

Catboat Association Bulletin



No. 181



Winter 2020

ON THE COVER

On the front cover: *Dolphin*, a 30-foot catboat built in 1893 in Edgartown, MA by George Huxford, returned to her home waters in July 2019 for the Vineyard Haven Rendezvous during her first summer with new owners Andy and Mary Crain. She now hails from Mattapoisett, Massachusetts.

Dolphin's black hull, with tumblehome topsides and wineglass stern, make her an eye-catching sight on Buzzards Bay. She is one of the oldest catboats still afloat thanks to a stem to stern restoration in the 1990s by her prior owner Ron Denman, who won the 2001 Broadaxe Award.

Mary is on the CBA Steering Committee and runs book and merchandise sales.

Photo by Mark Alan Lovewell.



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THE CATBOAT ASSOCIATION BULLETIN

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.

Members receive the three issues of the Catboat Association Bulletin (ISSN 2689-7067) published three times a year (spring, fall, winter) and the Catboat Association Directory. The single copy price of each is \$10.00. See the membership application within. Make check payable to the Catboat Association, Inc. and mail to: 322 Concord Road, Wayland, MA 01778-1121 or apply at www.catboats.org

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Where To Send... Editorial Copy

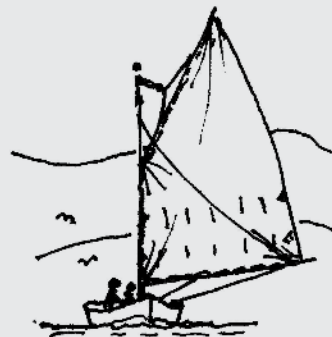
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WHAT TO DO ...

WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS:

Notify Carolyn Pratt at the address above.

From the Editor:

I'm proud to be a sailor. Although my days far at sea are long behind me, the lessons I've learned have stayed with me all my life. There are myriad reasons but I'll just mention a couple.

The first, having things in order, keeping things ship-shape. You've probably heard the term "gear adrift." Well it takes on a whole new meaning when you return to your stateroom to find the whole place "rearranged" and most of it on the deck. There are good reasons to pick up after yourself and stow your gear properly. A place for everything and everything in its place. Put things back where they belong. When leaving the boat on the mooring, the helm is secured, the center board is up, the sail is covered, and the halyards and sheets are coiled. I can't imagine arriving at the boat and *not* having things in place.

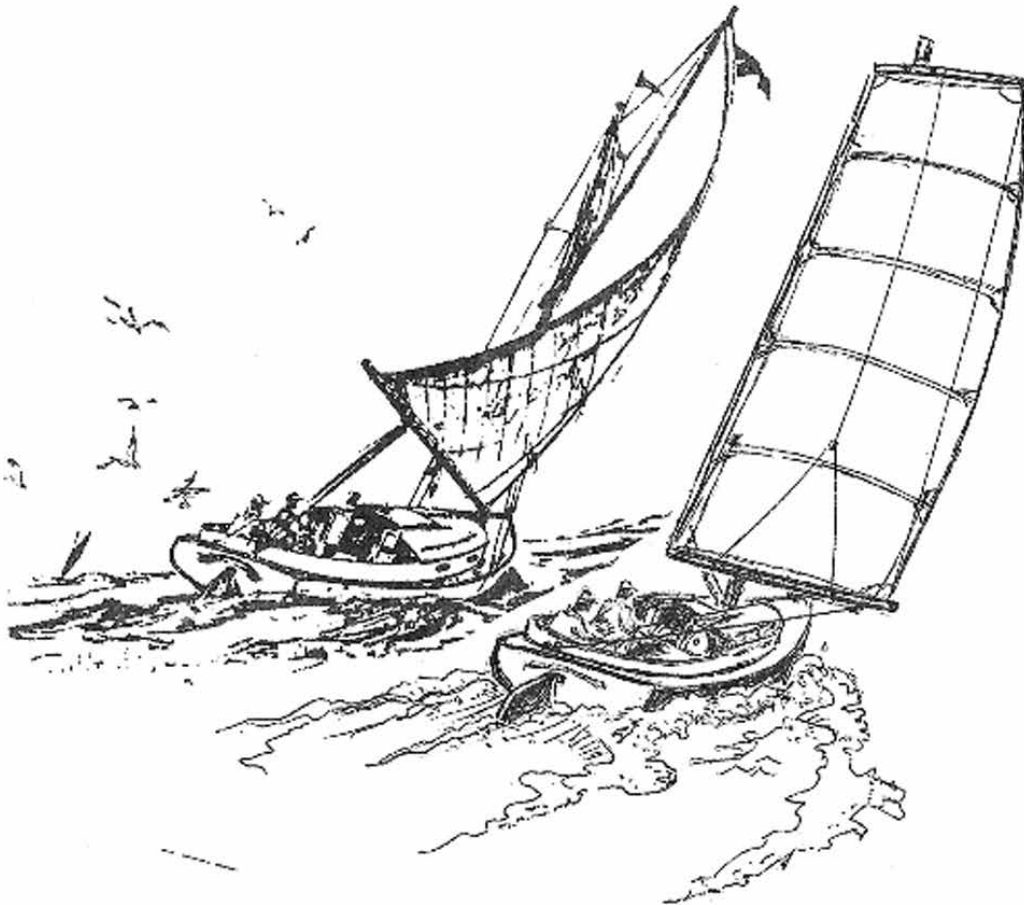
Second, no job is too small and you best take care of it now. Sail repair comes to mind here. You see a small tear in a sail and realize you need to deal

with it *now*. It's not going to get better. It's back to the mooring where you spend the next two hours with a needle and thread. The same goes for all those other things that suddenly "present" themselves. If it needs to be done—do it. *Everybody* pitches in.

In this issue Kate Grinberg and Tim Kallman continue their voyage from Maryland to Massachusetts. And as a fun diversion, we finally have room for Coast Guard Chief Warrant Officer Scott Epperson's presentation on historical lifesaving gear, which he gave at the 2019 Annual Meeting.

But there's one more thing about being a sailor and specifically a catboat sailor or, as stated in an article *Cats in Massachusetts Bay*, a "cat man." Turn to page 6 to find out what it is.

Skip Stanley
Lead Editor



Now Hear This:

CBA Philanthropy

In support of the CBA's mission to preserve and promote catboats, in 2019 we donated \$300 to each of these organizations:

Cape Cod Maritime Museum
Herreshoff Marine Museum
Little Compton Historical Society
Martha's Vineyard Museum
Osterville Historical Society
and \$750 to Mystic Seaport Museum.

Membership Renewals

Annual membership renewals are due the 1st of the year. Please check the CBA website to see if your membership has expired and, if needed, please renew it online, (which saves time and effort). Also, sharing your email address will help greatly when it comes time to send renewal reminders.

CBA Mailings

Throughout the course of the year, we send out five mass mailings—three bulletins and one yearbook/directory and the dues bills. Without fail, we receive multiple returns from members who are away from their main address for extended periods—and these returns cost the CBA money.

You may not know this but the web site is able to store an alternate address for these mailings—you can even specify which address to use for which mailings. Please take advantage of this or email membership@catboats.org with updated information.

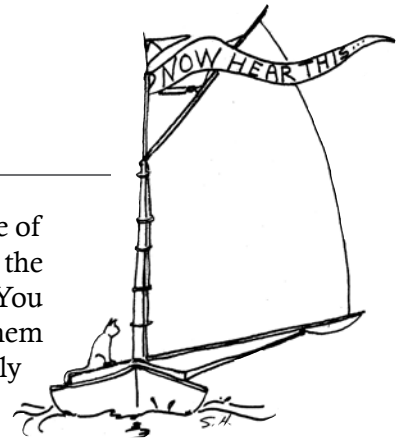
Your Amazon purchases can benefit the CBA

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 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

Who doesn't love a good sea story? Tell it. Got a good how-to? Send it. Learn something new? Share it. Take a look at the topics on page 2, 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.

That Goes for Photos Too

Got a great shot of your boat or somebody else's? Send it to us! Tell us a little bit about it too: where it was taken, what was the occasion, and who was with you and don't forget to tell us who the photographer was so we can ensure they get the credit!

Change of Address for Membership and Renewal Payments

Please note the new address is:
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Feedback and Letters to the Editor

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



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Cats in Massachusetts Bay, from *The Rudder*, August 1908

Winfield M. Thompson

As the crew of Iris, seated in her roomy cabin, opened the lunch basket and refreshed themselves, the natural cheerfulness of veterans returned, and as they ate and talked they presented a certain lovable good-nature and breadth of view in their remarks.

Fine old lads were they, to a boat-loving eye, and representative of their confreres of the class. Maturity of body and mind distinguishes the personnel of the cat racers. The brash youth may go in for new types, changing his love each season. The cat man grows old with his boat and finds her better every year. Thus it is notice-able, in the class here treated, that the boat-owners and their crews, while in no sense patriarchs, are men no longer chasing the butterflies of youth. The lust of variety is not one of their yachting sins. They know the worth of a good thing, and hold fast to it. Year after year they fit out their boats with moral certainty that nobody will get more out of a season's sport afloat than they. Quincy is their habitat, but they go forth into other waters. In the spring they open their season in company with the entire fleet of the bay, at South Boston, sailing among the shipping and around the islands in Boston Harbor. Later they race on a circuit, from Annisquam, Cape Ann, on the North, to Provincetown, Cape Cod, on the South, showing the fashionables of the North and South coasts of the bay that contentment in yachting is not dependent on an expensive boat, a palatial villa by the shore and membership in a fashionable club. They race at Marblehead and Gloucester in the same regattas with men who spend more in one season on yachting than any one of them does in ten. They maintain the individuality of their class always, by racing it as a unit. They live on their boats. They sail them to and from the more distant ports in squadron, racing for a prize for each run. Always they are as keen for sport as hounds on the scent; and their transition on race days from the environment of their daily affairs ashore to their place on board their boats is completed with the rapidity of the lightning-change artist. If the car that brings Mr. Catboat Owner down from town lands him at the club float but five minutes before the start, he begins casting stops off the main sail as soon as one foot is over the side, and thinks not of food, drink or

fitting raiment until the race is done. The spectacle of a skipper sailing a race in his business clothes, tall collar and derby, because he hadn't thought to change, is by no means rare. He is seasoned to heat, wet and cold. To him the paid hand is an interloper on shipboard, in whose presence he is abashed. In short, he is a rough-and-ready, everyday sort of man, living plainly at home and afloat, getting great pleasure out of working on his boat, as well as in sailing her—the yeoman of yachting, whose kind means far more to the sport than the richer possessors of big and costly vessels, on which the owner never touches wheel or rope, and knows about his yacht only what his sailing master chooses to tell him.

The cat men represent the best in Corinthianism, inasmuch as they are all amateurs without any desire for gain from their connection with the sport. The counting room, the manufacturing establishment, the commercial house, the professions, contribute the men in the cat class. One owner is a shoe manufacturer, and sits in the State legislature from his town; one is connected with large fruit-importing interests, and other enterprises; one is a practicing dentist; two or more are traveling salesmen—and so on. Some could afford to go into a more expensive class, others could not; but all are in the cat class from choice, and therein lies its strength.

They love the type of boat they represent. Their patron saints are the Crosbys of Osterville and C. C. Hanley, the best builders of catboats. They know every cat of note on the Atlantic coast, and can tell the work of different builders at a distance glance. They fit out their own boats, and are never happier than when burning off or scraping paint, putting on new coats of white or bottom green or red, and touching up spars and bright-work with varnish. They know all the elements of success in a boat as a horseman knows what is in a horse. They are so intimately acquainted with their craft they attribute to them qualities—and a degree of sensitiveness—that the man who does not love a boat can never divine.

This excerpt was published in the August 1908 issue of The Rudder.



Lifesaving Equipment – the Good, the Interesting, and the Wacky

W. Scott Epperson, Chief Warrant Officer, USCG (retired)

Before retiring, CWO Epperson served in the Coast Guard for 26 years. For the past three years, while pursuing a master's degree in American history, he has been volunteering at the Coast Guard Museum in New London, Connecticut. This article summarizes the talk he gave at the 2019 Annual Meeting on lifesaving equipment ideas presented to the Coast Guard in hopes of gaining approval for further production as well as saving lives. Some of these were accepted and are in still in use today. Others were, though interesting, too impractical and well...you be the judge.

As boating people, I'm pretty sure you're somewhat familiar with the Coast Guard. You've likely seen Coast Guard small boats or maybe larger cutters on local waterways. You're aware of the Coast Guard's search and rescue responsibilities and its ongoing efforts in boating safety.

The Coast Guard traces its origins back to 1790 when the Revenue Cutter Service was created by Alexander Hamilton. Ten cutters were commissioned to collect taxes on goods being imported into the fledgling United States. The Coast Guard itself, however, didn't come into being until 1915 when the Revenue cutter Service merged with the U.S. Lifesaving Service.

From time to time in the early days of the republic, sailing ships, despite their best efforts, would find themselves trapped on a lee shore and would wreck just on the shores of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and the Carolinas. Back then, when the shoreline of America was sparsely populated, it was up to the local community to render assistance. However, those communities were often just as interested in scavenging valuable items and cargo that would wash ashore as in rendering assistance. After all, they had little equipment to help out anyway. Knowing the cargoes were underwritten by insurers, "wreckers" would salvage what they could and sell it for a profit.

The first acknowledgement by the U.S. government of the need for saving lives in peril was by congress in December 1837, when it passed an act authorizing the President "to cause any suitable



Wreckers scavenging lost cargo.

number of public vessels...to afford such aid to distressed navigators as their necessities and circumstances may require." This task was first given to the Navy, but because of the size of their ships and the closeness to shore of the distressed vessels, it was passed to the Revenue Cutter Service. However, there was still a problem: sailing ships could not assist grounded vessels without the fear of grounding themselves.

This was followed by a number of half-hearted attempts to supply towns with lifesaving equipment so they could render assistance to vessels in distress. The members of the local community were expected to understand how to maintain and use the equipment. There was no one in charge. Predictably, this "system" deteriorated and much of the equipment was either stolen, neglected, or used for other things. One town used a metal lifeboat as a tub for scalding hogs.

In 1871, the Treasury Department, seeing a need for a permanent, standing organization, created the Revenue Marine Bureau and placed Sumner Kimball in charge. From 1871 to 1878 Kimball developed a dedicated life-saving system, under the Revenue Cutter Service, and organized it into a corps of efficient professionals. Not only were the superintendents and keepers paid but each station had a paid, dedicated crew, trained and practiced in the job of saving lives. In 1878 the service officially became its own agency: The U.S. Life Saving Service.



Secretary of the Treasury Sumner Kimball.

Lifesaving stations usually consisted of a Keeper (the most experienced surfman) and six crewmen ranked according to their abilities. Between the crewmen there would be a 24-hour watch kept on the beach. In good weather, a crewman would “stand the watch” in a tower or on a high dune watching the shore for any vessel in distress.



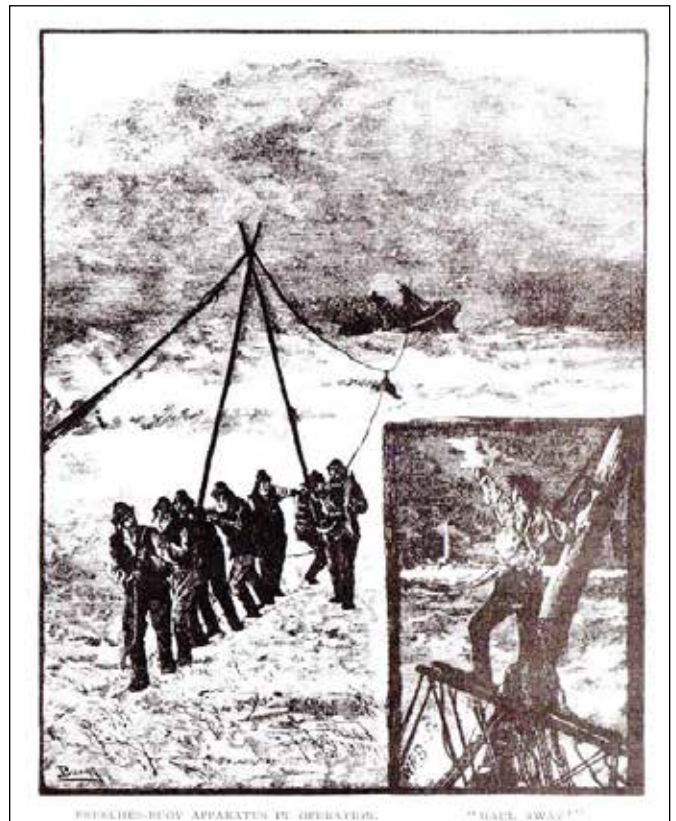
A lifesaving station crew.

There were two methods of rendering aid. One was for the crew to launch a surfboat and row out to the stranded vessel. While rowing, the Keeper

was in charge and steered the boat, while the crew concentrated on rowing. They focused on the Keeper and nothing else around them, hence the term, “head and eyes in the boat.” But this method has its own problems. Once near the vessel, the crew had to get the passengers into the boat (which they were already in), row back to shore, make it through the surf, offload the passengers, and then do it all again.

The other method was to aid the vessel from the shore. A beach apparatus was hauled to the scene by the station crew on a cart (later they used horses). The cart weighed about a thousand pounds and had to be dragged through soft wet sand to the scene no matter how far away from the station it might be.

Once there, a line throwing cannon was set up, filled with powder and a special projectile, with a line attached to it, was placed in the barrel. The projectile was then shot over the wreck so the line fell across the vessel. The ship’s crew could then pull a larger line and rig out to the vessel and tie it to the ship above the waterline. The lifesaving crew would then pull their end of the rig taunt using a wooden crutch and sand anchor. This created a “bridge” between the ship and the shore so that a life car or a breaches buoy could be used to pull people from the ship.



A breaches buoy tripod.

Once on shore the survivors would be taken back to the station, taken to special houses of refuge set up along the shore, or taken in by local citizens to get warm.

Rescuing people by bringing them to shore spawned all sorts of ideas for saving lives: some good, some interesting, and some downright whacky.

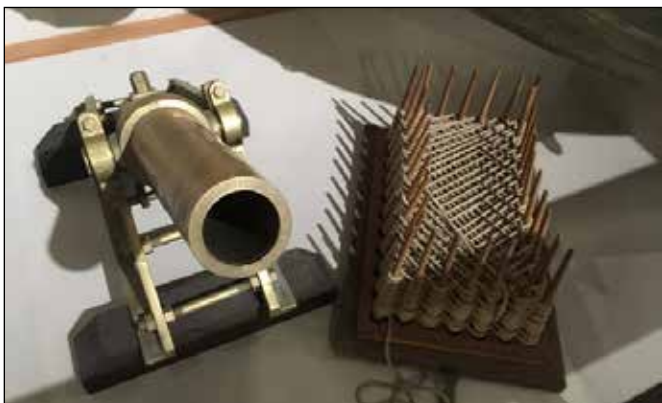
The Good

The Manby Mortar. Named after its inventor, Captain George Manby of the British Navy, the mortar could fire a shot attached to a rope over 450 yards out to a ship. This was widely used until the establishment of the Life Saving Service when it was replaced by the Lyle gun.



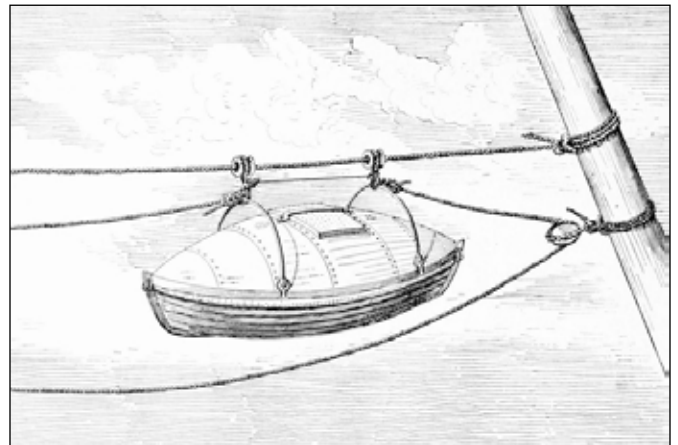
The Manby Mortar used for sending lines to stricken vessels. The soda can is there to provide a size reference.

The Lyle Gun. Named after Captain David Lyle, U. S. Army Ordinance Specialist, this gun was adopted by the Light House Service in 1877 and became the service standard. This picture also shows a faking box for the shot line. The line, after being faked out on the spikes was then inverted into a box and the spikes



A Lyle gun and faking spindles circa 1877.

pulled out. This allowed the line to come rapidly out of the box without tangling. This was then used to pull a heavier line, the high line, which was then attached, on either end, to ship and shore.



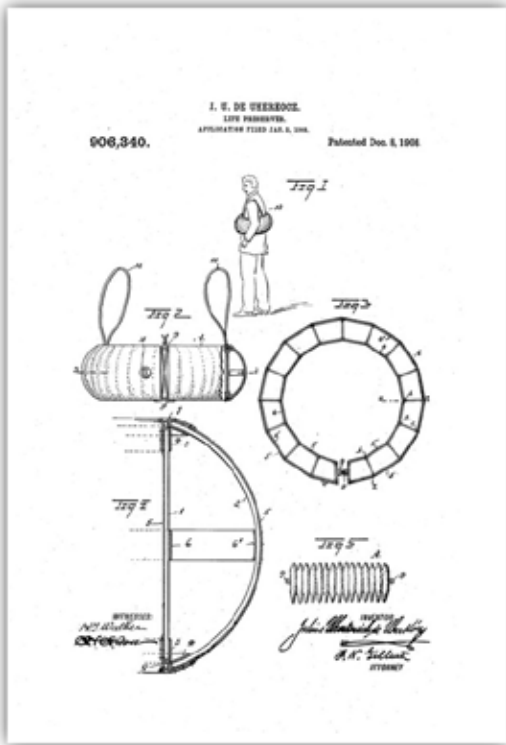
A life car for bringing survivors from ship to shore.

Life Rings. Still in use today, these rings are seen on ships, on docks, at pools in just about any recreational location near water. It was called the Kisby Ring, after its inventor First Lieutenant Thomas Krisbee, of the Royal Navy. Originally made of cork, there have been numerous variations proposed over the years including metal models and models with crotches and/or shoulder straps.



Life rings like these are still in use today.

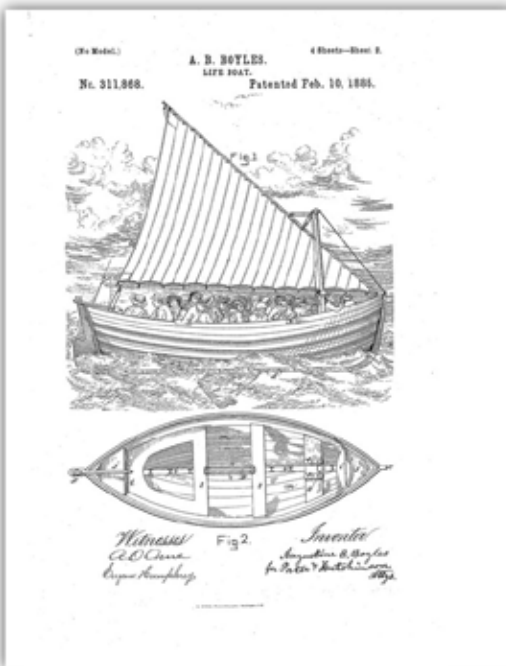
Closed Life Boats. This was called a Marine Life Saving Apparatus, 1909, a precursor to the capsule lifeboats seen on large commercial ships today.



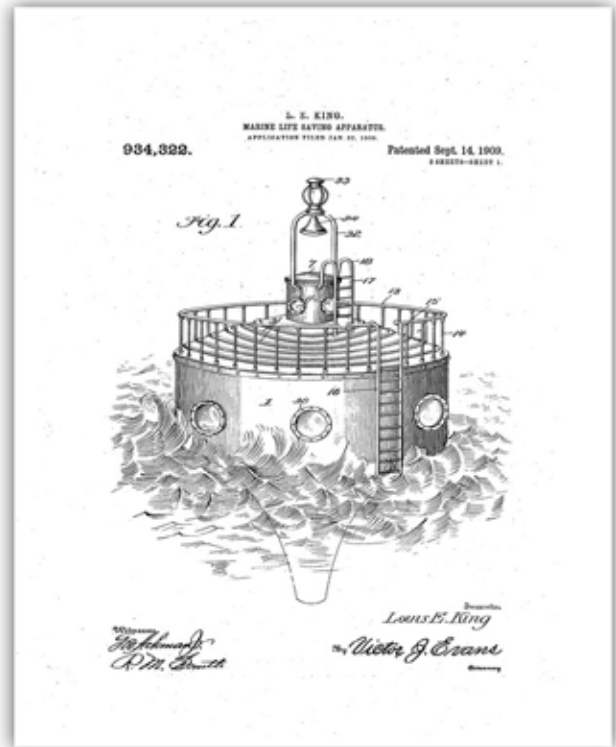
A metal life ring, 1908.

Life Boats

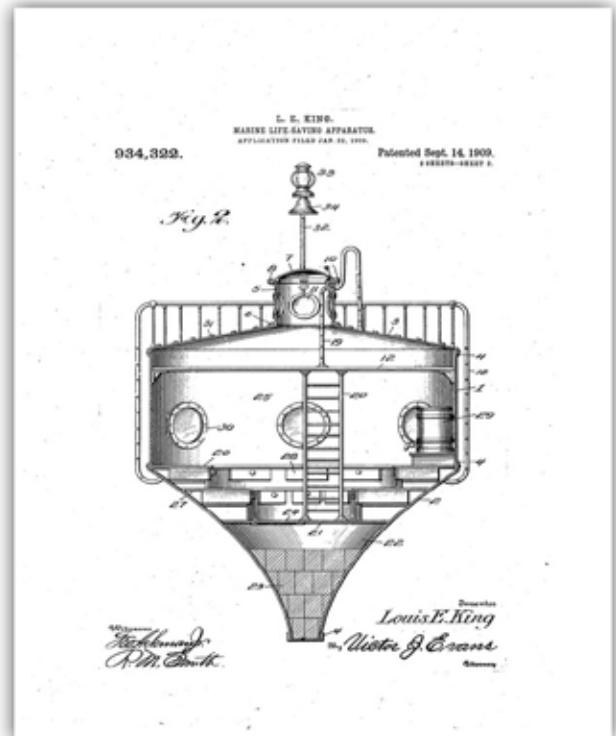
Open Life Boats. An open Life Boat, 1885, which is similar to many boats still in use today although many have been replaced by covered lifeboats.



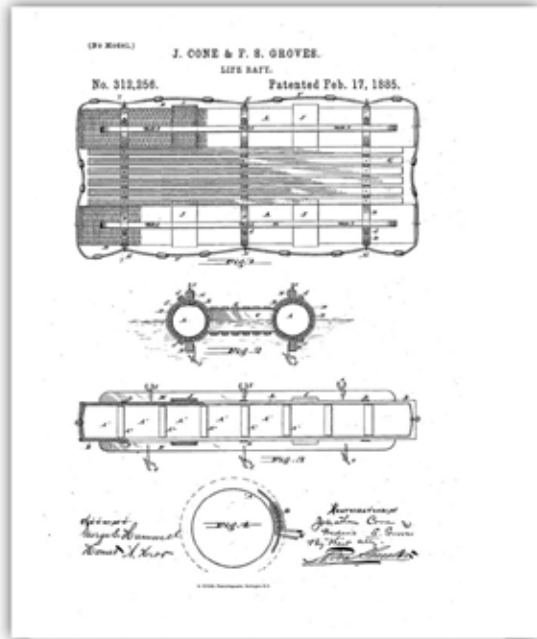
A patent for a lifeboat to be used on ships, 1885.



Marine Life Saving Apparatus, 1909.



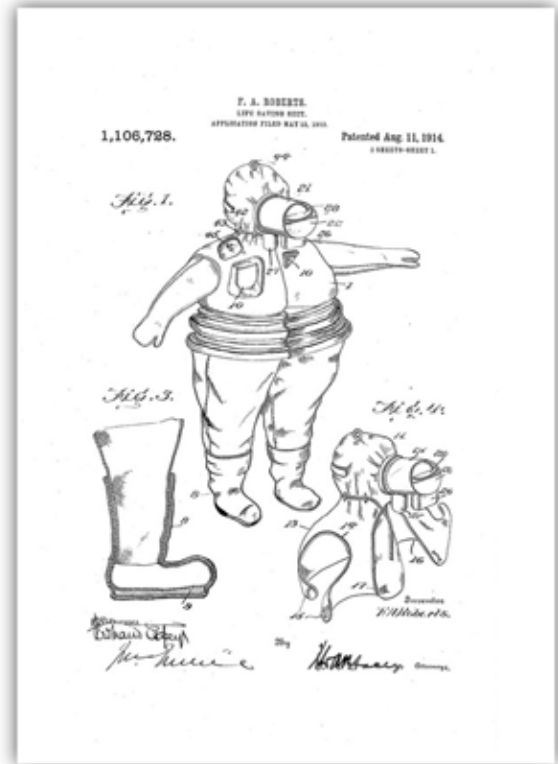
Life Rafts. This early life raft had two pontoons that supported a wooden platform. Note the grab lines equipped with floats around the sides.



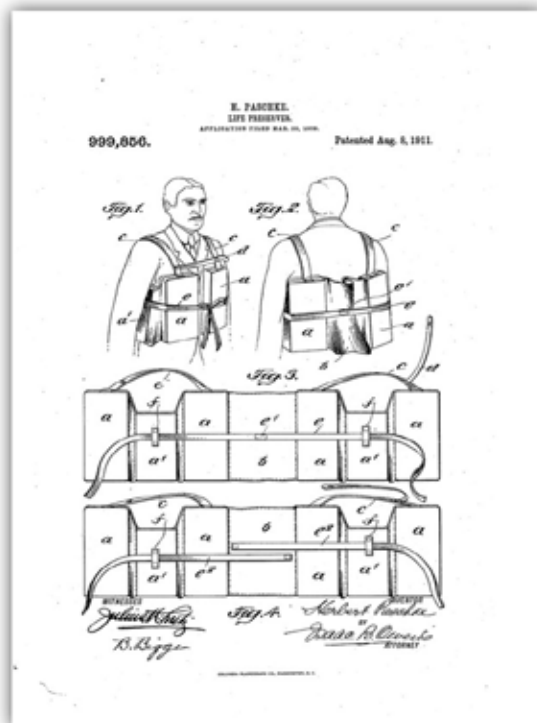
Life Raft, 1885.

This life preserver is very similar to the ones still in use today. Of course the materials have improved, but the idea is the same.

The Life Suit and the Life Dress. These are versions of life suits from 1914. The lifesaving crewmembers actually wore what was called a “lifesaving dress” during rescues to protect them from the surf. They are very similar to the Gumby suits used by crew members on Coast Guard small boats today.



The Life Suit.



Life Preserver, 1911.

**WATERPROOF
LIFE-SAVING DRESS.**



This is the Dress that is creating such a furore in Europe.

CAPTAIN BOYTON

went abroad to introduce this invention to all Europe.

The Queen of England has ordered the invention for her Yacht.

It has also been adopted for general use in U. S. Navy and Revenue Marine Departments.

For sale and for rent to tourists, at reasonable rates.

Address,

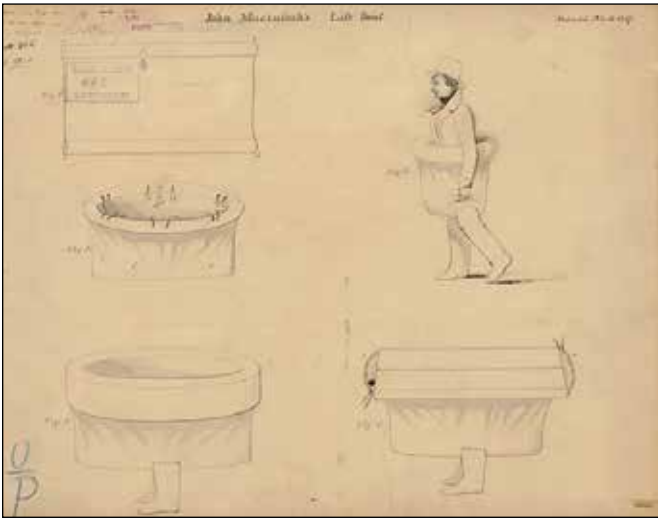
**C. S. MERRIMAN, Patentee,
16 Murray Street, N. Y.**

Please state that you saw this notice in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

The Waterproof Life-Saving Dress. Quite similar to today's “Gumby suits.”

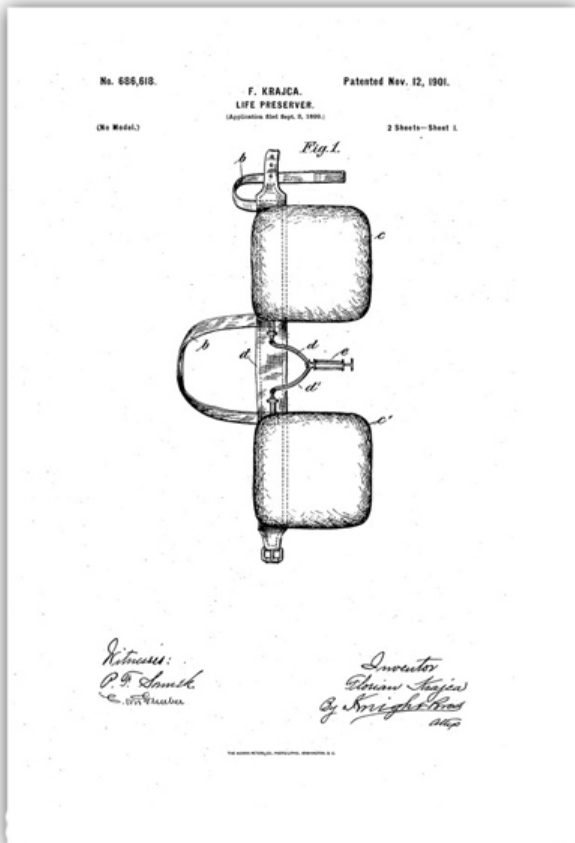
The Interesting

The Wearable Life Boat. It was designed so that a person could walk up the beach when he or she reached the shore.



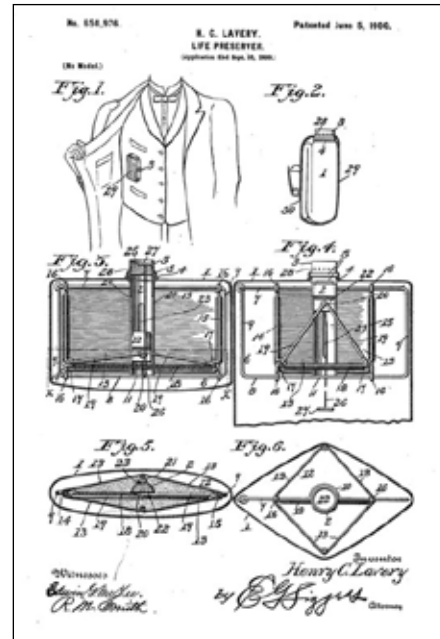
The wearable life boat.

The Under Arm Life Preserver. This is a device that could be worn under the arms and inflated by a pump if you fell into the water.



Under Arm Life Preserver, 1901.

A self-inflating life preserver. This is ingenious considering it was 1900. It's a self-inflating flotation device worn attached to your clothing. The patent claimed that it automatically inflated when water entered into it and came in contact with "a chemical." It doesn't say what chemical, but given the timeframe it was likely carbide which creates a flammable gas. Who knows, but that something self-inflating was thought of in 1900 is pretty incredible.



Self-inflating life preserver. What inflates it isn't mentioned.

The Wacky

The Neck Life Ring. This is a wooden ring from about 1885 that snapped around the neck and locked. The instructions on the ring told the user to hold it down with your hands when jumping into the water.

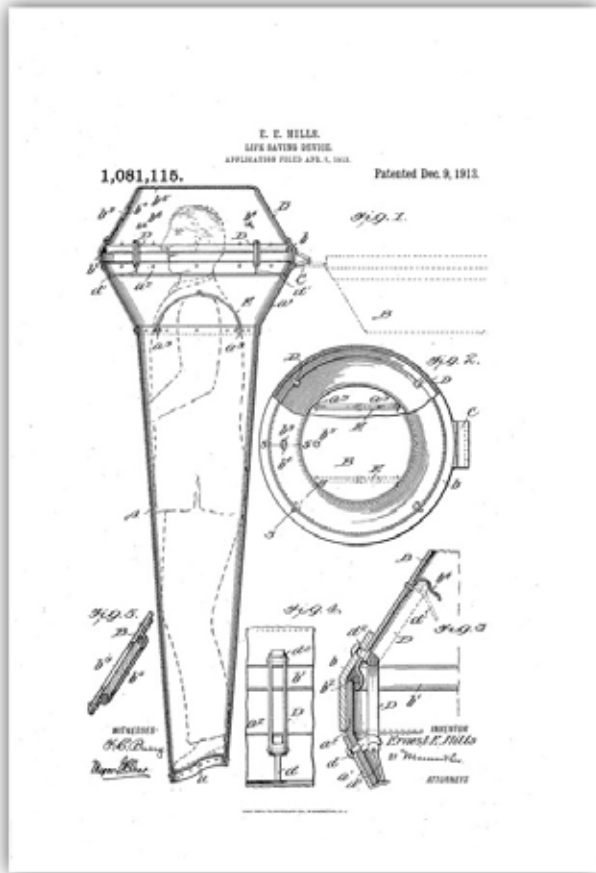


The Neck Ring. The instructions tell the wearer to be sure to hold it down when jumping into the water.

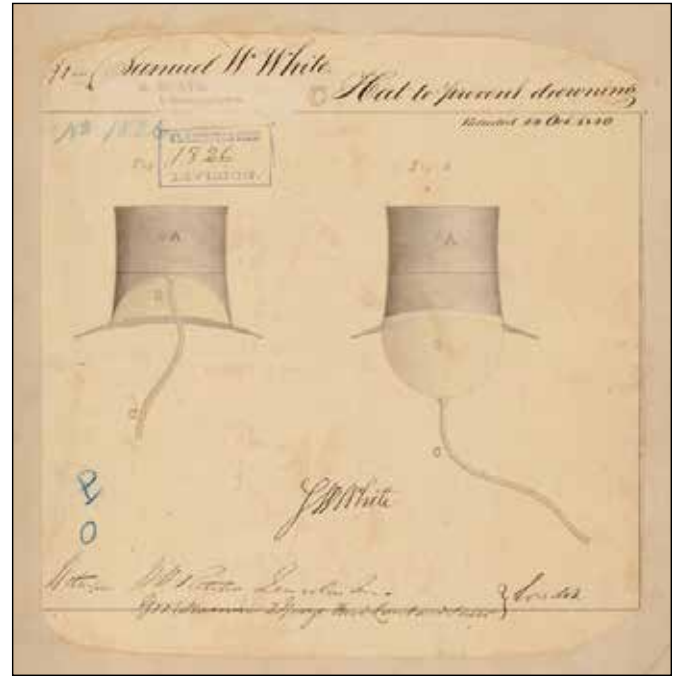
The Life Tube. Here is a “life-saving device” designed to hold one person in a watertight container with a small window to look out. According to the patent it has a small vent hole on the top for breathing.

And lastly, here’s a fun one...for the mariner who has (nearly) everything

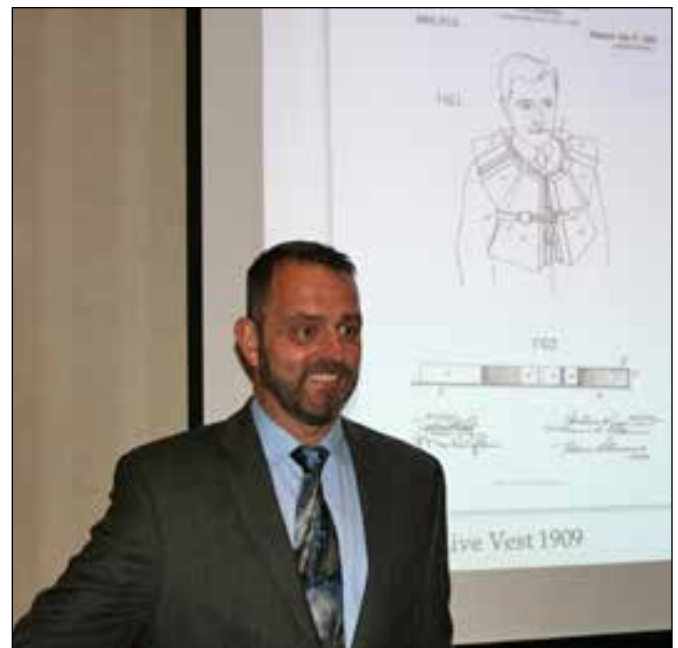
The inflatable top hat, 1826. Called a “Hat to prevent drowning,” it had a bladder in the top which was inflated by blowing into a tube.



The Life Tube, 1913.



A hat to prevent drowning, 1826.



CWO4 Scott Epperson, USCG (retired).



Tweety

Jim Grenier

In the previous CBA issue I presented the exciting events of Alan Falconi's birthday party at the Falcon Marina, and how Alan and I helped bail out a swamped bright yellow Beetle Cat. The boat owner rewarded us both with an invitation for a day sail. Alan backed out with seven bucks in his pocket but I didn't. The yellow boat was named Tweety and belonged to a teenager named Colter.

Colter pulled up to my house not in a typical car but a full-blown metal-flaked, cherry-red hot rod. We heard him coming up the street long before we saw the car. He pulled up in front of our door, the vehicle's loud mufflers coughing, gurgling, and growling. Neighbors were looking out their windows. Mr. Doyle, watering his rose bushes across the street, turned to gawk, spraying his windows and front door.

This car was something! It was modified in so many ways you would have had no idea what make or model it might have originally been. Louvers punched out all over the place, the roof chopped-and-channeled (lowered) so the windows and windshield were no more than slits. A big chrome contraption stuck out of the front hood. (I'd go into more detail, but this story is about boats, not hot rods.) Looking out the window, my dad was shaking his head and muttering about this street spectacle. My only thought was I was going to ride in such a cool car!

The rumbling engine shut off and a lanky teenage boy emerged. He walked up the steps and rang the doorbell. My dad walked to the door, tossing me his government-patented side-glance—which could mean almost anything depending on the circumstances. But I knew this time it meant: This doesn't look good, kid, so don't get your hopes up.

Colter had what we called a ducktail with hair as black and shiny as a new Cadillac. Curled down his forehead dangled a single dramatic lock of hair just above his left eye. He wore blue Levis, rolled up to show his white socks nesting into black high-top basketball sneakers. A boxy lump of a cigarette pack cozied in his T-shirt sleeve. He was Ricky Nelson good-looking (like Nick Jonas without the muscles and chin whiskers), but not quite as clean-cut as Ricky (or Nick). He wore a figured medallion on a silver chain around his neck. In 1962 he was the very picture of cool.

Unfortunately, I was the picture of uncool. I wore a hideous plaid shirt, baggy Boy Scout shorts (that were too big for me), brown argyle socks and last year's ratty Keds sneakers that were then too tight. All my clothes were all hand-me-downs from my brother Mike; the faded shirt was a second-hand-me-down to my older brother from my even older cousin Peter.

My Dad invited Colter in and introduced my Mom and me, then Mike, and my younger brother Tommy and baby Donnie. Except for Donnie, who could care less, my brothers all stood staring at this stranger in our hallway.

Mom, Dad, and Colter talked a bit and, finally, my Dad asked about the souped-up car in front of the house.

"It's not mine. I borrowed it from a friend because my Mom had to work today and we only have one car. I didn't want Jimmy to miss out. I made him a promise."

Long story made short, I grabbed my lunch bag and baseball cap and climbed into the front seat of that amazing car. A voice from the backseat chimed, "Hi, I'm Colleen. You're Jimmy; Alan Falconi is always talking about you. I saw your picture in the newspaper."

I turned to see a girl with braces and dark hair worn in a short flip but with a big ribbon tied in it, sort of a girl version of first lady Jackie Kennedy. Because the car windows were just slits, it was dark in the car and it was hard to see much else.

"Hi," I said. "This is only my second time sailing, so don't expect too much."

She laughed. "It's gonna be fun. You'll see!"

Now Doc's *Remedy*, which I knew well, had slat seats but the smaller *Tweety* didn't have seats at all and you had to sit right in the bilge. Still, there was plenty of room in that little catboat for the three of us, and sitting on the floor wasn't a big problem. In fact, it made you feel like you were closer to the water, almost eye-level.

Colter and I stowed our lunches in a cooler up under the foredeck and I laughed when I saw how tiny the anchor was. Everything seemed tiny on this boat compared to *Remedy*, which was only three feet longer. There were oars in the bilge but Colter arranged some

cushions and the sail cover over them to make it more comfortable. As soon as we put on our life jackets, Colleen did the honors of casting off the bow and stern lines.

We rowed from the Falcon Marina dock out about 75 feet and Colter pulled the two halyards and raised the sail. Unlike *Remedy*, the halyards were smaller lines and it didn't look too hard to lift the sail at all. Granted, Colter was a teenager, but hauling up that sail looked easy enough that even I could do it with ease. Lots of kids sail Beetle Cats on their own. We drifted for a while upriver with the current; the spotty wind would give us a puff every now and then, just enough to snap the sail to attention before it sagged, over and over.

Colter talked about growing up in all kinds of sailboats. He knew the name of every little piece of hardware, the lines, parts of the sail and so on. His sister Colleen became really bored and kept rolling her eyes and asking if she could jump in and drown herself. Clearly, she knew all of this stuff but couldn't get a word in. Me? I was happy to listen to all the boating information oozing out of Colter.

We spun aimlessly for a quarter mile upstream without any real sailing prospects. It was a hot, muggy day, and the wind was fluky at best. Colleen started asking me questions, like my age, what grade I was in, what did I like to do, and so on. I made my answers pretty short: yes, no, not sure, etc. Colleen was older than me, and a girl. I thought she was grilling me, but I guess she was simply trying to be friendly. But I was being a little unfriendly—no, in retrospect, I think I was being a little shy.

I hung over the cockpit coaming, looked at my funhouse-rippled face, and dangled my arms in the cool water to kill time. The temperature had to be at least 90 degrees, sweat-stinking hot, and we were not sailing. I was sure we were wasting the day away, getting sunburned without the benefit of a fun sail. When I mentioned this, Colter opened up his duffle bag and pulled out a tube of zinc oxide and put some on his nose. Then he rubbed some on Colleen's.

Colleen grabbed the tube and said, "Come here, Jimmy. Don't be shy," she said. "Just a dab on your nose so it doesn't get burned," I laughed at the two of them with their frosty white noses.

"No thanks." I turned around and back to my watery reflection. In the water below me, I saw a sudden movement. Was it a fish? No. It looked like an arm! Then an actual arm flashed in front of my face and left a greasy dollop of white on my nose.

Colleen had managed to quietly sneak up and goop me anyways! We all laughed.

I asked Colter what his medallion was. "That's Saint Brendan the Navigator, the patron saint of sailors." He explained, "I'm not very religious, but I wear it just in case I'm wrong about things. He's supposed to protect sailors from harm. So, it doesn't hurt to have someone up there looking out for you." I rubbed the medallion and felt the contours. Colleen also showed me hers, identical to Colter's. The next day I asked about this Saint Brendan guy in Sunday school. My teacher Mrs. Daigle had no idea who he was.

"Let's row back the other way, down closer to the ocean and maybe catch a sea breeze," shouted Colleen. She dug out the two oars from under the cushions and duffle on the cockpit floor. Colter and I flipped up the oarlocks. Down came the sail which we bundled up and tied to the gaff and boom. Colter sturdied his butt on the centerboard trunk and grabbed the oars. He rowed us past the floats at the Falcon and scooted through the open railroad bridge. Man, could Colter make that boat fly! There was a steady roll of whitewater at the bow.

While we shot towards the second bridge, I asked Colleen how *Tweety* got its name. She answered that *Tweety* was named after her.

"How come?" I asked. "That isn't your name!"

She said when she was little she had a baby lisp, her speech like the cartoon character. Her mom and dad gave her the nickname "Tweety Bird." "I tawt," Colleen spoke up in a teeny baby voice, "I tawt I taw a puddy tat!" I need to point out she lost that lisp somewhere along the way, along with the nickname, but the name stayed on the boat.

We raised the sail again and finally chased down a puff of wind out on the flats near Wood Duck Island and I started to have a more fun time with these new friends, sailing through patches of riffled water, and around some green and red channel buoys. I showed I could "sheet in" during a luff, could chicken-gybe, and other things I learned from Doc Johnson a few weeks ago. Colter laid back against the port cockpit coaming, his long legs stretching out, bare feet clearing the starboard side, smoking and tending the tiller while Colleen and I climbed up on the foredeck, dangling our feet in the water. We told jokes and talked about our schools and friends.

Colter turned on his transistor radio to WRKO and Colleen and I sang along: Johnny Angel, Locomotion, The Twist, and I even soloed with

Purple People Eater which had a lot of crazy words in it. I remember with perfect clarity sitting up on that canvassed foredeck looking at Colleen's shiny black hair, the faint freckles on her cheeks, hearing her laugh, and the reflection of our four bare legs draped over the gunwale, our feet tickling in the parting bow wake while *Tweety's* gaff sail pulled us along. Summer vacation had just started and what a way to begin!

The wind tuckered out again after about an hour so Colleen and I took off our lifejackets and jumped in the water and swam around the boat a few times. Colleen must have known we'd be swimming because she wore a bathing suit under her clothes. I just took my shirt off and wore my ugly shorts.

She showed me how to surface dive to go straight down to the bottom. We picked up clamshells and tiny crabs off the sandy bottom, and tossed them into a half-filled bucket of water that floated alongside the boat. Colleen was super at diving and swimming so she got almost twice as many I did. Once, she did a backflip off the bow deck. I tried it and ended up splayed out, looking like a human pinwheel hitting the surface with my back. Colleen offered to teach me how to do it right but I was embarrassed enough and didn't want to try again.

The wind came around from a different direction so Colleen and I clambered back aboard in order to catch it. We dumped the bucket and shells back into the bay and sheeted the sail in again. Colleen took the tiller while Colter lit another cigarette.

We shot off with a full sail, moving even faster than before in a strong sudden breeze behind us. I crawled forward on the deck to see the bow wake. Colter asked if *Tweety* had a bone in her teeth. I shouted back I didn't see any bones but there was quite a bit of white water rolling off the bow. "That's the bone!" He shouted back, laughing.

The other sailboats around us clearly took advantage of the wind change—every sail was up and drawing! There were a few other Beetle Cats, a low flat Sunfish, some sailing dinghies, several jaunty lapstrake sloops, and a slab-sided Lightning all zipping and zinging around.

Suddenly, Colleen pointed to a catboat clawing around the cut between Wood Duck Island and the summer cottages on the shore beyond. "Hey look! It's Uncle John and Cringle."

"Wow! The *Dog Watch!*" I yelled.

They both turned and looked at me quizzically. Colleen asked. "How do you know the *Dog Watch?*"

I told them about how their uncle came along and gave me a lift on that windy day six years ago.* Their uncle helped my Dad, Pèpère, Mike and I when we were stuck in Dad's tiny rowboat in some rough weather. I did my best to embellish it but skipped some parts to keep it quick.

Apparently, Colter and Colleen had already heard part of the story from their Uncle John: not my "four brave fishermen" version, but two know-nothing, adult greenhorns and a couple of dopey kids he saved from a likely drowning. That wasn't exactly accurate either. But it shows how a story can be told in different ways and still be the same story.

I was really glad to hear that both their uncle and his first-mate Labrador dog were still sailing together. Colter said that Cringle was going to have puppies, her third and last litter, and he wanted one of them. Unfortunately, the Army wouldn't allow it and he was leaving for basic training in a couple of weeks. I said I'd buy one if I could afford it. I knew I'd have to get Mom and Dad to agree and work hard to make more money. Buying a banana seat for my bike seemed silly when I could get a puppy instead.

As the wind let up a bit, Colter had what he claimed was a great idea. He tied a loop around my chest with the anchor line, measured out several arm lengths of the line and tied it to the starboard cleat. The loop around my waist was tied with a bowline, a knot I'd seen in a book but didn't know how to tie. It's definitely one of a sailor's best knots to know. "We do this all the time, but haven't tried it yet this year," he said. "We aren't moving too fast right now, so you should jump in and we'll tow you behind the boat."

"Really? Is it safe?" I asked.

"I only drowned a couple of kids last year. But I think I've perfected it now."

Colleen chimed in, "He's only kidding you know."

I wasn't too sure at first, but I wanted to try if only to show Colleen I was brave. So I slipped over the side by the stern into the bay. It took a minute to muster up my courage but I let go of the gunwale and *Tweety* sailed away from me. The line pulled taught and the loop rode up under my armpits. But we were hardly moving at all. "When the wind picks up a little you'll get a good ride!" shouted Colter. "Hold on!"

Suddenly, the breeze struck again. I felt the wind on my shoulders, and the boat lurched ahead and towed me along for a couple of minutes. It was surprising how much power a little boat like that has

with the wind in the sail. I was having a blast until my oversized shorts slipped over my hips and around my knees. I called out "Stop! Stop! There's a problem." Colleen let the gaff halyard go, and the gaff dropped down. Colter loosed the mainsheet. Surprisingly, *Tweety* came to an immediate stop.

"Problaymo?" asked the skipper.

I clawed my way up the line to the transom and whispered to Colter that I was losing my shorts. "I don't want to let Colleen see my underwear." Colter understood and asked Colleen to turn around and face forward, which she did. Then he lifted me out of the water as I held onto my shorts, which were now around my knees. It took a bit of work to wriggle back into my shorts because clingy wet clothes go on harder than dry ones. Colter laced a short piece of line through some of my pant loops, tightening the waistband enough so the too-big shorts would stay on.

Colleen also took a turn with the towrope. I wouldn't recommend you try it quite this way. These days there are boogie boards, inflatable rings, comfortable floatation vests and harnesses that are just as much fun but also keep you safe.

Eventually, the wind died out again and we rowed ourselves back upstream under the two bridges to the Falcon Marina. Colter did most of the rowing, but at one point he sat me on the narrow centerboard seat and showed me how to hold the oars, roll them with my wrists to "feather" them while preparing for the next stroke, how to place my hands one over the other, and how to use my back muscles so I wouldn't tire too quickly. But the oars were longer and heavier than the ones used in my dad's pram and I had a hard time with them.

Back again on the Falcon float, I tied the line from the bow in a perfect cleat hitch with only two tries. Colter gave me a thumbs-up for that.

Colleen cleated her stern line on the first try and finished with a "Tah-dah," throwing her arms up like she just roped and tied a calf at a rodeo. Even though she had a lot more experience than I did at this sort of thing, she still didn't take the line all the way around the cleat before making the hitch. This is a sailor's no-no. I didn't correct her on it. Don't be a know-it-all if you want to keep friends.

The ride home was more fun than the ride to the marina. I waved at everybody we passed because I wanted to be seen in a "boss" hot rod. Colter stopped at the dairy store and bought us ice creams before he dropped me off home. Colter walked me right up to

my door and talked again with my mom to let her know I had a great time and was a really good kid. I was glad he skipped over the towrope incident; Mom would have had a fit!

I saw Colter around the boatyard a few times after that fantastic day. He'd always tell me a joke and ask how I was doing at baseball. I had a lot of questions for Colter and liked being around him when he was at the marina. In time, I figured he'd tell me all kinds of things I couldn't ask anyone else. Sometimes I'd ask about Colleen, but I didn't want him to think I "liked" her (though I suppose I did). I kept forgetting to ask about Cringle's puppies.

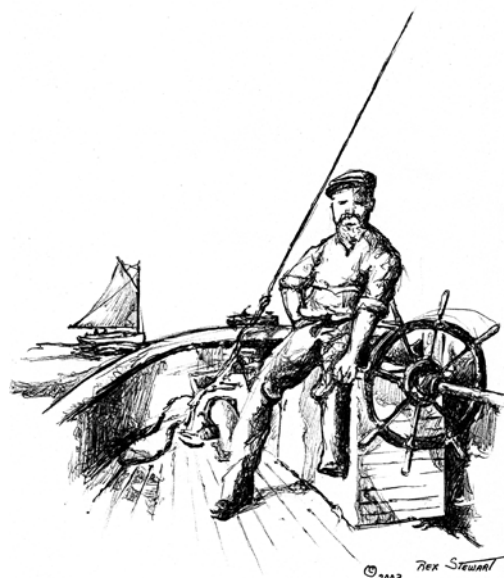
When Colter stopped showing up I hoped he was driving around in his friend's hot rod, and being a "cool cat." He was actually away in the Army.

Colleen called me up once and asked me if I could crew in *Tweety*. But I never sailed with her again that summer because Mom wouldn't let me go in any boat without a grownup aboard. But I always checked on *Tweety* and made sure her lines were tied correctly and bailed out after a rain.

I ran into Colleen and her friend Hannah at the Falcon later that summer. They were taking *Tweety* out by themselves. She showed me a photo of her brother in his Army uniform: his hair was cut real short and he wore thick dark-rimmed glasses and wasn't smiling at all. He didn't look anything like the Colter I knew. He was stationed somewhere down in Texas.

Texas can be pretty hot and sunny. I hoped he brought his zinc oxide.

* *Jim's first "Catboat Kid" story appeared in CBA*



Boat Building and Maintenance

Eric Peterson, Editor

Sibell, My Last, Best, Love; the Rebirth of an Old Marshall 22

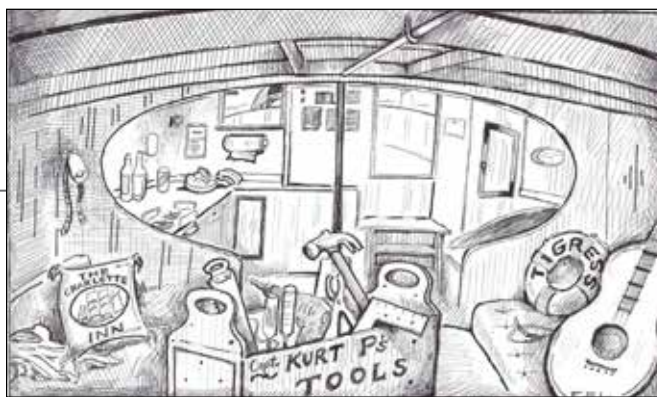
Charles L Lassen

Over a period of more than sixty years I have owned ten boats ranging from a Merlin Rocket racing dinghy to a solid bluewater cruiser. They have all given me great pleasure. The one I remember most fondly was the first little vessel that enabled us to “go foreign.” She was a 25 foot folkboat that took me, my wife and our twelve week-old son from *Swallows and Amazons* country, across the North Sea to Holland and back again. Other boats would take us further afield, like *Golden Dragon*, a custom 37 foot sloop that took us over 25,000 miles including two Atlantic crossings, and many interesting adventures in between.

On return from that voyage I was reminded of my mortality by an old gaffer leaning on the dock rail at Port Clyde, “If yer can’t hop in and out of a dinghy, it’s all over.” Time to downsize. She was an old Marshall 22, who was first splashed in 1969, fifty years ago. She had had a quiet life with several owners, some modest racing success, and was definitely now in late middle age, but still strong. The seller introduced me to her in the backyard of his recently divorced ex-wife. She greeted us hands on hip with, “Get that (expletive deleted) thing off my property, like now.”



Catboat for Sale.



The transaction was completed instantly at a very reasonable price. The following week she was on her way to Paul Rollins’s Boatyard in York, Maine.

I wanted a pocket cruiser for Maine and adjacent waters. She had to be pretty, watertight and capable of sustaining a couple on the water for two or three weeks. Paul gracefully made no adverse comments about the considerable transformation that I envisaged. We started with the deck layout. The traditional arrangement of a huge cockpit surrounded by park benches and lattice doors positively encouraged an inquisitive sea to explore the accommodations below. So we designed a new cockpit with a bridge deck, three washboards and cockpit seats enclosing watertight storage areas, and a generous ice box.

A varnished teak cockpit coaming merged with the new cabin eyebrow on the coach roof and emphasized the boat’s already pleasing shear. Curved trim also defined the much smaller cockpit, that now had two oversized drains ready to suck it dry. I had only once been dunked by a following sea in a 40-knot blow some 800 miles West of the Azores. I got wet up to my knees before the drains returned the



Marshall 22 Reborn.

intruder to the ocean from whence it came. Such aquatic misadventures can happen anywhere. I have seen a J24 sink in New York Harbor when a cockpit hatch flew open, and a 30 foot Atlantic founder in Long Island Sound, both within swimming distance of shore.

The bridge deck was part of the overall safety plan that often results from prudence based on a real fear of drowning. It creeps up on you as time goes by. However, the bridge deck's most useful function is to provide two cubby holes reachable by a long arm from the cockpit. These contain a flashlight, radio, basic tools, horn, sunscreen, Off bug spray, paper towels, and all the other essential bits and pieces that accumulate and become part of daily cruising life.



Bridge Deck Stowage.

In my opinion, self-steering is one of the most useful pieces of electronic equipment to have on a boat. All my cruising boats have had one since the original simple and reliable four button Autohelm came out. The main use of an autopilot in a small boat is in relatively flat water, or motoring. In stronger winds the boat calls for the helmsman's full attention. We fitted a new Raymarine unit and, even with the latest algorithms, the catboat rig can still overpower the self-steering gear in lumpy quartering seas.

Anchoring is another area where techniques need to evolve from those used in conventional sailboats. The minute foredeck, the size of a standard flat iron, is no place for the anchor man to perform at his best. However, the shallow draft of the boat helps with a modified anchoring technique. We stow a 35-pound CQR aft under the wheel and seldom anchor in more than fifteen feet of water. The CQR and its 75-foot line is deployed, and retrieved, over the side of the

cockpit. The line runs from the anchor to a block strapped to the base of the mast and the scope is controlled from the cockpit as the head settles into the wind. A Danforth with 200 feet of line is stowed in a cockpit locker and deployed in deeper anchorages or when two anchors are required.



Anchor Stowage and Auto Pilot.

Reefing was another area that required relearning prior experience. The large single sail can usually be reefed when going to windward in a summer southwesterly of 15 knots or so. The next reef typically needs to be pulled in at 20 to 25 knots apparent off the wind. This was brought home to me late in the season when my son and I were taking *Sibell* back to the barn at Robin Hood Marine from Casco Bay in a strong puffy northwesterly. I popped my head out of the hatch to suggest that it might improve the motion to put in the second reef. "Daaad, we did that as we passed Jewel." We did not have a third reef so the '2.5' reef was born. Steve Thurston has promised this innovation for controlled downwind sailing in moderate weather when he delivers the new sail next year.

The other power plant is a sturdy Yanmar diesel that replaced the original (Palmer?) gas engine a few years back. Annual filter and oil changes keep the compression up, but inevitably starters and water pumps and hoses need to be changed out to keep this faithful servant pulling like a young'un.

I had always felt that a catboat's accommodation could be improved for cruising. On the starboard side from forward, the changes were minimal: hanging space for oilies, a new potty plumbed to a holding tank, a carefully planned nav station and the original pull-out double berth (forward of the aforementioned bridge deck storage) and the electric panel. The

nav station consists of a bookshelf with essential publications such as the Maine cruising guide, tide tables and a book of knots. An iPad programmed with iSail GPS and a host of free downloaded NOAA charts has pride of place below the tide clock and a piece of scrimshaw collected from the Azores on another voyage in another vessel. Compact and reliable. I still use paper charts as a backup—and paper checks to pay my CBA dues.



Basic Nav Station.

The main layout changes are on the port side. I wanted to increase the number of berths to four and to improve the cabin seating so that one can sit opposite friends rather than developing a cricked neck. The main culprit was the huge galley with the six-burner Viking stove and the Village Green water pump. Total overkill for coastal cruising where plenty of hot coffee is essential to start the day, lunch is often a sandwich



The get up and go galley.

in the cockpit, and a short stroll from the dock often yields a lobster shack or a good basic restaurant for dinner. The gourmet galley was removed and replaced with a full length quarter berth and a single burner gas ring stove. We keep water in several five-gallon jerry cans stowed under the side deck with an open one on the aft step by the centerboard. These are easy to refill by hand, and the layout allows for ample dry food storage that is easily accessible from the new bunk.

Overall, this conversion of a fifty-year-old Marshall 22 has proven very successful as a nearshore cruiser ranging from Long Island Sound to St. Andrews in Canada over the past five seasons. Equally at home cruising with grandkids in Penobscot Bay, she always seems to raise a smile and an appreciative comment “pretty boat.” We’ve changed a few things, but she is still a Marshall, generates a lot of pleasure and often sails the pants off those more modern designs with their rigs optimized for upwind sailing.



Back to the Barn.

Charles Lassen is a British engineer whose first real job was assisting in the construction of the Hawker Harrier jump jet. A life-long sailor, he has sailed a variety of vessels, in cruising grounds on both sides of the Atlantic. Now retired, he and his wife live on Round Island on the Piscataqua River in New Hampshire.



Adding Ventilation to *Anna*

Dave Morrow

For many years I had been looking for a way to add ventilation in the cabin of my 1964 Marshall Sanderling *Anna*.

Some of the methods I considered were: an opening forward porthole, a small deck hatch and a power vent. Neither the port nor the deck hatch gave me the look I was seeking. The manufacturer of the power vent unfortunately stopped making the shell in bronze and now only offers stainless or white plastic. (Hardly appropriate for *Anna*.)

Last year I came upon a “mushroom vent” in the *Davey and Company Ltd.* online catalogue. The vent, made entirely of bronze, came in three, four, and five inch sizes. The four inch seemed to me to be the right size for a Sanderling cabin top. The only issue I could see with the vent was the handle, which raises and lowers the mushroom, protrudes down into the cabin making a perfect head-knocker when I crawl forward to check the mast chocks.

My solution was to fabricate a collar out of mahogany. (Well, to be truthful, my brother cut the piece out and routed the edge; I just sanded and finished it with eight coats of varnish) The rounded edges of the collar would soften the blow when I knocked against it with my bald head.

So all of this planning was fine until it came time to cut the four inch hole in *Anna*'s cabin top. It took me months to work up the courage to do it. I ended up using a four inch hole saw instead of a jigsaw. Measured four times and then presto a perfect four inch hole.

Using the vent's fastening holes as a pattern, I drilled oversized holes in the cabin top and then tapered holes in the mahogany collar. I also coated the exposed edge of the four inch hole in the cabin top with West System epoxy to seal it against water intrusion. The plan was to screw into the collar to sandwich the vent and collar to the cabin top. It took only one dry fitting to see it would all work perfectly. I next added a bead of Life Caulk and then fastened the pieces together for good.

I think the traditional look of the mushroom vent is excellent. More importantly, when opened, it will work with the louvered doors and add good air circulation to the cabin. And so far, no bleeding head knocks, thanks to the mahogany collar.



Collar and handle.



Mushroom vent open and closed.



Cruising

Steve Flesner, Editor

Catboat Cruising: Maryland to Massachusetts, Part 2

Kate Grinberg

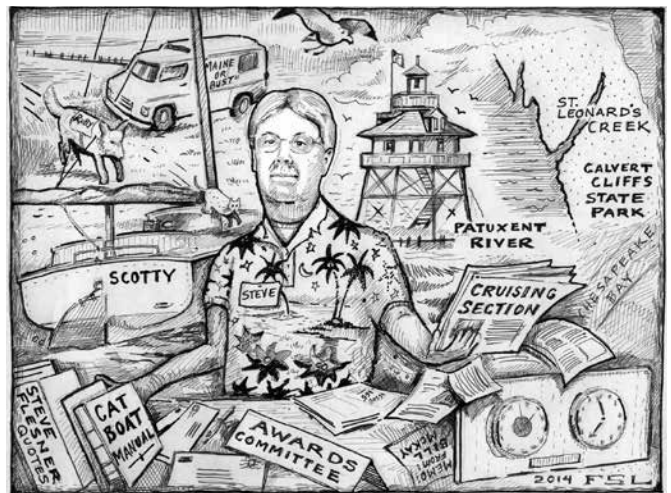
In part 1 of this voyage, published in the fall Bulletin, No. 180, Kate and her husband Tim began their voyage from Galesville, Maryland, on the Chesapeake Bay, to Bass River, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod. When we left off, they had just passed through New York Harbor. Here we pick up the story as they leave New York and continue north.

Day 9: Atlantic Highlands to Lloyd's Harbor, 40 nautical miles (cont'd)

We left NYC under full sail, under Throgs Neck Bridge, passing the New York Maritime Academy, Fort Schuyler, and into the open waters of Long Island Sound. Only briefly patting ourselves on the back, we turned our attention eastward, eager to bypass City Island and begin to make our way northeast on Long Island Sound. We would see how far we could get beyond the city after our exhausting day.

Like magic, the wind shifted to the southwest and we sailed along the north shore for another three hours, uncertain about our destination and reveling in perfect sailing conditions. Recalling a welcoming port in Oyster Bay, and realizing we had little left of the daylight, we opted to attempt an entrance to Sand Hole, a protected cove famed for its barely navigable entrance. Many larger draft boats have met their fate trying to get into this little pristine anchorage but we relied on catboat karma to put "gunkholing in 2 feet" to the test. Scanning the shore looking for an opening, we considered the stories we had read of rocks lying just beneath the surface at high tide, which there were. Weighing the desire to nestle in a pristine protected cove with the threat of slicing a hole in the boat, we cut our losses and decided to drop anchor on the outside of the entrance, near a sandy beach at the edge of the Sound.

Quiet and calm as it was, the vast amount of water between us and the distant shore across the Sound made for a hopelessly bumpy ride as we attempted to prepare dinner. Not only was *Curlew* doing her



catboat thing of yawing back and forth at anchor, she was also pitching mercilessly, in the wake of the long fetch. Realizing there was little hope of getting a good night's sleep, Tim dropped a stern anchor to secure our position into the waves. We slept well and decided we would return to make a second attempt into the Sand Hole another trip.

Day 10: Lloyd's Harbor to Mount Sinai (Port Jefferson NY), 22 nautical miles

We looked forward to a short day and a relaxed cruise along the north shore of Long Island. Needing marina services and a trip to West Marine to replenish stove fuel, we headed for Port Jefferson, where the year before, *Curlew* was recognized as a local boat. As we approached, we realized that we are much happier dropping the anchor in a quieter place and considered alternatives to the Port Jefferson Yacht Club marina. Mount Sinai Harbor met our requirements. An inlet located on the back side of a sandy spit of land, Cedar Beach was clearly a popular beach destination.



Cedar Beach and extraordinary sushi.

Following a fishing boat through the entrance, we rounded a green to find ourselves in a lovely, quiet marina with suitable anchorage at the tip of the cove. Rowing *Curleque* to shore, we hailed a Lyft ride to a shopping center strip mall where we procured supplies and indulged in an extraordinary sushi lunch (fish caught in Long Island Sound, we presume).

On our return, we stopped at the beach and took turns doing laps in the open water of the Sound and talking to our son on the west coast. Overhearing people talk about Cedar Beach as one of the nicest on the north shore, we were happy with our choice for an overnight stay. A walk across the spit back to the dinghy early enough to cook, eat, do laundry, and check the forecast. Low pressure was to return the next day, so we decided to retreat to the Connecticut shore and set the alarm for 4:00 a.m. to make the trip across the Sound before the storms arrived.



Looks like the laundry finally caught up with us!

Day 11: New England at Last! Mount Sinai Harbor to Old Saybrook, CT, 39 nautical miles

Four a.m. came awfully early but the frontal boundary to the west motivated us to get going. That was easier said than done, for we discovered that we were aground in one and a half feet of water! Kate's assurance that we were deep enough was, well, simply wrong. Tim's 4:00 a.m. dip in the drink to push us off made for an early wake-up. Once again, we were glad to be in a shallow draft catboat. Calm wind (actually, no wind), glassy water, sunrise peeking through cloudy sky, all is well. We'd steam up the Connecticut coast today, hopefully as far as Mystic.

The theme of cruising in a catboat is always *"beat the weather, go high pressure."* This maxim doesn't always work when trying to meet a schedule—even one as relaxed as ours. Thunderstorms predicted (some severe with "damaging winds, large hailstones and frequent lightning") led us to cross the Sound to the Connecticut shore early in the day, passing Connecticut River light as sky darkened. We were learning what to look for in anchorages, harbors, and marinas. A quiet cove with a yacht club facility often fits the bill, and we passed up the 'super yacht' marinas to seek refuge in the safe harbor, North Cove.

Pulled up a mooring ball, we were immediately greeted by a salty boat captain who informed us we could stay for free on a "guest" mooring ball. No argument! "You know we're expecting a big storm, hope you're not planning to stay on that small boat..." Well, yes, we were but planned to ride out any bad weather on shore. Kate couldn't wait to go for a run, dump the trash we picked up in the water along the way, and stroll around to check out quaint historic district and a not-to-miss gelato place in town.



Congratulations?? Your celebrations are messing up our oceans!

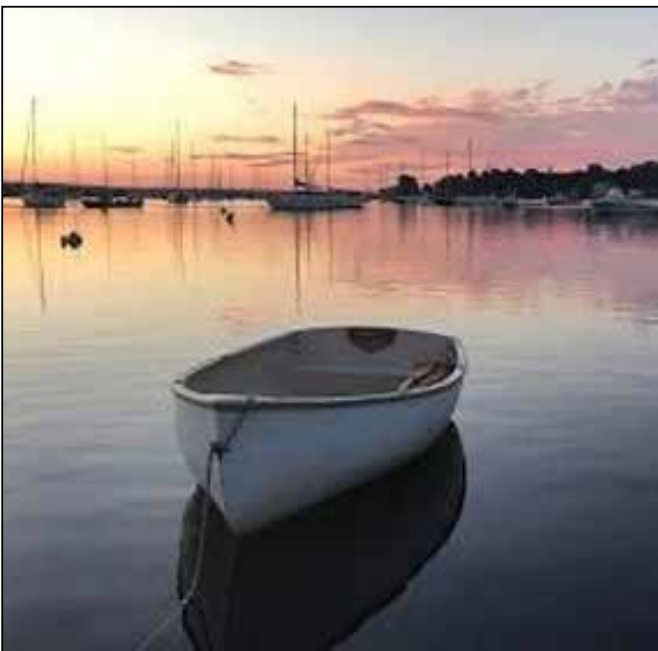
Once on shore, we both discovered that our legs wouldn't quite do what we were asking them to do. Any thought of running was dashed, as our legs felt like silly putty beneath us. Not to mention the sensation that the ground was rolling beneath our feet... settling on a long walk felt just right. Our walking route took us past beautiful gardens and "the Kate," a museum celebrating Kathryn Hepburn who lived on the shore we sailed past earlier.



Look, I'm famous!

And still no storm! We returned to *Curlew* after dinner and marveled at the black sky and lightning in the distance we had worked so hard to avoid. The front was raging on the north shore of Long Island, where we would have been had we not decided to cross the Sound.

Day 12: Old Saybrook to Stonington Harbor, 23 nautical miles



Even the dink is asleep!

We decided to honor the unstable weather pattern and planned a relaxed day, setting a destination of Noank. More storms were expected in early afternoon,

but we figured that by hugging the coast we could reach Noank easily by 2:00 p.m. The day started out sunny and cool, harbinger of New England summer weather. Or so we thought.

We were delighted to sail in five to ten knots with the wind at our back. Once we crossed Niantic Bay and dodged the New London ferries we decided to go a bit further to Stonington, the last town before Rhode Island. It was a great decision. Stonington Harbor is a picturesque, perfectly situated marina with a sailing culture on steroids. We entered the harbor passing storied yachts and beautiful racing sloops, including the famed wooden 12-meter *Weatherly*, winner of the 1962 America's Cup.

We enjoyed a peaceful mooring and took advantage of the marina launch to take us to shore. Again, building cumulus clouds and dark skies threatened but we had no concern this time. The perspective from shore is very different... Took a walk to Stonington Point where reminders of the 1938 hurricane still remain in a drastically changed landscape that divided the shoreline and created a new seascape. Looking at Watch Hill in the distance, we felt a surge of excitement in being, and sailing, in New England waters at last.

We looked ahead at a big day transiting through Watch Hill passage, a run up Block Island Sound, around Point Judith and a big open water stretch to Cuttyhunk. Remembering our last trip through this choke in the water, and our flirt with ocean wind and waves, we confess to a few nerves along this stretch. With increased confidence, though, we were ready. Sailing on a perfect broad reach in fifteen knots, purring like a contented cat, *Curlew* was beginning to feel like the horse going back to the barn. We were too!

Day 13: Stonington Harbor to Cuttyhunk, MA, 50 nautical miles

Another day of gorgeous sailing! Woke at 5:00 a.m. in time to transit Watch Hill passage at slack tide. Our plan was to round Point Judith, analyze the weather and decide whether to turn west toward Jamestown/Newport or continue another thirty nautical miles to Cuttyhunk, MA the farthest island at the end of the Elizabethan Island chain. We looked forward to exploring the town boasting a year-round population of thirty or staying in the lovely outer harbor at anchor enjoying the nautical landscape. This destination would put us in position to reach Bass River the following day, which was a magnet in

its own right. With wind eight to ten knots from the south southwest, we maintained our port tack broad reach, under sunny, high-pressure skies and headed for Cuttyhunk, arriving in the outer harbor just before the sun dipped below the horizon.



Celebrating 50 miles to Cuttyhunk.

Day 14: Cuttyhunk to Bass River, 38 nautical miles

Not quite up for the challenge of navigating the famed currents through Woods Hole, we woke at 5:00 a.m. to catch slack tide at the easier alternative through Quick's Hole. It was a spectacular Cape morning, winds blowing out of the west at about five knots. The current out of Cuttyhunk was wicked and motoring was mandatory.

The sun glare and choppy waves obscured my view of the lobster pot that managed to snarl our propeller. "I can't go and have no control!" A green can buoy was about twenty feet to starboard, and it was clear that the wind was going to push us either into the can or, if we were lucky, the swirling eddy left by the current. Fast action was required: Tim threw out the anchor. Once the boat was stopped, he donned goggles, grabbed a knife and dove below, under the boat in the strong current. The report: lobster pot pennant through the prop hole but not tangled. All the yanking he could muster could not free the line, and the pot below was serving as a stern anchor, preventing us from going anywhere. The decision was made to cut the line, leaving the pot on the bottom and bringing the float aboard. Later, we contacted Mass fisheries in an attempt to locate the owner to compensate for the damage. I am convinced that the float was under

water at high tide with strong currents...and the pot was dropped directly in the channel. But ultimately, it is the fault of the driver when a line gets tangled in a prop. Several phone calls later, we were not able to locate the owner of the ill-fated pot.

On through Vineyard Sound, past Martha's Vineyard for a wild ride on Nantucket Sound, a repeat of our previous voyage in building seas with wind at our tail. Two reefs helped us keep the weather helm under control, but when a course correction was required, it became impossible to jibe or come about. Trying to tack, *Curlew* ended up in irons in four foot waves (or were they three feet?) We decided to drop the sail and motor in.

The rest of the way to Bass River—past Naushon, Hyannis, crossing ferries, rounding Pt Gammon—all became familiar territory and our thrill of seeing the red gong buoy pointing us to the mouth of Bass River was real. We were amazed by the change in waves and wind as we approached the mouth and gained a new appreciation for the variation in sailing conditions close in versus the open waters of the Sound.

Passing the familiar and beloved Bass River lighthouse, we motored into Bass River as though we were returning from a routine day sail. Approaching the mooring next to the family dock, friendly hand-waves were seen and cheers heard. Fourteen days, Maryland to Massachusetts, and we were glad to be home.



Entering Bass River.

Then off the boat (at least for most of the day), our legs were gaining muscle memory and we were adjusting to the idea of staying in one place. For the time being...

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.



Thanks for coming on this journey with us!

Mid-Western Rivers Cruise 2019

Marc Cruder

After a successful all-inclusive tour of the Chester River, we changed course to due west to take in anchorages on the major rivers in and around Annapolis, our home waters. New members Jim and Barbara Palmer hosted the group on the Magothy River at one end of the cruise itinerary while John Hiser hosted us at Paradise Marina at the other. In between there was some good weather and fine sailing. Mimicking a cruise itinerary from 2010 but with different anchorages, the boat count varied with the core group of seven forming the base. The anchorage number topped out at ten during the week when supplemented by those who could participate a day here and there. A single reef was ordered

once, but unlike last year, there were no significant cyclonic influences near or far. Here's how it went....

Returning Cruisers

- Marc **"Not large, but still in charge"** Cruder sailing *Sylph*: Wittholz/Hermann 17 - Gaff
- Butch **"Fraidy-Cat"** Miller sailing *Lark*: Americat 22
- Mike **"That's why I do this"** Crawford sailing *Homer*: Wittholz/Hermann 17 - Gaff
- Phil **"TLAR (That Looks About Right)"** Livingston sailing *Patriot*: Marshall 18
- Fred **"Jump Start"** Sherriff sailing *Pride*: Marshall 22
- Frank **"Where's the gnocchi?"** Newton sailing *Casco Cat*: Wittholz/Hermann 17 - Marconi
- Paul **"Here's your gnocchi!"** Cammaroto sailing *Planet*: Wittholz 25

Partial Cruisers

- Dave **"We made it"** Bleil and Jim **"I may retire soon...but not just yet"** Olmacher sailing *Gull*: Mystic 20
- Craig **"I'll see you when I see you...and if I see you, maybe I'll have oysters"** Ligibel sailing *Mystic Wind*: Mystic 20
- Jim **"Blue Water is back"** Palmer sailing *Old School*: Marshall 22

Book-End Cruisers (first and last night catboaters)

- Roy Henwood and Nancy Kuhn sailing *Liberty*: Marshall 18
- Kate Grinberg and Tim Kallman sailing *Curlew*: Marshall 22

Cameo Appearances

- Steve **"I'm becoming more invested in the medical community every day"** Flesner
- Denise **"Church Creek Kayak Patrol"** Miller
- Dominic **"Is this the floating senior citizens group?"** Cammaroto

Sunday, 9/15: Destination: Rhode River near Big Island

With *Wanderer* still on the hard, I was again relegated to efficient living aboard *Sylph*, thanks to the courtesy of the owner, my son Matthew. Having only been out on his boat once this year, it was with blind faith that I spent most of Saturday in preparation. The first thing I touched broke. It was the last of four trim pieces around the centerboard trunk that I had not refastened during my years with *Sylph*. Hopefully, not

an omen of things to come. I stowed the piece of teak and got on with my prep. This was largely adjusting the payload to reflect cruising vs. daysailing.

Because I only had a little over a mile to go from my dock to the first anchorage, I spent Sunday actually stowing the boat. Last year I just put a number of full boxes aboard that got stowed by the end of the week. This year, I actually stowed everything before leaving the dock. That was progress.

The outboard started, which was a good sign, so I was underway under power by 1515. Entering the Rhode River, I navigated around the back side of Big Island to find *Pride* and *Lark* at the entrance of what on some charts is labeled Fox Creek. I was alongside and made up by 1545. Catboats continued to arrive, including *Patriot*, *Casco Cat*, *Curlew* and *Liberty*. Happy hour ensued. *Pride* exercised his British Seagull outboard and Chief Cammaroto showed up on *Planet*, but without “the kid.” We had *Planet* but no longer had former owner Martin Gardner. So we toasted Martin, knowing he was with us in spirit. Cruise 2019 had started.



Happy hour on Rhode River aboard *Lark*.

Monday, 9/16 Destination: Magothy River just past daymark #16

It was an easy night rafted up with no weather. There were lots of new faces, lots of new discussions and no mishaps. *Liberty* and *Curlew* would join us again on Friday in the West River.

All were under way under power at about 0830. I chose an outbound route around the east side of Big Island where the water was skinny, but enough for the *Sylph*. Cleared the Rhode River for the bay northbound at about 0900 against a foul tide and hanging close to

shore well outside the buoy line. *Patriot* was ahead, dutifully following the channel markers, with all other cats astern.

Made the red nun buoy off the South River at about 0930 and Fishing Creek abeam Thomas Point Light about 0945. Continued past Annapolis about 1030, shaping up a course for Sandy Point Lighthouse. The wind was favorable but still light at about 1045, so raised sail and kept some engine on to continue stemming the tide. Passed the entrance to Whitehall Bay about 1100.

At 1130, and keeping close to shore, sailed through caissons 14/15 of the Bay Bridge southern span, then caissons 21/22 of the northern span. By 1200, and abeam Sandy Point Lighthouse, the wind was steady from the southern quadrant as I altered course to port into the Magothy River. With the outboard off for the first time in the cruise, *Sylph* was making about three knots per the GPS.

Another two hours into the Magothy River found us at the flashing red #10 daymark off Chest Neck Point as the river began to narrow. By 1500, we had found Jim and Barbara Palmer’s riverside home just past the red #16 daymark and just south of Cattail Creek. The tip off was *Old School*, a green hulled Marshall 22 dockside to starboard.

The two catboats we lost enroute were replaced by *Mystic Wind*, who joined for the festivities ashore, and *Homer*, who joined for the rest of the cruise. Every boat found a place, either dockside, rafted out dockside, or anchored. Garden hose showers were the order of the day before settling down to a serious happy hour followed by an even more serious but informal dinner of pulled pork with all the fixings. It was a pleasant affair and good way to meet our new members. While the dark and stormys took hold, it occurred to me that *Old School* was once CCBA member Bobby Orme’s *Blue Water*, an early Marshall 22 sold as a kit boat and finished by Orme. It was too unique to be mistaken with its oversized rig. When Bob passed a few years back, it was purchased by “Denny the Dentist” of Severna Park, who mastered it in no time then sold it to a would-be catboater in New Jersey. So the boat was back on the Bay. Jim Palmer was a veteran keel boat man, so was up to the Orme/ *Blue Water* challenge. We toasted the epiphany and welcomed *Old School* home. The night was topped off with some quality cigars from “Jersey Frank” Newton and an educational dissertation by Protocol Officer Livingston on the theory and practical application of the time honored and flight tested TLAR (pronounced

“tee-lar”) concept of navigation as applied to catboat masts and fixed bridge air draft.

Before retiring to their boats, Barbara invited the group for bagels and coffee in the morning...0800 sharp.



Old School ex Blue Water.

Tuesday 9/17 Destination: Church Creek off the South River

It was a quiet night, a little warm at first until the temperature moderated. All parties reported for morning bagels and coffee as instructed. We had breakfast in the comfort of the Palmer kitchen. Then came the morning weather brief....

...a conflicting report of small craft warnings until noon, which locally would normally mean 18 knots occurring or about to occur and of course higher gusting winds. At the same time, the wind speed prediction was for only 10-15 knots. We were inside, the big screen had the weather channel on while catboat skippers were fingering their hand-helds for their favorite apps. We had a situation here and the Palmer kitchen/living room began to take on the atmosphere of a command center. There were predictions and recommendations from all corners

until the cruise commodore made a command decision...*Depart at 1000* (as the small craft warning waned) *with all catboats tying in one reef* (for good practice and a threat that quality of the reefs would be graded). All agreed and the plan of action was set.



Weather War Room at Palmer's.

Reefs were tied in and most departed about 1000. *Pride, Patriot, Homer, Lark and Casco Cat* ahead; *Planet* astern; *Mystic Wind* was undecided with a promise to find us on the South River and *Old School*, with a few errands to run, also promised to join us. So it went... sails up as sea room allowed and the river widened about 1030. Cleared the Magothy River about 1200, with the catboat fleet shaking their reefs out along the way. Under the Bay Bridge caissons about 1300 and abeam Annapolis in company with the *Woodwind Schooners* about 1345.



Raft up Church Creek.

Turned the corner on Thomas Point into the South River about 1445 and had a nice sail up the river in the shade of the sail, making Church Creek by 1600. Came up on and was greeted in Church Creek by Denise Miller, who was on patrol in a kayak and here to meet Butch aboard *Lark*. The temperature was still up, so swim call was the order of the day. Glad I found the transom ladder. Then Craig Ligibel made the scene, not in a catboat, but in his vintage fiberglass Lyman hardtop cruisette, a very nice addition to the anchorage, especially when laden with oysters and crab-filled pretzels, ensuring its place as the center of the happy hour. *Gull* made an unexpected arrival to maintain her perfect cruise attendance, just before *Old School* was sighted making her way up the creek. The group was complete. The Lyman was gone before dark as quick as she arrived, and we the better for it, having consumed her tasty cargo....thanks Craig!



Stylin' on the Lyman, Church Creek.

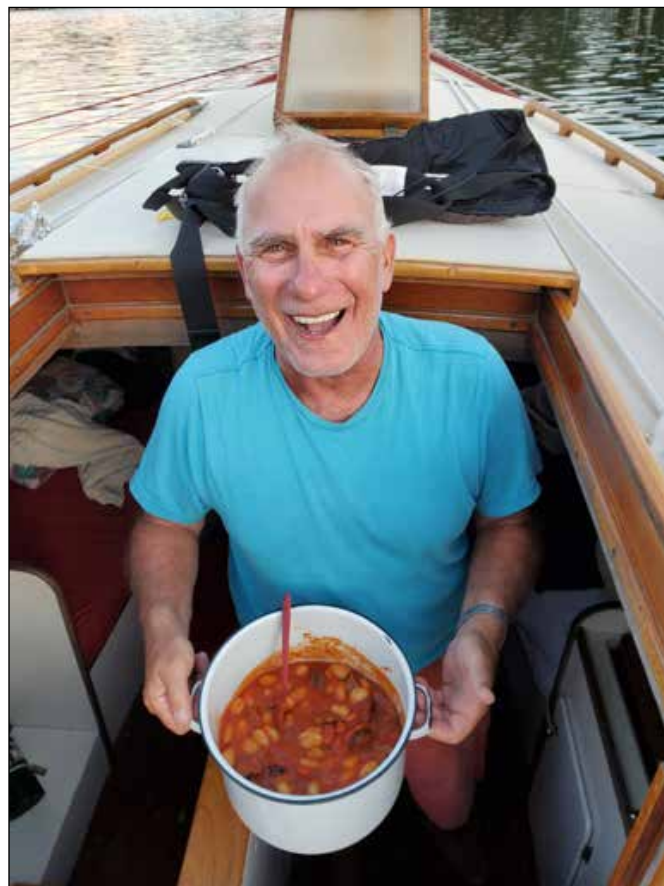
Wednesday 9/18 Destination: Plum Creek off the Severn River

Another quiet night. Temps were cool with no bugs. Mileage for the day was low, so there was time to cook a leisurely corned beef hash and eggs, then tidy up the boat some. Ice replenishment was first on the agenda as I got underway about 0930 enroute to Liberty Marina, just a little further up the South River.

Made Liberty Marina within half an hour, staying that same amount of time to restock coolers. Got underway again about 1030, drifting while I made lunch sandwiches ahead of time for the next sailing leg. Underway under sail about 1100 outbound on the South River. It was an excellent run out of the South River under sail, rounding Thomas Point and heading north at about 1215.

The beat to windward was against a foul tide, but with plenty of wind. Abeam Tolly Point on the south side of the Severn River by 1330, then past Annapolis and under both fixed bridges by 1500. Made Plum Creek to port about 1700 with *Old School* on my heels. Winds were intermittently gusty up the Severn, which made for some challenging sailing, but overall a good afternoon under sail the whole leg.

At the anchorage, Chief Cammaroto succumbed to all the pressure from "Jersey Frank" and was finally making gnocchi for the group. You only had to bring your own bowl and utensils. The gnocchi, which was excellent, was preceded by appetizers and endless finger foods. With *Mystic Wind*, *Old School* and *Gull* making the scene, the group at anchor swelled to a peak of ten catboats, half of which stayed rafted up.



Chef Cammaroto and his gnocchi dish.

Just before bedtime, the wind suddenly came up howling in the creek; the raft up of *Patriot*, *Sylph*, *Planet*, *Casco Cat* and *Lark* took a brisk swing around; *Lark* detached on his own; *Planet* let out more scope and kept the little boats along side. Nothing was on the radar or weather channels. Tied down the

slapping halyards, checked again about an hour into the sustained winds, with no evidence of anchor dragging, so finally just went to sleep. We had a long day planned for tomorrow.

Thursday 9/19: Rockhold Creek off Herring Bay

Things finally quieted down. Plum Creek is populated but the houses are on high bluffs in the trees, making things very secluded on the water. There was one house illuminated all in red with crazy dock lights. We wondered, but did not investigate further.

Up early for a 0700 departure. Outbound on the Severn River with sail up by 0715. Tide became foul, necessitating engine assist. Abeam green #13 off the Naval Academy seawall at 0900. Out into the bay southbound and abeam Thomas Point Light by 1015. At 1100, doused sail and came up on the engine due to lack of wind in the vicinity of flashing green #1. Made lunch.

About 1300, sighted the entrance to Rockhold Creek at Herring Bay. Followed the buoyed channel in and was tied up with *Patriot*, *Pride*, *Planet*, *Casco Cat* and *Lark* at Paradise Marina by 1400. Plenty of time to get settled, showered and otherwise cleaned up. Happy hour commenced ashore in the shade on picnic tables about 1700 with the arrival of Commodore Steve Flesner. Then the group moved to dinner at Skipper's Pier on the Tiki Bar roof at the insistence of owner John Hiser. The place was jumping for a Thursday night after Labor Day weekend. The service was excellent. Fish tacos and crab soup were the special. We were well taken care of. Skipper's Pier was a keeper.

2030 found the group in *Pride's* cockpit discussing club business over B&B and sipping rum. While the club business did not exactly come to consensus, next year's long cruise itinerary did: north through the C&D Canal to Delaware City and a day trip to the Hagley Museum as hosted by member and long time employee Mike Crawford. Destinations are easy when cruisers just want to cruise. Another good day down.

Friday, 9/20: Lerch Creek off the West River

It was a quiet night, except for the occasional territorial battle for the dock I was having with a great blue heron, who obviously was there first.

Up at 0700 cooking up the last of my eggs with what else was left over, in this case hot dogs and onions made for a nice three egg omelet. The rest of the group was off to the South County Café for breakfast. I took my time to finish breakfast, clean up

the boat and have the last of my coffee. The setting at Paradise Marina was very tranquil and peaceful.

Catboaters back from breakfast. We all settled up with John Hiser's number two, Norman, an amicable host, easily recognizable by his full head of dreadlocks. All good and all cash transaction. Continued to laze around spending some time looking at details aboard *Pride* and then contemplating future maintenance aboard *Planet*.

Underway under power at about 1100, cutting across Long Shoal at the 6 mph marker, making for an unknown mark, which turned out to be a sunken sloop sitting upright on the bottom with only a section of mast and rigging showing.

At 1140, turned north to a course of about 035 degrees per magnetic compass, making 2.5 to 5 knots with the tide per GPS. Passed Franklin Point at 1240, then Horseshoe Point at 1300. Jibed into the Rhode River at Curtis Point at about 1315. By 1340 the wind died, then came up on the nose, so doused sail and got on the engine. Made it into the West River about 1430.

Although *Homer* had found the exact spot I was thinking of in South Creek, and navigated himself successfully thru shallow water to get there, the location was too open and windy. Decided to retire to Lerch Creek to facilitate a cameo appearance by



Last night, Cookie ain't cookin' tonight!

Dominic “the kid” Cammaroto. Lerch Creek behind Hartge’s Yacht Yard is a nice spot where we split into two raft-ups of three. Happy hour at 1700 in *Planet’s* cockpit. Dominic did arrive. Dinner was ashore at Stan and Joe’s Riverside (formerly Thursday’s). Service was so-so, but they accommodated a big group with no reservations with no problem. *Curlew* and *Liberty* with crew were back among us as promised.

With dinner over, but not without some more negotiation with staff about how to conduct the check, all returned to their catboats. My excitement for the evening was a dinghy ride via British Seagull in the dark. You just can’t have more fun than that.

Saturday 9/21 Destination: Homeward Bound

The final night was calm and cool enough for good sleeping. All up early and starting to move out of the anchorage by 0700. All except *Planet*. With Dominic finally aboard, father and son had some well deserved catching up to do before sailing back across the bay to Oxford.

Sylph got underway, had a nice sail back to Ponder Cove, and was tied up by 0800. Long Cruise 2019 complete.

Epilogue

No extreme weather, no breakdowns, no excuses—just good attendance and great sailing. We were glad to get acquainted with the Palmers and to have *Old School* (formerly *Blue Water*) back on the Chesapeake Bay with the CCBA. We were also happy to welcome first timers Kate Grinberg and Tim Kallman aboard *Curlew*. Many thanks to Craig Ligibel for his timely bi-valve culinary support as well as shifting ships to bring a classic powerboat vibe to the catboat anchorage. Finally, to the rest of the CCBA Long Cruise stalwarts—thanks, well done and see you next year!

As mentioned, the destination for next year’s cruise was decided: a trek north through the C&D Canal with a day trip to the Hagley Museum from Delaware City. That itinerary will be tide-dependant and more than a week. So stay tuned for 2020 cruise details as they develop at www.chesapeakecatboats.org.

Editor’s Note. We hope you enjoy Marc’s rendition of our Long Cruises on the Chesapeake Bay and want you to know the CCBA thugs extend an invitation to any catboaters wishing to join us. Come on down or up, it don’t get no betta than on dee Bay hon!!

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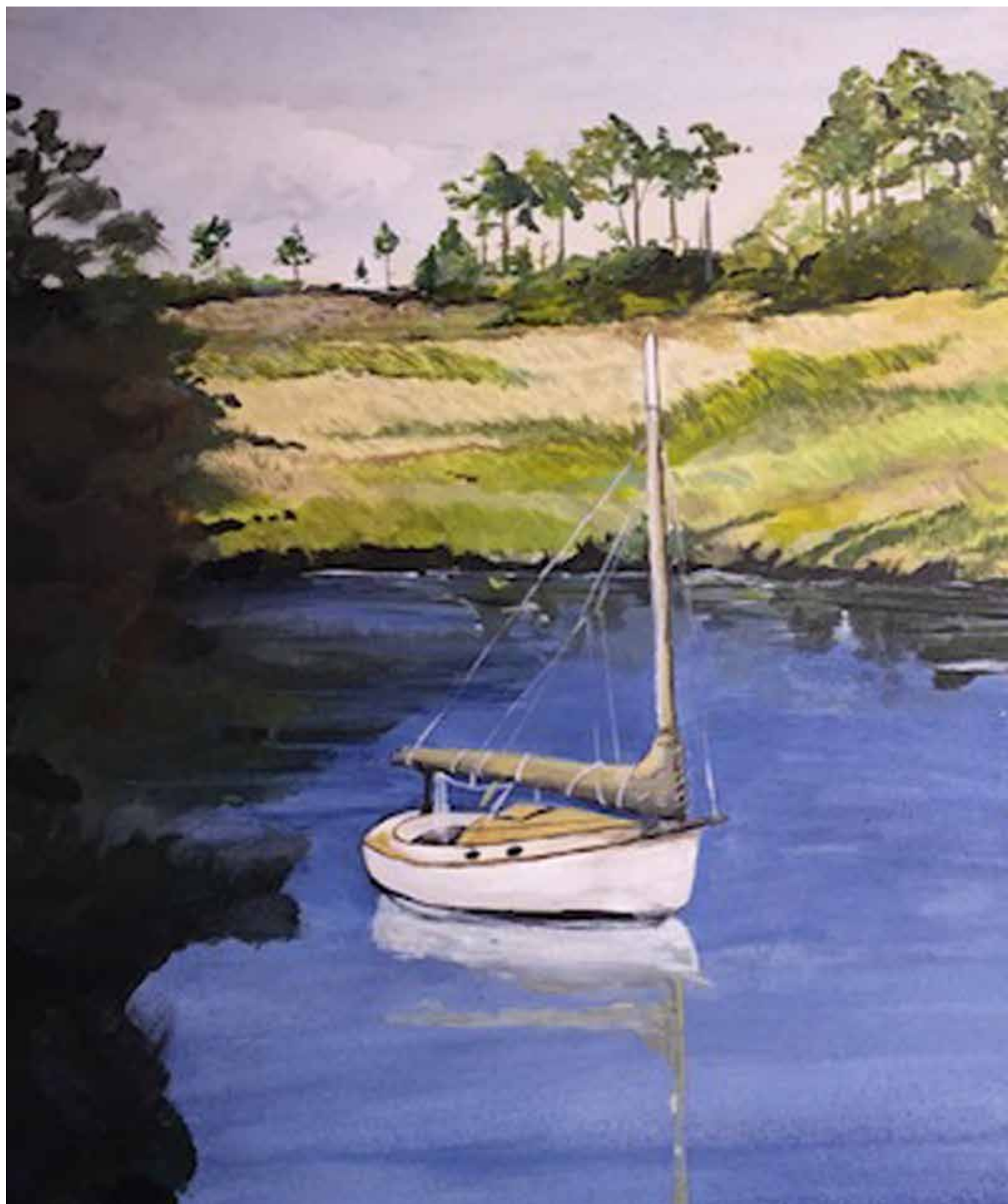
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Painting by Garth Wlochowski of his catboat *Mystina*. It depicts the peacefulness of a catboat and its ability to get into the shallows where few can venture and not disrupt the mood.

Garth hails from Noank, Connecticut just south of Mystic Seaport Museum. The Seaport is home to a collection of classic wooden boats, including a fine collection of cats, that offer a wide array of wonderful subjects. Garth has painted seascapes for friends and they often request that he add “that cool boat of his” to the paintings.

Down on dee Bay Hon

Steve Flesner

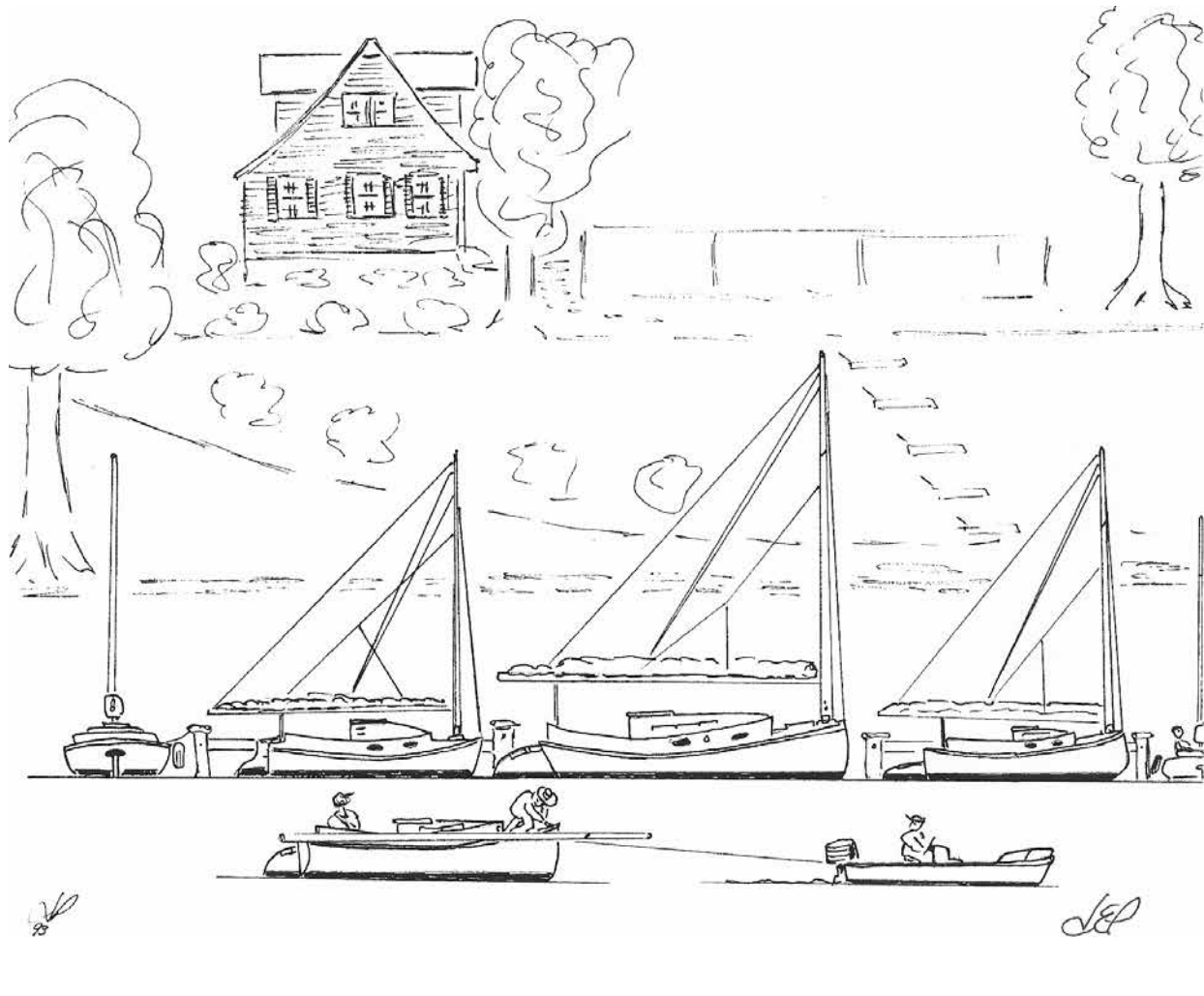
Boating season wrapped up for the Bay sailors in mid-November soon after oyster season opened! Of course, as soon as you tucked your catboat away we got a string of 55-60 degree days in November, December and in January two days in the 70's! Okay, so timing is everything. Of course, had we left them in, there would be skim ice soon thereafter! This keeps up, it will be time to starting applying varnish!

Our loss is your gain so to speak. Martin Gardner's *Planet*, a Story-built Wittholz 25 has found a new owner. Martin commuted from Venice, California, to Oxford, Maryland, for the CCBA week long cruises and also teaches at the WoodenBoat School in the fall. While on the Bay, *Planet* was maintained by Cutts and Case for a number of years and Martin often referred to himself as a "benefactor" for the town of Oxford! Her new owner is Eric Peterson—no stranger

to wooden boats! While we will miss her on the Bay, she will fit right in with the fleet of wooden catboats in Cape Cod. So long *Planet*!



So Long *Planet*!



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An Inside Look at Custom Catboat Canvas



A winter/travel cover made by the Arey's Pond canvas shop on a 16' Arey's Pond Lynx.

The Arey's Pond Boat Yard Canvas & Sail Shop

While Arey's Pond Boat Yard is synonymous with custom catboats, you may not know that we also specialize in custom boat canvas. We design, pattern and fabricate all of the cushions and covers for our catboats in our 1300 sq ft facility. Recently we have finished some exciting projects, including custom cushion configurations to work with unique seat storage, boom tents for a variety of catboats, and custom travel and winter covers (pictured above).

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Canvas shop manager, Geoff Cabral, works on a canvas project in Arey's Pond's 1300 sq ft. facility.

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Rendezvous and Race Results

Steve Flesner, Editor

Cats & Gaffers 2019 Regatta

Rick Batchelder (Photos by Robin Batchelder)



The 2019 Cats and Gaffers Regatta was held at the Pettipaug Yacht Club in Essex, Connecticut. It started on Friday evening August 16th with a captains meeting and pizza party.

Saturday was cloudy with light winds and a few light showers. After lunch and a brief meeting, six boats headed for the starting line. The triangular course was set up by Sandy Sandstrom with assistance from John Kennedy.



Superseed.

There were six boats this year, three Marshall Sanderlings, one Marshall Sandpiper, one MC Scow, and a boat designed and built by its owner, Dave McCulloch. He calls it *Superseed*, as it is an expanded version of a Mellonseed. Unfortunately, *Superseed* and the MC Scow did not finish all the races and placed fifth and sixth.



We're having fun now...drip, drip, drip!

After six races around the course, we met for burgers, dogs, shrimp, salads and various desserts and beverages. Thanks go to the Pettipaug Yacht Club and Sandy Sandstrom for providing a great facility and all the assistance needed to organize the event and also to all who provided side dishes and desserts. Any profits went to the Pettipaug Sailing Academy.

RACE RESULTS

Place	Boat	Skipper
1	<i>Ouzel</i> (Marshall-18)	Moses Lieberman
2	<i>Fear Less</i> (Marshall-15)	Rob White
3	<i>Pounce</i> (Marshall 18)	Craig Elliott
4	<i>Stray</i> (Marshall-18)	Rick Batchelder
5	<i>No Name</i> (MC Scow)	Greenwood
6	<i>Superseed</i>	Dave McCulloch

2019 Wye Wild Goose Chase Weekend

Butch Miller

This year's event was a mixed bag of weather that had a few of the eight skippers and their boats stirred, but not shaken.

We added Friday to the agenda again this year, for a stop in St. Michaels to enjoy a bit of food and drink. Five boats joined up after a rousing romp in a two-reef blow out of the west. *Patriot* came around from Oxford (30 miles by water, 6.5 as the crow flies), *Pride* flew down the bay from Chestertown in record time, *Old School* came across the bay from the upper Magothy River and, *Lark* and *Casco Cat* made a short one-tack hop over from Crab Alley creek. It was post season in St. Michaels so we had the run of the place and found our double reservation at the Steak and Crab unnecessary. The highlight of the evening for *Lark* was the wobbly ride back to the boat in *Old School's* dory.



Goose raft up, 6 cats.

Saturday morning found the crew opening the doors at the Carpenter Street Inn for breakfast, then off for the Wye to scout out the geese. It was sails-up in light winds for all but *Lark* who was too lazy to shake out the reefs in light of the forecasted blow the next day. *Casco Cat* headed back to home port feeling poorly from a nasty cold and to be home on time for his anniversary, a wise man. Although the attraction for the day was to find the Galloway House, an antebellum brick mansion just moved 40 miles by barge

from Easton, all but *Lark* chose an exploration up the Wye East branch and on to the anchorage on Lloyd creek. *Lark* motored on to explore the Wye proper, to its end, making a bucket list pit stop at the Bennett Point store for beer and vinegar chips for the mate. Unfortunately, she had to hang with the boat at the "No Parking" landing due to a mushy bottom, while the skipper made the quarter mile walk to fetch the goodies.



The Galloway House on the Wye.

The Galloway House being discovered, *Lark* powered down river to the anchorage to find *Patriot*, *Pride* and *Old School* quietly rafted up. *Gull*, *Sylph* and *Curlew* made their way across from the West River sailing on and off in light air. *Gull* looked particularly sweet tacking into the anchorage with a low sun behind her.



A dark and stormy raft up in *Prides* cockpit.

Pride was a generous host to nine in the cockpit until well after dark (thanks Fred). It was a rare occasion that two ladies joined in. My mate Denise, tired of being one of the guys, finally had some female company (Kate). With the forecast turning ugly we parted to our own anchors for the night. No mistaking *Curlew* with her red anchor light.



Was that a goose or one of the guys?

Sunday morning brought the rain, but the wind was holding off till later. Those with far to go planned to leave around seven but most were wisely off before dawn. The ride home was where the “stirred but not shaken” comes in. *Lark* made it home quickly under power, reefs tied, in a soft rain. Due to another broken starter rope, *Patriot* towed *Sylph* the ten miles down to the Chesapeake where Matt, “Ironman II,” sailed the Herman across the bay in three to four foot seas. *Curlew* followed not far behind with *Gull* way behind after sleeping in, undaunted by the forecast. *Old School* and *Pride* passed through Kent Narrows and out into the bay together. *Old School* headed across the bay for a rocky ride in the ditch and across the shoal at the mouth of the Magothy. *Pride* turned up the bay and into the seas for a thorough bashing—catboat style.

So, it truly was a mixed bag, cool nights, warm days, big wind, no wind, sun, rain, calm seas and some of the roughest the bay had to offer. But that’s how we like it, isn’t it? We had a fantastic time, and the geese were there to serenade us! It just don’t get no betta Hon!

Editor’s Note: One crew reported waves over the bow and gusts close to fifty... I guess you have to cut a little slack when the crew is over 70 and soaked right down to their skivvies!

The Great Chase Race 2019

Skip Stanley

Catboaters Tim Joost in *Moxie* and Paula Fleck in *Cat Nap* participated in the 28th Annual Great Chase, an end-of-the-season fun race for all types of sailboats held in September in Hull Bay, Massachusetts. Divided into five “fleets” A through D and one-design, there were over a hundred participants. As a way of ensuring fairness each fleet was given a staggered start time, with the D fleet starting first. The two catboats were given an eight-minute head start and for a long time led the way. They were neck and neck for most of the four-buoy, round the mark course; but in the end, *Moxie* crossed the line in front finishing in third place overall in the 23-boat D fleet. *Cat Nap* finished sixth. Very respectable for a pair of Marshall 22s.



Photo by Barbara Field, HYC

Cat Nap heading for the starting line. Note the large duck which marks the “pin” end of the starting line. The duck has become emblematic of the Great Chase Race.



Photo by Tom Obrenski, HYC

Moxie heading for the starting line.

2019 West River Heritage Catboat Regatta and Rendezvous Does Not Disappoint!

Paul Cammaroto

They came, they saw, they ate, they drank. And oh yes...they sailed!

CCBA's first event of the season was held May 25-27, Memorial Day weekend, at Hartge's Yacht Harbor in Galesville, MD. It was a BIG success thanks to the great participation of old and new CCBA members. What a way to open the season down here on dee Bay Hon! The Saturday sail-in was accompanied by a mixed bag of breezy and challenging weather. Catboat sailors from all points of the compass sailed in, some by trailer, some by trawler, some by "The Other Boat." We had a dinner reservation for 12 at Stan and Joe's Riverside Café but showed up with 22—who were easily accommodated. The mood of the group was festive and enthusiastically ruckus as we commandeered a significant portion of the inside seating.



Photo by Jane Tulin, HYC.

On the course: *Cat Nap* leading with *Moxie* hot on her tail.



Photo by Tom Obremski, HYC.

Moxie crossing the finish line.



Photo by Tom Obremski, HYC.

Cat Nap crossing the finish line.



Photo by Fannic Joost.

Tim and crew Skip Stanley with the hardware.



Jersey Frank the Omelet Man.

The next morning, we were greeted by “Jersey Frank” aka, the Omelet Man, preparing breakfast for all on Hartge’s beautiful lawn overlooking the West River...the perfect venue for a catboat event (way to go Frank, thank you.) Immediately after breakfast, two open forums were held: *Catboat Reefing*, presented by Marc Cruder, and *Introduction to Catboat Racing*, presented by David Morrow. The forums were standing room only and much information, opinions and options, on these two subjects were exchanged.



Next year we'll have a seminar on lowering sail!

A skippers meeting and the weather forecast followed at high noon, then it was off to the boats! Although the breeze came and went during the two classes of racing, the participants’ enthusiasm and focused efforts never wavered with photo-worthy finishes by all who started. This was the first time we could remember where we had enough boats to break them down into two classes!



The fleet is off and running!



Or are they?

After racing, all catboaters regathered on the lawn under the shade trees for libations and good company. The grills were lighted and the oysters were shucked by the Master Shucker himself: Craig Ligibel.



Craig Ligibel, CCBA Master Shucker!

A potluck dinner accompanied the awards presentation and recognition of our generous sponsors: Marshall Marine, Stan & Joe's Riverside Café, Chesapeake Light Craft, West Marine (Annapolis), and Hartge's Yacht Harbor.

After the ceremony, many catboaters gathered in the CCBA-chartered houseboat for a floating gam and party continuation...i.e., more dark and stormys!

The next morning the weather cooperated to provide safe passage home for all participants. Planning for next year's event has already begun, so mark your 2020 calendars now for the weekend of May 23-25, race on the 24th. See you all then, safe travels and fair winds!

RACE RESULTS

Over 20 feet

Place	Boat	Skipper
1	<i>Lark</i> , Americat 22	Butch & Denise Miller
2	<i>Tenacity</i> , Marshall 22	Rich McLaughlin
3	<i>Planet</i> , Wittholz 25	Martin Gardner

Under 20 feet

Place	Boat	Skipper
1	<i>Homer</i> , Herman 17	Mike Crawford
2	<i>Casco Cat</i> , Herman 17	Frank Newton
3	<i>Laura</i> , Handy Cat 14	Bruce Ogden & Jill Seagraves



The Great Whitehall Bay Gathering 2019

David Morrow

This year's event marked a change from past regattas. It was held the Saturday after Labor Day with the idea being that participants would be more eager to gather on a non-holiday weekend.

The numbers were up with a total of eight boats sailing in Saturday morning in time for the noonish skippers' meeting and race at 1330. We had three Marshall 22's, two Marshall 18's, an Americat 22, a Herman 17, and a Core Sound Cat-Ketch participate in the race.

Conditions at the start were an ideal five to seven knots. With the extreme high tide left over from Hurricane Dorian, we were able to use the government marks as is the tradition for this race and sailed a twice-around triangle with a windward-leeward leg. (Well one skipper complained that he ran aground a few times, but that may have been his excuse for some unusual maneuvers in the light air!) Unfortunately, as the race progressed, the wind died out and the powerboat waves increased adding to the headaches for the skippers.



David Morrow and careful calculations.

First-time race committee Dominic Cammaroto did an outstanding job herding cats at the start and patiently waited for all sailors to finish.



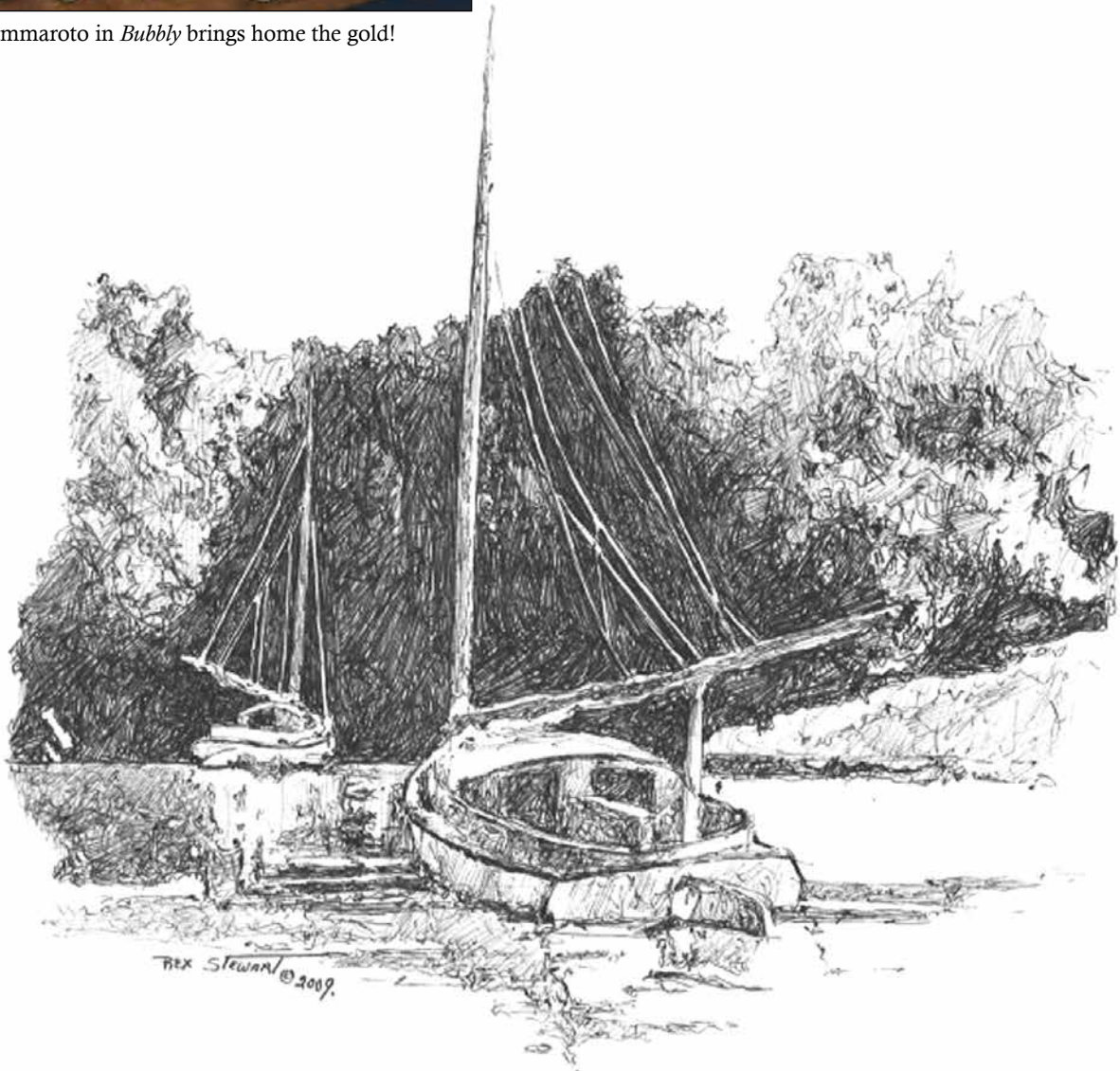
Paul Cammaroto in *Bubbly* brings home the gold!

We then gathered after the race at the Providence Community clubhouse for a pot luck supper and libations. A Beetle Cat sailor from up Mill Creek stopped by and visited in the midst of the festivities. A wooden Beetle Cat was a great addition to the docked fleet.

RACE RESULTS

The top three finishers were:

Place	Boat	Skipper
1	<i>Bubbly</i> (Marshall 18)	Paul Cammaroto
2	<i>Patriot</i> (Marshall 18)	Phil Livingston
3	<i>Sylph</i> (Herman 17)	Matt Cruder





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Sailing Techniques and Seamanship

Brent Putnam, Editor

Anchors

Brent V.W. Putnam

We often think of seamanship as something we practice when moving along at sea. However, seamanship applies equally well when stationary in port. When you need to keep the boat in one place, you not only need a good anchor, but how to use it.

Which begs the question: What, exactly, makes for a good anchor, and how do you use it?

There is no one answer.

Not only is there a dizzying array of anchors available—types, sizes, manufacturers, etc.—there is the means of keeping the anchor attached to the boat and the process of deploying and setting the anchor. Moreover, conditions play a significant role in the choices a captain makes. What works in one harbor may be wholly inadequate in another.

We can—and will—spend many pages devoted to this subject. First, we start with the basics. This installment explores some history of anchors, the types available, and the bottoms to which they are best suited.

The word “anchor” is Greek in origin—*ankura*—which is no surprise since their fleets were some of the most significant in the ancient world.

The first anchors were literally rocks—a single stone with a line wrapped around it, a stone with a hole for the line, or a basket filled with stones. While simple, these anchors had a major shortcoming—weight, or a lack thereof. To be large enough to keep the vessel in one location, the anchor had to be really heavy.

Weight is still a factor in anchors today, and the mushroom—so named because it resembles the fungus—is typically used for permanent moorings where the anchor itself may remain in one place for years. When initially deployed, the mushroom lies on its side, relying on weight to help the “cap” dig into the bottom (sand or mud is ideal). Over time, the rounded shape helps it work in until the cap is buried. At that point, the geometry begins to take on a larger role in its effectiveness. You can feel the effect by attempting to pull a deep saucer through the water, first one way, then the other.

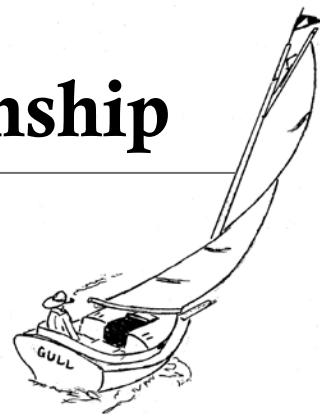


Figure 1. Mushroom anchor aboard the Portsmouth lightship.

Geometry is yet another Greek word, and it was the ability to shape the geometry of the anchor which advanced the technology. But before we go much further, some other terms are worth defining.

At the top of the anchor is the head, to which the rode (chain, line, or a combination of both) is attached. The shank—the stem—runs from the head to the crown of the anchor. The flukes, which bury themselves in the bottom, are found at the crown. Many anchors have a stock at the head or the crown to align the flukes so they dig into the bottom.

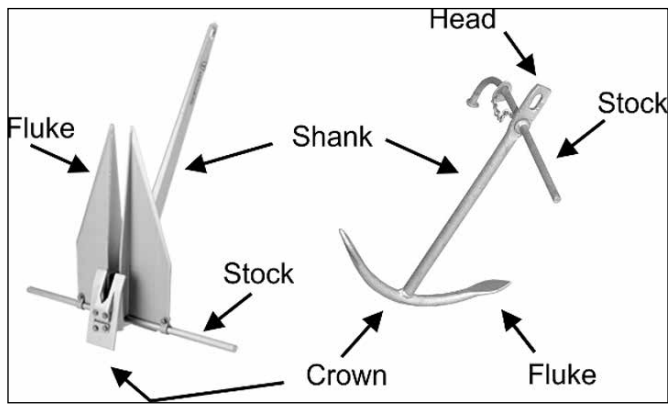


Figure 2. Parts of an anchor.

On the mushroom, the head and “flukes” (the saucer or cap) are indistinguishable.

Aside from large moorings, small mushrooms are used most often as lunch hooks—small anchors intended to keep a boat stationary under ideal conditions for a brief period of time. Some are missing sections from the saucer, shaped like the petals of a flower. These bear a resemblance to and share some functionality with the grapnel. Best suited for rocky or maybe grassy bottoms, the grapnel’s tines lack significant purchase in sand or mud.

Classic fluked anchors are probably the oldest type of anchor engineered specifically for marine use. The Romans made them of lead, wood and iron,



Figure 3. Roman fluked anchor recovered from Nemi, Italy, archaeological site.

and this anchor was common on ships well into the 19th century. Today we know them as the Admiralty, Fisherman, Yachtsman or Herreshoff, depending on how they are fashioned (see the image on the right side of figure 2). The design is simple—a shank with a set of flukes at one and with a stock at the other, the latter being offset from the flukes by 90-degrees. The stock forces a fluke to contact the bottom, the flukes themselves being pointed and broad so they dig in and hold on.¹

Classic fluked anchors suffer from a significant design flaw in that one fluke is always raised off the bottom. If wind or current shifts the position of the vessel, the anchor rode can be wrapped around this fluke, pulling or fouling the anchor.

In spite of this flaw, the design remains popular, evinced by the number of variations. Why? Many modern anchors—variations on the plough style—struggle with grassy bottoms, failing to dig in because of their shallow angle design. Classic fluked anchors sport a larger angle between the shank and flukes, so the flukes dig in more vertically between the grass instead of attempting to cut through it.

The first plough anchors—anchors designed to literally plow into the bottom—were of the stockless type, patented in 1821. The flukes are connected to

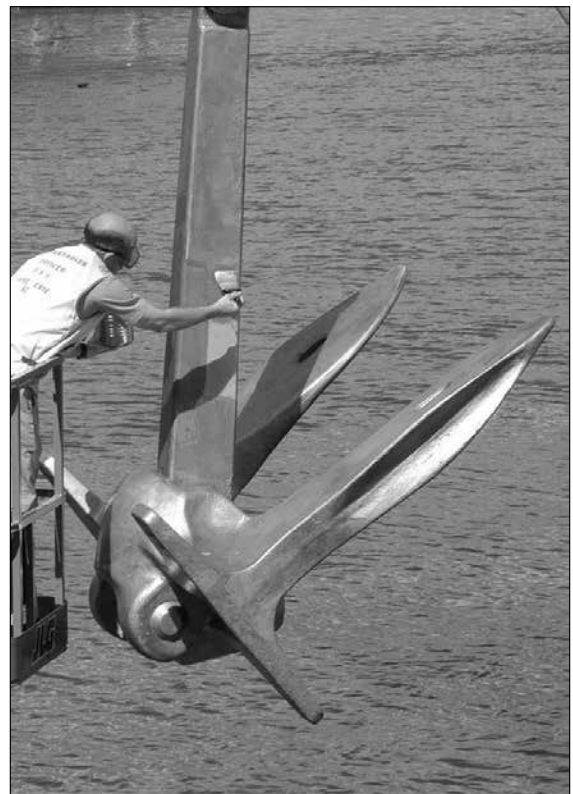


Figure 4. Stockless anchor on the *USS Lake Erie*.

the shank with a pivot. When dragged at a sufficiently shallow angle across the bottom, the flukes will pivot down and dig in.

Stockless anchors are the norm on larger vessels today because they are easy to stow and handle. While not as geometrically effective as other designs, they utilize weight to compensate, as the ships which carry them use mechanical windlasses.

Raising an anchor by hand calls for designs that are lighter but still effective. Geoffrey Taylor patented the CQR—as in “secure”—in 1933. A plough design with a hinged shank, it has been a popular and effective anchor for many a small boater. Many Marshall 22s sport the CQR—Morgan Daly had a 20-pound aboard *Wave*, and W.R. Cheney’s *Penelope* carries 20- and 25-pound CQRs.



Figure 5. CQR anchor.

However, while the CQR has been popular, it has not stopped engineers from attempting to improve the designs of anchors. Richard Danforth developed his namesake anchor for landing craft during World War II (see figure 2 left and figure 6). The head is designed with a pivot and stock which direct the large flukes into the bottom.

The Danforth may be the single most popular small boat anchor, in part because it can be lighter and still as effective as other types. In a 2014 BoatUS test where most of the anchors held 700 pounds just once, a variation of the Danforth, the Fortress, held more than 1,000 pounds five times in spite of the fact that it was half the weight of the other anchors.²

That said, this test was in the mud and sand of Chesapeake Bay. The Danforth is less effective than fluked anchors in rocks and grass; this writer can attest to the challenges of using the type in the latter.

Peter Bruce, of the UK, received a US patent for his anchor in 1983—the Bruce—more commonly known as a claw (now that the patent has expired) it

has a rounded, three-fingered fluke. The geometry causes it to turn upright on the bottom and dig in. Like the CQR, it is commonly used as a general purpose anchor.

The Lewmar Delta—essentially a fixed shank CQR—appeared on the scene in the 1980s. Another general purpose anchor, the tip is a solid steel billet to help it sit upright on the bottom and plow-in.

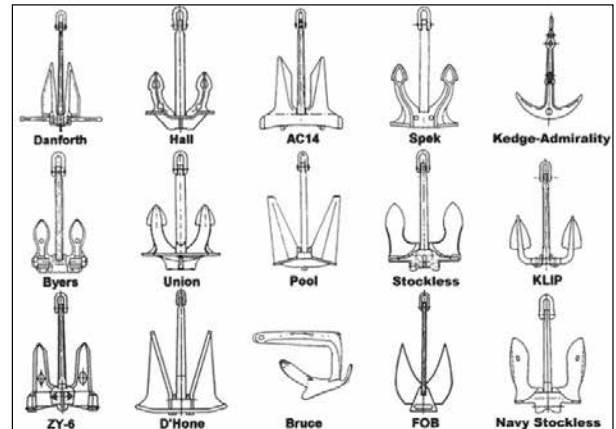


Figure 6. Other anchors.

Aside from the wide variety of stockless anchors (see figure 6), there are other, more recent models—all attempts to improve upon a few basic designs. The Mantus, Rocna, Knox and Supreme are scoop designs, but sport a wide, flat shank with a stock that has been bent into a rollbar. The Boss, Ultra, and Spade are similar, but lack the rollbar.

In our next installment, we’ll look at the anchoring system as a whole—the anchor, rode and the sizes of each.

1. The Danforth style anchor, to the left in Figure 2, is often referred to as stockless since its stock isn’t at the head, but rather attached to the flukes.

2. See “The Fine Art of Anchoring,” <http://www.boatus.com/seaworthy/magazine/2014/october/the-fine-art-of-anchoring.asp>

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Author’s Note: Brent learned to sail on Sunfish during his teenage years in the Boy Scouts and has sailed catboats for fifteen years now. He doesn’t usually need anchors, having been known to hold station by running aground on a falling tide or using mooring lines tangled in the prop.



Navigation

Skip Stanley, Editor

Compasses

Skip Stanley

My son Wade and I were sailing on a clear, sunny but cool evening on Hull Bay when suddenly we were engulfed in fog. Wade, who's not spent a lot of time on boats, was worried; "How are we going to find our way back?" he asked. "That's why we have a compass." I said. What happened next was strangely familiar to me, though it hadn't happened in a long time. I was out of sight of land (or, more accurately, land was no longer in sight).

The fog was fairly light and, steering by compass in the direction of our mooring field, it soon came into view—much to Wade's relief.

Surely, no one can discount the value of a compass onboard a boat. This simple, singular device is the basis for nearly all forms of piloting. Although with land always in sight small sailing dinghies may dispense with it, it's still good to know what direction you're heading.

In addition to GPS, there are two kinds of compasses on board ships: magnetic compasses and gyro compasses.

The great advantage of gyro compasses is that they point to true north; this means neither bearings nor headings require much in the way of correction. They do this by making use of four natural phenomena: the force of gravity, the earth's natural rotation, gyroscopic inertia, and gyroscopic precession. By adding small weights to the spinning gyro it will seek, and remain pointing at, true north.¹ Sounds simple but, in fact, these are complex machines with significant power requirements. Therefore, they aren't usually found on small boats.

That leaves the lowly magnetic compass which, it turns out, isn't so lowly at all. More about that later.

The desirable characteristics of compasses are accuracy, reliability, and convenience, with accuracy being the most important. Compasses must continuously point to north and allow you to determine any other direction from it. The compass card is marked with north and all points of the compass (32 points, 11 ¼ degrees per point) and, if space allows, graduated through 360 degrees. The

lubber's line, aligned with the centerline of the boat, indicates the heading. Remember, it's the compass card that remains stable as the vessel moves around it. And the card must remain level regardless of the boat's movements. Larger compasses do this with gimbals mounted outside the compass itself; with smaller compasses the compass card itself is supported in a way that allows it to stay level. The magnetic compass is filled with a fluid, usually an oil or alcohol, to dampen the card's movement (unnecessary with a gyro compass).

Compasses must be able to be counted on in all weathers: hot, cold, wet, and dry. And they must be readily available to those who need them: the helmsman and the navigator.

Before gyro compasses became reliable, ships had two important *magnetic* compasses: a standard (master) compass which was placed in a location as free from the influences of the ship as possible, often on the flying bridge (which allowed the 360 degree view of the horizon necessary for taking bearings), and a steering compass located within sight of the helmsman. Because of the iron in the ship, these compasses required substantial compensations, the most obvious being the two large iron balls mounted on each side of the binnacle (the quadrantile spheres) to balance, to some extent, the large amount of steel fore and aft. The standard compass was used for navigational purposes and for determining errors in the steering compass.

Small boats carry a smaller version of the standard compass: the hand bearing compass, which can be taken around the boat for use (e.g., taking bearings). It too can be used to check the steering compass.

Some steering compasses can be adjusted for errors by steering a known course north-south and then east-west and adjusting the port/starboard and fore/aft compensating magnets respectively.

This reminds me of the days when freighters, prior to setting off on a voyage, checked their compasses by swinging ship. They would sail known courses just outside port to determine the *deviation* of their compasses prior to departure because the cargoes on board may have altered the ship's magnetic characteristics and therefore required an

additional correction table, a deviation table, to be created for various courses (for each compass). A deviation correction is applied to a magnetic course to determine the compass course or bearing. Deviation tables are vessel-specific; variation, on the other hand, is location-specific. Types of compass error and their application will be discussed in a future article.

What's amazing about these instruments is their remarkable simplicity and reliability. They require no power and very little maintenance yet vessels have crossed oceans with them.

Now for a little sea story. One night I had the 12-4 watch on the Coast Guard cutter *Morgenthau*. I arrived on the bridge to find the ship well left of course. Using the gyro compass, the previous watch was steering right to bring the ship back to the course line. After about an hour we were making no progress getting back to the course. We steered more to the right yet kept going left. So I asked the quartermaster, what our true course was *based on the magnetic compass*. That course still had us going left. I asked the quartermaster if something was going on with the compasses. He replied, "The magnetic compasses are screwed up. They passed it at quarters..."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Magnetic compasses don't screw up. Gyro compasses screw up." I then worked out the *magnetic* compass heading to rejoin the course *based on the true course* and we steered that course the rest of the night *on the magnetic compass*.

When I went off watch, we were making progress back to the course line.

The next morning I checked the gyro compass with an azimuth (a celestial bearing) of the sun and it checked out okay—it had settled (precessed) back to true north. We were once again able to use the gyro compass to steer by.

That a multimillion dollar Coast Guard cutter can be steered using this most simple of instruments only serves to reinforce its value and importance to the mariner.

¹ A spinning gyroscope will maintain its position unless an outside force acts on it. To make a gyroscope into a gyro compass a weight is added to the vertical ring of a fully-gimballed gyro. This "outside—downward—force" causes the compass (rotation axis) to seek a north-south meridian. However, the axis, instead of pointing directly north, will oscillate back and forth in an elliptical pattern. To remedy this, a second weight is added to the "eastern" side of the gyro. This causes each successive oscillation to decrease and the compass eventually to point north (aligning with a meridian) and remain there.

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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 in the U.S. Coast Guard.



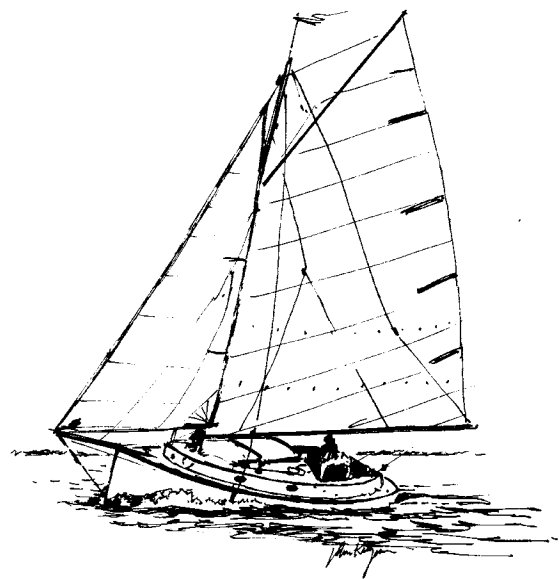
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Keeper of the Light

Jay Webster, Editor

Living Catboat Legends: Bill and Maureen (Moe) McKay

On a bright, crisp winter's day, my wife Di and I had the pleasure of visiting Bill and Maureen (Moe) McKay at their cozy home that they began building in the late 1970's. It is located in Mashpee on Cape Cod, directly on the Mashpee River. Bill had done some oystering a few days earlier in Popponesset Bay, and he and Moe treated us to some wonderful oyster chowder that Moe had made that morning. What a treat!

Bill is a retired teacher and Moe is a nurse practitioner who still works a couple of days a week. Bill served on the CBA Awards Committee and then on the editorial board of the bulletin for seven years.

Bill and Moe were the longtime owners of *Calico*, an unusual wooden racing cat yawl that was built in 1898 in the Buzzard's Bay area. *Calico* is almost twenty-four feet long with a beam just under ten feet. She does not have a centerboard but instead has two leeboards located on the outside edges of the hull, starboard and port, about mid-ship.

After various "no-motor-today" adventures for fifteen years, Bill removed the old 1935 20 h.p. American Bantam engine and replaced it with a 16 h.p. Briggs & Stratton, air cooled "go cart" engine. There is a wonderful story of the history of *Calico* by Ned Hitchcock in Bulletin No. 176, spring 2018.

Bill, Moe and their family sailed *Calico* out of the river on cruises to catboat rendezvouses for some twenty-two years averaging about a hundred sails a year. They also regularly sailed to the Nantucket, Edgartown, Cuttyhunk and Padanaram rendezvouses.

At rendezvous races the "big cat" with the main sail, jib and mizzen always raised questions as to which racing class they were in. (Probably the reason the "altered cat" class was devised.)

Moe and their five kids were also known as able crew for their work as the indispensable crew who raised and lowered the leeboards on each tack, often a rigorous job. Each leeboard had lines and blocks similar to a centerboard line. Bill believes that the

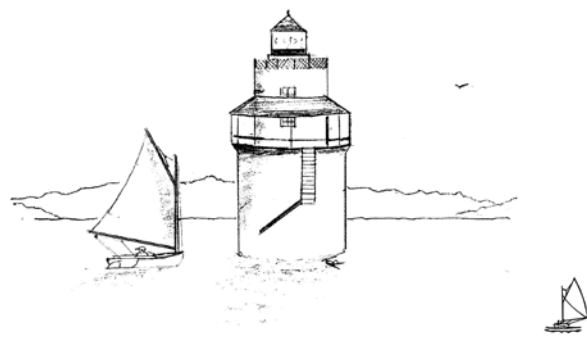


leeboards relieved the stress caused by centerboards on the planking of wooden cats, and just may be the reason that *Calico* never leaked!

In 2015, for health reasons, *Calico* was sold to another river dweller, Jay Hanley (Hanley... interesting) who had admired her from afar for many years. Bill and Moe introduced a very different, but certainly a more interesting, cat to many of the more traditional catboaters. They now have a 14 foot Sturdee Cat and a Grady White power boat. They continue to be active members in the Catboat Association and enjoy sharing their stories of classic catboat adventures—like pulling *Calico* with a rowing dory across Horseshoe Shoal to get to a shore breeze. Just another Nantucket trip. Bill was alone with engine difficulties—his longest trip (twelve hours) for sure!

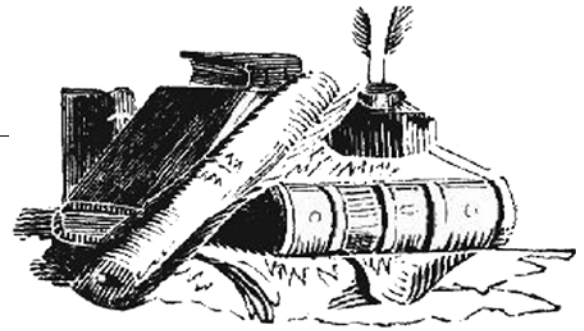


Bill McKay on *Calico*.



Book Review

Ned Hitchcock, Editor



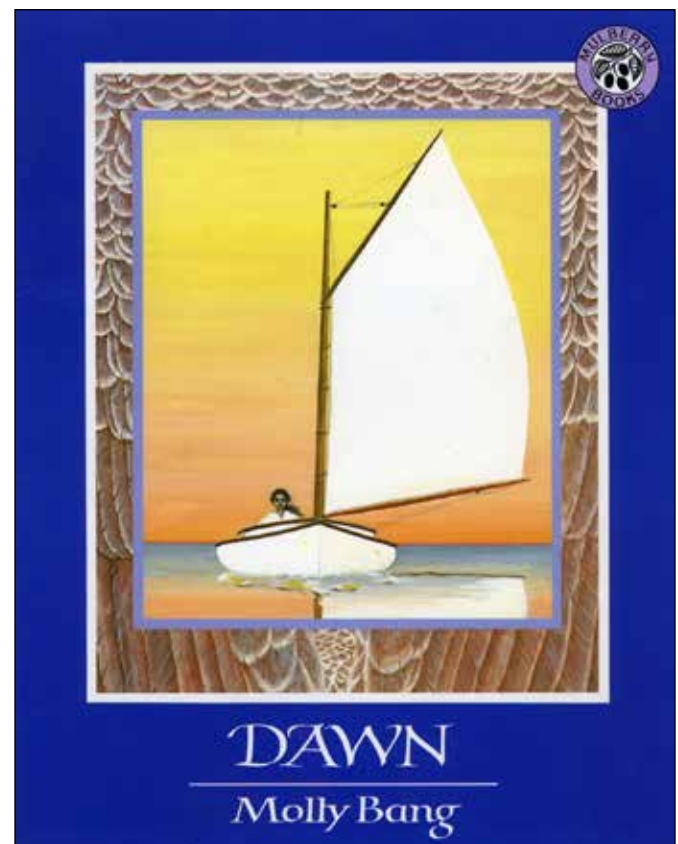
This review includes three children's books about boats and sailing, each quite different from the others. The first is *The Mouse on the Catboat* by the CBA's own Sandra Hall from Padanaram. Published in 2019, it is available from Sandra who can be contacted at saltworksstudio@comcast.net. Early this fall, Sandra sent me a copy of her book. It presents a thorough and clear description of catboats and how to sail them by way of a story about a pet mouse who managed to learn how to handle boats by watching his owners' efforts. The story gets exciting when the mouse sails through a storm and returns the boat to its homeport to the cheers of its owners. It's a fun read and would make a great gift for any potential catboat kid in your family.

Reading *The Mouse on the Catboat* reminded me of other boat books for children, and I thought of a couple of my old favorites. The first is *Time of Wonder* by Robert McCloskey. He is the author of such favorites as *Blueberries for Sal* and *Make Way for Ducklings*. McCloskey's book tells the story of a family who summers in Maine and lives along the shore in their ideal place. Beautifully illustrated in watercolors by McCloskey, the book recounts the events of daily life exploring, swimming, fishing, sailing and all the other activities we do when on vacation. This book, originally published in 1957, is currently available in paperback through Viking Press.

Finally, a lovely book, *Dawn*, written by Molly Bang and published by Mulberry Books/William Morrow. It is currently out of print, but can be found online and in used bookstores. This story is a retelling of the Japanese folktale "*The Crane Wife*" and is recast as the story of a boat builder who rescues a wounded Canada goose. The story that ensues tells the tale of the bird's return to him years later as a human being always covered by a cloak. She weaves fabric for sails for their own boat from her feathers. With the arrival of a beautiful child, Dawn, their life as a family begins. It is an idyllic scene. This changes when a boat buyer wants sails like those on the family's wooden catboat. The father wants to provide the sails and the mother does not. She says it will be her death, but he insists. She admonishes him to stay away from her work at the

loom where she weaves her feathers into sails. Time passes and she slowly fades, turning into a Canada goose. When the sails are finished, a flock of geese come and take her away with them. The book finishes with Dawn telling her father that she will sail after her mother and return with the geese in the spring. While this is a sad book in some ways, it is beautifully drawn and ends on a genuinely positive note.

Books for our children, grand-, and great-grandchildren are a marvelous way to keep the sailing tradition alive. Readers are invited to send along their childhood favorites. After all, many of us first became interested in sailing by way of the "owl and the pussycat who went to sea in a beautiful pea green boat."



Short Tacks

C. Henry Depew

Waves

Skip Stanley

I was in the middle of a solo jaunt from Hingham to Boston and back when I ducked into the Reserved Channel in South Boston. It had been a fairly breezy, wet sail and I needed a break. At the time there were three cruise ships there: the *Azura*, (Hamilton, Bermuda); the *Anthem of the Seas* (Nassau, Bahamas), and the *Zaandam*, (Rotterdam, The Netherlands). Close up they were *enormous*; one of their lifeboats was bigger than my boat. And the number of rooms seemed endless—each one with its own balcony and two chairs, which allows its occupants to look out over the sea.

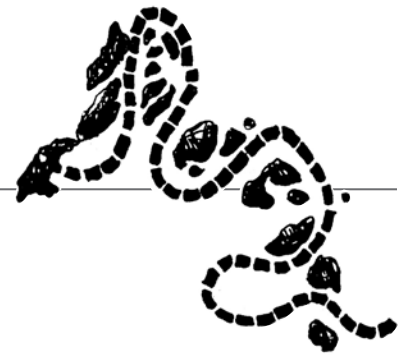
The Reserved Channel isn't really a channel at all in that it doesn't go anywhere. It's more like very large dock. During World War II till 1974 it was part of the South Boston Army Base. Today it's home to Flynn Cruiseport Boston (formally Black Falcon).

When I reached the bow of the third ship, the *Zaandam*, I turned around. Looking up, I saw, way up on about the seventh deck, a fellow waving at me—making big, exaggerated waves, arms way up over his head; so I waved back. Mind you, he's a long way up and a long way off. I mean at that distance he was tiny. Yet he wanted to be noticed by the guy in the little boat. I waved back and he stopped and watched me sail on down the channel. When I passed the *Anthem of the Seas*, the same thing happened again with another passenger, and again I waved back.

I don't know these strangers and they don't know me. Yet, for a moment, we shared a greeting. The only thing we had common was at the moment we were both on boats. (Well, they were on ships). I'll never know their names, where they're from, what they do for a living, or what their lives are really like.

So what is it about waving when we're out on the water? Is it merely to acknowledge the people on the other boat? Or just to say hi, like we do with neighbors when we drive through the neighborhood? Or just shared goodwill?

One requirement I've noticed with waving: there has to be eye contact. No eye contact, no wave. And then how do you wave? Are you cool, with the "low



wave" or a little over-enthusiastic? And what about those times you wave and no one on the other boat sees you—and you're there with your hand in the air faking that you had to scratch the back of your head. ("What? I had an itch.") Maybe they were looking your way, to wave, when you weren't looking? Oh, well...

And then there are the large powerboats. You see one approaching, kicking up a huge wake and you know what's coming. It gets within range and guess what, the captain *pretends not to see you and powers right on by*.

Now I don't really care about another vessel's wake. If can't deal with it, I shouldn't be out there in the first place. But not to wave? Come on, man. Seriously?

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 more:

Notes for Skippers (Part 1)

Abram's Advice: When eating an elephant, take one bite at a time.

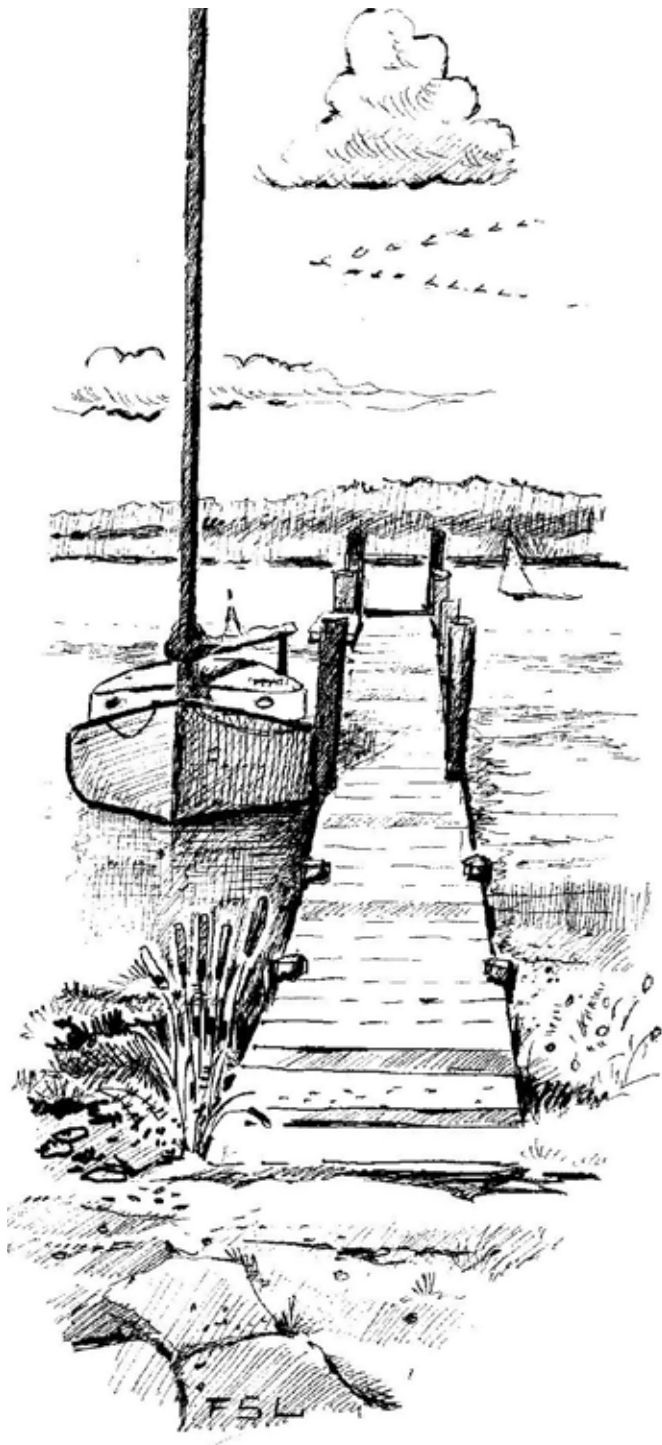
Acton's Law: Power tends to corrupt; absolute power corrupts absolutely.

Anderson's Law: Any problem, however complicated, looked at in the right way, will become more complicated.

Army Axiom: An order that can be misunderstood will be misunderstood.

Billing's Law: Live within your income, even if you have to borrow to do so.

Bonafede's Revelation: The conventional wisdom is that power is an aphrodisiac. In truth, it's exhausting.



Bucy's Law: Nothing is ever accomplished by a reasonable man.

Chisholm Effect: Basic Laws of Frustration, Mishap, and Delay.

1. If anything can go wrong, it will.
2. If anything just can't go wrong, it will anyway.
3. When things are going well, something will go wrong.
1st Corollary. When things just can't get worse, they will.
2nd Corollary. If things appear to be going better, you have overlooked something.
4. Purposes, as understood by the purposer, will be judged otherwise by others.
1st Corollary. If you explain so carefully that no one can misunderstand, someone will.
2nd Corollary. If you do something you are sure will meet with everyone's approval, somebody won't like it.

Crane's Rule: There are three ways to get something done: Do it yourself, hire someone, or forbid your kids to do it.

Cutler Webster's Law: There are two sides to every argument, unless someone is directly involved, in which case there is only one.

Falkland's Rule: When it is not necessary to make a decision, it is necessary not to make a decision.

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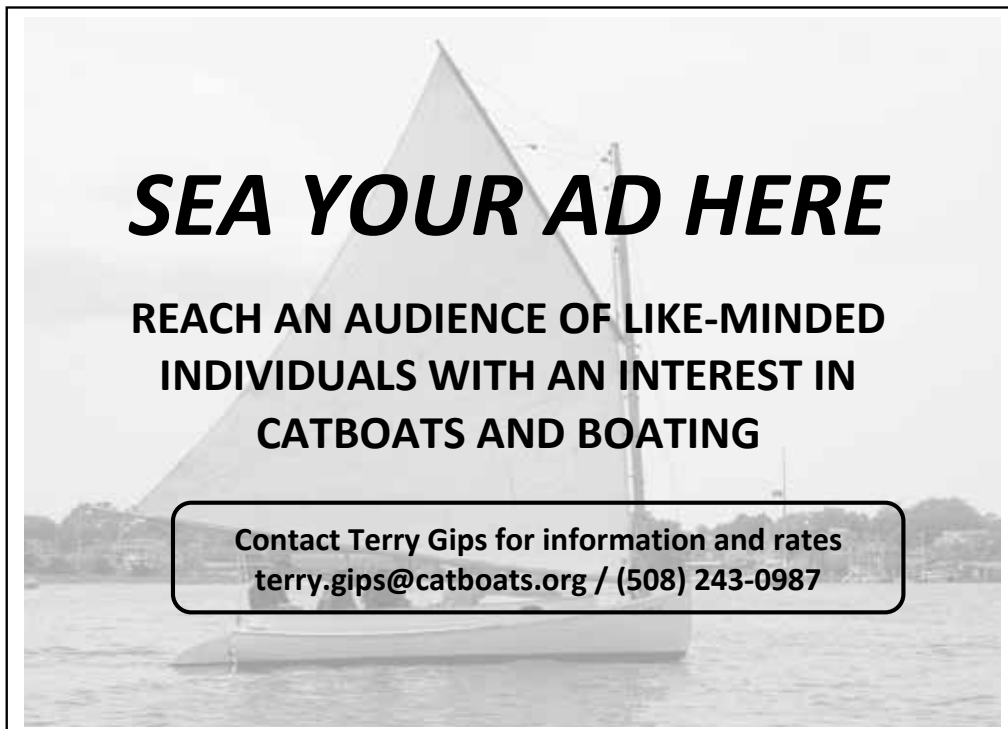
New Members

Carolyn Pratt, Membership Secretary

WELCOME ABOARD to our new members since Fall 2019

Atley & Katie Davidson, Signal Mountain, TN
John Kudulis & Paula Thompson, Stonington, CT
Kathleen Birch & David Phillips,
Long Beach TWP, NJ
Malcolm Purvis, Blue Hill, ME
Jim & Allison Erdosy, Saunderstown, RI
Rob & Dorothy van Rhijn, Middletown, CT
Tom Klein, Cambridge, MA
Cliff & Joelle Allen, Barnstable, MA
Allan & Randy Crandon, Duxbury, MA
Gerard Fournier, Centerville, MA
Jesse & Carolyn Tate, Greenville, SC
Madeline Fisher, Edgartown, MA
W.P. & Pam Kellett, Williamsburg, VA
Yarrow Thorne, North Kingstown, RI
Donald & Brenda Goodwin, Lebanon, TN
Jeff & Veronica Greenwood, Terrell, TX

Bob & Nancy Bartro, East Greenwich, RI
Ingrid Scott, Castine, ME
Charlie & Bridgett Nickerson, Teaticket, MA
Ted Titcomb, Cotuit, MA
Paul & Suzanne Murray, Storrs, CT
Don & Alice Schwartz, East Haven, CT
John Henry McWhorter, Lost Creek, WV
Brian Ledger, Boston, MA
Bill & Jan Littmann, Bruce TWP, MI
Lynn Nichols, Portland, ME
Skipper Walker, Fort Lauderdale, FL
Charles & Amelie Brewster, Brooklyn, NY
Andrew Harcourt, Bourne, MA
George & Jane Hardy, Rock Hall, MD
Kent Sidel, Hilton Head, SC
John & Donna Hughes, Naples, FL
Rick Whitehouse, Upperco, MD



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terry.gips@catboats.org / (508) 243-0987

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

181-1. 1969 Marshall 22" kit 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. Located at David Beaton & Sons, Inc Brick, NJ. Two Notebooks contain photos of her build along with all the equipment on board. REDUCED \$15,000. John Marinovich 973-334-7162 marinovich@optonline.net



181-3. 1973 Marshall Sandpiper, excellent condition. The asking price is \$9,000. We will consider reasonable offers but are in no rush to sell. The boat can be seen in Wayland, MA. For details and pictures, go to MarshallSandpiper.wordpress.com. Contact John Saltmarsh via email: john.saltmarsh@gmail.com or text 617-306-7305



181-4. 1997 Marshall Sandpiper (Hull #400) in excellent condition. Comes with shiny 2017 trailer (swing tongue) and Yamaha 4-stroke outboard motor (6hp). Boat is dry sailed and stored indoors for all winters. Currently located in Annapolis MD. Options include: Sail and cockpit covers, full cushions, lifting bridle with lifting plates, thru hull drain, lazy jacks, folding mast, all new lines 2018, below deck shelf, paddle, anchor. \$12k. Please email: msbradish@gmail.com or 571-221-6930



181-6. 1978 Marshall 18' Catboat. 'Merry Promise' with 2013 Evinrude 9.5 HP four-stroke engine w/ electric start. 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. \$10,995. Can be seen at Bay Sail Marina, Wellfleet, MA. Phone 508-349-3840



181-7. 1965 Marshall Sanderling. Stunning wooden boat built into a Marshall Sanderling in a 2006 rebuild. Annual varnish impeccably maintained. New electric Torqeedo Travel 1003CL motor, very fast North racing sail in cream Dacron with two reef points. Includes trailer and 2020 slip is paid for in Warwick, RI. Much more. Pictures, information, specifications, details, and contact information here: <https://marshall18sanderling.wixsite.com/4sale>



181-8. 2007 Classic Cat. Sea Wren is a 14' Classic Cat built by Pleasant Bay Boat and Spar Co in 2007. Wood trim is mahogany. Spars are fir; mast is hollow birds mouth construction. Running rigging is Sta-Set and Dyneema, including jiffy reef inboard and outboard. Sea Wren has been professionally maintained and is in excellent condition. Package includes: Sail, cockpit cover and travel/winter cover; ShoreLand'r 2010 trailer in excellent condition; Honda 2 HP 2008 in excellent condition; Anchor, dock lines, fenders. This is a complete package, located in Brewster, MA, lovingly sailed on Pleasant Bay. Asking \$16,000. For more information, please contact Suzanne Leahy at sleahy1951@gmail.com or cell: 508-245-4688.



181-9. 1973 Marshall 18' Sanderling. GANNET. Cockpit, seats bulkheads all rebuilt, all floor timbers and cockpit sole repaired with epoxy and dynel. This is a sweet boat in great shape. Stored inside every winter, all running rigging, blocks and standing rigging new. (Harken). Jiffy reefing for 1st and 2nd reefs, 3rd set reef points in sail. Second racing main. Well set up for single handing, outboard but I have never run it, outboard bracket, not installed. Great sailing boat and quite fast, really clean. Spars unpainted. \$9000. Call/text for more info. Contact jono@cuttyhunkferryco.com and text 401-965-3480



181-10. 1968 Marshall Sanderling 18' catboat. Includes a Load Rite trailer and a 2015 4hp Yamaha 4-stroke engine. The boat has been well cared for over the years and items replaced, repaired as needed. A must see if you are looking for an 18' Sanderling. Call Allen Harbor Marine Service in Harwich Port, MA, (508-430-6008) to see the boat or with any questions. \$7900. info@allenharbor.com. More photos and info, click here.



181-12. 1991 Cassiopea 25' catboat. Beautiful keeled Catboat, modeled after Charles Wittholz Prudence, in excellent condition. Comfortably single handed, sailed with or without jib. 25ft on deck, 11.5 beam, standing headroom, no centerboard trunk, extremely roomy below, 2 queen-size berths. Hot water, spacious head. Hewn seams are tight, does not leak a drop. LOA 38' (long bowsprit and boom), on deck 25', LWL 24', Beam 11'6" Draft 3'6". Built near Genoa Italy. Construction: Hull - Mahogany plank on Mahogany frame fastened with galvanized nails; Keel - Iroko fastened to hull with Stainless steel bolts; Deck - deck mahogany plywood; Mast and Spars - Sitka spruce. Sails: Main - 466 sq.ft., yellow dacron (colored to look like Egyptian cotton); ~5 years old in great shape, 2 smaller spare main sails; Two foresails: Big jib roller furling, ~280 sq. ft. white dacron



181-13. 28' Catboat 1932 Alden Design (Fenwick Williams). Re-rigged as a cat yawl for ease of handling. Hauled out and covered for winter storage in Southwest Harbor, Maine. Huge cockpit and spacious interior with full headroom, in water 2017, masts refinished 2017. REDUCED. \$5,000. 4master@downeastwindjammer.com 207-546-2927



181-14. Wanted: Tanbark sail for Menger 19. pjwillets@hotmail.com

181-15. 2004 Menger 23' catboat. Customized for cruising, 6.2' headroom, 22.6x10x2.6, hot/cold 55gal pressurized water, heater, autopilot, chartplotter, two sails, AM/FM radio, boom tent cover with windows, enclosed head/shower 25gal holding tank, Yanmar 2GM20 18hp diesel, sleeps 2/3, non pressurized alcohol stove, refrigerator w/freezer, shore power, solar panel to charge batteries, depth, speed, wind logs, double berths with removable extension, full length cockpit cushions. All operating manuals included plus Menger owner's manual and other catboat related books. Boat is yard maintained and is on the hard shrink wrapped in Aquebogue, Long Island. Price: \$32,500. Owner William C. Winslow, wcinwslow@aol.com 631 325 1138, 212 722 2169



181-16. 2010 Marshall 18' Sanderling Open Daysailer. White/buff w flag blue boot stripe. 2010 Yamaha 6hp, tanbark sail/sail cover, Hinge mast, unused tan cushions, teak trim, teak and brass rub rail, bronze steps transom and rudder, Harken main sheet system, cam cleats at cockpit for peak halyard, throat halyard, jiffy reef led back to cockpit cam cleat, lazy jacks, shock cord furling, tiller tie offs, flag halyard, bow eye, electric accessory socket, new bilge pump, solar battery charger, Garmin navigation. This Marshall is in great shape- ready to sail. Replacement list value over 50k. Located near New Haven, CT. (beater trailer is available) \$39,500 email: joanandbarry@gmail.com



181-17. 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. 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 currently stored for the winter, but will be ready in early spring of 2020 to launch at Alum Creek State Park just north of Columbus, Ohio, where she 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

181-18. Herreshoff EAGLE in sailable condition with roadworthy trailer and sail covers. Mast on a pivot. Has new topsail and jib; older main sail but still very usable works well. Well for outboard, outboard available. Gallows removed. \$6,800. Contact Greg. Phone: 716 685-6696 or email grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com



181-19. 1979 Herreshoff America 18' Catboat: By Squadron Yachts, Bristol, R.I. "Wind Dancer". Much restored and expertly yard maintained. 10hp Yanmar inboard diesel (1-GM10), controls, fuel lines and 10 gal fuel tank replaced in 2004. Engine very reliable. Previous same engine lasted 25 yrs. 8' beam x 18'-2" l.o.a. Displacement 2500 lbs. Draft 22". Folding tabernacle aluminum mast. 260 sf 'U.S. Flag' sail, restored sail cover, sail bag. Original cast bronze cleats and hardware including on-deck anchor hold down assembly. New steel centerboard replaced 2015, 4'draft board down. New bronze 3 blade propeller replaced 2013. New cast bronze rudder strap replaced 2014. New steering mechanism and cables replaced 2015. Original bronze & teak steering wheel. New running rigging (lines) and mostly new Harken blocks. Harken main blocks. Modified the Lazy Jacks to be adjustable and added the Topping Lift! New Raymarine depth finder 2014. New electric outlet/cigar lighter in cabin will charge your VHF or cell phone. New 3-way battery switch and elect panel 2014. Electric bilge pump w/ float, self-bailing cockpit. Manual bilge pump also. Richie compass. New tow hook. New teak lazarette hatches 2014 and handrails 2013. New engine hatch 2015. All solid teak raised panel cabin doors and cockpit seating. Teak coamings, rubrails, bilge hatches, cabin shelves and trim. Teak



centerboard trunk w/ table leaf. Opening front ventilation port. Stern Ladder. Hull is in great condition. Teak is natural oil finished, weathered grey/silver, very strong and serviceable. Can refinish or keep "silvered". 1998 Custom Load Rite trailer w/ new lights. Time to retire from sailing. Reduced to \$14,900. Wayne Sholl - wdsholl1@gmail.com 631-480-4216 or 631-592-9333.

181-20. 1988 14' Stur-Dee Cat \$2,900. Trailer, boat, rigging, sail, sail cover and cockpit canvas cover. New standing rigging. Needs new wood coamings. Great project for someone who is handy. Christiangeleme@yahoo.com



181-22. 1985 Marshall 22' catboat. THEA, purchased 2017 in Key West. My health is not going to continue allow me to enjoy her because it involves flying from the UK to the US. Therefore must sell her. Green hull, tan sail, inboard 3 cyl Yanmar 22.5 hp diesel, less than 600 hrs 12 gal aluminum fuel tank, Centerboard, 22'x 21'4" x10'2". Draft 2' board up 5'5" board down, Sail 388sf 6.5oz tan Dacron, Mast 29'. Ballast 850 lbs Displacement 5660#, Cockpit cushions, Full winter storage cover, All interior cushions in v good condition. Built-in head, Two bunks, galley table, and ample storage. Raytheon wheeldrive autopilot ST 3000, Stereo AM FM CD and speakers, VHF radio, Garmin GPS, 18# Danforth and 20# Rocna anchors. Galley, sink w manual faucet. Origo 4000 alcohol stove. She sails beautifully and is presently in Georgetown, Exuma in the Bahamas, but will return to east coast Florida in March. \$18,000 OBO Email Philip Beck on epbeck@me.com



181-23. 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



181-24. Arey's Pond 23' Cruising Catboat - Unfinished Hull. \$60,000 OBO.

Unique opportunity to purchase a custom wood composite hull. This 23' Coastal Cruising Cat hull (based off of our 22' Catboat, Gracie Anne) was built by Arey's Pond this year. Optional: finishing the hull with Arey's Pond, or another shop or individual. Lines and sail plans for this design will be released on our website soon. If Arey's Pond were to finish this project, she could be launched in the Spring of 2021.



This 23' Coastal Cruising Cat is on her molds, is partially faired and ready for sheathing and painting. The hull was constructed using 3/4' cedar tongue and groove planking, on 1.5 x 1.5 laminated frames, on 22" centers and it has a varnished Mahogany transom. The centerboard trunk was constructed with carbon resin fiber sealed inside and built into a laminated fir backbone. The sale includes a 2019 3YM Yanmar 20hp diesel engine that is in its original shipping box. Also included with the hull are a set of bronze pintles and gudgeons made by Port Townsend Foundry.

This is an exciting opportunity to purchase a completed catboat hull at a discounted price, and customize the rest of the boat to the new owner's specifications. Please reach out to our brokerage department if you would like more information. We welcome interested parties to view the hull in our boat building shop. Go to APBY site to check latest price, photos and contact information. <https://areyspondboatyard.com/brokerage-listing/?id=23-cruising-catboat-unfinished-hull>

181-25. 1964 Marshall 22' restoration project. Opportunity for the right person who wants to get a great design and restore it to its original condition. Completed: Blisters repaired and BottomKote applied; New Centerboard and pin; New Fiberglass Engine Bed Rails and Shaft tube; New Rough interior from the hull up; Hull ground to glass and topsides faired - ready for finish color; New Gudgeons and Pintals; New Rub Rails; Deck crazing ground, filled, faired and finish non skid completed - light buff color.



Parts included: All spars; All spar and deck hardware including original brass portlights and a new Lewmar Hatch; Original brass Wheel; Original brass gear lever; 8 year old Aluminum double axel trailer; Two sails; All blocks.

Currently wrapped and in Arey's Pond outside storage. Asking \$8,500 or best offer. Go to APBY site to check latest price, photos and contact information. <https://areyspondboatyard.com/brokerage/marshall-22-restoration-project/>

181-26. 1999 Compass Classic 14' Catboat. \$14,000. This ready to sail 1999 Compass Classic Catboat comes with a 2016 performance upgrade package and includes: 2016 hollow construction 40 lbs mast, extended boom, gaff, 145 sq. ft Thurston Quantum sail, 2016 rudder and tiller, all new running and standing rigging, Harken Blocks installed for underneath halyards. She also includes, 2002 Venture trailer, mainsheet and Harken Cam, little used 4 HP 2002 Mercury outboard, seat cushions, removable floor boards, 2016 canvas boom tent cover, winter cover with



PVC frame (1season but otherwise stored inside.) Bright work has been well maintained.

This catboat is phenomenal for both racing and day sailing. For viewing or more information please stop by Arey's Pond Boat Yard or give us a call. Go to APBY site to check latest price, photos and contact information. <https://areyspondboatyard.com/brokerage/compass-classic-catboat/>

181-27. 1973 Herreshoff America 18' catboat, Nowak & Williams, RI. Includes flag sail with two reef points, sail and cockpit cover, cabin cushions, new 2018 Mercury 5hp four stroke engine, 2015 new centerboard, Teak in excellent condition. Sailed on Barnegat Bay for the past 40 years and has been docked Forked River, NJ. Asking \$5500. Contact Tom Darmody at (609)693-5502 or trdarmody3@gmail.com

181-28. 1985 Marshall 15' Sandpiper catboat. Hull# 212. Very good condition/ well maintained and updated. Yamaha 4 stroke 2004, Loadrite trailer 2002, cockpit cushions, boom tent, sail cover, newer sail, hinged mast, Harken blocks, Harken mainsheet system, flotation bags, lazy jacks, garboard plug, bow eye, shock cord furling, Windex, new pintles and gudgeons, stored inside 10 months of the year. Located on the North Fork of Long Island, NY. \$8,000. Call 860 685 0746 or email robert.gatehouse@snet.net



181-29. 1978 Atlantic City 18' Catboat, model AC-18. The boat builder is MARK-O Custom Boats. This is a great family boat for day or evening cruises with a draft that is well-suited for sailing in shallow waters. Mahogany wood trim, rugged hand laid-up fiberglass hull, aged gel-coated finish, and non-skid decks. Length is 17'-7" with a beam of: 7'-3", and draft of 1'-6". Board down draft is 4'0" and the weight is approximately 1400 lbs. The mast is 5" aluminum with a 2 1/2" aluminum boom and gaff. There is approximately 228 sq. ft. of sail area, and the boat has about 500 lbs. of internal ballast. Combination bow light, and electrical system with lights and automatic bilge pump. Original sails in reasonable condition. 3.5 HP Mercury O/B with low hours. Canvas boat cover. Anchor & Lines included and trailer is also included. \$5000. Contact J Pattison jpattison@iciconst.com or 215-327-8603



181-30. 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. Price reduced to \$8,500. Contact Catherine Elkins, celkins143@gmail.com, 252-515-4799. Located near Beaufort, NC.

181-32. 2015 Rangeboat 46.

For the retiring or retired Catboat owner. MELITA is a 2015 Rangeboat 46 designed by Nigel Irens (best known for world circling racing trimarans) and built in Holland by Jan de Ruiter of epoxy glass and corecell foam for light weight (6.2 tons dry) 46'x12'x3'3" 260 hp Yanmar, 1200 hrs, bowthruster, 2 double cabins, head, galley. Melita is a displacement motor yacht which because of her light weight and narrow beam can achieve speeds of 17 kts, but cruises most economically at 8-12 kts. At 8 kts she burns 2 gal/hr. She is based on the East Coast USA. Easily handled by elderly husband and a bit less elderly wife team. Her present owner lives in UK, (owns a Marshall 22,) but is keen to find a 50% partner (\$175k) for Melita which is USA based, and who might, in time, buy her outright. For February 2020 Melita will be in Georgetown, Exuma with the owner on board. Contact Philip Beck epbeck@me.com



181-33. 2005 Marshall 15'

Sandpiper, Excellent condition. Included in purchase LoadRite trailer, canvas cover, 2 sails and sail bags, new lines, Lifting bridle, Drain plug. Garage kept for winter storage, one owner. \$9000. Contact afferrie@verizon.net or 908-910-9413



181-34. "Cranberry," a 1973 Marshall 22 (hull #67), is seeking a new home.

Only three owners! Comes fully equipped and ready for adventure with a Palmer P-60 inboard, two sails, dodger, sailcover, marine VHF, depth finder, solar panel and charger, bilge pumps, anchors, dock lines, cushions, etc.

Some 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, new Balmar alternator.

2014 - New head gasket, rebuilt water pump, new rub rails & eyebrow, new mainsheet and blocks, new centerboard pin, new sail with hull number and cat.

2019 - Interior painted, new battery.

Asking \$19,900 OBO. Looking to upgrade from a smaller catboat? Will consider trading for a garage-size catboat on a trailer (e.g, Sandpiper, Arey's Pond 14, Compass Classic, Barnstable, etc.). Contact Brent at catboatbrent@gmail.com



181-35. Available for restoration is a rare Fenwick Williams 15. Built in 1976, it has unfortunately experienced hull damage that is uneconomical for us to repair. It is a lovely and elegant boat that we have sailed for 13 years in Pleasant Bay on Cape Cod. It has the distinction of being among a handful of Fenwick Williams 15 foot catboats. It is in otherwise excellent condition and may be the perfect project for the right person or organization.

The boat may be inspected at Arey's Pond Boat Yard in Orleans, MA. If interested, make an offer. We can be reached at jb@thecollaborative.com or 617-527-1731 (Joe or Janet)



181-36. Marshall Sanderling hardware. I am renovating a 1975 Marshall 18' Sanderling and I am selling the hardware that was on the boat. Below is a list of what I have for sale. 5 - 6" bronze cleats - \$25 each; 1 - 5" bronze cleat - \$15; 1 - 8" bronze cleat - \$45; 2 - 4 1/2" bronze bow chocks \$25 (pair); 1 - 4" cabin bronze (opens) porthole \$200; 4 - pair bronze porthole trim rings \$25 (pair); 1 - tiller handle (65 1/2" long) \$25; Pictures available upon request. Contact Patrick Carney carneyri@yahoo.com (401) 633.2068

181-37. 1989 Marshall 18' Sanderling Catboat w/ 6hp Johnson outboard in very good condition. The boat is offered with a 2004 5-Starr Trailer and includes three sails (1 in almost new condition and 2 in fair to good condition). Teak handrails, centerboard cap and centerboard trunk, well maintained with cetol gloss finish. Shelves over berths, Lazy jacks, cockpit cushions, sail cover, spring line cleats and Harken main sheet system. Includes 6 gallon portable gas tank, all rigging, 4 life jackets, dock lines, porta pot (still in box), etc. Asking \$12,500, Located in Oxford, MD. ffreeman52@gmail.com



181-38. 1990 Marshall 15' Sandpiper cuddy. RONA. Hull #: MMC15288B090. This Sandpiper Cuddy model is in very good condition. Well cared for by current owners. Always stored indoors for winter. She is well equipped with a hinged tabernacle mast, a very lightly used 2015 mainsail, upgraded Marshall/Harken racing mainsheet block and cam cleat, a 2017 Yamaha 2.5 HP 4-stroke outboard that has only been run with ethanol free gasoline (engine hours 5 at most) and a trailer with a spare tire. White hull, buff deck and green bottom - very sharp looking - she attracts attention on land and sea. The cuddy is a real plus with two custom storage shelves fitted to hold spare line, paddle, flares, etc.

Equipment: Outboard Bracket; Yamaha 2.5 hp 4-stroke; Tabernacle hinged mast; Ritchie Navigation Tactician compass; Marshall/Harken Main Sheet block & cam-cleat mounted on centerboard trunk; Two foredeck mooring cleats; Two amidships cleats; Two stern cleats; Bow Flotation Bag; Hand Rails on cabin top; Tiller Tie-off with chafe protection; Mainsail; Lazy Jacks; Shock Cord Furling; Sail Cover - blue; Boom Tent - blue; Cockpit Cushions - blue; Anchor, Chain & Rode; Manual Bilge



Pump; Dock Lines; Taylor Made chafe guard tubes; Fenders; Flares; Highway Trailer w/Spare Tire.

A lovely boat to sail; responsive, quick and stable, roomy cockpit with the feel of a much larger boat making her a fine family boat. Easy to launch or haul with the mast in a tabernacle. Asking Price: \$13,000, Location: Mobjack Bay, Virginia. (757) 345-5777 w.kellett@att.net

181-39. FOR SALE: 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 Awlgrippd! 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! The 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 in Naples, FL. Contact John Cochran: 260-403-5314 or jmchot@yahoo.com (or vlanis@att.net).

181-40. 1979 Marshal 15 ft. Sandpiper (cuddy model) in very good condition. All upgrades done at Marshall Marine within past 10 years including hinged mast, anti-skid decks, new halyards and stay. 2014 Load-Rite trailer. Sail & covers cleaned yearly. Wonderful boat in need of more use. Located in Falmouth, MA \$10,000. If interested, please contact Catherine Offinger coffinger@whoi.edu



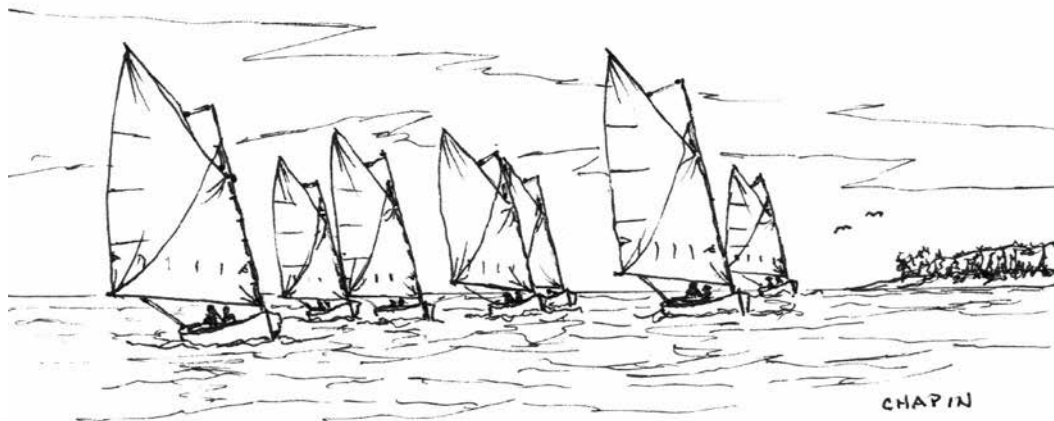
181-41. 1970 Marshall 18' Sanderling catboat. Sail with sail cover; anchor etc., ready to go. 4-cycle Honda 5 outboard motor. Almost new cushions. Trailer. Asking \$7700 OBO. Can be seen on trailer off-season. Bob Lindmark ccronley@comcast.net 732-778-3103

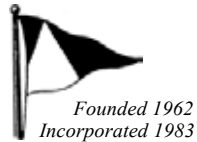


181-42. 1974 Herreshoff America 18' catboat, manufactured by Nowak and Williams. New Thurston Quantum sail and sail cover 2017. Original flag sail. Cockpit cover, cabin lights, LED nav lights, sink and fresh water faucet. Custom teak cabin floor. 2 tillers. Reliable 9.9hp 1996 Johnson in well. Solid fiberglass cabin top and deck. LoadRite trailer in good condition. Located in Duluth MN. Good solid boat ready for the 2020 season! Asking \$7500. Contact Bob Nichols, bobnich@icloud.com or 651-226-1059. More photos can be found here. Also see her sailing in video at <https://youtu.be/XiuabdhFa9k>



181-43. 2014 Fiberglass Fisher Cat made by Howard Boats in Barnstable MA. Vessel Data: Length 14'3" Beam 6'10" Draft 2 1/2'. Standard Equipment: Dacron Sail with reef points and battens; Sunbrella Seat Cushions; Mainsheet Block Assembly; Cam-cleat on centerboard trunk for CB line; Paddle - 4 1/2 foot varnished asn paddle; Bilge pump - plastic hand pump with hose; Anchor - 3 1/2 pounds with chain and line; Trailer - custom fit to Fisher Cat. Optional Equipment Included: Cockpit cover - Sunbrella over-the-boom tent cover (covers sail and cockpit); Outboard motor bracket; Name Board - carved mahogany with gold trim and lettering; 72" Telescoping Boat Paddle; Bumpers; For Sale: \$18,900. Sailed less than 20 times. Like new. In excellent condition. Contact arancourt62@gmail.com





The Catboat Association Membership Application

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

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, 322 Concord Road, Wayland, MA 01778-1121
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: _____

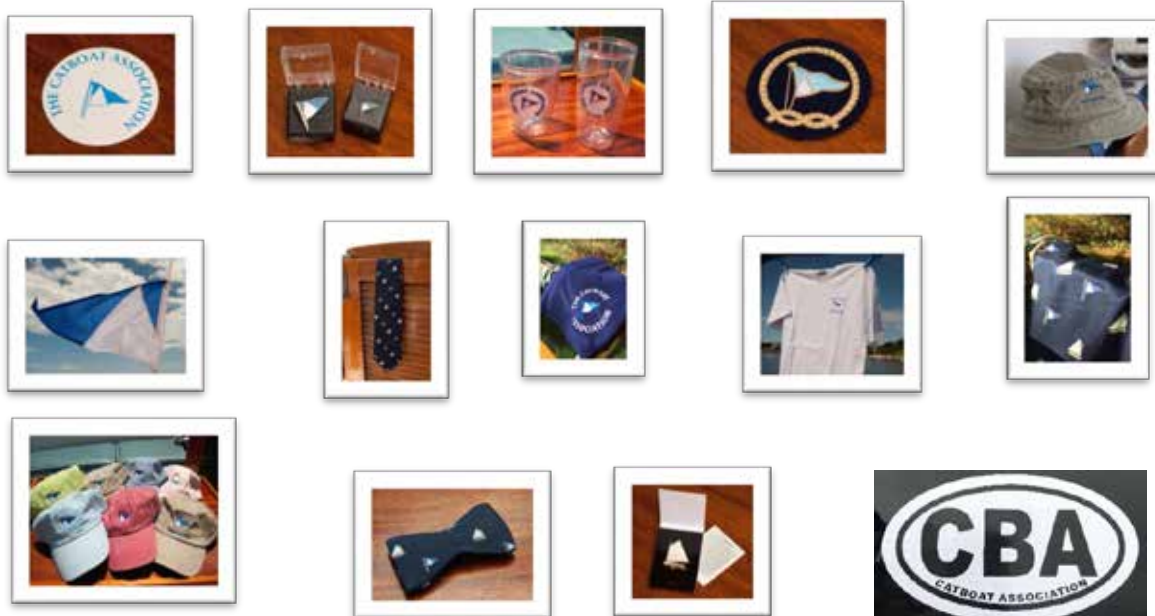
Where Built: _____

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

<u>Item</u>	<u>Color</u>	<u>Size</u>	<u>Qty.</u>	<u>Price</u>	<u>Total</u>
New!! Oval CBA Stickers				\$4.99	
Fleece Blanket - Navy				\$20.00	
Silk Scarf – Navy with burgee & catboat pattern				\$25.00	
T Shirt - Grey S, M, L, XL, XXL				\$20.00	
Baseball Cap - Color Choices Below*				\$18.00	
Bucket Hat – Stone, Original Logo 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	

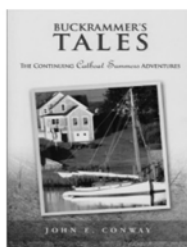
Navy, Stone, Stone/Blue, Nautical Red, Pale Pink, Lime Green, Baby Blue (Please Specify Original Logo or Burgee only) Periwinkle (Orig. Only) **Total \$** _____

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! Order online at: https://business.landsend.com/store/the_catboat_association

CATBOAT ASSOCIATION PUBLICATIONS ORDER FORM



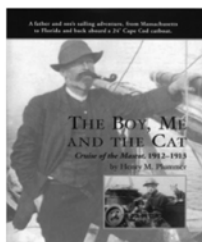
Buckrammer's Tales



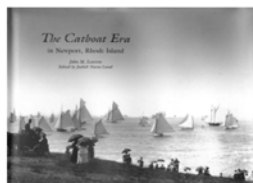
The Competitive Cat



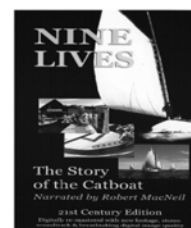
The Catboat and How to Sail Her



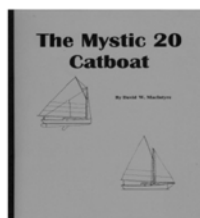
The Boy, Me and the Cat



The Catboat Era in Newport



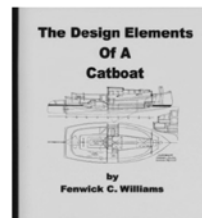
Nine Lives DVD



Mystic 20 Catboat



Rudder Reprints



Design Elements of a Catboat

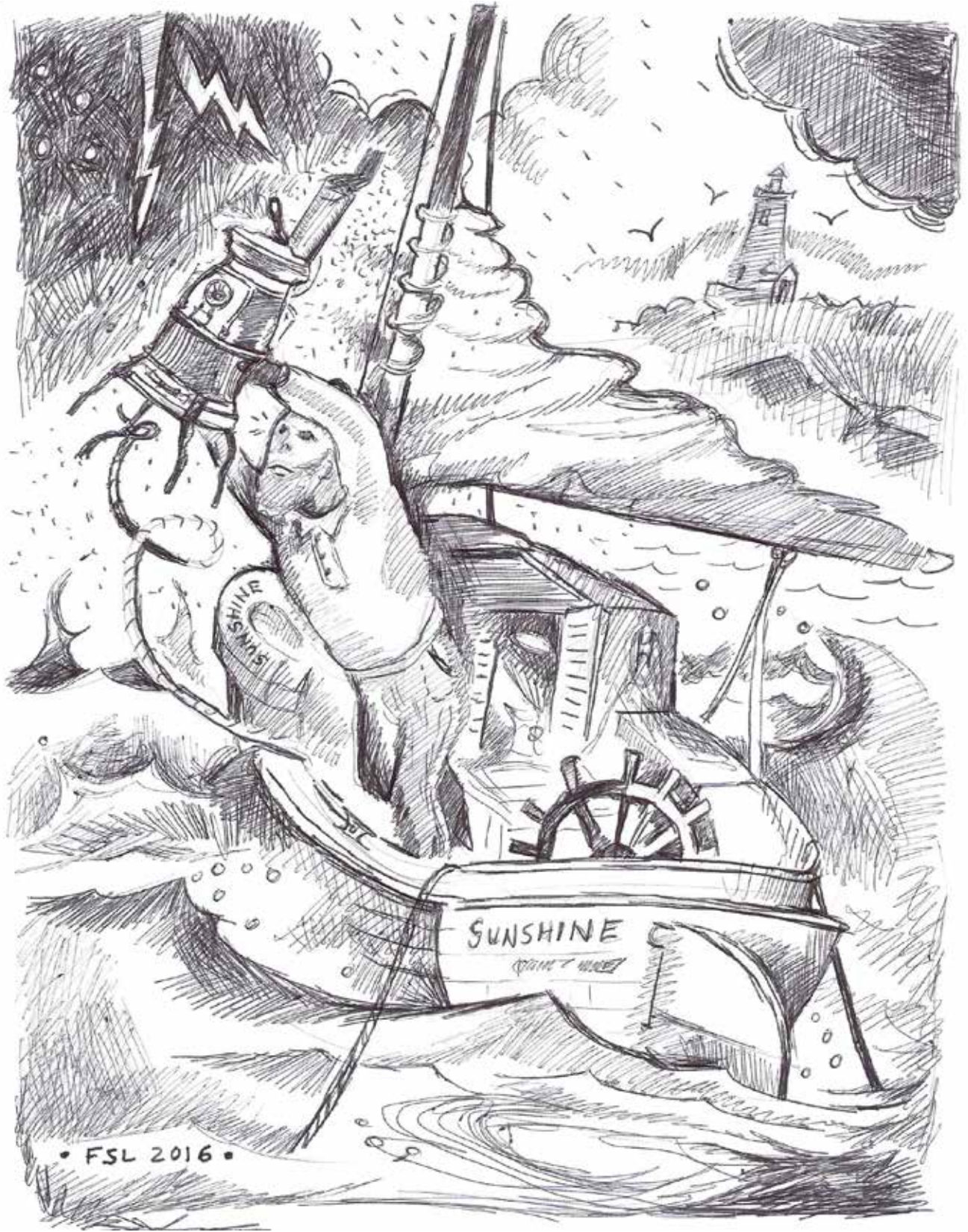
Item	Quantity	Price	Total
Buckrammer's Tales by John E. Conway		\$19.95	
The Competitive Cat by Bill Welch, MD		\$19.95	
The Catboat and How to Sail Her edited by John H. Leavens		\$15.00	
The Boy, Me and the Cat (hardcover) by Henry M. Plummer		\$19.95	
The Catboat Era in Newport, R.I. (hardcover) by 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	
Shipping and Handling: \$3 for EACH item.*			
ORDER TOTAL			

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

Name : _____
 Address: _____

 Phone Number: _____

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• FSL 2016 •

ON THE BACK COVER

On the back cover: “Nantucket Cat” by Garth Wlochowski

Garth Wlochowski is a self-taught painter who works in acrylics and water colors. His main influence is his dad who graduated the University of Hartford Art School and has guided, supported and provided input to his entire life. The two of them have hiked, bird watched and painted Connecticut’s wildlife for years. Garth has been a boat owner for the past 30 years and a Marshall Sanderling owner for the last eight. Garth’s main subject matter has always been wildlife but in recent years due to the charm of the catboat and the magic of Mystic Seaport he has been inspired to paint seascapes with his boat in them.

This painting started out as a painting of the ionic Nantucket waterfront. When it was delivered to the friend who commissioned it, it did not have the catboat in it. He was disappointed that it didn’t have that “cool little boat of yours” in it. So I went back and painted it in, which we agreed made the painting a touch more charming.

