

# Catboat Association Bulletin



**No. 184**



**Winter 2021**

## ON THE COVER

Pictured is a Gil Smith designed catboat (builder unknown) competing in the 2020 Arey's Pond Cat Gathering. Tony Davis found her in someone's yard in Truro and did a bunch of work on it, He sailed her for a few years and then gave her to his neighbor. She's currently owned by Brad and Jamie Maher. (Thanks to Tony Davis, Bill McKay, and Bill Stirling for uncovering the mystery behind this photo.)

Photo by Nancy Bloom ([www.nancybloomphotography.com](http://www.nancybloomphotography.com))



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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 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](http://www.catboats.org)

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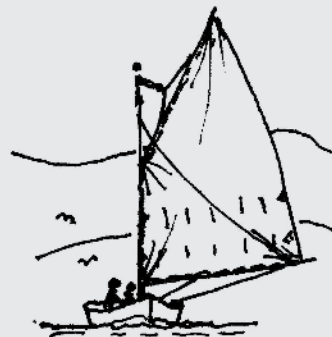
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### *WHAT TO DO ...*

*WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS:*

Notify Carolyn Pratt at the address above.



# From the Editor:

What a year it has been, as the COVID-19 pandemic has continued many of us have been personally affected. One way or another it has altered our lives. You probably know someone directly touched by the disease; many of us know someone who, sadly, has been lost.

Still many catboaters found ways to make the best of the situation. Many found solace in socially-distant sailing. Getting out on the water was a godsend after weeks of staying, and working, from home. As you continue to hunker down, here are a few stories to help you pass the time.

John Conway has taken on the massive project of restoring venerable catboat *Marvel*, which leads us to wonder at both John's dedication and his good judgment. But at the same time, we can't help but appreciate John's can-do attitude and that of other members who maintain these matriarchs of the catboat world. We are delighted to present the first in the series about the project.

For you cruisers, Marc Cruder files his annual, and always entertaining, report on the CCBA Long Cruise and Butch Miller reports on the Wild Goose Chase.

For you history buffs, George Shuster shares the history of catboat racing at the Edgewood Yacht Club in Cranston, Rhode Island in the early 1900s and Phil Carling shares a letter from Fenwick Williams to John Killam Murphy outlining parts of his life at the request of John Leavens.

Jim Grenier continues the adventures of the Catboat Kid. Any of you remember P.F. Flyers sneakers?

In January we would have held our Annual Meeting in Mystic, Connecticut. However, COVID-19 restrictions made it prudent to postpone it till next year. Better to be safe with the hope of seeing *all* our friends next year.

Enjoy, take care, and stay well,  
Skip Stanley  
Editor



### **Southport Island Marine**

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# Now Hear This:

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## The View from the Top

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Tim Lund, President

Last sailing season was like none we can remember, with limited opportunities and sometimes outlawed sails (e.g., Larry Hogan in Maryland). We missed our boats, the water and, most importantly, the camaraderie of sailing weekends with fellow catboaters. While we had a very small CBA annual meeting via Zoom (as required by our bylaws), we can only hope for and look forward to a more normal sailing season in 2021. The steering committee can't stop talking about the upcoming sailing season and how we missed all of our friends out on the water.

## Sunday Night Live Again with Mark Alan Lovewell

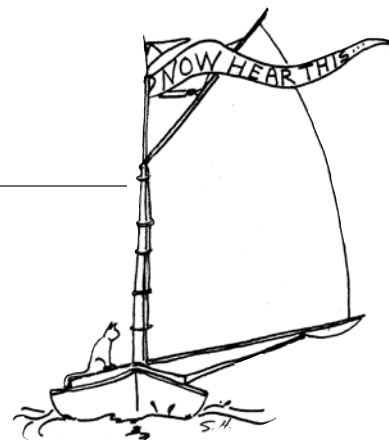
Mark Alan Lovewell, the CBA's resident troubadour, has been performing on Facebook Live every Sunday night at 8:00 pm since last spring. With each hour-long program Mark fosters maritime fellowship through a combination of music, songs, and stories. He hasn't missed a Sunday. One evening last summer, he even did a program while on board his catboat *Sea Chantey* from Waquoit Bay! His chanties have never been more popular.

The Facebook live link is: <https://www.facebook.com/1583227957/videos/10222369348054221/>

For more about Mark go to: [www.markalanlovewell.com](http://www.markalanlovewell.com)

## The Dutch Catboat Association

We recently received a copy of the The Dutch Catboat Club (Nederlandse Catbootclub) bulletin (Officieel orgaan van de Nederlandse Catbootclub) to share some news. Tim Lund is currently running it through Google Translate to see what can be extracted and shared. Also, Theo Nieuwenhuizen promised to send an article to publish. Tim suggested he might have to make his next family adventure a run through Burgh-Haamstede to see if he can spend time on a boat in yet another country.



## Don't forget: Renew Your Membership

Keep in touch with the Association! Where else are you going to find such a group of like-minded individuals as the Catboat Association? Renewing your membership keeps you informed about what's going on. And the CBA Bulletins have a wealth of information—keep 'em coming. Not only that but your membership gives you access to all the back-issues—and they are amazing. Don't miss a thing—renew today!

## Volunteer Needed: Coordinator of Advertising

The Bulletin staff is looking for a motivated individual with excellent interpersonal and organizational skills to work with vendors and others looking to advertise their goods and services in the Bulletin.

**Contact:** Terry Gips at [tgips@comcast.net](mailto:tgips@comcast.net)





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# The Racing Cats of Edgewood Yacht Club

George W. Shuster, Jr.

Sometimes a sailor will let the boat decide where to go. That's something of what happened when we, at Edgewood Yacht Club in Cranston, Rhode Island, in the upper reaches of the Providence River, recently followed a tack toward re-learning the Club's history of racing cats around 1900.



A postcard of the Edgewood Yacht Club circa 1900.

It started with the chance discovery of a set of nautical photos believed to have been taken by Willard Bramwell Jackson, an early boat photographer with an approach similar to that of Nathaniel Stebbins. When we found these large-format photos, we saw that one of them depicted a large catboat flying the EYC burgee. Handwritten on the back was “*Elizabeth*, 1908, Walter D. Wood.” It did not take more than a look in old EYC logs to determine that Walter D. Wood was Vice Commodore of EYC in 1912 (not to mention the father of Walter C. Wood, who went on to be a founder of intercollegiate sailing at MIT and after whom the college sailing's annual team racing trophy is named). A bit of digging on the internet turned up a number of publications from the early years of the 1900s, listing regatta results for the thirty foot catboat racing class. Sure enough, Wood's *Elizabeth* was there, racing with other EYC racing cats including George Darling's *Mblem* and H.B. Scattergood's *Scatt*.

Of course, the rediscovery of EYC's racing cat class led us to the bookshelf, where we took down John M. Leavens' *The Catboat Era in Newport, Rhode Island*, edited by Judith Navas Lund. We wanted to see if any of the EYC boats were pictured or listed



*Wanderer IV* moored at new Harbor, Block Island, Rhode Island.

in the appendix. Sure enough, *Mblem* was in a photo on page 40 and was described in the appendix as having raced in the notable July 4, 1888 race won by *Mucilage*. But what about *Elizabeth*? Well, there was a listing for her, but it was somewhat vague: “Possibly, *Elizabeth* was the long-bow cat *Elizabeth* ‘from up the Bay’ that participated in that famous race on July 4, 1888....” We can without much doubt affirm that this possibility is a reality—that *Elizabeth*, with her sister EYC boat *Mblem*, participated in that race, hailing from “up the Bay” in the Edgewood Basin of the Providence River.

Our curiosity had not abated, so we continued looking for more information. Before long, we found an article in the June 1906 edition of *Boating* magazine entitled, “The Racing Cat Boat, *Wanderer IV*,” by George S. Holmes. This seven-page piece describes in great detail the saga of the *Wanderer* series of racing cats developed and sailed by the Flint family of Edgewood. In brief, the elder Harvey J. Flint owned the first *Wanderer*, built in Providence by Benjamin Davis, at the end of the 19th century. His nephews, the younger Harvey J. Flint and Dutee W. Flint, took up the tradition of racing catboats and had the Davis Brothers of Warren, Rhode Island (the successors of Benjamin Davis' operation) build an improved *Wanderer II*. That boat struggled to compete with boats like *Elizabeth*, *Mblem*, and *Scatt*, leading to a redesign for the next Davis-built racing cat, *Wanderer III*. While “*W3*” was fast, the obsession with improvement seems to have been insatiable, because the Flint brothers



soon placed an order for *Wanderer IV* with the Davis Brothers. That boat, “*W4*,” with its overhanging bow, jib-rigged bowsprit, and exaggerated boom (even for a catboat), was so fast that not only did it fly past all of the other racing cats, it also beat many sloops against which it raced. In short, “*W4*” ended the thirty foot racing cat class in Upper Narragansett Bay, because racing against it was a losing proposition. Soon after “*W4*’s” dominance was apparent, EYC moved toward the eighteen foot Knockabout sloop racing class, in which, unsurprisingly, a new series of Flint *Wanderers* were also successful. Dutee W. Flint went on to become one of the leading Ford dealers in the country and Commodore of EYC in 1910-11 and 1916.



Dutee W. Flint at the helm of *Wanderer IV*.

As we were reveling in these discoveries of EYC history, it so happened that an old photo album of 1905 and 1906 snapshots became available for sale on the antiques market. It was advertised as the album of Edith Dyson Sutcliffe, who, from genealogical records, we recognized as the wife of Harvey J. Flint. We wondered what the album might include, so we went ahead and bought it on a hunch, without seeing most of its contents. What a treasure-trove! “*Edie*” Sutcliffe’s album was something of a love story with Harvey and *Wanderer IV* in the years before her 1907 marriage. The snapshots depict “*W2*,” “*W3*,” and especially “*W4*,” along with a crew of happy young EYC members sailing down the Bay in “*W4*.” And sure enough, hand-written on one photo of “*W4*” racing along with some heel, “*Wanderer IV*, Leading

13 Sloops, Inter-Club Race, RIYC vs SHYC” (Sachem’s Head Yacht Club). Rhode Island Yacht Club is EYC’s sister club on the Edgewood Basin. The Flints apparently raced under both EYC and RIYC flags.

EYC is thrilled to have these new photos in its collection, and to be reminded of its rich history of racing cats at the Club. These days, EYC still races catboats—our fleet of a dozen or so Beetle Cats races every Wednesday night from June through September. But those Beetles are like newborn kittens compared to the racing cats of EYC’s early days, when lions ruled the waters of the Edgewood Basin.



An outing at potters Cove, Prudence Island, 1905.





*Wanderer IV* in the RIYC Shelter Harbor to Block Island race. *Wanderer IV* finished only 12 minutes behind *Ishkoodah* and as a result was elevated to sloop class as it was deemed to be unfair for her to compete further in the cat class.



The 1906 trophy won by *Ishkoodah*.



The Herreshoff-built 52 foot sloop *Ishkoodah*, which won the 1906 Shelter Harbor to Block Island race.

*George W. Shuster, Jr.* is 2020 Commodore of Edgewood Yacht Club and owner of the Beetle Cats *Seashell* (52), which he races, and *Calli* (21), which his daughters race. His mother, Janet Bouclin, raced her Beetle Cat, also named *Seashell* and also bearing sail number 52, at EYC in the 1950s and 60s, and his grandparents also raced Beetles at EYC in the “Peppy Pappy” and “Wet Hen” male and female adult series. He lives in Warwick, Rhode Island. He is looking forward with excitement to 2021, the 100th anniversary of the Beetle Cat.





# Build a Little Boat

Mark Alan Lovewell

In this season of winter, I ask you to build a little boat for a child. If there was a time to make a toy for a child in your life, I think this is the time.

If you are a craftsman, a man or woman with an ability to make something, why not make a gift this winter. Yeah, make it for a son or daughter. But, I'd say make it for a child you barely know, a child in maybe someone else's family.

Why! Because it will matter. In even the big scheme of things in our life, making a toy with your hands is always better than shopping online.

When I was a child, one of my relatives, an aging fellow made me a little wooden sailboat. His name was Arthur D. Weston of Edgartown. He made several little wooden sailboats and he gave them to the littlest children in the family.

They were red. They were blue. They were colorful, wooden sailboats. They had all the necessary parts, a boom, a mast, a fabric sail, and a working rudder. He made them in his basement woodworking shop. He and his wife Edna lived on North Water Street in Edgartown.



Arthur Weston was a star. And he honestly became a star in my life, even though I didn't know him personally very well.

Those little crafts were toys. We would take them out in the water and sail them in Edgartown Harbor and we did it for many years. They were less than a foot in length, nine inches long.

But here is the value of my story. His gift fueled my love for wooden sailboats. And I hardly knew who he was. He died in 1958 when I was six years old.

What kind of memory can you have of a person when you are six years old or younger?

I got to know him though, as I outgrew my childish ways. We still treasure those little boats even though they are broken, missing parts. But the memories of sailing them in the water are solid like the lead in a keel.

Well, I got to know Arthur well long after he passed.

He was our Island's first Steamship Authority's governor from here and he was the first to oversee the affairs of the then new ferry service that ran between Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket. And at that time there was ferry service from Martha's Vineyard to New Bedford.

You see prior to the Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Steamship Authority, the one we now know, the operation was privately held and while it worked okay it had issues. It needed to be better run.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, with the help of the Island communities, needed a better



Arthur and Edna Weston.



operation. They needed something stable, more fiscally accountable to the residents of the Islands. So the Steamship Authority was founded.

Arthur Weston was the first from this Island to sit at the table as a governor. And while Arthur did many other good things, he is best known for his key actions that brought stability to the brand-new Steamship Authority. After looking at the books, looking at the expenses, hearing what the captains and staff had to say, and listening to the riders, Arthur with others shut down our ferry service between Martha's Vineyard and New Bedford. The cost, excuse the pun, was sinking the Authority.

Henry Beetle Hough, the publisher of the *Vineyard Gazette*, gave Arthur the highest praise in an editorial send off. In the *Vineyard Gazette* of December 26, 1958, a day after Christmas, Mr. Hough wrote a lot about Arthur.

Here is a piece: "He was accorded many professional honors," Mr. Hough wrote, "but it is likely that he took just as much satisfaction from the respect he won from all sorts of people— politicians as well as engineers, citizens at large, and the many chief executives under whom he served, no matter what their political persuasions. Only a man of sincerity and judgment could be known, as he was known, for honesty, ability and good will."

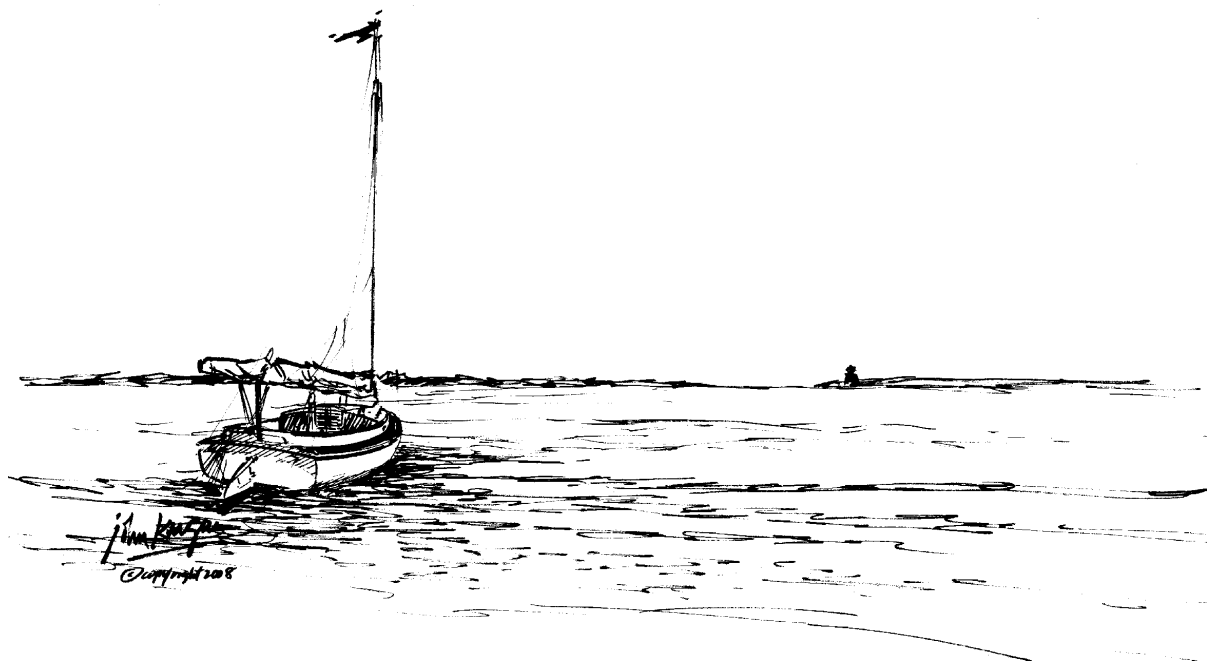
My brothers and I wouldn't know any of this about Arthur and his accomplishments until we were teenagers. But more than anything else, when we were kids playing by the seashore, Arthur already had a high level of importance.

Arthur was more than a distant relative to us. He was my grandmother's brother-in-law, but to us, his importance transcended many others we would remember. His wife Edna, my grandmother's sister, was a lovely gifted lady too. Throughout our childhood, she was the dessert cook in the kitchen. We remember her fresh hermit cookies. And she, like her husband, was generous beyond measure.

In this moment, I think of both of them. To us, Arthur was the man who worked hard in the winter assembling little wooden sailboats for each of us—that we'd sail through life.



Frank Lovewell with one of our toy boats.



# A Letter from Fenwick Williams to John Leavens

---

Skip Stanley

I keep *Sandy Toes*, a Marshall 18, in the inner harbor mooring field in Hingham, Massachusetts. Now, ever since I've had the boat, I've made it a point to introduce myself to the owners of sailboats moored nearby and, of course, to the owners of other catboats. There are three in the inner harbor: the *Elizabeth Rose* (A Herreshoff America), owned by Ray Lane; *Cat* (a daysailer), owner(s) unknown; and *Tabby* owned by Phil Carling. *Tabby* is the only wooden catboat there and the only one in a slip.

Now, I often go down to *Sandy Toes* on summer evenings just to check on her. Sometimes I get underway, sometimes I don't. On many a night I'd see Phil sitting onboard *Tabby* with Gracie, his Golden Retriever, just puttering or reading or whatever. I'd stop by now and then just to say hi and chat a bit about the boat.

Fast forward...I find myself on the CBA awards committee. And I notice the plaque awarded to the recipient of the John Killam Murphy (JKM) award is a half-hull of a catboat named *Tabby* the boat he once owned. Wait a minute...

I checked the book *Cape Cod Catboats* by Stan Grayson. Yep, same *Tabby*. Incidentally, there's a whole story about the designing and building of *Tabby*, in Grayson's book, which is worth a read. In particular, how, because Fenwick Williams was in the employ of John Alden at the time he designed *Tabby*, he was not allowed to put his name on the plans. So, John Alden's name was used instead, though he had nothing to do with the design.

So, the next chance I had, I stopped by to see Phil. I explained how "dawn had come to Marblehead," that I'd put two and two together and knew that *Tabby* had quite the pedigree. He explained that, yes, she had quite a history. We sat for a while onboard and he said he had a number of documents I might be interested in seeing.

It seems John Leavens expressed an interest in writing something about Fenwick Williams and asked him for a few details about his life designing boats. (What he planned to write and for what purpose is unclear.) Fenwick sent this letter to him.

*Begins on next page.*



60 Lee Street  
Marblehead, Mass. 01945

February 8, 1965

Dear John:

It was good to hear from you and I should have answered sooner, but there is the usual excuse of lack of time to get at things. I am really sorry to learn that you no longer feel up to maintaining a catboat, and that, since this fact has to be faced, you are having difficulty in selling her.

I trust that you were able to attend the meeting; it was out of the question for me to do so.

Last summer Basset McLean wrote me that he had chartered a 28 foot fiberglass Triton sloop for a one week cruise in Maine waters and urged me to go along. While it seemed quite difficult for me to get away, I was feeling rather beat out and decided it might be a lifesaver. As it turned out we had a delightful week, mostly in Pnobscoot Bay, with a real break in the weather of what was considered to be a poor summer.

It is nice of John Levens to want to publish something about me, and good of you to be willing to write it. My own feeling is that I have done so little as to make me feel almost an imposter to be written up, and I should think the space could be filled to better advantage with catboat information. However, I suppose it is natural for people to want to know something about the writer of the articles, and so without more than a feeble protest I will try to set down an outline.

- Born in Cambridge, Mass., December, 1901.
- Early childhood in Newton, Mass., then moved to Lowell, Mass. where lived until obtainment of a drafting job with John G. Alden in 1923. Little formal education and no technical schooling.
- Quit school after about second year in high school as eye trouble prevented continuation. After several years of trying to improve matters by eye training methods, obtained a job with Alden and have been drafting ever since. In Alden's office for about twenty-eight years except for about three years during the Depression, when an unsuccessful attempt was made to become independently established as a designer when few could afford boats.



- Experience in Alden office included a great deal of design work on the smaller yachts, together with considerable engineering and drafting work on steel trawlers, wooden mine sweepers and salvage vessels, steel fire boats, etc. Assisted in design of many well known Alden schooners, sloops, yawls, and ketches plus the twenty-eight foot cat which is now the yawl rigged CALYNDA of the Catboat Association fleet.
- First real sailing experience provided by John Robinson, Jr. of the Alden firm, first in the Friendship sloop "Shag", then in the 34 foot Maine built Alden yawl "Shag" and then in the Lawley built Alden yawl of the same size and name. Further sailing and cruising in the latter yawl with subsequent owner, usually out of Manchester, Mass.
- Personal boat ownership limited to craft of great age, small size and little value except as a means of enjoyment and experience. One of the first knockabouts, the 21 foot W. L. 31 foot O.A. "ROSE" was bought in 1924 and used for about four years, after which a 20 foot Kingston boat was purchased for a small sum and reduced to 18 feet by sawing off the stern. The freeboard was raised and a cat-yawl rig fitted, all much to the displeasure of Mystic Seaport when reported to them many years later. However, when so converted, the boat became a fairly good little singlehander which provided a great deal of enjoyment for a number of years. She is still in use, under different ownership.
- During the Depression interlude an attempt was made to sail a 22 foot sloop sans engine around Cape Cod, in company with a friend of the purchaser. This resulted in a night at anchor near the Pollock Rip light vessel in a series of violent thunderstorms and squalls followed the next day by a retreat to Cape Cod Bay and a tow through the canal.
- In this Depression period came a few weeks of drafting for L. Francis Herresoff, but this was the only time I worked for him, except for a few odd jobs at a later date.
- First home in Marblehead was a historic 1724 house on Mugford Street, then conversion of a stable to a colonial style house at 60 Lee Street was completed in 1941.
- Sailing experience with John Alden generally limited to occasional short sails in several Malabar schooners. Near the end of the war, however, I was one of his crew in sailing the Ketch MALABAR XII to Annapolis, Maryland. Later I cruised with him a few times in the 50 foot schooner ABANACKI mainly from Marblehead to Newport and return.

- Various boats in which short cruises have been enjoyed include John Murphy's 18 foot cat TABBY, his yawl MARY, Rodney Bowdin's 18 foot cat BUXOM LASS, Dr. Polk's 20 foot sloop SEAWAVE, Murray Peterson's 43 foot schooner COASTER TWO, the late Hanscom Brown's power cruiser STOWAWAY, Dr. Polk's Concordia yawl SAXON (a great deal of daysailing and many passages of two to three days), the yawl rigged cat CALYNDA and the Triton class sloop NIRVANA. Also a passage to Newport in the 12 meter EASTERNER.
- In connection with the Alden office and in the early '50's, followed shortly thereafter by very pleasant working association with C. Raymond Hunt and with Waldo Howland and his Concordia company in South Dartmouth.
- Assisted Ray Hunt in the development of his deep V section power boats and in designing the 12 meter EASTERNER. Helped Ray Hunt and Waldo Howland develop the Concordia 41 sloops and yawls, and prepared numerous special plans to the individual requirements of many purchases of the regular Concordia yawls.

60 Lee Street  
Marblehead, Mass. 01945

February 11, 1965

Dear John:

I don't imagine that you would consider it necessary to give a very complete accounting of my small activities, but just to complete my list for your stock to choose from, I might add a few items that were forgotten when writing you a couple of days back.

Among the jobs for Ray Hunt was the drawing of plans for the cutter DRUMBEAT which Ray designed for Max Atkin whose father was Lord Beaverbrook. In connection with this job I flew to England with Ray.

I also drew the plans for several successful 5.5 meter class racers of Ray Hunt design.

Be sure not to credit me with the design of boats which actually were Hunt designs.

Among cruising experiences I failed to mention a two week cruise in the Bahamas as a guest of Dr. and Mrs. Pope aboard the chartered schooner KEE WATER.

Although I have enjoyed the benefits of many kind and generous invitations, it seems to me that my activities on the water have in general been less noteworthy than those of most who mess around in boats. And I almost forgot CUMBRA, Branford to Vineyard Haven.

Best regards,

Fenwick  
though Mr. Stadpole's was very good. JKM





# Pelican

Bill Hall

*Pelican* is an open cockpit Marshall Sandpiper, hull number 307. She was built in 1991, and presented to Bill Plauth as a gift from his 89 year-old mother. She was delivered to Flowery Branch, Georgia from South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, on a flatbed, and transferred to a trailer to be launched at the Lake Lanier Sailing Club. Dr. Bill Plauth sailed her with great joy for years, and showered her with about every piece of nautical equipment that there could be.

I had been sailing, first a Snipe, and then a Mercury class sloop, on Long Island Sound off Branford, Connecticut for many years. A young family and, um, maturing reflexes led me to consider a more stable, roomier sailboat. I have loved the New England look of the gaff rigged catboat, and settled on the Marshall open cockpit Sandpiper as the perfect boat for my family and me. That same young family also indicated that a previously-owned Sandpiper would be in order. Cats for Sale led me to Bill Plauth, and *Pelican*.

Branford to Lake Lanier is a bit of a hike, and the return journey hauling a boat on a trailer is even more challenging. My friend Rob, a big, bearded guy from way up in Maine, was up for the final road trip of our careers. My Subaru Outback had a trailer hitch, and, having reached an agreement to purchase with Bill Plauth, off Rob and I went to Georgia.

Meeting Bill Plauth, and his wife Bobby (also a physician) is one of those wonderful times in one's life when everything seems to come together right. Bill clearly loved *Pelican*, and his sadness at parting with her was touching, and contributed to my awareness, known by most sailors, that boats have personalities, and need to be treated as partners. The equipment that came with *Pelican* was almost overwhelming, and acquiring a boat exclusively sailed in fresh water was a new experience for me. She was in perfect condition. Bobby and Bill came to our home the following spring with even more nautical stuff—I think they wanted to see *Pelican's* new home port, too!

I sailed *Pelican* for eleven summers. She was all that I had dreamed of, and, when the time came, I sold her to a gentleman from the Mystic area, who

wanted to take his grandchildren sailing in Fishers Island Sound. She was still in great shape—I had had Marshall Marine install the new and improved tabernacle mast, but everything else was as I had bought her.

After nineteen years, I still communicate with Bill Plauth, who now lives in California. Sailors are a special breed of people, and catboat sailors are even more special. *Pelican* is just one thing that Bill and I have in common, but I am grateful to her for the introduction, and for so much else. Sail on, beautiful little ship!



*Pelican* sailing off Noank around 1991.



# The *Truant* Treasure, Part 1

## A Catboat Kid Story

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Jim Grenier

Woodduck Island is only marginally dry at high tide. It is basically a mushy, mucky place held together with the roots of marsh grass and the hand of Mother Nature. I have no idea how my uncle ended up owning it, but it sure was a good place for ducks, geese, and egrets to gather. It also provided my uncle with a source of cold weather income. Important men like the governor and senators came to shoot shotguns and hang out in the camp there with my uncle and Pitch, his black lab retriever.

For a ten-year-old boy like me, the interest in Woodduck Island wasn't ducks; it was the treasure associated with it.

I must have asked my uncle dozens of times if he ever found any treasure. When I was little he'd give me a wink and say that he knew where it was, yet as I got older his stories shifted. Eventually, he claimed there was obviously no treasure on Woodduck and to stop asking about it. "Lots of them have looked. There is nothing there," he said.

"Why would anyone—even an idiot—want to hide anything valuable on that place? It's nothin' but muck," Uncle Normie chuckled. "You want to look for treasure? You should really try somewhere else."

This just made me want to look there even more. If you tell a kid not to do something, it simply makes him want to do it more. It's a Law of Nature.

Most of the summer of '62 had come and gone and it had been a pretty great summer to boot: boat rides, sailing catboats, playing sandlot baseball, and helping with my brother's paper route. I'd met some new friends (Colleen, Colter, and Mr. Thurlow) and made over \$37 (almost a fortune to any kid back in 1962!) helping around Falcon Marina. I'd washed, sanded, painted, tied up boats on the docks, run bags of ice to boaters, helped a guy clean fish and was learning to mend a fish net. I also got to know a real boat builder, Mr. Eddy, who let me help him work on the *Early Times* that almost sank after smashing into the floats during Alan's birthday.

It was then the middle of August with fifth grade in sight.

My Mom said she wanted to take me shopping for sneakers, a pencil box and some other back-to-school items, an annual, but boring, tradition. "Then we'll go to the library," she said. "There is a man who is giving a talk on local legends, including that so-called treasure on Woodduck Island you are always asking about."

I think that was the year I got brand new P.F. Flyers sneakers—the brand that made you "run faster and jump higher." These were my first new sneakers. I ran, maybe, a little faster but my jump was about the same.

I can't remember the library lecturer's name so for the sake of this story I'll call him Mr. Goody. He had a lot of slides, a big projector, and a big screen on a stand. He had a lot of local legends that I'd never heard, including ghosts in some of the houses, a ghost ship that came ashore with nobody on it, witches, a sea monster that turned out to be a couple of otters, and a woman who claimed she was over 200 years old and could remember all kinds of things that happened in the distant past, including being captured by Indians as a little girl.

The early drawings and maps of Woodduck Island were interesting. The man showed that the original name given to the island was just "Weeds and Mud." He showed an old hand-drawn map from the 1600's with that name on it. Then he showed a map drawn in the early 1700s with its current name. It's easy to see how that change happened. "Weeds and Mud" to "WeedandMuck" to "Woodduck." By the way, no one has ever seen a wood duck anywhere near the place, and there are no trees on it, so no wood either, except the boards on my uncle's hunting camp. Ducks? Hundreds.

Then he explained local Indians (now properly called Native Americans) used the island for clamming and fishing; arrowheads and a pile of old clamshells and bones proved it. Those old trash piles are called "middens."

But the best part of his slideshow was when he lit on the treasure legend.

Back in the 1700s and 1800s, sailing ships used to come into the harbor to unload goods coming from all around the world: Africa, China, the Caribbean, and so on. Everything was sold through a government building called the Customs House that would take part of the money as a tax, or the government's share.

Mr. Goody said that in 1878 one particular sale didn't go well, and the ship's captain became angry because he thought he was getting cheated. That night, several sailors from the ship slipped by the guard and stole the tax money that was kept in a locked box.

They untied the government's sailboat *Truant* and, it being a heavy cloud cover but also an almost full moon, on a strong ebb tide they ran aground on Woodduck Island. The thieves pushed and tugged at *Truant* but she wouldn't budge. They had buried her centerboard deep in the muddy bottom. Unloading the anchor, chain, oars, and ballast didn't help float *Truant* off.

According to the legend, they also unloaded the stolen box. The thieves abandoned the *Truant*, still stuck in the mud. They signaled the ship and crewmates rowed out and picked them up.

When customs officials discovered the money box was missing, along with the *Truant*—which had lost its bronze centerboard and drifted away and tangled in more marsh grass—they sent a party of soldiers out to the anchored ship and searched it. They also searched all around Woodduck Island for several days but never found any of the stolen money. The soldiers kept a close watch on the ship to see if the sailors might try to pick up the stolen chest somewhere. No one left the ship and it scooted out on the rising tide a day or two later.

And that is the legend.

Mr. Goody showed an old photograph of the *Truant*. Wow! It was a big catboat! Maybe thirty feet long. The gaff sail was enormous! Heck, you'd probably need three or four men just to raise it up. You don't see big sails like that on today's catboats. But otherwise, she looked pretty much like other big catboats still sailing today.

Mr. Goody put up a photo of a map of Woodduck marked with a lot of dots where many others had searched. Treasure hunters had been looking for that box for over one hundred years.

Then he showed a slide of where he thought the *Truant* ran aground. This was the upriver side of the island, near the cut. He also showed a photo with an arrow drawn on it pointing to the exact spot he thought was the right place to look. He figured that

the fast current would have swept the boat onto the shoals there. Somehow, Mr. Goody had worked out the tide and weather for that day. There were no dots anywhere near where he thought the *Truant* would have grounded. It's so shallow there that at low tide I could wade over to Woodduck from my uncle's place without getting my shirt wet. None of those thieving sailors could have been from this area or they would have avoided the inside section near the cut. Clearly, they were just following the shoreline and ran into the island by mistake.

I told him I'd find that treasure, if it were anywhere to be found. He said, "Good luck, kid. Let me know if you find it. I'll make you famous."

He gave me a paper copy of the map with the searchers' dots. And, believe it or not, he marked his spot with an X. At least I now had marked places I didn't have to look.

"Have you ever looked there?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Nope, I'm too old to spend my days looking for treasure. If you find anything it's all yours."

I didn't have many of my days left either with school coming up. I'd need a boat, tools, and probably some helpers.

Maybe I could get Alan to help. He'd want to find some real treasure. And he had all kinds of tools at the marina.

The next morning I rode my bike back to the library. The library had maps of the bay and Woodduck Island. Plus there were huge nautical charts which showed water depths as well as the location of buoys, channels, and other stuff like water towers, church steeples, and so on. They wouldn't let me take them home, so I had to study them in the reading room. To be honest, I didn't know how to read those neat charts but they were interesting with all those tiny numbers, lines, etc. Later that fall, aboard *Dogwatch*, Mr. Thurlow taught me how to read one.

I also took out *The Book of Buried Treasure*, an old, worn, musty-looking book on treasure, pirates, and ships so I could see how other people had done things and to see what I was up against. I had to get permission from the librarian because it was from the grownups' section. It was hard to read so I used a dictionary several times for every page.

According to that book, most treasure hunters begin with a specific treasure in mind, then look for maps. Some maps were the kind you read about, with an "X marks the spot," but most of those turned out to be worthless. I started to worry that my own X-spot map might be fake too, but it was still a place to start.



Most treasure hunters spend years looking and never find a thing. Some had lost fortunes trying to find another fortune.

It might take all of next summer to find the Woodduck treasure, but I hoped I could start sooner. I still had three weeks left before fifth grade started.

Starting, however, meant doing research and finding clues, not only on maps but also about the people who hid treasure, what might be in the treasure (like gold, coins, jewels, documents, etc.), where they had been and maybe why and how they lost it. Fortunately, Mr. Goody had done quite a bit of figuring that stuff out already and told us everything he knew about the Woodduck treasure. Plus I had even walked the likely spot at low tide. Best of all, my Uncle Normie's summer cottage was right across the cut, less than two hundred yards away. The cottage could be my base of operations. Lots of things were in my favor.

Borrowing Dad's little plywood pram would be great. I wouldn't have to wade out at low tide. Or maybe Uncle Normie would let me use his duck boat or skiff that were already at his cottage. He wasn't using either of them because it wasn't duck hunting season.

I got a quick and solid "no" on those ideas, so I needed another way to get a boat.

Alan didn't have any ideas either, but said he might be able to get his hands on some old tools in the marina barn, like a pick and shovel, and maybe a block and tackle if the box turned out to be very heavy. That would be great! Alan would look into whatever else he could find to help with the hunt.

Who else could I call for a boat?

"Well maybe, if it's okay with Daddy," Colleen said. "But it's too far from the Falcon. We can't be sailing back and forth all the time. We would need to move *Tweety* closer to the island somewhere." The Falcon Marina, where Colleen's Beetle Cat was kept, was several miles upriver from Woodduck.

"And I'm starting school in a week. I go to a private school and I probably can't get started with you until next year anyway," she added.

"Okay," I decided, "we'll look for the treasure next year. This would give me time to figure more stuff out. I'll ask my uncle if we can keep *Tweety* at his cottage. We could sail it down there and just row it or sail it back out to the island when we needed to." I surprised myself for sounding so hopeful.

So maybe I had *Tweety* and Alan and Colleen. It was a start. And I had all school year to put plans together.

*Of course there will be more to this tale of treasure. And there is indeed a treasure, but not what I'd thought it might be. I dragged in a few other characters you have already met in my previous stories. Be sure to keep an eye out for more of this adventure in CBA Bulletins later this year. Meanwhile I have a couple other stories to tell before we get onto the treasure hunt. There is still some catboating to do before I can tell the rest.*



# Boat Building and Maintenance

Eric Peterson, Editor

## A Marvelous Mystery In Pursuit of a Catboat Legend

John Conway

October, 2019: “Have I got a boat for you.” Bob Luckraft, former President of the Catboat Association, celebrated skipper of the 1908 Herbert F. Crosby catboat *Genevieve* and master boat restoration expert, grinned from ear to ear. “She is a real beauty for sure and too nice to have her disappear. You’ve just got to take her on.”

The craft in question, a 1904 Herbert F. Crosby catboat, named *Susan*, had been awaiting restoration “on the hard” for over ten years under a fraying plastic tarp in a driveway on Cape Cod.

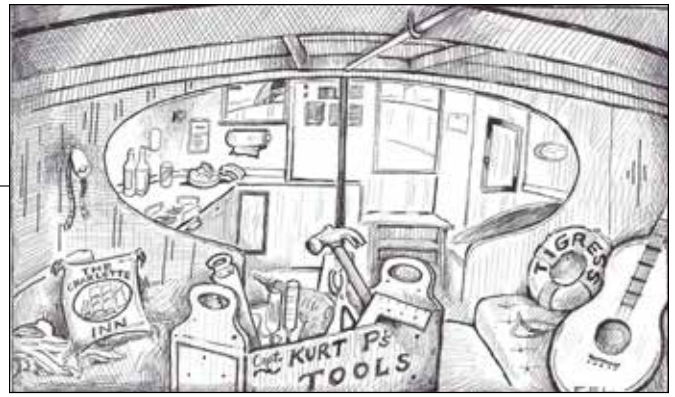
I had formerly owned, restored, and skippered *Buckrammer*, a 1908 Charles H. Crosby catboat for almost twenty-five years. So, I was aware of the maintenance and care demanded of an antique wooden boat. Thus, my immediate answer should have been a resounding, “Not interested!”

“Well, I could stop by on Saturday to take a look,” I sputtered. “Weather permitting of course.”

Little did I realize how, at the ripe age of 69, I would yet again become seduced by the charms of a water-borne woodpile that by all rights should have been some coastal town’s July 4th bonfire long, long ago. Nor would I have ever expected to learn and continue to learn more about her builder, her owners, her triumphs, tragedies, heart, and soul than ever thought possible. Damn boats!

Saturday arrived. With a flourish, Luckraft whisked-off the remains of the tarp.

“I told you that she was a beauty,” he beamed. “All she needs is a new centerboard, maybe a few new planks, some deck members, maybe a rib here or there, a bit of an engine rebuild, a redo of her electrical system, some cabin-top canvas work, a bit



of caulking, an interior refresh paint, putty... you know, just the basics.”

With that, Bob also handed me a photograph.

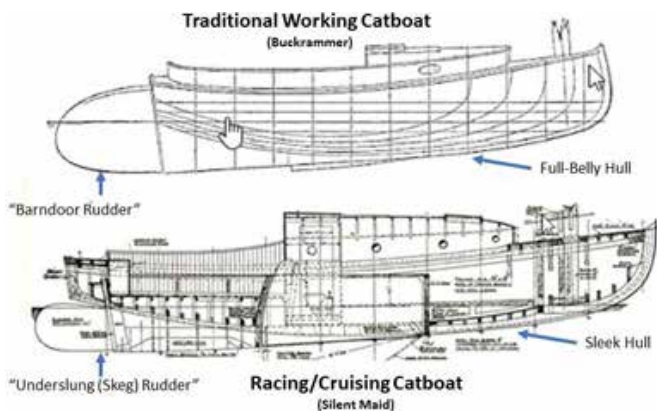
“Here’s shot of her back in the day.” Luckraft explained. “Whadayathink?”

Candidly, the old girl, just sitting on the hard, did have beautiful lines but the old photograph depicted something breathtaking.



The H. F. Crosby catboat, currently named *Susan*, under sail in 1904.

She was clearly not your average Cape Cod catboat as her sweeping sheer, underslung rudder and over-canvassed rig bore the signature of a racing/cruising boat—not a cod-fisher.



Some racing/cruising catboats, compared to their traditional, workhorse cousins, and in the quest for high performance, were thoroughbreds in hull shape and appearance.

### I was nibbling at the hook.

“Oh yah,” Bob continued. “*Susan’s* five owners, of which I am one, had built up a restoration fund over the years. There is still about \$500 in the bank. It is yours if you will take her off our hands.”

“Wait,” I replied. “You and your partners will pay me to take this boat?”

“Yup!”

The hook, line and sinker set. “I’m in.” I should have said, “Pray for me.”

### The Adventure Delayed

The original plan would have brought *Susan* from the Cape to her new home in Westport, Massachusetts sometime in March. Work could have begun once the snow stopped flying. Things went off the rail, of course with the onset of the COVID-19 virus pandemic and the subsequent economic shutdown of boat haulers, boat yards and support staff. Essentially few if any boats would move until late May or June.

### Well almost nothing would move.

Much of *Susan’s* equipment and rig were scattered about the Cape in the attics, garages, basements, and back yards of her former owners. Bob had her sails, most of her rigging, some fittings and two nicely restored mahogany cockpit seats. Her mast and spars and ship’s wheel were keeping company within a tangle of clematis vines in another’s side yard. Her forestay, some engine parts, lifejackets, and cushions slept in the attic of yet another. Her binnacle, cabin doors, bilge-pumps and winches found themselves in a Cape Cod garage.

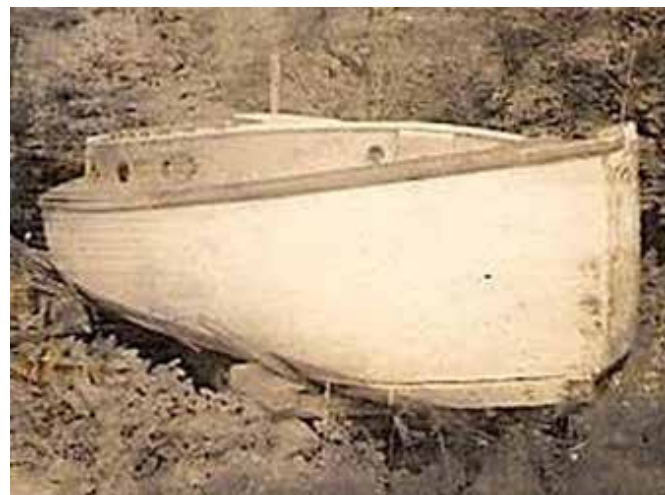
Over several months, with Luckraft’s guidance and help, I slowly accumulated the “loose ends”

and transported them to my basement workshop in Westport. As needed, I untangled, varnished, oiled, and restored what we hoped were the sum of those parts. Time off from my “day job” due to the pandemic helped fill in for delivery time lost...that is, if I tucked the boat work into an ever-lengthening honey-do list. The extra time also allowed me to begin the process of researching the pedigree of the old bucket...a pedigree wrapped in a mystery that continues to this day.

### Resurrection and Restoration

With the help of an out-of-the blue phone call, support from author and historian Stan Grayson and Catboat Association research, I also came to learn that *Susan*, like most surviving wooden catboats of her vintage, seemed to have lived a number of storied lives.

Her registration and title confirmed that she was built in 1904 by Herbert F. Crosby, of the famous Osterville, Massachusetts Crosby clan. Not much seemed to be known beyond that until she resurfaced in 1965 when Walter Krasniewiez, a Connecticut-based enthusiast, found her as a derelict, fell in love, and named her *Sunnyside*. Thus, began what would become a 30-year affair that Walter called the boat’s Resurrection Phase (his first restoration of the boat) and then, about ten years later, her phase 2 Restoration. (Much more will be shared of the amazing Walter Krasniewiez in a subsequent installment.)



*Susan*, as found in 1965 by Walter Krasniewiez, literally pushing up daisies somewhere in New England.

Walter sold *Sunnyside* in 1995 to Hoda Kaplin and Jeff Megerdichian, two Long Island, NY-based sailors who cared for and cruised on *Sunnyside* over almost fifteen years. In 2009 the boat was once again



put on the block until acquired by Bob Luckraft's "Gang of Five." They sailed her for a few years until it became apparent that another restoration was due.

June 15, 2020: The good folks from Brownell Transport Services arrived right on time at eight o'clock on that rainy Cape Cod Monday. Within thirty minutes they had backed their ingenious boat hauling trailer under *Susan's* keel, removed the jack-stands and blocks and securely lifted the boat up as gently as an egg from a nest. (If you have never seen a Brownell trailer in action you have missed one of life's jaw-dropping experiences.)



The Brownell transport system has literally changed boat hauling and storage forever.

Thankfully, the journey off the Cape proved uneventful. Within two hours *Susan* was safely back on her jack-stand perch in Westport's F.L. Tripp and Son's boatyard. As I stood there in the rain surveying the situation and pondering what I had gotten myself into my cell phone rang.

"Is this Conway?" the caller barked, "*Susan's* new custodian?"

"Yes, it is. Who's calling?"

"This is Bill Mullen. Do you have any idea that you might now be in possession of one of the most expensive, famous, and historic boats that ever sailed in New England waters? Please don't hang up because, boy, has this boat got a tale to tell." (To be continued...)

### What of *Buckrammer*?

A sad tale that may (May!) have a happy ending. I heard this from a third party. So, consider it "hearsay."

I sold *Buckrammer* to an experienced merchant marine captain based in Gloucester, MA. He was

"downsizing" for medical reasons from owning and single handing a schooner. He and his nephew were in the process of sailing the boat from Gloucester to Point Judith, RI when disaster struck off Minot's light.

I don't know how she was struck but the force of the sea caused her mast to un-step. Pulled forward by the fore stay, the mast acted as a lever, flexed the boat's keel and broke her "back" at the centerboard trunk.

Through some miracle, a nearby Coast Guard patrol boat somehow secured her and towed the wreck into Scituate Harbor before she sank. No one was hurt in the accident thank goodness. Insurance declared her a total loss.

The happy ending?

The wreck was sold to the grandson of one of her former owners (!), an experienced carpenter and cabinet maker. (and maybe boat-wright?) He had fond childhood memories of cruising aboard *Buckrammer* on trips to Cuttyhunk Island with his grandfather.

*Buckrammer* currently sits under cover in the lot next to his home in Marion, Massachusetts awaiting a new keel, ribs, engine and more. It will take a Herculean labor of love to bring her back... but then again, most cats have nine lives.

*This article previously appeared in Messing About in Boats; reprinted with permission.*

The author and The Catboat Association are best known for the restoration and operation of *Buckrammer*, a 1908 Charles Crosby Catboat that graced the historic Westport Point waterfront for almost twenty five years. Her berth there became a virtual motif and the subject of numerous artists, photographers, and crafts persons. Two books, *Catboat Summers*, and *Buckrammer's Tales*, available from Amazon Books, chronicle her adventures during this time.

*Marvel* clearly needs work. Fortunately, most of it can be accomplished in 2020 the experts tell us, and it's reasonable to expect her back on the water for the 2021 season if we can raise the necessary funds. To this end we have established a crowd-sourcing website. Project donations as small as \$1.00 would be greatly appreciated and can be made to:

<https://gogetfunding.com/marvel-an-historic-boat-restoration-project>





# Cruising

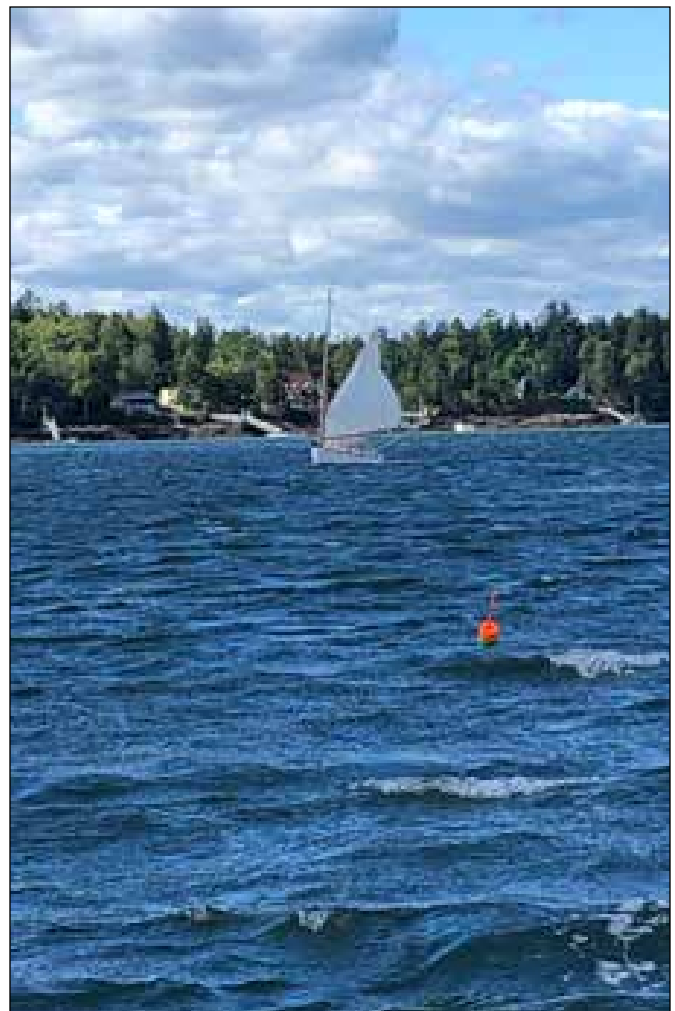
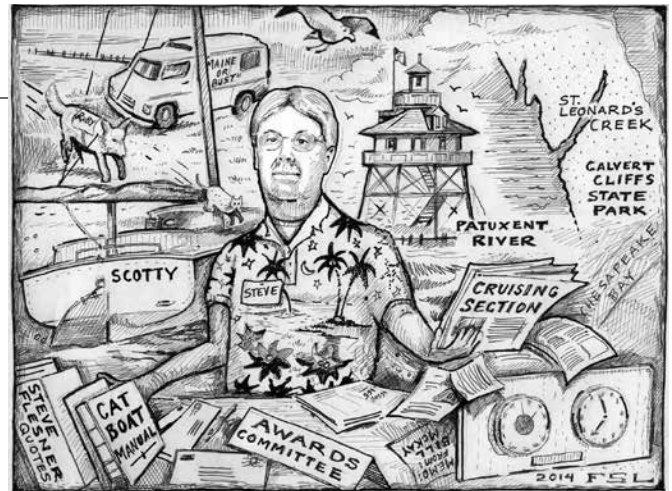
Steve Flesner, Editor

## Casco Bay Cruise 2020

John Van Orden

Suppose you gave a race and almost no one came! We had to move the Casco Bay Cruise from August 15th (the usual third Saturday in August) to the 29th of August. However, only a few boats signed up and on the 29th and it was pouring rain so we moved the cruise to Sunday, the 30th. The weather called for northwest winds fourteen to sixteen. Anne Bridgman had decided previously that “since we are still in this together,” we would have an *appropriately socially distanced* cruise to an island and have a picnic instead of our usual race and gathering at the Van Orden’s afterwards.

*Priscilla*, a Marshall 22, was the only boat that showed up on Sunday. It’s somewhat difficult to have a race with only one catboat! Anton and Kathy ter Meulen had just purchased *Priscilla* from Jenny Jorgensen and John Van Orden ten days earlier. This was their fourth sail on her. Kathy, the new “managing owner,” wisely decided to start out with two reefs and pretty quickly we were on our way to Berry Island. We were seeing winds in the mid-twenties, but happily, as we were going up the New Meadows River, we had no seas. About half-way there, we decided to put in a third reef. A land-based anemometer along the river registered one gust of thirty-nine miles per hour. With the third reef in, we had a relatively calm trip the rest of the way to Berry Island.



No big seas but blowing thirty with a triple reef!

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After we caught our breath and had a picnic lunch on the island, we headed home, still with the third reef in and had a quite comfortable trip on a broad reach.

Anton and Kathy have decided to keep *Priscilla*, although one might have bought her cheaply about 2 p.m. on Sunday afternoon as we were beating our way upwind in those thirty-plus mph winds!

Next year, hopefully more boats!



A leisurely Sunday sail!

*Priscilla's* new owner's addendum:

Two of our first four sails in *Priscilla* were done with small craft advisories in effect. What a great and adrenaline producing means of learning about the seaworthiness of catboats (and the need for premeditated reefing).

The prior owners, Jenny and John, were instrumental in teaching us how to manage this wonderful boat on the trip. Their unflappability in the face of what seemed to us like very heavy winds made the "catboat race" turned "picnic cruise" completely manageable.

Thanks to them and the catboat community for introducing us to the wonders of these boats. We look forward to our first issue of the Catboat Association Bulletin!

## CCBA COVID-19 Cruise 2020 – North to Delaware City via the C&D

Marc Cruder

*Editor's Note: You can't keep cats penned up for long, they tend to want to break out! CCBA Cruise Commander Cruder plotted a great cruise in adverse times. Sit down with a chart and a dark and stormy and follow the thugs from the Chesapeake as they break out of the Chesapeake Bay! The details are there for you to follow on a chart or if you find yourself down on dee Bay hon, you can retrace their "paw print," er, cruise.*

After an easy tour of anchorages on the major rivers in and around Annapolis, we set our sights north to break out of the Chesapeake Bay via the C&D Canal into the Delaware River to discover eclectic Delaware City by staying on the original Delaware City Branch Canal. With two lay days planned, we visited local history at Hagley Museum and Fort Delaware on Pea Patch Island. Despite COVID-19 restrictions, our cruise featured natural social distancing, custom CCBA cruise face masks and gifted Goslings 151. The boat count was down for various reasons including personal health choices, family emergencies and specific engine components that just would not function reliably at the last minute. Despite the challenges, six boats completed the trip; those with equipment issues and others still joined us in Delaware City and the itinerary was unaltered except for a group decision to omit the last planned stop to avoid weather. There was a breakdown, but all made it home safe and pulled off the first CCBA 2020 event. Here's our story and we're sticking to it....

### Returning Cruisers who made it:

- Marc "**Google play cards**" Cruder sailing *Sylph*: Hermann 17 – Gaff
- Butch "**I have Wanderer wherever I go**" Miller sailing *Lark*: Americat 22
- Phil "**Checked with everyone else first, instead of calling you**" Livingston sailing *Patriot*: Marshall 18
- Fred "**I just want to learn**" Sherriff with Mike "**I'll show you Hagley's, but I still need some marine air**" Crawford sailing *Pride*: Marshall 22
- Frank "**Didn't you get the email?**" Newton sailing *Casco Cat*: Hermann 17 – Marconi



– Jim *“I go through the canal anytime, but watch out for those dredge pipes”* Palmer sailing *Old School*: Marshall 22

#### Cruisers who wanted to:

- Jack *“I can’t make it but I’m sending the Goslings 151”* Smith
- Mike *“If only I had a carburetor that would make this engine run”* Crawford
- Rich *“I had a carburetor that worked, until Mike touched it”* McLaughlin
- Steve *“I was needed elsewhere”* Flesner
- Craig *“I was needed elsewhere too”* Ligibel
- Paul *“Everyone should have an Uber account; I do, but I can’t make it”* Cammaroto

#### Shoreside Cameo Appearances:

- Tristen *“I’m out of the tunnel and you need me now”* Crawford in his project Mazda Miata
- Debbie *“Bring me your best back fin crab cake”* Cruder
- Denise *“The fried oysters look better to me”* Miller
- Noelle *“Don’t need to go back to Delaware City after this”* Cruder
- Matt *“Just working a ship in Philadelphia, so I stopped by on my way home”* Cruder

#### Tuesday 9/22: Destination: Swan Creek above Rock Hall

*Wanderer* continued on the hard, hoping it will see the water next season. With a cruise planned, COVID-19 or not, Matt worked through his own unprecedented schedule and circumstances to get *Sylph* launched in time for my use. We did have a shakedown to install a new wind indicator, but that was a whole other adventure. So did not spend much time in prep, except to clean, stow the cabin and buy a few spares.

The cruise got shifted from a Sunday to a Tuesday start, to get us into Delaware City to meet a weekend-only COVID-19 ferry schedule to visit Fort Delaware. The only impact of the shift was a change in the C&D canal transit time for the flood east to later in the morning. So that gave me the whole weekend ahead of departure. Despite best intentions though, I got a later start than anticipated, but had a fair wind and tide to compensate. The boat count was originally nine with one drive-by and a cameo by the CCBA Commodore for the ashore field trips; but the herd would thin as the cruise got in full swing. There

was also some incomplete comms when my email got hacked just before the cruise, but it all worked out.

Was underway under power at 10:45 and out of the Rhode River by 11:15. Set sail heading north on a course of 040 degrees Per Magnetic Compass (PMC) pushing on the tide some but making 3.5 knots. Abeam the red nun #2 at the mouth of the South River at 12:15 and abeam Thomas Point/Thomas Point Light by 12:30, shaping up for the center span of the Bay Bridge. The breeze came up as I passed Tolly Point at 13:00 making a little over four knots. Passed under the Bay Bridge via caissons 28/29 and 35/36 at 14:05. In another half hour I was abeam Sandy Point Light and off Love Point at the tip of Kent Island by 15:15. Continued on, splitting the grain elevator at Deadman Point with the water tower visible on the eastern shore at Gratitude, to come up on the green can #5 about 16:45. From there, followed the buoys into Swan Creek to find the catboat raft up just to port of the first bend.



Masked up on Swan Creek.

Anchored there were *Lark*, *Old School*, *Pride*, *Patriot* and *Casco Cat*. Added *Sylph* and was rafted by 17:00 when my cell phone rang. It was Mike Crawford in *Homer* to report that he and Rich McLaughlin in *Tenacity* never made it out of the Chester River. Both had gas engines with carburetor problems. *Tenacity’s* Palmer P-60 had finally been rebuilt so we were disappointed we were not going to see them on the water. That said, Mike promised the tour at the Hagley Museum, so agreed he and Rich would drive and meet us in Delaware City so the show could go on. Other cancellations had already come in, so the core group on the water was established at six. Cruise 2020 was on.





Raft up at Swan Creek.

### **Wednesday 9/23: Destination: Veazy Cove – Bohemia River**

With darkness coming on sooner during these fall cruises, raft-up time was limited and each retired to their own hooks before the sun went down. It was generally a pleasant night, although the wind was up most of the night. There were no untoward incidents.

Without a dinghy for this trip, made the morning rounds by boat to ensure all were clear on the day's destination. The group was underway under power at or before 08:00. Crossed the Swan Point Bar about 08:30 and had the sail up by 08:40 on a course of 030 PMC, making three to four knots. After over a half hour of steady course and speed, I found I had an old wood powerboat coming at me from the port side slowly with a steady bearing and decreasing range. He had one other person on board with a rod and line trailing behind. As we got to within speaking (not hailing) distance, I asked if there was any reason he was crossing my bow...I had been on a steady course before he set up his trawl, I was under sail and to his starboard. The person at the helm, and as old as the boat, looked at me and said, "I can't hear." So I looked at the man with the rod and said, "Can you hear?" He responded, "Yeah, I heard," then said something to the helmsman and the boat came about just before we had some unintended contact. You just can't make this stuff up.

Continuing on, I found myself at the green #17 just outside the Tolchester Channel about 09:25, then abeam Tolchester Beach about 09:55. In another hour, I was coming up on the red #30 just below Fairlee Creek. At about 11:00, the wind died sufficiently for me to fall below a speed of two knots, so got on the engine until the opposite happened about forty-five minutes later. With the engine off, I was making five-

plus knots under sail alone again. Made my way up the bay passing Worton Point at 11:55, then Howell Point on the south side of the Sassafraz River at 13:15. Came up on the Grove Point range lights at 14:00, then jibed at the green #13/red #14 channel buoys off Ford Landing into the Bohemia River at about 15:15. In another fifteen minutes I was dousing sail in Veazy Cove and getting out lines to join the raft up already in progress. With a west wind, the anchorage was sufficiently protected. A variety of snacks made cooking unnecessary as each eventually found a good spot behind the high bank and tree line.



Raft up at Veazy Creek.

### **Thursday 9/24: Destination: Delaware City Marina on the Old Branch Canal**

It was a quiet anchorage, although the proximity to the shipping channel made it interesting. You could hear straining horsepower at max thrust when tugs with barges or ships were coming by the mouth of the Bohemia River. Even though the anchorage was not directly open to the channel, you could tell how big the transient was after the engine sound was well out of earshot and you felt the wake. The number of vessels was not sufficient to ruin a good night's sleep.

With time on our side, owing to the tide not shifting until about 11:00, there was a chance to lay in, cook a leisurely corned beef hash and eggs, then clean up, stow gear and top up the gas tank. The group was underway en masse under power at about 10:30 and abeam red #18 at Old Town Point Wharf by 11:00, still pushing against the remaining ebb. As we passed red #26 just north of Courthouse Point, the tide change was confirmed by the flow around the buoy and the extra half knot of speed over the ground

according to the GPS. *Sylph* was making 5.5 knots on the outboard, which only increased. I was monitoring ship traffic on VHF channel 13 and standing by for catboats on channel 72.

The transit east on the flood through the C&D Canal starts effectively with the Route 213 bridge at Chesapeake City. Passing under at about 12:00, the GPS was showing 6.2 knots. Next was the Summit Bridge at 12:35 making 6.3 knots, followed by the Conrail lift bridge where speed recorded was maximum for the transit at 6.5 knots. The new Roth and old St. Georges Bridges were minutes apart at about 13:15 with speed maintaining at an average of 6.25 knots. The Reedy Point fixed bridge is the last heading east and was where I had instructions to phone Hollie at Delaware City Marina so she could round up the dock crew. The current near the end of the canal had slowed me to 6 knots.

Delaware City Marina is actually on the Branch Canal that was part of the original C&D Canal, which included a single lock when the canal was not the size it is now and the water levels were different. You can't go up the Branch Canal from the main canal with a mast because there is a fixed bridge with only ten feet of clearance. So, as was the point of the trip, we had to go out and north on the Delaware River to the green #1 daymark that locates the northern entrance of the Branch Canal and where I had instructions to reconnoiter the group and call the marina on Channel 9. As soon as you turn north on the Delaware, it is counterintuitive, but the flood east in the canal becomes an ebb on the Delaware River, so we were bucking the tide to the green #1.

Contact was made on Channel 9 at 14:45 and Tim talked us in, one boat at a time. All boats moor bow-to-stern in a linear fashion port side to the floating docks, so they want to know Length Overall (LOA). Despite what the Delaware River is doing, the water in the Branch Channel does what the water in the main canal is doing. Directions were to rig for port side to, but come into the dock starboard side to with a port stern line ready. The adequate staff then turns you around to the port side moor with everyone pointing in their only direction of eventual departure. Very clever. So by 15:30, six catboats were securely moored.

With the boats secured, everyone had time to register, take advantage of the facilities ashore to clean up and get the pitch from Hollie on what was in town for dining options. Captain Mike, of carburetor plagued *Homer*, stopped by to make sure we arrived. He promised transportation and a good

tour at Hagley's in the morning. The plan was to meet at 09:00. With the day winding down, we were technically out of the Chesapeake Bay as intended, so called the C&D transit a success.



Moored bow to stern at Delaware City Marina.

### **Friday 9/25: Lay day – Field Trip to Hagley Museum – Wilmington, Delaware**

It was a surprisingly quiet and peaceful night, considering the current shifted at each tide change. That said, it was not of sufficient speed to disturb our floating dock tie up. There were some strange pipe gurgling noises because of drainage systems from a new housing development under construction and of course the morning FedEx plane, but all in all, nothing that stopped good sleep or first coffee at 06:00 for me.

The protocol officer made arrangements for one of the local establishments, known for their breakfast sandwiches, to open an hour early for our group, so we mustered on the dock by *Patriot* as ordered at 07:30. Once satisfied with the muster, we headed to Cake Sisters, whose main business is cakes and pastries. The proprietor opened a little after 08:00 and the face-masked group piled in, socially distanced, ordered, and then enjoyed a very nice breakfast. Our satisfaction pushed us to ask for another early



opening the next day, to which we quickly got a positive response.

After breakfast, made our way back to the boats and were joined by those providing transportation, including David Bleil (former owner of *Gull*) and friend Judy as well as the carburetor twins Mike Crawford and Rich McLaughlin. Former catboat kid Tristin Crawford was also at the ready. I was going to ride shotgun with Mike, but Tristin made a special request that I ride with him in his project first series Miata MX-5, so I could pass off on all the work he had done since buying it in a non-running status. We hit the road for Hagley's. The Hagley Museum and Library is a non-profit educational institution in Wilmington on over 235 acres along the banks of Brandywine Creek and includes the first DuPont family home, gunpowder yards and a 19th century machine shop. CCBA member Mike Crawford has worked there for thirty years as a carpenter maintaining everything from original buildings to waterwheels including rare DuPont automobiles and period machinery as well as restoring exhibits and dioramas. We were getting a private tour and looking forward to it.

After learning all about the Miata on the way, we assembled at Hagley's, where our docent Steve took charge of us and we started our tour. We did, in fact, get to see mechanical water turbines in operation as well as the line-shaft belt-driven machine shop. We also got to see a riveted locomotive boiler set up in a stationary installation driving a single-cylinder horizontal steam engine before ending at the DuPont house including garage with the history of the family's automobile production in the 1920's and their connection to the Indian Motorcycle Company. We finished in the early afternoon under a wood pavilion that Mike had erected while enjoying local pizza ordered in.

The second surprise was when Tristin let me drive the Miata back to Delaware City. It was a cool little ride and I took time to show him the finer points of driving a manual transmission in a Japanese replicated British style sports car.

Once back at the marina *Pride* delivered a bottle of Goslings 151 from CCBA cruise regular Jack Smith (*Winter's Dream*), who had to cancel his participation this year. Our mission was clear—Happy Hour on the open deck at Delaware City Marina courtesy of Captain Jack. Some stayed awhile then went to dinner and some didn't. Some made speeches and some tried. A good time was had by all and another good day down.



Goslings 151 on the deck at Delaware City.

### **Saturday 9/26: Lay Day Delaware City – Field Trip to Fort Delaware on Pea Patch Island**

It was a rainy night, but since the Goslings 151 got emptied in the spirit of catboat camaraderie, most slept without disturbance. Rain continued past sun up, so the group was late to Cake Sisters 08:00 opening, but nonetheless had the same excellent experience. Tristin had hit the road, but the carburetor twins found berths so they could join us at Fort Delaware. Further, Mike was offered a crew berth aboard *Pride* for the return trip.

After breakfast, we regrouped at the M/V *Delafort* that takes you to...where else?...Fort Delaware... clever. Mike said he was Commodore Steve, so his pre-purchased ticket was used. We boarded the boat running at fifty percent capacity, face masks on as the rain started back up. In less than fifteen minutes we were disembarking on Pea Patch Island. A covered tram without side curtains took us to the stone fort, again masked and socially distanced as best we could.

Fort Delaware is an irregular pentagon of stone from the second round of forts built by the government for coastal seaport defense. This one was finished in 1859 and was active through WWII, but is best known as a prison for some 33,000 Confederate soldiers. The interpreters are costumed as if it were the summer of 1864. It is a living history museum within a state park owned by the Delaware Department of Natural Resources. We listened to lectures, walked through the officer's quarters and Commandant's Office, visited a sample prisoner barracks and witnessed the firing of an 1855 8-inch Columbaid gun (after 2 misfires). All good fun and part of our country's history. The

*(Continued on page 33)*



# Sailing Off Strong Island in Pleasant Bay, North Chatham

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Painting by John Hutchinson (following page)

Strong Island is located at the east end of Pleasant Bay in Chatham, Massachusetts. It is a wonderfully sheltered body of water, perfect for both pleasure and competition sailing. My family learned to sail and race Baybirds on these waters in the 1930s.

In this painting (next page center spread) you see my grandparents and their friends out for an afternoon of pleasure boating aboard a typical Crosby party boat. What a glorious summer afternoon for an outing! They are sailing under the lee of Strong Island. The captain has taken a reef for the comfort of his passengers. A pity they don't have a fishing line or two trailing astern, for the terns and gulls are working a school of blues hard in the water off their port bow.

## From the Artist

*For fifty years I have painted maritime views, portraits of vessels large and small (many on commission), including more than sixty catboat scenes, landscapes, book illustrations, my wood carvings, and portraits of people and diverse creatures. The surfaces I've painted have not been limited to canvas and watercolor paper. They include Easter eggs, Christmas decorations, sea scallop shells, dinner plates, clock faces, and walls. In addition to decorative art, I have illustrated the three books for children that I've written. ([www.bertiesadventures.com](http://www.bertiesadventures.com))*











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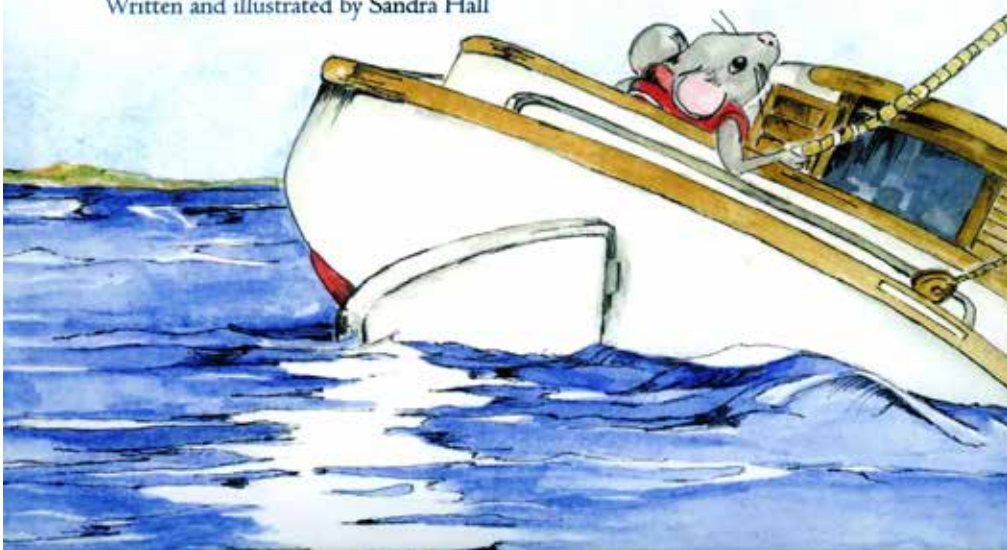
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# The Mouse on the Catboat

Written and illustrated by Sandra Hall



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island is now a heronry and nature preserve for nesting birds. Our time was limited but sufficient due to COVID-19 constraints to keep the ferry passenger count within certain parameters. We were back at the Delaware City Marina by 13:00.

There was enough time to use the shore facilities to clean up and just relax before dinner. Some shoreside support came by car for dinner at Crabby Dick's. The group was split since we arrived at different times. Some were outside and some were inside. The report was good wherever and whatever you ate. Ice cream on the way back to the marina was worth the stop. Another good day down with departure early tomorrow.

### **Sunday 9/27: Originally Still Pond, then Fairlee Creek**

Departure was scheduled for 07:00 as catboats started to pull away from the dock with light winds and good visibility. With south winds increasing in the afternoon with associated seas, the plan was to assess our situation off Still Pond, then see how much further we might go to effectively cut a day off the cruise rather than brave rain, seas and possible thunderstorms. The catboat parade eased out of the Branch Canal at the tail end of the flood, out past the green #1 day mark and headed south for the C&D Canal, entering the Reedy Point breakwater at 08:05.

We were still pushing the flood as we passed under the Reedy Point fixed bridge at 08:23 at a speed of 4.1 knots per GPS. The ebb was confirmed as we passed under the St. Georges Bridge doing five knots at 09:06, followed by the Roth bridge at 09:10 showing 5.1 knots per GPS. Next was the Conrail Bridge at 09:36 with speed up to 5.5 knots. Motoring along without incident, we passed under the Summit Fixed Bridge doing 5.8 knots at 10:54 with maximum ebb in effect as we passed under the Route 213 Bridge at Chesapeake City at high noon doing 6.2 knots.



Out of the C&D at Reedy Point.

We continued out of the C&D into Back Creek and were abeam green #29 just below Sandy Point at 10:55 and passing Welch Point to the north at 11:00. Continuing into the Elk River, we completed our canal passage passing Old Point Town Wharf at 11:30, passed the Bohemia River at 11:40 and were abeam green #49 aligned with the water tank at Betterton by 13:15. At 14:00 we were off Still Pond. Did a radio check to find *Old School* anchored up, but with the group eager to put in another two hours, with a goal of Fairlee Creek. The decision was a good one. By 15:30 we were standing off and picking up the channel into Fairlee Creek. Got inside and saw the catboats rafted up, but decided to make for the gas dock to top up. There would be another full day of powering tomorrow.

After gassing up and taking a look at a nice Cape Dory 28 trawler, found my way to the raft-up and was secure by 16:30. We all relaxed, knowing we were ahead of the game. The only issue so far was *Patriot's* outboard pad, a wood replacement that was installed at the beginning of the season, but was delaminating as a result of the cruise. Although purchased from a reputable source, its country of origin was not the USA. He was traveling in company of other catboats and we had confidence it would not fail.

After happy hour, the raft broke up just in time for us to see *Old School* coming into the creek. Group complete and homeward bound tomorrow.

### **Monday 9/28: Destination: Homeward Bound**

The final night was cool enough for good sleeping with enough wind for me to get up to tie off a stray halyard that was rapping against the mast. We were all up out in the bay on a course of 220 degrees PMC heading southwest under power at about 4.5 knots against a foul tide after coming off our anchors saying goodbye around 06:45. By 07:00, we were in Tolchester Channel. Course was adjusted to 210 degrees PMC with the Bay Bridge visible. By 07:30 we were passing green #25 just outside the before sunrise and coming off our anchors saying good-bye around 06:45. In another fifteen minutes, we were abeam Tolchester Beach and by 08:30 we were off Swan Point in a two to three foot chop on the nose... and then things got interesting (for me anyway).

About 08:45, the twenty-nine year old Yachtwin, that had been running like a top...quit. It was a little too soon to top up the portable tank, but it was low. So I went through that procedure while lack of propulsion had me uncomfortably in the trough of



the short-period steep seas. Got the tank filled and expected to just start the outboard. Well, it started, but would not stay running. Tried several times and had to change my plan. After losing a throwable cushion bouncing around in the trough, I set sail on a port tack, got the boat stable and was on a heading of about 240 degrees PMC. Although the seas were steep, the predicted high winds were not in evidence yet, so I easily put up the whole sail and was making good way toward the western shore. As I moved away from the eastern shore the wind and sea state eased and I was still making about four knots. I checked in on Channel 72 and raised *Lark*, just to let someone know what happened and that I was stable.

I had a few choices, but tacking over twenty miles all the way against a south wind with a pending small craft warning predicted to gust to twenty-one knots was not one of them for me. Perhaps a younger me, but not this me. I found myself on course for Bodkin Creek, the original anchorage for the last night of the trip. There was some synergy in that thought and I knew there were facilities to handle both the boat and the outboard, so I took the choice that would get me off the water the quickest.

By 11:00, I was at the mouth of Bodkin Creek after crossing the shipping channel into Baltimore well out of range of in and outgoing traffic. I spent the next forty-five minutes tacking into Bodkin Creek and around Spit Point to end up at Ventnor Marina on Graveyard Point. Doused sail near enough to the gas dock, then stroked the barn door rudder to get to the dock. It was about noon. Within minutes I met both new owners of the marina. They said they could put *Sylph* in a service slip for no charge, if I did not need to stay aboard and assured me they worked on any type of outboard. They were also quick to tell me they were a factory authorized Yamaha Dealer if things didn't work out.

I took them up on their offer, but told them I had pulled the engine cover off somewhere between Swan and here. When I touched the inlet hose to the fuel pump, it squirted gas at me under pressure. So I left them with my guess that it was either a split hose or the plastic inlet nozzle of the fuel pump.

With the negotiation completed, I called for a ride and was closer to home (7.1 miles) than the boat's dock. Waiting on transportation, I had a beer and enjoyed a cigar. It could have been worse. COVID-19 Cruise 2020 aborted for me.

## Epilogue

Aside from the untimely demise of the Yachtwin's original fuel pump, a few carburetors that would not cooperate and an outboard pad actively delaminating, we all survived and had great adventure staging out of historic Delaware City and its namesake marina. The private tour at the Hagley Museum gave us a taste of local history and a better appreciation of the life's work of one of our low key members who doesn't make a fuss about his accomplishments. It was an honor to see them first hand. Fort Delaware is a most unlikely place that still doesn't stay completely drained but is an undeniable piece of our country's coastal defense history.

Reports from the other cats indicated all made their appointed destinations without incident; some faster than others. The delaminating outboard pad fell to pieces into the water once the outboard was removed back at its home dock in Oxford. *Pride* reported a great sail with a favorable wind up the Chester River after rounding Swan Point. *Lark* and *Casco Cat* stayed with *Patriot* thru Kent Narrows and got home safe, while *Old School* was back at the dock on the Magothy River by noon.

All's well that ends well, as this intrepid crew pulled off the first published event on the CCBA calendar. All the others had been cancelled to this point. Cruise 2020 done.

## Post Mortum on *Sylph*:

It was the fuel pump...everything has a service life. When I went back to Ventnor Marina to sail *Sylph* home, I decided to put in a double reef to accommodate northwest winds gusting to just below small craft advisory, but found half of the gooseneck clevis broken and separated. So Bodkin Creek was the right move. That clevis was last replaced on the DelMarVa circumnavigation in 2000. Again, everything has a service life. Made the 4.5 hour trek back to the Rhode River under power with the wind and tide. The Yachtwin lives and another clevis was fabricated, so *Sylph* sails on. Could have been worse... listen to your gut...Safety First—Take No Chances.

Several cruise strategies were discussed for next year, with two on the Potomac River and one without set itinerary to be dictated by the wind. More energy will have to be put into these preliminary ideas to gel into a good final plan. So stay tuned for 2021 Cruise details as they develop at [www.chesapeakecatboats.org](http://www.chesapeakecatboats.org).



# Wild Goose Chase 2020

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Butch Miller

This year's event included the usual goose chase on the Wye River with another attempt at an exploration of the antebellum Galloway House that had been moved by barge from Easton last year.

The weekend began with a day-early rendezvous on Friday, October 16th at St. Michaels with *Pride*, Fred Sherriff; *Old School*, Jim Palmer; *Casco Cat*, Frank Newton; and *Lark*, Butch and Denise Miller with new canine crew Lenny. *Pride* came down from Chestertown and *Old School* from the Magothy River to meet up on Queenstown Creek on the Thursday before finishing up the passage on Friday under power in blinding rain with thirty-five-plus gusts. *Casco Cat* and *Lark* breezed in from Kent Island later on Friday in a lighter rain with fifteen-plus on the quarter making the thirteen mile trip in two hours. Being too late in the season for water taxi service and the desire for full bathroom facilities, all took a slip with the exception of *Old School* and her dink. The skippers enjoyed a nice dinner at the Crab and Steak after a warm-up round (on Fred). (Thanks Fred.) Despite Jersey Frank's attempt to convince the server that we had reservations, there was a wait for a table despite the nearly empty restaurant due to COVID-19 restrictions. A great night's rest was had by all after a full day and a full tummy.

Saturday brought clear skies and perfect temps for the run over to the Wye and up to Grapevine Cove. After the traditional breakfast at Carpenter Street Saloon, *Old School* and *Pride* (advance scouts) got away shortly thereafter under power. *Casco Cat* and *Lark* lounged a while which allowed for a single reef, on-the-nose breeze to build for a great sail up into the Wye. *Lark* paused for lunch at the split to watch the steep-chop challenged *Casco Cat* go by under sail all the way to the anchorage. On arrival we found that the advance scouts had determined Grapevine uninviting and had opted for a larger, seemingly more protected, cove across the River. *Lark* swung through the anchorage to check in then motored further upstream to the Little Red Store for refreshments and a pit stop for the pooch. Later in the day *Curlew*, Kate Grinberg and Tim Kallman, came in from the West River and Bob Leigh in his new-to-him Menger 19, *Leighway*, came across from the Magothy to join in for libations and nibbles at an early evening

raft-up. It was a quiet anchorage until I was awoken by a five a.m. panic call from Denise, "Lenny's in the water!" She'd let him out into the cockpit for a wee and somehow he'd managed to leap over the side, probably figuring that the food and attention was still alongside. It was an easy retrieval with no additional crew entering the water. We now know he can swim and that a little, wet, shivering dog in the cabin is for the birds.

The advance scouts got underway at dawn on Sunday morning with the rest of us taking our leisure. Bob decided to spend an additional day or two taking in the River. For *Lark* and *Casco Cat*, it was a pleasant sail home right up to the pier. Assuming that no news is good news, *Curlew* should have had a pleasant sail home as well.

In all, it was another fun fall weekend on the Wye for the second and final event of the season. I've given up on the group quest to discover the Galloway House; due to lack of interest it was a bust as were the geese. Only a few had arrived and as of this writing, three weeks later, they're still not here in numbers. Flying with a mask must be slow going. It's been a weird year all around but like Scarlett said....

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## Down on Dee Bay Hon

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Steve Flesner

Hibernation comes to mind when I think of 2020, all we needed was a cave!! CCBA was able to hold two events—both written up in this Bulletin. We are planning ahead with the 2021 schedule and will remain flexible with safety as the major consideration. The cats down on dee Bay are getting restless and are looking for an escape out on the water; they are definitely tired of playing in the sand box! We gained a Menger 23 on the Bay. Ryan Peterson sailed her up from Ft. Myers, FL...look for his article in the spring Bulletin. My sign off to the thugs on the Bay: "Well crew, if we made it this far, we damn sure can make it the rest of the way!" See you out of the water with a dark and stormy...or two!





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# Rendezvous and Race Results

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Steve Flesner, Editor



## Catboats! An Invitation from the Martha's Vineyard Art Association

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June Schoppe, Artist, Event Chair,  
Board Member MVAA

If you're reading this, you already love seeing, owning, sailing and knowing all things about catboats. What you might not know is that a small art association on the island of Martha's Vineyard shares a catboat passion and close connection with all of you.

The Old Sculpin Gallery, on the waterfront in Edgartown, is home to the Martha's Vineyard Art Association, the island's first art gallery. That name is uniquely special because the "Old Sculpin" name belonged to arguably New England's premier catboat builder whose weathered 250 year old workshop the gallery now occupies. For more than fifty years Manuel Swartz Roberts' hands wrought an exquisite kind of artistry in the designing, sourcing, planing, bending and shaping of wood to create more than 200 beautiful works of catboat art that also happened to be as seaworthy as they were handsome.

Reading about Manuel, as I've done a lot lately, I feel I know him and I so wish I could have met him. He was a man of many talents who could intuitively "see" the boat in a piece of wood long before its shape ever emerged. He was a friend to all, young and old, local or summer wash up, stopping mid stroke to answer questions, solve problems or offer advice and philosophy to anyone in need of it. Among his many friends and daily visitors, standing knee-deep in the shavings and wood curls, were a legion of artists who painted the boats, fishermen and daily happenings of a busy working harbor. Their "gallery" at the time was an old fishing shack across the way, a space they quickly outgrew. When he retired in 1954, Manuel Swartz Roberts made it possible for the artists group

to purchase his boat building workshop for their gallery, which he continued to visit until his death in 1969. The association, and namesake gallery, now over 67 years old, showcases the artwork of more than 65 member artists.

In July of next year, the Martha's Vineyard Art Association will honor Manuel Swartz Roberts' legacy and the Old Sculpin Gallery's catboat heritage by hosting a Catboat Rendezvous and Parade of Sail, July 16-18, 2021, in Edgartown Harbor, in conjunction with a week-long waterfront-themed art exhibit, entitled "Catboats!"

The weekend will include arrival reception on Friday evening, Parade of Sail on Saturday and reception for participants, as well as a private tour of the historic Norton Boathouse. In addition, there will be a preview of the Art Show and tour of the Old Sculpin Gallery, the former boat building workshop of Manuel Swartz Roberts.

### **Please RSVP**

Catboat owners and participants are respectfully asked to RSVP to Mark Alan Lovewell at [mark@markalanlovewell.com](mailto:mark@markalanlovewell.com), preferably by May 1, if they intend to participate. Please provide your name, email address and mobile phone number. Please include the number of people on your boat.

### **Logistics and Lodging**

The harbor is fully booked in the summer with weekends being the busiest. With that in mind, participants have two options for moorings:



1. Outer Harbor Anchorage is free for any amount of time and located off the Chappaquiddick Beach Club. Old Port Launch is available for a small charge and there is a dingy dock in front of Atlantic Restaurant, near the Yacht Club.

2. Those boats who want to be on a rental mooring in the Inner Harbor must make reservations through dockwa.com. Set-up an account with Dockwa before March 1 with user name and password. In this way, on March 1 at 7 a.m., participants can make individual reservations. These rental moorings are available for \$45.00 per night and are in high demand.

Old Port Launch services both the anchorage and the rentals for a fee. In case of strong NE winds the Harbormaster can open Katama Bay for anchorage. (Katama Bay was open for 5 days last summer.)

3. Participants are also urged to make plans for overnight stays well in advance. There may be some private host accommodations available. Please inquire.

4. For general information and or land related questions, you may contact me: juneschoppe@gmail.com phone or (774) 310-5373



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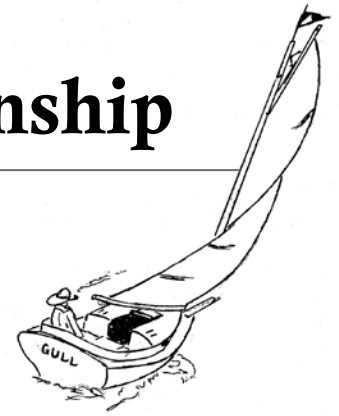
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# Sailing Techniques and Seamanship

Brent V.W. Putnam, Editor



*Ahoy shipmates! We have a treat for you this time around! If you're like me, you have a small library of nautical books, including a few specific to the catboat. Late last year, I was rereading a dog-eared copy of W. R. Cheney's "Penelope Down East" when I realized that Mr. Cheney had some sage advice about anchoring in chapter 8. And so with many thanks to Mr. Cheney and without further ado, I give you...*

## Anchoring and a Good Night's Sleep

W. R. Cheney

There are only two kinds of cruiser - those who have dragged anchor, and those who are going to. In northern waters this is just a fact of life. There are so many things that can go wrong with a single anchor dropped into the obscurity of an unseen and unknown bottom that eventual failure and the dreaded involuntary trip to leeward and potential disaster are bound to occur sooner or later. In tropic waters where you can swim down to see how your anchor is situated you are somewhat ahead of the game, but plenty of dragging goes on down south too.

The whole issue of anchoring and dragging can be avoided, as so many modern cruisers seem to do by only stopping in places where rental moorings are available and paying for the somewhat dubious security of lying on someone else's mooring. But this precludes enjoying most of the more secluded, charming and beautiful anchorages along our coast. And I'm old enough to think the usual fee is more appropriate to renting a full-service motel room than simply picking up a string tied to a rock.

We won't even talk about marina slips. My attitude in that regard is amply illustrated by the fact that in over sixty years of cruising, I have never used one.

What can, and does, go wrong with your anchor when the worst happens? Let me tell you a couple of stories...

My wife and I were anchored at Nantucket sometime back in the seventies when a full scale gale arrived one evening. Our 21 ft. sloop rode to her 20 pound CQR all night without incident. By morning the breeze had diminished to around 30 knots and, having already weathered much worse, we were not expecting any problems.

It was with some surprise, therefore, that we found our morning coffee interrupted by the sight of moving masts and boats all around us. But it was not other boats which were moving so rapidly up wind, it was us, hellbent for destruction in the opposite direction. Letting out what little scope we had in reserve did nothing to stop us, but fortunately the kedje was ready to hand, and it saved the day.

Retrieving the CQR taught me a valuable lesson. Lodged on the tip of the plow was a rusty old soup can and its simple presence had rendered our otherwise trusty anchor about as effective as a bowling ball. Since we had ridden all night in winds of 45 to 50 knots, I figured the anchor must have worked very slowly backward during the night - it could have been as little as a few inches - until it found the soup can in the morning and we started our sleigh ride to shore.

When you consider that every harbor known to man probably has at least a million soup cans strewn around its bottom, not to mention old buckets, broken bottles and other debris, you realize you can never be absolutely safe from a similar occurrence.

Anchored at a then very remote and uninhabited cay in the beautiful archipelago just south of Warderick Wells in the Exumas, I had an almost identical experience only this time the culprit was

a small conch shell. Not to be outdone, the Maine Coast provided me with a dragging episode at Roque Island via whelk shell, and another in nearby Bunker Hole where my anchor became fouled in heavy kelp.

At Spanish Cay in the Abacos, Seal Bay in Vinalhaven, and the Barred Islands in East Penobscot Bay anchors of ample size deployed at recommended scope have failed simply because the bottom was too hard or too soft, and the wind and wave action were heavy.

In one case I believe an anchor failed simply because the rode was too thick and strong! This was a case of a small boat with a light but appropriate anchor. The rode was a very heavy one from a much larger boat. With 10 to 1 scope but in a high wind with a vicious chop, the anchor was yanked clean out of the bottom. A thinner rode with more stretch would have greatly reduced the strain on that anchor, and, so eased, it most likely would have held.

Through the years, it can be seen, I've had my share of difficulties with anchors and anchoring but all this hard earned experience brings with it a certain expertise, or so I thought. A sort of "I've seen it all" kind of thinking creeps in. At its worst it can lead to overconfidence.

Thus I was almost grateful for a new lesson this past summer. I found that although by now I know all about soup cans, conchs, whelks, gobs of fish net and kelp, there are still surprises down there and I will probably never know all of it.

*Penelope* found herself anchored between Round and McGlathery Islands in Merchant's Row off Deer Isle one August night. Following my usual practice for engineless anchoring, I had reached toward my chosen spot then let go the sheet and dropped the hook. The anchor hits bottom while the boat still has some way on and this momentum is used to set the hook. She then rounds up and you drop the sail. This method of setting the anchor is about as good as backing down under power but perhaps not quite. In any case, if you don't have power it's the best you can do.

The night passed without incident, but hauling anchor in the morning I realized something was wrong. The anchor seemed about four times heavier than normal. When it finally broke the surface I could see that a large spruce branch was lodged in

the elbow of the CQR. Heavy enough to make it feel like the anchor had set; light enough to have caused real trouble if there had been any wind in the night.

Just one more story along these lines. I remember a brisk Maine morning a few years ago when suddenly I found myself beam to the weather and drifting rapidly toward shore. This time a rush to the anchor line and a hard yank yielded no answering pressure at all. The line, when it came in, was heavily abraded in one place and completely severed in another. This was not in some coral infested tropical gunk hole but a well-known and popular Maine anchorage.

Faced with so many unknown and unknowable hazards, how is the anchoring cruiser to get any sleep? You may remember the song from the musical "Cabaret" about "two ladies." Well, my song is about two anchors. Granted it's something of a pain in the derriere, but setting two anchors before you go off to dreamland will obviate almost any chance of involuntary and potentially disastrous journeys in the night. This of course applies only to known anchorages with decent holding ground. If you are over thick kelp or ledge, ten anchors won't hold you.

My ideal pairing is a CQR of ample size and a "fisherman" or "yachtsman" of equally generous proportions. The CQR is an excellent anchor and, used alone, is one of the best, most versatile and reliable patterns going. But the "fisherman" is also excellent and, undeniably, will hold in places where the CQR will not, while the reverse is not true.

The "fisherman" leaves much to be desired when used alone, however, because if wind or tide cause the boat to sail around or over the anchor, the rode is very likely to foul the exposed fluke at which point holding power goes from very high to close to zero. In tandem though, and set far enough apart so the boat can't drift over the "fisherman," these two anchors are unbeatable. None of the various anchor problems described in the earlier part of this article are remotely likely to happen to both of them at once so, unless the sea gods are really out to get you, you should get a good night's sleep.

Reprinted with permission from *Penelope Down East: Cruising Adventures in an Engineless Catboat Along the World's Most Beautiful Coast*, by W. R. Cheney, Breakaway Books, Halcottsville, NY 2015





# Navigation

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Skip Stanley, Editor



## Dead Reckoning

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Skip Stanley

*“The easiest way to find your position is not to have lost it in the first place.”*

– Don Dodds, *Modern Seamanship* <sup>1</sup>

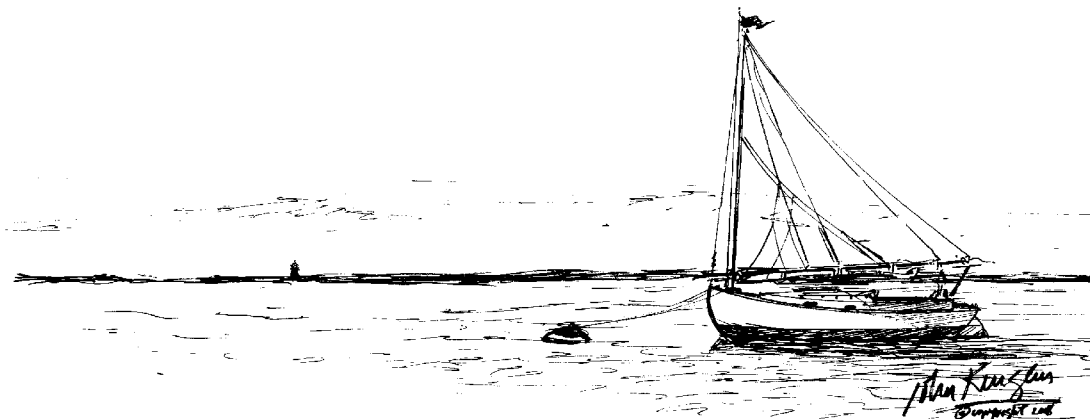
Mr. Dodds is right: to find out *exactly* where you are, you have to already have some idea where you are. Starting out from your dock or mooring, it's clear you know where you are. As you get underway, whether you consciously think of it or not, you start dead reckoning (maintaining a DR)<sup>2</sup> in your mind. You have a general idea what time you let go; you start noting marks around you, familiar points of land, buoys, beacons and other aids to navigation. You keep track of the times you pass these locations. As courses and speeds change, you pick up other landmarks and aids all the while tracking your progress.

On a routine day sail it's all pretty general, nothing needing to be exact. When you're in familiar waters, you do this instinctively. The marks are familiar and you have a pretty good idea how long it takes to get from one to the next. You could even go below for a while and when you come back on deck take a look around and quickly figure out where you are.

As you get further away from those waters, things get more interesting. Now you have to keep track a little more closely. It might be time to note the time you pass a mark or point of land, maybe even write it down. You might also note your compass course and consult the chart (or plotter) to have an idea what to expect. If you have a taffrail (or Walker) log, to track your progress through the water, you may deploy that. Observable speed may change, so this distance run (by log) becomes important. Checking the distance run versus time provides you a more accurate speed made good.

You might lay out your course on a chart, whether that be electronic or paper. When I was shipping, this was done with a pair of dividers on a paper chart. The speed made good was used to step off the DR positions ahead as well as the times aids or points of land should be seen.<sup>3</sup>

Dead reckoning is the most basic and time-honored skill of the mariner. It is the art and science of tracking your position in the absence of better information, (i.e., a fix). Your position can be determined a number of ways including compass bearings, ranges, and electronically. Depending upon the circumstances, you may go quite a while without



a fix. This, however, requires a certain amount of confidence in your ability to maintain the DR, carefully logging your courses and distances run, until you get the next fix. Far at sea, this could be as seldom as once a day. The long-held tradition of the noon position comes to mind. The navigator would take a sight of the sun at local apparent noon, to determine the latitude, then advance a morning sun line and retard an afternoon sun line to determine the position. The DR would be maintained throughout.

Naturally, the longer the period between fixes, the more error will be induced by the winds and currents acting on your boat. So, along the way, you fix your position and refigure your DRs.

This was true until the advent of electronic navigation when positions could be determined nearly at will for much of the world.<sup>4</sup> But well offshore, you can secure the GPS plotter and track your progress using the “old methods.” (You can always turn it back on.)

The closer you come to land, the more often you’ll fix your position. You want to confirm what you’re seeing, preferably by more than one means. You need to make sense of things; the closer attention

you’ve paid to your DR, the less chance you’ll end up “bending the chart” (see column in the fall Bulletin).

Aids have identifying shapes, colors, numbers, and letters. Lights have characteristics and these can be found on the chart. A stopwatch is a handy tool for timing a light’s flash. These will help your confirmations.

Approaching your destination, your final DR becomes your ETA.

You have arrived.

1. Dodds, Don, *Modern Seamanship*, Gramercy Books, New York NY, 2000
2. Dead reckoning has replaced “deduced reckoning” as the term of art. Let’s face it, it sounds better (cooler?). Consider the terms “dead eye,”—a good shot and “dead on,”—exactly right.
3. On ocean-going vessels, the official start time of a voyage is known as “departure” and is usually noted (in the log) as the vessel passes the sea buoy. The completion of a voyage is known as “arrival” and is also taken near the sea buoy.
4. LORAN was continuous but not world-wide. Early satellite navigation required waiting until a satellite passed within range, which could be somewhat random. GPS, of course, changed all that by making insanely accurate positions available continuously.

*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.*





# Keeper of the Light

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Jay Webster, Editor

## Looking Forward – Jim and Kim O'Connor

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Jay and Di Webster

As we approach the end of January 2021, I am sure most of us are, to say the least, disappointed that we were not able to hold our Annual Meeting in Mystic, Connecticut.

As most of us know, there are numerous great catboaters in our association. Thinking about two of the very most active members are Jim and Kim O'Connor who live in West Tisbury on Martha's Vineyard. Jim and Kim are the owners of *Glimmer*, a 22 foot Marshall cat and previously owned *Emily*, a Marshall 18, and a 14 footer named *Alice*.

Many of you are familiar with Jim and Kim because of the popularity of the "Catboat Calendar" that they have been producing for the past thirteen years. Many of us look forward to Jim's beautiful catboat photos, and the locations he has photographed them in, from the foggiest days of summer to sparkling fall days. Catboat sailors are all especially excited if just maybe their boat may have made the pages of the calendar!

Jim and Kim retired from their well known catering business on the Vineyard about six years ago. The children on Martha's Vineyard were privileged to have Kim as their art teacher for many years before she retired four years ago. She continues her creativity now by painting scenes on boating ventures, creating pottery, and painting her annual Christmas cards.

Although they live on the Vineyard, the O'Connors travel often. During the summer and fall, they sail to many destinations with their black lab, Marshall, from Long Island to Newport, to Block Island, and Provincetown. Jim has also sailed up the Hudson River with Bob Luckraft and Peter Arguimbau on the wooden cat *Molly Rose*.

During the winter over the past three years, they have land travelled from the Vineyard to Florida, to California and Mexico, visiting many catboat friends as they rolled along in their Sprinter van, which they customized with their catboat interior in mind.

Summer cruises usually include catboat rendezvous in Rhode Island and southern Massachu-



sets including the Elizabeth Islands, Buzzards Bay, Chatham, Nantucket, and of course their home ports on Martha's Vineyard. They organized a season ending Labor Day rendezvous at Tarpaulin Cove on Vineyard Sound this past summer. For many years they co-organized the Edgartown rendezvous with Stu and Mary Lollis. Sadly, Stu "crossed the bar" this past December after a long illness.

Jim and Kim have probably sailed to more ports than most catboaters and have won many races over the years. In addition, Jim received the John Killam Murphy award in 2018.

As former chefs, Kim and Jim are the best at providing wonderful meals while cruising. One of our great treats, while cruising with them, was when they bought a flounder from a fishing crew in Vineyard Sound, then and cooked the fish on a rock in Tarpaulin Cove, to our culinary delight! Flounder never tasted so good!

Hopefully we will all be sailing together again this coming summer, and perhaps many of us will have a chance to share great sailing adventures with Jim and Kim and other catboaters!



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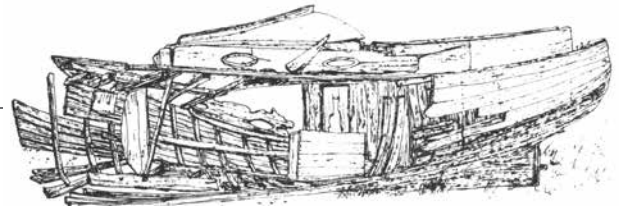
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# Stray Cats



## Resurrecting a Handy Cat

Andy Davis



It all started in my pre-teen years in the early '70s when I did my best to be a “carpenter’s mate” for my father, Jim Davis, restoring a sixteen foot catboat that was then about fifty years old. I learned a lot: steam bending green oak, sistering ribs, planing, sanding, caulking plank seams, measuring twice/cutting once, and a bunch of four letter words. We enjoyed sailing her together for a season or two in Newport, Rhode Island, before my teenage interests took me in other directions. Still, my love for catboats never went away.



Davis family catboat restoration circa 1972.

I always had a dream of building a classic cat from the keel up with the skills and tools I attained from my father and grandfather, Octavius “Chips” Davis. Chips was the quintessential shipwright. He enlisted into the US Navy in 1908 at seventeen. His first assignment was aboard the USS *Constellation* when it was stationed in Newport as a training vessel. In his thirty-six year career, much of it as a Chief Carpenters Mate, he learned all aspects of being a true naval shipwright. He served on several ships through WWI and WWII and also served as a lighthouse keeper on Thatchers Island, Duxbury, Whale Rock and Pt Judith lights. While assigned to Whale Rock, he was on shore leave on the day of the 1938 hurricane which destroyed the lighthouse and took the life of his fellow keeper.

The epitome of his career was in 1932, when he was tapped by Admiral Richard E. Byrd to join him on his second expedition to the South Pole as the ship’s carpenter onboard the S.S. *Jacob Ruppert*. He rounded out his career being assigned to the Newport Torpedo Station and the Melville Torpedo Boat Squadron Training Center.

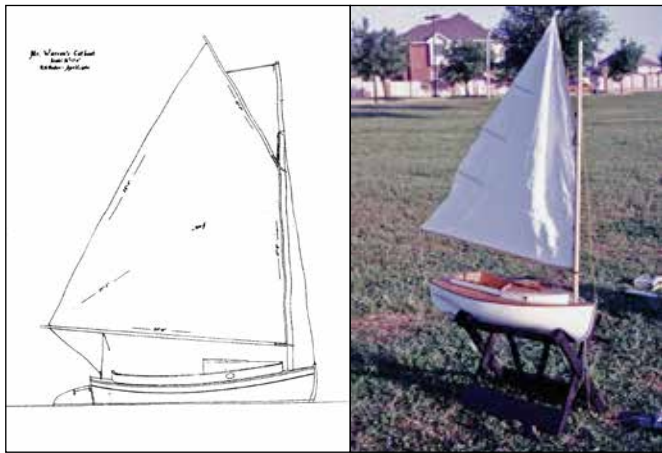


Octavius “Chips” Davis with *My Pal*, Newport, Rhode Island.

Applying his skills, he built a number of boats, including his favorite, *My Pal*, a regular feature off “The Point” in Newport in the '60s and '70s. His trade, skills, and tools were passed down to my father and eventually me, albeit much of the finer aspects were lost in the transition, other than the desire to build.

I believe my father had the same aspirations to build a catboat too. After he passed away in 1991, while we were thinning out the family home, I came across blueprints that he had squirreled away for a twenty foot catboat that was completed by Robert H. Baker in 1960 for a Mr. William Warren. That was probably the seed that got me really motivated to build a cat. Regrettably, my career kept me moving around the country and I could never find the time to fulfill that dream.

As a substitute, I used the Baker plans to build a 1/20 scale model. I actually rigged it for radio controlled sailing. We were living in Flower Mound, Texas, at the time and our home backed up to a pond that was active with RC sailors. My wife Cyndi and I were competitive racers (having two Star Class 45s of our own). Imagine the heads that turned when I launched this twenty inch catboat into the fleet of the “race rockets.” I may have hit the start on a couple of races, but it went downhill from there.



1/20 scale radio controlled model of a 20 foot catboat from Robert H. Baker measurements for Mr. William Warren.

My career brought us back to New England, and I quickly realized my wish to build a cat from keel up would have to further wait due to the lack of time, resources, and all the other challenges we’re facing in those times.

I found an alternative to my dream in 2016. In my random sailboat searches on Craigslist, I came across a listing for a fourteen foot Handy Cat. The photos in the post left a lot to be desired. She was a tired hulk in near derelict condition. She had evidence of neglect

and repairs from previous damage. Since I have a tendency to want to resurrect things (maybe from watching the movie *Batteries Not Included* too many times) this catboat caught my eye. After checking it out, and seeing just how terrible shape she was in, it occurred to me that it could be a good substitute to building a classic cat. I could strip her down, remove the deck, remove the molded cockpit and bulkhead down to the bare hull. This would free me from the challenge of building the hull by using the shell as a base for building my “classic cat.”

The hull proved to be tired. The keel was worn paper thin with open cracks forward of the centerboard from chronic beaching. The centerboard house had stress cracks at the base. The bilge was completely filled with sand and sediment and the foam floatation was completely waterlogged, evidence that the boat must have been submerged for a very long time.

With nothing but a hull, I really had a clean slate to work with. I had no real plans, other than my thoughts of a classic catboat. I was inspired by the catboat my father and I restored as well as those on display at the Mystic Seaport Museum and the ones that are stored in the warehouse across the street (which are available to view during the Catboat Association annual meeting and the Wooden Boat Show which is scheduled for August 2021).

Working on my own, in our two car “woodshop,” I had to get creative in moving and rolling the hull. Using an automotive engine stand mounted on the stern, and fabricating a boat jack stand with a 6 in. x 1/2 in. bolt drilled through the bow, I was able to spin the hull upside down to work on the bottom. The trick was to find the center of gravity so that it would not be too top or bottom heavy when I went to turn it. By luck, I had it right the first try.



Rolling the hull.



One of the biggest challenges was estimating how much floatation I needed. I was replacing a lot of fiberglass with wood, which has its own buoyancy. But I had no idea what the difference in weight between what got torn out and what I was adding. So, I went with an abundance of caution by adding a bulkhead a few feet back from the bow and filling it with insulation foam. I also built pockets behind the cockpit seats filling them with more foam. This was also the reason why I went with Douglas fir for the deck. It's lighter than the traditional woods, but has good characteristics for marine use.

The boat did not come with rigging. I reached out to Stroudwater Boatworks in Maine who's the current builder of the Handy Cat and they were kind enough to provide the rigging dimensions. As luck would have it, a full catboat rig was for sale on Craigslist. The gaff was the right length. The mast was about two feet too short and the boom needed another nine inches. The boom at the gooseneck was also split. So, a splice was done at the clew end to add an additional twelve inches that was needed and for the repairs to refit the gooseneck.

The mast, being two feet short, was not a problem. I wanted the ease of transporting her as a day sailer and I intended to hinge the mast anyway. An ideal design was found in an article in the March/April 2014 issue of *WoodenBoat* magazine covering a hinge design by David McCulloch. This required a change from the traditional catboat, which only has a forestay. I added shrouds to make up for the weakness in the mast caused by the hinge.

I did my best to maintain Merle Hallett's original design of the Handy Cat such as placing the hardware in close proximity to the original locations and using the cockpit coming as a mold for the new one. The only design changes I made were mostly cosmetic and lowering cockpit sole for more leg comfort. She was re-commissioned June 2020 on Lake Chargoggagogmanchauggagoggchaubunagungamaugg, more commonly known as Webster Lake, Massachusetts

where Cyndi and I dry-sail her over the summer, with plans to take her to Newport, Mystic and hopefully Association rendezvous in the summers to come.

Giving tribute to my father and grandfather, she's affectionately named *SOASOAS*. For Jimmy Buffett fans, you'll get it.




A series of before and after photos.



**Author's Note:** I created a slideshow on YouTube with these before and after photos and a chronology of the 3-plus year project. Enjoy. And please, I always welcome feedback, constructive criticism, and comments. So feel free to post them on the YouTube page. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U2mZ79ErIUg&t=27s>







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## **2021 Arey's Pond 14 Worlds**

**The first annual Arey's Pond 14 Worlds regatta is August 20th.**

Did you know that there are hundreds of Arey's Pond 14' catboats across the world? We're excited to bring together owners of 14' Arey's Pond Catboats from far and wide. This regatta will be the best of three races, using a windward-leeward course. Two races will take place in Little Pleasant Bay, and one will take place in Big Pleasant Bay. Our goal with this event is to work towards making the Arey's Pond 14' Catboat a US Sailing recognized one design class. While prizes will be awarded, our priority is fun!

The 29th Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering will take place the following day, August 21st, and the Cat Gathering will act as the Worlds tie breaker, if needed.

Fleet space at the Worlds regatta is limited, so please be sure to register by June 26th, 2021 to secure your spot on the starting line!



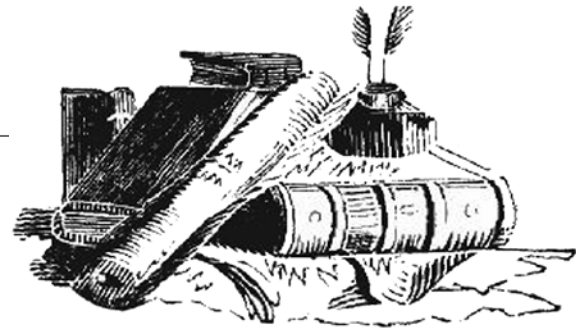
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# Book Review

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Ned Hitchcock, Contributing Editor



*First, thanks to Bill McKay for his excellent review of the Michael Ruhlman book "Wooden Boats" on the Gannon & Benjamin boatyard in the Fall 2020 Bulletin. Also, when I was looking for new books, I ran across a web site "coastal boating.net." It appears to be a good source for gear and nautical books. Finally, while shopping at Isaiah Thomas Books in Mashpee, I ran across a couple books by James L. Nelson called "Lords of the Sea" and "By Force of Arms." They seem a kind of hybrid of Dewey Lambden and Patrick O'Brien and focus on naval warfare during the period of the American Revolution.*

## ***The Mortal Sea***

By W. Jeffrey Bolster  
Review by Ned Hitchcock

There are two themes in this book; the first the fact that the sea is indeed "mortal," and, second, the historical consequences of fishing the Atlantic in the age of sail and later. The author reminds us that "ecosystems are natural but never timeless" (p.17). He also states that the sea is quite changeable, changing "daily, seasonally and historically, as well as over geological time" (p.17).

This remarkable volume details the history of the human interface with the sea and the fish that inhabit it from prehistory until the present. The author emphasizes slowly developing technical advances which led to a growing dependence on fish and fishing as a food resource for the human population. At the same time, these advances led to increasing catches and the gradual reduction of fish stocks of all kinds in a kind of boom-bust cycle. Early fishing usually depended on individual sailors fishing from a ship's deck or from small boats. By the turn of the 20th century, the fishing boats, usually schooners in North America, began to convert from sailing to power-driven vessels and moved from long line fishing to beam trawlers. The trawls were

dragged along the sea bottom and scraped up nearly everything they contacted. In the 1920s, the advent of the otter trawl enabled increased catches. The trade began to shift from cleaning the fish onboard to returning to shore and having the catch processed in factories. The development of quick-freezing methods led to increased pressure on remaining fish stocks and a growing tension between exploitation and sustainability and ultimately in the near total depletion of fish populations world-wide.

In the epilogue, the author observes that a thousand years of fishing history makes clear that humans have "a limited ability to control nature; they cannot engineer exactly the outcomes they desire. And humans have an established record of fouling up nature, of compromising the natural resources and services they need. Our challenge is to pilot ourselves within these rules (p. 280). He goes on to advocate for "stewardship" which can sustain renewable resources for the future.



## *Riding the Wild Ocean*

by Paul Krantz Jr.

Review by Steve D'Amico

*"The seas continued to build, the wind now shrieking. Lou began to express concern with the narrowing channel. On the GPS screen, he could see the shoals squeezing us on both sides."*

So begins *Riding the Wild Ocean* by Paul Krantz, Jr., a frequently harrowing account of adventure sailing in small boats. It's bookended by accounts of circumnavigating Cape Cod, with its treacherous shoals and currents, first, as a young man in the mid-seventies in a Herreshoff 12 ½ Bull's Eye sloop and then in 2008, in an eighteen foot Goldeneye sloop. Sandwiched in between is the account of a voyage from Key West to the Dry Tortugas aboard an eighteen foot Marshall Sanderling.

Krantz really knows how to sail and has challenged himself to undertake voyages in conditions that most of us wouldn't and shouldn't consider.

On his first trip, sailing smoothly along five to six foot ocean swells in Pollock Rip approaching Bearse Shoal, an area littered with shipwrecks including the *Pendleton* (depicted in the movie "The Finest Hours"), Krantz and his sailing partner suddenly encounter "a pocked, watery moonscape" with deep holes between standing waves created by the opposition of current and swell. As they slide down each and approach the bottom, they are terrified to see the sandy sea floor reflecting the bright sunlight through the diminishing water. Three to four feet above their heads, the eastern side of the holes collapse toward them, filling the bowls, lifting them before they bottom out, and then up and over the next set of waves.

Krantz's account of sailing through the Cape Cod Canal, engineless (and illegally) in his tiny sloop is equally nail-biting. Zipping along in a five to six knot current and dodging large whirlpools, he's eventually forced to navigate to the center of the canal in a futile attempt to hold the waning wind, and into the path of a rapidly approaching tanker. He paddles for his life and narrowly avoids disaster.

On the last leg of his journey, in the darkness of night off Harwich Port, Krantz gets snagged and does battle until dawn with a fish weir in eight foot seas and twenty five knot gusts. He eventually arrives home battered and bruised but triumphant.

Over thirty years later, in what one can only suppose is an attempt to recapture the excitement of youth, Krantz, with a sailing partner, sets off from Nantucket on another circumnavigation of the Cape. Undeterred by a forecast of twenty to thirty knot winds and higher gusts, they set sail late in the afternoon. High winds, huge seas, small boat (at least there is an engine and GPS this time!), treacherous shoals at night, sounds crazy. For my money it is, but it makes for exciting reading.

In addition to the exciting adventures, there is a lot of useful information here. Krantz explains in patient detail, how he managed his first circumnavigation before the advent of sophisticated electronics, correcting for current, boat speed and moon phase—which he notes can affect the current reported in Eldridge by as much as fifty percent. The interaction of tide, swell and wind in a narrow rip is vividly explained as is the art of navigating by chart and compass by flashlight at night, in an open cockpit under trying conditions.

I picked up my copy of *Riding the Wild Ocean* from the author who had a vendor's table at the 58th CBA annual meeting. I'm glad I did.

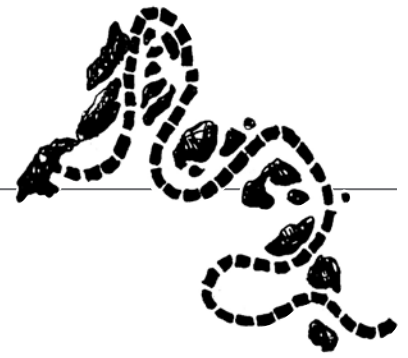
*Steve D'Amico sails his Marshall 22, The Grand Wazoo, out of Wickford, Rhode Island.*





# Short Tacks

C. Henry Depew, Contributing Editor



*Editor's Note: The material below is a compilation of emails received, material read in other sources, and the like. Little originality herein, but I thought it might be useful.*

Raising the mainsail with gaff attached on a catboat can be a lot of work, especially for those with old shoulders and/or backs. You have the throat halyard and the peak halyard. Of the two, the throat halyard does most of the work. The weight of the gaff, the gaff jaw, and mainsail can cause problems for older people in making the hoist. One solution is to install either a high ratio/long handle winch while another is to use an electric winch on the throat halyard. Since a 12V electric winch takes up a good deal of space, some people use a cordless drill that is rigged to turn the winch. If a cordless drill is the selection, there is a need to create the piece that goes between the electric drill and the winch handle socket. You might want to make two, so when one goes overboard you have a replacement. If the decision is for an electric winch, one recommendation was for a 12V gearhead motor from Leeson Electric in Grafton, Wisconsin. It is reported to be a compact, powerful (the model M1125267 produces 220 in/lbs. of torque using 11 amps), and has low maintenance requirements. A small forward and reverse switch makes setting and striking (unfurling and furling) a non-event. No matter your choice of winch type, a self-tailing winch with a stopper is an asset in this endeavor, since one can jam off the halyard when finished and coil up the line in the cockpit.

Where the mast passes through the deck are the wedges that hold it in place. Over time, the wedges can dry out and work loose. There seems to be a number of solutions to the problem. One idea is the pound the wedges in from the bottom up. Another idea is to "roughen" up the wedges (and/or the mast) where they fit together to improve the binding. If the mast boot is working properly and the wedges dry out, you can wrap a towel around the base of the wedges inside the boat and pour some water on them

to get them to expand. Then, there is the straight mechanical approach with a large, non-metal hose clamp around the wedges just above the deck. The clamp should lock everything together.

Falling off the boat can lead to numerous problems and threats to one's life. While there seems to be some concern about which type of safety harness is best, there is little doubt that a PFD is essential. However, once in the water, the PFD will keep you afloat until you expire from hypothermia, while the boat continues on her merry way. One idea to stop the boat from sailing on is to trail a line over the stern attached to the tiller. If you end up in the water, you grab the line and swing the tiller to one side and the boat will either go in a circle or point the bow to weather, so you have a chance to get back on board using the steps on the transom or rudder. However, the line to the tiller may not work, if your boat has a wheel for steering or if you are using a self-steering option. Then, there is the problem of getting back in the boat from the water, even with steps on the transom or rudder. Without a place to put your foot, it is very difficult to get back in a boat from the water using upper arm strength alone. My Sisu 22 had a fold up boarding platform with a fold down step. The Sisu 26 has a folding, aluminum ladder that fitted into one of the rod holders. In both cases, I had a place to put a foot to get me back up to climb back into the boat. Perhaps, for some folks, sailing alone is not a good idea.

## 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. 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 the last few:

**Navigator's Notes:**

Rule of Accuracy: When working towards the solution of a problem, it always helps if you know the answer. Corollary: Provided, of course, you know there's a problem.

Andrew's Canoeing Postulate: No matter which direction you start, it's always against the wind coming back.

**Bennett's Beatitudes:**

1. Blessed is he who has reached the point of no return and knows it, for he shall enjoy living.
2. Blessed is he who expects no gratitude, for he shall not be disappointed.

**Burn's Balance:**

If the assumptions are wrong, the conclusions aren't likely to be very good.

**Cooke's Law:**

In any decision situation, the amount of relevant information available is inversely proportional to the importance of the decision.

**Finagle's Law:**

Science is truth; don't be misled by facts.

**Finagle Factor & Others:**

The Finagle Factor: changes the Universe to fit the equation.

The Bouguerre Factor: changes the equation to fit the Universe.

The Diddle Factor: changes things so that the equation and the Universe appear to fit, without requiring any real change in either.

**Finagle's Rules for Navigation:**

1. Do not believe in miracles - rely on them.
2. Always verify your Witchcraft.
3. First draw your track, then plot your bearings.
4. A record of the data is useful - it shows you've been working.
5. In case of doubt, make it sound convincing.

**Finagle's Laws of Information:**

1. The information you have is not what you want.
2. The information you want is not what you need.
3. The information you need is not what you can obtain.

**Maier's Law:**

If facts do not conform to the theory, they must be disposed of.

**Osborn's Law of Magnetism & Tides:**

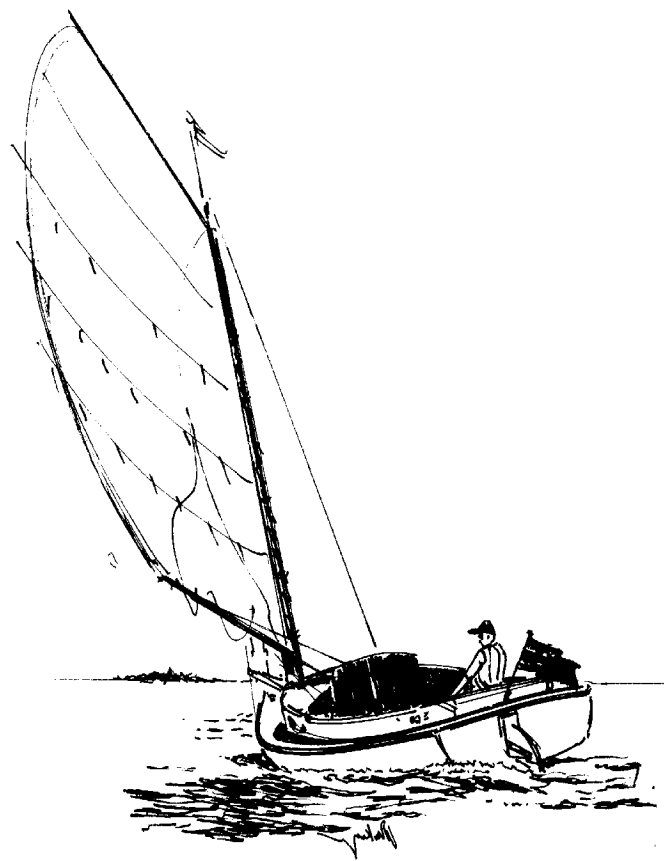
Variables won't; constants aren't.

**Parson's 2nd Law:**

A place you want to get to is always just off the edge of the chart.

**Skinner's Constant:**

(cf Finagle) That quantity which when multiplied by, divided by, added to, or subtracted from the answer you get gives you the answer you should have obtained.



# New Members

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Carolyn Pratt, Membership Secretary

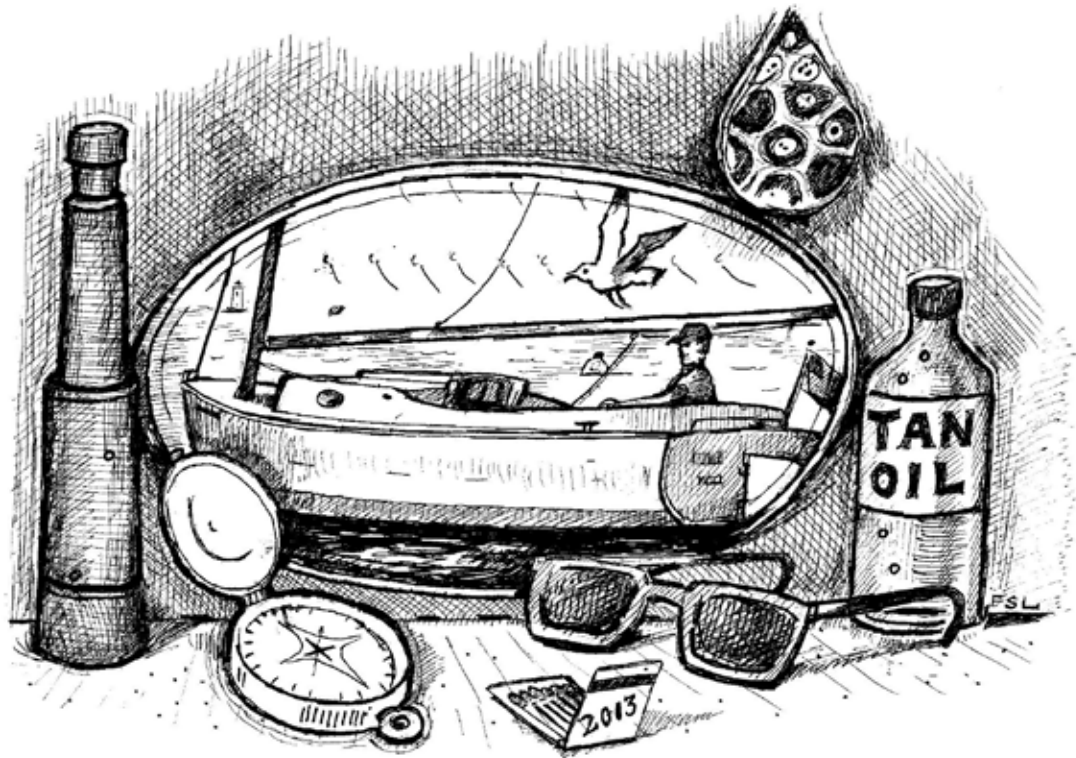
## *WELCOME ABOARD to our new members since Fall 2020*

Murphy & Fred Armstrong, Victoria,  
British Columbia, Canada  
Kevin Cadieux, Fairhaven, MA  
Andrew Cafourek, East Hampton, NY  
John Cameron, Brewster, MA  
Bob & Diane Cimba, Centreville, MD  
Julianna Collins, Potsdam, NY  
Peter Comrack & Don Trisler, Hingham, MA  
Paul Desrosiers, Tiverton, RI  
John Dzioba, New Haven, CT  
Will Flannery, Arapahoe, NC  
Chris & Beth Fusco, Millis, MA  
Stuart & Carol Gillespie, West Bath, ME  
Tobias Glidden, Nantucket, MA  
Andy & Kim Gregg, Redding, CT  
Jon & Beth Griffen, Chevy Chase, MD  
Michael & Donna Johnson, Leesburg, FL  
Chris Jones, Colorado Springs, CO  
Greg & Terri Jones, Wareham, MA  
Jill & Frederick Klein, Washington, DC  
Norm LaBrie & Beth Bryan, Cranston, RI  
Arlene La Marca, Red Bank, NJ

Nina Lil, Amsterdam, CA  
Robert & Barbara McDonald, Gautier, MI  
PJ & Julie Mercer, Lakewood, NJ  
Nancy Moore, Toronto, Canada  
Bruno Morasutti, Haddam, CT  
John & Jenna Myrick, Stroudsburg, PA  
David & Kathy Nagle, Bourne, MA  
Theo Nieuwenhuizen, Schowen-Duiveland,  
Netherlands  
John & Oxana Niser, Wayne, NJ  
Michael & Sarah Phelen, West Chester, PA  
Jonathan Poet, Philadelphia, PA  
Ken & Marjon Quigley, Aiken, SC  
Jeremy & Marsha St. Pierre, Latrobe, PA  
Jane Syme, Ivoryton, CT  
Maud Sejourant, Sante Fe, NM  
Jeff Tamsin, San Marcos, CA  
Chuck Tantillo, Lenexa, KS  
Bill & Maura Terrell, Chatham, MA  
Jason Waguespack, Youngsville, LA  
James Weber, Great Barrington, MA







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# Cats for Sale

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

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

*All listings must be received in writing; please do not call! Please type, print or e-mail to the address below.*

*Your listings must be received by December 15th, March 15th, or September 15th to insure being published in the winter, spring, or fall printed issues of the Catboat Bulletin.*

*Listings will not be reprinted, unless requested in writing, stating the previous issue and the ad number. If you sell your boat or equipment before the above deadlines, please notify in writing (e-mail preferred); please limit your ad to 300 words. Editors are not responsible for accuracy*

*of content.*

*Spencer Day, 7 Cottage Place, Milton, MA 02186-4504, or [cats4sale@catboats.org](mailto:cats4sale@catboats.org)*



184-1. 1987 Marshall Sanderling 18' - Hull #654 - Race Ready or Cruising Bay Champion - In Excellent Condition 2 sets - Quantum Racing Sail w/bag. Dacron Cruising sail w/ bag. Custom sail cover in green. Digital KVH sail compass w/ cover. Harken Main Sheet system, 360\* Cam Cleat, Halyards end in cockpit w/ Harken cam cleats. Flag halyard, 3 strand polyester Dacron halyards. New solar vent on cabin top. Newly painted cockpit sole, buff w/ non-skid. New finish, Interlux Schooner Gold, on all teak, cabin handrails, rub rails, coaming cap, cabin trunk trim, boom crutch, centerboard cap, cockpit end of centerboard trunk, companionway louvered doors. VC 17 offshore racing bottom paint. Painted aluminum mast, boom & gaff. Burnished bronze hardware, bronze headstay. Opening bronze porthole forward, 4 fixed bronze portholes. Bronze transom step, bronze springline cleats. Ash tiller w/ forespar tiller extension. Vinyl covered Airex foam cockpit cushions. Running lights w/ new AGM battery. 12 volt electrical system. Danforth anchor & 100 ft rode. New 3 gal. fuel tank & new fuel line. 1997 Loadrite galvanized single axle trailer w/ bunks, 2 new tires. Please contact Joe @ (207)664-2543 or email [joe143jant@gmail.com](mailto:joe143jant@gmail.com). REDUCED: Asking \$17,500. Located in Maine near Bar Harbor.



184-2. For Sale: 1968 17ft Herman catboat. "Casco Cat" is Marconi rigged so only one halyard and one sheet, very easily singlehanded. She comes on a single axle trailer and has a Nissan Marine four stroke long shaft 6 hp outboard. Professionally restored by Great Island Marina, Harpswell, Me. between 2005-09. Currently in the water at Island View Marina, Kent Island, Md and in a barn for the Winter in Harrington, De. Would be willing to deliver anywhere on the East Coast for expenses. Asking \$8000. Contact Frank Newton 908-581-8774 or [finewton3@yahoo.com](mailto:finewton3@yahoo.com)



184-6. 2004 Sailing Rowing Trinket. Top of the line. Draft 4", Beam 54", Weight 135 lbs., Red Oak Sail w/bag, extra rowing eye, teak floor boards, protective stainless transom molding, canvas boat cover, transom lettering, boat trailer. Excellent sailing and rowing performance. Simple to rig. Lightly used, very good condition. Asking \$3800. Located in SE CT. Contact Owner at [hantdd@sbcglobal.net](mailto:hantdd@sbcglobal.net)



184-8. 21' Fenwick Williams, ROSEBUD, formerly BUTTON. Launched 1964. Winner "Best Sailboat" Salem Antique and Classic Boat Festival in 2009 and 2014. Cedar on oak. Teak decks, teak cockpit sole, teak engine box and teak trim. Huge comfortable bunks. Origo stove. Rare octagonal bronze opening ports. Rewired stem to stern 2012. VHF, Garmin depth finder. Twin bilge pumps, manual gusher. Mast, spars sitka spruce. 372 sq. ft. Oceanus vertical cut sail, new 2012. "Posh" three-strand running rigging and sail lashings. Wood/bronze blocks. Oak mast hoops. Original Volvo MD2 rebuilt in 2011, runs exc. Many spare engine parts. Turns heads! Motivated seller: too many boats! Salisbury, MA. Contact Jim 978-388-4445, or email [jgrenier@renegadestudios.com](mailto:jgrenier@renegadestudios.com). asking \$18,000.





184-9. 17' Hermann catboat (Charles Wittholz designed) – gaff headed - Great boat for light cruising/day sailing - dark green topsides, white coach and cockpit - Sail in great shape (cover serviceable) - New rudder (Cape Cod Ship Building Co. built) with bronze rudder steps – lazy jacks - teak seats and tiller (with full set of spare seats and tiller) - teak coaming cap – louvered wooden companion way doors (removable) – all bright work lovingly maintained – cushion for cockpit and cabin – Danforth lighted bulkhead mounted compass - Porta-Potty (used once in twenty years) – bilge pumps (integrated mechanical and electric) – deep cycle battery – electric control panel – running, masthead, and cabin lights – Uniden VHS radio with masthead mounted antenna — Evinrude 6.5 outboard engine that has been professionally maintained at least for the past twenty years - several PFDs - anchor, fenders, boat hooks, dock lines, lead line - “Bay Rhumb” is a solidly built fiberglass boat with aluminum mast, gaff, and boom - great under seat storage - She is an old boat, but she sails well, can power against the current, and is comfortable both in the cockpit and below with two bunks and sitting headroom - forward hatch provides great ventilation – Includes Winter storage gear – 4 poppets, cribbing and Winter cover heavy duty tarp – mast pivots into galleys to form ridge for convenient Winter cover support. She is currently in a slip or on the dry at Pequonnock Yacht Club, New Haven, CT If interested, contact J. T. at [jtsancomb@snet.net](mailto:jtsancomb@snet.net) for more photos, detailed inventory, specs, and further details. \$8,000



184-10. 1995 Marshall Sandpiper w/ cuddy. “Strike Away” is a professionally maintained boat that undergoes all cosmetic work regularly. The sale of this boat includes a single axle Load Rite trailer, 2hp Honda motor, fitted cockpit cushions, tanbark mainsail, two sets of cockpit & mainsail covers, six (6) lifejackets, Danforth anchor (w/ chain and rode), boat hook and paddle. This is a well kept boat that's ready to sail. “Strike Away” is located on Shelter Island (NY) and is offered at \$12,000. Contact Schuyler Needham at 631.749.0700 or [sneedham@chmb.net](mailto:sneedham@chmb.net)



184-11. 1990 Menger 15' catboat. This catboat is the perfect size for trailering and the tabernacle mast can be stepped by one person, sails solid and beautiful, a real head turner. Comes with trailer and three covers: 1 - boom cover (shown in photo); 2- mooring cover; and 3- full cover. Located West Central Gulf coast of Florida, will deliver within reasonable distance. Asking \$7250, please contact Bill at 352-397-8760 or email [wsloan908@gmail.com](mailto:wsloan908@gmail.com)



184-14. 2000 Marshall 22 Catboat, Hull # 253, “Selkie,” Seeks A Sailor. Yanmar 2GM20 inboard diesel. One sail, sail cover, dodger, radio, electric head. Good condition, could use some bright work. Galesville, Maryland. \$35,000. Contact: Tom Reinert, [tom2reinert@gmail.com](mailto:tom2reinert@gmail.com) or 202.372.7103



184-16. 25' Ted Brewer Chappaquiddick catboat. 12' beam, draft approx 3'; Fiberglass hull; Well for outboard 15HP Honda; Aluminum mast, boom, gaff, and saddle. Tiller steering. Boat sails very well. I lived aboard this boat in Beaufort NC for 3 summers and it's incredibly roomy. Major project boat, hull is sound, deck has delamination in some areas. Call / text Will 252 571 8911 email [Offshorerrafting@gmail.com](mailto:Offshorerrafting@gmail.com) \$15,000



184-17. Cassiopea 25' catboat. Beautiful keeled Catboat modeled after Charles Wittholz Prudence, in excellent condition. She has a recent survey that prices her well above asking. She sails well with or without jib. Length on deck, 25ft with a beam of 11.5, STANDING HEADROOM. Cassy has a skeg keel so no centerboard trunk which makes her extremely roomy below. She has 2 queen-size berths (cabins because they have doors), we use one as storage to stow floats, fenders, chairs, fishing rods... Hot water, spacious head. Her seams are tight, does not leak a drop. LOA 38' counting her bowsprit and boom. 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 - mahogany plywood; Mast and Spars - Sitka spruce. Sails: Main - 466 sq.ft., yellow dacron (colored to look like Egyptian cotton); ~2010 in great shape, 2 smaller spare main sails; Two foresails: Big jib roller furling, ~280 sq. ft. white Dacron, significantly worn; Small jib roller furling ~150 square feet, tanbark Dacron, great shape. 2 new self-tailing winches 2016. Diesel inboard 37hp Lombardini 1204. Dripless shaft seal & cutless bearing new 2017. MaxProp 3-blade folding prop. Battery charger, pressurized water, water heater, Wireless Windex, VHF radio, Bluetooth stereo, all new 2016. Electric windlass, 90' of chain. Depth sounder NavText data. Raymarine tiller pilot. Alcohol stove, DC refrigerator. Waste tank new 2016. Maintenance: Mast step & varnish 2020, Hull repaint with Brightside topcoat 2020, Cockpit repaint with Brightside top coat 2018. Fairclough canvas winter cover 2017. Several canvas summer cover, unknown year, excellent shape As for speed: Cassy won Indian Harbor 2017 Catboat class, and Spirit of Tradition Division, competing against sloops. In 2017 Heritage Cup catboat class. Turnkey, ready to sail! REDUCED: Asking \$28,000 - more pictures are here: <http://www.woodencatboats.org/wooden-catboats/boats/cassiopea/> Location: Winter: Mamaroneck, NY, Summer: Greenwich, CT. Phone: (203) 258-4755





184-18. Wanted: Open cockpit Marshall Sanderling 18' ....willing to travel anywhere on the east coast. Christiangele@yahoo.com or cell 908-962-2289 thank you Chris Mele.

184-19. 1979 Marshall 18' Sanderling. Basically sound, needs new sail and some sprucing up. 5hp Honda with little usage, tuned up and ready to go. Solid custom built trailer included. Located Scituate, MA. \$6,500. Contact: Erik Simmons (781) 545-5099 or thesimmons10@comcast.net



184-20. 1972 Herreshoff America 18' Catboat. Converted to an open schooner. 258 s.f. sail, interior well for motor. All wood trim just Re-finished. 6 hp Johnson motor included. \$6,000 OBO. Contact Dennis dennise.mchugh@gmail.com Phone: (978) 256-3330



184-21. 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 Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. \$18,000 OBO Email Philip Beck on epbeck@me.com



184-22. 1973 Herreshoff America 18' catboat, 2015 6hp Tohatsu 4 stroke motor, plus trailer. \$9,600. jvking47@yahoo.com Phone: (631) 567-4568



184-23. 1985 Classic Block Island 19'9" cat-schooner.

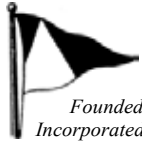
Looking for the "right" new owner. Unique Rhode Island classic! Rare Block Island double-ender cat-schooner design. As featured in articles in The Antique and Classic Boat Society quarterly (ACBS Rudder Winter 2019) and in Messing About In Boats (Feb.2020).



Saudades is a 1985 replica of historic boats evolved on BI for cod fishing by a father and son. Her sister lives at the Mystic Maritime Museum. Saudades is not a "project " boat. She is well built and in very good condition: sassafras lapstrake planking copper riveted onto oak frames and ribs. Locust stem, keel, sternpost, belaying pins and thole pins. Keel shod full length with copper shoe. Black walnut thwarts. Spruce masts. Appropriately sized sassafras oars. Bottom "wooded", red lead coated, re-painted, and garboards recaulked last year by local woodenboat guru George Zachorne (Geo. Zachorne & Sons, Boatbuilders). Two suits of Dutch gaff sails: maroon tanbark and white. Tan Sunbrella cover provides full enclosure. Includes galvanized trailer, custom designed two years ago incorporating Brownell screwjack stands to cradle her hull. Saudades draws admiring attention wherever she goes. I have treasured her for twenty years, but I am now "long in the tooth" and seeking a younger enthusiastic owner. Buyer must be a "right match" for this boat. Her asking price of \$9,000 (half her insured valuation) is negotiable. Jack 4zero1two94nine7one7 lazarusboat@cox.net

184-24. Vern Broe Print: Catboat  
75.00 per print plus shipping. Matt Carstensen Mjcarstensen@yahoo.com 508.367.9999





Founded 1962  
Incorporated 1983

## The Catboat Association Membership Application

One-time initiation fee:	20.00
Annual membership/renewal dues:	<u>40.00</u>
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](http://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: \_\_\_\_\_

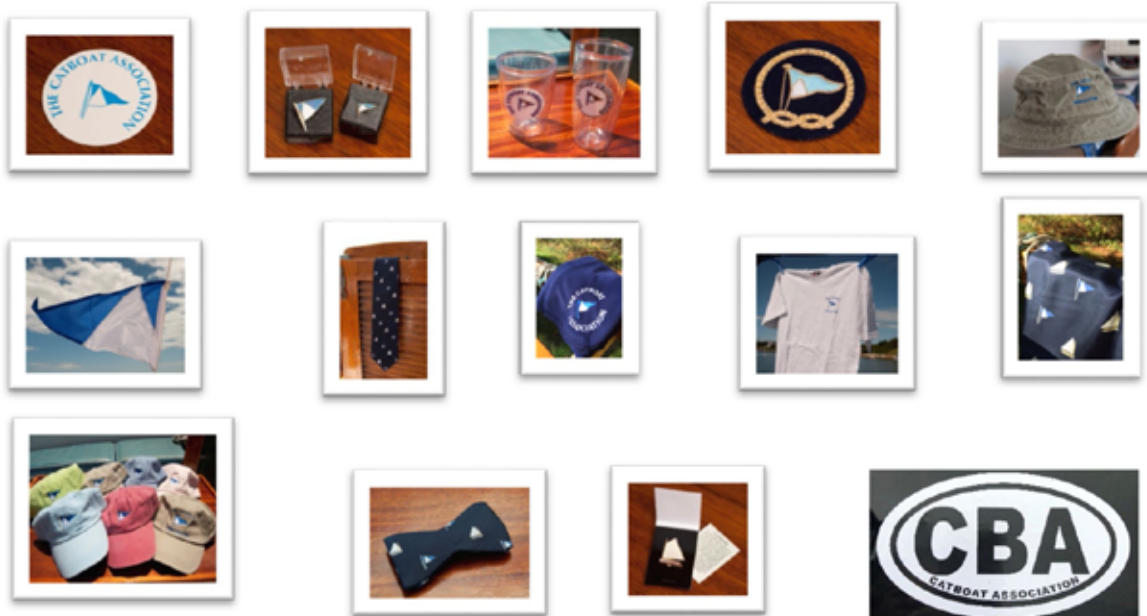
Where Built: \_\_\_\_\_

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>
<b>New!! Oval CBA Stickers</b>				\$4.99	
<b>Fleece Blanket - Navy</b>				\$20.00	
<b>Silk Scarf – Navy with burgee &amp; catboat pattern</b>				\$25.00	
<b>T Shirt - Grey S, M, L, XL, XXL</b>				\$20.00	
<b>Baseball Cap - Color Choices Below*</b>				\$18.00	
<b>Bucket Hat – Stone, Original Logo only</b>				\$18.00	
<b>Visor - Navy or White, Specify Original Logo or Burgee only</b>				\$15.00	
<b>Long Tie - Silk, Navy</b>				\$25.00	
<b>Bow Tie - Silk, Navy</b>				\$25.00	
<b>Burgee Pin</b>				\$10.00	
<b>Decal</b>				\$2.00	
<b>Catboat Pin</b>				\$15.00	
<b>Wool Blazer Patch</b>				\$25.00	
<b>Tie Tack</b>				\$6.00	
<b>Burgee</b>				\$20.00	
<b>Tumbler – Classic (16 oz) or Traveler (16 oz with Lid)</b>				\$12/\$14	

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

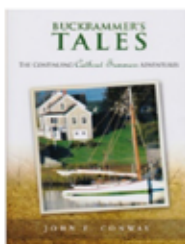
<b>Name</b>
<b>Address</b>
<b>City, State, Zip</b>
<b>Phone</b>

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

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



# CATBOAT ASSOCIATION PUBLICATIONS ORDER FORM



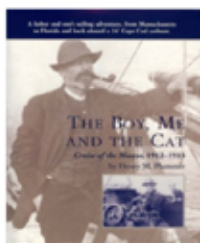
**Buckrammer's Tales**



**The Competitive Cat**



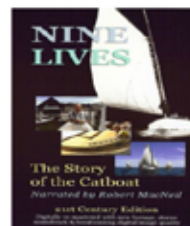
**The Catboat and How to Sail Her**



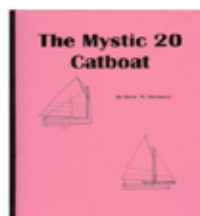
**The Boy, Me and the Cat**



**The Catboat Era in Newport**



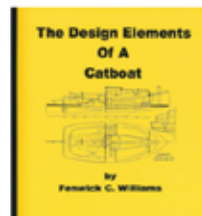
**Nine Lives DVD**



**Mystic 20 Catboat**



**Rudder Reprints**



**Design Elements of a Catboat**

Item	Quantity	Price	Total
<b>Buckrammer's Tales</b> by John E. Conway		<b>\$19.95</b>	
<b>The Competitive Cat</b> by Bill Welch, MD		<b>\$19.95</b>	
<b>The Catboat and How to Sail Her</b> edited by John H. Leavens		<b>\$15.00</b>	
<b>The Boy, Me and the Cat</b> (hardcover) by Henry M. Plummer		<b>\$19.95</b>	
<b>The Catboat Era in Newport, R.I.</b> (hardcover) by John H. Leavens		<b>\$19.95</b>	
<b>Nine Lives – The Story of the Catboat</b> (DVD)		<b>\$24.95</b>	
<b>The Design Elements of a Catboat</b> by Fenwick Williams		<b>\$15.00</b>	
<b>The Mystic 20 Catboat</b> by David W. MacIntyre		<b>\$15.00</b>	
<b>Reprints from "Rudder" – Design Plans of Twelve Cat Rigged Yachts</b>		<b>\$15.00</b>	
<b>Shipping and Handling: \$3 for EACH item.*</b>			
<b>ORDER TOTAL</b>			

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

Name : \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 Phone Number: \_\_\_\_\_

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

# Scuttlebutt

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## Membership Renewals

Annual membership renewals are due the 1st of the year. Please check the CBA website [www.catboats.org](http://www.catboats.org) 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 but the website is able to store an alternate address for each of these mailings—you can even specify which address to use for which mailings. Please take advantage of this or email [membership@catboats.org](mailto:membership@catboats.org) with updated information.

## Your Amazon Purchases Can Benefit the CBA

The next time you visit [Amazon.com](http://Amazon.com), use that purchase to benefit the Catboat Association. First, type in [smile.amazon.com](http://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! Note: You have to do your shopping at [smile.amazon.com](http://smile.amazon.com) every time; you can set this up on the phone app.

## CBA Website

The CBA website [www.catboats.org](http://www.catboats.org) has a multitude of interesting things including:

- A gallery of photographs
- Member resources including: Annual Meeting information, instructions on writing for the Bulletin, all previous Bulletins and the current Yearbooks
- The Races and Rendezvous Schedule
- Catboats for Sale classified ads
- And much more

## Catboat Association on Facebook

Check out the Catboat Association Lounge on Facebook.

## 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. Catboat kid stuff is great too: journals or pictures, models or artwork, stories or book reports—we'd find anything from their point of view of interest. Take a look at the categories on page 2 and send your text (Microsoft Word .doc or .docx files) and separate photos (.jpg files) to the appropriate Contributing Editor. Indicate where you think photos should go in the body of your article and the printers will take care of actually putting them there. (Don't embed them yourself, please.) Not savvy with Word? Don't let that stop you. Type your piece in an email and attach the photos and we'll see what we can do. This is your Bulletin! Submission deadlines: Fall Bulletin: Labor Day; Winter Bulletin: January 1; Spring Bulletin: February 15.

## That Goes for Photos Too

Got a great shot of your boat or somebody else's—send it to us. We're always looking for good cover photos or center spreads. Tell us a little bit about it too, for example: where it was taken, what the occasion was, and who the photographer was so we can ensure they get the credit!

## Change of Address for Membership and Renewal Payments

CBA Membership Secretary  
322 Concord Road  
Wayland, MA 01778-1121

## 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 send an email to the appropriate contributing editor (see page 2) or to [bulletin.editor@catboats.org](mailto:bulletin.editor@catboats.org).



# ON THE BACK COVER

## **Tacking Catboats**

Drawing by Dave Park

## **My Dad, Dave Park**

Wendy Park Geist

My dad bought his first sailboat on my birthday, January 26, 1970. He also bought a book called, *How to Sail*. He was determined to learn the craft of sailing and share the experience with us as a family. We spent almost every weekend on our sailboat.

I recall a few chilly Easter morning sails as a child. My brother and I would split up, “You take the bow, I got the stern...” We would find Easter baskets my mother had thoughtfully curated. My dad’s experience included sailing to Bermuda and countless hours on the Chesapeake Bay. When my brother and I left for college, dad was ready to downsize to a boat he could manage solo. He spent the next thirty years purchasing, rebuilding and racing catboats.

My dad made his deepest friendships with those who share a love of catboats and had a membership in the Chesapeake Catboat Association. I feel fortunate that our childhood included so much shared time as a family, a love and respect for the water and an appreciation for messing about in boats.

*A long-time member of the CBA, Dave received the Broadaxe Award in 2017 for rebuilding numerous catboats.*



