

Catboat Association Bulletin



No. 185



Spring 2021

ON THE COVER

Genie, a Marshall 22, at anchor in Padanaram, MA.

From the photographer: This photo was taken at Marshall Marine's Annual Rendezvous at 5:30 on a July morning. Overnight the temperatures dipped into the 40s and combined with the relatively high water temps created a low lying dense fog that resembled sea smoke. Once I finished shooting, I immediately returned to my warm berth aboard *Glimmer!*

Jim was a recipient of the John Killam Murphy Award for his work in promoting Catboats through his photography.

He publishes *The Catboat Calendar* yearly along with catboat related notecards. He can be reached via email at joconnor@vineyard.net for more information.

Photo by Jim O'Connor



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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

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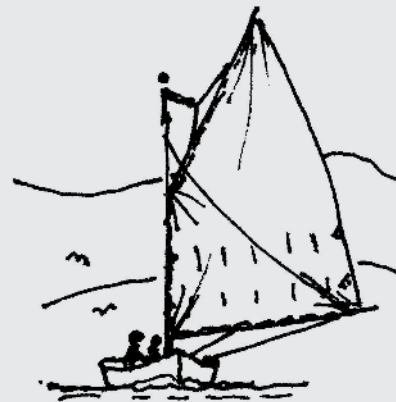
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WHAT TO DO ...

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

From the Editor:

Since becoming the editor, each time a Bulletin wraps up, I've often wondered whether we would have enough material for the *next* Bulletin. (I always keep a couple stories "in the queue" just in case.) Yet every time, without fail, our members come through.

This time was no different when, out of the blue, I received a wonderful story from Laurie "Loop" Armstrong, about his boat-building exploits on Vancouver Island, in Victoria, British Columbia. Loop recounts his many years of boat-building as a respite from his high-pressure occupation as a trial lawyer.

Just as surprising and equally welcome, were Theo Nieuwenhuizen's story of catboats in the Netherlands, which was sent to, and translated from Dutch, by Tim Lund and George Shuster's story of building a Beetle Cat sailing program at the Edgewood Yacht Club in Cranston, Rhode Island.

Then there are the stories collected and prepared by the Contributing Editors and other members who are willing to put their fingers to their keyboards and send their stories to us.

Some of you may have heard of the late Colin Fletcher, a naturalist who loved backpacking and writing about his experiences on the trail. Many of our members, I believe, are cut from the same cloth: sailing and writing about it.

Putting together each Bulletin is a team effort and I'm amazed time after time by the consistent contributions of our members and the Bulletin staff.

Now that spring is here, let's ready the boats and go sailing.

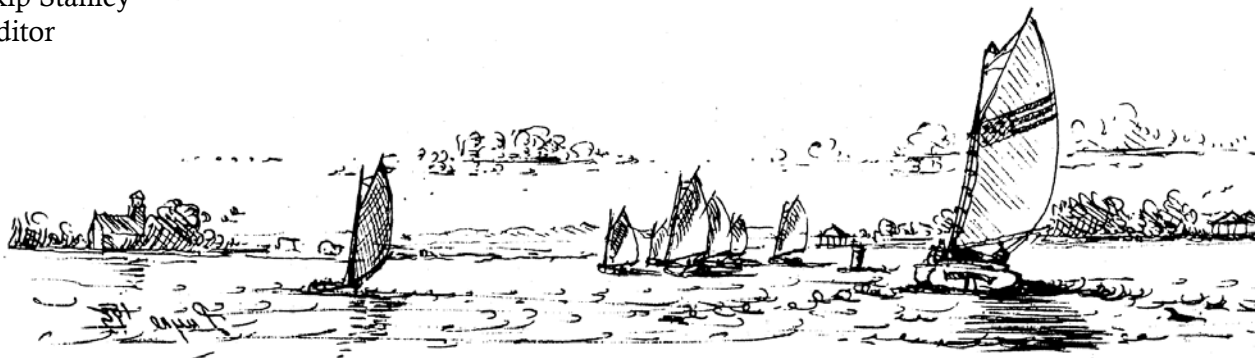
Have a fun, safe, and happy, summer.
See you in the fall.

Skip Stanley
Editor



Bill McKay on Dave Park's drawing (on the back cover of Bulletin No. 184)

I can't resist a comment on the drawing by Dave... I love the imminent crash of the right upper-hand cat into the one being blissfully sailed by the two guys about 10 ft. in front of it. There are often some close calls in every race, but this is *more* than a close call. One or the other (or both) might be calling "Starboard!", but of course both have the wind over their starboard. There are NO protests allowed in CBA races, so after duct tape is applied back at the barn, one of them will have a wood or fiberglass repair planned for the next week. I never hit anyone as I had a 6 ft. bowsprit... I did end up a few times over someone's cockpit, but of course, I bailed out of those fast!!!!



Now Hear This:

The View from the Top

Something seems “off.” Normally at this time of year I’d be feeling a combination of relief and excitement: relief that another successful Annual Meeting was behind us and excitement that the sailing season was in front of us. But without an Annual Meeting something is missing and that something is, er was, all of you. Sure the Annual Meeting is full of activities—the presentations and lectures, the Resource Show, the luncheon and keynote speaker—that are all great but what I really missed was seeing all of you. The comradery of catboaters sharing stories and catching up, as another year went by, is unmatched and set the stage for the coming season.

Fortunately, things are looking up and I’m sure we’ll all be getting together again next January. Till then, fair winds and following seas to you all. See you on the water.

— Tim Lund, President

Don’t Toss That Bulletin—Pass it On

Magazines are viewed differently by different people. Some see them like newspapers, to be recycled as soon as they’ve been read. Others see them as continuing sources of knowledge—as references to be consulted from time to time. As the flagship publication of the CBA, we’d like to think you see the Bulletin as the latter. But, even so, even the most devout don’t want to keep their paper copies hanging around (especially since all the past Bulletins are available on the CBA web site). If you’re one of those, here’s an idea: instead of recycling your Bulletin, pass it on. Leave your copy at your yacht club or marina coffee shop. A library might even be interested. You’d be spreading the word and you never know who might enjoy it. (I once heard a person at a local library proclaim: “I don’t own a boat, but I love the Catboat Bulletin!”) So, consider passing your copy on.

The Book: *The Catboat and How to Sail Her*

You may have seen this fine resource in the publications and merchandise section or on the publications table at an Annual Meeting. You may even own a copy. One thing you’ll notice, as you peruse its pages, is that in many places, it refers to past issues of the Bulletin. And you were out of luck

unless you happened to be a long-time member, or have a friend who is one (and a pack rat to boot). That is, until a few years ago, when *all* the past CBA Bulletins were scanned and made available on the CBA web site (www.catboats.org). So now, when *The Catboat and How to Sail Her*, refers you to: *Catboat Pointers from Oscar Pease*, Bulletin 15, page 11 you’ll know where to find it.

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 chauties 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

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? And 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 personal 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



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Catboats for Everyone

George W. Shuster, Jr.

Here at Edgewood Yacht Club, along the tiny, mile-long Providence River waterfront of Cranston, Rhode Island, we have a complicated history with wooden things. We lost two wooden clubhouses to fire, in 1905 and 2011. And we've been around long enough to have transitioned from an all-wooden fleet, including notable large racing catboats at the start of the twentieth century, to a mostly fiberglass fleet. But perhaps the most alluring relationship we've had with wooden things is our relationship with the Beetle Cat, which spans most of the 100-year history of those boats. We could spend a lot of ink recounting tales of EYC and Beetles over the decades, but our purpose here is more contemporary. We'd like to share a few thoughts on how we manage to sustain and build interest in wooden Beetle Cats, a hundred years into the timeline of the class, at a yacht club that's not the type of place where deep pockets can maintain wooden boat traditions without reference to the challenges of wooden boat economics in modern times.

First, we race every chance we can get. In 2020, for example, we ran Beetle Cat races every Wednesday night from the beginning of June until the end of September—a total of fifty-seven races. We hosted our 6th Annual Pomham Rocks Beetle Cat Circumnavigation Regatta—including a race across the river and in the shallow waters surrounding the 1871 lighthouse on the other side of the shipping channel. And, because the annual Leo J. Telesmanick Beetle Cat Championships—which had been scheduled to be hosted by EYC in 2020—were cancelled as a result of the pandemic, we hosted our own Edgewood Beetle Cat Invitational for anyone able to race notwithstanding the challenges last year brought. We keep the races short—fifteen minutes or so usually—because there's nothing more discouraging than being far behind in a Beetle in a long race. My motto has become, "There's always the next race!" We squeeze in one last race just as the sun is setting, because each of us only has so many Wednesday evenings in August to be sailing in a Beetle. Why is so much racing important? Because energy begets energy, and we've found that the best way to sustain a class of boats at EYC is to get out there and get after it.



Georgia (skipper) and Greta (crew) Shuster smiling between races in the August, 2020 Edgewood Optimist Invitational.

Second, the perfect is the enemy of the good. This applies to all things Beetle at EYC. We are sometimes rushed to get a course set up on Wednesday evenings, and the courses we set are not always square. Because we use a fixed dock at the edge of the marina for the race committee end of the start/finish line, we are somewhat constrained in courses when the wind is at all from the west. Sometimes we use boats in the mooring field for marks. We tend not to wait for the breeze to build or settle, and we tend not to tinker with courses when the wind shifts. We don't obsess over boat details notwithstanding the one-design nature of the class. Beetles are great for this sort of racing because they really don't lend themselves to precision anyway.

Third, we do what we can to embrace anyone with any interest in the fleet. One of our fleet members donated a somewhat clunky boat to the club, and we make it available for members who want to race. When a fleet member can't sail one week, we make that known and try to fill that seat with another

sailor. When kids at the club show interest in Beetles, we bring them on as crew and teach them to sail. When my daughter was six and wasn't keen to sail with me, another fleet member took her on, gave her the tiller, and she became EYC's first junior Beetle champion in many years at the Telesmanick only a couple of years later. Last year we had skippers of ages spanning seven decades and crew increasing that span to eight decades. When kids want to shuffle in and out of boats between races, we wait for that to settle out. We invite members to sit on the docks and watch the races—dock starts and short courses are perfect to encourage spectators. When nonmembers show interest, we hail them to come down and watch as well.

Fourth, we brand ourselves. Sure, that means ordering Beetle Cat hats and whatnot for the fleet from time to time. But it goes beyond that. We spread the word that we're the sort of fleet where a mom runs the races while dad drives one boat against his daughter who drives another. The kind where the people watching the races from the dock are having nearly as much fun as the sailors. We use the tools we have to get the word out—email, Facebook, Instagram. We make EYC's Beetle fleet the type of community we want it to be, and, sure enough, it attracts the type of people who want to be a part of this quirky group.



Even on a rainy July 2020 evening, EYC's Wednesday evening Beetle Cat races draw active participation. (L to R) Bob Barto in Windfall II, Rick Ramcharran in TBD, George Shuster in Seashell, and Wayne Kezirian in Yelsabet II.

Fifth, over time, we figure out how to hang on. In the Golden Age of Beetles at EYC, we had dozens of boats in the fleet. Kids were divided into

Apprentice and Able classes. Men sailed as "Peppy Pappys" and women sailed as "Wet Hens." We had Beetle fleet racing and Beetle team racing. We sent kids and adults to regattas around New England, and we brought trophies home to EYC. But like all Golden Ages, interest in Beetles waned, and by 1991 we had just one lone boat in the fleet—Wells Pile's *Pendragon*—grasping, with a fraying mainsheet so to speak, to an unbroken tradition of Beetles at EYC since the 1920s. From there, all we could do is build, and we did. It may not seem all that impressive that we had ten Beetles racing in 2020, but it's a lot more interesting to race with nine other boats than against yourself! We also do our best to make our boats hang on. We share advice and equipment as needed, and one of our members shares garage space for winter storage and repair. We hear the sense of pride when one of the "garage" boats wins a race and the skipper shouts, "For the Garage!" But we also rely heavily on the Beetle Boat Shop for boat parts and maintenance. What other wooden one-design class has the manufacturer an hour's drive away, stocked with parts ready to pick up and expertise available to fix whatever goes awry on the water? When my wife and I snapped an old mast on a weekend a few years ago, Beetle was on site with a replacement in time for us to race that next Wednesday. And each winter they are there for us to tweak a centerboard alignment, replace a plank, or just touch up the deck canvas. It's the best wooden boat pit stop around!

We're looking ahead to another sixty-plus races this coming summer, and even more to the smiles on the faces of the kids in the fleet when they win a race, beat their family members, or just drive a boat around a mark themselves for the first time. More than anything, we feel lucky to be part of a working formula for fun together in wooden catboats, in an era where we think that sort of fun is needed more than ever.

George W. Shuster, Jr. is a past 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.



Beatrice and Grace

Laurie “Loop” Armstrong

This is about catboats, really, but it’s going to take a while to get there.

I first met Bill Garden in 1978 when I called him trying to buy a set of plans for *Bullfrog*, a thirty foot Colin Archer type double ender. He invited me out for a discussion and picked me up at Canoe Cove for the 10 minute run over to his island, 20 miles north of Victoria on British Columbia’s west coast. At the time he had his office, boatyard, ways, shops and general grownup playground on Johnstone Island, which he renamed Toad’s Landing. We pattered across in *Merlin*, his ancient commuter boat, powered with an old Vivian. He served me a cup of tea and the interrogation commenced.

I’m a trial lawyer. I know my way around a cross-examination. Bill was a master of the art. “Did I have sufficient money to build a boat? How would I find the time? Where would I build it? My skill level, or lack thereof?” Then he really bored down. “My wife? Was she onboard? Would she tolerate becoming second fiddle to a wooden hull? Really, just how strong was my marriage? Tell the truth!” I lied through my teeth and told him what I thought he’d want to hear. I doubt I fooled him much and was probably on my planless way back to town when he flipped to *Bullfrog*’s plan in his book and we started going over it. I pointed and asked how the horntimber connected to the shaft log, or some such nonsense? I was trying to show off that I’d preceded the visit by wading through Howard Chapelle’s wooden boat bible two or three times. Knowing my boat parts got me over the hump.

Bill never intended to sell me *Bullfrog*’s plans. It turned out he had designed a much heavier, much more elegant thirty-three foot cutter for a young woman, a friend of his. She’d lofted the lines on sheets of 3/8th ply before she ran out of steam and decided it was beyond her. Bill arranged for me to buy her lofting and gave me a couple of sets of plans to go with it. Thus began a long tradition of me not paying Bill for plans. Suffice to say the cutter was a hugely inappropriate choice for an amateur builder’s first project. Way too big; way too complex; way, way too difficult. I built a ramshackle shelter beside my wife’s horse barn and milled a big fir log to the keel’s

scantlings, set it up on sleepers, and was away to the races—tortoise races.

A note on skill level—we lived not very far off Bill’s commute from his home in Victoria out to his island office. On occasion he’d stop by to check on my progress. That was at the peak of his career and he was always off to New Zealand or some other shipyard somewhere around the world to check up on the many builds he had going.



The author with *Kishanina*.

One day early on he caught me hewing away at the keel rabbet with a framing hammer and an old hardware store chisel that was better suited for use in the garden. Bill grabbed the chisel out of my hand, checked it for edge, gave me a disgusted growl and marched over to the bench grinder where he promptly burned the blade, the grinding wheel plugged by my grinding points into the 5/8th bronze rods I used for drift pins mounting the gumwood stem.

Bill was in a rage, threading washers onto a bolt to make a makeshift wheel dresser. He was terrifying. I was terrified. He finally calmed down, fixed the wheel, ground the chisel and showed me how to sharpen it on the old misshaped artificial stone my dad had given me. On his next visit Bill dropped off a beautiful Arkansas Lily White stone and a nicely sized gumwood mallet. The first of the many tools he would give me over the years. The first of the bazillion lessons he gave me over the years.



Dad readying *Kishanina* for launching.

Kishanina was launched with great fanfare; Bill hid out on the fringes at the launching party and quickly disappearing after he'd checked how she sat in the water (bang on the marks, I never added an ounce of ballast). She was a lovely boat—admired wherever she travelled—strip planked mahogany on oak ribs steamed-in after as the molds were pulled out. She sailed beautifully but every time I got in a blow I obsessed about all those screwups and patch jobs that only I knew about. But nonetheless we put a lot of miles on her. A picture of my mom and dad motoring into Princess Louisa Inlet was printed in *Sail* magazine. On the next issue they published a notice begging for information about the boat—the picture apparently having garnered more inquiries than any other they'd ever published.

Bill and I stayed in touch. He liked having a free lawyer on call. One day we took a float plane down to Seattle to pick up *Claymore*, a sixty-eight foot Express Cruiser he'd built on his island. *Claymore* was at that time owned by a big wheel at IBM and Bill

was running her up to Toad's Landing for a minor refit over the winter.

While in Seattle I met Bill's old friend Dave LeClerq who had built dozens of Bill's commercial trawlers for the Alaska fishery. Dave had an old Easthope engine gathering dust in his shop, and I wheedled away at him, telling him if he'd give me the engine I'd build a boat around it and name it after him. He seemed unimpressed.

Claymore was a marvel. I'd never experienced anything like her. Twenty-eight knots into a three foot chop as we left Puget Sound to cross Juan de Fuca Strait, spray flying all over the place as the sharp bow cut through the waves. I'll never forget the look from some white-knuckled cruiser as he hobby horsed his plastic forty footer into the chop at six knots, claiming he was making eight. He did such a take, as we raced by, he almost whiplashed his head off.

Bill drew the plans for a twenty-eight foot trawler/cruiser with me leaning over his shoulder, in awe. It was like watching da Vinci as Mona Lisa appeared on the page. Launched two years later, she was without a doubt the prettiest boat on the west coast.

Early on, a fellow boat builder told me how he always hired a couple of kids to help him out in his shop. School kids who could fit an hour or two in here or there, and maybe a full day on the weekend. I never built a boat after that without a kid to help. Bill would say all boats are built in blood but the trick is to avoid arterial flow. Touch wood we never lost a finger. I'm friends with them all, and, even more miraculously, all their mothers still speak to me.

Shawn was my first shop kid. He was a timid thirteen year-old, so mired in fear of failure that he was unwilling to take anything on. The breakthrough came when he'd band sawed far off the lines and made a mess of some part and I told him to chuck it in the stove and do it again. I explained how we needed lots of firewood to keep the stove going so the more he screwed up the warmer we'd be. Shawn's now in charge of the British Columbia government's computer systems.

We built her conventionally for the model, steamed oak ribs over stringers and molds, carvel planked, the whole thing built out of cyprus, what we call yellow cedar.

Sometime during the build I dreamed up a complicated tax scheme for Bill and his great pal Orin Edson, the founder of Bayliner Boats. I'd gotten to know Orin during his summer visits to the shop to

check up on progress. He was the first billionaire I'd ever met, but when he came by the shop he usually looked like he couldn't raise the price of a coffee. He was quick to grab a pencil and sketch out a detail of some aspect of the interior layout, or grab a tool and get to work. In the end, everyone was happy with the tax scheme: Orin ended up owning Toad's Landing, Bill ended with a hockey sock of cash to enter old age, Mystic Seaport Museum ended up with all of Bill's plans, and I picked up a Hino diesel from the side door of a Bayliner factory. Bill's accountant had run for cover on hearing of the plan, way too aggressive. Bill dubbed me 'Loophole' and from that moment on—usually shortened to "Loop"—and it stuck. Incidentally, a few years later Bill went through a formal audit and the taxing authorities cleared the scheme with flying colours.

We named her *Black Dave* after Dave LeClerq. She was a terrific boat. I'd learned my lesson by then; there wasn't a single patched screw-up or shortcut in the build that I had to worry about in heavy weather. And true to his word, just after the launching, the Easthope engine arrived, although it got "lost" in transit as it passed through Bill's shop and never quite made it to mine. Bill appointed me the executor of his will and when he died I administered his estate. I gave the Easthope to a friend of Bill's who had bought *Merlin*.

Bill never charged me for *Black Dave's* plans either. We had by then developed a somewhat symbiotic relationship—I wanted to build boats and didn't much care what the type. That let Bill design the boats he wanted to design without having to make compromises to accommodate the owner's 'input' (read "stupid ideas").

A few professional builders have looked at my plans for one boat or another and marvelled at their sparseness and lack of detail. I never needed the detail, of course. By then I had Bill dropping by the shop pretty much every Saturday. His 'insultations' usually took place around lunch time. Any detailed shop drawings I required Bill sketched straight onto some piece of the boat, there to this day under the paint. Every week my Monday morning commute to the office was spent on a cell phone chatting with Bill, reporting on the weekend's progress and generally, the state of the world.

A note on Saturdays at the shop. Aside from the kid I also had the help of my dad, a retired dentist raised in the depression when they had to learn to do everything themselves. He was as good a furniture

builder as he was a welder, and taught me a ton once I got through my teens when I already knew everything there was to know. Dad did all the interior painting and varnishing.

We also had the help of Ed Hansen. Ed started out as a fitter for Atlas Imperial engines back in the day, and was a skilled machinist. When he downsized homes, we built an addition to the shop to house all his machine tools, which he insisted on donating to the cause. I refused to accept the tools unless he came with them, so he started showing up Saturdays as well. He fabricated all the metalwork, taught us sand casting and forging, and kept all the shop tools running.

Ross, my next door neighbor, who Bill dubbed "Offcut" as he was always stealing my lumber, couldn't have been chased away with a stick. He showed up every Saturday, usually for a full day. He helped me build the shop in the first place and worked on every boat since. We alternated cooking Saturday lunches, and as time went on, inevitably lunch became a competition. Hot dogs and burgers over a wood fire ratcheted up into paellas, bouillabaisse and roast legs of lamb. Often, a mom and grandma of one of the kids would contribute lunch. You could always tell when it was nearing lunch time as every dog in the neighbourhood started to show up.

Shop lunches tended to attract a human crowd as well. There was Ross and me, the current boathouse kid, my dad, Ed Hansen, often Bill Garden, and all sorts of various hangers-on. My dad, Bill and Ed all had to work for their grub, interspersed between long breaks nestled up to the woodstove as they told each other lies. Each one managed to contentedly hang out in the shop and eat their way through their 80s and well into their 90s.

The shop was a fun, happy, social place, but we worked hard. And the boats kept getting launched. I said my day job practising law was only to keep the shop going. But that's not true; I had a busy successful practice and the shop was the rubber room that kept me sane.

I always admired Neville Shute, the English writer who wrote *On the Beach*, a famous novel in its time. He maintained two careers were easier than one; he was an aeronautical engineer while also writing a string of best sellers. Boatbuilding wasn't my second career, I never made a dime at it, but it was certainly my second obsession and I think I benefitted greatly for having it. Was I a lawyer with a boatbuilding problem or a boatbuilder with a lawyering problem?

Either way Win, my good wife, stood by me all those years, letting me play with boats while she played with her horses. As long as I worked my way through her Sunday job list first, I was free to head over to the shop.



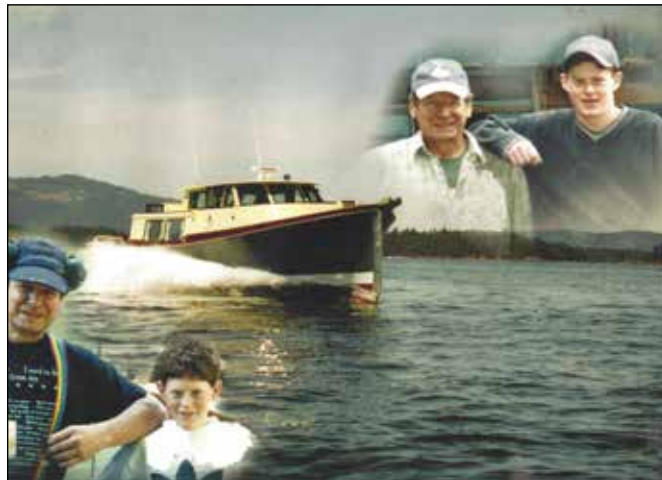
Shawn launching *Black Dave*.

For a while after *Black Dave* it was small boats, dinghies and pulling boats, all designed by Bill. There must have been close to a dozen. Then came *Linnet*, a plumb bowed, razor-sharp entry forty-two foot express cruiser sporting twin 330 hp Cummins. She was built upside down, starting with two massive harpins laid out to the sheer on anchored box horses. We cold molded her with two layers of old-growth cedar epoxied together and glassed with a heavy biaxial. I first realized how big she was when I lofted the harpins and they stretched fifteen feet out past the shop door. There followed an understandable crisis of confidence. What was I thinking? It was way too much boat for a little backyard builder.

Bill calmed me down and reassured me with what turned out to be outrageously dishonest estimates of the hours it would take to build her (by a mile). Sam, the kid on *Linnet*, was a spindly little twelve year-old when we lofted her and a strapping eighteen year-old towering over me at the launching. He never missed a Saturday in six years and today he's a fulltime shipwright at a nearby yard specializing in the repair and restoration of wooden boats.

The student has now surpassed the master; I find myself calling Sam for advice. One thing I learned building *Linnet*, the boat building part of those big "yachts" is essentially over after the second year. Then it's a year of mechanical and engine fitting, a year of cabinet and door making, a year of plumbing and another year of electrical. I like building boats. A lot of that other work I find uninspiring, so no more big complex builds for me.

Linnet is now owned by Greg Marshall, the world famous yacht designer, and Sam has a minority interest. Sam does the work and Greg writes the cheques; it's a perfect partnership. And Greg willingly flips me the keys for a couple of weeks of summer cruising with Win any time we want.

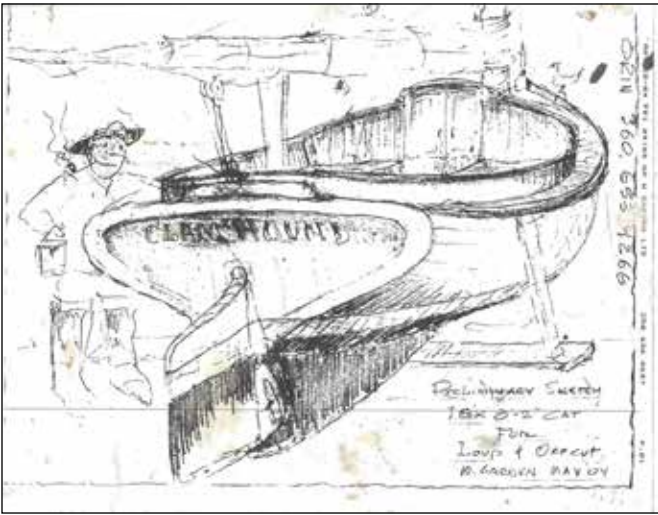


Linnet, at speed, with, Sam before and after, and an aging Loop.

Then it was *Last Gasp*, a lovely ten foot clinker dinghy to stow on *Linnet's* swim grid. Bill called it *Last Gasp* figuring it would be the last boat he designed. It wasn't, by far. He kept going for a good few more years after that.

I got one over on Bill with *Last Gasp*. He'd carved a little half model to pull the lines off, the way Herreshoff used to do it. When I finished the hull I took a picture with Bill's model held up in the foreground and *Last Gasp* in the background, matching the scales, the way people take pictures of themselves holding up the Leaning Tower of Pisa. I challenged Bill to pick which hull had the best lines, and to his embarrassment he chose my hull over his model. Boy did that feel good.

And so, finally (you must be thinking), to catboats. During a lull, Bill suggested cats and the only demand I made was an eight foot, six inch beam, the maximum to legally trailer. Bill's plan came out at eighteen feet, six inches in length, barn door rudder included. It was gaff rigged and carried 250 sq. ft. of sail. Bill started with one of his perspective sketches, with his little pipe smoking man painting the transom, to give me the idea of what she might look like. I loved it. He'd managed to turn a traditional Cat into a work of art.



Bill's cat sketch.

Ross decided he wanted one too, so we built two side by side under a roof we put up beside the shop. They were named *House* and *Hill* during the build to distinguish between them, one closest to the shop and the other up against a steep rise on the edge of the property. Bill recommended we not choose whose was whose until they were finished, to avoid one being any better than the other.



Ross, Maria and Loop with the cats.

Ross has enthusiasm and optimism in spades, and always puts in a hard day's work, but he tends to use his glass eye for the detailed work. Bill would often say that the trouble with boat building was the 'other side'. Every time the builder gets a task completed, he (or she) then has to walk around to the "other side" and do it all over again. With the cats we had four sides to contend with, but it worked out well.

I would get out the first piece from the lofting and then hand it to Ross and Maria to use as a pattern to make the three duplicates. Other than *Kishanina*, my first effort, the parts fit pretty much identically side to side. I guess I'd learned something in all that time.

Maria was my thirteen-year old shop kid for the cats, the first female helper, inevitably soon dubbed "The Boathouse Babe." Turns out girls are far better workers than boys. She stuck it out from lofting to launching, bringing much needed civility and a touch of class to the shop. I think she wore the same coveralls for three years, so covered in epoxy she could lean them up in a corner of her bedroom. She's now my all grown-up lawyer.



Maria, the Boathouse Babe.

We strip planked the hulls in one inch Douglas Fir, each plank planed to match the bevel at the turn. Planks were epoxied and nailed with heavy gauge stainless brads using an air gun. After fairing them out, we gave each a heavy coat of epoxy impregnated glass. There are no ribs, just strategically positioned plywood bulkheads. Sawn fir beams support the laminated plywood deck and cabin top, both covered in glass. There's an 800 pound lead slug cast into the keel (that was an adventure when the mold filled with liquid lead collapsed), so no center board and hence no case in the cabin to contend with. They displace about 3000 pounds. The mast is bird mouthed Sitka spruce, five and a half inches diameter, tapered aloft, twenty-eight feet, six inches in height and stepped to the keel. They have huge cockpits with horse shoe seats forming lockers below. We rigged the wheel with hydraulic steering to allow for autopilots.

GPS cartographic touch screens, depth sounders and VHS radios completed the electronics. They're powered by ten horsepower Betas which push them along at four and a half knots running at an easy 1800 rpm. Slides notched into the seats allow the split cabin doors to fully open on each side. There's a small step into the cabin, with a sink and a woodstove to port and a small fridge under the countertop to starboard. Generous berths on each side and a bulkhead forward with a mirrored cupboard door give access to the mast step and chain locker. There's sitting headroom above the berths, each of which has a backrest and little drop-leaf table for taking meals. No head, just the traditional bucket or row ashore in the mini-dinghies mounted up out of the water off the gallows.

A boom tent allows use of the cockpit in any weather, snapped down to the coaming on the sides, sheltered aft by the dinghy and forward by the cabin top. The tent runs well past the open hatch to keep everything dry down below. It's possible to motor with the tent up, there's good visibility forward along each side of the cabin, with clear plastic roll-up windows for visibility on each side. When not using the tent the gallows has three crutch positions to allow the boom to be stowed off centre and out of the way.

On the last day in the shop Ross and I drew lots as the sign painter stood impatiently waiting. Both our mom's had been frequent lunch visitors at the shop, and each had worked on clean-up duty, sweeping up shavings to earn their keep. Sadly, neither mom made it long enough to be at the launching. So, our mom's names—*Beatrice* and *Grace*—were proudly painted large on the transoms. Two lovely ladies live on in style. Ross and I both get a kick out of radio checks as we bandy our moms' names back and forth over the airwaves.

Ross and I trailered them to a launch pad and quietly rigged them up in the parking lot and launched them without fanfare. We ran sea trials and, all being well, we cruised the few miles up the coast to a marina that was hosting the "launch party" the next day. My mom's youngest granddaughter took over mom's role of delivering the blessing as dozens of onlookers cheered Maria christening each with the champagne before we started taking groups out on little joy rides. Bill did a cute sketch of the two cats rounding a headland off Vancouver Island's rugged west coast and there was truly no finer sight than seeing those two little twins reaching side by side.



Loop and Bill Garden having a laugh at the launching of the cats.

The next day we headed off on the shakedown cruise, or as Bill called it, the "Breakdown Cruise." As we crossed over to Pender Island on our way north, a pod of Orcas took up position on our port side and accompanied us all the way up to Mayne Island, travelling at exactly our speed, an honour guard to celebrate the new cats. The big male positioned himself close on, keeping himself between us and the pod with its two youngsters, but otherwise he left us alone as we all cruised along together. What a way for the cats to begin their cruising life, to be welcomed by Killer Whales.

Not a breath of wind the whole way north we anchored in Winter Harbour for an uneventful night and in the morning slipped through the treacherously narrow Boat Passage out into Georgia Strait where we caught a gentle north-westerly all the way down to Eastpoint and around Saturna Island back to Sidney. Great introductory run.

There have been a few mini-cruises in *Beatrice* since, no more than three or four days at a time, but this summer I'm planning a long one. Ross had a big adventure out on the open ocean in *Grace*, cruising down Vancouver Island's west coast a few years ago. Then he put her up in his barn for the winter and sadly she hasn't emerged since. But Ross's younger brother is taking her over and moving her to the Kootenay Lakes in the heart of the Rockies where the westerly starts up at 10:00 o'clock sharp every morning, so she's in for some fine fresh water sailing once he gets the hay and birds nests cleared out. *Beatrice* is moored year-round at a small marina 45 minutes from the house by bicycle. I can bike over, have a good sail around the bay and be back home for lunch. Not a bad way for an old guy to spend a morning.



Beatrice on her mooring.

Dad and Bill and Ed are all long gone. I miss them a lot, they were the real deal. Ross and I are now the old guys in the shop. But I stay in touch with all the kids. At the moment, I'm building a replica 1934 Gar Wood Speedster that we're powering up with a Nissan Leaf motor and batteries. Sadly, the pandemic precluded kid-help this time. Every day I remember a lesson or some clever trick or work-around that Bill taught me; boatbuilding is a whole series of tricks like that, what the kids today call hacks: how to project a line around a corner; how to allow for all the optical illusions the curves in the boat create; how to lay out a fair curve; how to adjust the camber as the beam narrows; even how to sharpen a chisel!

Note: In Bulletin 142 (winter 2007), there appeared a brief article on the plans for a "Tom Thumb" catboat. These plans were, in fact, used to build both Beatrice and Grace.



The old boys sitting around the stove. From top left is Bill Garden, Bill Armstrong (Dad), Ed Hansen, Ross Johnson and the author.

Laurie Armstrong, a trial lawyer, practised litigation mostly against governments of one level or another. He handled a number of big cases, some garnering national attention out of his small office in Victoria. The boatbuilding was always in the background, a hobby demanding enough to take his mind out of the files back in the office. Laurie and his wife Win celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary last year. They have two daughters, both doing well, and two granddaughters whom they adore. They live on Vancouver Island in Victoria, British Columbia.

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Catboats in the Netherlands; The Restoration of a Few Old Catboats

Theo Nieuwenhuizen

Editor's Note: *Theo Nieuwenhuizen reached out to Tim Lund about two years ago by email. But we first learned of the Dutch Catboatclub from Peter Plate of Germany. Their membership sent us a very nice photo congratulating us on our 50th anniversary. In a subsequent email, Theo promised to write an article about catboats in the Netherlands, and he did—in Dutch! Thank goodness for Google-translate!*

I first came into contact with the Dutch Catboat Club in 1994 when, quite unexpectedly, after a few glasses of gin, I became the owner of a catboat. Well, a boat: I had bought sails and got what amounted to a wooden colander. Admittedly, there was also about a cubic meter of oak wood included, from beds of a nunnery (sanctified and untainted) and an invitation to a catboat club meeting.

A few months later, I traveled from Zeeland to Loosdrecht and met a very mixed group of boat enthusiasts and the curator of the Maritime Museum who urged me to take good care of my boat, because it was a special feature.

During the renovation I immersed myself in the boat: catboats were already a special feature in the Netherlands, but certainly one of German descent.

Novatus

My boat was still in a village in the center of the Netherlands, where it had been saved from a stake a few years earlier. I transferred the boat to my house/garage, at the time in Wolphaartsdijk. Not hindered by any knowledge, I started the restoration of this unknown boat. The vessel had previously been covered with a polyester “shroud” and when it had been sanded all over it turned out that many floors were rotten. The caulking seams and various trusses had also failed. The bad planks were removed, oak planks were cut to size, planed and screwed in between. Subsequently, the caulking seams were milled out to 2/3 depth with a milling machine and filled with suitable oak battens, which were glued in with epoxy.

The keel has been renewed in various places, seams filled with sealant and from the inside rafters have been replaced by strips of laminated wood to be glued together. The entire skin was then sanded smooth and reinforced with glass fiber mat and epoxy. The deck and cabin deck were covered, as usual, with a cotton cloth over which several layers of paint were applied. I even managed to get finishing battens back to the correct profile with a gas burner. Once the already present cotton sails could be hoisted, the beauty of the boat could be admired for the first time. The restoration took four years and the boat was re-launched in 1998 at Wolphaartsdijk on the Veerse Meer.

During the restoration I had “help” from my two pre-adolescent sons who had many chores to do. In retrospect, this turned out to be a golden opportunity for a good cooperation with the boys. I would therefore advise many parents in this time of Coronavirus, do as much as possible together with your children!

After restoration, this fifteen foot catboat, built in 1922 by Abeking & Rasmussen, was included in 2001, as a Sailing Monument, in the Sailing Heritage Register under the name *Novatus*. As far as is known, it is the oldest sailing catboat on the European mainland. In earlier times, this boat sailed around under the name *Thea* in the area just below Amsterdam.



Novatus prior to rebuilding.

In 2013 during a keel to stem inspection, it was discovered that the base of the mast foot was completely rotten. There is a small space in front of the mast foot in which the anchor chain was stored. The combination of salt water and an iron chain in an enclosed wooden space again turned out not to be a good one. The “beak” of the ship was removed and a new beam and mast base installed. It was one of the many annual activities required to keep this almost 100-year-old boat operating.



Novatus takes to the water.

The Dutch Catbootclub

Meanwhile, the Dutch Catbootclub grew in those years; members were added, catboats were newly (re-)built and we meet each other twice a year: once with as many catboats as possible a weekend somewhere in the Netherlands (from Lauwersmeer to Veerse Meer) and once in November where we meet each other somewhere to be determined such as a maritime or heritage museum. There is contact with various catboat owners, also abroad, and a lot of old information about boats has been found.

The Grown-Up

After the restoration of the *Novatus*, the love of refurbishing old boats remained with me, but due to lack of time (my own business) that did not happen.

An old 1933 steel catboat was waiting for me for five years. The previous owners sold it in 2015 because they saw no point in having to work on the boat anymore. The boat, which sailed under the name *Grown-Up*, is one of a series of catboats made by Piet Lievaart from Hendrik Ido Ambacht in the years 1933-1937. Three other catboats from this series are in service and are members of the Dutch Catbootclub. And so at the beginning of 2016 the

boat was transported from the Sneek area to Renesse, where my gardeners/landscaping company was located, and I had sufficient storage space. In 2019, I was able to sell the business and although I would stay on for a few more years, after three months of the Coronavirus restrictions, I decided to fully retire in June 2020.

Eventually, more affected by the ravages of time than hoped for, I started with full courage. Because I am more a man of wood, I had to resist first sanding everything away, chipping it off and blasting and sanding the hull for days on end. But after a few weeks, with every rust spot removed and the rotted wood disassembled, I started building it back up. Holes in the steel hull and deck were closed, cockpit edges renewed, gangways repaired and all bare steel covered by protective oil and several layers of paint.

Fortunately, there is a lot of knowledge and experience available within the Catbootclub and you can easily ask fellow members for advice. And in the time of the Coronavirus there was plenty of time to get their support.

In the meantime I had bought a batch of mahogany pews from which I could saw and plane into beautiful planks for a new interior of the cabin, superstructure, the layout of the cockpit, floor boards etc. Sometimes I could use old parts as patterns, sometimes I had to use my own designs. Fortunately, some original parts, such as louvre and sliding doors, as well as various finishing profiles, were retained, so that the character of the boat has remained.

The rigging had to be completely renewed. The previous owner had saved himself, in recent years, with aluminum “round wood” [spars] and collected sails. From Oregon pine I made new round wood and from the sails of a flatboat I will sew suitable sails for this eighteen foot catboat.



The Grown Up.

I now have my own workshop in Zierikzee where I can comfortably spend many hours. I hope that, after the final finishes, the boat can be launched in the waters of Zeeland in the summer of 2021.

And then...

There are also plenty of plans for hereafter. In 2022, the *Novatus* and her German sister ship *Krümel* will be 100 years old. During the annual Van Loon Hard Zeil Regatta in Veere in mid-July, we want to celebrate with as many catboats as possible. A third wooden catboat is also waiting with me for restoration (built in 1931-32 at Houtvester Hilligersberg). For years it sailed under the name *Cat'O* in the vicinity of the Loosdrechtse plassen. So there is still plenty of work to do.



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Backwards Bingo; A Catboat Kid Story

Jim Grenier

While sitting at the counter with Doctor Johnson, I watched Mrs. Falconi build our sandwiches. Mine was egg salad (mushy egg!) with chopped celery, lettuce and tomato. How do I remember? It was my favorite and Mrs. Falconi always made it for me special. At home my Mom would put cucumber slices on it. I'd always take out the cucumbers and give them to one of our dogs.

I always liked sitting in the Falcon Marina luncheonette, sitting up and spinning on those high stools.

Doc had invited me for one final sail on his fifteen foot open catboat *Remedy*. He had sold her to someone else but had use of it for another week or so. He thought of me because I had helped him paint her in the spring and we had done a couple of day sails over the summer. Doc was a big man and he said I was the only shipmate he knew of that fit in the boat with him.

My best friend Alan and I had spent the past week looking over maps and planning how we might tackle finding the Woodduck treasure next year. I was pretty serious about it but Alan, as always, did a lot of goofing around. When we were going over our plans he'd try to sound like a pirate—"avasting, yo-ho-ho-ing" and "shiver-me-timbering"—which was annoying. It was only when we started making a list of tools we might need that he start focusing. We both were reading up on treasure hunting.

When Alan popped into in the luncheonette, he came over to me and said something like "I have an idea about how to find 'that thing' if it's underwater."

Doc swung on his stool and faced Alan. "What's 'that thing'?"

I cringed, winced. I signaled Alan to stay quiet by putting my finger to my lips.

"Um well, Jimmy and me are going after..."

I drew my finger across my throat.

"Never mind, I'll let Jimmy tell you," stammered Alan. "I just came in to see my Mom. Hi Mom!" He waved quickly and scooted out the door.

"Doc, I'll tell you about it later." I dodged the explanation, hoping he might forget about it once we were sailing. I had told Alan to keep our idea a secret.

After a piece of lemon pie, Doc and I gathered up our jackets and a small cooler from his Pontiac. As we were walking toward the floats, Guy, the yard boss, waved to us and called me over. "So, you're lookin'...to tackle...that treasure...on Woodduck...I hear," he spoke haltingly between puffs of his droopy pipe.

Alan was a blabbermouth. He couldn't keep secrets.

"Um, well, I'm looking into it," I said.

"I've been down there looking', Guy said, "an I never found a thing, 'sept watery holes and wet feet." He looked up into the clouds. "It isn't easy mucking around that place. You need high boots. Plus you need permission. The owner, he doesn't like treasure hunters out there messin' around his camp."

I looked up at the clouds and then back at Guy. He was looking upward still, and I read his long-lost dreamy hope of finding treasure. "When's the last time you looked?" I asked.

"When I was a boy, maybe thirteen or fourteen. My old man let me use his punt anytime I wanted. When I fell to workin' on my own at fifteen I figured a regular paycheck was as good a treasure as I could expect."

I couldn't help ask, "Where did you look? On the island I mean."

"Oh, I looked in a bunch of places. Dug holes. Looked anywhere I could stand."

"Ever look in the water?"

"Never thought about that. Can't say I did." He swung his head down, his blue eyes drilling into me. "Do you think it's underwater?"

By then my foot had found some loose parking lot gravel and I started nudging it around. "I don't know. Maybe."

Doc asked over my shoulder "Is this Alan's 'that thing'?"

I left Guy hanging onto his thoughts as Doc and I walked away, heading for *Remedy*. Guy spoke and I turned around. "When you need anything, you jes' come see me. You boys gonna need someone watchin' over ya."

“Thanks Guy.” I shouted back. “And tell Alan to put a zipper on it (meaning his mouth). This needs to be a secret until we are ready.” Guy gave a thumbs-up, blew out a big puff of smoke, and drew his pinched fingers across his lips.

We got *Remedy* ready to go. We ran through Doc’s list of checking lines, looking for hull leaks, making sure the anchor was shackled to the chain, that the anchor line was laid out in a clean-running figure-eight pattern, and that his air horn was working. I checked the manual brass bilge pump on a bit of rainwater in the bilge. I made sure the flares were in the seabag. Doc made sure his flask was filled and in his pocket. His straw hat was on his balding head.

Finally we were underway. It was the end of August but not too hot. We took advantage of a breeze coming from the west, hoisting the gaff, leaving the centerboard up, and heading downriver on a run. There were many other small sailboats zipping around, everyone waving hello as we passed.

At a spot below the two bridges there were a dozen or more hard-chine sailboats gybing around an orange buoy. These, Doc told me, were Lightnings and they raced several times a week. It sure would be fun to be on a fast boat like that, but it was clear there were lots of lines and gear on them and the sailors had to move like acrobats to keep from capsizing, leaning over the sides, pulling on one line and then another. I’m sure it was important but looked like a lot of work to me. When they turned downwind each boat hoisted a large balloon-like foresail—some with patchwork colors, pulling the boats along behind them.

The last boat was at the orange buoy and we watched them lean further over the port gunwale than the others had. The boom on starboard clipped a boat wake and the mast dropped even further. The mast fell lower and lower. Then the whole boat was on its side with the mast and sails in the water. The two boys dropped in as well. We watched their heads bob for a minute as they reached the boat, now adrift. Doc pointed *Remedy*’s bow in their direction. We shot over to them on a reach.

“You boys okay?” asked Doc as we neared them.

The boys were laughing like loons. “Yeah, we’re fine, but we didn’t need the DNF.”

“What’s a DNF?” I asked.

“It means ‘Did Not Finish,’ I could only see their laughing faces and wet hair. “This was our third race today and this is the third time we’ve been dunked.”

By then the boys reached their boat and worked to pull in the sail. They righted the boat by standing on the centerboard.

The comparison of their light racing sloop and our catboat was obvious. Doc said that if we were to capsize, we’d do pretty much the same sort of thing, but our gaff sail would be quite a bit more to handle in the water than their little sails. “But we aren’t in a race, like those boys, are we?” asked Doc. “Catboats take a slower approach to sailing. We go as fast as we need to, but slow enough to keep safe. Some catboat folks like to race but not *Remedy*. She’s just an easy-going cat.”

“Have you ever swamped your boat like those boys?” I asked.

“Not yet; not looking too, either. You shouldn’t sail heeled way over like those racing boats. I like to keep things pretty flat; cats sail fine that way. I think that about the time things get exciting in a catboat, they are getting dangerous.” Doc replied. “See how narrow and shallow those Lightnings are? They can fill up but don’t hold a lot of water so you can right them fairly easy. But a boat that’s wide open like *Remedy*, why, we’d hold three times as much water. No thanks, I’d rather stay dry.”

After leaving the two boys and their now-righted Lightning, we continued down river to the north end of Woodduck Island. The falling tide meant that we wouldn’t try to go around the island; there simply wasn’t enough water in the cut on the southern side.

I took the tiller from Doc so he could open his flask. Doc said I could take *Remedy* anywhere I wanted to go, so I tacked over towards the channel. There was a “crick” (creek) on the other shore I liked to explore.

“So what was that thing all about?” Doc asked.

I turned my head around to look at Woodduck Island and my uncle’s camp. I knew I couldn’t lie to Doc, who has been good to me.

“Ever heard of the Woodduck treasure?” I asked.

“Sure. It doesn’t exist. I think it’s just a made-up story.”

“Well, Alan and I think it’s real. There’s this writer named Goody who believes it. He did a slideshow at the library. He gave me a map. Alan and I want to look for it. We are working on a plan for next year.”

“Frank Goody? Is that who you mean?” asked Doc.

I wasn't sure what his first name was but it could have been Frank. I said, "He writes books about history and stuff."

"That's Frank. I went to high school with him. He knows his stuff. Well then, I hope it's real and I hope you boys find it."

"Thanks. Mr. Goody thinks it's actually under water near the island, not on the island."

"That sounds possible. How are you going to find it?"

"I don't know." And I didn't. Yet.

I went on and told him about the map with all the dots on it. Now, I figured, many of those dots probably belonged to Guy. I told him about the big nautical charts in the library. I asked if he had any and if he could show me how they worked. Doc said he never needed one because he always stayed in the river or the bay and he knew this area well enough.

"The only time I wished I had one was a day that the fog rolled in so quick I got caught out here blind. I knew where I was when it smothered me and *Remedy*, so that was okay. I started up the iron jib (the outboard) and used my compass to get back but I was a nervous wreck for a while. I didn't like that fog much."

The west wind was dropping and we managed to drift over a few powerboat wakes as we neared the channel. Around here, late August afternoons can be a little too quiet for a sailboat. The wind often drops to a whisper, barely enough to fill the sail. Doc and I sat talking about treasure and treasure hunting. He said that he might be able to help somehow but he wouldn't have any boat next year as *Remedy* was being sold in a week or so.

"Why don't you ask your uncle if you can stay in the camp out there while you look for the treasure? Norm only uses it in the fall for duck hunts. He doesn't use it in the spring and summer." Doc suggested. "Might make a good base of operations."

"That's a great idea, but he already said 'no' to using his skiff and I doubt he'll let me sleepover in his camp!" The camp, however, could make a great part of our plan. Doc was, as I've explained before, a very smart man.

"Well, if he says 'no', maybe I can talk to him," Doc chuckled. "He might surprise you."

Eventually, we decided we'd better try to head back to the Falcon Marina while we still had a bit of wind, which had shifted to the north. The tide had started its flood and would help push us back upriver.

As we approached the two bridges the current had grown stronger and the wind had all but perished. Doc and I lowered the gaff and I furled the sail. Doc yanked the little British Seagull engine to life. I hauled up the centerboard. The engine provided us some control while navigating between the piles of the bridges. With the combination of the current and the engine, *Remedy* cleared both bridges quickly.

About a quarter mile away from the marina the outboard stopped. Doc looked into the gas tank on top of the motor and said it was empty. Doc kept a small metal can of gasoline under a stern seat. When I pulled it out it seemed too light. He shook it, mumbled some adult words—which I can't repeat—and dribbled about a tablespoon's worth into the tank.

"Hope that gets us home," he said. He pulled out the engine's choke and yanked the starter cord a few times. The engine fired up, sputtering smoke. He pushed the choke in and we headed towards the marina. Doc had forgotten to put "check fuel tank and spare fuel" on his checklist!

We were about fifty feet from the float when the engine quit again. The current was carrying us in the right direction so I wasn't worried. We didn't have any oars aboard because Doc always relied on the outboard.

It soon proved that the current alone wasn't going to get us close enough. We were going to overshoot the float.

"Can we sail into the float?" I asked. There was still a smidgen of a breeze.

"No harm in trying..." Doc Johnson didn't sound too confident.

I untied the gaskets from the sail and Doc hauled on the two gaff halyards. I usually did the haul up, but Doc didn't really have anything else to do. I lowered the centerboard.

The sail luffed but filled slowly. Doc played the mainsheet to keep the sail functional. We swung to face the faint breeze, passing the Falcon floats to our stern. Doc pushed the boom to the port side, forcing the bow around until we were facing downriver again, and the bridges off our bow. But we were just standing still while the current roiled past us. We were certainly sailing, but against the current. Doc grumbled, "Well, our S-O-G is near zero, but we'll make it to the dock, I think."

We hauled in the mainsheet and Doc nudged the tiller to port just a bit and *Remedy* inched herself towards the float. However, as we got closer, the

current was slowing and we started pulling ahead. Then Doc did something kind of strange. He uncleated the gaff's peak halyard and eased it so the gaff peak dropped a bit. I wasn't sure what was going on, but we got to the point where *Remedy* slowed down and actually started to go into a slight reverse, yet still heading, under Doc's control, parallel to the float. By tweaking the tiller Doc brought us right alongside. I tied our two canvas fenders to small bronze cleats and dropped them over the starboard side.

As is usual at the Falcon Marina on any Saturday afternoon during boating season "The Council on Boating" was sitting on cheap folding lawn chairs overlooking the seawall: six or seven old, frail men with bald spots, white wispy hair, and blotchy skin. They would sit and watch boaters out on the river, and comment on any little boating thing: like the shape of a hull, a boat wake, the sound of an outboard, the knots someone would make on a cleat, or the hat one might be wearing. When I talked with them they would tell me all kinds of tall tales about the exploits of their younger days.

I'm a lot older now (a lot!) and have done things that could sound like tall tales, so maybe they were really telling truths—fantastic, as they may have sounded. A kid doesn't have to believe everything he or she is told, but it's possible some of it could be true.

Around the boatyard we called them "The Council on Boating" or "The Council" just for fun. They didn't call themselves anything but old cronies.

The Council was watching us closely, pointing and talking among themselves.

Guy was on the dock, arms crossed, pipe in mouth, shaking his head.

Not more than a few feet away from the edge of the dock, the mainsheet was let out, spilling all our wind. We simply drifted right to the float and came to a stop. Guy took the line off the bow and I stepped off the seat onto the dock with the stern line.

The Council on the seawall clapped. One of them shouted "Bravo!"

Guy puffed his pipe a couple of times and said, "Doc, that was a pretty thing. You don't see folks sail into the dock like that too often, not when you've got a hard current running. Always seen you motor in. Tryin' to impress someone?"

"Nope, just trying to get home." Doc picked up the open gas can and ceremoniously tipped it over, showing it was completely empty.

"Hmmm..." Guy was smiling. "When's the last time you sailed into a dock like that?"

"First time today. Never done it before."

Doc pulled out his flask and took a big swallow.

I finally got around to asking how he stopped *Remedy* with the sail up, but also make her go backwards.

Doc explained, "Well, I knew if I could make headway I could also lose it by spilling the air in the sail. The easiest way to do that is to let the boom out, but another way is to lower the gaff peak a bit. Not sure why, but it's call scandalizing. You don't need to lower it too much or you'll just stop the boat. I figured I could still keep some headway but slow the boat down a wee bit. When it looked like we were going to move ahead when the current eased up inshore, where we'd go too far past the float, I lowered the gaff a little more."

"But we were going backwards!"

Doc laughed. "Well, we still had our forward motion, but the current was faster than our speed against it. Think about this: if the current is going against you at three knots, but you are sailing the same exact three knots—but in the opposite direction to the current—how fast are you going?"

I did the math in my head. That was first grade arithmetic. "Zero. You aren't moving at all."

"Okay, good! Now which way would you be going if the current was at three knots and you were sailing at only two knots?"

Gosh, this was a little harder but we learned about negative numbers in fourth grade. You have to subtract three from two...

"Um, minus one. We'd still be sailing forward, but we'd be sort of heading backwards."

"Bingo!" shouted Doc. "That S-O-G is minus one!"

And sailing backwards was the last sail I ever had on *Remedy*. She was trailered off to someplace else. I was going to miss her. After all, I had painted a lot of her and had some real good times on her with Doc.

Doc Johnson did help Alan and me with our treasure hunt the following year, though I didn't know how until afterwards.

And so did Guy.

And Colleen and her Dad.

More about that next time.



Fun with Boat Names

William C. Winslow

Here's a fun game for everyone onboard your boat—family, friends, adults, kids. All it takes is a pencil and a piece of paper, plus a lot of roving eyeballs. Maybe a pair of binoculars if you're near sighted. I call it "Funny Boat Names:" and it plays like this.

For a couple hours on a cruise, write down all the vessel names you can spot. In crowded Long Island waters I'd be surprised if you didn't come up with fifty or more in an hour. Then combine the names in silly ways. Here's what I was able to do with a list of catboat names I copied from the Catboat Association. (Okay, I cheated a wee bit, because catboaters are so creative in naming their little ships.)

Does *Baby Bear* like *Duck Soup*?

Mix together *Cranberry* and *Beach Plum* to make *Boo Boo Jam*.

I wonder what kind of *Mischief Miss Kelly* is up to? Not much if *Miss Prim* has anything to say about it, because she's not a *Naughty Girl*.

Rub-A-Dub was last seen in mommy's bathtub.

Wow, does *Southern Comfort* make for a *Good Time*?

What is your image of a boat named *Pinkletink*?

You really need *Perseverance* if your dreamboat is just *Inching Along*.

The skipper is a *Rude Boy* if he won't let his wife steer the boat.

The *Right Cat* is the one I am the captain of.

Hey Miss *Sandy Toes*, keep your feet out of my *Goosedown* sleeping bag.

Don't be a *Sourpuss* because the Coast Guard caught you peeing overboard in the middle of the night.

Do *Four Aces* beat a *Royal Flush*?

My crew is made up of *Half Whit's*; we're sailing without a *Full Deck*.

Any *Cape Girl* is a *Cat's Meow*.

I want to *Flirt* with *Fair Ellen* but she says I'm no *Fat Cat*.

Purraghlas? I'm trying to *Buy One*.

And *Finally*, don't call the captain a *Caddy Wampus*.

William C. Winslow, Remsenburg, New York has been a member of the Catboat Association for over twenty-five years. He received the Broad Axe award for building a seventeen foot wood catboat. More recently, he owned a Menger 23. As a member of the Coast Guard Auxiliary, he writes a monthly column on marine safety for a Long Island boating magazine. He also is the author of Catboat Tales, a collection of mostly humorous tales, some of which have appeared in previous Bulletins. His first cat was a Beetle which he sailed out of the Barrington, Rhode Island Yacht Club while in high school in the early 50s.



Boat Building and Maintenance

Eric Peterson, Editor

A Marvelous Mystery, In Pursuit of a Catboat Legend; Part 2 - A Three Track Adventure

John Conway

“Boy, has this boat got a tale to tell.” Bill Mullen, one of the more recent owners of *Susan* repeated his dramatic statement.

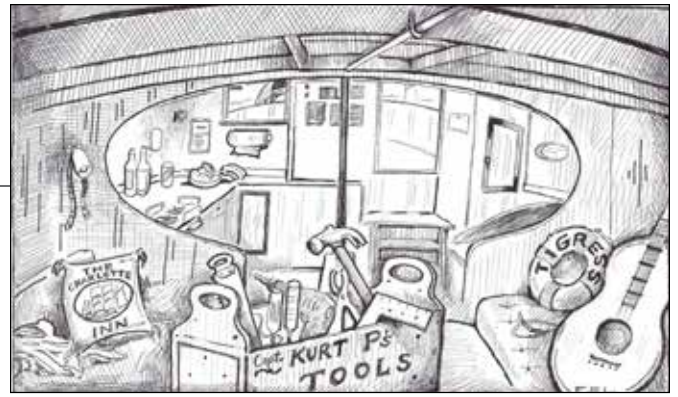
“Okay,” I chirped, “Lay it on me.”

Mullen spent the better part of the next hour laying out his belief that *Susan* (ex-*Sunnyside*) the catboat described in Part 1 of this epic, was none other than the legendary *Marvel*, a boat seldom bested in her brief but exciting racing career on Massachusetts Bay.

Over the years, based on research given him from a previous owner, Bill had invested considerable time comparing *Susan's* lines, especially those of her sheer, with photographs of *Marvel* taken during races held during the 1904-1906 seasons. “If this indeed is the *Marvel*,” Bill continued, “you’ve got one of the only surviving D-Class catboats left in existence... a very rare bird and one worthy of a first-class restoration.”

As previously reported, I had taken delivery of the boat from Cape Cod to Westport, Massachusetts, and had just begun to assess and prioritize what needed to be done to return the boat to a seaworthy state. This new information, if valid, would force me to rethink how best to accomplish the “first-class restoration” that a boat as historic as *Marvel* demanded.

The question, of course, was how best to conduct the validation process without letting the boat deteriorate any further? A three-track process emerged.



The first track would explore the provenance of the boat with any surviving former owners or their families. My hope was that this top-down approach might allow me to follow a trail back to the original owner or owners.

For the second track, I would once again ask author and catboat historian Stan Grayson for help in combing through his extensive catboat archives in the hope that he might assemble a bottoms-up path forward from her creation in the boat shop of Herbert F. Crosby, through her racing career and beyond.

The third track would involve prioritizing a restoration schedule designed to halt further deterioration without in any way altering the historical aspects of the boat such as her lines or topside structures.

With this, the game was afoot. “Nothing to it!” I thought. “Ha!”

Track 1: Provident Provenance

Bill Mullen had purchased the boat, then called *Sunnyside*, from two Long Island, New York, sailors Hoda Kaplin and Jeff Megerdichian in 1995. My search would begin there. Sadly, using a combination of Google and Linked-In searches, I came to learn that both individuals had “crossed the bar.” In fact, Hoda’s passing in 1995, more than likely, led to Jeff selling the boat. So, this first attempt had literally met a dead end.

That brought Walter Krasniewiez up to the plate. Walter had belonged to the Catboat Association and his first twenty-year resurrection and second ten-year renovation of *Sunnyside* had earned him the coveted Broad Axe Award in 1987.



Walter Krasniewicz, left, restorer and skipper of *Sunnyside*, accepts the Catboat Association's 1987 Broad Axe Award from Committee Chairman, Jack Wheeler.

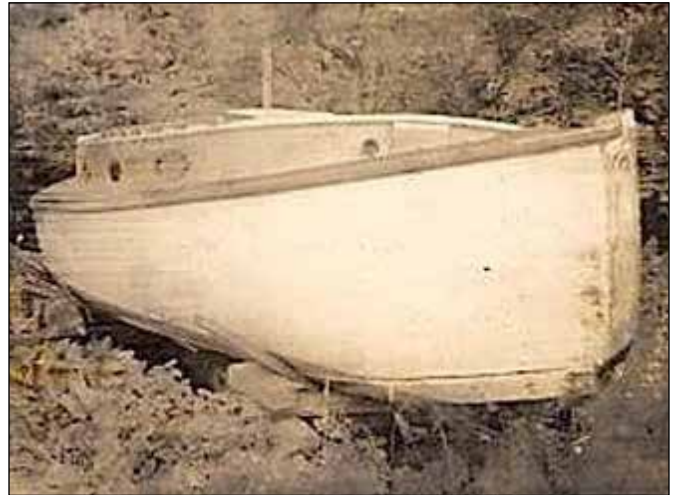
Walter is no longer a member of the CBA but with the CBA's help and from past copies of the Catboat Association's Yearbook, I learned that Walter had lived in Connecticut and kept *Sunnyside* there as well. I hoped that a Google and Linked-In search that concatenated Krasniewicz + CT might prove successful...if he remained among the living. Sadly, he does not:

WALTER J. (BUCKY) KRASNIEWICZ - A lifelong resident of Stamford, died Sunday, November 27th, 2005 surrounded by his loved ones. He is survived by his six children, Kathryn H. Greene of Guilford, CT, Mary Ann of Corte Madera, CA, Thomas P. of Stratford, CT; Timothy W. of Denver, CO; Elizabeth Buckley of Portland, ME; and Patrick J. of Atlanta, GA

However, Walter's obituary did point me in the direction of his surviving children. Undaunted, I once again turned to the internet, sent each of Walter's children a description of our project, asked if they remembered *Sunnyside* and if they had interest in helping with my Track 1 research. Much to my delight, Kathryn replied: "Hi John, We had her for over 30 years and enjoyed many sails and yes there

are many pics and tales of *Sunnyside*. I will see what I can locate. Best regards, Katherine."

In the weeks that followed, Kathryn sent (and continues to send) photos and documents chronicling the thirty-three year history of *Sunnyside's* life with the Krasniewicz family. (To date, unfortunately, no luck in identifying who Walter purchased the boat from). Kathryn confirmed that her dad had rescued the boat from a field "somewhere in Connecticut" in 1962 (not 1965 as previously reported) as a total derelict. He had the wreck delivered to his home on a flatbed truck.

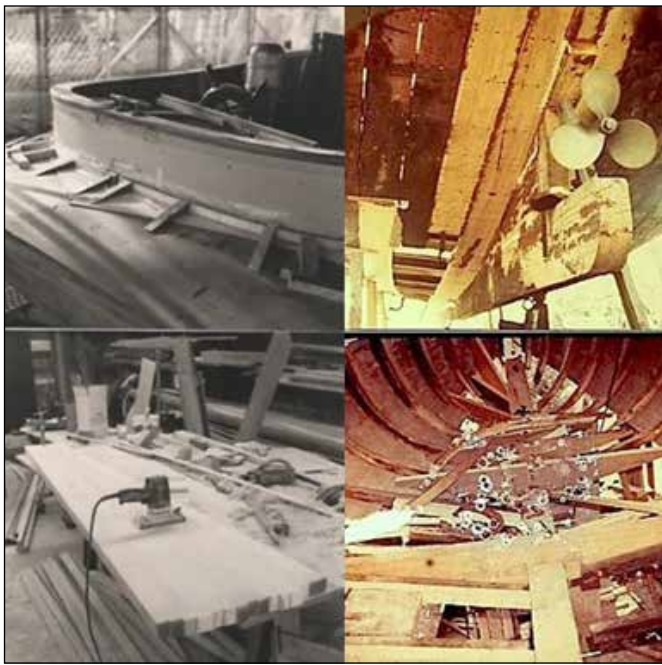


The derelict *Sunnyside* in 1962

Kathryn reminisces, "I remember the day the boat (at this point she was un-named) was brought to our house in Stamford, Connecticut. To help restore the boat, dad hired boat builders from Luder's Yacht Yard in Stamford (builders of the America's Cup boats, *American Eagle* and *Weatherly*). They worked on *Sunnyside* in their spare time.

Kathryn was not sure why her dad "fell in love" with the old bucket, but he did...enough so that he invested the next four years having the entire vessel rebuilt from stem to sternpost—"The Resurrection."





Sunnyside Resurrection phase when just about everything was replaced.



Sunnyside at Mystic Seaport... a First-Place finish in sailboat restoration.

In one of her emails, Kathryn explained that, on occasion, her dad would sail with a close friend, cartoonist Peter Wells of Katzenjammer Kids fame. After each adventure together, Peter would reward Walter with a cartoon depicting some aspect of the recently completed trip.



Sunnyside Resurrected.

In 1982 Walter initiated a second rebuild that once again included replacing her mast, spars, sail, keel, transom and engine—"The Restoration." Completed in 1984, *Sunnyside* went on to win a first-place finish in the Sailboat Restoration Division at the 1985 Mystic Seaport Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous.



Katzenjammer Kids cartoonist Peter Wells enjoyed Spartan grub aboard *Sunnyside*. From which we can deduce that neither Walter nor Peter had mastered the art of galley-cooking.

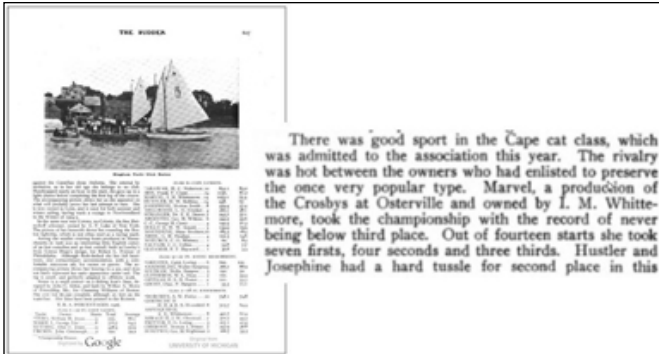
Track 2: The Woodpile Historian

Kind soul that he is, Stan Grayson put his capabilities into high gear and initiated his Track 2 *Marvel* research by conducting online searches of *The Rudder* magazine back issues. Published from 1891 to 1977, the magazine covered virtually everything and everyone connected with Yachting. It was and is a goldmine of information for anyone interested in the history of recreational boating during this period.

With the advent of the internet, several institutions have taken the trouble to scan every issue and make them available for use by the public. The HathiTrust Digital Library, a collaborative of many institutions, is one of the best (www.hathitrust.org).

The Hathi system allows academic users to keyword search through all eighty-plus years that the magazine was published.

Stan decided to start there. In a remarkably sort period of time, Stan had assembled a *Marvel*-ous amount of information covering the years 1905 through 1907.



Typical *Rudder* Magazine page. Note *Marvel* comments.

Stan reported: “*Marvel* was most likely built in 1904 by Herbert F. Crosby not 1905 as you were told. She was owned, perhaps from new but certainly in 1906 by Ira M. Whittemore and was “the flagship” of the Cape Catboat Association (CCA) a racing club founded in 1905. Whittemore, the CCA’s first president was also a member and former Commodore of the Quincy (Massachusetts) Yacht Club (QYC). One of the *Rudder* photos clearly shows her flying the pennant of the QYC. Curiously, Whittemore sold the boat in, if I understand correctly, the spring of 1907 and replaced her with C. C. Hanley’s *Almira*. I found no indication that whoever bought *Marvel* raced her but Whittemore, a Quincy businessman (President of Durgin Whittemore Glass Company... An enterprise still in business!), remained active with his new Hanley boat—a real racehorse. When you look back at the fastest D-Class catboats, there were some great ones including: *Arawak*, *Almira*, *Dolly III*, and *Marvel*. The D-Class boats were still racing in the '20s. Whittemore died in 1944.”



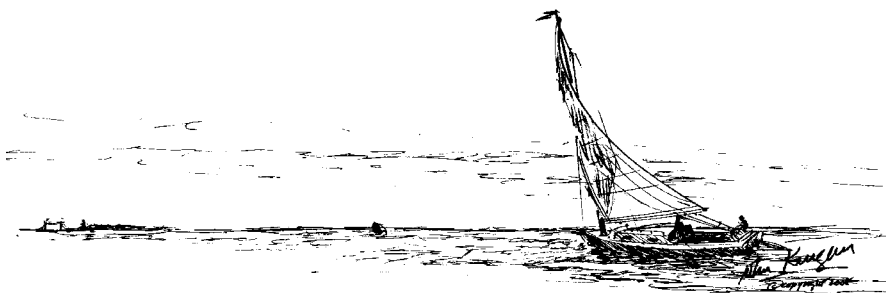
Marvel under sail circa: 1905 off Wollaston Beach, Quincy, Massachusetts.

“Going forward, John,” Stan suggested, “You’ll need to search the archives of *The Boston Globe* and the records in the Hart Nautical Collection at MIT. You should also plan to pay a visit to the Osterville Historical Museum on Cape Cod as well as the Crosby Yacht Yard (also still in business!). Clearly, you will also need to locate and chat with any surviving members of the Whittemore family, the current owners of Durgin-Whittemore Glass, and the officers at the Quincy Yacht Club.”

Yikes! It suddenly looked like Track 2 could take a while. And we had yet to answer the question: “Was *Sunnyside/Susan* the *Marvel* at birth?”

Track 3: Mixed Mediums

Meanwhile, back in the Tripp boatyard, the task-prioritization process continued. Inspection of the boat’s port side, once the paint had been stripped, revealed that at some point in her life, restorers, perhaps Walter’s crew, decided to refasten her above the waterline with a curious type of bronze fastener. It looks somewhat like a cut or cast nail with a large, flat head.





One of the many hundreds of unique bronze fittings securing *Marvel's* planking. (If any reader recognizes these please let us know. No experts contacted had ever seen this type of boat fastener.)

These had all been driven into the newer ribs that had been “sistered” beside the old fasteners. Unfortunately, the boat’s original fasteners were made of galvanized iron. Over the years the interaction between the bronze and the iron conspired, via galvanic action, to create a pseudo battery that slowly dissolved the fittings and introduced nail sickness into the planking.



The taboo mixing of bronze and iron fasteners led to galvanic damage.

This discovery pushed the removal of the corroded fasteners, repairs to the damaged planking and its subsequent refastening to the top of the restoration priority list. The techniques utilized are, of course, a story unto themselves. (To be continued...)

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.

Despite winter and the pandemic, the volunteer Marvel restoration team has continued to work on this historic, Class-D racing catboat. (Featured in the March-April edition of WoodenBoat Magazine!) With some luck, and buckets of elbow grease, we hope to have her back in the water on or before July 4th of this year. We thank the many CBA members who have generously donated to our crowd-funding website. This support makes Marvel’s relaunch and maintenance a reality. Fundraising continues and, as before, project donations as small as \$1.00 would be greatly appreciated. These can be made online at: <https://gogetfunding.com/marvel-an-historic-boat-restoration-project/> or by check to: John Conway, P.O. Box 46, Westport Point, MA 02791. Please note that it’s for the Marvel project.



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The Creation of the Ketch *Salt*

Jean Miele

When I gave up *Sea Cloud* after thirty-four years of sailing her out of Squassux Landing in Brookhaven, New York, I wanted a boat I could single-hand. She would need to be stable, shoal draft, and classic of line.



Sea Cloud.

In 2008, I spent some time on the internet and decided on a Herreshoff America 18 (HA18). I found one in Sayville for a reasonable price, in fair condition, and with the appropriate trailer.

I tried her on the bay...and found her wanting. I know that is blasphemy, but as a single-hander, she was not fun and (to me) just plain dangerous. If I went out on the bay early...in light wind, by afternoon, when the wind kicked-up to ten to fifteen, there was just no way to reef....and yes, one day I went out of the river, cocky, in a southwest blow I thought I could handle, and was surprised by the intensity of the wind. I came about to run back to shelter...and snapped the mast at its base. I repaired her, but then I traded her to Steve Pagels for a Moonbeam...but that's another story.

Then I found another HA18 at Beaver Dam Boat Basin. She wasn't tidy: no sails, bent boom, rotted rail, no trailer, no motor, but for a thousand dollars I couldn't resist her.

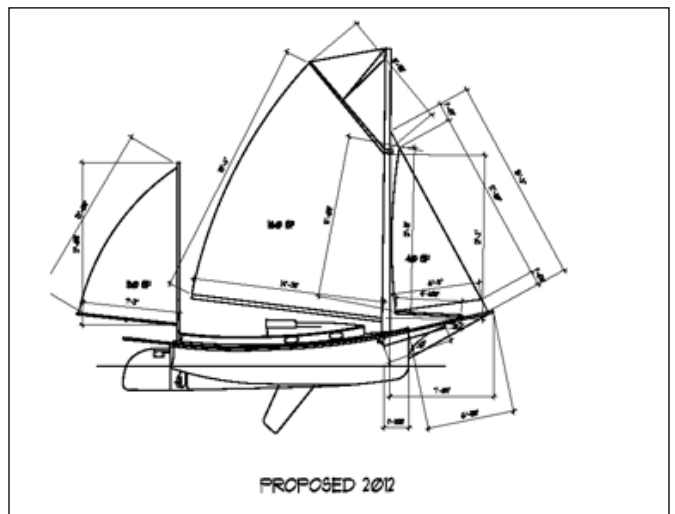
I immediately repaired the boom, bought a new flag sail and sailed her in 2009 as a catboat... but I wasn't happy. I missed the ease of raising and lowering the sails on a ketch. Once you raise and sheet in the mizzen, a ketch weathervanes. She just sits in the water bow into the wind, and waits for you to start something.



Salt as a catboat.

Now to make her the boat I really wanted. I am an architect and work in Computer Aided Design (CAD) on my computer. So, I downloaded the original HA18 profile from the original sales brochure, over drew it, and started tinkering.

After much of that, I finally settled on a sail plan which gave me the same 250 square feet of sail area, but divided it between three sails: jib, main, and mizzen. I reduced the original main, and placed the new sails both fore and aft equidistant from the center of lateral resistance (centerboard down) so as to maintain the sailing characteristics. This necessitated a six foot bowsprit.



The cat to ketch sail plan design.

Next, I contacted Steve Thurston and sent him my sail plan. I explained that I wanted a rig that

would allow me to reduce sail single-handed and permit me to easily lay-to for lunch. I sent him my plan, and waited....

His response was positive! I commissioned the sails. While waiting for the sails, I had much to do. Cut the boom, make up a mizzenmast, mizzenmast step, and a new mizzen boom.

Rigged with the new sails she did well at the 2010 Sayville Catboat Rendezvous, placing fourth after breaking her main traveler and losing at least five minutes to jury rigging a replacement. She did get "Best of the Bay 2010" from the crew at Sayville.

During the winter of 2010-2011, I pondered whether the mizzen was large enough because, unless we had a substantial amount of centerboard down, she was reluctant to weathervane. I put in another call to Steve Thurston and he advised me that the HA18 rig specified 258 square feet of sail...and that the roach of the sail "does not count." I ordered a new mizzen fully battened, to round out the missing area.



up, but when we went back into the wind the board refused to go back down. We had bent the centerboard so badly it was wedged hard in its trunk. We did not finish!

A new centerboard arrived three days later and we were back on the bay to finish the season. Wait till next year!

Never leave well enough alone.

Another pet peeve about the HA18 is the small cockpit. Herreshoff designed the Scout as well (same hull, ketch rigged, no cabin, cockpits fore and aft). So, I searched online for one, found one for sale on the Jersey Shore, and sent Bet Zielenski down to pick it up for me. He called after seeing her and reported her unfit.

So I cut back the cabin on the *Salt* and added two feet to the cockpit. I also shortened the mast by two feet to suit the smaller main and trimmed the gaff to fit as well.



The reconfigured *Salt* underway.

We sailed the 2011 season with the new sails and she weathervaned beautifully with just a bit of board down. This was important as it allowed us to push off the dock at Squassux and set the mizzen, then weathervane and set the main and jib...all without starting the motor. Conversely, when coming home to roost, I can sail to within a few yards of my dock, and drop the jib and mizzen before motoring to the dock.

The Catboat Rendezvous at Sayville was a hoot. The wind was out of the north at close to twenty-five knots. We did well on the windward leg after a bad start and were making up time against the boats ahead on the first downwind leg with the centerboard



The enlarged cockpit.

Have You Seen One of These?

David Morrow

Author's disclaimer: This is not a solicitation to buy this product. It is not a request for comment on whether or not you think it will work. (It does very well) It is not a battering ram used to settle port/starboard conflicts.

My Marshall Sanderling was purchased by my father-in-law in 1984 from Charles Kilvert, Sr. on Nantucket. The boat was delivered new to the island for Mr. Hugh "Buddy" Sanford, Jr. in 1964. To my knowledge this device has been on the boat since it was new.

I have heard it called a bull horn or a bull nose. It is used as a fairlead to keep the mooring or anchor line running true from the bow to the mooring ball or anchor. This helps to eliminate "sailing" while moored. I had it modified a few years ago by welding the piece to my bronze trailering chafe rail. It is now a single piece.

So here's the question: Has anyone seen or used a similar fitting? If so, drop me a line (davidamorrow@me.com), I'd love to know more about its history.



Electrifying *Betty Jane*

Tom Champney

Quiet. That's what you hear as you back away from the mooring. No chug, chug, chug from the diesel as water cascades out of the exhaust. Just a slight whirring as the boat smoothly glides in reverse. A twist of the throttle and the boat moves forward with the most notable sound being the wake proceeding astern.

This is how *Betty Jane*, my 1982 Mystic 20 catboat, sounds now that she has had her combustion engine replaced with an electric motor. She was built as number fifty out of fifty-two fiberglass catboats designed by Peter Legnos. She originally had an inboard diesel with a three-blade fixed propeller sitting just ahead of the rudder. At some point, the diesel died and her owner first removed it and then affixed a six h.p. outboard to her wineglass transom. This is how she was outfitted when I acquired her two years ago.

After sailing *Betty Jane* for six months, one of her gaff jaws broke, a sure sign it was time to take her off her mooring and perform some much-needed renovations. I trailered her to my house, parked her in the yard and set to work. The first step was to take the offending outboard off her transom, or as one sailor put it, remove the "wart off her ass." After that, out came all of the remaining diesel accessories she was still carrying, including the tank (still half-filled with years-old diesel), the water muffler, the water intake lines, the diesel lines, the throttle and all the electronics.

With help from Rob Feaster and John Duffy of Miami, Florida's, Centerline Marine, I also removed the through-hulls for the water intake, exhaust and cockpit drains, after which the cockpit drains were rerouted to the top of the centerboard trunk. All other through-hulls and openings in the cockpit were fiberglassed over. *Betty Jane* now has only the centerboard slot, the propeller shaft and the rudder post below the waterline.

I investigated a number of electric-motor options for *Betty Jane*, finally deciding on a system from Annapolis Hybrid Marine that includes a 48V Thoosa 5500 motor from Clean eMarine with a properly-sized drive belt and four 12V thin-plate, lead-acid sealed AGM batteries. The system also employs a 120V battery charger, a motor controller

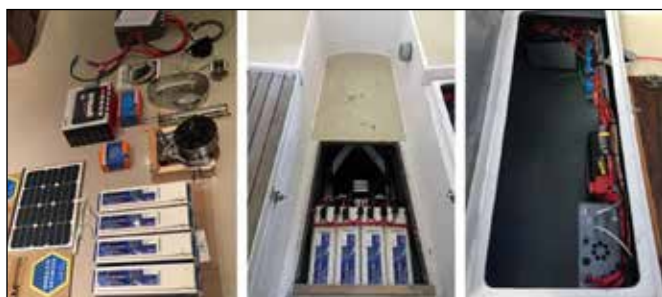
with a smooth circular throttle and a battery monitor. In addition, a 48V to 12V converter is used to charge the 12V house battery. Four Sunbeam 38-watt solar panels and a Victron MPPT controller are used to maintain the batteries while *Betty Jane* is on her mooring.



Left: The existing through-hulls needed to be sealed and the engine space cleaned. Center: Post cleaning and painting, the prop shaft was re-installed. Right: The motor mounted on its brackets and fitted into place.

Once the fiberglassing was complete, I cleaned and painted the entire bilge (since the new engine system would no longer be leaking diesel or oil). Rob and John designed and built a battery platform and engine mount out of StarBoard-brand marine-grades structural plastic. After that, they removed the propeller shaft, stuffing box and propeller and had them all refinished. These were then reinstalled, and the propeller shaft aligned with and connected to the driveshaft of the new electric motor.

With the motor in place, the next step was to install the four batteries, which Damian from Quality Mobile Marine, of Coral Springs, Florida, wired in series. Damian also wired together the rest of the system's many components which, like the house battery, were all installed in the port-side lazarette (the "dry" side, as opposed to the "wet" lazarette to starboard, which is used for lines, fenders and an extra anchor).



From left: The parts before the install, including four batteries, the solar panel and motor; the four batteries installed in the engine compartment; the cabling and components in place in the "dry side" port lazarette.

With the new installation, the cockpit is much less cluttered, with only the circular throttle and a 120V shore power connection. The starter key and battery monitor are below decks in the small cabin next to the house system breaker board. To turn the system on, the house and motor switches and key are all turned on. A button on the motor controller is then depressed and *Betty Jane* is ready to go. By turning the round throttle forward, the propeller engages (with instantaneous torque as any electric-car owner can attest). The farther forward the throttle is rotated, the more thrust is generated. Same thing in reverse. Simple, effective and intuitive.

Fully charged, the batteries provide many hours of motoring at half throttle with more than enough juice to bring *Betty Jane* home from just about anywhere on Biscayne Bay. I typically only use the motor to leave the mooring and get out to open water. Once there, the throttle is placed in neutral. With enough boat speed, the propeller can also be used as a water generator to provide the batteries with a bit of a boost. After an enjoyable day sail, the engine can be used to navigate through the mooring field back home to *Betty Jane's* mooring.



Enjoying another form of noise-free propulsion—wind!

Tom Champney has been sailing for over fifty years. He started on a thirteen foot Marconi-rigged Wood-Pussy catboat on Huntington Bay, Long Island, and currently sails Betty Jane, on Biscayne Bay. He has sailed on many different boats over the years (up to a seventy-two foot trimaran), but now enjoys the simplicity and style of small, older boats.

This article originally appeared in the October/November 2020 issue of Sail magazine. Reprinted with permission.

It can also be found online at: <https://www.sailmagazine.com/diy/know-how-electrifying-betty-jane>



Betty Jane's classic lines unmarred by any outboard.

Other benefits to the system include no more oil changes, no fuel costs, no worries about water intake, impellers or the many other little concerns that are inherent in the use of a combustion engine. There's just smooth, quiet acceleration whenever needed with little fuss. Isn't that the way everything out on the water should be?



Cruising

Steve Flesner, Editor

The Girl, Me and the Cat: 1300 Miles at 5 knots

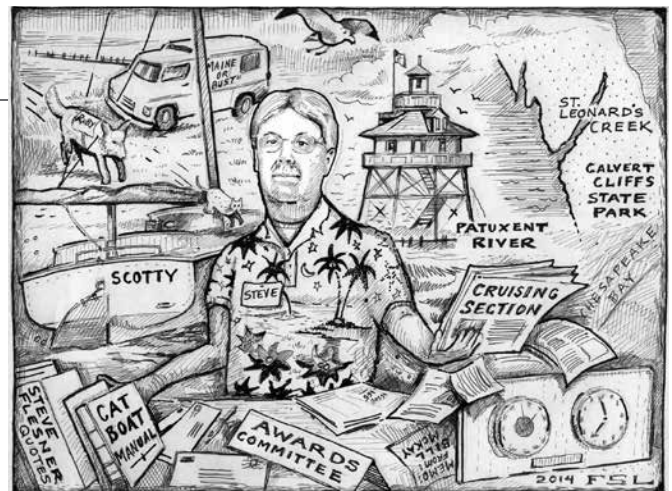
Ryan Peterson

The opportunity to share this story with you is a great honor. How can I possibly begin to fully describe the hardship, the satisfaction, the here-and-now existence of forty-six days on a catboat? I simply cannot, for I am no Henry Plummer. I can only hope that my story inspires you to cast off on some great adventure of your own.

When we left Fort Myers in late May of 2020, we knew there were challenges ahead, but we did not know that we would be shaken to the core, broken down, and reawakened to a new perspective where everything was sensational and the next heaven was right around the bend. If you are contemplating a trip in unfamiliar waters on a catboat, I say, “go,” for you may find yourself in harm’s way, but you may also simply find yourself.

Over the past few years, my girlfriend, Mailyse, has tolerated, and perhaps even enjoyed a few trips to Martha’s Vineyard, as well as Chatham and Padanaram. We share a love for adventure and wildlife, and we never get bored of being stuck on a twenty-two foot catboat together. When her family visited Cape Cod and came sailing with us on our Marshall 22, it was not long after that they wanted a catboat of their own to explore the Chesapeake Bay. They wanted something relatively easy to maintain with standing headroom. The Menger 23 seemed to be a practical option without sacrificing beauty. Mailyse’s parents, Rob and Caroline, found their future catboat in southern Florida and purchased her sight unseen. At this point, we had been cooped up in the house for months and were yearning for adventure. Sailing her home to the Patuxent River in Maryland would be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

We planned to explore the Intracoastal Waterway and poke our noses in the Atlantic when weather permitted, which turned out to be just once. Even the protected waters of the Intracoastal nearly did us in on a few occasions. Turns out, this huge-to-us cat was



still a very small boat compared to the other boats flocking north. When arriving at marinas, we were often directed to the dinghy dock.



Fort Myers...Getting organized.

Tom Lump, the previous owner of the boat, caught us off guard when he explained that there were thunderstorms every single day around five p.m., and that they were “no joke.” Well, we were already standing on his dock, drenched in sweat, with hundreds of pounds of provisions and clothing, oars for our future dinghy, full rain gear, a few gallons of denatured alcohol, and anything else we could possibly need for at least a month.

Tom had some clever innovations set up on this catboat. The color-coded electrical tape whipping on the reef lines made reefing easier. A canvas bag hanging on the cockpit bulkhead to dump the halyards in as we pulled up the sail kept the cockpit neat. The alcohol stove was very easy to use and relatively safe.



Just in case it rains...no joke!

The first thing we learned how to use was the auto-helm. As we left the canals of Ft. Myers, the blue sunny sky turned to a downpour and we huddled under the dodger. We motored twenty miles to the downtown Fort Myers basin and enjoyed a cool breeze and a comfortable night before we headed into the Okeechobee Waterway.

The next morning we set out under our first drawbridge, and we continued into our first lock. A giant manatee, about the size of our boat, sprung up a few feet off our bow. This was exhilarating and Mailyse shouted, “Alligator!” We obviously were not

from here! The Okeechobee Waterway, lined with overhanging trees and floating vegetation, felt like another world. We laid on the deck in the hot sun and clicked the auto-helm remote around the bends as we relished in the peaceful beauty of the river.

After four drawbridges and two locks we were making great time. We arrived at Moore Haven for the night and just as we tied off to the town dock, it started pouring harder than I’ve ever seen in my life. Our timing was impeccable. However, sunset brought on what would be a nightmare episode of “Naked and Afraid—Catboat Edition.” With the pouring rain, we couldn’t open the front hatch, so we fashioned some screens for the louvered doors. The duct tape declined to stick in the wet air. It was too late, hundreds of mosquitos had infiltrated our cabin. We spent about an hour hunting and suffocating inside when our carbon monoxide alarm started sounding. It sounded about six times throughout the night. Each time, we were more sleep deprived and confused, and more so convinced we were dying. I didn’t sleep a wink. I walked outside, the air was absolutely stagnant; stray cats wandered the dock; and the mosquitos were relentless. That night we realized our 12-volt fan was our most vital piece of equipment, and we promptly ordered a spare to be delivered ahead of us.

On day 3 we snuck out of the Moore Haven lock on a gleaming sunny morning and instantly felt the beauty of Lake Okeechobee. We putted through the narrow channel as gators eyed us from the shallows of exotic islands, tall waterfowl trotted along the shores, and a giant river otter slithered along a muddy bank. Our motor, which had carried us seventy miles, was in need of a new fuel filter. As we approached the oldest swing bridge in Florida, the bridge tender, named Thomas, explained that he would have to open it by hand and we should sit tight. After about twenty minutes of watching him walk in circles with a giant lever atop the bridge, our engine refused to go any further.



Thomas opening oldest swing bridge in Florida.

We broke down in front of a fish camp in Lake Okeechobee. Thomas came to our rescue and towed us in, beer in hand. That evening's thunderstorm was like water on a hot frying pan. We spent two nights on the campground dock, lugging buckets of water down to the boat for washing clothes. Thomas brought us a new fuel filter, diesel, ice, and a pork loin, and showed us his gator scars from his water skiing days. He explained that if you swim underwater they can't get you, and that he still swims every evening. He was one of the most generous people we have ever met.

With our motor running again we pulled up our big red sail for the first time. It was enormous! Airboats buzzed by like planes on a runway. One of them forgot the drain plug and we watched him sink along the bank. Gators approached the man and his puppy as he screamed for a damn cigarette. When Thomas opened the bridge for us a second time, it was a bittersweet goodbye as we motored away into the glassy abyss of the lake.

Three days later, we made the turn out of Stuart and were officially heading north after five sweltering days in central Florida. "I love your catboat!" a gentleman exclaimed from an overtaking trawler. We were surprised to hear this, and we hoped we would run into him somewhere further north. Now that the locks of the Okeechobee were behind us, it was time to find a dinghy. We found an exceptionally beautiful little dory on the internet in Edgewater Florida, and we made it to Edgewater on our tenth day just before sunset. We had already come 266 miles.

Hank, the rowboat guy, explained where we ought to anchor the night before we met him, and we did, just out front of Boston Whaler's headquarters. We enjoyed a delicious curry dinner and awaited the daily thunderstorm. They all look the same on radar, but when we zoomed out we realized this one had a peculiar swirling pattern. Remnants of tropical storm Cristobal were headed our way from the west coast. I was very concerned and didn't have much faith in our twenty pound Danforth.

We went down below and tried to relax. Mailyse was nose-deep in her book when my cell phone app anchor alarm sounded. I looked at the distance from our original mark, 50, 60, 70 feet. I sprung up, busted open the doors, and saw the world ending right outside our cabin! Fifty knot gusts were whipping the waters of the thousand foot wide river into a violent chop. Lightning was so constant I didn't need my flashlight. We were absolutely flying across the river. The wind had done a complete 180. I scurried up on

the deck, holding on for dear life, and tried to pull the anchor line, which was now taught like a cable. It had caught on something. We retreated to the cabin. "Call your father!" seemed like a good first step. I was responsible for his boat and, more importantly, his daughter, and I feared we were aground in a lightning storm. The gusts continued for about thirty minutes. As soon as they passed, we pulled up the anchor and motored away from the bank. Our measured distance of drag was 600 feet across the channel. I'd never experienced anything half as terrifying at sea.

Day 11 came clear, sunny, and with us sleep deprived. We tied up to a fishing pier to meet Hank. He took me for a ride in his truck and we wrestled a dory down from the top of an eight foot tall trailer. Did I mention he's eighty years old? Hank had built beautiful "Mystic" rowboats for about twenty years and was just selling the last remaining few. We waved goodbye and set sail with our new dinghy in tow. That same day, I found a big anchor for sale and we trekked forty miles to pick it up. A forty-five pound CQR, made in Scotland, "The Big Scott" was our ticket to a good night's rest.



Picking up dory from Hank.

Later that day, we headed up the Matanzas River just north of Daytona and sailed alongside our future friends in their fifty foot Gulfstar sloop. Our dinner date was spoiled by another thunderstorm. We couldn't find a protected place to stop so we anchored right in the middle of the Intracoastal Waterway. After a mild storm we continued for an hour to a small boat ramp inlet where we received a tornado warning by cellphone. I tied just about every line we had to the dock and we had as good of a night as we could've hoped for.

By day 12 we had covered 332 miles and arrived at St. Augustine. A massive thunderstorm kept us down below for a few hours. When the weather cleared, we headed into the old pirate town with a ukulele and sang sea shanties on the main street. We decided to spend an extra day to have letters made for the new name: *Capucine*. Getting the name straight on the transom proved difficult in the wake of the harbor. This was the first truly clear water we had seen, with many dolphins swimming around the harbor. It was one of our favorite stops in Florida.

After leaving St. Augustine, we were delighted to spot the black trawler we had seen leaving Stuart exactly seven days earlier. The captain and owner, (another) Thomas, invited us over for dinner with his family. We enjoyed our first sunset in Florida and a swim in the beautiful marshy rivers of Big Talbot Island where we were the only two boats anchored. Thomas was bringing his refurbished fifty-five foot trawler home to Brooklyn. The trawler was a Charles Whittholz design—I assume the same Charles Whittholz who designed *Prudence*, formerly *Planet*, the twenty-five foot wooden catboat from Oxford, Maryland now lovingly cared for by my father and brother back on Cape Cod. Thomas took a liking to our little boat because his friend, William Kornblum, had written a book about living on his 1910 Crosby catboat, *Tradition*, in NYC. The book is called *At Sea in the City*.



Just one more time!

We were on to Cumberland Island of Georgia and watched wild horses graze around mansion ruins on the now uninhabited island. The island was first settled in 1736 and once occupied by the British during the War of 1812. The ruined mansion was built by a Carnegie in 1880. In addition to wild

horses, we saw armadillos and massive oak trees that were used to build ships like the USS *Constitution*.

Only seventeen miles north of Cumberland Island was Jekyll Island. This was a civilized place with a great little marina and complimentary bicycles. We biked around, admiring gorgeous old houses and sweeping willow trees. Just north of the island we were surprised to see a 660-foot car carrier capsized in St. Simons Sound. They were cutting it into eight sections using a giant chain.

The next day we continued forty-seven miles through the marshy rivers to St. Catherines Island. About ten miles of marsh separates the island from dry land. The night sky was clear and the stars were magnificent. We saw one fishing trawler that almost didn't see us! St. Catherines Island is one of two places in the world where wild lemurs can be seen. They were brought there from Madagascar, along with other species (including zebra and gazelle!) from various continents.

After a quick stop in Savannah, we sailed up to Beaufort, South Carolina and arrived just as the sun was setting. We were looking forward to a relaxing evening but I managed to get the mooring line wedged in the small crevice between our keel and rudder. What a pain! Luckily, after an hour-long struggle with an oar, I stood on the line and we were freed.

With Charleston two days behind us, things were getting awfully power-boaty. We covered fifty-four miles to the Waccamaw River. We were not expecting the water to be Coca-Cola brown from the bark of the trees lining the river. There was no land to be seen, just water extending into the forest on either side. Massive logs floated downstream and we kept a sharp lookout. Powerboats were zooming by at full speed on all sides. Suddenly, cumulonimbus clouds formed above the swampy forest and a close lightning strike cracked nearby. We passed a fish camp and laughed, remembering the one we broke down in front of three weeks earlier. Then, a deafening, "BOOM!" and our ears were ringing. I could smell wood burning. We quickly pulled down the sail, and headed back for the fish camp.

The Bucksport Marina was an interesting place to say the least. We happened upon a rock-and-roll concert in the covered open-air bar at the marina. Burgers were two dollars and prepared by a shirtless chef at a grill in the back. The accents were so thick we could barely understand a single word, but we nodded and smiled.

(Continued on page 40)

“Forsaken”

Painting by John Hutchinson

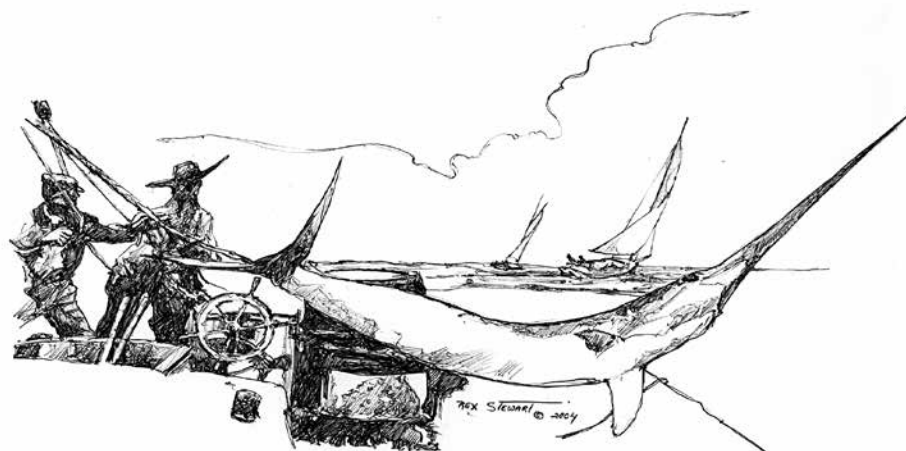
Thirty-five years ago I found this old lady spending her retirement years in an open field on Nantucket. She did not appear to be so far gone that Joshua Slocum couldn't have breathed new life into her, but I did not go aboard her to examine her innards. There she sat comfortably on her cradle, begging to be either rejuvenated or the subject of a painting. I

thought that she must have been a “party boat” in her youth as she had some size to her. In this watercolor I tried to catch the forlornness of her current lot in life as well as to hint of the life of the proud party cat she had once been. There was no name on her stern, but many years later I was informed that she was the famed Nantucket cat *Baggywrinkles*. Can't say for sure.

From the Artist . . .

Since 1970 the majority of my paintings have been marine views—scenes and vessels from days gone by, portraits of vessels large and small (many on commission). In the course of these fifty years the breath of my subject matter has broadened a good deal. I am a long way from the days of learning by copying the marine paintings of the masters, although I continue to see myself as a marine painter. As for influence, a retrospective of my work might show a reverence of the work of Joseph M. W. Turner, Robert Salmon, Winslow Homer and A. T. Bricher. Among my favorite subjects have been catboats, fishing and pilot schooners, tugboats, landscapes, light houses, and wooden bodied wagons in scenes of surf-casting fishermen. I have executed a number of polychromed wood carvings; painted portraits of people and diverse creatures; and completed murals of various sizes. My work has included a number of whimsical “under the sea” paintings done in an entirely different style and spirit. In addition to canvas, wood panels and watercolor paper, the surfaces I’ve decorated include Easter eggs, ornamental Christmas balls, sea scallop shells, oyster shells, horseshoe crabs, dinner plates, clock faces, ceramic tiles, one of a kind labels for liquor bottles, and coffee table tops.

In addition to decorative art, I have illustrated two of my three books for children, all three of which have a distinctly maritime flavor. (www.bertiesadventures.com)







(Continued from page 36)

As we passed through Myrtle Beach, we ran down the river full sail. The river was barely wide enough for all the traffic. We saw our friends in the black trawler again and they pulled up close behind us, dropping a care package into our dinghy using a boathook. It took a few attempts, and with all the wakes it was quite a scene, but we secured the much needed cold beverages and chips, complete with salsa.

On day 25, we covered fifty-nine miles to Southport, North Carolina. At one point a thunderstorm caught up to us and we decided to continue motoring downwind. The rain was so heavy I could barely see twenty feet ahead of us as I steered from the cabin, and we may as well have been whitewater rafting. Southport was a lovely town with a fishing history and great harborside restaurants.

Two days later we were anchored in front of a Marine training facility in Hubert, NC. The wind was gusting to thirty-five with little protection, and we had a hell of a time cleaning the black mayonnaise from our anchor the next morning. We left early because the river is often closed for firing drills. We could hear explosions in the woods next to us on our way by. The big sloops were flabbergasted as we overtook them on the downwind stretches of the river with big smiles on our faces.

By day 28, we were in Beaufort, North Carolina, the friendliest town in America. This was one of our favorite stops. Here we replaced our recently broken toilet after carrying a new one across a series of busy highways. We enjoyed a dinner on a neighbor's Catalina and discussed our intentions of sailing from Cape Lookout through the Core Sound, which he strongly advised us not to do. There was no other way to get back into the Intracoastal from Cape Lookout unless we backtracked or sailed around Cape Lookout Shoal, which was not an option.

I regretted the canned chicken Alfredo dinner the next morning when we headed out to the Atlantic for the first time. We battled seven foot waves out of the harbor and it was well worth it. Cape Lookout was a sparkling emerald-green bay protected by a gorgeous sandy spit. We met up with our old friends on the Gulfstar, who we had never actually gotten to meet face to face until that day. After spearfishing and swimming, we experienced the most beautiful cotton candy sunset we can remember. We were waved down by some anchored neighbors, Marty and Mark Fancy, the former owners of a Menger 23 named *Katniss*. Marty sent us a beautiful photo of our boat.



Off Cape Lookout Shoal.

Day 31 would be a fifty-seven mile day from Cape Lookout to Ocracoke, and easily the most stressful day of our trip. We would attempt to pass through the Core Sound, a thirty mile crapshoot of unmarked channels and sandbars. The Coast Guard removed their markers to discourage passage, and advised against it for boats drawing more than three feet. We made the cutoff! We hoisted the anchor at half tide rising and headed into the sound. Most of the channels were marked with small fenders or moveable posts. About twenty miles in, we couldn't see a clear opening through the sandbars and the wind was picking up. We tried the charted channel, bounced off the bottom a few times, and fought the current back off the bar. Eventually, we found a way through and headed for the last channel before Pamlico Sound. This channel, the Wainwright Slough, was lined with various sticks and fish traps. At that point, the tide was going out and we were running out of water. We were forced to plow through a stretch of mud at the end, but we made it through. I have never felt such relief.

We spent five days exploring the Outer Banks. Mailyse's family drove down to Manteo to meet us (and the boat) for a few days and to drop off her older sister. She was to sail back with us to the Patuxent River. The Outer Banks were beautiful, but we found few places deep enough to anchor near shore. We had to get creative near Kitty Hawk as there are very few marinas north of Manteo.

The three of us left Kitty Hawk and sailed into Elizabeth City, known as "The Harbor of Hospitality." Sadly, the town seemed barren and many of the beautiful houses were dilapidated. I had to walk a few miles to fill our diesel cans in preparation for the Dismal Swamp.



Dismal Swamp.

The Fourth of July fell on Day 37. We set out to the Dismal Swamp before sunrise. The 200-year-old canal was dead calm and mirrored the blue sky and tall trees perfectly. We had to retreat to the cabin to escape the swarms of giant flies, but it was well worth it to see this mysterious place. The lockmaster asked if we had a conch shell on board. I said I did, and he said, "Show me what you got." We proceeded to have a conch battle and he could really make that thing sing! We arrived at Norfolk, a bustling harbor of old schooners and battleships, and celebrated Independence Day with our neighbors at the Waterside Marina.

The next morning we faced choppy water entering the Chesapeake Bay. We set out for Cape Charles on the eastern shore of Virginia. It is a hidden gem, and we enjoyed swimming and giving tours of our boat to those who didn't believe that three people could fit inside. They were all impressed.

Tangier Island was a must-see. Located in the middle of Chesapeake Bay, this was a real cultural experience. Fishing shacks are built up on pilings over the water, creating a floating town. The island is sinking as the sea level rises around it. We stayed at the only marina, Parks Marina. Mr. Parks runs it himself, and he is about ninety years old. He lives at the marina, but it takes him about a half hour to walk down the dock, so don't expect anything to happen fast. We soon realized that just about everyone on the island is named Parks or Crockett. The local dialect of the 400 locals is a mix between southern and British accents. The the crab cakes are well worth the journey.



OK girls, everyone on deck!

On day 40 we left Tangier Island and sailed just north to Smith Island. After ordering more crab cakes just before close, we were informed it was a cash only operation and there are no ATMs on the island. This meant we couldn't buy groceries or water, either. We sailed another twenty miles to Crisfield for provisions. By the time we got there, no stores were open so we were forced to buy twenty bottles of water from a vending machine.

We left Crisfield before the crack of dawn and sailed seventy-three miles to Cambridge, Maryland in one day. We sailed right past our final destination (intentionally) because we weren't ready for the adventure to end. From Cambridge we sailed to St. Michaels and saw *Selena II*, the biggest catboat I know of at forty-two feet long with a sixteen foot beam! You could roller skate around that cockpit! The anchorage on the backside of St. Michaels up the San Domingo Creek was quiet and offered a nice place to row into shore.



Arriving Patuxent River.

Finally, after forty-six days, we sailed past Solomons Island into the Patuxent River. I was asleep most of the day and so I credit the girls for getting us there. After examining our GPS track I noticed Mailyse decided to cut a corner inside a channel marker and she was sentenced to twenty minutes in the dinghy, towed about fifty yards astern the boat as punishment.

Caroline and Rob brought the family out on their power boat, dog and all, to greet us as we sailed in. Fireworks were lit in broad daylight, and champagne was bountiful. We made it! I rolled out of the cockpit and kissed the dock! Hundreds of hours of motoring through marshes, twenty-seven drawbridges, six locks and the constant tests from Mother Nature. We covered over 1,300 miles at five knots and every mile was different from the last. I would do it again a hundred times.

Now, where is this Steve Flesner guy we've been hearing about? I emailed Steve a few hours after we arrived. I was telling Caroline and Rob he would drive his Whaler up the river in a few days to meet us. Lo and behold, a Whaler, right there on the river. It was Steve—he just couldn't wait! *Capucine* is now home on the Patuxent, ready to attend her first of hopefully many catboat rendezvous. As for me and Mailyse—we just bought our own Menger 23 here on Cape Cod. Maybe someday they will meet!



We made it!

Editor's Note: Two catboats on the Patuxent River definitely means it's a race!

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Waterspout Alley

Luke Nagle

It was late July 2019 and our summer sailing season on Cape Cod was drawing to a close. What followed was one of the most memorable Catboat adventures I've had to date.

First a little introduction: Since 2015, my wife Laura and daughters Zoe and Oona and I have been enjoying the catboat life with *Buon Giorno*, our 1968 Marshall Sanderling. She's a little rough around the edges and has got a few soft spots but we love her and sail as much as we can and have a great time doing it. Every summer I try to get the family out for a little local cruising around Buzzards Bay, Vineyard Sound, and the Islands. We start in Wild Harbor in North Falmouth and go as long and far as the weather, family obligations, and the kids' sailing lessons will allow—which usually isn't very long or very far. In the past few years, we've spent some great days and nights in spots like Red Brook Harbor, Mattapoissett, Hadley Harbor, Tarpaulin Cove, and Vineyard Haven to name a few.



At Vineyard Haven with cousin Flannery.

Anyway, back to 2019. We had a couple weeks left on the Cape and I was getting antsy to get out for some cruising, which we had not done much of up to that point. If I remember correctly, we had a change in the weather on the way and our normal southwest five to ten (read: southwest ten to twenty-plus on “our side” of Buzzards Bay) was replaced by some northerlies and a bit of unsettled weather. Not to be deterred, I decided to take advantage of the wind direction and took a leisurely afternoon sail down to Quissett and picked up a mooring from the good folks at Quissett Harbor Boatyard. Quissett Harbor is a gorgeous harbor and the ultimate staging spot for cruising the area no matter which way the wind blows or the tide flows.



Quissett Harbor.

We had some guests down from Vermont that weekend and, with winds briefly backed to the southwest and a fair tide through Woods Hole Passage, I decided it would be fun to scoot across the Sound to Vineyard Haven. The loose plan was to grab a mooring from a friend in the Inner Harbor, get a bite to eat, and most or all of us would jump on a ferry back to Falmouth and I'd come back and retrieve the boat or continue the cruise in a couple of days. Well, it's a good thing the plan was loose because about halfway across the Sound, Laura looked over my shoulder to the southwest and said, “Is that fog?” I was not pleased when I turned to see what looked like a big bowl of mashed potatoes bearing down on

us! For a while (Laura would say for far too long) I contemplated just pushing on. “As long as we can see West Chop we’re good,” I announced. (Note: I should mention here that outside cell phones and a hand-held VHF radio, *Buon Giorno* is equipped with *no electronics*.) Well, West Chop was promptly obscured and with winds pushing twenty-plus in front of the fog and an ebbing tide in the Sound, there was no going back towards Woods Hole so on down to Falmouth Harbor we went. What started as a warm afternoon sail turned chilly, as did the mood on the boat! Contacting the Falmouth Harbormaster via cell phone we secured a great floating dock tie-up at the top of the harbor and all got hot showers and into cozy sweats back at Grandma’s house.

The next day, determined to get to the Vineyard, we had a nice sail with cousin Flannery over to Vineyard Haven where we swam and kayaked outside the breakwall before picking up the mooring and jumping right back on the ferry for whatever obligation was pulling us back to Falmouth. Another day and another ferry ride put us back at the boat for a windless and rainy but surprisingly pleasant motor back across the Sound to Great Harbor where we picked up a mooring belonging to Woods Hole Yacht Club, who graciously let us stay for the night. This was for a fee (of course) and unfortunately for me a much larger, and presumably higher fee-paying yacht, had reserved the mooring for a week starting in the afternoon the next day. The rain was supposed to continue with heavy thunderstorms that night, so it was back to Grandma’s again.

This may all sound like a let-down of a family cruising week so far but I have to say I was having a great time and aside from a couple tense moments here and there, the family was too! This is really what it’s all about after all, just spending time with the family and doing catboat stuff!



Wet and windless.



Outside the breakwall on the Malibu Two.



Keeping dry.

Little did I know that the fun was only just about to begin. With an eye on an ominous forecast in the morning of July 23rd, I had Laura drive me down to Woods Hole around mid-day because I thought I had a decent weather window to move the boat. I paid my fee and said thank you to the folks at the Yacht Club, jumped in the Malibu Two kayak we use as a dinghy, and out to *Buon Giorno* I went. The goal was to scooch the boat around Penzance Point and back into Quissett where we could re-stage for the upcoming rendezvous in South Dartmouth. *Buon Giorno* has a semi-vintage Mercury 8 h.p. two-stroke outboard that overall has served us well.

The motor usually starts up with little help after not running all winter and, while perhaps a little big and heavy for the boat, it has come in handy several times when I haven't kept a close enough eye on the tide and have had to buck the current in Woods Hole Passage. I've often wondered if the smaller and more popular (and of course cleaner and more efficient) 4 h.p. four-stroke or new-fangled Torqueedos could boast tackling the same feat. Well, I do have one complaint with the 'ole Merc: it seems like after a good rain it doesn't like the moisture and really doesn't want to start until it's good and dried out.

Well, this was one of those damp times and no amount of cursing or pulling on that rope was gonna get me off that mooring before the aforementioned yacht or ominous forecast arrived. I tried everything I could think of and must have spent a couple of hours out there in what was becoming increasingly chilly weather for late July. With time running out and the breeze stiffening and cold from the north, I put in a call to a friend who is a long-time Woods Hole local to see if he knew of any nearby moorings I could grab. Lo and behold he picked up and said to grab the big commercial mooring located about 150 feet off my starboard quarter. Perfect!

A lot of people are familiar with Great Harbor, and I bet almost anyone reading this has at least ridden on the Steamship Authority ferries out of Woods Hole. On this day I was smack in the middle of Great Harbor with the Steamship dock and Marine Biological Laboratory and Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute campuses to the east. To my west were Ram Island and Devil's Foot, both tiny and uninhabited islands. The Woods Hole Yacht Club was probably a thousand feet off my bow, almost due north. And to my south, gulp, were the rocky patch called Grass Island, the famed ship-wrecker Red Ledge, Woods Hole Passage, with its six-knot

current, and Vineyard Sound beyond. The smart thing would probably have been to take off the sail cover, raise sail, and have some mode of propulsion but no! I was too impatient for that—I figured I'd just get the paddle and boat hook ready, untie the painter, and spring myself a little in the direction of that big steel ball and hope for the best.

A few relieved minutes later I was safely tied to the mooring and I swear I could have given that big rusty barnacle-covered ball a smooch! I had visions of Grandma's house and the hot outdoor shower in my head as I tidied up the boat, gathered my tools and backpack, and buttoned up the hatches.

Just then the first *huge* gusts were making their way out of the north and down the harbor. The rain came in stinging sheets as I climbed into the kayak just in time to get out of there, or so I thought. Sitting in the aft seat of a two-person kayak with a canoe paddle is not the most efficient way to get around—I know—but I had less than a quarter mile to go and I figured I could tough it out. In my almost fifty years, I do not think I've seen wind pick up or visibility go from good to awful so fast but there I was, with no one around except that poor family who just arrived in their fancy cruising sloop and were struggling to get on the Yacht Club mooring I just left.

I tried in vain to paddle for my desired destination for what seemed like a while but might only have been a few minutes. It was futile. Fearing I would be blown out into the passage and for all intents and purposes, out to sea, I angled a little to the west, my left, figuring I could grab a moored boat, one of Woods Hole's famous boathouses, or do what I ultimately wound up doing: beaching on Ram Island! The wind had to be blowing fifty knots-plus—it was howling! There was a rumbling that I have never heard before that seemed like it was somehow coming from downwind of me to the south, somewhere out in the Sound. The rain was going sideways and I was soaked and cold. I pulled the kayak up the rocky beach and looked to find some cover. I stepped into the bushes and almost immediately realized the place was loaded with poison ivy! Shortly, I found a spot that looked okay and hunkered under a tree with a little shelter from wind and rain. I had my phone and of course the battery was low but I used it to call Laura and tell her of my current awkward situation and also to call the Woods Hole Yacht Club so someone else would know where I was. While not all that far from anywhere, I really felt like I was marooned on a desert island in a hurricane!



Taking cover on Ram Island.

After maybe about fifteen minutes or so the howling eased up a bit and within thirty minutes the visibility was good enough to see almost all the way across the harbor again. With my body temperature getting a little low, I figured it was time to get moving and while it was still windy I was able to make it back across to the Yacht Club in not too much time. On the way, I waved to a family on a big cruiser who seemed to have safely ridden the storm out as well, probably in relative comfort compared to me. As I got into the lee near the Yacht Club I called Laura and she arrived shortly thereafter with a warm towel and some dry clothes and all was right again!

Some who are reading this may remember this day. It was one in which multiple *tornados* were confirmed to have touched down on the Cape. Damage was widespread and an entire roof even blew off a motel further down-Cape. It was a big deal and even made the national news! I think I read it was only the third time *ever* that a tornado had touched down in the area. Later that day, I was looking at the radar loop and was amazed at the way the storm had tracked straight up Vineyard Sound and made landfall in the Yarmouth area causing all that damage. Could it have been a real-life tornado (okay, waterspout) that I heard rumble up the Sound behind me? I'm sure glad I caught that mooring ball and didn't find out the hard way!

The rest of the week was great: The motor dried out and ran perfectly. We sailed a few amazing days in beautiful weather, spent a glorious afternoon tucked into one of our favorite “secret” coves, and rounded it all out with a great sail across the Bay for the Padanaram Rendezvous where my nephew Isaac and I had a respectable showing on race day—despite watching a couple Sanderlings walk all over us in the final leg to blow our second-place standing.



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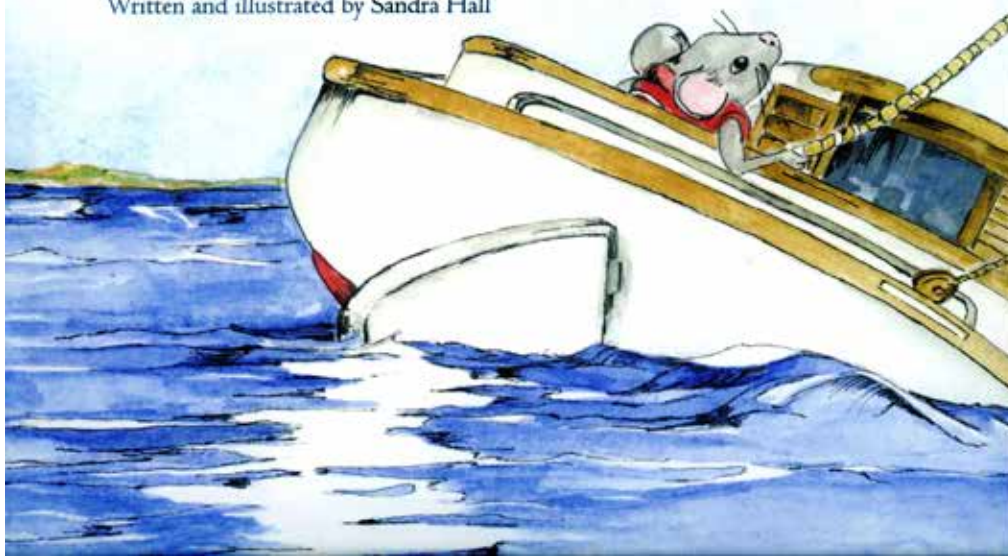
Isaac at the helm.

I told anyone who would listen about my adventure that day in Great Harbor and when I called my Woods Hole friend to thank him for the mooring he told me that in all his years he's only heard of one other time when someone got stranded on Ram Island. According to him, a lone cruiser found himself in a similar position in 1991 during Hurricane Bob, another weather event that lives in infamy. Apparently, the guy fared far worse than I did, spending hours and hours out there. Worse, he wound up covered in poison ivy and was stuck in bed for days. Anyway, I'm sure glad it all worked out; I may have even snuck into a bit of Woods Hole lore!

Oh boy, do we look forward to more good times on *Buon Giorno*. Look for us on the water in 2021!

The Mouse on the Catboat

Written and illustrated by Sandra Hall



When a pet mouse worries that his family is not returning to the catboat, he takes it upon himself to sail home. Sail along with this mouse on the adventure of his life! A perfect gift for catboat kids and catboat families.

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Sandra Hall
115 Elm Street
South Dartmouth MA 02748
USA

Down on Dee Bay Hon

Steve Flesner

OK, so when I think of oysters I see them on a bed of crushed ice just waiting for me to slurp them up...after squeezing lemon juice and a dash of horseradish—mmmm, mmmm good eatin'! But that's the easy part...how about what has happened downstream from that dozen shucked oysters waiting for me to dig in...here goes....

According to an article in a southern Maryland newspaper, the pandemic could change Maryland's oyster industry for good. The pandemic-affected oyster season has been difficult for the industry in Maryland, causing farmers and watermen to rethink how they sell their product and changing how programs conduct oyster restoration.

After restaurants reduced their capacity and a stay-at-home order was issued last spring, restaurant sales essentially went to zero in a matter of a week. Pre-pandemic, oyster companies would primarily sell to restaurants, either directly to the chef or through regional distributors and wholesalers. In April 2020, they transitioned to selling directly to the public through local pick-ups and cold shipping. Between 2019 and 2020, there was more than a twenty-five percent decrease in the number of oysters sold off of Maryland shellfish aquaculture leases, which includes harvests from farmers and some watermen.

With restaurant closures and events being pretty much non-existent, oyster farmers were left with tons of oysters that needed to be harvested right away or else they were going to grow larger than desirable for market. There's a sweet spot for oysters to be harvested—between three to four inches from one tip to the other. Beyond that, the meat becomes too large. Oysters don't stop growing because of a pandemic among humans.

The majority of oysters are sold to packaging houses, which aren't working at full capacity because they can't sell all the oysters once they shuck them. Watermen are being hit hard by the pandemic and it might be years before they get back to normal harvests and sales.

People are creatures of habit and now that they've gotten used to doing things at home, the oyster industry has to get creative in how they sell oysters and how they teach people to eat oysters at home. That is the challenge for the future of the oyster industry...now, pass me the lemon juice and horseradish!



According to Phil Livingston, it don't get no betta!



Sailstice

Brent V.W. Putnam

The first wave hit the bow, splashing up and onto *Roam's* ample foredeck. It settles there, sliding aft toward the cockpit. My first thought: deflected by the coaming, will it simply slide off to port or starboard?

Nope. There's more water moving more quickly than I realized, and when it encounters the vertical oak coaming it goes vertical too, before gravity yanks it down on top of me. I'm soaked.

It feels like this happens in slow motion, but it was just seconds, if that, from start to finish. And then it happens again. And again.

I adjust my course to try to avoid the onslaught, but the effort is only partially successful. I'm in a washing machine and quickly being schooled. *Roam* is a wet boat, I'm sitting on the floorboards, and the trip back is against the wind. This isn't going to be pretty, so I turn tail before things get worse.

With the wind now on the nose, I'm tacking back and forth across the lagoon. The ebb current helps me along, but the way is narrow at first, so I'm crossing the highway that is the Intracoastal Waterway (the ICW), playing a game of Frogger with a mixed bag of boaters and people who happen to own boats.

This um...adventure...began some days back when a local friend, Jim, recommended Munyon Island—part of the MacArthur Beach State Park—as a great destination for shallow draft sailboats such as *Roam*. However, Munyon wasn't my intended itinerary today; I was supposed to be racing with Giorgio.

Rewind to yesterday, Saturday, when I'd spent several hours working on *Roam*. The project list included the installation of a topping lift, and while the mast was unstepped, replacing three of the mast hoops. Finished with that project, I stepped the mast, mounted the spars and hanked on the sail.

Next door, Giorgio's radio was playing Sting. My work was drawing his attention. He stopped work on his engine to ask, "Has your boat always had two booms?"

Sting sings in the background, "I'm an alien. I'm a legal alien. I'm an Englishman in New York." The tune might as well go, "I'm a wooden cat. I'm a little wooden cat. I'm a Beetle Cat in Palm Beach."

There are few members of the Palm Beach Sailing Club who know about catboats, and fewer still are those who have actually sailed Beetles. Having spent his youth on the Bass River, Jim is one. Another, Giorgio, who is originally from Italy, is not. Giorgio grew up dinghy sailing, i.e., competitive sailing, in small, unballasted sloops like 420s and Flying Juniors (FJs). He and his wife, Katie, have a boat more common to these waters than my Beetle: a fiberglass sloop. At the club, we are neighbors; they store their inflatable dinghy next to us here on what's known as the south drive.

"Are you going sailing today?" he asks.

That's my plan. The club has a small boat race scheduled for tomorrow at noon and I'm trying to get a few tasks done before I do a shakedown cruise.

Giorgio asks if I need crew. Not really, but I welcome his offer and the obvious opportunity to share more about catboats. Social distancing is recommended even when aboard; the spacious cockpit of the Beetle provides enough room to make this possible.

Fast forward to Sunday and I'm running late. When I arrive around noon, Giorgio is nowhere to be seen. As an alternative to hitching a ride with me, he'd also been debating borrowing one of the club's FJs for the race, so I figure that's what he must have done. I launch *Roam* and set out alone, looking for sails as I head north on Lake Worth.

As you might expect from the name, the Lake Worth Lagoon was once a landlocked lake. Known to the Seminoles as Hypoluxo, it's named after General William Worth (1789-1849), whose namesake also includes Fort Worth, Texas. Like the salt ponds of Cape Cod and the Islands, a harbor was created by cutting an inlet—think Lake Tashmoo or Deacon's Pond, the latter now better known as Falmouth Inner Harbor.

It's just past high tide and the wind and current are moving me swiftly north toward said inlet, Peanut Island and the Port of Palm Beach. The wind is stronger than I expected or what was predicted. During my brief shakedown sail yesterday, the wind was east northeast at about ten knots with gusts to about fifteen. Overnight, it veered to the southeast, but instead of quieting it feels like it may have freshened a bit.

I'm not complaining. A reef might have been a good idea, but while conditions are on the edge of comfortable, they're still far from being uncontrollable.

I'd rather not risk being swept out to sea on the ebb, so I head to the west side of Peanut Island, a local park. It's the weekend closest to the solstice and everyone is out. The shore is wall-to-wall with powerboats; the scene reminds me of my old stomping grounds—Washburn Island and the Waquoit Bay inlet back in Massachusetts.



Peanut Island.

Except that directly opposite Peanut Island is the Port of Palm Beach, a working industrial port from which container ships and other cargo vessels head to the Bahamas and the Caribbean islands. There's even a casino cruise headquartered there—a former Carnival Cruise ship still sporting its winged funnel.

In fact, the port is the reason for the island. After World War I, the spoils from dredging Lake Worth Inlet created Inlet Island. It was renamed Peanut Island for a planned peanut-oil shipping operation that never materialized. President John F. Kennedy vacationed in Palm Beach, so a nuclear bunker was built for him on the island. Today, this county park is home to that bunker-turned-museum, a pier, trails, and campsites.



The Port of Palm Beach.

With the wind behind me, I slide up the channel easily, albeit a bit more slowly, as I slip into the lee of the island. An anchorage to the west hosts several live-aboards and a now submerged sailboat. Some

folks live year-round on their vessels, either staying in Florida waters or migrating north and south as the seasons change.



Live-aboards.

We—*Roam* and I—dodge powerboats as we head toward the Blue Heron Bridge. There's a lot of boat traffic—it's a beautiful Sunday afternoon, after all—but it's tolerable. This part of Lake Worth is a no-wake zone, and it's heavily patrolled by the sheriff, Coasties and local police.

Having not encountered any of my shipmates from the PBSC, I decide to continue. I've not been this far north before, having only acquired *Roam* four months back. Being unfamiliar with the Beetle, my first sails were closer to the club, often racing in the company of modern fiberglass dinghies.

Drawing only a few feet with the board down, I can avoid the main channel and the steady parade of powerboats that, once clear of the bridge, hit the throttle, sending a series of wakes in my direction. On this part of Lake Worth, the speed limit only applies west of the ICW. Unfortunately, the water here is shallower, so the wakes pile up into a short, steep chop, and—assisted by the building wind and the now southbound ebb current—repeatedly dowse me.

Munyon Island will have to wait for another day. Where the lake grows wider, I'm able to stay east of the ICW. Technically, there is no speed limit over here, but most of the powerboats are just passing through, so they stick to the marked channel and my ride becomes drier.

Well, less water is coming aboard anyway. Below me, enough water has accumulated in the bilge that it begins to slosh above the floorboards from time to time. I'm hardly in danger of sinking, but it's still disconcerting. And my butt is wet.

One more tack across the ICW is needed to avoid a public fishing pier that extends from the

eastern shore. Again, I'll avoid the main channel, but now I must short-tack between the bridge abutments. Above me, a fishing line appears to hang in midair, blown well away from the bridge by the wind but still tethered to its owner. I wonder: Does he know where it is? Can he see it?

I tack away to avoid getting entangled and line up the abutments for my passage south. One of my reasons for not venturing far from the club has been the lack of auxiliary power. I have a canoe paddle aboard and have used it for maneuvering *Roam* short distances, but there's no engine or oars. There are several vehicle bridges crossing Lake Worth, but only the Blue Heron Bridge is fixed. The rest are drawbridges, and the side channels under most of them do not offer enough clearance even for *Roam*'s short mast. Without a favorable wind, tacking through the main channel, with the span raised, would be required—possible, but not recommended with the volume of powerboat traffic around here.



Blue Heron Bridge.

I head for one of the abutments supporting the Blue Heron Bridge, tacking away with less than a boat length to go. Zig, zag, zig, zag. A few short tacks later and I'm clear, heading toward the mooring field west of Peanut Island.

Back in the area of speed limits, I weave back and forth across the anchorage until I can go no further south. I put the tiller hard over, bringing *Roam* about and east across the ICW toward the flats north of Peanut Island. I slip past some anchored powerboats and wave to some folks, drawing excitement from a young boy who expresses an interest in *Roam*. A future catboater?

The run north was often pushing five knots. This is reduced to three and change while tacking south. In the lee of the island, we're still making headway, but the difference in wind and wave make it feel like we're drifting. As I make my way through the plastic

power boats anchored off Peanut Island, one fellow calls out, "I like your catboat."

Say "cat" here and most folks think catamaran. Interestingly, the etymology of the words "catamaran" and "catboat" are completely unrelated. Much has been said about the latter—I'll not cover that ground here. "Catamaran" supposedly originates from the Tamil "kattu-maram," meaning "tied wood," (kattu, "tie, binding," and maram, "wood, tree"). Interestingly, when searching for the linguistic history of catboat, my source, etymonline.com, replies, "No results were found for catboat."

There's an annual, informal event intended to encourage sailing—the "Summer Sailstice." It's scheduled for the weekend closest to the summer solstice in mid-to-late June when the sun is warm in the northern latitudes and the day is the longest. Today, the air and water are each hovering around eighty degrees. On the cusp of the winter solstice—it's December 20—this day has a very summer-like feel to this displaced New England native.

In spite of the warmth, I'm chilled by the repeated soakings and the increasing presence of clouds blocking the sun. As much as I'd have liked to see Munyon Island, I'm now thankful for having turned around when I did.

Back at the club, I beach *Roam* and secure a bow line so she doesn't drift away. The sand here is very fine—born of coral, not stone—but were it more like the coarse sand of the Cape beaches, I still wouldn't hesitate to drive *Roam* ashore; the Beetle Company fiberglassed her bottom in 2004 at the request of a prior owner. Heresy, I know, but it has likely extended *Roam*'s life here under the tropical sun. It certainly has enhanced her utility—I keep her on a trailer, ready to launch here or wherever.

Giorgio and Katie are approaching as I go to retrieve the trailer. They'd arrived before me this morning, found no one sailing, and decided to come back later. Now they're dragging one of those other cats, one of the club's Hobie Wave catamarans, down to the beach for their own winter sailstice.

Brent acquired his first catboat, a Sanderling, after telling his wife that he was just going to "look" at a boat. Her reply, "Don't buy anything," was soon replaced with, "If we had a bigger boat..." and the Sanderling was replaced with a Marshall 22. After getting an even bigger Fenwick Williams cat, Brent downsized to a Beetle Cat, which is being equipped for camp cruising the shallow waters of Florida.





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Rendezvous and Race Results

Steve Flesner, Editor

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

June Schoppe, Artist, Event Chair, Board Member MVAA

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

The weekend will include an arrival reception on Friday evening, a Parade of Sail on Saturday and a 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 "Old Sculpin" Roberts.



For more about "Old Sculpin," the gallery, logistics, and lodging for weekend, see Races and Rendezvous in Bulletin 184.

Please RSVP

Catboat owners and participants are respectfully asked to RSVP to Mark Alan Lovewell at mark@markalanlovewell.com, preferably by May 1. Please provide your name, email address and mobile phone number as well as the number of people on your boat.

For general information and/or land-related questions, please contact June Schoppe at juneschoppe@gmail.com phone or (774) 310-5373.



Catboat Association

2021 Rendezvous/Race Schedule

Steve Flesner, Editor

Editor's Note: Thank you all for sending your Rendezvous and Race Schedules for the 2021 sailing season. Don't forget to also send the results and write ups to steve.flesner@catboats.org. Just a reminder that if we don't get race results, (like who won!) or an article about the race, there's liable to be a mutiny amongst your participants...only you can prevent forest fires! We all want to hear about those moments of "mortal combat on the high seas" along with your racing "stories" and all the unexpected things that somehow happen! Now go out there and have some fun!

April 24, 2021

Lowcountry Catboat Gathering
Beaufort Yacht and Sailing Club
Beaufort, SC 29907
byscnet.com
Contact: Marvin Day or S.W. "Woody" Norwood
843-929-9978
marvday@msn.com

May 29-30, 2021 (Race 30th)

West River Heritage Regatta & Catboat Rendezvous
Hartage Yacht Harbor
Galesville, MD 02765
Contact: Kate Grinberg 301-908-6966
kathryngrinberg@gmail.com

June 12, 2021

Prospect Bay Race
Eastern Shore, MD 21601
Contact: Butch Miller
410-271-2540
anmiller03@aol.com

June 6, 2021

Mayor's Cup Race
Halloween YC
Stamford, CT
Contact: John Reffner
97 Ocean Drive East, Stamford, CT 06902
203-348-8098
jareffner@cs.com

June 19, 2021

Noroton Yacht Club Catboat Regatta
Darien, CT
Contact: Frank Kemp
20 Seagate Rd., Darien CT 06820
203-656-1129
fkemp@optonline.net

July 10, 2021

Wickford Catboat Rendezvous
Wickford, RI
Pleasant Street Wharf
Contact: Rex Brewer
401-261-7974
Brewer_rex@hotmail.com
Eric Collins
Pleasant Street Wharf
401-641-8993
pswinc@verizon.net

July 10, 2021

North of the Cape Race & Rendezvous
Contact: Michel Thornton
21 Landing Road, Kingston, MA 02634
617-435-6516
21sestone@comcast.net

July 11, 2021

7th Annual Barnegat Bay Rendezvous
Beaton and Sons Boatyard 08723
72 Beaton Rd, Brick, NJ
Contact: Henry Colie
201-401-0292
henry.coliel@gmail.com
Cat Gathering, fun "raid" race, evening clambake

July 16-18, 2021

Edgartown Catboat Rendezvous & Parade of Sail
Edgartown Harbor
Contact: Mark Alan Lovewell
508-696-4655
mark@markalanlovewell.com
For details visit website:
[https://markalanlovewell.com/sailor/events/
edgartown-catboat-rendezvous/](https://markalanlovewell.com/sailor/events/edgartown-catboat-rendezvous/)

July 17, 2021

Sprite Island Yacht Club Catboat Race
Norwalk, CT 06851
Contact: Betsy Varian
203-938-4149
bwvarian@mac.com

July 23-25, 2021

Vineyard Haven Catboat Rendezvous
Vineyard Haven, MA 02568
Contact: Mark Alan Lovewell
508-696-4655
mark@markalanlovewell.com
For details visit website:
[http://markalanlovewell.com/sailor/events/
vineyard-haven-catboat-rendezvous](http://markalanlovewell.com/sailor/events/vineyard-haven-catboat-rendezvous)

July TBD 2021

Corsica River Yacht Club Regatta
Eastern Shore, MD 21601
Contact: Rich McLaughlin
302-932-3222
Rkmcl12@gmail.com

July 28, 2021

Go Your Own Way Regatta
Indian Harbor YC
Greenwich, CT
Contact: Mark Williams
60 Old Farm Rd. Pleasantville, NY 10570
203-258-4755
mark.williams.T@gmail.com

July 31-Aug 2, 2021

Padanaram Rendezvous
Marshall Marine
Contact: Geoff Marshall
55 Shipyard Lane
South Dartmouth, MA 02747
508-496-7002
Geoff@marshallcat.com

August TBD, 2021

Norwalk Islands Rendezvous
Norwalk YC
Norwalk, CT
Contact: Roger Klein
48½ Roton Ave., Rowayton, CT 06853
203-899-0402
rogerlklien@optonline.net

August 6-7, 2021

Oxford Parade
Oxford, MD 21654
Contact: Phil Livingston
901-484-6320
P1642@comcast.net

August 7, 2021

Bass River Rendezvous
West Dennis Yacht Club
West Dennis, MA 02760
Contact: Rick Farrenkopf
508-776-1074
rickscatboat@aol.com

August 14, 2021

Cuttyhunk Rendezvous
Gosnold, MA 02713
Contact: Tim Fallon
401-252-1672
tim.fallon@catboats.org

August 21, 2021

Casco Bay Cruise
New Meadows River, ME 02760
Contact: John Van Orden
146 Shoal Cove
West Bath, ME 04530-6786
207-841-8436
shoalcove@comcast.net

August 21, 2021

Arey's Pond Cat Gathering
Arey's Pond 14 Worlds
South Orleans, MA 02662
Contact: Tony Davis
508-255-8977
catboat@cape.com

August 28, 2021

Cats and Gaffers Regatta, Phillip Stueck Trophy
Pettipaug YC
Essex, CT
Contact: Rich Batchelder
204 Middlesex Ave., Chester, CT 06412
806-526-4637
rick@chesteraf.com

August 27-28, 2021

Spray Beach YC 2nd Annual Catboat Rendezvous
Spray Beach, NJ
Contact: Thomas Caro
2300 Long Beach Blvd.
Spray Beach, NJ 08008
267-798-9981
thomasdcaro@gmail.com

September 4, 2021

Huntington Lighthouse Music Fest (Raft-Up)
Huntington, NY
Contact: Hank Bogart
13 Cortland Court, Huntington Station, NY 11746
631-423-4245
Us51311@verizon.net

September 11-13, 2021 (race 12th)

Great Whitehall Bay Regatta Weekend
Annapolis, MD
Contact: David Morrow
401-757-1060
david@maritimeins.com

September 11-12, 2021

Indian Harbor Classic Yacht Regatta
Indian Harbor YC
Greenwich, CT
Contact: Mark Williams
60 Old Farm Rd, Pleasantville, NY 10570
203-258-4755
Mark.Williams.T@gmail.com

September 11, 2021

Great South Bay Catboat Regatta & Rendezvous
Sayville YC
Contact: Mark Seal
631-472-4652
markseal@optonline.net
Phil Linker
631-472-3170
burrlink@gmail.com

September 18, 2021

Hempstead Harbor Classic Yacht Regatta
Hempstead Harbor, NY (Long Island)
Contact: Michael Emmert
Goldeni37@aol.com

September 19-25, 2021

CCBA Long Cruise
Three Islands of the Potomac
Contact: Butch Miller
410-271-2540
anmiller03@aol.com

October 1-3, 2021

Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival
Chesapeake Maritime Museum
St. Michaels, MD

October 16, 2021

Wye Wild Goose Chase Weekend
Eastern Shore, MD
Contact: Butch Miller
410-271-2540
anmiller03@aol.com

September 12-October 26, 2021 Sundays 10AM

Hog Island Beetle Cat Series
West Falmouth, MA
Contact: Becky Kirk
Kirkj101@yahoo.com



Sailing Techniques and Seamanship

Brent V.W. Putnam, Editor

Have a Plan

Brent V.W. Putnam

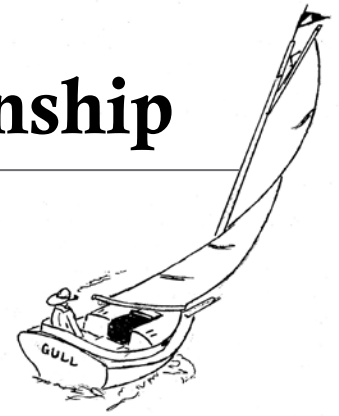
***Editor's Note:** Ahoy, Shipmates! As I write this, Daylight Savings Time is almost upon us, with the spring equinox not far behind. For those in colder climes, the longer days herald the coming of boating season. Until then, we keep the dream alive by curling up with the Bulletin and perhaps an adult beverage (hey, we're sailors!). Except that without content, there is no Bulletin. Some of you answered the call and submitted contributions, but some of you didn't. If you've been sailing, you have stories. Cough 'em up!*

Our last season with *Cranberry* featured our first trip to Cuttyhunk. Given that we had lived in Falmouth, Massachusetts for thirty years, this was odd. We'd taken countless trips to various ports on Martha's Vineyard and across Buzzards Bay to Padanaram. Even when bringing *Lazy Lucy* home in 2018, we sailed by, but didn't stop at "Halfway Island."¹

A series of events—some fortunate, some not—brought us there over the weekend of July 4, 2019. Upon acquiring *Lazy Lucy* in 2018, we'd put *Cranberry* up for sale. She didn't sell that year, so when I was laid off in early 2019, I decided to launch *Cranberry* instead of *Lazy Lucy*, my logic being that, if she was in the water and in use, she might be more attractive to a buyer than sitting on the hard.

Fellow CBA member Tim Fallon, owner of the twenty-eight foot *Kathleen*, organized a July 4th rendezvous on Cuttyhunk, and as the date drew near, I decided to take a break from job hunting and join my fellow catboaters for the long weekend.

By now the reader is probably wondering what a trip to Cuttyhunk has to do with seamanship. In his description of seamanship in "The Practical Mariner's Book of Knowledge," author John Vigor writes, "Truly competent boaters are always asking themselves: what if...?"



Participants in the 2019 Cuttyhunk Rendezvous will likely remember two things about the event: the fog and the wind. We'll skip over the fog and go straight to the wind.



Cuttyhunk fog.

By Saturday, July 6, the wind was gusting to twenty-five from the sou'west. Tucked up inside the northeast corner of Cuttyhunk Pond, we lay in the lee of most of the island and its 154-foot high Lookout Hill. But what if the wind shifted 180-degrees and the anchor started dragging? That's exactly what happened early on Sunday, July 7.

On arrival several days before, I'd had some trouble getting *Cranberry's* Danforth set. There are moorings available in Cuttyhunk Pond, but they cost.... For the tightwads (and the unemployed), there are shallows along the edge of the anchorage where one can drop anchor. However, the mud/sand bottom transitions to eel grass here; it took me a few tries to get a good hold.

Throughout Saturday, the Danforth held. The wind was forecast to quiet overnight, but if the weatherman was right, it would veer to the northeast and build, gusting to thirty knots. Because of this, some folks left on Saturday and some left early on Sunday before things got interesting.

One advantage of being unemployed was that I didn't have to be at work on Monday, so I opted to hunker down on Sunday. While Cuttyhunk Pond is well sheltered from a strong sou'west, there's only a low barrier beach to the northeast; the wind could come screaming down the length of Buzzards Bay. I needed to have a plan for the "what if."

If the anchor didn't set when the wind veered, I'd need the engine in an instant. The usual routine for putting *Cranberry's* Palmer to bed included closing the seacock and the fuel line, and removing the transmission lever which sticks up from the engine hatch. On Saturday night, I left the seacock open and the transmission lever in place. I closed the fuel line—were any fuel to leak overnight, it would ruin any chance I had of a quick start—but left the inspection port off so I could open the valve in a hurry. The rudder stop and wheel cover—routinely installed when not under way—were left off.

Every cruiser should have two anchors. It never hurts to have a spare if one is lost, and having different types makes it easier to accommodate different holding grounds. In addition to the Danforth on the bowsprit, I keep a Bruce under the cockpit seat, with the line neatly wrapped. I set it on the seat with a few dozen feet of line paid out, ready to deploy if needed.

On Sunday, I was awoken by birds. I peeked out the deadlight; we were holding station. Up on deck, the wind had shifted as predicted. The Danforth appeared to have reset itself.

The wind was building as I started to prepare my breakfast and suddenly we were dragging. *Cranberry* drifted backwards, her bow kept into the wind by the anchor. Thankfully, we were headed toward a gap between *Kathleen* and another sailboat. Had the engine not started, there was time to deploy the Bruce.

With *Cranberry* in gear and holding station, I pulled up the Danforth and—as expected—found the flukes fouled with eel grass. Our former spot was clearly not well suited for this wind direction, so I maneuvered *Cranberry* behind *Kathleen* and found room on her starboard side. My first attempt at setting the Danforth in this new location failed, but it held on the second try.

Earlier in the weekend, Tim had hosted a gam in *Kathleen's* massive cockpit. She's an impressive vessel, and even more impressive was the fact that she wasn't sailing at anchor as most cats do. I asked Tim about it and he explained that two anchors, set 45-degrees apart, will prevent the yawing.

Cranberry wasn't dragging any more, but she was yawing. Given that I'd just reset the anchor, and

with the earlier conversation with Tim echoing in my head, it seemed prudent to set the Bruce. A second anchor would improve the holding, not just by itself, but by eliminating the yawing that could work a single anchor loose.



Two Anchors.

With the wind gusting harder now, it took a couple of tries to maneuver *Cranberry* into a position where the Bruce was at a reasonable angle to the Danforth. It ended up more like thirty-degrees than forty-five, but it worked—the yawing was almost eliminated and the anchors didn't drag.

What could've been done differently? It's hard to question success. In hindsight, my preparation worked. The engine was ready to be started, but if it didn't work, the spare anchor was ready to be deployed. There was no need to stop and think. Instead of scrambling for a solution, everything was ready to go if the anchor dragged.

Always ask yourself, "what if," have a plan, and you'll be ready.

1. According to Jessie "Little Doe" Baird, founder of the Wôpanâak Language Reclamation Project, the name Cuttyhunk is shortened from the original "Poocutohunkunnoh" (POO-cut-uh-HUNK-uh-nuh), the root of which means "Halfway Island." The island is roughly halfway between New Bedford and Gay Head on Martha's Vineyard.

A Cold Lesson Learned

Kevin O'Driscoll

As many of you know, I am truly an avid catboat sailor. I sail six days a week—or more—from May into November. (I do, of course, try to avoid small craft warnings and heavy rain.)

As of the end of the sailing season in 2019, I had been sailing from the same dock space for eleven years. The floats on my dock are only three feet wide, making them less stable than the four-foot wide ones. Over the years, during those rare times when the New Bedford Harbor froze over, my side of the marina has lost a couple of posts. Those missing posts don't do anything for the stability; in fact, quite the opposite.

It's very fortunate that I have the slip at the very end of the dock. I can quite literally push off from my dock, with no motor running, yank my sail up, and go. I try not to land at the dock under sail. I've done it before, but it tends to freak my neighbors out. Motorboaters!

As I pointed out, the dock is not the most stable. I think the best description of my dock is by another catboater, Mike Murphy, who once put it, "Your dock is a bottle of vodka!"

I always wear a self-inflating life preserver belt while I'm sailing. It's the same kind that paddle boarders use. Once, a few years back, when I jumped off my boat onto the dock, the life belt fell down around my feet and I almost fell off the dock. So, I started taking my belt off after I came through the bridge. I figured I was safe. I couldn't have been more wrong.

In late October of 2019, after sailing over 3,000 nautical miles, including a trip up to Buffalo, up the Hudson, and across the Erie Canal, the sailing season was tapering down.

I get on my boat at 5:45 a.m., six days a week. It's a bit chill—to say the least—in October. So, I have layers upon layers of clothes on. I have thermal long underwear and a pair of sweatpants on under my regular pants. I have two pairs of L.L. Bean wool socks and a pair of 13D, 40° below zero L.L. Bean boots. I also have a t-shirt, two long sleeve shirts, a long sleeve hooded sweatshirt, and a very heavy winter coat—plus gloves, of course. For me it was a means to stay warm; however, it was really a recipe for danger.

On this day, I came up and landed on my dock into a very stiff north wind. I left the boat in gear to keep it from being blown off the dock while I jumped

onto the dock with my bow and stern lines in hand.

I had just tied off the stern line when I straightened up to walk forward to tie off the bow. Now, I do this six days a week, so this is old hat for me. But on this day—and I'm still not sure what happened—I lost my footing and fell backwards off the dock, opposite my boat—and it was high tide. The water was probably six and a half of seven feet deep. I fell into the water butt first and sank to the bottom like a stone. My fleece-lined hoodie sweatshirt became a fifty-pound weight.

At that moment in time, I proved that I was a 21st century individual, because I'm sitting on the bottom in six and a half feet of water and the first thing I did was to check and see if my cell phone was in my pocket. Thankfully it wasn't. Then I noticed that when I looked up, I could see that the top of my mast was red, white and blue!

At that particular moment I gave myself an "A" for effort for remaining calm. I reached down and unlaced my boots, but kept them on. I popped back up, but even standing, my head was still underwater and realized I couldn't even lift my arms over my head for any amount of time because the fleece-lined sweatshirt weighed so much.

I pulled my head out of the water and saw my bow line sitting there. The dock cleats were on the other side of the dock (there are none on the side I went over). With the motor still running and in gear, the *Shannon Marie* was being held in place by just the stern line. I took my bow line and jammed it between two of the boards on the dock to keep the line from pulling away from the dock.

Swimming was not an option, so I pulled myself alongside the dock heading towards shore. The days of just throwing myself back up onto a dock were gone with my youth. After about fifty feet of pulling myself along the side of the floats, I was exhausted because of the water-soaked fleece sweatshirt. So once more, I let myself go underwater and while standing on the bottom, removed my sweatshirt. I was able to push myself up farther this time and throw the sweatshirt onto the float. Now I could move myself along the side of the dock towards shore.

After I pulled myself along 289 feet of dock (yes, I measured it), I was in water that was only chest-deep and I still couldn't pull myself up onto the dock. I really couldn't walk because the mud is so deep I started sinking every time I put my foot on the bottom. When I came to the ramp that comes down from the shore to my dock, I realized I had to pull myself over the rocks to climb out of the water. Luckily for me, the waterline that comes down to our

dock runs underneath the ramp, so I used it to pull myself to shore. Of course, the rocks were all covered with green slime and climbing up over them was a true pain in the stern.

I finally climbed out and got up to the parking area, where I collapsed onto the curb. My wife Francine was sitting in the car, looking at her phone, and did not see me coming out of the water. When she finally looked up, she rolled down the window and asked if I was all right! I think I came back with a witty quip like, "Do I look all right?" She got out of the car, came over to check on me, and listened to my tale of woe. She left me sitting there panting and went down to check on the boat.

When she returned she was dragging along the fifty-pound fleece sweatshirt. (I know it didn't really weigh fifty pounds, but it sure felt like it.) I poured the water out of my boots and told her I'd go down and close up the boat. I went to the *Shannon Marie*, shut her motor off, secured her dock lines, and grabbed my gear. I was never so happy for my wife to leave the car running with the heat on with that nice, lovely heated seat.

Now is the time in the story for what I did wrong and what I did right. Of course, the first thing I did

wrong was to take off my life preserver before I was on shore. The second thing I did wrong was to not keep my dock space clear of anything I could trip on. As far as I can figure, I tripped on the power cord that I use to keep my battery charger working overnight. The third thing I did wrong was to wear that stupid fleece sweatshirt. I would have gotten the same result if I had worn a giant sponge.

Now—the things I did right. I did not panic. Losing your composure in such a situation is an instant recipe for death. Lucky for me, this wasn't my first "near death" experience. When I wear those monstrous L.L. Bean winter boots I always tuck my pants into them so I don't have to pull my pant leg up to untie them. I'm glad I didn't take the boots off, but they were ready to come off at a drop of a hat.

My final thoughts on this whole ordeal: I'll never underestimate walking down my dock again. When my wife drops me off at 5:45 in the morning, the first thing I do now is to put my life belt on before I close the door of her car. There've been times I've put it on in the house and worn it in the car. Safety equipment is there for a reason.

Stay safe people, we have catboats to sail! Fair winds and following seas, to all.



Navigation

Skip Stanley, Editor



The Nautical Chart

Skip Stanley

Unless you're planning on staying in familiar waters, nautical charts, or their electronic equivalents, are indispensable. They depict, in two dimensions, a three-dimensional space making a wealth of information available to the navigator in a *very* convenient way. (This article barely scratches the surface of the abundance of information they contain, but let's press on anyway.)

Charts orient the navigator, allowing him or her to form mental picture of the surrounding environment (whether he or she has been there or not). When coupled with a compass (and other navigational instruments) they provide location(s) and direction(s) thereby aiding in passage-making (or just simply planning a pleasant day's sail).

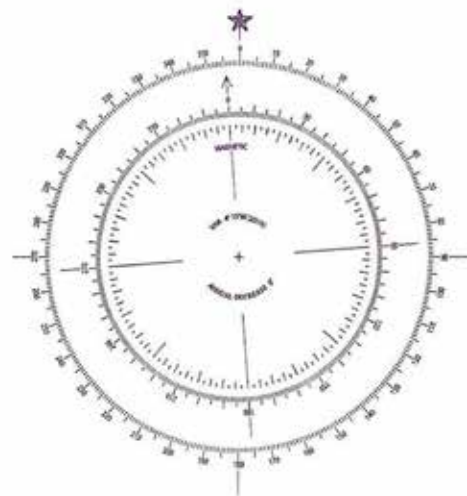
The chart to use depends on your need for detail. Harbor charts have more detail than offshore charts but cover smaller areas. The farther offshore you go, the less detail you need and a larger the area chart can cover.

If you're so inclined, you can find the chart's scale, and other useful information, in the chart's title block. The scale will be shown as a ratio of inches to inches. For example, 1:50,000—one inch on the chart represents 50,000 inches in the real world. The *smaller*

the scale, the *larger* the area covered, hence the less detail the chart will show. As a rule, its best to use the largest scale chart for the purpose.

The coastline shown on the chart will be for mean high water with shaded areas along the coastline showing intertidal zones. Bridge clearances are also measured from mean high water. Areas of water and soundings are shown at mean lower low water (MLLW), which provides a degree of safety—you can usually count of there being more water than shown (except at extreme low tide).¹ On U.S. charts, depths are shown in fathoms or feet or fathoms and feet. Foreign charts may use meters instead of fathoms/feet.

The chart will have one or more compass roses on it for direction-finding. The compass rose has three important pieces of information: (1) true north, shown on the outer ring and allowing for finding directions relative to true north; (2) magnetic north, shown on the inner ring, which accounts for variation, and allows for finding directions relative to magnetic north and (3) the variation itself for the area shown (as well as the annual increase or decrease in variation over time).



The compass rose.

Section Key

A	Chart Number, Title and Marginal Notes	INT 500 412	Mercator Projection Scale 1:100,000 at Lat. 59°30'	53rd Ed., Feb. 2019	DEPTHS IN METERS	
B	Positions, Distances, Directions and Compass					$\pm 15^\circ$ Magnetic Variation 4°30'W 2011 (E) LOCAL MAGNETIC ANOMALY (see note)
C	Natural Features					
D	Cultural Features					
E	Landmarks					
F	Ports					
H	Tides and Currents					
I	Depths					
J	Nature of the Seabed					
K	Rocks, Wrecks and Obstructions					
L	Offshore Installations					
M	Tracks and Routes					
N	Areas and Limits					
P	Lights					
Q	Buoys and Beacons					
R	Fog Signals					
S	Radar, Radio and Satellite Navigation Systems					
T	Services					
U	Small Craft (Leisure) Facilities					

The Section Key of symbols used in Chart No. 1.

The symbols used on charts are fairly intuitive and include natural features (e.g., the shoreline, harbors, bays, cliffs, etc.) and landmarks (manmade features: e.g., spires, cupolas, chimneys, water towers, etc.) as well as aids to navigation. They are standardized and published in U. S. Chart No. 1 which is jointly maintained by NOAA² and the Department of Defense National Geospatial-Intelligence Agency.³ The symbols used on Chart No. 1 are divided by sections depending on type.

Aids to navigation assist in keeping the navigator in “good water”—the buoys, daymarks, etc. can be used to guide the mariner safely from place to place and include those that mark channels and specific dangers. Some port areas even have ranges in place to aid a vessel in staying mid-channel.

Keep in mind, while floating aids may be used for position-finding, their position cannot be assumed to be *exactly* as depicted on the chart. The charted position is where *the sinker or anchor* is located; the aid will be floating within its “watch circle.”

Buoys and lights are identified by letters and numbers or combinations of both; these will be found on the chart near the aid. If they are equipped with sound or light signals⁴, their identifying characteristics will also be found on the chart. The lights are timed so accurately, that a stopwatch can be used to identify them.

Anytime when leaning a new skill, it’s good to learn the fundamentals—to learn the trade *before* you learn the tricks of the trade. That applies to navigation too. It’s good to know how to navigate using a chart and compass before you start relying *solely* on your GPS plotter.

This will be nothing new to those of us who learned on paper charts—who drew a course line, stepped off a DR with pair of dividers, and plotted a fix. We can easily adapt those skills. But what will happen when paper charts are no longer available? That day is coming....

The days of paper charts are numbered.⁵ They are simply (becoming) no longer necessary, Most

small vessels rarely have more a few, if any, and larger vessels use an Electronic Chart Display and Information System (ECDIS). It's no longer necessary to have a chart table filled with all the charts needed for a voyage.⁶ All those charts took up space and needed to be maintained.⁷ But, just as an e-reader can contain many books, an ECDIS can contain many charts. And those charts can be kept up-to-date by the manufacturer without any action on the part of the navigator.

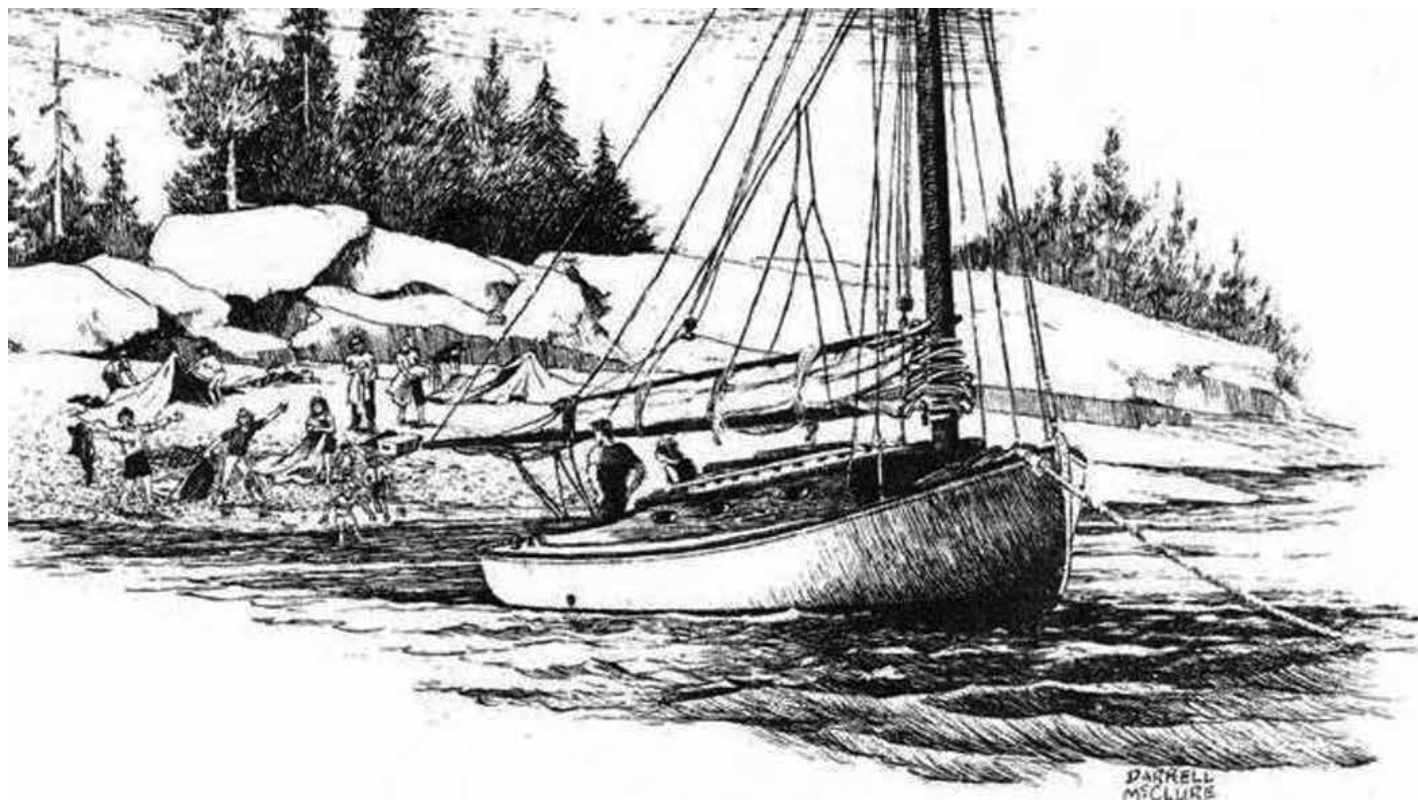
But this leads to “black-box navigation”. Have you ever noticed a small boat sticking to the channel, at high water even though it isn't necessary? When I do, I always wonder if the skipper is just driving by his GPS even though the route will be longer and will take more time. You could argue that he's just staying on the safe side, and you would be right. But still, I think, does the skipper have the big picture or is he driving with his head in the box?

I contend that getting (and maintaining) the big picture—understanding the geography—is vital to safe navigation. Paper charts (or a book such as a ChartKit[®]) are good for this, and for learning, and can serve as a backup if the electronics fail. So,

I believe, it would be a good idea to pick up some for the area(s) you'll be sailing to get “the lay of the land.” You may be glad you did.

1. The sounding datum will also be shown in the chart's title block. Depths shown are under average conditions from MLLW. MLLW is the average low depth of the soundings, but even that may vary at any particular time.
2. The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration
3. Chart No. 1 is not a chart at all but rather an extensive catalog of all the abbreviations and symbols used on charts. A .pdf can be viewed/downloaded; just put “NOAA Chart No. 1” in your search engine.
4. Usually bells or gongs although other sounds such as whistles can still be found.
5. The sunseting of paper charts is to start this year and is slated to be completed by 2025. This date may, however, prove flexible than intended as numerous government agencies have requested extensions until they can acquire “electronic navigation solutions.”
6. Not all vessels are equipped with an ECDIS and they still use paper charts. Others maintain them for backup purposes.
7. For example, changes to aids to navigation—location, characteristic, etc.—are published in the weekly Notices to Mariners (NTM) and had to be made to the charts.

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



Keeper of the Light

Jay Webster, Editor

A Long COVID Winter

Jay and Di Webster

Thankfully, we are about through the long COVID winter and the rain, wind and snow that's so much a part of it. Of course that's not unusual winter weather, especially in the northeast, and we know that most catboaters look beyond the winter weather. Though we don't expect to sail during the winter, we do look forward to our winter CBA Annual Meeting in Mystic, Connecticut, and reconnecting with our sailing friends from near and far. However, that was not to be in 2021 as our annual meeting had to be cancelled for the reasons that we all know all too well.

Without question, we missed our catboat friends, we missed the Friday afternoon tour of the seaport and last year's tour of the Coast Guard Academy Museum. We missed the Friday night gam and Saturday's seminars. We missed the annual meeting luncheon which includes the annual catboat awards presentation, followed by special guest speakers each year. We also missed the extraordinary Catboat Resource Show coordinated by Anne Morton Smith which includes pictures, paintings and carvings of catboats; plus gear, clothing, calendars, books, and much more catboat paraphernalia—a catboater's paradise!

We especially missed Eric and Dawn Peterson who meticulously make it all happen at the Mystic Marriott year after year. They bring this special weekend together for approximately 300 attendees from mid-day Friday through Sunday morning—soup to nuts—and much more!

The Petersons are a true catboat family. At any time, they may own as many as five catboats, including Eric's father, George and his wife Eugenia, who own the *Genie*, a Marshall 22. Many of these boats hang out at Eric and Dawn's Mashpee home on Cape Cod and in Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard. Eric and Dawn have four sons, Eric, Kurt, Ryan and Nathan, who are all masterful sailors, like their father.




As many of you know, Eric usually sails the incredible and beautiful *Pinkletink*, a twenty-two foot wooden Crosby cat. Their oldest son Eric sails *Prudence*, formerly named *Planet*, a well-known Chesapeake Bay boat, out of Mashpee. Kurt sails, and professionally charts, his beautiful wooden cat named *Tigress* for excursions around Edgartown Harbor and Chappaquiddick. Ryan sailed *Tigress* solo to and from the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor in honor of Veterans Day showing off the magnificent American flag sail after he did his stint on *The Bachelorette* in California. And the youngest son, Nathan, can be regularly seen racing *Black Pearl*, a Marshall 15. If there's a race and a rendezvous, you can be sure that members of the Peterson family will be there! They are the ultimate catboat family!

We are very sure that any of you who have attended the CBA Annual Meetings over the years sorely missed this winter's event and are looking forward to the meeting in 2022 that Eric and Dawn will again put together with their amazing energy and style!

A big shout out of thanks to Eric and Dawn!





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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!



**Register Online at:
AreysPondBoatYard.com/apworlds**

Find out what's new at the pond! Like us on facebook & follow us on Instagram: @AreysPond

Book Review

Ned Hitchcock, Contributing Editor

Triumph of Righteousness – Sons of Sinbad

By Alan Villiers;

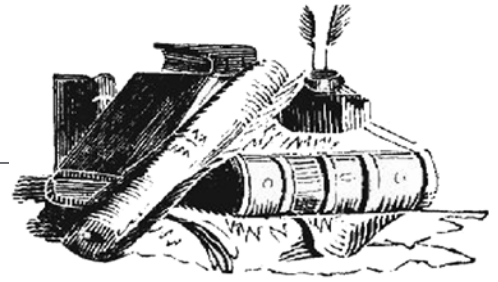
Review by Spencer Day

Our retired Milton, Massachusetts Harbormaster was in his 90s and still a big reader. When he gifted me his tattered reissue of Alan Villiers' 1940 classic *Sons of Sinbad*, I could see it had barely survived multiple owners and many readings. I was entirely unaware of the author, his (not yet to me) famous sailing exploits and, to be sure, I was wholly ignorant of the book's subject matter. I taped it together, began reading, and it proceeded to "blow me down!"

From the dust jacket: "Virtually nothing has been written about the Arab seamen of the Indian Ocean who were great shipbuilders and sailors thousands of years before the age of the clipper ship. The Indian Ocean [sailing] trade is finished now; but it was still alive in 1938 when Alan Villiers sailed with the *Triumph of Righteousness*. A big deep-sea dhow from Kuwait, she was an almost pure survival from Phoenician days, from the most ancient sailing known to man. She was bound on a trading voyage down the east coast of Africa to Zanzibar and back to her home port. Alan Villiers graphically recounts that voyage—the events, the places, and his shipmates; and with his unexcelled knowledge of seamanship he does full justice to the Arab sailors and their long tradition."

Certainly, quoting the above jacket notes provides the most accurate and concise summary of the contents of *Sons of Sinbad* (often spelled 'Sindbad' in earlier printings). My 1969 copy of this mostly-out-of-print classic begins with a "new" preface by author Villiers in which he aptly frames the historical "end of the sailing era" context for the story he had written thirty years earlier. Kuwait had just entered the era of big oil and had begun fueling the world's powered craft, but its aging fleet was still sail-only!

"Alan John Villiers (23 September 1903 – 3 March 1982) was an author, adventurer, photographer, and mariner. Born in Melbourne, Australia, Villiers first went to sea at age fifteen and sailed on board



traditionally rigged vessels, including the full-rigged ship *Joseph Conrad*. He also commanded the *Mayflower II* on its voyage from the United Kingdom to the United States." [Wikipedia]. His many photographs and even moving picture films can be easily found today on the internet, once one knows to look for them!

Villiers records his daily life aboard the boom [or boum, a class of dhow] *Triumph of Righteousness* as a sort of guest and observer. He provides us a vivid mental image of sailing life on this Arab dhow sailing craft as well as its people and the events in which he encounters them. Ironically, the biggest impact to this reader was the surprise to be schooled in something [anything!] of early 20th-century Arab sailors' worldviews. Villiers seemed eager to illustrate how his companions were shaped by their Muslim faith and the social pecking-order they observed around themselves. The flavor of the story changes as the dhow moves among the coastal ports and the owners (and passengers) carry on trading at each. Localized legal, social and religious pressures cause sailors to alter their behavior to align with their actual place in the world on a given day, over thousands of miles. Their exploits and discomforts were legion.

The journalistic style offered in *Sons of Sinbad* is impressive in its substance. The "inquiring mind" is naturally compelled to know more about the world of the author whose impact and influence in the sailing world has been—and continues to be—experienced by great numbers of us, sailors or not.

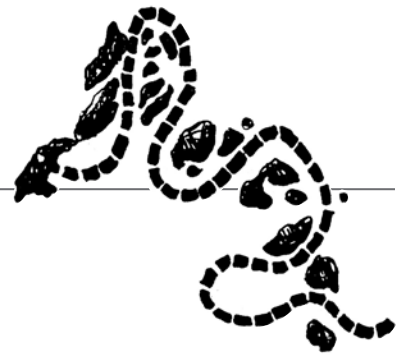


An Arab sailing boom (boum) underway.

*Editor's Note: this review also appeared in
Messing About in Boats*



Short Tacks



C. Henry Depew, Contributing Editor

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

Bottom Paint. Bottom paint comes in a variety of colors and configurations. When we still had our Sisu-26, the bottom paint was blue. It happened to be the color of the paint that was on sale at the time I purchased it. I did not think about the color, only the ability of the paint to decrease the fouling of the bottom. In our brackish Florida water, a diver went down about once a month during the summer to clean the bottom. He was impressed by how well the paint was doing its job. He spent most of his time cleaning the propeller.

Some of our other boats had red or green bottom paint. Most of the early paints were red because of the integrants, which are now mostly banned. One boatyard manager suggested that I alternate colors of the bottom paint so that the old paint would show and let you know it was time for a new bottom paint job. Until the blue paint that lasted almost 4 years, I had regularly changed bottom paint color just to check on the wear.

Mainsheet. It seems that the mainsheet can become a problem on some boats. Some people have a ratchet block on the boom combined with a cleat on the cockpit coaming (behind the helmsman). With this arrangement there is no need to fix a permanent block to the cockpit sole, where it will interfere with foot traffic. You still have the remainder of



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the mainsheet to contend with, but a less cluttered cockpit sole. Before the creation of the excellent ratchet blocks we have today, the old catboats had a double horned sheet-cleat that allowed the helmsman to cleat the sheet with a couple of wraps. No ratchet block locking necessary. If in doubt about such on your boat, reviewing a copy of *The Catboat and How to Sail Her* will show lots of drawings that show proper placement of blocks and cleats. As for all that line in the cockpit, on our sailboats, I used a bucket and, beginning at the free end, simply put it in as it came off the boom block. It will feed out later free of kinks and the bucket can be moved with little hassle. I used the same trick with the anchor line on all of our boats. The line is stored away and comes out easily as needed.

Non-Skid Cockpit Sole. A non-skid cockpit (and cabin) sole is nice. In both our Sisu-22 and Sisu-26 cockpits, non-skid was a paint and sand combination, but such would not work well in the cabin sole. I thought to make a grating using strips of what is called "Purple Heart." Purple Heart is a very dense hardwood from South America. It glues nicely and it does not rot, but will turn gray over time. With it, I could build a nice, non-skid, "mat," but in the end I went with a vinyl flooring with interlocking open squares. Pet stores sell it for pet crate flooring at a very low price. It locks together, can be cut to fit, and is washable. It's not "nautical," but it works.

A Bent Mast. A bent mast is not good! In some cases you can straighten the mast, while in other cases replacement will be the only option. Straightening the mast could leave a weak area where the bend was.

One option could be to insert a piece of tubing whose outside diameter is equal to the mast's inside diameter inserted to a length/depth that would force it straight. It would, most likely, never bend there again. I found the suggestion of using an aluminum lamp post of the proper diameter and length of interest. This is not a crazy idea as they have a fairly thick wall, the proper shape, and probably cost less than a "marine" mast.

If you opt to have a new mast made, you'll want to be sure the company has the jigs, machines, and skills to produce the mast fairly simply. The toughest part could be swapping over the rest of the rigging from the old mast. Of note is that there is a section about masts in *The Catboat Book*, written by Breck Marshall and published by the Catboat Association.

Generic Email Addresses. A good thing that has come out of all the software upgrades to the internet is the use of generic email addresses to redirect e-mail. My yacht club changes officers annually either through new people or those in office changing positions. Thus, every year those of us who had to communicate with any of the officers had to change email addresses. The yacht club's current web site (abyconline.org) has the redirect capability. Now, there is a generic e-mail address for each officer and major committees. You send your email to the generic address and the software on the web site resends the message to the proper person. Once a year or if someone resigns, the webmaster simply enters the new address for each officer and all is well. Now and then, technology up-grades are wonderful.

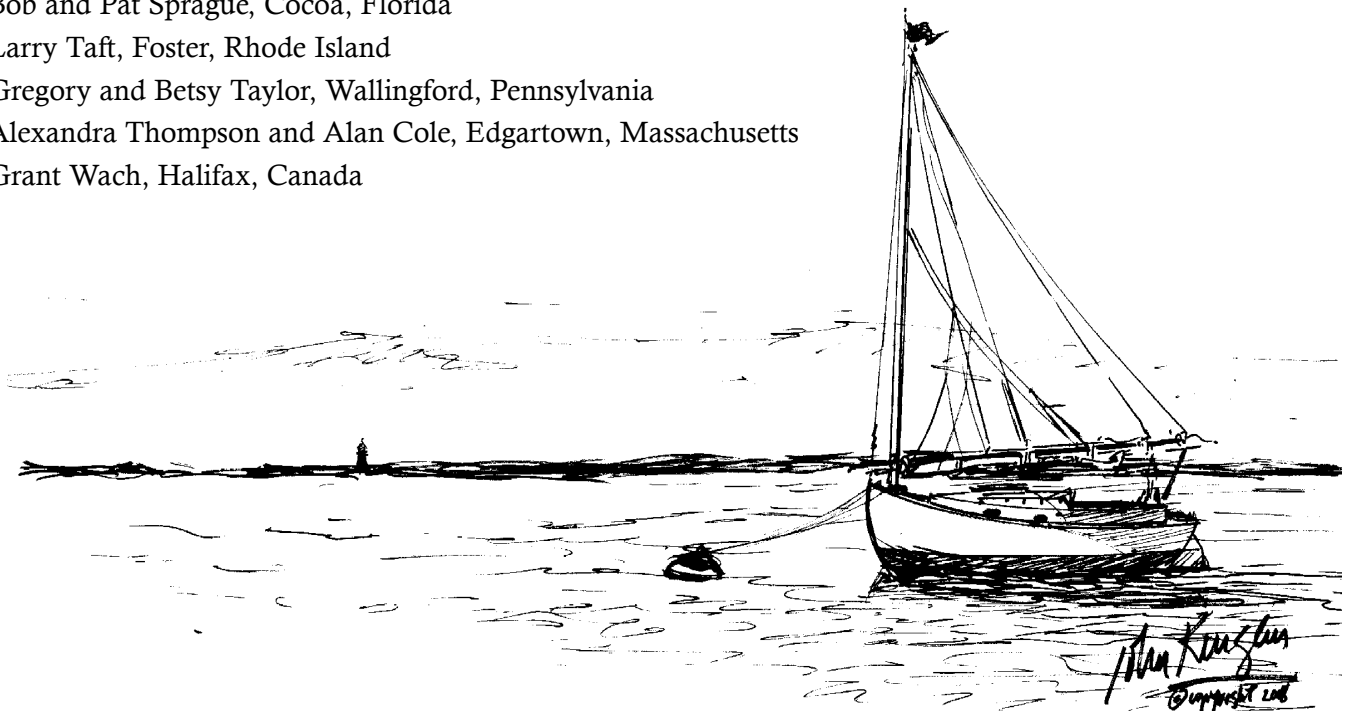


New Members

Carolyn Pratt, Membership Secretary

WELCOME ABOARD to our new members since Winter 2021

Michael Bedmark and Julie Angell, Brooklyn, New York
Keith Brown, Portsmouth Rhode Island
Liam and Cathy Cahill, Centerville, Massachusetts
Jim Carter, Takoma Park, Maryland
Steve Drymon, Springfield, Kentucky
Arthur Ebert, Norwalk, Connecticut
Jack Gisinger and Martha Winsche, Georgetown, Massachusetts
Halee Grimes, Olympia, Washington
Gregory (Buddy) and Caroline Hall, Idaho Falls, Idaho
Elizabeth and Andrew Higgins, Kingston, New York
Dan Howard, North Kingstown, Rhode Island
Ross Johnson, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada
Michael & Ann Kluger, New York, New York
Christopher McKenzie, Superior, Wisconsin
Judy Noglows, Little Silver, New Jersey
Steven Romeyn, Roswell, Georgia
Sawyer (Bud) and Jan Wellington, Falmouth, Maine
Bob and Pat Sprague, Cocoa, Florida
Larry Taft, Foster, Rhode Island
Gregory and Betsy Taylor, Wallingford, Pennsylvania
Alexandra Thompson and Alan Cole, Edgartown, Massachusetts
Grant Wach, Halifax, Canada



Cats for Sale



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

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

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

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

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

of content.

Spencer Day, 7 Cottage Place, Milton, MA 02186-4504, or cats4sale@catboats.org

185-2. 2001 14' Compass Classic Catboat built in Cape Cod by Pleasant Bay Boat & Spar. The Boat is in Harvey Cedars, NJ. It is in good condition and ready for next season. Full-length Cushions. Canvas Cockpit cover and Sail Cover functional but should be serviced. 2001 trailer includes a Bill of Sale but no trailer title. The brightwork is in good condition. The rub rail is functional but could be renovated. I purchased this beautiful boat 2 years ago and had a lot of fun learning to sail on Barnegat Bay. \$6,000 contact Mike Phelan 610-304-1004 or mphelan2020@gmail.com



refurb). Sails are Usable, probably need new one in next few years. No plumbing, no electronics, no showers, no sumps, no thru-hulls (EASY TO MAINTAIN!) Contact Michael to schedule a viewing, make an offer, or for any questions. obrien5922@gmail.com 781-454-5922

185-7. 1976 Herreshoff America 18' catboat, Nowak & Williams. Available 1May2021. Now on land, Monmouth Beach, NJ. Sail 2 years old and spare sail; New battens, sail bag, and laminate tiller. Tohatsu 6hp outboard 2 yrs old (less than 100 hours). Centerboard, cockpit and cabin cushions, all replaced 2 years ago. Depth finder (2019). Possible transfer of mooring space in Navesink River, Red Bank, NJ. Asking \$9,500. Contact Keith at 917-250-2975. photo coming

185-3. Menger 17' catboat. New Quantum sail and sail cover; completely rewired, all lines are new; Yanmar diesel professionally removed, cleaned and repainted, runs flawlessly; bottom stripped, epoxied and painted; professional spray painted with two-part Awl Grip Epoxy; all bright work replaced and varnished; new rub rail, new Plexiglas port holes; trailer in excellent condition. Asking \$9,500 or best offer for a quick sale. Boat is in Clinton, CT, contact me by email at bmorasutti@morasuttillaw.com; no disappointment with this boat as it is in beautiful condition. All improvements done in the last two years. Nothing to do but shove-off and enjoy. Delivery possible.

185-5. 1972 Herreshoff America 18' catboat. "Lady Ann" asking \$14,000 / OBO DECENT SAILS, GOOD SPARS, HULL, & HARDWARE, NEW ENGINE, & TRAILER INCLUDED. Good overall condition, recently underwent minor cosmetic refurbishment. NEW Tohatsu 6HP four-stroke engine, with roughly 6 hours on it. Re-varnished rails in 2020. No electronics. Currently winterized in Cotuit available for viewing by appointment. DETAILS: Centerboard catboat, white topsides, red boot top, red bottom L.O.A.: 18'2" L.W.L.: 17'9" Beam: 8' Draft: 1'10"/4'4", Displacement: 2,500 lbs. Designer: Halsey Herreshoff, Builder: Nowak & Williams; Ballast: 500lbs. Centerboard: Steel. Head: Sani-pottie portable. Overall "GOOD CONDITION" From 2019 Survey (pre-2020



185-8. 1985 Marshall 15' Sandpiper cuddly model catboat. Hate to let her go, but I'm getting to the age when it's time for a younger person to take the helm. She has been well taken care of - off season she has been shrink-wrapped covered and on the hard. Her hull, rudder, centerboard and running rigging are in very good condition; her sail is in serviceable condition; Tohatsu 4-stroke, 3.5 hp outboard is new - less than 10 hours. Single axle trailer in serviceable condition is included. Additional equipment: outboard motor mount, lazy jacks, main sheet floor-mounted jam cleat, Danforth anchor and rode, sail cover, boat cover, oar and manual bilge pump. This is a very good value at \$9500. Contact Jon at jon@passagemaking.net or (301) 996-1915.



185-9. 1978 Marshall 18' Sanderling Catboat HAPPY HOUR. LOA: 18'2" Beam: 8'6" Draft: 19" & 4'4" Displacement: 2200 lbs Ballast: 500 lbs. Great family boat sailed on the Shrewsbury River in NJ. White hull with grey non-skid top, bottom sanded and anti-fouling paint annually. 2014 Mercury two-stroke 6HP outboard with extended shaft and very little use, engine professionally winterized each Fall. Thurston sail in good condition with one reef point. Sail cover. Above and Below Deck Cushions. Happy Hour sailed last Fall (2020) and now on blocks at Monmouth Sailing Center in Monmouth Beach, NJ. Comparable Catboat just sold locally for \$11k, but we are asking just \$9,000 as Happy Hour deserves to be sailed and we are hoping to find it a good home this Spring. Please contact owner at PWNHQ@AOL.COM



185-10. 1981 Atlantic City 24' Catboat. Perfect family boat for shallow and coastal waters. We enjoyed it a lot with our two children around the Essex River and Cape Ann. Moving now to more land-based projects. Draws 2' with board up and 5' with board down. Very comfortable and roomy inside with standing headroom of 6'3". Sleeps two adults and up to three kids. Small but practical galley. Head is enclosed. With an 11' beam, cockpit area offers seating for six adults. 51 hp Pathfinder inboard diesel engine works well. GPS, depth, speed and wind instruments on board as well as compass. \$12,500. Presently dry-docked in Essex, MA. Contact Henri Bichet at bicheth@yahoo.com



185-11. 1972 Marshall 22 Catboat "Kittiwake". 1999 Yanmar 20GM2 diesel with freshwater (coolant) cooling. Edson wheel steering. Three blade propeller. Transom and rudder steps. Pettit Trinidad 75 red bottom paint. Dodger purchased new in 2013. Garmin 545 S GPS Chartplotter. ICOM IC-M304 VHF radio antenna on mast. Richie BN 202 compass in bulkhead. LED lights. Locker in cabin (full height for jackets, etc.). Pull out cutting board. Closed cell foam, waterproof, floating cockpit cushions 10 years old. Cabin cushions 11 years old. Sleeps 4 with pull out bunk extensions. Porta-potti with 5 gallon holding tank and spare tank. 2 Danforth type anchors. Inflatable 2-person kayak. All required equipment. Other extras. \$18,000. Call Rick at 508-566-6691



185-12. 1973 Herreshoff America 18' catboat in good condition. Centerboard replaced in 2020 with a 1/2" steel plate coated with 5 coats of graphite infused West System epoxy. Most fittings are bronze. Custom SS tabernacle allows mast to be raised by one person. Also new in 2020: Ritchie compass, Hawkeye depth sounder, new custom Brazilian benches, anchor line, boat hook, hand held VHF, bilge pump, battery with case and 5HP Honda outboard with 20 hours running time. Sail is original American flag (needs attention) also included is a tandem axle Loadrite trailer (1994). Last sailed November, 2020. Boat location is Audubon, NJ. Asking \$8500. Contact Bill Gannon 856-979-8448



185-13. 1974 Hermann 17' 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 for more photos, detailed inventory, specs, and further details. \$8,000



185-14. 2000 Menger 19 for sale. Pyewackett is in great condition. Tabernacle mast. Currently on the hard but ready to sail. She is clean, waxed and her bright work is redone. All rigging is in great shape. She has a Yanmar GM1 diesel engine always maintained. Her sail has a season or two left, but it is dated. Bottom paint good for another season. Trailer included with sale. Trailer in good condition but needs a new brake system. Located in Bayville, New Jersey. Asking \$18,500. Call Steve 201 452 4047 or e mail Skmcgivney@gmail.com to contact and ask questions.



185-15. 1983 Atlantic City 21' catboat. 10.5' beam. Built by Mark-O Custom Boats. Yanmar 2GM20-93 diesel 18.5hp. Well maintained. Teak interior. Cabin & cockpit cushions. Bow spirit teak & stainless steel roller, anchor. Set up for sloop sail. 2 electric bilge pumps, (1st) float switch, (2nd) vacuum. 2 Guzzler manual bilge pumps.



Two batteries. Fuse panel & electrical power switch 4 years old. Sail cover 2 years old (button lock, Sunbrella). New center board (powder coated). New mast pulleys & lazy jack ropes. Ice chest & cooler. Edson wheel with cover. 2 Ritchie compasses. Icom VHF M45 marine radio. AM/FM/CD marine stereo. GPS Standard Horizon. Depth sounder. Porta party toilet pump out connected. Life jackets, manuals, & supplies. Located Wickford, RI. REDUCED to \$14,999. Bob Fontaine 401-996-8173 bpfon919@verizon.net

185-16. 1986 Marshall 22' sloop-rigged catboat. Great Coastal Cruiser is ready for new ownership! Enjoyed for the past three seasons by current owners who lovingly cared for and performed numerous upgrades and repairs. Rolling furling and self-tacking jib, a Gaff mainsail with two reef points. The perfect boat to go gunkholing because of its a shallow draft (centerboard up 2.5', down 5'). Owners love this boat but are upgrading to a blue water cruiser. Two bunks (one pulls out to form a double). Head, galley, and the largest cockpit of any boat her size. Perfect for a family or just a couple. Some details: White hull, buff deck, and green bottom; Cockpit and interior cushions fairly new, very good condition tan w/ white piping; Yanmar diesel inboard with two-blade propeller, under 1,000 hours (overhauled 2019); Running lights; New dodger, new sail cover (2020); Full winter canvas cover - tall enough to work under (2019); Raymarine I-60 wind speed and direction (2019); New Standard Horizon VHF/GPS radio (2020); New electrical panel (2019); Transformer providing power to both outlets and USB ports; Two new batteries (2019); Ritchie compass; Electric bilge pumps (2); Running rigging replaced in 2018, standing rigging replaced in 2017; Lazy jacks; Spring line cleats; Rudder lock bar; Bowsprit with anchor roller; Alcohol stove in galley; New faucet galley sink (2019). \$30,000. In Portsmouth, RI. Contact Steve. saudette@me.com 978.204.6821



185-17. 1985 Atlantic City Kitty 21' catboat. Boat was in storage (out of water) the majority of its life. Built by Mark-O Custom Boats, it is a fiberglass catboat designed by naval architect David Martin. Primary goal was to produce a roomy boat with standing head room. Built for day sailing or inland cruising. LOA 21' 3", LWL 17' 10", Beam 9' 6", Draft 2' board up, 5' 6" board down, displacement 5300 lbs. Sail area 350 sq feet. Yanmar single diesel powered. Additional features: enclosed head with holding tank, full galley with sink and alcohol burner. Folding teak cabin table, pressurized cockpit shower, 15



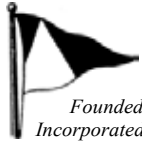
gallon water tank, 12 gallon diesel fuel tank, electric bilge pump, shore power and power cord, VHF radio, depth sounder, electric winch foot controlled for sail raising. Two batteries with isolation switch, Bulkhead mounted compass. Bronze center board winch, anchor and rode, dock lines, full cockpit cushions, duel battery charger, salon cushions with two convertible double berths, spoked Edson wheel with brake. All aluminum spars, main sail with 3 reef points, full covers for sail and steering wheel. Bulkhead mounted compass, transom mounted swim platform. Custom two-axle Triad galvanized trailer with surge brakes. Trailer has 20' extension arm for launching from ramp. Located on Cape Cod, MA. REDUCED to \$23,500. Contact John Sawyer saileraude41@verizon.net 508-776-8378 or 508-771-9392

185-18. 2010 Marshall 18 Sanderling Open Daysailer. White/buff with a flag blue boot stripe. 2010 Yamaha 6 hp, tanbark sail and sail cover, hinge mask, unused tan cushions, teak trim, teak and brass rub rails, bronze steps on transom and rudder, Harken main sheet system, cam cleats at cockpit for peak halyard, throat halyard, and jiffy reef. Lazy jacks, shock cord furling, tiller tie off, flag halyard, electric accessory socket, new bilge pump, solar battery charger, Garmin navigation. This Marshall is in great shape-ready to sail. Located near New Haven Connecticut. Trailer included. \$37,500. Barry 203-641-5533 email: joanandbarry@gmail.com



185-19. 1984 Marshall 18' Sanderling. Original owner. Unused porta-potty, opening port forward, teak interior trim, blue boat cushions, teak trim in and out, professionally installed outboard mounting bracket, sail cover, fender dock lines, lazy jacks. Thurston sail with 2 reef points. Bulkhead mounted compass, steps on rudder and transom. Located Cozy Harbor, Southport, Maine. Contact Mike at 603-669-7269 winter, 207-633-4664 summer. \$11,500.





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. Click on JOIN/REGISTER on the blue bar at the top of the page. You can find detailed instructions by selecting MEMBERSHIPS-HOW TO JOIN from the menu on the left side of the homepage. Once a member, you can update your information online at any time.

If you prefer to mail this application form with your check, please send to:
Membership Secretary, 322 Concord Road, Wayland, MA 01778-1121
Make Checks Payable to: Catboat Association, Inc.

Name: _____ Spouse: _____

Street: _____ City: _____ ST _____ Zip: _____

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

(IMPORTANT: Please provide Zip + 4 Code)

Dates mail goes to 2nd address: _____

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

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

Catboat Name: _____ Year Built: _____

Date Purchased: _____

Homeport: _____

Former Name(s) _____

Former Owner(s): _____

Designer: _____

Builder: _____

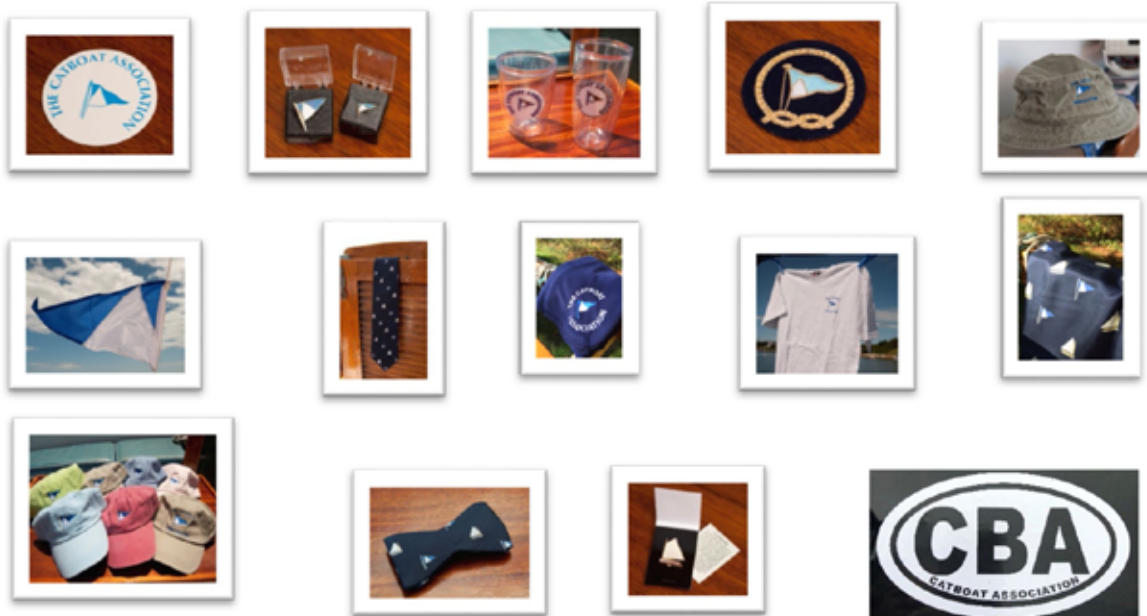
Where Built: _____

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

Description: _____

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

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



CATBOAT ASSOCIATION STORE MERCHANDISE ORDER FORM

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

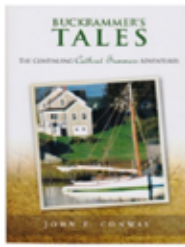
Navy, Stone, Stone/Blue, Nautical Red, Pale Pink, Lime Green, Baby Blue (Please Specify Original Logo or Burgee only) Periwinkle (Orig. Only) **Total \$** _____

Name
Address
City, State, Zip
Phone

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

The Catboat Association Store at Lands' End! Order additional merchandise of your choosing and add CBA logo! Order online at: https://business.landsend.com/store/the_catboat_association

CATBOAT ASSOCIATION PUBLICATIONS ORDER FORM



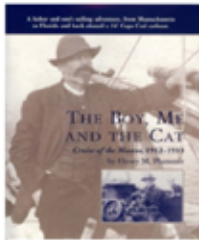
Buckrammer's Tales



The Competitive Cat



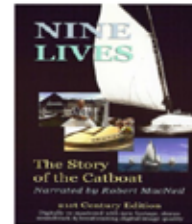
The Catboat and How to Sail Her



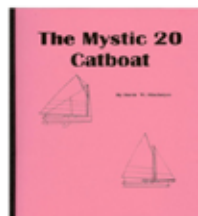
The Boy, Me and the Cat



The Catboat Era in Newport



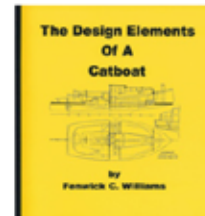
Nine Lives DVD



Mystic 20 Catboat



Rudder Reprints



Design Elements of a Catboat

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

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

Name : _____
 Address: _____

 Phone Number: _____

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

Scuttlebutt

Membership Renewals

Annual membership renewals are due the 1st of the year. Please check the CBA website 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 with updated information.

Your Amazon Purchases Can Benefit the CBA

The next time you visit Amazon.com, use that purchase to benefit the Catboat Association. First, type in smile.amazon.com as the URL and you'll be asked to choose the non-profit of your choice as a beneficiary. Next, make your purchase as you normally would and a small percentage of the purchase price will be donated to us! Note: You have to do your shopping at smile.amazon.com every time; you can set this up on the phone app.

CBA Website

The CBA website 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
email: membership@catboats.org

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 email to the appropriate contributing editor (found following the table of contents) or to bulletin.editor@catboats.org.



ON THE BACK COVER

Edgewood Yacht Club's third clubhouse as seen from the cockpit of *Seashell*, one of the Beetle Cats in its fleet, in June 2020.

Photo by George W. Shuster Jr.

