

# Catboat Association Bulletin



No. 178



Winter 2019

## ON THE COVER

*Petunia* is a 1969 Crosby catboat owned by Tom and Martha Sieniewicz. As I was preparing this issue, a series of photos I'd taken last August struck a cord, as I noted the hailing port of Somes Sound, Maine proudly displayed on her transom. This photo of the "wave," was taken during the 2018 Eggemoggin Reach Regatta (ERR) – where *Petunia* was a casual observer – too small to enter by just 4 ft. The ERR is a wonderful annual August event with almost 100 wood boats racing in the beautiful waters off Brooklin, Maine.

She was not the only catboat there, perhaps 15 others of varying sizes – most wood – were either underway or moored off of WoodenBoat and Brooklin Boatyard. Another was *Molly B.*, who was so wonderfully rebuilt. Photo by Butler Smythe.

# Catboat Association

www.catboats.org



## BULLETIN NO. 178

Winter 2019

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### **WHAT TO DO ...**

#### **WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS:**

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

# Now Hear This:

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## From the Editor

By the time you get this issue, the 57<sup>th</sup> Annual Catboat Association meeting will have only recently concluded and winter will still have its hold on the northeast – or one would assume. In other parts of our association's reach that may not be true and oh are you lucky! There is ice in my drink and ice on the water here in Maine as I write this, and my thoughts are on projects and sailing. A bit of each please!

In Germany the same is probably true, and in this issue I hope you are able to follow and enjoy a detailed piece written about the origination, styles, as well as some examples of - German catboats. Only a few survived the war. Please find this as a link to the website managed by the writer, Peter Plate ([www.catboot-seezunge.de](http://www.catboot-seezunge.de)). Don't forget to use the English version selectable at the top of the home page. There you will find an extraordinary number of photos of German built catboats. I encourage you to look and study them for their similarities, differences and in many cases their amazing workmanship. You may get some ideas too.

On another subject, I'm looking for someone to take over the Sailing Techniques and Seamanship section of the Bulletin as a contributing Editor for the Fall Issue (180). It's easy – really! Please see or contact me, or any of the other lead editors.

Butler Smythe ([butler.smythe@catboats.org](mailto:butler.smythe@catboats.org))  
Lead Editor, Bulletin 178

## Now Hear This!

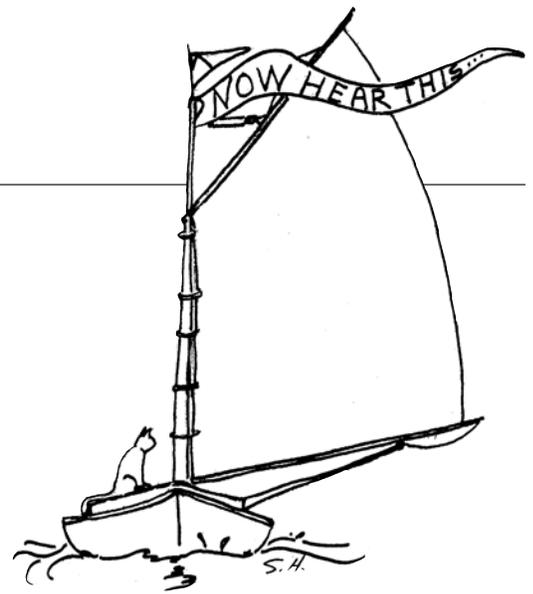
*In case you missed it...*

### 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 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 rendezvous, races, regattas, cruises, games, meetings, etc. but also such things as navigation, seamanship, and the art of sailing.

### CBA Website

Please check out the CBA website and remember ALL the previous bulletins are available online - from the very first three-pager to the current published issue - 178 and counting. Registered members only.

### Writing for the Bulletin

The editors and contributing editors specifically want and need your stories, projects and expertise. Don't have any of those? We all do. So then, what do you want to hear about? We'll try to accommodate and we're just an email or phone call away.

## BoatUS Membership

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

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

## Rendezvous Schedule

The much anticipated Race and Rendezvous schedule will be available in the Spring CBA Bulletin, Issue 179. If you are aware of a rendezvous or event coming up that is not listed, please alert the Catboat Association editorial board or any member of the Steering Committee. We may still be able to get the event listed on the CBA website.

## Save The Date

The 58<sup>th</sup> annual Catboat Association Meeting will take place on the weekend of Friday, Saturday and Sunday, January 24-26, 2020 at the Mystic Marriott Hotel and Spa.

## The CBA Awards Committee Needs You!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**DUE DATE:** We've reestablished October 1, 2019 as the due date for award submissions.

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

Philip Livingston, (410) 226-1129,  
E-mail: [phil.livingston@catboats.org](mailto:phil.livingston@catboats.org)

And the members of the Awards Committee:

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Brent Putnam (new volunteer)  
[brent.putnam@catboats.org](mailto:brent.putnam@catboats.org)

## Members Remembered at the Annual Meeting

**Jerry Whitney**, husband of *Anne*, sailed *Kittiwake* out of Padanaram. Joined in 1977.

**Mac Reed**, husband of Deborah, sailed *Delilah* out of Vineyard Haven. Joined in 1989.

**Bud Tietje**, husband of Eleanor, sailed *Eleanor* out of Falmouth. Joined in 1994.

**Bill Clarke**, husband of Wendy, sailed *Nifty* out of Harvey Cedars. Joined in 1991. He and Wendy were Publications Coordinators in 2016.

**Bob Hutchinson** sailed *Nauta & White Swan II* out of Duxbury. Joined in 1965. He won the Dolphin award in 1986 and was the longtime co-chair of the North of the Cape rendezvous.

**Phil Livingston**, husband of Phillys, sailed out of Blades Harbour, DE. Joined in 2012.

**Richard Allsopp**, husband of Rosemary, sailed *Cat Tales* out of Orange Park, FL. Joined in 2013.

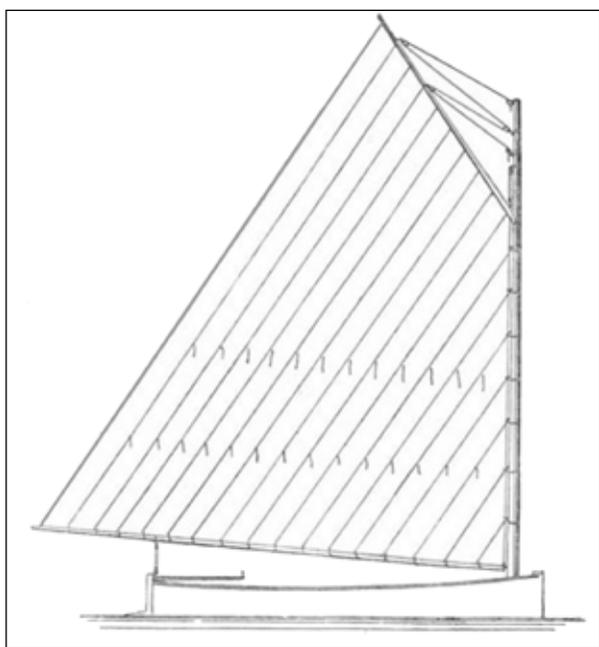
As read at the annual meeting by Tim Lund.



# Catkreuzer -The Early German Catboats: 1880 to 1930

Peter Plate

Once the first catboats had been built in the US around the 1850s, it didn't take long before this new type of boat reached Europe. The *Una*, an open catboat of 16 ft. in length and its designer Bob Fish, played a certain role with that story. *Una* had been shipped from the US to England, and there it became quite popular as a race boat.



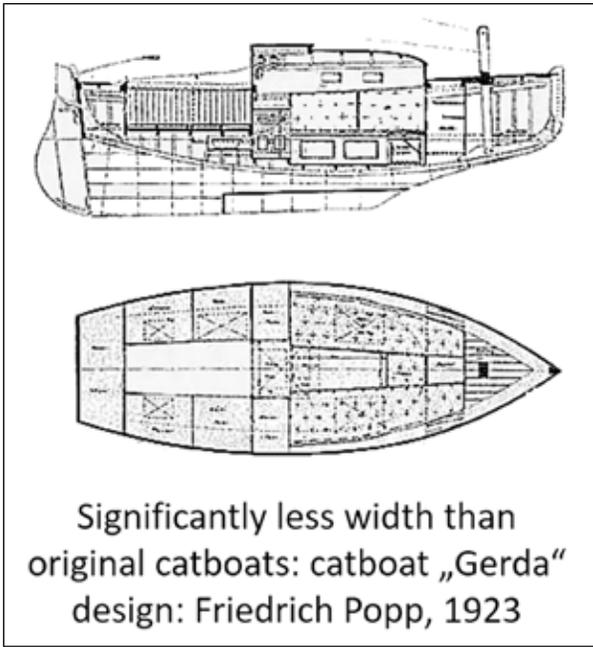
Una boat.

In deference to the country of the catboat's origin, the US, the catboats that had been built since the end of the 19th century in Europe were no longer being used for fishing or transportation. The explanation is quite simple: On one hand the local fishermen had been using their regional boat types for many decades, like the northern double enders of the Baltic sea and the numerous flat-bottom type boats such as the tjotters, boeiers etc. in the lowlands of Dutch Friesland. On the other hand the catboats came to Europe exactly at the time of the industrial revolution, with the quickly upcoming use of engines for all kind of mechanical devices, and so for boats.

The classic American catboat, such as the Cape Cod catboat, had not simply been copied and pasted in Europe. Essentially it was the cat-rig that had inspired the European boat designers the most. In those times the sloop and cutter were the dominating rigs. Especially in narrow waters, these rigs needed elaborate handling. Without the support of winches or jam cleats, the sheets had to be tightened and manually fixed on cleats after each tack. Another fact was that foresails at that time had mainly been used to enlarge the total sail area of the boats, which was quite impressive. The complex knowhow of aerodynamic flow that we do have today, for example to use the foresail in order to achieve an improved airstream along the mainsail, was not available in those days. And the foresails had not been designed or used in that way. The early catboats showed advantages versus the sloop-rigged boats, not only in handling. They enabled even closer angles to the wind when tacking. This advantage had been very welcomed for narrow inshore waters. After a thorough research in old editions of the magazines "Die Yacht," "Ahoi" and "Wassersport" I have collected, I've summarized and commented on the reports of boats of the early designers and boatbuilders who dealt with catboats with cabins. The drawings were taken from the old articles from the magazine "Die Yacht," which are also published in the "Yachtsportarchiv."

## German Catboats vs. American Catboats

From the very beginning, the German-designed and built catboats had been used as pleasure boats and never as fishing boats, or for the purpose of transportation. There were the open catboats, which were used as race boats, and the ones with a small cabin which were built as a shorter and easier to handle version of the already existing "Jollenkreuzer," as touring boats. They also were intended to add to existing designs as a low-cost version of a pleasure boat design. From the existing American catboat designs few characteristic elements would be transferred to the European designs.



1923 Gerda Design.

This was done many decades later - in the 1970s with the catboat *Seezunge*. In the old days it was not as hard to bring a copy of this boat to Europe. The early catboats in Germany were rather unique designs with a cat-rig, which the designers named “Catkreuzer” which means catcruiser. The majority of these designs were keelboats with no centerboard. The beam was also not according to the American extreme ratio of length to width of approximately 2:1. These much more trimly designed boats needed to carry a sufficient weight of ballast in order to provide the necessary stability. The characteristic “barn door” rudders had not been used on German built catboats.



Well suited for beaching catboat with a strong barndoor rudder

Beached German Cat.

The barn door rudders have an unusually large surface area, and as its name indicates, their shape and size is one of a barn’s door. They had been a result of the needed suitability of the boats for shallow waters. The American type catboats with their solid and robust built barn door rudders could, once the centerboard is up, easily be pulled up on to a beach or could be anchored in tidal zones with the boat resting on shore at low tide. These barn door rudders needed to have a minimum of surface area in order to work efficiently. And the surface area that was needed could not be achieved by vertical extension of the rudders but by stretching the rudder in the horizontal direction further to the back. These long rudders tended to dip out of the water in wavy conditions, resulting in a more difficult steering behavior. So these needs of rudders with low depth was not that much apparent in Germany and particularly around the Berlin lakes and other inshore waters. Therefore German catboats had been designed with rudders of more depth and which show more like a teardrop shaped design. In the Netherlands with their shallow inshore waters, such as the Dutch Friesland, they used their well established flat-bottom boats with leeboards for many decades. Anyhow, also in the Netherlands exist a few boatyards, which also had built some keelboats with cat-rigs. Some of them are still kept and maintained today, by the members of the Netherland catboat club.

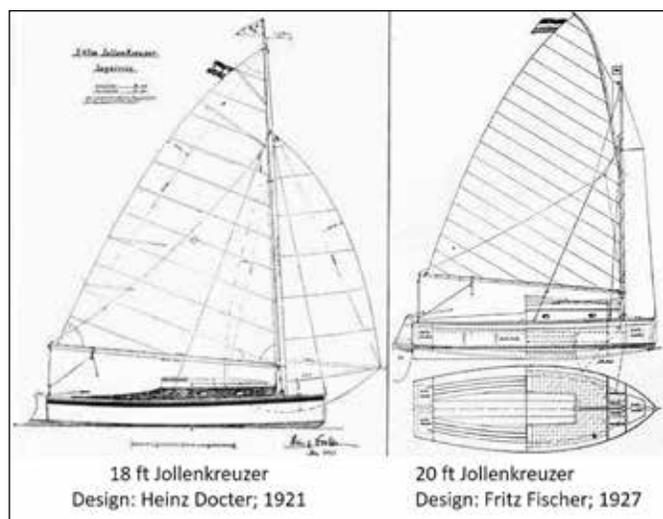
The catboats of the German designers had developed partly from the type of “Jollenkreuzer,” which also became popular during that time. They were centerboard sailboats with a similar hull to some open sailboats, but with a cabin sloop-rig. They also had been offered with cat-rigs. Typical examples of these are the designs of the 18 ft. cat-rigged Jollenkreuzers from Heinz Docter and cat-rigged Sharpie – Jollenkreuzer of Fritz Fischer. But then the catkreuzers were born, designed as full keel catboats. These boats did not have centerboard cases, which would have been even more inconvenient on slim or trim designed cabins. A further difference to the American originals was the positioning of the mast. It had not been put in the very front of the bow, but just a little further back, where the bow is wide enough to allow a sufficient angle of the shrouds and forestay to support the mast. The bow was less loaded, which had a positive effect in rougher waters. These types of small cat-rigged touring yachts were manufactured at numerous small boatbuilding shops.

Unfortunately there are few remaining photos of catboats built at that time, which are of particular value. Other sources of information come from old sales advertising and boat register-lists of the various sailing clubs. As far as we know today, only three of the original catkreuzers exist. Drawings and original boats remain from: Abeking & Rasmussen (two of their “little Catkreuzer”), from Heidtmann (original Catboot *Catalina*), Artur Tiller (drawings of his catboats designs: Teufelchen, Svane and “6m-Catkreuzer”), Friedrich Popp (Catkreuzer *Gerda*), Adolf Harms (Cat-Schwertkreuzer) and Harry Wustrau (Kurz und Gut).

**The Old Designs - Cat-rigged “Jollenkreuzer”**

Two examples of cat-rigged Jollenkreuzer could be found. Ship-building engineer Heinz Docter designed the 18 ft. Jollenkreuzer with round bulkhead and a hard chine. On this type, Docter received many inquiries. This boat had been manufactured under his management at the boatyard in Warnemünde “Wereha” (Werft-, Reederei- und Handelsbetriebe). In 1923, the design had been worked over and then rigged with a shorter mast and gaff. The mast was then much lighter in weight, a significant advantage when taking the mast down with a tabernacle.

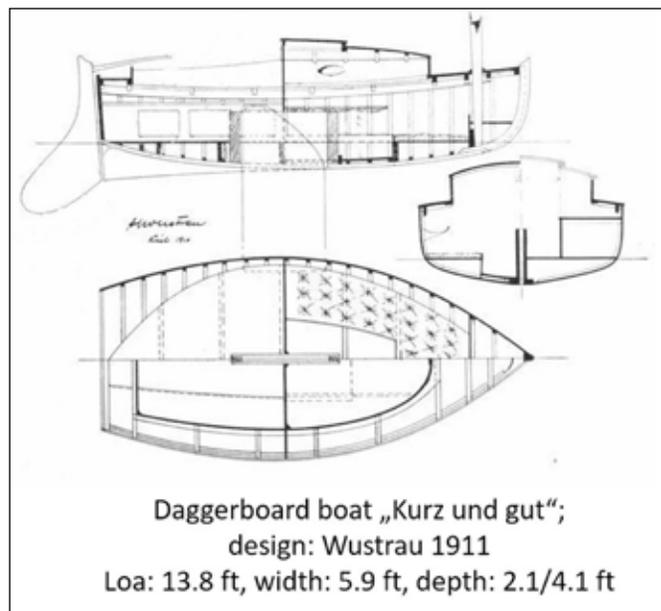
In 1927 a 20 ft. Jollenkreuzer was presented by Fritz Fischer. It is not known if this type had ever been built. Docter’s and Fisher’s designs had both been equipped with cabins reaching forward to the mast. Another characteristic of these designs was the positioning of the centerboards, very much forward to avoid the inconvenient centerboard cases in the main area of the cabin.



1921 & 1927 Jollenkreuzer Designs.

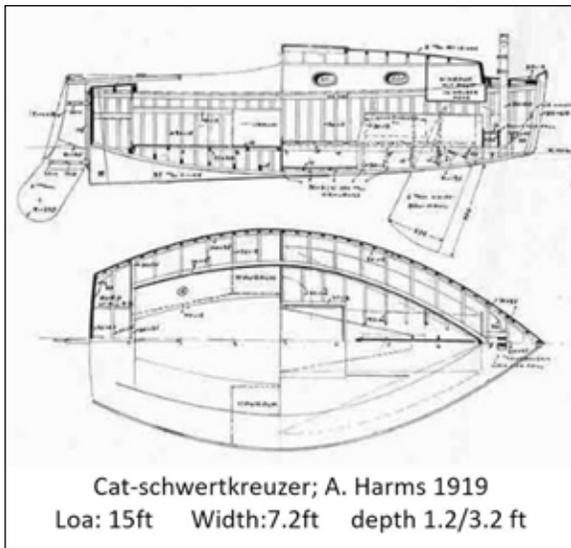
**The “Catkreuzer” (catcruiser)**

The two smaller designs were centerboarders. The smaller one, Kurz und Gut (“Short and Good”), had an overall length of 13.8 ft. and was designed by Harry Wustrau. It had a daggerboard, but when hitting the bottom it allowed the board to flip backwards. The board had been positioned so that the centerboard case was partly in the cockpit and partly in the cabin with a depth of 2.2 ft. with board up and 4.1 ft. down. When completely up it was necessary for the hatch to be open. To lock the cabin, either the board was removed or it was left down. The cabin height of this tiny boat was only 3.6 ft. and only smaller sailors could sit in an upright position. Room for storage was under the cockpit and cabin benches, and in a small area in the bow. It is not known, if this design had ever been built.



1911 Daggerboard Catboat.

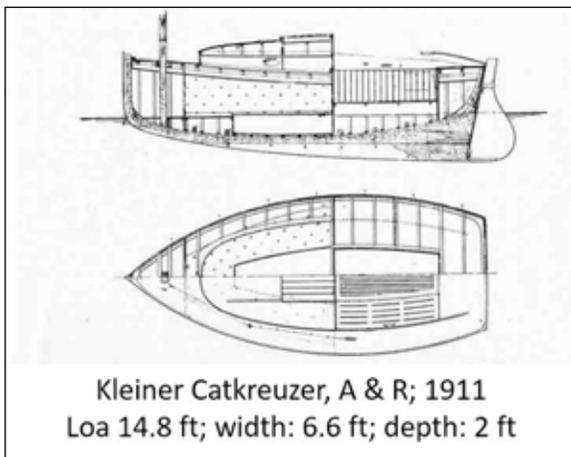
The second of the small designs is the Cat-Schwertkreuzer of Adolf Harms in 1919. At an overall length of 15 ft. and a width of 7.2 ft., this design is significantly larger than the Wustraus design. Interesting was the position of the centerboard – very forward in the boat. The centerboard case begins just behind the mast. By designing it this way, the main part of the cabin was not affected by a centerboard case. An innovative solution was designed by Harms for the halyards. They were guided through the deck and tightened on cleats mounted at the centerboard case.



1919 Cat-Schwertkreuzer.

This boat had been built at the Berkholz & Gärsch boatshop in Friedrichshagen at Lake Müggelsee.

In 1911 the famous yacht builder Abeking & Rasmussen presented the Henry Rasmussen design of the Kleiner Catkreuzer (“Small Catcruiser”). At an overall length of only 14.8 ft., Rasmussen had incorporated an astonishing amount in the boat. This catboat was designed as a long-keel boat that offered a roomy cabin with berths of sufficient length. Typical for A&R designs: all metal parts and fittings were especially made by A&R, from the chainplates for the shrouds, the jiffy reefing for the boom to the all brass vent fitting – to mention but a few.



1911 Kleiner Catkreuzer.

According to A&R’s list of the building numbers, eight boats of this type had been built in the period between 1914 and 1922. The boat with building number 401 had been built for a Mr. Hans Frese in Bremen

and the boat was named *Sonderling* (the German word *Sonderling* does not mean the bird, but means: special or peculiar). In A&R’s list of building numbers, the design was then still mentioned as “*Tourenkreuzer*,” instead of the later term “*Catkreuzer*.” The next built was number 696 in 1916 for Mr. Angerich from Lichtenfelde. In 1921 there followed a series of three boats of this type, with the building numbers 1258-1260. Unfortunately, no further information is available on the buyers or boat names.

One year later in 1922 another series of three were built with the building numbers 1499-1501. Two of these were ordered from a customer in Denmark and the other for one in England. Two of these boats survive today; the building numbers 1499 (*Novatus* of Theo Nieuwenhuizen) and 1501 (*Krümel* of Rasmus Braun). They regularly participate at various boat meetings. A nice article about these two old-timers had been published in the magazine “*Yacht Classic*,” edition January 2017. With their sail area of 183 ft<sup>2</sup> they keep up with modern catboats quite well.

Friedrich Popp designed the catboat with an

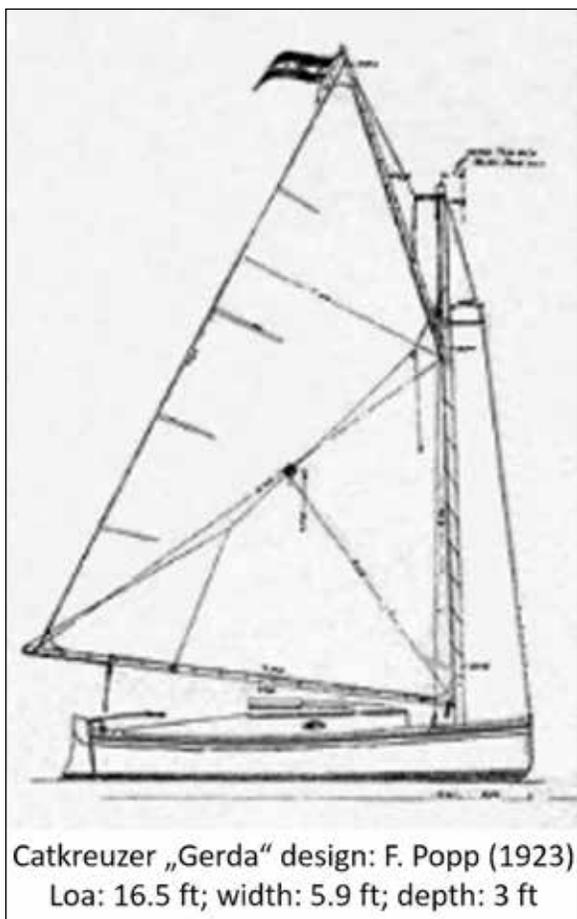


1922 *Noavatus*.



1922 *Krümel*.

overall length of 16.4 ft. and a beam of only 5.9 ft. Gerda was a very trim catkreuzer. She's a pure long-keeler with a sail area of 199 ft<sup>2</sup> and a rudder mounted on a square stern. Beside the cat-rig this design also had been offered with a sloop rig. Popp cooperated with a couple of boatyards, which he licensed to build the type. The boatyards were located mainly in the eastern part of the Baltic: Ostsee Yachtbau G.m.b.H. Werft in the former town Groß-Möllen (known today in Polish as Mielno); Haffwerft G.m.b.H in the former town Groß-Ziegenort (known today as Trzbiez); at the Stettiner Haff and the Boots-und Yachtwerft and Dipl.-Ing. Friedrich Bedezies in former Stettin (known today as Szczecin). The building time of this boat was calculated at six weeks, and it was made from oak with a lapstrake hull.

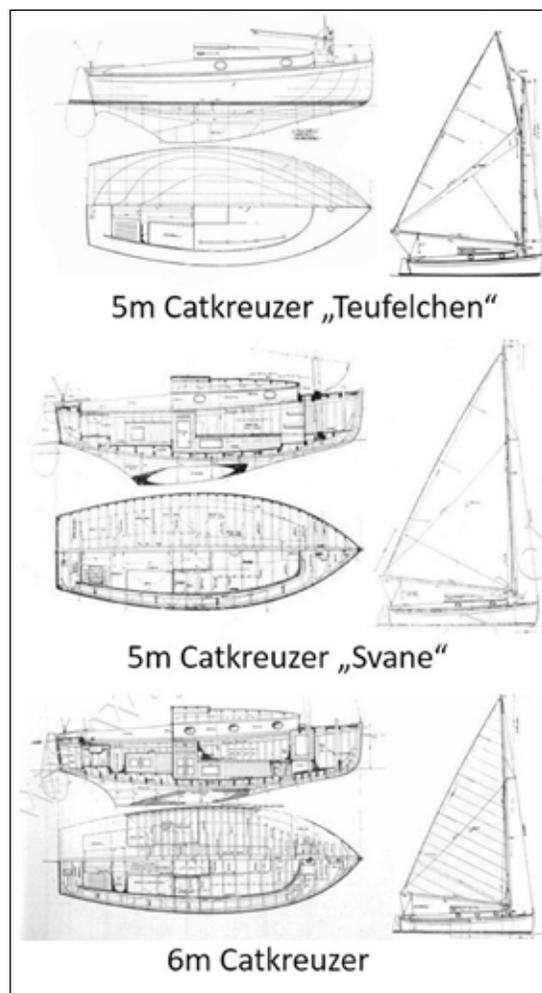


Catkreuzer „Gerda“ design: F. Popp (1923)  
Loa: 16.5 ft; width: 5.9 ft; depth: 3 ft

1923 Gerda Design.

A well-known boat designer in Germany at the time was a ship-building engineer from Berlin-Charlottenburg, Artur Tiller. He designed a large variety and number of boats and ships. Among his designs are several for catboats. Three of those he designed with a cabin as a catkreuzer. They

are the type Teufelchen (1924), Svane (1929) and the 6m-Catkreuzer (1930). All designs show the characteristic fingerprint of Tiller's designs. They all have the uniquely designed (at the time) keel with a fin shape. It allowed for easier turning when tacking and also reduced the area of resistance. The needed ballast was attached as an "iron-shoe" to the keel. Only one of the designs, the catkreuzer Teufelchen (Little Devil), had been equipped with a gaff sail. All of the later designs he had equipped with a Marconi rig. Obviously, Tiller considered the Marconi of advantage because of their easier handling over the gaff versions. The catboat Teufelchen had been presented extensively in 1924 by an article in the magazine "Die Yacht." It had been made for Mr. Walter Hemming, a famous painter of marine scenes and was manufactured at the Engelbrecht boatyard in Berlin's Köpenick suburb. Made of mahogany and at 16.4 ft with a 6.9 ft beam and 2.2 ft draft, it was rigged with a gaff sail of 215 ft<sup>2</sup>.



Catkreuzer Rig Variations.



Catboat „Teufelchen“

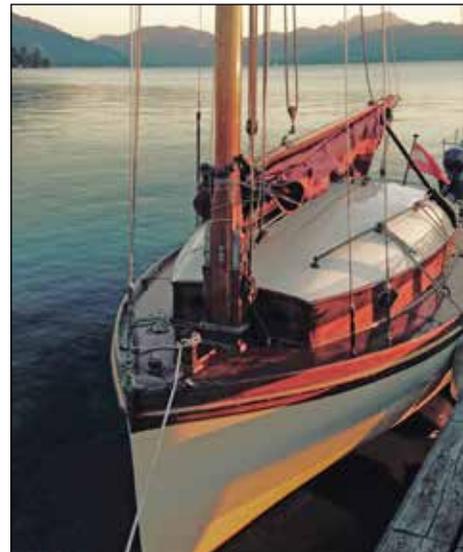
1924 *Teufelchen*.



1930 *Catalina*.



1930 *Catalina*.



1930 *Catalina*.

A few years later he designed another 5m catboat, the *Svane*. In deference to the *Teufelchen*, the *Svane* was trimmer and rigged with a Marconi sail of 215ft<sup>2</sup>. It was reported that from this boat, a smaller series had been manufactured at boatyard Müller in Kladow, Berlin-Spandau. The order for a slightly larger version Tiller received, came from Switzerland. He designed the 6m-Catkreuzer. At an overall length of 19.7 ft. with a 7 ft. beam and depth of 2.3 ft., the 6m-Catkreuzer was also equipped with a Marconi rig and a sail area of 269 ft<sup>2</sup>. It was built at Yachtwerft Grimm in the Swiss town of Gottlieben.

The last boat of this summary is a preserved catboat of the renowned boat building company of Hamburg Heidtmann with building number 5379. At an overall length of 19.7 ft. and a beam of 8.5 ft., it displaced about 4,410 lbs. Although catboats had been designed and built at Heidtmann from the 1880s, no designs seem to have been preserved. Luckily a Heidtmann catboat had been preserved out of the five built in 1930. This boat is the catboat *Catalina* and was designed as a centerboard catboat with many similarities to American catboats.

*(Editor's Note: The German translations and words may be unfamiliar and others difficult to associate with the English. One word used is "Jollenkreuzer" – which translates to "small cabin cruiser." This word is still used today in describing just that... no matter the rig style. See more cats at: [www.catboot-seezunge.de](http://www.catboot-seezunge.de).)*



# International Intrigue

Peter Knowlton

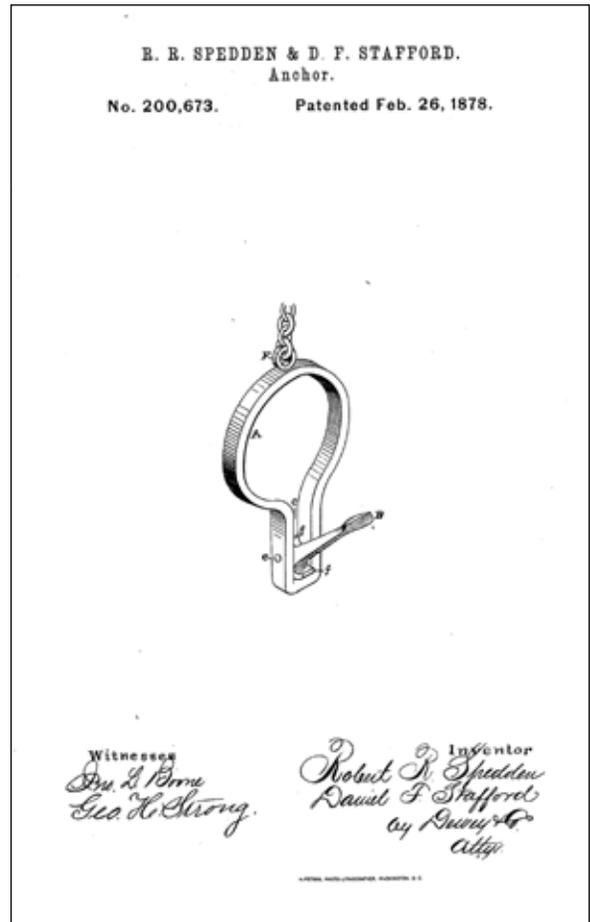
Last winter I researched two international inquiries that came through to the CBA. The first in an email to Spencer Day, to see if there might be some familiarity with an odd anchor owned by a woman in British Columbia. The second through the Catboat Association Lounge (on Facebook), from a fellow in Italy rebuilding a 15-foot Corvus catboat, designed by Charles Wittholz. He was able to trace the boat to the north coast of Sardinia in the mid-1980s, but could not determine its origins – the majority of its fastenings and fittings are US standard.



Duerr Anchor.

**The Anchor:** The anchor came with a boat that was built at the Berthon Yard, in Lymington, England in 1938 and was a sister-ship to Hiscock's *Wanderer II*. The search started using Google, and all sorts of iterations for stockless anchor, pivoting-fluke anchor, single-fluke anchor came up. And by a fluke, I found

an anchor patented in 1878 (US 200,673), by Robert R. Spedden and Daniel F. Stafford for use by barges in the Columbia River area.



No. 200,673.

The principle of this anchor was to protect flat-bottom barges from puncture when the tide ran out, and they settled on the up-turned fluke of a standard stocked ship's anchor.

The next lead was a picture of a somewhat similar anchor in England, for sale; however, it indicated that it was a US anchor that had been found at the 1893 World Exposition in Chicago. Further research turned up the 1893 McDougall patent (US 445,816) for this anchor, which was developed by a boatbuilder and shipper on the Great Lakes, who developed a line of whaleback ships.



It appears that each time a patent may have expired, someone reinvented an anchor that was not practical or looked on favorably. Certainly, none hang from the bow of a catboat!

**The Boat:** Paolo Sivelli, of Varese, Italy, posted a request on Facebook to help him identify the origin of *Trudy*, a Corvus catboat that he restored. He was able to trace the boat to Porto Rotondo on the northern coast of Sardinia in the 1980s, but there his search went cold. Several hints as to its origin may be: it was originally painted dark blue with a light blue interior, and the fastenings and fittings were US standard, not metric. With this information, and some map work, we hypothesize that the catboat could have been in a recreational sailing program for the US Naval facility at La Maddalena, a small island just to the northwest of Porto Rotondo. The base had been closed and we couldn't find much information, but a friend who served in the Navy and instructed at a couple of sailing centers, indicated that it was entirely possible for the boat to have been built on base using one of the shops. I have attached several of Paolo's photos to show the extent of the restoration work. Until someone proves us wrong, that's *Trudy's* story, and we're sticking to it!

submitted to Spencer Day via e-mail, and the photos of *Trudy* are from Paolo Sivelli's post to the Catboat Lounge.



*Trudy* hull repaired.

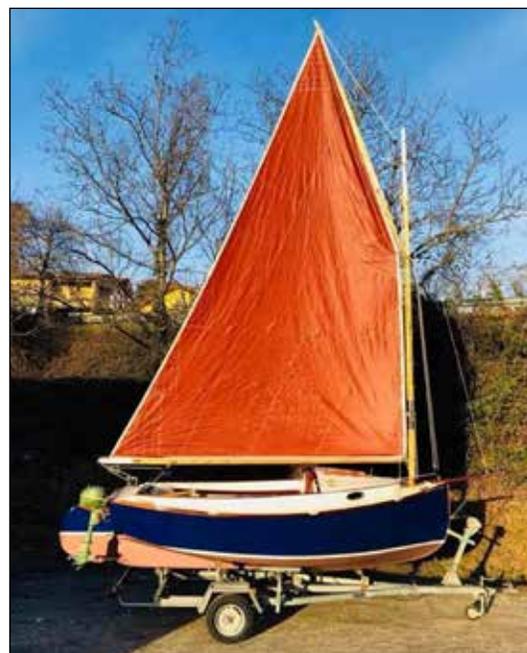


*Trudy* restored.



*Trudy* rebuilding.

Illustrations of anchor patents were obtained from the internet. The whaleback photo was downloaded from Wikipedia. The anchor photo was



*Trudy* new fittings.



# Boat Building and Maintenance

Eric Peterson, Editor

## Building *Kyla Marie*

Bob O'Brien

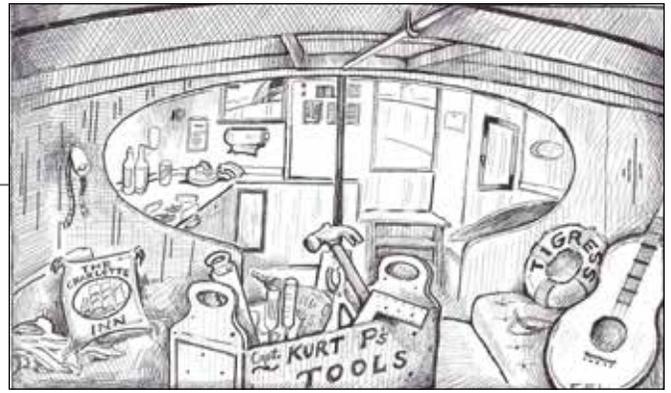
*Kyla Marie* was launched in September 2018 and christened by our daughter Kyla Marie. *Kyla Marie* is a Chebacco 20 design by Phil Bolger. Plans were purchased in 1996 after the Chebacco 20 article appeared in *WoodenBoat Magazine*. At that time we were sailing our homemade Swampscott dory and dreamed of a larger boat. Lofting and initial construction of the frames was started in 2003, but it was difficult to find the time for boatbuilding.

We purchased *Catnap*, a Marshall Sanderling, and put boatbuilding on hold in 2005. Years later, during a visit to Marshall Marine, we stepped aboard a Marshall 22 and my wife, Timmi, exclaimed "Bob we have to buy this boat!" My reply was "nice dream!" Luckily we were able to purchase *Curlew*, a Marshall 22, from Geoff Marshall.

After retirement, bits and pieces of the Chebacco 20 and stored materials were dusted off and construction began in earnest during the spring of 2015. Construction was outside and limited to the warmer weather of the sailing season, since our circa 1935 two-car garage was not long enough for the Chebacco 20. Eventually a tarp tent was purchased.

Hull construction of the *Kyla Marie* is glued lapstrake 12mm Bruynzeel marine plywood. The bottom and first plank are fiberglassed, including the bilge. The coaming of the *Kyla Marie* was redrawn to be similar to a catboat. Spruce for the spars was sourced from a sawmill during family vacations to the Adirondacks. Our great-niece helped choose the color scheme upon coloring copies of the boat's profile.

Auxiliary power is a Honda 5 hp. outboard, which sits in a motor well instead of hanging on a stern bracket. Electrical power for LED lights and a bilge pump is via two batteries and solar panels on top



of the port and starboard aft hatches. PVC pipe for wire channels was installed before the seats and deck were fastened, but it was still cramped quarters for the electrician and a sailing club member, who performed the electrical work.

For sails, we were thinking that we would need to use a Sailrite kit. Luckily, sailing club members suggested that we contact Doyle Sails on City Island. Considering the cost of the kit and a heavy-duty sewing machine, we had Doyle make the sails. We were very happy with Doyle and subsequently ordered cockpit cushions.

Our sailing preference had evolved to mostly day sailing. The Chebacco 20 would fit our sailing style with a large cockpit for day sailing and a basic cabin. After two seasons of being pulled between sailing and boatbuilding, it became sadly evident that it was time to sell *Curlew*. *Curlew* was sailed back up to Pandanaram, MA during September 2016 and sold via Marshall Marine.

The Chebacco 20 is readily trailerable; we look forward to trailering to Adirondack lakes and to home at the end of the season, bypassing boatyard expenses. Also, the mast is low enough to fit under the fixed bridges over the Shinnecock Canal, giving us ready access to the Peconic Bay via the Great South Bay. Previously we would unstep and restep the mast in *Catnap* for canal transit. In *Curlew* we would also take the ocean route through the Shinnecock Inlet and around Montauk Pt. to reach the Peconic Bay.

We are looking forward to the next sailing season without boatbuilding distractions and being able to attend club rendezvous on the Great South Bay of Long Island. Homeport of the *Kyla Marie* is Bayport at a slip on Homans Creek.



*Kyla Marie* at Watch Hill, RI.

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## Mast Wiring

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Brent V.W. Putnam

Among the upgrades and improvements we've made to *Cranberry*, was the addition of a masthead anchor light.

Because the mast is aluminum, it will “clang” when struck. At anchor and on the mooring, I tie the halyards to the forestay to prevent slapping and the resulting clang. Since the wires inside the mast can also move and slap, we needed a way to permanently control their movement and/or muffle the sound. The answer was a two-part solution that utilized plastic cable ties and pipe insulation.

For the anchor light, I found a LED model from Hella Marine – the 2 nm NaviLED 360 all-round white navigation lamp – which fit the mast cap perfectly, had minimal current draw (about 1 amp) and wouldn't require bulb changes. Since we'd need to run power for this inside the mast, it presented an opportunity to replace the coaxial cable for the antenna as well.

The standard connector for most fixed-mount radios and antennas was known as the UHF connector/plug. It was designed before World War II when shortwave was dominant and everything

above 30 MHz was considered ultra high – hence the name. It is more commonly known by its formal designation(s), PL-259 (female end on the radio) and SO-239 (male end on the cable).

Although widely used on marine equipment, the connectors are not waterproof. We didn't know how old everything was, and since it used standard connectors, there was a high likelihood that there was, or would eventually be, water infiltration causing corrosion and signal loss.

For a little more than the cost of the cable and connectors, you can order coax cable assemblies that come with the connectors installed with heat shrink tubing. I took advantage of this to save some time and headache and ordered a premade 35-foot cable assembly from Cable X-Perts that used RG-213/U low-loss 50-ohm coax. This was long enough that there was about 18 inches at the top of the mast to connect to the antenna and about six feet at the bottom.



UHF (left) and N (right) connectors.

Rather than use the UHF connectors, I ordered the assembly with N connectors. Invented by Paul Neill of Bell Labs (hence the name, “N”), these connectors are about the same size as UHF, but are waterproof. Adapters can be used to connect to the UHF connectors on the radio and antenna. Because the N connectors along with heat shrink tubing seal the ends of the coax, I didn't feel the need to use the marine grade cable, which is more expensive.

For the power wiring, I used Ancor 16/2 flat safety duplex cable. This is a double-insulated cable that has both the positive and negative wires, but the negative side is yellow to comply with the ABYC (American Boat and Yacht Council) standard. This distinguishes the AC hot (which is black) from the DC ground, ensuring that there is no confusion about which wire is which if you have both wiring systems aboard.

Given the length of the wire, voltage drop was a concern. When sizing wiring, you have to be careful that the voltage doesn't drop below a value that is useful for the purpose. In this case, the result would be dim or no light. A drop of three percent or less is generally acceptable. Because the anchor light works with as little as 9 volts and uses less than 1.5 watts, the 16-gauge wire was adequate for the distance.

The coax and wiring were slipped into the pipe insulation. I used 11-inch cable ties spaced about two feet apart to: (1) keep the wires together, (2) keep the wires secured to the insulation, and (3) as a way of stabilizing the assembly.



Pipe insulation and zip ties.

The zip ties were in sets of four, arranged so that the ends were about 90-degrees apart. Once slipped inside the mast, the ties center the assembly and buffer it. If the assembly does happen to come in contact with the mast, the pipe insulation muffles any potential clang.

The installation met my expectations. There is no clang or other noise from the wiring inside the mast. The radio is reliably connected to the antenna, and the light eliminates the need to hang a lantern when we're at anchor.



Completed installation at the masthead.

*Editor's Note: Not being familiar with the term "N" Connector I had to look it up and found: "The N connector is a threaded, weatherproof, medium-size RF connector used to join coaxial cables. It was one of the first connectors capable of carrying microwave-frequency signals, and was invented in the 1940s by Paul Neill of Bell Labs, after whom the connector is named."*

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## Ice and Catboating

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Mark Alan Lovewell

Ice is a precious commodity on a hot summer day of catboating. If I am forward thinking enough, I've got ice onboard before I leave the dock. And if I've got a cold ice chest, there is no one complaining about warm beer.

This past summer, I built a wooden mold that is big enough to produce a handsome looking block of ice that will last days in the cooler.

The mold is made up of two pieces of assembled marine plywood. Having a two-piece box allows for the water to expand as it freezes. Nothing breaks.

The marine plywood is coated with a layer of West System resin. Being waterproof we expect it to last for years.

The assembled two-piece box is held together by bungee cord. When it is time to make ice, a large plastic bag is inserted into the mold and it is filled almost to the brim with cold water. To ease in handling, I put a short length of rope into the water to form a handle, keeping the center section above water level. Adding the handle makes carrying the block easier. This block of ice is heavier than a large bag of ice cubes.

The details of the box's construction is specific, so it will sit inside the freezer section of my refrigerator. Everyone's freezer is different, so there is a "no fits all design." Needs of the captain will always vary.

Ice is a big deal aboard our craft. We can cool down a hot and grumpy sailor easily when we hand him a cold glass filled with juice or something stronger. With day sailing, the blocks of ice needn't be bigger than a quart size container. Ice cubes are nice but they don't last. On a short trip, we carry our own homemade ice cubes.

Let's face the obvious, the bigger the block of ice, the longer it lasts.

To get around buying shoreside plastic bags with ready-made ice cubes, we've made our own. To get a little more serious we'll take Ziploc bags, fill them with water and put them in a small cardboard box before putting them in the freezer. There is a significant advantage to using a cardboard box as a mold, as in the end we have a stackable block of ice.

The large mold comes as a product of spending lots of money on bags of ice for cruising. It is our way of staying away from the ice concessioner who knows no competitors.



A block of homemade ice.



Two-piece mold, plus bungee cord.



Box is ready for plastic bag and water.

## Diesel to Electric: 1973 Herreshoff America

Jim Laird

My conversion - the first order of business was to remove a Yanmar YSE 8G, which had seized from saltwater back-flowing from the exhaust into the cylinder. The previous owner had rebuilt it more than once and the broker didn't feel the engine had another rebuild in it, as parts were no longer available for that model. To replace with a new Yanmar 2GSM would cost many times more than the value of the boat and fit was an issue.



Frozen Yanmar.

I first removed the diesel and all systems associated with it, which took about four hours. Next was cleaning up years of diesel filth and then the fiberglass repair, another eight hours.



The Mess Left Behind.



Reglazing.

I painted the bilge with Bilgecoat paint and built a box for the batteries. I chose Lead Acid, Group 27 105 amp batteries - mostly for the cost and to evaluate the system, and the venue. I'd found AGM and lithium-ion batteries to be too expensive.

I chose a DuoPro Four Bank ten-amp charger. It tops off the house battery and the 36 volt propulsion pack in about two hours, given a typical days use of the motor (25 minutes  $\frac{3}{4}$  power). Installation of the batteries, charger and wiring took another six hours.



Battery Box.



The Battery Bank & Charger.



Battery Box Cover.



The Electric Yacht Quiet Torque 5.

I then made a custom dashboard to mount the throttle and controller.



Installed and Ready for Test.



Throttle, Controller and Volts.

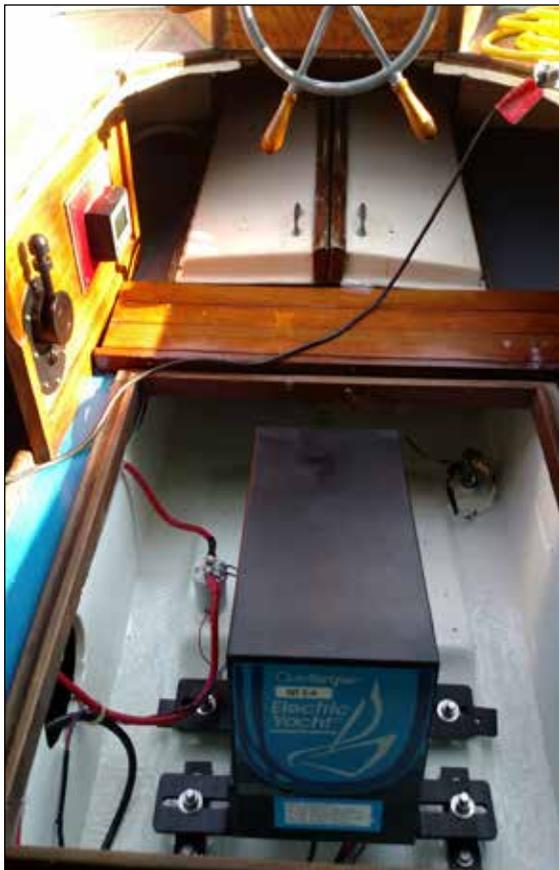


Back Under Cover.

All buttoned up and ready to launch, the operation was right on the projections provided by Electric Yacht, with no smoke or mess.

QT 5.0 Speed & Power 36V

<b>Kts</b>	<b>Watts</b>
2.7	240
3.4	480
4.3	960
5.4	1920
6.2	2880
<b>Hull Speed est. = 5.61</b>	



Installed and Ready to go.

I operate my boat on Indian Lake in Western Ohio, which was a feeder reservoir for the old canal system. It is quite small and shallow, so I don't have any anxiety about running out of power as I can comfortably motor to any point on the lake and back to the yacht club, without putting any stress on the battery pack. I have used the system for three seasons now and I am completely satisfied with all aspects of the installation and use.



# Cruising

Steve Flesner, Editor

## Chester River Long Cruise - 2018

Marc Cruder

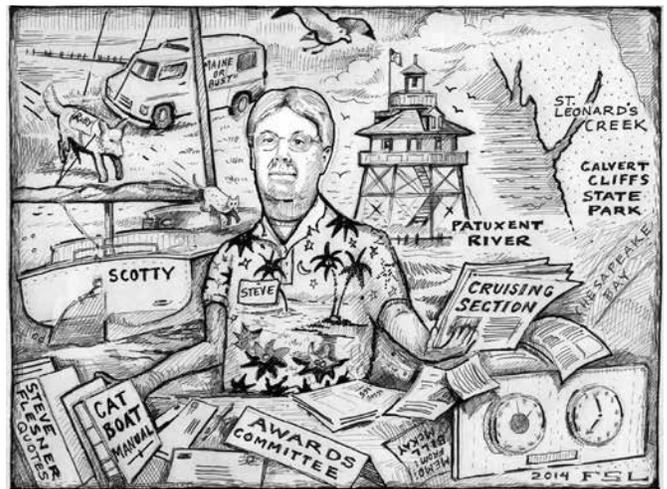
After a successful low mileage event on the Wye and Miles Rivers, we returned to an all-inclusive tour of the Chester River at the invitation of members Fred Sherriff and John Henderson. Fred managed local details including our stay at Kennersley Marina as well as ensuring the Route 213 bridge opened to not only let us up river, but to ensure our return down river. John hooked us up at the Chester River Yacht Club, where we dined with the Commodore and "First Gentleman" while enjoying the excellent facilities. Some things have changed since our last visit to the Chester in 2002, but for those, like Phil Livingston, who are coloring in their Chesapeake Bay destination chart, we found some new and interesting places to drop a hook. Hurricane Florence influenced the attendees; from those who waited on forecasts and stayed with their plans, to those who adjusted to what was prudent for them, to one who had to stay with the homestead because of the proximity of the storm. Participation was varied, but still well attended. Here's how it went.

### Returning Cruisers

- Marc "*What happened to the rest of my boat*" Cruder sailing *Sylph*: Wittholz/Hermann 17
- Butch "*Spiced Natty Bo*" Miller sailing *Lark*: Americat 22
- Martin "*I'm the big boat now; but oh, the responsibility*" Gardner sailing *Planet*: Wittholz 25 (Wood)
- Mike "*No girlfriend; Much easier*" Crawford sailing *Homer*: Wittholz/Hermann 17
- Rich "*I'm back Baby*" Mclaughlin sailing *Tenacity*: Marshall 22
- Phil "*All present and accounted for*" Livingston sailing *Patriot*: Marshall 18
- Fred "*The Crab King*" Sherriff sailing *Pride*: Marshall 22

### New Cruisers

- Frank "*Hermann 17 light*" Newton sailing *Casco Cat*: Wittholz/Hermann 17 (Marconi)



### Partial Cruisers

- Jack "*Pocomoke outboard disease*" Smith sailing *Winter's Dream*: Marshall 18
- Pete "*I hope to get a little sail in today*" McCrary sailing *Chessie*: Core Sound 20 (Mk3)
- Craig "*Waiting on weather, while the rest of us waited on him (and the oysters)*" Ligibel sailing *Mystic Wind*: Mystic 20
- David "*I finally made the long cruise (for a day)*" Morrow sailing *Anna*: Marshall 18
- John "*We're the dark horses in this crowd*" Henderson with crew Nancy sailing *Frolic*: Marshal 15

### Drive-By Cruisers (Literally by car for dinner at the Chester River Yacht Club)

- Steve "*I don't sail catboats, I collect them*" Flesner
- Paul "*What can I say...objecting for Domenic*" Cammaroto

### Sunday, 9/16 Destination: Grove Creek off Reed Creek

I was again on my own this year and challenged by sailing a smaller catboat. Leaving *Wanderer* on the hard because it was time for more than simple maintenance, Matthew, who recently moved back to the area, living and working in Baltimore, asked about *Sylph*, the Hermann 17 he grew up on and last sailed as a teenager with fellow catboat kid Danny Brown. *Sylph* has been sitting in the yard since Matt went away to college in 2008. He wanted the boat, so I made him a deal he couldn't refuse, with the stipulation that I could use it for the cruise. So we had separate worklists and worked together as his time away from work and girlfriend Janelle allowed. We finally launched mid-summer, so Matt could debut at Whitehall on Labor Day and I could cram myself into

half the boat I'm used to for a one week cruise. Not sure who got the better deal, but it was fun working together and breaking the little boat and trailer back out so they could have yet another life.

Then there was Hurricane Florence. Emails were flying as the projected path kept changing. Always best to just wait until 24 to 48 hours out, so I was sending no cancellations. If I was willing to get underway in 17 feet of catboat, I really wasn't worried about everyone else. That said, we caught a break when the path changed west, south and inland, before heading north again. This made the storm duck behind and inland of the Chesapeake Bay. Once that was looking like the final path, it began to shape up as a wet weekend event, clearing as the week progressed. One perspective first-time cruiser with CCBA from North Carolina cancelled to stay with his wife and home. I finally sent a missive on Thursday night advising self-reflection, individual decision making based on ability and boat set up, while finally advising: "stick to the itinerary and we'll see you when and where we see you..." catboat herding at its best, in my opinion.

I further advised that if I did not get a full prep day on Saturday, I wouldn't be ready on Sunday anyway, but catch up with the cruise whenever I got to it. As it was, I got a late start the morning of departure. Poured boxes full of gear and provisions aboard without stowing them. Had to hang the outboard rudder that I had pulled, so as not to lose it as a result of pending hurricane winds that didn't come. I still had no battery for the "bubba" anchor light, and what about "big blackie", the pipe insulation I used to use to close off the top of the open centerboard trunk? All these details were flooding back to me as I was rushing to use a boat I had not sailed in 17 years. As Mr. Brown would say: "Oh my." On top of that, the weather threw a last minute curve, with a fog alert until 1000 that morning and no visibility. I used all that time and then some; finally departing Ponder Cove at 1215!

I put a reef in at the dock since I was going out in a 17-foot cork, with the National Weather Service posting a small craft advisory and bluntly defining that as 18 plus kn. occurring or predicted to occur. Better safe than sorry. That said, when I got out in the bay, there was only 8 kn. from the northeast off Thomas Point, so I shook the reef out. With the wind not particularly favorable, I got myself on the 6 hp. Yachtwin making 5 kn. per GPS, on a course of about 050 degrees PMC (per magnetic compass), setting my sights (now that I had visibility), somewhere between the two spans of the Chesapeake Bay Bridge.

Abeam the mouth of the South River by 1315; abeam Greenbury Point north of Severn River by 1415; abeam Sandy Point Light Lighthouse by 1515, where I was able to raise sail and stay on a starboard tack with the outboard, working against the tide. At 1615, rounded Love Point on the north side of Kent Island, adjusting course to 130 degrees PMC and doused sail. At 1715, while abeam Queenstown Creek, I called the only CCBA cruiser in my cell phone, Butch Miller, and told him I was on the way. He said he'd have a "cold one" waiting.

Pulled into Reed Creek and then Grove Creek (nicely, locally buoyed since my last visit) about 1815. Found everyone on the Wittholz 25 (not mine), but *Planet* - now "the big boat." Invited to raft up, but in my preparation (and haste) to put out lines and fenders, went to start the outboard, but it was in gear. When I pulled the start chord, the knot pulled thru the rubber t-handle. This resulted in setting the emergency anchor detail before becoming part of the shoreline. *Pride* jumped to action, firing up his trusty British Seagull and stood by. Luckily I was able to repair the pull chord arrangement and get rafted alongside *Planet*. The "cold one" promised was waiting... although modified with pepper juice. I set up all the libation left over from last season on the rail. *Homer* arrived and rafted outboard *Sylph*. Cruise 2018 on!

### **Monday, 9/17 Destination: Kennersley Point Marina on Island Creek**

Spent a nice quiet night on Grove Creek. This creek should see more cruisers now that the challenge of navigating the narrow entrance and bar is gone because of the private buoys. There is some development on its shores, but plenty of water depth and room to anchor.

Departed under power at about 0915 after putting in a reef, because small craft advisory with its 18 kn. occurring or about to occur, still posted. Again, because I was relearning the boat, I played it safe.

Once out beyond the duck blind at the entrance to Grove Creek, I had a hand held wind speed indicator that only showed 5 kn. with gusts to 8 kn. With *Homer*, *Tenacity* and *Pride* ahead of me under full sail, I shook out the reef and started moving up river at about 4 to 4.5 kn. per GPS under my own full sail.

It was a pleasant 3-hour sail up river, first cutting inside a fish trap, then passing the Corsica River and Spaniard Point to starboard, followed by Comegy's Bight to port to get into the narrowing northern Chester River. Came across the Skipjack *Elsworth* rafted up with the buyboat *Annie D.* opposite Melton

Point. Both were loaded with young students as I came left for a short downwind leg by the lee.

Finally, the red daymark #2 marking Southwest Creek came into sight. Many local marks were sighted beyond the first federal mark. Continued under sail, tacking in and to starboard, into Island Creek. Doused sail opposite the Kennersley Point Marina. There was plenty of room on the west side of the creek for all to anchor. Rafted up to *Homer*.

At 1600, got a ride ashore via *Pride's* British Sea Gull. By 1730, we were set up under the covered pavilion with crabs galore! *Pride* had arranged everything down to the butcher paper (embossed with crabs) and beer in a cooler. The Dark and Stormy Bar with flag was set up to add to the festivities. *Pride* made this a special occasion by giving out souvenir crab knives to all attendees. We added to our group with *Winter's Dream* and *Chessie*, who both launched locally. John Henderson also joined the crab feast. Hats off to Fred Sherriff for his excellent crab coordination.



Crabs at Kennersley's - mmmmm, mmmmm good!

### **Tuesday 9/18 Destination: Chestertown, then up river to Crumpton**

Another quiet night on the hook, interrupted only briefly by a few lightning flashes and some rain. Stayed rafted up to *Homer*.

Had breakfast, caught logbook up, and then took *Sylph* to the dock for ice. *Winter's Dream* was having outboard issues and decided to unrig, go back to his mechanic in Delaware and join us later. Helped him lower the folding mast. *Casco Cat's* skipper offered to run shuttle back from the launching ramp. Iced up, met the owners of the yard. The sign on the office door said it all: "We hope our ship comes in before the docks rot." Paid for my ice and complimented them on the great night we had at their facility. The biggest thing was finding out there was plenty of water depth and sea room to navigate right up to their docks. If you just looked at the charts you might not even go in here. Turns out it was catboat friendly and the place to be for us.

Underway at 0945 under sail from Kennersley Point Marina with *Homer* astern. Another nice sail with steady wind, except for the occasional blockage from trees to the Southwest. Arrived at Chestertown about 1115. Docks behind the Fishwhistle restaurant all under active construction. Moored in the lee of a large construction barge on the same pier with the skipjack *Elsworth* and buyboat *Annie D*. *Homer* and I went ashore by traipsing through the construction site. Other catboats eventually came in behind us. *Patriot* and *Casco Cat* were waved off but ultimately allowed to tie up to the floating dinghy docks. *Homer* and I enjoyed some nice burgers for lunch at the Fishwhistle. Then we successfully transited the construction site again without running into the town fathers and just before the rain came through. We found our foul weather gear as we waited on the 1300 bridge opening.

At 1300, the bridge tender came from the county garage (six hours notice was required). The bridge opened (both halves) on time and all went through, setting sail with the wind at our backs. All sailing nicely and making an appropriate spectacle for the occasion.



CCBA Fleet on the Chester above the bridge.

Around 1430, black clouds and thunder were close aboard just as we passed Possum Point. All took appropriate action, doused sails and got on engines. *Planet* and *Homer* found spots to wait out the rain, while the fleet continued north. Navigated another hour all the way to the fixed bridge at Crumpton, MD. There were many small local buoys that were not on my chart. There is a specific channel that requires you to stay well to the upper bank of the river as you line up for a marked channel to the fixed bridge. Due to higher than usual tide surge because of Hurricane Florence, we were fine.

Turning around at the fixed bridge, we started back down river and reconnected with *Planet* and *Homer*. Found a suitable anchorage in the vicinity of Travelish Wharf, just north of Possum Point. *Planet* announced that happy hour would be from 1700-1900. *Lark*, *Sylph* and *Patriot* took station alongside. Others dinghied over. A mild and enjoyable happy hour ensued. *Sylph* provided a proper teak folding-table for the cockpit. At dusk, our host dismissed us, each to their own hook.

### Wednesday 9/19: Destination: Chester River Yacht Club (CRYC)

Another nice anchorage. All nature; no traffic. Spectacular colors playing off the marsh at sunset. Equally spectacular sunrise.



*Planet* at sunrise on the upper Chester.

Had time, so made some corned beef hash and eggs for breakfast. Stowed a little more of the boat. Cleaned a little more of the boat. Refueled the cockpit tank. It was starting to feel like a cruise.

Departed the anchorage at 1000 under sail heading down river to Chestertown. Nice lively run as the morning breeze came up and stayed up. Anchored by the bridge at about 1130 to make lunch. Had a leisurely liverwurst and onion sandwich in honor of John Brown. Set up the house battery on photocell charging. While lunching, heard a car horn coming from the bridge. Looked up to see *Anna* on a trailer being towed across to Chestertown. David Morrow had made it.



Southbound thru the one side bridge at Chestertown.

At 1300 the bridge opened (only one side). All catboats were present. *Homer* had a fuel problem during transit, which almost piled a few boats up, but it worked out and he squirted out of the down river side followed by the remaining fleet. Set sail and proceeded down river to the Chester River Yacht Club, arriving about 1430. All present were assigned a slip. There was some talk of participating in the club's informal Wednesday Night races, but cruisers were hard pressed to mix their cruising with racing. So we respectfully declined. CRYC member John Henderson and wife Nancy represented with their lovely Marshall 15 *Frolic*. Their success at these races is raising talk of adjusting handicap numbers we were told. The same old story that comes with the price of catboat success.

I decided not to race, but asked new cruiser Frank Newton if we could take *Casco Cat* out for ride. I was interested to sail a Marconi rigged Hermann 17 and Frank was game. *Casco Cat* was also an outboard version. Aside from the limitations in the range the boom could be let out due to the shrouds, the boat was stiffer and sailed much more predictably in a puff with less weather helm than my gaff version. A marconi rigged inboard boat was the goal of Ted Hermann

and Charlie Wittholz's collaboration in order to put a more modern and easier to sail catboat on the market at the time. *Casco Cat*, like *Sylph*, had some additional owner installed ballast aft to compensate for being an outboard versus inboard. The boat handled well and certainly was easier to put the sail up and down on without the extra spar. It was a nice change of pace and enlightening. Thanks Frank.

By 1600, we were joined by Dave Morrow in *Anna* as well as Steve Flesner, Craig Ligibel and Paul Cammaroto by car. Happy Hour ensued at the dock bar. Those who sailed in used their time to get registered with the club and cleaned up while having plenty of time to squeeze in some happy hour. We were joined under the covered seating of the dock bar by CRYC Commodore Linda and "First Gentleman" Harris Robbins.

Dinner followed in the club. Dress code regulations were eased and CCBA members were given the option to wear shorts of a suitable nature. In this group, that could mean anything, but luckily cruise first-timer David Morrow had brought his Bretton Reds, so we were properly and well represented. While waiting for dinner, Commodore Linda suggested we go around the table and talk about our boats and ourselves. Some interesting heretofore-unknown tidbits came to light about those present. It was good fun. The food and camaraderie were everything they should be and we were glad to be there. The evening was capped off with a group photo around the stone fireplace. The CRYC, apparently knowing this group, properly administered the situation with separate checks and all bills were settled without the need for law enforcement. Craig Ligibel, now seeing a better weather forecast, promised to make the Langford Creek tomorrow night by catboat carrying a cargo of Chincoteague oysters.



Proof of Morrow in *Planet*.

We welcomed Craig's challenge and would keep a weather eye out for *Mystic Wind*.

A small group finished the evening in *Pride's* cockpit for a nightcap under Fred's trawler lamp. Members past and present were discussed and toasted. "Cat butts" were discussed, as were details of the next day's transit. A good time was had by all. Lights out.

#### Thursday 9/20: Langford Creek West Fork

No issues at the CRYC docks; even got my portable VHF charged. Facilities opened at 0800. It was Lady's Day at the Golf Course. Met one of the ladies walking her golden retriever on the docks. She asked if we were part of a Regatta. No, I replied, just a cruise. Told her we went above the bridge all the way to Crumpton. She told me she knew Crumpton; her mother was born there. Who knew?

The group slowly got their act together with various boats starting to leave in dribs and drabs about 0900. Got away from the dock with the wind in the southern quadrant. Set sail and tacked down to Rolph's Wharf with *Planet* and *Casco Cat* to replenish supplies. Tied up at the gas dock; met 13-year-old Daniel who was having his first day on the job; and did some t-shirt shopping at the marina store.

During my stop, the catboat fleet passed us by. Made my last liverwurst and onion sandwich, in preparation for lunch downstream. Set sail and started down river in a light but at times puffy breeze. It was a full day of interesting sailing. There were challenges at times with wind and current as I caught the fleet in the vicinity of Melon Point. Worked thru the fleet to spend some time sailing along with *Anna*, until the wind picked enough for the Marshall 18 to take the lead.

Started to make our way into Langford Creek as we passed the flashing green daymark #17 just below the "danger" marker but above the red nun #16. Tried to follow the buoys and clearly had a good visual on Long Cove Marina, but did not find our track until finding the #7 green off Drum Point, which from our perspective looked to be on the opposite side of the creek.

Got our bearings and found the West Fork, still sailing with favorable winds. Continued to sail another 2.5 miles until catboat masts were sighted. Each to his own hook to get settled after the all day informal race down the river. *Planet* called happy hour after *Lark* rafted up to him. Picked up my hook and provided transportation for skippers from *Anna* and *Casco Cat*.

Things proceeding in good order and winding down, when *Mystic Wind* was sighted under power



Raft up on Langford Creek.

coming up the West Fork. Our erstwhile editor, who will do anything for a story, including get himself briefly there, was given a standing ovation for his efforts above and beyond the call of duty to join the cruise. As a token of appreciation, both David Morrow and Craig Ligabel were awarded the last two of Fred's engraved memento crab knives. Craig promised he had the Chincoteague oysters and we'd all have them tomorrow night.

On that note, our host (the big boat) announced happy hour was over as the raft-up disbanded and each made their way to their own hook. Mixed up a night cap and was enjoying a cigar, when out of the darkness came our editor, paddling with one oar as if he were in a canoe instead of his wood dinghy. Seems in his exuberance an oarlock was lost in the drink, by now a trademark move on the long cruise for our well-intentioned editor.

As he faded into the darkness, all was secure with a nice breeze and cool temps. Tomorrow would be another day.

### Friday, 9/21: Queenstown Creek

Another beautiful anchorage all to ourselves. A little rain and foul wind from the south predicted. Made breakfast of sausage and eggs followed by preparations to get underway. Each boat deciding their fate:

*Anna*: Cruise the East Fork of Langford Creek then haul at Long Cove Marina.

*Mystic Wind*: First out under power, with intentions to resupply at Long Cove Marina then join us at Queenstown Creek.

*Planet*: Skipping the last anchorage to sail with the tide and make a better run tomorrow on his final leg to Cambridge.

*Homer/Tenacity*: Home to Rock Hall Yacht Club.  
*Sylph/Patriot/Pride/Lark/Casco Cat*: Heading for Queenstown Creek.

Sailed out of the anchorage about 0900, tacking down the West Fork of Langford Creek. Passed by the fleet under power. Worked my way down the river until I came upon *Patriot*; also sailing. We continued to sail together.

Abeam Long Cove Marina about 1130, and experiencing wind, fetch and sea state starting to overwhelm *Sylph*. Started by pulling the tack and clue in for a quick first reef. Found no improvement to the situation, so doused sail and got on the Yachtwin. Continued into the wind and seas under power. In another hour, was abeam Piney Point and altered course to 166 degrees PMC to Queenstown. Sighted *Casco Cat* reefed but under sail and *Pride* still under full sail. Continued and made Queenstown Creek by 1330. Anchored with *Pride, Lark, Patriot* and *Casco Cat*. Dried out, had lunch, then took a nap.

At 1700, right on cue for happy hour, *Mystic Wind* was sighted entering the creek. He waited out the strongest winds until he could make way against the seas with his inboard. Nonetheless happy hour aboard *Lark* was saved and all who wanted to, enjoyed a salty Chincoteague oyster.



Gourmet cruising... pass the horseradish and lemon wedge Phil.

With the oysters gone, the conversation quickly turned to next year's cruise with no less enthusiasm. Some ideas thrown out included Baltimore, the C&D Canal and a Western Shore multi-river cruise. Lots to think about as we put the wraps on this cruise.

**Note:** This leg was a slog no matter how you chose to approach it. As the cruise coordinator, I am always keeping my eye on the first-timers. *Casco Cat* and her skipper showed they were both up to the task. Nice display of catboat seamanship Frank – join us anytime!

### **Saturday 9/23: Destination: Homeward Bound**

Uneventful and comfortable night on the hook. Everyone on their own today to make it home. Got up about 0630 and made breakfast. Winds were forecast out of the north 10 to 15 kn., but no small craft advisory, so no reef put in this time.

Underway under power at 0745. Made the rounds of the fleet and headed out. Recognized *SpinSheet's* Contributing Editor, Jody Argo Schroath, aboard *Moment of Zen* with her dogs. Briefly exchanged pleasantries on the way outbound.

Set sail and retained power. At about 0815, shaped up on a course for Love Point. Turned the corner on the top of Kent Island at about 0915 to find myself over canvassed. Winds were not quite a full 15 kn. but the downwind run home simply did not require the amount of sail I had up. It was too much of a fight to stay on my desired course, so took the time to put in a single reef.

With a more manageable situation, I was back on course and between the twin spans of the Bay Bridge by 1015, off Thomas Point by 1115 and rounding the #2 red daymark at the Rhode River about 1145. Continued to sail up the Rhode River with favorable

wind and was made fast at Ponder Cove by 1245. Quite a fast run with wind and current and another CCBA long cruise down.

### **Epilogue**

Although Hurricane Florence threatened, it did not deter this hearty group. While there was some initial intermittent wet weather, it was not substantial and winds stayed favorable to our intended track. We discovered, in contradiction to cruising guides, that Kennersley Marina on Island Creek is totally navigable and the perfect venue for our crab feast deluxe thanks to our man on the ground Fred Sherriff. He also coordinated the rarely opened Route 213 bridge at Chestertown, which gave us access to one of the most untouched and natural sections of the Upper Chester River. Judging by the bridge's "half opening" on our return down river, who knows when sailboats will make that transit again, but CCBA of course is on record now. The return to the lower Chester brought us back to civilization at the Chester River Yacht Club where, hosted by John and Nancy Henderson, we were cordially received before enjoying a full day sail down river and up into Langford Creek. We earned our spots at lovely Queenstown Creek the final night after a challenging transit with wind, rain and seas, capped off for those heading south, with a robust following wind and sea that allowed some homeward bound to sail to the finish. Special thanks to Fred Sherriff, the consummate man on the ground and host to the Chester River 2018 Cruise. It was enjoyed by all – Well Done!

The destination for next year's cruise was discussed but not concluded, so stay tuned for 2019 cruise details as they develop at [www.chesapeakecatboats.org](http://www.chesapeakecatboats.org).



## Sailing *Lazy Lucy* Home, Part II

Brent V.W. Putnam with Victoria I. Putnam

In Part I, we chronicled our journey aboard *Lazy Lucy* from Manteo, NC to Portsmouth, VA on our way home to Falmouth, MA. In this part, we venture into the Atlantic – twice.

### Wednesday & Thursday, May 30-31 – Portsmouth, VA to Ocean City, MD

*“Save the GPS for times when the fog is swirling, the wind is howling, and you might lose your boat.”*

~ Bill Cheney

It was the longest day.

The plan was to leave shortly after dawn, but plans change. With yesterday’s engine trouble, we let the Yanmar idle while cleaning up and preparing for the day ahead. We would likely be out of sight of land today, so I installed and wired the chartplotter.

The delay meant that the marina office was open when we were ready to shove off. We stopped at the fuel dock to top off the tank and settle our account, departing shortly after 9 a.m.



Shipping traffic on the Elizabeth River.

An overcast sky broke into scattered clouds and deep blue patches, only to be engulfed by the fog as we headed north to Hampton Roads. It was in the high 70’s, albeit humid. We motored, there being no wind to speak of. The Norfolk Navy Yard lined most of the Elizabeth River, so we stayed along the edge of the channel to keep a wide berth. I left Victoria at the helm and went below to stow gear and install more equipment – until she called me back on deck.

“There are a couple of boats up here with blue lights and someone is talking about a 25-foot sailboat on the radio,” Victoria said.

I poked my head out the companionway to see two black boats a few hundred feet to starboard. Turning around, I saw a navy ship off our port bow coming down river.

“Turn in behind them,” I commanded, “Hard over. They don’t want us near that ship.” Victoria turned the wheel to starboard and *Lazy Lucy* complied. On our turn, one of the boats sped off downriver toward the ship; the second followed shortly thereafter, obviously satisfied that we were steering clear.

Once past the ship, we returned to the edge of the channel, trying to avoid berthed ships and Navy and commercial ships in the channel. It was a schizophrenic effort.



Norfolk Navy Yard near Hampton Roads.

As we approached Hampton Roads, a cargo ship coming down river hailed us. Mutiny is not uncommon amongst the Putnams, although when it does happen, it is usually instigated by a lack of wind during a race. Thus far this trip, there was no conflict between Victoria and I, but after some apparently contradictory statements on my part, my command to move out of the channel was met with resistance.

“I don’t want to run aground,” Victoria belayed the order, observing that the chartplotter showed us near the shallow water of the Willoughby Bank.

“I’d rather run aground than get run over,” I retorted. Here, the big ships own the channel. Victoria grumbled but complied.

Thereafter, we followed the markers of the shipping channel, but stayed just outside of them as we turned east into the Chesapeake.

Early in our planning for this voyage, there was the question of which route to take – inside or outside? Up the Intracoastal Waterway (ICW) or out into the North Atlantic? In fact, it was never an either/or proposition. Inside is the only option from Manteo to the Chesapeake, and outside is the only option from northern New Jersey to New York.

There were, however, choices to make. Going up the Chesapeake meant having to go through the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, and down the Delaware Bay. Aside from being a more scenic route, it would add 100 miles or so to the journey. However, if weather conditions were bad, this route would obviously be less exposed and provide more safe harbors.

Sometime during the first few days, Victoria asked, “When will we know whether we’re going inside or outside?”

“On the morning we leave for the Chesapeake,” was my answer.

At dinner the night before, Victoria again asked this question, and as we reviewed the weather forecast, my answer was more definitive. We were almost certainly going outside – into the North Atlantic.

By noon we were in the vicinity of Thimble Shoal Light, having passed and missed Old Point Comfort and Fort Monroe, the fog obscuring them from our view. It was slow going – just three to four knots – with the east wind, an inbound current and a shallow water chop right on the nose.

There were more ships heading in from the ocean. When there was a break in the traffic, we cut across the shipping lane – the Thimble Shoal Channel – to the north side, again staying just outside of it.

The wind wasn’t blowing too hard, but we were about to enter the Atlantic, so I put two reefs in before raising the sail. A little after 2 p.m., we crossed the Chesapeake Bay Bridge -Tunnel and turned northeast to a waypoint roughly eight (nautical) miles offshore. With the engine turning at 2,500 rpm, we were motorsailing at about 5-1/2 knots.

By 8 p.m. we were off of Sand Shoal Inlet and a drizzly fog had set in. There were 2 to 3 foot swells coming in from the east, but they were long rollers, so it was a relatively comfortable motion. A few hours earlier, we’d shaken out a reef, the wind having dropped from 15 to 10 knots. Still, we were motorsailing at about 4-1/2 to 5 knots.

We took advantage of the quiet conditions to add more fuel. The SureCan diesel containers we purchased at Lowes are a unique design that has a flexible, rotating spout on the bottom. To refuel,

we simply rested it on the deck, swiveled the spout into the fuel fill, and pressed the trigger. The system allowed me to stay inside the cockpit, and keep one hand on the can and one hand on the boat at all times – a much better arrangement than balancing myself half-in and half-out of the boat and using both hands to hover a traditional five-gallon can over the deck.

Although refueling was easy, we lost sight of land. As night fell, the fog enveloped us. The water within a boat’s length was illuminated by our running lights, but outside that envelope the line between sea and sky disappeared. All night long, we sailed in a bubble.

Somewhere off Cobb Island, Victoria took the first solo watch while I tried to get some sleep. Down below, the engine was steadily droning, with a second, rhythmic harmonic – perhaps the propeller shaft – keeping time. Water was rushing by the hull, the boat rising and falling in the swells.

Victoria recalled her time on watch:

I had a headlamp, ginger candy, snacks, and plenty of water/Gatorade. Bundled up in three layers of clothing, slickers and all, and the chartplotter screen illuminating the deck; I was ready for my first overnight.

I wasn’t told how cold the ocean gets at night, particularly when you’re surrounded by fog that adds to the chill. I also wasn’t aware of how hard it is to stay up until midnight in the pitch black, with the ocean constantly rocking you to sleep. My father tried and failed to warn me of the danger that the ocean becomes at night; I had to learn that for myself.

Any good sailor will tell you the ocean is an entirely different beast after dark, and boy did I learn that lesson. The fog had already started to affect me during the day, but as the sun went down and the horizon faded more, seasickness hit me like a brick wall. Coupled with the colder air, my body began to shake aggressively. Sleep deprivation only seemed to make things worse. I can recall multiple times that night when I closed my eyes for a moment, only to open them and feel sicker. It culminated when, towards the middle of my shift, I leaned over the edge of the boat, sure that I would lose what little food I had eaten for dinner. But alas, nothing came out and I continued in my shaky navigation.

Around 10 p.m. we approached the first marker, and I had to turn my attention back to the chartplotter to adjust our course to the next waypoint. While struggling with the chartplotter I was hit in the back by something hard, a quick look up and I realized the block holding the main sheet had somehow

come undone after I had left the wheel to adjust our course. “Shit!” I yelled as I frantically grabbed at the mainsheet, trying to pull the boom back in, while also trying to steady us on a course.

“What happened?” I turned my headlamp on, in the mess of everything, to see my father’s head popping up from inside the cabin. Quickly aware of the issue at hand, he threw on his slicker and came up to the deck.

Brent awakes:

“Oh shit, oh shit,” I awoke to Victoria’s nervous cursing.

Knowing that I might need to jump up at any time, I was still fully clothed. I quickly pulled on my slicker and PFD/harness, clipped on to the tether and climbed out of the cabin into the cockpit.

The fog was still with us; the boom far out to port. The mainsheet was in Victoria’s hand, but the block was obviously and uncharacteristically swinging over the water. The shackle at the end of the mainsheet had somehow come undone.

It wasn’t a serious problem, but it was unexpected and disconcerting. We pulled the sheet in and with it came the boom and block; we clipped the latter back on to the deck ring - aft of the cockpit. There is no traveler on *Lazy Lucy*. Everything back to normal, I returned to the bunk.

Around 12:30 a.m. I was on deck again to take my watch. Victoria has never been seasick, but tonight she was noticeably ill. She retreated into the cabin.

Although the motion sickness didn’t hit me as hard – I was consuming a steady flow of ginger tea and ginger candy – fatigue was an ever-present threat. Somewhere around Chincoteague Inlet the full moon briefly reappeared overhead and with it came high-pitched sounds. Dolphins? Seagulls? Mermaids? Perhaps just hallucinations of a fatigued mind, the sirens never showed themselves, and the sounds vanished into the fog with Earth’s satellite as we moved out to sea again.

We had no radar. Our compass – an old Saturn that was originally mounted on our Sanderling – proved to be out of alignment with our chartplotter, so we largely ignored it; a deviation card was probably needed.

Throughout the night and fog we could see absolutely nothing beyond a boat length or two. It was dangerous, but the conditions and circumstances, and perhaps a little luck earned from that Carolina rum poured over the bow, were in our favor. We were doing what we’ve done countless times before – sailing from marker to marker – but these markers were miles

offshore and tens of miles apart. The chartplotter indicated that there were fish traps closer to shore. We found ourselves in a sweet spot, far enough off to avoid the traps and any boats that might tend them, but close enough in to avoid any shipping traffic.

Moreover, here on the Atlantic side of the Delmarva, the harbors are few and far between. We had to be more alert near the buoys that marked those inlets, but in the intervening miles, we were probably the only ones hardy enough – or fool enough – to be out here. Therein was probably the biggest single factor in our favor. No one else would be out in this fog unless they absolutely had to be. Commercial boats would have radar and Automatic Identification System (AIS) – so they would see us but our unit was a receiver only. The AIS proximity alarm never once sounded, suggesting that we were truly alone.

We were doing more motoring than sailing when Victoria assumed the watch at 5:30 a.m. An 8-knot east wind kept the sail full as we moved at about 4-1/2 to 5 knots to the northeast. After a few hours of rest, I was up and preparing a basic breakfast of cereal, fruit and freeze-dried coffee.



We survived the fog.

By 8 a.m., we were about 18 miles from Ocean City, MD. Less than two miles from shore, we still couldn’t see anything beyond a few boat lengths. Although attributed to various writers during World War I, the phrase, “months of boredom punctuated by moments of terror,” is also applicable to sailing long distances. Thankfully, the terror on this leg

was limited, although it certainly felt like months of boredom.

Shortly before noon we finally saw something other than ocean or fog – the red #2 buoy off of Ocean City. The sail was tied up and I called a marina. Ironically, they didn't have a pump out. The second marina did, so we got directions and turned to shore.

Having never been here and the chartplotter being new to us, there was confusion. The fog was still thick, so when the breakwater appeared out of the gloom we circled around to verify our bearings, lest we end up on the beach. Some motorboat traffic helped define the channel for us and we literally and figuratively then broke through the fog bank and into a sunshine-filled harbor.

We had been at sea for 27 hours and covered about 125 miles.

We tied up to the fuel dock at Sunset Marina and I walked to the office. With the feel of a resort, this is no small boatyard. We were surrounded by hundreds of fiberglass sport fishing boats (someone warned us later that there's a lot of testosterone in Ocean City). Ours was one of only three sailboats, likely the only wooden boat and definitely the only catboat.

Nevertheless, they welcomed us with open arms. The woman behind the counter in the office complimented me on our seamanship, "You know how to handle your boat. You just zipped right in and around. See that sailboat over there? They came in yesterday and." Before she could finish the story, she was interrupted by a coworker. I never did hear what happened with that sailboat.

Back at the fuel dock, we discovered just how out of place we were. The nozzle for the diesel pump was intended for tanks that held hundreds of gallons; it was so large that it wouldn't fit *Lazy Lucy*. We filled the jerrycans with a funnel, filled our fuel tank with the jerrycans, and then refilled the jerrycans.

Around to the back of the marina, we were pumped out and then tied up in a slip with some assistance. Lunch, showers, laundry, fresh ice, a visit to the chandlery and some tidying-up of *Lazy Lucy* were in order.

In the slip next to us, a couple of guys were installing something on their fishing boat. They borrowed our vacuum and we struck up a conversation. The fog that plagued us had been here for days and they were hoping for a break tomorrow so they could go out fishing. The discussion validated our experience during the journey here – that only those hardy or fool enough would go out in the fog.

One of Victoria's friends, Bethany, lived nearby in Delaware. She and her parents were our first guests aboard, bringing barbecue for dinner. Afterwards, they were kind enough to take us a few miles up the road to a supermarket so we could restock the galley. It was a fine end to the longest day.

### **Friday & Saturday, June 1-2 – Ocean City, MD to Absecon Inlet, NJ via North Atlantic**

*"Never go into strange places on a falling tide without a pilot."*

~Thomas Gibson Bowles

Once again, the Yanmar wouldn't start. After a few desperate phone calls for advice and suggestions, I decided to try bleeding the engine. Maybe there was a leak somewhere that was letting air in. We would – much later – discover the truth of this.

Unfortunately, bleeding the injectors required a wrench we didn't have. Nor did the chandlery. A hardware store a mile or so up the road had one in stock, so Victoria and I went for a walk.

On one corner of an intersection not far from the marina was an aging building with a boat mechanic and car mechanic. The former was closed, but in front of the latter was a Matco Tools truck.

We walked in and got the attention of someone in the garage, "Who owns the Matco truck out front?"

Brian, the driver, took us outside and placed his hand on the door, asking, "Have you ever been in one of these trucks before?"

"Nope. Never."

It was a grease monkey's paradise, albeit without the grease. There were tool chests all around and polished tools hanging from the ceiling. It wasn't that hot out, but the difference in humidity was dramatic. When you're selling steel, rust is an enemy. Brian had the wrench – and then some. We chatted with him about our trip and predicament, and Victoria and I left feeling better than when we arrived.

Back at *Lazy Lucy*, I bled the lines but found no evidence of air; it was some persistent throttle that finally seemed to get the Yanmar running.

Our elation at getting underway was tempered by the disappointment of learning that there was an amusement park on the beach with Ferris Wheel, rollercoaster and all. Obscured by the fog when we arrived yesterday, we had no idea it was there, but it gave us a reason to return someday.

We left Ocean City at 10:45 a.m., fighting an incoming tide at the inlet. The National Weather Service predicted a slight chance of thunderstorms.

There was haze over the Atlantic and cumulus clouds behind us over the shore, but nothing worrisome in sight and nothing was encountered.



Leaving Ocean City, MD.

At noon we were a few miles off the Maryland shore. Victoria was at the helm, so I went below to see if I could finally raise someone from back home on my ham radio. I was not disappointed. Jim, WA1GPO, found me on 7245 kHz and we talked for about ten minutes across 300 miles of ocean.

In spite of the late start, we found a favorable current. Although the engine was turning at a leisurely 2200 rpm, *Lazy Lucy* was pushing nearly 6 knots. The wind was light, and the temperature and pressure were steady, but as we went further off shore, haze obscured details on land. A large suspension bridge could be seen at one point – probably the Indian Inlet bridge.

Four hours later we were in the Delaware Bay separation zone. Our speed had slowed considerably from a high of 6-1/2 down to 4-1/2 knots – likely because of the outgoing current from the Delaware River.

And there was trash. We could've spent all day zigzagging across the bay collecting trash; we managed to recover at least one balloon. We could not, however, pull a 55-gallon blue plastic drum from the water.

As we approached the bay, the AIS alarm screeched at us. Although *Lazy Lucy* had an antenna mounted on the mast, the whip was missing. I had a replacement and a bosun's chair aboard, but so far the opportunity had not presented itself to climb up and replace it. Our handheld VHF worked well close in.

Thankfully, the antennas on large ships are high above the water, and even at five miles we were getting alarms. Of course, the two-mile visibility meant that we heard about the vessel long before we saw it – if we

saw it at all. Nevertheless, the AIS proved to be one of our most valuable pieces of equipment when crossing shipping lanes, alerting us to ships so we had time to avoid them.

In spite of the late start, we were making good time, and as we neared Cape May around 6 p.m. we started to discuss our plans for the evening. Victoria, who had previously expressed no desire to do back-to-back non-stop overnight runs, was now agreeable to the idea. The conditions were comfortable – 1-2 foot seas, 85 degrees, a light southeast breeze – and no fog. The NOAA weather forecast was promising, so with less wind now than when we started, and predictions of a calm night, we dropped the sail.

College students tend to stay up late and Victoria is no exception, so I again assigned her the first watch at 8 p.m. Before I retired for a few hours, we topped off the fuel tank and I recorded the weather conditions. The barometer was at 1007 millibars, having fallen from 1011 at noon to 1009 at 4 p.m. In hindsight, it was an omen that I missed.

When I started the second watch at midnight, fog had started to roll in. Conditions were changing. To the west, a front was stirring up thunderstorms. Radar revealed nothing nearby, however AccuWeather's future radar was predicting storm development over Barnegat Bay in the witching hours – exactly when we expected to be passing by there.

The plan we hatched near Cape May was similar to our first overnight run – continue sailing all night and arrive during daylight, this time at Manasquan. However, if this weather pattern continued, it would be safer to duck in somewhere than be caught out in the Atlantic in a thunderstorm at night.

There are a number of inlets along the Jersey shore, but for many of them – Hereford, Townsends, Corson – the chart explicitly states, “buoys not charted.” This is not very helpful to the foreign sailor at night. Great Egg Harbor Inlet at Ocean City, NJ is charted, but just a few miles up the coast is Absecon Inlet – Atlantic City. Aside from being charted, it would be bright. Regardless of the fog, there are enough lights in Atlantic City to make a safe nighttime landing possible.

The log says we anchored at 2 a.m. I woke Victoria some time before that, having arrived at the marker outside the inlet. Two sets of eyes would be better to guide us in.

As we approached Atlantic City, I was seeing flashes in the sky – lightning! – or so I surmised. We were close enough to shore that I could check

the weather on my phone, but the radar showed no storms in the vicinity. I was nervous and perplexed at the same time. The answer finally came as we entered Absecon Inlet – a casino near the shore had a massive sign that flashed from time to time. Inshore, the fog lifted and the lights from the city illuminated the inlet; we found our way along the channel.

Victoria advised that we stay at a marina in the city, but there would be nothing open at this hour. Skipper Bob's "Anchorage Along the Intracoastal Waterway," described an anchorage "in the quiet pool just north of the entrance to the town basin." We lined up Rum Point as recommended and followed the narrow winding channel. When it widened, I turned *Lazy Lucy* to starboard to enter the pool – a little too soon – and promptly ran us aground.

Victoria had warned me. She had been there twelve years earlier when we arrived at Bass River after dark and I wrapped a mooring line around *Cranberry's* propeller – an event that earned us a dubious honor during the awards ceremony. From that day, we made it a point never to enter unknown anchorages after dark. Until now.

It was easy to second-guess this, and mutiny again threatened, but it was 2 a.m. For the first time on this trip, I tossed the delta overboard and hung the lantern from the boom. We had covered more than 75 miles in 15 hours and were now anchored – and aground – in a sheltered cove. We could argue about how to get out of here tomorrow.

### **Saturday, June 2 – Absecon Inlet to Ocean Gate, NJ via the ICW**

*"When the draught of your vessel exceeds the depth of the water, you are most assuredly, aground."*

~ Ian Walsh

The bilge pumps ran. This is not unusual – *Lazy Lucy* has a drip from the stuffing box and from time to time the bilge pumps will empty the accumulated water. The problem is that they had run just moments before. Now that I was conscious, I realized that they ran yet again.

We were taking on water! I jumped up and threw on clothes.

In fact, we were floating – again. Overnight, the tide had fallen and *Lazy Lucy* had settled onto the bottom, a little bow down, and all of the bilge water accumulated forward. As the tide rose, we leveled and the water in the bilge found its way aft to the pumps, which were now catching up.

Around 8 a.m. we were still grounded. Sounding with the lead line revealed that the water was getting deeper, so we attempted to start the Yanmar. In what was becoming a routine event, it refused. Aground with a stubborn engine, I grudgingly picked up my phone and called TowBoatUS.

For years we've been BoatUS members, but – having a sailboat – never saw a need for the extra cost of the towing option. Now, with a new (to us) boat and a long distance to get her home, it seemed like cheap insurance. When I renewed my membership in April, I added it.

TowBoatUS arrived about an hour later. The driver was at first a little hesitant – they did not like pulling grounded wooden boats. He relaxed when I explained that we were floating and our stuck centerboard was aluminum. After securing the towline to the bow cleats, *Lazy Lucy* was slowly pulled around and off the bar.

The driver had asked where we wanted to go, but I was clueless. We needed a mechanic. He recommended a marina across the inlet and got on the phone to secure a slip for us.

In the interim, I kept trying to start the engine. With a little – well, maybe a lot of – throttle, the Yanmar eventually cooperated. Shortly after entering the basin, the driver slowed, letting us drift alongside. I informed him that we got the engine started and would be heading out – there was no need for a slip now. He quickly prepared the invoice and handed it over, and we parted ways.

In this part of New Jersey, the Intracoastal Waterway twists and winds its way through low islands of marsh grass. Our progress was often impeded by recreational fisherman in powerboats. They were literally everywhere – not just in holes or inlets along the channel, but in the channel itself. It seemed to be perfectly acceptable behavior to stop and drop their lines right in the middle of the waterway.

At the other end of the spectrum some powerboats seemed to think nothing of flying past us or the parked fishermen, their wake tossing us all about in the process. Granted, this is not a no-wake zone, but there didn't even seem to be an attempt at courtesy.

We needed to eat. Victoria took the wheel and I took the challenge of cooking while trying to keep everything from spilling with each passing wake. The one consolation was that these fishermen would be teased by the smell of bacon and coffee as we slipped by them.

By noon we were in the vicinity of Little Egg Harbor Inlet, having dodged fishermen and tolerated their wakes all morning. I turned on my ham radio and tried to raise Jim again, but the automatic antenna tuner refused to cooperate.

Fisherman aside, the weather conditions were beautiful. The sky was overcast, but it was a comfortable 84 degrees. The water was flat – there was little wind to speak of – and we were moving along as quickly as 6-1/2 knots (with some assistance from the current).

The Intracoastal Waterway skirts the inside edge of the barrier beach here and the communities of Beach Haven, Long Beach, Surf City and Harvey Cedars. Evidence of Hurricane Sandy was everywhere. It was not destruction, but reconstruction, as most of the buildings were on stilts and obviously new.

Along the way we continued to watch the weather forecast. We're no strangers to the small craft advisory – we've navigated safely through several aboard *Cranberry*. But those were in a familiar boat in familiar waters. The Intracoastal Waterway offers sheltered inside routes along most of the eastern seaboard – “most” being the operative word. The Jersey shore from the Manasquan Inlet to Sandy Hook is one of the exceptions. Other than Shark Inlet – which is inconveniently guarded by a drawbridge – there is no safe harbor along this 30-mile stretch.

The coming front was intensifying. NOAA predictions of 5-foot seas with an onshore wind were enough to make us decide to seek shelter during the storm, but when the small craft advisory became a gale warning, the wisdom of our decision became even more apparent.

A Facebook post and email to the CBA list resulted in a response from David Morrow, who grew up in the Toms River area. A friend of his owns the Ocean Gate Yacht Basin, right at the mouth of the Toms River. A few phone calls and texts later and we had a place to stay.

Around 3:30 p.m. we were in the southern reaches of Barnegat Bay around mile 30. Barnegat Light could be seen in the distance off to starboard. Just off our starboard quarter, a dorsal fin broke the water.

“Shark!” I yelled.

Victoria whipped around and caught a glimpse of the fin heading in the opposite direction. Before we could slow or turn around for a better look, it disappeared beneath the waves, but it had been close enough – less than a boat's length away – to see the blunt head and outline of what was probably a bull shark.

As we headed north some blue sky and sun peeked through, but it was obvious that serious weather was headed our way. The barometer was falling and to the northwest we kept an eye on a storm that towered over the mainland.

We tied up at the Ocean Gate fuel dock at 5:30 p.m., having run more than 50 miles. Gary, the owner, found us shortly thereafter. He told us to stay there for the night and when the staff arrived in the morning, they assigned us a slip. Knowing it was going to start blowing hard overnight, Victoria and I set about placing fenders and spring lines.

David came through again, recommending the Anchor Inn for dinner. Victoria and I took a Lyft there, and afterwards stopped for ice cream across the street. Having been aboard *Lazy Lucy* for two days straight, we decided to walk the 1-1/2 miles back.

### **Sunday, June 3 – Ocean Gate, NJ**

*“Not exactly a rule in reefing, but certainly related to it, is the counsel that there are times, when the wind is breezing up in the lower 30's, when you should chuck it all and stay in port.”*

~ John Leavens

The wind was booming out of the east, 20 to 25 knots with gusts to 35. It had rained buckets overnight and the temperature plummeted to 59 degrees. We were up before the marina office opened. A Lyft took us to the Berkeley Diner in Bayville, where a fellow recognized Victoria's attire as that of a mariner and struck up a conversation. He was a local sailing instructor.

We had our laundry with us and after breakfast walked down the road to a laundromat. It was self-service, but there was an attendant who assured us that we could leave it and come back. From there it was down the street to the ShopRite, which was packed – apparently everyone around there goes grocery shopping on a Sunday morning.



*Lazy Lucy* at Ocean Gate fuel dock.

*(Continued on page 36)*



KATHI



**(1st Photo) Observations:** The catboat Kathleen sits calmly at anchor, her traditional dinghy off her stern – on what appears to have been a moist morning, as the sea smoke rises from the waters in the distance. Under sail or at anchor, catboats just seem to make a place feel right. This beautiful image was photographed by Jim O'Connor.

By noon we were back at Ocean Gate and they assigned a slip along the innermost finger of the basin. It would prove challenging to move *Lazy Lucy*. She has a keel running the full length of her bottom and her steering is stiff, making it difficult to move the rudder quickly. In the open expanses of the ocean this wasn't an issue, but in the tight quarters of the marina we would have to get creative.

Our bow was pointing north and the channel was too narrow for *Lazy Lucy* to turn. The wind was blowing from the east, off the bulkhead, so we untied the lines, letting the wind blow the bow into the channel. We held the stern line and *Lazy Lucy* pivoted on her quarter. With the rudder hard to port, once she was perpendicular to the bulkhead, we released the line and throttled up the Yanmar, which pushed the stern to starboard. We were around and heading south into the basin.

Like the fuel dock, the slip was aligned north-south. We turned east – to our port side – into the channel, and our initial plan was to attempt to back in to the slip, taking advantage of the prop walk to help pull the stern around to port, leaving the dock on our starboard. But the wind was too strong, and as we started to back, it pushed us faster to starboard than we could move astern.

*Lazy Lucy's* high bow caught more of the wind than her stern and turned us downwind. We were now facing west, with our destination to starboard. Rethinking the situation, we backed into the wind and prepared a bow line to throw over the piling at the end of the slip.

It was a delicate dance. We needed to maintain steerageway but with the wind blowing from astern we could overshoot the slip or crash into the dock if we didn't turn in time. Victoria got the line over the piling and we pivoted to starboard and into the slip. At the same time, a gentleman ashore had noticed our struggles. He was on the dock now, calling for a line on our port side. Victoria obliged, and as he pulled us in, we got a stern line around the piling to starboard and moved the bowline to the next piling in.

We succeeded in securing *Lazy Lucy* in the slip without touching a thing.

The gentleman introduced himself as Tim. He owned a sailboat in a slip nearby and later gave us his phone numbers, offering further help if needed.

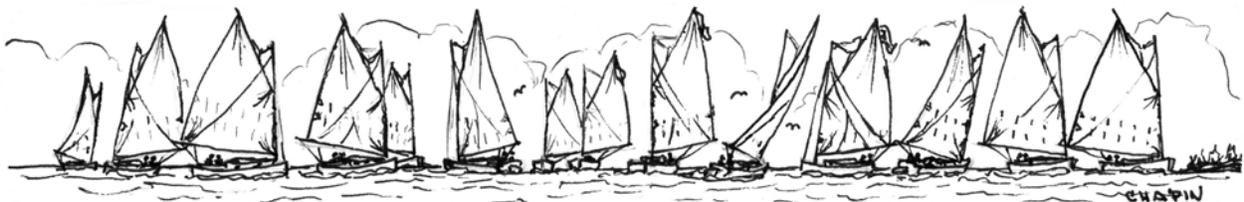
Manny saw us coming in and came over to get a closer look. An old salt who didn't start sailing until he was in his 30's, he was now in his 80's. He'd recently acquired a trawler – a concession to his family and a reluctant acknowledgement of his age – after half a century of owning sailboats. We talked for a while. Manny had built a Bolger Oldshoe – the plans for which have been sitting on my bookshelf and gathering dust for years. Not yet 50 myself, Victoria joked later that I wanted to be like Manny when I grew up. She may be right.

There were good people there.

The balance of the day was spent on maintenance, cleaning and a little sightseeing. Not knowing the condition of the water tank, we used a Britta pitcher to filter the water from the faucet in the galley. Something had been stirred up during our trip so far – clogging the filter much more quickly than expected – so we flushed the tank a few times.

I was again unable to reach Jim on my ham radio – this time it was local noise which made hearing any signal impossible. However, I was able to get my radio fix. Next door to the yacht basin is a large brick building, which turned out to be the Ocean Gate Radio Transmitting Station, callsign WOO. AT&T used this now historic location to provide communications via shortwave with aircraft and ships at sea. Satellite replaced shortwave, and the FCC allowed AT&T to discontinue the service in 1999. The land which once held 29 antennas (some as much as 700 feet high), is now a wildlife refuge managed by the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service.

Victoria enjoyed the Anchor Inn so much that we had dinner there for a second time. The forecast for Monday was looking good, with the gale warning to be downgraded to a small craft advisory and all advisories to be canceled by day's end. The window was opening for the jump to New York.



# Cruising Without an Itinerary

Mark Alan Lovewell

Sailing friends like cruising. Before they leave the dock, they'll put a lot of research into planning an itinerary. They've got schedules and if they are lucky enough, the trip includes other catboaters. They go places together and have a fine time.

I like that kind of sailing. But this fall I did something different. I went sailing alone without a schedule and met other catboaters on the way. All I knew then is that I had just a window of opportunity, two weeks of vacation time.

I had some goals, places I wanted to go. But with the weather more fickle in October, I left my mooring in Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard before dawn on a Sunday, Sept. 30, and made a simple commitment to myself: I would have a grand time.



Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell

Cruise - Sunday, September 30 to Saturday, October 6.

My first destination was Padanaram, a familiar Buzzards Bay sailing port for many catboaters. But I'd never been there via sailing.

I chose the port because it is where my 22-foot Marshall catboat *Sea Chantey* had roots. I knew I would connect with some friends. Padanaram is friendly catboat country. The rest of my trip would play itself out.

Sailing to me is about having my hand on the wheel and my thoughts consumed by all that is around me in this moment.

Hunters and fishermen pursue their catch. And while the big win is getting enough of what they want, they know and we know that for us the journey is our treasure.

For me, the journey is almost the entire package. Captain Robert S. Douglas of the 108-foot topsail schooner *Shenandoah* has sailed with a similar approach for more than 50 years. He oversaw the design and building of his world-famous wooden sailing craft in 1964. And through his career as her captain, he must have done hundreds of cruises with thousands of young passengers. *Shenandoah* has no engine, there is no smell of diesel or gasoline below deck.

When passengers book a week-long sail aboard *Shenandoah*, they have no idea where the craft is going. Not even Captain Bob knows, but at the end of the cruise nearly everyone has a smile on their face.

In my busy sphere of life, I live day-to-day on a schedule, a list of "to do" details that is always long and borderline stressful.

My cruise last fall had a life of six days. I filled it with sailing and visiting friends.

The trip was glorious. Afterwards, I felt I had come home with barrels of happiness onboard. My only complaint is that the threat of two distant spinning tropical storms, one in the middle of the Atlantic and the other, a hurricane called Michael, shortened the trip.

I am truly a "fair weather" sailor. I only go out there for fun and do not test, either the rigging, spars or my limbs. I fixate on making leisurely crossings. I routinely check in with family via text messages on my cellphone to assure them I am all right.

At Marshall Marine, I had a steering checkup on my 45-year-old catboat. Some work done on a catboat is best left to the experts; though in most cases I have done plenty myself. The visit included a helpful chat with Geoff Marshall, owner of the operation and his lovely wife Kristen.



Photo by Kristen Marshall

Author (right) with Geoff Marshall and their latest creation.

On my first evening from home, my good friend Bruce Almeida of New Bedford met me at the floating dock. He sails a Marshall 22 catboat called *Harvest Moon*. We had a seafood dinner at a super New Bedford restaurant within a couple hundred feet from the historic and former fish auction house.



Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell

Bruce Almeida seated ready for dinner.

Tuesday morning, I arose early and was soon sailing in light air to the tiny island of Penikese, one of the most amazing little islands in Southern New England. Walking alone around the 75-acre island, my movement raised monarch butterflies from their nectar feeding frenzy. They were feeding on the blossoming golden rod, a plant that was almost everywhere.

I spent the night in Cuttyhunk harbor, anchored not far from the mooring field. The night was loud with thunder and noisy rain. Though the wind was strong, I was safe and comfortable in my berth.

On Wednesday morning, I chose to sail into the northeast wind, head to Hadley Harbor, a tiny haven not far from Woods Hole. With the help of a cellphone call, Jim O'Connor coached me to where I could get a free mooring. Jim and his lovely wife Kim were in Vermont, having a good time on their own. The West Tisbury couple is well known for their catboat *Glimmer*.

Thursday morning, I sailed through Woods Hole passage, past the Nobska Light and headed into Nantucket Sound, with a goal to make it to Popponesset Bay. By late afternoon I was tied up at the dock of Eric and Dawn Peterson homestead. Eric took my line.

I spent Thursday night having dinner at the Mashpee home of Bill and Maureen McKay, my favorite catboaters.



Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell

Bill McKay is a wonderful man.

After awakening Friday morning on my boat, I joined and had breakfast with the Petersons. Dawn prepared me the best hot coffee and an omelet.

Eric and his son Ryan were in the boat barn hard at work on the 25-foot wooden catboat *Surprise*, a recent acquisition by Kurt Peterson, Eric's son. *Surprise* once belonged to the late Jon Agne, a beloved Maine catboat enthusiast and member of this association.



Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell

Eric Peterson & son Ryan painting new rudder for catboat *Surprise*.

With the best hospitality one can get anywhere, plus serious small craft advisories for the day, I had no interest in leaving so soon.

Later that morning, I met for the first time Malcolm Crosby at the Crosby Yacht Yard, in Osterville and got a little tour. While slow preparations were made to float *Surprise*, I filled my time talking to the boatyard crew, we sharing stories about mutual friends.



Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell

Malcolm Crosby at Crosby boatyard.

It wasn't until Saturday morning that I started inching my way home to Edgartown. Eric Peterson in his own catboat *Pinkletink* accompanied me in my exit from Popponesset Bay into Nantucket Sound. By Saturday afternoon, I was home.

I cannot write another word without at least sharing the necessary thank you to all who met me on this wonderful trip.

But let me warn you. Should you ever do what I do, please make an extra effort to alert those you may happen to visit that you may be headed their way. Most folks are too busy with their lives to accommodate an unexpected visitor. It can be a harmful annoyance.

But as a catboat sailor, know you have a significant advantage. In your visit to a friend's port, you already have housing, are already having a good time and want to share in some catboating fellowship.

Happy sailing!



Photo by Bill McKay

Author in his catboat *Sea Chantey*.

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## Down on Dee Bay Hon

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Steve Flesner

Oysters vs. rain - too much rain! Record rainfall, 60-plus inches, or a foot and a half more than in a typical calendar year, made the water less salty and oysters need salt to thrive. Because much of the rain came during the spring and summer months when oysters spawn and larvae drift in search of a reef, there may have been virtually zero natural oyster reproduction this year. That would be a major setback that watermen will feel for years to come, since it takes two to three years for baby oysters to grow to the legal market size of three inches. So how does this affect a catboat guy? Well, oysters naturally filter impurities from the water so the recovery of the oyster population means recovery of the bay, and that's what floats our catboats! I really didn't think of it, but this past summer there were no jellyfish in St. Leonard Creek where I live, or in the Patuxent River. The swimmers and water skiers loved it, but it was a sign that there had been too much rain and the salinity levels had gone down. Add this to the problem the crab picking houses have of not being able to find seasonal contract workers and it makes you realize - working as a waterman on the bay is a pretty tough and unpredictable job. Oh, and all that rain cut into catboat sailing too!



# Rendezvous and Race Results

Steve Flesner, Editor

## *Silent Maid* Heads to Dixie

David Morrow



After the great success of Sam “Woody” Norwood’s 2017 Classic Boat Rally, I knew I would have to make the event again in 2018. After all, the wonderful sailing in Georgia and South Carolina with *Anna* my 1964 Marshall Sanderling, the amazing food at the Savannah Yacht Club and South Carolina Yacht Club and the gracious participants all made for an incredible adventure.

That fall, while sailing on *Silent Maid* in Annapolis, I mentioned to the crew that the Classic Boat Rally would be the perfect venue to introduce Barnegat Bay Catboats to the south. Sure, logistics would be a challenge; after all, *Silent Maid* is a 33’ LOA, 12’ 6” Beam, Barnegat B Cat, built in 1999 by John Brady and Philadelphia’s Independence Seaport Museum. She’s a replica of the original, built in Bay Head, NJ in 1924. Not a boat you can just trailer behind your station wagon. But I knew, if it could be done, the *Maid’s* chief, Henry Colie, would figure it out.

We communicated a few times over the winter, and despite a few objections, plans came together nicely! *Silent Maid*, her tender *White Whale*, gear and crew hit the road from DeRouville’s Boat Shop in Bayville, NJ for Charleston, SC. There she was rigged, launched and sailed for a week prior to the sail/tow to Savannah, GA. I heard through the grapevine that she was quite the sight sailing around Charleston Harbor.

The crew met up at the Savannah Yacht Club for cocktails and dinner on Wednesday evening. It was fun catching up with the other sailors and seeing their boats prepped and ready for the Rally. Once again, the Savannah Yacht Club served a buffet that was out of this world! After dinner, event organizer, Woody Norwood, gave a brief talk welcoming all the participants and guests, and filling us in on what to expect for the next two days on the water. The weather was predicted to be near perfect!



Pre-race sunset.

Thursday morning’s sailing conditions didn’t disappoint. Warm breezes and clear skies, in other words, ideal conditions to sail leg one from Savannah to Hilton Head. The pursuit starting sequence was run perfectly by Principal Race Officer Randall Swan and *Silent Maid* started well after (30 minutes, I think) the next-fastest boats in the fleet, the Marshall 22s. The course wound us along the ICW where at times it felt like we could almost touch both sides of the channel. Wildlife was everywhere, and the skies were crystal clear!

We sailed two races, finishing the day at the entrance to Windmill Harbor Marina in Hilton Head, SC. *Silent Maid* then had her first experience in a lock that took us into the harbor! Unfortunately, the lock was not working properly and instead of 10 minutes to complete the trip through, it was closer to 45 minutes. Still, we made it through in time for cocktails and a delicious dinner at the South Carolina Yacht Club.



First Race.



Excitement at the bridge.



Lock near Windmill Harbor.

Friday's weather was just as perfect as Thursday's. Shortly after the start of the first race we had a little excitement as we approached the Route 278 bridge. With her large mast and gaff at full hoist, neither Henry nor I were certain we'd make it under the bridge with the high tide. As we neared the bridge, Henry had the halyard in hand ready to lower the gaff, but we made it with inches to spare and continued!

The second race on Friday reinforced the importance of sailing a catboat flat. The breeze continually built and we started race two with a single reef. About a third of the way, a second reef should have been tied in. I was on the helm and talked Henry out of it. I was convinced the breeze would drop as we sailed up river approaching Beaufort. I was also certain the helm I had "wasn't that bad." I was wrong on both counts! The breeze didn't lay down but held

steady all the way to the Beaufort Yacht and Sailing Club. Also, even though I thought the amount of helm we were carrying was manageable, it certainly affected our speed. In hindsight, the speed we would have gained with the second reef would have allowed us to pass a few more boats right before the finish. Sorry Henry, you were correct!

After the finish off the Beaufort Yacht and Sailing Club, boats were docked and cleaned up. Then owners and crews cleaned themselves up. As evening approached, the club held an awards ceremony and cocktail party on the docks. The members welcomed us with open arms and were eager participants during the party.



Sam "Woody" Norwood and the awards ceremony!

The non-sailing part of the Classic Boat Rally was equally impressive. Savannah and Beaufort are wonderful towns to explore. Each has fantastic restaurants and unique historic districts. Late April in the South is a terrific time to visit this area, even if you aren't sailing a catboat.

Once again, Woody Norwood put together an epic event. Randall and Nancy Swann ran four good starts and the weather cooperated perfectly. Seeing all the catboat sailors enjoying themselves both on and off the water makes the trip worthwhile. I can't wait for next year's Rally!

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## Padanaram Rendezvous 2018: July 21–23

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Kristen Marshall and Anne Morton Smith

In direct contrast to 2017, the forecast for this year's sail around the marks was for light-and-variable, with a fine high of 80 degrees. As things tend to do, it changed quickly as our fleet of 30 vessels left the Padanaram breakwater, where the wind picked up and the Buzzards Bay chop set in. It was a beautiful sunny day though, and we soldiered on.

Headed for the start out at red nun #6 marking Bent's Ledge, there was some sort of commotion right outside the breakwater. CRACK! *Kathleen's* mast had broken, with spars and sail over the side. Thankfully, no one was injured, and Tim Fallon and crew (ready with an anchor, just in case!) didn't miss a beat securing the boat, although a trip into the water by Tim was necessary to gather that enormous sail and what was left of the rig. Geoff and Kristen Marshall swiftly assisted with cleanup by retrieving the rogue piece of spruce now playing a nifty game of logroll in the wind and waves. Once assurance of a tow was secured and the drama behind them, they sped off in *Catapult* to start the race, as the rest of the fleet was wondering, "Just where the heck was that starting line anyway?" Despite some extra wind and waves, the races got started and everyone had a great day out on the water. There was even a drone out there following the fleet around getting great footage despite the choppy seas.

Meanwhile, the small-cat fleet had followed the parade out of the harbor into the freshening breeze and somewhat significant chop for their size, and decided it might be more fun and relaxing to head

back north of the bridge for their racing, where it was a bit more sheltered. Charlie Adams ran several successful races and then all retired back to Marshall Marine, where a festive party was gearing up. Folks arrived by land to join in the good cheer and there were no near disasters with the grills. Nathan and Joy Titcomb outdid themselves once again with two outstanding brews to share.

### TROPHIES

#### Marshall 22s/Altered

Tim Lund in *Red Squirrel* was the clear winner this year by more than 6 1/2 minutes, followed by a close pack of runners up: Ryan Peterson in *Genie*, Rex Brewer in *Peregrine* and Jay Webster in *Ishmael*. Amidst this tight pack were the two Marshall 22 sloops as well, with Bob Betts on *Salina* edging out Andrew Segar on *Scout*.

#### Marshall 18s

Nathan and Joy Titcomb once again smoothly sailed *Inception* to a win adding another plaque to the trophy they first took home in 2016. They were followed by Charley Appleton in *Emmalina* a few minutes later and then Dave Fallon in *Albacore*. *Beach Plum*, who was right up front with them all in fierce competition, should have been paying attention when they were called over early multiple times. Unfortunately, they had to be disqualified from the official runnings. Next year guys!

#### Wooden Cats

Bob Luckcraft sailed the newly renovated *Genevieve* to victory once again, keeping his name on the *Breck Marshall Trophy* for another year. Eric Peterson in *Pinkletink* followed to the finish about eight minutes later and Bob Tapper on *Silver Fox* was third. Sorry *Kathleen*, you'll have to come back again next year with your brand-new rig.

#### Small Cats

Graham Schelter took first place in *Dumpling* with four bullets, followed by Jed Webster in *Noah*, Breck Marshall in *Stella* and Joel Ristuccia in *Ellie J*.

#### Padanaram Spirit Award

The Padanaram Spirit Award was presented with deep appreciation to Bob Luckcraft on *Genevieve*, who returns to Padanaram year after year, always exuding his enthusiasm for all things catboat, with the stories of madness and mayhem throughout the Northeast.

### Coveted Last Prize

Hand-painted 2018 Padanaram Rendezvous tote bags were presented to the “winners” in each class, to wit:

1. 22s – Katherine and Doug Townsend with great enthusiasm and full on “chicken jibes” in their first catboat (first *boat*, in fact!), *Vera Edwina*
2. 18s – Mark Treat in *Quahog*
3. Altered Cats – Andrew Segar in *Scout*
4. Wooden Cats – Bob and Linda Tapper in *Silver Fox*
5. Small Cats – Dick Hitchcock in *Sandpiper*

### Special Finish Presentation Award

We’re delighted to see this new tradition taking hold, and so look forward to a little added entertainment at the end of a day out on the race committee boat.

The hands-down winner in 2018 was George Peterson on *Genie*, for staving off an intense pirate attack by firing a real cannon and blowing sword-wielding grandson Ryan into the water as he crossed the line! Luckily there was a trailing line to grab onto so he didn’t get run over by the multiple closely following boats that were completely caught off guard!

This category also required a few honorable mentions in 2018 with Luke Nagle in *Buon Giorno* receiving a dancing dashboard shark for his boat’s musical rendition of “*Show Me the Way to Go Home*,” reminiscent of Capt. Quint and crew of the *Orca* out on their shark hunt. Nathan and Joy Titcomb in *Inception* sported horseheads as they crossed the finish line and therefore received a hobbyhorse noodle to frolic with their new baby, Charlie, in the water.

As follows annual tradition, there were other special recognitions that needed to be made during the awards ceremony:

1. This year the We-Always-Hope-It-Won’t-Be-Annual Fender Award went to Bruce Almeida, who got pretty well sandwiched in *Harvest Moon* at the start. This is a second time win for Captain Almeida, which leads us to believe...hmmm.
2. For the party crew who travelled from the North Shore to join us for the weekend; Jerry Jodice, Peter Knowlton, and Mike and Paul Labrie, a set of Hawaiian leis, with a bonus doggie raincoat for Jerry’s furry pal Buzzy Jodice.
3. When *Red Squirrel* lost an “heirloom” red-fender over the side, Tim Lund called for a retrieval and offered a six-pack to the bird-dog. The race was on to find and retrieve it, until K. C. Van Colen got

in on the negotiations and drove a hard lawyer-type bargain bringing the retriever’s booty down to three or four beers instead! He definitely earned the special squeeze toy Bull\$H!+ Award. By the way, Tim, no one ever received that beer!

4. For your runs across the Bay when you’re sailing *Gannet* and *not* driving the ferry, for Jono Billings, we found an over-sized flask to keep you going.

5. Jay and Diane Webster – We’re so glad to always have you as part of the party we just thought you needed this bizarre cat-shaped bottle of wine. And look – there’s a red one too! Hope it helps Ned Lund recover from whatever that awful Lyme Disease scare was. We recommend you use it with bug repellent.

6. For the crew of *Kathleen*, a bottle of Gorilla glue and some floatie toys ought to help you get through any dismasting experience. But let’s keep it to a once-in-a-lifetime event! Kudos to them for re-securing their CBA flag to the top of the stump that was left standing in the boat! The colors must fly! True dedication.

7. And finally, in tribute to our very own Ryan Peterson, everyone’s favorite Catboating Bachelor, a single red rose for you (Will you accept this rose?), and a whole DOZEN for your beautiful mom Dawn, your ardent supporter, number one viewer, and matriarch to one of our favorite catboat clans! You’re all winners to us!

In closing, we can’t thank you all enough for making the Padanaram Rendezvous a stopover on your cruise schedule. We hope to see you at the annual meeting in January, in Padanaram next summer and various spots in between. You’re a blast! Mark your calendars for next year’s festivities: July 26th-28th, 2019.



*Kathleen* loses her rig - out for the day & most of the summer.



The *Red (flying) Squirrel* about to lose her prized heirloom fender.



*Gannet* (Cuttyhunk Ferry Captain Jono Billings) followed by *Beach Plum* (Luke Nagle).



Pirate Ryan Peterson attacks crew of *Genie*.



Close Quarters Post Race.



Party planners extraordinaire: Anne Smith, Geoff Marshall & Bruce Almeida.



Sanderling winners & master brewers Nate and Joy Titcomb!



Up and Coming Padanaram Sandpiper Fleet.



# APBY 26<sup>th</sup> Annual Cat Gathering

Tony Davis

Arey's Pond Boat Yard hosted the 26<sup>th</sup> Annual Cat Gathering on the 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> of August, 2018. The course takes the sailors from the starting line off of Namequoit Point in Little Pleasant Bay, through The Narrows to Big Pleasant Bay, where boats round two marks, one off the Wequasset Inn, and then back through the Narrows to the finish line in Little Pleasant Bay.

This year's celebration of sailing on Pleasant Bay kicked off with a warm-up race on Friday. About 30 participants sailed the course, propelled by a perfect breeze under sunny skies. *Pandora*, a 20 ft. custom catboat, one of the fastest catboats in the world, crossed the finish line first.



Start line with Committee Boat APBY 26<sup>th</sup> Cat Gathering.



AP Caracal 19, Marshal 22 and Marshall 18 pushing to the narrows.

On Saturday, the race sequence started at 12:45 p.m. Unfortunately, the weather on Friday was not predictive of Saturday's! The day was overcast and the wind was light for the most part. Overall, six participating boats of eighty registrants made it back to the finish line in the middle of Little Pleasant Bay.



Robin Davis and Joe Capuano on *Tula Manzi*, an Arey's Pond 16' Lynx.

By the time the majority of the fleet had reached the narrows, the wind had dropped to 0-3 knots, testing the patience of the sailors. Most persisted, slowly making their way without assistance from auxiliary power or paddles, but when the tide turned and the current was pushing the boats back, the race was called at The Narrows.

Following the race, participants and their families were invited back to the boat yard for an awards ceremony. Refreshments were served and attendants were entertained with music by the Vern-Mon band. Awards featured prints of an oil painting by renowned artist Elli Crocker, depicting a custom Arey's Pond catboat under sail. Of note, former President of Friends of Pleasant Bay, Herb Heidt, won the Alan McClennen, Sr. Award, in recognition of boat owners who best represent the traditions of sailing Pleasant Bay.

There was some doubt as to whether the gathering would take place this year, due to concerns being raised about sailboats interfering with motorboat traffic through The Narrows, a navigable channel. As the number of participants in the gathering has grown from a handful in 1992 to more than seventy-five, congestion in the channel during the event has increased. After consultation with the harbormaster, the boatyard owner Tony Davis, sought affirmation for the annual event from Town of Orleans selectmen. Thanks to the support of community sailors, the selectmen voted to endorse the gathering as a town event.

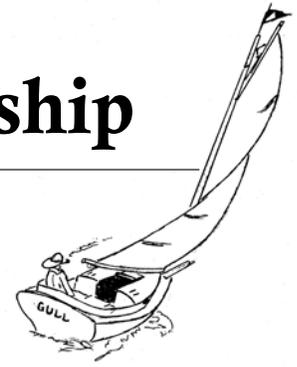
The Catboat Gathering is held as a benefit, with proceeds donated to the Friends of Pleasant Bay. Mark your calendars and hope for wind! The 27<sup>th</sup> Annual Cat Gathering will be held on August 17, 2019.

Photo credits go to Anita Winstanley Roark, at [wrfra@masterfulart.com](mailto:wrfra@masterfulart.com).



# Sailing Techniques and Seamanship

Butler Smythe, Editor



*Editor's Note: I'm looking for stories and your own thoughts on Sailing Techniques and Seamanship. There is a lot that can be written – your experiences, both good and bad, questions you want thoughts on - we've only just started. We do want / need to hear from you. In this issue I'm pushing the envelope to include asphalt "sailing."*

## Reefing Madness

Marc Cruder

Inspired by a Paul Cammaroto "Reefing Tutorial," I thought I'd throw in a reef underway in a little more detail, since I had an opportunity that demanded it on the last day of the CCBA Long Cruise. It's always worth another description, because it wasn't intuitive to me for many years. This is a must-know survival skill if you spend any time sailing. Especially when you are in the middle of the bay and there is no place quiet to duck in to.

I've included photos I was able to take in a fetch-driven short chop. That means this should not be thought of as a heroic feat, but a routine one, if you understand your catboat and the process.

Even if you are religious about checking the weather, it's not always right, so you can be simply caught up in a situation that demands action insitu. It's the difference between continuing with unnecessary risk that your skills may not be up to, or unnecessarily waiting on weather. Our catboats are hearty and able when handled correctly.

So, for the good of the order and since this skill is rarely discussed, it's not as hard as it sounds and second hand to those who do more than day sail, and a must-know skill for cruising.

This can be a controlled, if not leisurely process. Here are the basics:

- Ease the main sheet and let the boat lay to in the seaway
- Raise the centerboard so the boat won't sail
- Tie the tiller down to leeward (rudder hard over toward the direction of the wind. In this case I was on starboard tack, so the rudder was set hard right, so if the boat tried to sail, it would come up into the wind



Helm down and tied while reefing underway.

- Pick the sail up on the topping lift
- Lower the sail sufficiently to be able to tie the reef in
- Pull the boom in to the centerline of the boat and cleat the main sheet to hold it (This should put the boat into a stable down sea drift to leeward with a manageable port list because you have a depowered sail up and sheeted in)



Nettles tied while reefing underway.



Single reef complete underway.

- Pull in the tack and clew; then tie in the reef nettles (under the sail and above the boom)
- Ease the main sheet to let the boat find the wind and lay to again
- Raise the sail until halyards are tight
- Untie the tiller and lower the centerboard
- Haul in the main sheet and start sailing again
- Ease the topping lift

When it's time to reef, it's time to reef. Like all things catboat, the above has worked for me on my 17 and on the 25, but you may find your boat handles differently or you may need to modify my basics. It's about knowing what your boat will do when you let things go, pull things up or tie things down. So make it a point to practice on your own when the wind is light, until you have a good sense of that. Once you perfect it, you will be glad you spent the time to learn it. If you do any amount of sailing, your time will surely come and you'll be ready.

A few notes:

1. This description is without using an engine (because you don't need it; it's one less thing to worry about and you need to know how to use the forces of nature around you to do this in case you have an engine failure).
2. It doesn't matter how your reefing system is rigged. I have jiffy reefing to pull in the tack and the clew on the 17 and nothing but the nettles on the 25.
3. The reason for no jiffy reefing on the 25 is less lines hanging down to get caught on the gallows, so I keep a series of small lines of suitable length to manually tie in the tack and clew. On that note, even on the 17, I always tie an extra line from the clew vertically to the boom, so as not to depend only on the horizontal pull of the clew line.

# Moving Time – By Water or by Asphalt?

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Butler Smythe

I've hesitated writing this piece for over two years and thought enough time has finally passed – so here goes. I hope you'll understand what I mean.

It doesn't happen all the time, but when it does, it can be a royal pain – moving your boat a long distance. I moved my Menger 23 (*Caerulean III*) some distance three times; delivery when new (truck); Maryland to Maine (via water) and now this case – the longest move. I'm not talking about a boat that is road legal and capable of being towed behind your car (8'6" beam). I'm talking about the formality of contracting with a boat mover - with permits and insurance. Why address this here? Think of it this way – safety is important and sometimes it's better to move a boat over the road, making a decision that fits the owner's limitations, especially in this case when moving from Maine to Florida!

When I sold *Caerulean III* ☺ with her 10-foot beam, the new owners, for their move from Blue Hill, ME to Naples, FL, needed a professional boat mover. The sale was complete and my responsibility essentially done, but help was needed to oversee the arrangements set up by the new owner.

## **I have three big requirements for a boat mover.**

1. They have to have done this before (i.e. be licensed),
2. they need to have insurance (over and above the boat's regular carrier),
3. and have the right equipment for the job.

Being on time is also important when move elements are based on each other. Total cost can be a factor as well, but not necessarily a determining one. Lowest bidders are not the guaranteed winners!

I had moved an Island Packet 35 (*Caerulean II*) from San Diego, CA to Vero Beach, FL in 1998 using a boat transport company (Joule). I referred the new owner of *Caerulean III* to them due to my satisfaction with the move and their reputation. They had used a flatbed trailer designed for the purpose. Everything was legal, insured and on time. In fact I'd caught up with them on Route 10 in Louisiana – having caught site of what I thought to be the boat - with dinghy on its foredeck - parked at a truck stop. It was, and the

driver had stopped to wait for the last state permit. I also got to climb onboard and make sure all was secure.

When my new Menger 23 was delivered to Solomons, MD in 2003, Bill Menger had arranged a professional move from Amityville, NY. It was on his dime so to speak and went without a hitch. I was now very interested in seeing the boat moved by flatbed or a hydraulic trailer. The latter specifically because it was in a yard without a Travelift, having been hauled ashore the previous fall with a hydraulic trailer!

An unknown boat moving company from Florida was contracted (one I had never heard of (nor could find reference to) and a lifting crane was contracted to load the boat on the trailer - at a significant cost - since it was a construction crane based in Bangor – over 40 miles away (each way...).

I assumed the onsite “coordinator” role, to help out where I could, and it became critical that I was there for what turned out to be a two-day evolution. The crane and I were on time. The crane operator had gotten everything set up for the lift. After about five (5) hours of waiting (\$ clock was ticking) they had to leave and I kept getting a runaround in the coordination between the owner and the mover. The latter kept saying he was almost there, but gave no location and he never made it that day. I then had to make arrangements for a local hydraulic trailer to move the boat five miles to the local yard's “larger” facility for the next day. There, it would be lifted by Marine Travelift and placed on the trailer. Luckily all elements were available and committed, except the mover.

The driver showed up early the following morning, but when I arrived he was nowhere to be found. I got to inspect his “go-fast boat trailer.” When he finally arrived, he was dressed in a camouflage jacket and smoking an “E” cigarette. I was concerned. In chatting with him to better understand his skills, I found that he'd missed Blue Hill completely. Following his Dodge Hemi truck's electronic navigation system, with no paper charts (maps ☺), or a planned route beforehand ☺, he had made it to the Canadian border! Does that sound scary?

The hydraulic truck's loading and the Travelift's lift – they were flawless! I'd already secured the mast, boom and gaff to the mover's truck, padding as needed and with what material I could scrounge. I almost had to get in the mover's truck at the yard to help him back the trailer up to the Travelift and did have to advise

him on properly securing the boat to the trailer. His original bow strap attempt was oriented forward, such that a sudden stop might allow the bow to lift or the boat to slide forward.

The blocking and strapping of the boat on the trailer was concerning as the boat's hull settled on the trailer's longitudinal "bunks" - intended for a flatter-bottomed powerboat. The keel should settle first then the bilge area, but that was not so - and was eventually corrected. It was frustrating to know the hull flexed unnecessarily in the process. The boat was eventually secured down on it's keel with two bunk pressure points approximately mid-hull and two jack pads placed aft.

The telling point of the loading was when the lift operator (who I knew) looked over at me as I stood next to him at the controls, asking when my responsibility for the boat ended? I noted that it had a few days ago. His one word response "good."

**My summation (remember my rules):**

1. done this before (i.e. licensed)
2. insurance, and
3. the right equipment - that and being on time

So the reality of this move was that:

1. The mover had never trailered or loaded a sailboat before (it seemed). We were lucky it was a catboat. If he had, I have no idea how he would have done that with the equipment he arrived with. If he had strapped the boat down the way he'd started it would have left the trailer or shifted dramatically during a fast stop. The manufacturer's site (Broward) showed no loaded sailboats of any kind, on any trailer like it.

2. He drove a truck with no license number on the doors, or anywhere else for that matter. The hydraulic trailer driver couldn't believe he was road legal - not in Maine he wasn't - so my guess was he probably had no insurance.

3. And the trailer finally worked, but it was not designed for the boat it carried. It was a rough ride.

The cost of the move (even with the lower initial bid) was well more than planned, with three unplanned expenses (large crane, hydraulic trailer and Travelift). I followed the boat back to town and watched it depart for the last time. The boat was successfully launched in Florida with a yard forklift. Other photos are available (bottom of the page) at: <http://www.manorhousestudio.com/caerulean-iii--menger-23.html>.



*Caerulean III Arrives Solomons, MD.*



The BIG Crane (\$\$).



Hydraulic Trailer - Properly Secured & Flagged.



The Marine Travelift.



Only Markings for the Wide Load.



One of Two Jack Pads Aft – Bunks Forward.



The Boat & Gear Loaded.

**Other Notes:**

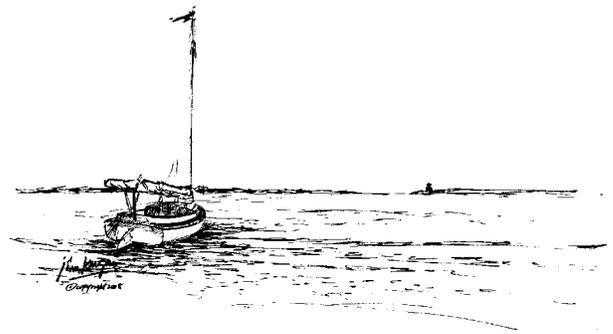
1. Yes, RED was the proper bottom color – the blue was a mistake!

2. “Large” expanses of hull below the waterline, with no bulkheads, can result in soft areas susceptible to flexing when lifting or storing. Watch out for excessive jack stand pad-pressure. The keel should take the majority of the boat’s weight.

3. In strapping a boat to a trailer, the boat should not be able to shift forward, aft or upward, when bouncing down the road. The same applies to boats strapped to the top of a car!

4. If strapping (or dock lines...) is worn or old, think of them as cheap insurance and replace them.

5. If you have no sea hood over the main hatch (many catboats do not), you might think about stuffing rags or anything similar between the hatch and the deck, and secure the hatch as far aft as possible. Better yet, make a permanent gasket along the forward deck coaming under the hatch (so it is not visible). When it rains and you’re moving 60 mph., water hitting the cabin top will flow across it and under the forward edge of the hatch, then into the boat’s cabin - I know from experience. And that gasket can come in handy on the water too.



# Sail Health

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Butler Smythe

When you bought that “new” boat – or maybe it was the used one that you bought after a good survey - you made a lot of assumptions. One was the health of your sail(s). I say sails because sometimes older boats come with more than one and never come out of the bag to be inspected by a sailmaker. I inherited a storm sail on a boat I bought in 2017 and had it inspected by a sailmaker the first winter – along with all the other sails that came with the boat. It had not been available for the surveyor, nor did the surveyor inspect any of the sails. That sail failed their inspection due to age and condition – so it failed my use test.

Having a new sail – or better yet two or more in the deal sounds great, but a sail needs to be cared for all the time and when tired – treated as such. Here is a basic list of things that will, over time, degrade your sails. It is followed by another list of good things done to address the bad that will ultimately make your boat (any boat) sail better, look better, be more competitive if you race, and save you money in the long run.

I've kept it to a simple - yet basic list (just 10) and they're in no particular order:

1. **Sun** – Degrades the cloth and stitching. Cover the sail when not in use to protect from the sun and the air itself. Try to do this when the sail is dry and never use a cover that does not breathe (like one of those blue tarps). Waterproof your sail cover regularly too.
2. **Wind** – Wind can create too much weather helm and tells you that you need to reef. When you don't ☹ the excessive pressure degrades the sail prematurely. Reefing will not only better your boat speed and onboard comfort, but will reduce the degrading effects wind has on the sail material and stitching. Don't get a “blown out sail” prematurely.
3. **Improper Reefing** – Tying in your reef points too tight or around the boom puts undue pressure on areas of the sail that can fail prematurely. They are there to contain the sail only. You'll know it's not right when you get vertical wrinkles in the sail. Remember to release the tied points before shaking the reef out.

4. **Salt** – Moisture is bad and salt retains it. Retention of moisture can accelerate the growth of mold or attract critters (mice) that like salt, even in the winter. They love stored sails when they can get to them. A fresh water rinse is good for the sail and those salty lifejackets, and other goodies you just throw in a locker and forget.
5. **Mold** – The black stuff (mold) dirties the sail and degrades the material and stitching prematurely. Stored wet or with dried salt - your sails will be prone to mold.
6. **Stuffing** – Why amplify material damage/ degradation and disrupted airflow on your valuable means of propulsion? Stuffing sailcloth into a sail bag causes excessive material damage. It also takes up a ton more room. Fold or roll and store the sail in the appropriate sail bag or sail tube when off the boat.
7. **Dirt** – Oh yes, the air is dirty – especially around cars, factories and fireplaces, and dirt attracts moisture and eventually mold. It's also bad for the material. So are bird poop, Cetol, coffee and Goof Off.
8. **Improper Storage** – The storing of a dirty sail in the garage over the winter or a musty damp basement (the mice love you) as well as messy flaking jobs on the boom, will damage sail material prematurely. Proper storage (dry clean sails in a dry environment) as well as the proper flaking of the sail on the boom if so stored, will result in a better looking sail when up and will enable the sail to come down and re-flake itself more readily.
9. **Snag points** – Cotter pin ends, rings with open ends, cleats and other hard points cause snags. Excessive taping is not the answer. Use NEW rings to replace ones that have open ends and use rings to replace cotter pins if possible. If when raising the sail it does not raise easily, check those boom cleats caught on the sail or reefing lines.
10. **Harsh cleaning** – Chemicals and harsh brushes are bad! Use chemicals specifically made for the job (*Practical Sailor* tests them) or natural stuff like white vinegar if you clean them yourself. White vinegar helps to keep mold down and I use it to clean lines

and canvas materials as well as the interior of the boat. Soak and rinse well after letting it work in the sun. Do not use a brush on your sail, think about what that is doing to the material - especially the stitching. Soft rags are best and avoid the stitching!

### SIMPLE THINGS

1. Professionally Wash/Clean: I do that every 1-2 years
2. Flake or roll the sail: Don't stuff – be neat because it counts
3. Cover to protect
4. Inspect: Address areas that need it – mold, dirt, stitching, tears, bird poop, etc.
5. Re-stitch: As needed, and if you have a well-used 10-year-old sail, it'll need it.
  - a. I unzipped the longest seam on *Caerulean III* in light winds after 11 years. The sail was cleaned and inspected every three years and had been inspected just the year before. She was sailed hard that summer and the next - the stitching failed.
6. Replace: When the sail is no longer functional for its intended purpose – racing especially.

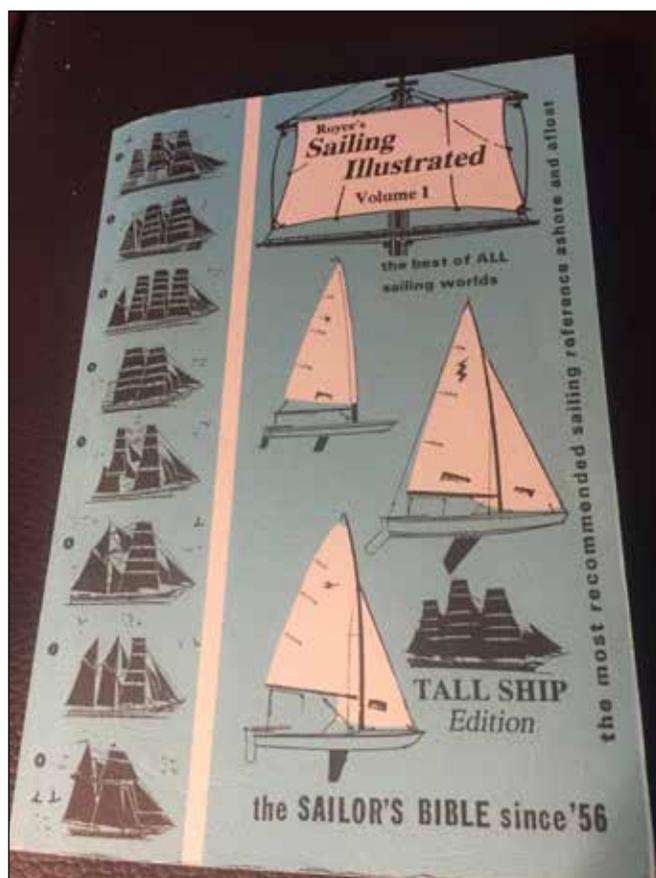
If you don't take care of your sail, be it a 15-foot or a 23-foot catboat you'll eventually have a \$1,200 to \$3,000 bill coming, you'll need to pay or pass on to the next owner. How do you know you're ready? Talk to a sailmaker - seek their advice. It may be 3-5 years for some and 10-15 for others. Your fabric's "feel" will often tell you.

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## Need a Book to Read?

Butler Smythe

Want to have a book onboard you'll actually use and refer to? One that educates and can come in handy when you most need it? I've found this series both educational and convenient. Some might be a bit dated but 99% is current and this is truly the Sailor's Bible. It covers everything from lighting, sail and hull ratios, marlinspike, weather and sail trim, and comes with tons of figures and maps to enhance the experience. It tails right in with *Sailing Illustrated*, Volume II and *Powerboating Illustrated*. My copy is the '93 edition.



Royce's Sailing Illustrated, Volume I.

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## Don't Move!

Butler Smythe

"Don't Move!" – I remember those words well to this day and no, it wasn't a stick-up. Several intrepid campers from Camp Carson (myself included) had scurried to the top of a mountain in the Poconos in the mid '60s, crossing an open, rock strewn clearing, with a counselor close behind. As we stepped quickly over the flat rocks in the clearing the heads around us moved to cover, as we awoke them from their sunny slumber. Their movement was unseen by us, but not by the counselor at the edge of the clearing. "Don't Move!" And we stopped – his hand raised to make us better understand. His explanation was short and specific, and we understood to a degree, but knew he was in charge. When specifically directed, we moved where told – bypassing the sunny rocks with the coiled copperheads seeking calm quiet warmth.

There is always a story to tell and sometimes

movement at the “wrong” time is not needed, nor desired. When is that on a boat? Generally it’s when movements change affects optimum balance (port-starboard and bow-stern) and is especially not desired when backing or approaching a hard object like a dock or another boat. A balanced and steady platform, controlled by the skipper at the helm, under power or sail, is key.

“So when we come up to the dock, please stay where you are – I don’t need anyone to jump or push off unless I ask for that specifically.” Pretty simple right? Put it on a card or shorten it to, “stay in your seats – I got this.”

Have you ever seen “crew” standing on the bow ready to have to act with line in hand, especially on a powerboat approaching at some excessive amount of speed? The skipper realizes they’re fast and plans to counter the speed and/or direction but no one else does – and when. Suddenly the unsupported bowman stumbles, loosing their balance for a second, if not worse, as the throttle is reversed and the bow turns. Why are they on the bow at all?

I’m generally alone on my boat(s) with both bow and stern lines in my hand to carefully “step off” and secure myself (wind, current, etc. considered) or to casually hand ashore. Stepping off is more the norm and how I like it.

When sailing, weight on the windward rail is often welcome and in light winds a little weight to leeward may be needed for better performance. Fore and aft changes in weight, especially on a racecourse, can make the boat perform better under different points of sail. It’s a learned action and is not always intuitive - every boat is different. But when approaching those hard objects and when everyone is watching, no unnecessary weight shift is desired and a balanced boat is ideal.

I sometimes play with my boat’s balance - shifting my weight from one side to the other, watching it turn away from the one more weighted, as the hull is pressed down into the dense water and the opposite side is raised up. With a balanced helm when motoring, I secure the tiller and then move as needed, from port to starboard, to “steer” the boat.

The smaller the boat, the more pronounced the changes can be – and least desired. The skipper should have control of the helm. To do that optimally, be prepared with fenders down so you have time to concentrate on the approach. Dock lines should be attached and ready in the cockpit – the bitter end well clear of the deck edge. Nothing goes overboard. For

me, I use only one large fender – it makes me think about the landing more critically.

Practice! There is everything good about that word. If you’re doing it for the first time (when you hadn’t planned on it), you’ll wish you had. Practice means trying it in varying conditions – it’s fun, though ignoring onlookers is advised – they seem to draw your attention away from the important stuff. But also make sure they don’t try to help too much.

This fall I had someone step on the gunnel of my small powerboat to “fend it off.” Before I knew it the varnished wood rub rail had caught under the dock’s own thin gray fender material – hitting the dock’s sideboards. More varnish work needed in the spring now.

## Departures from the Rules of the Road

Skip Stanley

As I’m sure you know, the Nautical Rules of the Road were developed to avoid collisions at sea. They prescribe behaviors to be observed by vessels in meeting, crossing, and overtaking situations. Like games, the Nautical Rules must be understood by all the players involved, we all play by the same rules. In that regard, on the high seas, the Rules of the Road are truly international in scope. They are no substitute for common sense. That’s where Rule 2 comes in.

Rule 2 has two parts. Part (a) is known as the Rule of Good Seamanship. It contains one of my favorite phrases: “...which may be required by the ordinary practice of seamen.” It says: *Nothing in these rules shall exonerate any vessel... from the consequences of any neglect to comply with these Rules or the neglect of any precaution which may be required by the ordinary practice of seamen or the special circumstances of the case.* In other words, nothing in the rules shall excuse a vessel from the responsibility to take appropriate action to avoid a collision.

The second, part (b), is known as the General Prudential Rule. It says: *...in complying with these Rules, due regard shall be had to all dangers of navigation and collision, and to any special circumstances, including the limitations of the vessels involved, which may make a departure from the Rules necessary to avoid immediate danger.* In short, rule 2(b) requires that due regard be given to all dangers of navigation and collision and to the *special circumstances* of the case, including the

limitations of the vessels involved. Note that “vessels” is plural; *both* vessels should be aware of the other’s limitations and take those limitations into account.

*Farewell’s Rules of the Nautical Road* outlines five categories of situations where a departure from the rules are allowed:

- *In extremis* situations
- Situations where compliance is not practical (of the vessels are unable to comply with the rules)
- Situations not covered by the rules
- The approach of a third vessel
- Departure by agreement

***In Extremis.*** *In extremis* is the point where *both* vessels must act if a collision is to be avoided. Rule 2(b) allows for this departure from the Rules. Further, Rule 17(b) allows for a stand-on vessel, realizing the give-way vessel is not taking proper action, to act to avoid a collision *before* the point of *in extremis* is reached. The rules were clearly not designed for a stand-on vessel to maintain course and speed right through a give-way vessel. The stand-on vessel needs to act in enough time that his actions *alone* will avoid the collision; he has to assume the other vessel is not going to act and by doing so is making a departure from the rules.

**Unable to Comply.** There are times where the scenario, the limitations of the vessels, or hazards to navigation, present a situation where it would be worse to comply, or continue to comply, with the Rules rather than depart from them. Take, for example, a situation where a stand-on vessel, if it maintained course and speed, would run aground. It would be better for the vessel to alter its course or speed or both course and speed. These departures should be made with the due observance of good seamanship. See Rule 2(a).

**Approach of a Third Vessel.** The steering and sailing rules were laid out with fairly simple situations in mind describing how *two* vessels are to act in regard to each other when risk of collision exists. But what about when there is a third vessel involved? For example, say you have a vessel crossing from your port side (making you the stand-on vessel). At the

same time you have a vessel crossing you on your starboard bow (making you the give-way vessel). To strictly comply is going to be a problem; Rule 2(b) allows a departure from the Rules for the safety of all concerned. In this case, a number of actions could be taken, such as slowing down *and* altering course to starboard. However, if the situation involving two vessels could be handled *sequentially*, the Rules should adhered to. Deal with one situation, then the other.

**Situations Not Covered by the Rules.** There are plenty of instances on the water where the rules don’t cover what is happening. Take, for example, the situation where a vessel is maneuvering around a wharf, pier, or slip or in or out of an anchorage. Under these circumstances the vessel may be backing, turning, pivoting, etc. The steering and sailing rules presume a vessel is on a definite course, which creates the meeting, crossing, and overtaking situations they cover. The same goes when a vessel is stopped (not making way): it has no course or speed. In these cases the rule of special circumstance applies and requires each vessel “to watch, and be guided by, the movements of the other.” This is where experience, forethought, and patience come into play as the vessels involved assess what each is attempting to do and determine the best way to proceed.

**Departure by Agreement.** Of course each of the preceding situations can be alleviated through communication. Hailing the other vessel, directly or by radio, communicating your intentions and agreeing to a plan, may go a long way toward avoiding the confusion that causes many collisions. However, when this is done both vessels assume the risks and are therefore “burdened.” They are now both responsible for acting in ways to avoid a collision. This may be simply for the convenience of one vessel or the other; it doesn’t really matter why the departure was proposed. If the departure was agreed upon, it becomes a special circumstance.

Reference: Allen, Craig H., *Farewell’s Rules of the Nautical Road*, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2005



# Navigation

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Skip Stanley, Editor

## Rate: When Are We Gonna Get There?

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Skip Stanley

*This is the second in a three-part series on time, rate, and distance, the foundation of all navigation.*

Mariners have always had to determine or estimate how fast they were moving at any given time. They needed to know when they would arrive at a specific location where they may need to make a course or speed change or take another necessary action. Much of navigation is based on estimates of time and location, that is: dead reckoning<sup>1</sup>.

But when moving through a dynamic medium like water, it's not easy to determine exactly how fast you're moving *over the ground*, even if that ground is well under water. In the early days of sail, mariners devised ingenious ways of measuring speed through the water. The most common was a chip log. This was a spool of knotted line with a triangular piece of wood attached to the end. The line was lowered and let to run out for 28 seconds, measured by a sandglass. The number of knots run out in that time corresponded to the vessel's speed in knots/nautical miles per hour. A very convenient coincidence.

Another simple way to determine speed is to use a stopwatch to time the movement of an object, like a piece of wood or even a bubble, as it passes down the side of the boat. The formula is:

$$\frac{\text{Boat length (feet)} \times .5924^*}{\text{Time (seconds)}} = \text{Speed (knots)}$$

\*3600 seconds per hour (60 min X 60 sec/min)/6076 feet per nautical mile = .5924

If you're ambitious you can create a table of seconds and the corresponding speeds using this formula.

In the case of a 18-foot boat: 18 X .5924 yields a factor of 10.66

In the case of a 22-foot boat: 22 X .5924 yields a factor of 13.03

For example, if a wood chip passes the length of an 18-foot boat in 3 seconds: 10.66/3 = 3.5 knots

Over the years other devices were invented for measuring speed through the water. One such device is a scaled tube, with a ball in it, which is curved at one end. When the curved end is placed into the moving water, the pressure raises the ball indicating the speed. Another works by trailing an object astern, which is attached to a spring with a scale on it (similar to the scales found in a grocery store). As the flow increases the spring is compressed indicating the speed.

But with each of these methods, the speed measured is only momentary and it's always changing. This is especially true with sailboats.

Now with ships, where the pitch of the propeller is known, speed can be fairly accurately determined if you know the revolutions per minute. The pitch of the propeller, measured in inches, is the distance the prop/ship would travel forward *if the prop were in a solid medium*. It's a simple calculation to find the distance the ship *should* cover by multiplying revolutions by pitch and dividing by the length of a nautical mile in inches (72,912). But propellers turn in water, which is fluid, and subject to cavitation. Cavitation is caused when the pressure on the prop creates a partial vacuum on the forward side causing those bubbles seen behind your outboard and it's inefficient. Large ships have big, slow-turning propellers to reduce cavitation and thereby increase their efficiency as much as possible.

When I sailed on tankers, we would lose about five to ten percent of our *theoretical* distance, a loss known as slip. We knew this because we would measure the distance run from noon one day to noon the next. The engineers would send up a note with information to go in the logbook, such as fuel burned, fuel remaining, etc., again from noon to noon. That note also had the (propeller) shaft revolutions, the corresponding distance run and, interestingly, the slip. Every now and then we would get a negative slip meaning we went further than we should have. This happened most often on a northbound trip when we were in the Gulf Stream.

Another way to measure speed is with a patent log (also known as a taffrail or Walker log). Patent logs measure distance run *through the water* by towing an impeller (spinner) astern, with the rotations measuring the distance. With a sailboat, course

changes must often be made to accommodate the wind so the distance run (through the water) may not necessarily be in the immediate direction of the destination. Dividing distance run by time equals speed.

Of course today's GPS has made many of these devices (nearly) obsolete. However, electronics require power and are not infallible. In June of 1995, a damaged GPS antennae connection contributed to the grounding of the cruise ship *Royal Majesty* on Rose and Crown Shoal near Nantucket.

In the end, speed is usually determined after the fact, from one fix to another using distance run versus time and then figured out. Bear in mind, no matter how speed is determined, other factors will come into play. This is where navigation becomes as much art as science.

## References:

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

Budlong, John, *Shoreline and Sextant*, Van Nostrand Reinold Co., New York, 1977

1. The expression *deduced reckoning*, or *ded reckoning*, was used originally for estimating future positions taking into account winds and currents. Over time it became dead reckoning (DR).

2. Outboards are terribly inefficient. They spin at high rpm because they're so small, relatively speaking. Still, you could measure distance run by rpm and time, hence the speed, by trial and error, but not by propeller pitch. If you did, the slip would be enormous.

*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

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Jay Webster

## Pinkletink

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By Jay Webster

Looking back through Bulletin #121, Winter 2000, I came across two interesting stories, one entitled “June 1999 – *Pinkletink* of Nantucket is Relaunched” by Bill McKay, and the other entitled “This is My Story” by John Leavens, Catboat Association Founder No. 1. The Leavens article is a partial reprint of a story that was reported in Bulletin #42, November 1973.

The story of *Pinkletink* begins in 1931. George I. Rockwood, who had a summer home on Wychmere Harbor in Harwichport on Cape Cod, was retired and decided to renew a Cape Cod tradition, by commissioning the building of a Crosby Cat by the famous Crosby family of Osterville. At that time, it had been 20 years since the Crosby yards had been building many working catboats. Only a few more Crosby Cats had been built after that.

Rockwood chose Herbert F. Crosby, then 78 years old, to build a new cat. The idea of building just one more cat to round out a full century of Crosby Cats, was attractive to Herbert Crosby. He set out to build the new cat in the fall of 1931. The specifications for the new cat called for the best of everything: steam-bent white oak ribs, cypress planking, strip mahogany decks and trim, with a 27 foot mast of solid Sitka spruce, which was more than ample for a 350 square foot sail. The new cat was the last cat built by Herbert Crosby and was enjoyed by Rockwood and his family for many years. She was christened *Charlotte II*.

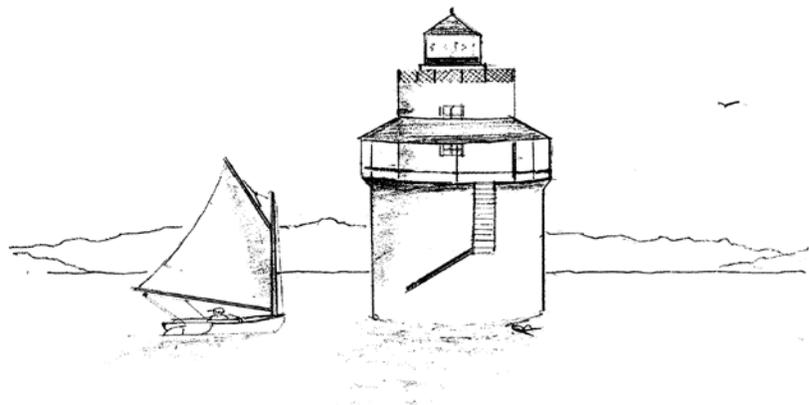


In 1995, Bill Sayle of Nantucket was the owner of the catboat that was now known as *Pinkletink*. Bill has owned and rebuilt many wooden and fiberglass catboats over the years. *Pinkletink* was now over 60 years old and needed a major rebuilding after a tough sail from the Padanarum rendezvous to Vineyard Haven. Bill loved the boat and its history and decided to make her “new,” as Bill has done for many catboats.

Bill did a marvelous restoration completed in 1999, putting *Pinkletink* into pristine condition. Bill and Judy Sayle enjoyed many years sailing *Pinkletink* in Nantucket and to many rendezvous, always showing and displaying the beauty, and sailing ability of a fine Crosby Catboat.

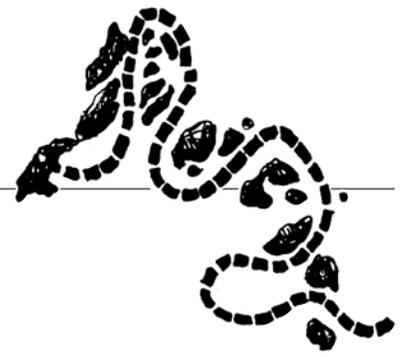
In August of 2013, Eric and Dawn Peterson of Poppenesett, in New Seabury, on Cape Cod, bought *Pinkletink*. Much like Bill Sayle, Eric has sailed and restored a fleet of catboats, and he and Dawn decided to restore *Pinkletink* to pristine condition once again. *Pinkletink* was put back into excellent condition by the Petersons, with a new fuel tank, a new tiller and centerboard, and a new head.

*Pinkletink* is now sailed by Eric and his four sons in many catboat rendezvous and cruises around Cape Cod. I am sure that Herbert Crosby would be proud of the history of his famous last cat.



# Short Tacks

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## A Day at Sailor Daycare!

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Kevin O'Driscoll

Years ago I was a long-distance truck driver and was injured in a severe accident, ending my career. Being impaled by tree branch through the neck can do that. After years of rehabilitation, I've found sailing the best therapy ever. However, five years ago I wasn't always getting out to go sailing enough because I had to rely on other people to give me rides. So one day, my wonderful wife asked if I wouldn't mind being dropped off at my boat at 5:45 in the morning and she'd come get me after work. She works 6 a.m. to 2 p.m. five days a week. At that moment in time, "sailor daycare" was invented.

My wife would drop me off at my marina, where I'd get on the *Shannon Marie*, my Herreshoff America catboat. I keep her at The Whaling City Marina on the north side of Pope's Island in New Bedford Harbor. So as soon as I'd get to my boat in the morning, I'd call on my radio to request a southbound opening for the swing bridge on Pope's Island. Then I'd start her up and go over and wait for the opening of the bridge. It's less than a quarter of a mile from the marina to the bridge, a three-minute trip. While waiting for the opening, I'd uncover my sail and put away my boom-crutch so she's ready to have her sail hoisted. I'd always chat with the guy from the fuel barge who is starting his morning at the same time. Then he'd go off to fuel up the fleet of fishing boats that reside in New Bedford and I'd go off sailing.

After clearing the bridge I'd head south at heading of 165 deg. for the hurricane barrier, an iconic landmark of New Bedford. Quite frequently I would meet up with a group of hardy individuals out rowing a whaling longboat around the harbor. This group meets at 5 a.m. and goes out rowing around New Bedford Harbor, and I thought I was dedicated!

Depending on the wind, I sometimes would have my sail up going through the barrier, but that is rare. Once you're out of the hurricane barrier in New Bedford, you're going out into Butler's Flats, which has a sparkplug lighthouse sitting right in the middle of it. There are two trains of thought sailing out of New Bedford Harbor. The first is to go old school and

tack your whole way out to Buzzards Bay. The other is bite the bullet, motor out into the middle of the Bay and have a lot more fun sailing. I usually chose the latter logic. This is especially true early in the morning when there isn't always a lot of wind to move things along.

Once out in the middle of Buzzards Bay the wind is more abundant. So about quarter to seven in the morning, my sail will be up and I'm off sailing over to Cuttyhunk on a heading of 180 degrees. By this time I've usually eaten my breakfast, an egg wrap, which is tightly wrapped in aluminum foil and then rolled in a beach towel. It's usually still warm, even when wrapped right after I cooked it in the morning.

There's nothing like that golden moment when you shut off the motor and the sail takes over. The water rushing past the hull, the creak of the leather on the gaff jaws, the halyard ringing as it taps the side of the aluminum mast – a symphony of maritime music. One of the habits I still have from driving trucks is listening to audio books and I listen to them while I sail now. I usually listen to at least two to three books a week.

With the standard southwest wind that seems to be a constant hallmark of Buzzards Bay, getting to Cuttyhunk takes a lot longer than it does to return. Once reaching Cuttyhunk, I sail along the Elizabeth Islands over past Quicks Hole. It's usually around this time that I get to wave to the Cuttyhunk ferry, with Captain Jono at the wheel. Captain Jono is an avid catboat sailor in his Marshall 18, going total old school, no motor, pure sail. He's quite the sailor. By about 10:30 a.m. it's time to start heading back to New Bedford Harbor with the southwest winds, predominant in Buzzards Bay, giving me a beautiful downwind sail. The wind pushes me under full sail through the hurricane barrier into New Bedford Harbor between 12:30 and 12:45 in the afternoon, giving me time to call for the next available bridge opening at 1:15 p.m. After passing the bridge, I would usually take a ride up and down the Acushnet River and then back to the marina. By 2 p.m. I'm tied up in

my slip, plugged in, and waiting for my wife to pick me up after work.

I do this five days a week, and on the sixth, my wife and I will have breakfast at the marina together. I'll start at 8 a.m. and sail till 2 p.m. on that day.

I go to different locations when the wind comes from different directions. Northeast winds I'll sail to Mattapoisett, northwest I'll sail across in front of dumpling Rock and Round Hill Beach in Dartmouth. I always try to get to a point where I can ride the wind home. I don't have any destination – I just like time at the helm. I've gone out on mornings so foggy I needed the GPS just to find the opening in the hurricane barrier. On the really borderline small craft warning days, I slip over to Clarks Cove, which has a little protection, as it's only open to the south. There are even days when it's too rough to do that and I'll just sail around on the north side of the bridge, up and down the Acushnet River. So from May until November, unless it's raining or there are severe small craft warnings, I get dropped off at sailor daycare! There's got to be some way we can franchise this, don't you think?



## Garage Catboats

Brent V.W. Putnam

Spring launch, fall haul. It's an annual ritual for most boat owners. Once it goes in, it doesn't go back on the hard until the season is over. There have been some years when we've kept our Marshall 22, *Cranberry*, in the water until November or December, but for the most part those late fall and early spring sailing days are out of reach. Likewise, the rendezvous we attend are generally limited to what we can reach within a day or two of sailing.

As comfortable as *Cranberry* is on the water, her 10-foot beam and 5,600 pound displacement makes her unsuitable for casual trailering. There's something to be said for a trailerable boat, something that would extend our season and our cruising grounds.

For a few years now, I've been thinking about getting a garage catboat; a catboat small enough to be kept on a trailer and towed to a ramp anytime, anywhere – something that can have us sailing in just a few minutes. However, the trailer is only half of the equation. I call it a "garage" catboat for a reason – it has to fit in a garage, trailer and all. If it's to be launched on a whim, it cannot be covered in shrink-wrap.

Even if you've no inclination to go sailing on a warm day in November, or 1,000 miles from home, there are many reasons why you might want a garage catboat.

In many communities on the water, the number of boats has exceeded the space for them, and in some towns there are waiting lists – some decades long – for a mooring or slip. However, there are always plenty of public launch ramps.

Deeds and covenants often restrict what can and cannot be stored on one's property. There are some neighborhoods that prohibit any boat from being stored in one's yard. Those same houses typically have two-car garages. You could store your boat at one of the local boatyards, but that can be expensive, and many yards prohibit do-it-yourself work.

Speaking of do-it-yourself, there are many good reasons to work on your own boat. Doing things yourself engenders a sense of pride; it gives you an intimate knowledge of your boat; it saves money on labor and it gives you something to do in the off-season. The latter point is perhaps the most important when it comes to garage catboats. When there are

several feet of snow on the ground outside, it's far easier to work on your catboat if it's inside. And if you have any desire to build your own catboat, the garage is a ready-made boat shop.

Money can be an issue, too. Unless you work on the water, a boat is a luxury, and bigger boats cost more. By limiting the size, you put limits on the costs involved. Indeed, a recent BoatUS Special Report by Fiona McGlynn: "Where are all the young boaters?" (BoatUS Magazine, October/November 2017, pp. 68-73) identified cost as an obstacle to boat ownership for millennials (i.e., Generation Y - individuals who are in their early-20's to late-30's). Having a trailer saves you the cost of paying a boat hauler or marina to do the launching. Even if you can store your boat in your own yard, you still have to get it shrink-wrapped or provide a decent cover to keep snow and rain out in the off-season. The garage is an already-built shelter that might otherwise be used for collecting junk. I know – I speak from experience.

We have owned catboats for over a decade – which is another way of saying that I've aged more than a decade. I'm still reasonably fit, but that one sail is big, and some catboaters downsize as they get older. At the other end of the spectrum, young children will have an easier time raising the sail on a smaller 12-foot cat than on a 22.

The flexibility of sailing on a whim extends to far more than just the good days. Hurricane coming? Want to attend that rendezvous three states away? Launching or hauling can be done at any time. Instead of waiting for the yard to call, you decide when the boat goes in and comes out.

Now that we've established good reasons for owning a garage catboat, where do we find them? Remember that this is a not a specific boat, but a category. There are dozens of different catboats out there, it's just a matter of finding one that fits in your garage. To help readers in this endeavor, I've compiled a list of garage catboats.

The most critical dimension is the beam. If you have a newer home, your garage door could be as wide as 10 feet. However, most houses – especially older homes – have smaller garages and we want a catboat which will fit comfortably in a garage with some room to spare. To ensure that we can get the boat in and out of the garage without rubbing-off the rub rail, we'll establish a maximum beam of less than 8 feet.

The natural proportions of a catboat – a length that is twice the beam – will thus limit the length to roughly 16 feet. That size of catboat will generally

have a displacement of less than 2,000 pounds, which is easily towed by a mid-size car or small SUV. Some of the smaller catboats on this list have a towing weight of less than 1,000 pounds, making them trailerable even by small cars. That said, before you do any towing, consult the owner's manual for your vehicle.

The following list is divided into three categories: Plans, New and Used, sorted alphabetically by vendor. Almost any catboat available new, or via plans, may be found used as well. The boats listed under Used are not currently manufactured, and there are no plans available.

While every effort has been made to ensure that this list is accurate and complete, errors and omissions are possible; corrections and additions are welcome.

### Plans for Catboats

- Atkin Boat Plans, PO Box 3005A, Noroton, CT 06820 - Catnip (14'x5'10"), Krazy Kat (17' x 6'), Sunshine (17'2" x 6'), Trim (17' 9" x 7'6")
- Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930, FAX 508-282-1349 - Queen Mab (7' x 2'6"), Harbinger (15'x7'1")
- Duckworks Boat Builder's Supply, PO Box 10, Harper, TX 78631, TEL 830-864-5799 - Scat (12' x 5'6")
- D.N. Goodchild, PO Box 2814, Bala Cynwyd, PA 19004 - A Catboat for the Youngsters (13'2" x 6')
- Paul Gartside, Ltd., Long Island, NY - 12ft CatBoat C.F.A. Design #186 (12'6" x 6'3")
- Mystic Seaport Museum, 75 Greenmanville Avenue, Mystic, CT 06355, TEL 888-973-2767 - Bob Cat (17'5" x 7'8"), Newport catboat (12'), Penguin (16' 6" x 7' 10"), Sanshee (14'), Tidbit (16'6" x 7'7"), Trio (15'), Vee Bottom Catboat (16' 8" x 5' 10")
- H.H. Payson & Company, PO Box 122, Spruce Head, ME 04859, TEL 877-749-7606 - Bobcat/Tiny Cat (12' x 6'), Catfish Beachcruiser/Beach Cat (15'1" x 6'6")
- Selway Fisher Design, 15 King Street, Melksham, Wiltshire, SN12 6HB, UK, TEL 44-1225-705074 - Petrel (13' x 6'), Woodlark (13' x 6'), River Lapwing (15'10" x 7')
- The WoodenBoat Store, Naskeag Road, 84 Great Cove Drive, Brooklin, Maine 04616, TEL 800-273-7447 - [Tom Cat](#) (12'4" x 6'), [Corvus](#) (14'11" x 7'4-1/2"), [Marsh Cat](#) (15' x 6'11")

## New Catboats

- Arey's Pond Boat Yard, 43 Arey's Lane, South Orleans, MA 02662, TEL 508-255-0994 - [Kitten \(12'2" x 6'\)](#), [Catboat \(14' x 7'\)](#), [Lynx \(16'6" x 7'11"\)](#)
- Beetle Boat Shop, 3 Thatcher Lane, Wareham, MA 02571, TEL 508-295-8585 - [Beetle Cat \(12'4" x 6'\)](#), [Beetle 14' \(14'4" x 6'10"\)](#)
- Buzzards Bay Yacht Services, Inc., 4 Fairhaven Road, PO Box 1246, Mattapoisett, MA 02739 - [Friendship Catboat \(16' 1" x 5' 8"\)](#)
- Com-Pac Yachts/Hutchins Co., Inc., 1195 Kapp Drive, Clearwater, Florida 33765, TEL 727-443-4408 - [Picnic Cat \(14' x 6'6"\)](#), [Sun Cat \(17'4" x 7'3"\)](#), [Sunday Cat \(17'4" x 7'3"\)](#)
- Howard Boats, Beale Way, Barnstable, MA 02630, TEL 508-362-6859 - [Barnstable Catboat \(12'4" x 6'\)](#), [Fisher Cat \(14'3" x 6'10"\)](#)
- Marshall Marine, Shipyard Lane, PO Box P-266, South Dartmouth, MA 02748, TEL 508-994-0414 - [Sandpiper \(15'6" x 7'1"\)](#)
- Stur-Dee Boat Co., 1117 Bulgarmarsh Road, Route 177, Tiverton, Rhode Island 02878, TEL 508-733-7101 - [The Stur-Dee Cat \(14'4" x 7'\)](#)

- Thompson Boatworks, 136 Atlantic Avenue, West Sayville, NY 11796, TEL 631-889-2918 - [Thom Cat 15 \(15' x 7'\)](#)
- Weeks Yacht Yard, 10 Riverview Court, Patchogue, NY 11772, TEL 631-475-1675 - [WoodPussy \(13'6" x 6'\)](#)
- Wenaumet Bluffs Boat Works, TEL 888-224-9942 - [Wenaumet Bluffs Kitten \(13'7" x 6'\)](#)

## Used Catboats

- Norm Bell and John Larimore - [Inland Cat \(14'6" x 4'6"\)](#)
- Compass Classic Yachts, Inc. - [Rainbow Cat \(12'4" x 6'2"\)](#), [Classic Cat \(14' x 7'\)](#)
- Cape Dory/Nauset Marine/Handy Boat - [Handy Cat 14 \(14'0" x 6'8"\)](#)
- Menger Boatworks - [Menger Cat Daysailer \(15' x 7'\)](#)
- Squadron Yachts - [Minuteman \(15' x 6'6"\)](#)



# New Members

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Dave Calder, Membership Secretary

*WELCOME ABOARD to our new members since October 13, 2018*

Aigler, Rob & Marcia (Medfield, MA)

Archdale, Antonio & Troy Palmer (Fort Lauderdale, FL)

Beaton, Mark & Sharpe (Brick, NJ)

Brown, Bill & Eliza (Pittsburgh, PA)

Daigle, Richard (St. Augustine, FL)

Delk, John (Naples, FL)

Erhard, John (Storrs-Mansfield, CT)

Flick, Ferdie & Lorraine (Bronxville, NY)

Gal, Charley (South Tamworth, NH)

Gips, Terry & Ned Hichcock ( New Bedford, MA)

Henderson, John & Nancy (Chestertown, MD)

Hudacko, Charles & Margaret (Lillington, NC)

Jordan, David & Kathleen (Worcester, MA)

Lassen, Chuck (Portsmouth, NH)

O'Connor, John & Jordan (Duxbury, MA)

Peterson, Jeff & Teen (Fernandina, FL)

Shaffer, Sandy & Julie (Eugene, OR)

Trask, Stanley (Englewood, FL)

Tudor, David & Bronwen (Georgetown, ME)

Veisz, Howard & Lorraine (Mystic, CT)

Warden, George & Sharon (Stroudsburg, PA)

White, Robb & Barbara (Deep River, CT)



# 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, as 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)*

178-1. 1992 Menger 23' Cat Boat Hull #1 "MANDOLIN". 2-cyl Yanmar 2G20F (rebuilt 2013). New Motor Mounts (2013). Dripless shaft coupling. 2 Sails (1- Quantum tan bark-1 white Thurston). 2 Lofrans electric Winches (TH & Peak) new halyards 250'. 1 Electric Center Board winch. 1 New Yanmar electrical panel and 2 new Seadog panels. New Uniden Marine radio 2015. Raymarine auto pilot. Quadraphonic (4) speakers stereo-new 2015. Raymarine Depth and Speedo. Garmin 492 GPS. Tacktick (now Raymarine) wireless wind speed and direction finder. 2 New Batteries (2014). Hot and Cold pressurized water. Full mainsail traveler. Nicro fresh air solar fan. Diesel fuel gauge and ammeter. Ritchie bulkhead compass. S.S. propane 2 burner stove w/ warming oven. Stand up shower. P&S stainless steel Heller lights (Special). S.S. Throat Saddle. Teak and Wainscoting hinged cabin doors. S.S. CQR anchor and 150' rode with chain. Mack Stack Pack sail cover w/ lazy jacks. 4 line clutches. New custom cockpit cushions (full length). Hobbs hour meter for engine. Life preservers 6-8. Painted wood grained painted- Mast, gaff, boom. Bottom blasted and 4 coats Interlux moisture barrier. 5 Brownell jack stands. Many additional items. \$29,900. Located Staten Island N.Y. Owner: Richard Tullo 718-356-0016. Cell 718 689-0730 Email [oldhudson@aol.com](mailto:oldhudson@aol.com)



178-2. 1997 Marshall 18' Sanderling. "LIMIN" with 5 HP Honda outboard needs a new owner to sail more, and sit in marina less. Only second owner. Has beige cockpit and cabin cushions in excellent condition, little used. Quantum Sail and new cover. Compass, solar vent, bronze step on transom and rudder, Harken main sheet system. Rudder brace, shock cord furling, lazy jacks. Porta-Potty (never used). Out of the water for winter under shrinkwrap cover at Boatworks at Wilson Cove Marina, Norwalk, CT. Asking \$15,000. 203 853-6030 or [madigan1@optonline.net](mailto:madigan1@optonline.net)



178-3. 2016 Areys Pond 14 Catboat. Like-new condition boat motor and trailer only sailed in fresh water. Owner moved to APBY Lynx. Sailed 2017 and 2018 season, Options include: Tohatsu 3.5 hsp outboard, bronze motor bracket, Tidewater trailer, Cetol finish to all teak, cockpit and sail cover, bow eye, teak seats, inner laminated coaming, Egyptian Dacron sail with 2nd reef, enclosed centerboard trunk, carbon fiber mast 12lbs, travel cover and travel rack spar storage, brass rub rail, spring line cleats, flag, pig stick and lazy jacks. [tony@areyspondboatyard.com](mailto:tony@areyspondboatyard.com) (508) 255-0994 More info and pictures here: <https://areyspondboatyard.com/brokerage/areys-pond-catboat/>



178-4. Sanderling trailer. It's dual axle, total gross weight is 3500 lbs. Tires wheels and barings are only 3 years old, springs also replaced 3 years ago, and LED lights. The photos show a mast crane included, but it also comes with the original bow stop. It's in great shape, but i have no title. It's been used as a yard trailer for a long time. Some states don't require a title under 4000 lbs. It's up to you to determine if you can register it. I'll give you a receipt from me. The dimensions are 14 feet from the bow stop to the end of the galvanized frame and 5 feet from the bow stop to the hitch, 19 feet over all. Mark Williams [Mark.Williams.T@gmail.com](mailto:Mark.Williams.T@gmail.com) (203) 258-4755



178-5. 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. Contact 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 Asking \$40,000.

178-6. WANTED: John Little lapstrake catboat. Looking to buy a 16' lapstrake catboat built by John D. Little, any year or condition. Also looking to hear from any owners to share info on their boats. I live in northern Florida, but travel frequently back to New England. Please email me at rdaigle58@gmail.com or text me at 774-364-1822

178-7. 1898 Crosby 20' catboat. Patience is a classic Herbert Crosby, built in 1898. She is 20' x 10' with a 15 hp outboard. She is fiberglass over wooden hull, cared for by a Navy Chief during her time on the Chesapeake Bay. \$20,000. Robert (410) 398-1918 or email rvjones@torberthouse.com click for large image in new tab



178-8. 1980 Sarasota 14' Catboat. Rare catboat, exact copy of Beetle cat but fiberglass. Believe this was original fiberglass beetle and when company went out of business, molds went to Barnstable catboats. Varnish in pristine condition, safety gear included, brand new canvas bags either side of centerboard; Brand new lines



throughout (all Samson warpspeed ii); mooring lines, fenders; Paint in great condition, Sail in great condition, new shackles throughout mast, brand new stainless anchor with SS chain and new line, everything kept in high quality mesh bags. Trailer has been completely rebuilt, all bolts replaced with SS, any corroded frame parts replaced, re-wired with new lights, SS lug nuts, new bunks (wood and carpet) new chain and shackles, new SS ratchet straps x2; Trailer alone is worth ~\$2500! Great boat to take trailer sailing or camping, very easy to pull behind car! This boat does not and will not need anything for next few years, it's good to go! Fits 3 adults or 2 adults and 2 children, we normally go two adults and the dog, he loves it! Big open cockpit perfect for camping, sleeps 2 inside comfortably. Sails beautifully, a dry little boat. Asking \$6,300 and will throw in a 2hp Tohatsu 2-stroke. Also have a Spartan bronze outboard mount which you can have for \$350. I hate to see it go after we spent so much outfitting it but the admiral is demanding a larger catboat! Jackieboy is located in South Florida. Come sail the Keys and drive it home! Antonio - 954 225 3337

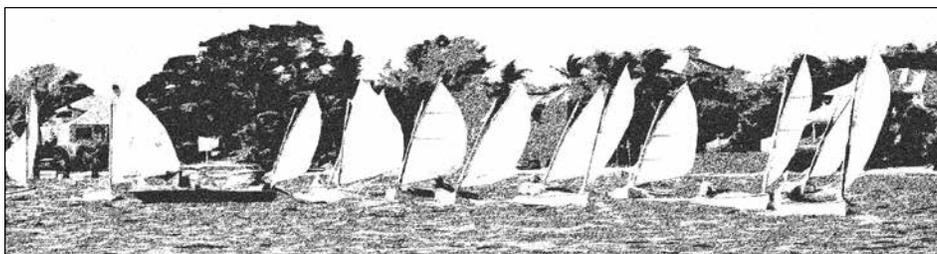
178-9. 1989 Marshall 15' Sandpiper "Half Full". Well maintained Marshall Sandpiper with great race history. Turn-key boat with many recent upgrades. Teak completely sanded and ready to be refinished (2018). New folding mast (2015), New boom and Gaff (2016). New Quantum sail. Rare, Bow-to-Stern brass rub-rail over teak. Summer Cover. Winter storage cover supported by folded Tabernacle mast. Centerboard mounted mainsheet system with Braided sheet. Cam cleats for halyards and centerboard pennant. TackTic Compass. Telescoping tiller extension. Hull drain plug. Lifting hooks and bridle. Sanded and faired Hull, Centerboard, and rudder. Baltoplate Antifouling. Newer Oversized Load Rite Trailer - Diamond-plate wheel fenders make getting into boat very easy. Custom dolly with 12" pneumatic wheel installed on tongue. 4 hp Mercury and outboard bracket. Asking \$15,500. Contact John at 732-616-6781 or JSchwind11@gmail.com. Boat is located in NJ.



178-10. 1985 Marshall 22' catboat. I bought Thea last year in Key West. My health is not going to continue allow me to enjoy her because it involves flying from the UK to the US. So sadly for me I have decided I must sell her. She has a green hull and a tan sail, an inboard 3 cyl Yanmar 22.5 hp, less than 600 hrs 12 gal aluminum fuel tank, Centerboard, 22'x 21'4" x10'2". Draft 2' board up 5'5" board down, Sail 388sf 6.5oz tan Dacron, Mast 29'. Ballast 850 lbs Displacement 5660#, Cockpit cushions, Full winter storage cover, All interior cushions in v good condition. Built-in head, Two bunks, galley table, and ample storage. Raytheon wheeldrive autopilot ST 3000, Stereo AM FM CD and speakers, VHF radio, Garmin GPS, 18# Danforth and 20# Rocna anchors. Galley, sink w manual faucet. Origo 4000 alcohol stove. She sails beautifully and is presently in Georgetown, Exuma in the Bahamas, but will return to east coast Florida in March. Then available for \$18k or very near offer, in Exuma, Ft Lauderdale, Palm Beach or Key Largo Email Philip Beck on epbeck@me.com



178-11. 1991 Apprenticeshop 18' Picnic Tug. BEAR. Heavily built cedar on oak by The Apprenticeshop in Rockland, Maine. Repowered with Yanmar 3YM30 diesel inboard. Custom trailer. Turn key! Reluctantly selling, too many wonderful boats. \$7,500. Located Mashpee, MA (Cape Cod). Eric Peterson 781 856 8873 hansonpeterson@aol.com



178-12. 9' DYER Sailing Dink. 2006, In excellent condition, like new sail, Custom sunbrella toast boat cover as well as matching custom cover for mast and boom, as well as Shaw & Tenny oars and oarlocks, been on the water probably less than ten times, Dyer rubrail and other upgrades. priced at \$1650, located on the central Gulf coast of Florida. Please contact Bill at 352-397-8760 or email wsloan908@gmail.com photos upon request.



178-14. 1974 Hereshoff America 18' catboat (Nowak & Williams Co.). LOA 18' 2". LWL 17' 9". Beam 8'0". Original owner. Includes sail, sail cover, steel cradle, cabin cushions, centerboard, mast, gaff, boom, boom crutch. Original teak. Has been stored inside for winters. Located near Rochester, NY on Lake Ontario. Asking \$4500. Email catboatwny@gmail.com for additional details or more photos.



178-13. 1973 Marshall Sanderling Cat Boat. Excellent condition, well cared for! Includes 2003 Load Rite trailer with 12 ft. hitch extension. Hull Identification Number: MMC 182820773. Includes 2001 Honda 8hp 4-stroke engine, electric start, electric lift; Mast hinge upgrade. Located Orange Park, Florida \$12,000. rallsopp@comcast.net, 904-278-0329



178-15. Wanted: Marshall 22 in need of re-powering. Casually looking for a sailable M-22 in need of a re-power, preferably in New England. Call or email Joe at silver69stingray@hotmail.com (617) 372-6131



# The Catboat Association

# Membership Application

*Mail completed form to:*

Membership Secretary  
262 Forest Street  
Needham, MA 02492-1326



*Founded 1962  
Incorporated 1983*

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**

Item	Color	Size	Qty.	Price	Total
<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>				\$20.00	
<b>Staff Shirt – Navy Original: L, XL, XXL, Burgee only: L, XXL</b>				\$30.00	
<b>Baseball Cap - Color Choices Below*</b>				\$18.00	
<b>Bucket Hat – Stone, Specify Original Logo or Burgee only</b>				\$18.00	
<b>Visor - Navy or White, Specify Original Logo or Burgee only</b>				\$15.00	
<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>				\$15.00	
<b>Wool Blazer Patch</b>				\$25.00	
<b>Tie Tack</b>				\$6.00	
<b>Burgee</b>				\$20.00	
<b>Tumbler – Classic (16 oz) or Traveler (16 oz with Lid)</b>				\$12/\$14	

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

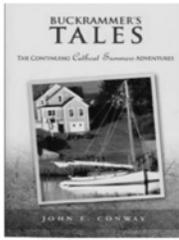
Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

<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.**

**The Catboat Association Store at Lands' End!** Order additional merchandise of your choosing and add CBA logo for \$5.95. Order online at: [https://business.landsend.com/store/the\\_catboat\\_association](https://business.landsend.com/store/the_catboat_association)

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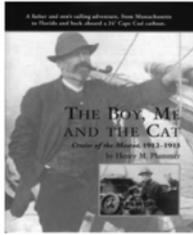
**Buckrammer's Tales**



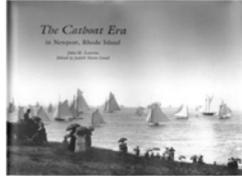
**The Competitive Cat**



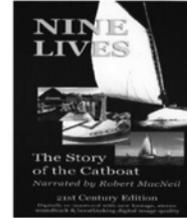
**The Catboat and How to Sail Her**



**The Boy, Me and the Cat**



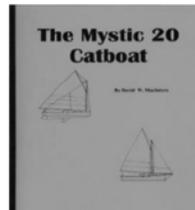
**The Catboat Era in Newport**



**Nine Lives DVD**



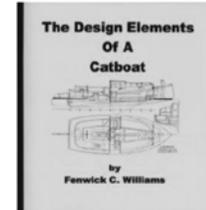
**The Boat That Wouldn't Sink**



**Mystic 20 Catboat**



**Rudder Reprints**



**Design Elements of a Catboat**

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

These cat's eyes are not what one would typically associate with the catboat moniker, if only for the location on the boat. *Piscin* ("Pish keen" – Irish for Kitten) was a Marshall 15 Sandpiper, and has now moved south – from Maine to Connecticut. I thought these eyes and the transom through which they appear, were a fitting end to this issue don't you think? Photo by Butler Smythe.

