

Catboat Association Bulletin



No. 180



Fall 2019

ON THE COVER

Petunia, a 1969 Crosby, sails up Eggemoggin Reach, Maine on her way to the Wooden Boat School, where she has often been featured on the last day of the week-long class. At the time she was just finishing a 26-mile voyage from Mount Desert Island down Somes Sound through the Western Way, into the Atlantic and over the Bass Harbor Bar.

The passage was mostly in fog as *Petunia*'s masthead sports her radar reflector. The Eggemoggin Reach is steady and clear and the captain is relaxed—and relived to be arriving safely. *Petunia* is shown on a reach, a catboat's beloved and most ecstatic tack. She tows her Iain Oughtred designed dinghy, *Pestow*, which was built at the Carpenter's Boat Shop in Pemaquid, Maine.

Petunia is happy to be at her hull speed of a little over six knots as her bow is starting to submarine a bit and *Pestow*, is getting airborne!

Photo by Martin Gardner, Wood Boat School catboat class instructor.

Catboat Association

www.catboats.org



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IN THIS ISSUE...

Lead Editor: Skip Stanley

- 3 **From the Editor**
- 4 **Now Hear This**
- 5 **Features**
 - Catboat Legends – John Conway
 - Pinkletink* – Eric Peterson
 - Red Squirrel* – Ned Lund
 - Surprise* – Kurt Peterson
 - The Origins of Nantucket's Rainbow Fleet – Michael R. Harrison
 - The Captain: An Interview with Kurt Peterson – Paula Lyons
 - A Cat by Another Name – Butler Smythe
 - The Catboat Kid: Alan's Birthday Party – Jim Grenier
- 26 **Boat Building and Maintenance** – Eric Peterson, Editor
 - Building a Fifteen-Foot Catboat in Vermont – Bob Horne
- 33 **Cruising** – Steve Flesner, Editor
 - Catboat Cruising: Maryland to Massachusetts, Part 1 – Kate Grinberg
 - Merryheart's Delivery – David Davis
 - The Logbook of the Catboat *Petunia*, Exerts From Volume I – Tom, Martha, Stella, Satchel, and Jasper Sieniewicz
 - Down on Dee Bay Hon – Steve Flesner
- 39 **Center Facing**
 - 1932 Barnegat Bay Map – Bill Horrocks
- 56 **Rendezvous and Racing Results**– Steve Flesner, Editor
 - Prospect Bay Race – Butch Miller
 - South River Sail-in Drive-in BBQ – Craig Ligibel
 - Sprite Island Rendezvous – Betsy Varian
 - Wickford Catboat Rendezvous – Ezra Smith & Rex Brewer
 - Corsica River Yacht Club Regatta – Butch Miller
 - Casco Bay Cruise – Anne Bridgman
- 61 **Sailing Techniques and Seamanship** – Brent Putnam, Editor
 - Practice, Practice – Skip Stanley
- 62 **Navigation** – Skip Stanley, Editor
 - About Buoys 2 – Skip Stanley
- 66 **Keeper of the Light** – Jay Webster, Editor
 - Anne and Ben Brewster – Jay Webster
- 67 **Book Reviews** – Ned Hitchcock, Editor
 - A Buzzards Bay Trilogy – Peter Knowlton
- 69 **Short Tacks** – C. Henry Depew, Editor
- 71 **New Members** – Carolyn Pratt
- 72 **Cats for Sale** – Spencer Day
- 78 **CBA Membership Application**
- 79 **CBA Merchandise** – Mary Crain
- 80 **CBA Publications** – Mary Crain

THE CATBOAT ASSOCIATION

The Catboat Association (CBA) is a private, non-profit, recreational and educational organization dedicated to the promotion and preservation of catboats and the traditions associated with sailing them, organized under the laws of the State of Massachusetts.

Membership in the CBA is open to all. Members receive: an annual subscription to the Catboat Association Bulletin, the CBA Yearbook, access to the CBA website, and periodic information about Association events and activities including the Annual Meeting. The single-copy price of each is \$10.00.

Members receive the three issues of the Catboat Association Bulletin published three times a year (spring, fall, winter) and the Catboat Association Directory. See the membership application within. Make check payable to the Catboat Association, Inc. and mail to: 262 Forest Street, Needham MA 02492-1326 or www.catboats.org Printed by Diverse Graphics Services, 15 Hitch Street, Fairhaven MA 02719. Copyright 2019, all rights reserved.

Where To Send... Editorial Copy

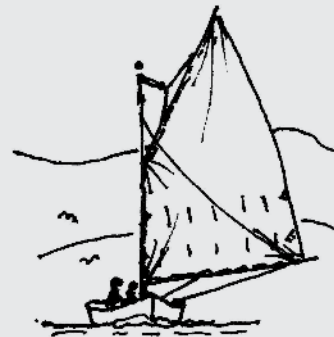
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WHAT TO DO ...

WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS:
Notify Carolyn Pratt at the address above.

From the Editor:

From the Editor

My season was over. I realized it as I drove away from the Hull Yacht Club following the Great Chase Race. Tim Joost and I had just finished this end-of-the-season “fun race” for all classes. It was strange, I thought, normally the sailing season kind of peters out. This year is ended abruptly—more like a team-sport season. In team sports, you know when your season is over—either you make the playoffs or you’re done. Or you lose in the playoffs and you’re done. Or you win it all and it’s done and you put your stuff away till next year.

Now, I’m usually one of the last off the water. I’m the one hanging on till the last minute when most other boats are gone. (Next year I’ll get out early—I promise.) The last few days are often solitary sails, few people wanting to go out when it’s cool, windy, or overcast. Gone are the days of bright sunshine and sunsets. Fall is around the corner and I have to (grudgingly) accept it. And put my stuff away. You know what I mean.

But fear not—in this issue you’ll find lots of stories of our friends to ease the transition from sailor to sand-peep. Kate Grinberg shares the story of her voyage from Maryland to Massachusetts and Dave Davis shares his from Rock Hall, Maryland to Newport, Rhode Island. We continue with three more *Catboat Legends* profiles and Jim Genier continues his *Catboat Kid* series.

And check out the center spread. Bill Horrocks has generously shared a hand-drawn map of Barnegat Bay created by his father in 1932. He’s included a description of its contents which includes the stories behind the many of the pictures.

Ever wonder about the boats in that iconic picture of the Rainbow Fleet in Nantucket? Michael Harrison explains in his feature, *The Origins of Nantucket’s Rainbow Fleet*.

I hope you enjoy...
Skip Stanley
Lead Editor

The Reluctant 1st Mate

How many of you have or had one? You know the story, you grew up with or around boats and one thing led to another and either a boat or the mate joined the family. And the newcomer (the boat or the mate) was unfamiliar with the other. The boat and the “captain” are fine—what about the mate? Not so sure without experience, but game to try, the new mate is willing to give it a shot, with reservations maybe... So, what was it like to be the captain or the mate? What can you tell us? How did you handle the situation? What skills, yours or theirs, did you find made things more comfortable? What worked, what didn’t, and what did you learn along the way? If you’re willing to tell your tales, drop an email to: John Clark at joroelark@comcast.net



Now Hear This:

Amazon purchases now benefit the CBA!

The next time you visit Amazon.com, use that purchase to benefit the Catboat Association. First, type in smile.amazon.com as the URL and you'll be asked to choose the non-profit of your choice as a beneficiary. Next, make your purchase as you normally would and a small percentage of the purchase price will be donated to us!

CBA Website

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

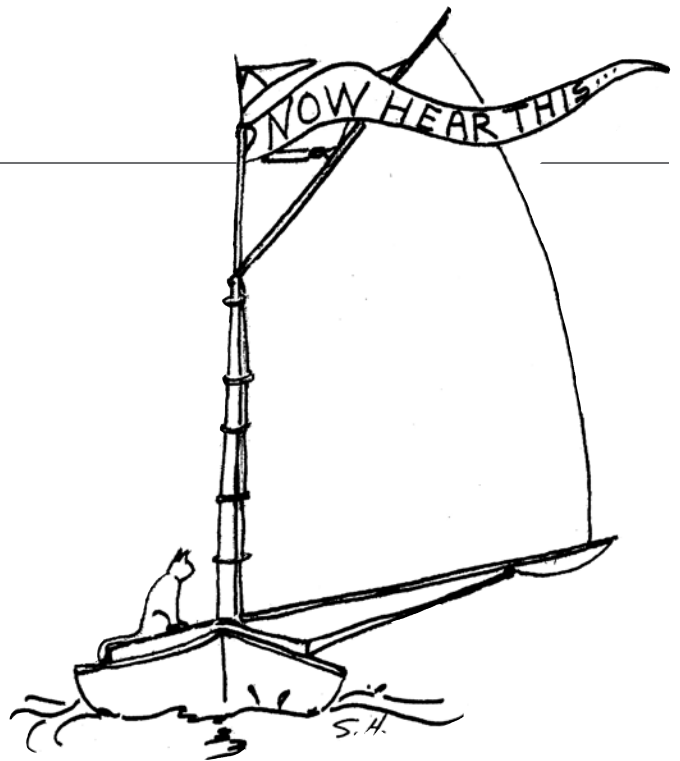
Writing for the Bulletin

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

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

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

Stories for the Winter Bulletin should be submitted by the first of the year 2020.



58th Annual Meeting

Will be held at the
Marriott Mystic Inn and Spa
Groton, Connecticut
Friday - Sunday, January 24th - 26th, 2020
Look for the flyer in your mail.

Change of Address for Membership and Renewal Payments

Please note the new address is:
CBA Membership Secretary
262 Forest Street
Needham, MA 02492-1326

Feedback and Letters to the Editor

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



Catboat Legends – Part 2

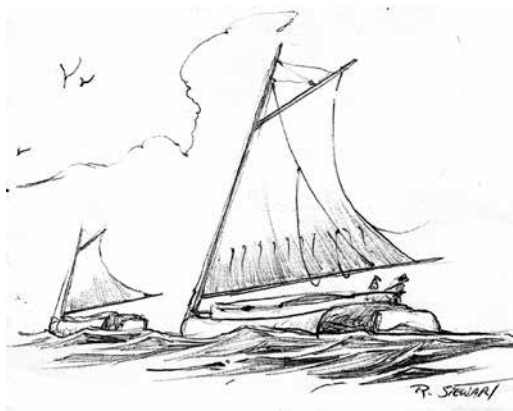
John Conway

When the steering committee was considering subjects for the Annual Meeting luncheon presentation, I floated the idea of taking some video of some of our members' boats from drones. Many of these boats are quite beautiful under sail and I thought we could capture some of that for the entertainment of the members.

What makes a boat "Legendary?" Well, we figured the old boats were obvious selections: *Genevieve*, *Patience*, *Surprise* and *Pinkletink*, but also the newer fiberglass boats which have also become fixtures of the type, the oldest of which are now over 50 years-old, officially qualifying as antiques. We looked for a variety of boats to represent our group: old and new, wood and fiberglass, from the New England and Chesapeake area. In the end we selected:

- *Anna*, a 1964 Marshall Sanderling owned by Dave Morrow
- *Genevieve*, a 1927 Crosby owned by Bob Luckraft
- *Patience*, a 1898 Crosby owned by Bob Jones
- *Pinkletink*, a 1932 Crosby owned by Eric Peterson
- *Red Squirrel*, a 1974 Marshall 22 owned by Ned Lund
- *Shoveller*, a 1975 Fenwick Williams owned by Mike Crawford
- *Surprise*, a 1925 Crosby owned by Kurt Peterson.

We quickly realized there were stories to tell behind each boat. So each member put together a slideshow presentation on his boat. Due to space constraints, only three of the stories appeared on the spring Bulletin: *Anna*, *Genevieve*, and *Patience*. Here are the stories of three more.



Pinkletink

Eric Peterson

Pinkletink was completed by Herbert F. Crosby and Sons in Osterville, Massachusetts, in 1932. She was commissioned as the *Charlotte II* by George I. Rockwood of Worcester, Massachusetts who owned a summer home at Wychmere Harbor on the south side of Cape Cod. When construction began, Herbert F. Crosby was seventy-eight years-old and it had been nearly fifty years since he first hung out a shingle and began building boats. His two sons, Herbert B. Crosby and Andrew (Doc) Crosby were working by his side.



Herbert F. Crosby.

In December of 1931, while building *Pinkletink*, Andrew Crosby suddenly collapsed and died at the age of forty-eight. The work continued, John Leavens wrote, but Andrew's death was a real blow to his father and master builder. In the five years of life that remained to him, he never again undertook to build a boat.

In 1941, still called *Charlotte II*, *Pinkletink* was gifted to the Stone Horse Yacht Club in Harwichport, the same harbor she had always lived in. The Yacht Club used her as a race committee and sailing instruction boat for seven years, then sold her to Watson Small, also of Harwichport, then to Watson's Brother, Avery Small of Fairhaven, MA who changed the name to *Eugenia J. II*. In 1958, Avery Small developed cataracts and decided to sell the *Eugenia J. II*. He placed an ad in the October 1958 edition of *Popular Boating*, offering a "22-foot Cape Cat, 22 HP Palmer, head, sleeps 2, top condition." John Leavens, having recently purchased a summer home on Martha's Vineyard, answered the ad. On October 11th, 1958 she was hauled out on the ways for John's inspection and a bargain was struck on the spot for the now twenty-six year old boat. She was very "yachty," recalls John Leavens in his writing: mahogany trim, mahogany decks, varnished spars, and a \$150 mahogany wheel – the centerpiece of the cockpit.

John Leavens was so taken by his new boat, his entire life would change course. He was obsessed with catboats, their builders, and especially, the people who sailed them. This story is just as much about people as it is about catboats. John Leavens loved to bring people together and he quickly learned that catboat people love to be brought together.



John Leavens (left) and Pinkie with friend.

More than thirty years after his passing, John Leavens' vision has brought together almost 300 of us here today. We are drawn to catboats for a reason, we catboat people possess the same wonderful qualities as our boats, we are simple, and honest, and beamy... John gave his new boat the wonderful, whimsical name of *Pinkletink*, which is the name of the small spring peeper frogs whose symphonies are a harbinger of warmer days to come, and of course it was also similar to his wife's name, Pinkie. John

Leavens wrote of many happy memories of his days aboard *Pinkletink*, like September of 1960 when John invited Henry M. Plummer, Jr. aboard *Pinkletink* in Padanaram. Remember the book, *The Boy, Me, and the Cat?*



Henry M. Plummer, Jr.

Well Henry was the boy from the story that had taken place almost fifty years before. When John asked him about his boating experiences since the famous cruise aboard the *Mascot* from 1911 to 1912, Henry Replied "This is the first time I have set foot on a boat since then." Then, of course, in 1962, John Leavens and *Pinkletink* were part of that historic raft up at Duck Island following the 1962 Marston Trophy Race of the Essex, Connecticut Yacht Club at which the first steps were taken to organize the Catboat Association.

John writes of the same race a year later, in August of 1963, "I can still see, in my mind's eye, *Dolphin*, bowling along in a stiff breeze, neck and neck with me off Saybrook, John Killam Murphy, then eight-eight years-old, handling the wheel of *Dolphin* with the ease of the master he really was."



Bill Sayle racing in Nantucket.

It was Osterville, of all places, on August 4th, 1963, that John and *Pinkletink*, for the very first time, encountered a fiberglass catboat. It was the Marshall Sanderling, *Antidote*, that has so revolutionized catboat sailing since then, John wrote, and it was sailed by Breck Marshall himself. Just two weeks later, I was born. Who know that fifty years later, I would buy *Pinkletink*.

As it will for all of us, the day came when John Leavens, at age eighty, would cross the bar, and after nearly three decades together, it was time for *Pinkletink* to go to a new home. After John Leavens' passing in 1987, *Pinkletink* was owned for a couple of years by Ted Lindberg Sr. This was about the same time that our old shipmate, Ted Lindberg, Jr., was receiving the Broad Axe Award for his incredible work rebuilding the *Lady Jane*, a 28'-6", 1935 Vineyard-built catboat that six years later, in 1993, would become the first Peterson family catboat.

Dawn and I were still in our twenties and having little money, we promised the seller we would pay for the boat later. Renamed the *Molly Rose*, she was fitted out to sleep six (uncomfortably). We cruised *Molly Rose* extensively with our four sons, attending dozens of catboat rendezvous during the thirteen years we owned her.

Our very first exposure to the Catboat Association was at the Edgartown Rendezvous in 1993, it was during that historic weekend that we met for the very first time, Bill and Maureen McKay, Boatner Riley, Ted Lindburgh Jr., Bob Luckraft, John Greene, Oscar Pease, Bill Sayle, and Tim Lund with his band of merry men. The wonderful friendships that we formed with every one of these sailors that weekend were instant and permanent.

This was also the first time that I laid eyes on the legendary catboat, *Pinkletink*, who I had read all about in the many old Catboat Association Bulletins that were included in the sale of the *Molly Rose*. *Pinkletink* was now owned by Bill Sayle, the famous Nantucket basket weaver, who would prove to be as important a steward to *Pinkletink* as John Leavens had been. After Bill Sayle had owned and sailed *Pinkletink* for eight or ten years, it became apparent that at age sixty, the old girl was in need of some serious structural repairs.

It was during a honking Southwester on the trip home from the Padanaram rendezvous around 1996, when *Pinkletink* just couldn't go any further as she was opening up in the rough conditions and forced to stop at Martha's Vineyard rather than continuing on to Nantucket. When Bill Sayle finally got *Pinkletink* back to Nantucket, she was placed in his small shop

on the shore of Nantucket Harbor where she patiently waited while Bill pondered his options.

Anyone who knows Bill Sayle, knows that Bill has a deep respect for history, especially maritime history, and of course *Pinkletink* would not meet her demise under Bill's stewardship. Bill had decided to rebuild *Pinkletink* himself and work began. I can still remember how happy this news made me. She was completely gutted out, reframed and refastened, this time with bronze. She got a new transom, cockpit sole, and deck and cabin top frames. About the only things that were saved were much of the keel and the planking. Four years, tens of thousands of dollars in materials, and 2500 man hours later, *Pinkletink* rolled out of Bill Sayle's shop in 1999 better than new, ready for the next sixty years.



Outside Bill Sayle's shop. Good as new.

In 2000, Bill was given the Broad Axe Award for his complete rebuilding of *Pinkletink*. She was fitted with a new rig, an aluminum mast four feet longer than the original and painted to look like wood, lengthened spars, and a new sail by Squeteague Sailmakers. *Pinkletink* was fitted with her original Merriam wooden blocks and an antique Gray Marine engine. Bill Sayle and *Pinkletink* were sailing again and made many trips from Nantucket to the Vineyard, Cape Cod, and Buzzards Bay in the years that followed.

Around 2007, I became President of the Catboat Association and each year at the Edgartown Rendezvous, Pinkie Leavens would pull me aside for a talk about what was going on...Pinkie at age 98, 99, and 100 the last time we met, had failing vision, but she was sharp as a tack and had lots of questions. She wanted to be sure the values of the Catboat Association were still intact. Pinkie wanted to know about projects we were working on, new Steering Committee members, and news about new catboats

being built and old catboats being rebuilt. She would always ask me about *Pinkletink*, the boat that had been such an important part of her family for so many years. During these conversations neither Pinkie nor I had any idea that one day that I would become *Pinkletink's* eighth owner.

After 25 years, Bill Sayle decided it was time for *Pinkletink* to have a new home and she was put up for sale at a very reasonable price, especially considering all the work that had been done. Surprisingly, she sat on the market for some time until a gentleman finally made a deal with Bill to buy the boat and move her to New Jersey. As the day of the sale approached, Bill Sayle could not bear to see *Pinkletink* leave the Cape and the Islands, where she had lived her entire life, and the deal was cancelled.

I was not thinking about buying another wooden catboat. Bill McKay would give me a nudge once in a while, and so would Bill Sayle. I was thrilled to hear that Dave and Sandy Hall's *Rachel* had been completely rebuilt in Maine, and the same for Paul and Molly Birdsall's *Molly B*.

Then one day I read an article in *Woodenboat Magazine* about the work that had been done on *Conjurer* at Arey's Pond Boat Yard on the Cape. The article was very well written by Skye Davis, Tony Davis's daughter. I was inspired. My life-long love of wooden boats had been reawakened and I couldn't control myself. All of the sudden, I panicked and *had* to have *Pinkletink*. I called Bill Sayle that day and told him I would pay his asking price before I even went to see her. Bill said he would have given it to me for a little less, so a Nantucket basket was worked into the deal for Dawn.

I got right to work that winter on some improvements of my own. I gave the old Gray Marine engine to a museum where it belonged and installed a new three cylinder Yanmar diesel engine with a three bladed propeller and new fuel tank. I installed a complete head and holding tank system in very tight quarters. I built her a custom trailer, replaced the tiller, reconfigured the bow hardware to accommodate a bronze anchor roller, built a new centerboard, installed running lights, new cockpit cushions and a new water heater. I also added a dodger that Bill Sayle was not too happy about (and he let me know it).

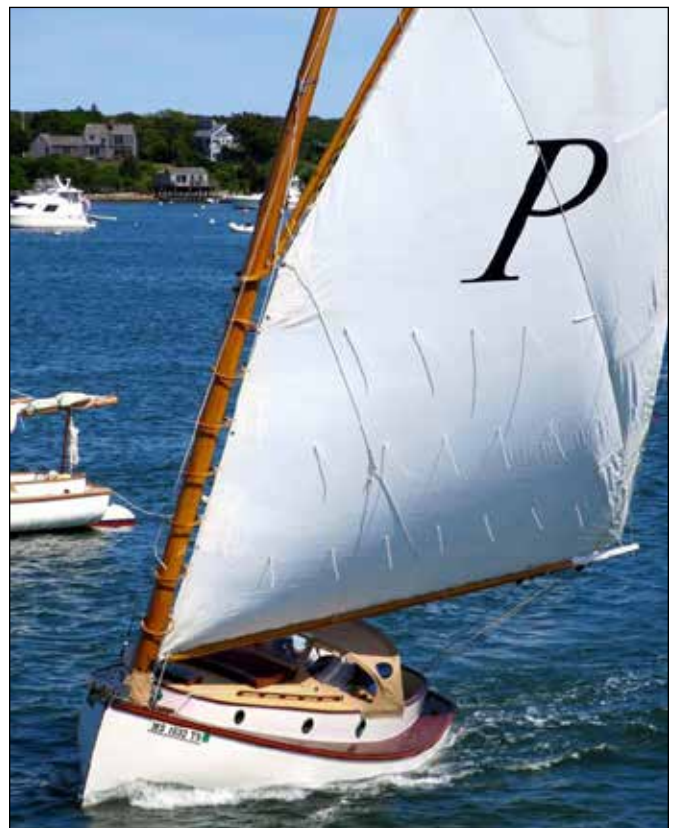
During our first winter together, I found myself calling her *Pinkie* more often than *Pinkletink*. I'm happy to report that at age 87, *Pinkletink* is going strong, she's as beautiful and seaworthy as ever...

45 years ago, John Leavens concluded his writing entitled: 'I am *Pinkletink*' with this...



The Peterson's boathouse.

"Well, we all have our memories, but what can I say about all the wonderful people who have sailed aboard me or have visited me from other boats? And what can I say about all the beautiful boats that have snuggled up to me in informal rafts? And what can I say about blue skies, flung spray, sparkling waters and heavy seas, lightning stabbing the night, and the rumble of thunder by day? And how can I describe the shudder that runs down my keel when driven hard? I can't really. All I can say is life has been beautiful for me, and I hope it always will be."



Edgartown, June 2018, photo taken from the Vose Family Boathouse.

Red Squirrel

Ned Lund

In 1934, when Zoe, my oldest sister was seven, my parents purchased, for \$250, a new (white painted) Beetle Cat to sail on Buzzards Bay. Mother could see the water from the Padanaram Bridge to the middle of Nashawena Island from the summer house porch. She couldn't tell one white Beetle from another among the hundred or so in her view. How to distinguish one from another?

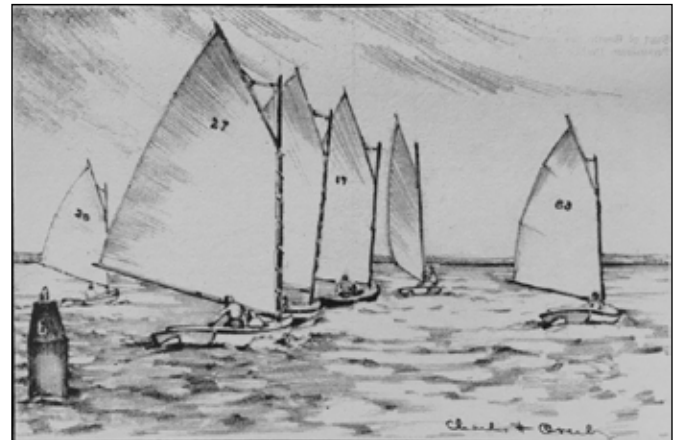


Ned (with crew) racing Beetle Cat (1951)

The following winter, red squirrels invaded the summer-house and chewed the window muntins. Their tooth marks are still evident today when we look out onto the Bay. How better to get revenge and bestow dastardly infamy on those varmints than to name our boat *Red Squirrel* after them as an excuse to paint it the distinguished color.



Isle of Wight road sign.



Postcard - Beetles racing off Padanaram-1950.

The first *Red Squirrel*, #17 on the postcard above, with laced-on patched sails, and always leaking, met its end in hurricane Carol in 1954, landing broken in our yard.



Beetle Cat Red Squirrel's broken hull & torn sail in our yard 1954.



I looked at the hull for a couple of years hoping for a restoration inspiration, bought a replacement transom, then gave up. I saved and painted the original transom and hung it on the wall. The rest went to the dump. That was long before The Newport Yacht Restoration facility was established where now such boating tragedies are donated to be renovated by first-year students.

There were a few more opportunities to sail: single sail craft including MIT 12 ½' TECH dinghies on the Charles River, Gannet sloop-rigged dinghies from the Yale Faculty Yacht Club, a plus/minus 12-foot Nootka Sailor in Seattle, and a 15-foot Finn in Hampton Roads, VA. However, none of these was named *Red Squirrel*.

Finally, we settled in Padanaram in 1968 and in the late summer of 1969 we commissioned a Marshall Marine 18 named *Red Squirrel*. It was launched just in time to catch some glorious fall sailing.



Red Squirrel in 1971. (Photo by Norman Fortier)

She was hauled out in mid-November. Shortly thereafter, the skipper was hauled into bed with pneumonia. That was my last season of cold weather sailing.

From 1970 to 1973 all five of the Lund family cruised in that boat; the 18 was getting very crowded below.

Occasional races followed: one in the Miscellaneous Class at the New Bedford Yacht Club Regatta where, much to our surprise, our handicap won, despite not being able to see most of the boats in or class miles ahead of us. We sold the 18 to an unsuspecting neighbor with small kids. I think he promptly got rid of it after a year to a buyer in the northeast corner of Portsmouth, Rhode Island. For several years we spied the distinctive red hull at anchor there in The Cove as we approached the Tiverton Bridge.

We gave in to the cramped quarters and ordered a 22-foot red catboat in 1973. She was launched in May, 1974, and remains sailing with us 45 years later.



Judy and Ned sailing in 1974, with your current president (center).

For about ten years we cruised ranging from Provincetown to Duxbury/Plymouth and all the harbors on the north and south sides of the Cape Cod, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and Long Island, meeting welcoming catboaters on all points of the compass. We found and chartered ice cream and comic book vendors at all ports of call. We have run aground in all of the most posh harbors. We have endured a broken mast, engine and rigging failures, an exploding holding tank, backing up to grind up the dinghy winding its pennant on the prop. Our biggest regret putting up with spray and rain for twenty years before ordering a dodger.

Our racing career has been fun even when becalmed and sailing backwards. The results have been mixed: often at the front and occasionally dead

last. I watched that race through a telescope on the aforementioned porch at the summer-house.

We hosted some Buzzards Bay catboat rendezvous/regattas in the early 1970's. They usually started in Cuttyhunk and ended in Hadley Harbor or Padanaram. There were always great parties on Cuttyhunk, co-hosted by the Garfields, and in Padanaram by the Pinneys, Marshalls, and Smiths. My worst nightmare occurred watching the catboat fleet becalmed in the shipping lane with (understandably) outraged the tanker skippers bearing down on our carefully prepared downwind race course from Cuttyhunk to Padanaram. Thankfully, no collisions occurred. No motors were used, but I bet a few were started. Not a single catboater's dignity was compromised.

Our last cruises were to Mystic, Connecticut for the 50th and 60th splendid anniversary celebrations. Now the next generations sail *Red Squirrel* as well.



The first Mystic Rendezvous, 1990.

Although *Red Squirrel* is a stock catboat out of Marshall's molds and plans as of 1973, the following distinctions stand out to me:

Loyal crews over the past fifty years. They (almost) always seem to forgive skippers' blunders.

Family and friends – all willing to enjoy getting wet in cramped spaces.

Multitudes of skippers' mishaps to learn from (and often repeat).

The friendship and forbearance of catboaters from far and wide.

And, of course, *Redness!*

We await the 2019 sailing season, we haven't quite swallowed the anchor yet.



Tim at the helm.



Red Squirrel and *Genevieve*. Tim at the helm and his daughter Megan on the sail.



Surprise

Kurt Peterson

The story of *Surprise* takes us back to the year 1920, when Wilton Crosby designed and built a 25-foot catboat that was about as strong, seaworthy, fast and sleek as they came. She was called *Elizabeth* and by 1952 found herself in the loving ownership of Adrian Offinger of Wilton, Connecticut. Mr. Offinger sailed *Elizabeth* with his wife Mary and their three children and enjoyed cruising the waters around Westport, Connecticut for many years. He fondly recalls the boat as having remarkable performance in heavy weather and as a racer, which is not hard to believe considering that this 25-footer had 600 square feet of sail requiring a 20-foot long gaff, a 30-foot boom and a 34-foot mast.

By the year 1970, *Elizabeth* was fifty years-old and was in need of a total restoration. After carefully surveying the condition of the boat that perpetuated so many great memories for his family, Adrian Offinger decided that building a replica of *Elizabeth* would be easier than restoring her. At his request, Wilton Crosby presented a sheet of the original drawings from 1920, and designer Edson Schock added a few construction drawings. The Newbert and Wallace yard in Thomaston, Maine would build a near perfect replica of *Elizabeth*. She was heavily constructed of oak frames, cypress planks, and bronze fasteners. The new *Elizabeth* would be named *Cathy Ann*, after Adrian Offinger's only daughter.

Mr. Offinger found his new boat to be a faithful rendition of *Elizabeth* but without her serious problems. When his kids were grown and his attentions gradually turned inland to his farm, Adrian Offinger

decided that it was time for *Cathy Ann* to benefit from the new energy and care that only a new boat owner can provide. The new owner was our late friend Jon Agne, who named the boat *Surprise*.

Jon was a patriot and a veteran of the United States Navy. He later became a pilot for Delta Airlines. One of Jon's copilots recalled Jon one time taking an extra low and wide turn to the east as they came into LaGuardia International Airport. As they soared over Middle Bay on the South side of Long Island, Jon pointed down to a catboat anchored in the middle of the harbor. "There she is" he exclaimed. "The catboat *Surprise!*"

It's safe to say that Jon was a very proud owner of *Surprise*. There is a unique sense of pride that comes with owning a wooden boat. I think it comes from knowing that you are the sole caretaker of something that is the only one in the world. Having the only one of anything is becoming increasingly rare in a society where nearly everything is mass-produced. When you own a wooden boat, and it's the only one like it in the world, you know that without your constant care and attention, that boat could deteriorate or rot away, and would be gone forever. Jon Agne must have understood this, because his care and restoration of *Surprise* was extensive to say the least.

Under Jon's ownership, *Surprise* received a new centerboard trunk, new foredeck, and new mast partners, cabin house sides, coamings, hatches, cockpit seats, and cockpit floor. The entire hull was stripped bare, refastened, refaired, and red-lead.



Jon Agne.



Jon Agne sailing *Surprise*.

Beyond his incredible restoration and ownership of *Surprise*, Jon was truly a fantastic human being. He devoted much of his life to helping people where he could and to saving animals who were abandoned and homeless. In 2017, Jon was chosen to receive the John Killam Murphy award for his service to the Catboat Association and for the preservation of the traditions of sailing and maintaining wooden catboats.

One of Jon's dreams was to sail *Surprise* to Cape Cod and participate in some of the rendezvous that many of us know and love. Jon sailed *Surprise* from Brunswick, Maine to Mystic for the 50th Anniversary of the Catboat Association, stopping at Martha's Vineyard, Padanaram, and Squeteague along the way. He won the Squeteague race that year, leaving most of the fleet (including many fiberglass cats) in his wake. Sadly, in 2017, Jon passed away after a courageous battle with cancer. His memory lives on through many of us and he will not soon be forgotten.

My story with *Surprise* is one that started in a very unexpected way. Some of you may know about *Tigress*, with her hand-painted American flag sail. She is currently a charter catboat in Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard. One day in early August last summer, I was sailing *Tigress* with guests when I heard a loud crack. I gave the wheel to my first mate and walked to the bow to see what was wrong. New stress cracks had appeared on the mast just above the deck. I knew this was a sign that it was time to replace her mast, so I canceled the sails for the following week

and began sourcing a new mast for *Tigress*. I then remembered *Surprise*, which had been transported to the Beetle Boat Shop in Wareham, Massachusetts, and was waiting there for a new owner. I had only seen photos of *Surprise*. She was beautiful and that sail was huge! I measured the mast and it was 34 feet—exactly the same as *Tigress's* mast. So I purchased *Surprise* and my father Eric, my brother Ryan, and I worked tirelessly to fit *Surprise's* rig onto *Tigress* so I could finish the season in Edgartown.

After that, Ryan, under the supervision of my father, worked on *Surprise* for a month. Together they sanded and repainted or revarnished every part of the exterior and also built a new rudder from laminated sheets of plywood. He also upgraded the propeller to an 18-inch three blade to ensure that she would be as reliable and fast under power as well as under sail.



Ryan worked extremely hard to get *Surprise* back into tip top shape. Since he had just been on the latest season of ABC's "The Bachelorette" he was in between jobs and trying to decide on his best life path. Ryan decided that he wanted to sail *Surprise*, with *Tigress's* American flag sail, around the Statue of Liberty on Veteran's Day as a tribute to the Veterans of our great country.



Dad, Ryan, and me.



Tigress.

It was a bold undertaking, and after a ten-day freezing-cold sail from Cape Cod to New York City, he accomplished this ambitious goal. It was an incredible undertaking and I couldn't be more proud of him. I like to think that Jon Agne, a veteran himself, was there with Ryan that day just overflowing with pride as *Surprise* and New York City were reunited in a glorious and momentous way. It's been an amazing journey. We're not exactly sure where the story of *Surprise* will go from here. I guess it's safe to say it will be a surprise!



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The Origins of Nantucket's Rainbow Fleet

Michael R. Harrison

Every August, as part of Nantucket Race Week, the little catboats of the island's beloved Rainbow Fleet raise their colorful sails and parade around the entrance to the harbor at Brant Point, weather permitting. This island tradition dates to the 1920s, and grew out of efforts by the leaders of the Nantucket Yacht Club to find a suitable boat for children and teenagers to learn to sail in.

Originally, a catboat was any boat with a "cat rig," that is, a single mast well forward supporting a single gaff-headed sail. Over time, this rig became associated with beamy, shoal-bottomed centerboard boats designed to operate in the windy, choppy, and shallow waters of such places as Lower New York Bay, Massachusetts Bay, and Nantucket Sound. The catboat is, historically, the quintessential Nantucket boat after the whaleboat. Although by no means exclusive to the island, the catboat was the dominant sailboat in the local fishing fleet and the predominant party boat for summer visitors from the 1860s to the 1920s. Enormous catboats up to 40 feet long developed, able to profitably fish in Nantucket Sound or carry dozens of passengers on pleasure trips around the harbor. Smaller catboats designed for racing developed from these large workboats, particularly in the first quarter of the twentieth century. Many other boat types have sailed at Nantucket, but the catboat alone represents island's dual roles as a place of hard work and carefree play.

Nantucket has been a summer holiday destination for more than 150 years. Pleasure boating was well established as a feature of the island's summer scene long before the Nantucket Yacht Club was founded in 1906. The club immediately organized races where its members pitted their catboats, knockabouts, and other recreational craft against each other. Because different boats have different performance characteristics, a system of handicapping was used for certain races to make the competition fairer, and boats of similar rigs or designs were raced only against each other. Before long, the yacht club, like many other clubs across the country, sought to encourage members to invest in boats all built to the same design to make racing fairer and eliminate the need for handicapping.

The first step in this direction on Nantucket came in 1910, when a committee at the Yacht Club

commissioned 25-year-old B. Karl Sharp (1884–1962) to design a 13-foot catboat for members' use as a "one-design" racing boat. Sharp was a lifelong island summer resident and a son of Dr. Benjamin Sharp (1858–1915), a gifted zoologist and sailor who contributed extensively to the cultural life of Nantucket. The elder Sharp instilled in his two sons a deep love of sailing, which led Karl to both a lifetime of yachting and to the study of naval architecture at MIT, from which he graduated in 1907. He and E. A. Sharp founded the firm of Edwards and Sharp, Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, soon after graduating from university.

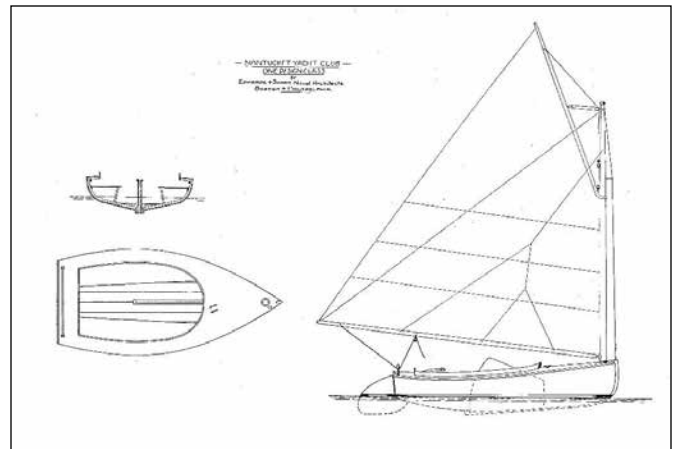


The Sharp family and their guests in the family catboat, ca. 1892. Dr. Benjamin Sharp is at the tiller; young B. Karl Sharp hoists the sail. (Nantucket Historical Association Collection)

Sharp's one-design catboat for the Nantucket Yacht Club was intended to be a small and affordable boat for racing. Thirteen feet long overall and 6-feet, 2-inches in beam, the design carried a 20-foot mast and 16-foot, 8-inch boom to support a 175-square-foot sail. Six members stepped forward to order copies, which the M. J. Casey Co. of New Bedford, Massachusetts, delivered to Nantucket in July 1910. The boats

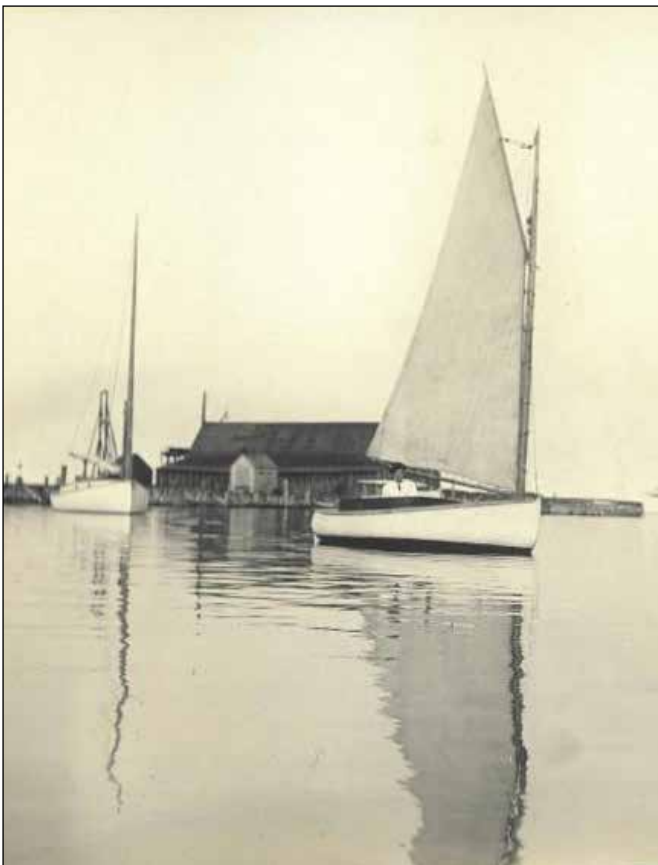
cost \$150 each, plus \$10 for Sharp's plans and his "supervision of the builders." The original owners were James Cunningham Bishop, F. A. Dillingham, Sidney Este, Alfred Gardiner, Lila Hedges, and Mrs. Henry O. (Jenny) Underwood.

A review of Sharp's one-design catboat was published in the yachting magazine *The Rudder* in May 1916. It declared the boats "very successful," explaining that the "boat . . . is just the thing for a club that wants a wholesome and inexpensive one-design class, or for the individual who wants a good type of small boat for the youngsters to learn in." Indeed, summer yacht-club racing reports published in the *Inquirer and Mirror* highlight these boats being raced by children. Teenager Louisa Dillingham raced her family's boat *Hobo* many times in 1911 and 1912. Twelve-year-old Muriel Bishop raced the *Merry Widow* with her 18-year-old sister, Augusta, as crew, although they were frequently defeated by 12-year-old Linda Wallace in the *Kewpie*. The boats were also popular with women sailors, with race reports frequently mentioning Lila Hedges in the *Vim*, Jenny Underwood in *Tinker*, and Eliza Codd in *Pronto*.



Karl Sharp's design for a 13-foot one-design catboat, 1910. (Nantucket Historical Association Collection)

It appears that no more of these boats were built beyond the initial six; it is not clear why they did not form a lasting one-design solution for the Nantucket Yacht Club. But they did demonstrate the utility of a small catboat for youngsters to sail. Helen Wilson Sherman, who learned to sail at the club in the 1920s, recalled in a 2002 interview that "there were a lot of children floating around the yacht club," the result of a summer culture where women and children come to the island full time and needed activities, while many husbands remained at home to work and visited for more limited periods of time. Sherman also recalled that many of the boats that club members sailed were too big for children to handle. In 1921, the club made a second attempt to create a one-design fleet of small catboats, this time expressly for young sailors to learn in and race. Vice Commodore Clarence Gennett led the effort, reportedly at the behest of Commodore Henry Lang. Gennett commissioned a design for a 16-foot catboat from W. D. Allen, president of the Port Jefferson Marine Railway Corporation of Port Jefferson, Long Island. Allen was a descendent of Nantucket and New Bedford whaling captains as well as a graduate of MIT. The design his firm developed for the club envisioned boats 16-feet long and 7-foot, 9-inch in beam, with 18-foot, 2-inch masts and 20-foot, 3-inch booms. The sail area was to be 230 square feet. The design was accepted by the club's officers in November 1921, and seven members stepped forward to commission boats based on it. These were constructed at Port Jefferson in the spring of 1922 and delivered to the island in time for the summer racing season. The first seven boats were the *Blue Devil*, for Henry Lang; *Flapper*, for Clarence Gennett; *G.W.G.*,



Architect Eliza Codd sailing her Karl Sharp-designed 13-foot one-design catboat. (Nantucket Historical Association Collection)

for B. F. W. Russell: *Luan*, for Ann Donald; *Margie*, for Leeds Mitchell; *Moby Dick*, for Everett Crosby; and *Nancy*, for Henry Shaw.

It was Gennett's idea that the boats wear sails of different colors to distinguish them, and the lively effect this created immediately led to the name "rainbow fleet." The first seven boats had sail colors blue, light yellow, green, tan, red, deep yellow, and old rose.

The club hoped to create a fleet of at least sixteen boats. To do this, more members needed to buy into the idea and purchase boats. Gennett lined up a commitment from Ray S. Deering at the Nantucket Boat Works to building four or more by summer 1923 for a cost of \$475 each. To press the scheme, Gennett, who was a recording company executive from Indiana, sent a phonograph record to all the members of the yacht club in January 1923 encouraging the purchase of more Rainbows. On the recording, Gennett sent greetings and extolled the project:

The "rainbow fleet" should sail this summer sixteen strong... We ask you as a member of the Nantucket Yacht Club to help us make the racing at the club a feature of the summer at Nantucket. This appeal to our members... to buy a boat is made in the spirit of Nantucket and each member is requested to join our fleet with the "rainbow" sails and race with us on the afternoons of Independence Day, Labor Day, and each Saturday during the season.

Do it now! . . . Ask the owner of a "rainbow" boat how they sail and if they are not safe for children and grown-ups. They are loads of fun, fresh air, and salt water. Join us now. Do not put it off. Act today.

Gennett's special appeal was only mildly successful, resulting in orders for just three additional boats. These became the *Dede*, for H. W. Davis; *Surge*, for Joseph Metcalf; and *Wolverine*, for A. E. Smith; with sail colors of orange, light blue, and coffee brown, respectively.

The Rainbow Fleet raced each other many times during the summer of 1923 and attracted frequent comment in the local newspaper. "The usual race of the 'rainbow fleet' was a picturesque as ever," the "Yacht Club Notes" columnist reported in early August, "the varied colored sails making a most beautiful picture. The fleet, ten in all, jockeyed at the starting line The winner was the *Surge*." The next month, the "Water Front" columnist wrote, "The Yacht Club's 'rainbow fleet' with their many-colored sails made a pretty picture in the race on Labor Day Many persons gathered on the wharves and on the point to watch the progress of the race."

Despite the popular visual interest the fleet immediately created, the ten original Rainbow catboats proved to have sailing and maintenance difficulties. The Rainbows were strong boats for sailing close to the wind, but they proved to be deficient running before the wind, where careful handling was needed to prevent the bows from diving in even mild following seas. Their weather helm was very hard, difficult for a strong adult to handle and largely impossible for children. There were also construction deficiencies with the steam-bent ribs and the planking, requiring close maintenance attention at the start of each season.

After a few years of lackluster performance, it became clear to the yacht club's leadership and the boats' owners that the 16-foot Rainbows were not fulfilling their intended purpose. To solve this inadequacy, Captain Charles S. Collins in 1927 ordered a flight of smaller and lighter 12-foot catboats from the Beetle Company of New Bedford. These were so-called "Beetle Cats," a design developed by the Beetle shop in 1921 that was already popular all along the southern coast of New England and was demonstrably easy for children to handle.

During the 1927 season, the older Rainbows continued to race, while the new "Little Rainbows" formed a class of their own sailed entirely by children. A racing report from July 1927 notes, "The Little Rainbow Fleet has proved itself a fine class and every one is proud and happy. Master Cutler won on Wednesday, sailing a fine race and the whole fleet congratulates him. Miss Smith had hard luck with her tiller. Miss Gennett and her brother made a gallant fight but succeeded in coming in second. Miss Helen Wilson won an easy third and hasn't got over the thrill yet. The poor old Rear-Commodore hit a shoal and never came in at all."

Both classes continued in 1928, but the end was in sight for the original Rainbows. "In the R Class, the old rainbow class," the newspaper reported in early July 1928, "only one boat went over the course, which was the *Flapper*, sailed by Clarence Gennett." In the N or Little Rainbow Class, multiple boats enthusiastically raced. By 1929, there were at least twenty-three Little Rainbows racing for the club, while there were no longer enough old Rainbows to race in their own separate class. By 1931, most of the old Rainbows had been sold off and the Rainbow Fleet, now made up entirely of 12-foot Beetle Cats, numbered sixty strong.

Helen Wilson Sherman, one of the first Little Rainbow sailors in 1927 and the second commodore of the Little Rainbow Association, remembered that it was her uncle, the playwright Austin Strong, who introduced the Beetle Cat to the Nantucket Yacht Club. In later years, Strong himself took credit for starting the Rainbow Fleet, which is an exaggeration. But it is not an exaggeration that he took a special interest in youth education and sail training during his two years as club commodore (1930-31). The Rainbow Fleet flourished under his leadership and that of yachtsman William W. Swan, the well known racer Strong brought to Nantucket in 1930 to teach the club's youngsters. It was Swan in 1930 who instituted the rule that only juniors under seventeen years of age could race in the Little Rainbow Class.

It took only a few years for the colored sails of the Rainbows, both big and little, to become part of the image of Nantucket. "See Gardiner's pictures of the Rainbow Fleet," newspaper ads suggested in 1929, referring to souvenir photographs and postcards

that photographer H. Marshall Gardiner produced for sale to island visitors. His iconic view of the Rainbow Fleet outward bound around Brant Point is one of the defining images of the island in the twentieth century.

"The [yacht club] Racing Committee has a very warm feeling for the Little Rainbow Class," the newspaper declared in 1930. "They consider that it is the most important class in the fleet, for it not only brought fame to the Club, but has a reputation on account of turning out so many fine young sportsmen and sportswomen."

Michael R. Harrison is the Obed Macy Director of Research and Collections at the Nantucket Historical Association, where he previously served as chief curator. He has held curatorial positions at the National Building Museum, the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History, and the Glasgow Museum of Transport. He is the author of nearly seventy historical reports on maritime, architectural, and engineering topics for U.S. National Park Service's Heritage Documentation Programs.



"The Rainbow Fleet, outward bound, Nantucket, Mass." Postcard by H. Marshall Gardiner, from a photograph taken in 1929. For this staged photo, which Helen Sherman recalled many years later was planned by Austin Strong, the boats were towed around the point by the Nantucket Yacht Club's motor launch. Note the dead calm water. (Nantucket Historical Association Collection)



The Captain: An Interview with Kurt Peterson

Paula Lyons, Vineyard Gazette



Kurt Peterson has turned a love of sailing into a business.

— Jeanna Shepard

Kurt Peterson grew up in the small town of Carver, Mass. But it was summers at his grandmother's house in Cotuit on Cape Cod that introduced him to a lifelong passion: sailing.

Kurt's father would arrive on weekends and take Kurt and his brothers out on his catboat to explore Cotuit Bay and waters beyond. Sometimes the family would sail over to Martha's Vineyard, and Kurt remembers falling in love with the island immediately. But it took him years to realize that he could actually build a business around sailing that just might allow him to put down roots here.



Tigress, a 29-foot catboat, has a new custom-made Stars and Stripes sail this year.

—Tim Johnson

He is now a charter captain, sailing his antique catboat *Tigress* out of Edgartown Harbor four-and-a-half months each year. He is a sailmaker during the offseason. And you probably already know his boat. It's the one with the Stars and Stripes on its sail!

Q. I know you've sailed since you were a kid. But how did you learn it could be a business?

A. I took a year off after college and sailed my own boat down the coast, all the way to the Florida Keys. Down there, I crewed on a 48-foot schooner. That's what opened my eyes to charter sailing as a career opportunity. Growing up in Carver, I was never exposed to something like that, so I didn't know it was a possibility.

Q. I was surprised to learn you could sail to the Island from the Cape in a catboat.

A. Oh you'd be surprised how seaworthy they are. They were made for fishing these waters. Many times men would take them 20 miles offshore to go swordfishing. The old swordfishing catboats would have a very long bowsprit. One person would be aft at the helm and another would be forward, out on the bowsprit with a harpoon ready to spear a swordfish. The wide beam makes a catboat nice and stable in the water. And the boat was also designed with a shallow draft so that it could get around easily in waters that have a lot of shoals and sandbars. Another defining characteristic is the single, large mainsail, with just one mast stepped all the way forward in the boat. And that's also for simplicity and ease of handling.

Q. Why did you decide to launch your business on Martha's Vineyard?

A. I sailed here for the first time with my dad when I was about four years old. I just totally fell in love with the Island. I could always see myself living here. But it didn't become a real possibility until 2015 after I bought my first catboat. It was called *Nantucket*. I met harbormaster Charlie Blair down on Memorial Wharf and told him about my idea to do charter sails –after I got my captain's license, of course – and he was very supportive. I really owe a lot to him.



Kurt hopes to get more locals out on Edgartown Harbor this summer. —Maria Thibodeau

Q. When did *Tigress* enter your life?

A. *Tigress* entered my life in 2016, after a successful season with my first boat. I found it for sale online, and it was way out of my price range. But I called anyway, because it looked like it would be the perfect boat for what I planned to do with it. The owner actually ended up financing the boat for me after several meetings. Obviously I shared a lot of enthusiasm for his boat and it was very sentimental for him too. He wanted to make sure it was in good hands.

Q. So what was so special about this boat as opposed to your first boat?

A. It's bigger and better in most every way. First of all, it's wooden, where the *Nantucket* was fiberglass. It's also a real antique. *Tigress* was built in 1927 by Charles Anderson in Wareham, Mass., right next to the town where I grew up. In all of New England, *Tigress* is the biggest catboat. She weighs about 22,000 pounds, she's 29 feet long and is just a real relic of a boat.

Q. Why the American flag sail?

A. In the late 1800s there was actually a boat that sailed these waters that had a very similar sail. It was right after the Civil War and it was a symbol of reunification. I think it's appropriate now during these divisive times. I just thought it was a very beautiful thing. I saw photos of that boat when I was very young, and I was surprised that no one had tried to replicate it. This past winter, we made a brand new sail for *Tigress*. It still has the flag, but the difference is that the old one was painted. This one is actually stitched together with red, white and blue Dacron. I think it will be more beautiful than the previous one.

Q. Sailing for pleasure or adventure is one thing. But deriving your living from it seems very different. Is it?

A. I would say yes, and no. What I do in the summertime is sort of what I've been doing for fun my whole life: taking folks out on the boat and showing them a great time. And when people who have never sailed come aboard, I love seeing their reaction when the motor goes off and we're just under wind power and it's so quiet. But what's different is I do so much sailing in-season, that when I have a day off, I don't go sailing at all.

Q. Anything missing from your business so far?

A. I'd love to get more locals out on the boat. Right now we take out about 10 to 15 percent locals, and 85 to 90 percent are tourists. I really love meeting people who live here, and if you want to see the Island in a different way, try something that you've never done before, come out for a sail with us.

Q. And what about Martha's Vineyard? Permanent home or temporary?

A. I hope it's permanent. I don't take anything for granted. I just hope the town continues to embrace *Tigress* and Catboat Charters. I just love every minute of being here.

Paula Lyons is a former ABC and CBS television consumer journalist. She lives in Vineyard Haven.

This article appeared in the Monday, May 20, 2019 Vineyard Gazette. Used by permission.



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A Cat by Another Name

Butler Smythe

Editor's Note: This is a repeat of an article which appeared in Bulletin No. 175 but this time with the photos.

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

The first package that arrived from the CBA contained not one but three Bulletins. The one that stood out to me—and still does—showed me how small the world is we live in. The winter 2000 issue (19 Years ago!) had a beautiful old catboat with the strangest hull shape at 27 feet overall and a 19 foot waterline. The only overhang was what should have been in the water on a conventional cat. It got me going.

As I read through the pages and the enamoring photos, I came to a story about a boat relaunch. It didn't hit me until I started reading the next story, and I was struck by the name of the original owner—George I. Rockwood. I knew him and had flown with him in the Navy, yet it was not the George I knew. The boat was built in 1932 and they didn't have jets then....

I kept reading and quickly sent an email to George. He was that "George" but two generations later, the original owner being his grandfather, and yes—I'd seen the boat before he reminded me—the hull over the fireplace at his home on Whidbey Island, WA. So when I looked back to see what I could add to the Winter Bulletin, I thought of that first issue.

She's moved to Wisconsin and in the hands of his brother though she's still well cared for and in a protective case to protect all her years—I had to check again.

This time there are photos and this is *Charlotte II*—known today as *Pinkletink*.



Charlotte II in miniature with her owner George I. Rockwood.



Charlotte II - same profile.



Charlotte II - the bow.



Charlotte II - the cockpit.



Charlotte II - starboard bow.



The Catboat Kid

Jim Grenier

Alan's Birthday Party

Alan Falconi's eleventh birthday party at his folk's marina sure will be remembered by anyone who attended: it wasn't the sparklers or firecrackers we lit from the blowtorch (Alan's Dad was a lot of fun, but, in my current adult opinion, perhaps a bit "off.") It wasn't the cake and ice cream or the games we played either. It was the sportfisherman that crashed, wiping out two floats and sinking two boats.

What a noise! What a sight!

Just about 4:15 p.m., as Alan's party was winding down, the *Early Times*' steering cable jumped a pulley and the captain, trying to fix it, neglected to take his boat out of gear and it plowed right into a Falcon Marina float. A 14-foot skiff, previously resting quietly upside-down on the float, slid over the edge and immediately swamped. The big boat's prop churned away and finally the metal pins holding the attached float bent and snapped twisting the second float with a screech, splintering the wood decking. The uncontrolled *Early Times* swung and jammed its bow over the end of the second float where it continued to inch ahead while the captain remained sprawled on his aft deck. Foam boiled around the stern. That second wooden float peaked and folded in the middle, rising up and up as the boat churned the water. Deck planks twisted off and broke. The end of the float plunged under the bow of the big boat and *Tweety*, the bright yellow Beetle Cat tied there, slid sideways, its mast arcing across the sky, sinking nose-first, filling with swirling water.

The *Early Times* captain got to his feet and scrambled to the controls and pulled the engine out of gear. Finally, with the engine cut, the damage was completed. Within ten minutes Guy, the boatyard foreman, and his yard crew had both busted floats secured with lines to the shore and the *Early Times* stabilized with lines to the seawall and to a mooring fifty feet out. Three police cars, an ambulance, and a fire engine came screaming into the marina's gravel lot with sirens blasting and lights spinning.

What a great birthday party!

Everyone crowded down at the edge of the parking lot but Alan and I climbed down the seawall

to the tideline, as it was almost dead low tide. Alan's dad told us kids to get back with the others, but Guy waved Alan and me to head down onto one of the untouched floats. A fireman in his big boots and thick black slicker fastened on us the two life jackets that had hung on a post nearby. Guy tugged the sunken *Tweety* over to us. We hung over the edge of the float and scooped out water with a bucket and a coffee can. As soon as we dared, off came our shoes; we rolled up our pants, hopped into the boat, and started bailing from there. Alan's dad brought over a long brass bilge hand pump to help us empty the boat.

When she arrived to pick me up, Mom didn't think that I should have been out there on the floats at all. "Too dangerous for a small boy," she kept saying. And she said it over and over and over to Alan's dad, Guy, the cops, and every other mother who showed up to collect her kid. I didn't think it was dangerous at all. I was out there just about every day though she didn't know that. I kept it my little secret. Besides, the damage was done and the float we were on was still untouched. Maybe climbing into the swamped catboat wasn't a super idea, but we were both good swimmers, we wore life jackets, and the tide was near slack.

While we were bailing and pumping, two of the yard crew carried a gasoline pump down onto the *Early Times*. The sportfisherman had a steady stream of water pouring out of the thru-hull in the side of the hull. This meant water was getting into the hull from somewhere. It must have been more than the boat's pump could handle so they fired up this bigger pump to help. Alan's dad stripped off his shoes, socks, and shirt, put on a diving mask, and eased under the boat. He was underwater for about a minute and his head popped out near the stem. "Looks like a split in the port garboard, maybe both", he called out. "The pump can't stay ahead of it, she's sinking. Let's get her over to the ramp and up into the yard."

(In case you didn't know, the garboard is the lowest plank that runs along the keel at the bottom of the boat.)

Because my mom had to get back to cook supper, I only saw the beginning of that process. Guy and the

yard crew went to get an empty cradle while Alan's dad – still dripping wet – and several firemen tugged on the lines, leading the big boat over to the boat ramp, grounding the bow firmly on the slimy concrete there. Alan and I did help a bit by carrying some large wood blocks from the workshop over to the cradle the men were clearing out from behind piles of strapping and other yard materials. And that was about all I got to see before my mom grabbed my shirt collar and walked me over to the car. In a future story I will tell you how they hauled boats at the Falcon. It was far different than how most marinas do it today.

The next school day was Friday, our final show-and-tell day. Alan got up front and described the boat crash. He brought in the bucket we used to bail *Tweety*, as well as the brass bilge pump. He showed how he scooped up the water and how to use the pump. He even explained how the pump worked and took it apart for the class. I didn't actually know how it worked, so I learned something. He made like he was a real hero, which was okay until he sat down without mentioning me at all. Alan always sought more attention than I did, so I let it go.

For my show-and-tell, I had wanted to talk about the crash too, but let it go; just mentioning I helped bail out *Tweety*. Instead, I showed off an unused string of firecrackers from the party and talked about the brass blowtorch and drew a picture of it on the blackboard. Some boys and I wanted to light those firecrackers off outside after school but the teacher put them in her desk drawer. She got my book of matches too. I bet she lit them off herself on July 4th. I never saw them again.

When I got home from school Mom handed me the newspaper, which was curious because I normally would only look at it after Dad was done, and then only for the funny page that held all the cartoon strips. Mom simply said, "You are on page four."

Son of a gun!

The headline read "Boat Crashes, Sinks Two More." I clipped it out and it's here in my old scrapbook. It's dated Friday, June 15, 1962.

The newspaper article mistakenly described the event as a cabin cruiser, captained by a Paul Melanson, that lost steering, and, out of control, struck two docks at the Falcon Marina on River Street. Two other boats were sunk in the accident. The police and fire departments responded, no injuries, and all damage was repairable. It was about a paragraph long. It wasn't very exciting the way it was written. But I was there with my own eyes and ears. Trust me, things you

do and things you see are better than shows on TV or games on a smart phone!

The article was accompanied by two photos. One of the *Early Times*, with a tangle of lines leading to the shore and out to the mooring, and two floats in the foreground with shattered planks on the corner of one of them. The second photo was of Alan and me bailing out the Beetle Cat. Alan was still wearing his shiny conical party hat in the photo. In the caption they got Alan's name right and even mentioned it was his birthday. But I was plugged as Jimmy Greany. I fumed about that. I almost had my name in the paper.

Around five o'clock that afternoon a little more luck showed up. The phone rang and mom answered, handing the receiver to me. "Someone wants to talk to you."

I didn't get a lot of phone calls, so this was special.

It was a man's voice on the other end. "I'm glad I tracked you down," he said. "The boatyard gave me your name and phone number. This is Jimmy, right? My name is Colter."

Colter saw my photo in the newspaper. He wanted to give Alan and me a reward for helping save his catboat. I never had a stranger call me, and had never received a reward for anything. I wasn't sure exactly what to do. I asked my mom about it.

Mom was a child of the depression in the 1930s: a skinflint of the first order; a world-class scrimper. But she was also proud and dead-set against accepting charity. She said that I shouldn't take money from a stranger for doing something anyone would have and could have done, given the opportunity. "Tell him 'no thanks' on any reward money."

I sure could have used some money because I was saving to get a banana seat for my bike. But Mom's word was law – except for Dad's rare overruling – so I told the man on the phone I couldn't accept any money for bailing out his boat.

"The boatyard guys tell me you hang out there a lot and even help out sometimes, is that right?"

"Yeah, sometimes Alan and I get to do stuff for Guy or a boat owner. I did a lot of work on Doc Johnson's *Remedy*."

"So that was you, huh? I've heard about you. How about I meet you at the boatyard to talk about sailboats sometime. Maybe you and Alan would like a sail in my Beetle Cat?"

"Mom won't let me sail without an adult."

"Well, then, I'll take you out. Tell your Mom I'm eighteen and going into the Army soon."

I wrote his name and phone number on the small lined notepad we kept by the phone. I had plenty of warnings about talking to strangers: to keep an imaginary ten-foot-pole between any adult I didn't know and myself. But maybe this situation was different. After all, I had already kind of been on his boat.

When I told my Mom about the offer, she automatically said "No." So, I figured I'd wait until Dad had his after-supper beer, in a good mood, and see if he might change Mom's mind.

Dad okay'd it as long as Alan's dad would vouch for the guy and if Alan came along too. I later found out Alan had taken a reward of \$7.00 from the Beetle Cat guy and I was a little miffed that he'd get two rewards to my one. Sometimes life just isn't fair. Truthfully, it is rarely fair, but the trick is to not let it get you down.

It turned out that Alan didn't want to sail *Tweety*. Though surrounded by them, Alan preferred mechanical things to boats. He was building a go-cart in the marina shop.

So I suggested to mom that my brother Mike might go—not my first choice, but better than giving

up a day of sailing. Mike knew how much I wanted to go, and I suspect he said "Nope" just to foil my plan.

When I called Colter back to tell him I couldn't go he offered a possible solution.

"How about I bring my little sister along with us?" he asked.

I wasn't so sure about that. A girl? "How old is she? Does she like sailing? What's her name?" I was talking, but in a panic. I didn't mind girls, but being stuck for a whole afternoon with one I didn't know? I wasn't so sure!

"She's twelve and a half, a good sailor, and her name is Colleen." Colter added, "She can sail *Tweety* by herself."

I put my Mom back on the phone. After answering about twenty of Mom's questions, some related to the offer and some not, Mom said I could go. Colter and I planned for the following Saturday. Because Mom wanted to meet him first, he'd pick me up at my house and bring me home at the end of the day.

Coming up was the last week of fifth grade and though I couldn't wait for summer vacation to start, the promise of another catboat sail became my obsession.



Boat Building and Maintenance

Eric Peterson, Editor

Building a 15-Foot Catboat in Vermont

Bob Horne

After years of sailing my dad's Beetle Cat, racing with him on *Sourpuss* (a Marshall 22), and dreams of building a big cat, reality prevailed and life always got in the way. I did have the chance to build five small boats: a ten foot ferro-cement cat, the *SWAS* (see CBA Bulletin No.176); another of polyester ferro-cement; a John Gardener pram dinghy; and two six-hour canoes from WoodenBoat. My real opportunity arrived with retirement in September of 2010. Since my career in human services had not endowed my retirement with endless resources, my youthful dreams of a big cat were reduced to building a fifteen-foot open cat the plans for which had been given to me many years before.

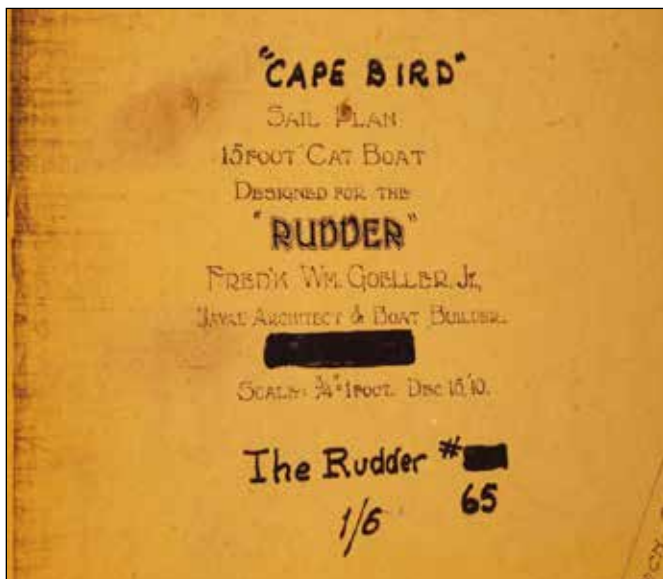
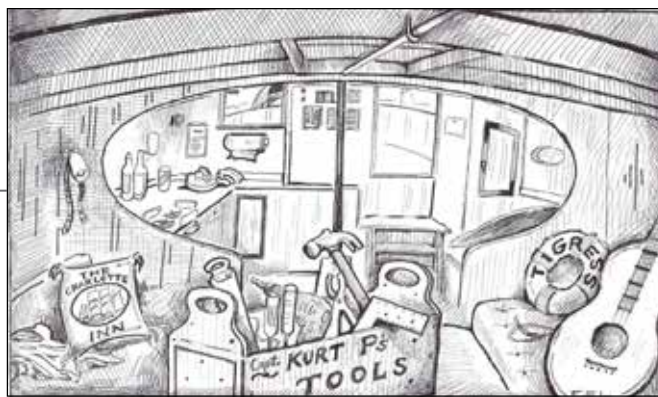


Figure 1. The plans packet.

Figure 1 shows the signature block on the plans indicating that this was a Frederick W. Goeller, Jr. design for the December, 1910 *Rudder* Magazine.



The old blueprint set included sheets detailing the backbone setup, sail plan, mould details, and construction details. I made some modifications to the design based on my experience with the Beetle Cat. I wanted seats rather than sliding around on floor boards, so I added two inches of freeboard all around. I also wanted a low maintenance fiberglassed surface inside and out, so I changed from carvel to strip plank construction.

Most of the wood used in construction was found on my land, milled on my band saw, and finished in my shop. Types of wood used:

- Black locust for the stem, trunk logs, skeg, and knees
- White oak for the keel plank, frames, and deck beams
- White pine for the strip planks and spars
- Plywood for the deck and deck knees
- Marine plywood for the transom
- White cedar for the seats
- Cherry for the centerboard and coaming caps
- Fiberglassed plywood for the centerboard

I. Setup, Backbone, and Station Moulds

In addition to the plan blueprints, I had the reprint of the *Rudder* article that was most helpful in the initial setup operation. I had all the mould dimensions, so lofting was limited to laying down the keel, skeg, mould and stem locations on the shop floor. Plans showed the initial assembly clearly resulting in the proper camber from skeg to stem. The skeg is two-inch black locust and the stem is laminated black locust to three inches. Black locust is reputed to last about a week longer than granite! I can attest that it is so hard it burns when cut with a Skilsaw. Once the backbone was fixed, I mounted it on saw horses before adding the station moulds (figure 2).



Figure 2. The keel and stem.

The station moulds were made up from some scrap plywood, placed at their marks, faired and trued to each other, and fixed. Not pretty, but relatively accurate (figure 3).



Figure 3. The station moulds in place.

II. Planking, Fiberglassing, and Fairing

The sheer strake is a doubled $\frac{3}{4}$ x 2 inch pine plank, so the moulds were notched to take the interior section and the stem rabbet cut. The stem rabbet was cut as I went with the planking using a rotary rasp (like a Dremel tool). After the sheer planks were in, the strip planking commenced bead and cove shaping each plank. Planks were then glued with waterproof glue of the lightly foaming type to fill gaps, and edge-nailed with galvanized finishing nails. After about

six courses, the boat was turned over and planking continued upside down (figure 4).



Figure 4. The hull upside down, ready for planking.

Planks were basically $\frac{3}{4}$ x $1\frac{1}{2}$ with variations when stealers were needed as the bilge curves were reached. As planking progressed, the hull was roughly faired and prepared for fiberglassing. It was a real feeling of accomplishment to see the hull closed in. Figure 5 shows a stern view with the planking complete and ready for 'glass.



Figure 5. The planking complete.

The next operation was applying two layers of ten-ounce fiberglass. I used polyester resin instead of epoxy, not because I prefer it, but because I could afford it. Also, since my time to work on the boat came in short periods, I applied the 'glass in three-foot strips with an eighteen-inch overlap. In this way I could finish one application in the time I had

available. All the joints and edges were 'glossed with tape before applying the main overlay. Figure 6 shows the hull all 'glossed up and ready for fairing.



Figure 6. The hull 'glossed and ready for fairing.

Then came the fairing and sanding operation. I used polyester auto body "Bondo", again for cost and availability. Because this filler is more porous, it requires a final resin coat as a sealer. Many gallons of "Bondo" were applied and sanded off to get an acceptable fairness. I made a flexible sanding flat by gluing handles and sandpaper to an old handsaw blade. It worked fine on the curves, but it needed a more energetic operator than this old coot. Figure 7 shows the hull after fairing and sealing.



Figure 7. The hull after fairing and sealing.

III. Gelcoat, Bottom Paint, and Turning Upright

Then came the big shot in the dark. Since I had made a number of modifications to the design and construction methods, what had I done to the designed waterline? The boat was a bit larger and heavier than Goeller envisioned, but without architectural skills, I planned on using a trial and error method. I would paint the designed waterline, launch it, mark the actual waterline, and then repaint it. The first step was to apply two coats of pigmented white gelcoat to the whole boat. Next, I leveled the boat in the shop to the design marks and marked the waterline assuming that I laid the floor of the shop level... of course I did, right? Added the bottom paint and, well, it looked pretty good! Figure 8 shows the new gelcoat and bottom paint to the design marks.



Figure 8. After gelcoat and bottom painting.

It was then time to turn attention to the interior. Some quick measurements indicated that the seven foot, two inch beam would not clear the seven foot height in the shop. This fact meant that I had to go buy a case of beer. In order to turn the boat over, I had to first build a cradle on the boat bottom (upside down) and fix it to the sheer so everything would be stabilized during the turn. Then, I had to move the boat out of the shop, turn it, and bring it back in the shop. I called my son and asked him to bring some strong buddies over to help. The task was executed forthwith under my supervision leaving plenty of time to apply the case of beer as my appreciation. Figure 9 shows the boat upright, on the new cradle, back in the shop.



Figure 9. Upright on the cradle.

IV. Prepping the Interior, Frames, Floors, and Mast Step

Once the station moulds were removed, the interior of the hull was sanded to remove excess glue and various bumps. A cut out of the #1 station mould was made and it was placed back in position to be 'glassed in so as to strengthen the bow section to the forces of the mast. Frames and partial frames were glued in place and would be 'glassed in as well. The frames would be the supports to the deck knees and seat supports. The 2-inch white oak mast step was lag-screwed to the centerboard trunk logs and to the base of the black locust stem. The step was also 'glassed in to the hull and trunk logs. White oak floors were glued and screwed to the frames leaving limber holes for bilge drainage. The floors would also be 'glassed in. Finally, one layer of 10-ounce fiberglass was applied to the entire interior. Figure 10 shows the hull interior all 'glassed in.



Figure 10. The hull interior all 'glassed in.

V. Centerboard and trunk, Deck and Seat Supports

The centerboard was fabricated in $\frac{3}{4}$ inch plywood, fiberglassed, and weighted with a few

pounds of lead 'glassed in a pocket. It rides on a $\frac{5}{8}$ inch stainless bolt/pin with a bushing. The trunk itself is made of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch plywood fiberglassed on both sides, screwed to the posts and 'glassed to the trunk logs. The cherry trunk cap was shaped to provide a seat for rowing.

Preparation for the deck included fitting a king plank and bow knee support for the mast area; installing deck beams, plywood knees, and white oak coaming stringers. Seat frames and supports were fastened to the knees and frames. Seat supports were angled back to allow room below the seats for stowage and possible sleeping on the cockpit sole. Figure 11 shows the boat ready for sole, seats and deck.



Figure 11. Ready for sole, seats, and deck.

VI. Flooring and Seats

Pine flooring was then fitted to the frames and floors and screwed down. Floor pieces next to the centerboard trunk port and starboard were made to be removable and to allow pumping the bilges. "Poor man's bronze" (flattened and soldered copper pipe) was used for the floorboard locks. The seats were local white cedar shaped to allow maximum room in the cockpit. Figure 12 shows the cockpit flooring and seats installed.



Figure 12. The cockpit flooring and seats installed.

VII. Deck Installation

Then the ½ inch plywood deck was installed. This operation was possibly the easiest task of the project. The reader may note that I changed the deck camber to one that was more pleasing to my eye. That is why the transom shows a modification. Fenwick C. Williams would say he drew a line because “...it looked about right.” I thought the original camber looked a bit flat. Figure 13 shows the deck roughly installed.



Figure 13. The deck roughly installed.

VIII. Coaming, Mast Hole, Flange, and Deck Fiberglassing

The coaming was fabricated of 3-inch beaded white cedar. The cedar was harvested from my land, milled on my bandsaw and planed and beaded in my shop like most of the wood in this little ship. The mast hole was carefully measured and marked and then cut. Hopefully, it would line up with the notch in the mast step accurately. A plywood flange was made and ‘glassed in to surround the hole and support mast wedges. The deck-to-hull joint was ‘glass taped as was the deck-to-coaming joint. Finally the entire deck was ‘glassed with 10-ounce cloth. Figure 14 shows the deck structures roughly fiberglassed.



The deck structures roughly fiberglassed.

IX. Finishing the Deck, Coaming Cap, Boom Crab, Tiller, and Rudder

The deck was faired with Bondo like the hull and sealed with a clear coat of resin. A coat of buff colored gelcoat was applied and a coarse sand was sprinkled in the wet gelcoat for a non-skid surface. I found the coarse sand too rough for comfort and had to sand it a bit followed by another coat of gelcoat. The coaming was ‘glassed and gelcoated on the outside, and painted on the inside. The wide coaming cap was made of scarfed pieces of ¾ inch cherry, rabbeted to receive the coaming top and shoulder strips, and routed with a bullnose edge. All of the cherry trim was varnished. Since the auxiliary power for the boat was to be oars, cherry oarlock pads were fixed to the outside of the coaming and oarlocks attached. The oars would be stored under the seats in plywood hooks that would keep them out of the way. The rudder was fabricated of ¾ inch plywood with a boxed receiver for the tiller and a bottom rudder plate was designed to assist steering and to act as a step for climbing aboard when needed. I had decided to use a boom crab, rather than a gooseneck, on the mast so that it might be easier to remove the mast for trailering with the sail still rigged. I welded up a crab and attached it where it looked right. We’ll see how it works. Figures 15 and 16 show the completed deck, trim, boom crab, and rudder structures.



Figures 15 and 16. The completed deck, trim, boom crab, and rudder structures.



X. Rub Rails, Deck Fittings, and Roll Out of the Shop.

The rub rails posed the next concern for construction. I scarfed up two 17-foot pieces of 1½ x 1 inch white oak. Would I be able to bend them in dry? I took the chance. I drilled holes at 18-inch spacing and started at the bow bending and screwing as I went. It worked and I didn't break one. The transom rail was sawn. These were varnished up like the cherry trim. I had a piece of brass rod bent and threaded and mounted it as a traveler. I made a jam cleat of white oak for the centerboard line and another oak cleat for the sheet mounted on the inside coaming over the tiller. I made black locust bow chocks and installed them on the deck edge. The rest of the cleats (halyard, topping lift, stern quarter, and midship) are all galvanized cast iron. The halyard deck blocks were not expensive, and could be easily upgraded as necessary. The boom crutch fitting was also made of "poor man's bronze." Figures 17 and 18 show the finished hull rolled out of the shop.



Figures 17 and 18. The finished hull rolled out of the shop.



XI. Spars and Fittings

The white pine mast, boom, and gaff were trees cut on my land about six years ago. They were debarked and stored undercover until I began to work on them in August 2018. The mast and boom were done traditionally by cutting them first to square 4-sided, then marked and planed to 8 sides with a hand power plane and, finally, marked and planed to 16 sides. The top 4 feet of the mast was marked for the taper and planed to the marks. Since I didn't want to build a mast lathe to get it round, I made a tool for a ½ inch drill that turned a 24 x 4 belt sander belt turned inside-out (see figure 19 below). This worked fine, though not as good as a lathe. The work had to be rotated frequently to keep it even. For the gaff I found a tree that was just about the right size without all the planing. I made the spar fittings out of more "poor man's bronze." Where extra strength was needed, another layer was folded in. All were made from scraps of copper at no cost. The mast saddle and hoops were made from schedule 40 PVC pipe scraps, again at no cost. The forestay was salvaged from a dismasted sloop, again, no cost. Figure 19 shows the mast and boom in progress on the spar sanding tool that I made. Figure 20 shows some of the fittings.



Figure 19. Shaping the mast and boom on progress on the spar sanding tool I made.



Figure 20.

XII. The Sail

The sail is a used Sanderling sail that was cut down from 250 sq. ft. to about 187 sq. ft. by cutting off the first three rows of reef points. The original design called for 216 sq. ft., but it seemed too big to me. The Marshall Sandpiper carries 150 sq. ft. I guess I will find out on launch day.

This has been a challenging project and, if all goes well, *Meremar* (named after granddaughters Meredith and Mardi) will slide into the water this spring.

XIII. Some of the fittings.

In preparing for launch day, I found that I had to make an adjustment. I had to fashion a tabernacle since the mast was too unwieldy to be handled full length at a boat launch area. I found some heavy iron flat bar in my junk pile and rabbeted two pieces into the mast. I wrapped some fiberglass around the

mast above the pivot pin and at the lower locking pin for strength, painted her up again and we were ready to go. Rigging the halyards and topping lift went smoothly (well, the third time did), and we tied her on the trailer for the ride to Lake Champlain.

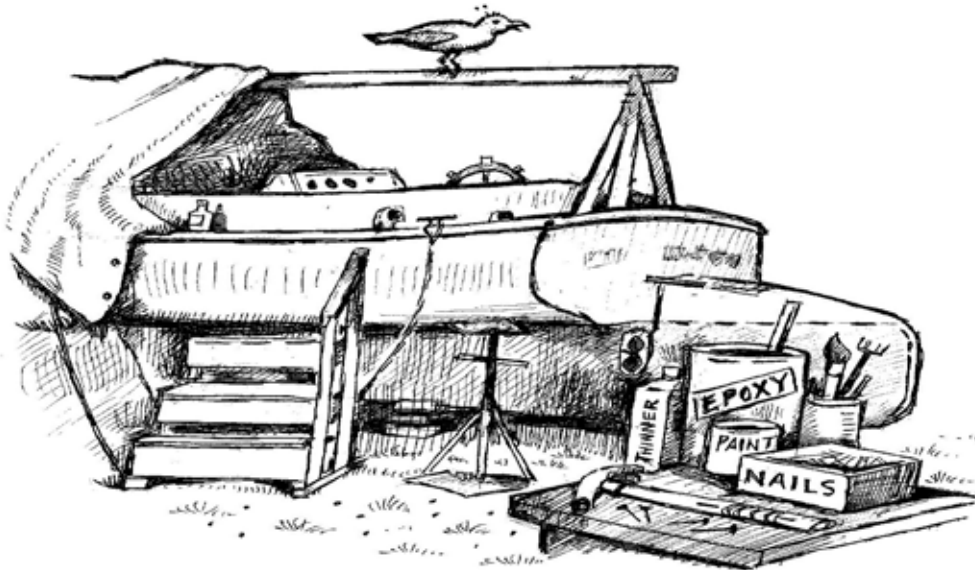
With my wife and a few friends assisting, we loosed the lines, raised the mast, christened her *Meremar* (after granddaughters Meredith and Mardi) with some beer, and eased her in off the trailer. She floats!! I was surprised that she floated within an inch of her lines considering the modifications I made that added some weight. There was only enough wind to “sail/skull” a few hundred yards, but enough to declare the entire project successful. An eight year project completed after the many interruptions that life provides.



Figure 21. Raising the mast.



Afloat at last!



Cruising

Steve Flesner, Editor

Catboat Cruising: Maryland to Massachusetts, Part One

Kate Grinberg

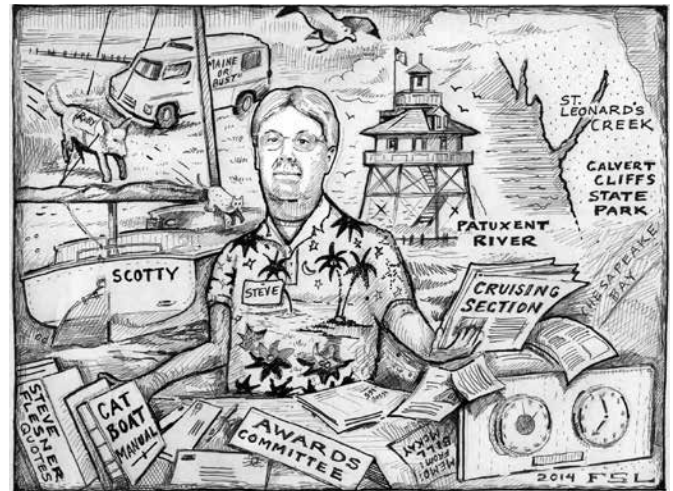
Editor's Note: Part one of this story covers the portion of the cruise from Galesville, Maryland through New York City. Part two, covering the remainder of the trip, will appear in the winter Bulletin.

Two years ago, we fell in love. In love with a catboat, a big sister to the small Beetle Cat I grew up sailing as a kid in Bass River on the Cape. We found the perfect match for us—*Curlew* was sitting forlornly on stands at Marshall Marine in Padanaram. Her new destiny was a mooring in Galesville, Maryland on the Chesapeake Bay. What to do, but sail her south? Our inauguration to catboat cruising took place on this first trip, two weeks Bay to Bay—Buzzards to Chesapeake. While we started out with trepidation and nerves, we gained both experience and much needed confidence along the way. Late last year, when our son announced he was getting married and wanted a Bass River wedding, we decided to sail *Curlew* back to northern waters for the celebration.

This time, I documented our journey south to north in a digital journal. Between hotspots, slow internet and recalcitrant technology, I managed to post blog entries every few days to keep friends and family informed. What follows is a narrative of our trip based on the tidbits and tales from the blog, “Catboat Cruising: Maryland to Massachusetts.”

The Plan: Day 1 June 19, 2019

Weather forecast for early that week: “Persistent unstable air mass stalled over the mid-Atlantic. Frequent rain showers and thunderstorms...” Chesapeake sailors will remember this soggy air mass that dumped record breaking rain in our region, along with frequent lightning and golf ball sized hail. Not a providential start to a long cruise north. In concert with the stalled weather, we waited an anxious two weeks for an unexpected repair required to secure



Curlew's engine compartment. A simple problem caused by—could it be—a hole left by a missing lag bolt? What should have been a simple repair cascaded into what turned into a consultation with Marshall, installation of a fiberglass pan and daily delays for problems emerging in the process. As one would attend a loved one in the hospital, nearly daily visits to *Curlew* were rewarded by the eventual go-ahead to take her for out for a shake-down cruise. We were grateful to our catboat compatriot friend, Paul, who accompanied us and shared bottomless wisdom about catboat handling, engine mechanics—and even taught Kate how to drive a recalcitrant catboat backwards.

With the promise that the stalled air mass would finally depart on Friday, and garnering some confidence and trust, we cast off in early morning fog and motored out of the West River north to the Bay Bridge. With less than five knots of wind, keeping an eye on overcast skies threatening thunderstorms, we relied on the motor to cross the Bay. Listening to the engine got old quickly and just when the wind picked up we crossed under the bridge and sailed the remaining ten miles to Rock Hall on a gentle broad reach, keeping our eye on a thunderhead building to the north. By 3:00 p.m. the skies cleared and we found ourselves making headway again under motor on a typical sultry, mid-summer Chesapeake day.





Typical sultry, mid-summer Chesapeake Day.

Returning to a favorite Rock Hall overnight (North Point Marina), we rewarded ourselves with a two-mile walk and subsequent swim in the pool next to the open waters of the Bay. In an effort to give back and pick up trash along the rock jetty, Kate was admonished to keep hands and feet out of the rocks to avoid snakebites! In spite of the warning, two large plastic bags filled with plastic detritus started a mission of cleaning up waterways that was to continue throughout the trip. Two days before the solstice, days were long and we took the time to revel in the quiet, interrupted only by calls of an osprey overhead. We didn't look back.

Next stop, Chesapeake City, to wait out the promise on Friday of three-foot seas and gusts to thirty knots on the Delaware Bay. Saturday looked like a day better suited for the long haul to reach Cape May with winds predicted five to ten knots and seas two feet or less.

Day 2: Up the Bay. Rock Hall to Chesapeake City, 40 nautical miles

We managed a 6:00 a.m. departure from Rock Hall under overcast, muggy skies and light wind. Motoring around the large shoal and steaming north, we left the Bay Bridge in the distant view behind us. Shortly after departure, Kate was slammed with an intestinal bug and went below to ride out her own storm, sleeping eighteen out of the next twenty-four hours.

The wind picked up and motor-sailing helped *Curlew* dance along on a broad reach at a crisp seven-knot clip. Once it was certain we could reach Chesapeake City before the weather promised to hit, we killed the engine and enjoyed four hours of easy sailing, Kate tucked in below to ride out the bug. After watching the

Bay narrow as we sailed up the Elk River, we entered the C&D canal without fanfare as planned on flood tide, taking note of a darkening sky and enormous thunderheads building to the west, heading our direction.

We pulled into the one and only mooring basin in Chesapeake City, mid-way on the C&D canal. CC is famous for its role in constructing and maintaining this remarkable ditch, turning the tides of commerce more than a century ago. After dropping anchor, a visit to town beckoned and, as we walked past a gorgeous 47-foot oceangoing sloop, we heard "Hey, did you just sail in on that Marshall cat?" The captain had grown up in Padanaram with the Marshall family and reminisced about sailing days on Buzzards Bay. Catboat sailing is definitely one way to make the world seem much smaller.

After a quiet dinner aboard, it did not take long to fall asleep shortly after sunset in the day-before-solstice light. Our plan was to wait out the changing weather which promised gusts to 30 knots before heading down the Delaware Bay the following day. We would motor to the east end of the canal, poised to get a 5:00 a.m. start to ride the tide south on the Delaware Bay and—hopefully—take advantage of a perfect forecast: northwest winds five to ten which should blow us to Cape May with little help from the engine. Or so we hoped.

Good-bye, Chesapeake region!

Day 4: Nuclear Options. Chesapeake City to Cape May, 60 nautical miles

So much for our attempt to get a step ahead of the morning tide in the C&D canal. Our clever plan to tuck into a quiet cove just before the canal empties into the Bay was foiled when, steaming under running lights, we were stopped by impossibly shallow depths and no alternatives for dropping anchor in the canal. The last option left was to continue east, enter the Delaware Bay, and pick a site to spend the night, poised to start the trip south; the Bay being famous for having few, if any anchorages, squirrely, irregular waves, and strong currents.

Our short (and endlessly long) night was punctuated by frequent checks of the anchor, startling sounds of huge barges driven by nocturnal tugboats and restless waves signaling the reminder of strong current and northeast winds, which we would encounter the next morning.

Our long night of rocking and rolling behind us, we woke up before sunrise to a surreal view in the distance of a cooling stack next to a gigantic nuclear power plant. The waning gibbous moon, opposite the

backdrop of a nuclear reactor was a juxtaposition of contrasts, to say the least. Birds, endless sky, other boats, celestial bodies—yes—but a nuclear reactor? This was definitely a first time experience in our cruising repertoire!

Time to sail. 5:40 a.m. winds out of the northeast ten knots - promising a long starboard tack to head south to Cape May. Respecting the catboat adage heard often—“reef early, reef often”—we put in a single reef and reveled in the idea that maybe we would not have to use the engine at all today. Four hours raced by, and, riding the current and ten knot wind, we clocked a speed up to 7.6 knots, definitely a record sailing speed record for *Curlew*. Leaving the surreal view of the towering stack of the Salem nuclear reactor to port, we clipped along on a favorable northwest wind, reaching down the bay, next to the New Jersey shore.

While cruising along at four knots on a starboard tack with little warning, we experienced an ominous convergence of variables: Wind direction shifted and increased to fifteen-plus knots forcing us to fight a weather helm on a dead run. The current also changed so it was running up the bay, opposing the wind—and us. The weather helm, the direction requiring multiple jibes, and the building seas forced the decision to put in a second reef—requiring Tim to go forward to reset the lines. It was then that we decided to have a cockpit reefing system installed. With building seas (and donning PFDs), we decided on discretion and opted to take the sail down altogether, feeling defeated but relieved. Maneuvering around crab pots buried in the troughs of waves, thoughts of a line getting caught in the propeller, dodging three-foot waves and managing the sail with Kate’s injured shoulder made for some unwelcome excitement, and this was just the beginning.



Surfing down building seas.

Giving in to relying on the motor, we literally surfed down the Bay, carefully navigating down the side of each wave bow first, adjusting our course in between wave sets. What *Curlew* lacks in length she makes up for in breadth, and our beamy vessel rose to the occasion with flying colors, keeping her nose out of the water and surfing like a pro.

Passing the tip of the last point of land before Cape May, Egg Island, we truly felt like we were in the middle of the open ocean. Ten hours after leaving our nuclear-plant-view mooring and lots of speculation about the actual height of the rollercoaster waves we rode (Kate prone to overestimate, Tim to underestimate), we followed a course behind a Cape May-Lewes ferry and entered the canal, speechless and exhausted. We found a good, protected anchorage among a bunch of big boats all decked out for ocean sailing and wondered what their trip was like down the Bay.

A quick and easy dinner aboard followed. We crashed into our berth, asleep before darkness fell. The decision to go inside on the Intercoastal Waterway (ICW) or into the ocean to get to Atlantic City would have to be made tomorrow.

As dawn broke, we watched the other sailboats motor toward the inlet to enter the ocean. Needing an easy “rest” day, we opted for the inland route and departed at 7:15, pleased to be watching shore birds on marsh islands on one side and endless clusters of condos on the other. Watching the depth gauge on the ICW was a full-time job, as the channel could go from eight to two feet deep without warning. Motoring two hours north, requesting opening of three draw bridges, we approached the famed Stone Harbor Bridge—wondering if we were going to have a repeat of the saga from two years before. Then, heading south, we were forced to retreat eight miles and sail in the ocean due to a malfunctioning bridge. This time, we looked forward to watching the bridge open to let *Curlew* through...finally...until this happened: We radioed for a bridge opening and got the word back that the *bridge was not going to open!* Are you kidding?! Two years in a row, really? Asking the operator when we might expect to be able to pass, his response was, “not sure—at least not until tomorrow”. Incredulous, we turned around and undid the two hour progress we had made with a retreat back to Cape May, where we would do shore errands, visit the lighthouse and get a good night’s sleep before heading out into the ocean the next day. Why, we wondered, did the bridge operator not radio the other bridges to provide warning for mariners enroute?

Day 6: Jersey Shore. Cape May to Long Beach Island, Holgate, New Jersey, 71 nautical miles

Here goes our second attempt to leave Cape May. Getting a 5:50 a.m. departure, this time we turned east to go into the ocean, following 40-foot sloops headed into the sun. We witnessed a beautiful sunrise under clear skies and had an uneventful entry through Cape May Inlet (remembering the harrowing trials of another entry to the ocean a year earlier through Barnegat Inlet).

While the wind direction was favorable, there wasn't enough to make adequate progress downwind so we motored along at five knots, watching dolphins as bigger boats motored past us as though we were standing still.

The nerves that come with sailing offshore in a 22-foot bathtub (ouch, sorry Marshall) subsided and we embraced the rhythm of riding the lazy swells and watching the shore pass by in the distance. Finally, the breeze freshened across our stern and we raised the sail and killed the engine. Our route to Atlantic City took us three to four miles offshore and we sailed on a dead run for eight hours, craning our necks to avoid the possibility of an accidental jibe in the substantial ocean waves.

Thanks to the failed gambling economy of Atlantic City, we were able to sail line of sight, using a crazy big, black casino in the distance as our waypoint. Remembering the depressed world we encountered here on our last trip—with warnings to avoid walking after dark to the marina and the downtrodden world of casino and boardwalk life—we happily skipped this scene and entered the ICW with intentions to go as far as we could before dropping anchor for the night. Whoever thought New Jersey could be so beautiful? Protected wetland marshes on both sides with myriad migrating birds, nesting and feeding osprey, shore birds, common and least terns, piping plovers. Kate was glued to the binoculars while Tim swatted green flies and steered through the buoy maze defining the ICW route.

Pulling up along the eastern edge of Long Beach Island, we marveled at New Jersey sensibility to close beaches for wildlife protection. Signs reading “Area Closed, Keep Away” made us celebrate this rare win for wildlife.

We dropped anchor near Holgate, the southernmost town on the island, after a record day covering 71.4 nautical miles in eleven hours. We rowed our dinghy, *Curleque*, to shore to stretch our legs and marveled at the pervasive sound of construction

(still rebuilding after storm Sandy). The place was a ghost town, defined by the promise of a promise of a new life—this time on stilts. Nearly every house close to the water had undergone, or was in the process of, major renovations in an attempt to keep sea level rise and future storms at bay. Good luck with that.

Day 7: Long Beach Island to Manasquan River, NJ, 40 nautical miles

Eager to get an early start on our forty-five mile day, we rose at 6:00 a.m. and headed north under cloudy skies, spitting rain and increasing wind from the south. Connecting the dots from one channel mark to the next, we motored with wind at our tail past cheek by jowl New Jersey waterfront houses, heading to Barnegat Bay. South winds of fifteen knots made us consider sailing, but course adjustments to stay in the channel would have made that prospect too challenging, requiring the need to jibe on a dime. Should we double reef or scandalize the sail, dropping the peak? Or just motor, sipping on morning coffee while comfortably making course corrections? Naturally, the latter was what we chose until the route widened and we could sail in more forgiving depths. Ten miles on broad reach took us into the middle of Barnegat Bay—until the wind diminished. Motor on, watching t-storms building and hoping our course kept us ahead of the weather. We were amazed by the shallow depths of Barnegat Bay—no wonder shallow draft catboats are a featured boat here. We saw several Marshall cats docked here and there.

Late in the day, we finally sailed into the head of the bay and waited for the tide to turn in our favor to enter the Point Pleasant canal. This impressive engineering feature is another Army Corps ditch



Happiness is rowing a dink!

connecting large bodies of water for maritime commerce. Passing exit ladders along the artificial bank and three drawbridges later, we exited the canal and found a lovely, quiet place to drop anchor to stage our exit back into the ocean through Manasquan Inlet the next morning.

A little exercise goes a long way—Kate found happiness combining a row with a dunk in the river for a short “exercise” swim.

Tomorrow’s plan—return to the ocean through Manasquan Inlet to finish the Jersey shore.

Day 8: Manasquan Inlet to Atlantic Highlands, NJ, 30 nautical miles

We did it! Another ocean sail, this time mostly motoring with the wind at our nose. Along the way, we stopped at every Mylar balloon and bobbing piece of plastic detritus that we could pick up, doing our little part to stop this tsunami of plastic around us.

It was good to be all done with the Jersey coast, New England beckoning ever closer with each mile under our belt. Rounding Sandy Hook under sail, with NYC skyline in distance, was sublime.

Returning to another favorite spot, we tucked into Atlantic Highland Marina, nestled behind a jetty, and again found ourselves surrounded by mega yachts. *Curlew* had some trouble relating to her big sisters. Tomorrow - NYC!

Day 9: Through the Gate! Atlantic Highlands to Lloyd’s Harbor, 40 nautical miles

Preparing for passage through New York City is all about checking the tides, keeping ears open for local knowledge, being on the alert for traffic and timing. It is never a trivial task to navigate through lower New York Harbor in the maze of ferries, tug boats, barges, tankers, and then dodge the fast ferries and myriad other craft in the choked East River past the Battery and mid-town Manhattan on one side and Brooklyn on the other. Our mantra was our guide: “Look both ways and *stay out of the way!*”

We left our beautiful mooring in Atlantic Highlands to cross Raritan Bay and pass through Verrazano Narrows, mostly known for the Verrazano Narrows Bridge connecting Staten Island with Brooklyn. For ships and small vessels, the tight narrowing of land mass is a navigational challenge, with pushy current and large shipping channel marked through the middle. Little thing that we were, we elected to hug the east shore and stay out of the way of boats and the strongest current working against us. As Tim aptly put it, crossing New York Harbor is like

being a turtle crossing the I-495 Beltway or being on a treadmill at the maximum speed you are willing to walk or run. The task certainly commanded our full attention.

We timed the trip under the bridge deliberately to be on schedule to enter East River to arrive at the confluence of the East and Harlem Rivers (auspiciously known as “Hell’s Gate”) as close to slack tide as possible. This required us to pause in New York Harbor, as we found ourselves too early and did not want to risk fighting current and huge wave trains through Hell Gate. We did *not* want to anchor, not knowing the bottom and respecting the very real possibility of having to get out of the way in a big hurry, so we apologized for using more fossil fuels, and idled for an hour or so waiting for an opportune current. Thanks to our trusty *Eldridge* guide and internet resources, we knew the precise time to go and turned around Governors Island, into the freight train of waves in the East River. Ferries coming and going at high speeds from multiple points in and around Manhattan and points south kept us on our toes. Look left, look right, watch the waves! Throttle up! Ferry approaching on starboard beam! You get the idea. Fortunately, professional marine drivers know what they’re doing and zoomed around us without any consequence except leaving us in their disruptive wake, requiring us to alter course to avoid taking the waves on our beam.



Crossing New York Harbor.

Riding the tide through the East River, we motored past the Battery, under the iconic Brooklyn Bridge, waving at walkers and cyclists on shore, through midtown, past the Empire State Building, the U.N., the new Copper Building, and crazy new

buildings we could not identify in the moment. The scene from the water was a moving panorama, rich with architectural wonders and history, landmark icons, New York street scenes and passers-by gazing at our little sailboat, clearly an anomaly amidst the flow of ferries, big boats and pleasure craft motoring by. We sloshed around a lot, riding the reflected waves off the walled embankment.



Crossing under the Brooklyn Bridge.



I feel like such a tourist...pointing.

All too soon (Kate didn't want the "movie" to end), we reached Hell Gate twenty minutes after slack tide. Unlike our last trip, we barely noticed any turbulence at the confluence, reinforcing our trust in perfecting the timing of this passage. We motored on past Rikers Island, the famous prison barge and felt as though we were ducking under airplanes landing at La Guardia airport. Finally, the waters opened up

and we breathed another sigh of relief, celebrating our success getting thru the most difficult leg of the trip.



Hell Gate Bridge.

Kate Grinberg has been sailing catboats since she was a small child on family Beetle Cats in Bass River on Cape Cod. After a brief hiatus racing in the Lighting class in Annapolis, she returned to catboats to assist in the restoration of a family Beetle Cat with her husband Tim. Seeking to broaden their adventures, they discovered the joys of the Marshall 22. When she is not sailing, Kate is a science teacher in an independent K-8 school in Washington, D.C.

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Cruising continues on page 43.

Notes on Henry H. Horrocks' 1932 Map of Barnegat Bay

Bill Horrocks, Jr.

The map in the center of this issue was created by my paternal grandfather in 1932, two years before he died and two years before I was born. My purpose in writing these notes is to explain, as far as I can, the Horrocks-family references and the many obscure items and details that appear on the map.

My parents, Bill Horrocks, Sr. and Lucille Gutmann Horrocks, met as teenagers in Island Heights, New Jersey and, as a fortunate consequence, I had two sets of grandparents with summer homes in that town. My knowledge and memories of the area are from about 1939 (when I turned 5) to around 1960 when I started my university teaching career and rarely visited thereafter. From my birth (1934) through college graduation (1956) my summer vacation time was spent in Island Heights. I have fond memories of swimming, crabbing, sailing and one-design sailboat racing on Toms River and Barnegat Bay. My sister, Anne, and I belonged to the Island Heights Yacht Club and raced on several different classes including Comets, Class E sloops, (aka Inland Lake scows), and a Jet-14 (My sister and I won the Barnegat Bay Yacht Racing Association championship in that class in 1956).

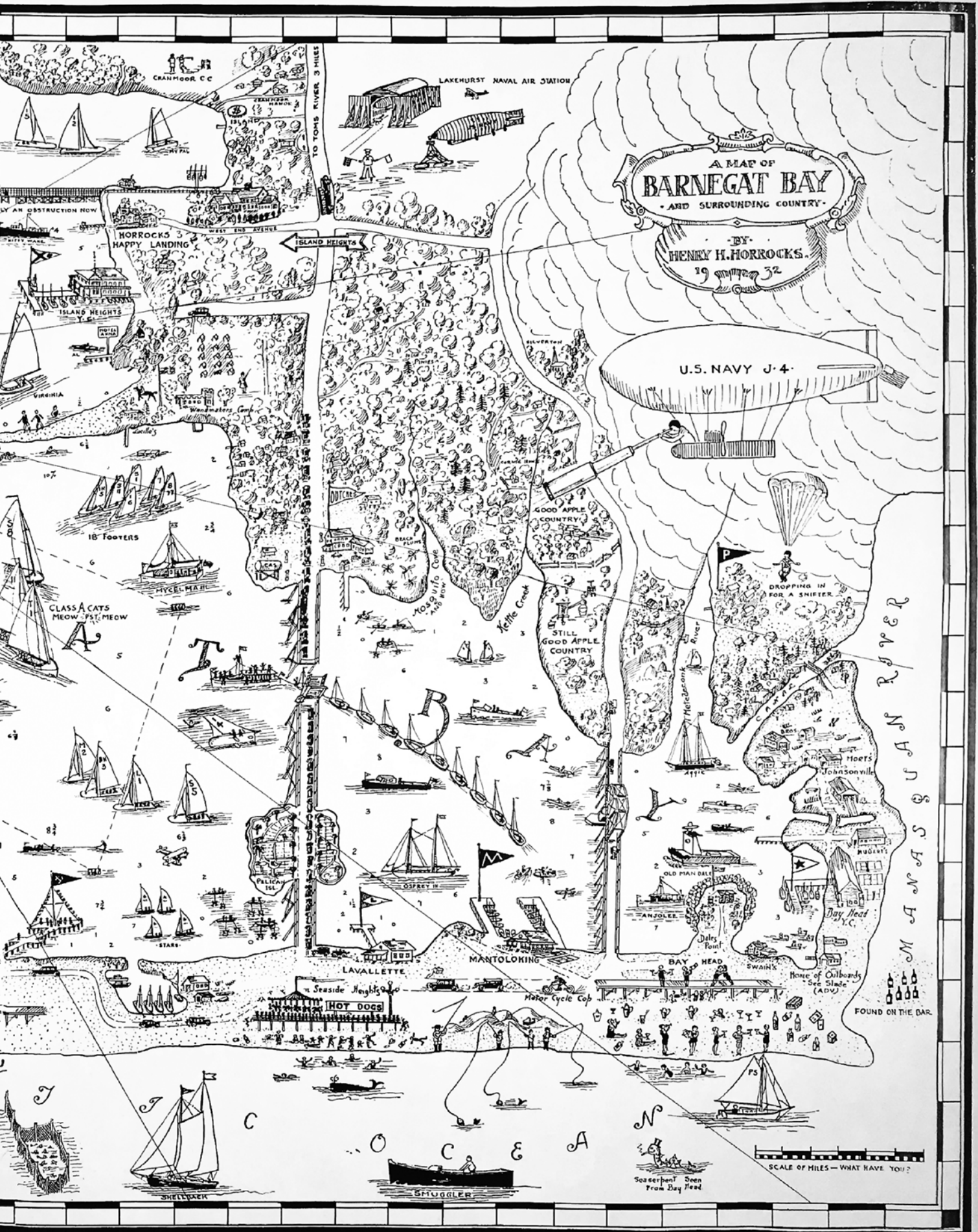
This map, which is clearly not drawn to scale, depicts the active boating and sailboat racing activity going on in the early 1930s on Toms River and Barnegat Bay. It is drawn with *west* at the top as indicated by the compass rose. The center of the map shows Toms River flowing east from the top down to intersect Barnegat Bay. The north-south barrier beach which separates the bay from the Atlantic Ocean is across the bottom of the map with Barnegat Inlet at the bottom left. The focus of this map is Island Heights, where my grandparents spent summers, which lies on the north shore of the river just west of where the river widens and empties into the bay. "Horrocks Happy Landing" (found near the top center) is the riverfront summer home of my grandfather, the map maker. The cottage on the bay shore with the figure of a horse and rider labeled "Lucille's" is the summer home of my maternal grandparents, Bessie Pease and Hellmuth Gutmann. My mother is the rider of

the horse which they kept in a small stable on the property. My parents were married the year the map was made. Adjacent to the Gutmann property on the north side is the Wanamakers Camp. This camp was established by John Wanamaker around 1900 to provide military-style training and some respite from city life for youthful employees of his New York and Philadelphia department stores. Before the camp was ended by WWII, a parade drill by the employees was held on Friday evenings in the summer for the benefit of townspeople. I greatly enjoyed watching this spectacle as a small boy; those parading on a hot day in flannel uniforms enjoyed it perhaps not so much.

The central section of this map is devoted mainly to showing the active small boat racing activity which went on at that time and which continues to this day. Shown on Toms River opposite the Island Heights Yacht Club is E-sloop II *Jean* which was raced by my father and his brothers, Tom and Henry. Their sloop was unusual in that it had a pointed bow, all of the others in the class had rounded bows (thirteen such craft are shown elsewhere on the map). As can be seen from the capsized one, they had double bilge-boards which, along with running backstays, made for a busy crew during tacks. Racing on the bay has been well organized since 1914 when the Barnegat Bay Yacht Racing Association (BBYRA) was formed. In 1932 regattas were held each Saturday at one of the seven member clubs: Bay Head, Island Heights, Lavallette, Mantoloking, Ocean Gate, Seaside Park and Toms River. All are shown on the map except for Toms River Y.C. whose club house was further up-river at the time. Regattas sponsored by the TRYC were held on a course out in the bay. In 1968 TRYC moved to Money Island, shown as a coin with a \$-sign on the north bank of Toms River near the top of the map. By the time my sister and I were sailing competitively in the 1950s the association had expanded to nine with the additions of Normandy Beach Yacht Club (between Lavallette and Mantoloking) and Shore Acres Yacht Club on the north shore of Kettle Creek in "Still Good Apple Country".



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H. H. HORROCKS.



A MAP OF
BARNEGAT BAY
AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

BY
HENRY H. HORROCKS.
19 *32*

U.S. NAVY J-4

M A N A S S E T T S R I V E R

FOUND ON THE BAR

SCALE OF MILES - WHAT HAVE YOU?

CRANFORD C.C.
TO TONS RIVER 3 MILES

LAKEMURST NAVAL AIR STATION

HORROCKS HAPPY LANDING

ISLAND HEIGHTS

GOOD APPLE COUNTRY

STILL GOOD APPLE COUNTRY

YELP CREEK

MICROBROOK RIVER

Hoer's Johnsonville

Bay Head I.C.

LAVALLETT

MANTOLOKING

BAY HEAD

SWAIN'S

Seaside Heights
HOT DOGS

Motor Cycle Cop

Home of Outboards
Get Single
(ADV)

CLASS A CATS
MEOW MEOW

18 FOOTERS

MYCEL MAR

OSPREY II

ANJOLEE

SHELLBARK

SHUGGLER

Sou serpent
Seen
From Bay Head

Just to the left of E-sloop I1 are sloops M1 and BH11 shown grounded near the “Keep Off the Grass” sign. This vignette refers to a situation during a race when M1, the leeward boat with right-of-way, headed up BH11 and both craft ended up in the salt marsh.

Just east of Island Heights is shown a fleet of gaff-rigged catboats labeled “18 Footers.” This class had been racing on the bay since 1926. In 1932 someone measured one of them and found it to be only 17 feet long and so the class, which continued racing for decades more, was thereafter designated 17-foot catboats.

Further to the south and east are the Class A Cats, an antique group of Marconi rigged catboats including *Bat* (T1), *Spy* (11), *Tamwock* (S8), *Mary Ann* (MA) and *Lotus* (IH 11). Most of these yachts, which first raced in the early 1920s, are still sailing today. *Lotus*, *Spy* and *Tamwock* all raced in 2017, with the last two tying for third in the season series!

Races in the river and the bay were sailed around a series of permanently moored fixed marks (metal oil barrels on their sides painted yellow with a number in black). The six barrels which were numbered 1 (at Island Heights) to 6 (at Seaside Park) are shown connected by dashed lines. Their numbers are not shown on the map but were available from an old BBYRA racing instruction booklet that I happen to have. These same marks were still in use in the 1950s. Race courses were designated road-map fashion. For example, Course 7, starting from Seaside Heights, was listed as follows: Buoys 6-S to 4-S to 3-P to 2-S to 1-P to 2-P to 3-S to 4-P to 6-S. Here “3-P” means mark #3 is a turning mark and it is to be left to port at the turn, S means leave the designated mark to starboard. Start and finish lines were usually between the yacht club dock and the designated mark. This feature necessitated down-wind starts in some instances with a log-jam at the first turning mark often the result.

To the east of the Regatta Committee Boat are shown class E-sloops sailing in the “Canadian Race.” This refers to an international challenge series between teams from the BBYRA and the Royal Saint Lawrence Yacht Club of Montreal. This was a home-and-home series with courses on Barnegat Bay and Lake Saint Louis (just west of Montreal Island) sailed in the years 1926 through 1929. The Barnegaters won the first series but lost in subsequent years until the challenge was terminated. My father and his two brothers constituted one of the two winning U.S. teams in 1926.

A small fleet of Star-class boats are shown further east between the Seaside Park Yacht Club and Pelican Island. The only fleets that raced in 1932 which are not shown sailing are the 15-ft. Sneakboxes and the Class B Catboats. A famous example of the latter is *Silent Maid*, built in 1924 by Morton Johnson of Bay Head (see “Mort’s Johnsonville” on the right-hand side of the map) and owned by Edwin Schoettle, depicted south of the railroad bridge. (Schoettle’s large house is shown on West End Avenue in Island Heights.) *Silent Maid* was BBYRA champion in her class in 1925, 1926 and 1927. She is now preserved and on display at Philadelphia’s Independence Seaport Museum and a very successful replica was built and launched in 2009. Google “*Silent Maid*” and you will find lots of information about her including that her name is a counterpoint to that of the motor boat “Noisy Lady,” Schoettle’s yacht tender.

Four bridges are shown on the map, the two railroad bridges are gone now. The cross-bay bridge was still in place in the 1950s, although unused by railroad traffic at that time. The low wooden bumpety-bump automobile bridge from the mainland to Seaside Heights has been replaced by a high bridge which can be sailed under, thus eliminating the drawbridge-open traffic jam depicted on the map as a string of Sneakboxes is being towed to a race site.

Cruising off-shore in the Atlantic Ocean is the Diesel ketch *Antares*, built in Essex, Massachusetts in 1930 for Colonel Edwin M. Chance. She took her maiden voyage that year to England and Spain via Bermuda.

A table of the latitudes and longitudes of many points on the map (taken from a Google Earth view of the region) and a list of boat-owners compiled by the late Edward L. Crabbe is available from me. I can be reached at wdh2@psu.edu.

Bill is the Curator of Charts at the Atwood House Museum of the Chatham Historical Society.



Merryheart's Delivery

David Davis

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones. . . . Proverbs 17:22

This is a tale of redemption and purpose, and it starts in January 2019 after an otherwise fruitless multiple-year boat search. Our family had owned our Menger 19 *Aletta* for nearly 18 years and sailing her was like hanging out with an old friend. Unfortunately, this old friend was starting to hold us back from places we wanted to go and things we wanted to do.

Aletta was as simple as catboats come, no through-hulls, no electric, an outboard motor. All these attributes that made her easy to maintain and easy to sail did nothing to compensate for her diminutive size and the limitations of the very simplicity that we had grown to love. The open waters south of our home, Newport, Rhode Island, are not kindly to boats such as *Aletta*, and each time she'd poke her nose into Rhode Island Sound she'd get rebuffed by the heavy swell, the stiff southwesterly, or both. As Martin Brody noted in the movie *Jaws*, "We're gonna need a bigger boat."

And so, it came to pass that a Marshall 22, *Merryheart*, was for sale in Rock Hall, Maryland. After some initial correspondence with the broker, we lost track. But fortunate things are meant to occur, and we found ourselves in late June sitting in *Merryheart's* cockpit completing the contract that would make her ours. She was exquisitely maintained by her original owners, and she is the antithesis of our former *Aletta*, with what I originally considered a daunting technologic complexity. Little did I know how much I had been missing.

After the purchase, we found ourselves in a daze having to sell *Aletta*, owning a boat 400 miles distant, and never even having seen her sails, started her motor, or taken her underway. My confidence in her condition was bolstered by her initial presentation, but also in a return trip several weeks after her purchase when I met the original owners and not only had all my questions answered but also realized that they cared for *Merryheart* exquisitely. I will always remember their kindness and hope to continue to build the memories that they anticipated when they had her commissioned.

Voyage Planning

I considered three possible solutions for relocating *Merryheart* from Rock Hall to Newport. The first was trucking her north, but we have been down that road before with other boats and having read Butler Smythe's recent CBA Bulletin article on the transport of his *Cerulean*, this was the least favored option. The second thought was the potential to sail the northern Chesapeake Bay for the rest of this year, haul in Rock Hall, and worry about disposition in the spring. My second trip south disavowed me of this thought with 116-degree temperatures and no wind. Moving her on her own bottom was the third, and ultimately accepted route to relocating *Merryheart*.

Planning began. I relied on the NOAA chart finder website for initial route planning, this gave me access to any government chart available, corrected and up to date. I used this resource to flesh out three potential routes. All choices brought me and *Merryheart* up the Chesapeake Bay and down to Cape May, New Jersey via the C&D Canal, the Delaware River and Bay, and the Cape May Canal. Thence, different choices were available. Butler Smythe completed his voyage to Blue Hill, Maine via the outside route. Significantly weather dependent, as Butler found this route was also fuel dependent, and he reported carrying 32 gallons of fuel. My plans provided for *Merryheart's* twelve-gallon tank and two five-gallon jugs of diesel; Butler's becalming would have been disastrous without his extra ten gallons of fuel. Another choice was an overnight to NYC via the New Jersey coast, and then to Newport either via the south shore of Long Island, New York, or via Long Island Sound. With the right offshore breeze this would have been a worthwhile route and saved a lot of time in the Jersey transit. The last plan was via the New Jersey Inland Waterway, as Brent and Victoria Putnam accomplished in *Lazy Lucy*, with similar options once the ocean was regained at Manasquan Inlet.

Other planning considerations involved extensive research on tides and currents via multiple websites and also *Eldridge*. This navigational pre-planning is vital for catboats with their somewhat limited speed and the desire to make the most of fair ebbs and/or floods, depending on the location. Before getting underway, I computed the expected tides and currents for several days on both sides of likely transit points. This assisted in decision-making enroute, and was key in maximizing daily mileage and in ensuring safe transits of restricted waters.

Provisioning and gear

As the time for departure grew nearer, I continued to delay thoughts of provisioning and load out. *Merryheart* came fully found, but I did add a second anchor, fenders, lines, spare rigging parts and some personal gear such as navigation tools, binoculars, a hand-held VHF, and of course clothing, wet weather gear, toiletries, bedding, and the like. I spent the least healthful \$100 ever on sodium ridden canned food, but also on good choices like retort packaged tuna, pita bread, salami, oatmeal, peanut butter... all durable foods. Ironically enough I returned with most of the canned goods intact, as their labels were enough to stave off any incipient appetite. *Merryheart* is equipped with a small butane stove plenty sufficient for any cooking needs, and her icebox in the port lazarette was woefully unused until later in the trip.

Saturday and Sunday, August 10-11, 2019. Rock Hall, MD to Chesapeake City, MD. Motored 7 hours.

My wife Mary Jo Valdes was kind enough to trek the seven hours south to Rock Hall with me and my gear and by Saturday evening *Merryheart* was loaded, fueled, stowed, and ready for the trip. All that remained was dinner at the Harbor Shack along with the multitudes in Rock Hall for the annual "Pirates and Wenches" weekend. We didn't know quite what was going on but attributed all the crazy to the heat. After a Sunday breakfast at Ford's Seafood Inc. (great breakfasts) Mary Jo dropped me at the dock, and as she had done during my long Navy tenure, left without seeing me underway.

After crossing the Swan Point Bar and its charted eight, ten, and twelve-foot depths, my course found me mostly in the charted ranges northbound in Chesapeake Bay. Where possible and depth permitting, I did cut corners, allowing me to stay clear of shipping (of which I saw very little) and to reduce mileage somewhat. The weather, as I was to find this entire voyage, was nothing like forecast. Rounding Swan Point into what was expected to be one to two-foot seas and a gentle five knot northerly were three to five-foot rollers with a stiff breeze right on the nose. I nearly turned back, but *Merryheart* was stout and capable, and she motored on into the weather (at only three to four knots) and as we got farther north the weather moderated significantly. By the time I weathered Worton Point, the seas were calm and it was a perfectly sunny and clear day. Motored all the way through to Chesapeake City, helped by

the flood transiting this first part of the C&D canal. Unfortunately, no sailing was accomplished that day.

There was plenty of room in the anchorage at Chesapeake City, which was fortuitous as the otherwise free city docks were taken by a succession of New Jersey powerboaters returning from the mayhem of the Pirates and Wenches weekend and enjoying the waterfront bars. I refueled from my jug stores of diesel having averaged approximately a half gallon per hour at 2800 rpm on the Yanmar; made the first underway dinner and planned for the next day.

Monday, August 12, 2019. Chesapeake City, MD to Cape May, NJ. Motored 10 hours.

There are few points at which tide and current planning are as important as at this leg of the voyage. A catboat's slow speed of advance (SOA) means that during any southbound transit of the Delaware River one will see some part of both ebb and flood; it pays to maximize the former and minimize the latter. The C&D canal current is also a factor running one to three knots against you if you're eastbound and it's ebbing. An early underway found a favorable current down the canal, and I entered the Delaware River on a waning flood.

Although the southerly, light breeze made sailing an impossibility, the benefits of the ebb current made themselves apparent and my SOA increased dramatically. Another awkward feature of the Delaware River is the fact that as one proceeds south, the time of current change advances commensurately. In my case slack before ebb at Reedy Point (at the exit from the C&D canal) was at 10:57, but at the Delaware Bay entrance it was at 07:58; the net result was decrease in the time I would experience a favorable ebb current as I proceeded south. The net result: I was faced an increasing flood as I approached Cape May, an occurrence impossible to avoid.

The transit down the river and bay itself is straightforward. One can proceed to left or right just outside the charted ranges without concern for depth and with less, but not no, concern for traffic. To save a couple miles, I departed the charted ranges just south of Miah Maull Shoal and sailed directly to the Cape May Canal at the northern terminus of the Cape May to Lewes ferry, and a short, several mile transit to the harbor at Cape May itself.

My navigation kit to this point was comprised of printed "booklet charts" from the NOAA Chart Locator website that I compiled into a binder with preplanned courses and distances. When combined

with information from my chart plotter I was always confident of my position and could verify electronic information with recent (one-week old) updated chartlets. For this part of the transit there was no necessity for print-on-demand charts. Navigation beyond Cape May relied on a not-inexpensive but incredibly comprehensive “Chartkit” that provided detail and a wide array of charts in an easily handled format.

While there were two potential anchorages at Cape May, they were exposed to traffic and wake, and dredging in progress, so I fueled up and took an alongside berth at Utsch’s Marina. The slip came with three biscotti and a bottle of Utsch’s Sangria and was a bargain. This accommodating and friendly place has the look of old-time south Jersey, but also has brand new heads and private showers, laundry, and is within walking distance of food (breakfast at the Lobster House small café opens at 06:00 and has the benefit of the local fishing fleet denizens to talk to).

Tuesday, August 13, 2019. Cape May to Atlantic City, NJ. Sailed 7 hours.

The transit for any vessel with more than 35-foot air draft is by necessity on the outside between Cape May and Atlantic City and is restricted even more with the closure of one of the opening bridges on the New Jersey inland waterway. Out into the Atlantic Ocean was a necessity.

The weather forecast was grim, five to seven-foot seas, small craft warnings, but the predominant swell was from the southeast, and the wind forecast 15-20 gusting to 25. Despite the warnings of the dockside harbingers of doom, I decided to go for it. Which is totally unlike me, in command a favorite saying is, “Captains have great imaginations for disaster!” Two reefs in the main (and only the third time ever for me and *Merryheart* with the sail up) and I was in the eight-foot rollers in Cape May Inlet, with the observant USCG Auxiliary standing by appearing to shake their heads at my foolhardiness.

Once clear of the inlet, *Merryheart* proved her mettle. The wind bore up as forecast but was on the starboard quarter, and every swell lifted *Merryheart’s* stern to the sea. Never once did I feel uncertainty and the boat steered herself on autopilot better than I could have kept her on course. It was a quick transit up the coast marred only by torrential downpours that obliterated any sight of Atlantic City until arrival at Absecon Inlet.

On arrival, there were really two choices of anchorage, one off the Coast Guard Station that is

just alongside the fairway, and the one that I used called Brigantine Anchorage. This is entered through an extremely narrow fairway between salt marsh and beach, but once inside is protected from all quarters and is quiet and serene. Fortunately, *Merryheart* is equipped with bug netting, as I was soon to discover, salt marshes attract all sorts of biting insects, this night’s version would be mosquitoes.



Lord of the flies!

Wednesday, August 14, 2019. Atlantic City to Surf City, NJ. Motored 8 hours.

Awoke to fog. Even the brightly lighted high-rise casinos were enveloped in the gloom. The choice today? Inside or outside, one day and one night up the coast or several days on the New Jersey inland waterway, with the potential for departure through one of the lesser inlets up the coast. Again, the forecast made the decision for me, headwinds all day and through the weekend, so the inside passage it would be. Losing patience with the visibility I heaved the anchor aboard and promptly lost all visibility in the Absecon Inlet channel. Easing my way to the southern shore, I anchored and waited for the fog to lift.

Flies. Flies. More flies. That about sums up my transit from Atlantic City to about Long Beach Island through the maze of salt marshes, patches of open

water, and the well-marked but tight passage through the shoals of southern New Jersey. A beautiful passage marred by the incessant biting and buzzing, the flies covered all surfaces of the boat, and I was concerned that they would now be permanent residents down below. One vital bit of equipment bequeathed by the first owner was a fly swatter, now I understood why. Passing vessels would wave their own swatters in commiseration, and to avoid bites through my clothes, I was forced to dress in my foul weather gear, pants, shoes, hat, and most importantly my flash gear from my Navy days.

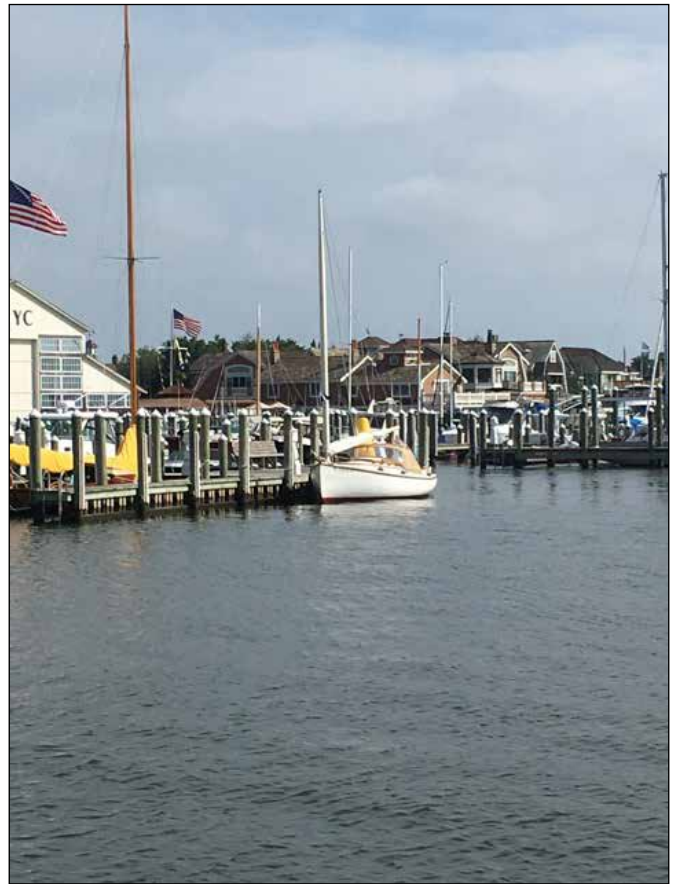
Unlike the tales of woe, shoaling, and groundings I had read about in preparation for the trip, I found the waterway easy to transit, but towards the end of the day, thunderstorms building to the south threatened. With the long transit of Barnegat Bay in front of me, and little shelter to be had there, I found an anchorage in the southeast corner of Manahawkin Bay just north of the Route 72 bridge only a short distance off the waterway course. With the skies opening I dove below for a restful night sheltered in every quarter from the weather.

Thursday, August 15, 2019. Surf City to Bay Head, NJ. Motored 6 hours.

Departed early in the morning and found Barnegat Bay serene, with less concern for staying precisely in the channel with fair water to both sides for the most part. The week's weather had been mostly as predicted with winds from the north to northeast, but the inside passage was calm in the absence of thunderstorms, and I made great time north without much concern for tide or current. I would often find uncharted buoys leading to small communities to both the east and west shorelines, and two otherwise uncharted passages led to Barnegat Inlet, likely the only inlet between Atlantic City and Manasquan that would have been safe to try. Considering the weather, I passed this chance by and continued my inland track north.

One advantage of this inland route was the easy availability of fuel, and I topped off my tanks just south of the Mantoloking Bascule Bridge at the Barnegat Bay Marina, an easy in and out just to the south of the bridge and with the cleanest fuel dock and heads I have ever seen. The ease with which one can stop alongside the waterway, top off fuel (and grab a hot dog from the Sabrett cart) and continue on your way is one of the advantages of this inland route. After refueling myself and the boat, it was a short

transit north to Bay Head, where I took anchorage immediately off the bulkhead of the Bay Head Yacht Club.



Bay Head YC anchorage.

Special mention needs to be made of the hospitality of this club. Upon the dockmaster's learning of my voyage, a slip was made available and the hospitality of the club generously offered. I cannot thank the leadership and the employees of this club enough for the benefit of a warm shower and a safe mooring for the night. Even better, a short walk obtained good restaurants and Mueller's Bakery, where I stocked up on bagels and genuine New Jersey crumb cake for the coming days.

Friday, August 16, 2019. Bay Head, NJ to New York City. Sailed 9 hours, motored 4 hours.

The transit started with the Point Pleasant Canal, an approximately 1.9-mile inland cut bordered by steel bulkheads, crossed by two lift bridges, and possessing a fierce current. My timing did not afford passage at high slack but by stemming the flood one can maintain control and obviate the potential of a slow

bridge lift and getting set places one does not want to go. Once you leave the canal, a short transit through a bascule bridge and a partially raised rail bridge (with extremely narrow opening) you find yourself at Manasquan Inlet and the Atlantic Ocean. Passing the rip rap here reminded me of the importance of a reliable engine. There is no room for error, the current runs hard and the standing waves are impressive; a boat would be dust in minutes if set down on the edge of the inlet.



Point Pleasant Canal.

Merryheart's Yanmar continued to perform and shortly I was bound to the northwest with first a single reef and ultimately a full sail to take advantage of the easterly breeze. This was to be my second full day of sailing and what a sail to be had! The best conditions were found about three miles off the coast, and the many resort towns, high-rise buildings, and beaches flew by, only punctuated by Shark River Inlet. This inlet would be a last resort as it bears multiple bridges to pass right at its entrance. It was early afternoon that found me in False Hook Channel and rounding Sandy Hook into a fierce ebb tide, and another decision: south to Atlantic Highlands or continue north to NYC?

The trip south would provide not only anchorage or facilities to use, but also a several mile detour in exactly the direction I didn't want to go. My planning included passage through Hell Gate, and for the next day, that meant passing the Battery in Lower Manhattan to catch the East River flood at 6:00 a.m. I pointed *Merryheart* north, doused sail with the tide just about stopping progress, and motored through the Narrows into New York Harbor passing a multitude of anchored vessels, and barges, and getting overtaken by the largest container vessel I have ever seen.



Tonnage Rules!!

Given the early underway on Saturday, I opted to anchor in the harbor and was surprised to find two anchorages immediately opposite the Battery. The first that I tried, just north of Ellis Island, would have been exceptional but for the rolling from the wakes of passing tour boats, water taxis, tugs, and pleasure craft. Rolling on beam ends, I chose to reposition to the northwest of Liberty Island and spent a peaceful night behind the Statue of Liberty, molested only until midnight by the loudest techno music imaginable played aboard a passing party barge.

Saturday, August 17, 2019. New York City to Manhasset, NY. Motored 4.5 hours.

My transit of the East River could not have been timed better. At first, noting the ebbing current down the Hudson River, I was concerned that I'd somehow erred in my calculations but observing more than seven knots SOA and climbing, as I passed under the Brooklyn Bridge, reassured me that in fact the predictions for an eastbound current were spot on; and cruising through the East River at what ultimately became a nearly ten knot transit was a blast. At 06:30 the water taxis awoke, and their traffic and the passing of a single pleasure craft westbound were the only distractions.



Leaving Hell Gate.

It was an otherwise calm and peaceful motor until an unexpected, unforecasted, and undesired easterly wind and seas hit me just west of Hempstead Harbor and I retreated to Plum Point Cove in Manhasset Bay. This protected anchorage lies at the northwest edge of the eastern special anchorage area in the Bay and was idyllic after the maelstrom that greeted me at the entrance to Long Island Sound. This weekend the anchorage was filled with day trippers, jet skis, and rafted parties but all quieted down after dark. Fuel and water taxi service were available, but I stayed on the boat and, for the first time since purchase, got underwater with mask and snorkel to scope out the condition of *Merryheart's* propeller and rudder (perfect, as expected).

Sunday to Monday, August 18-19, 2019. Manhasset, NY to Newport, RI. Sailed 7 hours, motored 20 hours.

Underway early to a flat calm sea and no wind at all. My plan (given the, as usual, erroneous prior forecast for a south to southeast breeze) was to sail directly to the Race, coast the south shore of Fishers Island, and then along the southern Rhode Island shore to Point Judith and ultimately Newport. Motoring all morning, and with the prospect of a motor the way home, I diverted to the Connecticut coast and made my way to the Housatonic River and Knapp's Landing, a fuel dock just inside the inlet at Crimbo Point. The docks are kind of rickety and right in the current but stem the flow. I eased up to the dock, to take advantage of the inexpensive fuel. A quick, and easy in and out from the Sound.

In the twenty minutes or so for fueling, the forecast southerlies did fill in, and immediately after clearing the inlet I raised sail and was off to the Race on what was first an easy beam reach that steadily broadened as the wind veered to the west. And then, in what seemed like a five-minute span of time, the wind was up to 15-20 from the southwest. I put the first reef in the sail, and *Merryheart* was off at six to seven knots as if she smelled the proximity of home. Alas, this glorious sail was to last only until the middle of the nearly full-moonlit night before the wind died and I was left to continue motoring to the west. Commercial traffic was light with only two ships overtaking me before the Race, and two tugs with tow passing westbound as I headed east. My timing for the Race was not perfect, but I would pass at approximately slack in the early morning and counted on the ebb to run me home to Point Judith.

Mocking me all this time were thunderstorms with lightning all around. Again recalling, "Captains have great imaginations for disaster,"—thoughts of lightning strikes, electrical grounding, cones of safety, and fried electronics danced in my skull as fatigue, excitement, and boredom all intruded on my thoughts. The morning brought little improvement in conditions, at least the seas were calm, but Block Island Sound bore a heavy swell from the south, and visibility was limited to the extent that my newest worry was unseen fishing traffic. Block Island might have been passed to the south, but was not seen that morning.

Eventually, actual daybreak found me some miles south of Point Judith in familiar home waters, I would sail into my homeport in the light southwest winds that

morning. Well, maybe not. The wind died, the swell continued, and I only suffered a short bit of banging and slatting before furling the sail for the last time this voyage and motoring the rest of the way. It was an emotional time; the last visit from this direction was in my ship *USS Grapple* while in Newport salvaging the black boxes from Egypt Air Flight 990. Today I was bringing my boat *Merryheart* in to bring forth the potential for different sort of memories.

At about 9:00 a.m. I moored at our usual slip, our catboat *Aletta's* former slip, at Coasters Harbor in the Newport Navy Base. The trip was purposeful: *Merryheart* had to get to Newport in some fashion. I needed redemption and time back at sea after Navy retirement, eight years of University and three years of practice as a Nurse Practitioner. *Merryheart* really was good medicine, and the voyage was a success in both respects.



Home at last!

Acknowledgments

The accomplishments and writing of several CBA members were both inspirational and confidence building. This trip would not have been considered or possible without their contributions. They are:

Solomons, Maryland to Blue Hill, Maine by Catboat. Butler Smythe, Chesapeake Catboat Association, Cat Tails. retrieved from <http://www.chesapeakecatboats.org/cat-tails.html>

When Cats Fly. Bob Campbell, May 25, 2017, Catboat Association Bulletin no. 174, Fall 2017.

A Check off the Bucket List! Kevin O'Driscoll, Catboat Association Bulletin no. 177, Fall 2018.

Sailing Lazy Lucy Home, Parts 1, 2, and 3. Brent V. W. Putnam with Victoria I. Putnam, Catboat Association Bulletin no. 177, 178, 179, Fall 2018, Winter and Spring 2019.

Voyaging in Catboats. Brent V. W. Putnam, Catboat Association Bulletin no. 179, Spring 2019.

The many long cruises written by the Chesapeake Catboat Association group, but especially *Chester River Long Cruise*, Marc Cruder, Catboat Association Bulletin no. 178, Winter 2019.

Moving Time—By Water or Asphalt? Butler Smythe, Catboat Association Bulletin no. 178, Winter 2019.

Maine to the Chesapeake on Priscilla, September, 2005. Jenny Jorgensen & John Van Orden, Catboat Association Bulletin no. 140, Spring 2006.

Voyaging in a Catboat, The Catboat Association's 57th Annual Meeting. Ruth Freeburg, Butler Smythe, Brent Putnam and Victoria Putnam, Kevin O'Driscoll, Tom & Susan Maddigan, John Van Orden and Jenny Jorgensen. Pamphlet forwarded by Brent Putnam.

Things I would not do this singlehanded trip without.

Autopilot (Garmin Class A drive and Garmin head unit performed simply and without fail), inboard motor (I'm a fan of outboards for lots of reasons, but not offshore and not into nasty weather), paper charts and electronic chart plotter, good ground tackle (used a Delta with approx. 20 feet of chain and ½ inch nylon rode), harness (with perhaps auto-inflate PFD), and adequate drinking water that is not from the boat's tank, coffee.

Dave Davis is a retired U.S. Navy Special Operations Officer who commanded USS Grapple (ARS 53) and the Naval Diving and Salvage Training Center. He now serves the Navy as a nurse practitioner with specialties in family practice and occupational medicine. He and his spouse Mary Jo Valdes (both former members of the Catboat Association Bulletin Editorial Board) sail the waters of Narragansett Bay, and are looking forward to expanded horizons aboard Merryheart.



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The Logbook of the Catboat *Petunia*, Excerpts From Volume I

Tom, Martha, Stella, Satchel, and Jasper Sieniewicz

Author's Note: *Over the past 5 years, my 22-foot 1969 Crosby catboat Petunia and I have been guests at the Wooden Boat School in Brooklin, Maine. At the invitation of Martin Gardner, the gifted and patient instructor of the school's catboat class, I've shared general catboating lore and particular adventures from sailing with my family on Petunia.*

I longed for a Crosby catboat since I was 11 years old, sailing our 1957 Concordia Beetle Cat, Pequod, on Barnstable Harbor on Cape Cod. At 50, I bought Petunia. I still sail Pequod here in Maine; she's moored a boat's length away from the Crosby.

Like many catboaters, I keep a logbook on board of our adventures. Sometimes I read from the log at our Wooden Boat sessions—and to my surprise, some of those attending the class have urged me to share my entries more widely. What follows is the first installment in answer to that challenge.

Volume II is still being written. That log book is safely leather-bound and rocking onboard in Petunia's library.

Either stay tuned to this space to read (or to avoid reading!) excerpts from that volume – or better yet, attend Martin's catboat class to hear live early installments of Volume II.

Captain Tom, Broad Cove, Somes Sound, Maine.



Pequod, 1957 Concordia Beetle Cat, and Petunia, the 22 foot 1969 Crosby Catboat on Somes Sound, Mount Desert Island, Maine.

16 August, 2010

(Elvis's and Mama's birthday)

Day 3 of *Petunia* and she feels like she has been with us our whole lives. Stella and I have come out here in the rain to sit on the mooring.

We can see *Pequod* out our portholes.

I used to sit on the *Pequod* on her mooring in Barnstable Harbor. Just the same feeling, only this time we are sitting next to our wood stove with a cedar powered fire – cozy – the very definition of cozy.

Stella is napping and the Seth Thomas clock ticks happily.

July 8, 2011

So much cooking, we have used all our wood. Two cups of coffee and toast for breakfast. I sit here next to the stove in the afterglow.

Fleet Day in Southwest Harbor greeted us. Seven hours. Benjamin River to Broad Cove. The coast of Maine just shrank!! 100 miles (99.67 miles) in the most beautiful and sea-worthy boat I know.

Yes, I would like a boat I can stand up in, that has a head and a stove and one that fits five – short of that, our *Petunia* is perfect.

Jasper wore his vintage WWII sailor's uniform, the perfect attire. He said "J.F.K. wore this uniform, it is cool." He's right, it is very cool. We charged the cell phone and radio on the twelve volt outlet. We cooked over a wood fire onboard. We got the plumbing working and learned that Doctor Bonner's is the best boat soap.

Home port is Mama, and Satchel and Sam Knight just back from two weeks at canoe camp. Home port is showers and salad and cold beer—and it is mostly dreams of where to sail next. Life slows in the wind and currents, and with the people who live by the sea—there is no rush and there is such a connection to the globe. With tides, sunrise, sunset and winds telling you where you can go and when. *Petunia* shows me how little I need. She shows me how to slow down and, if I do, just how beautiful and complex the natural world is. Four days, with a bunk twelve inches from the sea's surface. I only missed music and Mama, thanks to the greatest shipmate in the world. He even let me beat him at chess as we sailed.



Jasper wore his vintage WWII sailor's uniform, the perfect attire. He says "J.F.K. wore this uniform; it is cool."

The new sail came from Nat Wilson just in time for the cruise – she is beautiful. Cream-colored, flatter than the old one but fits like a cocktail dress!!

So why is she so appealing?

This architect can control his whole world—silver spoons, wool blankets, tin cups, bright wood, canvas decks and cream-colored sails. Perfect knots, coiled ropes, tight lines and tea towels with petunias on them. A library of 2 dozen books and a small fire of Baxter State Park wood. I am drawn to so many things and my heart leaps at wind gusts, weather and the sound of her Seth Thomas ships clock or the water moving against her hull—and the magic silence when the engine turns off and the huge sail pulls her hull through the rocking waves.

I also thought about having my dad with me, how he would have loved sailing in this boat. And I missed him—but then I realized he was on board and that Jasper was me and I him and that the father-son relationship is still so completely alive in all the ticks of conversation and enthusiasms. Our joy at rising fish—my savoring of whiskey at sunset—Jasper offering me a cookie or chocolate which I take, not because I want it but because I am so happy to be offered, the pendulum swing between a mess and joyful chaos and cleaning up and making ordered. How much this is like my dad, and my specific relationship to him. Jasper will remember these sails—not so specifically. The way I remember a jumble of trout fishing trips. But I do remember in striking detail the warmth and laughter and love—Jasper now has that in him, no

matter what happens, and this makes the cruise more valuable than anything.

July 8, 2010

Dad worked me hard!! Jasper (age 7)

August 29, 30, 31, September 01, 02, 2011

(Day 3 of Jasper's Cruise)

The root beer exploded!

No, seriously, apparently the corrosive combined powers of saltwater and lead ballast can do some serious damage to aluminum cans. After a short stay in the bilge, the eighteen root beers that remained had all exploded or popped. Even now as I write this entry, root beer foam is being pumped out of the bilge. The whole of *Petunia's* crew—Jasper—is very distraught, as his plans of drinking only bilge-cooled root beer the entire cruise have been foiled.

'Shelter from the Storm'

'Make You Feel My Love'

Jasper brought his iPod and, in the dark, shared some songs that he thought I would like. We left for our cruise late as our hurricane came at the start of our cruise this year rather than the end. We placed one of each of my old red pair of oars that my grandmother gave me when I was a little boy on board *Pequod* and *Petunia*, and her spirit watched over our bouncing feet. Nothing was out of place on the clear day following the storm, despite a pounding. Grandma used to give me a penny if I drank my milk—I give my boys \$1.00 if they catch the right fish. She lived from 1893–1985. From gun-wearing Lampasas, Texas, to space shuttle.

So *Petunia* offers shelter from the storm, powered by Grandma's powerful magic red oars now in the bilge/engine compartment close to keel, close to the helmsman and close to our trusty red engine. Red powered, we float between sea and sky, wringing out all we don't need and do not want. Here in Winter Harbor on our last day, the whiskey gone, and by the afterglow of our morning fire, I peer in the rusty shaving mirror to see that my wrinkles have gone too.

Next to the mirror, the warm stove pipe, a painting of our Martha and next to her, Tabasco sauce. We keep everything hot in one place here on *Petunia*.

The captain and first mate went to town yesterday and in two stores found nothing we needed. We have everything except our Martha and our mama. We are trying so hard to make you feel our love all the way from here, by bald eagle, by spruce forest and by sparkling reflection of sunlight on our cabin roof, all the way from here across space and distance to Cambridge where you too sip your coffee and we hope are trying to make us feel your love.

Our cruise in the rearview mirror: Seal Harbor on night three was where Jasper fell in while catching the mooring. He does not swim. So new meaning to 'life preserver.' Our man-overboard procedures worked perfectly, including the welcome-back-aboard kiss. Without pausing, Jasper ran up to the bow, shouted to put the engine in reverse, and caught the mooring—a good crew member.

Night two was at Cookie Bite Cove on Bartlett Island with three other boats. Hot lunch and dinner and collections of large shells at low tide. We wished for the Mary Day, which we saw on our way down Blue Hill Bay. She never arrived.

Northeast Harbor first night where we discovered charcoal fires make no smoke, make perfect toast and boil water very fast.



Next to the mirror the warm stove pipe, a painting of our Martha and next to her Tabasco sauce. We keep everything hot in one place here on *Petunia*.

101.57 miles. A welcome run up the sound. Home—so we can go out sailing in *Pequod*. So bright, fast and close to the water.

Frenchman's Bay and Porcupine Islands and the view from downeast is perhaps the most beautiful place I have been. Having *Petunia* in the foreground adds a wonderful accent.

I long for more time on her but have wrung out about as much cruising as I can this year. 11 nights on board so far this year. I cannot wait to show her to my brother in October. BTW—the bilge pump still pumps foam because of the root beer. Jasper's secret stash all exploded (18 cans), and filled *Petunia* with sweetness—with Barnstable summers, with the general store, with American childhood, and *Petunia* will always spew foam in gratitude.

August 17, 2012 (*Martha log entry, for Tom, Satchel & Jasper, too*)

36+ miles on *Petunia* today—Broad Cove to Bar Harbor, to inspect the *Maasdam*, a portly, barge-like cruise ship that transcended its ultra-bourgeois bulkiness to become, more or less, and briefly, the cavalry for the local lobster industry; with lobster so plentiful this year, the price has crashed to less than \$3.00/lb and the wholesalers have quit buying altogether. But who does need a ton of lobster in her hold? A cruise ship ready to make thermidor for the house.

We motored over and mixed the iron & Dacron sails on the journey home. A sea rescue of a ticking striped pillow and, thanks to Satchel's reflexes, a straw hat snatched before it needed one.

June 27 – July 8th, 2013

A blur of adventures—

Getting out in a beautiful wind and wanting to let go at the Western Way. Let go—to the Atlantic and cold winds and rolling and steady rocking on the even swells but tethered by a crew that wants to depart camp by land not sea. The family now desperate to escape in two directions.

- Two bells –
- Four bells –

Sometimes we need to move fast, and sometimes we need to walk and think in more measured paces. 10 days here sailing and the pace has finally slowed so I can think.

I slept under the stars in the cove last night, waking periodically and glancing up, the vast dome spinning perceptibly about the North Star. I used to feel small while in sleepiness gazing up at vastness, but not now—for the first time and I hope not the last time—I felt a blanket and embrace of this twinkly spinning dome, a belonging floating in *Petunia* rocking and spinning, a balance between a complete thought and an impulse. Sometimes you need to go fast and sometimes you need to go slow. Ten days to go slow. I have fashioned a life of constant interruption and no slowness. It seems a complete year without a complete thought... It is making me physically ill. But now I see the stars, satellites and planes spinning around *Petunia* and have confidence in the certainty of my thoughts and actions. Home to paint more paintings and to make more buildings. And back on board as soon as is possible.

Dada

August 28 – 31, 2013

A wonderful evening visit on board from Lou and Astra, the husband-and-wife team that sail the *Helen Brooks* out of NE Harbor. They live onboard their own little schooner on a mooring here. They sail three 3-hour cruises a day, May to September. Lou works at our boatyard in the winter and has been caring for *Petunia* for four years. Astra, the dream wife who *wants* to live on a boat, has become the symbol for the ideal spouse for the boys.

We had a very fast ... windy ... sail down the sound and were blown over four times in gusts and in the pouring rain. Of course just as the crew had perched two quarts of water on the centerboard, it flew onto the captain's bunk!! But that was 'ok'. The captain was already completely wet. Note to log—I need new rain gear.

Satchel has been working in disparate centuries. Spending his day at anchor whipping all our ropes with fancy knot work and then working up electrical charges off of his solar panel so the phones, movies, music and radios all hum perfectly. So much to be done in 22 feet at sea level, endless things to do in all centuries from lines to diesel, from life safety to cooking and swabbing.

Time to fill the oil lamps and add charcoal to the fire, and time to check the radio and radar for weather.

October 10, 11, 12, 2013

The perfect time of year, great wind, great light and a powerful desire to savor every last lap on the hull, every last gust, every tic of conversation amongst the crew. Cedar smoke and warm Hemmingway tea (laced with dark navy rum) with the final tie to the mooring floating in space between sea and sky turning around in place to genuflect to all compass points, nodding and bobbing like a pilgrim.

Thank-you, thank you, thank you...

FIN for 2013



So what's the difference between sleeping here attached to the mooring in front of the Maine house and camping in the backyard?

June 19–21, 2015

So I am in the cabin waiting for the Vietnam-like rain to let up so I can go home—forgetaboutit!—solo weekend, a sail between Cranberry Islands and a tour around Baker Island—huge current, little wind offshore.

So what's the difference between sleeping here attached to the mooring in front of the Maine house and camping in the backyard?

There is no difference – the same joy and freedom is here as making a house on the lawn – I recapture that joy whenever I do this....except.

Petunia moves or can move to connect to all the places that the Atlantic flows into around here.

Birds – osprey fishing, gulls hanging on air.

She spins on her mooring, showing all aspects of the night sky and the whole horizon— *WOW is it raining out there now (and this tent don't leak much.)*

One awakes with the sun and sleeps with the moon. Separations make me long for home and Martha and whichever children aren't here.

The sea smells beautiful. The noises on board are a symphony, and she is container of memories, some mine—mostly others'—she makes great memories as on board one cannot remember time, only place.

Baby seal in the cove just now, white.

Her smells—the sea, the bilge, the wood smoke, the damp pillows, the faint smell of oil and diesel. A map ready to unroll, a sail ready to catch the wind and a hull to hold you up—to pick you up to carry you to heaven—So, other than that, just the same as camping in the backyard.

So sorry to have to go ashore.

Dada



Her smells – the sea, the bilge, the wood smoke, the damp pillows, the faint smell of oil and diesel. A map ready to unroll, a sail ready to catch the wind and a hull to hold you up –

September 25, 26, 27, 2015

Petunia was invited to be in a wedding

So the bride (Melissa Eddison) had her picture taken on *Petunia* with her wedding party – the height of happiness laughing, drinking and all excited.

A real live new bride on board in her wedding dress!

Lucky me and *Petunia*! My bride, Martha, spent two nights onboard.

What a glorious two days, capped with a dawn departure from Pretty Marsh with a reach down Blue Hill Bay and a run up Somes Sound. The rise of Mount Desert Island's mountains in the mists, dark spruce-forested shores, the slap-slap and applause sounds of the morning sea running on the hull.

Martha took the helm in the Western Way. A cap full of wind means an upper body workout at the wheel—the planet's forces pushing the rudder and the helm and *Petunia*'s hull through the Atlantic. A fitting way to mark the launch of Melissa Eddison's marriage. At dawn's early light the new couple in bed—the old couple holding hands on the ship's wheel and sipping black tea with wood-fired toast and a Swiss-Army-knife-sliced apple.

More catboating please, especially with my love – Martha!



My love - Martha.

Down on Dee Bay Hon Fall 2019

Crabs, we got crabs, we got more crabs than we know what to do with! OK, so why are they still so expensive? The annual estimate of the crab population by Maryland and Virginia found that there were nearly twice as many juvenile crabs in the Bay compared with last year. One might think that prices would fall if the crab population jumped by more than half, but it turns out that because most of the crabs are juveniles, they won't be big enough until next season...or, too much too soon! A wet spring and an early summer poured so much fresh water into the Bay that the crabs annual migration into the upper Bay was delayed. Even if there are more crabs to catch, there are fewer—and generally older—watermen out there catching them...is there no balance here?! So, prices didn't go down...a bushel of jumbos can set you back close to \$300, unless you catch them off my dock!

However, all is not gloom and doom and high prices, a recent study says that climate change could spur a blue crab population boom in the Chesapeake Bay. How will that happen? Warmer winters will keep crabs active much longer. Blue crabs ride out the winter by burrowing into the mud when cold sets in. When water temperatures reach roughly fifty degrees, they emerge. With the predictions of longer warmer winters, i.e., climate change, the crab season will be longer, thus, more crabs. Yep, that all sounds good if you are a crab, but what will I do when my dock is 2 feet under water because of global warming? Oh, I guess they forgot that part!



Rendezvous and Race Results

Steve Flesner, Editor

Prospect Bay 2019, Only the Strong Survived!!

Butch Miller

The catboat gods got even with the fleet as they dished up all the wind five courageous skippers could handle in this year's edition of the "now we're becalmed....now it's blowing like stink" Prospect Bay Race.

Organizer Butch Miller credits (a) ballast, (b) attendance at Marc Cruder's reefing seminar and (c) dumb luck as factors contributing to a safe day on the water despite some breezes approaching twenty knots.

But like the man says, "Weather is always nice in the bar" as the CCBA crowd found out while they quaffed dark and stormy's and feasted on crab cakes and seafood nachos at the after-party and awards ceremony held at Kent Island's Jetty Restaurant.



1st Place, what else but RUM!

RACE RESULTS

Place	Boat	Skipper
1	<i>Bubbly</i> , Marshall 18	Paul Cammaroto
2	<i>Patriot</i> , Marshall18	Phil Livingston
3	<i>Casco Cat</i> , Herman 17	Frank Newton
4	<i>Lark</i> , Americat 22	Butch & Denise Miller



2019 South River Sail-in Drive-in BBQ: A Mouthwatering Success!!

Craig Ligibel

More than twenty catboaters and catboater-wanna-bees journeyed by catboat, land yacht and classic Lyman powerboat to attend the third biennial South River Sail-in Drive-in BBQ hosted by catboat chef and CCBA Newsletter editor Craig Ligibel.



Craig and Coleen, our esteemed hosts.

Guests were treated to freshly-shucked Chesapeake Bay Oysters, Annapolis Smokehouse chicken wings and Ligibel's famous twice-smoked Kansas City-style ribs. Yum. Guests brought sides... and tall tales of catboat adventures far and wide.

2019 Sprite Island Rendezvous

Betsy Varian

We had a wonderful day on July 7, 2019. This was the 27th year of the annual catboat invitational regatta, the Robin Varian Memorial Catboat Regatta at Sprite Island Yacht Club in Norwalk, Connecticut. We had a pleasant sunny day with winds blowing ENE at 12-13...perfect for catboat racing! Four catboats participated in this event. Our first place finisher was Roger Klein in *Owl*, his Marshall 18; Mark Dam in *Malo* came in second and JR Reffner and crew in *Sally E* placed third.



Master Oyster Shucker at work!

“It’s good to know that Ligibel cooks better than he sails,” quipped CCBA Commodore Steve Flesner. “Everything was first rate...especially the dark and stormys.



From the looks of the crowd, they are very busy eating!

Several voyaging catboaters took advantage of the Safe Harbor of nearby Aberdeen Creek for an overnight anchorage.

Ligibel’s wife, Colleen, reported all catboaters were well-behaved...perhaps because many were accompanied by spouses who kept their sailors on a short leash.

Neither Craig nor Colleen delivered donuts to the cruising catboaters the following morning. “Most of those guys took off before I could get over there,” said Ligibel. “Maybe next time I’ll offer-up beignets and chicory coffee as an inducement to stay a little longer and enjoy more South River hospitality.”



Roger Klein wins the Menger Perpetual Trophy...again!

Roger, the winner of the Menger Perpetual Trophy last year, continued his winning streak and held onto the trophy for another year. The gam that followed took place on Sprite Island. All skippers and their crews celebrated a fun race and the camaraderie of catboat sailors; many catboat stories, accompanied by good food, wine and beer, were exchanged. We are all looking forward to a great regatta in July 2020... see you there!



Sprite Island catboat gam.

2019 Wickford Catboat Rendezvous

Ezra Smith & Rex Brewer

We had a great day for the Rendezvous, Saturday July 13th. As always, all catboats were welcome and moorings and amenities were available for all attendees. Unfortunately, the 18-foot class attendance was pretty light with only four boats starting. The breeze started off southeast at about 8 knots going south-southwest gusting up to 15-18 for the final beat, with the current flooding all afternoon. The move was to get inside Fox Island for current relief, and three of the 18s headed that way, with *Black Pearl* trying her luck farther out in the Bay. *Emmalina* footed below *Mugsy* (leading) and *Kittyhawk*, trying to get maximum current relief by going way inside the cove north of Rome Point and then piecing her way through the rocks (without hitting any...I think!), but by doing so sailed a bit more distance and was not able to make it pay. *Mugsy* called the layline to the light very well and made it around, with *Kittyhawk* pinching hard to get around maybe ten boat lengths behind. *Emmalina* maybe valued her centerboard finish more and opted to tack away, losing a number of boat lengths and rounding third.



Sappho and *Peregrine* (81) rounding the mark.

Downwind it was a game of dodging big boats with spinnakers all the way down to Hope Island, with some excitement (especially for *Emmalina*) as

we saw just how different a J 120's gybing angles are from a catboat's! By the time we rounded at Despair, the breeze had gone southwest and picked up to about fifteen knots, and the beat across to the Quonset shore saw us feathering and depowering a good bit, with *Mugsy* sailing very high to weather, *Emmalina* footing off using their three-person crew's righting moment well, and the two of us on *Kittyhawk* working the main aggressively to get through the chop and puffs. By the time we got to the shore the waves bouncing off the breakwall were stacking up into a pretty weird sea state, so we opted not to get too close, giving the carrier pier a relatively wide berth. This seemed to work out, as *Mugsy* and *Emmalina* were both well inside us, and we were able to get by them. We led across on the way to the Shore Acres shore, but then *Emmalina* split to head back offshore and we had to decide—go with them or stay loose covering *Mugsy*? We opted to keep heading toward the shore, thinking *Emmalina* would be getting an adverse current farther out. Turns out she made the better call—as I think of it now, they were likely catching the current flowing into the harbor entrance. I thought I had one more chance to get them, by tacking before them at the harbor entrance. It looked like it would work, until Charlie reminded me that we had to honor the bell, which was now about twenty boat lengths astern. We returned to round the bell, watching *Mugsy* sail past in the process, and ended up third, with *Emmalina* taking a very hard fought rendezvous!



Mugsy headin' for the barn!

In the 22's *Pereregrine* made the call to go inside Fox Island and made large gains on *Sappho* and *Muttockian*. *Peregrine* held the lead downwind, but saw *Sappho* and *Muttockian* close the gap significantly on the rough upwind chop past Quonset. *Peregrine* was first, *Sappho* next, with *Muttockian* very close behind.



Peregrine on the run!

The usual open bar and grills fired up at the Wickford Yacht Club, awards presented and stories went on for hours. Photo credits go to Nancy Sherman. Next year's event will be held, as always, the second Saturday in July (same as the Wickford Art Festival). Contact Pleasant Street Wharf for information 401-294-2791

RACE RESULTS

18's		
Place	Boat	Skipper
1	<i>Emmalina</i>	Charlie Appelton
2	<i>Mugsy</i>	Jay Kolyer
3	<i>Kittyhawk</i>	Ezra Smith
22's		
Place	Boat	Skipper
1	<i>Pereregrine</i>	Rex Brewer
2	<i>Sappho</i>	Eric Collins
3	<i>Muttockian</i>	Mike Browne

Corsica River Yacht Club Regatta

Butch Miller

Me in *Lark*, Phil Livingston in *Patriot* and Frank Newton and Dave Park in *Casco Cat* met at the Kent Narrows and caught the 12:30 bridge opening, then headed over to the Rock Hall Yacht Club where we were met by Rich McLaughlin, the "club" catboat host! Later, Pete McClary in *Chessie* showed up, followed by David Bleil and Jim Ohlmacher arriving in *Gull* just in time for dinner. After a relaxing dinner, we decided to motor over to the CRYC and avoid the

usual morning rush to get checked in for the race. Warm (it always is in mid-July) but a nice breeze on the anchor made for good sleeping...and no bugs!

The catboat contingent arrived at the pavilion first wondering where everyone else was. Zero wind so no wonder the others were in no rush. Boats started arriving along with coffee and donuts just in time for the delayed skippers meeting. The light winds would keep the fleets in the Corsica with catboats and catamarans on a separate course which meant we wouldn't be dodging kids in Penguins, Lasers and Lightings. We got in three races in light wind but were often overcome by wakes. *Patriot* and *Gull* were head to head all day with the exception of an unreal upwind run by *Gull* in the first race to snatch first place. *Casco Cat* hung in there while *Lark* succumbed to her usual poor starts and a #\$\$% charter boat who drove between *Lark* and the leaders. *Patriot* and *Gull* were only feet apart just rounding the mark as a wake hit them nearly causing a collision. *Lark*, ten yards behind was stopped in her tracks in the light wind and dragged below the mark by the current. It took her nearly ten minutes to make it back around the mark. Chesapeake catboaters who attend the CRYC regatta have grown accustomed to drifters, as mid-July on dee Bay Hon usually means light air or thunder storms... so we take what we can get!

The races were followed by dinner and Frank Newton's, aka Jersey Frank's, renditions of bar ditties that went well with dark and stormy's!

Gull, *Chessie* and *Casco Cat* decided to head for the barn Sunday morning while *Patriot* and *Lark* stayed for the races but were only able to finish one due to failing wind. Before the catboat fleet scattered Sunday morning, there was some talk of only racing on Saturday, making it a one-day race, but the two-day sailors who were staying on Sunday suggested the ones who left early be given a DNS. This seemed to satisfy everyone. *Patriot* came in first, winning three out of four races, *Gull* second, *Lark* third.

Patriot and *Lark* began the slog home under engine but found wind on the nose at the Queenstown bend in the river and hoisted sail. After a night at Lowes Wharf near Popular Island, *Patriot* arrived home in Oxford on Monday. Finally, on the home leg in the Choptank River she had a proper sail. Like I said, we take what we can get in July on dee Bay! In all, it was another great weekend on the water with tolerable temps and little wind, but no storms. The folks at RHYC and CRYC were fantastic hosts and special thanks to CYRC for welcoming us for another year.

Casco Bay Cruise 2019

Anne Bridgman

The 2019 Casco Bay Cruise was held on Saturday, August 17th on the New Meadows River in Maine. The race committee made a concerted effort to revert this event back to solely catboat entries. We had five responses from the eight cats in the vicinity and all showed up, though not for the entire race. *Rosamond*, *Solitude* and *Wind Dancer* were the boats that formally started and finished, whilst *Bob*, a Herreshoff America and *Aurora*, a cat yawl, joined and exited in a leisurely fashion somewhere in the middle of our six mile course. All very welcome and beautiful to see gracing the river.

The eight knot southeasterly was predictably unpredictable, and by luck, *Rosamond's* strategy of sitting on the line for the start was effective, as the wind chose to die out during the entire ten minute preparatory signals. But it filled in nicely at the starting horn and all three boats headed fairly close together to round Birch Point. Different tacks after the first mark spread out our little band, but brought *Wind Dancer* and *Rosamond* to cross tacks at close quarters partway up the second leg. *Rosamond* held her starboard tack and then covered *Wind Dancer* briefly before they left for different sides of the river again.



The human boom vang on *Wind Dancer*!

The southeasterly in combination with the funnel effect at the mouth of the Basin made it difficult to determine when one's boat could lay to the second mark, and everyone made extra tacks to get around. A lovely broad reach to the finish saw *Rosamond*, *Wind Dancer* and *Solitude* finishing in that order.

We followed with a friendly potluck raft-up at the line with the race committee and spectator boats joining in. Awards were presented with prime race event host, John Van Orden, announcing generous time



Rosamond up front.

reductions in elapsed race times for those participants who had slept on their catboats that season, and even further reductions for overnights with children and "above and beyond" meals served on those occasions. (After all, our event is named the Casco Bay Cruise!) This resulted in the infamous green garland (which is required to be worn all weekend long) being awarded to Sean Doucette, *Wind Dancer's* skipper.



Sean Doucette and the Green Garlands Gang!

RACE RESULTS:

Place	Boat	Skipper/Time
1.	<i>Rosamond</i> , Marshall 18	Anne Bridgman/1:28
2.	<i>Wind Dancer</i> , Menger 19	Sean Doucette/1:35
3.	<i>Solitude</i> , Marshall 18	Jeff Geiger/1:41
Casual Participants		
	<i>Bob</i> , Herreshoff America	
	<i>Aurora</i> , lapstrake cat yawl	

Editor's Note: You have to admit, they have a pretty unique way of determining elapsed race times!

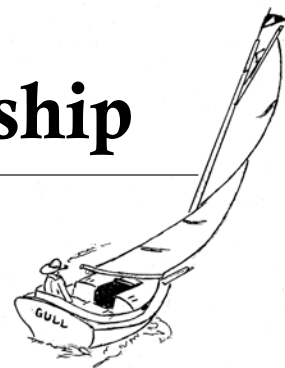


Sailing Techniques and Seamanship

Brent Putnam, Editor

Practice, Practice

Skip Stanley



When we participate in sports, we practice. For you runners, cyclists, swimmers, you hit the track, the road, the pool. Sailing, unlike motor boating, is a physical activity. We move about the boat as we maneuver. We have to pull on the sheet(s) and maintain a weather helm. It comes with the territory. No wonder Popeye had huge forearms.

Once or twice a season, when the conditions are right, I go out just to practice. What are the right conditions? Well that depends. I usually pick a day or an evening when it's not so great, a day when few others are really interested in going out. Cloudy maybe, a little drippy, okay, with a light shower just for good measure. I usually go alone—just me and the boat. It's nice if the tide is high which provides room to work and reduces the chances of running aground. I like to stay near the mooring field—I'm not going anywhere.

Lots of folks are content to motor on and off their moorings every time they get underway or return. Nothing wrong with that, but I'm not one of them. If I can do a whole day without starting the motor that's fine with me. In fact that's my normal m.o.

Sailing off a mooring should be no big deal but it can be a little interesting for those new to catboats, especially those who grew up sailing sloops. I know, because I was of them. On a sloop you let go the mooring pendant (walking it aft if possible) and sheet the jib. This pushes the bow off the wind and turns you away from any neighboring boats. As the bow swings away, you ease the jib and sheet the main and away you go. No sweat.

On a catboat, the actions are counterintuitive. Same scenario: You let go the pendant and sheet in. But the boat doesn't fall off, instead she heads up and next thing you know, you're heading for your neighbor's boat. Uh-oh. Fend-off... So what's the right move? Instead of sheeting in, let the sheet/sail

fly. It will act like a big flag and pull the bow off the wind. It's a little scary the first few times but it's the thing to do.

The main focus of practice, however, is not getting off the mooring, it's getting back on it—this is where the fun is. Plan on getting wet (dress accordingly). The sheets are going to get wet and, as a result, so are you. Put *everything* you can below. Don't bother with the seat cushions. Close the hatch just in case (the companionway doors can be opened or closed).

Pick an open location with a target, like say, an empty mooring ball. Make approaches from all angles, close-hauled, reaching, running; each time swinging up into the wind, getting a feel for how the boat carries. The weight of a catboat means she's gonna carry quite a ways, so the final approach has to be quite slow. Be patient.

Round and round you go. Tacking, gybing, sheeting in, letting go, the sheets getting wet—spraying you, the benches, and cockpit deck. Sometimes hitting, sometimes missing. Heading up, falling off, going round again, until you've had enough. It's time well spent.

While we're on the subject, another thing worth practicing is for a man overboard. Now the chances of someone going over the side are pretty slim, though it does happen. Chances are much greater it will be something else, such as a beloved hat. These things happen without warning and call for quick action, requiring a tack and often a gybe—and make sure you keep the object in sight. You can “chicken-gybe” (make a 270-degree tack) but that's gonna take more time. When practicing I use a plastic milk jug with an old piece of chain tied to it, that way if I lose it for some reason I haven't lost something valuable. And should a hat go over the side, a well-executed retrieval is sure to earn the gratitude of the owner.



Navigation

Skip Stanley, Editor

About Buoys 2

Skip Stanley

In my previous article about buoys, which appeared in spring 2018 Bulletin (No. 176), I talked about floating and fixed aids to navigation (ATON) and what it takes for the U.S. Coast Guard to maintain them. In that article I briefly mentioned the Buoy Depot in South Weymouth, Massachusetts where all the buoys in the First Coast Guard District are brought for maintenance and repair.



The Coast Guard Buoy Depot South Weymouth, Massachusetts.

There are approximately 4800 floating aids to navigation in the First District, which covers the area from the Canadian border to Toms River, New Jersey, more than 2000 miles of coastline. Of these aids, approximately 4100 are made of steel, the rest are plastic. Of those, there are an additional 1300 “out-of-service” buoys; this includes buoys waiting to be serviced or waiting to be deployed, and temporary aids such as ice buoys, which substitute for certain aids in winter.

As soon as an aid is placed on station, it begins to wear; day after day, night after night... It's easy to forget about them; yet there they are, providing comfort to the mariner—ensuring that he or she is in good water or avoiding danger among other things.

Steel buoys are designed to have a service life of twenty to thirty years depending on location and employment history. They are inspected by ATON

units every one to three years. If all is well, they remain on station. If not, they are replaced. Regardless, every buoy gets refit (at least) every six years. That's where the Buoy Depot comes in.

In accordance with a predetermined maintenance schedule, a buoy tender removes an aid and replaces it with one specifically prepared for that location. The relieved aid is then brought to shore where it is loaded on a flatbed truck and brought to the Depot. If it's no longer serviceable, it's scrapped and its steel is recycled.



Scrapped buoys awaiting recycling.

Buoys that are serviceable begin the refit process. If it has a light, bell, or gong those are removed. The buoy is placed in a carriage for its journey through the facility. Each carriage is equipped with rollers that allow the buoy to be rotated as it's being worked on.



Buoys on carriages.

The first major stop is the sandblasting bay for the removal of everything that is not steel—rust, mud, barnacles and other marine growth, old coatings, etc. This enormous bay is big enough to handle the largest buoy. Each buoy is wheeled in and suspended from the ceiling of the bay. Once the doors are secured, the blasting begins. The grit is shot out of four nozzles, which are aimed by computer to cover one side of the aid. As the sanding grit strips the aid, it's vacuumed and recycled back to the nozzles. On its way, it passes through a filter that catches the grit and returns for another go-round. Particles which are too small, such as paint chips and rust, are collected for disposal. Once the one side of the aid is done, it's rotated to do the other side.



A buoy after sandblasting.

The sandblasting reveals the flaws in the aid's steel; most often this is pitting caused by water getting through the aid's protective coating through natural wear-and-tear or if the aid has been damaged. For instance, if a vessel scratches an aid, breaking through the coating, that area will begin to rust. When the rust is removed, the remaining steel will be pitted.

After sandblasting, the next stop for the aid is the welding shop. Here the steel is repaired. Most often, this is to fill the pitted areas by arc welding. These filled areas are actually stronger than the steel they replace. The aid's bottom ring, cage (if it has one), and radar reflector are also repaired.



The sandblasting bay.

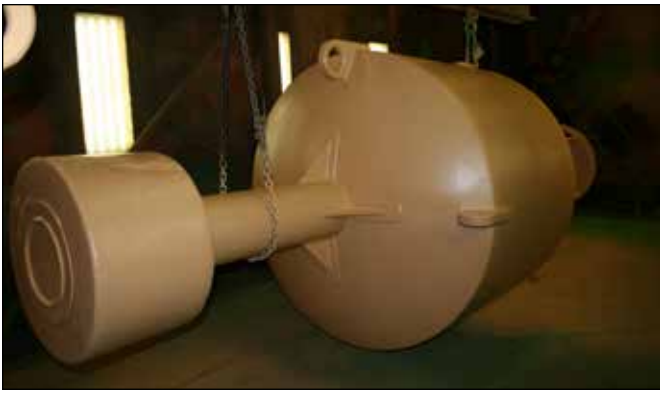


A buoy after welding. Note the band around the upper portion of the vessel approximately at the waterline—a common location of rusting/ pitting.



A partially sandblasted buoy.

The next stop for the aid is the “paint shed” where it will get its coatings. Once again, the aid is lifted off the carriage and suspended from the overhead. This allows for the aid to be coated on all sides. The buoy is primed and painted—usually red or green above the waterline and with anti-fouling paint below the waterline.



An aid suspended in the paint shed after priming.



Refurbished buoys ready for transport to an ATON unit.



An aid after receiving its final coatings.

After the coatings are finished, if the aid has a sound signal, such as a bell, that device is then installed along with the proper color reflectors.



The bridle for lifting a bell onto an aid.

When the process is complete, the aids are taken by flatbed truck to a Coast Guard ATON unit where they will be placed on board a buoy tender for deployment. Right before that happens, the local unit puts the final touches on the aid, reinstalling its light and putting on the identifying numbers and/or letters.

One last thing—I have a bit of a personal connection to this facility. My father, John Stanley (Sr.) was responsible for its establishment. Dad, a commander at the time, was the head of the District Civil Engineering Branch from 1971 to 1976. During that time he learned that the aids were being serviced at bases all over the District and thought there had to be a better way. He did a study, got his idea approved, and got the funding. The land was acquired from the (now defunct) South Weymouth Naval Air Station (hence its location) and building commenced. It became fully operational in April of 1973. This facility is the only one of its kind in the Coast Guard.

A 1980 graduate of Maine Maritime Academy, Skip holds an Unlimited Second Mate license. He sailed as a Third Mate with Exxon and as Deck Watch Officer on a high endurance cutter in the U.S. Coast Guard. His dad, prior to becoming a full-time civil engineer, served as a deck watch officer and engineer on the Coast Guard Cutter Bibb from 1956 to 1960.





We are Catboat lovers: pictured here is the 1898 Wilton Crosby Catboat **Grayling**: sailing again in 2019 after a major rebuild!

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Keeper of the Light

Jay Webster, Editor

Living Catboat Legends, Ben and Anne Brewster

As a Keeper of the Light it is easy to write about the many “legends” who serve the Catboat Association. Two of the favorites are Ben and Anne Brewster who sailed from Plymouth, Massachusetts. The Brewsters are original descendants of the Mayflower Pilgrims. Ben and Anne and their family sailed to many a catboat rendezvous from Boston to Mystic, Connecticut, in their beloved “*Felix*, a Marshall 22.

Members since 1971, Ben served as the Chairman of the Steering Committee of the Catboat Association from 1975 to 1986. The Brewsters started their catboat sailing with a wooden Shiverick catboat built in Duxbury, Massachusetts. The Brewsters also sailed a 27-foot Island Packet, and in later years, a 28-foot Cape Dory power boat. They sailed the Island Packet to and from Florida to fulfill their dream of cruising the inland waterways. The Brewsters were also active with the Plymouth Yacht Club where Ben served for many years on the executive committee.

One of the Brewsters favorite activities was running catboat races, including the “North of the Cape” rendezvous, and races from Plymouth to Scituate and back. It was always quite a task to manage the “North of the Cape” races out of Plymouth and



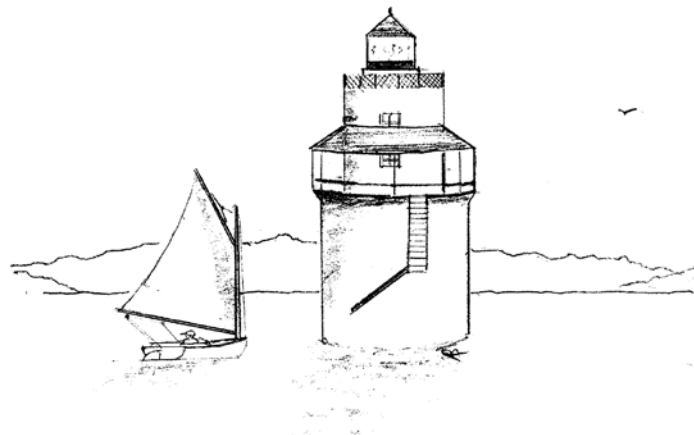
Duxbury as they regularly drew fifty or more catboats from local and distant ports.

More recently, Ben and Anne could be seen cruising Duxbury and Plymouth Bays in the Cape Dory and diving off the swimming platform as they anchored off Clark’s Island in Duxbury Bay. The Brewsters, who have been married over seventy years, still do some boating, at the ages of ninety-three and ninety-four, with their family. Ben and Anne say, regretfully, they wish they were doing more boating.

The Brewsters agree that the highlights of their catboating years were serving the Association and the wonderful people they met and became friends with over the long period. They still share fond memories of the Mystic, Edgartown, Osterville and Padanaram rendezvous. Ben still vividly remembers, as many of us probably would, crossing the finish line of an Edgartown to Osterville race with a “roaring surprise” jibe.

Another of the Brewsters’ most rewarding accomplishments were twice leading the International Tall Ship Parades of SailBoston with a fleet of twenty or more catboats.

May Ben and Anne continue to enjoy many more years of active and friendly catboat “gams.” They are always a pleasure to have aboard, by land or by sea!



Book Review

Ned Hitchcock, Editor

Buzzards Bay Trilogy

Peter Knowlton

I started to work on a book review this summer, but it brought back too many memories of high school. I had three books which I wanted to write something about, and couldn't choose one. So, here are short reviews of all three!

I don't recall any of them referencing catboats; however, all deal with Buzzards Bay—from New Bedford, to Marion, to Woods Hole and Cuttyhunk. Two are well researched histories, and one contains historical imaginings and is my favorite.

Oil & Ice, A Story of Artic Disaster and the Rise and Fall of America's Last Whaling Dynasty

By Peter Nichols, Penguin Books, New York, 2009.

This book basically traces the history of Dartmouth (New Bedford, Fall River and surrounds) from 1652 through 1897, using the June 1871 loss of the 33 ships of the New Bedford whaling fleet in the Bering Sea, north of Icy Cape, as a backdrop for the story. (All 1,219 men, women and children from these ships escaped in whale boats, and were saved.) Interwoven with the rise and fall of whaling, are also those of Quakerism, the Howland family, and the textile industry. Mr. Nichols is able to pull all of these aspects together in a well-researched and very readable history.

Ghost Ship – The Mysterious True Story of the *Mary Celeste* and Her Missing Crew

By Brian Hicks, Ballantine Books, New York, 2004.

The *Mary Celeste* was discovered sailing, abandoned, off the coast of the Azores on December 4, 1872, intact, with no apparent signs of distress. Her captain was Benjamin Spooner Briggs of Marion, Massachusetts. Mr. Hicks has written a well-researched book, tracing the ship's and captain's histories, log, and maritime hearing records, and presents a sound and logical solution for the abandonment. (I'm not telling, this is just a teaser!).



Spun Yarns and Scuttlebutt

By Thomas Hall, Crow's Nest Press, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts, 1996.

This small paperback is by far my favorite of the three, and is a compilation of semi-history musing by Mr. Hale, who ran the Martha's Vineyard Shipyard for many years, sailed the sounds and bays, and designed and built the Vineyard Vixen sailboats and Wasque powerboats. The majority of the stories were published, at some point, as articles in The Vineyard Gazette newspaper. Two articles in particular, should be of interest to any sailors in the area.

"A Cuttyhunk Chimera" presents the history of the island from its Native American roots through the current period, as envisioned in a daydream while sleeping in the sun on a sheltered hillside. His style is wonderful and the story flows easily.

"Satan's Peril" How did the first European vessel to transit Woods Hole in 1603 fair? Without *Eldridge* and GPS, about as you might expect, but eventually the transit was made. The journey goes from off Noman's Land, through Quick's Hole, along the Buzzards Bay side of the Elizabeth Islands, an anchorage at Hadley's Harbor, a grounding off Penzance Point, and a beaching in Woods Hole for repairs.

The book appears to be out of print, and it may require some internet searching to find a copy, if the local library or a friend doesn't have one you may borrow.

Tidbits of reviews; but all worthwhile stories of local interest. And, incidentally, *The Old Farmer's Almanac* indicates a winter worthy of a good book and warm fire. Enjoy.



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Greetings from Arey's Pond Boat Yard!

We are excited to introduce our new and improved gaff saddle. Using custom bronze hardware, genuine saddle leather, tested design, and focused craftsmanship, our new saddle is a necessary investment for all gaff rigged vessels.

The enhancements our saddle brings to a gaff rig are seen throughout the sailing experience. Since our saddle improves sail shape, you are able to point higher and sail more efficiently to windward. This makes it especially valuable for catboat sailors on the racing circuit.

Additionally, sailors experience increased simplicity when lowering and raising the sail, as well the elimination of trapped halyards within gaff jaws or an open saddle. While these positives reflect directly to performance, the greatest improvement is longevity. Gone are the days of broken wooden jaws, expensive repairs, and lost parrel beads. Once installed, our sturdy, compact gaff saddle will last years with little to no maintenance.

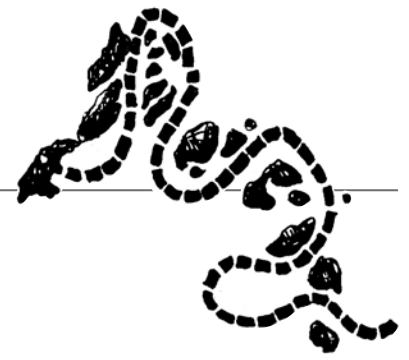
The Arey's Pond leathered gaff saddles are built by hand in our shops and are customizable for vessels of almost every size. The saddle is made using high quality PVC and a custom bronze bracket unique to Arey's Pond. Each gaff saddle is hand-leathered for a traditional look.

As winter approaches the northeast, please do not hesitate to reach out and schedule a gaff saddle installation for your boat.

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Short Tacks

C. Henry Depew



Heaving-To and Fore-Reaching

There has recently been a thread on the Discussion List concerning heaving-to and fore-reaching. Heaving-to with a catboat has some differences over doing the same with a sloop rig as the boat handles a little differently. In addition to the craft itself, there are the wind and sea conditions at the time. In most cases, one simply heads the boat on a reach, lets the sail out until it starts to luff. Leave the tiller alone with the board about half down (or all up) and relax. While the boat will drift to leeward and may move forward a bit, the configuration should be stable for some time. It is important to make sure you are not in the way of another boat (you are still underway and the rules of the road apply) or too close to a lee shore. Once you get the balance right, the boat should sail off some, pick up speed, come into irons, fall off, and keep repeating. Waves and wakes can upset process somewhat. When doing this, always be on the lookout as conditions can quickly alter things and/or other boats may appear. Also remember, you need to practice this in different wind/wave conditions to see what works best in each of the circumstances.

The person who started this discussion responded: "Since I raised the question I'll let you know I tried several of the techniques discussed here in the last few days. I liked this one the best: close hauled, pull the board all the way up, keep turning higher into the wind until rudder is hard over [to leeward] and tied there, the bow will not come up. The boat slowly gently goes sideways. I liked this best because the close hauled boom is accessible to put in or shake out a reef."

Fore-reaching is about the same as heaving-to, but with fore-reaching the boat keeps moving forward, very slowly. The main difference seems to be if the board is all the way up, your boat will drift to leeward very slowly while if the board is all the way down, the boat will drift "forward."

Rudders

A second thread on the List had to do with rudder travel and the "stiffness" of the system using the Edson quadrant. One suggestion was to use some grease and "work" the system. Also noted that if

there is a brake on the shaft to prevent rudder motion at anchor, the brake may not be fully released or it may also need some grease.

The other part of the thread on rudders had to do with how much rudder is needed to tack the boat, since the quadrant on most boats is only 45 degrees, giving about 22+/- degrees of travel to port and starboard. Other boats have more travel and at hard over the travel can be 45-50 degrees and this amount of rudder can create noticeable stall. The question became one of whether there is a "sweet spot" for rudder travel on a cat. It seems that the "sweet spot" depends on the boat's speed and wave conditions. It was also noted that the more rudder travel the boat had, the easier it was to slow the boat down by putting the rudder hard over for a moment or two. A "brake" on a sailboat?

Mast Waxing

A third thread was the question of waxing the mast prior to stepping it to ensure the hoops glide easier. Was there a recommended product they use for this? While most respondents used one of the boat waxes, those interested might want to look at a biking product that is a Teflon based spray on that dries and is colorless. The product was designed to lubricant bike chain without attracting dirt.

Night Sailing

On a different tack, night sailing can be wonderful with the right conditions; clear skies and a light wind away from the land lights are "just the thing." One of the considerations while boating at night is lights, navigational, running, and anchor. In any sea condition, running lights can be missed because of their location on the boat. While the Coast Guard has requirements for visibility, they are seldom met on the water. On a sailboat, mast head light configuration is one means of getting more visibility. However, according to a study I read years ago, most people only see about 20 feet above the horizon at night. Thus your mast head running lights may be seen early, but then can be missed unless those looking for other boats look up as well as out. Depth perception can also be

a problem at night. One night, as the race committee boat, we were almost hit by one of the boats in the race as they came up toward the finish line. They saw our anchor light but did not realize how close they were until I shined our spotlight down the anchor rode off the bow of our boat. The person on the bow looking at us shouted, "Fall off!" The helms person did so and they went by us rather closely at full hull speed. After the race was over and everyone was back at the post-race party, the skipper came up to apologize as he did not realize how close they were until I shined the spot light on the anchor rode.

The Pilot's Laws

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

Here are a few:

Phelp's Laws of Renovation:

1. Any refit of an old boat will cost twice as much and take three times as long as originally estimated.

2. Any timber you decide to replace will prove to be sound; any that you leave in place will be rotten by next year.

Rapoport's Rule of the Roller-Skate Key: Any item required for a job will show up with uncommon regularity until the day when that job is planned, when the said item will disappear from the face of the earth.

Rosenbaum's Rule: The easiest way to find it is to buy a replacement.

1st Rule of Marine Maintenance: If it works, don't fix it.

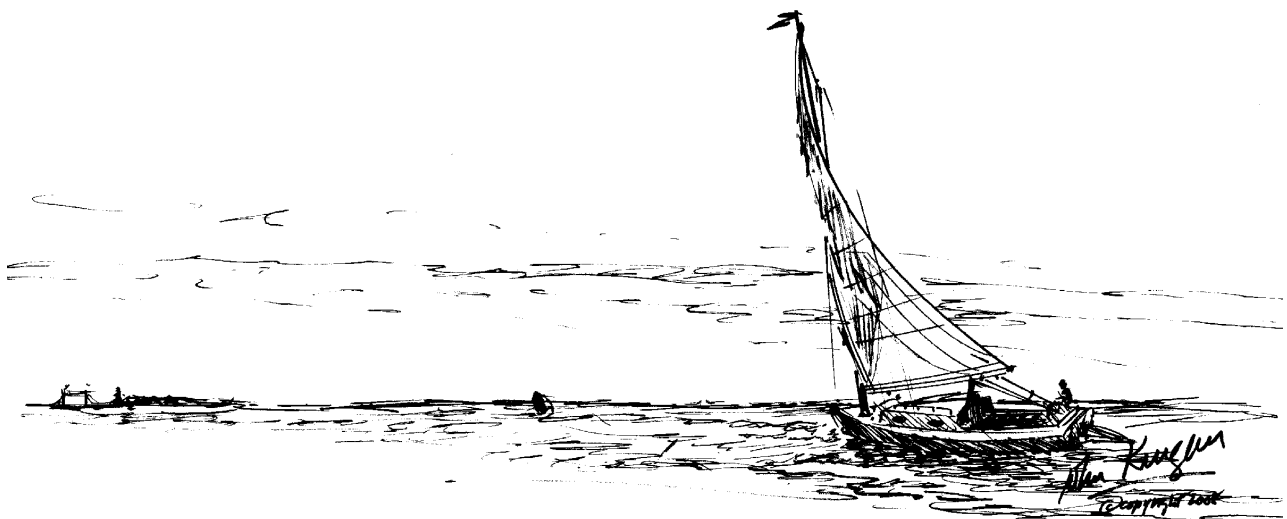
Simon's Law: Everything put together sooner or later falls apart.

Skale's Rule of Chandlers: They never just say "Sorry we haven't got it." Always say, "Too bad. I sold the last one the other day."

Spare Parts Principle: The accessibility during recovery of small parts you have dropped varies directly with the size of the part, and inversely with its importance to the completion of the job at hand.

Waddell's Law of Equipment Failure: A component degree of reliability is directly proportional to its ease of accessibility (i.e., the harder it is to get at), the more often it breaks down).

Westheimer's Rule: To estimate the time it takes to do a job, estimate the time it should take, multiply by two, and change the unit of measurement to the next higher unit. Thus allocate two days for a one hour job.



New Members

Carolyn Pratt, Membership Secretary

WELCOME ABOARD to our new members since Spring Issue Bulletin 179:

Tom Antolino and Mary Lou Norris

Scott Baumer

Mike Bradish

Wendy Breau

John Canney

Patrick and Trisha Carney

Tom and Molly Clarke

Marston Clough

Alice Cochran and David Hirzel

Robert Cox

Gregory and Kimberly Douds

Janice Ewertsen and James Kehoe

Greg and Naomi Grundtisch

Jim Haldeman

Louis Hall Jr

Scott Hanson

Don Holbert

Robert Laird

Rich & Bonita Leadem

Stuart Lipp and Nadia Abdulrazak

Roy and Cynthia Maus

Jack and Penny McGill

Stephen and Janet Nold

Richard and Julie Pelletier

Bruce Pyle

Jay Repass

Carlos Rivera and Nicole Olsen

Chris Ryan

John Saltmarsh

Maxine Schaffer

Michael Scheibeck

Jim Schneider

Andrew Schwartz

John and Patricia Scott

Eden and Carolyn Smith

Michael and Donna Smith

Allen Smothers

James Snow

David Soltesz

Michael and Vivien Teitelbaum

Richard and Emily Thomsen

Bob and Luann Travis

Norman and Donna Truscott

Carl and Susan Valenstein

Tamara Vermette

Rod Wagoner

Mark and Bridget Wiatrowski

Pete Willets

Ken and Abby Williams

Ella Withington

Chip and Ilda Wood



Cats for Sale



Cats for Sale is a free service for active CBA members wishing to buy, sell or trade catboats and related equipment. A \$35.00 fee will be charged to all non-members.

Internet publication of your listing on the Catboat Association's website, catboats.org, will run concurrent with the printed Bulletin. Good quality photos of your cat or related equipment are encouraged and are a great way to help sell your cat. They will be published on the website and will also be added to the printed Bulletin, if 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

180-4. Classic New England Catboat. Ted Brewer Design. 22'x10', draft 1 1/2', 5' with keel down. Two electric and one manual bilge pumps, dual marine batteries, fixed and manual held marine radios. AM/FM radio & single disc cd player with two speakers. Beautiful custom interior completed in 2005. Teak cabinets with chart table, hanging locker, and porta-potti. 12 volt interior lights plus two gimbale oil lamps. Alcohol stove, stainless steel sink, 20 gallon tank, and electric sump box. Cockpit repainted in 2017, Custom teak wheel, covers for wheel and sail. Depth sounder, knot meter, and ice chest. Gimbale stove on bulkhead and fixed stern mounted grill with cover. Rigged for single handed sailing with single line lower reef and dual line second reef, both can be worked from cockpit. Cam cleats for peak and throat sheets. Twin danforth anchors, single cylinder inboard Yanmar diesel. Stern folding step and side folding boarding ladder. Life vests, misc. parts, search light, buoy and dishwasher included. Ready to sail all you need is your deck shoes. \$20,000. Boat is currently in Traverse City, MI., shipping charges negotiable. Phone: (231) 620-2041 b3205@aol.com



180-5. 1982 Marshall 18 Sanderling for sale. Well maintained. Inboard Yanmar GM 1 engine with few hours since rebuild: Used only to go to and from mooring, less than 2 gallons/season. Runs great and starts instantly all season. Features Edson wheel steering with lovely bronze wheel. Under bench lockers, louvered cabin doors, trunk cap, porta potty, AM/FM cassette radio with power antenna. Updated electrical panel, working running lights, full cabin cushions. Thurston sail older but in good shape. Thurston sail cover. Single axle trailer in good shape. Located on Cape Cod. \$14,750. Please call Wen at 914-772-2560 or email wprice101@aol.com



180-6. 1985 Marshall 18' Sanderling catboat. 2017 2.3hp Honda 4-stroke outboard (29 lbs.) with low hours; 2015 Quantum sail with 2012 Quantum spare sail; 2018 Mark Beaton sail cover. In 2014, replaced cockpit sole, floor frames, lower bulkhead (both sides), removed and rebbeded all teak trim. 2005 new mast installed. Bottom soda blasted 2010 and VC Offshore bottom paint in 2018. Tiller extension, canvas winter cover. All work done by David Beaton & Sons Boatyard. Club-raced in Metedeconk River. \$9,500. Located Ocean County, NJ. Call Frank Dockery 732-295-9772



180-7. 1969 Marshall 22' catboat with inboard Yanmar Diesel engine. Ready to motor or sail today, sleeps three comfortably includes sail, cushions, new rudder, new boom crutch, dodger, grill, alcohol stove plus more. Serviced yearly, nice details, 10' beam, electrics updated. This is a classic boat to enjoy a sail, anchor and dive off the stern. \$21k complete. Call 781-639-8153 cowilliams@comcast.net



180-8. 1975 Herreshoff America 18' catboat. Nowak and Williams; 2 sails. 2005 6hp Mercury 4-stroke outboard, professionally maintained and runs like new. KISMET has been sailed around Oyster Bay NY since 2003. She'll be in the water in May (2019) - ready for you to sail her away. I hope you can enjoy her as much as my family has. Asking \$4,000. Matt Cuomo 516-458-5875 or mcuomo@cuomollc.com



180-10. 1980 Marshall 22 lovingly maintained in Camden Maine. Inboard Yanmar Diesel, head, new cushions inside and out. 20k. Phone: (978) 427-5638 Caverlyl@gmail.com



180-12. 1995 Menger 15' (Mengercat). Sandbagger-style catboat. White hull and beige topsides with teak trim and bronze deck hardware. Aluminum mast (hinged for trailering), gaff and boom, 145 square foot sail. 7 foot beam allows a generous cockpit with removable cuddy and Andersen automatic bailer. 600 lbs displacement and draws only 7 inches with the centerboard up. Molded outboard well in transom with neighboring locker for a fuel tank. Includes EZ Loader roller trailer (provided by Menger) with new tires and rims (photo shows old wheels). Boat and trailer together weigh under 1,000 lbs, easy to tow. Also includes 1995 2hp Honda outboard (BF model, air cooled). Purchased from the original owner in 2007 and hardly used. Boat, sail and running rigging are in very good condition. (Boat was always trailer-sailed, so sail and lines were removed and stored indoors.) Trailer has surface rust in spots, but is sound and fully functional. Clean paperwork: NJ title for boat, original Certificate of Origin for trailer, and I'll provide a notarized bill of sale for both. Asking \$5,000. Currently trailered in Little Egg Harbor, NJ. Contact Tim by e-mail at thrynick157@yahoo.com or by phone at (609) 812-5493 (texting is fine). Serious inquiries only.



180-13. 1973 Herreshoff America 18' NINE TALES. I bought her in 2015, launched and sailed her in 2018. Now I am moving out of the area and must part with her. I spent 2016/17 working on her, during which time she had: floors in cockpit and cabin replaced, seats in cockpit repaired/replaced – but still faced with original teak, hull stripped and epoxied before repainting, and all through-deck fittings removed and holes sealed with epoxy before reattaching. Fitted with Marshall Marine tabernacle mast and gaff (boom is original), centerboard replaced (prepared and fitted by Marshall Marine). Comes with: 2017 Marshall Marine Loadrite catboat trailer, 2017 Tohatsu 5hp Propane outboard (fits in well) with two lightweight resin tanks, set of 6 boat stands (two straight, two angled, two keel). She has a tanbark sail plus original flag sail, both of which came with the boat. Also includes: Ronstan blocks, hand-held Standard Horizon VHF with GPS, Weems and Plath LED SOS distress light (no more flares to buy!), original wooden and brass blocks (if wanted), portapotty, original sink and pump faucet (not presently fitted), original mast and gaff (if wanted), lifejackets, two anchors, , and various docklines. Hull, both bottom and topside, repainted this spring. All titles and registrations in order. Currently on mooring in Great River, Waquoit Bay, Mashpee, Cape Cod, where I will continue to sail her until I receive an offer or I have to move. Can be trail sailed and/or hauled out for inspection. Asking \$12,000, but will consider offer. Ian Robinson 508 648 3367 robinson.ian@comcast.net



180-14. 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 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 driplless 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. REDUCED: Asking \$27,000 - more pictures are HERE.



180-15. 1975 Legnos Mystic 20 hull #14, "Mariah". LOA: 20"; LWL: 18"; beam: 8"; draft (bd. up/Down): 25"/51". Original wood mast (Sitka spruce) & spars. Single sail (272 sq. ft.) with two reef points. Repowered 2014 with a Yanmar 1GM10 single cylinder inboard diesel engine with new 3-bladed bronze prop and 8 gal. deck-fill diesel fuel tank . Mainsail & gaff halyards and main sheet and all blocks were replaced in 2014. Anchors, rode, bunk and cockpit cushions, boom crutch and sail cover with gallows and mast step post for use of mast as ridge pole for winter storage, with full-length protective (water proof and cushioned) mast sleeve for winter protection of spars (see photo). Comes with ancient but serviceable double axle trailer (for local hauls and winter storage) of unknown age and origin (but titled and MA -registered), and an 8' fiberglass rowing dingy with oars. Boat was in the water, but not sailed, in 2018 season. Increasing age & decreasing agility = cause for sale. Asking \$15,000, located Tashmoo Boat Yard, Vineyard Haven, MA. Contact: Bruce Lewellyn 508-693-8052 b2lewellyn@gmail.com



180-16. 1972 HERRESHOFF AMERICA 18' catboat. Traditional flag sail with identical spare sail and blue canvas sail cover. New centerboard. Hull is in great shape with teak rub rails. Bronze hardware and ports. Mahogany coaming, seats, cabin doors and boom crut seats, cabin doors and boom crutch. Teak mast-hoops. Carved name board. Anchor, rode, stove, porta-potti, and cabin cushions. 8 Hp 1996 Evinrude long shaft. 2001 galvanized Sea Lion trailer. Located in Scituate, MA. Please note that this boat needs to be cleaned up and the teak needs some work. PRICE: \$5,500. 781.424.8298



180-17. Beetle Cat Parts, I have all the bronze fittings, a usable mast and boom, and a repairable gaff plus new jaws to fix the gaff. Also a centerboard, rudder, two tillers, boom crutch and various other wood parts, ribs, etc.. We unfortunately we were not able to save the hull, built in the late '60s. Make an offer on all or whatever you need. Located Long Island, NY.spudsailor@aol.com



180-18. 1969 Marshall Kit 22" Catboat Dulcinea. She began as a dream.... ACTUALLY owning a Marshall Catboat! Engineering and metal know-how of my Dad and brother helped customize boat. We made stainless hinges; forged jackstay bow piece and larger blocks that make sail hauling easier. The keel was FILLED WITH fiberglass and has Styrofoam flotation. Breck Marshall recommended an Albin AD-2 Swedish Diesel believing its 546 lbs the right ballast for rough waters of Barnegat Inlet, NJ. It proved to be an excellent choice proved by many years of reliable starting and running; also helped with freshwater cooling and diligent engine maintenance. Spare filters, impellers, and an extra Jabsco water pump are included. Two 15 gallon stainless tanks supply fuel and water. Hull is white with grey decks and cabin trunk. Teak used throughout. Parquet cabin sole, folding doors for access to a two battery compartment and custom cockpit decking. Two pumps: large for bilge; small for separate engine compartment. Also 120 volt for shore. New LED Perko running lights installed 2017. Galley and bunk have Alpenglow LED lights. For swimming: a stainless step on the rudder and a collapsible ladder. New starter installed 2012. Tan Sunbrella sail cover and cockpit cover, two fold-up seats, 2 navy floating cushions; lifejackets, Porta-Potti, Sony AM FM radio/CD player, two anchors: Hi Tensile Danforth with 8' of chain and half-inch nylon rode. Instruments include a Danforth Compass, and Depth gauge. 8 foot fiberglass dinghy is included. Boat Location Lanoka Harbor, NJ 08734.Two Notebooks contain photos of her build along with all the equipment on board. in 2001 fair market value was estimated at \$28,000. 2019 REDUCED \$18,000. John Marinovich 973-334-7162 marinovich@optonline.net



180-19. 1983 Atlantic City 24' Catboat. Boatyard maintained, Yanmar 2GM 18 HP engine starts and runs great, Bowsprit with hardware for 2 anchors, New stainless steel centerboard, Harken track system mounted on mast to fasten sail, Boom crutch and boom gallows, Autohelm, Radio, Garmin GPS installed, Depth and knot meter installed but inoperative, Shore power, Inverter, 3 batteries stored indoors in winter, Pressure domestic water, 2 burner alcohol stove, Standup cabin with 6ft headroom, Electric lights and kerosene lantern, Private head with sink, Full set of fabric cushions for cabin and vinyl cushions in cockpit, Most running rigging updated with Harken blocks in the past few years, Bottom soda blasted and refinished with coats of 2 part barrier coat and 3 coats of Micron ablative anti-fouling paint, \$25,000. Phone: (508) 785-1062 email radoslovich@comcast.net



180-22. 1994 Stur-dee Cat 14' sailboat. Hull is good shape bright work is not perfect . The sail is new and the trailer is excellent. The boat is originally from CT. and has a CT. registration. Boat is located in Mashpee, MA \$5000. Contact Jeff orbit@orbitmotion.com



180-24. 1978 Stur-Dee Cat. "Mellow Yellow" is for sale! with 2001 Honda, 4 HP 2 stroke BF2D OB, 1991 Venture Marine Trailer. Located in Southport, NC, she has been sailed in Maine, the upper Hudson River and Lower Cape Fear River. Sail cover, boom tent and extras too numerous to mention. Asking \$3800. William Muro. email: eileenmuro@yahoo.com or call 201-741-6515



180-27. 1981 Minuteman 15' catboat by Squadron Yachts out of Bristol RI. The boat has been in the water the past couple of years, and with the exception of a sticky center board is ready for the water. Original sail in good shape. All supplies: anchor, life jackets, etc. Mattapoissett Boatyard has done the rigging and maintained the boat. The prior owner had refinished the wood about



three years ago, and it still looks really good. The 6HP Tohatsu is long shaft. \$2950. Mathew Moss 617-780-8443 email mdm71@hotmail.com

180-28. 1999 Marshall 15' Sandpiper catboat is well optioned and in good condition. We love this boat but do not have enough time to use it with a young child. Stored on trailer at club during the summer, not in the water. Currently winterized on trailer. With minimal setup, she will be ready to go for weekend races or evening cocktail cruising! 3 Sails - 1 newer crisp North Sail used 2 seasons, two older sails in good condition. Custom outhaul system, cam cleats for halyards, Harken mainsheet system, tiller extension. Lifting harness, spare boom and flotation bags, much safety equipment included. Summer trailer cover and tarp for winter storage. Load rite trailer. Located in Mantoloking NJ and available for inspection. Asking \$13,000. Contact daniel.gingerich@gmail.com or call 310-925-4783



180-31. 1974 Mystic 20 Sloop Hannah is a gaff-rigged Legnos Mystic 20 catboat (Hull #4). She has a 2006 9.9hp Yamaha EXH High Thrust Long Shaft motor, professionally serviced after each season. She has a 12V electrical system, with VHF radio, electrical bilge, and spare battery. Length 20'. Beam 10'. Draft 18". The Sitka Spruce mast, boom, and gaff and all wood has been lovingly maintained. Located in Niantic, CT. Contact Jim Snow with questions. 860-739-7179 snowz9570@sbcglobal.net



180-32. Back on the market: 21' LOA, 10'3" beam, Fenwick Williams, ROSEBUD, formerly BUTTON 1964. Winner "Best Sailboat" Salem Antique and Classic Boat Festival in 2009 and 2014. Cedar on oak. New top stem. Teak decks, cockpit sole, engine box and trim. Huge comfortable bunks. Rare octagonal bronze opening ports. Rewired stem to stern 2012. Twin marine deep cell batteries, VHF, Garmin depth finder. Twin bilge pumps, manual gusher. Mast, spars Sitka spruce. 372 sq. ft. Oceanus vertical cut sail new 2012. Heavy bronze fittings throughout. Wood/bronze blocks. Oak mast hoops. Original Volvo MD2 rebuilt in 2011, runs exc. Spare transmission and many engine parts. Must be seen. Motivated seller, too many boats! Salisbury, MA. \$18,000. Contact Jim 978-388-4445, or email jgrenier@renegadestudios.com



180-33. 1981 Legnos Mystic 20 foot fiberglass Catboat with original wooden spars. Excellent condition. Inboard diesel engine. It's a beautiful boat and we want to see it used. Medical issues force sale. \$14,000. Located in South Dartmouth, MA. Contact Barb at barbvonnegut@gmail.com



180-35. 1972 Hermann/Wittholz 17' New England catboat Meander. Classic gaff-rigged catboat with fiberglass hull, aluminum mast and booms, and wooden mast hoops. Teak rub-rails and hand-rails (rails, tiller, cabin doors could use some varnish). Reliable Tohatsu 6 hp/4-stroke long-shaft engine, boatyard serviced each year. New engine mount installed last year. Professionally bottom-painted. This is a very spacious boat for its length, with cockpit room for 6. Also sleeps 2 in cabin, with porta-potty, sink, propane stove included. New custom cushions for both cockpit and bunks. Includes compass, anchor, fenders, bilge pump, boat hooks, boat ladder, etc. Includes trailer with lights. Currently still on trailer at Brown's Boatyard, Guilford, CT. Ready to launch. We are going to miss her. Asking \$5,500 obo. Email Michael at: mst1900@yahoo.com



180-36. WANTED: Westerbeke W7 diesel for parts I'm looking for a spare Westerbeke w7 diesel engine I can use for parts. I have a Sanderling with a W7 running nicely. A spare would keep her running a bit longer. Do you have an old W7 you'd like to get rid of? Let me know. brentonw@brentonwelsh.com

180-37. 1975 Legnos Mystic 20 -- Gull, hull #19 Modifies "big rig" in 1982 from 272 sq ft to 344 sq ft. larger sitka spruce mast and spars. Rudder enlarged by Legnos 1/3. Hull epoxy sealed in 1998. Bowsprit w/Bruce plow anchor. Electric and manual bilge pumps 12 volt electrical system: VHF radio (antenna on mast), running lights and cabin lights, 10 gal water tank, 10 gal diesel tank, sink, stove, porta potti 2 bunks with cushions. New sail in 2011 excellent condition. Westerbeke 12c2 diesel, 50 hrs, yard maintained, 3 blade prop. 2010 Load Rite 5 star tandem axle trailer, surge disk brakes, bearing buddies, never in the water. Price: \$14,600. located Hartge Yacht Harbor, Galesville, MD Contact: David Bleil 410-570-1889 dfbleil3@gmail.com



180-39. 1976 Cape Dory 14' Handy Cat. Fiberglass hull with natural teak coamings, seats and rails. Bright spruce spars. Teak blocks, bronze hardware. All in great condition. Varnish is up to date. She's lovely to look at, comfortable and easy to sail. Gear includes: Sail, sail cover, cockpit cover, life jackets, boat cushions, boat hook, paddle, fenders, dock lines, bucket, air horn, thirsty mate pump, Danforth anchor and rode, bronze outboard bracket and a folding swim step mounted on rudder. Also a spare rudder and spare tiller. Functional trailer with recent new axle, springs, bearings and wheels. Registered with working lights, ready for the road. Can be seen in Marlboro, VT. NEW FALL PRICE \$4,800. E-mail: jmark@whetstoneboats.com



180-40. 21' Herbert Crosby catboat, ca. 1928. Cypress/cedar on oak. Mahogany sheerstrake and cockpit stavlng. Substantially re-built: frames, deck, centerboard, cabin roof replaced. Water-cooled Atomic 4. Almost new mainsail by Nat Wilson. Covergirl, CBA Bulletin no. 162. Selling reluctantly but must sell. Asking 10,000 / offer. Sedgwick, Maine. crosbycat1928@gmail.com



180-42. 1982 Marshall Sanderling classic catboat in very good condition. 18' 3" x 8'6", draft 19", with centerboard down 4'4". Forest green hull. 2018 Yamaha 6 hp outboard. Tabernacle hinged mast. Brand new Standard Horizon GPS VHF radio registered for MMMI emergency calls. Running lights and cabin light. 2018 marine battery. Colie Mylar 253 sq. ft. racing sail, like new. Quantum 253 sq. ft. cruising sail, double reef lines, sail in good condition. Jiffy reefing. Lazy jacks. Harken block and cam cleats. Self bailing cockpit. Custom tan sail cover. Custom tan cockpit cover. Sleeps 2 on 3" blue foam mattress cushions, in great condition. Drop leaf centerboard table. Portapotti. Louvered companionway doors. 2 full cockpit cushions. Swim ladder. No trailer. Moored in Manchester by the Sea, MA. \$16,900, OBO. 978-312-6270 bourneuf@gmail.com



180-44. 1969 Herman Cat. Total restoration in 2010. Custom stainless steel tabernacle, (2) sails, one new cream Thurston Quantum sail, new rudder and tiller, sunbrella mooring cover. Bottom has been blasted and barrier coated. All hardware upgraded to bronze/stainless steel. 2006 4hp Suzuki purchased in 2010. Less than 10hrs. New cockpit cushions. Boat has been stored since 2013. Boat is on trailer on Long Island. Asking \$8500. Contact Mike at mjklar@yahoo.com (631)278-5364



180-45. 1996 Herreshoff America 18 Catboat - built by NOA Marine in St Petersburg Florida. This is the last America 18 built, before the mold was sold to Compac and modified to be the Horizon Cat. Has had little use and has been stored on a lift. Tohatsu 6hp approx 7 years old, used only a couple times and Serviced by Marine professional, runs great. She has many options, no trailer, and is in great shape. Currently in Dry storage at sailors Wharf in St Petersburg, FL. REDUCED: Asking \$12,000 OBO. Contact owner Dale Dunston at 727-709-2554, or Peter Hartley at St Petersburg Yacht Sales 727-642-3254



180-47. 2003 Menger 23 Catboat—CAERULEAN III. Conscientiously maintained and outfitted, with a cruising and racing history. Sleeps up to four with standing headroom (6'2"). Cockpit, decks, cabin top, and spars are Awlgrip! Stainless steel wheel, dock lines, fenders, custom bronze and teak boom gallows, forward hatch, opening port light (in head), teak louvered cabin doors with custom "Starboard" lower hatch board, cockpit shower, LED running and anchor lights. Edson rack and pinion steering; Fortress anchor and rode, bronze transom step for transom and rudder. Very clean cream mainsail with running rigging and custom sail cover. Enclosed head with shower and Air Head composting toilet, pressure water, 55 gal. fresh water and 12 gal. diesel tanks, Sunbrella covered interior cushions, stainless sink, drop-leaf table on cabin centerboard well, Origo non-pressurized alcohol stove, cockpit compass, two batteries, upgraded electrical panel, and shore power cable. Alpenglow cabin light (white & red) plus original lighting modified to LED. Yanmar 2GM20 diesel engine, CPT Autopilot, Vesper Watchmate AIS, VHF radio, and new Garmin chartplotter/GPS! AIS display is in a box. NEW (in 2019) auto and manual bilge pumps, bottom paint, engine servicing, salt-water engine pump and hoses. All documents for engine and boat provided. Asking \$44,000. Located Naples, FL. Contact John Cochran: 260-403-5314 or jmchot@yahoo.com (or vlanis@att.net).



180-48. 1980 Atlantic City Cat 24' LOA 30'. Totally refitted and substantially modified; New carbon-fiber spars and power winch added, along with boom gallows to make sailing a breeze. Engine upgraded to 30 HP Volvo; Ice box, birch batten interior lining, new electronics, cockpit shower, glass renewed. Bowsprit added with SS bobstay, Spartan anchor roller and plow anchor. Headstay led forward to accommodate roller furling jib. Great cruising cat with 6' standing headroom. Price: \$57,400. Contact Owner. tel: 617 688-9336 email: jcaney353@gmail.com



180-49. 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. \$16,500. Robert (410) 398-1918 or email rvjones@torberthouse.com click for large image in new tab



180-50. 1954 Fenwick Williams 18' Catboat. This wooden classic was built by master boat builder, Clark Mills, in Clearwater, FL, in 1954. (Suggested search terms: (1) Clark Mills Clearwater and (2) Fenwick Williams Catboat). Complete with sail (Nat Wilson), running rigging, forestay, wooden blocks, compass, sail cover, cushions, and bilge pumps.



Powered by Volvo 2001 (1-cylinder) diesel; single-lever Morse throttle/shift. Sealed, Epoxy-encased mast; Solar-array battery trickle charger; Danforth anchor w. chain and rode. Completely refastened planking in 2004. Wintered indoors at least since 2004. Included: Trailer custom built to carry boat and all spars (need crane service for load/unload). Assortment of paints and supplies available with boat. Brought from Florida to New England in 1957 and to Nova Scotia in 2011, I have enjoyed this delightful boat for 15 years, sailing primarily in Buzzards Bay, Cape Cod, and Shelburne, Nova Scotia waters. My advancing age is signaling the time has come for a boat less demanding of maintenance than this classic beauty. Currently on the hard in Barrington, Nova Scotia, ready for launch. US\$25,000. Phone: (508) 748-3154 Don Easterday d_easterday@hotmail.com

180-51. 1905 Daniel Crosby catboat. Sloop rig catboat 'Cape Dame' is a venerable survivor. It was featured in an Anthony Bourdain episode, sailing up the Hudson River. The hull was West System glassed over cypress planks and is tight. Atomic 4 engine, a new keelson and bow stem, with Dynel covered deck. The interior had 2 bunks and a mini galley for weekending, now to be rebuilt after hull work. Needs a new owner and a home on the Cape or wherever there are sandy shores and other catboats to play with. Sale for best offer or partnership to complete restoration. Now ashore in Haverstraw, NY. Asking \$5000 as-is. Rip Hayman riphear@aol.com or phone 914.263.6716



180-52. WANTED: M22 Sail. Email: rkmc12@gmail.com

180-53. 1978 Marshall Sanderling 18' Catboat. 'Merry Promise' with 2014 9.5 HP Evinrude -four stroke engine- electric start - low number of hours run, two sails, two sail covers, one sail bag, bench cushions, bunk cushions, cabin table, running lights and battery, teak trim, anchor, 4 jack stands, (no trailer) well maintained, recently replaced centerboard, good condition- boatyard maintained - \$10,250. Can be seen in South Wellfleet, MA. Please call 508 214 0147 for more information.



180-54. 1972 Marshall-22 "Molly Waldo" currently located in the water at Kittery Point Maine. Yanmar 2GM20-16hp Diesel, Porta-Potty, new cockpit cushions and sail cover. White hull and tan deck. Two winches, halyard line stoppers, stern & rudders steps, continuous reefing, louvered cabin doors, 15 gal fuel tank, Dacron sail, aluminum spars, 30' mast. Interior cushions in very good condition. Two bunks, and ample storage, VHF hand held radio, Danforth anchor, galley, sink with brass manual pump. Ready to go \$12,000. Phone: (207) 752-6345 laryadow@gmail.com



180-55. 1984 Menger 17' catboat. Near perfect condition, nearly new gaff rigged sail, new sail cover, new cockpit cushions, 7 coats of Epiphanes on all brightwork, new halyards, brass LED lighting, cabin refinished, 2 year old Honda 8 hp 4 stoke with electric start, bottom paint fresh in '18, trailer, 30 photos available for viewing. She is currently in the water at Robinhood Marine in Georgetown, Maine. Home port is Kennebunk. david@gouldmaine.com, 207-468-1778, \$14,500



180-56. 1974 Herreshoff America 18'. Currently in water on Rice Lake in Hastings, Ontario. Comes with sail, cushions (interior and exterior), head (never used), motor, and trailer set up with a hoist for stepping the mast. Asking CAD\$9,000. W. Breau wbreau@rogers.com



180-57. Herreshoff America 18' Aluminum Mast - Good condition This mast was replaced with a Marshall folding mast. Buff color with white top. Includes A frame, block and tackle to step the mast. Would make a great flag pole. 23'-04" long 5" OD base 3"OD top Located in Middletown, CA 95461 \$350. bhall@marpol.us Phone: (415) 572-3084



180-59. "Cranberry," a 1973 Marshall 22 (hull #67) is seeking her next owner. Only the third owners, we have lovingly cared for and improved Cranberry since 2006. She has a Palmer P-60 inboard and comes fully equipped with two sails, dodger, sailcover, marine VHF, depth finder, solar panel and charger, bilge pumps, anchors, dock lines, cushions, etc. Some of her more recent upgrades and improvements include: 2012 - Compass professionally refurbished (new bladder, fluid & jewel), all new marine-grade wiring, new cabin fans, spars faux wood painted, decks painted with nonskid, new interior cushions with memory foam, new forward bunk, new engine hatch, and new Balmar regulator and alternator. 2014 - New head gasket, rebuilt water pump, new rub rails & eyebrow, new mainsheet



and blocks, new centerboard pin, and new sail with hull number and cat. Cranberry has been raced extensively, winning the coveted last place award at Padanaram in 2014. She was the winner of a 2015 match race against the Marshall 22, "Eleanor," and took first place amongst the Marshall 22's at the 2017 Bass River Rendezvous to win the Bob Chase Memorial Trophy. Equipped for cruising, Cranberry has ventured around Cape Cod and the Islands, including a successful circumnavigation of Cape Cod in 2015, covering more than 220 miles and safely weathering two small craft advisories. We are asking \$19,900, but will consider any reasonable offer from someone seeking a catboat. Cranberry has been a part of our family for over a decade – our children grew up aboard her – and we are parting with her only because our next adventure awaits in the form of a larger, 24-foot catboat. Pictures available at <https://catboatbrent.smugmug.com/Cranberry/n-jSsZXR/> Interested? Contact Brent at catboatbrent@protonmail.com

180-60. 2006 Chebacco 20' Cat Yawl. No motor or trailer. Used every season, currently in water. Located Martha's Vineyard, MA. \$2000 OBO, or trade for sailing dinghy. Contact marstonclough81@gmail.com click for large image in new window



180-61. 1994 Marshall 15' Sandpiper with newer Loadrite trailer. Includes a Yamaha 2 cycle engine and accessories. Located on Martha's Vineyard in Edgartown, MA. Good condition, asking \$8000. 508-627-4742 plwilmot@optonline.net

180-62. 1996 Marshall 15' Sandpiper. Newer LoadRite trailer. Winters indoors. Lift hooks, Lifting bridle, Drain plug, Covers. Extendable Outboard Motor Mount, Trailer Dolly. Multiple Sails, Only 2 owners. Located NJ. REDUCED to \$9900. Phone (908) 797-6611 or email Scott at sglosenger@lehighindustrial.com



180-63. 1967 Cape Cod Cat 17'. Built by Cape Cod Ship Builders. Centerboard version with outboard bracket, has cockpit and interior cushions in good shape. Boat needs work but is priced to sell. No trailer. 1 sail, Includes small electric motor. \$1500. Located on the Metedeconk River in NJ. Call Lara & Jim 732.674.0344 or 732.995.9446 or email lara@walshllc.com



180-64. 1973 Marshall Sanderling, hull #275, with 2014 Tohatsu outboard and new McClain saltwater boat trailer with single axle rated at 3,500#. Bottom job May 2019. Trailer purchased new June 2019. Tohatsu outboard had a complete service done June 2019, new impeller and new oil pressure sensor. Main sail has only been used 5 times. Bowsprit added to allow for a jib I added. Cabin cushions are in great shape. Small portlet in cabin. I added control panel, LED running lights, cabin fan and light. Boat originally had an inboard engine. Not in the boat when I purchased it. I now use that space for 2 batteries and inverter. All deck cleats replaced to allow use of 1/2" dock lines required in marina. Added a stern rail and boarding ladder on stern. I added Garmin GPSmap 546s/depth finder and compass on cabin bulkhead. Boat has 3 cockpit cushions with back, life sling, life ring, sail cover, cockpit cover, winch cover, cabin roof hand hold covers. Boat is currently in RV/boat storage fully enclosed unit Houston, TX. Asking \$9,000. Contact David 281-253-7561.



180-66. 1969 Marshall Sanderling 18' catboat. A Classic in excellent condition. Major restoration and upgrades by Owner: -Stringers, cockpit floor, part lower bulkhead replaced and then glassed by a professional; New oak seat support; -Bright work and cabin door epoxy sealed and then varnished; -Center board pin replaced and reset, with new line; -New paint deck and inside cabin, mast, gaff, boom, topside and bottom paint (multiyear).



Following added: Electronics: Garmin Echo 101 Depth-finder, Standard Horizon GX1700B VHF, GPS radio and deck antenna JENSEN's MS30BTR Stereo, Bluetooth, AM, FM with 2 Polk Atrium 4 speakers. Electrics: Navigation lights, Electric Horn, 2 sump pumps discharging to outside (500gph, 65gph), 50W Solar panel, battery and charge controller; Inside LED Lighting x 2 2 Blue Sea Automatic Charging Relay (protects battery in case of leaving it on); 450 Amp starter battery. Motor: Suzuki DF9.9 BEL; Fuel injection electric start, new adjustable motor bracket. Other: Three fenders, seat cushions, outside and inside, anchor, deck-lines, retractable Cleats in the back, swim ladder, New Harken blocks for new main sheet, Sail cover. Located Marstons Mills, Cape Cod, MA. REDUCED, asking \$12,500. Phone: (320) 293-3896 email jurgencm@me.com

180-67. 1971 Marshall Sanderling 18' Catboat. 2nd owners, purchased 2011 in Beaton's Boatyard. Sailed in Barnegat Bay, now in Sandy Hook Bay, NJ. New Harken main cam for better release 2017. New porta pot 2018. New coat of Micron 66 bottom paint 2018 (good for 4-5 years). Cabin painted 2018. New bottom barrier coat 2016. 3 sails. New sail 2016. Plus 2 older sails in decent condition. New sail cover made by Marshall 2017. New fiberglass cockpit seat and teak supports made by Marshall 2017. New running rigging lines 2017. Added retractable spring line cleats 2012. Cockpit cushions. Cabin cushions (never used by us, stored indoors). Brightwork varnish rubrail, handrails, deck steps, coaming 2019. Backyard kept and covered with canvas (included). In slip all season. Load Rite Trailer from Camp Marine included. Home-rigged to step mast by using trailer winch. Handy for storms to get on the hard - no need to hire the yard or wait for the travel lift. Lovingly cared for. Each year, something new. Brightwork, mechanics, rigging always maintained. Tohatsu 4-stroke 6 hp outboard negotiable. Husband back to fishing, so no sailing for a while. \$10,500. janicehale@gmail.com Phone: (732) 2911327



180-69. 2004 Menger Cat 19 Catboat This well-equipped trailer-cruiser was built to order for us by Menger Boatworks in the summer of 2003 and was featured in the September, 2003, Jersey City boat show. The 270 sq. ft. sail is in very good condition, with auxiliary power provided by a professionally maintained Honda 2-cylinder, 8-horsepower outboard in a motor well located just ahead of the rudder. The boat is on a single-axle LoadRite trailer and ready for serious traveling and cruising, with a comprehensive inventory of equipment and ground tackle. She is ready to launch at Alum Creek State Park just north of Columbus, Ohio, and may be seen by appointment. Additional photos available on request. A suitable tow vehicle is also available, for additional consideration. Original options included: "Egyptian cotton" colored sail, mast tabernacle for easy trailering, outboard motor well, bronze boarding steps on rudder and transom, manual bilge pump with outlet through transom, Ritchie lighted bulkhead compass, digital depth sounder, slide-out galley unit, LoadRite all-roller trailer, cockpit Bimini, cockpit boom awning, masthead VHF antenna, Thetford 135 toilet, opening bronze portlight with screen, opening cabin top hatch with screen, companionway screen, filler cushion for portside bunk to make double berth, and 12v navigation lights. \$21,500. Michael Scheibeck mscheibeck@yahoo.com 614-586-5015



180-70. 1997 Arey's Pond Kitten. Length 12'2", Beam 6', Draft 9", Centerboard down 3', Displacement: 400 lbs, Sail Area: 119 Sq. Ft. Nice APBY Kitten with Sail, Freshly varnished spruce spars, rub rails, Coaming Cap and Centerboard Trunk. Never bottom painted, fresh water boat. Includes Load Rite trailer with new tires, new wheel bearings and is also a fresh water trailer. Located in Rock Hills, SC. Asking \$7,500. Contact: aldrich4770@yahoo.com or (803)327-7454



180-71. 2019 Com-Pac Sun Cat 17'. Brand new, never launched. Owner is unable to use the boat due to health issues. In addition to base equipment it comes with new trailer, spare tire for trailer, bimini, cockpit cushions, lazy jacks, electrical system and motor mount. No motor included. Paid over \$28,000. Asking \$22,000. Call 570-368-3002 or e-mail penngrp1@comcast.net



180-72. For Sale: 1990 Barnstable Catboat. Fiberglass-hulled Beetle Cat replica. 12'4" x 6' with fir spars, oak trim, bronze fittings, galvanized trailer, motor bracket, cockpit cover and more. Built by Howard Boats, hull 46. A desirable, iconic classic in great condition for \$9,750. Also available: 2hp Honda for \$550. Located in NE Ohio. Contact Eric at kretzmann4@yahoo.com or 440-222-2477



180-73. 1985 Atlantic City Kitty 21' catboat. Built by Mark-0-Custom Boats. Fiberglass cat boat designed by naval architect David Martin. Boat was in storage (out of water) the majority of its life. Primary goal was to produce a roomy boat with standing head room. Built for day sailing or inland cruising. LOA 21' 3", LWL 17' 10", Beam 9' 6", Draft 2' board up, 5' 6" board down, displacement 5300 lbs. Sail area 350 sq feet. Yanmar single diesel powered. Boat currently located on Cape Cod, Mass. Additional features: enclosed head with holding tank, full galley with sink and alcohol burner. Folding teak cabin table, pressurized cockpit shower, 15 gallon water tank, 12 gallon diesel fuel tank, electric bilge pump, shore power and power cord, VHF radio, depth sounder, electric winch foot controlled for sail raising. Two batteries with isolation switch, Bulkhead mounted compass. Bronze center board winch, anchor and rode, dock lines, full cockpit cushions, duel battery charger, salon cushions with two convertible double berths, spoked Edson wheel with brake, All aluminum spars, main sail with 3 reef points, full covers for sail and steering wheel. Bulkhead mounted compass, transom mounted swim platform. Custom two axle Triad galvanized trailer with surge brakes. Trailer has 20' extension arm for launching from ramp. REDUCED: \$25,900. Contact John Sawyer sailemerade41@verizon.net 508-776-8378 or 508-771-9392



180-74. 1983 Atlantic City 21' catboat. 10.5' beam. Built by Mark-0-Custom Boats. Yanmar 2GM20-93 diesel 18.5hp. Well maintained. Teak interior. Cabin & cockpit cushions. Bow spirit teak & stainless steel roller, anchor. Set up for sloop sail. 2 electric bilge pumps, (1st) float switch, (2nd) vacuum. 2 Guzzler manual bilge pumps. Two batteries. Fuse panel & electrical power switch 4 years old. Sail cover 2 years old (button lock, sunbrella). New center board (powder coated). New mast pulleys & lazy jack ropes. Ice chest & cooler. Edson wheel with cover. 2 Ritchie compasses. V.H.F. Icom M45 marine radio. AM/FM/CD marine stereo. GPS standard horizon. Depth sounder. Porta party toilet pump out connected. Life jackets, manuals, & supplies. Located Wickford, RI. \$22,000. Bob Fontaine 401-996-8173 bpfon919@verizon.net



180-76. 1980 Herreshoff America 18' catboat. Squadron Yacht Built. New in 2017: sail, sail cover, interior cushions, halyards, Harken blocks, SS skeg, 2003 6 HP Mercury (Tohatsu) 4 Stroke, modified for more power, run only non-ethanol fuel, galvanized road worthy trailer. Boat was in storage from 2005 to 2016. Won The Great South Bay Catboat Rendezvous last two years, only selling because we want a bigger cat, would entertain trade for a Marshall 22. \$6800 OBO, spudsailor@aol.com



180-77. Signed print of Marshall Sanderling catboat. 93/950 by artist Robert Duff, professionally framed with glass, 17 1/2" x 20" in mat, with authenticity on back. \$100. Call Mary Ann Hagan at 609-242-1774 or email djhagan1319@comcast.net



180-78. MYSTIC 20 CATBOAT, HULL #2. FOR AUCTION OCTOBER 12 at Rafael Osona Auctions on Nantucket Island. The 2nd owner of this beautiful catboat purchased it from the 1st owner in 2012 and had it lovingly refurbished. 2nd owner used it only once since the refurbishing and boat has been stored indoors since 2012. Outboard motor mount. Auction PRE-SALE estimate is \$8,000-16,000 and opening bid is \$6,000. More photos and info can be found here. Contact Rafael Osona Auctions to place an absentee or telephone bid. 508-228-3942 www.RafaelOsonaAuctions.com Lic. 366 or for more info, email info@rafaelosonauctions.com



180-79. 1938 Crosby 14'. Seeking new owners – Crosby Yacht Building Co. 1938. Hull #2. Beautifully maintained and lovingly cared for 51 years by same family. No rot, no leaks, finishes are authentic and gorgeous, all original hardware, mooring cover is nearly new, new Dacron sail (Egyptian Cream) sewn in 2010 and only used one season. Garage storage undercover for last decade. Sturdy road-worthy Quickload trailer. Significant repairs by Zimmerman Marine Inc in 1986. Refastened planking where needed. Deck rebuilt with marine plywood and dynel cloth. New mast step, toe rail, and rub rail milled and fitted. Re-caulked topsides and bottom where needed. Stem half-oval and oarlock blocks installed. Old paint removed and new paint applied as well as varnish work. Significant repairs by York River Yacht Haven and Seagull Services in 1992/1993. Keel, garboards, and ribs milled and replaced as needed. Rebuilt centerboard well. Paint removed from topsides and bottom, fiberglass cloth applied, finish sanded topcoat, spray painted with Imron polyurethane. Mast, boom, gaff, tiller revarnished. Significant repairs by Seagull Services in 2002. New marine plywood floorboards, new hardwood rub rails milled and installed. Overall length 14', Beam 6'4", Draft 1'3" board up. Many photos available. Asking \$11,000. Contact Catherine Elkins, celkins143@gmail.com, 252-515-4799



180-80. Arey's Pond 14' catboat. Very good condition. Fresh varnish. Stored inside in Stuart, Florida. Includes a trailer and Honda motor and mount. Asking \$9000. If interested email jbrepass@yahoo.com



180-81. Wanted: Sail for Mystic 20. Contact pjwilletts@hotmail.com

180-82. 1973 Marshall 18' Sanderling. Looks great. Painted frequently, well maintained. 2003 Mercury 5hp 2-stroke, reliable. Sail is original, very good, 3 reef points. Sail cover very good, v-berth cushions like new. Wood swim ladder, wood overbunk shelves and wood shelf. Canopy for cockpit, cushions for cockpit. Anchor, 2 boom crutches, compass, 2 blankets, cooler, life jackets, fire extinguisher, first aid kit, many extras. No trailer. Asking \$9000. Located Tarrytown, NY. 46 minutes on train to Grand Central Station NYC. Email alanbrodsky@verizon.net or call 917.684.7482 Alan.

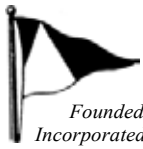


180-83. 1973 Herreshoff America 18' catboat. Nowak & Williams, RI. Includes flag sail with two reef points, sail cover, beautiful wooden wheel steering, cabin cushions, 2014 new centerboard, 2015 new skeg, 2019 new Mercury 6 hp 4-stroke, spare set mast hoops. All spars (mast, boom, gaff), boom crutch, 2 anchors, recent vessel safety check, all required safety equipment. Teak in good condition with Cetol. Asking \$5,500. Located Patchogue, NY. contact kathleen.wells88@gmail.com or call 631-475-0639



180-84. Wanted: Menger 19 trailer. Northeast location best. Twin axle best. Must be road-worthy. pjwilletts@hotmail.com 949.232.4122





Founded 1962
Incorporated 1983

The Catboat Association Membership Application

One-time initiation fee:	20.00
Annual membership/renewal dues:	40.00
TOTAL (to join)	60.00
<i>Annual dues thereafter are payable January 1st.</i>	
<i>Includes all publications for the year joined.</i>	

We strongly encourage you to apply for membership, renew and pay online by going to: **www.catboats.org**. Click on JOIN/REGISTER on the blue bar at the top of the page. You can find detailed instructions by selecting MEMBERSHIPS-HOW TO JOIN from the menu on the left side of the homepage. Once a member, you can update your information online at any time.

If you prefer to mail this application form with your check, please send to:

Membership Secretary, 262 Forest Street, Needham, MA 02492-1326

Make Checks Payable to: Catboat Association, Inc.

Name: _____ Spouse: _____

Street: _____ City: _____ ST _____ Zip: _____

2nd Address Street: _____ City: _____ ST: _____ Zip: _____

(IMPORTANT: Please provide Zip + 4 Code)

Dates mail goes to 2nd address: _____

Telephone Number: _____ May we print your number in the yearbook? Yes _____ No _____

Email: _____ Would you like your email address printed in the yearbook? Yes _____ No _____

Catboat Name: _____ Year Built: _____

Date Purchased: _____

Homeport: _____

Former Name(s) _____

Former Owner(s): _____

Designer: _____

Builder: _____

Where Built: _____

Length: _____ Beam: _____ Draft (board up): _____ Sail Area: _____

Description: _____

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

This form may be used for renewals and for information updates.



CATBOAT ASSOCIATION STORE MERCHANDISE ORDER FORM

Item	Color	Size	Qty.	Price	Total
Fleece Blanket - Navy				\$20.00	
Silk Scarf – Navy with burgee & catboat pattern				\$25.00	
T Shirt - Grey S, M, L, XL, XXL				\$20.00	
Staff Shirt – Navy Original: L, XL, XXL, Burgee only: L, XXL				\$30.00	
Baseball Cap - Color Choices Below*				\$18.00	
Bucket Hat – Stone, Specify Original Logo or Burgee only				\$18.00	
Visor - Navy or White, Specify Original Logo or Burgee only				\$15.00	
Long Tie - Silk, Navy				\$25.00	
Bow Tie - Silk, Navy				\$25.00	
Burgee Pin				\$10.00	
Decal				\$2.00	
Catboat Pin				\$15.00	
Wool Blazer Patch				\$25.00	
Tie Tack				\$6.00	
Burgee				\$20.00	
Tumbler – Classic (16 oz) or Traveler (16 oz with Lid)				\$12/\$14	

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

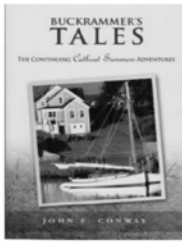
Total \$ _____

Name
Address
City, State, Zip
Phone

To order merchandise, specify color, size, quantity and total for each item. Make check payable to Catboat Association, Inc. in U.S. funds. Send ORDER FORM and CHECK to: Catboat Association Store, c/o Mary Crain, 17 Ocean View Avenue, Mattapoisett, MA 02739. Questions? mary.crain@catboats.org; 508 758-8081
Shipping is Included.

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

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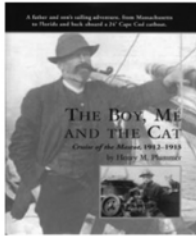
Buckrammer's Tales



The Competitive Cat



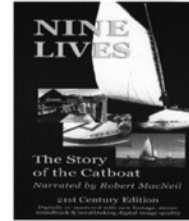
The Catboat and How to Sail Her



The Boy, Me and the Cat



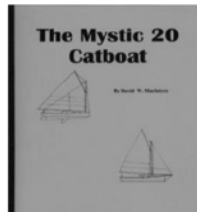
The Catboat Era in Newport



Nine Lives DVD



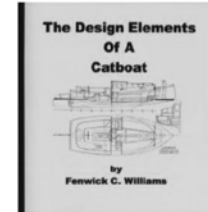
The Boat That Wouldn't Sink



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	
Shipping and Handling: \$2 for EACH item.*			
ORDER TOTAL			

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

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To order merchandise, specify quantity and total for each item. Make check payable to Catboat Association, Inc. in U.S. funds. Send ORDER FORM and CHECK to: Catboat Association Store, c/o Mary Crain, 17 Ocean View Avenue, Mattapoisett, MA 02739. Questions? mary.crain@catboats.org; 508 758-8081

ON THE BACK COVER

Bob Campbell waves as he and Todd Wiedersum sail away from a chase boat during the 2019 Sayville Yacht Club's Catboat Rendezvous. They were waiting for the preparatory signal before the start of the first race.

The wind was blowing 16-18 knots from the north and shifting. Gusts were 20 to 25 knots, hence the reef. The water is flat because we were in the lee of a windward shore.

Whisper finished first in the handicapped division. She also won the "Prettiest Boat" award.

Photo by John W. Healy

