$12/\$14    |              |
| <b>Mug</b>  |              |             |             | \$10.00      |              |

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

**Total \$** \_\_\_\_\_

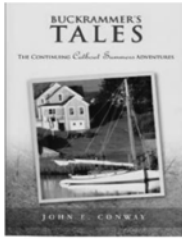
|                         |
|-------------------------|
| <b>Name</b>             |
| <b>Address</b>          |
| <b>City, State, Zip</b> |
| <b>Phone</b>            |

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](mailto: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](http://ces.landsend.com/the_catboat_association)

# CATBOAT ASSOCIATION PUBLICATIONS ORDER FORM



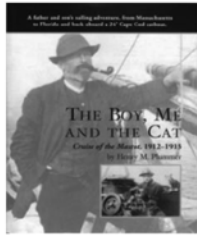
**Buckrammer's Tales**



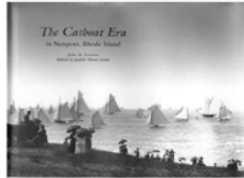
**The Competitive Cat**



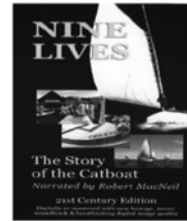
**The Catboat and How to Sail Her**



**The Boy, Me and the Cat**



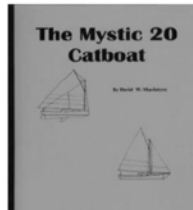
**The Catboat Era in Newport**



**Nine Lives DVD**



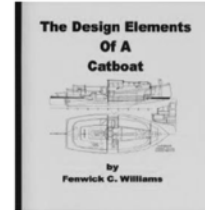
**The Boat That Wouldn't Sink**



**Mystic 20 Catboat**



**Rudder Reprints**



**Design Elements of a Catboat**

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

\*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](mailto:mary.crain@catboats.org); 508 758-8081



## ON THE BACK COVER

Scotty, Steve Flesner's Marshall 15 resting on a dual Jet Ski lift on St. Leonard Creek off the Patuxent River in MD. An Eastern Shore watermen would describe the scene as "a blow boat waitin' for the wind...and in this case, it looks like "slick calm, and the wind is neither"...so it may be a long wait!! The dual Jet Ski lift is a perfect fit for the 15.

